



CHELSEA STANDARD.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

WM. EMMERT.

OFFICE IN

STANDARD GROCERY HOUSE.

Corner Main and Park Sts.

\$1.00 PER YEAR STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

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1 Col.	\$12.00	\$24.00	\$42.00	\$72.00
1 Col.	9.00	14.40	24.00	42.00
1 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.

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Having been admitted to practice as

Pension Attorney in the Interior De-

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etc., entitled thereto. None but legal

fees charged.

THE BEST ICE CREAM

—AND—

MILK SHAKE

—AT—

CASPARY'S BAKERY.

A Literary Treat

A New Serial Entitled:

TWO SOLDIERS.

BY CAPT. CHAS. KING, U. S. A.

A Thrilling Army Romance.

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COUNTY CIRCUMSTANCES.

Carefully Culled, Clipped, Cured.

Softly Served Subscribers.

Stockbridge has the promise of a

good hotel. It needs it.

P. M. Cabe, of Dexter, now turns

the key at the county jail.

Hon. A. J. Sawyer appears as coun-

sel for the Ann Arbor street railroad.

Chas. Calley, of Stockbridge, has a

tool chest made up of 1900 pieces of

wood.

Just think! One Ann Arbor saloon

keeper has been arrested for keeping

open on Sunday!

Michigan has two slate quarries—

one at Avon, the other at L'Anse, both

in Baraga county.

The Patriarchs Millitant, of Ann

Arbor, captured a \$300 prize at the

Chicago conclave, recently.

Vint Cowden is growing "Giant Pe-

ru cucumbers," 12 and 18 inches in

length. The seed was imported from

South America.—News.

The excavation of a lake in Hamil-

ton park at Ann Arbor has been com-

menced. The lake is to be 350 feet

long by about 100 to 150 feet wide.

A 55-year old lady at Ann Arbor,

is just cutting her wisdom teeth. We

are having ours drawn as fast as the

dentists can conveniently do the work.

The Ypsilantian states that enough

burdock seeds can be gathered in the

church yard at Ypsi. to sow a whole

township. The editor claims that

mowing does no good, as they will con-

tinue growing from the root.

A Jackson undertaker tells of a case

in that city which is pretty tough. He

says he was compelled to bury an in-

fant child all alone, the poor mother

being confined to her bed and the bru-

tal father drunk about town.

Argus: Emilie Backhaus has filed

a bill in the circuit court, asking for

a divorce from her husband whom she

married in 1874. She charges cruelty

and desertion. They have two chil-

dren, twelve and fourteen years old.

An infuriated bull, belonging to

John Smith, in Saline, jumped the

fence and attacked a horse belonging

to Geo. Feldkamp, killing the same,

and then went for another, severely in-

juring it. Mr. Smith will foot the bill.

Andrew D. Grimes, an ex-soldier,

and now post-master at Stockbridge,

had a surgical operation performed re-

cently, removing the joint of one of

his knees, by cutting through the bones

above and below the joint. The ends

of the bones were then brought in con-

tact with one another in the hopes of

saving the limb, though hereafter it

shall be a stiff one.

Michael Bross, a laborer living one

mile north of Bridgewater, was found

drowned in Pleasant Lake on Saturday

August 16. He had been helping a

neighbor at thrashing, and started for

his home after dark, quite under the

influence of hard cider. He must have

lost his bearings and fell into the lake.

Parties were out scouring the woods

until Friday, when the search was giv-

en up. Saturday afternoon he was

found floating in the lake. A coroner's

jury was called and decided that it

was accidental drowning.

While M. M. Steffey and L. M.

Stevens were driving home from

Whitmore Lake, the other evening, the

former spied an animal by the side of

the road which he took to be a rabbit.

A rattlesnake wearing nine rattles, was killed at the depot at Dexter one evening last week. The snake was pronounced blind.

The Iron Mountain Water company has filed articles of association with the county clerk. The capital stock is \$75,000; held by the following Ypsilanti parties: D. L. Quirk, F. A. Todd, D. C. Batchelder, C. King, R. W. Hemphill, H. P. Slover and H. C. Swift. The company holds a franchise for thirty years from the city of Iron Mountain, Menominee Co., and will receive \$9,000 annually for 156 hydrants, with \$50 for every extra one required. This is the place where E. M. Fletcher and John Hathaway are now located.

Lima Luminations.

To Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gilbert, a son, August 11.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Wood visited at Grass Lake Saturday.

Mrs. Stocking and Lucelle have been visiting friends here.

A P. of L. association has been organized in the Parker neighborhood.

A hog belonging to Will Tuttle killed two of Mr. Seene's cows.

Mrs. Mary Dixon has gone to Detroit and Canada to visit for a few weeks.

Dust to Dust.

A thousand years hence—so says a member of the Academy of Sciences—nearly all the stone buildings now standing in Europe will have crumbled to dust. So perishable is the material of which they are constructed that the process of decay is already evident in many conspicuous edifices. The same thing is going on in this country. Neither marble nor our favorite brown stone can withstand the action of the elements. Even the Capitol at Washington is undergoing disintegration.

It may not be important that an ordinary dwelling house should last a thousand years. For sanitary reasons it is, perhaps, just as well that people should have to build their houses over again once every two or three centuries. But it is not agreeable to think that the Capitol and all the great churches in the country will have disappeared by the year of grace 2890.—New York Ledger.

Weighing Machine for Milk Sellers.

A very convenient weighing machine for milk sellers is now coming into use. There is a loose platform on the machine, and this is connected to a tipping hoist by which the railway churn can be raised and its contents discharged into the refrigerator. The machine is of a self registering type. The can is placed on it and the weight on the ticket; the milk is then emptied and the can returned for the tare to be taken and impressed on the ticket. There is thus no chance of mistakes occurring, while the operation is very expeditious.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Objected to the Licker.

Apocryphal of the present necessity for the separation of families by the often continued absence of the husband on the road, I know a little anecdote of a youngster who had seen so little of his father that he did not know him, and when, one Sunday morning, this same little fellow, being obstreperous, was severely reprimanded by his impatient father, he went howling to his mother with the wail, "I ain't goin' to git licked by that old duffer who spends Sunday here."—Toledo Journal.

Rents of Stores in Hotel Buildings.

That interesting period has come in the history of New York real estate," said an architect and builder, "when a judiciously planned building, no matter to what business purpose it is originally dedicated, may be made to contain on its street fronts stores enough, to be devoted to other and distinct businesses, to pay by their rentals the interest on the cost of constructing the entire building. A hotel draws people to its vicinity, and a great hotel would draw people enough even to a new locality to give good custom to the shops to which the ground floor could be appropriated. A single store room under the Fifth Avenue hotel pays a rental of \$15,000 annually. The rentals such a hotel might receive would enable it to exist without any guests at all, just as the New York Central Railroad company is said to own enough real-estate to enable it, out of its income so received, to pay actually a dividend on its bonds, even if it never sent out a train."—New York World.

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

AND A

Pound of Baking Powder

FOR ONLY

50 CENTS!

AT THE

STANDARD GROCERY HOUSE.

CHELSEA ROLLER MILLS

MARKET REPORT.

Corrected Weekly by Cooper & Wood

Roller Patent, per hundred,.....	\$3.00
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
No short weights.	

NOW IS THE TIME TO TAKE THE STANDARD!

THE CHELSEA STANDARD.

WM. EMMERT, Publisher.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN

CHINA'S solitary railroad is eighty-one miles long, and cost \$9,000 a mile. It uses American locomotives.

A LEARNED man has said that the hardest words to pronounce in the English language are "I made a mistake." When Frederick the Great wrote to the Senate, "I have just lost a battle and it's my own fault," Goldsmith said: "His confession shows more greatness than his victories."

AN effort is being made to have plants registered, so as to avoid confusion in names, and to give originators of new varieties sole rights for a limited time to sell the variety they register. A circular upon this question has been sent forth by the California State Board of Horticulture.

A MAN down East, a selectman of his town, by the way, bought a pound of nails which were wrapped up in a piece of brown paper, and placed them in a bright new tin pan which he left on the seat of his wagon for a short time in the sun. When he came out of the store again he found his bundle of nails in flames, the rays of the sun having set the paper on fire.

MR. MONCURE D. CONWAY, who is at work on a life of Hawthorne, says that Hawthorne originally heard the story of Evangeline related by an Arcadian exile, and intended to weave it into a romance. But he incautiously told the substance of it to one Conolly, who imparted it to Longfellow, with the intimation that the material had come from Hawthorne as a gift.

WARNING against undue physical exertion by those not accustomed to it is contained in a remark of the Chief Surgeon of the National Soldiers' Home at Dayton, Ohio. This physician said that of the 5,000 soldiers in the Dayton Home "fully 80 per cent. are suffering from heart disease in some form or another, due to the forced physical exertion of their campaigns."

THE counsel who defended the Russian nihilists recently sentenced in France, said: "People may call them madmen. Yes, perhaps they are; but it is fortunate for us that there were formerly similar madmen in France, for to such madmen we owe the liberty and justice that we enjoy in 1890. The present madmen dream of procuring the same blessings for their country."

A LUMBERMAN of Gilmer County, W. Va., recently sold a walnut log to an Eastern man. Before shipping it he stripped the tree of its bark and laid it aside. A few days later he cut down an oak tree of the same dimensions as the walnut and deftly tacked on the bark he had concealed. This tree he sold to a Cincinnati man for \$100, who promptly detected the fraud. The lumberman will be prosecuted.

It is said that some years after Daniel Webster had reached his zenith he went early in the morning over his Marshfield home and saw an old woman picking cranberries. "What are you about?" asked the great jurist. "Don't you know it's against the law to do what you are doing?" She turned round upon him, and, fixing her feeble old eyes upon him, said:

Men makes laws, but I don't mind 'em; I pick cranberries wherever I find 'em.

ILL-USED editors are asserting their wrongs. A goodly number of the hard-worked and misunderstood fraternity have mutually agreed to return unread all manuscript contributions which are submitted to them in a roll. Some of the syndicate refused even to return them, and announced an unalterable determination to deposit all such packages in the wastepaper basket unopened. We are of opinion that these strong measures are fully warranted. Let contributors take warning.

One of the first things which strikes an Eastern man who goes out on the Pacific slope as queer is the use of the word "rustler." The word has exactly the same signification there as the word "hustler" does here, and is invariably used by the Californians in place of the latter word. No one has yet explained the reason of the change in the initial letter. Another expression peculiar to Californians is, "He's a bird," corresponding to the Eastern expression, "He's a daisy," and implying that the gentlemen referred to has great faculties or powers in some one particular.

SOMETHING decidedly original in the mortuary line is put on record by a Boston paper. After a long absence a man returned from the West, and decided to visit his mother's grave in a

cemetery near the metropolis of Massachusetts. "I couldn't find the lot," he said, in telling the story; "and when I got home I asked my sister about it, and who it was that had put up a big monument there, with the name 'Theodosia' on it. 'Why, that was the place,' said my sister. 'But who is Theodosia?' I asked. 'That is mother,' she said; 'I knew it wasn't her name, but it is a pretty one, and I thought she would like it. And, John, as I thought mother looked lonesome in that big lot, I had a baby headstone set up near the corner with 'Jennie' cut on it. You don't mind, do you?'"

CHINA is spending this year about \$5,000,000 in the effort to regulate its wayward river, the Hoang Ho, which has recently caused such terrible loss of life and property. A part of its waters are to be permanently diverted into the Tu-hai, a river north of the Hoang Ho and almost parallel with it. Dams are also to be built to hold back part of the waters at flood, and the stone walls will be rebuilt along the banks to confine the stream. The ingenuity of man has not yet devised effective protection against this most troublesome of rivers, and when the remedy is found it will probably cost a colossal sum of money to apply it. The Governor of Shantung reports that he needs in his province alone at least \$5,000,000 to prevent the recurrence of the floods.

AN interesting operation of flesh grafting, which was one of the discoveries of M. Paul Bert, has just been performed at the great gun works in Paris by a surgeon named Dubousquet-Labordiere. A workman had his foot badly burned by molten iron, destroying the skin over a surface of about eight inches by four. The surgeon took four strips of flesh from the thigh of a young man and as many from different frogs, transferring them to the wounded man's foot. By great care the wound healed in eleven days. The cicatrice obtained from the frog's skin was soft, elastic and inodorous; that from the human flesh was much harder, producing irritation at many points. The result of the operation is of great importance, showing the superiority of frog skin and flesh for serious wounds where both skin and flesh have been torn or burned away.

DR. TALMAGE says there is not one man or woman in ten thousand who can afford to do without seven or eight hours' sleep. All these stories written about great men and women who slept only three or four hours a night make very interesting reading; but I tell you, my readers, no man or woman ever yet kept healthy in body and mind for a number of years with less than seven hours' sleep. Americans need more sleep than they are getting. This lack makes them so nervous and the insane asylums so populous. If you can get to bed early, then rise early. If you cannot get to bed till late, then rise late. It may be as Christian for one man to rise at eight as it is for another to rise at five. I counsel my readers to get up when they are rested. But let the rousing bell be rung at least thirty minutes before your public appearance. Physicians say that a sudden jump out of bed gives irregular motion to the pulse. It takes hours to get over a too sudden rising. Give us time, after you call us, to roll over, gaze the world full in the face, and look before we leap.

PROBABLY the most extraordinary surgical operation on record is reported from Paris. Dr. Lannelongue, an eminent specialist in the children's hospital, has just succeeded in the effort to give intelligence to a poor little idiot. The child, a little girl 4 years old, had a deformed head, only about one-third the size of an ordinary little one of her age. She never smiled, never took notice of anything and she could neither walk nor stand. The Doctor became convinced that the condition of the little creature was due to the abnormal narrowness of the head, which hindered the natural growth of the brain. About the middle of May last he made a long and narrow incision in the left skull and cut a portion out of the left side of it, without injuring the dura mater. The result of this operation was something astounding. In less than a month the child began to walk. Now she smiles, interests herself in everything around her and plays with a doll. A tolerably bright little child has taken the place of the idiot.

A Fool at a Boarding-House. Jinks—That fellow Sillipate, is the most inexcusable fool I ever saw. Winks—What has he been doing to you?

Jinks—A few days ago some one invited him to dinner at our boarding-house. Well, sir, that idiot just praised every dish on the table, and complimented the landlady on her cooking, until she raised our rates \$3 a week. —New York Weekly.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

HOUSEHOLD AND AGRICULTURAL TOPICS DISCUSSED.

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

THE FARM.

Shrinkage of Hay in the Mow.

The assertion so often made by dealers in hay as to the amount of shrinkage in hay in the stack or mow when placed there in the condition in which it is usually drawn from the field, suggested to the chemist of the Kansas Experiment Station the propriety of making some observations on the subject. Accordingly, says the *Farmers' Review*, as opportunity presented, thirteen samples of hay were secured for the purpose.

The plan of the experiment was to fill a bag of very thin muslin with the hay while it was being hauled from the field, and to bury it in a mow of hay and leave it until the whole was certainly air dry, when the bag was to be weighed and its per cent. of loss or gain determined. Accompanying this, and as a necessary part of the experiment, determination was made of the total amount of water in the hay at the time it was hauled in and the sample taken; and also that yet contained in it at the conclusion of the experiment.

The thirteen samples were as follows: No. 1, blue grass; 3, orchard grass and clover; 4, millet; 5, ditto; 6, clover hay; 7, prairie hay; 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, and 13, ditto. The samples were buried at dates ranging from June 4 to Aug. 9, and eleven of them were taken out on the 15th day of December. The first samples, therefore, were kept in the mow for a period of almost six months; while the shortest time any was kept was four months. The samples were weighed put into the mow and again when taken out, and from the difference between these two weights the gain or loss was calculated. Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 showed a loss as follows: No. 1, 5.71 per cent.; No. 2, 10.05 per cent.; No. 3, 9.01 per cent.; No. 4, 14.25 per cent.; No. 6, (clover) showed a gain of 2.17 per cent. The samples of prairie hay showed an average loss of 3 per cent.

