



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

100 PER YEAR STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES.
FOR DISPLAY ADVERTISEMENTS.

	1 Mo.	3 Mos.	6 Mos.	1 Year.
Col.	\$12.00	\$24.00	\$42.00	\$72.00
Col.	9.60	14.40	24.00	42.00
Col.	6.00	9.60	14.40	24.00
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Reading notices 5 cents per line each insertion. 10 cents per line among local items. Advertisements changed as often as desired if copy is received by Tuesday morning.

PALMER & WRIGHT,
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.
OFFICE OVER KEMPF'S BANK.
OFFICE HOURS:
Dr. Palmer's, 10 to 1, a. m., 4 to 6 p. m.
Dr. Wright, 7:30 to 10, a. m. 1 to 3, p. m.

H. L. WILLIAMS,
DENTIST,
Graduate of the University of Michigan Dental College. Office with Palmer & Wright, over Kempf's Bank.
Chelsea, Mich.

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

THE BEST ICE CREAM

—AND—

MILK SHAKE

—AT—

CASPARY'S * BAKERY.

NOW IS THE TIME
TO TAKE THE
STANDARD!

A Cat Flirtation.

We see a cat come stealthily rubbing against a chair leg, the head inclined appetitiously over one shoulder, regarding us with a furtively coaxing smile. With a flirt like that, whether maid or matron, there is no occasion for ceremony. You snatch her up and on your knee she pretends to be offended and to struggle to escape. But she curls herself up with a sensuous purr when you begin tickling the fur that lies just behind the ear, and thenceforth it is all plain sailing. It is very different with a rampant and sturdy Tom, who, though he may have luxuriated in comfortable quarters all his life, has, nevertheless, had his sad experiences, and seen something of the worst side of human nature. Mischievous boys have heaved half bricks at him, ill bred and unsympathetic servants have resented his patriarchal manners, expelling him with ignominy from the lower regions, and sometimes punching his head. Even his master, who is the reverse of a pussomania, may never have appreciated him according to his merits. No wonder that a cat of that stamp should be slightly misanthropic and suspicious. Naturally he mistrusts a stranger's advances, but, nevertheless, there is something in your voice which sends a quiver through his ears and makes him visibly relax the rigidity of his tail.—Saturday Review.

A young woman visiting the family of W. H. Moon, of Greenville county, S. C., was standing near a post on the piazza, when the 8-year-old daughter of the house came up noiselessly from behind and playfully clutched her dress. The young woman, startled, lost her balance, and to save herself seized the post, which gave way, falling with the young woman back on the child, who was instantly killed.

CURLETT'S
Thrush, Pinworm and
Heave Remedy.

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

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

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

TESTIMONIALS.

Henry Schultz, of North Lake, Mich., says: I cured a very bad case of Thrush of three years' standing, by using Curlett's Thrush Remedy, when everything else that was tried failed to produce a cure.

Carpenter Bros., of Dexter, Mich., says: We had a horse afflicted with the thrush for eighteen months, and tried various remedies to cure it, but could get nothing to help it until we used Curlett's Thrush Remedy, which made a permanent cure in a short time.

Fred Strelle, of Delhi Mills says: One year ago I had a young horse that was lame three or four months, and could not find out what caused the lameness until the horse was taken to H. M. Ide, the horse shoer, who told me that the the limping gait and stinking smell of his foot was caused by thrush, and advised me to get a bottle of Curlett's Thrush Remedy, which after using a few times, removed the smell and lame-

ness, and now the horse is pronounced cured by the best horseman.

Fred Jaeger, of Dexter, Mich., says: I had a horse which had the thrush, and tried to sell him, but could not realize half his value, used one bottle of Curlett's Thrush Remedy, which produced a permanent cure, and then had no trouble in disposing of him for what he was worth.

Jno: Helber, highway commissioner, of Scio, Mich., says: "I have used Curlett's Pinworm Remedy several years with the best success: the first dose that I gave a horse brought away a ball of pinworms as big as my fist. Always worked horses while giving Curlett's Pinworm Remedy, which toned the constitution and made them have a good soft glossy coat and my horses always increased in good sound flesh after its use."

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

LEGAL NOTICES.

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

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

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

J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.
[A TRUE COPY.]
WM. DERY, Probate Register.

TABLETS!

WRITING PAPER!

SCRATCH BLOCKS!

INKS!

PENS!

PENCILS!

ALL AT

LOWEST PRICES

AT THE

STANDARD GROCERY HOUSE.

WM. EMMERT.

H. S. HOLMES & CO.

GRAND OPENING

OF

NEW FALL CLOTHING!

Men's Hats, Shirts, Underwear,
and Hosiery. Visit our
Clothing Department

for anything you
may want. We guarantee
prices 20 per cent lower than
other's

Respectfully.

H. S. HOLMES & CO.

CHELSEA ROLLER MILLS

* MARKET REPORT. *

Corrected Weekly by Cooper & Wood

Roller Patent, per hundred,.....	\$3.00
Housekeeper's Delight, per hundred,.....	2.75
Superior, per hundred,.....	1.50
Corn Meal, bolted, per hundred,.....	1.50
Corn Meal, coarse, per hundred,.....	1.10
Feed, corn and oats, per ton.....	22.00
Bran, per ton,.....	16.00
No short weights.	

To The Merchants!

★ ★ ★

If you read this bear
in mind that thousands
would read your advertisement
had you one in the
"STANDARD."

THE CHELSEA STANDARD.

WM. EMMERT, Publisher.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN

The area of the West India docks is 300 acres.

There are over 40,000 children attending the schools in London who are insufficiently fed.

Over 18,000 pupils were flogged in the Boston schools last year. The Boston schools seem to be given mostly to "manual training."

It is stated on good authority that the factories of England, France, Germany, and Holland produce about 77,000,000 pins daily. But where do they all go to?

The Olympic Mountains in Washington are rich in gold, silver, iron, and coal. Hundreds of prospectors are in the mountains searching for mineral wealth.

More women in proportion to population are employed in industrial occupations in England than in any other European country. Twelve per cent. of the industrial classes are females.

A TUSCARORA (Nev.) newspaper prepares the young mind for the coming of a new school principal by the remark that the official's teaching weight is about two hundred and twenty-five pounds avoirdupois, which under certain conditions might be made to approximate a ton.

A FLUSHING, Mich., farmer, one of Gubernatorial Candidate Patridge's neighbors, put a \$5 gold piece in the fare box of one of the Saginaw street cars by mistake. He did not miss the coin until he got home and then wrote to the company about it. He received a postal note for \$4.95.

A MAN of Mott, Colorado, went on a fearful spree last week. As soon as he sobered up he went up to a logging camp and was put to work. In handling his first log he disturbed a large rattler that struck his fangs deep into the man's wrist. The poison did not circulate in the arm, but the snake died in a few minutes.

QUEEN VICTORIA has long had a habit of sending her cast-off linen to the London hospitals. At first the royal crest and monogram was left upon it unthought of, but when it was found that one of the hospital matrons was earning a very pretty income by selling the garments she was peremptorily dismissed, and care was afterward taken to cut out the royal device.

When the young Lord Dufferin reached his majority, his mother, Helen, Countess of Gifford, and granddaughter of Sheridan, presented him with a silver lamp and poem. He built a tower as a shrine for the lamp, and had the poem engraved on a gold tablet. Lord Tennyson, touched by this ideal deed, was moved to write a poem, which was also engraved on a gold tablet.

MRS. WARREN HILL, of Machias, Me., has in her possession an ancient chair once the property of her great-grandfather, Major-General David Cobb, of the Revolutionary army. While this chair was recently being upholstered there was found on removing the leather covering of the cushion an inner covering, an original patchwork of silk and velvet, containing about twelve hundred pieces, in the center of which were the figures 1751. This covering was fastened to the chair board with hand-made copper tacks.

A CORRESPONDENT who has been in Athens says that he finds that the Greeks are overjoyed at the birth of their crown prince. The little heir has been christened Constantine, after his father. There is an old Hellenic prophecy to the effect that Constantine will be reconquered for the Greeks "by the son of a prince named Constantine having a fair-haired spouse called Sophia." It happens, surely enough, that the father in this instance is Constantine, and that the mother is fair-haired and is named Sophia. Therefore, it is not surprising that the Greeks hail the arrival of the royal heir with every demonstration of delight.

There is a young lady in the Clifton Springs (N. Y.) Sanitarium being treated for an uncontrollable appetite for chocolate. To such an extent has she eaten sweets of this kind that her skin has become a chocolate color. Every merchant in the place who sells chocolate has been warned not to sell the young lady anything with chocolate in its composition. A few days ago the young lady went to a store in Clifton and asked for two pounds of chocolate candy; the merchant told her he was not allowed to sell her candy of that

kind, but upon her stating that she did not want it for herself, he sold her the candy. The young lady took it to her room and did not desist until she had eaten every particle. A severe sickness was the result.

THE death of ex-Chief Justice Sumner Howard, formerly the head of the Arizona bench, recalls the fact that he was the district attorney who secured the conviction of Bishop John Lee, the notorious Mormon leader. Lee was the originator and chief instigator of the Mountain Meadow massacre, in which a band of Indians, led by Lee, surrounded and butchered a party of settlers who were passing by Salt Lake City, and who had incurred the suspicion of the Mormons. Only a few children were spared, and the murders were committed in the most atrocious manner. The investigation, begun in 1875, of this massacre, which occurred in 1857, resulted, through the efforts of Mr. Howard, in the conviction of the Mormon instigators and the punishment of Lee.

PROF. ASAPH HALL, who has used the big telescope at the United States Observatory in Washington for measurements of Saturn during the last fourteen years, finds the time of rotation of the planet to be about ten hours, 13 minutes, 24 seconds. This is nearly fifteen minutes less than the period stated in most of the astronomical text books published in the latter half of the present century, but is remarkable as being only 100 seconds less than the period assigned to it by Sir William Herschel. That astronomer of a century ago obtained his results in this particular by the aid of an instrument far inferior to many of the so-called telescopes of to-day, and the fact is testimony to the wonderful ability of the man whose name was for years given to the planet he discovered, now generally called Uranus.

