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**CHELSEA STANDARD.**  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
**WM. EMMERT.**  
OFFICE IN  
**STANDARD GROCERY HOUSE.**  
Corner Main and Park Sts.

**\$1.00 PER YEAR STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.**

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FOR DISPLAY ADVERTISEMENTS.

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| 1 Col.   | \$12.00 | \$24.00 | \$42.00 | \$72.00 |
| 1/2 Col. | 9.60    | 14.40   | 24.00   | 42.00   |
| 1/4 Col. | 6.00    | 9.60    | 14.40   | 24.00   |
| 1 Inch   | 2.40    | 3.60    | 4.80    | 6.00    |

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

**PALMER & WRIGHT,**  
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We will send  
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send us a  
small photograph  
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send you a  
small photograph  
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**CAPT. KING'S BEST SERIAL,**



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

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

## COUNTY CIRCUMSTANCES.

Carefully Colled, Clipped, Cured.  
Softly Served Subscribers.

Considerable wool is yet in the hands of Gregory farmers.

There are over 5,000 lakes in this state, covering 712,864 acres.

It is supposed that Ann Arbor's new street railway will cost \$85,000.

Mayor Manly is spoken of as a possible candidate for Congress, by the democrats.

Michigan, when a territory in 1800, had 551 population. Now it has 2,250,000.

About eighty would-be school teachers were examined at Ann Arbor last week Thursday.

R. H. Mitter had 478 bushels of wheat from fourteen acres according to the Stockbridge Sun.

Regent Whitman will erect two houses in Ann Arbor at a cost of \$7,500 and \$2,500 respectively.

The taxable property of Michigan as assessed in 1880, was \$59,787,255. In 1886, it was \$810,000,000. How's that for a growth?

The University of Michigan was opened Sept. 20, 1842, with five (5) students. Last year, over 2,000 students were enrolled.

A. D. Bennett has sold his interest in the Pinekey Dispatch to his brother, C. D. Bennett, A. D. goes to Mt. Pleasant to take charge of a paper.

Rev. Arthur J. Covell, pastor of the Congregational church in Flint, and Miss Anna Campbell, daughter of Andrew Campbell, of Pittsfield, were married Wednesday of last week, at the residence of the bride's parents at Pittsfield.

The Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank will move one door east on Huron street next week and occupy that store while their present quarters are being remodeled. The room will be enlarged the ceiling raised and a corner entrance put in, besides the other improvements to be made.—Argus. This is the bank Mr. Reuben Kempf is president of.

Prof. Harrington says that the recent hot spell was most remarkable, for the reason that although the heat was almost unbearable at times, the thermometer was not very high. At no time this summer have the thermometers at the observatory registered above 93 degrees, and even in the hot city of Chicago the highest notch reached has been 96. The professor claims that it was the hot winds that made it appear so much hotter than it was.—Argus.

Last Sunday wind storm blew down a hickory tree in the yard of Jacob Briningstool place, in north Waterloo where Will Smith and his mother, Mrs. Briningstool, live. Will took his ax and went out to cut it away and while doing so cut one of his feet very slightly. He left the chopping until Monday morning, when in cutting away the tree, he cut the other leg very badly above the ankle. His mother, who is now in the neighborhood of sixty years of age, then went into the field to catch one of the horses to bring Will to town for medical treatment, and in some manner fell so that she fractured the bones of one arm.—Stockbridge Sun.

## Lima Luminations.

To Mr. and Mrs. W. McLaren, a little son, August 13.

Mrs. L. Stedman, of Ann Arbor, has been visiting relatives here.

May and Orla Wood are going to Indiana to spend a few weeks.

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

There is some talk of starting a hospital here. Mrs. O. B. Guerin is laid up with a lame foot; Mr. O. B. Guerin with a lame leg; Mrs. Wm. Covert with sore eyes; J. Streeter with a brooked leg and John Brown with a lame hand.

## Sharon Sittings.

Miss Lizzie Parker, of Grass Lake is visiting friends in Sharon.

Mrs. Charles Fish visited friends and relatives in Ypsilanti last week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Lawrence entertained company from Bridgewater and Manchester last Sunday.

The North Sharon Sunday school will hold their annual picnic in Dorr's grove, Thursday, August 14.

The young ladies' missionary society of North Sharon, met with Mrs. Wm. Fletcher, last Saturday afternoon.

We are very sorry for the young people who were sternalaid at Cavanaugh Lake, last Sunday evening.

Miss Gertrude Rhodes and Miss Hattie Andrews attended teachers' examination at Ann Arbor, last week.

Last Friday, David Hoeselshwerdt threshed 1,121 bushels of wheat and 137 bushels of oats. A pretty good day's work.

The wheat crop in these parts, is turning out better than was expected, but the corn crop will be very short on account of the drought.

## Appearances Are Deceptive.

The popcorn man who does business at the corner of Clark and Center streets met with a ludicrous mishap Sunday evening, just at the hour when the streets were crowded with those who had spent the afternoon in the park. This vender of corn has occupied this place for years, and knows in which direction every car will turn as well as the switchman who turns the Lincoln avenue cars up Centre street. Those who have watched a street car as it rounds a curve have noticed how the front platform runs ahead, as though the car was going to continue in the same direction, and then gives a sudden lurch and whirls around the curve.

At the corner of Center and Clark the appearance to those who do not happen to know the cars is that all north bound trains continue up Clark street. As the cars near the corner it is the custom of this popcorn man to board all the trains in the endeavor to dispose of his buttered grain. Sunday evening as the north bound grip came thundering up Clark street Mr. Popcorn man placed himself, with his arms full of merchandise, right in the center of the Clark street track. As the train came nearer and nearer he never moved. On it came, and a stranger in the crowd which thronged the entrance of the park became desperate.

Dashing in front of the grip car he wildly seized the astonished popcorn man by the neck and twirled him to what he thought a place of safety. The popcorn flew like a million grasshoppers, and the old man swore like a trooper. Anybody who has heard the heartless laugh of a street crowd can get an idea of the roar of merriment that went up as the situation dawned upon the bystanders. But the most amusing thing of the whole affair was the look of blank amazement of that well meaning gentleman as he beheld the front car, with its two trailers, turn up Lincoln avenue.—Chicago News.

## An Unfinished Shave.

This reminds the writer of an experience in the Arran Islands, on the west coast of Ireland. He had three weeks' growth of beard on his face, and he hunted over the three islands for a barber, at last finding one who was willing to undertake the job. The Arran barber had never shaved a Yankee, and was overjoyed at the chance. He was 20 years old, and had been engaged all his life at building stone walls. He sharpened his razor on a piece of smooth flagstone and seated his victim in a kitchen chair. One man held the patient's head and a dozen interested spectators looked on, for it was an altogether unprecedented event in the islands. The lathering was done with a piece of hard brown soap, which was rubbed over the face. Grabbing a handful of hair on top of the patient's head the stone wall builder flourished the razor in the air and exclaimed:

"Are ye all ready, sir?"  
"All right," was the trembling reply.  
Down came the razor with a sweep like that of a scythe. The implement was evidently as full of teeth as a buzzsaw. It tore the hair out by the roots. It raised the victim bolt upright as if a cannon cracker had exploded. Tears gathered in his eyes. His hands clinched convulsively, and a rivulet of blood ran down his cheek. The butcher went to the window to wipe his weapon clean. While standing there he looked up and exclaimed sympathetically:  
"Shure, sir, ye have a face as tindhers as a little baby!"

The shave was concluded three weeks later in the city of Galway.—New York

# H. S. Holmes & Co.

## CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

We will close

# ALL STRAW HATS

at 50c. and above,

# FOR JUST ONE-HALF PRICE

Big bargains in Suits!

Big bargains in Furnishing Goods

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

Respectfully.

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

# A WHOLE SET OF DISHES

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# STANDARD GROCERY HOUSE.

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Corrected Weekly by Cooper & Wood

|  |             |
|--|-------------|
| Roller Patent, per hundred,.....         | 38.00       |
| Housekeeper's Delight, per hundred,..... | 2.75        |
| Superior, per hundred,.....              | 1.50        |
| Corn Meal, bolted, per hundred,.....     | 1.50        |
| Corn Meal, coarse, per hundred,.....     | 1.10        |
| Feed, corn and oats, per ton.....        | 22.00       |
| Bran, per ton,.....                      | 16.00       |
| 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

GEORGE AUGUSTA SALA draws \$10,000 a year for dictating four editorials a week for the London Daily Telegraph.

It's rather odd that of the eighty or more Irish members of Parliament over one-half are bachelors, who don't know anything at all about home rule.

An Alabama murderer who was hanged the other day mounted the scaffold with a cigarette in his mouth which he continued to smoke until the black cap was drawn over his head. He persisted in his wickedness to the very last.

THE most monotonous city in its buildings is Paris, the houses there being almost all alike. An attempt is now being made to vary this by building houses of the style of the Renaissance and Louis XI, and hope is expressed that the example will be followed generally.

An Auburn, Me., business man was surprised the other day to see an old customer come into his store and pay him a bill, with interest, which was contracted forty years ago when he was doing business in another town. It was a small bill, and the one to whom it was due had forgotten all about it.

DR CHARLES W. DULLES, a prominent physician of Philadelphia, holds to the opinion that there is hope for consumptives and that medical science will soon be able to control the disease. In a recent paper on the subject he pointed out that while in England half a century ago there were 55,000 deaths annually among 15,000,000 people, there are at present in a population of 40,000,000 but 14,000 deaths due to phthisis.

Did you ever observe that a despicable person who has suffered with the disease for a year or more, is, nine cases out of ten, bald? The disease has a peculiar effect upon the hair. It causes it to become weak and very dry. The least pull will break out a handful. There is no known remedy which will prevent the hair from falling out if a man's stomach is out of order. In fact, anything which debilitates the nervous center has a corresponding effect upon the scalp.

An incident which goes to show the difference in cost between animal and electric traction is reported from a town in Lancashire, England. A breakdown occurred in the insulation of an electric line and horses had to be resorted to temporarily to draw the cars. During the month when the horses were employed the average cost a week was equal to \$765, but during similar periods of time previous to the hitch and since the electrical working has not exceeded \$225.

It is a good deal easier to spoil a knife than to sharpen it. To begin with, a rough stone is used too freely. Unless a knife has a very round or ragged edge it does not want any grinding at all, and it can be brought into shape far more rapidly and surely by the aid of a whetstone and a little oil. It is no use laying the blade flat on the stone and rubbing hard; hold the back of the knife well up and sharpen the edge of the blade only. If you know how to use it; the back of a knife makes an excellent steel or sharpener, but the secret is hard to acquire.

THE act of dying, it is now ascertained, is absolutely free from suffering, is really unconscious, insensibility always preceding it. Any anguish that may attend mortal illness ceases before the close, as thousands who have recovered after hope had been surrendered have borne witness. Sudden and violent death, shocking to the senses, may not be, probably is not, painful to the victim. Drowning, hanging, freezing, shooting, falling from a height, poisoning of many kinds, begot stupor or numbness of the nerves, which is incompatible with sensation. Persons who have met with such accidents, and survived them, testify to this. Records to this effect are numberless.

THERE is talk again of dividing Texas. Under the provisions of the act which brought her into the American Union, Texas may be cut up into four States. To do this would be on a par with the policy that is being pursued at the West, and it would result in States larger in present population, and more likely to increase, than are some of the new States. But Texas objects to being divided. She is proud alike of her area, of her natural opportunities, and of her tendency to great growth in the future. It will not be many years before Texas becomes the empire State of the American republic. That is the

aim of her people, and they will take no action that stands in the way of it.

"The Rev. Mr. Wakefield, of Warren," says the *Tribune*, of Warren, O., "has recently been elected to a professorship in Hiram College. He has secured the home formerly occupied by the Garfields as a residence. Among the memorable things therein is a bullet hole in the wainscot in the library. The story thereof is that, home on a furlough, Garfield was writing late at night, when he went to his wife's bed and asked, 'Crete, are you awake?' She said she was—a little, and he told her not to be frightened when she heard the report of a pistol, for he was going to fire at a confounded rat that was worrying him by gnawing away at the woodwork at his feet. He got the rat located by the sound, fired through the board and killed it."

ELECTRICITY is gradually invading the whole domain of commercial chemistry. A factory for the manufacture of chloride of potash by electricity has been erected in Switzerland; soda is being manufactured by electrolysis of sea salt; the electric bleaching of paper pulp is carried on in France, and now it is proposed in Germany to manufacture electric soap on a very extensive scale. The transformation of wood into paper pulp by the electrolysis of a salt solution into which the sawdust or wood is immersed has been proved to be practicable, and steps are being taken for the establishment of the industry. The disintegration and bleaching of the vegetable fibre takes place at the same time, by the action of the soda and chlorine formed by the passage of the current.

A SMALL box, with a combination lock, was found among the effects of the late Roscoe Conkling, and as no will appeared among his papers it was suggested that this box might contain the desired document. The administrator did not care to break the box, and every possible word which Mr. Conkling might have used in setting the combination was used on the lock; but without success. At last his daughter said that her father was especially fond of words which contained the letter O pronounced with its long sound. She said her father would frequently utter the word Rome, dwelling particularly on the vowel, and asserting that the word was one of the most fascinating in the language for him to hear. She suggested that he might have used that word in making the combination. That word was tried; it proved to be the right one, for the combination yielded to it, the box was opened, and within was found the short and simple will which Mr. Conkling had written many years before.

JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, describing Lincoln at Gettysburg, says he followed Edward Everett, who had spoken for two hours in a clear voice and with carefully studied and impressive delivery. "It was like a great actor playing a great part. Mr. Lincoln arose, walked to the edge of the platform, took out his glasses and put them on. He bowed to the assemblage in his homely manner and took out of his pocket a page of foolscap. In front of him was a photographer with his camera, endeavoring to take a picture of the scene. We all supposed that Mr. Lincoln would make rather a long speech—a half-hour, at least. He took the single sheet of foolscap, held it almost to his nose, and in a high tenor voice, without the least attempt for effect, delivered the most extraordinary address which belongs to the classics of literature. The photographer was bustling about preparing to take the President's picture while he was speaking, but Mr. Lincoln finished before the photographer was ready. I remember it was a beautiful October day, and there were four or five thousand people present. Very few heard what Mr. Lincoln said, and it is a curious thing that his words should have made no particular impression at the time. The noticeable thing was the anxiety of all on the platform that the photographer should be able to get his picture. I remember we were all very much disappointed at his failure, and were more interested in his adventure than in the address."

## Wasted Eloquence.

A judge in a neighboring State once intervened to prevent a waste of words. He was sitting in chambers, and seeing from the piles of papers in the lawyers' hands that the first case was likely to be hardly contested, he asked: "What is the amount in question?" "Two dollars," said the plaintiff's counsel. "I'll pay it," said the Judge, handing over the money; "call the next case!" He had not the patience of taciturn Sir William Grant, who, after listening for a couple of days to the arguments of counsel as to the construction of an act, quietly observed when they had done: "That act has been repealed.—Green Bag."