Commenting on these results the report says: "Excepting Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 13, the loss is too trifling to be of moment. Even in these exceptional cases the shrinkage is much less than many suppose. No. 2 lost 10 per cent. This means that a ton of the hay as hauled in would weigh only 1,800 pounds in the winter, and that if a ton of this hay weighed in mid-winter is worth \$4, the ton weighed at the same time the sample was buried would have been worth \$3.60. This is worth considering, but in most cases the loss is much less than this. In two cases the sample weighed more when taken out than when put in. It is nothing more than might be expected that a very hot sun and a brisk, dry wind would so dry out the hay that it would absorb moisture from the air, when placed in a barn."

The conclusion to be drawn from these results is, that if the hay is not obviously green and ill-cured no great shrinkage need be feared, and there is no great loss in weight from drying. In case the hay is coarse or has many large stems, greater care and time are obviously required in curing it."

Farm Notes.

The manure of cows is better than that of horses for general crop purposes. The egg production of America is equal in money value to the entire production of iron.

The price of good cattle has steadily increased, and there is prospect of profit in cattle raising.

BREEDING ewes should not be allowed to get poor in any season in flocks where mutton is the chief basis of profit.

TERPENTINE added to tobacco decoction, in the proportion of a tablespoonful to a pint, makes an excellent remedy for scab in sheep.

"EDUCATION," says the *Indiana Farmer*, "is learning to observe and think." That's the education every farmer's boy should get.

THERE are eighteen establishments in the town of Hammondtown, N. J., (several of which are run by women) where the raising of chickens for broilers is reduced to a science, and made profitable. The chicks are hatched artificially, and raised under brooders, and finished off for market at the age of ten weeks.

BRITISH exchanges report that a most stringent law for the repression of frauds in the manure trade has just gone into operation in France. As long ago as February, 1888, a law was passed by the Legislature, enacting that any one found guilty of selling adulterated manures should be punished by imprisonment of from six days to one month, together with a fine.

THE time to be solicitous about the growth of young farm animals is now, and all the time until maturity. The idea that young stock can profitably be kept on refuse fodder all winter, in a bleak barnyard, or on poor and scant pasture in summer, is silly about as silly as it is to suppose that Congress and State Legislatures will legislate in the interest of farmers when the latter vote the "regular" ticket at each election, without question.

A COLONY system has been introduced into Southern California which attracts favorable attention. Tracts of land are laid out in small holdings and apportioned among a body of immigrants, who, upon arrival, find everything ready for work. A body of colonists from Holland, who arrived not long ago at Maricopa, found houses built and gardens and orchards arranged, more than two thousand acres having been planted with fruit trees and vines, and fifteen English families were established a few weeks ago at Bakersfield, in Kern County, each receiving a forty-acre holding similarly prepared.

GOLDEN-ROD honey, when free from admixture with any other kind of honey, is of a peculiarly bright straw color,

rather thin in texture, and has a flavor when first gathered decidedly resembling a weak decoction of the plant, and it is as little inclined to granulate as any other honey with which I am acquainted, says a correspondent in the *American Bee Journal*. I have had it remain liquid a year or more, but it is not often that we can get it free from mixture with other honey, because boneseed, wild celandine, wild asters, etc., all bloom about the same time with golden-rod. Honey from wild asters will granulate in a very short time, whether in the comb or out of it. Aster honey, when free from admixture, is very white—I think that it is as white as lichen honey, and, when first gathered, it has a sort of spicy flavor, which is very pleasant, but it disappears after granulation.

THE STOCK RANCH.

Nutritive Value of Fodder Article.

Fodder articles in one respect are much like commercial fertilizers. The commercial value is unlike the agricultural value in the latter, and in the former the market value and the feeding value may be very unlike. The money value of fodder is governed by the supply and demand, while the feeding value depends upon varying conditions. Professor Goessman, of the Massachusetts Experiment Station, in investigations of the feeding value of fodder articles, finds condition as follows: The age, functions and organization of the animal; the physical condition, stage of growth and mechanical preparation of the fodder, and whether a sole diet or associated with other articles. Therefore, the comparative feeding value of one and the same fodder article can not be expressed by a single numerical value. Economical feeding requires the taking into account, however, the net cost of feed and the relative nutritive or feeding effect under all existing circumstances. Actual feeding experiments alone can give the desired information. —*German Journal of Agriculture*.

Live Stock Notes.

If a sheep gets lame when it is muddy, examine it and you will often find gravel between its toes.

USE horse-power whenever possible in handling hay. It costs less and is quicker than hand-power.

GIVE the stallion plenty of exercise. Many a stallion never has sufficient exercise. It is ruinous to neglect this important matter.

FEED the fattening sheep just heavily enough to keep them improving steadily. Do not attempt to fatten them all at once, and so lose their appetite that they will not eat at all.

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

Why not fatten lambs for market in four months instead of six? No more food would be consumed this way, and the farmer would get the benefit of better prices in having his lambs marketable earlier than others.

BE careful of the horse's mouth. Men who jerk the reins because they are too mad to be sensible and humane, should have a bit placed in their own mouths and have it jerked by some brutal fellow who would enjoy giving pain.

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

THE germs of hog cholera get into the ground. Some claim that they originate in the ground. As all events they will be found there if hogs with cholera are on the ground. Then, if a man walks on such ground, he may carry the germs home to his own hogs on his feet. —*Western Rural*.

THE POULTRY-YARD.

Ensilage for Fowls.

J. W. Pierce, of Peru, Ind., writing to the *Orange Judd Farmer*, commends clover and corn ensilage for winter food for fowls, and tells how to make four silos for \$1. He says: "Buy four coal-oil barrels at the drug store, burn them out on the inside and take the head out. Go to the clover field when the small June clover is in bloom of the second crop, and cut one-half ton about three-eighths of an inch in length also one-half ton of sweet corn, and run this through the feed-cutter. Put into the barrel a layer of clover, then a layer of corn. Having done this take a common building jack screw and press the silage down as firmly as possible. Then put on a very light sprinkling of pulverized charcoal, and keep putting in clover and corn until you get the barrel as full as will admit of the cover being put back. After your four barrels of silos are filled roll them out beside the barn and cover them with horse manure, allowing them to remain there thirty days. Then put them away, covering with cut straw or hay. When the cold, chilling, winds of December come, open one of these 'poultrymen's silos,' take about twenty pounds for 100 fowls, add equal parts of potatoes and ground oats and winter rye, and place same in a kettle and bring to a boiling state. Feed warm in the morning, and the first thing you know you will hear along about 9 a. m., a grand chorus from your fowls."

Poultry Notes.

If you have any old hens to sell this season the probabilities are you will realize as much for them just now as at any time.

SYSTEMATIC work means regularity and carefulness. Everything comes in the regular order. There should be a time for each branch of labor.

THE farmer who grows poultry for market should have eggs to sell when the season arrives, and grown fowls to market when the winter winds blow.

LICE do not fancy wading up to their chins in fine dry ashes and lime over sets of roosting poles. Change every few days, keeping one set out in the weather all the time.

A FARMER raising several hundred chicks each year sets his hens in small coops. During three weeks they are

never allowed to leave the nest. He has a tin cup with water and one with corn before them constantly. His success has been very good for years. This shows that eggs need no cooling, as some believe.

Food of a vegetable kind must be sound and not decayed when fed to poultry. We have known a number of instances where decayed potatoes killed the chickens. If you doubt it, feed it and you will perhaps account for a few sudden deaths. All you feed at all feed the best; nothing saved by feeding cheap, inferior article.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Good Things to Know.

1. That salt will curdle new milk, hence in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

2. That clear boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain and thus prevent it spreading over the fabric.

3. That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth, also from the hands.

4. That a teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will aid in the whitening process.

5. That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm salt or gum arabic dissolved.

6. That beeswax and salt will make rusty flat irons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of beeswax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

7. That blue, ointment and kerosene mixed in equal proportions and applied to the bedsteads is an unfailing bedding remedy, as a coat of white-wash is for the walls of a log house.

8. That kerosene will soften boots and shoes that have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as new.

9. That kerosene will make tin teakettles as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from varnished furniture.

10. That cool rain water and soda will remove machine grease from washable fabrics. —*The Sanitarian*.

Hints to Housekeepers.

CLEAN white paint with whitening sprinkled on a piece of damp flannel.

REMOVE machine oil from new muslin garments by washing the spots in clear cold water.

RIPEN tomatoes cut in half and rubbed on will remove ink, fruit and vegetable stains from the fingers, as will a cut lemon.

SAVE tea leaves for a few days, steep them for an hour, strain and use the liquid to wash varnished paint, oil-stains and window panes.

DIPPING fish in scalding water will cause the scales to come off very easily, but if the fish are to be salted down they must on no account be scaled. You may pour over them vinegar with the same result. Salt fish will soak fresh much quicker in sour milk than in water.

THE drawing of the feet by rubbers is also one of the most fruitful causes of chilblains, so troublesome in severe winter weather. Heavy calf-skin shoes with thick soles are a perfect protection, except in the heaviest, wettest snows, against all dampness. Such shoes are far healthier in winter than a thinner shoe worn with a rubber.

COPPERAS dissolved in boiling water will instantly cleanse iron sinks and drains. A few drops of spirits of turpentine mixed with stoveblackening lessens labor and adds polish. Kerosene in cooked starch a teaspoonful to a quart will prevent clothes sticking to the iron and gives a gloss; the scent evaporates in the drying. (Powdered borax is good if one decidedly objects to the smell of kerosene.)

DR. MUNDE says that to the imprudent act of getting out of bed without protecting the feet, one so commonly committed by women without thought of the consequences, may be traced many an attack of cellulitis, brought on by the sudden though momentary exposure of the feet to cold. It has caused more diseases to women previously healthy than could result from any other single act of imprudence.

THE KITCHEN.

Sour Milk Cookies.

Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one of sour cream or milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda; mix soft, roll thin. When the cookies are cut out sift granulated sugar over them, and roll it in by pressing the rolling-pin gently over the cakes, taking care not to flatten them too much.

Flavor for Soup.

An agreeable flavor is sometimes imparted to soup by sticking some cloves into the meat used for making stocks; a few slices of onions fried very brown in butter are nice; also flour browned by simply putting it into a saucepan over the fire and stirring it constantly until it is dark brown.

Remedy for Malaria.

Dr. Crudelli, of Rome, gives the following directions for preparing a remedy for malaria which has proved efficacious when quinine has given no relief: Cut up a lemon, peel and pulp, in thin slices, and boil it in a pint and a half of water until it is reduced to half a pint. Strain through a linen cloth, squeezing the remains of the boiled lemon, and set aside until cold. The entire liquid is taken fasting.

Salad Dressing.

A salad dressing much used in Italy is made in this way: The yolk of one egg, six tablespoonfuls of oil, three of vinegar; put this into a bottle and shake it until it is white and creamy looking. When this simple dressing is used it is necessary to dry the salad after washing. A wire basket is a convenient receptacle to put the salad into after washing, as it will drain perfectly there, and can be lightly shaken. All salads, whether simple or plain, would be improved if care in drying sufficiently were observed.

AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE

OLD SOLDIERS TALK OVER EXPERIENCES AND SPIN YARNS.

The Blue and the Gray Revive Incidents of the Late War, and in a Graphic and Interesting Manner Tell of Camp, March, and Battle.

The Right of the Line.

BY SHERMAN D. RICHARDSON.

The procession was formed on a flag-mantled street. I saw an old veteran gray with hair and salute and the chief marshal approach. "Where is our place to-day?" the marshal looked down on the veteran and said, "There is no place for the veteran to grace, and that is the right of the line." "But our numbers are few," the veteran said. "And we wear no feathers or lace, and the people will say when they see us that we are the procession disgrace." "That we the procession disgrace," said the chief marshal, and his eyes grew dim. "As he looked on those veterans, mine, there is but one place for the veterans to grace, and that is the right of the line." "I said as I saw them march bravely that day, with their flag shot and torn; when the last of that band shall have passed away." "The nation will have reason to mourn," he blessed that chief, as he rode that day, and that honored nine. "I have but one place in our nation to grace, and that is the right of the line."

The Gainesville Bad Half-Hour.

BY COL. ALEX. DUKE BAILIE.

THESE lines were written "right then and there" Thursday, Aug. 28, 1862—Early this morning our division was again in motion, marching through a pleasant country toward Centerville. The hours passed pleasantly and not one of us dreamed of the tragedy that was to greet us before the sun went down. From a pleasant bivouac it was late in the afternoon before we were summoned to the saddle and the brigade ordered to advance. Hardly had we proceeded a mile before the sound of distant cannonading reached our ears. About sunset we were, perhaps, a couple of miles beyond Gainesville; another brigade marched just ahead of us, and we were now moving quickly and serenely over a road sufficiently wide to permit our artillery and infantry to move in parallel lines, no one having any idea that a rebel was within a mile of us, and only anxious to reach our destination. The sound of distant cannonading had now temporarily ceased, the sunset hour was so delightful, and my horse and I were just enough wide awake to keep the beaten road, and not much more.

At this moment of sleepy calm, when everybody was least prepared for so sudden a summons to battle, bang! bang! burst forth upon us an unshorted salute from a deep-mouthed rebel battery on a little elevation to the left, very near the road. The enemy had gotten our range with such accuracy that they seemed to be firing right down into our faces, and in a second the shells were exploding about us in fearful proximity. I saw a horse knocked over within three feet of me, and it was startlingly evident that we were in a hot position. Suddenly a transition from a dozen on horseback to the position of target for rebel artillery exercise was by no means agreeable to me. A few of our men leaped the fence and ran through the fields to the woods beyond, about as dangerous an excursion as they could have made, for the missiles of the enemy, just escaping our heads, fell thick and fast in these fields beyond. For a single instant the ranks wavered, as if uncertain what to do. The general thundered out: "Bring the van forward at double-quick!"

And double-quick it was for some hundred feet, until we were out of range, with a thick wood between us and the enemy. Only one other brigade of the division was near us, the Fourth, under General Gibbon, General Hatch being already engaged with another force of the foe two miles ahead of us, and General Patrick's being at least a mile behind. A hurried consultation now took place between the two brigade commanders. Our division General was in the rear, and no member of his staff was present to declare his wishes. To accept this rebel insult was not to be thought of. It was resolved at once to move up through the woods and storm the battery. On the instant the fence was torn down by pioneers, and Gibbon's famous fighting brigade, the men of Wisconsin and Indiana, rushed through the woods in line of battle toward the battery.

As they disappeared from view, up rode the gallant Colonel of the Fifty-third Pennsylvania, and, saluting our general, exclaimed: "Shall we push in, General? My men are eager for the fray!" I could not help smiling at the familiar quotation even then, though the stinging of bullets indicated that infantry was helping out that battery. Deeply as our General felt the responsibility of going into action without orders from his division commander, he could not see our sister brigade move forward alone. "Move in the Fifty-sixth and Seventy-ninth at once; form line of battle and rush up through the woods to the support of Gibbon's men."

At the word the two regiments quit the road, enter the woods and hurry up the gradual ascent. Only a few hundred feet, however, for soon the crest is gained, and at once advancing to the front they form beside the other brigade and are soon hotly engaged with the enemy.

The combat is brief but terrible; almost at the first onset the Pennsylvania Colonel is wounded and a Wisconsin Colonel receives his death shot. A portentous silence masks some woods on the left close to our position; it is necessary to unloak the enemy if concealed therein, lest he flank us in that direction. A clergyman Captain springs to the head of his company and leads them forward to draw the fire of the enemy. Out from the quiet forest flashes the rebel volley. Our Captain, pierced by five bullets, falls faint and bleeding, but the object is gained, and the enemy is driven from his covert by good Union musketry. Some of our boys, though wounded, refuse to quit the ranks, Martin Luther among the rest, worthy his illustrious name. And so the fight goes on. The men of the West, brave and determined, find their Eastern brothers equally strong. Not one inch is given back, though the attacking force is greatly superior, nor will there be until the fight is over.

As our two regiments entered the woods a third was ordered up to support a battery planted on the bare crest of a field adjoining the woods on the right, and hither those of the staff not otherwise employed followed the General. The position commanded a view of the rebel lines, and as the General sat peering anxiously forward to be ready to meet any new demonstration, the whole scene was to me awfully exciting and impressive. The shadows of night gradually descended, and it seemed to me that I saw at least a mile of lightning leaping from rebel muskets, while a perfect storm of rebel thunderbolts went crashing through the woods, or came shrieking like fiends over and among us.

