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CHELSEA STANDARD.

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WM. EMMERT.

OFFICE IN

STANDARD GROCERY HOUSE.

Corner Main and Park Sts.

\$1.00 PER YEAR STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

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	1 Mo.	3 Mos.	6 Mos.	1 Year.
1 Col.	\$12.00	\$24.00	\$42.00	\$72.00
1/2 Col.	9.00	14.40	24.00	42.00
1/3 Col.	6.00	9.60	14.40	24.00
1 Inch	2.40	3.60	4.80	6.00

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DENTIST,

Graduate of the University of Michigan Dental College. Office with Palmer & Wright, over Kempff's Bank, Chelsea, Mich.

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.

NOW IS THE TIME TO TAKE THE STANDARD!

GUILIELMUS REX.

The folk who lived in Shakespeare's day
And saw that gentle figure pass
By London Bridge—his frequent way—
They little knew what man he was!

The pointed beard, the courteous mien,
The equal port to high and low,
All this they saw or might have seen—
But not the light behind the brow!

The doublet's modest gray or brown,
The slender sword hilt's plain device,
What sign had these for prince or clown?
Few turned, or none, to scan him twice.

Yet 'twas the king of England's kings!
The rest with all their pomps and trains
Are moldered, half remembered things—
'Tis he alone that lives and reigns!
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in Century.

The "Coincident Franklins."
On Glade mountain, West Virginia, resides the "coincident Franklins," a family which is, in one respect at least, the most peculiar of any in the whole country. The Franklins are a family of coincidences. The father and mother were married on the 14th of October. They have had nine children, all of whom were born on the 14th of October. Five of the nine are dead, and, strange to say, every single one of them breathed his last on the fateful 14th day of October. The name of the head-of-the-family is Joshua Franklin. He was a Confederate soldier, and was captured twice and had two brothers killed in the war between the states. All four of these mishaps and misfortunes of war occurred on the memorable 14th day of October.

In the neighborhood where the Franklins family live, and, in fact, for miles outside of their immediate latitude, the "Franklins of Glade mountain" are looked upon with superstitious awe. It is said that not a single human being who knows of the mystery surrounding the family can be prevailed upon to stay

in the house or about the premises on either the day or night of Oct. 14.—St. Louis Republic.

Makes Cigar Boxes.

What do you think of a woman who can run a factory and turn out 1,000 cigar boxes a day? Think she is a myth? Well, she is not, but a tall, fair and forty specimen of womanhood who can balance 200 pounds and manage a force of twenty people. Her name is Mrs. Mary Bleffert, her factory is on Attorney street, and her husband is the head assistant of her establishment.

Not very many years ago this majestic merchant was employed in a box factory with hundreds of other little women. She was quick witted, ambitious and restless. A young fellow named Bleffert had charge of her division. He admired her skill, love followed admiration and marriage love. There was no wedding tour, no kalsomined pastry, no satin ribbons and no foolish expenditures. There was a honeymoon, though, and it has not waned, either. There was a toy savings bank, then a bank account, a lot of dreaming and planning and then the Bleffert box factory. It is right that the strong should lead, and that's what Mary Bleffert has been doing for the last five years, and that's why she is mistress of a prosperous business.—New York World.

Colored Sculpture.

It may not be generally known that much of the sculpture of ancient Athens was originally painted in bright colors. Until recently archaeologists maintained the theory that the refined art of the Greeks had found its expression in the pure form of the marble, disregarding color; and any evidences to the contrary were destroyed, as only giving rise to troublesome theories, subversive of the true worship of Greek art. Within the past few years, however, several interesting pieces of painted sculpture have been discovered which have given rise to some interesting speculations among students and artists.—Harper's.

A Strange Coincidence.

A curious coincidence is said to have occurred in one of the London chess resorts. A gentleman was looking on for some time at a game being played between two excellent chessists. He left them still playing. The next day he started for a long-sojourn abroad. He was away nearly five years, during which time he had been round the world. On his return to London he went to the same chess resort that he had formerly visited, and there at the same table as before were the same two players whom he had five years before left at the game.—London Tit-Bits.

An Impostor.

Helen (of Pittsburg)—Did I understand you to say you were a Pittsburger, Mr. Heartiboy?
Mr. H.—I am. I was born and raised there.

Helen (freezingly)—It is impossible. You, with your arms and limbs unbroken, and not even the scar of a cable car cowcatcher on your brow! You a Pittsburger! I had become attached to you—I frankly admit. But you are an impostor. Leave me!—Pittsburg Bulletin.

When Newspapers Were Costly.

Senator Saunders, of Montana, sets a higher money value on his newspaper than most men do. Before the Northern Pacific railway was opened he used to pay \$107 a year for the weekly edition of The New York Post, which reached him by pony express across the plains, at a cost of \$1 a copy in gold, which was then equal to over \$2 in greenbacks.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Uncle Sam's Mucilage.

No matter how good the mucilage may be one makes, one never considers it as good as the postage stamp mucilage. Every one tries to duplicate it. It is not hard to make it, as the preparation is very simple. Here it is: Dextrine, two parts; acetic acid, one part; water, five parts; alcohol, one part.—New York Journal.

Boarding House Style.

"Why the deuce don't we have breakfast?" said the new boarder impatiently.
"We're waiting for it to get cold," said Oldstager. "We never have warm breakfasts here."—Harper's Bazar.

Powers of the English Language.

Professor Jacob Grimm, the author of the most learned German grammar and, jointly with his brother, the best German dictionary, says: "Among all the modern languages none has, by giving up and confounding all the laws of sound, and by cutting off nearly all the inflections, acquired greater strength and vigor than the English. Its fullness of free middle sounds, which cannot be taught, but only learned, is the cause of an essential force of expression such as perhaps never stood at the command of any other language of men."

GEN. FREMONT'S NIENCY.

The Pioneer's Clemency & Condemned Mexican Prisoner War.

Just before the capture of San Luis Obispo the men under Fremont had been subjected to great care and to privation and hardships of kinds, and their hatred of the Mexican had reached its height. In fact, it wrotty clearly understood that if any of enemy was unfortunate enough to into their hands they would spend little time or sentiment in disposing of him.

On Dec. 15, two days after the taking of the town, the pickets captured Don Jose de Jesu Pico, who walled Totoci. He was tried by court martial on the charge of breaking his pa, was found guilty and was sentenced to be shot. The fact that Pico was a prisoner rendered him still more an object of hatred and distrust, and on every severe heard murmur of approval who was decided that he should pay the penalty of his treachery with his life.

The execution was ord for half past 10 o'clock in the morn, and at 10 o'clock the whole battalions ordered to parade on the plaza, with the execution was to take place. A prisoner was confined in a room in Mission. Fremont, with two or three of his officers, was present, awaiting coming of the prisoner's family to their last farewell of the beloved band and father. The prisoner, with head, was seated on one side, opposite stood Fremont, with foldarms and face unmoved from its usstern demeanor.

The officers in grim ice were grouped about when the wwith her eight or nine young child, entered dressed in the deepest mong. The wife was a beautiful womf stately bearing, and the children oficate and refined appearance. No w was uttered to break the silence which had grown oppressive. Then children fell upon their knees, and tearful eyes and outstretched h mutely begged for the life so dear ten.

Among the officers presavas that stern soldier, Capt. Richardens, who had never feared a living fant whose eyes were then dimmed w tears at the pathetic sight before hi Suddenly, for he could no longer trol himself, he uttered the one word "Colonel!" Fremont's face relaxed fberminded expression, and he exelai, "Yes, Dick, I know we had rather a thousand of them in the field to-row than take this one life." Turminthe prisoner he said, "You are paed; you are free."

The prisoner fell upon knees at Fremont's feet and pressed hem of his cloak to his lips, exclaimbrokenly in Spanish: "My life was fit. You have given it back, and hforth it shall be devoted to you." Instantly Pico ordered that his horse saddled, and from that day on there no more devoted follower of Frem through danger of every kind the man whose life he had given bac him.—San Francisco Examiner.

An Everlasting Chin

To build a chimney thall draw forever and not fill up wvoot you must build it large enot sixteen inches square; use good briand clay instead of lime up to the ct plaster it inside with clay mixed walt; for chimney tops use the very bf brick, wet them and lay them in ent mortar. The chimney should be built tight to beams and rafferehere is where the cracks in youaimneys come, and where most of ties originate, as the chimney sometigets red hot. A chimney built from cellar up is better and less dangerhan one hung on the wall. Do not gar stove pipe hole too close to the ing, but about eighteen inches froi.—New York Journal.

The Polite French

When Gen. Moreau was in United States he was once the victia rather droll misunderstanding. Hes present at a concert where a piens sung by the choir with the refrain "To-morrow, to-morrow."

Having a very imperfectwledge of English he fancied it to kantata given in his honor, and thov he distinguished the words: "To Moreau, to Moreau."

Each time the refrain was ited he rose to his feet and gracef bowed on all sides, to the great asliment of the audience, who did not what to make of it.—Le Figaro.

Apparent Size of Sun and Moon.

What is the apparent size of disk of the sun or moon seen with naked eye? Most people estimate t from about three inches in diameto the size of a soup plate. An ingation says that at a distance of test a silver quarter dollar would cal the disk of the sun or moon, asuld a buckshot about a quarter of ach in diameter at arm's length.—Enge.

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.

THE CHELSEA STANDARD.

WM. EMMERT, Publisher.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN

THE cost of the Parnell Commission to the London Times is now put down at £150,000.

AN apple-tree at Newbury, Ohio, though nearly a century old, is still a prolific bearer of bright yellow fruit.

"THERE'S a place for you, Bill," said the tramp, laying down his newspaper. "What is it?" "An actress advertises for a walking gentleman. You've had a pile of experience."

AS THE result of a severe burn a little Grass Valley, Cal., girl's side and arm grew together, becoming united by a webbing of flesh nearly an inch in thickness. She was released from her unpleasant predicament by a successful surgical operation.

THE Scandinavian Minister at Washington is named A. Grip. After the experience of the American people with his relative, the disease, he can never hope to be popular. It is stated that he is a lineal descendant of King Agrippa.

IT has been discovered that swallows are even more swift and reliable for the transmission of messages than carrier pigeons. A bird of this variety, sent from Paris to Bordeaux, made the distance—300 miles—in two hours, and returned to Paris the same evening in the same time.

DR. LEONARD J. GORDON, President of the Jersey City Board of Health, has made a suggestion that all telegraph poles on which live electric wires are strung be painted red, that the public may be able to distinguish them. Dr. Gordon will bring the subject up for discussion at the next meeting of the Board.

A good and cheap protector against destructive insects which attack small garden plants, according to a gardening journal, is to place bottomless flower-pots over the plants, admitting light and air from above but excluding the depredators at the sides. A short piece of pipe tile, several inches in diameter, answers the same purpose as well.

THE amount of alcohol which a healthy man can safely drink has been estimated by a London medical journal. According to this estimate, the maximum allowance per day is four ounces of brandy, sixteen of sherry, twenty-eight of champagne, thirty-two of claret, or thirty-six of bottled beer. Each of the quantities given contains two ounces of alcohol, and that is the utmost limit allowable.

A LITTLE forethought will prevent loss by robbery in a sleeping-car. The passenger who goes to bed with his watch and purse under his pillow in the old-fashioned way, could be robbed easily. That is where the thief always looks. He can get the vest or trousers from the pillow without disturbing the sleeper. The best plan is to put the money and jewelry in a handkerchief, lift the mattress on the side near the window under the body, not under the head, and put the bundle there.

* MOUTH cancers and cigar-smoking have been closely associated in the public mind since Gen. Grant's death, but a prominent Cincinnati physician, in a recent conversation upon the subject, said: "The only cases of cancer of the tongue that I ever saw were of persons who never smoked. The majority of them were women, and the half-dozen men who were afflicted were not confirmed smokers at all. I don't believe that smoking even in the most indirect way causes cancer of the tongue. In Gen. Grant's case the public believed his disease was due to excessive smoking, but few physicians share that view."

THE pay per year for United States officers in active service is: Major General, \$7,500; Brigadier General, \$5,500; Colonel, \$3,500; Lieutenant Colonel, \$3,000; Major, \$2,500; Captain, mounted, \$2,000; and not mounted, \$1,800; First Lieutenant, mounted, \$1,600, and not mounted, \$1,400. This is for the first five years of service. There is an increase of 10 per cent. on these rates after five years' service, 20 per cent. after ten years' service, 30 per cent. after fifteen years' service, and 40 per cent. after twenty years' service. There is no increase for Colonels, however, beyond that which comes after fifteen years' service.

THE "money diggers" are back again to their old haunts in Pittston, near the east shore of the river, six miles below Gardiner, says the Lewiston (Me.) Journal. There are three of them, one coming from Nebraska and the

others from Franklin County. Their operations are confined to the old lot of land called the "money hole," where men have been digging for Cap. Kidd's buried treasure a long time. They have sunk one shaft, five by four feet and ten feet deep, near a small brook. They first struck clay and then a bed of sand. Ten rods up the hill they have excavated another hole, perhaps ten feet across. The "money diggers" are in earnest and toil away with shovel and pick in the hot sun as if certain of finding Kidd's gold.

THE distinction of being the thickest-skinned quadruped belongs to the Indian rhinoceros, whose hide has a knotty or granulated surface, and is so impenetrable as to resist the claws of the lion or tiger, the sword, or the balls of the old-fashioned musket. So stiff and hard is the skin that were it not divided by creases or folds the animal imprisoned in its armor could scarcely move. It is manufactured into leather of great strength and durability, and targets and shields are made of it that are absolutely proof against darts or sword strokes. The skin of the hippopotamus runs that of the rhinoceros very closely as regards thickness. When dried it is also used for shields, which are highly prized by the natives.

