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WHOLE NUMBER, 80.

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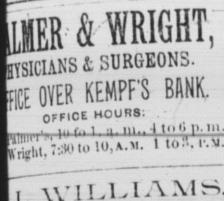
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VERTISING RATES DISPLAY ADVERTISEMENTS. es. | i Year [Mo. | 3 os. | 6 \$12.00 \$24.00 \$42.00 \$72.00 42.00 24.00 24.00 14.40 9 60 6.00 4.80 3.60 ding notices 5 cents per line cach ion. 10 cents per line among lo-

ms. Advertisements changed as as desired if copy is received by lay morning.



L. WILLIAMS. DENTIST.

nate of the University of Michi-Dental College. Office with Palmer right, over Kempf's Bank.

CU Thrush, Pinworm Heave short time, leaving a' good healthy Remedy.

Curlett's Thrush Remedy is a sure eases of the feet of stock.

or beast) a compound that effectually.

novances to stock. ure 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 of thrush with Curlett's Thrush Rem-Curlett's Thrush remedy; the cure of the disease since. 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) Wash-tenaw county, says; "I cured the worst Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at case of thrush I have ever seen, with the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor. on Curlett's Thrush remedy, which made juesday, the tweifth day of August in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninty. Pres-

a permanent cure. George II. onners, of Dexter town-ship, Washtenaw o', says: I cured my horse of thrush by the use of urlett's Thrush Remedy, which I have known person others to use and it always produced a 22a day of September next, at ten o'clock in the cure."

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 growing frog which in a short time was its natural size."

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

Jim Smalley, a noted horse jockey, removes those troublesome parasites. of central Washtenaw county, says: which are such a great source of an- ... Curlett's Heave Remedy never fails to give relief, and to all appearances Curlett's Heave Remedy is a sure cured the horses I gave it to, and they never show any sign of distress while being worked hard or driven fast."

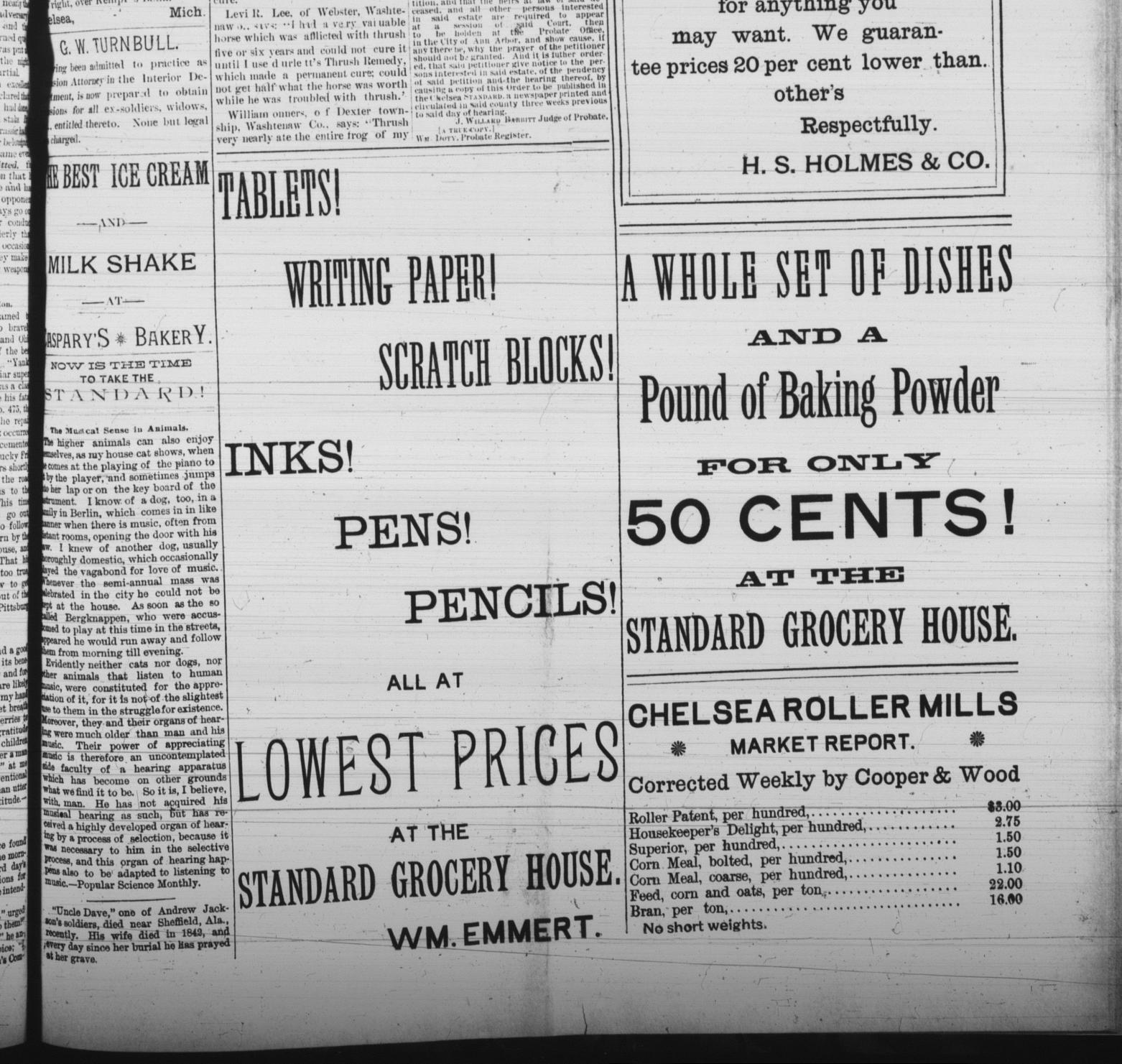
> A. T. Hughes, one of the supervisors of Washtenaw county, says: "Seven years ago I cured a a very bad case

cured a very bad case of thrush with edy; the horse has shown no symptons

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

LEGAL NOTICES.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said pe tition, and that the heirs at law of said de Levi R. Lee, of Webster, Washte- ceased, and all other persons interested



THE C	HELS	SEA	ST.	ANDAF	D.
WM.	EMN	IER	T, P	ablisher	
CHELSEA,	-	-		MICHI	JAN

THE Pope has forbidden Catholics to cremate their dead.

MENTAL worry, it is thought, is the chief cause of cancer.

Among the legal firms in Lansing, Mich., is one whose title is "Judge the sea. A lively correspondence Lucas and Wife, Attorneys."

A BELL, cast recently for the Kharkow Cathedral, contains 68 per cent. of pure silver. It weight 646 English pounds, and its vibrations last several minutes.

THE Associated Press has given instructions to its telegraph operators to learn the manipulation of the typewriter, as it is found that the instrument materially increases the speed of receiving messages.

THE world's stock of diamonds has increased enormously in the last fifteen years. In 1876 the output of the African mines was about 1,500,000 carats. last year it was over 4,000,000, and the great "trust" which controls all the principal mines assert that they have 16,000,000 carats "in sight" at the present time.

"Sometimes," writes a correspondent of a trade paper, "I have had to make holes in steel that was too hard to cut easily. Then I make a mixture that will cut a hole. I mix one ounce of sulphate of copper, quarter of an ounce of alum, half a teaspoonful of powdered salt, a gill of vinegar and twenty drops of nitrie acid. This will make a hole.'

In Marion County, Ga., a man dreamed the other night that hogs got in his cornfield. The hogs ran under an old gin house, where there was only one small hole as an outlet, and he was there kicking to keep them from coming out. When he waked he was standing on the floor kicking the wall, with his big toe broken and his ankle badly sprained.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS. heart of twenty, on his voyage of exploration.

SEVERAL California papers recently contained a matrimonial appeal, signed by "a young and beautiful Hungarian maiden, an orphan without means, but well educated and with domestic tendeucies, who seeks a companion for life." The answers were to be directed to Paris, where the young lady was employed as a nurse. Incredible as it may appear a dozen offers from marriageable young 'Frisconians came over ensued, and finally each of the wooers received an exquisite photograph and an affirmative answer from the beautiful Hungarian maiden, with the request that the lover should send the necessary cash for a transatlantic passage ticket. The swindler or syndicate of swindlers, netted 6,000 marks in all by the trick. And now the prospective bridegrooms, among whom are some well-known names, dare not whisper their misery.

- T. DE WITT TALMAGE is the most popular preacher in the world. He

preaches to a very large congregation outside his church, for his sermons are reported in thousands of papers in two hemispheres, and he makes as much from the newspapers as he does from his regular church salary. When he first came to Brooklyn, the newspapers used to ridicule his eccentricities, and criticise his style and manner. But Talmage has long since ceased to be a target for the funny man. He has taken his place as the most popular preacher in the world, and there is no one to share his eminence. But Talmage is neither graceful nor handsome. Neither is he a profound thinker. But he appeals directly to the popular heart, and talks in terms that are easily understood. He is full of tropes and metaphors, and his style is florid and dramatic. No one has ever been the accused could present a neat account known to go to sleep in his church. It is impossible.

A CURIOUS old ceremony was lately performed by the Worshipful Girdlers in London, by which a new master of the guild was crowned. - After the crowning ripe mulberries were plucked from a fine tree in a garden belonging to jot down items of expense, agreements, tion to gain in flesh. The winter milker, chief, two or three times between the state of the to the guild. The Girdlers' Company, appointments, etc., in a pocket memo-

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

Some Information of Value to the Farmer, Stock-Breeder, Bee-Keeper, Housewife and Kitchen-Maid.

THE FARM. Feeding Dearer Grain.

For two or three years past grain has been naturally cheap. The effect has been to encourage its more extensive use, and wherever it has been fed judiciously, farmers have profited by it. Now the test of good farming is coming into the question whether with dearer grain the old-time liberality in feeding will be maintained. All dairy produce must feel the effect of dearer grain in higher prices. So also will all kinds of meats. It was the observation of John Johnston, in a long experience with winter sheep feeding, that he never lost money when grain was high-priced. At such times few were feeding, and by the time his sheep were fattened they brought enough better prices to pay the extra cost of grain and a good profit besides. But to do this Mr: Johnston always selected his sheep carefully, and gave them all the benefit of his great skill in feed-

Keeping Farm Accounts.

ing.

Mr. J. Bennett writes to the Indiana Farmer that every person engaged in agricultural pursuits should by all means keep a regular book in which is noted down every transaction. A book is of just as much importance to the farmer [any other class of business, for that mat-Unless we know exactly what money we have paid out or taken in we tled satisfactorily. Lately, for some cause, one of the heirs is accused of owuhe made away with the note, though he ness. Still, how consoling it would be if during October and November. accounts for a score of years. Farmers,

farm transaction.

ter. The stanchions were taken out of be over-estimated. A very the stables, and a half box stall made rangement for a hen house for six feet four inches wide, for each two COWS.

Neck chains were provided so to give the largest freedom-of movement, consistent with safety to the herd, and plenty of sawdust, straw, etc., provided for bedding.

. The first fall the weather was not to suit us, and stabling nights began by October 15, and by November 10 the cows were practically in winter quarters. After December 1 they were not turned out of their stalls until April 10. And this is now our custom. The cows are watered twice per day in their stalls, from an iron tank of water standing in the stable, but closely covered, and is fed into daily from a deep rock well, so that an even temperature of fifty degrees is maintained for the water, and wa; ming it does not pay so far as I can find out.

The cows have a daily ration made up of fifty pounds silage, six pounds shorts, the silage and grain divided into two feeds, and three to five pounds clover hay, the latter fed at noon. The ration is varied a little according to the size and performance of the individual cow. Water is given at 10 a.m. and -4 p.m. Each cow is watered separately, and then one knows when they have drank, and how much, and if refusing at one time they are especially looked after later. The milking, as well as feeding, is regular, the latter always immediately after the feeding. The manger is divided off so that each cow eats her own rations,

and can be added to and not stolen. record book is kept, giving the time of coming in, service, etc.; then at regular periods the cow is turned into a large box-stall with the bull, and the good cow as it is to the merchant, or to the man in | may be continued in the dairy anotheryear, and in regular season.

The barn is made warm by double boarding, and tar-paper lined. Windows are running on a very uncertain, hap- are provided for in abundance, so that hazard kind of plan. Mr. Bennett says the cows can have a sun bath. Fresh he knows of a rather distressing case in [air is provided, and things so ordered point. There was a settlement of heirs | that the temperature of the stable does a few years ago. All seemed to be set- not fall below 45 degrees. On this treatment and ration, the cows give a uniform mess from October to June 15. ing a note of \$100, and it was hinted that Then they begin to dry off, and by August 1 are resting in the summer pasis sure the note was paid fifteen or more ture, taking exercise and getting ready may often be scraped off with the years ago, and can prove it by one wit- to take their places in the dairy again

I am now wholly convinced that cows book, with a plain and complete state- stabled in such a barn as mine, warm, ment of facts. He would feel compen- dry, clean, and given plenty of light and sated for the time spent in putting down | air, if tied with chains so as to have a certain amount of freedom of movement, continues Mr. Bennett, should by all that exclusive confining in starils for means keep a strict account of every eighteen or twenty weeks is not an injury to the cows, but a positive advant-To this the editor of the Farmer adds age. My cows are never off their feed, his full indersement of Mr. Bennett's show no symptoms of being lame or away from the globe, pass a clean car position. It is an easy thing, he says, stiffened up, and show a decided disposi- hair brush, or fold of a soft silk hap

suggested by one authority in such ters, consists in making the ce rails about six feet above the These rails are covered with soft he coarse swamp hay of any kind roosts are placed about three feet above the floor,-New York World

THE APIARY.

Ants in the Apiary.

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In cold climates auts do little, if harm, but they are troublesome South, and California beekeepers plain of them. Scientific recommends the following method ants become annoying: "Buy pound or more of corrosive sut powder it very fine and strew the sparingly on the ground, also crevices, nests and trails of th and I guarantee the ants will leave lawn and premises as quick as theri come. Corrosive sublimate is a poison, and should be handled care."

Remedies for Bee Stings.

The remedies for bee stings are numerous as are the cures for Prof. A. J. Cook advises in case a 1 is stung that he should step back a for a moment, as the pungent eda the venom is likely to anger the and induce further stinging. By a little smoke from the smoker on the part stung the odor will be obs The sting should be rubbed off at on not grasped at with the finger naile that crowds more poison into the w but rubbed off. If the pain is true some apply a little ammonia. venom is an acid and is neutralized an alkall. A thin solution of satisis advised by some. Others have ice-cold water with good effect, others again apply salt and soda and slightly moistened to the parts Quimby advised, when the sting was vere enough' to cause blotches on skin, camphor taken internally as a as applied externally. An imper point is the removal of the sting, which as Prof. Cook advises, should tracted in such a way as not to form more poison into the wound. The s of a knife, and the part be squeeze little to force the poison out.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Removing a Cinder from the Eg. The proper way to get a cinderat the eye is to draw the upper lid dow over the lower, utilizing the lashesd lower as a broom, that it may swee surface of the former and thus get the intruder. Or, gently drawing th This procedure will, in nearly all suffice; when it does not, the service a physician are necessary. It is a after it has been extracted, the s remains for an hour or more. Af intruder is out, gently bathe the every lifteen minutes in, leed water the feeling subsides.-Home Journal

PRINCE LOUIS, of Battenberg, formerly took a fancy to the career of a printer, and became so far a master of his profession as to set up type in a highly commendable fashion. Subsequently, when the star of Battenberg rose to its zenith in the political firmament, Prince Louis relinquished his unpretentious calling and became an officer in the British Navy. A short time ago, when serving on the Dreadnought, it burnt. Instances are on record of it occurred to him to turn his early training to account, so he printed a history of the Dreadnought and presented a copy to each of his shipmates.