ADMIRAL PORTER shares the objection of all old seamen to the present practice of stripping war vessels of their spars and sails, but the step is inevitable. A sail area such as he proposes, or thirty-five square feet for every square foot of midships section, would give a weight and spread of spars and canvas which would render necessary a change in the distribution of weights as now divided between guns, engines, fuel, and armor; it would render it impossible to handle machine guns and other auxiliary armament in the tops, and it is cruel to think of the way in which this great mass of top hamper would come rattling down over guns, men, and the entire ship in an action under the concentrated fire of modern artillery. With everything possible stowed for action, there would still be enough left aloft to give a fair chance that the screw would be fouled ten minutes after a vessel thus provided was under fire.

THE French stove is amusingly described by Eli Perkins as being about the size of an icewater tank in a Pullman car. It is loaded with two quarts of coal; the small three-inch pipe adjusted to the chimney and the coal lighted. After burning a while the draft is shut off, and the stove is wheeled around the room. The room is warmed in sections. First it is wheeled up to the old man, who throws out his fingers, then across to the old lady, who embraces it, and then up to the baby. Then it is wheeled back to the chimney, the draft opened and the fire rekindled. There are usually two chimney holes about the room. After one hole has been treated to a fire, the stove is rolled into the hall or another room, or taken by the handle and carried up-stairs. The same stove is used in the bedroom to dress by, rolled into a breakfast-room like a baby-carriage, then into the sitting-room. It is *multum in parvo*. It is a cook-stove, fireplace and furnace. The American who burns ten tons of coal in a range, twelve tons in grates, is amazed when he sees a whole house in Paris warmed with one ton of coal. The twenty tons used by the American would warm the Boulevard des Italiens. Such overstrained economy has, however, its disadvantages in loss of health, and occasionally of life itself.

HE KNEW HIMSELF HE THOUGHT. It takes more than a knowledge of arithmetic sometime to do a "sum in subtraction."

"Do you know anything about figures, 'Uncle Rastus'?" said a merchant to an applicant for work.

"Yes, sah."

"Well, if I were to lend you \$5 and you promised to pay me \$1 a month, how much would you owe me at the expiration of three months?"

"Five dollars, sah."

"I'm afraid you don't know much about figures."

"No, sah; but I specs I knows all about Uncle Rastus."

NO USE to recommend an Indian mixture for bringing out the hair to a man who has once been scalped.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

Some Valuable Information for the Plowman, Stockman, Poultryman, Nurseryman, and Everybody Connected with the Farm.

THE FARM.

Wheat Succeeding Beans.

Beans are a much more exhausting crop than is often thought. It is partly what they take from the soil, as well as their mechanical effect in leaving it too dry, that unites them for preceding a good wheat sowing. Beans are also generally a very weedy crop, as it injures the pod to cultivate after the plant is in blossom. Abundant weeds, joined to the exhaustion of soil by the bean crop, leaves it dry and hard. When the weeds are turned under, if rain comes to cause them to rot, the seed bed is too porous to make the right kind of wheat growth. But if there be plenty of rainy weather, cultivation and free use of the roller will make the seed bed what is needed, and a dressing of superphosphate will restore the mineral fertility that the bean crop has taken from the soil.

Pens for Pigs.

No kind of grain is better for pigs, or yet for fattening hogs, than field peas. They require less labor than corn, and for inducing thrifty growth they are superior to any grain, excepting possibly wheat. A patch of peas ought to be sown expressly for the pigs, and as soon as the peas are fully grown a hurdle fence moved from place to place will enable the pigs to harvest the crop themselves. While the vines are green they will eat pods and leaves, but as soon as the peas begin to ripen the pigs become expert shellers. It is an excellent crop to grow in orchards, and the rooting of the pigs in search of scattered grains will keep the surface mellow and cover the droppings which they make, thus insuring against waste. To grow peas in orchards and feed them down with hogs there becomes a good way of keeping the trees in best condition.

Feeding Green Corn.

An Iowa correspondent of the *Western Swineherd*, in relation to feeding green (unripe) corn says:

I am one of those who believe that intelligent care is doing more to save swine from disease than all the remedies and preventives under the sun. From the haphazard methods of fifty years ago has grown up systematic methods for the care of stock. And the more intelligence used in breeding and handling the greater the success. True, swine are still lowest in the scale of care, for it is slow work dissipating the prejudice of centuries; "that anything is good enough for a hog." We are making commendable progress—we have learned that good blood and good care tell even with swine. Yet, what good care is may often be mistaken. And now I come to the point I wish to touch upon and learn how nearly general opinion coincides with my observation. If hog cholera has a special season of virulence it lies between September 1, and the holidays. I know it "hath all seasons for its own," but it is when the corn begins to glaze—when people begin cutting it up and feeding it—that the unaccountable outbreaks of disease are most numerous and fatal. It may not be the corn, but I have my suspicions that it will be well to feed the corn carefully.

An observant friend of mine once remarked in my presence that "hog cholera always comes with a big corn crop." I did not fully understand him then but have since concluded that he knew what he was saying. I conclude that the anatomical experts know what they are talking about when they say that the human and the hog viscera are gotten up pretty much on the same plan. That being so, I point this interrogation: How many human stomachs subjected to a "hard-tack" diet for six months could switch suddenly to exclusive green corn without deadly revolt? Yet it is just this radical change that half the hogs in the country must endure in the next six weeks. I am daily passing a side-hill feed lot containing some sixty head of hogs and shoats. It is owned by a good farmer, as the world goes, but he is built on the shorthorn plan and can see no merit in anything but cattle. This lot is barren of shade and as free of grass as the sole of my shoe is of hair. A trough fed from the overflow of a tank dedicated to the more favored stock, furnishes an intermittent water (and mud) supply. Dry ear corn twice a day is the diet. I expect to see cut up green corn take the place of the dry corn. The sudden transition of one to the other may not cause pestilence and death, but twice in the past six years "cholera" has swept this lot shortly after green corn diet was introduced. Now this method of feeding and caring for hogs is not at all singular. It is the rule or at least the custom on many farms.

I have no doubt at all but much—probably 50 per cent—of the cholera of the fall and winter season is due to this reckless feeding. Is green food injurious? you may ask. Not at all when judiciously used. I endorse all that is claimed in behalf of the sensible use of green food, but its abuse is what I cavil at. Don't violate the plainest laws of common sense. A gradual change of foods is the practical and safe way, and in changing over to green corn if care is used the fall cases of cholera will be fewer than heretofore. If turned from other green feed to green corn there need not be so much care used, but in all changes of diet sudden and radical measures should be avoided.

THE STOCK RANCH.

Pure Water for Cows.

At this season of the year the quality of milk is often unfavorably influenced by poor water, when the cause is frequently supposed to be the inferior dried-up pastures on which they feed. Cows are not fastidious about the water they drink provided only that it be warm. They will often drink stagnant water from a pool while rejecting that of first

quality fresh from the well. The cow's instinct teaches her that the cool, refreshing liquid at a temperature far below her own blood will give her an attack of indigestion. She does not care half so much for impropriety in the water she drinks, because, forsooth, these impurities are discharged from the system in her milk. It is just here that man must step in and interfere for his own protection. He is only indirectly interested in the cow's health, as it affects the milk she produces. He is directly interested in the milk because it, in various forms, is a staple article of his own food. But tor made from cows fed on stagnant water cannot be rid of the original microbe infesting it, and it is almost impossible to make it keep well, however salted. This is often the trouble with summer-made butter.

Live Stock Notes.

In arranging the shelter for stock, ventilation is an item that is often overlooked, and yet it is very important for the health of the animals. The best plan is to fully provide ventilation when the building is put up.

An exchange says young pigs with thumbs should be placed in clean, cool quarters, given plenty of pure, cool water to drink, and a quantity of Glauber salts at night and morning. Feed freely with roots, but omit corn.

BREEDERS in Scotland have made several sales of Shetland ponies to American importers. The Shetland Pony Stud-book in this country and also in Great Britain has greatly stimulated the trade in choice bred ponies with pedigrees.

WYOMING sheep men are now using Shropshire, Cotswold and Lincoln bucks much more than formerly, and are well pleased with the results. Wool and mutton are the main objects now. The cross of the mutton rams on grade Merino ewes is quite satisfactory.

NINE-TENTHS of the hogs bred and fattened for market by the average farmer do not have as much salt as they should. Only the hog starved for it will take an overdose when it is thrown to him. Away with the idea that it is dangerous to salt the hogs! Give it to them daily either in their slops or where they can have access to it. Wood ashes mixed with it will not hurt any.

THE POULTRY-YARD.

Profitable Poultry on the Farm.

Miss Mary Zimmerman writes to the *Northwestern Farmer and Breeder* the following concise directions for the care of poultry.

FEED.

Poultry should be fed regularly, and a change should not be made in food too often.

The best, and most excellent articles of food for poultry is wheat, or parched corn.

Fowls must be fed twice a day and must have a constant supply of pure, fresh water.

The indestructible stone drinking fountain so generally used are well adapted to hold the supply.

The chicken house should be cleaned once or twice a week.

Poultry should have lime in some form for the formation of the egg shell.

BREEDING AND HATCHING.

Hens should be set in the evening, and furnished with a good nest in a darkened spot.

The hen should be taken off the nest every day, for food, water, brief exercise, and a good dusting.

The young chicks should not be removed until twenty-four hours after they are hatched.

Young chickens should be fed regularly and often until five or six weeks old.

If intended for marketing they should be forced and marketed early; early spring chickens pay best.

If the chickens have been liberally fed they will be in prime condition for the table without any extra fattening.

In raising fowls for market, as a rule, the chicks should be killed as soon as ready, certainly as soon as they have attained full size, as then better prices are generally procured than later in the season.

THE MARKET.

Poultry costs less to produce than beef, and brings a higher average price.

Fowls and eggs are always in demand.

In preparing poultry for market dress as nicely as possible.

For scalding poultry, the water should be as near the boiling as possible, without actually boiling; the bird being held by the head and legs, should be immersed and lifted up and down in water three times; this makes picking easy.

Most of the poultry sold is wet picked, and such is generally preferred.

In preparing frozen poultry for the late market, dry pick the poultry, as it will keep longer, hold its color better, and commands better prices; the head should be left on, as it looks better.

THE APIARY.

Marketing Honey.

Every producer should interview his customers, and ascertain the size he prefers the honey to be in, and whether he prefers comb or extracted. The editor of *Gleanings in Bee Culture* lately interviewed the commission men of large cities, who handle honey, to ascertain the size of section the trade prefer. Their replies show, almost unanimously, that the weight preferred is a trifle less than a pound; preferring it to weigh fifteen to seventeen ounces, as retailers sell by the piece, and buy by weight.