CARDINAL NEWMAN, who has just died in his ninetieth year, led a life of singular purity and unobtrusive goodness. He was probably the master of the best English style, of any of his contemporaries, with the possible exception of John Ruskin. When he announced his conversion to the Catholic faith, he alienated many of his Protestant friends, and this fact caused him much mental suffering. But he lived long enough, to have his old friends come back to him. Religious differences were merged in friendship. He perhaps did as much as any man of modern times to destroy the feeling of religious bitterness which once existed in England between the Protestants and Catholics. Now, that he is gone, his memory is nearly equally revered by both.

IT is the duty of one of the employes of the Brooklyn bridge to regularly climb to the top of the tower in order to examine the cable and see that everything is in good working order. A large crowd anxiously watched his operations recently. A ladder is built into the masonry, and to any one not used to such work the task seems a perilous one. When the climber came down, I asked him if his head did not get dizzy after reaching the top, but he only smiled at my ignorance and remarked in an off-hand way that it was both simple and easy. "The most nervous man in the world," he said, "can climb to any height, provided he observes one principle; that is, never to look down. If he does he is in danger. The first time I climbed that ladder I found no difficulty whatever in getting up. Coming down, however, it was different. I happened to look below when I was about half way down, and became so nervous, that I remained on the same rung for several seconds. My strength seemed to have deserted me, and it was with great difficulty that I restrained myself from letting go and being dashed to pieces."

GEN. WILLIAM T. SHERMAN is perhaps as popular a man as any one in America, though he never tries, like so many public men, to make himself agreeable. If he doesn't want to go to a public reception, instead of writing a long letter of regret full of fulsome phrases and high-sounding excuses, he simply states that he won't go, and makes no further explanations. He refuses to be interviewed, and usually snubs the interviewer. It takes a great man to do this. But Sherman has performed such inestimable service to the country, that no newspaper would ever think of speaking derogatively of him. During the war he was unpopular with reporters, and they used to express their dislike of him roundly. But since the war it requires a bold man to say anything against the hero of the "March to the Sea." Sherman, like Tennyson, is very fond of young ladies, and however gruff he may be to other people, he is always polite to them. He is the only man in America who assumes the privilege of kissing all young ladies who are presented to him. No young lady has ever yet been discovered who objected.

It Proved Useful.
Hobson—Hello, Stryker, where are you going?
Stryker—To the races. I've got a dead sure tip for to-day, and I'm taking a trunk with me to bring my winnings home.

Hobson (meeting Stryker next day)—Well, did you have use for that trunk?
Stryker—I did. I borrowed enough money on it to pay my fare home.—West Shore.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

HOUSEHOLD AND AGRICULTURAL TOPICS DISCUSSED.

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

Manure.
Experiments at the Cornell (N. Y.) station showed that horse manure thrown in a loose pile and subjected to the action of the weather loses one-half its value as a fertilizer. Manure that simply dries without heating is not damaged materially. It is, therefore, to haul out and scatter manure as it is made, thereby saving it all, in lieu of this, it should be covered.

Subs in Sheep.
Mr. Boddy of Morgan County, Illinois, practices a successful method of ridding sheep of grubs. He feeds them shelled corn on a barn floor literally strewn with slaked lime. The sheep in eating fill their noses with the lime, which causes violent sneezing, thus expelling the grub. In a few moments the floor will be covered with grubs, which should be destroyed. The use of this remedy occasionally through fall and early winter has rid Mr. Boddy's sheep of this pest, as he informs *Colman's Rural World*.

Stop the Leaks.
As a rule, the successful farmer is he who practices wise economy and carefully stops the leaks that would drain away the substance of his earnings. The elements about work continually scatter and despoil the products of industry, and continued care and watchfulness must be exercised to prevent waste in an infinite variety of forms. Granaries and cribs must be properly constructed to prevent destruction of cereals by rodents or storms. In feeding stock the prudent farmer will exercise due care that wasteful methods do not rob him of a large share of his profits. The leaks and waste of the manure pile should be stopped, to the end that the fertility of the farm may be kept up. The thoughtful and economical man will note a thousand little leaks that may be prevented by the exercise of timely care or caution. In fact, judicious saving must go hand in hand with industrious earning and producing, to bring a full measure of success. Stop the leaks, and more than half the causes of the present complaint will disappear.

Agricultural Items.
CULTIVATION of the soil is not for the mere killing of the weeds; it is indispensable for the growth of crops. A corn or potato crop should be worked once a week.

AN Irishman who grew big crops of potatoes, was asked how he did it. "Well," he replied, "I plant good seed; I give plenty of manure; I hoe 'em, and I hoe 'em, and I hoe 'em; I am allus hoeing 'em; and they grows and grows."

ALL we have to do is to keep soil acting; to make it soluble; to furnish it with organic matter; and to give the rain, the atmosphere and the sun's heat fullest opportunity to exert their chemical agencies on the soil to make it fit for plant food.

IT is not necessary to grow crops for feeding stock merely for the making of manure, when the stock cannot be sold at profitable prices. A good fertilizer contains every element of plant food that exists in manure. One may sell hay and straw without damage or loss if he spends part of the money for fertilizers. The organic matter required to keep the soil porous may be furnished by plowing under clover, and the remains of other crops.

WHAT should be done with the excess of land if the yield of crops can be doubled, and one-half the land dispensed with for this use? Grow timber. There is no other product of the soil becoming so scarce as this is, and for hundreds of uses, timber is growing steadily in value. A plantation of oaks, hickories, chestnuts, walnuts or birches will begin to yield profit when four or five years old. This is a long time to wait, you will say, but we wait longer than that for profit from an orchard, and yet we wait patiently for the fruit of it, and never grumble at the time that it takes.

THE STOCK RANCH.

Stock and Dairy Notes.
A PAIR of well-matched colts are worth twice as much as two odd ones. And yet how few farmers pay any attention to this in the breeding of their mares.

If a colt has not yet been halter broken it should be without delay. The weakest twig is most easily bent and the youngest animals are most easily brought under discipline and training. This applies to calves and heifers which should be educated in early age to all the practices of the dairy.

THE value of silage is that one cow, if not two, can be fed a whole year from the product of one acre; the detriment of pasture is that five acres of it keep a cow only six months in a year.

REGULARLY in feeding animals is especially needful for their thrift. When the feeding time comes around, sheep will bleat loudly for their food, and cows and calves will worry. Worry wastes flesh and food. So it is an economy to observe regularity in feeding.

IT was a pertinent and wise remark made by Dr. Detmers at a recent Institute, that the man who adulterated food should be in the penitentiary, but the man who adulterated milk should be hung. And this because the milk is used by the infants, the weak and the sick as well as by the well, and any injurious matter in the milk is sure death to the person who drinks it.

THERE is one sure and certain specific against milk fever in cows; not as a cure but a preventive. This is to avoid all grain feeding for one month before calving, to gradually dry off the cow two months before it, to feed no grain food for one month after calving, and to keep the cow quiet and remove the calf before it has sucked. Dairies where this

system is practiced never have a case of milk fever.

A DAIRYMAN remarked about his water supply brought from a distant spring through pipes into his house-yard and barn-yard, "that is worth to me a thousand dollars." And he proved it to the doubting questioner by showing that the convenience in saving time alone was worth more than a dollar a week, and that was equal to 6 per cent. interest on the \$1,000, while the improvement in his cows, due to the permanent and pure water supply, was worth even more than this.

THE man who is always harping upon the foolishness, or worse, of farmers keeping the common cattle instead of pure bred herds, is a—well, there is no mood strong enough to express the idea. For while there are more than 6,000,000 farmers who keep cows, there are only 92,000 pure bred cows and 46,000 bulls recorded in the herd books, to which good, bad and indifferent all go from the first beginning of the records, and a large number of these are dead. How far would the whole go around all the farmers? One to every 120 farmers, that is all.

THE DAIRY.

Hardening Butter After It Comes.
W. A. Gilbert, Richland, N. Y., writes to *Hoard's Dairyman*: In answer to Mr. A. A. Wright, I will say that my butter churned at 61 degrees or even 64 degrees is not softer than when churned at 58 degrees. I stop the churn as soon as butter comes, then rise with cold brine, draw off the buttermilk as close as possible. Add cold water without agitating the churn till the butter is cooled to or near 50 degrees. Then finish washing the butter, after which I salt, work, and print, or pack, immediately. We cannot lay down any definite temperature for churning, as cream varies. I aim to churn at as low temperature as possible and get my butter in from twenty-five to thirty minutes with churn about one-third or two-thirds full. Cream from cold setting should be warmed up to churning temperature to ripen and kept at an even temperature till ready for the churn. If we don't have cream enough for a churning it should be kept near 45 degrees till we get enough, when the whole should be warmed and ripened together.

Dairy Notes.
A DAIRY school in every State would revolutionize the dairy and creamery business.

IN these days the fascination of a "pure bred" is not strong enough to loosen the purse strings of a business man unless you show that great profit may be had.

THE idea of diluting milk, set for cream, with fifty to sixty per cent. of water is gaining headway in the practice of go-ahead dairymen. Try it and see how it works in your case.

WHEN your heifers come in, weigh and test their milk for a whole year, so that you can tell without any guess work which produce the most; and when you have any to sell, always let the poorest go.

LET your standard be solely the amount of product, and count as nothing such immaterial things as color or particular markings, or fancied beauty of form or features, for they will not produce butter, and, after all, "handsome is that handsome does."

SLOWLY an idea is beginning to break into the minds of dairy breeders and dairy farmers that the dairy functions in cattle are just as clearly the result of careful and intelligent breeding and subsequent care and handling, as are the qualities of speed in horses or the powers of scent in hunting dogs.

THE APIARY.

House Apiaries.

IN an address before the Colorado State Beekeepers' Convention a member set forth for his subject the advantages of house apiaries or bee-houses. By bee-house he meant neither a shed with outdoor hives put under it nor a house in which the hives are arranged in tiers around the inside, each hive having an entrance extending through to the outside. The walls of his bee-houses are made of inch boards, the hives to set back two or three inches and connected by runways. The space between the hives and wall admits of a passage of air, which keeps the hives much cooler than if they were close to the outside. The alighting boards are of different colors and shapes, so that the bees make no mistake by going in at their neighbors' doors.

Numbered with arguments presented in favor of the bee-houses by this apiarist, who has five—the smallest one holding thirty-eight colonies and the largest house containing eighty-two colonies—was the fact that any beekeeper can handle double the number of colonies, having everything almost within arm's length. Then, too, when the honey is taken off it is not scattered all over an acre of ground, but is close together in the bee-house. Another advantage claimed was that by locking the door one feels certain that his hives will not leave before the next regular visit. And, too, with apiaries one does not have to bring the hives in during the winter and then haul them out again in the spring. They can be left on the summer stands. In this beekeeper's opinion, a bee-house is even better than a chaff hive, both for wintering and summering, as the atmosphere in the house, where there are a large number of colonies, is kept at a more even temperature. An even temperature, somewhat below the freezing point, is what is wanted to cause the bees to relate into that semi-torpid condition of successful wintering. A bee-house comes the nearest, excepting a cellar, to producing this state. Another advantage offered was that the bees could be handled with less danger of robbing, as the end of the house in which we want to work can be closed and the opposite end left open for light and for the bees to escape. It is also much cooler for the operator.

The editor of the *American Bee Journal*, when asked, "What would be the most convenient arrangement for a house to

be used for all the accommodations of an apiary of seventy-five to one hundred colonies, to include shop, storeroom for honey, hives, etc.," replied: "Build it to suit your fancy or requirements. We should prefer it to be two stories high, about 20x30 feet, with two rooms below and one above. The latter should have a double floor to keep the dust from the lower rooms, in one of which the honey can be stored; the other would make a workshop. The upper room will be excellent for storage."

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Economical Living.

ONE of the subjects talked and written about a good deal at the present time is how to live cheaply. Prices of all the great staples of life are high. Rents are enormous. Fashions are exacting. Wants multiply while resources diminish. How to make strap and buckle meet is the problem which presses on hundreds of housekeepers. It is what is done to keep up appearances that destroys the equilibrium between outgo and income, and make life a drudgery and vexation. How to live cheaply is a question easy enough to answer if one will be content with a cheap living. Substitute comfort for show. Put convenience in the place of fashion. Study simplicity. Refuse to be beguiled into a style of living above what is required by your position in society and is justified by your resources. Set a fashion of simplicity, neatness, prudence and inexpensiveness, which others will be glad to follow, and thank you for introducing. Teach yourself to do without a thousand and one pretty and showy things which wealthy people purchase, and pride yourself on being just as happy without them as your rich neighbors are with them. Put so much dignity, sincerity, kindness, virtue and love into your simple and inexpensive home that its members will never miss the costly fripperies and showy adornments, and be happier in the cosy and comfortable apartments than most of their wealthy neighbors are in their splendid establishments. It does not follow that in order to live cheaply one must live meanly. The best comforts of life are not costly. Taste, refinement, good cheer, wit, and even elegance, are not expensive. There is no trouble about young people marrying with no outfit but health and love and an honest purpose, provided they will practice the thrift and prudence to which their grandparents owed all their success, and make their thought and love supply what they lack in the means of display. Those who begin life at the top of the ladder generally tumble off, while those who begin at the foot acquire steadiness, courage and strength of arm and will as they rise.

Hints to Housekeepers.

FRESH cake, if unfrosted, may be kept in earthen jars, but frosting keeps best in tin. Cookies and snaps may be put in covered earthen jars, with cloths to further exclude the air, for they dry very quickly. If the cellar is not unusually damp, pies would be better kept there, in a swinging shelf or screened cupboard. Doughnuts should have an earthen jar with cover, and one kept for them only.

MEATS should never be exposed to the light whether they are cooked or uncooked. Too careful attention cannot be given them. A half-hour's delay or even a few minutes, is often enough for their loss. If one has not a refrigerator, they should be carefully covered, taking care that no fly has gotten or can get within the covering, and consigned to the coolest, darkest place available.

