



CHELSEA STANDARD.
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PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.
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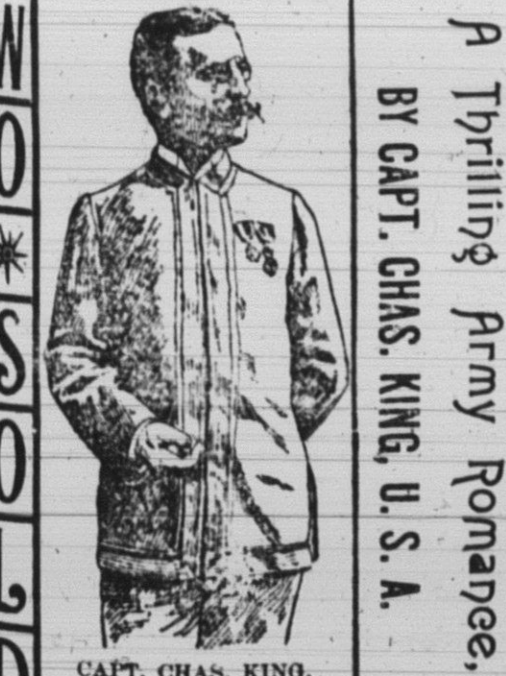
H. L. WILLIAMS,
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Office with Dr. Palmer, over Glazier's Drug Store. Hours: 9—12 A. M., 1—5, P. M.

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

THE BEST ICE CREAM
—AND—
MILK SHAKE
—AT—

CASPARY'S BAKERY.
A Literary Treat
A New Serial Entitled:

TWO SOLDIERS.



WOLFE SOLDIERS

A Thrilling Army Romance,
BY CAPT. CHAS. KING, U. S. A.

We shall shortly begin, in this paper, the publication of this splendid story. To those of our readers who have read Capt. King's stories this will be good news; to those who have not, we would say, read this one by all means. There is not a dull or uninteresting line in this serial from beginning to end.

NOW IS THE TIME TO TAKE THE STANDARD!

A LOST LOVE.

What a poor silly fool am I
To watch your face and try to read it;
To search in vain for old regard,
Or look for love—because I need it!
To grieve because your eyes no more
Seem filled with wishes dear and tender,
Or that your hand seeks mine no more,
Inviting it to quick surrender.

And yet, although the past is past,
And I must wake at once from dreaming,
I will not, no, I cannot think
That all your love was only seeming;
I will believe, by some strange spell,
Some subtle art of necromancy,
Just for a little time I had,
As all my own, your heart and fancy.

I must believe it, for the thought
Is all that comes to me with healing,
Now that the passing time, alas!
Has proved so bitter in its dealing.
Say that I may believe it, dear,
And say, too, that I am forgiven
If I still cling to and recall
Those few faint glimpses into heaven.

For I will make no outward sign:
Like you, I will be cool and quiet;
And so what matter for the pain,
Or how the traitor blood runs riot,
And if you vaguely note the change
And wonder at it, oh, remember
How often under ashes gray
Still glows the unextinguished ember!

—Mary L. Bitter.

A Philadelphia Hero.

A man came to the conclusion that it was an act of moral cowardice to tip a waiter in a restaurant. The cowardice lay, he argued, in being afraid of the waiter's scorn at the apparent parsimony. He determined to be morally brave thereafter. The opportunity came. He finished his dessert and the waiter, in the customary manner of solititude assumed by waiters when the customer looks good for an ample tip, placed his coffee before him. He weakened a trifle, but resolved to brace himself. He drank his coffee somewhat more deliberately than usual, hoping to attain a state of mental composure, but as the time approached for disappointing the attentive negro, who already saw in his mind's eye a big round shining coin, the brave man grew less equal to the deed he had resolved to commit.