STANDARD SIZE.—The size determined upon by universal consent is 4 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches. As this no doubt will be the standard, it will save a great deal of "vexation of spirit" if all adopt it. Shipping cases and crates for holding sections on the hives, will be manufactured to suit this, and when odd sizes are ordered, delays will necessarily ensue, which might cause the producer to lose his whole crop. I would prefer a section that would hold just as near one pound as possible. Lately I interviewed dealers, who strive to do a straight business, and that is what they prefer. Another one of the snide order preferred light

weight; buying by weight and selling by the piece.

SIZE OF PACKAGE.—This will depend largely upon where the honey is to be disposed of. Where the producer delivers in person, to consumers or to small dealers, a package of one dozen sections will be preferable. A family will take a case of this size when it would not a larger one. If shipped by express, when these small packages would be unloaded from the car, they are too often either tossed onto the load, or caught in the hands of another, and much of the honey broken loose from the sections. If enough of these small packages were packed into a crate, with handles to it, and large enough so that two men would handle it, who are paid by the day and work slowly, and sent by freight, it might reach its destination safely. So the size of the package should depend largely on how and where it is to be marketed.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Mending a Glove.

The following directions for mending a kid glove are given in an eastern paper. Every one who has attempted the task knows that it requires a particularly deft touch to mend a rent in a glove successfully. In the picture of Hilda, the heroine of the "Marble Faun," engaged in mending her gloves, Hawthorne draws attention to the grace of this peculiarly feminine task. The best glove-menders in the world, unfortunately for the sentiment, are men. "Professional glove sewers," who handle the kid and needle with methodical dexterity. A rip is a simple matter to them; it is in mending a tear in the kid that they show their skill. The color of the glove is carefully matched in silk taffeta or any silk goods of firm, light quality, and in sewing silk, a piece of the silk is run on the inside carefully under the rent so as to bring the edges together, but not so as to show on the outside of the glove; and the edges of the kid are then drawn together by almost invisible stitches, as a cloth mender mends cloth.

Properly rubbed with the finger, the rent hardly shows if it is not in a place where the stitches are stretched when the glove is worn. After a little perseverance any one can catch up this art of glove-mending and learn to do the work with something of the skill of an expert. A rip in the stitching even may be "stayed" with a bit of silk, where it is caused by a special strain, and may be kept in this way from breaking out again.

Hints to Housekeepers.

KEEP cake in a tin or wooden box.

NEW iron should be gradually heated at first; it will not be so likely to crack.

FURNITURE needs cleaning as much as other woodwork. It may be washed with warm soap suds, quickly wiped dry and then rubbed with an oily cloth. Clean off the oil and polish with chamois skin.

THE French method of administering castor oil to children is to pour the oil into a pan over a moderate fire, break an egg into it and stir up; when it is done flavor with a little salt or sugar or current jelly.

WHENEVER your little ones cough and are hoarse, and there are any signs of croup, stir a fourth of a teaspoonful of allspice in a teaspoonful of molasses, and give at once. Repeat the dose as often as necessary. It is very loosening and efficacious.

THE way to can peaches is to have a kettle of boiling water and another of syrup, made quite rich. Drop the peaches into the water and let them boil until just tender when lift them out with a wire spoon and put them into the can; fill it up with the clear syrup and seal directly.

SKIM-MILK added to twice the quantity of warm water cleans graining or any varnished woodwork easily, and injures the varnish less than any other preparation, as proved by many years trial. It brightens up oilcloths to wash them over with skim-milk after cleaning.

TO CURE hicoughs sit erect and inflate the lungs fully. Then, retaining the breath, bend forward slowly until the chest meets the knees. After slowly rising again to the erect position, slowly exhale the breath. Repeat this process a second time, and the nerves will be found to have received an excess of energy that will enable them to perform their natural functions.

THE KITCHEN.

Breakfast Cake.

Two tablespoons of sugar, two tablespoons of butter, two eggs, one cup of milk, one (scanty) quart of flour, one teaspoon of soda, two of cream tartar. Bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. Eat hot with butter.

Rice Pudding.

One and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of rice, a piece of butter half the size of an egg, put in a two-quart basin, and fill the basin with good, rich milk, put in a slow oven and bake two hours. Eat two or three times.

For Flowers.

Birch-bark canes of various sizes are charming flower holders. One filled with dark-purple pansies is effective, the contrast of color being delightful. Very small canes, six or seven inches long, are just the thing for holding violets.

Scalloped Potatoes.

Take boiled potatoes, slice them thin, put in a pudding dish a layer of potatoes, a thin layer of rolled crackers, sprinkle with salt, pepper and three or four small pieces of butter, then add another layer of potatoes, crackers, etc., until the dish is filled; over all pour a cup of cream or rich milk. Bake from one-half to three-quarters of an hour.

Breakfast Balls.

A little cold beef or mutton, or both, a slice of ham or salt pork, a small quantity of bread crumbs, a little parsley (if you have it), a little sage; chop all together and add seasoning to taste, a little melted butter and an egg, well beaten. Take a tablespoonful of the mixture, dredge it in flour and make it into a ball, which fry a quick brown. This is a good way of getting rid of cold meat and is a nice breakfast dish.

AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE

OLD SOLDIERS TALK OVER EXPERIENCES AND SPIN YARNS.

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

The Boy with the Drum.

BY W. J. COBB.

THEY marched away in dread array in the early dusk of the morn. Their banners wave, their trumpets play a mock to my heart forlorn. Love's eyes grew bright at the gallant sight, and a thousand cheers kept time. But my heart was sad and I only wept.

For the boy with the drum was mine. Ah, mothers could say God speed to their son when one was left at home. And sisters could smile for their little reeked of the days of blight to come. But I—was all I had, my own. The last of a loyal line; Others could send their men to the war, But the boy with the drum was mine.

Up from the South, like a flaring torch, came the story to all the land, A battle—the ramparts of Donelson green as yet—but a simple tale of a lad, with heart sublime, Who led the men with his rat-tat-tat! Ah, the boy with the drum was mine.

When they wavered he cheered, and his ringing shouts Sent courage to more than one; They found him that day where the foremost fell. After the battle was won, They blazon the deeds of the officers brave, In history, story and rhyme, But he was a hero with heart of gold— The boy with the drum—and mine! CHICAGO, Ill.

THE HEADQUARTERS MESS.

BY COL. ALEX. DUKE BAILEY.

HAT is the place for quiet fun and good stories—the headquarters mess. Every day there is a levee of officers from the different brigades, and there is always straying in some good fellow with a fresh atmosphere of thought and experience to keep the social currents in active motion, and prevent any mental stagnation.

Here is a new Division Quartermaster, a fellow of infinite wit and humor, who illustrates in language and manner the customs of a large class who follow the army.

While I was Post Quartermaster at Alma Creek (he says) the armies of McClellan and Burnside were both delinked, and all sorts of queer customers found their way on shore. One very hot day I was busy in my office, when a not very prepossessing head was thrust into the window, and its owner, in breathless haste, inquired: "Is dis de Quartermashter's ofish?"

"Yes; what is it?" "Well, Sheneral, I've just got mine shooner in de river mit sutler goods on board. I wants one place where I can sell de tings to de soldiers. You give it to me, eh?"

"It's against my orders, sir, to allow anything of the kind." "Vell, Colonel, come now, just a little place, unt den I make oop my mouth wat I loose on de Chickamauga."

Finding the fellow bound to worry me, I told him to call again in the afternoon. "Oh, yes, Sheneral, I come again then. Now, Sheneral, you trinks wine, eh?"

"Yes, sir; I drink wine." "Very good; I send you one case the finest wine you ever see. You smack your lip when you trink him. I comes this afternoon, eh?"

Away he went, and inside of an hour came a man bearing a basket of champagne, marked for me, with "compliments of Henry Weinsheimer & Co., Sellers."

The wine was duly stowed away, and in the afternoon, red and smiling and confident, came the donor. "Vell, Sheneral, I come to look at the place you picks out for me?"

"What place, sir?" sternly. "Vv, Colonel, dot place where I can sell my goods."

"You are mistaken, sir. I told you very distinctly that I could give no such permit, but you would not take 'no' for an answer, and I told you to call again."

"But mein Got, Major, look at dis! I send you von basket shampaign dis morning, cost me sixteen dollar mit de wholesale. Now, I lose dem, too. I don't like dese tings, Captain!"

"Yes, I understand you perfectly. You thought to bribe me with your champagne. I'll keep the bribery to remember you by; the corruption, you can remember by it, didn't follow as you anticipated."

With thunder-cloud on brow and curses for "dem Lieutenant as was much tam smart Quartermasters," Mr. Weinsheimer took his mournful departure.

But it wasn't three days after that, continued the Quartermaster when one busy hour a clean, chipper, keen-eyed Yankee presented himself and informed me that he had brought down on the steamer Keyport a large lot of

"perishable goods," and wanted me to designate a spot where he could pitch his tent and sell.

"No such permission can be given to any one, sir."

"Well, this is hard! Out two hundred dollars! Pies will spoil, go all to rot and ruin, etc.," he groaned and muttered.

Finally he was ordered out, but he did not go, and his presence and lamentations equally disturbed me.

"Now, sir," said I, "leave this office! I told you no, and that is law. If you want to sell your old pies, go over on the hill and peddle them to the teamsters and contrabands. You can't sell them anywhere about here."

The "hill" was about a mile from my office, and, as I thought, entirely outside the limits of our sale-ground. The Yankee bowed and departed in a hurry.

About ten days afterward, when I had forgotten this incident, as I was going down to the pier to a boat just arrived, a man accosted me very politely:

"Captain, there's a box on the Keyport for you."

Supposing the stranger to be a new clerk, I asked him what it looked like. The man bowed and grinned, "Very like a three dozen of Scotch ale-box, sir."

Still puzzled, I asked where it came from.

"Why, Captain, I—I bought it for you."

"But, sir; you are a stranger to me, and why?"

"Captain, you ought to remember me. I was here about ten days ago with a stock of perishable goods, pies, etc.; you gave me a pointer to go over the hill and sell, and I cleared nigh five hundred dollars on the spec. I want you to drink to my good luck."

So we parted, and then I remembered that on the day I ordered him out General Burnside had told me he intended to march his troops to Fairmount instead of sending them on the cars. "For," said the General, "men can walk; stores cannot."

It appeared that my Yankee had heard of this order, and, all dressed in gray, had located himself at the hill past which at least four thousand men marched during the ensuing twenty-four hours. Thus he had sold his "perishable goods" and a quartermaster at the same time.