WHEN a grease spot has dried into silk or woolen goods, the application of French chalk needs to be assisted somewhat. Sift the chalk over the spot and lay a bit of blotting paper over, then apply a warm iron to the blotting paper. Sometimes the blotting paper alone will be sufficient to absorb the grease, under heat, without the chalk. Do not have an iron hot enough to scorch the material.

FOR bread, nothing answers so well as a large tin pail with a cover. Bread should never be put away hot. It should cool some hours before it is covered, save with a light cloth. And in hot weather it should be examined very frequently for signs of mold. The pails should be washed and scalded, and allowed to dry thoroughly as soon as emptied. In warm weather they may need it often. Bread cloths, if used, should be changed often.

THE KITCHEN.

Currant Cake.
Half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, two eggs, half cup of milk, one and one-half cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cup of currants stirred in the last thing.

Pie Crust.
Four cups of flour, one cup of butter, half a cup of lard, half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Sift flour with powder; rub in lard and butter, and add one cup of cold water.

Rice Pudding.
One quart of milk, two cups of cold boiled rice, five eggs, one cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. Bake thirty minutes.

Very Nice Croquettes.
A nice way to use cold beef for supper or luncheon is to take one pint of chopped beef, four medium-sized potatoes, juice of half a lemon, half a cup of stock or hot water, one teaspoonful of onion juice, salt and pepper. Mix all together, shape nicely, dip in beaten egg and cracker crumbs, and fry in boiling lard two or three minutes until they are a delicate brown.

Superior Blackberry Wine.
Bruise the berries, measure them, and to every gallon add a quart of boiling water. Let this stand for twenty-four hours, stirring it three or four times during the interval. The third day strain off the juice, and to every gallon of this strained liquor put two pounds of refined sugar. Cork it tight and let it stand until cool weather, when you will have a wine that you will never voluntarily be without, as it will be found so efficacious in sickness, and a good and harmless tonic for the feeble and convalescent.

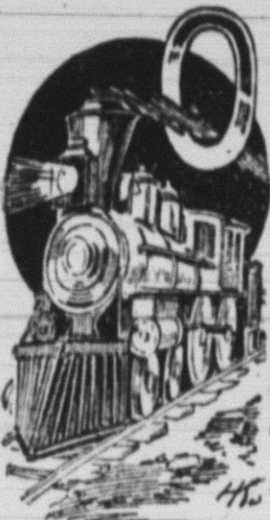
THE BOOMING CANNON.

RECITALS OF STIRRING INCIDENTS IN CAMP AND IN BATTLE.

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

WAR CORRESPONDENT'S STORY

BY COL. ALEX. DUKE BAILIE.



NE bright Sunday morning I was sitting on the piazza of Barnum's Hotel, Baltimore, Md., when the following telegram was handed me:

HARPER'S FERRY, Va., Sept. 18, 1864.
To Charles Osborne, correspondent.
Your horse is dead. Will get you another. Will need two hundred dollars.
STEVE.

This, of course, was a message in cipher. It had been sent by an old friend of mine, a staff officer on duty at the Ferry. Translated by the code we had arranged, it read thus:

"Everything is in motion here and at the front. A battle is imminent. I think it will be a decisive one. Come up at once."

It was very well for the Major to say "come up," but there was no train, it being Sunday, and Sheridan was not the man to wait the arrival of myself or any one else. If "Little Phil" was all ready, as the dispatch indicated, he would probably fight next day, and unless I reached the field before that noon I could do nothing.

Here I was, over one hundred miles from the scene and no trains. The case seemed hopeless. Then came an idea that promised success.

In the early part of that summer, when Hunter was skedaddling toward the Ferry after one of his brief skirmishes, I had been able to render a good bit of service to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

I had left Hunter's main force, and succeeded in reaching Harper's Ferry before it was known that he was falling back. On arriving at the railroad platform, I noticed that there were but few cars lying under the hill, and on inquiry learned that two or three freight trains had gone to Martinsburg a few hours before. Nobody at the Ferry seemed to be aware that Hunter's flank had been turned; but I knew that the enemy were marching direct for Martinsburg, if they had not already entered the town. I therefore decided on a bold stroke.

You see, I realized that if the enemy burned the railroad bridge just below Martinsburg, as they had often done before, these trains would be captured and destroyed. Entering the telegraph office, I wrote a message to the station master, ordering him to start down all the locomotives and cars in his hands, at the same time telling him of his danger.

The astonished operator hesitated at first to accept my dispatch, knowing well that I had no authority on the road; but on my assuring him that he had no time to lose, he quickly flashed it. It did not go a moment too soon. In less than ten minutes after my warning arrived, locomotives and cars rattled toward the Ferry.

Three long trains crossed the bridge in safety, the rear cars of the last catching many Confederate bullets, and the bridge was actually in flames before the train was out of sight.

When Mr. Smith, the master of transportation, learned of my action, he promised me any facility he could extend in the future, as a reward for the service.

So, as I sat fumbling the Major's telegram, I remembered this promise, and decided to avail myself of it.

"Taking a cab, I sought Mr. Smith, found him at church, and called him out and explained.

"You shall have a locomotive, Osborne," said he. "Come! drive me over to the depot."

Half an hour after, I was seated in the cab of an engine, whirling over the rails and enjoying a most exciting ride. The wrecked bridge at Martinsburg was reached just as the sun was dropping behind the mountains, and I gleefully leaped to the ground and bade the engineer good-by.

Soon after passing Harper's Ferry, we had heard frequent cannonading; evidently fighting was going on somewhere in the Valley above. As we went on the sound grew much louder, and I noticed that when I left the locomotive Mr. Engineer lost no time in getting back to the Ferry.

I was now on foot, entirely alone, with only a navy revolver in my belt and a small flask of brandy in my pocket. Walking up the road, I soon reached the town. The place was almost deserted, some half-dozen intoxicated cavalrymen being the only signs of Federal occupation. From one of these troopers I purchased his horse for fifty dollars and started on a gallop over the turnpike toward the scene of hostilities.

Night soon darkened my path, but on and on I rode until my eyes were at length gladdened by the sight of the watch-fires on the right of Sheridan's line.

Soon after daybreak I leaped from my broken-down horse at General Custer's headquarters. The great-hearted young General furnished me a fresh mount from his train, and over a good breakfast gave me a clear and

graphic description of the movements during the previous day. It had been a cavalry engagement entirely, and had been forced on the enemy for the purpose of turning his flank in anticipation of a more decided and complete assault along the entire line. I had



SHERIDAN DIRECTING THE MOVEMENTS OF HIS TROOPS.

just arrived in time, for already Sheridan had his three corps of infantry moving, and there was every prospect of a desperate battle being fought before the day was over.

During the whole of that day I saw for myself the progress of that battle which "sent Early whirling through Winchester." I witnessed the several desperate charges made during the afternoon by the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps, and was within a stone's throw of General Russell when that cannonball carried away his head. I was present at the headlong dash made by the cavalry under Merritt and Custer, as they were hurled by Sheridan like an avalanche on the enemy's wings; and I watched "Little Phil" himself as he coolly directed the movements of his troops, and won the field which gave him renown and promotion. In fact, I saw all there was to see, and was satisfied.

When the army entered Winchester and pushed on in pursuit, it was almost night-fall. Finding that Early's forces were in rapid retreat, I knew that the next thing for me to do was to get to a telegraph wire and to tell my wonderful and exciting story.

I sat, in a deep study, on my horse, at the little stone bridge just outside the town. The sharp clatter of horses' feet reverberated in the night air, and I saw a small detachment of cavalry coming over the bridge. As it passed I inquired its destination.

"Going to the rear with dispatches," was the brief reply.

Here was my opportunity. Spurring forward I soon explained my wishes to the Lieutenant in command, and he cordially invited me to accompany him. At a lively trot we covered the miles of dirt road to Berryville, which village we reached soon after midnight. Here we found the supply trains securely packed, waiting for the dawn to take the road up the Valley. The straggling little town was crammed with teamsters, and, as usual, they were full of wild rumors and hidden dangers. They told us of midnight assassinations by bushwhackers, and desultory attacks on their flanks by Mosby and his men. In fact, every man was afraid of his own shadow.

To my disgust the escort lieutenant decided to remain in bivouac until daylight. This did not suit me at all, for unless I reached the Ferry in time for the regular Baltimore train, all my work would be lost. So I tightened the girth, reloaded my revolver, and set out on a lonely ride. The distance from Berryville to Harper's Ferry was too long and hazardous for me to attempt, so I struck out to the left at the forks of the roads below the town, in the direction of Martinsburg. I had been fortunate during the afternoon in being able to exchange the horse given me by General Custer for one I caught while it was quietly grazing on the battlefield; so I knew I could make good time.

The moon shone bright and clear on the road before me. I cauntered on until daylight came and I reached Martinsburg. Walking down to the trestle bridge, I found the railroad construction party at work. To the chief of the party I presented an order from Mr. Smith, and requested him to send me to the Ferry. He obeyed the order and I enjoyed another rapid ride on a locomotive.

"I caught the Baltimore train, and



"GOING TO THE REAR WITH DISPATCHES," WAS THE REPLY.

while en route I collected my thoughts and arranged the few notes I had taken. I had now been without sleep every day since Sunday morning, had passed two nights and one entire day on horseback, and here on Tuesday afternoon was on my way to Washington with full details of an important and glorious victory.

I reached Washington that evening,

and for over three hours lay on a couch dictating my description of the engagement. I was exhausted by fatigue; it was impossible for me to write, so we employ stenographers.

Midnight came; the task was ended, and I was preparing for a good, long sleep when a demand was made upon me. The news of my arrival had reached the President, and there was a polite message inviting me to call on him before retiring. Such a request could not be ignored, so I hastened to the White House. On my arrival I found Mr. Lincoln, with Secretaries Seward and Stanton, waiting for me.

"We are very sorry to put you to so much trouble," said Mr. Lincoln, "but the fact is, Mr. Correspondent, we are anxious to let the details of General Sheridan's story. We cannot wait for your private story. You know so much and so little; I thought you might be willing to tell us your news in person."

"I shall be only too happy, sir, to tell you what I have in the Valley," I replied. "But supposed General Sheridan's dispatches had arrived long before this I had the wire at Harper's Ferry, a privilege I was denied."

"Yes, we received Seward's report some hours ago," said Mr. Stanton, "but, though eminent satisfactory in stating the general ults, his dispatch is so brief and it gives us no adequate idea of scope of the fight."

For two hours I sat at a table, with the three principal officers of the Government, telling a true story of a battle fought only a few hours before one hundred miles away. As I drew my maps and related the engagement had been pushed and given up there—how the heavy mass of infantry in the center moved steadily forward in the face of a galling fire, how the cavalry finally given the coup de grace by it, resistless charges on the enemy's flanks, how Russell had died and Sheridan acted—I felt all the enthusiasm the fight again come over me, and three auditors participated in excitement. The contrast presented these three



LINCOLN, SEWARD, STANTON, & THE CORRESPONDENT.

distinguished men as I liked was a striking one. Lincoln solemnly but expressive features seem to lighten up as he listened to my scribble of some exciting scene. Appeared to see the awful vortex of death and flame, as the Nineteenth Corps moved into it to relieve the pressure on the Sixth. His lips quivered and he straightened his tall form when I spoke of the rapidity of the artillery fire and the flash of the light sabers of the cavalry drawn in sunshine. He was, for the moment, the ground itself, his mind ran ahead my words, and his own eyes saw that scene of operations. Seward as fully as much interested as his wife, though he manifested it in a dement way. His shaggy eyebrows fell as he leaned forward, gazing at my diagrams, and he gave an audible sigh of relief or satisfaction when came to a turning-point in the tide of battle. Stanton stood up behind me. He would ask a question and then, which showed how we grasped the situation. His voice calm and low, but his eyes glistened through his spectacles as he strode his luxuriant black beard.

I lost my sense of witness, and we all forgot the lapse of time until I had finished.

All three warmly thank me. "Can we do anything for you in return?" asked the President.

"Yes, sir," said I; "you can. I am under orders to join the Army of the Potomac, and made application for a pass five days ago. I am more anxious now to get there; for Early having been doubled up in the Valley, Grant will no doubt be sting at Lee to prevent him sending reinforcements to the Shenandoah. I would like to have my pass in time for to-day's steamer."

"I see you have studied the art of war to some purpose," remarked Mr. Lincoln, with a genial sigh. "Mr. Stanton will see that you have your pass at once."

I went to the hotel and bled into bed, a very tired man. As soon I was aroused and the desired pass placed in my hand. That afternoon embarked for City Point and reach the siege-works the next day, in me to see Warren extend his lines beyond the Weldon Road, when you fellows carried the earthworks so gallantly during the movements since kept on Lee's right. So you see, gentlemen, that is how I happened to be present at two battles in two different armies, within a single week. But I shall never forget the fatigue attending my effort.

And this story of a war correspondent's work is written as, in 1865, it was told by him.—Chicago Leader.

A STRANGE DREAM.

How a Painter Was Rescued from a Life of Dissipation.

The recent death of Charley Rivers, the widely known painter of this city, has revived the story of a remarkable dream of his that used to be current among his intimate friends, writes a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. For many years in his life Rivers was given to habits of conviviality, and often drank too much. Upon these occasions the kindly attention which he usually paid to his wife was changed to a rudeness of behavior that shocked her relations. Her father, especially, keenly resented the harsh treatment that his daughter was forced to endure, and often threatened that he would bring about a legal separation of the pair. When the old gentleman was seized with his last illness, Rivers' conduct became more reprehensible. One day that he spent in Chicago was so given up to carousing that in the evening, when he boarded the train on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railway for a five hours' ride home, he was very much under the influence of liquor.