## RURAL TOPICS.

### INFORMATION FOR THE HUSBANDMAN AND HOUSEWIFE.

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

#### THE FARM.

##### How to Store Potatoes.

Different men have different methods and different climates require different treatment for their root and cereal crops. Many farmers say nothing of burying is the best, while others again say storage in cellar or barn is the best. Each is good in its way, and below will be found two methods which very rarely fail to be satisfactory if properly managed.

In the first place be certain that the tubers are fully ripe. Potatoes that are dug too early will not keep properly; they turn soft, are unsavory for cooking and weakly for seed. The best way to determine whether the tubers are fully matured, is to observe the haulm. The leaves turn yellow and the vines shrink. Having dug the potatoes, if they appear dry, they can be carted away to the place of storage at once; but, if at all damp, they should lie on the ground in the sun until the moisture is entirely absorbed. First, method of storing is to dig a trench about two or three feet deep, and large, according to the quantity of roots to be stored. Carefully and compactly fill the trench, cover up with hay or straw then cover with earth and sod, and your potatoes will turn out in the spring, sound and sweet.

Another method is to cart them from the field and spread them in a cool cellar and leave them until late in the fall, then heap them together and cover them with sacks or straw, or fill them into barrels, keeping the cellar always about five degrees above freezing point. Great care should be taken in storing the potatoes in cellars, that they do not become too warm and rot, or sprout too early, or freeze and become worthless.

##### Farm Notes.

FLAT culture is better than hill culture, in dry weather.

STEADY application is what counts, especially in agriculture.

CLOVER hay makes a capital feed to go along with corn silage in winter.

HERE is rotation for soiling crops: Rye, red clover, oats, timothy, corn.

KILL weeds as soon as they show themselves. This is the only way to keep them down.

THE farmer who makes his own pork and beef puts another bond on health and pays himself for so doing.

IT is estimated that over seven hundred thousand dollars' worth of clover is consumed annually in New Hampshire by the woodchuck.

THE atmosphere contains ammonia and nitric acid, but these must be absorbed by the soil in order to benefit vegetable growth.

WHAT kind of stock do you believe in? was asked of a Michigan farmer. Double-barreled stock—meat and wool; was the reply.

WE are apt to become narrow-minded and selfish when we allow ourselves to fret and worry because we can't work in a certain groove.

THE number of acres of irrigated land, also, the number of flowing artesian wells on farms, will be included in the census returns this year.

SOILS that easily bake should be worked over with a harrow or cultivator after each rain. A loose soil is essential to admit moisture and warmth.

THE manure from animals differ. Growing animals take from the food eaten, about six per cent. of manurial value, and milch cows about nine per cent.

A GOOD crop of both corn and weeds cannot be grown on the same ground at the same time, any more that two railway trains can pass on the same track.

CLOVER can be put in the silo, we would say to a correspondent. It should be cut when in bloom, millet when the blossoms fall, rye when the heads begin to show.

YOU can't cheat nature. Starve and neglect your farm and it will starve you off of it in due course of time, and when it does you will go around growling at everything. See!

A SOUTHERN farmer remarks: "Life is lived to little purpose if at the end of twelve months the farmer knows nothing more to his advantage than he knew at the beginning."

A BOY should learn the habit of easy politeness in all circumstances, but if there be one place on earth where one should use freely his very best manners, it is in his own home.

Smoke introduced into the bottom of a smoke-house through a piece of pipe long enough to allow the air to cool before it reaches the meat is much better than a fire in the smoke-house.

UNLUCKY cattle on a farm are very troublesome, but the cause is not hard to find. It is almost invariably poor pasture and semi-starvation. Why shouldn't a hungry animal jump fences or push them down?

#### THE STOCK RANCH.

Live Stock Notes.

Dry meal and sulphur are recommended for sheats that may be troubled with the scours, and the recommendation is a good one.

THE farmer who has advanced to the point of knowing what he is feeding to each animal, will not long be satisfied with wasting good feed on inferior stock.

IT is more expensive to make full cream cheese, but it is always readily salable, and brings good prices, while the poorer article is not in demand at all. It does not pay to attempt to economize the cost of cheese by skimming a portion of the milk, nor can any substitute for cream be used that can not be detected by experts.

IF a fly or a mosquito buzzes around his face the milk will stop milking operations and make a desperate slap at the offender; but when Mooley has flies tickling her back, and perhaps the milker is tearing open cracks on her teats and sticking his uncut nails into her, she is expected to stand patiently and not even switch her tail, says a contemporary.—Western Farmer.

There is no best breed for all purposes. On rich pastures, where stock have access to an abundance of food, the heavy beef cattle will thrive; but in those sections where grass is scant a more active animal is required. The Merino and Southdown sheep, being active foragers, are better adapted to hillside pasture than the heavier Cotswold or Oxford. In selecting the breed give some consideration regarding the proper conditions necessary for its thrift and its adaptation to the purposes in view.

The discussion on the subject of dosing growing animals with phosphate of lime, has been whittled down to the formula that, recourse should be had only to that salt, when the ordinary rations appear to be deficient in phosphates; and this deficiency will be indicated by the defective growth of the animal, and its tendency to diarrhoea. The same land does not always produce, in the course of years, hay, straw, corn, etc., of uniform richness; the fields may be less matured, or the season too dry, resulting in produce possessing a lower percentage in phosphoric acid. Try, then, it is urged, change of aliment; barley and rye are poor in phosphate; but good hay, and even pea haulm, are very rich in it. Bran, oil and colza cakes, dried and concentrated brewery malt, are also, excellent bone-building foods.

THE Agricultural Society of Malchin, in Mecklenburg, has discussed the question: "Is it profitable to wash sheep before clipping them?" The members agreed with Agricultural Inspector Muller, that it was best not to wash before shearing; it was less troublesome for the farmer, and more agreeable and less expensive in clipping. The Inspector says that the fleece loses, when washed, 50 to 60 per cent. in weight, according to the manner the sheep have been cared for. Accepting that the unwashed fleeces only half the price of the washed fleeces, the money value ought consequently to be reduced the moiety. In practice he has not found this to be a fact. Since eight years the Basedow flocks have been clipped unwashed, and each sheep's wool realized fr. 7 1/2, while a preceding eight years, when the sheep were washed before being shorn, the fleece fetched fr. 10 1/2. M. Muller, bearing in mind the variations in the price of wool since 1870, not the less estimates, that the unwashed realizes only fr. 14 less than the washed fleece. One speaker affirmed that the important saving by not washing sheep, was not appreciated as it should be, and that good breeds, when well fed and cared for, will not entail any pecuniary loss—but on the contrary—if the washing before shearing be abandoned.

#### THE APIARY.

Selling Honey.

Extracts from a paper read by H. F. Moore at the Ohio State Bee Keepers' Convention.

Marketing our honey is one of the most important parts of the business; for if we fail in this, it is useless for us to raise large crops of honey, or to use great care in its production.

Experience has shown, time and again, that grocerymen and dealers pass by any honey that is dished on the outside, or shows any broken comb through the glass. Yet these things will always continue to be, so long as freightmen handle honey. The only solution that comes near by is to encase each section in a little pasteboard box made expressly for the purpose.

Take a walk with me through the commission houses of any of our large cities, and you will see large quantities of comb honey marketed in that shape, and also the breakage in necessary handling is much less. Their cost is trifling—less than one-half a cent each by the thousand.

I think if the bee-man who took his honey from the hive and boxed and shipped whole crates without even taking them apart to see if any were nicely filled, or scraping the sections to make them more attractive, could have heard the conversation between the commission merchant and the possible purchaser, and heard his honey offered at three and four cents per pound less than nice honey in glassed cases, he would have realized the object lesson more fully than by reading a whole volume of bee-literature.

Beauty in appearance is as important as excellence in flavor to the successful apiarist. If beauty and neatness are necessary with comb honey, they are no less important to extracted honey.

In marketing extracted honey, glass receptacles are, evidently best. Those holding one-half pound, three-quarters, and a pound are preferred by the trade, as they can be sold for a small amount of money. Large quantities of honey are sold each year to the wholesale and retail druggists. Most druggists prefer to furnish their own receptacles, but if not, the quart Mason glass jar presents marked advantages on account of its holding just three pounds of good, thick honey. When crystallized it is far easier to melt a quart than a sixty-pound can.

There is another method of retailing clear honey which promises to lead in the quantity that can be sold in the given time and territory. Take a quart Mason jar half full of white clover honey, and a nice one-pound section, if you please, and call at the first house on any street of any town you may mention. Rap or ring gently, and on seeing a member of the family, look pleasant and say, "Good morning" pleasantly, and without more ado, say, "Don't you wish me to bring you some nice white clover honey this day next week?"

By this mode of address you surprise and please them; surprise them, because in most cases they never saw a sample of honey brought to their door, and an order solicited; please them because by your words you lift yourself clear from the dreaded agent or peddler. Then in a few words explain your price, size of package and day of delivery, at the same time inducing the possible customer to

get a teaspoon and taste the inviting and attractive sweet. On the day appointed deliver the honey to each family that has ordered.

#### THE HOUSEHOLD.

Cleaning Carpets.

Perhaps the most thorough way to clean a carpet, especially a Brussels carpet, is to lay it on a clean grass place down, and beat it as it lies there. After being beaten thoroughly, it can be dragged by the corners over the grass, which will brush off all the adhering dust, and the carpet will be cleaned the most approved manner. To beat a carpet on a fine is but an imperfect way, and the work is not as well done, unless being as easy as the first-mentioned way. The so-called carpet-beating machines use in this country are barbarous in the treatment of choice floor coverings. With, perhaps, twenty others, our carpets are tumbled about in a great eddying, until they are folded in a thousand ways, and returned, instead of the stiff firm carpet sent out, soft, limp articles that have lost half their wearing qualities.

In England, Ireland and Scotland the prudent housewife compelled the carpet beaters to discard the rotary carpet destroyer, and automatic beating machines are now used, which beat carpets as nearly like handwork as is possible for machinery to do it. If living in a city, it will pay to employ men to take carpets out into the country and beat them, as above described. After comparing results, carpets will never be beaten by machinery again.

Again, don't let carpets be cleaned on the floor, as is being practiced in some cities. That slimy compound that is brushed on the carpet is only soft soap, nothing else, colored and perfumed, perhaps, with sassafras. It is true that it makes the carpet look clean, but it is well known that more or less of that soap stays in the back of the carpet, having worked its way through, along the sides and in corners. A physician, or any one versed in chemistry, knows that this soap which stays in the carpet is resolved into grease, attracting myriads of flies, carpet bugs and insects of all kinds, besides decomposing and filling the rooms with dangerous gases, from the disgusting compound of grease, wool and dirt.—Good Housekeeping.

#### Hints to Housekeepers.

VINEGAR improves with keeping; therefore it is best to lay in a large supply.

If the clothes are soaked over night, one tablespoonful of pure ammonia in each tub of water will materially lessen the labor of washing.

TWENTY-FIVE pounds of granulated sugar is enough to keep in store with ten pounds of the loaf and powdered.

INK stains on linen can be taken out if the stain is first washed in strong salt and water and then sponged with lemon juice.

For weeds in the grass, put a pinch or two of salt in the middle of each, and unless a shower washes it off, it will kill the weeds.

COLORS and black stockings, if washed before wearing at all, and a little beef lard put in the water, will never fade or change color either with wearing or washing.

In a basin of water, salt, of course, falls to the bottom; so never soak fish with the skin side down, as the salt will fall to the skin and remain there.

#### THE KITCHEN.

Veal Stew.

Cut four pounds of veal into strips three inches long and one inch thick, peel twelve large potatoes, and cut into slices one inch thick, spread layer of veal on bottom of pot, sprinkle in a little salt and pepper, then layer of potatoes, then layer of veal seasoned as before. Use up veal thus: Over last layer of veal put layer of slices of salt pork, and over the whole a layer of potatoes. Pour on water till it rises an inch over the whole. Cover close, heat fifteen minutes and simmer an hour.

#### Fruit Layer Cake.

This is a delicious novelty in cake making. Take one cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, one cup and a half of flour, half a cup of wine, one cup of raisins, two eggs and a half teaspoonful of soda; put these ingredients together with care, just as if it were a very rich cake, bake in three layers and put frosting between—the frosting to be made of the whites of two eggs with enough powdered sugar to make it thick. The top of the cake may be frosted if you choose.

#### Egg Plant.

Cut the plant in slices about one-third of an inch thick. Pare these and lay them in a flat dish. Cover with boiling water, to which has been added one tablespoonful of salt for every quart of water. Let this stand one hour. Drain, pepper the slices slightly, then dip them in beaten eggs and bread crumbs (two eggs and a pint of crumbs are sufficient for a good sized plant). Fry in boiling fat for eight or ten minutes. The slices will be soft and moist when done.

#### Frosted Oranges.

Pare oranges, remove every particle of the inner skin; divide them into lobes; taking care not to break the skin; beat the whites of two eggs or more to a stiff froth, add a tablespoon of water to the stiffened whites, dip the orange lobes in this and roll part of them in pulverized sugar and part in pink sugar sand and lay them on paper to dry. When dry heap them in a glass dish, the red and white together, and mix in a few green leaves. This is a pretty dish.

#### Bolled Mackerel.

After cleaning the fish, place it in a fish kettle, just cover it with cold water and a gill of vinegar, or with half water and half white wine; season with three or four sprigs of parsley, one of thyme, a bay leaf, one clove, one onion, half a carrot, in slices, two cloves of garlic, salt, pepper and perhaps a little tarragon, if the latter is at hand. Set on the fire and boil gently till done. Dish the fish and serve it warm with a caper or anchovy sauce.

## OLD SOLDIERS AT HOME.

### THEY TELL SOME AMUSING ANECDOTES AND STORIES.

How the Boys of Both Armies Whiled Away in Camp—Forsaking Experiences, Firearm Marches—Thrilling Scenes on the Battlefield.

#### In Tribute.

BY ALEX. DUKE BAILIE.

dedicated to the Woman's Auxiliary Organizations of the G. A. R.

super-hearts, in loyal bearing,  
Take a soldier's brother's greeting;  
Let him, from the thinning ranks,  
Fondly voice the chorus of thanks  
Of every soul to country true,  
Of widows, mothers—blessing you;  
That with the orphan's prayers ascend,  
And find a heavenly echo blend,  
Where camp our comrades, gone before,  
Ablest host on the other shore.

You cheer'd us in the hour of strife,  
When battling for our nation's life;  
But you'd your days of misery sore,  
With black grief's shadow at the door,  
Let one you gave be midst the slain.

In case if war men could unite,  
Above you faced the starless night  
Of prayer and tears, of agonized pain,  
Let one you gave be midst the slain.

Your bitter weep—'twas that alloy  
Of our prize—the victor's joy;  
It seemed as though our banner threw  
The stars for us, its stripes for you.