During the fight a Lieutenant had, with some of his men, been thrown out as a picket to notify us of any attempt at flanking. While thus engaged he saw in the dusk a column of men, apparently in their shirt sleeves, hurrying up toward the rebel lines.

"Who goes there?" was his instant challenge.

"The Twenty-fourth Virginia," was the immediate response.

"All right! Pass, Twenty-fourth Virginia!" And they did pass, without stopping for inquiry or they would have taken our men with them—as prisoners.

This shows the nearness of the hostile lines and accounts for the great slaughter in this brief contest. The battle did not last more than half an hour, and yet more than one third of the Fourth Brigade, and also of our own two regiments, were left dead or wounded on the field, among them five captains in one regiment, the Seventy-sixth New York; and the enemy must have suffered as severely.

Here Ewell, one of their best generals, lost his leg, and two other general officers were wounded, and their own statement admits a loss of over one thousand men.

At last the dread combat was over, night having come with friendly darkness to end the bloody work. Still firm and undaunted, our thinned ranks held strongly their position, the enemy's fire ceased first, and then loud and long above the woods rose three times three of good Union cheers, the claim of victory.

And now to look out for our wounded. The night was so dark, the whole affair had been so short and sudden that no one seemed to know the positions of the surgeons and their ambulances. In my search for them I had a ride of gloom, the memory of which can never desert me. Details were busy bringing the wounded down to the road, and here, under the trees, lay the sufferers awaiting each his turn to receive the attention of the two or three surgeons in this part of the field. Lighted by torches or bits of candle, these surgeons were busily engaged in their melancholy labors. I heard few complaints or groans; but as I gazed upon the poor, patient fellows, my heart grew sick within me, and the whole atmosphere seemed full of anguish.

Hither and thither I rode through the wood, very carefully lest my horse should tread upon some prostrate form, and finding no signs of a hospital until I became almost frantic at my ill success. At length my shouts brought response, and I found one of our surgeons who had already, in his al fresco hospital with the light of a single candle, attended to over thirty cases. I had been looking in the wrong direction.

Very soon all the wounded were cared for, many went with us in the ambulance, the remainder being left in charge of surgeons.

On my return to the General I found him seated at a little camp-fire on the side of the road, around which also reclined the division General and the General of the Fourth Brigade. Our pickets had just brought in two prisoners, an officer and private, who had strayed by mistake into our lines. The manners and appearance of the young officer pleased me. His dress was the usual gray uniform, with little decoration, and a slouch hat, with drooping feather, lent a picturesque air to his prepossessing figure. As he stood in the glare of the camp-fire, that handsome young rebel, he answered the questions put to him by one or the other of our Generals courteously, frankly reserving to himself the right to say nothing which could injure his cause.

The separate examination of the

other prisoner confirmed our belief that we had fallen in with Jackson's entire army, and also that the enemy was completely deceived as to our numbers, believing that they had been engaged with Pope's main body. The cheers of our men at the close of the battle, and the later cheering, sent up by our General's direction after the regiments had left the front in order to make the enemy believe that we were welcoming re-enforcements, doubtless aided considerably to this mistaken idea. In no other way can I account for the fact that we were permitted, with our broken divisions, to withdraw from the point unmolested.—Chicago Ledger.

Bloody Pond—Chickamauga.

THE Confederate veterans spent the last day of the Chattanooga reunion upon the battlefield. They came down by train loads and scattered in all directions to go over the ground upon which they fought. With rarely an exception this was the first visit since the battle. Scenes and experiences came back with marvelous distinctness. A little south of where the hardest fighting was done there is a peculiar depression. The country road curves to avoid one side of it. The other half breaks in upon a cornfield. Natives call the place a sink. Water collects there. "Bloody Pond" the place is called. Many of the veterans walked down to look at it as soon as they left the cars. As they stood around the edges they told of the sights they saw there in the closing hours of the battle.

There is more forest than farm in the topography of Chickamauga. Springs are few, and, although each farm-house has a well, there was no water supply for a fighting army. In making provision for the 3,000 veterans the Chattanooga committee had barrels of water hauled from a considerable distance. It is not difficult to understand what must have been the condition when 100,000 soldiers were marching and countermarching, charging and retreating, over these ridges, across these fields, and through these pine forest glades.

So long as they were resting on Chickamauga River, or so long as they could reach it from a reasonable distance, the Confederates relied upon that for water. But Sunday carried the tide of battle two miles to the west of the river. And then it was that Bloody Pond received its name and became one of the historic spots on the field. Wounded men by hundreds dragged themselves toward the pond. Some, crazed by feverish thirst, staggered to the edge and threw themselves in. Many died, as they lay there within sight, begging for just a drop. When Monday morning came there was no more horrifying scene than that presented in and around Bloody Pond. Corpses floated on the water and corpses lay higher than the pine cones all around the edges. Both armies were represented in the ghastly scene.

"We could drink anything in the form of water those days," one of the veterans said, as he looked at Bloody Pond.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Slaughter at Chickamauga.

LIEUTENANT Houghton, of the Second Georgia (Confederate) regiment, tells a reminiscence which illustrates how fickle the fortunes of war was in the first day's fighting at Chickamauga.

"In one of our charges we captured a battery and took possession of it. But the horses were dead and there was no way to move it. In a few minutes down came the Yankee line on us, and back our fellows went into the timber. I got a little behind them in falling back, and concluded that it was as safe to stay right there behind a tree and take the chances as to follow my regiment. The Yankees came up to the battery, but instead of keeping right along while they had our fellows on the run they stopped at the battery, jumped on the guns, began to make speeches and celebrate the recapture. While they were doing this up came another line of our fellows, and the guns were ours again. We kept them that time."

"I saw one scene that day," continued Houghton, "that was the worst slaughtering of human beings that came within my view during the whole war. Our brigade was engaged with a Yankee brigade on a line which was partly in an open field and partly in the woods. My regiment was opposite the part of their line which was in the woods. For some reason that gave way first, and we pushed ahead and swung round against the fence just as the Yankee line in the field began to give way. As they ran back through the open field we stood there behind the fence and trees shooting them down. They passed so near some of them, that we could almost touch them with our guns. We would shout to them to surrender, and they would tell us to go to —, and then down they would go. It was a horrible slaughter. That field seemed to be covered with dead and wounded when we stopped firing."

Cultivating Diseases. Probably the most curious greenhouse in the world is supported at Washington by the United States Government. It is a hospital for diseased plants, but differs from ordinary hospitals in that the injuries and disorders from which the patients suffer have been purposely inflicted upon them by the doctors in order that the nature of the complaints may be studied, and methods of curing them discovered.

The Department of Agriculture has agents in many parts of the country whose business is to travel about and collect specimens of diseased plants. These plants are promptly sent to Washington with full particulars of the injuries done, and the extent of the depredations. Prof. Galloway, who has charge of this department, upon receiving a leaf or a twig exhibiting morbid symptoms, sets at work to discover what sort of a fungus is responsible for the mischief.

Nearly all disorders of plants are caused by parasites, of which there are fifty thousand known kinds, and it is not easy to tell off hand, in any given case, just which one is the destroyer. Often this must be determined by a resort to the germ incubator.

Suppose the professor has received a leaf affected by some mysterious disease, burning it brown. His experienced eye at once detects the presence of a fungus. He breaks off a bit of the leaf, and chops it up in distilled water. When the water is filled with the germs, he takes a drop and lets it fall into a tube which already contains a small quantity of a gelatinous substance called "agar," derived from a Japanese fish. This substance has previously been rid of all germs by boiling, and the tube is now tightly corked up again to prevent the ingress of other germs.

The fungus germs find this agar most nutritious food, and at once begin to feed and multiply. If there is only one to begin with, it soon divides into two, and so on until, it may be within a few hours, there are billions.

To be certain that these fungi caused the disease of the plant in question, the Professor fishes a few of them out on the end of a platinum needle, and rubs them on a healthy leaf of the same sort in his greenhouse. If the disease is reproduced in the plant thus inoculated, he has found the enemy. That is the first important step; it only remains to discover something that will kill the parasite without injury to the infected plant.

Within the four years during which Prof. Galloway has been in charge of this department of vegetable pathology, much has been done. Twelve of the fifty kinds of dangerous fungi that attack the grape have been treated with success, and a cure has been discovered for the fire-rot, which turns the limbs of pear-trees black and dead so quickly.

The germ of the potato rot, too, has been identified, and means found of fighting it cheaply and effectively. The same may be said of more than a dozen other vegetable diseases.

Mayne Reid's Courtship.

The story of his life, as told by Mrs. Reid, is an interesting one. The son of a Presbyterian minister of Ballyronney, in Ireland, Reid made his way to the New World in 1840, when 21 years of age. A little of schoolmastering, a little of storekeeping, and then he joined the United States Army, and won distinction in the war with Mexico, being the first and most prominent figure in a successful attack upon Chapultepec. An injury he sustained in this war gave rise to a rumor of his death, and he had the pleasure, if pleasure it be, of reading several obituary notices, which recorded his bravery and his promise as a poet. The reader finds it hard to discover any very brilliant Promethian spark in the verses printed by the biographer. Then began the literary life of Mayne Reid, beginning with "The Rifle Rangers," and followed up by "The Scalp Hunters" and "The Headless Horseman." It may be doubted whether the latter-day reader will not find more of interest in Reid's friendship with and defence of the exiled Kossuth than in any account of the genesis of these books, which we are told "contained more reality than romance."

Still more interest attaches to his novel courtship of the lady who was to become his wife. Mayne Reid was 30 years of age when, visiting at the house of a Mrs. Hyde—a descendant of the famous Earl of Clarendon—he met a girl of 13, and, as he afterward said, fell in love at first sight. The child, of course, took no notice of him, but he lent her his romance, "The Scalp Hunters," as effective a manner of courting in this nineteenth century as ever was Othello's in an earlier one. Two years afterward, however, the young lady was at a public meeting in a provincial town, and Capt. Mayne Reid was speaking on behalf of the Polish refugees. "An electric thrill seemed to pass through me as he entered the room," she afterward said, and when the meeting was over she went up to shake hands with him. "I leave for London by the next train," he said, hurriedly. "Send me your address."

"Speech seemed to have left me," says Mrs. Reid; but it flashed upon me that I was in ignorance of his, and managed to stammer out, "I do not know where." He instantly handed me his card and was gone. A formal little note followed: "Dear Captain Reid: As you asked me last night to send you my address, I do so." By return of post came the answer: "Only say that you love me and I will be with you at once," and then the reply, "I think I do love you." Needless to say that there is nothing as good as this in the lover's novels.—The Queen.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

SERIOUS SUBJECTS CAREFULLY CONSIDERED.

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

The Lesson for Sunday, Aug. 24, may be found in Luke 18: 1-14.

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

He spake. Also is to be added, thus connecting this conversation closely with that which has preceded it in the signs of the kingdom. The word is in the imperfect tense, was speaking; as if of protracted exposition.—To this end. Not in the Greek expressly, but implied in the preposition pros.—Always to pray, i. e., to keep on praying, to persevere in prayer. Not to faint. Or grow weary, faint-hearted; so giving up. It is this word that Paul uses at Gal. 6: 9: "Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

In a city a judge. Literally, in a certain city a certain judge.—Feared not God. We get a clue to the proper meaning of the verb here by comparing it with the companion word regarded, which is the same sentiment in its expression onward. The significance of the latter is to be lowly and humble in another's presence.

A widow. Having no respect for the presence of either man or God, he would naturally have none for a defenseless widow.—She came unto him. Or kept coming. Imperfect tense. Our Lord is suggesting an extreme case, where answer to appeal would be least expected.—Avenge me. Or secure justice. It was not so much retaliation as her own rights she was seeking.—My adversary. Or opponent, i. e., in a suit. A form of the same word translated, avenge, above.

He would not for a time. The arbitrariness of a judge who wholly ignored the meaning of his office.—Afterward, i. e., after the woman kept coming.—Though I fear. In a spirit of bravado, accepting the harsh estimate at which he was held.

Troubleth me. Three words in the Greek, occasions me annoyance.—Avenge her. Do her justice. Why should it ever be withheld by judge or jury?—By her continual coming. Or continuing to come, more literally and expressively.—Endless coming. Everlasting coming?—She weary me. In expressive Greek idiom, she beat me black and blue, or gave me a black eye. The same word used in 1 Cor. 9: 27: "I keep under my body," i. e., beat it down.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

Men ought always to pray. Over the entrance to the English Girls' Home in Paris, on a white marble tablet, are these words:

"Asked of God, Aug. 11, 1874.

"Given of God, May 9, 1875.

"Surely the Lord is in this place."

It tells the fruit of faith and prayer on the part of one woman, who beheld a great need, and asked God—herself fully enlisted—to supply it. What a gracious advantage is this that the Christian enjoys! He can lift his cry to God at any time, and God hears and helps. "Behold he prayeth"—that is man's best commendation with the Lord of the universe. Why not be often found in prayer? Surely we shall, if we desire much help from God.

And not to faint. Nil desperandum should be the Christian's motto. It has occurred for it. A lady missionary in North Africa came upon a Mohammedan who, though he was willing to receive favors at her hands, would hear not a word about Sidsa-Asa (Jesus), putting his fingers into his ears. But she breathed a prayer, and then, undismayed, said: "Let me tell you a tale!"

Moors love stories, and he was willing to listen. Many others gathered round, too, who had heard what had passed. I said:

"Once there was a poor man who had a great enemy. This enemy was stronger than he was, and one day he caught him and put him in a dungeon in the ground. The prison was far away under the earth, and without windows, and the door opened into a dark tunnel. And there he shut him up in total darkness."

"The poor prisoner was young then, but many years passed, till his hair turned white, and he was about sixty years old (the old man I was speaking to seemed about that age, and had a long, white beard). Then, in a far-off country, the servants of a king, who was as good as he was great, heard of this poor man so long imprisoned, and their hearts were filled with pity. Their king, too, longed to save him, and he asked who would go to try to release the prisoner."

"Many offered, and those who were ready the king sent. They traveled a long way by sea and land; they met with many dangers and difficulties; but at length they reached the dungeon. Then they commenced to dig. By day and night ceaselessly they worked until, at length, into the depths of that dark prison there shone some rays of God's own blessed sunshine."

"And the prisoner—was he glad? Did he thank them? Oh, no! he pulled his old rags over his face, and cried:

"It hurts! It hurts! Take it away!"

"I never finished my little story, for the old man's face, which had been slowly softening while I spoke, now broke into a smile; and, turning to the others, he said:

"She means me. I am the poor prisoner."

Then, to my joyful surprise, Oh, ye of little faith! he said to me: "Tell me all you like now about your Sidsa-Asa, and I will listen."

Prayer and patience had prevailed. Alas, that we should ever grow faint-hearted in work for God.

Day and night. There is no set time for supplication. The gates of prayer are always open. Well spoke Dr. Guthrie: "Among all the means of grace—sermons, sacraments, Sabbaths, Providence, God's Word, either read or preached—the greatest in some respects is prayer. Nor men, nor devils can shut its gates. When every other avenue to God is closed, these stand open—day and night continually. The storm of persecution may drive us from the house of God; the voice of preachers may be silenced in prisons; the church may excommunicate and debar us from the communion table; the Bible, plucked from our hands, may be burned to ashes in popish flames; all this has happened, and may happen again; these are avenues which men may close; not thus the door of prayer."

God be merciful to me a sinner. Sufficient appeal. Strongest of supplications before the throne of God, for was not mercy given for the sake of sinners? You and your past have comparatively little difficulty in leading confessed sinners into the kingdom. It is the complaint "model" men and women of the community that give us anxiety. If only we can help this neighbor of ours calling himself a sinner and making his prayer to God on that ground, we have perfect confidence regarding him. Says Taberner: "It was the sublime prayer I ever heard. I saw nothing in Milton as fine." And this was the prayer, stammeringly uttered: "O Lord, thou knowest how hard it is for me to do right, and how easy it is for me to do wrong. O Lord, help me!" The publican's prayer is still the potent prayer.

Next Lesson—"Entering the Kingdom." Luke 18: 15-30.

CHelsea STANDARD.
—BY—
WM. EMMERT.
OFFICIAL VILLAGE PAPER.
FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1890.