He handed the waiter a greenback in payment of his bill and dallied with the finger bowl while the waiter went to get the change. The change came back on the silver plate, two quarter pieces lying, as usual, a bit aloof from the rest of the change. The man's eye sought that of the waiter as he tremblingly reached for the change, and he beheld on the negro's face an expression of expectancy almost realized. With a difficult simulation of calmness he succeeded in grasping all the change, including the two quarter pieces. Daring not to look at the waiter's countenance, he hastened from the room looking as if he had committed a crime. "I felt so, too," he said, as he related the incident afterward, "and I won't subject myself to that feeling again for any consideration. I could feel that waiter's glance of contempt upon my back."

A woman finds it quite easy to be morally brave under such circumstances. Why is it so?—Philadelphia Press.

A Mine of Beeswax.

No one has ever been able to give an authentic account of how such enormous quantities of beeswax came to be deposited on the beach near Nehalem. Specimens are found along the beach in various places, but it is most plentiful near the mouth of Nehalem. As the sea shifts the bars pieces of it are washed ashore, and large quantities are found by plowing in some of the low land near the beach. There are spots where the sea has never reached in the memory of the oldest settlers, and which are covered with a good sized growth of spruce, where deposits of the wax may be found by digging.

Specimens of the wax may be found at the house of any settler on the beach, and to all appearances it is genuine beeswax. Several tons have been unearthed, and one man shipped a large amount to San Francisco once, for which he received \$500. In quality it is as good as any in the market, and has retained its familiar odor through all its rough usage and age. It is supposed by some and so stated that it came from the wreck of a Spanish vessel over a century ago. Others say it came from a wrecked Chinese junk. These traditions in regard to the wrecks come from the Indians and are not reliable. It is possible this beeswax is really "lost treasure" which people are digging for on the Nehalem.—Tillamook (Ore.) Headlight.

Put Your Hand Into Hot Metal.

It is more or less true that the naked hand may be plunged with impunity into molten metal. M. Bouigny, who made a special study of what he called the "spheroidal" state of bodies, proved on his own person that it is possible to plunge the hand into molten metal and yet sustain no injury. The theory is this: The hand of the operator having been carefully moistened with a very volatile liquid, such as alcohol or ether, is to be plunged rapidly into the molten metal; for some cases the natural hu-

midity of the skin may do as well. The moisture is thrown by its sudden contact with the metal into the spheroidal state, and there is therefore no actual contact between the hand and the metal, but a thin layer of vapor is interposed between them.—Chatter.

A Fastening for Barn Doors.

To make a secure fastening for the large double doors of the barn bolt a narrow bar of iron to one of the doors at its middle point. Notch the ends of the bars, one on the lower and one on the upper side, to fit over iron hooks that are bolted to the door, one bending upward, the other downward. The bar moves in the arc of a circle when the doors are fastened or unfastened. This makes a secure fastening for large doors which are liable to be blown open if held only by a small hook on the inside of the same.—New York Independent.

Absence Explained.

Chief of Office—Where's Binks?
Clerk—At home, resting.
Chief—Bosh! He's been away on a vacation for two weeks.
Clerk—That's why he has to rest.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

An Asylum That Collects Stamps.

There is an asylum for orphan girls in Locle, Switzerland, which finds a market for all the old postage stamps sent to it. Nearly everybody far and near acquainted with the fact sends to the asylum his or her second hand stamps, and for the information of those who are ignorant a circular is issued calling for the contribution of stamps and also setting forth the uses to which they are applied. Rare stamps of course go to dealers or collectors, while the commoner sorts are applied to decorative purposes, being used to ornament screens, shades, etc., and even, so says the circular, to paper rooms.—The circular does not say how the American green stamp of the past can be used for decoration.

Over a million of stamps were received by the institution from all over the world in 1888, and a considerably larger number in 1889. The stamps are assorted by the children and put up in packages of 50 or 100 each. Those collected in 1888 were sold for 1,200 francs, or \$240, and those of 1889 for \$260. This may not seem much to Americans, but money goes further in Switzerland than here. Persons, therefore, who want to put their old postage stamps where they will do the most good should send them to M. J. Nongier, directeur de l'Asile des Billodes, Locle, Switzerland.—Exchange.