What a battle-quail—to woman's fears?  
What, bullet-bled, to a woman's tears?  
What, soldier-cut, to a fond heart's grief?  
What, a soldier's death—to a wife, bereft?

Sisters! We knew the crown you fought,  
For you the martyr's crown we wrought;  
Faintly 'tis, round our hearts for you—  
For each and all—a tribute due;  
And your grateful to-day  
For were leaves of wreath'd bay,  
That crown'd a brow, for battle slain—  
And won by night of bloody hand.

A man was stricken, sank and died,  
The woman lived—but crucified;  
Each day, each hour renewed her pain,  
And nailed her to the cross again.

Two wounds, mayhap, yet bleed and smart,  
But sorrow's the schell of woman's heart;  
Each pang in silence borne, still shows  
A swelling pain for other's woes.

As one midst strife and trumpet's blare,  
In hour of peace we breathe our prayer,  
And bless the hands that aid distress,  
And bless the words of tenderness;  
And bless the winning smile that cheers,  
And bless the precious, healing tears.

Prayers! Prayers! kindly, prompting thought,  
For thinking what your zeal outthought;  
For sincere prayers your feet have sped,  
For finished bodies, your doles have fed;  
For care relieved, for griefs dispelled,  
For pains assuaged, for hands upheld;  
For faithful watch by humble bed,  
For sacred ministry o'er our dead;  
For that self-giving leads you through  
The noble way that leads to do.

And, thanks to bounteous God above,  
For woman's all-blow'd, untiring love.

You, Men's soldier, fight to save!  
War cannot smother want, the grave,  
For all the boys who've done,  
Thanks only here on earth we've won;  
But every blessing God can shower  
Awaits you at that supreme hour.

When, from the dead, a distant land,  
Before the great white throne you stand,  
From Him who doth on Calvary  
The Christ of love and charity  
This shall your glorious welcome be:  
"As to the best of those ye did  
So did ye strive to me."  
Chicago, Ill.

moderate Work in the Northwest.

BY COL. ALEX. DUKE BAILIE.

THE principal agent of the Confederates in Canada, and who "manipulated" the disloyal element of the West during the latter part of the war, was Jacob Thompson, who had been Secretary of the Interior in the administration of Buchanan. He had sunk into inappropriate insignificance, even among his own associates, after the war began; had been removed by General Grant on the Mississippi River in a ridiculous attempt at playing the spy under a flag of truce, and, after being released with demonstrations of forbearance, had gone to Canada, under instructions from the government, to do what damage would in connection with the refugees and escaped prisoners who fringed the northern frontier during the last years of the war.

Thompson immediately placed himself in communication with the disloyal element of the Northern States, and with them and a band of refugees, at once gathered about him for payment, from Canada, and safety, began a series of operations which, though fully no less than their magnitude would be incredible if they were recorded in the report which Thompson himself, with amazing moral earnestness, wrote of his mission on December, 1864.

Thompson to Benjamin, Dec. 3, 1864. MS. Confederate Archives.

He immediately put him in communication with the leading spirits of "Sons of Liberty." He was regarded among them with great cordiality and the utmost confidence extended to him. They became convinced during the summer of 1864 that their only chance to defeat the election of Mr. Lincoln were hopeless. Lincoln had the power," wrote Thompson, "and would certainly use it himself," and there was "no hope of force." The belief was entertained and freely expressed that by a vigorous and concerted movement of the three great Northwestern States of Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, and Kentucky to the Confederacy, and this, in sixty days, would end the war. It was resolved to hold a series of peace meetings in Illinois for the purpose of preparing the public mind for such a revolt. The first of these meetings was to be held at Chicago, and "to make it a success,"

writes Thompson, "I agreed that so much money as was necessary would be furnished by me." It was held, furnished, and the meeting was decidedly successful. But he pretends that the Niagara Falls conference and President Lincoln's letter "to the country to such an extent that the leading politicians conceived the idea that Mr. Lincoln could be beaten at the ballot-box on such an issue." "The nerves of the leaders," he says, "thereupon began to relax." The seizure of arms at Indianapolis, the arrests of leading supporters at Louisville, the unsympathetic attitude of McDonald, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Indiana, all tended to discourage the ringleaders, and the day fixed for the revolt, which was to have been the 10th of August, passed by with no demonstration. "The necessity of pandering to the military feeling which resulted in the nomination of McClellan totally demoralized," writes Thompson, "the Sons of Liberty."

Convinced that there was nothing to be expected from the cooperation of Northern Democrats, Thompson fell back once more upon his gang of escaped prisoners and other loose fish in Canada. The next scheme adopted by him was ingenious and audacious, and not without probabilities of success. He determined to capture the war steamer Michigan, plying on Lake Erie, and with her to liberate the rebel prisoners on Johnson's Island; the prisoners were then to march upon Cleveland, attacking that town by land and water, and thence march through Ohio to gain Virginia. A man named Cole, formerly one of Forrest's troopers, was sent around the lakes as a deck passenger to inform him of the thoroughly of the approaches to the harbors, the depositories of coal, the stations and habits of the Michigan. Cole performed his duty with great energy and efficiency, and with much amusement to himself. He invented an oil corporation in which he was president and board of directors, opened an office in Buffalo, and used a great deal of Thompson's money in making acquaintance with the officers of the Michigan. The 14th of September was the day fixed for the attempt upon the vessel. Cole having contrived to get himself invited to dine with the officers on board her on that day. A Virginian named John Yates Beall was assigned the more difficult and dangerous part of the enterprise.

Beall, with twenty-five Confederates, took passage from Sandwich, in Canada, on board the Philo Parsons, an unarmed merchant vessel plying between Detroit and Sandusky; they were all armed with revolvers, and had no trouble in taking possession of the steamer and robbing the clerk of all the money and valuables he had. They soon afterward fell in with another unarmed steamer, the Island Queen, scuttled her, and then steered for Sandusky Bay to join Cole and the boats had been prepared in an attack upon the Michigan. But the plan miscarried. The military, aware of Cole's intentions, had captured him, and Beall, missing the signals agreed upon, did not dare to proceed upon the enterprise alone. He therefore returned to Sandwich, and his crew scattered through Canada.

Not content with this failure, Beall must try another venture, and later in the season, about the middle of December, he was caught in the State of New York, near the Suspension Bridge, in an attempt to throw a passenger train from the west off the track for the purpose of robbing the express car. This was the third attempt which he had made to accomplish his purpose. He was in citizen's dress, engaged in an act of simple murder and robbery, yet he imagined that the fact that he had a Confederate commission in his pocket would secure him against punishment in case of capture. He was tried by court-martial and sentenced to death. Jefferson Davis took the same view of the talismanic character of the Confederate commission upon which Beall had relied, and issued a manifesto assuming the responsibility of the act, and declaring that it was done by his authority. There was great clamor about the case, and many people of both parties pleaded with Mr. Lincoln to commute the sentence of Beall. A petition in this case was signed by most of the Democratic members of the House of Representatives and by many Republicans. But the Judge Advocate General reported that "Beall, convicted upon indubitable proof as a spy, guerrilla, outlaw, and would-be murderer of hundreds of innocent persons traveling in supposed security upon one of our great thoroughfares, fully deserved to die a felon's death, and the summary enforcement of that penalty was a duty which the government owed to society."

Loath as Mr. Lincoln was at all times to approve a capital sentence, he felt that in this case he could not permit himself to yield to the promptings of his kindly heart. He sent a private message to General Dix, saying that he would be glad if the General would allow Beall a few days' respite to prepare for death, but positively declined to interfere with the sentence, and Beall was hung in the latter part of February. The Virginia Senate made his case their own, and recommended, by resolutions of the 3d of March, the adoption of such steps as might be necessary in retaliation for the offense committed by the authorities of the United States. —Chicago Ledger.

Forevermore Brothers.

In a speech at the Confederate reunion in Chattanooga, on the 4th of

July, General George B. Gordon, of Louisiana, said: "We all recognize the fact that the late war was a gallant fight. Both sides were right." We of the South fought for the Constitution of our fathers as founded by the Supreme Court. The South was a loyal country, but we were wrong on the slavery question. The North was right when it fought us on that score. There is not a son or daughter of the South to-day who would have slavery restored. While for four years we were deadly enemies, we are forevermore brothers and fellow-citizens, and proud in the South of the glory of the American States, and we would fight as loyally for the flag of our country as any man who fought with Grant and Sherman."

#### The First Repeating Rifle.



N Atlanta veteran was talking about his first experience with a repeating rifle.

"I was out on the picket line," he tells it, "and a lot of Yankees kept shooting at us from the shelter of a pine thicket. Finally we made a break for the thicket, and then we had it. Every fellow would pick out his man, and then load and shoot, taking advantage of the shelter of the trees."

"My Yankee got the first shot, and missed me. As I was only seventy-five or one hundred yards away, I thought I would reach him before he could load again, so I made a dash for him. He stepped out from his tree and aimed, but I thought he was just trying to bluff, so I didn't stop until he pulled down on me.

"My Lord! I thought, that's the first rifle I ever saw with two barrels! I just halted, but thought the gun surely must be empty now, so I started for him again. Well, sir, he just stood there and bang—bang! bang! bang! like milking a cow. I jumped for a tree mighty quick. I can tell you, I heard hollering behind the tree. It tickled him mightily. I didn't know what to make of it. I put my cap out from behind the tree and he banged! banged! down on it. It scared me. I didn't know how long the thing would hold out.

"Presently, though, I saw him bending over. His head was protected, but his back was showing, and I took good aim. The ball ploughed through the fleshy part of the thigh, and as he hollered I made for him. He had dropped his gun and started to run, but he stopped and went back with me.

"I carried that old gun back and it was a great curiosity to our boys. They never did believe that it could shoot sixteen times, and I couldn't prove it because he had only one load left, and we couldn't get any ammunition to fit the gun. So we broke up the gun to keep the Yankees from getting hold of it again." —Atlanta Constitution.

#### An Explanation.

BY ELI SWEET, COMPANY G, SEVENTH IOWA.



PRIVATE MILLER, in his second paper on the battle of Corinth, Miss., October 3 and 4, '62, refers to what he characterizes as "an inhuman act," namely, the burying of the Confederate Major with one hand out of the grave.

Now let me give you a little fact of the episode. The camp they charged was the Union Brigade, composed of the Eighth, Twelfth, Fourteenth Iowa and Fifty-eighth Illinois. These regiments had been so badly cut up at the "Hornet's Nest," at Shiloh—most of them going as visitors with Gen. Prentiss to the South—that what was left had been put together as one regiment, called the Union Brigade, and assigned to the First Brigade, Second Division, Department of the Tennessee. Well, this Major had taken the oath and had been in and out of our lines at will, and we had guarded his property all safely. To pay us for this he led a band of guerrillas into our camp to kill our sick and wounded. The attack failed; he was killed, and under his citizen suit had on a Confederate uniform. In a pocket of his citizen suit was found his oath of allegiance, while in his army uniform was found his commission as Captain. I saw him dead, and I had no hospital bonbons either. I did not see him buried, but I was told he had a hand out holding a jack of clubs, on which was written these words, "In hell, Oct. 4, '62, Jeff Davis, please send me my land warrant."

It was not thought at that time that he was served any too inhumanly. Had he come in his true light, with no oath of allegiance about him, and had fallen, he would have been accorded an honorable soldier's burial.

MILLERSBURG, IOWA.

THERE are 135,000 Mormons in Utah's total population of 200,000.

## PROCESS OF DRESSING FURS.

How They Are Treated from Killing to Articles of Wear.

In going through a fur-dressing establishment a reporter who was on a tour of investigation had noticed the dragged, faded, repulsive-looking skins, from which the dye was dripping, as he went up-stairs, and was surprised to see there also the same process, only the mixture was colored with yellow froth. This was the "mordant," or, in everyday parlance, "killing." No fur can be changed in color without this treatment, which lasts for ten days or more, until the hair is dead— or, in other words, has become a mere fiber which will absorb any shade.

Everybody has noticed a smooth, soft, brownish-black fur in muff that looks like seal. If they ask, when told the rather low price, "Is it real or imitation?" they are told it is American seal. It is nothing in the world but the common little muskrat.

A fur really to be much admired is that of this same little muskrat. The skins arrive at the factory in packs containing many hundreds, which are stiff and rough and inside out. These are thrown into a huge bin, which revolves about forty times per minute. Two hammers beat them continually, and, quite soft and warm with the friction, they are taken out, rubbed with seal oil or butter, and returned to the hopper. Often the beating turns them the other side out. Twice is the operation gone through. Then they go to a man who sits astride of a block, on which is firmly fixed a long, upright knife; over this two skins are passed, thus scraping off all the superfluous hide, leaving them much thinner. Now they are ready to be cleaned. A sort of dough is made of the sawdust and put into a close cylinder; the greasy skins are put in, a charcoal fire is lighted, and the wheel revolves. The sawdust absorbs the grease and moisture, but, of course, remains in the hair. To get that out a wheel similar to this, but with latticed ends, is employed; the revolutions are much more rapid and the sawdust flies clean, soft fur— for such it has become—inside. If not sufficiently cleaned this process is repeated.

The muskrat is now ready for the "evening." This man has a big round log in front of him, over which he throws the pelt, fastening it with a rope drawn taut by his foot. On the right thumb is a thick rubber tube about six inches long, and the hand draws back and forth a sharp steel comb. The "mordant" is now gone through and the pelt is taken down to the dyeing rooms. Here it is dipped constantly until it is a deep, rich dark throughout, and finally passed through a ringer, from which it is thrown out almost dry.

The skin is now ready for the final touch or shade. The black fur must have that brown shade so much admired in sealskins. A man stands at a table with a pile in front of him. A rather stiff brush he dips in a yellow bowl filled with the color; he lays the pelt fur side up on the table and runs the dye over it several times. Not one drop must touch the leather, for it would rot the skin. The fur has now the desired shading, and possesses the true seal odor. A visit to the dyeing-room, through an inspector's hands, and it is ready for the market. —Boston Herald.

#### The Fire Escape and the Vine.

"Very foolish to cling to me. Suppose an accident were to happen, where would you be? Torn, trampled, crushed under hurrying feet. Look at those sunflowers. They stand on their own stems, they do. Catch them sticking their sassy yellow heads between my bars; not much! I like independence, I do."

Thus spake the Fire Escape.

"How hard hearted you are," murmured the Vine, flinging a tendril lovingly about the upper railing.

"I was born so," replied the Fire Escape, grimly.

"And how cold," continued the Vine. "My nature," growled the Fire Escape.

"But I love you," whispered the Vine, "because you are so strong and so tall and such a help to me! When I was a little thing, and a stranger in this street, I looked up and saw you, great and dark, reaching almost to the sky. Ah! you looked so terrible, and, if you will pardon me, so ugly, that I was frightened at first; but then it was pleasant and restful to lean against your friendly frame. I quite gave myself up to it, and grew and grew, and budded and blossomed, till, as you know, the passers-by stop in amazement, saying: 'How beautiful that Fire Escape looks!'"