As he used to tell the story himself, he at once fell into a troubled sleep and in a vision became the unwilling companion of his aged father-in-law. As he first saw the old man he seemed to be in an anxious frame of mind, beckoning him in a worried way and would not be satisfied until his son-in-law signified his willingness to accompany him in the direction of a dark grove, toward which the old gentleman pointed. Rivers all at once was overcome with an ungovernable thirst (nothing strange in this, one would say), and feeling certain they would find at least a spring in this cool place, hastened to join his relative and relieve his great anxiety. As soon as the two had reached the woods, in different spots the trees seemed to part, and long tongues of fire leaped up through the open spaces thus formed. The strange part of all was that Rivers was insensibly eager to drink this fire, and his companion was as frantically striving to lead him in an opposite direction. The old man told him that these were unholy streams, that they maddened the souls and brains of all those who learned to love their taste, and even death itself would afford no release to the torments it brought upon its devotees. They soon came to the borders of a lake formed by the fiery streams running from these burning springs. The lake seemed like a huge mirror of flame, in which he was shown his future history, if he should persist in his present dissipation. He saw his home, wife, children and himself and how all would change in the passing years. His wife grew rapidly old and careworn before his sight, and seemed to fear his home-coming more and more, while the home itself fell into a hovel. His children grew up to hate the one who had been their worst enemy, and struggled on through poverty and disgrace. The last picture was the most horrible of all. He saw himself as a most repulsive being, shunned by all, seeking to avoid the gaze of all respectable men, and finally becoming the slayer of the one he had once promised only to love and protect. This picture was the most vividly portrayed and the longest reflected in the lake. Rising and falling with the waves was the ghastly head of his wife, showing where it had been severed, as if by one deadly stroke of some sharp-edged instrument. The blood was still dripping, and added to the deep flame color of the waters. As he strove to flee in horror from the final scene, his companion shouted at his side: "You will spend all eternity in repeating this last act of your conscious being. This is my last warning. I pass from earth within the hour."

The dream made such a vivid impression on Rivers' mind that he was in a very nervous state when roused from his sleep at his journey's end. From the depot he was driven to his home in the suburbs of the city, a long two miles from the house of his father-in-law. He reached his door toward morning, and at once startled his wife with the statement that her father was dead. Questioned by her as to the correctness of his information it appeared that he had no evidence but the vision on the train which he asserted must be wholly convincing. Mrs. Rivers, in reply, assured her husband that she had called upon her father that very day, that he sat up in bed, smoked his pipe and was unusually cheerful, evidencing, as she believed, his speedy convalescence.

The couple retired to bed, but no sleep came to Rivers. He remained broad awake, fearing another meeting with his irate father-in-law. Soon a loud knocking was heard at the door, and the painter screamed in terror to his wife: "Get up and go to the door. I tell you that your father is dead!" Mrs. Rivers answered the knocking and admitted to the house Patrick Doyle, a young man who lived near her father's house. He related that the old gentleman had died during the night, and that his last words were about Rivers and his spree. The painter hitched up his horse and conveyed his family to the residence of a friend. Nor did he venture to return again to his home until after the funeral, when his wife bore him company.

Rivers' friends aver that from the time when he met his father-in-law in his night ride from Chicago he was a changed man. Anyhow, whatever may have been the controlling reason, he thereafter forsook his cups and was both industrious in his business and loving to his wife until the end.

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, Sept. 21, may be found in Luke 19: 37-48.

INTRODUCTORY.
This lesson is prepared, so to speak, "on the wing," and without our usual facilities for research. But here is our New Testament, in Greek and English, and the general bearing of the Scripture presented, it is not difficult to discern. And how significant it is! Our Lord has come at last to the time of his formal declaration as the Lord of the new kingdom, the gracious Son of God. We read very carelessly, if we do not see here a marked crisis in that wonderful life. That face, "steadfastly set to go to Jerusalem," has, at length, reached the long-predestined goal. The King, the King has come! speak it, disciple; shout it, ye people! Whatever men may say, "Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown him Lord of all."

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.
Come nigh. Better, drawing nigh. Present participate in its progressive sense. Descend. Just where the hills began to slope and the city burst upon the view. Whole multitudes of the disciples. Not necessarily loyal believers, as the Pharisees among them (v. 39) would seem to imply. Began to rejoice. It seems to have been a spontaneous and almost involuntary burst of exclamation. Mighty works. Oracles. Their pent-up wonder and admiration here broke forth into speech. They could not help it.

Saying. The Holy Spirit doubtless gave them their theme. The King. A wonderful declaration. In the name of the Lord. Not in Caesar's name. Peace in heaven. See the angel's song (Luke 2: 14). In the highest. Susceptible of various interpretations: its basal meaning, supreme worthiness.

From among. Better, from. The Pharisees were doubtless a part of the multitude impressed by his mighty deeds. They simply objected to the natural inference of the popular acclaim. Rebuke thy disciples, i. e., remonstrate with them, as saying a dangerous thing, or going a little too far. There was the pretorian court rising on their view. It was not safe to speak of any other king than Caesar.

Hold their peace. Literally, keep silent, i. e., regarding his Messianic kinship, so impressively manifested to them at this moment. The stones. It was a time when praise must be forced find voice. Wordsworth quaintly says that "the stones did cry out when one stone was not left upon another."

When he was come near. Rather, as he was come near. He beheld. The "and" that follows should be transferred to this point, rendering the passage more after the literal graphicness of the Greek. And as he was come near and beheld the city, he wept over it. The very sight of it, as it burst upon his view, brought the tears to his eyes.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.
Even now at the descent. He has reached the furthestmost edge, the ultimate range of his Messianic career on earth. From now on there is a sheer descent to the final catastrophe, if such we might call it, near by to the slope of Olivet's brow, his sad Getsemane. Yonder he can sight the towers of Pilate's court, where cruel taunts and throngs await. Away yonder outside the gate is Golgotha's dismal eminence. Yea, blessed Lord, thou art even now at the descent. And lo, thou shrinkest not. O, if thou hadst!

The disciples began to rejoice. To them it was but a triumphal procession, full of glad cheer and strong exultation. "Hail him, hail him!" And they look into each other's faces and their eyes shine as they catch the answering light of hope and joy. Bless the Lord, O, my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. We have had the sweet experience, all of us, to a greater or less extent. The easy downhill path gleams out before us leading to our city of beauty beyond. Already it seems to wave signals of acceptance beyond. Ah, well for us that we do not always know the steps and storms that lie between. But well, yea, well for us that Another does, the meek-faced Master riding there, sober and serene. Just because he knows, we may still rejoice.

Peace in heaven and glory in the highest. It is earth's answering voice. The angels said, "Peace on earth." Now man responds, "Peace in heaven." Peace, peace, everywhere, through Christ the Son. It has been a long time coming. Thirty years and more this echo has been gathering. But now at last heaven's refrain, at the dawn of a better day, has been caught up and thrown back by earth's glad multitude. Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord. A prophecy it is not of what future ages will do. Not yet has heaven's glad acclaim received, save in this meager anticipation at Jerusalem's gates, its due response from earth. But the time is approaching. The coming day is coming and he shall be hailed as King, whose right it is.

The stones would immediately cry out. They have cried out in their way. No speech nor language—their voice is not heard; but their line is gone out through all the world, and their words to the end of the world. Do we render the passage incorrectly? Look in the 19th Psalm and see, throwing out, if you will, the useless, and worse than useless, verbiage of the translators. But there is another and a higher sort of praise for mortals to render. The tongue of man must speak, where nature is mute. To him is reserved the high privilege of the voice of praise for him who cometh in the name of the Lord. Alas, how many of us have been letting the stones at our feet outvoice our tribute of praise. Have a care lest we be found crying unto them to come between us and the Throne at the last.

He beheld the city and wept over it. Christ hath tears for it still; he beholds the city and weeps over it. Much as was old Jerusalem the concentration and epitome of all that was to be hoped and feared for of old, so stands the great metropolis to-day. The city of the land holds the destiny of all. As goes the city so goes the country. Look upon these great centers of life and activity to-day. Do you wonder that infinite love yearns over them, and that indefinite pity weeps? And what do we? O, that the city might move the church of Christ as that elder city on the hills moved the heart of the Christ.

Because thou kindest not the time of thy visitation! God gives still his times of gracious visitation. He is always seeking to save; we can find no other satisfactory explanation of his works and ways. But undoubtedly there are times when he draws especially near to the community—to the individual heart. It may be so in many a church and Sunday-school just now. We have seen it solemnly so in certain quiet neighborhoods where days of summer rest have been spent. God has chosen them for days of peculiar and blessed visitation. Perhaps, dear soul, it is with you to-day as you peruse this lesson. O, that thou mightst know it, in this thy day.

Next Lesson—Review.

CHELSEA STANDARD.

BY WM. EMMERT.

OFFICIAL VILLAGE PAPER.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1890.

MICHIGAN SHIP CANAL.

Some New Points Pointed Out—Chelsea May Yet Boom.

Every one of the STANDARD readers has heard of the project of building a ship canal to connect lakes Michigan and Erie, but the expense is such that it had always been deferred. Grand Rapids parties are now interested in dredging Grand River from lake Michigan to Grand Rapids a distance of twenty miles, because the low rates of freight by water. In connection with this project, growing out of it in fact, says the Detroit Evening News, is the revival of the old canal scheme across the peninsula. Chicago parties have recently been over, looking for a starting point and a general line for the canal across the state. In their discussions with Grand Rapids men it was held that the business interests of the west demanded the canal, and that the time is now ripe to run the line and begin construction. If the dream is realized, the Grand river will be used at least to Grand Rapids, and possibly the entire length of the Grand river valley. The Chicago men have been to Benton Harbor, St. Joseph river, Kalamazoo river and Blake lake, and the reason why Grand river would be preferred is that it is the largest body of water in the state, with deep water now practically existing 20 miles from the shore back. Compared with Grand river, the other rivers named are small. Such a canal would require inland water to feed it, and Grand river is the only one of sufficient volume to feed it. Utilizing the Grand river valley would run the canal to the vicinity of Chelsea and Jackson. Thence to Lake Erie the route would have to be chosen. With such a canal lake navigation would open up four weeks earlier at both ends of the season than it does now via Macinae. While we may not live to see this immense work carried out, yet we believe the time will come when our large ships will take a short cut and pass within ten miles of Chelsea.

A Scrap Metal Timepiece.

A clock of marvelous construction was exhibited to the members of the Liverpool workhouse committee. One of the inmates named Mercer, who was suffering from bad eyesight, but who had formerly been a watchmaker, made it out of pins, buttons and all sorts of odds and ends. The task occupied him three years. Mercer was sent for and said he wished permission to exhibit it at the Polytechnic exhibition. A written description, headed "The Timepiece," set forth that the back and front of the clock were made from the ends of iron bed laths, while the barrel was part of a large brass ferrule, the ends being brass buttons hammered out.

The barrel arbor had originally been the blade of a shoemaker's awl; the main and several other wheels had originally served as trussers' buttons, the teeth having been formed of knitting needles. The teeth of the center wheels had once been rivets in a boot, and other portions had also served in capacities differing largely from that they now occupied. The dial consisted of over a hundred pieces put together, the hours being indicated by the maker's name, which was alternated with small Roman numerals—"M, I; E, III; R, V; C, VII; E, IX; R, XI." The ingenuity of the clever bit of mechanism was admired by the members and permission given to the man to exhibit it. Mercer said he thought that by exhibiting it he might be able to get some permanent work in a clock-making establishment.—London Star.

Why Dinner Was Very Late That Day.

Here is one on Thad Spindle which, though it happened some time ago, has not been told: Thad went home one evening not long ago and found that dinner was not ready. The groceryman had not sent his basket of marketing which he had ordered on his way down town that morning. The cook had expected it every minute; and this caused the delay. In no happy frame of mind he went to the grocery some blocks away and wanted to know why his market basket had not been sent out home. Regret and apologies were ample. It would go at once.

Now Thad doesn't mind carrying a market basket when he is in good humor, but he left still in high dudgeon and scorned to touch it, leaving it for them to send. If there is one thing that he likes better than his dinner it is hunting, so on the way home he stopped to talk gun to his friend the doctor. He did not hurry, as he knew the dinner had

to be cooked before it could be served. Finally he noticed that there was an exceedingly diminutive ducky with an exceedingly large market basket sitting on the curbstone just out of earshot from him and the doctor. The ducky looked very like one he had seen in the grocery, and the market basket looked very like his own. "What are you doing there?" he inquired. "Wy," stammered the nodding little sleepy head in black, as he started up, "wy, sah, Miss Dora, she say fo' me to follah the gem'man, and I see follah'n yo', sah."—Louisville Times.

Catechism on Hats.

What hat shall I wear for drossy occasions? Beyond all question the silk hat. The best substitute is the derby.

What shall I wear for business? The derby is the American business hat. It is neat, requires little care, is fashionable and durable. The next substitute is a soft hat of the tourist shape. This hat has a cut in crown, a well rolled brim and a rather wide band and binding. It is jaunty without the reckless shapelessness of the crusher.

There is no social law against the silk hat for business hours. All men are right in dressing according to their several occupations, and if these forbid anything more elaborate than a soft slouch hat then that is the proper hat to be worn. The blacksmith who should wear a white felt, the miller a black, would each be sadly ill covered.

What is the proper thing for summer wear? The foregoing answers hold good, except that a straw hat is in good taste as well as good sense for a business hat in hot weather.—Men's Outfitter.

A Protest from a Summer Visitor.

Tyrant custom is in nothing more tyrannical than in this matter of the summer visit, which as now constituted can be a matter of enjoyment only to lovers and children, for whose benefit it would appear all custom's laws are framed. The rational man, let us hope, will always be truly hospitable. He will delight to welcome under his roof an intimate friend for adoption into his own family during an indefinite period. He will even return this visit cheerfully, forgetting his small discomforts in the many compensations of the pleasant intercourse it confers.