E. V. Hangstefer and Ada Herbert, of Ann Arbor, were married last week. Backus Bros., of Webster, marketed their clip of 2700 pounds of wool at Dexter, last week.

Chas. Bast and Christina Paustain, both of Freedom, have been granted a marriage license.

The population of Stockbridge township is given as 1,279. The village numbers a little more than 500. A lively village, too.

The Detroit Journal is now in its eighth year, and is constantly improving. Its circulation is constantly going up, and its advertising rates also. Correct!

Dr. Pillus—"Mr. Graves is dead." Franklin—"So? I've been expecting to hear of his death. I've seen your carriage there two or three times lately."—Boston Transcript.

Over 20,000,000 wall-eyed pike have been planted in the inland waters of the state by the fish commission. A very necessary work to enable our "laboring" men to pleasantly pass away their time!

Dumpsey—"Blabson's wife is very small, isn't she. Popinjay—"Yes; you would hardly believe it, but I have heard it said that she goes through his pockets every night."—Burlington Free Press.

John George Graf, one of the oldest German settlers in Bridgewater, died Sunday aged 77 years. He has resided in that town over forty years, and leaves eight children and fourteen grand children.

W. H. Marsh passed through town Tuesday morning with a load of forty-five dozen frogs. He is going to ship them from Chelsea, and continue the business in the lakes around here.—Detroit Dispatch.

The editor of the Ypsilanti Commercial is happy once more. His wife has returned after a three week's absence.—Argus. Do you mean to insinuate that the editor was happy when his wife went away?

Jacob Lawrence, who works the Loomis farm east of town, raised this year 900 bushels of good wheat from 50 acres of ground. The grain was sold to Ford & Bunker at 90 cents and upwards per bushel.—Grass Lake News.

Fred Kilmer, well known here and who joined the U. S. army some time ago, writes to his father that he arrived in New York city July 30 from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. He left there the 5th, has sailed 1700 since he left New York, and expects to leave again in a few days.—Cor. to News.

Fishermen at the lakes are mystified by the dying off of a large number of white fish in Bass lake. The fish are nearly all large ones. They come to the surface having but little life, and after a few feeble struggles are dead. There is no apparent reason for this. At first it was thought someone was using dynamite cartridges in the water but as none of the other fish are affected the theory has fallen through. Can any of our readers solve the mystery?

It is said that the bounty on English sparrow heads can be saved. A sure way to exterminate them is said to be to feed them cornmeal and salt, one pint of salt to one peck of cornmeal. The salt should be dissolved in water and thoroughly mixed with the meal, then dried. The best time to destroy them is in cold weather, for then feed is scarce. Within 30 days every sparrow in the country can be exterminated. Let some of our boys paste this in their winter hat for reference.

The Michigan Central will give a grand excursion to Detroit, Friday, August 29, 1890, giving its patrons an opportunity of visiting the International Fair and Exposition at the following extremely low rates: Chelsea, 8:12 a. m., \$1.25; Dexter, 8:26 a. m., \$1.25; Delhi, 8:34 a. m., \$1.15; Ann Arbor, 8:42 a. m., \$1.00; Geddes, 8:49 a. m., 90 cents; Ypsilanti, 8:59 a. m., 75 cents. Returning, the train will leave Detroit at 8 p. m. Tickets good on this train and date only.

The encampment of the G. A. R. of southeastern Michigan, will be held in Jackson from September 2 to 5.

A great many preachers are now taking their vacation with full pay. When does the D.—I take his vacation?

The democratic caucus for Sylvan township will be held at the town hall, Saturday, August 30, at 8 o'clock.

John Booth, of Jackson spent 233 days in Andersonville and Florence rebel prisons. Can any one living here or reading this, go this better?

The prohibition county nominating convention will be held in the court house, September 5, at 11 a. m. John P. St. John and Mary T. Lathrop will address the meeting.

Bean, Stearns, Manly, Beakes, Hariman, Norris, Gorman, Turnbull, Babitt, Whitman, Liesemer, Blaes, King. My, what a pile of Congressional timber the democrats have. It is understood that Charles Woodruff withdraws his "mantle piece" falls on Tully, as the dark horse.—Ypsilantian.

The warmest day reported to the Michigan weather service bureau from Ann Arbor during July was July 8, when the thermometer stood 91, and the coldest day July 5, when the thermometer was 50. The warmest day in Chelsea was July 8th, 94 degrees, and the coldest July 22, 43 degrees. The warmest day in Ypsilanti was July 31, 92 degrees, and the coldest July 10 43 degrees.—Argus.

TO THE PUBLIC!

Since the caucus last Tuesday it has come to my ears that Mr. Judson circulated a report that myself and friends were opposed to Capt. Allen's re-nomination for congress. I have only this to say in this matter—that Judson in circulating this report, proved himself a liar beyond a doubt. It was the dirty political methods of Mr. Judson and his friends, that the opposition was fighting and not Capt. Allen. The opposition to Mr. Judson at the caucus, is the first shown toward the ring and its methods, and the dose will be repeated as often as necessary hereafter.

J. A. PALMER.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION

The Republican convention at Ann Arbor, yesterday was largely attended and a harmonious affair. Hon. S. G. Ives was elected delegate at large to the state convention, Col. H. S. Dean to the congressional convention and Wm. Campbell to the senatorial.

The delegates to the state convention from this district are: J. T. Jacobs, O. C. Burkhart, Geo. H. Kempf, Robt. Warring, Thos. Birket, Emory Leeland, W. C. Stevens, Geo. Wheeler, Mr. Thompson, H. M. Twamley.

Congressional: Jas. L. Gilbert, W. E. Stocking, F. B. Brown, A. W. Hamilton, J. T. Packard, Ed. Ball, J. E. Beal, Jerome Freeman, F. A. Burkhart and J. T. Jacobs.

Senatorial: Wm. Judson, I. M. S. Foster, W. J. Just, E. A. Manley, N. Pierce, W. Galpin, J. L. Smith, Bert Schumacher, F. C. LaBoe, and Wm. Westland.

The convention was unanimous for Hon. E. P. Allen, and Rich delegates go to the state convention.

UNEQALED ATTRACTIONS

Splendid Free Displays, Concerts, Balloon Ascensions, Fireworks, Etc., at the Detroit Exposition Every Day.

Every day during the Exposition Capa's grand military band, the finest in America, will give two grand free concerts—the morning concert beginning at 10:30 o'clock, and the afternoon concert at 3:30.

Every forenoon and afternoon there will be a wonderful display of marvelous rifle and pistol shooting on foot and horseback, by Prof. C. A. Damon, whose astonishing feats of marksmanship are the wonder of all who have beheld him.

Every afternoon a band of wild western Indians will exhibit their peculiar games, races, dances, etc.,

Every afternoon at 4 o'clock there will be a grand balloon ascension and daring drops from the clouds by Prof. Bartholomew and assistants.

The Palace of Illusions, Art Hall and other attractions will be open at all hours of the day and evening.

On Military Day, Saturday, August 30, there will be a magnificent parade and special exhibition drills in the afternoon by the U. S. regular army and State troops.

Every evening there will be a free performance of the most sublime, astonishing and thrilling pyrotechnic and spectacular drama ever produced—"The Last Days of Pompeii." This magnificent drama occupies a stage 300 feet long, and fifty feet deep, with gigantic scenery; also an artificial lake and harbor 200 feet long, with ancient Roman galleys. About 350 actors, actresses and attendants appear upon the stage, with astonishing brilliant processions, splendid ballet, parades and dances etc. The eruption of the volcano, Vesuvius and total destruction of the city, with its palaces and temples is the sublimest scene ever produced.

Every evening the Exposition will close with a magnificent free exhibition of fireworks of the newest and most novel and brilliant designs.

Prices of admission: During the day, 50 cents; evening, 25 cents.

HUMOR.

Laying in a Stock.

Young Man—I want half a dozen engagement rings, assorted sizes.

Jeweler—One is usually enough at a time, sir.

Young Man—I know it, but I'm going down to the seashore for two weeks.—Munsey's Weekly.

A Gentle Hint.

Mrs. Younghusband—Here is an item, Clarence, that says every person ought to take scrupulous care of their nails.

Mr. Younghusband (involuntarily nibbling the bottom of his slipper)—And tacks too, my dear.—Burlington Free Press.

Has to Be Careful.

Wife—You dance a great deal better than you did before we were married. Then you always tore my dress in dancing, but you don't now.

Husband—Humph! Then I didn't have to pay for it.—Texas Siftings.

Encouraging Her Sympathy.

General Manager: "Sho—Poor soul! you seem to have had a good many hard trials.

Ragged "Charlie—Yer betcher life, madam; the last one cost me six months.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Living Up to His Motto.

"Well, I must go now," said Chollie.

"What's your hurry?" asked Ethel.

"It is five minutes of 12, and my motto in life is, 'Never put off till to-morrow what you can do today.'—New York Herald.

A Busy Life.

Mr. B. Shepherd Wall, the young man whose ambition to wear all the good clothes in Washington proved his downfall, was the object of a good deal of interest at the Langham, where he boarded. His occupation was a matter of some curiosity, and one of the guests one day inquired of the elevator boy:

"What does that young man do?"

"Deed, boss," was the reply, "he doan do nuffin' but change his clous."—Washington Post.

Danger of Contamination.



Dissaway—Your d—dog won't bite me, will he?

Farmer Spinwheel—Gosh! I hope not. It spiles 'm fer woodchucks when they git dude blood in their veins.—Once a Week.

Yielding to the Inevitable.

"Hankinson, are you going to call on Miss Quickstep this evening?"

"Y—yes; I promised her I'd drop around for a little while after supper. Why?"

"Nothing—only I saw her buying a hammock downtown about an hour ago."

"Miss Quickstep," said Mr. Hankinson resignedly, as soon as he had got into the house, "I suppose I may as well come to the point at once. Want to marry me?"—Chicago Tribune.

New bushel baskets 15 cents at Standard Grocery House.

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

Candies of all kinds at the Standard Grocery House.

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

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

Bushel baskets at the Standard Grocery House.

The best spices at the Standard Grocery House.

Yeast cakes, all kinds at the Standard Grocery House.

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

Our 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.

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.

Your eggs are wanted at the Standard Grocery House.

Fine perfumery at the Standard Grocery House.

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

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

LEGAL NOTICES.

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

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

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 15th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this Order to be published in the Chelsea Standard, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county three weeks previous to said day of hearing.

J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.

Wm. Doty, Probate Register.

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.

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

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

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

And it is further ordered that within twenty days after the date hereof the said complainants cause a notice of this order to be published in the Chelsea Standard, a newspaper, printed, published and circulating in said county, and at least once in each week for six weeks in succession or that they cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said non resident defendant at least twenty days before the above time prescribed for her appearance.

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

TURNBULL & WILKINSON, Complainant's Solicitors.

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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.

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

TURNBULL & WILKINSON, Solicitors for complainants.

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 22, 1890.

TRAINS LEAVE;

AST.—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.

Wrecked While Roaming Around This Most Beautiful Village.

The county fair premium lists are out.

Another fine rain yesterday morning.

The P. of I. meeting last Saturday afternoon was very largely attended.

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

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

One hundred forty-seven teachers attended the institute at Ann Arbor one day last week.

A handsome tile floor has been laid in Kempf Bro's new bank. The wood work will now go forward.

Amasa Gilbert has been engaged by the school board as janitor for the following year at the usual salary.

That baking powder with a set of dishes, is going fast. Only five sets left. Standard Grocery House.

If you want a watch chain about half the usual price, and warranted for five years, call on F. Kantelehner. He will use you right.

Mr. Welch has received the material for a new house to be erected on the land recently purchased by him of Mr. Fuller, in the eastern part of the village.

J. H. VanRiper had two severe strokes of paralysis Monday last, but at this writing is doing nicely. At first it was feared that his speech would be impaired.

Our readers probably noticed that in our county census item, the dates "1890" and "1880" were misplaced. Exchange positions and the returns will be all right.

Real estate transfer show that M. B. Miller has sold property to Walter Wheeler in Lima for \$1750. Also Mr. Weinman to V. Balmiller property in Lima for \$1975.

Chicken thieves have made sad havoc with the flocks of C. H. Wine and others in this township. The offenders should be searched out and prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

The room just back of Kempf Bro's new bank, about twenty feet square, is supposed to be used for the post office in case Wm. Judson receives the appointment. Its a nice location.

Mrs. Drake, who has a huckleberry bush near Sylvan, cleared \$85.19 from it this season, the berries being picked on shares. This would indicate that the whole crop was worth \$225.57. Quite a valuable piece of land, after all.

Our schools will open again Monday Sept. 1st, a full corps of competent teachers having been engaged. Parents should make it a point to have their children present the first day, as much depends on having them in their proper place and class from the first.

It may be dull, but if you will keep an eye on H. S. Holmes and Co's store you will see that that firm, at least, expects to do a large business this fall and winter. Seemingly a car of dry goods has arrived already, while the stock is being increased daily. No matter how dull it seems on the street, Holmes' store is always busy.

The North Shore Limited train, which passes through here, at 6:54 p. m., was wrecked last Friday evening at Augusta, at 4:50 o'clock, it colliding with a freight train, the switch having been left open. The engineer and firemen were killed and several persons wounded. The funeral of the deceased was held at Jackson last Sunday, two processions going to the cemetery, side by side, followed by thousands of sympathizing people. The loss to the railroad company will reach about \$50,000, besides what it will pay the families of the killed and wounded. The fault lies between the freight brakeman, conductor and streetcar agent.

Rev. J. H. McIntosh preaches at Sylvan next Sunday at 3 o'clock.

A much needed rain fell Tuesday, greatly helping along late corn and potatoes, and mellowing the ground for plowing.

Dr. Kotts, dentist, visited his office in this place presided over by Mr. Graham, last Friday evening. Gas will soon be added to the outfit.

Steps have been taken to establish a Washtenaw County Teachers' Association. About 140 teachers have already handed in their names to secretary Cavanaugh as members.

Director Knapp has completed the school census and finds that the district contains four hundred sixty-one persons of school age—between five and twenty years. Last year the district was credited with four hundred twenty-one persons. This indicates that a new school house is a necessity, as the district is constantly growing.

Wednesday afternoon last, just after emptying a bag of wheat into the bin and while his left arm was just over the boards, Ralph Pierce slipped, thereby dislocating the left shoulder. Drs. Finch and Fay were called upon, and set the member, not however until chloroform had been administered. This is the second time that that shoulder has been dislocated.

Rev. F. E. Arnold, who has so successfully conducted services for the Baptists in this place for over one year, last week sent in his resignation to take effect September 1st. Mr. Arnold will accept a pastorate at Tecumseh at \$900 per year, when his health will permit it. During his pastorate here he made many warm friends who will greatly regret his departure.

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The subject of a new school house and free text books is frequently brought up before the writer. The board has been interviewed with the following result: The request to the board to call a special meeting, and the notice thereof, did not specify the object of the meeting, the law stating that every object must be mentioned. As nothing was said about bonding the district, the board thought it doubtful if the bonds could be floated. Another call must therefore be made upon the board for another special meeting. In regard to free text books, the board is not at fault as the law says that "on the first day of February next after the tax shall have been levied, the director of said district may proceed to purchase books etc." By this it will be seen that nearly another school year must elapse before the district can furnish the books.

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YOUR FOLKS AND OURS

Mrs. Sarah Hawley, of Stockbridge, made Chelsea friends a visit last week.

Glenn Stimson, of Parma, is spending the week with relatives in town.

Miss Winifred Cannelle, of Lansing, is the guest of Miss Ella Morton, this week.

Miss Nellie Copeland, of Dexter, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Holmes.

Mrs. J. G. Hoover spent several days of this week with relatives in Jackson.

Mrs. Day and son Ransom, of Ne-ago, are visiting Mrs. Day's father, C. S. Laird.

L. Becker, of Leslie, was the guest of his sister, Mrs. L. Tichenor, the first of the week.

Mrs. A. K. Calkins and Miss Mary Foster were Manchester visitors the first of the week.

Mrs. Howard Everett is not well as usual, probably owing to the sudden changes in the weather.

Mrs. J. W. Jones and children, of South Lyons, are being entertained by Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Crawford.

The old-time countenance of Thos. Wilkinson, of Chelsea, was seen upon our streets last Saturday.—Sun.