"Still ours is not a suitable union," persisted the Fire Escape. "I have a great mission to perform; I am here to save human life. You should have cast your lot in with some nice country cottage—not a coarse old tenement like me."

"Love goeth whither it is sent," sighed the Vine meekly, and clung closer.

That night a woman with a babe at her breast dropped a lighted lamp. Flames darted here, there, everywhere; hungrily, glottingly. People madly flung their poor possessions from the windows. Engines rattled through the streets. Brave men climbed the sturdy Fire Escape, and carried children and women down its iron sides. Splendid streams of water played upon the blazing building. Morning dawned, pale and blue. The Fire Escape stood tall and dark, but the poor, pretty little Vine lay dead at its feet, a victim of misplaced affection. —Pearl Eytling in the Dramatic News.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

### THOUGHTS WORTHY OF CALM REFLECTION.

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

The lesson for Sunday, August 17, may be found in Luke 17: 11-19.

#### INTRODUCTION.

We have in this lesson an intimation of how widespread the fame of Jesus had become. Even the outcast lepers knew him and spoke of him. But, of more interest still to us, they spoke to him. In the scripture before us we find our Saviour's feet stayed by the cry of the "unclean." Thank God for that! Indeed, it was for that he came, for that he journeyed in this particular direction, and but for the condescending compassionate spirit here displayed we would have no part in him. Jesus is passing down through leprous coats to-day in the teaching of this lesson. Shall not some snitten souls call out to him? Alas, if we do not! We are still in our sins.

#### WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

It came to pass. Introducing another incident of that wonderful journey toward the city on the hill.—As he went. Or in the going. Christ's going was attended with circumstances peculiar to the mission he was accomplishing.—Passed through. He was passing through. Imperfect tense. It was a golden moment of opportunity.—The midst of Samaria and Galilee. Some have thought this to refer to the border land between the two countries. See Margin. Or possibly it but suggests the interior in contrast with the farther coasts.

As he entered. Particular construction.—Certain village. Numerous little towns were scattered along the way.—Met him. A man is known by the thing which he meets by the way.—Other caravans could scarcely be described as meeting these lepers. Standing afar off.—Ten lepers. In sad profusion in that clime and, especially, in that day.—Afar off. They were not allowed to come near. (Lev. 13: 46.)

Lifted up their voices. As from a distance. One hundred paces, usually.—They dared not come nigh, as they were, but they dared cast a prayer. So may we.—Jesus, Master. Signifying something of homage, but not full fealty, as their subsequent conduct proves.—Have mercy on us. Or pity us. The personal preference. An appeal never fruitless with Christ.

When he saw them. He saw deeper into their need than other men would.—Go. Just the resting of his gracious eyes upon them was enough.—Show yourselves to the priests. The same as saying, you are healed. See Lev. 14: 2.—As they went. Or in the going. Their obedience was doubtless a necessary condition of the cleansing.—Cleansed. The signs of health gradually making themselves manifest.

When he saw. The changed color of his hands would be one visible symptom of recovery.—Turned back.—Probably while still in sight, going later for the ceremonial ablution which would require some time. Lev. 14: 4-9. Glorified God. Equivalent to praising God. Doxology is from this word.

#### WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

There met him ten men that were lepers. It was a bit of interruption, something perhaps of detention on the way. No matter. That way to Jerusalem. Jesus was treading was full of such considerations. Indeed, he took such a course that he might meet the souls that needed help. Christ went everywhere doing good—that was his errand to the world. Now let the disciple do the same. We are here for service, put here for a purpose. But O, how foolishly dull we are at times. "No, no," cried the lady in the sudden shower, "I've kept that umbrella clean and new all these years, and I'm not going to have you take it out now into all this wet!" Perhaps we have been no less slow to employ the charities and graces God has given us for use. How many opportunities have we met carelessly? How many mute appeals passed by unnoticed? God forgive us.

Jesus, Master, have mercy upon us. The village edge lifts the cry still. The city and the country-place, too, still re-echo the old appeal. Men want mercy. How can we help them? Well, manifestly, we must first be helped ourselves. He only can give aid to others, in mercy's name, who has experienced that grace himself. We do well to cry out first for ourselves. "Jesus, Master, have mercy upon us." Then shall we be able to speak of mercy to others. It is Matthew Henry, is it not? who says: "If you wish to land a fish you must stand in the place where you wish to land it and not in the place where the fish is." And does he not also say (we are doubtless not quoting the substance), "If you want to lift a soul out of the pit you must first get a good footing out of the pit yourself." Only a Christian teacher can properly interpret this lesson. He only can tell of mercy who has felt it.

With a loud voice. Well, certainly, we ought to speak with as loud a voice for God as we have been using against him. Men who have bawled their blasphemy through twenty or thirty years ought to make their testimony after conversion in a voice that can be heard, at least, three seats back. And yet sometimes our very silence under pressure is a loud-voiced confession. The converted fruit merchant did not intend to make an open confession of religion when he shut his lips from cursing over the bad lot of oranges received. But the boys who had been accustomed to hear him swear under such provocation knew that he turned Christian. "Bless the Lord!" said the converted blacksmith when his horse kicked. That took the place of the old oath. Depend upon it, if the work of grace is a thorough one, it will find expression. Let it speak out loud and strong.

Were there not ten cleansed? There is a personal application. Too often we give God but a partial recognition. We glorify him with but one portion of our whole selves. It may be that the Sabbath day is given to him, but what of the six days of the week? Possibly we praise him with the voice of prayer and song, but how about the work of the hands, the ways our feet go. Not simply the heart should return and do homage; the mind and body of the whole nature should be prostrate before him who has cleansed and redeemed. The daily life should praise him. Said the converted sewing-girl, "There's many a time, when I've been pressed and hurried, that I've sent home seams scarcely fastened, so they'd be sure to rip; but, please God, since I've been converted my seams will never rip again."

Returned to the glory of God. It was more than ingratitude. It indicated but a partial work of grace. Their bodies were healed, but we have little reason to suppose that their souls were else than in the bonds of iniquity. Not so the stranger, the lone Samaritan. His return indicated a heart touched, a spirit made ready to receive the vastly larger blessing of salvation from sin. "Let me be Christian," says one, "without coming out into public profession." But there is no such thing as a secret Christianity, worthy of the name. "As well," urges Pentecost, "for the rose to say, 'Let me be a rose, without bursting into leaf and flower.'" Are you giving God the glory? The heavens declare it; the firmament sheweth; why not you?

Next Lesson—"Prevailing Prayer." Luke 18: 1-14.

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

FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1890.

**THE COMING CONVENTION.**

The Hudson Post in speaking of the coming Congressional Convention for this district sums the matter up in this way:

The calling of the county convention brings republicans face to face with the fact that the campaign of 1890 must soon open, and that candidates will be placed in nomination. Michigan is a republican state, and the republican candidates on the state ticket will be elected. But of equal importance is the nomination and election of a congressman who, in the councils at Washington, will effectually represent his constituents. Should the convention renominate Hon. E. P. Allen, his election would give the second district of Michigan a representative in Congress who has been recognized far beyond the average member of two terms service. He has been called to the chair by the speaker more than any other member, and on the floor his voice has often been heard in the interest of the soldier, the farmer, and the best interests of the country. His time has been given to the interests of his constituents as was the case when, with a few others he made a personal fight for beneficial legislation to the wool grower and at the same time demanded that a bill be formulated reducing the price on sugar, and thus lessening the expenses of every family.

It seems to be generally conceded that Capt. Allen will not only be given a renomination without opposition but that he will be re-elected with a handsome majority.

**COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.**

Chester, July 16, 1890.

Board met in council room.

Meeting called to order by president. Roll call by clerk.

Present, W. J. Knapp, President, Trustees, W. Bacon, H. Lighthall, H. S. Holmes.

Absent, W. F. Riemenschneider, G. H. Kempf, G. J. Crowell.

Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

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

Milo Shaver, draying, \$7.75

Wm. Emmert, printing, 2.75

On motion, Mrs. M. Frey be permitted to erect a frame building on Southwest corner on South street.

Com. on petition ask for further time. Granted.

Motion made and carried that the president is authorized to extend the time for collecting taxes.

On motion the board adjourned.

FRED VOGEL, Clerk.

**WOMEN AND CHILDREN WILL VOTE.**

A unique plan of voting by which women and children as well as men and boys can vote early and often has been originated by the Detroit Journal in its military contest scheme; the Journal has offered five prizes aggregating nearly \$2,000, to be divided among the military companies getting the largest number of ballots cut from the Detroit Journal. The contest is a spirited one, and the friends of the 36 Michigan companies are loyally at work for their favorites. Any one can vote as many times as he wishes. The record of the progress of the vote and a copy of the ballot, which may be cut out and used, is published in the Detroit Journal each day. The Journal will enter upon its eighth year of publication on September 1st, and will celebrate the anniversary by making a slight advance in advertising rates.

**WASHTENAW'S CENSUS.**

Following is a list of the townships and cities in this county and their respective number of inhabitants in 1890 and 1880. As will be seen, some serious blunders have taken place in either the Superintendent's office, or by enumerators for Saline and Manchester. Saline is reported to have 810 more inhabitants than in '80, while everybody knows that if that village and township has held its own, it is all that can be expected. Manchester, on the other

hand is reported to have lost 221. Sylvan and Salem have not, as yet, been reported.

|                     | 1880.  | 1890.  |
|---------------------|--------|--------|
| Ann Arbor town..... | 1,374  | 1,400  |
| Ann Arbor city..... | 9,311  | 8,061  |
| Augusta.....        | 1,774  | 1,640  |
| Bridgewater.....    | 1,074  | 1,255  |
| Dexter.....         | 699    | 873    |
| Freedom.....        | 1,126  | 1,373  |
| Lima.....           | 990    | 1,021  |
| Lodi.....           | 1,262  | 1,377  |
| Lyndon.....         | 615    | 735    |
| Manchester.....     | 2,175  | 2,394  |
| Northfield.....     | 1,214  | 1,273  |
| Pittsfield.....     | 1,080  | 1,233  |
| Saline.....         | 2,737  | 1,927  |
| Scio.....           | 1,930  | 2,291  |
| Sharon.....         | 1,015  | 1,161  |
| Superior.....       | 1,196  | 1,253  |
| Webster.....        | 858    | 969    |
| York.....           | 1,905  | 1,717  |
| Ypsilanti town..... | 1,225  | 1,459  |
| Ypsilanti city..... | 7,160  | 4,984  |
|                     | 40,718 | 38,396 |

The Ann Arbor Register, in its last weeks issue thinks that Allen may not be able to carry this district again, should he be renominated, because of the post office trouble in the several cities and villages. We can but feel that Mr. Allen is THE person to be renominated and re-elected, because of his earnest endeavors to do right in every case and under all circumstances.

Programmes are out for the twelfth annual basket picnic of the Farmer's Picnic Association of Washtenaw, Wayne, Oakland and Livingston counties, at Whitmore lake, Saturday August 23rd. The address of welcome will be delivered by President C. R. Reeve. Orators of the Day are Hon. R. W. Coleman, Alliance lecturer for the State of Mississippi, and the Hon. A. S. Partridge, Grand President, P. of I. of Michigan. The program is embellished with music and impromptu speeches.

Whoever wrote this got the whole truth down in a nutshell: "If you have a little farm or business, and you are out of debt, don't fret or work yourself and your good wife into the grave for the sake of making money. You have but the one life to live, and that is very brief at best. Take a little comfort and pleasure as you go along day by day, and try to do a little good to others. A morbid, insatiable desire to possess the earth, to grab everything in sight is the foundation of more misery than almost any one thing. Wealth alone will never keep your memory green after you are gone."

**A CLERICAL ERROR.**

The Barber's Pen Slipped as He Was Making a Record.

Some years ago a barber was arrested in Paris for badly cutting a customer. There was no question about the gash and what made it seem worse the razor wielder said, in a way, he had done it purposely.

After the testimony was in the judge asked the barber had he anything to say. "Yes, monsieur, I have. I justify the cutting on the ground that it was merely a clerical error, a slip of the pen."

"What?" cried the judge, gasping with astonishment.

"Permit me," continued the latter slapper. "For months the plaintiff has been getting shaved on trust at my establishment. I have no very convenient means of keeping accounts, so every time I shaved the gentleman I cut a little nick in his cheek in order to guide me in my charges when the long deferred day of payment came. So many nicks of course so many shaves."

The barber paused a moment, and the whole court was on the tiptoe of expectation.

"But how about the clerical error?" asked the judge.

"I am coming to that, sir. It so happened that the account had already arrived at the one hundredth nick, and my hand being somewhat unused to making ciphers the razor turned when I attempted them, with the result known."

The entire honesty and candor of the barber was so plain he was let off with a light fine.—Philadelphia Press.

**Tried to Follow the Directions.**

Jones had been quite ill. One day the doctor called and found him in a bathtub.

"Why, man, are you crazy? You must be anxious to die!"

"No, I ain't," protested poor Jones; "but didn't you say that your last medicine was to be taken in water?"—Judge.

**His Favorites.**

"Oh, Mr. Hayseed, do not birds and plants call for a husbandman's constant adoration?"

"Wal, yaas, miss."

"Do tell me which are your favorites?"

"Wal, I can't say exactly, but I'm mighty partial to roast goose and cabbage."—Yankee Blade.

**An Aid to the Chase.**



Mrs. Dewhurst—You horrid child! What are you doing?  
Culbert—Kitty caught a mouse, and the mouse got away and ran in the spout, and I'm trying to fix her so she can go up after him.—Once a Week.

**From the Heart.**

Little Miss Lily was paying her first visit to the country. Seeing some birds in a meadow she exclaimed, "Poor little birdies of the field! They haven't even a cage to sleep in."—Judge.

**The Cause of It.**

Horse Dealer—That's a rattling good horse, mister.  
Would-be Purchaser—Yes, so I hear. Is it all bones?—Burlington Free Press.

**Predestination.**

Naughty Willie—I won't! I shan't! I don't want to be a nangel.  
Firm Mother—You must.—New York

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.

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

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

Your eggs are wanted at the Standard Grocery House.

Fine perfumery at the Standard Grocery House.

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

**LEGAL NOTICES.**

STATE OF MICHIGAN, 22nd JUDICIAL Circuit in Chancery.

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

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

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

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

And it is further ordered that within twenty days after the date hereof the said complainants cause a notice of this order to be published in the Chelsea Standard, a newspaper printed, 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,  
Complainants' Solicitors.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, 22nd JUDICIAL Circuit in Chancery.

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

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

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

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

And it is further ordered that within twenty days after the date hereof the said complainants cause a notice of this order to be published in the Chelsea Standard, a newspaper printed, 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.

**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 southeast 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 be the same more or less, all said described parcels being enclosed and occupied for farming purposes as one parcel.

Dated July 3rd, 1890.  
JESAU15  
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.

# CHelsea STANDARD.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1890.

## TRAINS LEAVE:

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

## LOCAL, NEWSY ITEMS.

**Picked up While Roaming Around This Most Beautiful Village.**

Which will you have, electrocution or hanging?  
Candles of all kinds at the Standard Grocery House.