Soon the West-Pointer A. D. C. had his innings for a yarn, thusly:

When I was out West a military commission was appointed to examine regimental officers as to their qualifications, and some of the Colonels and Majors used to be forever in my quarters, questioning me as to the probable style of examination and looking very uneasy and miserable.

One day, after the examining board had adjourned, I slipped into their room and sketched out on the blackboard some fearfully complicated plans of impossible fortifications, followed by a long series of hieroglyphics.

Shortly after my return to my own quarters, one of the to be martyred Colonels presented himself to bewail his coming misery.

"Why, Colonel, it seems to me you are making too much worry over this. The questions are easy enough. They ask you, maybe, 'What are the constituents of gunpowder, and their proportions?'"

"But I don't know what gunpowder is made of; I know how to shoot it, but oh, Lor', that ain't enough for them regular army fellows."

"Then they'll probably inquire what is the velocity of a cannon ball the third second of its flight, and how many grains of each size powder it takes to start it."

"I might as well resign beforehand; they'll soon me, sure!" groaned the poor fellow.

"By the by, Colonel, the board has adjourned for to-day; let's go up to the room and perhaps we can see on the blackboard some trace of the line they take."

We went, and at first sight of the mysteries in white chalk, the Colonel started back. "Great Scott! I couldn't tackle that to be made Commander-in-chief! I'm dised, certain, sure!"

I persuaded him, however, to face the music and not to resign in advance.



EVERY MUCH LIKE A THREE-DOZEN SCOTCH ALE-BOX, SIR.

and next day his agony was over, for he was a grand fighter, a practical, sharp-witted man, and he went through with a boom, and fully forgave me for my little ruse de guerre.

Our Quartermaster came to the front again, in explanation of some particularly fine butter which had graced our table that evening.

It seems that a Brigade Quartermaster in need of forage had sent out a detail of wagons and taken some hay from a well-to-do farmer in that vicinity. A day or two afterwards, the farmer, weighing over two hundred, brought to our Quartermaster a greasy-looking document, as follows:

"Reseaved of — fife tuns ant

a haff of Timothy hay at fifteen dolers a tun—seventy five and seven dolers ant haff—altogether 82 dolers ant haff.

"THOMAS RITCHIE, Waggonmaster." Of course, the farmer wanted his money, and had somehow discovered that vouchers in that shape were not current at Washington. The matter did not belong to our Quartermaster in any way, but he kindly made out proper papers for the old man and in-



"OH, SAY, CAPTAIN, JUST A MINUTE."

structed him how to get them signed, and so obtain his cash. He was most profusely showered with thanks.

This day Sir Farmer again came, with a similar paper belonging to a friend, and he was again furnished with vouchers in correct form. On entering the tent this last time he handed the Quartermaster a small roll of butter, saying he brought it for him, knowing that good butter was scarce. After thanks for it, the same was turned over to our mess cook.

His business over, our portly friend still sat in the tent, until, as the Quartermaster was about to leave, he stammered out:

"Oh, that butter, you know, Captain, it's a matter belonging to the women folks, and they'll be expecting their pay for it."

Greatly surprised, the Quartermaster inquired how much might be its cost.

"Well, I git a quarter for it at home, but as I came along this morning I was told you folks were glad to pay fifty cents for good butter."

"Then," said the Quartermaster, "while you are satisfied with a quarter at home you will, on account of your friendship for me, charge me just double. However, we like good butter, so here's your half-dollar."

"Oh, say, Captain, just a minute: won't you get me the butter-rag back from your nigger? the women folks always expect them back now, cotton cloth is so high."

"Yes, I'll get it back, and if you'll wait two minutes I'll give you an old shirt."

"And I'll be—blessed," said the Quartermaster, "but he did wait, and he took the butter, rag, and the shirt, too, and walked off with the air of a Christian philanthropist."

These stories do not read so well as they are "told," but they come back to the old soldier as in these piping days of peace he smokes his pipe in quiet, and their recitation brings back the comrades and associations of what really were "the good old times," the days when we went soldiering in real earnest. —Chicago Ledger.

Worked in Solid Shot on Him.



er mold a bullet to kill me."

It seemed as if there was something in it, for while almost every other man in his company got a scratch now and then, and every fight reduced the roll call, he was never hit. At Fredericksburg he stood for five minutes alone, with the men on the right and left shot down, and yet he wasn't hurt. We got around to Spottsylvania at last, and only the day before that fight he cracked his heels together, uttered a crow, and said:

"Boys, we shall have a fight to-morrow, and I'll bet ten to one I don't get hit."

Next day about ten o'clock we were advanced in support of some Ohio troops which were hard pressed, and just as we swung into position the Confederates opened on us with solid shot. The very first ball I saw come our way bounded along the ground and hit Williams on the left thigh with an awful thud. His hip was smashed to a pulp and he hadn't five minutes to live. Two of us moved him a few feet, propped his head up, and then, as I put his canteen in his hands, I said:

"Poor old boy! We thought you had a charmed life, but they've hit you at last."

"Yes, I am done for," he replied, as he drank off half the contents of the canteen; "but, you see, I was figuring on bullets, and the cussed rebs have gone and worked in solid shot on me!"

Knew It Was Impossible.

General Billy Mahone, of Virginia, is, and always was, very thin and spare of flesh. When the General was wounded at Second Manassas, some one, to comfort Mrs. Mahone, said, "Oh, don't be uneasy. It's only a flesh wound!" Mrs. Mahone, through her tears, cried out: "Oh, I know that is impossible; there is not flesh enough on him for that."

SECRETARY TRACY WAS AT A LOSS.

How Private "Bri" Giles Managed to Keep Secret Where He Got Liquor.

This village, quiet and far removed from the world of noise and bustle, was formerly the home of Secretary Tracy, and there is hardly a man, woman or child here who does not know the Secretary, says an Owego, New York Tribune correspondent. It was here that he began his practice of law and distinguished himself before sage Justices of the Peace and in the county courts. There is hardly an old-time country lawyer in the neighborhood who cannot tell stories of cow-and-pig cases in which "the General," as he is familiarly called, won village fame as counsel. His argument and summing-up in these cases were as careful as if the well-being of a great corporation depended upon the result; and many a hardworking farmer and village shopkeeper have reason to be glad of having engaged "the General."

There was an occasion, however, upon which Mr. Tracy's argumentative faculties completely deserted him and left him entirely at a loss. Early in the war Lawyer Tracy became Col. Tracy and went to the front with the One Hundred and Ninth New York Volunteers, a regiment which he had organized. The regiment rejoiced in a private, "Bri" Giles by name, who was recruited at Owego, and who gave Col. Tracy more trouble than the enemy. It was not that "Bri" Giles loved his country less, but that he loved whisky more. He would get drunk at the most inopportune times, and whenever drunk he was utterly unmanageable and as noisy as a field battery. Col. Tracy cut off all ways by which "Bri" probably got his whisky, but still "Bri" got it and often got a "still." Long confinement in the guard house seemed to have no effect upon the incorrigible private and he invariably celebrated his release by a hearty drunk. Until discovered by Col. Tracy he would carry the barrel of his musket plugged up, and full to the muzzle of his cherished liquor. When Col. Tracy put a stop to the use of this ingenious flask, by decreeing that "Bri" should be a soldier without a gun, "Bri" bought boots bigger than his feet would fill, and upon a march used the unoccupied space in them for "tanglefoot" (literally true.)

At last Col. Tracy became thoroughly disgusted, and resolved at all cost to discover where Giles got his liquor. After "Bri" had been drunk for an unusually long time, the Colonel sent for him, and although the man was still far from sober, he was able to stand alone and to talk plainly enough to be understood. The conversation that ensued was the following:

Col. Tracy—Giles.

Giles—Yesh (hic) shur (hic).

Col. Tracy—I understand you have been on another regular drunk.

Giles—Enny (hic) body (hic) told yo that, Frank, (hic) told the truth. (When drunk he invariably called Col. Tracy "Frank.")

Col. Tracy—Now, Giles, I'll make a proposition to you. If you will tell me where you get the whisky, I'll let you off; otherwise I am going to punish you so severely that you will never forget it.

Giles—Goin' to (hic) punish me?

Col. Tracy—That's what I'm going to do, if you don't tell.

Giles—See here, Frank, (approaching and becoming confidential) if ennybody (hic) asks you where "Bri" Giles gets his (hic) whisky, you shay—No! (hic) you shay you won't tell 'em. Ye jush tell him ye don't know, and by—! (hic) Frank, that'll (hic) be the truth.

The present head of the Navy Department was completely staggered, and "Bri" didn't get punished severely. Giles is still living on a little farm near Owego, and drives in frequently to get his dearly beloved jug filled to the neck. He has done it ever since the war, and, drunk or sober, he swears by Secretary Tracy, and votes for him for President at every election.

They Never Speak.

There are two Senators who never interrupt each other in debate. They do not speak to each other. They belong to the same party, and being strong, positive men, they come in contact frequently. But each ignores the other's existence. Of course, a story is behind or beneath this strained situation. The two Senators were members of a little poker-playing party some time ago. Other Senators were in the game. All were playing for recreation. The stakes were not large. Late in the night one of the party, making an excuse to step out, obtained an old deck of cards and selected four aces. Returning, he passed the hand to a Senator, who in turn transferred the cards to a third. All were in the plot except the Senator who was to be made the victim. The Senator who held the four aces waited until there was a pot of \$6 or \$7 up, and then laid down his hand. Everybody smiled except the victim. He threw upon the table his cards, which included two aces, and before anyone could interfere raised his chair and brought it down with a crash on the head of the Senator who had played the stocked hand. He was about to follow up the blow, when the rest of the party interfered. It was all they could do to restrain him. Each tried to explain the joke, but the more they talked the worse they made the situation. To this day the Senator who played the four aces and the Senator upon whom the four aces were played remain unconciliated. And the Senator who perpetrated the joke has not played a game of poker since that unfortunate night.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SERIOUS SUBJECTS CAREFULLY CONSIDERED.

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

The lesson for Sunday, October 5, may be found in Luke 20: 9-19.

INTRODUCTION. The lesson before us introduces us to a new epoch in the life of Christ, the closing epoch of his earthly life, in fact. In the quarter's lessons upon which we now enter we shall follow Christ to his trial, his crucifixion, his resurrection and ascension. The latter particulars will find us in the midst of those weeks when special meetings are usually held in the churches. Let us hope that they may be resurrection days indeed to many who are in our Sunday schools. It is certainly not too soon to begin to pray that these winter lessons may be marked by signal demonstrations of the Spirit.