Killed for a Lamb.

Lawyer J. F. Haskell, of Lowell, has a 4-year-old son who is as bright as half a dozen silver dollars and who has an audacious sense of humor that may be worth money to him when he gets into politics. One of his latest experiments is the talk of the family just now.

"If I put this tin soldier and horse into that bowl of milk mamma'll lick me for it, you see if she don't," he said recently to a visitor, and the visitor seeming incredulous he dumped the toys into the milk.

Mamma as promptly "licked" him for doing it.

"By gosh," he said delightedly, as he returned to the visitor from the scene of castigation, his amusement subordinating the sense of pain, "she licked me for the soldier, but they didn't find the horse."—Boston Globe.

Grist Mills.

Grist mills occupy a prominent position in modern farming. By their use the labor of reducing food to a digestible condition is transferred from the animals to the steam engine, and the nervous energy which would be used for the purpose can be directed to the organs which assimilate the nourishment and transform it into flesh and bone. In the case of horses which are kept busy in the day it is almost imperative that a part of the mechanical work of crushing or cutting their food should be done for them, or else they have not sufficient time left for rest. One has only to examine a sample of beans or maize to realize what an expenditure of power is needed to grind them up in an animal's mouth.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Food for a Lifetime.

A curious calculation of the amount of food consumed in a lifetime of seventy years has recently been made by M. Soyer, a French savant, now chef of the Reform club of London. Among other things M. Soyer says that the average epicure of three score and ten will have consumed 30 oxen, 300 sheep, 100 calves, 200 lambs, 50 pigs, 2,200 fowls, 1,000 fish of different kinds, 30,000 oysters, 5,475 pounds of vegetables, 248 pounds of butter, 24,000 eggs and 4 tons of bread, besides several hogsheads of wine, tea, coffee, etc. This enormous amount of food will weigh but little short of 40 tons.—St. Louis Republic.

H. S. HOLMES & CO.

GRAND OPENING

OF

NEW FALL CLOTHING!

Men's Hats, Shirts, Underwear, and Hosiery. Visit our Clothing Department for anything you may want. We guarantee prices 20 per cent lower than other's.

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.

ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE

INCIDENTS AND INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

The Veterans of the Rebellion Tell of Whistling Bullets, Bright Bayonets, Bursting Bombs, Bloody Battles, Camp Life, and Festive Bugs.

A True Ballad of the War.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

The lines of fateful war were set In battle's grim array...

On either side the army stretched Along the meadows green...

The air was blind with throbbing heat, And as the sun rose higher...

The curving road was dark with gore, And every upturned sod...

The shrieks and groans of dying men Began through the tumult's roar...

He rushed to where the General stood: "I crave your leave to bring...

"They moan and shriek with maddening thirst, They writhe in their despair...

"Say, Sergeant Kirkland, you will get A bullet through your head...

"So: I pray you let me go Without a word of chafe...

"Why will you ask my leave to go Where not a living man...

Be sprang with fiery haste away, But in a moment more...

He flung a handkerchief abroad: "Have I your leave to wave...

"No, no," the general shook his head, "But wait a while and wait..."

The thundering guns still rent the air, The battle raged as hot...

Yet straight between the belching lines, Leaped the red-side wall...

In either steadfast hand he held A burning water can...

With blessed draughts the fainting soul He rescued to life again...

He raised the dying to his knee From the wetting sod...

In scattered spots as on he moved Where dead and wounded lay...

As to so many a gasping mouth He held a full canteen...

Around him hushed down the roar, A pause fell on the strife...

And slow and slower boomed the guns Along each watching line...

And when the sultry hours were passed, And mid the wounded none...

About that rent the very heavens As if the army rang...

And not a man among the ranks Who saw the odds he braved...

Good-by, Fredericksburg!—Bringing Off the Pickets.

BY COL. ALEX. DUKE BAILIE.

A LEAF from the dingy, worn old "think" book of the long-ago war days...