THE Count of Paris in a personal letter to a friend in New York speaks of his approaching visit to America and says: "I come as a former soldier of the Army of the Potomac to see our battle-fields and to see how my old Henry VI in 1449. friends are doing. Having been with the United States in some of the darkest hours of their history, it will be a pleasure to me to witness their present happiness and prosperity." So far so good. As an ex-soldier of the Union army the Count is welcome. But when he speaks of the United States he should speak of the Nation in the smgular.

who was "caught red-handed" has been proceeded against for stealing roses fall on the steaming rocks outside the from a prettily decorated grave. The bowl. This seeming phenomenon is exaccused produced in court a copy of the inscription on the tablet over the grave, which runs as follows: "Traveler, pause a moment at this spot and ists-and in violation of the law which pluck a rose in remembrance of what I forbids putting any foreign substance was." The defendant, on the strength of this, contended that he was acting simply in accordance with the expressed Faithful," for its waters contain some wishes of the deceased, but the Judge thought otherwise. He said the inscrption stated plainly that the traveler was to pluck a rose, and not a handful of roses and he therefore pronounced the defendant guilty.

PROBABLY the last survivor of the soldiers who helped to garrison Fort Fish, in 1814-15, is Col. Charles B. Tappan, of New York, who marched out to Mc-Gowan's Pass in the company which Thomas Addis Emmett commanded, and, like all the youth of the period, for "Old Faithful" spouts regularly was as ready to work on the glacis with the shovel as to shoulder a musket and the night has had time to disgorge watch out for red coats. The only trouble with this youthful veteran of ninety-five is that he prefers to talk of what he will do next year to telling of what he did seventy or eighty years ago. Only recently this hale survivor soon." "Very well," said the old gen-

owed its origin to a lay brotherhood of the Order of St. Lawrence, who maintained themselves by the making of girdles, and voluntarily associated for the purpose of mutual protection and for the regulation of the trade to come which they practiced. This regulation extended to the power of seeking for bad work, and when found, of having the exercise of the right of search and of the imposition of fines upon the delinquents. The subsequent disuse of the girdle, which was formerly an important article of costume, has made the trade obsolete as a separate craft for the last two centuries. The company was first incorporated by a charter of Edward III., granted in 1327, conferred by

DURING one month the soldier who does patrol duty about "Old Faithful" geyser in Yellowstone Park, picked up pocket handkerchiefs enough about the bowl of the geyser to last him a lifetime, and supply all his near relatives beside. More singular still ail these handkerchiefs came out of the geyser; half a dozen are sometimes thrown out at a single eruption of the hot water. In the Berlin law courts a person They gush up with the roaring fountain to a height of 150 feet in the air, and plained easily enough. The handkerchiefs are originally dropped into the geyser by tourists-mostly lady tourin the hot fountains. It is quite the custom to put handkerchiefs into "Old substance which acts like soap and cleans the worst soiled handkerchief. Then there is the fun of seeing it spouted out. It is usual to tie the haudkerchief into knots, the better to insure their being thrown out. but even the gevser takes large tolls. Sometimes it keeps an entire batch, and it usually retains two or three out of every half dozen. These tolls are quite apt to be cast up later on, and here is where the soldier, who makes the rounds early production of winter milk, and the care every morning, reaps his harvest, every sixty-five minutes, and during what it has retained.

> father, "that existence without your of the old dairy, and in October bought Hens fed on meat-lay well. If given no daughter would be only a dreary task, a dairy of "Springers" calving in Octo- meat the hens will cat their eggs and whose completion could not come too ber and November, and started in fresh. pick feathers from one another.

it may be mentioned, seems to have randum, and any one who has kept such one-third more by calving in October, a book from year to year will testify to than if she comes into the dairy in April he fact that it pays many times over for the little time and trouble. At a greatly exceed the amount that should will give rise to intense pain, and leisure moment when there is nothing | be fed to the summer milker. Such else to do the pocket memorandum notes" our experience. may be transferred to a larger and better book for preservation through all time

Firming the Soil for Wheat.

A correspondent of the Indiana Farmcr says most wheat growers must have noticed that where the dand has been somewhat trodden after seeding they have the best yield. Let the observant farmer notice where the horses turned at the corners and where by any other means the ground gets a little more trodden than in the center of the field and there surely will be found the heavest yield and the finest wheat.

One of the most successful Indiana wheat growers noticing this fact_turned all his cattle into his field so soon as his land was seeded. Of course he made choice of a dry time-it would not have done to turn his stock on with the land soft and muddy. The animals trampling around in search of pasture pressed the ground so firm and to such good effect that the crops were double of what he had previously been able to raise. He kept this up for fifteen years, retiring worth \$100,000.

A heavy roller does good service in compacting the seed bed, but experience gives the palm to the tramping of animals. However apart from the service performed by animals we must do our part with the plow and harrow in preparing the seed bed. We must not deceive ourselves by thinking the seed bed is perfect when only the surface is smooth. There must have been deep work and thorough pulverization. A ter this compacting the surface is in order, bringing the soil particles into vlose dom to raise the necessary moisture for their support from below by capillary action. Each particle of the soil must be distinct, although solidly compacted on the surface. But all that compacting must be performed in a dry time or not at all. Trampling clay land when wet would convert the surface into a cement, which would not be putting it into an overly good condition for the growth of wheat.

THE DAIRY.

Winter Dairying.

The man who changes his dairy from unimer to one of winter milk, says John Gould, in Dairy Column, has many new things to learn, and his profound wisdom in the management of the dairy in summer, has but little value to him in the of the milch cow in the cold months: A man who makes this change should at'

dairy from spring to fall calving. When shape must be given at least twice a "I FEEL," said the young man to her we adopted winter dairying, we sold all week, to furnish blood-making material.

and the needed amount of grain will not markable fact that a very minute

THE POULTRY-YARD.

The Case of Laying Hens.

If you want your hens to lay give them food best calculated to furnish egg-forming material and gently stimulate, ma terial to furnish lime for the shell and meat to make blood. Remember that there is a continuial drain on the resources of the regular laving hen. summer on extended runs hens most or entirely find their own eggmaking material. But in winter and in confinement these must be supplied regularly. One simple rule with adult fowls is to give them as much-Mood as they will eat eagerly and no more. When practicable make laying hens scratch and work for their feed. Exercise conduces to prolificacy, while moping about and over-feeding results in too much fat to'allow the production of a full quota of eggs. Food for laying fowls is one of the subjects considered in the poultry report of the experiment farm at Ottawa, Canada. Following are some of the directions given?

In the cold weather of winter a warn meal in the morning is necessary to start and keep up a steady supply of eggs. A good plan is to throw all the waste of the kitchen, in the shape of scraps, pieces of bread, uncaten vegetables, &c. into a pot, heat up in the morning until nearly boiling, and then mix bran, pro vender, shorts or whatever is most abundant or cheap on the farm into a hot mess, dusting in a small quantity of red pepper before mixing. Let the mixture stand for a few minutes until the contact, allowing the plant roots free-elean trough, with laths over it, to keep the hens from jumping in and fouling or wasting the feed in their-eager anxiety. Feed only enough of this soft stuff to barely satisfy, never enough to gorge when a hen has had so much food that she will go into a corner and mope she has had too much, and if the over-feeding is continued will, soon cease to lay The laying hens are the active ones. food is given at noon it should be oats. and scattered among the litter on the floor. This meal should be light. The last feed in the afternoon should be generous. Each hen should be sent to roost with a full crop to carry her over the long night. Green food, in the shape of vegetables usually grows on every farm, will be relished by the layers.

Cabbages, turnips or carrots are generally the most convenient. Small potatoes boiled and inixed with provender or bran is a good change for the evening meal. Some of the above named vegetaonce become a student, an investigator, bles should always be in the pens of the travel a new road, and one in which layers.' Red clover hay, steamed, "ruts" form no part of the traveled chopped and mixed with bran, and given while hot is one of the healthiest foods It is a long task to change the same for the morning meal. Meat in some

Boxing the Ears and Its Results.

The following from the Kansas Medical Record. although 'contai nothing new, indicates that a very mon evil is attracting the attention medical men, and points out the pos result of thoughtlessly boxing a d ears. Parents and teachers should informed of the danger of this me punishment, and that nature has vided for such applications a much t suitable region, where there is no dam of injuring important structures:

We would fain hope that, in defer to repeated warnings from various ters, the injurious practice of beying ears once common in schools, is fas surely becoming obsolete. It is toom to say that this desirable end has been realized. Certainly the recent servations of Mr. W. H. R. Steward not give color to this view. In a 1 phlet on Boxing the Ears and its Resu lately published, and illustrated by propriate cases, he summarizes his experience in the matter. He rem us that, notwithstanding the tough of the aural drumhead, its tense exp will rupture only too readily under sudden impact of air driven inwarda the meatus, as it is in the act of cu and he shows that in one instance least this injury resulted from a si though sudden blow. Given early skilled attention the wound may be very kindly; but if the beginning of mischief be overlooked, as it often been, further signs of inflammation follow, and a deaf and suppurating t panum is the usual result. When chr suppuration exists already, and it is 0 too common, a random knock on the may result, as in a case related in Lancet, in a fresh otitis, with fatal 0 complications. The close connection tween the ear and brain should never forgotten, and the reflection that in to the former organ most easily minates- in total deafness, and in puration, which may any day tak fatal course, should assist in the prese ation of a sometimes difficult patience.

THE KITCHEN.

Jelly Toast.

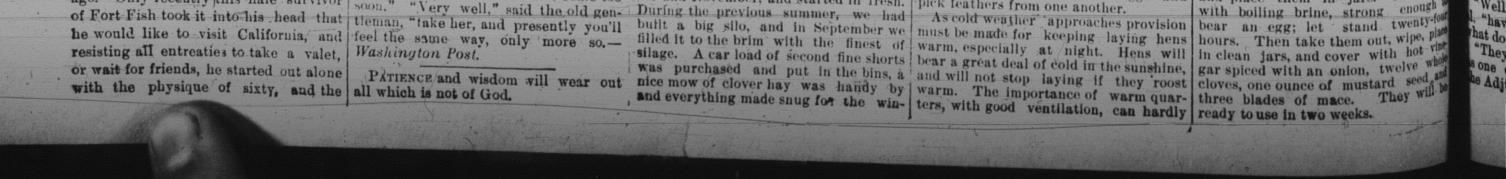
Cut stale bread into neat rounds squares; fry each slice in boiling de fat; spread it thickly with some jelly and serve very hot.

Gold Feather Cake.

One and a half cups sugar beaten the cream with half a cup of butter, hal cup of cold water, two cups sifted for 11/2 teaspoons of baking powder, t eggs. Flavor with one teaspoonful lemon extract.

Small Cucumber Pickles

Wash and wipe 100 small cucumb and place them in jars. Cover



D SOLDIERS AT HOME.

TELL SOME AMUSING ANEC-DOTES AND STORIES.

sthe Boys of Both Armies Whiled Away in Camp -- Foraging 'Experiences, ome Marches-Thrilling Scenes on he Battle-Field.

He Was Still My Brother Joc.

BY ELIZA LAMB MARTYN.

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ELL, yes, I was a soldier: I served till the warwasdone. Our company mustered out but ten That 'listed in '61. was my turn on picket One night in early June:

was full of music, theart had caught its tune; le pacing in the moonlight mind ran to and fro. other and the dear old home, father and brother Joe.

parents died, we were ten years old, win brothers, Joe and me; own-East farmer took me homeoe went to Tennessee. years had passed, we had never met, somehow that summer night, hitshining moon, brought his face again plainly to my sight.

eard a step, "Halt? who goes there?" he moon shone bright as day. d through the bushes I saw a man. ind he wore a suit of gray ; whis bayonet glisten. nd quicker than I can tell fash-a shot-and by the brook The wounded rebel fell.

us by him in a moment, to stop the red blood's flow. en-my God!-the revelation, that reb was brother Joe! mitor." you say, "to his country;" Well, friend, that may be so. whether in blue or whether in gray, e was still my brother Joe.

CUSTER COURT-MARTIAL.

BY COL. ALEX. DUKE BAILIE.

HAT story of Os-Joorne's," said Ma--jor Curtis, "reminds me of something that Custer did while I was in the Valley, during

the beginning of Sheridan's cam paign. You all know I came to the Fifth Corps

cause of the promotion it gave me." "Tell us about it, Major," said I;

given no hint from me, as you expressly desired."

"Is this so?" queried Custer, in anxious, tone, and as he spoke he gazed intently into the face of the two officers.

"I would know him among fifty," said the latter of the two, a big, broad- | tered his tent. shouldered, gentlemanly man, whose rusty shoulder-straps showed his rank to be that of Lieutenant Colonel. "So would I," remarked the other;

"that blue powder-mark on his chin recalled him to my mind at the first glance."

"I know he was one of that guard," added the Adjutant.

"Very well, gentlemen," said Genyou any longer."

they rode off to their respective comand ordered that the prisoner be brought before him.

The scene in the Valley at that moment was a very beautiful one. The sun had just dropped behind the hilltops, and the air was cool, while a delicious breeze sprang up and came to us laden with the perfume of the fields and woods. The scattered fires among the camps were beginning to burn brighter as the shades of evening grew darker, and the warlike appearance of the landscape assumed a softer beauty. The tents, the fires, and the shrill neighing of the cavalry horses, the gruff challenges of the sentinels, and the dropping shots on the picket lines gave active life to the picture. In the foreground was being enacted a strange scene, one involving life and death.

The prisoner was brought to the camp-fire between two guards, and, on seeing the General seated on the other side, drew himself up haughtily, as though resenting his arrest.

"My man, we think you are a spy, said Custer, in a guiet voice. "What have you to say to the charge? Can you prove that you are not one? "There's a woman here, from the village," replied the prisoner, ignoring the General's question; "she will tell you that I am her son. I live in the village. Does that make me a spy?" Where is the woman?" asked the

General. An elderly looking woman, in evident terror, came forward and stood in

silence before us. "Is that man your son?" was the first

question. Yes, he is," was the reply.

"How long has he been in the village?"

"Ever since last spring." "You are sure, quite sure, that he is

you, and trust you will endeavor to prepare yourself for your fate." "Are you in earnest-do you mean

it?" demanded the paisoner.

"Indeed, I mean it. Take him back, guard. If he attempts to escape, shoot him;" and the General turned and en-

The condemned man walked away with an air of scorn; seemingly he believed that it was a trick to try him. The chaplain, however, spent the night with him in the guard-tent, and finally succeeded in convincing him that the sentence of death would surely be carried into effect.

A gallows-trap was prepared at daylight by nailing a barndoor by its eral Custer, slowly. "The evidence hinges to the projecting limb of a great seems very clear, and I will not detain tree, in a hollow near brigade headquarters. At the appointed hour the The two officers withdrew, and, as unfortunate man was brought out and hanged in the presence of the entire mands, Custer turned to his Adjutant brigade. He met his fate bravely, defiantly, -- saying not one word, and in an hour after was buried under the sod at the foot of the tree.

After the execution and burial, Custer invited me to ride with him over to General Sheridan's headquarters. We met the General as he was about sallying forth on a tour of inspection along the lines.

"Hello, Custer! good morning. Anything new over your way?" was his salutation:

"Yes, General. I came to report that

"HELLO, CUSTER! GOOD-EVENING."

we caught a spy at Painted Post yesterday, tried him last evening, and hanged him this morning.

"The devil you did!" exclaimed Sheridan. "That's excellent. That's the way to do it. If more of that thing was done in this Valley we should have fewer spies among us."

"I am glad you approve of my action," said Custer, "for-

"There, there, never mind the spy, Custer: he's safe enough now. Are your horses fit for another reconnoissance? That's of far more importance," said Sheridan, in his quick, impulsive

HE DIED WHILE ON DUTY.

a Former Newspaper Writer Won Respect-in a Colorado Town.