But until his whole nature changes he will never honestly enjoy being bound over to good behavior for days together, among comparative strangers, in a house that is not his. Of "all forms, modes, shows of grief" that fashion has invented this is surely the most irksome. O informality, what deceptions are practiced in thy name! One might as well put on the trappings of a courtier and accept fendal servitude at once as in a land of freedom, under summer skies, to be trammelled so.—Scribner's.

Hard on the Map Publishers.

"If this thing keeps on," said a map printer the other day, "we'll have to go into bankruptcy. We hadn't got our United States maps fixed up with North and South Dakota before the Brazilian revolution knocked South America endwise, and now Wyoming and Idaho are turned into states. Africa has to be fixed over every six months, and the latest and most serious change of all is this German-English arrangement to knock out Heligoland from the British Empire. That isn't a big change, but it is plenty big enough to spoil all our maps of Europe. It would almost pay the mapmakers of the world to chip in and buy the nasty little island, in order to make a present of it to England, and save the expense of getting up new maps of Europe."—New York Sun.

Seeing the Bishop.

Beyond their septennial, or, in later years, triennial, confirmations in towns, a bishop was an unknown quantity in the country village. A poor woman once remarked to me that she would have liked to be at church the day of the confirmation, "cos them 'ere bishops are so arshent (ancient) and beautiful." I was told by the vicar of a small town in the south of England that a servant girl in his parish asked one day if she could be spared for an hour or two, as she was anxious to see the bishop, who was coming to confirm at the church.

Leave was given, but in the course of an hour the girl returned. "Well, Jane," said her mistress, "you're soon home again. You can't have really seen the bishop." "Oh, yes, ma'am," the girl replied, "I've a zeed en!" "Well," says the mistress, "what did you think of him?" "Oh, ma'am, he popped and 'opped and jumped about; 'twas beautiful to zee en." The story was soon explained. Jane in passing through the town had seen a crowd of people collected around a dancing bear, and never having seen either a bishop or a dancing bear concluded they were one and the same thing.—Cornhill Magazine.

Lake Keuka Grapes.

Lake Keuka first became noted for the cultivation of grapes on its shores. The first vineyard was planted about 1836 on the west shore. In 1861 another was planted on Bluff Point. The business proved very profitable, and the cultivation of grapes extended until nearly all available land had been utilized. At present grape land is valued at \$100 to \$200 per acre and bearing vineyards \$500 to \$1,000, the latter price being that of the best Catawba vineyards. The present crop is very promising, and, in view of the general failure of other kinds of fruit, grape growers are expecting good prices.—Rome Sentinel.

New York Groceries.

The groceresses of New York, to coin a feminine term, number 320. Nearly all are widows. Catherine Egbert, of No. 647 Washington street, the wife of a skilled mechanic, preferring to be independent, conducts a retail grocery business by herself and is proud and happy in the success she is making of it. More sweet things are done by this pretty, gray-eyed, even-haired merchant than the old will ever know. Her ledger is black with bills that she has no expectation of collecting, but that does not harden her in the least, and no woman or child ever denied the credit asked at her counter.—New York World.

Descendants of Great Men.

It is a singular fact that great men seldom leave direct descendants. Napoleon, Wellington, Washington, all prove this rule. Shakespeare left only two daughters, whose children died without issue. Probably the nearest relative to the great poet now living is one Thomas Harcourt of Australia, who is said to be the eighth in descent from Shakespeare's sister Joan. Walter Scott's blooded with the second or third generation.

A Negro's Master Head.

Abner Dorsett, a groving in Hickory Mountain Township, North Carolina, has the largest head of any person in the United States so far heard from. It is thirty-two inches in diameter, and gives Abner a dead "top heavy" appearance.—St. Louis Republic.

HOMESEVER'S EXCURSIONS

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

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

For further information apply to any coupon ticket agent in the United States or Canada, to A. H. Carpenter, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill., or to Harry Mercer, Gen. Pass. Agt., C. M. & St. P. railway, Griswold street, Detroit, Mich. 30

Your eggs are wanted at the Standard Grocery House.

Fine perfume 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.

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

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

New bushel baskets 15 cents at Standard Grocery House.

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

Candies of all kinds at the Standard Grocery House.

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

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

Bushel baskets at the Standard Grocery House.

The best spices at the Standard Grocery House.

Yeast cakes, all kinds at the Standard Grocery House.

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

Our 13 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.

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.

CURLETT'S

Thrush, Pinworm Heave Remedy.

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

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

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

TESTIMONIALS.

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

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

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

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

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

William Onners, of Dexter township, Washnetaw Co., says: "Thrush very nearly ate the entire frog of my

horse's foot and I could not get any help for it seemingly, until I got Curlett's Thrush Remedy, which after a second application killed the smell and removed the lameness, curing it in a short time, leaving a good healthy growing frog which in a short time was its natural size."

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

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

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

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

LEGAL NOTICES.

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

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

J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.
A TRUE COPY.
WM. DOTY, Probate Register.

TABLETS!

WRITING PAPER!

SCRATCH BLOCKS!

INKS!

PENS!

PENCILS!

ALL AT

LOWEST PRICES

AT THE

STANDARD GROCERY HOUSE.

WM. EMMERT.

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

Brooks has left ripe raspberries with us, a second crop.

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

A number of our people have improved their yards. Others ought to follow.

For fall styles in millinery, call on Mrs. Staffau. Prices right; stock complete.

The band will go with the delegation from here to attend German day at Ann Arbor.

Parker has sold his boot and shoe store to W. P. Schenk, and will keep out of business.

Dr. Nichols, of Ann Arbor, sold his peach crop at \$3.50 per bushel. Inquire of Dr. Nichols.

Shropshire bucks, registered and unregistered, for sale. Inquire of Wm. Wood, North Lake.

One of the plate windows in Boyd's store was broken a few days ago by goods falling against it.

The school house has been fixed up according to the advice of an architect, and will probably do duty for years to come.

Our readers will bear in mind that Messrs. Palmer & Wright and Dr. Williams are now located over Kempf Bros. bank.

The house now occupied by Jas. Hargraves is not the first brick house built, but the first was located on the lot and was erected in '49.

Grace Fitch, of Lyndon has left an egg weighing three and three-fourths ounces and measuring 6 1/2 x 8 inches. If you have a larger one, bring it in.

The exhibit of the State Fish Commission, which was admired by so many at the exposition and was to be shown at the state fair, was almost annihilated by foul water, due to rust in the pipes leading to the Lansing fair ground.

The partnership heretofore existing between Miss Mary Foster and Mrs. Curtis has been dissolved, Mrs. Curtis continuing the business. She now has a complete line of fall millinery goods and will be pleased to see you. Dress making in connection.

Dr. F. A. Kotts has a fully equipped dental office in this village, and his assistant, Dr. Graham, is giving entire attention to dentistry. They are prepared to extract teeth or vitalized air for extracting. Work done by Dr. Graham is fully warranted by Dr. Kotts as being first-class.

The Washtenaw county fair to be held at Ann Arbor September 30 and October 1, 2, and 3, has new grounds and new buildings. It promises to be the best fair ever held in the county. The southern exposition, which has been secured by the fair society with an expense, will cover 1,000 feet.

The Randall house, now owned by Mrs. Frey, was discovered to be on fire Sunday morning, having been set on fire by the timbers were of oak, and burned slowly. The chemicals which were on the roof caught fire and reached the flames on short notice. The building is insured for \$500, but is vacant and worthless.

The Ann Arbor street railway company have made a formal proposition to the Ann Arbor & Ypsilanti company, offering to transfer their passengers from the city limits for two cents a piece, or for a cent and a half a piece, provided the Ypsilanti company will guarantee \$5.00 worth of stock every day. The probability is that this proposition will be accepted.

Preparations are steadily going on for the great German celebration which will take place on September 23. All the German societies of the county will take part in the procession, and the lands of the county will be decorated to furnish music, if they can be secured. Messrs. Manly, Sukey and others will deliver addresses at Reformation. Register.

Mr. Joslin, of Unadilla, was a Chelsea visitor, Saturday.

Henry Russell, the great flour merchant, of Albany, was in town last Friday.

R. J. West's team ran away Tuesday, but by his manipulation of the lines, but small damage resulted.

A cold snap visited this section the first of the week, frosts appearing several mornings. No damage as yet.

The Register desires a correspondent at Chelsea. Do you want to get married or just correspond to pass away time?

Dr. E. B. Chapin, of Grass Lake, lost a \$1,000 horse last week by its jumping over a fence into a ditch and breaking its neck.

The pastors of the M. E. churches of Ann Arbor will sever their connections, having served their time, or accepted calls elsewhere.

Wm. Judson Tuesday last forwarded the bonds as postmaster, to the department at Washington. He will take charge of the office in a few weeks.

Naval architecture and engineering will not be taught in the university during the coming year, owing to the recall of Lieut. Miner by the naval authorities.

"Ten nights in a bar room" by the Park & Orton Company was presented to a good house Wednesday evening. It is a first-class company, worthy of support.

At the democratic caucus Saturday last, the following delegates were elected. County-convention: Chas. Whitaker, M. Merkel, Chauncy Hummel, F. Staffau, H. Lighthall and P. Lehman. Representative: Tim. McKune, Godfrey Grau, George Beckwith, D. H. Fuller, Tommy McNamara, William Caspary and Thos. McKone.

A convention of P. of I. will be held at the town hall in Chelsea, Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 24, at one o'clock, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for representative in the first district of Washtenaw county. Each association is entitled to one delegate for every fifty members or major part, provided each association is entitled to one delegate. By order of committee.

A new scheme for swindling farmers is being worked in Dakota. One of the latest dodges for fleecing the honest granger is the offer to furnish "Cinnamon Beans" for which there is a great demand, for producing cinnamon oil, which is pressed from the bean. The beans are worth \$20 a bushel, and the firm offer to give \$5 for every tree grown from the seed he furnishes, when it has reached a height of five feet, and offers to bind himself by a good and sufficient bond. As the beans furnished will not grow higher than six inches, the farmer will have to wait a good while to get back his \$20. The Cinnamon Bean man and the Bohemian Oat agent are twins.

Died of consumption, on the morning of September 13, 1890, at her home in Sharon, Mrs. Howard Everett, aged thirty years. She was the daughter of Mr. C. D. Allyn, of this village. Was married in 1880 and two children blessed their household. The oldest, a son, lived four months, the other, a daughter, now of five years. During her illness of nearly two years, she gave evidence of good hope of eternal life. Was anxious to leave earth's cares and enter the heavenly rest. The funeral at the home was conducted by Rev. F. E. Arnold, who spoke the words of comfort and warning from Matt. 24:44. A large circle of relatives and friends accompanied her remains to their last resting place.

All the clergymen of Grass Lake called upon the rich and racy editor of the News one afternoon of last week and labored for an hour to convert him, but it was no go, and after eating the watermelons and a peck of apples which had been brought in on subscription, they departed, happy in the possession of their pocketbooks, but each with an arm talked off. Manchester Enterprise. Unless the editor of the Enterprise prints a public retraction of this libel in his next issue, there will be an elemental disturbance over in Manchester that will result in a whaling big funeral. We can stand a good many cuffs and thumps but when a man trifles with our religious attitude, he must answer for it in retraction or in flowing blood. News. What a lovely corpse Bro. Blosser will make!

WORTHY OF THE OFFICE.

A short sketch of the life the next Superintendent of the Instruction.

Orr Schurtz, the nomi. for State Supt. of Public Instruction, is of German descent, as a bible a 100 years old in his mother's possession testifies.

Mr. Schurtz was born in his father's farm, in St. Joseph co., Michigan, Sept. 22, 1853, and is therefore about 37 years old. His early education was obtained in the district schools. He graduated from the University of Michigan in 1878, with a degree of A. B., entering that institution from the Ann Arbor high school where his last preparatory year was spent. The next year after leaving the University he began teaching as principal of the Dansville schools, in Ingham county, going to Eaton Rapids Supt. of schools in 1880. After serving there for two years, a temporary failure of health compelled him to withdraw from the school room for a short time. During two years he edited the Eaton Rapids Journal, and then resumed his old position of Supt. of Eaton Rapids schools. This place he resigned three years ago to accept a present position as secretary of the schools of Eaton county, where he served his fourth term. For two years he has been president of the State Teachers' Association, and for some time a member of the executive committee of the State Teacher's Association. As a writer upon educational topics he is known throughout the entire state, having been for the past 12 years a regular contributor to the columns of the Michigan School Journal, which has a large circulation throughout Michigan. If elected, will give his entire time and energies to the duties of the office.

Mrs. Eva C. Zuern was in before Justice Pond, Wednesday afternoon, on the charge of assaulting her husband, Chas. Zuern, over whom she poured a kettle boiling water recently. A butcher knife figured prominently when officers went to arrest her, but she illy concluded not to use it. Her trial was postponed one week. Arg.

Prof. W. S. Christopher who for the past four or five years held the chair of pediatrics in the medical college, was recently appointed to the chair in the University vacant by Dr. Lyster. Dr. Christopher is a comparatively young man having not yet reached the age of forty. He has been somewhat prominent as an astronomer, and four or five years was state astronomer of Ohio. Register.

A leading paper recently in an article in regard to the unreliability of people now-a-days. A mechanic will promise to come and do a job for you on a certain day, but in spite of the fact that you have torn your carpets etc. he fails to put in his appearance. Not only is this true of the carpenter, tinsmith, blacksmith, but professional men do the same short time since we were asked to make a bid on a job of printing to be completed last week Monday. Wrangly told the party that it could not be done in that time. Another part promised to do the work in the allotted time and got the job. It is unnecessary to say that the work is not yet. The question naturally arises which is the better plan, promise to get the job and then not live up to it, or tell the truth and lose the job? While it is aggravating to lose work, yet rather than to deceive a man, will let a job go, and be known as a man who keeps his word.

Lima Luminations.

May and Orla Wood have returned home.

Mrs. D. Hammond, of Banner, is visiting friends here.

Nelson Freer will attend school at Ann Arbor this winter.