The two terrible days of Fredericksburg's bitter battling are over...

Monday, Dec. 15, 1862—Another foggy morning, and I once more cross the river and ride out to the division...

pregnancy. During the morning the pickets, by common consent, cease firing, and pending a flag of truce they not only meet half way and exchange coffee for tobacco...

On my return from the front, having some business to transact at the office of the Provost Marshal General...

The next day, Tuesday, was another quiet day, though a very busy one in certain departments, for it was necessary to send supplies to the front...

Every day we had expected the renewal of the battle, every hour was one of anxious expectancy...

I had retired early to my tent on Tuesday evening, glad to be alone with my own thoughts...

To Lieutenant Rogers, of Wisconsin (I wish I had his full name and his regiment), who had lately joined our staff as acting aid...

Two miles away, out in vonder darkness, a few hundred of our men stood leaning on their muskets...

The time has come to ride back and bring off these outlying sentinels, so that every man of them shall be rescued without arousing the suspicions of the enemy...

See! He is off! Splendidly mounted, he takes ditches and fences with flying leaps as he goes...

Order every man in your command to fall back steadily and very silently; gradually close up your ranks, and move quickly as possible to the bridges...

What does an athlete who has a good record want to go and break it for?

ing guard on the extreme left, the whole picket-line is moving swiftly down the bank, and reaches the bridge...

It is astonishing how quickly the bridge comes up under such urgent reasons for haste...

Not a single soldier is left on the bridge...



"DOUBLE-DOUBLE-QUICK IS ABOUT THE PACE."

Rappahannock; every gun, ambulance and wagon is safely across, and thus is accomplished a retreat that almost negatives the sad reverses of the battle of Fredericksburg.

Chickamauga. One of the Remarkable Battles of the War.



At the Vineyard place there is the same combination of open field, rail fence, surrounding pine forest, and wide road to be found in other parts of the field...

These haphazard meetings in the forest gave the battle of Chickamauga its destructive character...

Captain Houghton, of the Second Georgia, Benning's brigade, told of an incident he witnessed which illustrates the peculiar character of this fighting...

gradually close up your ranks, and move quickly as possible to the bridges. Whisper these directions into their ears, man by man.

So, quietly but rapidly, he speeds down the picket-line. The propitious wind howls with unabated fury...

HE MADE MILLIONS.

But Warns Young Men to Beware of Betting and Bookmakers.

I was one of the party of Washington correspondents who visited Cape May last week as the guests of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company...

He tells me that no man ever got any good out of money made on horse races. He does not like to talk of his own experiences...

"I was a candidate for Sheriff in Philadelphia in 1872. There were two other candidates, one a man named Leeds, and another, Harry Bingham...

"I concluded to go to Europe, and I was worth at that time about \$300,000. I went to Bohemia and got cured...

"I then backed him to win the Cambridge-ship for \$350,000 and he struck out his tongue and won it.

"Among the best sorts for children are balsams, nasturtiums, portulaca, phlox, pinks and sweet peas.

As a rule, these bright, easily grown flowers please the children well; sometimes children whose parents pay much attention to flowers...

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON.

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

The lesson for Sunday, August 31, may be found in Luke 18; 15-30.

Here are two illustrations of the one principle of trust, the incident of the children and the story of the rich young man...

And, this Scripture follows immediately upon the parable of the Pharisee and the publican in the temple...

Called them. That is, summoned them for a quiet word of counsel...

Followed them. Peter gets a swift and sure glimpse of Christ's meaning here...

Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not. Alas, that there should be on the part of the church such a hesitancy to receive child-faith...

Yet lackedst thou one thing. But it was a great thing, so large was it that to make up for it he needed to sacrifice all that he already possessed...

Possible with God. As man's extremity is God's opportunity, so man's inability marks God's abilities...

Christ came not simply to offer heavenly riches but to redeem the present life. A large part of the Christian's reward is in the life that now is...

Next Lesson.—Jesus and Zaccheus the Publican.—Luke 19: 1-10.

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