The school census is being taken by director, W. J. Knapp, personally.

Rooms for rent in the Knapp & Hindelang block. Inquire of W. J. Knapp.

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

The Saginaw G. A. R. train was delayed over an hour at this place, Saturday, on account of an injury to the engine.

Mrs. Hunter's house, near Chas. Wine's residence, is enclosed, and when completed will greatly improve that portion of the village.

Wm. Bacon has handed his resignation as a village trustee, to the village clerk, thus enabling him to handle village cases in his justice court.

C. Helmrich, while painting a few days ago, was taken with a severe hemorrhage, but is now out again. It was pronounced a severe case of nose bleed.

Jacob Shaver celebrated his seventieth birthday last Sunday, his children being with him. Mr. Shaver is as lithe and quick now as most men are at 45.

The democratic county convention, to elect delegates to the congressional, senatorial and state convention, will be held in Ann Arbor, September 5th.

The Republican county convention for the purpose of electing twenty-one delegates to attend the congressional convention, will be held at Ann Arbor Thursday next.

The republican congressional convention of the Second district, will be held at Adrian, on Tuesday, Sept. 2. Washtenaw county is entitled to twenty-one delegates.

Drs. Palmer & Wright, who have occupied rooms over Glazier's store for years, will in the near future remove to the handsome and convenient rooms over Kempf's new bank.

Wm. Caspary, the wideawake baker has just added a delivery to his outfit, so that orders in his line can be delivered on short notice, to Grass Lake, Cavanaugh etc., next year.

W. J. Knapp now has in stock grain drills of the best and latest improved makes, which he fully guarantees in every respect. Farmers will find it to their interest to call on him and examine them.

From Supervisor Sharp, we have it that Chelsea's present population is 1880, or 260 more than in 1880. This is better than any other village in the county can show. The population of the township including village, is 2259.

The wife and daughter of the railroad agent at Norvall, were killed by the cars Wednesday evening. They drove in front of the train, both being instantly killed. Why will people not stop and listen before crossing a track where the train can not be plainly seen for some distance?

Friday evening last, quite a number of people witnessed the opening of two blossoms on a night-blooming cereus, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Campbell. The blossoms are pronounced to be the largest seen in this place. Mrs. Christ. Klein expects one to open soon.

While on his way to see a patient last Tuesday evening at 9:30, Dr. Gates got on the wrong road, and was tipped out of his buggy, sustaining a fracture of his left hip. He was not found until the next morning, as no one passed within forty rods of him during the night. Drs. Palmer & Wright and Dr. Fay made the examination, and they pronounced it a case which would confine the doctor to the house for many months and perhaps the remainder of his life.

Henry Wilson lost his best horse by distemper a few days ago.

Wheat has been in good demand this week at 92 cents per bushel. Good time to sell.

The fast train was eight hours late last Sunday, owing to the strike on the New York road.

The Rev. J. H. McIntosh will preach next Sunday at Cavanaugh Lake, at 3 o'clock, in the rear of Dr. Armstrong's cottage.

Rev. Conrad, brother of the pastor at Dexter, will fill the Baptist pulpit Sunday morning. Rev. Arnold expects to be able to preach in the evening at union services.

Will Stocking had a curiosity a few days ago in the shape of a duck which had four eyes and two bills. Two eyes were in front and one on each side of the head. It did not live.

Justice Bacon is doing considerable business, dealing out justice in a great shape, as several who have been up before him, can testify. When a person is found guilty, the fine is of such a character as will be remembered.

Dr. Finch was called to see Mrs. Ward, who lives opposite E. White, last Tuesday evening, but not knowing of this Ward, took Ward's horse and rode to Ed. Ward's, in Sylvan. Arriving there and finding he was not wanted, he turned to go back. When crossing the railroad, the horse stumbled, throwing the doctor and then running away. The doctor footed it home. The horse was found next morning grazing in Mr. Tyndall's pasture.

G. W. Turnbull having been admitted as attorney to practice in the interior department, can be of great service to those entitled to pensions. His acquaintance in the neighborhood, both with the ex-soldiers and those most likely to be called upon for witnesses, will place him at the front locally in obtaining pensions. He informs us that those seeking pensions can obtain them at much less expense than is paid to foreign attorneys. We would therefore recommend all those who are yet to apply in this county to engage him.

A burglar effected an entrance into Dr. Palmer's residence Monday morning by a cellar window, leaving his shoes (a good pair) and a black straw hat on the outside. He was heard by the doctor, and ran away, after this visiting the residences of Jas. Harrington and Lathon Miller, at the latter place taking a pair of shoes and a hat. Lon. Conkwright and Geo. BeGole drove to Jackson very early that morning, and saw a fellow leave the road and hide in the grass, but thought nothing of it until informed later in the day, of the burglary.

The Chelsea STANDARD copies from the Argus a little item regarding Mr. Birket's proposed long distant electric light plant and comments by saying "guess if he depends on Chelsea enterprise for support, his little wheels won't go round." Does Bro. Emmert mean to imply that Chelsea has no enterprise, or that she is supremely selfish? Which?—Leader. We mean to say that, with a few exceptions, our "business" men are too "close" (a polite word for another) to support anything that would advance the interest of the place, unless they saw a "ten per cent." dividend attached. The business men here are not what they "used to be."

The reports of Adj. Gen. George H. Hopkins, of Detroit, and Quartermaster Gen. Taylor, of Philadelphia, to the G. A. R. at Boston were as follows: The report of Adj. Gen. Hopkins shows that on June 30, 1890, there were in the several departments 7,178 posts, with a membership of 397,385. The gains since June 30, 1890, were 520 posts and 20,217 members. The losses were 20 posts and 1,581 members. The number of deaths during the year was 5,476. The amount expended for relief for the year ending March 31, 1890, was \$221,350.18; number of comrades relieved 19,480; others relieved 8,949. In this sum no mention is made of the large amount of private aid and expended by thousands of our members individually or collectively, and of which no record can be kept. For the quarter ending June 30, 1890, \$51,599.01 was expended. The total amount expended by the G. A. R. from July 1, 1871 to July 1, 1890, amounts to the enormous sum of \$1,987,534.55.

## YOUR FOLKS AND OURS.

Mrs. M. Boyd is visiting friends in Grass Lake.

Miss Maud Flagler is visiting friends in Grass Lake.

John E. Durand, of Jackson, was in the village yesterday.

R. C. Reeve, of Dexter, was a Chelsea visitor last Saturday.

Mrs. Lillie Depew was an Ann Arbor visitor Saturday last.

Mrs. Dr. Shaw and daughter, Miss Mary, are visiting relatives here.

Miss Cora Puleipher, of Ann Arbor, is the guest of Miss Abbie Gates.

Miss Maud Congdon, of Ypsilanti, is visiting her parents at this place.

M. J. Lehman represented the tent of K. O. T. M. at Bay City this week.

Mrs. John Cole returned from a visit with Eaton Rapids friends, Saturday last.

Miss Cora Wuster, of Webster, is spending a few days with relatives in town.

Miss Nina Wright, who has been in Jackson for some time, has returned home.

The Misses Lizzie Walker and Emma Stabler are visiting Ann Arbor friends.

Mrs. Monroe, of Howell, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. S. Goodyear Saturday.

Mrs. Wines spent last week in Augusta, called there by the illness of her mother.

Mrs. Jewett and daughters, of Bellevue, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Richards.

Ed. Vogel returned from his Minneapolis trip Tuesday, having had a grand good time.

Miss Alice Densmore, of Ypsilanti, has been the guest of Miss Maud Congdon, the past week.

Fred Stabler left for Oregon Wednesday last, to see what the prospects in that country are.

Mrs. D. P. McDonald and son, of Wallaceburg, Ont., is visiting her brother, Wm. Bury.

Frank Shayer was home from Battle Creek, Sunday. He reports his city booming right along.

Mrs. Jay McLaren, nee Slaght, visited numerous friends and acquaintances here, the past week.

Miss Crifiston, of Constantine, has been engaged as preceptress of the High School by the board.

Prof. Foster, who has been helping his father during harvest, left Monday last for a trip around the lakes.

Sylvester Hubbard, of Perry, was the guest of Rev. and Mrs. O. C. Bailey, a few days of last week.

Miss Jessie Everett left for Canada the first of the week, where she will endeavor to escape her foe—hay fever.

Roy Hill, who has been studying short hand for several months at this place, is now finishing the course at Ann Arbor.

Dr. Holmes left for Wolf Lake this morning where he joins the Michigan Centre Sunday school, who have a picnic at that lake today.

Mrs. Harrington, Miss M. Harrington, and Miss Anna Whitaker left last Wednesday for the northern summer resorts.—Dexter Leader.

Miss Anna Murray has opened a dress making shop in the rooms formerly occupied by Turnbull & Wilkinson in the McKune building.

The Misses Lulu Earle and Jessie Flagler left last Tuesday for Pleasant Lake, where they will spend two or three weeks visiting the former's parents and camping.

Today being a holiday with the Catholics, services being held as on Sunday. The village presents quite a lively appearance, and trade is good.

"Maria, you will please start the him," called out the parson from the stairway at 11 p. m., and young Doodely, who had accompanied the parson's daughter home from church, took the hint and left.—N. Y. Herald.

## CAUCUS!

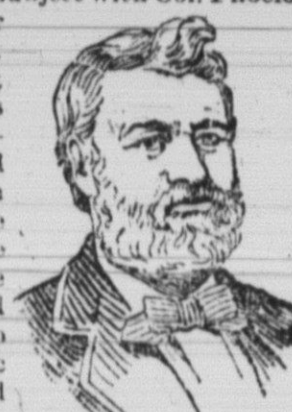
The Republicans of Sylvan township will meet in caucus at the town hall, Tuesday, August 19, at three o'clock, to elect delegates to attend the county convention on the 21st of August.

W. J. Knapp, Chairman.

## OLD ABE'S TEACHER.

Uncle Billy Green's Interesting Reminiscences of President Lincoln.

In his old age "Uncle Billy" Green, of Tallula, Ill., is known as the "Sage of Tallula." Fifty years ago his neighbors called him "Slick Billy" because of his preternatural sharpness at a trade. It was in the early days of his career that he met Abraham Lincoln, and now that he has nearly closed the eighth decade of an active life he loves to dwell upon incidents of his association with the war president of the United States. Not long ago he chatted volubly upon the subject with Col. Phocion Howard, another Illinois old timer. Green, it seems, was Lincoln's partner in a grocery at Salem, and at night, when customers were few, he held the grammar while Lincoln recited his lessons. To his sympathetic ear Lincoln told the story of his love for sweet Ann Rutledge. He saw the happy pair strolling through the woods about old Salem or boating on the river, or lingering long over the bucket of water which Lincoln drew from the well for Ann. He offered what comfort he could to his friend when poor Ann died, and Lincoln's great heart nearly broke.



UNCLE BILLY GREEN.

"After Ann died," says Uncle Billy, "on stormy nights, when the wind blew the rain against the roof, Abe would set thar in the grocery, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands, an' the tears runnin' through his fingers. I hated to see him feel so bad, an' I'd say, 'Abe, don't cry; an' he'd look up an' say, 'I can't help it, Bill, the rain's a-fallin' on her.'"

Green saw his friend rise in greatness and favor with the people until he was elected president of the nation. At Lincoln's first inaugural banquet Green sat at the table on the president's left, with the dignified secretary, Seward, on his right. Lincoln presented the two men to each other, saying, "Secretary Seward, this is Mr. Green, of Illinois." Seward bowed stiffly, when Lincoln exclaimed: "Oh, get up, Seward, and shake hands with Green. He's the man that taught me my grammar."

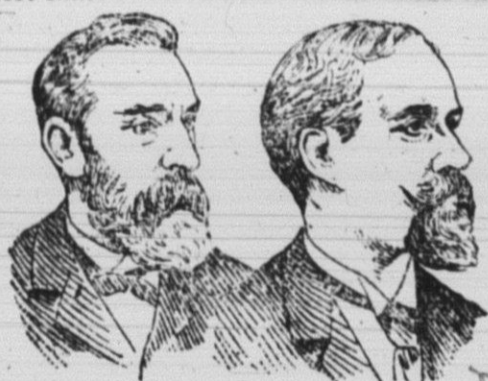
"Uncle Billy delights to tell this story, and adds: 'The idea of my teachin' Abe Lincoln anything. Why, let me tell you that when he got through with that grammar he used to study he knowed more grammar than the man that wrote the book. This was Abe's greatness—that when he knew a thing he knew it better than anybody, an' he could tell it to the most ignorant man so he'd know all about it.'"

## Lessening Sable Island's Terrors.

Sable Island, which lies about 300 miles to the west of Halifax, Nova Scotia, is little known save to shipwrecked mariners. So many sailors have been cast ashore there that it has gained the name of the "ocean graveyard." The island is used as a beacon station on which the Canadian government maintains two light-houses and stores of provisions to be used in case of shipwrecks. As there is no communication between Sable island and the main land except by means of chance vessels, it has often happened that shipwrecked seamen have been kept on it for a long time without being able to make their condition known. The Dominion government now proposes to overcome this difficulty by establishing a regular system of pigeon post between the island and Halifax. A homery is to be established at the latter place, and an occasional consignment of trained birds is to be despatched to the former, which will be available as messengers in any special emergency. It is stated that the Canadian government is importing the carrier pigeons from Belgium.

## The New Treasury Assistants.

The assistant secretaries of the treasury recently appointed by President Harrison are men comparatively well known throughout the United States. Gen. Alured B. Nettleton is a native of Ohio and is 51 years old. He left Oberlin college at the age of 22 to take part in the civil war on the side of the north, and when the contest came to an end had attained the rank



of brigadier general. Since 1865 he has devoted his time to newspaper and railway interests. In 1880 he removed to Minnesota and established The Minneapolis Daily Tribune.

Gen. Oliver L. Spaulding was born in New Hampshire in 1838. Like Gen. Nettleton he is a graduate of Oberlin. After leaving college he became a resident of Michigan and regent of the State university. He entered the Union army in 1863 and rose rapidly, being brevetted brigadier general in 1864 for meritorious services. He has been secretary of state of Michigan for two terms, special agent of the treasury department, member of congress and chairman of the Sandwich Islands reciprocity treaty commission.

## The French Mother.

A bright man told me the other night, apropos of women all over the world, that if he wanted a companion he would seek an American; if a wife an Englishwoman, and if a mother a Frenchwoman. Certainly they are good mothers, and the love existing between mother and child is invariably strong, while the Frenchman's belief in the rights of a mother is shown in the way laws are framed with due regard for parental opinion.—Paris Letter.

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 T., is equal to any tea in town. Standard Grocery House.

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

## Markets by Telegraph

DETROIT, August 15, 1890.

BUTTER.—Market quiet at 10 1/4c 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 98c 1 cars at 99c; Aug. 3,000 at 96 1/4c 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@29

POTATOES.—Slow sale at 50c.