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

Then, merely and in the original, but doubtless there is some special force in the connection. It was right at the time (see preceding verses of chapter) when the chief priests and scribes were disputing his authority.—Began he. Probably marking a new period in his teachings.—Parable. Christ's profoundest messages were couched in picture-lessons.—Planted. A creator's ownership.—A vineyard. The most familiar form of husbandry there and then.—Let it. Literally, gave it out, and other signs of ownership.—Went into a far country. One word in the Greek, a verb, meaning to travel abroad.—A long time. In man's estimation, at least.—At the season. That is, repeatedly during the time of his absence.—Sent a servant, or slave, doulos, a still farther token of his authority.—Husbandmen. Greek, georgoi, men of the ground.—Of the fruit, or from the fruit.—Beat him and sent him away. The original is somewhat more expressive: having beaten him, they sent him back empty. That is, he came for grapes and they gave him blows.

Again he sent. A somewhat literal translation. There are two verbs in the Greek, the chosen rendition being, he went on to send, or he added to and sent.—Entrusted him shamefully. Literally, to dishonor. So translated at John 8: 49. "Ye do dishonor me," i. e., "treat in a manner derogatory to his rank or station."

Again. Same verb, as in verse 11, above.—Wounded him. The word is used of severe or open wounds, the same being applied to those of the man who fell among thieves, Luke 10: 34.—Also. An emphatic word here, meaning in his turn.—Cast out. In keeping with his greater misuse, a stronger word than has heretofore been used. Ekballo. It is worth noting that it is this same vigorous word, hurled forth, that is applied by Christ to the sending forth of "laborers into his harvest." (Matt. 9: 38.)

What shall I do? Suggestive of the seriousness of the situation.—My beloved son. Strongly emphatic, the son of mine, the beloved.—It may be. One word, perhaps.—Reverence. Possibly, not used in so strong a sense here, but with the idea of regard. They had had no regard for his servants, perhaps they would yet have regard for his son.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

Christ was a teacher, the model teacher of the world. We see it in the matter which he presents, in the mode in which that matter is brought to the mind, and in the forceful reiteration given to the key-thought. There is emphasis in the expression, then began he. It was a lesson doubtless repeated over and over again. This was the period when he was especially urging his divine authority in answer to the animadversions of his foes. Very like a term of school with one particular branch of study kept ever before the mind. Whether the Jew learned the lesson or not, shall we not we? A certain man planted a vineyard. They had just been asking him, "By what authority doest thou these things?" He had his answer. It is like that silencing word of Jeremiah of old: "For the Lord of hosts, that planted thee, hath pronounced evil against thee." And shall the clay cry out against the potter, or the vine against the planter? You are disposed, perhaps, to dispute the rule of God in your heart. "By what authority?" you say. Sufficient reply this,—"Who made you?" O, that all men would recognize God's rightful ownership!—Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Of the fruit of the vineyard. Our Lord is unspeakably kind. There is no child on earth, however rebellious, that has not had wonderful bestowments of his grace. See here, the fruit of the vineyard is all his, but he does not demand it. He comes asking, and that only for a part. It is of this vineyard that he expects return. He desires us to share its fruits with him. Are we doing it?

Beat him and sent him away empty. That was the earthward side of it. He came for fruit, and they gave him wounds instead. Such is the significance of the more graphic Greek. They bruised him and sent him empty-handed back to his master, and then, so they did with Jeremiah, John, Stephen. But the servant's hands were not empty. Every bruise was an accusation against the cruel persecutors; every wound-print was a self-enduring letter sent heavenward. The angels of God never fail to make return. Have a care!

Again. There is a great deal in a little word, when it is inspiration that speaks it. This again has in it long suffering and mercy and all the boundless, fathomless love of God. More literally rendered, it means He added and sent. That is, God kept right on sending messengers of kindness instead of angels of wrath, and that in spite of man's hideous treachery and depravity. Over in Luke 3: 23, we meet with the same word, only there we read that Herod "added yet this above all that he shut up John in prison." Here is man's persistence; it is his perseverance in hate and sin. But God's continuance is for love's sake. Blessed truth,—"Where sin abounded grace did much more abound!"

When the husbandmen saw him. What then? What a vision of grace it must have been! Surely their hearts will melt; surely, glow that perfect truth and righteousness has come humanity will bow in reverence. Brother, you do not know humanity. Look on this scene and learn, as our Savior knew beforehand, "What is in man." That face of love but stirs their deeper hate; that glow of snow is smitten, blood-red beneath their cruel hands. O, these hearts of ours are bad, boldly bad, Lord, snite down earthly reasonings, for they slay thy Son. Give us a new heart—that is our only hope! He shall come and destroy these husbandmen. There is unutterable disdain in the words. The term husbandmen literally means groundlings. He will come and make an end of those groundlings! What else are they who cleave to earth and shake their puny fists in the air at high heaven? Ah, that men might see it, "to be carnally minded is death."

Next Lesson—"The Lord's Supper." Luke 22: 7-20.

CHelsea STANDARD.

—BY—
WM. EMMERT.

OFFICIAL VILLAGE PAPER.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1890.

HOW WILL YOU VOTE?

The STANDARD is in receipt of a circular from the Schoenhofen Brewing Co., from Chicago, which is sent out with the purpose of warning people not to vote the Republican ticket, quoting Congressman Walter I. Hayes' ideas on the subject, from which we clip the following: "A great many instances could be cited and certainly in the debate in Congress upon the 'original package' bill the republican sentiment in favor of it was exclusively in this direction; but it is not necessary to multiply instances, for a man is blind indeed who cannot see it, and who, seeing it, does not realize that this element is becoming the controlling one in the councils of the republican party, and that with it once firmly seated in power, this legislation will follow as assuredly as it did in Iowa." We quote this for the purpose of showing our prohibition friends (strictly speaking, third party) the folly of voting for T. S. Moore, as congressman, against Hon. E. P. Allen. Mr. Allen represents the best element in the district, while his opponent, Jas. S. Gorman, is not only a frequenter of the saloons, but their staunch friend and supporter. In return for this, the saloon element in this district will spend thousands of dollars to send him to congress, the saloons in this village probably spending not less than from \$500 to \$1,000 for him in one way and another. Had the demograts nominated such a man as Stearns or Saulsbury, but little fault could be found if the third party voted its own ticket; but as it is, a vote for Moore is simply one for Gorman and the saloons. We believe as firmly now as we did six years ago, that the president elected in 1896 will be elected on a prohibition platform, provided the third party throws its weight in the right direction.

Ann Arbor's daily started Monday last.

Hannah Carnm, of Ann Arbor, died last week, aged eighty-one years.

Mrs. Susan Cecil, aged 99 years and over, died early Monday morning at Milan. She was considered the oldest lady in the state.

Mrs. Silsbury, of York, has a teakettle which she has had for fifty-two years, and is just as good as new, now, although in constant use.

Hon. J. D. Corey, of Manchester, still cherishes in his imagination the belief that the village stands over a gas boom and will give money to help puncture the earth a thousand feet.

By vote of entire school, our flag is to be raised on such days as commemorate men of national eminence and of notable historical events. These days will be respected at time of roll call.—Leader.

It is claimed by some of Manchester's citizen's that they can see the electric balloons which are sent up every night at Chicago between seven and eight o'clock. 200 miles is a good way to see a balloon in the evening.

Wednesday was a lively day at the depot. For some time buyers have been securing the country for beans and barley and Wednesday was delivery day. Four cars, each having a capacity for 40,000 pounds were filled.—Leader.

Rush Clark, of Greenback, Livingston county, last Monday sold to the physiological department of the university, for scientific purposes, 292 frogs for the sum of \$15.00. These frogs are kept alive in tanks and are used during the University year as needed.—Register.

HOMESEKER'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 Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill., or to Harry Mercer, Mich. Pass. Agt., C. M. & St. P. railway, 90 Griswold street, Detroit.

HIS LIFE OF CHRIST.

DR. TALMAGE'S GREATEST LITERARY WORK.

Foster Coates Gets a Glimpse at the Proof Sheets of "From Manger to Throne"—A Most Interesting Literary Work Is Here Described.

(Copyright by American Press Association.)

Few persons possess Dr. T. De Witt Talmage's most distinguishing characteristic—something to say, and the ability to clothe the thought in language fresh and striking. The great Brooklyn divine has given us another example of his tireless energy, his great study and his matchless word paintings in his life of Christ—"From Manger to Throne"—to be issued in a few days from the press of the Historical Pub-



ARAB INHABITANTS.

lishing Company, of Philadelphia. Through the courtesy of Mr. H. S. Smith, president of the company, I am enabled to tell something about the work in advance, for I have seen the proof sheets.

The book differs from all other lives of the Christ in this, that it is a simple narrative in which no theological questions are propounded, no "views" extolled, and there is no straining after effect.

It is made up of 600 pages, with over 400 engravings, copies of famous paintings by the old masters illustrating scenes in the life of Christ and portraits of the Saviour by many famous painters. In addition there is a splendid panorama of the crucifixion in colors, ten feet in length, which is a great achievement of the publishers.

As a literary effort the book is the most ambitious of the great preacher's life. It fulfills all the requirements of literary style and finish. Each fact was carefully weighed and scrutinized before put on paper. Nothing was taken for granted. It is not the work of an idle hour, but rather the life work of a strong man still in his prime. It should meet with a cordial welcome. It is not written above the head of the average reader. On the contrary, it is a series of magnificent word pictures, so simple that a child would be interested in them. The reader is taken to every spot made remarkable in the Holy Land, and the guide is like a delightful elder brother sitting in the twilight rehearsing the old, old story, ever new.

"I have been writing that book for thirty-five years," Dr. Talmage told me recently, and he supplements this in his preface by saying:

"In my American home, on the Atlantic, on the Mediterranean, on camel's back, on mule's back, on horseback, under chandeliers, by dim candlelight, on Lake Galilee, in convent, at Bethel, where Jacob's pillow was stuffed with dreams and the angels of the ladder landed; at the brook Elah, from which little David picked up the ammunition of five smooth stones, four more than were needed for crushing like an eggshell the skull of Goliath; in the valley of Ajalon, over which, at Joshua's command, Astronomy halted, on the plain of Esdraelon, the battle field of ages, its long red flowers suggestive of the blood dashed to the bits of the horses' bridles; amid the shattered masonry of Jericho, in Jerusalem, that overshadows all other cities in reminiscence; at Cana, where plain water became festal beverage; on Calvary, whose aslant and ruptured rocks still show the effects of the earthquake at the awful hemorrhage of the five wounds that purchased the world's rescue, and with my hand mitted from the storm, or wet from the Jordan, or bared to the sun, or gliding over smooth table, this book has been written."