"Do you see that man in a gray sombrero, with a big diamond," said an old. Colorado prospector to a Tribune reporter in the Astor House rotunda. Well, that's 'Tom' de Vere, 'Billy' de Vere's brother."

"And who was 'Billy' de Vere?" asked the newspaper man, as his eyes followed the old gentleman's finger. There was a tone of indifference in the reporter's question that the prospector did not like, and it was some minutes before he replied. "Well, if you had been in H-City, Colorado, in 1872, you 'would have known who 'Billy' de Vere is. The de Veres were New on a substantial banking business for generations. From father to son the business had descended since colonial days, and 'Billy' was the first to 'kick over the traces.' He was a literary kind of chap; newspaper writer, same as you, only a blamed sight smarter than you can ever hope to be. All these facts I found out afterward, for when he walked into 'Jim' Riley's gin-mill in British Museum, the New York Museum and hundreds of collections of statuary, but I have never seen a face, graven or human, as handsome as 'Billy' de Vere's.

was reading the placard a big fellow, who had been drinking at the further the golden text, also, is generally all end of the gin mill, came up to him that is necessary to recall it to the memand grinned in his face. 'Read it out ory of the scholars. loud,' said the new-comer. 'Billy' did so: ,'Five hundred dollars reward for John Higgins, alias Indian John, dead or alive. The above reward will be paid to the captor of the above-named John Higgins by Herry R----, Marshal of H-- County, Colorado.' 'My friend,' concluded De Vere, who guessed who the big fellow was, 'I'm hard up, and I'm going to earn that reward. You come along with me.'

"Higgins laughed out an oath and drew a big Colt, but before he could cock it his hand was knocked up and De Vere had struck him across the face with a whisky bottle. Then grasping the pistol, which the astonished ruffian had dropped, he said:

" 'Now will you come?'

"Higgins was struck dumb. For two

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THOUGHTS WORTHY OF CALM **REFLECTION.**

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

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, SEPT. 28.

The Sunday schools will be mainly occupied with the Quarterly Review outlined below. Along with this we give for those who desire it suggested Missionary and Temperance lessons, with brief notes on the latter.

It was wine's revelry. Wine and wantonness go well together. They were together there in Herod's lewd Yorkers, business men, who had carried | court, where John lost his head and the king his soul. They are together here.

When a king drinks in private it is ill enough; when he drinks before his thousands it is doubly ill. It was while he was tasting the wine that he gave command for the self-glorying exhibition of golden and silver vessels. It is right about here that most kings and potentates dismiss judgment and make fools of themselves.

The plaster of the king's palace is H---- City that morning there wasn't still a very good writing tablet. And one of us knew him from Adam. I there is a hand ready to write there the shall never forget his appearance. judgment of heaven against wickedness Dressed¹⁰ in the most horrible rags and in high places. When a people by their covered with the dirt of a twelve days' suffrage give license to iniquity, and so tramp, he was a pitiable object. But become partners in evil, they need not his face was the face of a Greek god. I look long to see, written against their have been through the Louvre, the walls. "Wo to him that buildeth a town with blood, and establisheth a city with iniquity."

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Note-There is no better plan in the superintendent's review exercise than the use of mnemonic initials on the "He lounged up to the bar and began | blackboard, the subject of the succeedreading a notice behind it. While he ing lessons being thus suggested to the minds of the scholars. The first word of

THIRD QUARTER.

Lesson 1. Lawful work on the Sabbath. Luke 13: 10-17.

Memory Verses. 15-17.

Golden Text: "Wherefore it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath days." Matt. 12: 12.

Lesson 2. The Great Supper. Luke 14: 15-24.

Memory Verses, 22-24.

Golden Text: "Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God." Luke 14: 15.

Lesson 3, Taking up the cross. Luke 14: 25-35.

Memory Verses. 27-30. Golden Text. "Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me cannot

be my disciple." Luke 14: 27. Lesson 4. Lost and Found. Luke 15: 1-10.

Memory Verses. 4-7. Golden Text. "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Luke 15:010. Lesson 5. The Prodigal Son. Luke



hese stories will pass away the

"All right; here goes," and the A. G. continued as follows:

We had made a rapid advance from alltown Heights, just outside of arper's Ferry, and after a running at covering several days, we went netly into camp in the deserted andows at the foot of Cedar Mounin where Sheridan afterward made isfamous ride.

The cavalry had done most of the irmishing during our advance, the onfederates offering very little opwition beyond the occasional firing a field-piece, or a sudden flurry mug the pickets, in order to gain mand give their trains a chance to safer distance between them and main column.

General Custer commanded at that me what was known as the Iron Brige, composed mostly of Michigan gments. He had gone on as far as mt Royal, up in the mountains mewhere, and enjoyed a sharp brush th the Confederate cavalry, which ppened to be in tolerably strong we in that neighborhood. On their furn the brigade passed through a the bit of a village called Painted ost, not far from Cedar Creek. While command was tramping through tedust that lay hoof-deep in the road, te of Custer's officers captured a tall, belooking man in one of the houses, d they brought him on to camp.

I had ridden over that evening to see. ⁸⁰rge, my old chum at West Point, ad was sitting with him and his staff, we are doing now, when I noticed at he was abstracted and thoughtful. em sad.'

"I have good reason to be, my dear Now. Yet I see no other course open

What do you mean? Is it another The bould not ove or army secret I should not ¹⁰w?" I asked.

"Oh, there's no secret at all," replied aster. "You know that man was ptured in the village down the

"les; what of him?"

"Only that my Adjutant General s recognized him as one of the Conderate guards who escorted him and e rest of our men taken prisoners at he fight we had at Brandy, last sumer, near Beverly Ford. He has gone ith two other officers who were capat the same time to see him

"You think the man was there as a Py, then ?"

"That's just it," exclaimed Custer, sing to his feet, "and if he is a spy, y his looks and demeanor he is a dan-

erous one. We are surrounded by pies in this Valley."

At that moment the three officers

your son?" "Yes.

"Does he belong to the Southern armv?" "I dunno.'

son?' "Yes.'

At that moment an orderly came up on horseback, and, dismounting, whispered a few words in the ear of the Adjutant General, at the same time handing him a bundle.

The officer stepped forward, and quickly unrolling the package, disclosed to us all a Confederate uniform.

"General," said he, "this uniform was found in this woman's house, where the prisoner was captured."

A sudden flush in the man's face, a swift look of anger, and a glance exchanged between him and the woman was all the answer either made to the announcement and the questioning looks following.

"That will do." remarked the General, gravely; "let the woman go back to her home.'

As she turned to follow the orderly, the woman gazed for a moment at the prisoner; her look seemed to say, "I have done what I could," but it was very evident that there was no relationship between the two; she made no appeal for his life; there was no leave-taking passed them. Certainly it in two and demoralize things genershe was not his mother or kin to him; he acknowledged afterward that he had known her but a day.

"My man, it's a clear case," said and the camp-tire, after supper, just Custer, so soon as the woman was out of hearing. "You are a Confederate soldier, and you are inside our lines in "What's the matter?" said I. "You disguise. You are therefore a spy according to all the laws of war. It is frequent. I never heard or saw such my duty to tell you that you must die." | a rain of canister and grape for forty

> tone. "You have been tried just now and



GENERAL," SAID HE, "THIS UNIFORM WAS FOUND IN THIS WOMAN'S HOUSE, WHERE THE PRIS-

wav "Ready at any moment, sir," an-

swered Custer, his face lighting up at the prospect of a dash.

"All right: I may want you. If so, "Will you swear that he is your I'll send orders this evening. Goodday."

And that was all there was about the spy, and all the red-tape that was expended in approving the sentence of Custer's court-martial .- Chicago Led. ger.

A Carnival of Shot and Shell.

BY BEN C. TRUMAN.

EACHTREE Creek was one of the gems of battle between Resaca and Atlanta, and was really meteoric, lasting only a few hours of an afternoon on the 20th of July,1864. Hood was in command of the Confederates, and he had undoubtedly made up his mind to make a savage attempt

of Sherman's magnificent line and cut ally. Newton's line was weak, and Hood came down tremendously upon it, and an aimost hand-to-hand nght ensued. For an hour the blue and gray were pretty well mixed, and bayoneting and clubbing with the butts of muskets among the soldiers and the use of pistols and swords were not in-"Die! What! without a trial?" ex- or fifty minutes; and the "rebol yell" me," he added, as he kicked a small claimed the prisoner, in a startled above it all made things hum. Gen. John H. King, who commanded the regulars, was hurried up and placed in reserve in a beautiful piece of woods, and a Prussian artilleryman, whom we called "Leather Breeches," secured a small elevation near by with his six guns and everlastingly poured shell and canister into the advancing enemy. Once a rebel^s regiment of infantry

divided itself by three in attempting to take this battery. Not far off a Michigan battery joins in the diapason and sends hundreds of impetuous Southerners to "that undiscovered country." Every human being under Hooker is at work, and Newton, Butterfield, Geary and Sweeny are fighting like devils. Yankee as well as rebel yells mingle with the vociferations of shell and shrapnel, and the tops and branches of trees are falling as if lightning had struck them in hundreds of places. "There's old Pap Thomas, like a fool," exclaims King, "still mounted!" and then King and condemned. And I, as a General in forcibly take Thomas off his horse and home?"

months he had been 'running the place, shooting every one who crossed his path, levving tribute on all the citizens and killing those who refused him. He had shot two Marshals and wounded the present one, and was consequently considered a pretty tough man. Therefore, when this boyish-looking tramp held his own gun in his face and said 'Come on,' he was very much puzzled. After gazing at De Vere for some seconds, while every one in the place held their breath, he said:

" 'By -, you've got me! I'll go with you.'

"After that nothing in H---- City was too good for De Vere; he was made Deputy Marshal, and ty buying a share of the Little Roosevelt mine soon became rich. But he never got the 'big head,' and was always a quiet, courteous gentleman. Higgins was freed in a few months, for they didn't hang for murder then in Colorada, and no horsethefts were proved against him. He became a much quieter citizen and always had a wholesome dread of De Vere. Whenever he became noisy or developed a tendency to run things, 'Billy' would march him to the lock-up and keep him over night. But Higgins was a cowardly dog at heart, as the story of De Vere's death will show.

"There had been a big 'row' in Rilev's place. Higgins and Riley had started a game of poker with an Eastern man, and in a quarrel that arose the 'tenderfoot' was knocked down and Riley and Higgins proceeded to rob him. Just then De Vere entered, and hauling the victim out of the way, told Higgins to 'come along.' The tough pretended to comply, and as soon as De Vere's back was turned he plunged a knife into the Deputy Marshal's side. De Vere fell and Higgins and Riley began kicking him brutally. Then 'Billy' did one of 'nerviest' things ever heard of in a territory where one half the population were scoundrels and the other heroes. Turning slowly, fainting all the while from loss of blood, till he drew his pistol, he shot the two scrundrels dead in their tracks, and then died. It was the most wonderful case of nerve I ever heard of. He felt it was his duty to remove those two and he did it."-New York Tribune.

He Had a Wife at Home.

"I have a little Bible at home" said the bad man, "that in 1863 I wrestled from a Sunday-school class of nineteen. I haven't opened it since, and it is as new and clean as the day I got it."

"Bring it down some day; I'd like to see it." said his friend carelessly.

The next day the bad man came into his friend's office, and throwing a little half worn out book on the desk, said : "There she is, old man, but I was a

little wrong about its condition."

"I should say so," said the other. "How does it happen that this little book is so badly worn, when you Fetterman and Mulligan go and thought it was clean and all right at

"Well," said the bad man, and his voice was a bit husky, "the truth of the

15: 11-24. Memory Verses. 17-20. Golden Text. "Father, I have sinned

against heaven and before thee." Luke 15: 18. Lesson 6. The rich man and Lazarus.

Luke 16: 19-31.

Memory Verses, 25, 26. Golden Text. "How hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God!" Mark 10: 24. Lesson 7. The Ten Lepers. Luke 17: 11-19.

Memory Verses. 15-17. Holden Text. "Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?" Luke 17: 17.

Lesson 8. Prevailing Prayer. Luke 18: 1-14.

Memory Verses. 13, 14.

Golden Text. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Luke 18: 14. Lesson 9. Entering the Kingdom.

Luke 18: 15-30. Memory Verses, 15-17.

Golden Text. "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein." Luke 18: 17.

Lesson 10. Jesus and Zacchæus the Publican. Luke 19: 1-10.

Memory Verses. 7-10.

Golden Text. "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Luke 19: 10.

Lesson 11. Parable of the Pounds. Luke 19: 11-27.

> TEMPERANCE LESSON. Daniel 5: 1-6.

1. Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand.

2. Belshazzar, while he tasted the wine, commanded to bring the golden and silver vessels which his father Nebuchadnezzar had taken out of the temple which was in Jerusalem; that the king and his princes, his wives and his concubines, might drink therein.

3. Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God which was at Jerusa-lem; and the king and his princes, his wives and his concubines, drank in them. 4. They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood and of stone.

5. In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace, and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote.

6 Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another.

MISSIONARY LESSON.

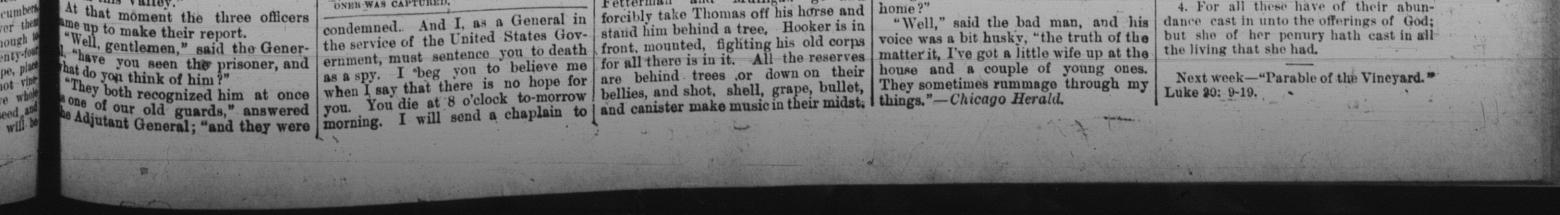
Luke, 21:, 1-4. 1. And he looked up and saw the rich men casting their gifts into the treas-

2. And he saw also a certain poor widow casting in thither two mites.

3. And he said, Of a truth, I say unto you that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all;

4. For all these have of their abundance cast in unto the offerings of God; but she of her penury hath cast in all

upon the center



CHELSEA STANDARD. WM. EMMERT. OFFICIAL VILLAGE PAPER. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1890

The Old Whaling Towns Picking Up. According to The Providence Journal. an interesting and gratifying disclosure of the census is that of the revival of the old whaling towns. The whale fishery centers, where once the coming and go; ing of busy ships gave a lively air of industry to the wharves and streets, felt the decadence of this fishery as an almost fatal blow, and in the decades immediately succeeding the fifties remained sorrowful monuments to a great industry's decay. Now, however, they seem to be recovering their old time energy, and it is not unlikely that an inheritance of the same enterprise which characterized them in the past will once more push them steadily forward. New Bedford, formerly the greatest whaling port on the whole coast, now boasts a population of 41.044, a gain of more than 50 perscent. since 1880, and New London, the second port in importance. has gained some 30 per cent. or more in the same time.