BUTTER.—Weak at 8@12c.

WHEAT.—Is in good demand at 90 c for red and 92c for No. 1 white.

CORN.—Quiet at 34c 1/2 bu.

## G. W. TURNBULL.

Having been admitted to practice as Pension Attorney in the Interior Department, is now prepared to obtain pensions for all ex-soldiers, widows, etc., entitled thereto. None but legal fees charged.

## Dr. Kelly's Bacillicide.

A new discovery, prepared on the true theory now accepted by all advanced physicians that Bacilli, or Germs in the system are the active cause of many prevalent diseases. Bacillicide removes this cause, and is also the greatest liniment ever produced. Will cure Eczema, Ringworm, Itch, Erysipelas, Boils, Burns, Bruises, Salt-Rheum, Sprains, Gathered-Breast, Goiter, Felons, Carbuncles, Fever and Scrofulous Sores, Piles, Lamé-Back, Rheumatism, and other pains, inflammations and ulcerations. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price \$1.00 per bottle.

For sale by R. S. Armstrong.

## Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND

Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal—a recent discovery by an old physician. Is successfully used monthly—safe, Effective. Price \$1. by mail, sealed. Ladies, ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound and take no substitute, or inclose 2 stamps for sealed particulars. Address FOND LILY COMPANY, No. 3 Fisher Block, 151 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—5 colors. Peerless Laundry Bluing. 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.

## IMPORTANT TO FARMERS

We now have in stock the New Improved Superior Drill, also the Buckeye Center Gear with all the latest improvements, with a feeder that does not break or bunch the grain. Either ground wheel is a driver, no matter which way you turn, or how much you zig-zag, there is a constant stream of grain whenever ground wheel is running. Above drills will be sold at lowest prices and fully guaranteed at the New Store.

W. J. KNAPP.

## THE OLD FOLKS.

BY MARY F. SCHUTLER.

Well, wife, I've been to the churchyard.  
I'll own it made me sigh  
To choose the little spot of ground  
Where you and I must lie;  
I made no lowance for the children,  
For you know 'twould never do  
For dainty folks like theirs to rest  
By such as me and you!

Fate never was right kind to us,  
And we raised the children well,  
And gave them an education,  
Though how I can hardly tell;  
'Twas done by the sweat of our brows,  
By hard and honest toil;  
You made your share at the spinning  
And I mine from the soil.

This isn't what we reckoned on;  
We never had no fears  
But they would be the prop and staff  
Of our declining years.  
Yet the ones we left in the churchyard  
Near the old home far away  
Are far more comfort to our hearts  
Than those we have to-day.

For Johnnie he's a lawyer now,  
Lives in a palace grand;  
Jennie married a millionaire  
And went to a foreign land;  
And Tommy's a city doctor  
And drives his blooded grays—  
You're sure he'd take the old folks in  
Should we happen on his way?

'Tis hard to know they forget us  
When we are old and ill;  
When we were stepping stones for them  
To the places they now fill;  
They might speak a word of comfort,  
Even though they never give  
A pat on the cheek or a word of cheer,  
To help the old folks live.

You say they are young and happy,  
This much I like to know;  
When we were young and happy  
Did we treat our parents so  
Don't turn your patient eyes on me,  
I didn't mean to scold;  
(Strange how a mother's shield her child  
When the father's heart is cold.)

Crying! You think I talk too hard?  
Well, well, perhaps I may,  
I know when I get started  
I have too much to say.  
Things might have been much worse with us,  
For we have our house, you see,  
And another in the churchyard  
With room for you and me.

ELDON, KANS.

## JANET LEE

—OR—

### In the Shadow of the Gallows.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

##### A TRUE LOVER.

Eight and forty hours had elapsed since Dorothea Lee and her daughter were cast into prison, and no one came to see them.

"Janet," said Dorothea Lee to her daughter, "it is the will of heaven we shall see your father no more. We are deserted by all others, and your father is kept from us."

"That can never be. 'Tis not like my father to be barred out. He would walk to Boston to free us—he would walk ten times that distance to see us. Have patience—all will be well. My father will not sit idle while they are bringing the rope to hang us."

Here Janet sighed deeply. Her mother looked at her lovingly, but said never a word. She knew Janet was thinking of her lover. Had she not talked to him in her sleep?

There was a voice at the door—the jailer's. He was questioning a visitor, who seemed to be irritated.

"There—there—can anything be plainer than that? Why, any one might read it with half an eye. 'Tis very plain—Thomas Danforth."

Then the door was opened hastily, and Arthur Proctor entered quickly. He uttered a cry as he beheld Dorothea Lee, as well he might. She looked ten years older than when he saw her in the meeting-house in Salem.

"Said I not we had friends, mother?" Janet asked as she gave her lover her hand, and looked on him with pride.

"Where is my husband, Arthur Proctor? Why did he not come with you?"

"He did not know I was coming. Besides, I think he has that on his mind which will occupy him till late to-morrow. He is doing all mortal can do. And I hope he will succeed. But there are other friends as well. Trust in us."

"And what say the people of Salem now, Arthur Proctor?" Dorothea Lee looked at him eagerly; she hung on his answer.

"There are some who do not know what to think—and many who are led like sheep that follow the bellwether. Not one has said aught of either of you that ought not to be said in your presence. 'Tis true—the charge of murder is in the people's mouths—and you are considered as good as given over to the evil one by the foolish ones."

"When will we know what they will do with us?" Janet looked at her lover anxiously.

"It will be ended one way or other very soon. You misapprehend me," he added quickly, as Janet's countenance changed, and she grew deadly white, while her mother put her hand to her heart. "What I mean by one way or other is not as you think. It is a matter I may not mention until I see you next. I will not say some one—'tis neither of you—you will not hang, for I know—and others know a terrible deed has been done. Stay! be not alarmed—'tis not Martin Lee's crime. 'Tis more like he will be a free man—if he is alive. But it's that that puzzles the justices."

Here Arthur Proctor endeavored to assume a look of indifference, but he looked so intently at Janet Lee that she turned her face from him.

"No. There is no danger at this hour of any greater evil coming to you. Keep up good heart. I came to tell you this. Other news have I none. The air is full of rumors—false reports. The best women, and the best men, are suspected. The busybodies laugh one minute and shudder the next. To tell the truth, I think half the people are mad. But, thank the Providence that has us all in keeping, there are men in high places who are disposed to sift all stories, to stop the clamor, and to call on the people to consider where this will end unless

greater care is displayed than has been. There is much anger over the case of Martha Carrier. And wise heads hint that the leaders—aye—the very foremost in the pulpits, as well as some judges—are blinder than the people they are leading."

"O! have a care, young man, how you give reign to your tongue!" exclaimed Dorothea Lee. "For less than that men and women are put in prison."

"I am mindful where I say it and to whom," Proctor answered. "But if all men hold their peace—if no man is brave enough to raise his voice—what is to become of the innocent and helpless women? It is the women, not the men, who suffer most. 'Tis women like you and Martha Carrier, whose lives are without reproach, who are the victims. Why do they not select the low? Aye, the leaders are making beds for themselves, Mistress Lee, that will burn and sting them. If they have the hearts of men—if they live to realize the awfulness of their responsibilities—'tis men like Cotton Mather who ought to go mad."

"O, do not say more! 'Tis death to speak ill of one like Cotton Mather. Dorothea Lee wrung her hands; but Janet nodded her head approvingly.

"Nay, mother; rather let us thank God that there are those who see the terrible wrong done us. It is men like Cotton Mather who have wrought our neighbors up to this frenzy. All the crack-brains of the world could do no worse evil than has befallen Salem to-day. I like to hear him speak his mind. If he cannot say so much before the world, 'tis good to know there is one who feels the awful weight of the wrong the people over us are doing us and others like us. It is some comfort to know that the man I have promised to marry is not afraid to speak his mind."

"But the danger—the danger, Janet. Oh! it were much better he held his peace, lest he, too, be placed here beside us."

Arthur Proctor laughed. "Fear not. There are those who would place me here, but it is not yet in their power. And I would be tame, indeed, if I did not hold myself in a manner that inspires others who may be less inclined to speak out, but who want a leader, to imitate me. If I had ten years more over my head! But a young man is no match for the graybeards! And yet, some of the oldest are on my side—aye, and you will soon see a turn."

"Pray God it come soon," said Dorothea Lee, earnestly.

"Amen," answered Arthur Proctor. "Is there aught you will say to me?" He spoke to Dorothea Lee, but he looked at Janet. Dorothea Lee shook her head.

"I have naught to say."

"You need ask me nothing," said Janet, "unless it be to do us the favor to say to my father to be of stout heart, as we have been."

Then Janet, placing her arms around her mother, both shed tears freely, while Arthur Proctor turned his head aside. Once more he turned, as he heard the jailer approaching.

"Think, is there nothing—nothing you will trust me to keep for you? You have faith in me, surely?"

"Nothing. You know I have all confidence in you, Arthur," said Janet Lee, sadly.

"If you will not trust me—"

"We do. We could not trust human more than we both trust you," said Janet again, as she turned and looked at her lover; and never was woman prouder of promised husband than I am of you."

Her lover advanced, took her hand in his own, bowed over it lowly with the reverence a knight of the olden time might have displayed, then turning slowly, bade the mother and daughter a good day, prayed the Almighty would preserve them, and slowly left them to weep again in each other's arms.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

##### THE WAGES OF SIN.

The events of the fortnight proved profitable to the innkeeper beyond all calculation.

In the first place, Daniel Meade had the sympathy of the people all along the coast from Weymouth to Gloucester, as far as the murder of his son could be carried in those slow-going days. The murder was told with bated breath by the fishermen and their wives along the coast. People traveled from Marblehead and Lynn to see the place where the murder was committed. The visitors were so numerous that the Globe Inn was rarely silent now. Grizzle Meade was as brisk, aye, briskeer and livelier; she had more to say than when she was ten years younger.

On the other hand, the landlord of the Globe Inn was gloomy and silent. The customers, seeing him standing silent, with gathered brows, and seeing his wife bustling about, nudged each other's elbow and whispered:

"See how the landlord takes it to heart."

"Aye, and see how his wife carries it off with a light outside."

"'Tis an awful thing to have a child murdered."

"Aye; but it's worse after he has just come home from the seas."

"The like was never known before."

"Aye; but there's many a penny coming in here now."

"A good—a fine thriving business it is."

And thus the gossips ran on as they drank their favorite liquor, and told stories of murder and rapine that made them afraid to leave the inn in the dark.

Meantime Grizzle Meade was rating her husband for permitting himself to become absent-minded before customers. "Ah! rouse yourself! Do you not see folks' eyes on you?"

"As well that as have your tongue on me."

"I'll keep it on till it blisters, an you don't move about and look after the people."

"There's a many people."

"What! Thou fool! Finding fault with the gold and silver coming into thy lap!"

"I'd like some quiet."

"And I want as much company as can come."

"Then wait on, then."

"An I do, I'll not let you sleep on your feet. Dost not know 'twill set their wits to work?"

"I'd rather sleep all the time."

"An you don't have a care, you'll sleep sooner and longer than you wish. I've no mind to keep your company if you persist in your folly."

The landlord of the Globe Inn at that turned and looked at his wife very deliberately.

"Aye; so be it. I'll not ask company;

but they may send company with me spite of all I can do."

From that hour the landlord of the Globe Inn feared and distrusted his wife. Grizzle Meade from that hour suspected her husband. He no longer drank a mouthful of water that he did not bring himself. He toasted his own bread. No meat passed his lips until his wife partook of it.

One morning Grizzle Meade observed the innkeeper standing near the dresser. He had a knife in his hand. The other held a piece of cured ham. He spat out of his mouth a piece he had nibbled, and laid his knife down.

"Aye, man, is it not to your mind? I've seen the time you would have grudged me more than my share of such meat, and not so long ago either."

The landlord of the Globe Inn looked at her.

"Is it not good enough? Then mayhap you will get us better. I found no ill with the meat. What ails it?"

Still her husband did not answer. Grizzle's temper was fast getting the better of her judgment.

"An you don't eat the meat, no other will come into the house till it's done. What is good enough for custom is plenty good for us. No one has said ill of the meat."

Still Daniel Meade reserved silence. But he looked steady. Grizzle, until his wife, white with passion, strode past him, and, seizing the knife, cut a large piece of the meat and flung it on the pan, where it sputtered and was speedily cooked. Then she sat down and ate it heartily.

The first tinge of color that had shown itself in Daniel Meade's cheeks in weeks flushed his face as he turned away, while Grizzle's glance followed him contemptuously. All that day her glance followed him scornfully. He could not meet her eyes.

Now Grizzle Meade had proof that her husband feared her and was resolved she should not poison him if due caution could prevent it.

One evening, after the last customer left the inn, Daniel Meade sat in the tap-room alone. Grizzle Meade lay awake, wondering why Daniel did not go to bed. Hereofore he was glad to be alone, and sank into heavy sleep as soon as he was well in bed. What new fancy had he taken?

Grizzle rose quietly and stole noiselessly to the tap-room. Seeing the landlord sitting there gazing gloomily into the fire, Grizzle was suddenly seized with a trembling. Thus he sat and brooded before he prepared to kill the sailor. Was he planning her murder?

Grizzle steadied herself with an effort and returned as quietly as she came. But not to sleep. Sleep had departed from her eyelids. Never again was Grizzle Meade to enjoy the pleasure of undisturbed rest. She turned from side to side, listening for the sound of her husband's footsteps. At last the suspense became intolerable. And the dread—the horrible fear that suddenly possessed her was unbearable. She rose a second time, and sat on the side of her bed, thinking. Then she opened a closet door, stood on a bench, and reaching into the uppermost shelf, took out of the closet an Indian's tomahawk. It was captured in the wars with the Indians. It had been exhibited long in the tap-room, then was tossed away with other useless things on the uppermost shelf in the closet.

Grizzle lifted the tomahawk and placed it under the bed. Then she laid down again and courted sleep in vain. Once more she rose, and stole noiselessly to the tap-room.

Meantime the landlord had removed his shoes, an unusual thing. He always took them off at his bedside. Now he walked into the back room, and feeling his way in the dark to the only cupboard in the house, reached into the lower part of it, until his hand came in contact with a large handle. Then he closed the door softly and returned to the tap-room.

The thing he carried in his hand was a sickle. It had cut much grass, and was dull and somewhat rusty. The landlord felt its edge, and sighed wearily as he placed the sickle on a chair, and turned to the wall, where a great coat was hanging. He took the coat from the wall and placed it on the floor back of the door leading to the stairs. Then he went back of the cask of wine that screened the rum and gin, pulled out of the corner a large bear-skin, and carried it likewise back of the door where the coat lay. He looked at the rum cask, at the gin, and the wine casks. He drew a glassful of rum and swallowed it quickly.

"Mayhap I may sleep now," said the landlord, as he walked again to the fire, took up the sickle he had placed on the chair, and was again going to the door, when he beheld his wife entering. He started back in affright.