Dr. Talmage is the only author of a life of the Christ who visited the Holy Land for the purpose of seeing for himself the scenes made famous by the birth and crucifixion of the Saviour, and this record of his life is one of the most interesting portions of the book. The writer vividly portrays the visit of Mary and Joseph in Egypt.

"Over the hills and down through the deep gorge they urge their way. By Hebron, by Gaza, through hot sand, under a blistering sun, the babe crying, the mother faint, the father exhausted. How slowly the days and weeks pass. Will the weary three ever reach the banks of the Nile? Will they ever see Cairo? Will the desert ever end? When at last they cross the line beyond which old Herod has no right to pursue their joy is unbounded. Free at last! Let them dismount and rest. Now they resume their way with less anxiety. They will find a place somewhere for

shelter and the earning of their bread. Here they are at Cairo, Egypt. They wind through the crooked streets, which are about ten feet wide, and enter the humble house where I have been today. It is nine steps down from the level of the street. It is such a place as no reader of this book would like to dwell in. I measured the room, and found it 20 feet long and 7-1-2 feet high. There are three shelves of rock, one of which I think was the cradle of our Lord. There is no window, and all the light must have come from lantern of candle. What a place for the king of heaven to live in!"

As he approaches Jerusalem the doctor can hardly contain himself. He is sitting on a patient camel's back writing these words: "Along the route I am amazed beyond expression at the boldness and jaggedness of the scenery of the Holy Land. I expected to see it rough, but not Alpinian and Sierra Nevadaian in grandeur. The hills are amphitheatres, piled up galleries of gray rock, with intervals of soil, brown and maroon, until the eye and head and heart surrender, and the lips that for a long while were exclamatory become speechless. Before sundown we will see Jerusalem. I never had such high expectations of seeing any place as of seeing the holy city. I found myself singing 'Jerusalem, My Happy Home,' while dressing myself this morning. I think my feelings may be slightly akin to that of the Christian just about to enter the heavenly Jerusalem."

Then follows a graphic picture of the great city, and the visitor's thoughts as his eyes beheld it for the first time.

Dr. Talmage gives a description of a baptism in the Jordan. He says:

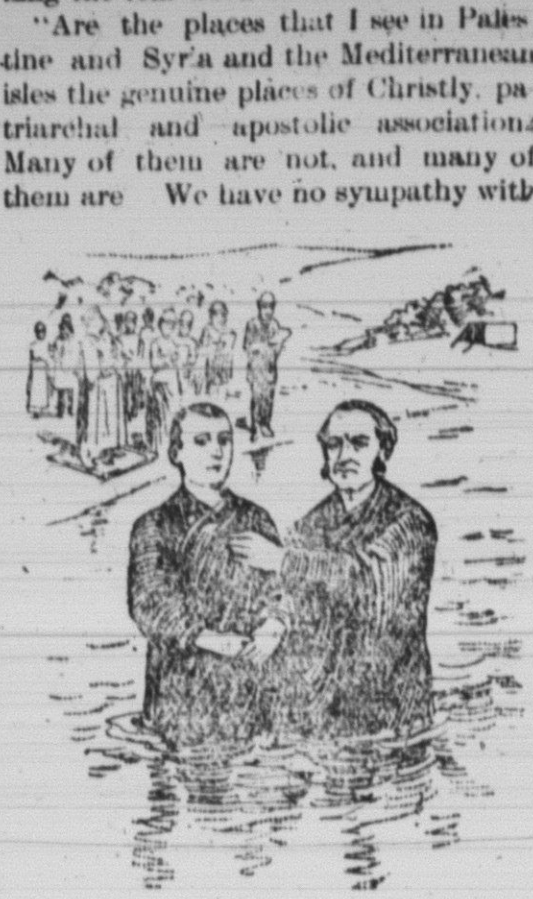
"Yesterday on horseback we left Jericho, and having dipped in the Dead sea we came with a feeling that we cannot describe upon the Jordan, a river which more people have desired to see than any other. On our way we overtook an American, who requested me to baptize him by immersion in the river Jordan. We dismounted at the place where Joshua and his host once crossed the river dry shod. We were near a turn in the river, and not far off from where rocks and sand are piled up in shape of cathedrals, domes and battlements. We pitched our tent, and after proper examination of the candidate for baptism I selected portions of Scripture appropriate. One of our Arab attendants had a garment not unlike a baptismal robe. With that garment girdled around me I led the candidate down under the trees on the bank, while near by were groups of friends and some strangers who happened to be there. After a prayer I read of Christ's baptism in the Jordan and the commission, 'Go, teach all nations, baptizing them.' The people on the bank then joined in singing to the familiar tune that soul stirring song, 'On Jordan's Stormy Bank I Stand.' With the candidate's hands in mine we waded deep into the Jordan, and I then declared, 'In this historical river, where the Israelites crossed, and Naaman plunged seven times for the cure of his leprosy, and Christ was baptized, and which has been used in all ages as a symbol of the dividing line between earth and heaven, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.' As the candidate went down under the waves and then rose I felt a solemnity that no other scene could have inspired. As the ordinance was observed under the direction of no particular denomination of Christians, and no particular church could be responsible for it, I feel it my duty to report what I did to the church universal."

Dr. Talmage's description of his departure from Jerusalem is characteristic:

"Now we leave Jerusalem for the long journey north through Palestine. A little way out we got on a hill and took the last look at Jerusalem, and I felt and remarked it was the last look at that sacred city on earth, and the next Jerusalem we shall see will be the heavenly. We went on within sight of Mizpah and Gibeon, where Joshua commanded the sun to stand still; on by Rama, connected with Samuel's history; on by the traditional village where the parents of Christ missed their boy, about three and a half miles from Jerusalem. This is the road over which Jesus came and went from Jerusalem to Nazareth. To-night we encamp at Bethel, where was once a school of the prophets, a theological seminary. Elijah and Elisha were here. Near this Abraham and Lot divided the land. Here Jacob, pillowed on a stone, saw the ladder used by angels' feet, and he set up a stone and consecrated it. To-night the heavens were full of ladders—first a ladder of clouds, then a ladder of stars, and all up and down the heavens are the angels of beauty, angels of consolation, angels of God ascending and descending. Surely God is in this place," said Jacob, "and I knew it not." But to-night God is in this place, and I know it."

The doctor has this to say about tradition, history and fact before beginning the real work of the book:

"Are the places that I see in Palestine and Syria and the Mediterranean isles the genuine places of Christly, patriarchal and apostolic associations? Many of them are not, and many of them are. We have no sympathy with



DR. TALMAGE BAPTIZING A CANDIDATE.

the bedwarding of tradition. There are traditions contradicted by their absurdity, but if for several generations a sensible tradition goes on in regard to events connected with certain places, I am as certain of the localities as though pen and document had fixed them. Indeed, sometimes tradition is more to be depended on than written communication. A writer may, for bad purposes, misrepresent, misconstrue, misstate, but reasonable traditions concerning places connected with great events are apt to be true. I have no more doubt concerning the place on which Christ was crucified or in which Christ was buried than I have about the fact that our Lord was slain and entombed. But suppose traditions contradict each other. Then try them, test them, compare them as you do documents. It is no more difficult to separate traditions, true and false, than apocryphal books from inspired books. Do not use the word tradition as a synonym for delusion. There is a surplus of Christian infidels traveling in the Holy Land who are from scalp to heel surcharged with unbeliefs. A tradition may be as much divinely inspired as a book. The scenery of Palestine is interjoined, intertwined, interlocked with the Scriptural occurrences. The learned Ritter, who has never been engaged with any weakness of incredulity, writes: 'No one can trace without joy and wonder the verification of which geography pays to the history of the Holy Land.'

"When the brilliant Ritter went to Palestine he was struck with enough incredulity to make a dozen Thomas Paines, and yet he gives the following experience: 'The marvelous harmony of the evangelical picture, with the country which serves as its frame, was to me a revelation. I had before my eyes a fifth gospel, mutilated but still legible, and ever afterward in the recitals of Matthew and Mark, instead of an abstract being that one would say has never existed, I saw a wonderful human figure live and move. So said an unbeliever. In this my visit to Palestine, in the year of our Lord 1889, 90, I also find the landscape a commentary. The rivers, the mountains, the valleys, the lakes, the rocks, the trees, the costumes of the Holy Land, agree with Matthew and Mark and Luke and John. The geography and topography are the background of the Gospel pictures. They carry a different part of the same song.



GROUP OF MODERN GALILEANS.

Admit Palestine and you admit the New Testament. A distinguished man years ago came here, and returned and wrote, 'I went to Palestine an infidel and came home a Christian.' My testimony will be that I came to Palestine a firm believer in the Bible, and return a thousand fold more confirmed in the divinity of the Holy Scriptures."

Quite as interesting as anything else in the book is this announcement:

"Wandering up and down the chief art galleries of Europe I have looked for a face of the Saviour which I would like to have in my life of Christ. The one I have chosen in preference to all is that executed by a modern artist already widely honored.

"I have no idea that the Fourteenth century, or the Fifteenth century, or the Sixteenth century monopolized all the brain. I think the best music is yet to be composed, the best sculpture yet to be chiseled, the best paintings are yet to be presented to the world. We are almost always disappointed with a picture of Christ. It is the universal criticism of such pictures. 'While

I admire the artistic merit of the production, the picture is not my idea of the Saviour.' The picture is apt to represent Christ either as effeminate or as severe, weak or awful. To commanding in one picture strength and humility, suffering and triumph, the lionlike and the lamblike, the face that frowns the bestormed lake into a calm, and yet was such an invitation to babyhood that children tumbled from their mothers' arms into his bosom—that what I was looking for, and that have found, and that we present to our readers.