Miss Estella Guerin picked a bunch of ripe raspberries last week.

Miss Nettie Storms has gone to Alpena to spend a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Guerin and Mrs. Mary Holden are spending the week here.

W. Stocking, school direct, has resigned. Jay Wood will fill the vacancy.

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

Miss Kittie Crowell is visiting her friends in Brighton.

Chas. Tichenor has arrived home from his eastern trip.

Seborn Tichenor, of Lansing, was in the village yesterday.

Miss Lillie VanVleet, of Gaines, is visiting friends in Lima.

Miss Christina Reile is in Detroit attending the wedding of a sister.

Miss Helen McCain, of Jackson, is the guest of Miss Alice Sargent.

Miss Cora Irwin was taken suddenly ill Wednesday evening, and is yet very sick.

Mrs. Guerin, of Woodstock, Ill., is among her numerous friends in this vicinity.

Mrs. J. H. Osborne is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Noyes.

Mr. and Mrs. Fenner, Gilbert Gay and Henry Everett attended the funeral of Mrs. Howard Everett Monday.

Mrs. J. P. Wiltsey and her daughter, Mrs. D. M. Hunt, of Chataque Co., N. Y., are visiting J. M. Letts, the former's sister, and Mr. Stephen Hadley, of Unadilla, her brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Leander Tichenor, Mrs. Lewis Winans and Mrs. Merritt Boyd, with their cousin, ex-Senator Russell, of Albany, N. Y., last week visited Leslie, Jackson and Detroit.

WHEN WE'LL HAVE A NEW SCHOOL HOUSE.

The following, evidently written by a pupil, it being written on one side of a sheet of paper the other of which was covered with figures, was picked up on the street a few days ago. It forcibly expresses the idea of the writer when we are to have a new school house, in the following language:

When England sets old Ireland free
When old maids cease to drink their tea
When Dan McGinty comes up from the C.
Then we'll have a new school house.
When Annie Rooney is an ancient song
When chapel exercises are not long
When using "ponies" is not wrong
Then we'll have a new school house.
When the roof caves in with a terrible din
When the rain and the snow through the window comes in
When the "Hons." of Chelsea quit pinching their tin
Then we'll have a new school house.
—Johnathon Greenleaf Whittier.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

Chelsea, Aug. 20, 1890.

Board met in council room.

Meeting called to order by president.

Roll call by clerk.

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

Absent, H. S. Holmes, G. J. Crowell. Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

A communication from Mrs. M. VanTyne read by the clerk was accepted and approved and the marshal instructed to notify George A. BeGole.

The special committee on petition reported as follows:

Chelsea, July 26, 1890.

To the honorable president and trustees of the village of Chelsea.

Gentlemen:—Your com. on petition of C. Hummel and others in regard to Dog Kennels of Leander Tichenor would recommend, that after investigating, that the kennels be removed from out the village limits, they being considered a nuisance. Signed

Geo. H. Kempf, Wm. Bacon.

The report was accepted and approved and the committee discharged.

The following bills were allowed and orders to be drawn on the treasury for the amount.

Wm. Emmert, printing \$1.75

Cooper & Wood, 33 loads cinder . . . 6.60

G. Lighthall, cleaning engine . . . 2.00

The marshal reported as follows:

Aug. 6, 1890. The following were complained of for violating Sec. 1 of Ordinance No. 15, of the general ordinances of Chelsea. Month of July.

John Stapish, John McCraw, Damiion Heimes, Jr., John Kolb. All pleaded guilty, all of whom were arrested and fined.

On motion the board adjourned. FRED VOGEL, Clerk.

APPLES WANTED!

Gilbert & Crowell want 5,000 bushels of chop and paring apples, for which they will pay from 15 to 35 cents per bushel. See them before you sell.

Markets by Telegraph

DETROIT, Sept. 19, 1890.

BUTTER.—Market quiet at 10@18c for best dairy. 8c for fair grades.

EGGS.—Market easy at 17c per doz for fresh receipts.

POTATOES.—Market quiet at 65c per bu for store lots.

WHEAT.—No 2 red spot, 10 cars at 98.8c at 1.00; Oct. 1,000 at \$ 98. No. 1 white 3 car at 96c.

CORN.—No. 2 spot, 50c. OATS.—No. 2, white, spot 39c.

Home Markets.

BARLEY.—\$1 15@1 25c@ 100

EGGS.—16c @ doz.

LARD.—Country wanted at 6@7

OATS.—Remain steady at 22@24

POTATOES.—Slow sale at 50c.

BUTTER.—Weak at 12@15c.

WHEAT.—Is in good demand at 94c for red and 91c for No. 1 white.

CORN.—Quiet at 40c @ bu.

Advertisement for NEW HOME Sewing Machine, featuring 'The Ladies' Favorite' and 'The Light Running' models. Includes text about reliability and agents wanted.

Advertisement for 'The Eye' or 'The Vision' product, featuring an illustration of an eye and text about free trials and eye care.

Advertisement for Cook's Cotton Root Compound, describing its benefits for various ailments and providing contact information for the manufacturer.

Advertisement for Peerless Dyes, highlighting their quality for black stockings and other fabrics, with a list of colors and contact details.

Advertisement for Garland Stoves and Ranges, featuring an illustration of a stove and text about their quality and availability.

Advertisement for Hardware, Glass, Paints, Oils, Sash, and Doors, listing various items available for purchase.

Advertisement for W. J. Knapp, a hardware store located in Chelsea, Mich., offering a wide range of goods at low prices.

MEAN PEOPLE.

MEAN PEOPLE.
Told to Tell Which is the Meanest.
Writes Amber: I had a dream the other night which was like, and yet unlike, the vision of fair women of which I once wrote. I dreamed that I sat in a court-room. Before me passed the meanest men and women God ever permitted to live, and upon them I was to pronounce the verdict as to which should carry the palm. The scandal-monger came first, he or she who sits like a fly-catcher on a tree, snapping up morsels of news, or she who is swelled full of conjecture whenever anybody commits an indiscretion, as an owl blinks and flaps up its feathers when a bobolink flies. He or she who goes about the world like a lean cat after a mouse. He or she who is always looking for clouds of a bright June sky, and sings in roses and lilies in honey. He or she whose heart is made of brass, and whose soul is small that it will take eleven cycles of eternity to develop it to the dimensions of a bayseed. I was about to hand the banner without looking for the banner when a being gilded by me with the nameless tread. She wore felt shoes and a mask. She spoke with the voice of a canary, yet had the talons of a vulture. She wore a stomacher made from the fleece of a lamb, and between her right lips were the tusks of a wolf. She recognized her as the hypocrite, the friend; she who hands over your live bones for your enemies to pick, while she believes she is your champion and defender. Following her came the man who keeps his horse standing all day with his nose in a nosebag. There is a groan like the sighing of wind in the pines as he went by. Then came the merciless man who oppresses and grinds the helpless and grinds the poor; and following him I held another monster—the worst of all made alive. He came sneaking and a corner, with a smile on his lips and a devil in his eye, seeking to entrap innocent girlhood and unsuspecting womanhood. Then came the woman who gives her children to the care of strangers while she goes down-town with her arms in her arms. Then came a leonard weasel-eyed creature, with the general expression of a sneak-thief. I discovered her to be a representative of that type of woman who coaxes her neighbor's hired girl away with promises of better wages. Then came the envious person whose evil passions are kindled like the fires of sheol at the superiority of others, and who, because a down cup of life holds vinegar, is determined no other shall contain wine. I suddenly awoke without having bestowed the palm on any.

Told to Wendell Phillips.
Mr. Purvis told a good and characteristic story of the late Wendell Phillips, who fought side by side with him during the battle for emancipation. One day he arose to address a meeting that was more than usually hostile to the abolitionists and had howled down and interrupted several previous speakers. Mr. Phillips walked to the front of the platform, and, scanning the angry faces, in the midst of him with a keen and fearless eye began: "You scoundrels! Instantly he was a storm of angry howls, and cries, but when they ceased he repeated in a louder voice: "You scoundrels! Again the storm arose, and he repeated the term. The fourth time the American admiration for fearlessness and fair play asserted itself. The balance of his speech was listened to in silence and with respect. Another time Mr. Phillips was in a railroad car in which were a number of ministers returning from a convention. Among them was a man with a loud, confident voice, who was loudly declaiming against the abolitionists, and especially against Mr. Phillips. He was talking to every one in the car, and finally addressed that he understood that Mr. Phillips was on board. Calling the conductor, he asked him to point out Mr. Phillips. The conductor indicated the man who had been an interested listener.

He Found a Way to Beat the Bell Punch.
A Kansas City street car conductor has found an easy way to beat the bell punch. He goes off to some secluded spot at night, notes the number indicated by the register, pulls the machine till it has counted off the entire 10,000 and begun again, after which he rings till the register indicates 100 less than when he began and stops. He is then in a position to ring fares honestly all next day and be \$5 ahead of the company at night. The only way now to beat the honest street car conductor is to make the counting capacity of the register 100,000, or handcuff him to some other honest man hired to watch him day and night. —Chicago Tribune.

Expressed Differently.
"O, Matilda," said Penelope Bunkers-hill to her Chicago cousin, "I'm so glad that you and Mr. Pigsticker are to be married. I know what it is to love, myself, too, and I can imagine just how you feel when he is near you. How your heart seems ready to burst with the love that it holds for him. How you long to throw yourself at his feet. How his every glance thrills you with an inexpressible, sublime feeling, and—"
"You bet yer life yer right," replied Matilda Parker, "cause I'm dead stuck on Bob." —Lawrence American.

A WELL-KNOWN traveling agent for a Philadelphia carriage paper has carried off the honors for eating in this city, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. At a recent meal for himself he consumed two whole chickens, fried Maryland style, five pounds; one extra port-house steak, ten ears of corn, one dozen tomatoes sliced with onions, one quart stewed potatoes, one dozen corn cakes and three quarts of beer. He was the only man who partook of the meal, and he did not fall into ashes when he finished.
A GENUINE Russian prince named War-chofsky has been discovered in a barber shop in Bridgeport. The exile is the son of a nobleman who was sent to Siberia for being implicated in one of the attempts to assassinate the Czar. He has already served five years in our navy and has become naturalized.
A HENDERSON COUNTY (Ky.) widow whose husband died a short time ago leaving debts amounting to \$4,000, which had either been outlawed or liquidated under the bankruptcy law, mortgaged her farm for the amount and then paid off the debts.
LIGHTNING struck the Cathedral of the Holy Cross in Boston recently, detaching three large granite blocks, one of which weighed 500 pounds, and which fell 125 feet to the sidewalk below. Fortunately no one was injured.
THE longest American railroad tunnel is the Hoosac tunnel on the Fitchburg Railroad, four and three-quarters miles; the St. Gothard tunnel in Europe is nine miles long.

The Effects of Mental Exhaustion.
Many diseases, especially those of the nervous system, are the products of daily renewed mental exhaustion. Business avocations often involve an amount of mental wear and tear very prejudicial to physical health, and the professions, if ardently pursued, are no less destructive to brain and nerve tissue. It is one of the most important attributes of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters that it compensates for this undue loss of tissue, and that it imparts new energy to the brain and nerves. The rapidity with which it renews weakened mental energy and physical vitality is remarkable, and shows that its invigorating properties are of the highest order. Besides increasing vital stamina, and counteracting the effects of mental exhaustion, this essential medicine cures and prevents fever and ague, rheumatism, chronic dyspepsia and constipation, kidney and uterine weakness and other complaints. Physicians also commend it as a medicated stimulant and remedy.

The Woman Afraid of Telegrams.
A little woman in Harlem went out of town to a wedding. It was on an awful hot day. The hour for the ceremony drew nigh; the guests were all assembled, and no one so gay as she. Suddenly in the midst of the joy skulked the uniformed figure of a messenger with a dispatch. It was for the little woman, who, when she caught the first glimpse of it, straightway fell to sobbing and to laughing and to begging some one to catch her, because she was going to faint, and to telling between gasps how she was perfectly certain John had been sunstruck, because he always was sensitive to heat, and that she had known all day that something horrible was going to happen to her. And then she paused long enough to ask somebody to open it for her, please, and all the guests gathered silently and sympathetically about and sadness fell upon their souls, while the person himself opened the envelope and read in prayer-book tones: "Mrs. Susan Brown. Where are my summer trunks, John." But Mrs. Susan finds no excuse for John.

The Corpse Cure.
We used to call him Sorrowful Stiggins because he took on so when his first wife died. He built a vault on his own property—it was high the skirts of North Brookfield he lived—and her body put in it so that the coffin could easily be seen. But Stiggins got tired of loneliness after a couple of years of widowhood and married a woman from a neighboring farm. The second wife had a temper of her own, and it wasn't long before she gave Stiggins a taste of it. So what did that man do but go to an undertaker and get a glass top put in his first wife's coffin. Then when number two got cantankerous he'd lead her to the vault and push her down over the opening, saying: "There, you cross-grained female. Take a look at the remains of the only woman I ever loved."
"It didn't take many doses of that sort of medicine to take pretty much all the cantankerous out of number two, and we used to call it the 'corpse cure.'" —Pioneer-Press.

An Unostentatious Man.
One of the most unostentatious men of whom there is any record, written or unwritten, died lately. He was on his deathbed, surrounded by sorrowing friends and relatives. In a voice weakened by disease, yet fraught with deep earnestness, he said:
"Knew you are all quite fond of me and sorry to see me go, which is very satisfactory at this time. When I am stowed away for good and all, you will probably place a tombstone or monument to mark the spot where I am buried. Don't let it be gaudy or expensive; just something plain. Above all don't allow anything fulsome chiseled on the stone. In short, let there be no flighty literature. Just put on it my name and the letters S. Y. L.—See you later."