"Monster! I have caught thee in the act! Wouldst murder me, too? You thought to find me sleeping."

At first the landlord could not find his voice. But he gathered strength to say: "I never entered my mind."

"You would lie to me, holding the thing I see in your hand. Murder is in your heart, Daniel Meade, and in your face."

He caught her roughly as she spoke, and the tomahawk fell heavily on the floor. He picked it up quickly and turned it over in the light.

"Now who is the murderer? Did you steal in on me to deal me a blow like the Indians strike the sleeper? There!"

He pointed to the great coat and bear-skin.

"See! I was not sure how I might lie if I went with you. I was but going to fasten the door for security when you came in with this to brain me."

He tossed it back to her with an oath.

"Take it, and I'll keep this to defend myself with."

He pushed her out of the room and flung himself at full length on the floor, while Grizzle, trembling with fear, cowered on her bed, her hand clasp the Indian tomahawk that was thrust under her pillow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

He was from Kentucky.

Counsel for the prisoner—If your honor please, we have shown by the evidence of the barkeeper that on the day this offense was committed my client drank forty-seven whisky straight.

Under the circumstances, therefore, my client was too far gone to know what he was doing.

Prisoner (jumping to his feet)—Hold up, there! By Gad, sah, whisky had no effect on me. I'm from Kentucky, sah!—The Law.

## AN OLD WOMAN DREAMED.

She Knew Her Boy Was Innocent, but He Was Hung for Murder.

An old negro woman, after hanging about the door of a lawyer's office, finally found courage enough to enter. She was an "old-time" negress, and doubtless, in some far-away place, a prosperous man turned lovingly to her memory—to the memory of his "black mammy."

"What do you want?" the lawyer demanded.

"Is dis Mr. Wilson's office?" she hesitatingly asked.

"Yes, what can I do for you? Quick; I'm as busy as a bed-bug."

"Wall, dem things is busy, sho', er he he," she laughed. "I knows what da is, caze I wuz de chamber lady in er white 'oman's bo'din' house wunst. She say, she did, 'Aunt Ginny, how we gwine git shed o' dese yere torments? Dat fat generman in de back room 'lows, he do, dat da dun chawd putty nigh all de hide offen him an' he say he kain't spar no mo' an' I reckon he meant whut he said, fur he got red notts all on de back o' his naik. Dat's whut de white 'oman say 'lowed, an' den I say, 'Law me, dar's ernuff trouble in dis yere worl' widout folks lettin' da mines go wanderin' off arter bed-bugs. Tel de generman to fling his interleek down on de salvation o' his soul an' let de bugs take da own cou'se. Dat's zackly whut I 'lowed ter de white 'oman.'"

"But that has nothing to do with your business here, old woman."

"Oh, it's war o' dat, sah, but you foteh up de subjeck, an' I ain't gwine let no pusson outdo me when de subjeck is den foteh up."

"Well, let it go. Now, what do you want with me?"

"Yes, sah, I'd a dun been come ter dat of you hadenter switched my mine off on dem bugs, fur de dar's er thing in dis yere county dat I is 'quainted wid an' has soeyated wid it is er bed-bug, fur ez I dun tote you I was der chamber lady in er white 'oman's bo'din' house. I se comin' right down ter de meries o' de case," she quickly added, as the lawyer began to move impatiently in his chair. "Is right dar now. Now, lemme see, how mus' I git at hit? Oh, yes, now I's got it, which is dis: 'I wantter fetch er lawsuit.'"

"All right; state your case."

"Yes, dat's whut I 'lowed ter do. I wantter fetch er suit ergin Mr. Jim Barnes."

"He's the Sheriff; do you mean him?"

"Yes, I means him—plum him."

"What do you want to sue him for? Does he owe you anything?"

"Yes, he owes me all I had an' all I lubbed in dis yere worl'—he hung my son in de jail-yard. Dat chile wuz ali de suppo't I had an' now dat Mr. Barnes dun killed him, w'y I think he oughter do su'thin' fur me ez I's duh too ole ter work."

"I am sorry for you, my poor woman," said the lawyer, with more compassion than he had doubtless shown for months, "but you have no cause for action against Mr. Barnes. Your son was condemned by the State and it was Mr. Barnes' duty to hang him."

"But kain't I do nothin' ergin de State, sah?"

"Nothing."

"But whut right de State got ter come snatch dat boy up an' hang him, when da'mout acknowledged he wuz ali I had ter pend on?"

"The State takes no account of such matters. Your son was convicted of murder and that settled it."

"But he wuzn't guilty o' no murder, sah."

"How do you know?"

"I know caze he tote me so. De night I he wuz hung de naixt day, I went inter de jail ter see him, an' when he dun put his arms round me I say, 'Sweet chile, ef I ax you one thing you'll tell me de truf, won't you?' 'Mammy,' says he, 'did you eber know me ter tell you er lie?' 'No, sweet chile, I neber did, so now tell yo' po' ole mammy ef you did kill dat man.' He tuck his arms from 'round my naik an' put his hands on my shoulders an' look me in de eyes jes' like he useter look at me when he wuz er chile an' says, 'Mammy, I didn't kill him. I b'leves you, says I, 'de Lawd in heaben knows I does, but de law an' de jedge an' all de white folks dun say you killed him, an' how is one po' chile like you gwine hol' out ergin all de whole munty?' 'I kain't hole out ergin 'em, mammy,' says he, 'an' it ain't no use ter try, for all I kin do is ter ax de Lawd fur His heabenly mussy an' den let de law take its cou'se.' De law did take its cou'se an' my chile died, da tells me, like er man. I doan know whut da calls dyin' like er man, but I does know dat no matter how dat boy died, he died like er innercent pusson."

"I remember the brave bearing of your boy," said the lawyer. "I was appointed by the court to defend him and I did it to the best of my ability; but why do you come at this late day and ask relief? Your boy was hanged nearly a year ago."

"I knows dat, sah, knows it ez well ez anybody, an' I has been a b'arin' it wid 'Christain fortitude, but it doan 'pear like I kin git along no longer widout 'hep o' some sort. I has been a washin' an' er scrubbin' erround de neighborhood, but I 'clar ter goodness I's a-gittin' so old an' no 'count dat I kain't do nothin'; an' er nudder thing dat caused me ter come wuz dis: I has been dreamin' 'bout dat boy every night lately, an' allus de same dream. I thought I wuz settin' out in de yard er kyadin' some bats fur er quilt, an' all o' a sudden de sky got red an' den my boy—he stepped outen de red an' come right up to me, he did, an' smile, he did, an' say dat it wa'n't gwine be long 'fo' de white folks would fine out dat he

neber killed dat man. He been er comin' ever night jes' dat way fur six week, an' after he had dun come ergin las' night I thought I'd see you an' ax ef anthin' couldn't be done."

"I don't know of anything that—come in," the lawyer broke off as some one stepped into the doorway. "Hello, Colonel," he added, recognizing the visitor.

"Haven't but a minute to stay," said the Colonel. "Was passing and thought I would drop in and tell you something that I have just heard. You remember that negro boy that you defended about a year ago? Yes, of course you do. Well, an infamous old scoundrel named Foster died over in Calhoun County yesterday, and just before dying confessed that he had committed that murder."

"Thank God fur dat 'fession!" exclaimed the old woman.

"This woman," said the lawyer, "is the mother of that boy and is in need. We are going to see what can be done for her. I will start the subscription with one hundred dollars."

"You may put me down for another hundred," the Colonel declared, "and then, we'll go over to the court house and make the Judge and all the boys subscribe."—Arkansas Traveler.

## An Insulter of Trade.

A negro had a number of fish exposed for sale on a table placed near the edge of the sidewalk. A white man came along and, bending over, began to sniff and snort.

"Whut's de matter with you?" the negro asked.

"Nothing; I was only smelling of these fish."

"Whut you want to come 'round yere smellin' o' 'em fur? Da ain't yo' property. Is it the right thing ter do, goin' 'round de neighborhood a-smellin' o' udder folks property?"

"I smelled of them to see if they were fresh."

"Whut business is it o' you'n whudder da fresh ur not when you ain't got no intrust in 'em? Is dat de way folks does whar you wuz raised—go 'round ter see whudder things dat doan 'long ter you is fresh ur not?"

"I didn't know but what I wanted to buy one of these fish."

"Now you talkin' like er man o' de 'merical life. Yere's er fine feesh, sah; dis yere wall-eyed pike. He's mighty fresh—ain't been outen de water mo'n ha'f er hour."

"How long had he been dead before they found him?"

"Whut's dat, sah?"

"I say how long had this fish been a corpse before the remains were discovered?"

"Go on erway from yere, now; go on, caze I doan wantter hatter hurt you. Feesh layin' yere flutterin' fitten ter kill his'n an' you wantter know how long he been dead. Go on."

"Flutterin'! Why, the flies have 'blown him."

"Yes, an' da'll blow you, too, ef you doan go on erway from yere. Times hard eruff widout you 'comin' 'round yere 'sullin' de trade. Go on, caze ef you doan I kain't keep my han's offen you much longer."

"To tell you the truth, old man, I don't want fresh fish. I am a manufacturer of Limburger, and I use spoiled fish to flavor the cheese."

"Hish, is dat whut dat fume come frum? I sorter thought so long time ago. Yere's er feesh right ober yere, sah; dat's been dead er good while. Smell o' him. Ain't he loud eruff fur you?"

"I don't want that sort of fish; I want a wall-eyed pike about like this one. I'm sorry he's so fresh, for when I find a fish that just suits me, I am willing to give almost any price for it."

"Yes, sah, dat is a monst'us fine feesh, sho' now an' tote me he tuck him outen de water 'bout ha'f er hour ago, but I knows dat man, an' I reckon dar ain't no bigger liar nowhar. Come try ter 'pose on me datter way. W'y, dish feesh is been dead er week at least. Jes' smell o' him. Ain't he got de fume an' de flaber?"





## TWO SOLDIERS

A Thrilling Army Romance of the Western Frontier.

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

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What he said he did not know; she hardly heard, though her ears drank in every word. She only realized that both his hands were tightly clasping hers, and that, scorning to seek a chair and draw it to her side—perhaps, too, because he could not bear to release even for an instant that slender little hand—perhaps still more because of the old time chivalry in his nature that had prompted him to ask parental sanction before telling her of his deep and tender love—Capt. Lane had dropped on one knee close beside, and, bending over her, was pouring forth in broken, incoherent words the old, old story of a lover's hopes and fears and longings—the sweet old song that, day after day, year after year, ay, though sung since God's creation of the beautiful world we live in, never, never can be heard or sung except in rapture. Even though she be cold to him as stone, no true woman ever listened to the tale of a man's true love without a thrill at heart.

Once, only once, in the lifetime of men like Lane—yes, and of men not half his peers in depth of character, in intensity of feeling—there comes a moment like this, and, whether it be in the glow and fervor and enthusiasm of youth or the intensity and strength of maturer years, it is the climax of a lifetime; it is the date from which all others, all scenes, trials, triumphs, take their due proportionment; it is the memory of all others that lingers to the very last, when all, all but this are banished from the dying brain. Rome, in her pride of place, made the building of her capitol the climax of mundane history; everything in her calendar was "ante urbem conditam" or the reverse. The old world measured from the day of the birth of him who died upon the cross; and the lifetime of the man who has once deeply and devotedly loved has found its climax in the thrilling moment of the avowal.

"Have you no word to say to me, Mabel?" not one word of hope—not one?" he pleaded.

Then she turned her lovely face, looking into his deep eyes through a mist of tears. "Do like you," she murmured; "I do honor you so, Capt. Lane; but that is not what you deserve. There is no one, believe me, whom I so regard and esteem; but—I do not know—I am not certain of myself."

"Let me try to win your love, Mabel. Give me just that right. Indeed—indeed I have not dared to hope that so soon I could win even your trust and esteem. You make me so happy when you admit even that."

"It is so little to give in return for what you have given me," she answered, softly, while her hand still lay firmly held in the clasp of his.

"Yet it is so much to me. Think, Mabel, in four days at most I must go back to my regiment. I ask no pledge or promise. Only let me write to you. Only write to me and let me strive to arouse at least a little love in your true heart. Then by and by—six months perhaps—I'll come again and try my fate. I know that an old dragon like me, with gray hairs sprouting in his mustache—"

But here she laid her fingers on his lips, and then, seizing both her hands, he bowed his head over them and kissed them passionately.

The day of parting came, all too soon. Duty—the mistress to whom he had never hitherto given undivided allegiance—called him to the distant west, and the last night of his stay found him bending over her in the same old window. He was to take a late train for St. Louis, and had said farewell to all but her. And now the moment had arrived. A glance at his watch had told him that he had but twenty minutes in which to reach the station.

She had risen and was standing, a lovely picture of graceful womanhood, her eyes brimming with tears. Both her hands were now clasped in his; she could not deny him that at such a time; but—but was there not something throbbing in her heart that she longed to tell?

"It is good by now," he murmured, his whole soul in his glowing eyes, his infinite love betrayed in those lips quivering under the heavy mustache.

She glanced up into his face. "Fare you well," and then, as though abashed at her own boldness, the lovely head was bowed again, most on his breast.

"What is it, darling? Tell me," he whispered, eagerly, wild, wild hope thrilling through his heart.

"Would it make you happier if—if I told you that I knew myself a little better?"

"Mabel! Do you mean—do you care for me?"

And then she was suddenly clasped in his strong, yearning arms, and strained to his breast. Long, long afterward he used to lift that traveling coat of gray tweed from the trunk in which it was carefully stowed away, and wonder if it were indeed true that her throbbing heart had thrilled through that senseless fabric, stirring wild joy and rapture to the very depths of his own.

"Would I be sobbing my heart out," at last she murmured, "if I did not love you and could not bear to have you go?"

### CHAPTER VIII.

"What an awfully pretty girl that Miss Vincent is, Amos!" said Mr. Noel one morning, as the cousins were quietly breakfasting together before going down town.

"Pretty? yes," said Amos, doubtfully. "But look here, my boy; recollect that you want to think of something more than 'pretty' in selecting a wife while you are in here on this detail. Now, Mrs. Withers and I have been keeping our eyes open, and our ears, too, for that matter; the fact is, I

always have both eyes and ears open—travel with them that way, sleep with them that way. I would not be the man I am in the business world, Noel, if that weren't the case. And, pretty though Miss Vincent may be, she's not the girl for you to waste your time on."

"But why not?" asked Noel. "They have a magnificent home, and everything about it indicates wealth and refinement and culture; and there is no denying that she is one of the most attractive girls in society in this city; certainly I have seen none whom I have admired more."