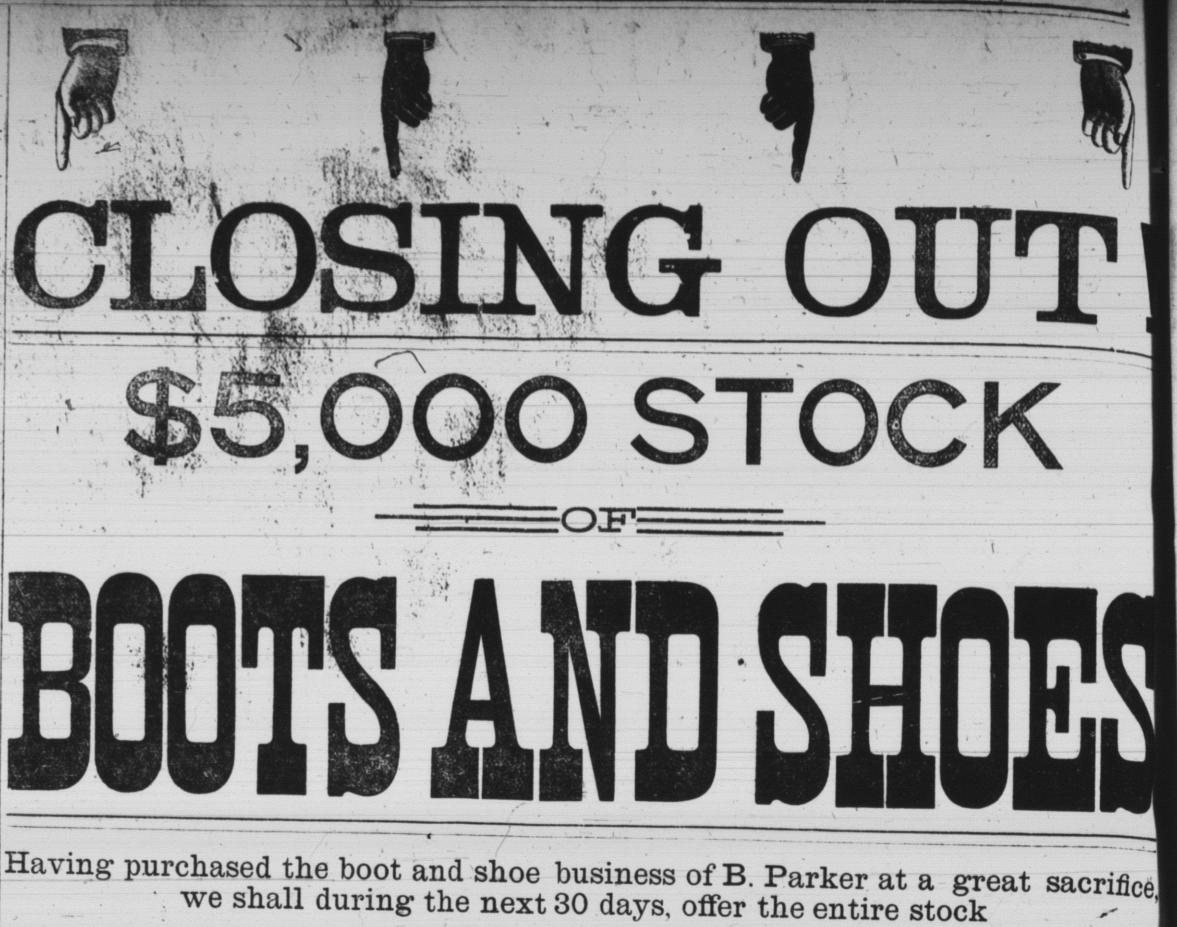
No Tail, Poor Thing.

There was born on the ranch of Victor. Piezza, near town, last week, a calf with absolutely no tail, and otherwise perfectly formed. This freak of nature is owned in Santa Rosa. His calfship starts out in the race of life against almost overpowering odds-odds sufficient to discourage any ordinary or average calf, but this calf is by no means an ordinary one, and he will probably make his mark in life. It would be an act of simple justice to see that this particular calf is given more than his usual share of rope on every possible occasion .-- Sebastopol Times.

Migratory Bee Keeping.

An apiary on wheels is one of the latest innovations in California. After the foothills have been pastured the bee herder moves his bees to a higher elevation, where the industrious insects gather the nectar stored in the blossoms of wild clover, chapparal and other plants, and when these have been relieved of their saccharine matter the bees are again moved to a higher elevation, where flowers peculiar to their region yield up their sweets to them .- Monrovia (Cal.) Messenger.

The best spices at the Standard Gro-



AT PRICES THAT WILL MOVE THE GOODS!

This stock is not "old trash," most of the goods having been bought within the past year, and could not now be bought of the manufacturers at the prices we make. The stock consists of goods made by such celebrated manufacturers as

cery House.

Grocery House.

Fine perfumery at the Standard Grocery House.

Yeast cakes, all kinds at the Standard Grocery House.

Your eggs are wanted at the Standard Grocery House.

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

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

Our 43 cent uncolored Japan T., is equal to any tea in town. Standard Grocery House.

Our 25 cent coffee is good-our 28

Washtubs, washboards, mops, clothe lifters, elothes pins, clothes pin bags etc. just received at the Standard Grocery House.

HOMESEEKER'S EXCURSIONS

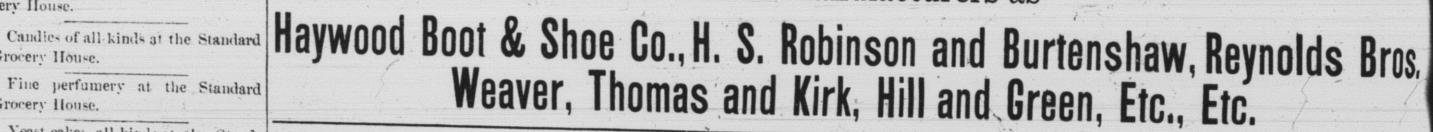
Will leave Chicago and Milwaukee via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway for points in northern Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, (including the great Sioux Reservation) Montana, Colorado, Kansas and Nebraska, on Sept. 9th and 23rd, and Oct. 14th, 1890.

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. V. H. Carpenter, General l'assenger Agent, Chicago, Ill. or to. Harry Mercer, Mich. Pass. Agt., C. M. & St. P. railway, 90 Griswold street, Detroit, Mich.

APPLES WANTED!

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



ALL GOODS HAVING ANY OF THE ABOVE STAMPS ARE FULLY WARRANTED.

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MEN'S SHOES.

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Reduced from \$5.50 to 4.50; from 5.00 to 4.00; from 3.50 to 2.50; from 2.75 to 2.00; from 2.25 to 1.75. Others in proportion.

LADIES' SHOES. Reduced from \$4.50 to 3.50; from 3.50 to 2.75; from 3.25 to 2.50; from 3.00 to 2.25; from 2.50 to 1.75. Others in proportion.

W. P. SCHENK, CHELSEA.

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25 Pr Ladies' Dongola Kid Shoes at \$1.00

cent coffee is just delicious. Standard 150 pair Ladies' Toe Slippers and Walking Shoes to close at about half price. Prices reduced on all Boys, Misses and Children's shoes.

Prices reduced on all Mens & Boys Boots!

If you need Boots and Shoes within the next three months, don't miss this sale, as

we can surely save you from 50c. to \$1.50

on every pair you purchase.

Everything marked in plain figures. No goods charged at these prices.



• • •	CHELSEA STANDARD.	Another special school meeting will be held Tuesday aven	Rooms for rent in the Knapp &	DEDCONAL DENOUTING	1
-		be held Tuesday evening next. Dr. Palmer has had a cement walk	I TTO A STATE AND		Markets by Telegraph
F	RIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1890.	put down in front of his house.	Knapp,	Dr. Gates was out riding, Tuesday,	DETROIT, Sept. 26, 1890.
	TRAINS LEAVE;	A polato weighing people at	The Baptist Sunday school will give	Rev. McIntosh will remain here an-	BUTTER Market quiet at 10@1 for best dairy. 8c for fair grades.
	ST 5:43, 7:07, 10:31 A. M. 4:02 P. M.		a concert at the church next Sunday	other year.	EGGS-Market easy at 17c per d
	EST, -11:13 A. M. 6:19, 7:48 P. M.	W. F. Dird, of Ann Arbor continued	For Call dallar 1 min	Mrs. Eunice Boyd left for charlotte Tuesday to visit friends.	POTATOES-Market quiet at (
		first premium on grapes at the recent	Mrs. Staffan. Prices right; stock	, Rev. A. Rodell has been visiting	per bu for store lots.
	Manchester's school has enrolled 301		LCOHIDIAIA	I HIS INUNY TWOMAS IN this wighter it?-	WHEAT-No 2 red spot, 10 cars
	a de Alla de	Only \$34.00 worth of sparrows were	Stockbridge's fair, which is quite an	week.	NO. 1 White 3 car at 96c.
	Manchester's evaporator is, like many	matter, buys? What's the	anali, takes place next Tuesday, Wed-	Survivasy, the zorn, a nice boy found	CORNNo. 2 spot, 50c.
tl	ers, running half the time.	Onite a number of	nesday and Thursday.	FA Sacally	OATSNo. 2, white, spot 39c.
'	The county now owns a flag. It will	been caught by Dr. Augetroin	Shropshire bucks, registered and un- registered, for sale. Inquire of Wm.	Frank Shaver came down from Bat-	Home Markets.
0	at from the court house staff.	others the past week	registered, for sale. Inquire of Wm.	the Creek, Monday, and played with	BARLEY _\$1 15@1 25c7 100
-	Mrs. Margaret Clark, who moved in.	A rino strandone	I. Wood, North Lake. 4wp	the boys Tuesday	EGGS-16c W doz.
)	Grass raise in road, diod there hat	new days ago, grown by Mr. Abnomit	Washtenaw lawyers don't want the judge to hold an October term of	Miss Lizzie Graham visited her sis- ter, Mrs. S. W. Lockwood, at Man-	LARD—Country wanted at 6@7 OATS—Remain steady at 22@24
e	ek, aged 76 years.	ler. Its flavor was fine.	court. Too busy with political mat-	ter, Mrs. S. W. Lockwood, at Man-	POTATOES-Slow sale at 50c.
1	Beans are such a large crop in Wa-	Ed. Clark is breaking ground for a		Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wilson of Lima	BUTTERWeak at 12(@15c. WHEAT-Is in good demand at 9
r	t a bean thresher on the road.	handsome residence next to the one re-	Mr. Brown, of Pinckney, recently	were made happy on the 16th by the	for red and 91c for No. 1 white.
	The Baptists of Grass Lake have sub-	cently completed by Mrs. Hunter.	lost a horse aged twenty-five years. He	appearance of a girl baby	CORN-Quiet at 40c P bu.
1	uted congregational singing instead	If you want some very fine Hubbard squashes for this winter's use, drop a	had owned the animal twenty-two	Mrs. Homer Boyd left last Tuesday	and a second second
	naving a choir. It works well.	card to Ira Glover, Sylvan Centre.	, out a set	for New York state where she will vis-	Dr. Keily's Wippocure.
(aspar DePuy intends to use up 20-	According to its last only al and	Ann Arbor's street railway is now completed, and when you attend the	DIT	A new discovery, prepared on the tr theory now accepted by all advance
0	bushels of apples in his evaporator	Ann Arbor has 2,985 children of onhoal	county fair next week, you can ride to	Rev. A. B. Storms, son of Mr. and Storms, of Lima, has been assigned to	physicians, that Bacilli or Germs in t
1	stockbeidge. He buys all along the	age. Quite a city in themselves.	the fair grounds.		
	on which he is located.	Wednesday last, John Hall, of Dex-	Perhaps the tallest as well as hand-	Mrs A L. Johnson and daughter of	incident to Horses. Cattle Sheep of
1	the held in Ann Arbor Tuesday	ter, was nominated as representative from this district, by the P. of I. He	somest dahlias in this section, can be	Suppose N V and minister M	Hogs: such as Effiziontic, Colic, Sta
II X	t, September 30. Sylvan township	is a Republican		1. Glover and other triends in this vi-	Liver not, and hor Choiers. Appli
		C. E. DePuy's evaporator, at Stock-	a son me seven feet mgn.	cimity.	externally it is the greatest linime ever produced for the cure of Fistal
(rass Lake insherinen lish by the	bridge, took fire recently being dom	For the first time in quite a number of years, crauberries have been shinned	Mabel Ruchanan aplahmatad have tar th	FOIL EVIL GALLS Shrains Sublimum I
1	t of meteors-at any rate one fell	aged \$200 worth. The part destroyed	from this place, this fall. Geo. Blaich	birthday last Friday with the help of forty young friends. They had a grand	Murrain, Mange, Scab, and Kidn Worm, Satisfaction guaranteed
1	the lake last week-and it wasn't	was immediately rebuilt.	shipped fifty bushels in one day, last	time too.	money refunded. Price \$1.00 per bott
	editor of the News, either.	There are twenty-six elevators and	week.	Clarence R Alley and Mice Lottic D	For sale by R. S. Armstrong.
	Irs. Britten's residence, at Dexter,	mills in this county, eleven report-	Rev. O. C. Bailey pronounced the	Rosier of Dexten mode mental II. 1	Q
	together with the furniture, caus-	ing 62,658 bushels of wheat marketed	words which made John Bell and Mrs.	nesday, Rev Bailey performing the	THE LADIES SOL FAVORITE
	a loss of \$2,000. Insured to some	It is said that Eli Manly a one-arm	Mary Jane Sprague man and wife, last Saturday evening. The parties reside	ceremony.	
	ent.	soldier of Ann Arbor, would make a	in Dexter.	Married at the Congregational par-	
]	here will be an open meeting of R.	good candidate for register of deeds.	The twenty-fifth annual reunion of	sonage, by Rev. O. C. Bailey, Mr. Bert McLain to Miss Lydia Alber.	
	Carpenter Post, at their Post room,	Hope you'll "git there Eli."	the 20th Michigan Infantry, will take	They left on the evening train for	
ŧ	dnesday evening, Oct. 8th, for the	W. E. Wessels will tomorrow sell 22	prace at Marshall, on Inursday, Oct.	Jackson,	
1	rpose of organizing a Woman's Re-11	head of young horses on his farm in	aaranaa is in the last is the second se	that the	THE FINEST
	present.	Lyndon. Most of them are broke to	company is invited to be present.	marriage of Miss Emme R Kounford	WUUDWURK OG ATTACHMENTS
		drive. One year's time will be given. Our band boys were the favorites at	w. 1. Schenk'expects to use the post	Mr. Charles C. Winans will be solemn-	NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CORANGE MAS
1	eat were threshed in this county in	Our band boys were the favorites an Ann Arbor Tuesday, being placed at		ized at the Methodist church, Tuesday	CHILAGO 28 UNION SQUARE,NY. SANIMANCISC
ł	agust, the average vield being 18.32	the head of the procession in the moun	boot and shoe store. The two rooms	evening next at eight o'clock. We un- derstand that this highly respected and	TOR SALE BY DALLASTEX
D	ashels per acre. Nearly 39,000 bush-1;	ing, and kept there all day. We are	will be connected with an arch.	able young couple will soon sail for	RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.
e	is of oats and 25,500 bushels of barley a	ill proud of you.	Mrs McCarnaghle, mother of a Mrs.	Chili, where they will engage in mis-	WHAT IS COME OF COME

'OS, ED. 2.75; 50 to

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row. Each car contains about 3,500 bead. the best bicycle riders on the fourth day of the fair. The races will be conducted under the L. A. W. rules. ice.

were also harvested.

the subject. This is correct.

they will ship to the same place tomor-

street railway between Ann Arbor and sheep- all over six months old. How Ypsilanti, the offer made by the city near right do you suppose these figures milway to carry passengers through | are! the city, having been accepted. Work will begin as soon as the contracts can be let.

ship, including the village, was 2,516 funeral will be held this afternoon, in 1870; in 1880, 2,394; in 1890, 2,273, Rev. Thomas Holmes, D. D., officiat- chester man will be nominated? a loss of 343 in twenty years. In 1880, ing. the population of the village was 1,156 while now it has 1,190, a gain of 34 in ten vears.

of Lima, John Hagerty, of Lyndon, ple all the time." Yet there are pub- ed on the large window panes, caused J. H. Schlicht, of Sharon and S. L. Da- lishers who seem to think that they immages to appear when viewed from vison of this township, will act as ju- can fool business men all the time in a distance. It's a curiosity at any rate. fors during the October term of court, regard to their circulation. from this vicinity. Nothing but crimhal cases will be tried.