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One Way Around a Rogue.
The camera that does the work for the roustabout gallery is concealed. The prisoner hangs his head and refuses to look up when asked to do so, or shuts his eyes and distorts his face. The photographer makes a feint with the camera in sight, takes out the plate, and exclaims, "Oh, pshaw! it is spoiled!" or words to that effect, and walks hurriedly out of the room. The prisoner raises his head at once and looks pleasant. He has outwitted the photographer. Then the concealed camera gets in its fine work, and the rogue is still more surprised and pleased at being told that he can go.

A Progressive Company.
In addition to the splendid passenger equipment now furnished by the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad, the management have arranged to run Vestibuled Parlor Cars on the through day trains, commencing with Sept. 1. These cars are the product of the Pullman Company shops, and are considered by many railroad men to surpass in elegance and completeness any parlor cars which have as yet been placed on the rails.

Before the winter travel commences, all passenger trains will be provided with safety steam-heating apparatus, which is connected with the engines and receives its steam from this source, thereby obtaining an even temperature in the car at all times. These improvements are made for the convenience of the traveling public and reflect credit upon the liberal policy adopted by the management of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad.

The place to send old stamps is the Aisle des Billode, Locle, Switzerland. In 1888 this asylum received over one million stamps, of which the best the children asserted and sold for \$240 to dealers and collectors, while the others were used for decorative purposes, rooms being papered with them.

DR. L. J. GORSUCH, Toledo, O., says: "I have practiced medicine for forty years; have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with so much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure." Sold by Druggists, 7c.

WHEN a favorite dancer of a German theater appeared as a shepherd at her benefit, after an absence in which she had grown considerably stouter, a voice saluted her with: "Fraulein shepherd, you have certainly eaten all your sheep."

NO SOAP has ever been imitated as much as Dobbins' Electric Soap. The market is full of imitations. Be careful that you are not deceived. "J. B. Dobbins, Philadelphia and New York," is stamped on every bar.

If the boys do not kiss the misses, then the girls will miss the kisses. —Binghamton Leader.

ELEVEN children out of twelve need Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyer occasionally. These dainty little candies are always safe and sure.

THERE is no class of people who die faster than those who live fast. BECHAM'S PILLS act like magic on a Weak Stomach.

A CHECK drawn upon the bank of Hope is seldom honored.

Merit Wins
And This is The Reason for The Unequaled Popularity of
Hood's Sarsaparilla
BEECHAM'S PILLS (THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.) Cure BILIOUS and NERVOUS ILLS. 25cts. a Box. OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

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

Its Excellent Qualities
Commend to public approval the California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasing to the eye and to the taste, and by gently acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, it cleanses the system effectually, thereby promoting the health and comfort of all who use it.

No Time Yet.
The crude negroes in the South have very crude ideas of time. About 4 o'clock on a spring morning a young doctor in one of the hill counties of Virginia was returning home from a night call.

Overtaking an old negro man carrying a fishing pole he asked the old man what time it was.
"Hi, boss! Tain't no time yit; de sun ain't riz."

News About Town.
It is the current report about town that Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs is making some remarkable cures with people who are troubled with Coughs, Sore Throat, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Any druggist will give you a trial bottle free of cost. It is guaranteed to relieve and cure. The Large Bottles are 50c and \$1.

The courts are beginning to work in the Free State of Congo. A chieftan accused of numerous assassinations of other chiefs was arrested, tried, convicted, and executed a month ago. The execution was military. Just before his death N'Sounda, the culprit, was asked if he would like anything. He said, "Yes, gin," and drank half a bottle of it before his soul went hurrying to the shades.

"Do ooon with that thou hast, or it will do thee no good." If you know all about SAPOLIO put your knowledge to use. THE best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere, 25c.

PENSIONS NEW LAW, 300,000 soldiers, widows and relatives entitled. Apply at once. Blanks and instructions free. SOULES & CO., ARTS, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS F. A. LEHMANN, Washington, D. C. MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

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

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Office. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, aity since.

Tutt's Pills
enable the dyspeptic to eat whatever he wishes. They cause the food to assimilate and nourish the body, give appetite, and DEVELOP FLESH. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, New York.

The "Little Beauty" A \$5.00 Scale for \$1.00
Capacity 1-4 oz. to 4 lbs. Steel Bearings, Brass Scoop and Beam. For Hardware, Grocers, Offices or Stores. Weight guaranteed. Sent by express \$5.00.
A \$5.00 Sewing Machine \$15.00
A \$5.00 Platform Scale \$15.00
A \$12.00 Top Dugger \$5.00
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Elys Cream Balm Cures COLD HEAD RELIEVES INSTANTLY. ELY BROTHERS, 66 Warren St., New York. Price 60 cts.

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

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NEW PENSION LAW. THOUSANDS NOW ENTITLED WHO HAVE NOT BEEN ENTITLED. Address for forms for application and full information WM. W. DUDLEY, LATE COMMISSIONER OF PENSIONS, Attorney at Law, Washington, D. C. (Mention this Paper.)

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 army service are included. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully processed—JAMES TANNER, Late Commissioner of Pensions, WASHINGTON, D. C. If You Want to Know 200 cent cure for the human system, How life is perpetuated, Ignorance, disease induced, How to avoid a life of Ignorance and Indiscretion, How to cure Dropsy, Old Eyes, Rupture, Phthisis, etc., How to make a happy Marriage and have prize babies, and an odd lot of Doctor's Droll Jokes, profusely illustrated. Send ten cents for new Laugh-Cure Book called MEDICAL SENSE AND NONSENSE. M. HILL PUB CO., 129 East 28th St., New York.



Copyright, 1890. A departure from ordinary methods has long been adopted by the makers of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. They know what it can do—and they guarantee it. Your money is promptly returned, if it fails to benefit or cure in all diseases arising from torpid liver or impure blood. No better terms could be asked for. No better remedy can be had. Nothing else that claims to be a blood-purifier is sold in this way—because nothing else is like the "G. M. D."

So positively certain is it in its curative effects as to warrant its makers in selling it, as they are doing, through druggists, on trial! It's especially potent in curing Tetter, Salt-rheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands, Tumors and Swellings. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

PENSIONS Thousands ENTITLED under the NEW ACT. Write immediately for BLANKS for application. J. B. CHALLE & CO., Washington, D. C.

WM. FITCH & CO., 102 Corcoran Building, Washington, D. C. PENSION ATTORNEYS of over 25 years' experience. Successfully prosecute pensions and claims of all kinds in shortest possible time. NO FEE UNLESS SUCCESSFUL.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED. U.S. Standard Scales for Prices. Binghamton N.Y.

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1890.

TWO SOLDIERS.

By Capt. CHARLES KING.

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CHAPTER XII.



Noel opened the dispatch that had been handed him.

The Morning Chronicle, a most valuable sheet in its way, in its Sunday edition contained the following interesting item:

"No event in social circles has eclipsed of late the banquet given at the club last night in honor of Capt. Gordon Noel, of the Eleventh cavalry, on the eve of his departure to take command of his troop, now hastening to the scene of Indian hostilities in Arizona. As is well known to our citizens, the news of the murderous outbreak at the reservation was no sooner received than this gallant officer applied instantly to be relieved from his present duties in our midst and ordered to join his comrades in the field, that he might share with them the perils of this savage warfare.

"Covers were laid for forty. The table was decorated with flowers and glistened with plate and crystal. The most conspicuous device was the crossed sabers of the cavalry, with the number 11 and the letter K, that being the designation of the captain's company. His honor Mayor Jenness presided, and the Hon. Amos Withers faced him at the other end of the banquet board. The speech of the evening was made by Mayor Jenness in toasting 'our gallant guest,' which was drunk standing and with all honors. We have room only for a brief summary of his remarks. Alluding to the previous distinguished services of the captain, he said that 'in every territory of our broad west his saber has flashed in the defense of the weak against the strong, the poor settler against the powerful and numerous savage tribes too often backed by official influence at Washington. And now, while cheeks were blanching and hearts were still stricken by the dread news of the butcheries and rapine which marked the Indians' flight, when others shrank from such perilous work, where was the man who could suppress the fervent admiration with which he heard that there was one soldier who lost no time in demanding relief from duty here, that he might speed to the head of the traitor fellows already in the field, who had followed him in many a stirring charge and through all the current of many a deadly fight, whose heart would leap for joy at sight of their beloved leader's face—the man who never yet had faltered in his duty, the man whose sword was never drawn without reason, never sheathed without honor—our soldier guest, Capt. Gordon Noel?"

"Much affected, it was some minutes before the captain could respond. The modesty of the true soldier restrained his eloquence. 'He knew not how to thank them for this most flattering testimony of their confidence and regard; he far from deserved the lavish praise of their honored chairman. If in the past he had succeeded in winning their esteem, all the more would he try to merit it now. No soldier could remain in security when such desperate deeds called his comrades to the fray; and as he had ever shared their dangers in the old days, so must he share them now. His heart, his home, his bride, to part from whom was bitter trial, he left with them to guard and cherish. Duty called him to the front, and with to-morrow's sun he would be on his way. But, if it pleased God to bear him safely through, he would return to them, to greet and grasp each friendly hand again, and meantime to prove himself worthy the high honor they had done him.'

"There was hardly a dry eye at the table when the gallant soldier finished his few remarks and then took his seat. 'Besides winning the heart and hand of one of the loveliest of the Queen City's daughters, the captain has made hosts of friends in our midst, and we predict that when the records of the campaign are written no name will shine with brighter luster than that of Gordon Noel.'

This doubtless was delightful reading to Noel and to Noel's relatives. Doubtless, too, it was some comfort to poor Mabel as she lay pale, anxious, sore at heart, on the following day, while her husband and lover—as he undoubtedly was—sped westward with the fast express. But there was a great deal about The Chronicle's account that would have elicited something more than a broad grin from officers who knew Noel well.

An entire week had elapsed from the

time that the first tidings were received to the moment when he finally and most reluctantly left the Queen City. The first intimation was enough to start Capt. Lane, despite the fact that his health was far from restored and that he was yet by no means strong. He felt confident that the Indians would be joined by some of the Chiricahuas, and that the campaign would be fierce and stubborn. Telegraphing to the regimental adjutant and the general commanding the department that he intended to start at once, and asking to be notified en route where he could most speedily join the troop, he was on his way, within six hours.

That very night, although no mention was made of this in The Chronicle account, Capt. Noel received a dispatch from the adjutant general's office at Washington briefly to this effect: "You become captain of K company, vice Rawlins, murdered by Apaches. Hold yourself in readiness to turn over the rendezvous and join your regiment without delay." No news could have been more unwelcome. Despite his many faults there was no question that Gordon Noel was very much in love with his wife; but he never had been in love with the active part of his profession. That night he telegraphed to relatives who had stood by him in the past, and wrote urgent and pleading letters informing them that his wife's health was in so delicate a state that if he were compelled at this moment to leave her and go upon perilous duty in the Apache country there was no telling what might be the effect upon her. If a possible thing, he urged that there should be a delay of a fortnight. He calculated that by that time the Indians would be either safe across the Mexican border or whipped back to the reservation; then he could go out and join with a flourish of trumpets and no possible danger. But a new king reigned in the war department, who knew Joseph rather than knew him not.

In some way the honorable secretary had become acquainted with the previous history of Capt. Noel's campaign services, and, though the influential gentleman referred to made prompt and eloquent appeals, they were met by courteous but positive denial. "Every man who was worth his salt," said the secretary, "should be with his regiment now." An officer was designated to proceed at once to the Queen City and take over Noel's rendezvous and property, and peremptory orders were sent to him to start without delay and to notify the department by telegraph of the date of his departure—a most unusual and stringent proceeding. This correspondence Noel never mentioned to anybody at the time, and it was known only to the official records for some time afterward. As soon as he found that go he must, he dictated to his clerk a letter in which, gallant soldier that he was, he informed the adjutant general that the news from Arizona had now convinced him that an outbreak of alarming dimensions had taken place, and he begged that he might be relieved as at his own request and permitted to join his comrades in the field. To this no reply was sent, as the order directing him to proceed had already been issued. Perhaps a grim smile played about the mustached lips of that functionary when he read this spirited epistle.

Noel left the Queen City a hero in the eyes of the populace. He was just six days behind Lane, of whose movements the Queen City had no information whatever. And now came an odd piece of luck—a slip in the fortunes of war. The cavalry stationed in Arizona were so far from the reservation at the time that they had long and difficult marches to make. Only two or three troops that happened to be along the line of the railway reached the mountains neighboring San Carlos in time to quickly take the trail of the hostiles. Except the one little troop of cavalry on duty at the reservation none of the horsemen in Arizona had as yet come in actual conflict with the renegades, and oddly enough it was the Eleventh that first met and struck them. Old Riggs himself had not taken the field, but the battalion from headquarters had been whirled westward along the railway and actually reached the pass through the Chiricahua range before the Indians. Expecting just such a possibility, these wary campaigners had their scouts far in advance of the main body and prompt warning was given, so that only the rear guard of the Indians was reached by the eager cavalrymen; the bulk of the Apaches turned eastward and swept down like rattling wolves upon the defenseless settlers in the San Simon valley, burning, murdering, pillaging as they went, full fifty miles a day, while their pursuers trailed helplessly behind.

When they had succeeded in crossing the railway most of their number were mounted on fresh horses, and the section hands, who saw them from afar off, telegraphed from the nearest station that they had with them six or eight women and children whose husbands and fathers doubtless lay weltering in their blood along the route. Full seven days now had they been dodging through the mountains and swooping down upon the ranchmen, and so skillfully had they eluded their pursuers and defeated their combinations that now they had a commanding lead and actually nothing between them and the Mexican frontier—nothing in Arizona, that is to say. But look just across the border. There, spurring steadily southwestward until halted for the night in San Simon pass, comes a little troop of cavalry, not more than thirty-five in number. All day long since earliest dawn had they ridden across the burning sands of a desert region; lips, nostrils, eyelids smarting with alkali dust, throats parched with thirst, temples throbbing with the intense heat; several men and horses used up and left behind were now slowly plodding back toward the railway. Look at the letter one of those leaders wears upon his worn old scouting hat—D. Yes, it is the "Devils own D's," and Lane is at their head.