"That is all very true, perhaps," was the reply; "but her father was very badly bitten during that wheat corner last month, and in fact he has been losing heavily for the last two years. Warden, who is his broker on 'change, let it leak out in more ways than one; and that wife of Warden is a regular scandal monger—she can't help talking, and everything she manages to extract from him in the way of information goes broadcast over the entire city. Of course, when the corner broke, as it did, old Vincent managed to pull out of it without absolute loss of his homestead and his entire business. But the rally came only in the nick of time. I am told that Warden has said that if wheat had gone up one cent higher it would have knocked Vincent out of time; he never could have come to again. Gordon Noel, we have another plan for you. Wait until Ned Terry's sister gets back from the east; between her and her brother they have just about as much money invested in the best paying business in this town as any people that I can possibly name. She's a belle; she's just as pretty as Miss Vincent. She isn't as smart, perhaps, but she is a woman worth cultivating. Now, hold your horses. Where did you meet her, by the way?"

"I first met her at the 'Thorntons' dinner party. She was there with Capt. Lane, and some other young people whom I had not previously met."

"Oh, yes; that reminds me. It seems to me I have heard once or twice that your friend Lane was very much smitten in that quarter. Now, you'd much better let him carry off Miss Vincent, if he can. She would suit his modest views of life very well. But I don't believe the girl has a penny to her fortune; at least she certainly won't if Vincent has no more luck in the future than he has had in the last year."

"I took her down to dinner," said Noel, thoughtfully, "and I remember that she talked a good deal about the army, and asked a great many questions about the cavalry. Now that you speak of it, I noticed that Lane, who sat on the opposite side of the table, didn't seem to be particularly interested in the lady whom he was escorting, although, of course, he had to be civil and tried to keep up a conversation, but every now and then I would catch him looking at us, and particularly at her. But she looked so pretty that I didn't wonder at it."

"When did you next see her?" said Withers.

"Only last night. You know I was called away almost immediately after the Thornton affair, and had to go on to New York on the court martial, where I was summoned as a witness, then only got back in time for the party last night. That was my second meeting with her, and by this time Lane had gone out to join the regiment. I didn't even have a chance to say good-by to him. Do you think, really, that he was smitten in that quarter?"

"That's what I certainly heard," said Withers; "and as soon as you get to know young people in society I venture to say that you can readily find out all about it. These girls all know one another's secrets, and are generally pretty ready to tell them. That's the result of my experience."

It was evident that Amos Withers' cousin was not to be neglected in the Queen City. Two parties at private houses, a reception at the club and three dinners were the invitations which he found awaiting him at his office. Half an hour was occupied in acknowledging and accepting or declining, as happened to be the case, these evidences of hospitality; then, having no special interest in the morning paper, his thoughts again reverted to what Mr. Withers had been telling him about Miss Vincent, and the possible relation between her and his regimental comrade. He had been very much impressed with her the night before. Her beauty was of such a rare and radiant character, she was so genial and unaffected in her manner, so bright and winning, with such an evident liking for his society, that Mr. Noel had come away flattering himself that he had made in this quarter a most favorable impression. He had thought of her very much as he went home from the party—of her interested face, as he talked or danced with her, and she danced delightfully, and was so good as to say that his step perfectly suited hers. He remembered now, too, her remark that it was so delightful to dance with army officers and graduates of the Point; they all seemed to feel so thoroughly at home on the floor.

Noel was not a graduate of the Point by any means; but he saw no reason for disenchanting her on that score. He was quite as good as any of the West Pointers, in his own opinion, and in society was very much more at home than many of their number. As a dancer he was looked upon in his regiment and throughout the cavalry as one of the most accomplished in the whole service. And all this interest and all this cordiality he had accepted without hesitation as a tribute to his own superior qualifications and attractiveness. It was therefore with a feeling akin to pique that he heard of this possible engagement existing between her and Capt. Lane.

In all the Eleventh cavalry there was no man whom Gordon Noel feared and positively

hated more than he did Capt. Lane. This arose from the fact that Lane as adjutant of the regiment had seen all the communications that passed from time to time relative to Noel's absence from his command when his services were most needed and when any man of spirit would have taken every possible precaution to be with it. He knew how silent Lane had always been, and how thorough a custodian of regimental secrets he was considered. But all the same the mere fact that Lane knew all these circumstances so much to his disadvantage, and had seen all his lame and impotent excuses, had made him fear him as a possible enemy, and hate him simply because he stood in awe of him.

No one, to watch Noel in society or in the presence of his brother officers, would suppose for a moment that he looked upon Lane with other than feelings of the warmest regard and comradeship. It was only in his secret thoughts, which he admitted to no soul on earth, that Noel realized what his real feelings were toward a man who had never done him a wrong, but who had treated him on all occasions, public and private, with courtesy and consideration.

For some reason or other the lieutenant felt restless and dissatisfied this morning. The atmosphere of the office was decidedly uncongenial. He was a man who rarely read anything and to whom letter writing was a bore. To be sure, he had little of it to do, for no man in the regiment had expressed a desire to hear from him. It was a hot, sultry day; the stylish white flannel suit in which he had arrayed his handsome self was wasting its elegance on the desert air of a bare and empty room, instead of being seen in the boudoirs of beauty or the billiard rooms at the club. Business was slack; no recruits were coming in, and Mr. Noel could stand it no longer. A ring from his bell summoned the servant to the room.

"There doesn't seem to be any likelihood of recruits coming in such a day as this, sergeant," said Mr. Noel. "I'm going up to the club for a while; if anybody should come in, send one of the men up there for me; I'll return at once." And with that he took his straw hat and light cane and strolled leisurely up the street. His was a figure that many a man—and more women—would turn to look at more than once. Tall, slim, elegant in build, always dressed in excellent taste, Gordon Noel in any community would have been pronounced a remarkably presentable man. His face, as has been said, was very fine; his eyes dark and handsome, shaded by deep, thick lashes; his hair dark and waving; his mustache, dark and drooping, serving only to enhance the brilliancy of the even white teeth that flashed underneath it in his frequent smiles and joyous laughter.

One would say, in looking at Noel, that he was a man of singularly sunny disposition; and so he was, and so they found him at the club; and so the loungers there hailed him with jovial shouts as he entered; for, though only a fortnight had elapsed since his arrival, and four days of that time he had been absent, giving his testimony before the court martial in New York harbor, he had nevertheless won his way into the hearts of all the young fellows around the club, and no more popular man than Gordon Noel had ever come within the doors of "The Queen City."

"What are you going to have, old man?" was the first question asked, and Noel laughingly ordered a sherry cobbler, saying the day was far too hot for anything stronger.

"Who's that I just saw going into the billiard room?" he asked.

"That? That's Regy Vincent. Haven't you met him yet?"

"Regy Vincent?" said Noel. "Is he the brother of the Miss Vincent whom I met at the party last night?"

"The very same," was the reply. "Mighty bright fellow, too, and a very jolly one; though he has been in hard luck of late."

"How in hard luck?" asked a quiet looking man seated in a big arm chair, lowering for a moment the newspaper which he had been reading.

"Well, through his father's ill luck on 'change. You all know, of course, that Vincent was nearly busted before that corner went under last week."

"I know this," was the calm reply, "that while he did stand for a few days on the 'ragged edge,' and while it may be that had that corner not broken when it did he would have been in sore straits, in some way he or his partner, Clark, came to taw with additional funds, and had the consummate pluck to put up more at the very moment when it was believed that that syndicate was going to have everything their own way. So far from being badly bitten by that deal, it's my belief that Vincent, Clark & Co. came out of it with a very pretty penny to the good."

"Well, of course, Harris, you must know more about it than I do. But you cannot be gladder than I am to hear that Vincent's status is so much better than we supposed. I'm glad on his account, I'm glad on Regy's account, and I'm particularly glad on Miss Mabel's account. And now I'm particularly chuckling over Billy Rossiter's frame of mind when he hears the real truth of this matter. When he went after her to Rome last year, and everybody supposed that Vincent was worth a million, there's no doubt in the world that he did his best to win her, and that was what he was sent abroad by his father to do. But he didn't win her then, for she strenuously denied any engagement when she came back here; yet it was supposed that if he persevered his chances would be good. Why, he's not half a bad fellow, only he can't marry so long as he is in his father's employ and dependent on him, unless he marries according to his father's wishes; and the old man called him off just as soon as he found out that Vincent was on the verge of failure. Billy Rossiter has lost any chance that he might have had in that quarter, for she'll never look at him again."

"Serve him right, if that be the case. Any man who hasn't sense enough to stick to a girl who is bright and pretty as Mabel Vincent, rich or poor, deserves no luck at all in this world. But that reminds me, Capt. Noel, according to rumor and what the girls say in society—and you know they generally know pretty much everything that is going on—there is something more than a mere understanding between her and your predecessor here, the recruiting officer, Capt. Lane. Did he say anything about it to you?"

"No, not a word. I think, though, that had there been anything in the story, Lane

would have let me know something about it, for we are very old and intimate friends. Did you say that that was Mr. Reginald Vincent who has just gone into the billiard room?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Morris, "that's he. Would you like to know him?"

"Very much, indeed; and if you've nothing better to do come in and present me. Perhaps he will want to play a game of billiards, and if so I'm his man."

And so it happened that that very morning Gordon Noel was presented to Reginald Vincent, and when Regy went home to luncheon he spoke enthusiastically of his new found acquaintance, whom he pronounced to be one of the most delightful fellows he had ever met anywhere, and who was such a warm and devoted friend of Capt. Lane. "I want, if I meet him this afternoon, as I probably shall, to bring him back to dinner with me. What say you, mother?—just informally."

"Don't you think it would be better to wait a day or two and have a little dinner and invite a few friends to meet him?" asked Mrs. Vincent. "Your father perhaps would like to be consulted in the matter. I've no doubt that he would like to do something to show attention to any friend of Capt. Lane. What do you think, Mabel?"

"I vote for both," replied that young woman, with much alacrity. "I have met Mr. Noel twice."

"Capt. Noel, dear," said Regy. "Capt. Noel."

"He is not a captain yet, Reginald. I happen to know from the regimental roster. I have a copy upstairs that Capt. Lane very kindly left me." And here a decided flush stole over the fair cheeks of the young lady. "I learned a good deal about the officers of the regiment from Mr. Lane—Capt. Lane—while he was here. Mr. Noel ranks second among the lieutenants of the regiment. As Capt. Lane said, he is so very near his captaincy that perhaps he accepts the title that you all give him at the club as only a trifle premature."

"Well, captain or lieutenant, it doesn't make any difference," said Regy, impulsively; "he's a mighty good fellow, and a mighty good friend of your friend Capt. Lane, and if you have no objection, mother, I'll bring him around to dinner to-night, and then perhaps we might go to the theatre afterward. I'm very sure that Capt. Noel will enjoy it. Fact is, he enjoys everything. Everybody in the club is perfectly delighted with him. You ought to hear him sing an Irish song or tell a French story! I'll try and get him started when he comes here. He's a wonderful mimic, and he's so full of information about their service on the frontier. Now, Lane so seldom spoke of anything of the kind; but Noel will talk for hours at a time about the wonderful country through which they have scouted and fought, and all that they have been through in their campaigns. By Jove! but that fellow has seen a lot of hard service, and has been through some hair-breadth escapes!"

"Who?" inquired Mrs. Vincent. "Capt. Lane or Mr. Noel?"

"Noel, of course—Noel I'm speaking of. Lane no doubt saw a great deal of service with the regiment; but Noel says he was adjutant so much of the time and on other staff duty, while he (Noel) was almost incessantly scouting, hunting after various Indian parties and being on the warpath, as he laughingly expresses it."

"Does he mean that Capt. Lane didn't see much actual service there?" asked Miss Mabel, with heightened color.

"Oh, I don't know that he means that. Don't understand me as saying for a moment that Noel disparages Lane's services; on the contrary, he never speaks of him except with the most enthusiastic regard. Neither does he boast at all of his own service; only you can't help seeing, in the modest, offhand way in which he speaks of his campaigning, what a deal of hardship and danger he has encountered, for the simple reason that he was with the command that had to go through it all."

"Your father tells me," said Mrs. Vincent, "that he met him one day on 'change' when Mr. Withers brought him in; that was before the crash, and when he had no time to pay him any attention. Of course, the cousin of Mr. Amos Withers was received with a great deal of bowing and scraping by Mr. Withers' friends in that honorable body. But all the same, I know your father will be glad to meet Mr. Noel now, and by all means bring him, if you feel disposed, to-night. What manner of looking man is he?"

"A remarkably handsome man, mother," said Mabel at once; "one of the handsomest I ever saw, and he certainly made himself very entertaining and very jolly the night we sat together at dinner at the Thorntons'."

"There's a great contrast physically between him and Lane," put in Regy. "Noel is such an elegantly built fellow—so tall and fine looking. Lane would be almost undersized when standing beside him, and is very much at a disadvantage when they appear together, I should judge."

A very bright and joyous party it was, seated around the homelike table of the Vincents that evening, and, as Regy had predicted, Noel proved very entertaining and a most agreeable guest. While showing much deference to Mr. Vincent and attention to his good wife he nevertheless managed to have a great deal to say about the regiment and its daring and perilous service on the frontier, and to throw in here and there many a pleasant word about Capt. Lane and their long and intimate acquaintance, and before dinner was over had won a warm place in Mabel Vincent's heart by the way in which he so frequently spoke of the man to whom she had pledged her troth.

And that very evening as Frederick Lane, far out under the starry sky of Arizona, with his heart full of longing and love for her, and thinking only of her as he rode over the desolate plain, with the lights of old Fort Graham already in view, Mabel Vincent, seated by Gordon Noel's side, was looking up into his handsome face and listening to his animated voice between the acts of "Twelfth Night."

She Dun Forgot!

It was a Michigan woman who brought home some strychnine pills and left them on the stand where the 2-year-old baby could get at them and swallow a couple. She meant to have put them up on the clock shelf, but she dun forgot to.—Detroit Free Press.

## CURLETT'S Thrush, Pinworm Heave Remedy.

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

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

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

### TESTIMONIALS.

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

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

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

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

Levi R. Lee, of Webster, Washtenaw Co., says: "I had a very valuable horse which was afflicted with thrush five or six years and could not cure 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 relief until I used Curlett's Thrush Remedy, which after a second application killed the smelly matter, removed the lameness, curing it in 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 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 failed to give relief, and to all appearance cured the horses I gave it to, and never showing 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, cloth lifters, clothes pins, clothes pin bags, etc. just received at the Standard Grocery House.

Buy a pound of baking powder from 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 Mills, Ida Davidson, and Charles H. Kew, executors of the last will and testament of James Davidson, deceased, complainants.

vs. Georgia A. Canfield, Elizabeth A. Hew 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. M. Kewman, one of the circuit court commissioners in and for the county of Washtenaw. It is factually appearing to this court by affidavit filed that the defendant Rhoda Downer is a resident of this state but resides at Matineau, Gilliam 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 failure to do so, the court will proceed to hear and determine the said complaint, and a copy thereof to be served on said complainants' solicitors within twenty days after service on her of a copy of said bill and notice of this order, and that in default thereof said bill be taken as confessed by the said non-resident defendant.

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

Given under the hand of the Circuit Court Commissioner in and for Washtenaw county, Michigan, this 10th day of July, 1890.