Chas. E. Calley is the sole owner of a furniture factory at Stockbridge. His establishment consists of twelve maworth of work per week.

Also several good second will sell half fare round trip tickets to tisers will pay as much for a list of five The marriage took place at the pleasant contive committee at Ypsilanti, last home of the bride's sister, Mrs. N. F. hand heating stoves very week, James L. Gilbert of this place Detroit on October 15th, on all regular hundred bona fide subscribers, when Prudden, of Ann Arbor, Wednesday, was elected chairman. In selecting Mr. trains, it being the date of the military the number is proven to them, as they cheap. A fine line of the following being present: Henry Gor-Gilbert, the committee did a wise thing prize drill contest for the Detroit Jour- will for a claim of one thousand with ton and wife, Orville Gorton, wife and Guns at special prices. as he is known to be an able manager, nal banner. The drill will occur at rec- no other proof than the mere, unsupdaughter Ettie, Geo. Gorton and wife. and well acquainted throughout the reation park and will be one of the ported claim." The publisher of the G. W. Monroe and wife, and many oth-J. KNAPP. W. county. John R. Miner. of Ann Arbor most important military events in the STANDARD is ready to swear to its cir- er relatives and friends. The presents will perform the duties of searciary. history of Michigan. * culation at any time. were numerous, costly and appropriate. Chelsea, Mich.

all proud of you,

The boarding houses of Ann Arbor Stockbridge's school flag will here- have decided to increase the price of after only be raised to commemorate Board to three dollars per week, owing some important event in history. Some to the advance in nearly every article pupil will then deliver an address on of food and provisions.

Editor Allen, of the Dexter Leader, Many of the farmers near Manches- was in town Monday with a load of ter have contracted their wheat to the grapes. They were the finest marketed local buyer at one dollar per bushel, to here this season, an indication that he be delivered whenever he calls for it, knows how to handle vines.

not later than February 1st, however. The Republicans of Sylvan township Maroney & VanRiper, who recently will meet in caucus at the Town Hall, shipped a car of live poultry to New tomorrow at 3 o'clock, for the purpose York, have bought another car which of electing eight delegates to attend the county convention, Tuesday,

A. G. Miller, of near Stockbridge,

will lay one and three-fourths miles of Michael Staebler, of Ann Arbor, do- tile drain, a ninety foot tubular well nates the county fair several gold med- constituting the outlet. By this drain als and other prizes, to be awarded to he hopes to reclaim many acres of land. Washtenaw county, so says the secretary of state, has 11,193 horses, 10,-591 milch cows, 8,762 cattle other than Everything seems to bid fair for the milch cows, 12,324 hogs, and 119,173

> Mrs. Geddes is quite ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Frank Sweet-

"You can fool all of the people some ing day time. In consequence, a large

Bennett, living south of here, died last sionary work.

Friday evening, aged seventy-six years. Rev. Bailey preached the funeral serman at the house, Sunday afternoon. With this week's issue the Manchester Entérprise enters upon its twentyfourth year, editor Blosser having it in charge all these years. May he be sufficiently supported in warranting him to continue its publication for as many more years.

August 8th, quite a number Knights of Labor struck on the New York Central road, because a few of its members had been discharged A notice has now been issued to the effect that none of those who left the company's employ on that date, can be re-engaged.

As Rev. McIntosh was attending conference last Sunday, and the Baptist society has no pastor, the Congregational church was packed. The large congregation was richly paid for attending, as Rev. Bailey delivered one here. of the best sermons it has been our privilege to hear.

The Democratic senatorial convention will be held in Arbeiter hall, in Manchester, on Monday next, at noon, to place in nomination a senator for land. Later. Mrs. Geddes died Wed- the fourth senatorial district, consist-The population of Manchester town- desday morning, aged 69 years. The ing of the counties of Washtenaw and Monroe. Does that mean that a Man-

It was reported last week that a house It was Abraham Lincoln who said : near the cemetery was "haunted" durof the time, and some of the people all number of people visited the house last John Messner, of Freedom, J. Zahn, the time, but you can't fool all the peo- Sunday, finding that the light, reflect-

It is surprising what an effect high Steps have been taken toward the or higher prices, have on farmers. In establishment of a vigilance committee this section, we are told, there will be in this county, for the purpose of pre- more wheat sown than was ever known venting the stealing of horses. Several before. Another reason for this large of the liverymen at Ann Arbor have be- acerage is the unusually fine weather chines which are run by a twelve-horse come members. The committee is a we are having. We hope the farmers

All railroads centering in Detroit, says: "We assert that shrewd adver-At a meeting of the Republican exday, by Rev. J. H. McIntosh of Chelsea.

mother of a Mrs. Chili, where they will engage in mis-

At the democratic county convention held at Ann Arbor yesterday, all the present county officers were re-nominated, except clerk, he having served four years. In his place, Arthur Brown, the present deputy clerk was nominated.

Lima Luminations.

Sixteen couples attended the party last Friday evening.

Mrs. Fred Stæbler of Chelsea, is visiting here this week.

W. H. Guerin, of Ypsilanti, called relatives here last week.

Mrs. Agues Cramer, of Mt. Pleasant visited relatives here last week.

Sharon Siftings.

Wheat is up and looking nice Has school closed in district nine? Charles Chadwick has been visiting

J. R. Lemm's new house is nearly completed

One of our young men has an attraction in Leoni

Mrs. Hall of Manchester, spent Sunday with parents here.

The school bell in district eight attracts considerable attention.

L. B. Lawrence attended the Ypsilanti fair with a lot of choice sheep.

The young ladies' missionary society held its last meeting with Miss Cynthia

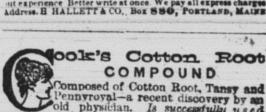
Waterloo Warblings.

Quarterly meeting was largely attended last Snnday at the U. B. church. Newel Gilman and wife and Mr. Gilman's father of Eaton Rapids, are visiting Spencer Boyce and family and other relatives in east Lyndon.

The eight year old son of Mr. and Mrs Fred. Meeckel died Sunday afternoon of that dread disease-Stockbridge dysentery. The funeral was held at the Luth-

Chicago. Forty-five styles and sizes. The Printer's Album in its last issue chase were united in marriage Wednes-





nnyroyal-a recent discovery by physician. Is successfully u Safe, Effectual. Ladies, ask your druggist for Cook's Root Compound and take no substitute Cotton or inclose 2 stamps for sealed particulars. Address POND LILY COMPANY, No. 3 Fisher Block, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

Sold by Glazier, the Druggist, Chelsea

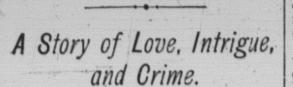


We have the most complete stock of stoves, this fall, at lowest prices. The well-known



power engine. He now employs seven branch of a National association soon will experience a large yield and good eran church and was largely attended. and genuine Round Oaks. men and turns out from \$150 to \$200 to be formed, with headquarters at prices next year. Mr.Lynn Gorton and Miss Hattie Pur-

Kendall.



BERENICE ST. CY

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.

CHAPTER VI-Continued.

Cole Winters had heard nothing of the above conversation, which had been carried on in low tones, but the vacant square in the rough floor was sufficient to apprise him of the diabolical scheme of his heartless enemies.

No one spoke, but stepping closer to the lantern, Sears produced a bottle, with the contents of which he began saturating a large handkerchief.

"Chloroform!" gasped Cole, as the pe-culiar odor reached his nostrils.

"Yes," retorted the youthful villain; "it comes high, but I don't spare expense in making your exit pleasant.

The inhuman wietch laughed, and, advancing, applied the handkerchief to the face of his victim.

Cole Winters struggled manfully, but realizing that his efforts at escape were impotent, ceased them and tried to fix his mind upon the awful change which seemed inevitably at hand.

He was fast losing consciousness when an awful thought set his sluggish brain again into action.

When, in accordance with the plans of his murderers, his dead body was discovered, there would be found upon it, not alone the one bond placed in his pocket by Sears, but the fifty-nine others, aggregating in value the enormous sum of \$300,000.

For these Mr. St. Cyr had been killed, and their presence would establish Cole's guilt beyond all possible question.

Not only was he about to lose his life, but the honorable name bequeathed him by his dead father was to become a byword of reproach.

In rgony he essayed to speak.

The gurgling sound he uttered served only to renew the pressure of the deadly handkerchief.

Then men, light, hope of life, thoughts of honor, and, lastly, a vision of fair Berenice St. Cyr, disappeared from his sight and his mind.

Five minutes latter the trio of villians entered the deserted den.

"I told you," whispered Sears as he extinguished the lantern, and made ready to open the street door, "that we were in for a run of good lack. We've got a fortune and won't be as much as suspected!"

"I know better! It was in the cellar of | I'll have the money ready by noon tothis house that I captured one of the morrow. Cronin suspects last spring. Out of my way!

With a muttered curse the old woman complied, and Hyland was soon descending a rickety flight of stairs, toward a "But we're in a hurry. Lock 'em up in dark and exceedingly bad-smelling cellar. your strongest sate, max, and we'll be When its damp, almost slimy bottom was reached, he produced and lighted a

diminutive but rather powerful darklantern, by the light of which he began an investigation of the subterranean place. It was divided into a number of rooms,

and had once, evidently, been used as a human habitation, though this must have been before the grading of the street had shut off the supply of light and air.

Hurriedly the anxious officer ran through the place. He encountered no end of debr.s, but no sign of life except huge rats which scampe ed about. Satished that his quest was a vain one,

he prepared to return to the upper world. Just then a peculiar sound smote his hearing. He listened intently, and upon

its repetition startled visibly. "A groan!" he muttered. "There's no doubt of it. But where?"

Once more he fruitlessly examined the

moldering rooms. He was strangely puzzled and almost . despairing when, for the third time, he heard the ominous sound.

Studying the direction from whence it proceeded, he was not long in solving the mystery.

In one of the rooms, behind a pile of rubbish, he discovered an opening in the stone wall which separated the cellar "Staff!" sneered the burglar. from the one next adjacent.

"The work of a crook who was close pressed." commented the detective. "It was lucky that my Cronin man didn't find it last spring. Well, here's for it."

Cautiously and with considerable difficulty the officer crept through the irregularly shaped opening.

Once again in a standing posture he flashed his lantern about to gain some ides of the surroundines.

He had barely discerned that he was in a long basement undivided by partitions, when he saw lying on the ground the semblance of a human form.

"Cole Winters!" cried he, excitedly, a moment later, as he stood over the inanimate form of our hero.

Setting down the lantern the detective began a systematic examination of the

young man. 'He's alive, and I can see no wounds or bruises 'to account for his condition; mused he, perplexedly.

Just then the open trap-door above him attracted his eye.

"Ha! I see! In trying to escape he fell down here and is suffering from the shock. I'll soon revive him.

Hyland took out a small vial labeled ammonia, and poured a little of the pungent fluid upon his handkerch ef.

This he applied to the nostrils of our hero.

"While I'm waiting for it to take efthe highly elated officer.

"Good! . There they are. "Shall I examine them?"

"It isn't necessary. I want it done," put in Bloom. "But we're in a hurry. Lock 'em up in

"I want to see 'em counted," said the Buiglar, doggedly.

Without more ado the banker removed the rabber band and opened the envelope.

"Here we are," said he, gayly, as he drew forth the contents.

As two render knows, this consisted only of worthless printed papers.

"Confusion!" cried Morris, while Spars made use of a much stronger word.

As for Bloom, he said nothing. He looked from the banker to the young man, and then sprang forward and caught tie latter by me throat.

"Help!" wheeze i the victim, as he was borne backward upon a sofa.

Max Morris t once thew to his assistance, but the stiength of the two availed nothing as against the powerful burglar. What do you mean?" demunded the binker. "Let him go!

"I mean," answered the enraged man. as he released Sears and rose to his feet, "that I don't propose to be cheated out of the honest fruit of my labor in no such way as that! I want my share, and I'll have it, or have his life, and yours, too Max Morris, if you're in the scheme.

"Look here, Mart, we've been in many deals together. D.dn't I always tote fair?"

"So far as I know, yes."

"Would I be fool enough to try such a game on you?'

"Hardly," admitted Bloom, though the scowl did not lift from his face.

"I have it!" cried Morris.

"What?" chorused the others.

Winters is just four times as smart as we thought him."

"What is it? Do speak!" urged the young man, eagerly.

"You put one \$5,000 bond in his pocket?

Yes, yes." "He wasn't satisfied with that."

"I don't understand-----

"So he appropriated the other fiftynine.

"Whew!" "And substituted a lot of advertise-

ments he picked up at the Exposition last night. "That's it!" assented Sears.

"And the bonds?" asked Bloom.

"Are down in that cellar in one of the de d man's pockets.

No one made a suggestion, but all acted on the one common impulse. In a moment the three had quitted the office, the proprietor locking the door after him

At the fastest gait possible they hurfect I may as well search him," decided ried down Clark street. They found the coast clear, and were soon peering down the slings of unjust criticism in uncom-In a moment he had discovered and into the collar, whose inky darkness hid plaining silence. drawn from one of his coat pockets a from the eyes of the world a dark and After a litt'e they could discern the

Justice to Mrs. Job.

Job was a wonderfully afflicted man, on your division?" but, as a partial compensation for it, he has had the sympathy of the human race for 4,000 years. But it has not been so with Job's wife. Nobody has ever spoken a kind word of her. On the contrary, she has been held up for forty centuries as a horrible example. But for all that, we are confident the poor woman deserves a better place in history than she has ever occupied. If she was sour tempered, she had enough to give an acid tinge to her disposition. She was made to drink the dregs from a very bitter cup, and it is possible that she bore her troubles with about as much equanimity as the average woman would do.

In the first place, she was suddenly reduced from luxury to penury. Any unfortunate woman who has suffered this ordeal knows just the frame of mind Mrs. Job was ir.

In the next place, she was bereft of her children. There is no grief so burdensome as that which falls upon a mother's heart when the grave hides her children from sight.

In addition to this accumulation of sorrows, she was left with an invalid husband on her hands. Job was covered with boils, and experience has taught us that there is no more exasperating patient than a man with a boil on him. There are wives, and good wives, too, in this Christian land of ours, whose lives have been made most miserable for days and weeks at a time by a husband and one boil. Just think, then, what this poor woman had to endure with a husband with perhaps 500 to 1,000 boils on him! Is it any wonder that the woman encouraged her husband to terminate his existence? The "We've acted like children. That Cole only wonder is that she didn't cut her own throat in despair.

But these were not all the troubles that Job's wife had to bear. Her husband's friends came on a visit to him, and took possession of the house six veeks at a time. Other women, and good women, too, have had to endure the same atfliction, and they can very easily account for Mrs. Job's exhibition of bad temper. Job got worried with the three visitors himself, and yet he didn't have to wait on them, to clean up their rooms, to wipe the tobacco juice from the parlor carpet every day, to sweep out the mud they carried in on their boots, and to submit to the thousand and one annoyances that a male visitor gives the housekeeper.

It is about time that some one was raising a voice in defence of Job's wife, and saying a kind word for the poor woman who; tor 4,000 years, has suffered

office, "are you bothered with tramps

The brakeman blushed a little, then summoned all his stolidity and said: "Yes, but we're cleaning 'em out, I run across one two nights ago hid in a car o' wheels and kicked the bum half way across the State. He won't bother me no more."-Indianapolis Sun,

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A Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath, -When Jakey came in the other day and found his favorite dog lying dead in the street his wrath knew no limit. He rushed into the store.

"Mein Gott!" he yelled, "who is dot vot kilt mein dog?"

"Dot was me, Shakey," replied his father very softly.

Then he explained that the dog had gone mad and that it was positively necessary that it should be killed, and Jakey became calmer.