Mrs. Dr. G. A. Robertson, of Battle Creek, is spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Durand.

Mr. R. A. Snyder and family accompanied by Mr. Prettyman and wife, of Ann Arbor, are camping at North Lake.

Mrs. F. A. Stiles and daughter, after visiting her way for several weeks, have returned to their home in Jersey City, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. King, D. C. Mowe and Mrs. Poole, of Parma, were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Armstrong the first of the week.

Mrs. G. H. Monroe, after visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paine, for several weeks, returned to her home in Jackson, Friday evening last.

Mrs. Henry Bach and Herman Emment, sister and brother of the writer, are paying us a visit. Two of Mrs. Bach's children, Willie and Anna accompany her.

Miss Lula Earle and Miss Jessie Flagler, of Chelsea, stopped over Tuesday night with the latter's aunt, Mrs. E. Hines, while on their way to Pleasant Lake for a two week's vacation.—Grass Lake News.

Farmers have been made quite happy by the price of wheat the past week. In Detroit, it brought \$1.04 last Wednesday, but we doubt very much if it goes higher, as no cause seems to exist for its high price now. Later on we may look for big prices.

The P. of I. picnic in Stephen's grove at North lake last Wednesday, was one of the most pleasant, and largest attended affairs ever held in this section, fully two thousand people being present. The speeches by the leading men, were pronounced good, although having a political tendency. The picnic will, no doubt, have the desired effect—of cementing the organization.

Wheat is estimated by the crop report as averaging 15 bushels to the acre in Washtenaw county, the highest average in this congressional district. In Monroe the estimate is 14.17 bushels; Lenawee, 14.57; Hillsdale, 14.60 bushels. In Jackson county the estimate is 12.63 bushels and in the state 14.08 bushels. We think that the average in this county will prove much higher than above estimated, as many fields yield above 25 bushels per acre.

IN REGARD TO FINES.

ED. STANDARD:—Referring to fines imposed by Justice Bacon as per last week's issue of the STANDARD, would say

Total number of prosecutions before me, May 6, 1889, to July 1, 1890,..... 20

Convicted,..... 18

Found not guilty by jury..... 2

Total fines imposed exclusive of costs..... \$96 00

Average fine imposed and collected 18 cases as above..... 5 33

Fines being fixed in each case according to surroundings, ranging all the way from \$2.00 to \$20.00 and costs.

Record prior to date given destroyed by fire.

J. D. SCHNAITMAN.

Justice of the Peace.

ANCIENT WAR VETERAN.

Phenomenal Mr. Coonrad, Who is About 110 Years Old.

On a farm about six miles from Manchester, Ia., lives Christian Coonrad, a native of Cumberland county, Pa., who was born Sept. 23, 1780. Despite his great age he busies himself in caring for his cattle and hogs, cutting wood, and raising corn and potatoes.

But it is not for his years alone that Mr. Coonrad is worthy of notice. He is one of the very few surviving veterans of the war of 1812.

He took part in the assault on Queenstown Heights, was in the battle of Fort Erie, witnessed Perry's great naval victory, and received an honorable discharge at Sackett's harbor.

Mr. Coonrad married sixty years ago. His wife still lives, and the couple have eleven children, forty-two grandchildren, and thirty-four great-grandchildren. The old gentleman has used liquor and tobacco all his days, believes in personal liberty, goes to bed at 3 a. m., gets up at 8 a. m., and votes the Democratic ticket whenever there is an election.

A PALACE MADE OF HAY.

The Novel Home to Be Provided for an Exposition.

Scattered throughout the United States at different times there have risen ice palaces, crystal palaces, bluegrass palaces, corn palaces, summer palaces and mineral palaces. Now another one is building—a hay palace.

Some time ago the good people of Mokena, Ill., looked out upon the vast Kankakee marshes from which the people of the vicinage derive their chief income, and concluded that after harvesting and

building the wild grass they would use it to build a hay palace in which to hold an interstate exposition.

The structure, whose walls are to be constructed of the big bales, will have a length of 204 feet and a width of 170. The display will include collections of live native fish, geological, botanical, ornithological and zoological exhibits, Indian and prehistoric relics and representations of the products of farms, factories, forests and mines. The exposition will be opened by Governors Fifer, of Illinois, and Hovey, of Indiana, and one or more prominent speakers will be secured for each day of the exposition. The list will include ex-Governor Palmer, Senators Allison, Voorhees and Cullom, Congressmen Payson, Cannon and probably Mason, and Bob Burdette.

A Famous Yachtsman's Sudden Death.

A prominent man in yachting circles recently deceased is George Lee Schuyler, who passed away suddenly the other morning in his stateroom on the Electra, the boat at the time being anchored off New London, Conn. Mr. Schuyler was born in 1811, and in 1844, with others, founded the New York Yacht club. Besides being the oldest member of that organization he was also the sole surviving owner of the famous old schooner yacht America, which won the Royal Yacht Squadron cup—now known as the America's cup—at the Cowes regatta of Aug. 23, 1851, defeating eighteen crack British craft in that struggle. The cup thus won became the absolute property of the owners of the schooners—viz., J. C. Stevens, Hamilton Wilkes, George L. Schuyler, James Hamilton, J. B. Finlay and Edwin A. Stevens. On July 8, 1857, they transferred it to the New York Yacht club as a perpetual challenge cup, for which any organized yacht club of any nation might compete. In December, 1882, the cup was returned to Mr. Schuyler by the club, who, in 1883, returned it under new conditions to the club. In 1887 the cup was again returned to Mr. Schuyler, who made out a third deed of gift, under which the club now holds the cup. Within the last few months it had been suggested that the cup should once more be returned to Mr. Schuyler so that another deed of gift might be drawn up, which would satisfy every one. His death ends this controversy, however, as the English must now race for the cup under the existing conditions or not at all.

Nebraska's Republican Nominee.

The Republican nominee for governor of the state of Nebraska, Hon. Lucius D. Richards, is a native of Vermont, having been born at Charleston, Orleans county, Nov. 26, 1847. When less than 16 years of age he enlisted in the northern army as a private, and carried a musket until the end of the civil war. After the close of the contest he engaged in civil engineering. He located at Fremont, Neb., in 1875 and has lived there ever since, his present business being real estate and banking. He has been mayor of the town for two terms and holds a commission as general of the Nebraska militia. He is married and the father of two children.

Speculations in Virginia real estate are said to have made Bertha von Hillern rich. She is a German woman, not yet old, who tramped the tan bark in walking matches for several years that she might earn money to pay for a thorough course of art study. Now she is quite a clever painter.

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A PALACE MADE OF HAY.

BY OLIVIA M. SUMMER.

John Marshall Jones one Sunday went to see somebody's sister. When learning she'd whithered bent, forthwith there and then missed her.

Now, John was not the man to weep for such mishap forever. He knew his love was such 'twould keep him ever, ever, ever.

But when the widowed mother came to greet him for her daughter, He vowed she looked good in a frame— Much better than he thought her.

For there she stood the doorway in, Its frame about her standing. And sorry was for what had been, As stood he on the landing.

"Will you come in?" she sweetly said, When flew a flame of motion. Awhart the man from feet to head, Because 'twas to his notion.

He took a seat upon a chair, His feet placed on the carpet. And wondered at her wealth of hair— If she alone could part it.

The thought, though, downed, at times would tense. When sighed he with his worry. "He'll go," she thought because of these, Soaked him not to hurry.

Then came a crash of dismal sound, The cat was in the cellar. She thought that burglars were around And hoped he'd look and tell her.

He went, but not alone went he; He went with her at evening. He went the burglar bold to see, While o'er her shoulder bending.

But somehow they the cellar missed, For not what they were doing. And ere where they were going wist Discovered they were wrong.

They found themselves in circling gait Around the table wending. And slaking thirst for love to taste By sighs and glances sending.

But very soon they also found Their thirst was not abating. When clasped they each the other round, And walked, no longer waiting.

So to the lounge they loving went, And loving sat together. When seemed her mind on nature bent, For talked she of the weather.

This ruined all his blissful hope, And burst his heart to tatters. It burst like bubbles made of soap, He cursed these widow matches.

"Ha, ha," the widow shouted then, "I've tried your soul with mine; Come, joy what you had hoped to when I welcomed your desire."

"For"—but before she'd said the more, He'd wondered "what now this is," When heeded his heart of every sore As poured she in the Mrs.

For on his breast she trembling leaned, And on her breast he glided; As fed they on the feast that seemed Of fat things forty-sided.

They lived, for life may long be borne Ere joy ends it a wonder. But this sweet joy was closely shorn, And just this there's no wonder.

For just then came the daughter home, And saw them naked and cuddled. And heard their vain excuses some, And got them badly muddled.

So great became her anger then, She uttered some hard saying. When learned she John was, like most men, Must entertain her, if staying.

This cheered the maiden's heart again, She blessed her darling mother. But vowed henceforth she'd entertain, Not leave it to another. CHICAGO, ILL.

JANET LEE

In the Shadow of the Gallows.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GILES ELLIS' TRIUMPH.

The pulse of New England quickened as the waves of superstition rolled over the land. Men and women hitherto respected by their fellows were thrown into prison upon pretexts so trivial that the generation accustomed to the railway, telephone, and telegraph could not comprehend, much less realize, the extent of the craze that sent thousands to untimely graves in Europe, and overpowered reason, humanity and justice in New England.

Envy and hate, malice and revenge ruled the hour. Neighbors at variance, instead of resorting to the courts denounced each other as witches. The prisons were crowded with men, women, and children.

At a time when the strongest men yielded to despair, pleading guilty to charges coined by the malevolent, cowering before the ignorant and headstrong, Janet Lee displayed a degree of fortitude and resolution that won for her the admiration of all who knew her, and the respect of the more intelligent was outspoken as her case was discussed. She was as cheerful in Ipswich jail as when she was at home, seemingly.

"Do not give up hope, mother. It is not like the people of Massachusetts to hang women and children. I have more faith in our friends in Salem than to think they will let them hang two women on such slender evidence."

"If we had but told the truth at first," Dorothea answered. "Or if Martin Lee knew now—"

"Hush, mother. Would you bring him to certain death?" Dorothea clasped her hands convulsively.

"O, my sweet! my sweet! When I look at you, and think you are doomed to die like Mary Bradbury and Martha Carrier, my heart is like to burst. If they would take and spare you I would be content. And yet you are stout of heart. Oh, why should one so brave be lost to the world?"

"And why should I not be brave? Am I not John Lee's daughter?"

"Alas! John Lee is not what he was. His spirit is broken."

"I am much mistaken if my father does not show the people of Salem ere long the stuff the Lees are made of."

Footsteps approached the door as she spoke, and the jailer admitted John Lee, who clasped wife and daughter in his arms. As he held them off, scanning their features closely, he said bitterly:

"So, this is Salem's return to the wife and daughter of the man who served

her in her need. It were better my neighbors were crazed than cruel, but since they are both—"

"He paused, then added between his clenched teeth: 'I scorn them all.'"

"There! Said I not so, mother?" Janet exclaimed.

"I come to bid you keep up heart," said John Lee, with decision. "I am convinced we are victims of a base plot, and be sure I shall not rest until the truth be made plain. You have seen me overwhelmed—'twas the suddenness of the charges. I know your truth. I am myself—'twere base indeed did I not permit the magistrates to rest until they, too, are convinced 'tis a conspiracy—it will all be made clear to them ere long. I have had ear, not of one, but of two of them. Think not I have been idle these five days—since I last saw you here. I have done much. 'Tis little sleep has crossed my eyelids—but now, I think I have well earned rest, as you shall soon see. I may not say more now. The magistrates are even in Ipswich now. They will soon be here, for I took an oath yesterday I would not sleep till I had made an end of this matter. But there are many things to do, and much I do not understand. Tell me truly, what means the story Ezra told of Will's Hill?"

"That shall be explained in good time, father," said Janet, quickly; "have no concern."

"So I have your word, I ask no more. What! Think the spiteful tale of that lying creature lodges in my ears?" John Lee looked at his daughter proudly. "I need have no fear for you, at least. It is well. Now I will return to our friends, who, be sure, are not idle. 'Tis our purpose to bring the magistrates here—be prepared for them at any time, lest I may not find my proof on the instant and be detained. Keep up heart."

He embraced them again as he spoke, and hastened away.

"Did I not say we would hear good news soon?" said Janet, when they were alone; but Dorothea Lee sat with bowed head, and made no answer.

Another footstep approached, and Arthur Proctor entered. He gazed upon Janet with undisguised admiration.

"Were it not for the terrible danger, I could welcome the experience that proves to all the world your courage and self-possession. I come once more to cheer you."

"What say they in Salem, now? Do they believe Ann Bigger's tales, and Ezra's?" Janet asked. "Do they think that we murdered Martin Lee now?"

"There are some who believe it, but, since you speak of that poor wretch, Ezra—I am unable to unravel the mystery. I am perplexed. It lies between you and Ezra. He could not have met both of you on Will's Hill?"

"Was ever mortals as sorely pressed?" said Dorothea, suddenly.

"Did not my father say relief would come to us speedily, mother—bear up."

"I am not sure. Time passes swiftly, child."

"Are 'tis time that makes me fearful," said Proctor. "If I could be sure which of you was at Will's Hill, it would help us to clear much away."

"It is best we tell the truth," said Dorothea. "Proctor must be told the truth at out Martin Lee at once."

"And bring him in, mother!" Janet exclaimed. "If we had time—" then she paused suddenly.

"Then of a truth Martin is not dead. What is this mystery? Though I have conversed with John Lee every day save yesterday, never have I heard him say aught of his brother. True, he has been beat on many things. While he was here, I was there. We've had barely time to cheer each other, and counsel, and plan. We know very well—"

"'Tis best to tell him the truth, Janet," again said Dorothea.

"No, no! I will not tell even Proctor," Janet answered. Then, in a changed tone she said: "We are cruelly beat. We dare not tell the truth."

"Dare not?" Proctor echoed. "Now, then, I know 'tis not on your account. All Salem knows you two have tried to save each other. Now, you are concerned for your uncle. Trust me; I will not betray you. Or, at least, confide in your father, or it may be too late. What is this mystery that has given the apprentice warrant to wag his tongue?"

"I will tell thee," said Dorothea. "Janet and me carried food and drink to Martin to keep him from starving, but neither of us took counsel of the other, or knew the other was serving him. We feared lest the other would incur suspicion."

"And 'tis for this—this sublime devotion to each other and Martin Lee, thou art here!" said Proctor, reverently. "I see the way clearer in the last minute. I will return to Governor Danforth at once."

"And bring Martin Lee to the gallows," Janet's tone conveyed a rebuke and reproach.

"No, no, I said I would not betray your confidence. I will say nothing of this to Justice Danforth until I take counsel with John Lee. But," Proctor added in sheer desperation, "I have not had opportunity to see John Lee since the day he went to his sister's, and I fully expected to meet him ere this in Salem."

"Then you are sure soon to meet him, for he was here within this hour," said Janet, calmly, "and brought good news. He bade us keep up heart, and said he would find a way to make an end of it this very day."

"And that be the case—Proctor looked at them, reflecting—"why, I, too, believe matters must come to a head sooner than I had thought. Said he aught of Martin Lee? You surely—"

"My father knows even less of our errand to Will's Hill than you have learned," Janet interrupted. "Tis in thy keeping wholly."

Whereupon Proctor's face clouded, but it cleared up on the instant as he replied: "I am losing time. I must find John Lee; at least I must be doing, since the judges, I know, are here in Ipswich."

So saying, he passed out and once more mother and daughter were left alone. They were to be subjected to a trial, for soon another visitor appeared in the person of Giles Ellis. When he stood before them neither spoke.

"I did not expect a warm welcome. Bearers of evil tidings are never welcome."

"What greater evil can befall us than to endure your presence in Ipswich jail?" said Janet Lee.

"Aye, there be worse. The gallows is worse."

"Surely they have not rendered judgment?" Dorothea stood before him with questioning eyes.

"Judgment cannot be long deferred, they have found Martin Lee."

"May heaven preserve him!" said Janet, quickly.

"If they have found Martin then they cannot say we murdered him."

"So, then, you do not know Martin is dead and buried?"

Dorothea Lee sat down with a hand over her heart. Janet caught Giles' arm. "Tis false! I'll not believe it."