"I think it will satisfy more people than any other face that has ever been put on canvas. The cranial development of this picture of Christ is marvelous, and different from anything previously produced. We must not forget that he was not only a Christ of great heart, but also of great head. Most other paintings of our Lord were made from models. This artist had no model. He feels that it was an inspiration, and I believe it was. The German is said to paint a German Christ, the Italian an Italian Christ, the Frenchman a French Christ, the Spaniard a Spanish Christ. But it was left for our artist in whose veins commingle the blood of many nationalities, to paint for us 'World's Christ.' Blessed be his glorious name forever!"

The public will be curious to see the work of this artist.

Perhaps the good doctor has found new Correggio!

There are a great many other features too numerous to even mention in a newspaper article. The reader will find these for themselves, and will probably lay down the book, as I did the proof sheets, with a new knowledge of the Christ and a higher appreciation of Dr. Talmage's splendid ability.

FOSTER COATES

Doctors at Berlin.

The army of doctors has apparently enjoyed itself amazingly at Berlin, where science and surgery have been judiciously tempered with amusement of the most varied description. In the history of the world no such army of medicine men has ever been seen as that which met in the gorgeous Kursaal, Ansteltung to listen to the welcoming words of Virchow, the pathologist; Von Gossler, the minister of medicine and religion (an excellent combination of functions), and Von Palckenbeck, the chief burgomaster.

Sir James Paget secured the warm reception of the foreign delegates. Baccelli, the Italian, "for the convenience of his cari colleghi," insisted on using Latin as a common language. Dr. Von Bergmann's normal appearance has been vastly improved by his latest new uniform, although the passing interest he once excited was wholly eclipsed by Grand Duke Theodor of Bavaria, the eminent oculist, who brought the grand duchess to look over on her husband's 5,000 fellow practitioners from a box. The heat was more tropical, but the doctors submitted to closely packed with the best possible grace, and the one royalty of the European faculty was indefatigable pointing out to his wife such celebrities as the veteran Von Bardeleben, whose breast glittered with orders; Sir William McCormack and fifty others—London World.

Wild Animals in Connecticut.

Otters and minks were very scarce in Connecticut a dozen years ago, and was feared that the animals might come extinct, for their hides were sold from \$5 to \$10 apiece, and every one hunted them. Then suddenly fate changed her mind about the value of mink and otter skins, the price went down and now the animals abound in the state again. So numerous are minks become there that they are beginning to be quite familiar with people. Recently a mink, frightened by a sharp thunder storm, fled out of a meadow, rushed into a farmer's dwelling, and raced from room to room until a hound caught him upstairs in a chamber.

A still more remarkable incident occurred in Hartford a few days ago. A mink trotted right into the heart of the city, among throngs of people on streets, and passed all kinds of things with impunity, and finally made way into the back yard of a big store on Asylum street. In the yard men entered him and tried to capture him, but he fought so desperately that they had to kill him.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mountains Full of Gold.

Recent explorations of the Olympic mountains have been of great interest to mining men. A geologist, who given some attention to the work of exploring parties, says: "I have examined many specimens from the Olympic but until of late they were of low grade outcroppings. Recently, however, extremely rich specimens have been received. These new discoveries have excited a great deal of interest in prospectors in this region, and specimens are coming in rapidly. Not long since I received one piece that was so rich that I refused to assay it, as it could not possibly be a fair sample. It would have assayed over \$100,000 per ton. There is not possibly have been in any locality any considerable quantity of quartz rich. I have long known that this district was rich in coal and iron. I am now convinced that it hides vast treasures of silver and gold. Numerous prospecting parties are being fitted out, hundreds of prospectors are already on the mountains, which are quite easily access."—Tacoma (Wash.) Cor. St. Paul.

CHelsea STANDARD.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1890.

TRAINS LEAVE;

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

Honey at the Standard Grocery House
Trees are putting on their autumn

dress.
E. Ellis, of Grass Lake, raised over
\$320 worth of melons this year.

Marshal Moore put down a new cross
walk across South street, Tuesday.

All political parties must have a
vignette for the head of their tickets.
Oysters have made their appearance,
but as yet, are not on the regular bill
of fare.

Mr. Geo. Mast was quite seriously
injured last Tuesday, by falling from
the roof of a shed.

Rev. O. C. Bailey now expects to ex-
change with Rev. S. F. Morris, of
Dexter, Sunday morning next.

The Republican senatorial conven-
tion for this district, will be held in
Dundee, tomorrow, October 4th.

It was announced at the Baptist church
last Sunday evening that preaching
would take place in that church next
Sunday.

A horse belonging to John Alber,
while standing in front of the Stand-
ard Grocery House, yesterday, suddenly
dropped dead.

Grapes are only worth two to three
cents per pound, yet some one stole
three bushels—all the man had—of D.
B. Reed, of Manchester.

The committee on chimneys, etc.,
appointed by the council, should make
a thorough examination now. It is
the time of year to do it.

A. N. Morton and wife are cultivat-
ing twenty varieties of dahlias this
year. Twenty one is handsome and it is
hard to choose the prettiest.

The Young Peoples Society of the
Congregational church will hold a fruit
social at the parsonage, this (Friday)
evening. Not only the society, but
Rev. and Mrs. Bailey cordially invite
you to be present.

John Raftrey, Chelsea's live tailor,
was in Stockbridge Friday soliciting
business. John thoroughly under-
stands his work and for some years
has attended to the make-to-order busi-
ness of Holmes & Dancer.—Sun.

Wm. Judson has appointed Fred
Vogel as deputy postmaster, and the
office is now located in the room just
back of Kempf Bro's new bank. A
portion of the outfit is comparatively
new, while the balance was taken from
the old office.

The Republican township caucus last
Saturday, was a rather tame affair, as
only a few were present. The follow-
ing delegates to the county convention
were nominated: C. H. Wines, Jas.
L. Gilbert, Wm. Judson, Dr. R. S.
Armstrong, E. L. Negus, C. H. Kempf,
and Geo. H. Kempf.

A few weeks ago, Rush Green bought
one of the western horses, and in less
than ten days, he had it broke to harness,
and to follow wherever he went, with-
out leading. Either the animal was of a
very gentle disposition, or Mr. Green
is an expert in horse breaking. We
rather think it is the latter, as it took
four men to get the horse into the barn
the first time.

The harvest concert at the Baptist
church last Sunday evening was large-
ly attended, the edifice being much too
small to hold the vast audience. The
exercises were very interesting and en-
tertaining, being a credit to the super-
intendent, Mr. Dallas Wurster, and the
teachers and others having the exer-
cises in charge. Why not have such
services at the other churches?

Saturday afternoon last, while Mr.
Jay Everett was driving to town with
a load of rye, one of the lines slipped
from his hand, and in alighting, while
the wagon was in motion, he in some
way fell, the wheel passing over his
right arm and nearly across the chest,
and then backing off. With great diffi-
culty he got out of the way of the
forward wheel before it backed down
on him, and with assistance, he again
mounted the load and came home. The
attending physician says that unless
inflammation sets in nothing serious will
result. We are glad the consequences
were no worse.

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

Rev. J. H. McIntosh was quite ill
last Sunday, in consequence of which,
no services were held at the M. E.
church.

The Sun office has a new cutter. Some
more "cutting" remarks may now be
expected.

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

Wheat is coming up nicely, and
promises to have a fine start before
snow falls.

A beet of the sugar variety on Uriah
Silkworth's premises at Grass Lake,
measures 11 inches in diameter and is
still growing.

Shropshire bucks, registered and un-
registered, for sale. Inquire of Wm.
Wood, North Lake, Iwp.

Ann Arbor city council voted at
their last meeting to purchase voting
booths of a Grand Rapids firm.

Drs. Kottis and Schmidt now occupy
the rooms over Glazier's store, recently
vacated by Drs. Palmer & Wright, and
Dr. Williams.

Mr. Barney Keeland died last Friday,
aged about eighty years. The funeral
was held Monday from St. Mary's
church, Rev. Fr. Considine officiating.

Mrs. Chas. Gildart, of Kansas, is vis-
iting friends in Chelsea, from there she
will come to Stockbridge, go to Jack-
son thence to Eaton Rapids, making an
extended visit in the state for sev-
eral weeks.—Sun.

During the past year, Hon. E. P.
Allen has appointed seventy postmas-
ters, of whom thirty-two are old sol-
diers. Considering that there are less
than five soldiers to one hundred in-
habitants in the district, the ratio of
appointments seem to be in favor of
the soldiers.

J. A. Eisenman was surprised Sat-
urday morning to learn that he was
soon to be married, seeing such a no-
tice in the Chelsea correspondence to
the Argus. As John has a charming
wife and several children, there must
be some mistake. Its some one else,
however, not John.

The Register desires a correspondent
at Chelsea. Do you want to get mar-
ried or just correspond to pass away
time?—Chelsea STANDARD. The Reg-
ister is not particular. Some one is
wanted who will send us all the news,
and if some marriageable young lady
will undertake to do that, the Regis-
ter will not object.

The Republicans of Washtenaw coun-
ty met to-day and placed in nomina-
tion the following ticket: Sheriff, Capt.
H. S. Boutelle, of Ypsilanti; County
Clerk, Wm. G. Dieterie, of Ann Ar-
bor; County Treasurer, Edwin Gor-
man, of Lyndon; Register of Deeds,
William J. Clark, of Ann Arbor; Pro-
secuting Attorney, A. F. Freeman, of
Manchester; Circuit Court Commis-
sioners, Archibald Wilkinson, of Chel-
sea, and John W. Bennett, of Ann Ar-
bor; Coroners, W. F. Readley, of Ann
Arbor, and F. K. Owen, of Ypsilanti;
County Surveyor, Jerome Allen, of
Ypsilanti.

Fred Laubenguyer, a young man
employed in Alger's meat market was
badly injured Wednesday forenoon.
He was cutting sausage with a meat
rocker, and in allowing it to come over
too near him, it fell from the block,
striking the floor and falling over on
him in such a manner as to cut both
legs, the right one badly. Dr. Chase
dressed the wounds and gave as his
opinion that the right foot may be per-
manently affected. Considering that
the rocker weighed 216 pounds, the
injury, though bad, might have been
much worse. He was taken to his
home in Ann Arbor, Wednesday.—
Leader.