"Did you took some notice dot I spoke very softly to you, Shakey, ven you vas so mad ?" asked Dinkleman presently. "Yes."

"Vell, mein son, dot is somedings vot is drue-a soit answer turneth away wrath. Try dot some time."

About this time a man with a red face and a jag on entered the store.

"See here, you," he yelled, "I bought a suit of clothes here a few weeks ago and you stuck me on it. It's no good and i want satisfaction."

He doubled up his fist and there was fire in his eye. Dinkleman was getting ready to "sass" him back, when Jakey gave him a wink and whispered the one word, "Remember."

"Mine goot man," he began. "Oh, you be hanged; I want satisfaction-

"But, mine kind sir-"

"I want blood !"

"Ah, mine friend," broke in Jakey, we vill try und accommodate all our customers. You go by Hester street, two blocks, und you find yon slaughter house. Dere's where's blood."

The man thought Jakey was trying to "guy" him and he made a strike at him. Just as he did so old Dinkleman was wiping the dust off his spectacles and stepped nearer the window for light. Unfortunately his face got in the way of the fellow's fist and Dinkleman saw more stars than there are in the heavens, while his false teeth went sailing over the counter and landed in the mueilage bottle. When Dinkleman finally opened his eyes he said :

"Vere is de cyclone now?" "He is gone. Say, vy you tell me von soft answer turns avay wrath?" "Vell, she always used to. Shakey, the world is upside down."

"Mat Hyland, you're a fool!"

THarsh words these, yet the detective to whom they were addressed made no indignant rejoinder; on the contrary he no ided his head approvingly, though the sad expression upon his face seemed to deepen somewhat.

"You not only spotted him, but had him dead to rights. You ran upon him, or rather he ran upon you, and you couldn't land the fish when he'd hooked bimself on your tackle. I'm ashamed of you, Mat Hyland!"

The person who was so freely upbraiding the unfortunate detective paused in his walk, and spat upon the ground to omphasize his dis sust.

Mat Hyland did exactly the same thing. Lest the reader think this a strange coincidence, we must explain that the upbraiding personage and the officer were one and the same man. Mat was, in soliloquy, administering to himself a well-deserved rebuke.

Not in all the ten years and more that you've been on the force," he continued, as he resumed his walk down Clark street, "did you ever make such a break before. You'd better hand in your resignation in the morning.

"They say he cut across to State street, but I don't believe it. He must have a confederate, but I'll bet my chance of promotion, which isn't much just now, that he's right in the block where he gave me the slip. I'd rather he get off scotfree than have anyone el-e catch him now. I reckon they're all gone, so I'll go back and make a systematic search for him "

With this the officer turned and walked briskly in the direction opposite the one in which he had b en moving.

The time was but a few minutes after the precipitation of our hero into the dark, dank cellar by the trio of guilty plotters. "Ye can't come in! This is no public

house, mind that!"

These words, spoken by a toothless old crone of a woman, assailed the ears of the detective as he endeavored to enter a tumble-down building not far from the spot where Cole Winters had so cleverly eluded him.

"Can't I, Granny Green? We'll see about that!"

'But there's nothin' crooked a goin' on here," faltered the old hag, as Hyland threw open his coat and displayed upon his breast a silver star, the insignia of his official character.

"I know that, Granny. I'm looking for a man, though. Out of my way, and, mind you, not a word of my presence here; that is, if you value-

"I won't blab.

A moment later the detective was exploting the old building, which was tenanted by half a score of families, and presented a scene of squalor and wretchedness that the officer had never seen surpassed.

His examination, though thorough, was capid. He stumbled over drunken men and women who lay beside empty bottles and beer cans upon the floor. He invaded sleeping apartments and tossed about the heap: of rags which served as beds.

Find anybody?" crooned the old woman who rented out the miserable apartments, as the officer encountered her on the ground floor.

"Several things, Granny, but not the one I seek just now."

"I'm dreadful sorry. I'll open the door lope from his pocket.

small bundle of saws and files, of the hideous crime. kind used by burglars.

"I've got him dead to rights," chu kled form of their victim. Hyland, immeasurably pleased at the "Have evidence of crookedness. "I'll bet he's eagerly. got a jummy in his boots."

A hurried examination proved this theory to be incorrect, but it served also to reveal an object in one of Cole's bootlegs.

In a trice Hyland had drawn it from its hiding place.

"Great heavens!" he ejaculated, his hands trembling like an aspen-leaf in the wind. "The missing bonds! 'len, twenty-I believe they're all here. Good! Capital! My promotion-

A groan interrupted him. Mat Hyland was a humane man, and the sound of suffering recalled him to his prisoner.

He replaced the saws and files in Cole's pocket, thrust the bonds into his own, and) aving removed the handkerchief.

raised the manimate form in his arms. "He breathes freer," soliloquized the detective, "aud is in no danger of dving. I want to keep this matter to myself for the present. I'll go to the nearest drug store for restoratives. When I take him away from here it will be with a full confession and the names of his accomplices, for I'm sure he had one at least."

He laid Cole back upon the ground, and glided away to the opening in the wall. Two minutes later he had gained the sidewalk and was hurrying up the street.

He met with a number of provoking delays. The druggist was an unreasonable time in giving him - the articles he impatiently demanded. At the doorway he encounterel a brother officer, who for some minutes engaged him in conversation about an important matter. Lastly, a small boy ran against him, dashing the package from his hand and breaking the inclosed bottles upon the sidewalk.

By the time he had duplicated the restoratives fully half an hour had elapsed. He lost no time in returning to the dismal cellar.

As he crawled through the opening in the wall, and darted forward the rays of his lantern, a cry of mingled chagrin and dismay swept his white lips.

The trap-door in the floor was closed, and Cole Winters had disappeared from the place.

CHAPTER VIII. ON THE TRAIL.

When the trio of guilty and desperate men, the triangle of crime, we may say, departed from the Clark street house. leaving behind them, as they supposed, the dead body of Cole Winters, they proceeded northward towards the business

section of the city. In a few minutes they entered a room on the second floor of a building, upon the door of which was the legend:

> MAX MORBIS. PRIVATE BANKER Money to Loan.

"Now for the bonds," said the proprietor of the place, as he proceeded to light the gas in a second and smaller room, in which stood two large safes.

"Yes." added Bloom. "Let's cast our eyes over the plunder." "How soon can you turn them into

cash?" asked Sears, as he drew the envo-

"Have you a ladder?" asked Morris,

"There's one in front," replied Sears. Wait a moment.

"Our good luck hasn't deserted us," said the latter, who was the first to descend.

Have you found them?" demanded Bloom from the ladder. "No, I haven't looked yet. But I've

found something else." "What's that?"

"He's no more dead than you are." And his discovery here would have convicted and hung the last one of us, commented the banker, with a shudder. But we're in time to complete the work. "The bonds first," urged the burly burglar.

This was an unnecessary suggestion for Almon Sears was already in the act of ransacking the pockets of the unconscious young man.

"Here's 'a rum go," declared Morris. when Cole had been searched and not a vestige of the missing fortune discovered. "What do you say, Al?"

"That he found them before our arrival and hid them elsewhere.'

"I never thought of that. Let's search for them at once.'

'Not now; it's too risky:" "What then?"

"We'll take the young fellow away, bring him to, and make him locate the plunder. I'll find a way to force it out of. him.

"Good!" cried the others, assentingly. Martin Bloom raised the form of our hero in his powerful arms and bore him up the rude ladder as easily, to all appearances, as if he had been a child.

This accomplished, the ladder was drawn up and the trap-door closed down. Sears began a search for the bonds, which he believed to be secreted somewhere in the long room, but abandoned it when the "cracksman" returned and announced that he had secured a hack, and that it was waiting outside.

Bloom removed his overcoat, which he wrapped about Cole; then he raised him in his arms and followed his confederates into the street.

It was beginning to rain now, and few people were in view. Anyhow, the taking away of a sick man, as our hero appeared to be, was neither a strange nor unusual proceeding, and attracted little attention.

"Drive fast," said Sears, who was the last of the party to enter the carriage.

"Safe!" whisper d the banker, as with a sigh of relief he sank back upon the cushioned seat.

But he could not have been further trom the truth. At that moment himself and guilty companions were anything but safe.

From the doorway of the next building, which Detective Hyland was in the act of leaving, the entire transaction had been observable.

"Three accomplices!" muttered he. and one of them Almon Sears! I haven't lost the trail yet! Here goes!"

As the driver cracked his whip and drove rapidly away the plucky detective sprang forward and secured a place upon the rear axle of the large vehicle.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

There are a great many Job's wives in the world to-day; we meet them every day. They may not have husbands with boils on their bodies, but they have husbands who go the clubs of evenings. They have husbands who are selfish enough to devote all their time to business and pleasure without considering that a portion of that time of right belongs to the woman, the charm of whose existence is his companionship. The Job's wives of to-day are the women who are burdened with the cares and sorrows of this life, and who get no sympathy. And their name is legion. - Exchange.

How a Eaithful Trainman Got a Varnished Car and Pie.

A man on the Wabash road is now running varnished cars and eating pie who owes his success in a measure to kicking the general manager. When a trainman prospers and gets a passenger train he speaks of his good fortune as running varnished cars and eating pie. When he is in the humbler calling of working on a freight train he sometimes calls it eating corn bread in the dog house.

General Manager Tallmage of the Wabash was of the old school of railroaders, who believe in attending to the details of the line. He had been a trainman himself and he knew the weaknesses of the craft. He would watch the train sheets, and if a crew reported delays at a certain point on about every run, he would go down there quietly and keep an eye out for them. He took one of these trips on one occasion and supposed his movements were unknown to the crews he wished to watch, for he went secretly as reach his dostination until after dark. and thought that he was unobserved | tion between them. until a brakenan, pretending to take him for a tramp, came along and kicked maids, who was at the head of the him most mercilessly. At every blow of the foot he accentuated the action with some ornamental profanity very painful to hear. Mr. Tallmage did not here. I want to scrub the floor." reveal his identity, but limped away, and he found out that the brakeman who had so maltreated him was really a valuable man, and not responsible for the delay.

After the kicking the brakeman went back to the caboose and said to the conductor: "Well, I fixed the old man. I suppose I'll get my envelope at the end of the run. It's all right, though. This ain't the only road."

Two days later the brakeman was summoned to the general manager's office. He shook hands with the boss. bade him good-bye, pushed his cap over his left ear defiantly and walked away to the slaughter.

Mr. Tallmage asked him how long he had been breaking, questioned him about various matters, pertaining to right. What are those appendages by

The First Customer.

"Put that up as soon us possible," he said, handing the druggist a prescrip tion.

"Give me two 2-cent stamps," saids lady just as the druggist was about to note the contents.

Dropping the paper he procured the stamps and changed a dollar. Then a flaxen-haired girl accosted him with:

"Quarter of caramels, quick! I want to catch the picuic-car."

The caramels were weighed, done up and a 50-cent piece changed, when a pretty man entered and said rather peremptorily:

"Let me see your directory, please." The directory was procured from a back room.

"Say, ain't it about time you tended to my prescription?" asked the first customer.

"Oh, yes; excuse me. I almost-" "Oh, do give us girls some soda, quick! We're parched; we're going to the picnic."

"I want vanilla."

"I want strawberry."

"I want lemon."

The druggist began to arrange the glasses.

"You brute!" yelled the first customer, "give me that prescription!"

The druggist seized the paper and, reading it, replied :

"It won't take a minute; it's only brandy.'

"Brandy !" yelled the first customer, "and the infernal quack sent me here for brandy, and I a whotesale liquor dealer!"-Chicago Herald.

No Hot Water.

A stock broker who was recently in Maine was impressed very greatly with an ordinary passenger, and did not the extreme cleanliness of the hotel at which he was a guest during a brief But, to use the slang of the men, they stay in the town of Kittery. It was were on to him. He secreted himself kept by two old maiden ladies. One on a gondola loaded with car wheels, morning the broker heard a conversa-

"Jane," called out one of the old stairs, "Oh, Jane."

"Well?" answered Jane. "Get some hot water and fetch it up

"They ain't no hot water in the kettle.'

"What! no hot water in the kettle?" -surprisedly.

"No. No hot water in the kettle"sadiv.

"What! no hot water in the kettle?" -sharply.

"No. No hot water in the kettle!"very sadly. "Well, I'll be durned!"-New York

Times.

you to fix the wings of this watch.

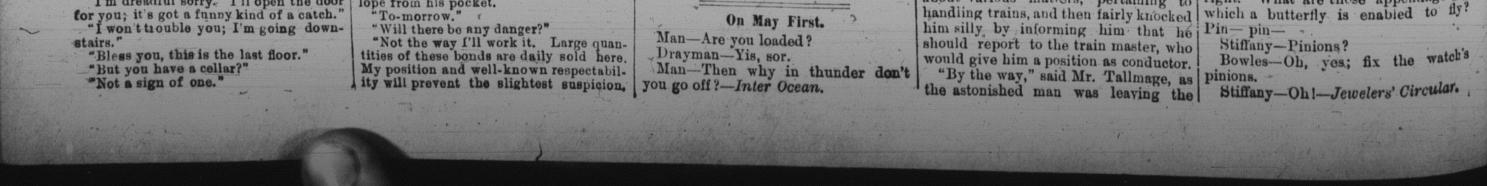
stand you.

Pinions Are Wings, But-

Bowles-Mr. Stiffany, I would like

Stiffany-Wings? I do not under-

Bowles-Perhaps I haven't got it



NEW KENTUCKY.

the March of Progress in a Formerly Isoluted Region.

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"I seem to see in the perforation and breaking up of Cumberland Mountain an event as decisive of the destiny of Kentucky as though the vast wall had fallen, destroying the isolation of the State, bringing into it the new and letting the old be scattered until it is lost," writes James Lane Allen in Harper's Magazine, "But while there is no space here to deal with those changes that are rapidly passing over Kentucky life and obliterating old manners and customs, old types of character and ideals of life, old virtues and graces as well as old vices and horrors-there is a special topic too closely connected with the foregoing facts not to be considered I mean the effect of all this development upon the Kentucky mountaineers.

"The buying up of the mountain lands has, of course, unsettled a large part of these strange people. Already there has been formed among them a class of tenants paying rent and living in their old homes. But in the main there are three movements among them. Some newspaper man. jesert the mountains altogether and destend to the blue-grass region with a passion for farming. On County Court days in blue-grass towns it has been possible of late to notice this peculiar type mingling in the market places with the traditional type of blue-grass farmer. There is thus going on, especially along the border counties, a quiet interfusion of the two human elements of the Kentucky highlander and the Kentucky lowlander, so long distinct in blood, physique, history and ideas of life. To ess extent, the mountaineers go further west, beginning life again beyond the Mississippi.

"A second general tendency among them is to be absorbed by the civilization that is springing up in the mountains. They flock to these towns, keep store, are shrewd and active speculators in real estate, and successful developers of small capital. The first business house put up in Pineville was built by a mountaineer.

"But the third, and as far as I can learn, the most general movement among them is to retire at the approach of civilization to remoter regions, where they may live without criticism or observation their hereditary, squalid, unambitious, stationary life. But to these retreats they must in time be followed. therefrom dislodged, and again set a-going. Thus a whole race of people are being scattered, absorbed, civilized. You may go far before will find a fact so full of consequences to the future of the State.

"Within a few years this commonwealth will be a hundred years old. All in all, it would seem that with the close of its first century the old Kentucky

one. Dinner party-Twemlow, Podsnap, Lady Tippins, Alfred Lighthouse, also Eugene-Mortimer, languid, and tells of Harmon; the Dust Contractor.

Then follow sentences, written everywhere on the page, like this: "Work in the girl who was to have been married and made rich," etc.

Praising the Newspaper.