"It matters not, so long as he is really dead and buried."

Dorothea rose with an effort and approached Giles. He continued calmly.

"Martin Lee's body was found in the sea, where 'tis said you and your family bore him. His name was found on a knife in his pocket, and on his arm."

"This is past belief," Janet said, looking at her mother. "If it were true, surely there are those who would have told us."

But her meaning look was lost upon her mother, and Giles Ellis misinterpreted it. He thought Janet was trying to deceive him.

"If you wish the proof ask the jailer."

Whereupon Janet immediately went to the door and addressed that individual. The jailer, believing he had a witch to deal with, made instant reply that her handiwork—meaning her uncle's body—had been "tossed up by the sea and given decent Christian burial after you wish he carried the body there."

Dorothea was crying softly, with her hands over her face.

"I can not look on such suffering unmoved. And yet I have come to say to you that although you are both as good as given into the hangman's hands, I have come to save you. It is in my power to prevent the sentence of death."

"It is all over, Janet. We must die," Dorothea moaned.

"I do not believe it. Our friends are not idle, as you well know. My father bade us be of good cheer."

"He cannot save you," said Giles. "Tis not in his power. I alone may do that by speech with my kinsman, whom I have an appointment with this night. Know you not 'tis resolved to arrest and confine John Lee and Proctor?"

Now, this Giles Ellis believed was the truth. He had, he thought, planned how they both should be apprehended, without himself appearing in the matter. He had suggested the propriety of arresting them to Marshal Hobbs, and not content with this had written a letter to Sir Thomas Danforth, vaguely hinting at the rumors involving John Lee and Proctor in the matter that occupied so much of public attention. The poor prisoners were dumfounded on hearing this. The fact that the judges were even now in Ipswich seemed to bear out the truthfulness of Giles' assertion. They were suddenly overwhelmed—cast into utter despondency in an instant by the awful story Giles told them. A deathly pallor overspread Dorothea Lee's face. Janet felt her hands grow cold in her own.

"Man!" exclaimed Janet. "Canst look on her unmoved? What can you do? How can you serve us? See! She is fainting."

But Dorothea Lee did not hear Giles Ellis' answer; she had fainted dead away. Janet grasped Giles' arm as she looked down on her mother. "Dost see what thou hast done? Be quick, I say be quick ere she comes to while I am in the mood. If she should die in one of these faints I will be her murderer. What is it you wish?"

"I want you to wife," said Giles, curtly. "Tis all I ask. There was a faint tinge of color in his salow cheek, but his eyes gleamed with triumph."

"So you bring me an order giving us our freedom, I promise."

"Aye, you promised Proctor also."

Janet's figure seemed to rise above him.

"I did. But were Proctor here, he would not ask me to keep my promise. He would bid me save my mother's life."

"Something more than thy promise is needed ere I move. Swear thou wilt marry me."

Janet looked up, and clasping her hands, said: "I swear in the sight of heaven to be thy wife if thou wilt bring me freedom for those I love—but not otherwise." Then, looking him firmly in the face, and with cheeks as white as her mother's, who lay like one dead beside her, Janet Lee added, fiercely: "Now go."

So saying, she thrust him from her presence, knelt over her mother, and yielded to tears for the first time since she was imprisoned.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Old Lace.

Many of our girls do not know why old lace is so much more valuable and generally so much more beautiful than new lace. The fact is, that the old lace is all woven in lost patterns. It is frequently as fine as a spider's film and cannot be reproduced. The loss of patterns was a severe check to lace-making in France and Belgium, and was occasioned by the French Revolution. Before that time whole villages supported themselves by lace-making, and patterns were handed down from one generation to another. They were valuable heirlooms, for the most celebrated weavers always had as many orders as they could execute in a lifetime, and they were bound by an oath taken on the four Gospels to work only for certain dealers. When the Reign of Terror began, all work of this kind was interrupted for a time. After the storm had subsided the dealers and workers were far apart—some dead, some lost, and some escaped to foreign lands, and such of the women as remained were bound by their oath to work for but one; and this oath, in spite of Robespierre's doctrine, was held by the poorest of them to be binding, and there were instances where they suffered actual want rather than break their word. Some, however, taught their children and their grandchildren, and many patterns were in this way preserved. Some of the daintiest and finest patterns were never recovered, and to-day specimens of these laces are known to be worth their weight in gold.

Our Presidents have all been lawyers and soldiers, and among them no millionaire or man of excessive wealth can be found.

Only a Rose.

A few years ago a lady living in the city returned one evening from the country, where she had been spending the day, with a large basket of roses. As she approached her own house, a ragged, dirty, boy followed her with such wistful eyes that she gave him a rose. Before her door was opened he was beside her again with two other grimy boys.

"If you please, mem, ye'll not be havin' one to spare for them?" pointing to his companions.

"If they had been hungry, and asking for bread," she said afterward, "they could not have watched me with more eagerness. When I handed them the roses, they all gave a shout and darted away. In fifteen minutes the steps were almost filled with children, pale, ragged, starved little creatures. I do not know where they came from; they seemed to swarm out of the earth. I gave them the roses and all the flowers in my little garden, ashamed to think how many I had and how little I had valued them, while they were such priceless treasures to these children. Most of the children ran 'home' with their flower as if it had been a rare jewel."

"Later in the evening another poor little waif rang the bell to know 'if this was the house where they gave away flowers.' I determined then that, with God's help, it always should be."

Out of this chance gift of a rose grew the flower mission of one of our great cities.

No one, who has not carried flowers or growing plants into the slums of our cities, can know the delight which a common field daisy or bunch of clover can give to their wretched inmates.

A little incident which occurred this summer has a certain significant pathos of its own. A young girl one day bought from an old negro on the sidewalk a bunch of purple water-lilies. Going into a small trimmings-shop, she observed that the saleswoman eyed them intently.

"What are those flowers, miss?" she asked. "I never saw them before, but I think they must be the flags my mother talks about that grew on the creek near her old home in Delaware. She's never seen any since."

"Give them to her," said the customer, kindly.

The woman tried to thank her. "She's old and very sick," she said at last. "She won't be here long."

A month later the young girl went into the same shop again. The shop-girl, dressed in shabby black, came to her.

"She kept them flowers by her for ten days—as long as she lived," she whispered. "She thought they came from her old home. When I put her in the coffin I laid them by her. There was a little color in them yet. They had given her so much pleasure I thought I'd like to have them go with her still."

It is not necessary to belong to a club or organization to join in this beautiful charity. Any child who lives in the country can send a box of field flowers to her friend in town, and these, if taken into the nearest court or alley, will become a missionary charged with God's message of good-will and love.

Flowers are His free gift to man. Food, clothes, even knowledge, we must work for and buy, but flowers grow for the beggar on the wayside. Shall we not carry His gift to our poor brother imprisoned in city walls, who has not received it?—*Fourth's Companion.*

Trade Signs.

The various signs which are exposed along the business streets of our cities came into use long before the streets themselves were named, or the houses were distinguished by numbers. At a time when people generally were unable to read, these rude but striking appeals to the eye had their use. In the rivalry of business enterprise they easily became more or less an obstruction to travel. That the shop-keepers of London might retain the privilege of displaying their well-known symbols of trade, Charles I. gave, by Letters patent, express permission to the citizens "to expose and hang in and over the streets, and ways, and alleys of the said city and suburbs of the same, signs and posts of signs, affixed to their houses and shops, for the better finding out such citizens' dwellings, shops, arts and occupations, without impediment, molestation or interruption of his heirs or successors."

As education spread, and as architectural effects began to be prized, the old method, and, so far as we know, the original one, of indicating the "arts and occupations" went out of fashion. The traditional mortar and pestle, the gilded beef, the magnified horse-shoe, the painted effigy of the Indian chief, and the triple-pronged tooth did not harmonize with the fluted columns and foliated capitals. There was ground for hope that all such barbaric symbols would disappear.

But the increasing pressure of competition in business has driven men back again upon the custom of illiterate ages. In shop windows and at shop doors the Indian with his tomahawk or with a bundle of cigars startles the passer-by into the idea of trade, the bear with his pole suggests to the lady who approaches the comfort of furs, and so on through all the needs of life and the desires of the heart.

It is a curious circumstance that the law of copyright has been made to apply to some of these designs for frightening a timid public into the proper sentiment toward trade, just as this applies to trade-marks. Twenty-five years ago a case of this kind was tried in the Canadian Court of Chancery.

It seems that an artist of local celebrity in one of the cities of the Dominion

had been employed by a trader of the town to carve in wood the figure of a lion, and to paint it the tawny color of that animal. The work of art was placed by the entrance to a dry goods shop. A rival trader saw at once how well calculated this was to arrest the attention of shoppers. He therefore applied to the artist for a lion to lie in wait at his own door. A copy of the animal already executed in the interest of trade was forthcoming.

And now the matter got into the courts. An order was asked for to enjoin the junior lion from enticing purchasers to his owner's shop. Photographs of the pair were taken, and were offered in evidence. The court was convinced, upon close examination, that "one, from the sorrowful expression of its countenance, seemed more resigned to its position than the other." If either animal was to be removed, humanity prompted that the less resigned be relieved, and a decree was issued accordingly.

Peters Says He Can Fly.

Patrick Peters has arrived from Prince Edward's Island, bringing a machine which he claims will solve in the most satisfactory manner the question, "Can a man fly?" Mr. Peters claims that with his machine he "can fly through the air with the greatest ease," that he has done it many a time, and is perfectly willing to try again.

He says that five years ago he made up his mind that he could make a machine that would navigate the air. He objected to balloons, as they were too far beyond the control of those who risked their lives in them, but believed that a machine should be constructed capable of being as much under the management of the flyer as a horse rake. What he wanted to do was to go up and down at pleasure.

Peters likes to talk about his "bird," as he calls his machine, and his talk goes a long way to make the listener have faith in his perfect honesty. He says he took the wings and the motion of a bird for a model, believing that if he could "fly like a bird" it would be quite enough. He did not succeed at first, and it was only after making repeated failures that he brought his idea to a point where he could say with any degree of confidence, "I can fly."

At last he constructed a "bird" of the following dimensions: From the head to the tail, 16 feet; from point to point of the wing, 14 feet, and from the body to the end of each wing, 3 feet. The seat was in the body and the motive power used in the propelling of the machine was obtained by a combination of wheels.

His first real trial of his machine was made when he passed over a forest, making two miles in about four minutes. From his description of the way things looked below it would seem probable that he went at least 2,000 feet up in the air, and perhaps more than twice that distance. He says he went up and down at will, managing his 38-pound machine without the least degree of trouble.

He is anxious to give a public exhibition of what he can do, and has the machine with him, so he says. He is willing to "go up anywhere," but wants to make a little money by doing so. He says he is willing to give any desired test and can go any distance desired. He can keep a few feet above the ground, or go up into midair. He says it is a perfectly easy thing to fly with one of his machines. Portland people who know him say he is honest, and he acts that way.—*Portland Press.*

An Expensive Substitute.

A very pretty example in arithmetic as well as a story of some interest, is afforded by the case of an old man named Laurent, now living in good health at the village of St. Radagonde-of-the-Apple-Trees, in France.

In the year 1814, when the Emperor Napoleon made his last levy of troops to resist the invasion of France by the powers of Europe, one Peter Julian Laurent, a poor knife-grinder, was employed by a rich citizen named Ulysse Gaudin, whose name was more warlike than his disposition, to go to the war in his place.

Substitutes were somewhat hard to find in those days, and before Laurent would consent to serve in Gaudin's place, he exacted a payment of 800 francs down, and an agreement that, in case he, Laurent, should lose his life in battle, 350 francs a year should be paid to his widow as long as she should live, and after death 300 francs a year during his life to his son, then 4 years old.

Peter Julian Laurent was killed under the walls of Paris within four months after his enlistment. His widow received 350 francs a year regularly from Gaudin and his family until 1832, when she died.

The Gaudin family then sought to evade the payment of the annual amount of 300 francs agreed upon for Laurent's son; but the matter was carried into court, and Laurent won the case. The Gaudins were ordered to pay him the amount each year as long as he lived.

Laurent is still living in the best of health, and promises to live ten years longer. The Gaudin family remain solvent, and have paid him regularly since 1832, the amount which his father stipulated to give him.

Those who are curious in arithmetical matters can easily compute how much money Ulysse Gaudin's substitute has cost, all told; also if they like, what the amount, capitalized in 1814, would have been, and also what that capital, at compound interest since 1814, would have amounted to by this time.—*Exchange.*

COME to think of it, how can you expect the poor to be contented when the rich never are?

THE MAN OF THE DOME.

View of the World from a High Perch in the National Capitol.

As often as visitors climb the tortuous staircase to the dome of the Capitol, says the Washington Star, a voice gives them a friendly greeting when they are at a particularly steep angle of the stairs, about half way up. Many a young couple have been startled by this greeting, as they look up to the whispering gallery above and over at the pygmies on the floor of the rotunda below. They look at the blank walls about them and look at the dark stairs widening above and below, and conclude that it is another of the remarkable Capitol echoes until another greeting reaches them, and through an arch in the wall they see the old man who lives in the dome.

A curious character is this old man of the dome. He is a tall and well-built man, with remarkably bright eyes and a man, ruddy complexion, and would scarcely be called the "old" man except for his white hair and beard. With his cheery "good-day," he sometimes disturbs a cozy couple, but he is so sociable and good-natured that they cannot complain, and a few words with him awaken the interest of the stranger. He is an old philosopher in his way—a student of human nature. From his high perch in the dome he looks down each day at the statesmen passing through the rotunda from House to Senate and from Senate to House, looking small.

Looking out at the high windows, he gets a bird's-eye view of the city, and his vision is broadened. His philosophy is directed by the expanse of his vision, and as a looker-on, he has stored away in his capacious head some quaint and original ideas. Hour after hour, day after day, month after month, for ten years or more, he has sat there in his tower of observation and gathered in impressions.

He gives expression to many quaint ideas, causing the intelligent stranger to try further to draw him out, and to make many notes in his diary when the talk is ended. But the old man of the dome is too much of a philosopher to be much of a talker, and with the manner of a Scotchman he cuts a conversation off just where he wants it to end. He is one of the inhabitants of the dome by authority. He does not actually live, eat, sleep, and dream in the dome, but his days are spent there year-round. Every day that the dome is opened he is there, and when he goes he looks all the doors behind him in his winding way down, and hands his keys in at the watch-room for the night.

He is the watchman of the dome, whose duty it is to see that no vandalism befalls the building nor harm comes to visitors. If his sudden appearance is sometimes a shocking interruption to affectionate demonstrations by young people, who hope in the future to climb the winding stairs of life together as they then climb, his presence is also an insurance of safety from injury or rudeness. As a philosopher, he never sees anything it is not necessary to see, and never tells half what he sees. He is not an ordinary policeman who goes his inquisitive rounds.

He used to be on the Capitol force years ago, and after he was retired from the force he was given a lodgment in the dome. His castle in the air is the archway to the first gallery of the rotunda, above the frieze work, which is now closed off. He has the cracks stopped to keep the wind away, and on a shelf in the corner he keeps the books which he gets from the National Library. Sitting there, he can look over the top of his books and command a view of the staircase, and his books are his companions on dull days. The life in the dome has had a strong influence on his acute mind, and he is the most interesting character of the many at the Capitol.

What Fat Folks May Eat.

A stout neighbor of mine who is afflicted with obesity, went to a physician and asked him for a list of things which he ought to eat and ought not to eat if he wished to reduce his weight. The doctor told him to call the next day, when he handed him this: Avoid—Liver and oysters and clams; apples, arrowroot, barley, zeas, beans, white bread, crackers, cake, chocolate, carrots, grapes, gravies, thickened with flour, honey, macaroni, oatmeal, peas, parsnips, potatoes, preserves and sweet fruits, rhubarb, rice and rice pudding, sage, sugar, soup, thickened with rice, flour or barley, tarragon, elder, champagne and other sparkling wines, sweet wines, malt liquors. May eat other meats—with a fair proportion of fat—game, poultry and fish, asparagus, almonds, artichokes, butter, hot greens, gluten bread, toasted bread, cheese, cauliflower, chicory, cream in moderation, celery, cucumbers, dandelions, eggs, lettuce, mushrooms, young onions, radishes, spinach, sprouts, squash, string beans, strawberries and raspberries, truffles, turnips, tomatoes, watercress. May drink—Milk, tea and coffee. My friend applied to the physician expecting that the bill of fare which would be allowed him would be very meagre, indeed. After perusing the prescription he came to the conclusion that life was worth living after all, even for a fat man, and is perfectly willing to get lean if he can do it on the "vands," which are left for him to devour.