At the moment of the outbreak both companies from Graham, K and D, or strong detachments from both, were scouting through the country—one through the northern Peloncillo range, the other far up among the head waters of the Gila. Not a word did they hear of the trouble until it was several days old; then D troop was amazed by the sudden appearance of their captain in their midst—Lane, whom they supposed to be on sick leave far in the distant east. It was then for the first time they learned how their comrades of K troop had lost their popular old commander, and that the great outbreak had occur-

red at San Carlos. Stopping only long enough to cram their pouches with ammunition and to draw more rations, the troop hastened away toward the railroad by the way of Graham, and at the station, just at dawn, Lane sent a brief dispatch to the commanding general saying that he was pushing with all speed to head the Indians of via San Simon pass. He had then forty-five men and horses, in fair condition. K troop would reach Graham that evening, and he urged that they be sent at once to re-enforce him. This dispatch "the chief" received with an emphatic slap of his thigh and an expression of delight: "Bless that fellow Lane! he is always in the nick of time. I had not hoped for an instant that either D or K would be available, and now look," he said to his aid-de-camp, "he has started for San Simon pass, and will probably throw himself across their front. Only I wish he had more men."

"Shall I wire to Graham to have K rush after him, sir?"

"Yes. Order them to start. The instant they can reit, and not to take more than an hour in doing that. They have been having easy work on their scout—probably taking it leisurely all the time; they ought to be in first rate trim. D, on the contrary, has been making long and rapid marches to get down from the Upper Gila. Where was K at last accounts?"

"Couriers had gone to the Upper Peloncillo for them several days ago, and, as Lane says, they are expected at Graham this evening. Lane himself rode after his own men two hours after he got to the post from the east, and Noel, who is K's new captain, is due at Graham station tonight."

"Then send him orders to lead his troops instantly, follow and support Lane. Tell him not to lose a moment on the way. Everything may depend upon his promptness and zeal."

And so it happened that when Capt. Noel stepped from the train that afternoon at the old station the telegraph messenger came forward to meet him, touching his cap and saying: "This dispatch has been awaiting you, sir, since 11 o'clock this morning. I have just had a dispatch from the post and K troop got in two hours ago and is already starting. Lieut. Mason says an orderly is coming ahead with a horse and the captain's field kit. Shall I wire for anything else?"

Noel opened the dispatch that had been handed him and read it with an expression that plainly indicated perturbation, if not dismay. He had not been in saddle for an entire year.

"Why, I must go out to the post!" he said to the operator. "I am not at all ready to take the field. Let them know that I have arrived and will come out there without delay. Better have the troop unsaddled and wait for my coming."

"Will the captain pardon me?" said the operator; "the orders from the department commander that went through this morning were that the troop should not take more than an hour in refitting at the post and should start at once. I thought I could see them coming over the divide just as the whistle blew."

The captain gave no sign of enthusiasm as he received this news. He was still pondering over the contents of his dispatch from the commanding general—its tone was so like that of his order from the war department—so utterly unlike what his admiring circle of relatives and friends would have expected. Stepping into the telegraph office he took some blanks and strove to compose a dispatch that would convince the general that life was wild with eagerness to ride all night to the support of Lane, and yet that would explain how absolutely necessary it was that he should first go out to the post. But the fates were against him. Even as he was gnawing the pencil and cudgeling his brains the operator called out:

"Here come some of 'em now, sir."

And looking nervously from the window Noel saw three horsemen galloping into the station. Foremost came a lieutenant of infantry, who sprang to the ground and tossed the reins to his orderly the instant he neared the platform. One of the men had a led horse, completely equipped for the field, with blankets, saddle bags, carbine, canteen and haversack; and Noel's quick intuition left him no room to believe that the steed was intended for any one but him.

The infantryman came bounding in: "Is this Capt. Noel? I am Mr. Renshaw, post adjutant, sir, and I had hoped to get here in time to meet you on your arrival, but we were all busy getting the troop ready. You've got your orders, sir, haven't you? My God! captain, can't you wire to the fort and beg the major to let me go with you? I'll be your slave for a lifetime. I've never had a chance to do a bit of real campaigning yet, and no man could ask a bullier chance than this. Excuse me, sir, I know you want to get right into scouting rig—Mr. Mason said his 'extras' would fit you exactly; but if you could take me along—you're bound to get there just in time for the thick of it." And the gallant little fellow looked, all eagerness, into Noel's unresponsive face. What wouldn't the hero of the Queen City club have given to turn the whole thing over to this ambitious young soldier and let him take his chances of "glory or the grave!"

"Very thoughtful of you all, I'm sure, to think of sending horse and kit here for me, but I really ought to go out to the post. There are things I must attend to. You see, I left the instant I could induce them to relieve me, and there was no time to make preparations."

"But—you can't have heard, captain; your troop will be here in ten minutes. Capt. Lane by this time is past Pyramid mountain, and will strike them early in the morning. There won't be any time to go out to the post; you've got to ride at trot or gallop most of the night as it is."

"Capt. Noel, pardon me, sir," interposed the operator. "The general is in the office at Wilcox station. He wants to know if you have started from here."

"Tell him the troop isn't here yet. I—I'm waiting for it."

"Yonder comes the troop, sir," called out Mr. Renshaw, who had run to the door. "Now let me help you off with 'cits.' Bring that canvas bag in here, orderly."

Three minutes brought a message from "the chief": "Lose not a moment on the way. Report here by wire the arrival of your troop and the moment you start. Behind him now."

Poor Noel! There was no surgeon to certify that his pallid cheeks were due to

impaired heart action, no senatorial cousin to be kept staff duty, no Mrs. Riggs to interpose. He had just time to send a dispatch to Mabel announcing that he took the field at the head of his troop at once, another (collected) to Amos Wilders, Esq., of similar import, and one to the general, saying that at 4:45 they were just on the point of starting when the troop, fifty strong and in splendid trim, came trotting in, and Mr. Mason grimly saluted his new captain and fell back to the command of the first platoon.

"Noel to the Front!" was The Chronicle's head line on the following morning far away in the Queen City.

The Use of Flowers.

Flowers are used much more sensibly than they used to be. The absurd fashion of loading a young woman down with a dozen or more huge bouquets, every one measuring from fifteen to twenty inches across, is no longer in vogue. The atrocious custom died of its own inappropriateness.

It is possible even with the most delicate blossoms, which are the essence of grace and refinement, to be positively vulgar. The large corsage bouquets which were so popular for two or three years seem to have vanished, not to reappear, from the very fact of their over-size and overuse. This is true as well of the bunch of flowers for the street dress as for the ball toilet. Flowers are not so worn because of their wide and exaggerated use when they got out of the hands of women of taste and refinement into those of the sort who bleach their hair and daub their faces. The fashionables now permit themselves only a bunch of violets in the spring, when a craving for flowers cannot be stifled.

More coloring is used in funeral flowers than ever before. Set pieces are no longer used. Loose flowers furnished by members of the family are the only ones considered appropriate. This is a sensible departure. Why should the stiff waxen camellias and the tuberose be of ways used? To some sensitive minds these flowers are so associated with death that, seen at any time, they only recall a scene of mourning. Flowers at a funeral are intended to console the living with their loving touch and gracious softening of the grim outlines. There is more tenderness in the droop of one La France rose than in forty stiff, inodorous japonicas.—New York Ledger.

The Fish Learned to Walk.

Henrik Dshl, of Anlesund, Norway, was a reader and follower of Darwin.

Wishing to apply his theory of the limit of adaptability of a species to its environment, he procured a herring from a neighboring fjord and carried it home in a tub of sea water. He renewed the water daily for some time, and gradually reduced the quantity, with so little inconvenience to the herring that he concluded that the fish might in time learn to breathe air undiluted with water, like the cat and the man.

It turned out as he expected, and the water was finally turned out of the tub of the herring, never to be replaced even for bathing. Henrik next removed the fish from its tub and placed it on the ground, where it flopped about very awkwardly at first, but soon learned to move freely and rapidly.

In a little while the herring was able to follow its master without difficulty, and then it became his constant companion about the streets of the city. On a certain unfortunate day Henrik had occasion to cross a dilapidated bridge which spanned an arm of the harbor.

The herring coming gracefully along, heedless of danger, now and again springing at the ephemeræ, for which it had acquired an especial fondness, missed its footing, slipped through a crack into the water beneath and was drowned.—Forest and Stream.

Caste in Southern India.

The caste system is terribly strict. The Pullenhs and Caamekars (the latter the lowest of all) are wretched creatures, the former only being privileged to wear a garment reaching to their knees and a fillet on their heads, also to employ barbers. The Caamekars are never allowed to come near the town, and even in the villages, when they come to buy rice, Col. Drury has seen them deposit the price twenty paces in front of the shop and retire to a certain distance; then the shopkeeper would come out, put down the rice, take up the money and withdraw, when the poor slave would take possession of his purchase. Twenty yards is the prescribed distance that must always be maintained between a low caste person and one of a higher. But when a Brahmin comes along the road the people scatter on both sides to make way for the purer being.—Spectator.

Reading and Crossing the Legs.

Men often cross their legs at public meetings because they go there to listen or to be entertained. They are not the factors in the performance, and they naturally place themselves in the most comfortable position known—namely, leaning well back in their chairs and crossing their legs. A man almost invariably crosses his legs when he reads a newspaper, but is more apt to lie down when he reads a book. He reads the paper, of course, to inform himself, but at the same time the perusal of its contents is recreation to him, and his body again seeks its position of relaxation. When a man is reading a newspaper and waiting for his breakfast his legs are always crossed, but as soon as the breakfast is ready he puts the paper aside, straightens out his legs under the table, and turns his whole mind on the duties of the day.—St. Louis Republic.

An Electrical Time Stamp.

Wall street is interested in a new contrivance for registering the exact time of the consummation of a bargain. It is always necessary and sometimes vitally important to brokers to know every minute of the hour when a transaction is legally completed. At times official quotations of some stock or other change so suddenly and show such a great degree of variance that large losses and big lawsuits have been occasioned by the inability of the contracting parties to determine or agree upon the time of the receipt or cancellation of an order to buy or sell.

Because he could not prove the exact minute of the receipt of the counter order from one of his customers a leading broker three weeks ago lost nearly \$10,000 on commissions which he executed on a day when the price of stock in which he was dealing made several sensational changes. Minutes time were many dollars of money in the case, and on other occasions a saving of proper use of minutes may be counted dollars instead of seconds.

A good many inventions to assist dealers in this matter of recording the exact time of their transactions have been brought to the attention of operators, but none of them has been successful. The last device to simplify business and save time and guard against mistakes is an electrical time stamp. The device is not much larger than an ordinary stamp. It looks like a miniature ticker. The mechanism is connected with a standard time clock, and at the beginning of every minute of time indicated by the type on the stamp is changed to agree with the clock. The closing of the electric circuit, in order or paper to be stamped is placed under the figures, a button is pressed and the exact time is printed on the face of the paper.—New York Sun.

A Cuirassier Runs Amok.

"I must slay three or four foot soldiers!" exclaimed a cuirassier named Lefranc, as with some of his comrades in the same regiment he stopped Croison, an inoffensive fantassin, in the streets of Angers, in which their respective corps were quartered on the eve of the national fete. Smiting the cuirassier to the word Lefranc drew his saber and proceeded to attack the infantryman who, parrying his thrusts with his bayonet as best he could, drove nearly the whole of the weapon into his adversary's side. The cuirassier reeled and fell down dead. Croison returned quickly to his barracks, where he was put under arrest in the course of the night. He has been tried by court martial.

His officers gave him an excellent character, and he himself declared that he much regretted what he had done, but added that his life was at stake. It was ascertained that the cuirassier had already thrashed a foot soldier belonging to another regiment on that same evening, and Croison was acquitted. The court arriving at the conclusion that he had simply acted in self defense and had had no intention of killing his opponent outright. French soldiers always go on with their sidearms, and their conduct, as a rule, so steady and orderly that only on rare and exceptional occasions like the one just cited do they make bad, or rather any, use of their weapons.—London Telegraph.

An Engineer's Superstition.

Elias A. Sullivan, nicknamed "Yank" by his friends, the Baltimore and Ohio wreck at Osceola, was one of the best known engineers on the road. "Yank" firmly believed in all the peculiar superstitions to which railroaders as a class pin faith. Two months before his fatal wreck he took his engine, No. 475, the largest on the road, out of the repair shops. On his first trip a wreck occurred on the eastern division. This cemented his half hearted faith in an unlucky Friday. His engine needed repairs shortly afterward, and was ready for the road again on the Friday previous to the night of his death ride. This time "Yank" positively refused to go out, saying an accident was sure to follow. His fears were laughed to scorn by the men collected in the round house, and Sullivan took the engine. That his words were prophetic proved too true, and it would be impossible now to get an engineer to take his engine out of the Glenwood shops on Friday.—Pittsburgh Times.

Say "Thank You."

I suppose when you do a friend a good turn, and he is so busy enjoying its benefits that he goes off in a hurry and forgets to say "Thank you," you are likely to say to yourself, "I'll next try my hand on somebody at least who can get breath enough before he eats his cherries to look back on the orchard." Ingratitude is the great trial of parents with children, and of God with man. I'd rather a man would hurl "Thanks awfully" at me than to keep dumb. Even conventional and slang thanks are better than utter discourtesy and blank ingratitude.—Lewiston Journal.

Greeley's Bane.

It is said that a friend once found Horace Greeley at 2 o'clock in the morning, at the close of a long, hard day's work, with a heap of applications for autographs before him, which he intended to answer.

"This time you need for sleep," urged his friend. "Why do you reply to them?" "They send me return stamps," he answered piteously, in his shrill voice; "cannot steal three cents!"—Youth's Companion.