A very satirical form of expression, which most of us have used in our school days, consists in making a serious statement, with the addition. "over the left." This indicated that the declaration was not to be taken for the truth. "Left-handed compliments" are of the same nature, and though they may be innocently intended, steep the soul of those who receive them in sadness and mortification. A certain editor says that he has recently been allieted with more than his share.

"My husband has been threatening to stop your paper," said a lady to him one day, "but I wouldn't hear of it for a moment."

"I am delighted," said the gratified

It's the best shape in the world for patterns," continued she, "And then it never tears. Now, the Mercury is just as large, but very thin and flimsy."

Not long after the same editor received a letter from a friend at a distance, beginning with the sentence, "I fully believe your paper has saved my life."

Who would not have read further in pleased anticipation? Yet this was what followed:

"Yesterday I took a long drive into the country. The morning was fine, but at noon a terrible-east wind came up and began to chill me to the bone. Last spring, if you remember, I was ill with pneumonia, and my lungs have since been delicate. What could I do without extra wraps, in my thin spring overcoat? I called at a farm-house and asked for an old newspaper. One was given me bearing the familiar imprint of your office. I laid it across my chest, buttoned my coat over it, and drove on triumphantly."

And now if this editor is, by some happy chance, told that he has a good paper, he replies, whimsically: "Well, yes: it's a good large paper."-Youth's Companion.

A Round About Way.

"That's a funny thing." remarked the veteran telegraph operator in a downtown newspaper office one night last week, as he bent over his key listening to the clicking of the instrument. "The operator in the office of the Boston Globe wanting to speak to his chief in the main office in Boston, a few blocks away from him, talked to him through a New York newspaper office. The message traveled 500 miles to get a few blocks. But such things often happen in our business. In the great blizzard of 1888 a man in this city who wanted to assure his family in Boston that he was safe sent a cable dispatch to them by way of Europe, and what is more, got a reply by cable."-New York Tribune.

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.

As American millionaire has astonished the natives of West Midland County, England, where he has taken a country vicarage for two months, by the magnitude of his establishment, to accommodate which a large extra house has been hired. It includes thirty servants, twenty horses, twelve dogs, four cows and fourteen cats.

THE Carson (Nev.) Appeal says that from the fact that the sage hens are six weeks behind in their hatching and numerous other signs; the Indians predict a short, mild winter, and will not begin stealing wood until November.

DR. JOHN BULL of Louisville. Ky., showed his love for little children when he invented those dainty little candles he named Dr. Bull's Worm Destrover's. It's fun for the children but it's death to the worms.

WITH the blind there is but one test of faith in an oculist-seeing is believing .-Texas Siftings.

A SOAP that is soft is full of water, twothirds its weight probably; you pay seven or eight cents per pound for water. Dob-bins' Electric Scap is all scap, and there-fore the cheapest and best. Try Dobbins'.

A TEN-DOLLAR loan that was never repaid, caused Poots to speak of the borrower as his X-friend.

Fon a disordered liver try BEECHAM's PILLS.

OLD and full of days-an ancient almanac.

"'TWILL PROVE that wisdom is worth' more than strength." Are you weak? Save your strength by using SAPOLIO. Try a cake of it and judge for yourself.

Distress

After Eating

And Dyspepsia

Indigestion

From New York to London by Rail.

The project of bridging Behring Straits, which is said to be attracting discussion, is a somewhat startling one, but there do not seem to be any 'insuperable difficulties in the way. The distance between Siberia and Alaska is between fifty and sixty miles, but this distance is broken into convenient sections by three or four islands, which would form stations in a route from Cape Prince of Wales on the American shore to East Cape on the Russian. The undertaking would, of course, be an enormously expensive one, but who will say it will never be accomplished? With a railway to Alaska, another across Siberia and a tunnel under the British Channel, our descendants, if they do not succeed in bridging the Atlantic, may yet journey by rail from New York to London.-Western World.

EXTREME ugliness is on the list of disqualifications laid down by the medical department for French conscripts. "Excessive ugliness," says the chief of the department, "makes "a man ridiculous, prevents him from having authority over his comrades, and leaves him more bid and sensitive." "Male hysteria" i another valid plea for excuse from military service. The army doctors say it exists among French conscripts, and it is the more objectionable as it is contagious.

BEST, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

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

PENSIONS NEW LAW. 200,000 soldiers, widows and relatives entitled. Apply at once. Blanks and instruction free. SOULES & CO., Att'ys, Washington, D. C.

FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

Tutt's Liver Pills act as kindly on the child, the delicate female or infirm old

give tone and strength to the weak stom-

age, as upon the vigorous man.

We've heard of a woman who said she'd walk five miles to get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription if she couldn't get it without. . That woman had tried it. And it's a medicine which makes itself felt in toning up the system and correcting irregularities as soon as its use is begun.

Go to your drug store, pay a dollar, get a bottle and try it-try a second, a third if necessary. Before the third one's been taken you'll know that there's a remedy to help you. Then you'll keep on and a cure 'll come.

But if you shouldn't feel the help, should be disappointed in the results-you'll find a guarantee printed on the bottle-wrapper that'll get your money back for you.

How many women are there who'd rather have the money than health? And "Favorite Prescription" produces health. Wonder is that there's a woman willing to suffer when there's a guaranteed remedy in the nearest drug store.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Mild and effective.



passes away, and that the second century will bring in a new Kentucky-new in many ways, but new most of all on account of the civilization of the Cumberland. .

A Tale of Shooting a Deer Where There Was No Deer.

They tell a good story of a Boston merchant at the Adirondacks last year. He was particularly anxious to kill a deer. He employed "one of the best guides in the region," and they jacked and jacked nearly all night amid great suffering of the would-be shooter. Not a deer did they see nor hear. The shooter was hearly dead from sitting in one position. Toward morning they passed a swampy place, and there was a rustling in the reeds. The guide asked in a short whisper if the shooter heard it. He did hear it, and his teeth were already chattering with buck fever, or with cold, he could not tell which. He signified his willingness to shoot by the trembling of the gun in his unsteady hand. The guide again whispered that the rustling was a deer, and for the merchant to watch for eyes, but if he could not see any eyes to shoot as near as he could at the sound. At the same time the guide suggested the caution that the shooter should be careful and not shoot him. The hunter fired, The echoes awoke, and the splashing and rustling ceased. The guide told the merchant that he had shot the deer, and "by the sound" he judged that it was a large buck. He had doubtless secured a beautiful pair of antlers. But the swamp was so thick and of such a nature that it would not be possible to get the deer, but when winter came the place would freeze over and then the horns and hide could be secured. He would take the earliest opportunity to get them and forward them to Boston. The merchant came home in the full faith of his success. When cold weather came he daily expected the horns: The express was watched, but they have not come to hand. Later in the winter he learned that some guides arranged with another guide to go into the swamp, get behind a tree, so as to be safe from the shot, and then to rustle and splash till the tenderfoot shoots. After which all is still and the tenderfoot is satisfied. He has shot a deer. Now that merchant does not care to have his friends mention the pair of horns he expected.

How Dickens Wrote "Our Mutual Friend." Dickens told me (writes Mr. George W. Childs) that before beginning any of his works he thought it out fully, and evening. then made a skeleton from which he elaborated it. The most interesting and valuable memento I have of him is the original manuscript of "Our Mutual Friend." It is the only complete manuscript of any of Dickens' nove's outside of the Kensington Museum: though one or two of his short Christmas stories. I believe, are to be found in America and in England.

A skeleton of the story is prefixed to each volume, the first covering sixteen, the second eighteen pages of quarto paper. These skeletons show how Dickens constructed his stories. They are very curious. Here is a sample page:

"Our Mutual Friend," No. 1-Chapter

A Reprieve for the Condemned.

Wretched men and women long condemned to suffer the tortures of dyspepsis, are filled with new hope after a few doses of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This budding hope blossoms into the fruition of certainty if the Bitters is persisted in. It brings a reprieve to all dyspeptics who seek its aid. Flatulence, heartburn, sinking at the pit of the stomach between meals, the nervous tremors and insomnia of which chronic indigestion is the parent, disappear with their hateful progenitor. Most beneficent of stomachics! who can wonder that in so many instances it awakens grateful eloquence in those who, benefited by it, speak voluntarily in its behalf. It requires a graphic pen to deseribe the torments of dyspepsis, but in many of the testimonials received by the proprietors of the Bitters these are portrayed with vivid truthfulness. Constipation, biliousness, muscutar debility, malarial fevers and rheumatism are relieved by it.

A Well-Bridged Town.

No city in the world presents such a variety of bridge architecture as Pittsburg. Within the city limits fourteen bridges span the two rivers-seven over the Monongahela and seven over the Allegheny. There are three more in prospect, already chartered. Of these the Monongahela will get two and the Allegheny one. The former river will be crossed by a new bridge at Ross street and another at South Twenty-seventh street. The new Sixth street bridge will be the crowning glory of the river .--Pittsburg Post.

The Homeliest Man in This Towe.

As well as the handsomest, and others, are invited to call on any druggist and get free a trial bottle of Kemp's Baisam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits, and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Consumption. Large Bottles, 50 cents and \$1.

M. J. JENNINGS, aged 61, while carrying mail from Washington, Cal., to Omega, fell with his horse from a narrow trail down into the canyon, a distance of 300 feet. The man , and horse were frightfully brokens up. Jennings' daughter, who became alarmed at her father's absence, started out to search, and found his dead body in the

A FRENCH scientist, Victor Mennier, has calculated after, careful inquiries, that American dentists insert about \$450,000 worth of gold annually into the teeth of their customers. The Scientific American says that, making allowances for the increase of population, in less than one hundred years American cemeteries will contain a larger amount of gold than now exists in France.

It is a well-known fact that persons grow somewhat shorter as they reach advanced years, owing to a "settling" of the boy structure. A noted case is reported from Harrington, Del., where a man died on Sunday who, owing to a contraction of the spine, had become a boat, watching the tides. The Gaffer- foot shorter than he was when he





ONE ENJOYS Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys,

Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

PENSIONS Thousands ENTITLED under the NEW ACT. Write immediately for BLANKS for applica-CO., Washington, D.C. NORTHWESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY HIGHLAND PARK, ILL. COLONEL H. P. DAVIDSON, Superintendent. Graduates commissioned in State Militia. DENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Buccessfully Prosecutes Claims, Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau Byrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since PENSIONS OLD CLAIMS

Law. Soldiers, Widows, Parents send for blank ap-plications and information. Patrick O'Farrell, Pension Agent, Washington, D. C.

OTHERS' FR



CHELSEA STANDARD. -BY-WM. EMMERT. OFFICIAL VILLAGE PAPER. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1890.

By Capt. CHARLES KING.

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CHAPTER XIV.



Lane finds himself confronted one instant by a savage warrior.

Not an instant 100 soon, although he had ridden hard since carliest dawn, has Lane reached the rocky pass. North and south the Peloncillos are shrouded in the gloom of coming night, and all over the arid plain to the castward darkness has settled down. 'In previous scouts be had learned the country well, and he knows just where to turn for "tanks" of cool water for horses, mules and men-the cavalry brder of precedence when creature comforts are to be doled out. He knows just where to conceal his little force in the recesses of the rocks, and let them build tiny fires and make their coffee and then get such rest as is possible before the coming day; but there is no rest for him. Taking two veteran soldiers with him, and leaving the troop to the command of his lieutenant, an enthusiastic young soldier only a year out of the cadet gray, the captain rides westward through the gloaming. He must determine at once whether the Indians are coming toward the pass by which the San Simon makes its burst through the range, or whether, having made wide decour around the little post at Bowie among the Chiricahua mountains, they are now heading southward again and taking the shortest line to the border before seeking to regain once more their old trail along the San Bernardino. How often have their war parties gone to and fro along those rocky banks, unmolested, unpursued! And now, secure in the belief that they have thrown all the cavalry far to the rear in the "stern chase" which no Apache utes. dreads, well knowing how casily he can distance his hampered pursuers, the renegades, joined by a gang of the utterly "unreconstructed" Chiricahuas, are taking things easily and making raids on the helpless ranches that lie to the right or left of their line of march. Fortunately for the records these are few in number; had there been dozens more they would only have served to swell the list of butchered men, of plundered ranches, of burning stacks and corrals, of women and children borne off to be the sport of their leisure hours when once secure in the fastnesses of the Sierra Madres far south of the line. Death could not come too soon to the relief of these poor creatures, and Lane and all his men had been spurred to the utmost effort by the story of the railway hands that they had plainly seen several women and children bound to the spare animals the renegades drove along across the iron track. Among the passengers in the pillaged stage coach were the wife and daughter of an Indian agent, who had only recently come to this arid territory and knew little of the ways of its indigenous people. Nothing had since been seen or heard of them. Capt. Rawlins and two soldiers, going up as witnesses before a court martial at Grant, were found hacked almost beyond recognition, and the driver, too. who seemed to have crawled out among the rocks to die. Verily the Apaches had good reason to revel in their success! They had hoodwinked the bureau, dodged the cavalry, plundered, right and left until they were rich with spoil, and now well to the south of the railway, with a choice of either east or west side of the range, their main body and prisoners are halted to rest the animals, while miles to the rear their faithful vedettes keep watch against pursuers, and miles out to the west the most active young warriors are crying havoc at the ranch of Tres Hermanos. It is the red glare of the flame toward the sunset horizon that tells Lane the Apaches cannot be far away. The instant he and his comrades issue from the gorge and peer cautiously to the right and left not only do they see the blaze across the wide valley, but northward, not more than half a mile away, there rises upon the night wind a sound they cannot mistake-the war chant of the Chiricahuas. Thank God," cries Lane, "we are here ahead of them!' Half an hour's reconnoissance reveals to him their position. Far up among the bowlders of the range, where pursuing horsemen cannot rush upon them in the night, they have made their bivousc, and

the night. Then, leaving the horses con- ering back to camp after a night of deviltinguish objects, then dash down into their rescue for the poor souls lying there bound midst, rescue the prisoners in the panic and confusion that he knows will result

from the sudden attack, send them back as rapidly as possible, guided by three or "Follow closely, but look well to your footfour men, to where his horses are corraled, while he and his little band interpose between them and any rally the Apaches may make.

Knowing well that they are armed with magazine rifles and supplied by a paternal bureau with abundant ammunition, knowing that they outnumber him three to one. knowing that by sunrise the whole tribe will have reassembled and must infallibly detect the pitiful weakness of his own force. it is a desperate chance to take; but it is the 'only one-absolutely the only one- to save those tortured, agonized women, those terror stricken little ones, from a fate more awful than words can portray. By 8 or 9 in the morning, he arguas, K

troop must certainly reach him: he knows them to be fresh and strong; he knows that they have had only short and easy marches and therefore can easily come ahead all night long and be rounding the Pyramid spur by daybreak. He knows Mason well. and can count on that young officer doing his "level best" to support him. Alas! h. does not know that Mason is compelled by this time to fall back to second place, and that the last man on whom he can possibly count "in a pinch" is now in command of the looked for troop.

The night wears on without alarm. Wel nigh exhausted, Lane has thrown himself at the foot of a tree to catch what sleep he may, and he feels as though he had not closed his eyes when Corp. Shea bends over him to say it is 3 o'clock. Noiselessly the men are aroused; silently they roll out of their blankets, and obedient to the low toned "fall in" of the first sergeant seize their arms and take their place- in line. There Lane briefly explains the situation tells them of the position of the Apache bivouac; details Corp. Riley and four men to search for, secure and hie away with the prisoners, and orders all the rest to fight like the devil to drive the Apaches helter skelter into the rocks.