Mr. Johnson, of Round Valley, Idaho, has a sheep with two legs, both on the hinder part of the body, and constantly walks erect, much after the manner of a kangaroo. The legs and tail are smooth as those of a dog, not showing the least trace of wool. The head is woolly and is provided with but one eye, which solitary optic is set in the center of the head. The neck has a good showing of feathers, resembling those of a guinea fowl. The shoulders and the place where the forelegs should be are as woolly as the head, extending back to where the smooth, dog-like hair begins.

EXPERIMENTS by means of photographic plates in the Mediterranean sea show that in the middle of a sunny day in summer the rays of the sun do not penetrate the waters of that sea a depth of more than 150 fathoms. In September the distance penetrated is much reduced, the depression on the plates at the above depth not being greater than that made by starlight.

Alexander H. Stephens' Homestead Now Owned by a Negro.

Strange things occur every day, and nothing is stranger than the mutations of fortune and condition. Truth is stranger than fiction. If some poet or novelist should describe the spectacle of a negro possessing the estate of the late Jefferson Davis, we should dash it aside as the product of a fertile imagination. And yet the former home in Marietta of the late Alexander H. Stephens is owned by a negro. Mr. Frank Rogers, of Marietta, has recently purchased the Stephens mansion, and is now repairing and renovating it for his own private residence. To think that the former home of the Vice President of the so-called Confederate States of America should become the property of a negro seems romantic. The retreat where the "Great Commoner" thought his best thoughts, conceived his brilliant campaigns, and composed his most eloquent speeches, is now resonant with pattering feet and prattling voices of children, the offspring of negro parents. Out of that same old mansion may some day come a genius, the descendant of a negro, whose brilliance shall eclipse that of the "Great Commoner," and whose life shall not be coupled with a "lost cause." Who knows but that the ownership by a negro of this old aristocratic estate may be a prophecy of coming power, influence, position, and wealth to the whole race? Such at least is the evident moral of this story.

Mr. Rogers is to be congratulated on his good fortune. He already owns some of the finest business property in the very center of Marietta. Let others take hope, resolution and inspiration from the example of Frank Rogers. Such a man is worth his weight in gold to any community.—Atlanta Times.

A French Canard.

In notes from Paris a correspondent of London Truth started a story of a new plan of reducing obesity by actually cutting out the layers of surplus fat beneath the skin. As this story of the scalpel as an aid to beauty, or vivisection as a means to embonpoint, is one of the kind that are likely to go the rounds of the press, it may seem a pity to spoil it early, but in justice to truth itself, as opposed to some so-called newspaper truth, it is best to say now that this is not so, and cannot be so. It may be a good yarn to stuff a gullible friend with, but don't give yourself away by telling it for a fact among those who may know better.—Dr. Fiske's Health Monthly.

Sensible Precautions.

"Now, children," said the old man, as he took the musket from the corner, in view of the assembled family, "we all see this powder?"

"Yes, sir," came the reply in chorus.
"See it go into the gun?"
"Yes, sir."
"An' this bullet?"
"Yes, sir."
"An' this cap?"
"Yes, sir."
"An' ther ain't no doubt in the minds of any of ye?"
"No, sir."

"All right," the old man concluded, with a sigh of relief; "maybe we'll git over this Fourth of July 'thout an accident in the family."—Washington Post.

Encouragement for the Feeble.

So long as the failing embers of vitality are capable of being kindled into a warm and genial glow, just so long there is hope for the weak and emaciated invalid. Let him not, therefore, despair, but derive encouragement from this and from the further fact that there is a restorative most potent in renewing the dilapidated powers of a broken-down system. Yes, thanks to its unexampled virtues, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is daily reviving strength in the bodies and hope in the minds of the feeble and nervous. Appetite, refreshing sleep, the acquisition of flesh and color are blessings attendant upon the reparative processes which this peerless invigorant speedily initiates and carries to a successful conclusion. Digestion is restored, the blood fertilized and assistance afforded to each life-sustaining organ by the Bitters, which is inoffensive even to the feeblest palate, vegetable in composition and thoroughly safe. Use it, and regain vigor!

The Largest Check Ever Drawn.

Up to the present day, Vanderbilt's check for \$700,000 was erroneously supposed to be the largest ever drawn. This has been eclipsed, as one drawn by the Indian and Peninsula Railroad Company for \$1,250,000 on the London and County Bank of London has just passed through the Clearing House. In 1883 the Pennsylvania Railroad drew a check in favor of Messrs. Kidder, Peabody & Co. for over \$14,000,000, in payment of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore stock. This check was framed and hung up in the office of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.—Financial News.

JOE MERCER, living nine miles northeast of Hawkinsville, Ga., has a pig three days old that has eight feet. The hind legs and feet are all right, but the fore legs have three feet on each of them. Two feet on each of the fore legs are perfect, and touch the ground; the other foot on each leg is imperfect and does not reach the ground. The other pigs of the same litter are all right, and this is also except in the number of feet. He gets about as lively and as easily as the others. Mr. Mercer is going to take particular pains to raise this pig, and Bar-num may get hold of him yet.

Down in Florida a negro tried to steal a ride on a cowcatcher. The engineer did not see him until the train ran into a cow on the track, when the cow flew on one side and the negro the other, exclaiming: "Son, Lordy!" forty times before he hit the ground. He was left to keep the bovine company.

At the meeting of the National Council of Education, one of the speakers said that not twenty-five years hence he expected to see boys and young men knocking for admission into Vassar and other young ladies' seminaries.

It costs the English Government \$2,962,000 annually to support Queen Victoria and her immediate family. Whenever the Queen visits Balmoral Castle it takes \$5,000 to defray the railroad expenses of the journey.

At York, Pa., a girl who was walking through an orchard was bitten on the toe by a snake. The girl experienced no harm, but the snake was found dead near the spot soon afterward.

His Ideas of Security.

"I want to borrow a hundred dollars," said he. "Can I have that sum, sir?"
"Certainly," was the courteous reply of the banker. "Come and sign a note, and get an indorser."
"Hain't I good for a hundred?"
"Yes, and a hundred times that amount."
"Then what do yer want of a note? You know I'll pay it, don't yer?"
"I have no doubt of it; but to loan money without security is not the proper way to do business."

"Pshaw! I only want the money for a month, and it'll be all right."
"If you live. But should you chance to die?"
"Die!" exclaimed the man, as he turned away with the most disgusted look possible; "who the deuce ever heard of a man dying in thirty days?"

Gratifying to All.

The high position attained and the universal acceptance and approval of the pleasant liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, as the most excellent laxative known, illustrate the value of the qualities on which its success is based, and are abundantly gratifying to the California Fig Syrup Company.

Too Recent.

Juliette, a little girl who was making what her parents regarded as remarkable progress at school, was asked one day by her Uncle George:

"Well, Juliette, what study do you like best?"

"Oh, history, Uncle George, I'm getting along splendidly in that."

"Yes," said her mother; "just ask her a question, and see how much she knows."

"Well," said Uncle George, "tell me the story of Adam."

Juliette looked up with surprise.

"Adam?" she said. "Why, I haven't got as far as that yet."

LAST week, says a California paper, a negro killed a monster rattlesnake six miles this side of Clover Valley, on the Union Pacific extension from Milford. The only weapon which the darky had was in the form of earth clods, but he succeeded in crushing out the life of the rattler, and upon examination found the snake to measure ten feet in length, with ninety-six rattles and a button on the lateral extremity. This would give an almost phenomenal age to the snake, making it about one hundred years old. The skin and rattle have been taken north to Salt Lake, from whence it will be shipped to the East.

Three Harvest Excursions.

The Burlington Route, C. & N. Y. R. R., will sell from principal stations on its lines, on Tuesdays, September 9 and 23, and October 14, Harvest Excursion Tickets at Half Rates to points in the farming regions of the West, Southwest and Northwest. For tickets and further information concerning these excursions, call on your nearest C. & N. Y. ticket agent, or address P. S. Eustis, Gen'l. Pass. and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

A Welcome Guest.

Commercial traveler (with his best air)—I wish to see the trustees of the Museum of Art.

Manager (eyeing his grip suspiciously)—What for?

C. T.—I carry an extra fine line of gents' furnishing goods, especially adapted for male statuettes, and some choice tea gowns, pronounced by the ladies "simply entrancing and fit for a Venus of medicine."—Detroit Free Press.

W. H. GRIFFIN, Jackson, Michican, writes: "Suffered with catarrh for fifteen years. Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, etc.

SQUIRRELS are devastating the crops in Douglas and Lincoln Counties, Washington.

The peculiarity of Dobbins' Electric Soap is that it acts right on the dirt and stains in clothes and makes them pure as snow, at the same time it preserves the clothes. Have your grocer order it.

EMITH (smelling a rose)—How sweet. Gus—People shouldn't talk about themselves.—Boston Courier.

A LADY said she had hard work to get her druggist to keep Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers, as he was anxious to sell another kind. But she made him get them for her. Go, mother, and do likewise.

THE flower of the family is usually born to blush unseen except to the young man favored by her parents.

BERCHAM'S PILLS act like magic on a Weak Stomach.

EXCESSIVE prophets is what's ruining the prophesying business.

"Well-done outlives death." Even your memory will shine if you use SAPHO. It is a solid cake of Scouring soap used for all cleaning purposes. Try it.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it 25c.

THE best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Coughs. Sold everywhere, 25c.

A Pocket Cigar Case and five of "Tanisill's Cunch," all for 25c.

Pure Blood

Is Essential to Health. To Have Pure Blood Take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

It was Ben Johnson, we believe, who, when asked Mallock's question, "Is life worth living?" replied "That depends on the liver." And Ben Johnson doubtless saw the double point to the pun.

The liver active—quick—life rosy, everything bright, mountains of trouble melt like mountains of snow.

The liver sluggish—life dull, everything blue, molehills of worry rise into mountains of anxiety, and as a result—sick headache, dizziness, constipation.

Two ways are open. Cure permanently, or relieve temporarily. Take a pill and suffer, or take a pill and get well. Shock the system by an overdose, or coax it by a mild, pleasant way.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the mild means. They work effectively, without pain, and leave the system strong. One, little, sugar-coated pellet is enough, although a whole vial costs but 25 cents.

Mild, gentle, soothing and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Only 50 cents.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Pure relief. Price 50c. ASTORIA, Ore. by mail, Stowell & Co., 2712 Broadway, N. Y.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY, BEECHAM'S PILLS For Bilious and Nervous Disorders. "Worth a Guinea a Box" but sold for 25 Cents, BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Ely's Cream Balm. GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE FOR COLD IN HEAD. —CURES—CATARRH. Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 50 Warren St., N. Y.

Dyspepsia is the bane of the present generation. It is for its cure and its attendant, sick headache, constipation and piles, that

Tutt's Pills

have become so famous. They act gently on the digestive organs, giving them tone and vigor without griping or nausea. 25c.

RRR RADWAY'S RELIEF

Radway's READY RELIEF (Price 50 Cts) INTERNAL & EXTERNAL Instantly Stop Pain AND SPEEDY CURE ALL RHEUMATIC, NEURALGIC, NERVOUS & MALARIOUS COMPLAINTS. A representation of the engraving on our wrappers.—RADWAY & CO., NEW YORK.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF THAT CAN BE RELIED ON Not to Split! Not to Discolor! BEARS THIS MARK.

TRADE MARK. ELLULO. NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT. THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

NORTHWESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY. HIGHLAND PARK, ILL. COLONEL H. F. DAVENPORT, Superintendent. Graduates commissioned in State Militia.

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PENSIONS!

The Disability Bill is a law. Soldiers disabled since the war are entitled. Dependent widows and parents now dependent whose sons died from effects of war service are included. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully prosecuted, address JAMES TANNER, Late Commissioner of Pensions, WASHINGTON, D. C.

If You Want to Know

1,000 questions asked about the human system. How life is sustained, health, disease, induced, how to avoid pitfalls of ignorance and indiscretion, how to gain a full cure to all forms of disease. How to cure Catarrh, Old Eyes, Eruptions, Rheumatism, etc. How to make a man a man and have prize babies, and an edition of Doctor's Droll Jokes, profusely illustrated. Send ten cents for new Laugh Cure Book called MEDICAL SENSE AND NONSENSE. M. HILL PUB CO., 123 East 24th St., New York.

IF YOU WISH A GOOD REVOLVER SMITH & WESSON

purchase one of the celebrated SMITH & WESSON arms. The finest small arms ever manufactured and the first choice of all experts. Manufactured in calibres 20, 25 and 44-100. Single or double action. Safety hammer and drop hammer. Target models. Constructed entirely of best quality wrought steel, carefully inspected for workmanship and strength, they are unequalled for durability and accuracy. It is not believed that cheap malleable cast-iron imitations which are often sold for the genuine article and are not only unreliable, but dangerous. The SMITH & WESSON Revolvers are all stamped upon the barrels with firm's name, address and dates of patent, and are guaranteed perfect in every detail. Inset upon the frame the genuine name, and in our dealer cannot supply you an order sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention. Descriptive catalogues and prices furnished upon application. SMITH & WESSON, 67-69 Mention this paper. Springfield, Mass.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS. Red Cross Diamond Brand. The only reliable pill for sale. Safe and sure. Ladies and Druggists. Red Cross Diamond Brand, in red metal boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Taken after meals, (stomach) for particular directions, see "Ladies," in letter, by mail. Name Paper, Chichester Chemical Co., Madison St., Philadelphia, Pa.

I prescribe and fully endorse Big C as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. LORRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y. We have sold Big C many years and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. L. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill. Trade Mark. Price \$1.00. Sold by Druggists. No. 34-90

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TWO SOLDIERS

A Thrilling Army Romance of the Western Frontier.

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

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CHAPTER IX.



He wrote long letters to her.

Only a short distance from the Arizona border, with the blue range of the Santa Catalina shutting out the sunset skies, with sand and cacti and Spanish bayonet on every side, the old post of Fort Graham stood in the desert like a mud-colored oasis. All the quarters, all the store houses, stables, corrals and barracks were built of the native adobe, and though whitewash had been liberally applied, especially about the homes of the officers, and the long Venetian blinds at their front windows had been painted the coolest of deep greens, and clear running water sparkled through the acequias that bordered the parade, it could not be denied that at its best Graham was an arid and forbidding station, so far as one could judge by appearances.

Trees, verdure, turf were items almost unknown within a day's march of the flag staff; but in the old times when the Navajos were the terror of the wide southwest, and even the Comanches sometimes carried their raids across the Rio Bravo del Norte—the Rio Grande of today—the post had been "located" where it might afford protection to the "Forty-Niners" and to the pioneers of the prairies; the transcontinental trail led past its very gates, and many a time and oft the miner and the emigrant thanked God and the general government that the old fort was placed just where it was, for Indian pursuers drew rein when once in sight of its dingy walls; and so from year to year for more than three decades the flag was raised at sunrise, the post was always garrisoned, and now, with the Southern Pacific piercing the range but a short distance below, and landing stores and forage at the quartermaster's depot within four miles of the corral, it became easier to maintain a force of cavalry at Graham; and one of the troops there stationed was Lane's new command, the relic of the late lamented Curran, "the Devil's own D."

An easy going old dragon was Curran, and for years before his retirement it was an open secret that his first sergeant "ran the troop" to suit himself and that the captain never permitted his subalterns to interfere. A more independent, devil-may-care and occasionally drunken lot of troopers were rarely gathered in one such organization, and while steady and reliable men on getting their discharges at the end of their term of enlistment would refuse to "take on" again in D troop, but would go over to Capt. Brees or, perhaps to a company at another station, all the scamps and rollicking characters in the regiment would drift over into "D" and be welcomed by the choice spirits therein assembled. And this was the gang that Capt. Lane was now expected to bring up with a round turn and transform into dutiful soldiers. Obedient to the colonel's behest, he had stopped over a couple of days at headquarters, had had a most cordial greeting from every officer at the post, had called on all the ladies—not omitting his fair defamers—and then had hastened on to Graham and his new and trying duties.

Every day, as he was whirled further from the home of her whom he so devotedly loved, he wrote long letters to her, filled with—only lovers know what all. And his heart leaped with joy that to-morrow in the little packet of letters awaiting him at the adjutant's office when he reached his post was a dainty billet addressed to him in her beloved hand. Until he could get his quarters in habitable condition the new troop commander was the guest of Capt. and Mrs. Nash; and he could hardly wait for the close of that amiable woman's welcoming address to reach his room and devour every word of that most precious missive. She had written—bless her!—the very day after he left, and a sweet, womanly letter it was—so shy and half timid; yet so full of faith and pride in him. Every one at Graham remarked on the wonderful change for the better that had come over Lane since he went east. Never had they seen him so joyous, so blithe in manner. He seemed to walk on air; his eyes beamed on every one; his face seemed "almost to have a halo round it," said Mrs. Nash, and neither she nor any woman in garrison had the faintest doubt as to the explanation of it all. Love had wrought the change, and being loved had intensified and prolonged it. Every man, every woman in garrison was his friend, and the happy fellow would gladly have taken dozens of them into his confidence and told them all about it, and talked by the hour of her.

But there were reasons, Mrs. Vincent had said, why it was most desirable that there should be no announcement of the

engagement as yet. What these were she did not explain to Mabel herself, but assured her that it was her father's wish as well. Lane had rushed to the great jewelry house of Van Loo & Loring, and the diamond solitaire that flashed among the leaves of the exquisite rosebud he smilingly handed her that night was one to make any woman gush with delight. Could anything on earth be rich enough, pure enough, fair enough to lavish on her, his peerless queen?

She had held forth her soft white hand and let him slip it on the engagement finger, and then bend the knee like knight of old and kiss it fervently. She reveled in it, rejoiced in it, but, heeding her mother's advice, stowed it away where none could see it, in the secret drawer of her desk, and Lane was perfectly satisfied. "I will tell you the reason some day," Mrs. Vincent had said to him, "but not just now, for I might be doing wrong; and he had protested that she need never tell him. What cared he so long as Mabel's love was his, and they understood each other as they did?

And so, while people at Graham plied him with questions and insinuations and side remarks about the "girl he left behind him" in the east, he kept faithfully to the agreement, and though the whole garrison knew he wrote to her every day and took long rides alone that he might think of her, doubtless, and though every one knew that those dainty missives that came so often for Capt. Lane were written by Miss Mabel Vincent, never once did he admit the existence of an engagement—never once until long afterward.

The first real tidings that the Graham people had of her came in a letter from headquarters. Mrs. Riggs had had such a long, charming letter from Mr. Noel that she called in several of her cronies and read it all to them; and that very evening one of the number, unable to bear the burden of so much information, shifted it from her mental shoulders by writing it all to Mrs. Nash. Perhaps the best plan will be to read the extract which referred to Lane exactly, as Mr. Noel wrote it:

"By this time I presume Fred Lane is busily engaged with his new troop. I served with them in the Sioux campaign, and they never gave me any trouble at all. So, too, in the Geronimo chase a while ago, when Maj. Brace picked me out to go ahead by night from Carrizo's, I asked for a detachment from D troop, and the men seemed to appreciate it. I knew they would follow wherever I would lead, and would stand by me through thick and thin. If Lane starts in right, I've no doubt they will do just as well for him; but I expect he is feeling mighty blue at having to rejoin just now. You know I've always been a warm friend of his, and it hurt me to see him so unwilling to go back. No one seemed to know him very well in society, and it's very queer, for this was his old home—and I was never more delightfully welcomed anywhere; the people are charming. But Lane had held himself aloof a good deal, and fellows at the club say he didn't 'run with the right set.' Then, if all accounts be true, he had had hard luck in several ways. I'm told that he lost money in a big wheat speculation, and everybody says he totally lost his heart. I tell you this in confidence, because I know you are a devoted friend of his—as indeed you are of all in the dear old regiment—but he was much embarrassed when it came to turning over the funds. There was quite a heavy shortage, which he had to make up at a time when it was probably most inconvenient.

"As to the other loss, it isn't to be wondered at. She is a beautiful and most charming girl, and many a man, I fancy, has laid his heart at her feet. It is said, however, that Lane's loss is the heavier in this case because—well, I fear it will come to nothing. A young lady told me yesterday that there was something back of it all—that she, Miss Vincent, was deeply in love with a Mr. Rossiter, of New York, and had been for over a year, and they were to have been married this coming September, but that the gentleman (?) learned that her father had been nearly swamped in speculation and had not a penny to give her. My informant went to school with Miss Vincent and knows her intimately, and she says that Mr. Rossiter simply threw her over a short time ago, and that it was through pique and exasperation and to hide her heartbreak from the world that Mabel Vincent began to show such pleasure in Lane's devotions. She led him on, so her lady friends say; and now Mr. Rossiter has found out that old Vincent was sharper and shrewder than any one supposed, and made instead of losing a pile, and now he is suing to be taken back, and they say that she is so much in love with the fellow that the chances are all in his favor. This is why I feel such sorrow and anxiety for Lane.

"Well, I led the German at a lovely party at the Prendergasts' last night. Miss Vincent was there, looking like a peach blossom, and we danced together a great deal. When it came time to break up I believe half the people in the room came to say good night to me, and to tell me they had never seen so delightful a German—every thing so depends on the leader. I have invitations for something or other for every night for the next fortnight; and yet I so often long for the old regiment and the true friends I had to leave. It did me a world of good last night to meet old Col. Gray, of the retired list, whose home is here, but he commanded the—th Infantry in the Sioux campaign, and when he saw me he threw his arms around my neck and hugged me before the whole throng of people. Give my love to our chief, always, and believe me, dear, true friend of mine. Yours, most affectionately,

"GORDON NOEL."

Condensed, edited by feminine hands, and accented here and there as suited the writer's mood, this was the letter which formed the basis of the one received by Mrs. Nash. Lane by this time was cozily ensconced in his quarters, and was giving all his time to the improvement of affairs about his troop's barracks, kitchens and stables, to drill and target practice, and to company duties generally. His days knew no relaxation from labor, from reveille until "retreat" at sunset, and then came the delicious evenings in which he could write to her, and read a chapter or two of some favorite work before going early to bed. After the first week he seldom left his house after 8 o'clock, and the garrison had therefore ample opportunity to discuss his affairs. Some color was lent to the story of his having lost money in speculation by a letter received from Cheyenne, written to the new major of the—th Infantry, who had recently joined by promotion from Fort Russell, near that thriving town. The writer said that Lane of the Eleventh cavalry had sold his property there for fifteen thousand dollars about the end of June, and he had bought it for twenty-five hundred only nine years before. He could have got eighteen thousand just as well by waiting a few days, but he wanted the money at once.

No one, of course, could ask the captain any direct questions about his affairs of either heart or pocket, but Lane was puzzled to account for some of the remarks that were made to him—the interrogatories about the methods of speculation, the tentatives as to chances of "making a good thing" in that way, and the sharp and scrutinizing glances that accompanied the queries. The sweet, sympathetic, semi-confidential manner, the inviting way in which the ladies spoke to him of his present loneliness and their hopes that soon he would bring to them a charming wife to share their exile and bless his army home—all this, too, seemed odd to him; but, as he had never been in love nor engaged before, he did not know but that it was "always the way with them," and so let it pass.

And then he was very happy in her letters. They were neither as frequent nor

as long as his, but then she had such a round of social duties; she was in such constant demand; there were visitors or parties every night, and endless calls and shopping tours with mother every day, and she was really getting a little run down. The weather was oppressively warm, and they longed to get away from the city and go to the mountains. It was only a day's ride to the lovely resorts in the Alleghanies, but papa was looking a little thin and worn again, and the doctors had said his heart was affected—not alarmingly or seriously, but mamma could not bear to leave him, and he declared it utterly impossible to be away from his business a single day. He and Mr. Clark were very hopeful over a new venture they had made, the nature of which she did not thoroughly understand.

But let us take a peep at some of those early letters—not at the answers to his eager questions, not at the shy words of maiden love that crept in here and there, but at those pages any one might read.

"Tuesday night. "Such a delightful German as we had last night at the Prendergasts! Capt. Noel led—I have to call him captain, for every one does here, and if I say 'Mr.' they want to know why, and it is embarrassing to explain how I know. He leads remarkably well, and I was very proud of our regiment," sir, when listening to all the nice things said about him. How I wished for a certain other cavalry captain, now so many cruel miles away! Mr. Noel took me out often—and indeed I was a decided belle—and he told me that he had to lead with Miss Prendergast, but would so much rather dance with me.

"It is almost so that we go away in August for the entire month. Dr. Post says mother must go, and that father ought to go. Of course I go with mamma. Deer Park will doubtless be the favored spot. I wish August were here; I wish you were here; I wish—oh, so many things! Your letters are such a delight to me. I wonder if other girls have anything like them. Yes, you shall have the picture on my birthday; but mind, sir, you are to take the utmost care of it or the original will feel neglected."

"Friday night. "So many interruptions today, dear Fred! You see what an incoherent thing this is thus far, and now I'm tired out. We had a charming time at the Woodrows' dinner last evening. The day had been hot, but their table was set on the lawn under a canopy, and the walls being raised, we had a delightful breeze from the river. Their place is one of the finest on the heights. I do so wish you could have seen it. Capt. Noel took me in, and was bright and jolly and full of anecdote. Everybody likes him, and I like him mainly because he is such a loyal friend of yours. He talks so much of you and of all the dangers you have shared in common; and you know how interesting all this must be to me. Sometimes I wonder that you had so little to say about him—though you never did talk much about the regiment, and never would talk much about yourself. Wednesday evening we had a little theatre party. Regy got it up, and we just filled two adjoining boxes. Capt. Noel was Fanny Holton's escort, but he talked most of the time with me—a thing that my escort, Mr. Forbes, did not seem to like; but, as he couldn't talk, and Mr. Noel would, what could I do?"

"Sunday evening. "It is late and I ought to be asleep, but the last caller has just gone, and to-morrow there may be no time to write at all, and you are such an exacting, tyrannical, dear old boy that—Well, there, now, let me tell you of the day. You say anything and everything that I say or do is of interest. So, to begin with, yesterday I had a headache, due, I fear, to the late supper Regy gave us at the club after the theatre. Fanny Holton came to take me for a drive, but I did not feel like going, and begged off. Then she told me that Capt. Noel was in the carriage waiting, and that he would be so disappointed. Mother came in and said the air would do me good; and so we went, and I came back feeling so much brighter. Mr. Noel was very amusing and kept us laughing all the time. Coming home Fanny got out at her house, as she had to dress for dinner, but told the coachman to drive me home and Mr. Noel to the club. He began talking of you the moment she disappeared, and said he hoped you were going to write regularly to him. Are

you seems so cold as you; but I do not wonder at that. "This morning we went to church, and afterward Mr. Noel joined and walked home with us, and papa begged him to come in to luncheon, which he did. You dear fellow! what have you done to my beloved old daddy that he is so ardent an admirer of yours? He shook Mr. Noel's hand three times before he would let him go, and begged him to come often; he liked to know men, he said, who could so thoroughly appreciate whom do you think, sir?—Capt. Fred Lane. After he had gone papa spoke of him delightedly on two or three occasions. Will they take him away, too, as soon as he is really a captain?"

"Wednesday. "You dear, dear, extravagant fellow! Never have I had such exquisite flowers, or such profusion of them. You must have given your florist carte blanche. Nothing that came to me compared with them. My birthday was the cause of quite a little fête in the family, and I had some lovely presents. Mr. Noel, too, sent a beautiful basket of roses, and it pleased me very much. I want your comrades to like me, and yet I know he did this on your account. Though he is so thoughtful and delicate and never refers to our engagement I feel that he knows it; and it seems better that way, somehow. "You did not answer my questions about him, Fred. Didn't you read my letter?"

Among the letters that came from the Queen City was one which bore the tremulous superscription of the head of the firm of Vincent, Clark & Co. It was brief, but it gave Capt. Lane a thrill of gladness.

"It was your timely and thoughtful aid that enabled us to recover so much of our losses. You alone came to our rescue, and I fully appreciate the risk you ran. It will never be forgotten.

"Clark will send draft for the entire amount or deposit to your credit, as you may direct. I go to New York and Chicago in two or three days. Our prospects are flattering."

AMMONIA AND SUICIDES.

One of the Most Certain Agents for Causing Death by Slow Poisoning.

Of the number of those seeking suicide by swallowing some form of poison, probably there are few who have sought to kill themselves by means of ammonia. Nevertheless ammonia, although it is the active agent in most of the salts sold to women for their gilt decorated and perfumed scent bottles, is poisonous when taken internally in a concentrated form. To attest this there have been recently in New York several cases, the most recent being that of Herman Harowitz, of which Deputy Coroner Jenkins said that death took place in a comparatively short time after the ammonia was taken. In another case, that of a child, Dr. Jenkins said death resulted in five minutes after swallowing the ammonia solution.

There are on record also cases of slow poisoning from ammonia administered with intent to commit murder. Furthermore, the appearance of workmen in guano factories, where ammonia is set free by grinding guano, has been noted, and in every case there is an unmistakable system of poisoning. This is discoloration of the skin of the face, which assumes a blotched, dirty appearance. First to take on this appearance is the skin of the nose and forehead. Autopsies of those who die from ammonia poisoning reveal a dark hue on the mucous membrane lining the stomach and intestines.

As an agent for causing death by slow poisoning ammonia is one of the most certain and most difficult of detection, owing to its volatile nature. This quality has led physicians to believe that some of the mysterious deaths that have taken place in the history of modern and medieval crime are due to ammonia. It is known now that months have elapsed between the first symptoms of sickness and the death of a person from ammonia poisoning. On the other hand, death has resulted in four minutes from the time a large draught of ammonia has been swallowed. It has been found in cases of gradual absorption of ammonia in the human system that there is a general elimination of healthy oxidation of the blood and a consequent lowering of the bodily strength. In the cases of immediate poisoning death comes with frightful agony, as in the case of Harowitz. Blood gushed from his nose and mouth.

Statistics in England put ammonia thirteenth in frequency in the list of poisons. Alexander Winter Blyth, medical officer of health in the St. Marylebone district, London, cites thirty cases of poisoning by ammonia swallowed for the purpose of committing suicide, or administered with the purpose of committing murder, or absorbed unconsciously in food. Of the suicidal cases six were fatal. Of twenty accidental cases twelve were fatal. Of cases of murder with ammonia Dr. Blyth notes two, both of them children.—New York Sun.

Facts About Ammonia.

The name of the chemical agent ammonia dates back to remote antiquity. In Europe the chief source of the supply of ammonia up to the latter part of the last century was Egypt. It was made originally from camels' dung—collected in the neighborhood of the temple of Jupiter Ammon, hence the name ammonia. The droppings were collected in March and April by Arabs, then dried and burned and the soot collected. This was sold to merchants, and ammonia was collected from the soot by a chemical process. It is now almost entirely made from crude gas liquor in illuminating gas manufacturing. Only half as much ammonia is made in summer as in winter. Hence ammonia is always more costly in summer. Furthermore, ammonia is extensively used in the manufacture of artificial ice.—New York Sun.

CURLETT'S

Thrush, Pinworm Heave Remedy.

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

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

urlett's Heave Remedy is a 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 urlett's Thrush remedy; the cure was permanent."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Buy a pound of baking powder at the Standard Grocery House and get a large handsome pitcher, or a full set of glassware—a spoon holder, sugar bowl, butter dish and cream pitcher. We guarantee the quality of the powder equal to any.

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

VS. Georgia A. Canfield, Elizabeth A. Hewes, Rhoda Downer, Emily Lathrop, and Howard Mills, defendants. Suit pending in the circuit court for the county of Washtenaw, in chancery. At the court house in the city of Ann Arbor on the 7th day of July, A. D. 1900. Present P. McKernan, one of the circuit court commissioners in and for the county of Washtenaw. It is satisfactorily appearing to this court by affidavit on file that the defendant Rhoda Downer is not a resident of this state but resides at Matney, Guillem county in the state of Oregon.

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

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

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