"Let not one word be said nor a trigget pulled until we are right among them. Wait for my command, unless we are debected and fired on. If we are blaze away at once; but never stop your rush; get right in among them. Let Riley and his men make instant search, be sure they leave neither woman nor child behind, and start them back here. The rest of us will fall back slowly, keeping between them and the Apaches all the time. Never let them get near those prisoners. That is the main object of our attack. Once back here with the horses we can pick out places in the rocks from which we can stand the Apaches off until K troop comes. Rest assured Lieut. Mason and his men will be along by 8 or 9; and it cannot be that the cavalry now pursuing the Apaches from the north will be more than a few hours behind. Now, do you understand? for there will be no chance of orders up there. Leave your canteens; leave any thing that will hinder or rattle. Those of you who have on spurs take them off. Those of you who have Tonto or Apache moccasins take off your top boots and put them on; they are all the better for going up these hillsides. Now get your coffee men; make no noise, light no additional fires, and be ready to move in twenty min-

the faint red glow tells where lie the rulas three sentries on the lookout, one of them of the ranch their young warriors had demounted and west of the gorge to give stroyed, and any moment now their exultwarning should the Indians move during ant yells may be heard as they come scampcealed among the rocks south of the try, and then everybody will be up and stream, with two men to guard them, he moving off and well on the way southward will lead his company up the heights and before the sun gets over the crest. Lane as close as possible to the Apache camp, knows he must make his dash before they lie in hiding until it is light enough to dis- can return. There would be little hope of

and helplees, with all those fierce young

fighters close at hand. The word is passed among the men: ing. Dislodge no stones." Then, slowly and stealthily as before, on they go-this time down the hill toward the faint lights instructions in a low tone. The youngster nods his head and mutters to several of the appear among the rocks and trees to the right, and it is evident that they mean to work around to the east of the bivounc, so as to partially encircle them. Little by

little the wan light grows brighter, and close at hand objects far more distinct. An Indian is just passing in front of the nearest blaze, and is lost in the glooth among the stunted trees. One or two forms are moving about, but they can only dimly be distinguished. Lane argues, however, that they are getting ready to move and no time

is to be lost. "Spread.out now," is the order, "well to the right and left, and move forward. Be very careful." And once more they resume their catlike advance. Nearer and nearer they creep upon the unsuspecting foe, and soon many a form of sleeping Apacho can be made out, lying around in the grassy basin in which they are hiding for the night. Lane motions to Corp. Riley to come close to his side. "I can see nothing that looks like prisoners; they must be among the trees there, where that farthest fire is burning. Keep close to me with your men. Pass the word to the right, there. All ready.

And now they are so near the Indians that the voices of one or two squaws can be heard chatting in low tones; then the feeble wail of an infant is for a moment brought to their straining ears; then far out over the level valley to the west there is a sound that causes Lane's blood to tingle -faint, distant, but unmistakable-a chorus of Apache yells. The raiders are coming back; it is time to strike the blow. Now or never seems to be the word as the men glance at their leader and then into each other's faces.

"Forward! No shot, no sound, till they see us; then cheer like mad as you charge Come on i men!"

Quickly now following his lead they go leaping down the hillside. Thirty-fifty yards without mishap or discovery; sixty, and still no sound from the defense; then a sudden stumble, the rattle of a carbine sliding down the rocks, a muttered execration; then a shrill, piercing scream from the midst of the bivouac; then-----"Charge!"

Then slowly they fell back toward the pass. Every now and then a shot comez whizzing by, as the Apaches regain courage and creep up to their abandoned camp. But not until they are well back over the ridge, and Riley and his little party, fairly carrying their rescued captives, are nearly out of harm's way, do the scattered warriors begin to realize how few in number their assailants must be. Rallying shouts can be heard among the rocks, and then there come the thunder of hoofs out on the plain below and the answering yells of the returning raiders.

make all the haste he can," Lane orders his trumpeter. "Tell him to go back to the horses, and then, as soon as he has left of the Indian bivouac. A hundred yards his women in a safe place there, to throw more and Lane holds up his hand, a signal up stone shelters wherever it is possible. to halt; and here he gives Mr. Royce a few Royce, you look out for this front. I will go to the left. If any of your men are hit, have thom picked up and moved rapidly to men as he passes: "Follow me." They dis- the rear; of course, we can't leave any wounded to fall into their hands; but, | wide at any point. where possible, keep your mea under cover; und keep under yourself, sir; don't let me

see you exposing yourself unnecessarily, as I did a while ago."

And once 'again the retreat is resumed. Lane looks anxiously among the rocks lown the hill to his left, even instant expecting to see the young braves hurrying to the assault. But now, as though in ' obedience to the signals of some leader, the Apaches cease their pursuit. Lane well knows that the matter is not yet concluded, but is thankful for the respite. Still warily his little force continues they withdrawal, and, without further molestation, reaches the gorge of the San Simon, and soon comes in sight of the dip among the rocks where the horses are still hidden. Here, too, Corp. Riley and his men are busily at work heaping up little breastworks of rock, and lane directs that while the wounded-there are three noware carried down to where the rescued women and children are lying, the other men fall to and help. In five minutes there are over a score of them at work, and not one instant too soon. Corp. Donnelly, who has been posted, mounted, at the western entrance to the defile, comes clattering in to say that at least a hundred Indians are swarming down the ridge.

And now the fight that opens is one in which the odds are greatly against the defenders. Lane has just time to climb to the height on the east and take one long look with his glasses over the flats beyond the pass, praying for a sight of a dust cloud toward the Pyramid spur, when with simultaneous crash of musketry and chorus of yells the Apaches come sweeping down to the attack.

A Thousand Guineas the Fee.

The largest fee ever paid to a Scotch advocate was that of 1,000 guineas sent to the lord advocate with his brief in the recent action with reference to the Murthly estates. Five hundred guineas

ELECTING CANAL BOATS

Introduction of the New Motive Power Would Ruin the Industry.

There has appeared in a mechanical publication the following statement: An electric engineer, of Buffglo, suggests a plan to reduce very largely the cost of transportation on the Erie canal. His plan is to adopt the trolley system. now generally in use on street railways. to the canal. If the overhead trolley system can be applied to street railways "Run to Corp. Riley and tell him to at a cost of about half that of horse power, he argues, why can it not take the place of canal mules with a like reduction of cost? The poles and other appliances for the overhead wires, and in fact the whole plant, covering the whole length of the canal, could be readily arranged without hindrance to navigation. The span would not be too

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A reporter asked the opinion of Mr. William C. Miller, the electrical engineer of the Watervliet Railroad company. Mr. Miller said: "Why, certainly it can be done. I do not see why the same motive power of turning a wheel by the electric current cannot be utilized on a canal boat as well as on a car. The only question is the cost. If they want to put through such a scheme it will cost money. As to there being a reduction of expense from that required for horse or mule power I cannot say, as , I am not well enough acquainted with the canal to know.

A very extended and interesting opinion on the feasibility of the canal electrical scheme was given by Mr. John D. Ronan, of the Ronan Towing line. Mr. Ronan said: "The plan which you explain to me is not a new one by any means. The first man who broached the Erie canal trolley system to me was an Albanian, who is demented on the subject of electricity. I think of course merely from a practical, not a scientific, point of view that the scheme is impracticable.

"There are a thousand and one objections to it which present themselves to any mind. Take, for instance, the trolley scheme. It must be remembered that it is canal boats and not horse cars that are to be run now. The horse car is forced to go in a certain line by the solid tracks: But would not a canal boat waver so from side to side that it would be impossible to keep a trolley wheel on that set wire? Then there would be the continual probability of the wires blowing down and in other ways being damaged. How are the trolleys to be managed going through locks? Boats, you know, do not travel up and down grade in an inclined posi-

Thon he pencils this brief note:

'Commanding Officer Troop K, Eleventh Cavalry:

"We have headed the Apaches and will attack their camp the instant it is light enough to see, rescue their captives, then fall back here to the gorge of the San Siinon. They far outnumber us; and you cannot reach us too soon. I count upon your being here by 8 in the morning, and nope with your aid to hold the enemy until Greene's command arrives. Then we ought to capture the whole band. Do not "FREDERICK LANE, fail me.

"Captain Eleventh Cavalry."

This he gave to Sergt. Luce, with orders to ride back on the trail until he meets K troop and deliver it to Lieut. Mason or whoever is in command, and in half an hour Luce is away?

And now, just as the dawn is breaking and a faint, pallid light is stealing through he tree tops along the rocky range, there come creeping slowly, noiselessly along the slope a score of shadowy forms, crouching from bowlder to bowlder, from tree to tree. Not a word is spoken, save now and then a whispered caution. Foremost, carbine in aand, is the captain, now halting a moment to give some signal to those nearest him now peering ahead over the rocks that bar the way. At last he reaches a point where, looking down the dark and rugged hillside before him, he sees something which causes him to unsling the case in which his field glasses are carried, to gaze thither long and fixedly. With all eyes upon their leader the men wait and listen; some cautiously try the hammers of their carbines and loosen a few cartridges in the loops of their prairie belts. A signal from Lane brings Mr. Royce, the young second lieutenant, to his side. It is the boy's first experience of the kind, and his heart is thumping, but he means to be one of the foremost in the charge when the time comes. Watching closely, the nearest men can see that the captain is pointing out some object nearer at hand than they supposed, and the first sergeant, crouching to a neighboring rock, looks cautiously over, and then eagerly motions to others to join him. The Apache hiding place is not three

hundred yards away. Down the mountain side to the west and up the range to the north their sentries seep vigilant guard against surprise; but what man of their number dreams for an instant that on the south, between them and the Mexican line, there is now closing in to the attack a little troop of veteran campaigners, led by a man whom they have learned to dread before now? Invisible

In they go-the "Devil's own D's!" The still air rings with their wild hurrahs and the crash of their carbines. The flame jets light up the savage scene and show squaws and screaming children rushing for shelter among the rocks; Apache warriors springing from the ground, some manfully facing the rush of the foe, others fleeing like women down the hillside.

Never halting an instant the soldiers dash through the camp, driving the dusky occupants helter skelter. Lane finds himself confronted one instant by a savage warrior whose eyes gleam like tiger's under the thatch of coarse black hair, and whose teeth gnash in fury as he tries to force a fresh cartridge. into his breech loader. No time for Lane to reload. He clubs his carbine, and the hammer comes crashing down on the Indian's skull just as Corp. Riley drives a bullet through his heart.

"Look to the captives, man!" shouts Lane. "Don't follow me! Drive them! drive them, Royce!" are his ringing orders, as he himself dashes on past the fires and into the feeble morning light beyond.

Bang! bang! the carbines are ringing through the rocks and treas; cheer upon cheer goes up from the little command, mingled with Indian yells and the screams of the terrified children.

'Riley's got 'em. sir," he hears his boy trumpter call. "Some of 'em, anyhow. There's two white women."

"Never mind, lad," he mswers. "Don't sound the recall till I tell you.' And again his ringing yoice is heard among the tumult: "Forward! forward! drive them! keep them on the run, men!' And so for five minutes longer, firing whenever a savage head appears, inflicting and receiving many a savage blow, but still victoriously forcing their way onward, the

little band follow their leader down the rocks until apparently not an Apache is left in the immediate neighborhood of the old camp. Then at last the trumpet peals out its signal recall,

And slowly and steadily, watchfully guarding against the possibility of leaving some wounded comrade among the rocks, the little command finally gathers once more around the fires in the camp.

Riley and his men have disappeared. A shout from up the rocks in the well known Irish voice gives the glad intelligence that he has brought with him all the prisoners he could find in camp.

"There are three women, sir, and two little children-two girls; they're so frightened that I can hardly find out much from them, but they say there was no more left.' "Very well, then. Now, men, open out right and left and fall back very slowly. Sergeant, take six of the men and move up so as to be close to Riley in case they attack from the flank. Are we all here? Are any wounded or hurt?" He asks the question with a little stream of blood trickling down from his left, temple, but of which he seems perfectly unaware; either an arrow or a bullet has torn the skin and made quite a furrow through the hair.

'Murphy, sir," says one of the men, "is shot through the arm, and Lathrop has got a bullet in the leg; but they're only flesh wounds; they're lying here just back of us."

Lane turns about and finds two of his

was the fee at first sent, but this was not enough to induce his lordship to leave his daties in parliament. Some time ago the lord advocate received a fee of 800 guineas in a court of sessions case-till then the highest fee known in Scotland. It is curious that both fees should have been supplied by American millionaires, Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Ross Winans, and it is equally curious that both of them lost their actions in the court .-- London Truth.

Cheap Literature.

Some idea of the quality of what is known as "penny dreadful" literature in England may be obtained from the state ment that a lady, the wife of a well known physician, had occasion to complain several times that her cook neglected her duty. Finally this negligence became so gross that the mistress was compelled to haul her over the coals. What was her amazement to be calmly informed by the young woman that she was so much occupied with the novel she was writing for a weekly paper that she had no time to attend to her duties in the kitchen!-Fittsburg Bulletin.

A Little Rusty on Oxides.

Professor Flogg-I called, Mr. Grubb, to inquire about your son James. I haven't seen him at the academy lately. I hope you have not decided to keep him out of school.

Farmer Grubb-Well, I dunno. I've set Jimmie to blasting out stumps for awhile till he gets his bearings again. I guess we can save him, but he was purty badly out o' plumb. Came home t'other night and commenced to talk to me about iron ox hides.-Chicago Times.

How Beautiful Is Nature.

She-What a wonderful thing is nature! How grand! How comprehensive

He-Yaas; even the smallest plant or the smallest insect has got a Latin name. -Texas Siftings.

The Expert in Danger. The best swimmer at Newport was drowned a few days ago, and now a New York lady, a thoroughly skilled horsewoman, is thrown from her animal and killed. It is the expert in all feats of achievement who oftenest comes to grief. Mastery of a sport leads to contempt of ordinary precautions for safety.-Boston Herald.

Beyond Her Beach.

The Summer Girl-Jack, please do something for me.

.The Summer Beau - With all my heart.

The S. G .- Then do drive the flies from the front of my hat. They are quite beyond my reach .-- Pittsburg Bul-

Prince Regent Luitpold, of Bavaria,

tion as a car does-they are always on a level. What would they do at the sixteen locks with the trolley system?

"I think the trolley system on the canal is utterly out of question. It embraces so many points where complications might arise, and so much cost of construction, that I think it is entirely impracticable. Supposing it were adopted. Supposing that all the 7,000 or more boats on the canal were on that one, or the two, wires. At any time a boat is liable to leak or to have an accident occur to its motor. What then is to be done? It would block the whole canal, and that could not be afforded. One of the main points-I will say the main point-in the introduction of this system would be its reduction of expense. . That is what we are looking for. As canal boats are now constructed the introduction of the trolley system would revolutionize the whole line.

"There would have to be special boats built for the introduction of motors and propelling wheels. That would throw the great army of canal boats that are now being used off the canal, for no boats that did not, run by electricity could navigate in those waters. Can we afford to do this? Then the introduction of a motor into a canal boat would increase its tonnage greatly and, I would. say, reduce its carrying capacity almost 20 per cent."-Albany Argus.

The Sense of Smell.

Smell is the most acute by far of the five human senses. Take an ounce of musk-most powerful of scents-and leave it where the atmosphere is still, open on a table, for a year. At the end of that time, having for full twelve months rendered odorous the whole air in its neighborhood, the most delicate scales cannot detect that it has lost a particle in weight. Yet the smell has been infinitely distributed, microscopic portions of the musk floating off and exciting impressions upon the nerve papillæ under the delicate lining of the nasal passages; for this is what smell means. The sense has grown almost rudimentary in human beings through want of necessity for its use under civilized conditions, but it is highly probable that the cave men had it quite as well developed as the sharpest nosed beasts. -New York Telegram.

The Price of His Handwriting.

One of the wittiest and most popular of American writers tells of his elation in the budding days of his authorship when he saw his name in a long list of. "Autographs of distinguished men for sale" displayed in a shop window. Entering with an air of indifference, he asked, "How do you sell Blank's autographs?" naming himself.

"Two for three cents, sir," was the prompt reply.

"I left the shop," he says, "a sadder