There has been considerable quiet in-
vestigation going on this week concern-
ing the origin of the fire that destroyed
Mrs. Britten's house last week. We
are not informed as to the progress made
but have been given to understand that
it has been settled beyond a doubt that
the fire was the work of an incendiary,
and that the public need not be sur-
prised to see the parties who did the
deed brought forward to answer to the
charge of arson. The crime is one of
the most despicable, and we but voice
the public sentiment in expressing a
hope that successful effort may be
made at discovering and punishing the
guilty ones.—Leader.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. Maria M. Geddes, of whose
death, on the 24th of September, 1890,
brief notice was given last week, was
of English descent, and was born at
Camandaigua, N. Y., September 4,
1822. When 13 years of age she came
to Michigan, and has been a resident
of Washtenaw county 55 years—of
which six years were spent in Freedom,
thirty-five in Lodi and fourteen in
Chelsea. At the age of 19, she married
Henry Geddes, with whom she
lived thirty-three years. She was
mother of six children, two of whom
(Mrs. C. H. Davis and Mrs. Frank
Sweetland) are living within one mile
of Chelsea, and two (Mrs. F. P. Gla-
zier and Mrs. E. G. Hoag) in the vil-
lage. The other two were sons and
died in infancy. Mrs. Geddes was as
nearly faultless as you often find mor-
tals. She was always the same. Affec-
tion for her family and intimate
friends, kindness to every one, faith-
fulness in the performance of all her
duties, were the most prominent traits
of her character. For many years she
has been a worthy member of the Con-
gregational church. Though her
health has been failing for several
years, and at times her sufferings have
been great, she bore the whole with
Christian fortitude, and her end was
peace. In life she was beloved and in
death mourned by all who knew her.
—T. H.

Ann Arbor is filling up—with stud-
ents.

R. A. Royal, of Pittsfield is dead.
He was seventy-two years of age.

J. V. N. Gregory has been re-nomi-
nated by the Democrats of this district
for the legislature.

Stockbridge has erected forty new
buildings (barns included) this sum-
mer. A good showing.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Everett passed the
fortieth mile post of their married life
last Thursday, Sept. 25th, and on that
day were presented with numerous
pieces of furniture and an elegant fam-
ily bible, the gifts of their children,
none who could come home, however.
It is the sincere wish of our citizens
that Mr. and Mrs. Everett may travel
life's journey together many years yet.

At the special school meeting, held
Tuesday evening, it was voted to build
a \$7,000 addition or upright, leaving
the south wing as it is. It was decid-
ed to raise \$1500 this year and bond
the district for \$5,500, paying \$2,000
the next year and the year after, and
\$1,500 after that. The election to de-
cide the matter will be held at the
Town Hall this (Friday) evening, from
7 to 9 o'clock. While we have decid-
ed views on the subject, yet we will re-
frain from commenting.

The correct census returns for this
county give the total population as 41,-
883, just 35 more than in 1880. Man-
chester has 2,173, a loss of 9.23 per
cent., while Dexter has exactly as many
people now as it did ten years ago, the
number being 873. Leaving the two
cities out of consideration, York and
Angusta are the only two towns which
have increased in population. The
returns for Sylvan were evidently not
in, as this village and township has in-
creased quite a bit.

No matter how much advertising
pays it certainly costs. A single page
in an issue of The Century, taken for
advertising purposes, costs \$500; in
Harper's, \$400 down to \$100. A year-
ly advertisement of one column in the
New York Herald costs \$30,304 for the
lowest and \$130,000 for the highest
priced columns. These figures will
doubtless be of interest to men who
invest \$2 or \$3 per month and flatter
themselves with the idea that they are
extensive and liberal advertisers, and
that because of their investment they
ought to control the columns and dic-
tate the course of the publication.

Monday afternoon, Mrs. Newell, of
Detroit, alighted from the train at this
station and proceeded on her way to
her friends living in this city. Soon
after she returned in a state of frantic
excitement caused by the loss of her
valuable watch. She thought it must
have been lost on the train and impa-
tiently she awaited a reply from tele-
grams sent after it. It happened how-
ever, that Mr. Geo. Oberst's little girl
found the treasure in the street, and
immediately on learning it's owner's
whereabouts, returned it to the lady.
Then there was a scene. Mrs. Newell
sized the little girl, hugged and kissed
her, almost suffocating her with her car-
resses. She gave her all the money she
had and took her departure in the hap-
piest condition imaginable. Nothing
but experience can teach the joy of find-
ing that which was lost.—Sentinel.

MARRIED.

Mr. Charles S. Winans and Emma R.
Kempf, well known and highly respect-
ed residents of this village, were united
in the silken ties of wedlock, at the
Methodist church, by Rev. J. H. McIn-
tosh, assisted by Rev. Dr. Holmes, on
Tuesday evening, September 30, 1890.

This was an event in which the Chel-
sea was deeply interested, as was plain-
ly shown by the crowd that assembled
to witness it. What added special inter-
est to the occasion was the fact that, in
a few days, Mr. and Mrs. Winans are
to leave the home of their childhood,
their lifelong friends, and their native
land for western work in far away Chili,
on the western coast of South America.

The ceremony at the church was par-
ticularly impressive. The pulpit was
decorated with flowers and drapery ap-
propriate for the occasion, and clear-
toned bells were suspended from the
branches of the chandelier.

At ten minutes before eight o'clock
the reverend gentlemen who were to of-
ficiate took their places on the platform,
one at the right and the other at the
left of the pulpit, which had been set
back on the platform, and was covered
with bouquets of flowers. This move-
ment was followed by an anthem—
"Was Glad when They Said unto Me,"
well performed by the choir. Miss
Edith Congdon then took the organ and
played, with good taste and effect, Men-
delsohn's Wedding March. As the pro-
cession, consisting of the Groom, Mr.
Winans, supporting on his left arm the
Bride, Miss Florence Bachman, fol-
lowed by Dr. Raymond Wright, sup-
porting on his left arm Miss Kempf, soon
to become a happy bride, entered the
door of the crowded church, the
bells, suspended from the arms of the
chandelier, with no other apparent
cause, untroubled by visible hand, pealed
forth a most joyous and inspiring
gong, when they kept up until the
parties had assumed their proper posi-
tions, and dropped devoutly upon their
knees before the altar.

The music then ceased, and Rev. Mc-
Intosh, with solemn and impressive tone,
pronounced the ceremony, that united
for life, as husband and wife, the inter-
esting and interested couple, who stood
before him.

The four then fell again upon their
knees before the altar, and Rev. Dr.
Holmes, kneeling upon the platform,
offered prayer. Rising from their knees,
Mr. and Mrs. Winans led the procession
from the church, while Miss Congdon
performed on the organ, the closing
passages of the march. Mr. Holmes
then pronounced the benediction, and
the audience, with apparent reluctance,
slowly left the church, many admitting
that they had never witnessed so im-
pressive a marriage ceremony. Com.

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

Andrew Hewes was in Jackson this
week.

Orrin Hoover was home from De-
troit Sunday last.

Mrs. J. W. Speer spent last Tues-
day at Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Kingsley, of Manchester, is the
guest of Mrs. Calkins.

Mrs. Perry Barber is slowly recov-
ering from a severe illness.

Mrs. C. T. Conklin is spending a few
days with Jackson relatives.

Misses Lizzie and Nell Maroney were
Ann Arbor visitors last Tuesday.

Perry Haer, who broke his leg two
months ago, is able to be out again.

Mr. and Mrs. Croman are visiting
Mrs. G's, parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed.
Gorton.

Miss Hattie Quivy and brother, Char-
lie, spent Sunday with Miss Mattie V.
Stimson.

Mr. Orrin Winans, of Grass Lake,
spent a few days with friends and re-
latives in town.

Miss Phoebe Turnbull, of Canada, is
the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs.
G. W. Turnbull.

Miss Jennie Hudler was the guest
of Miss Anna Easton, of Lima, a few
days of last week.

Mrs. D. J. Rockwell, who has been
visiting her daughter, in Ithaca, re-
turned last week.

Finly Hammond left for Chicago,
Monday, where he has secured a position
with A. C. McClurg.

Miss Bell Dedrick, of Port Rowan,
Ont., is visiting with Misses Lizzie and
Nell Maroney, for a few weeks.

Rev. and Mrs. J. E. Reiley arrived
here Tuesday, having very pleasantly
spent their vacation in Ireland.

Miss Jessie Everett, who has been in
Canada for some weeks to escape hay
fever, returned home Monday last.

Mrs. Milo Hunter and daughter,
Miss Myra, are visiting Mr. and Mrs.
Sam Guerin, at Ann Arbor, this week.

W. J. Knapp and son and Miss Blod-
gett, went to Ypsilanti Saturday to
visit numerous friends and acquaint-
ances.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Conk left
Tuesday last for Northern Michigan,
where Mrs. Conk has a school. They
drove up.

Mrs. Jacob Hepfer was seriously ill
several days of this week of typhoid
fever, but as we go to press she is feel-
ing some better.

C. H. Kempf spent several days the
first of the week with the board of
commission, of which he is a member,
viewing the jail and poorhouse.

Miss Cora Irwin, whose illness was
announced in these columns two weeks
ago, has been a great sufferer since, but
we hope she is on the road to perma-
nent improvement.

Markets by Telegraph

DETROIT, Oct. 3, 1890.

BUTTER.—Market quiet at 10@18c
for best dairy. 8c for fair grades.
EGGS.—Market easy at 17c per doz
for fresh receipts.
POTATOES.—Market quiet at 65c
per bu for storelots.
WHEAT.—No 2 red spot, 10 cars at
98, 2 car at 96; Oct. 1,000 at 98 1/2,
No. 1 white 8 car at 97c. 9 1/2 101
CORN.—No. 2 spot, 50c. 101
OATS.—No. 2, white, spot 42c. 42

Home Markets.

BARLEY.—\$1 15@1 25c 100
EGGS.—16c 7 doz.
LARD.—Country wanted at 6@7 35
OATS.—Remain steady at 62@64
POTATOES.—Slow sale at 50c. 36
BUTTER.—Weak at 12@14c. 6
WHEAT.—Is in good demand at 94c
for red and 91c for No. 1 white.
CORN.—Quiet at 40c 7 bu. 3

Dr. Kelly's Cermifuge.

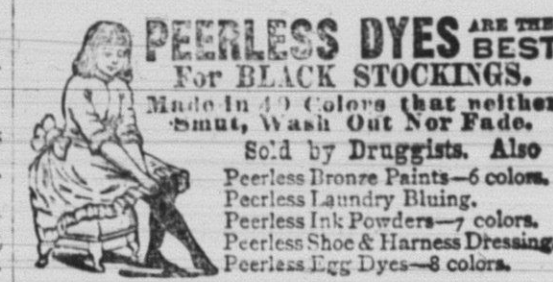
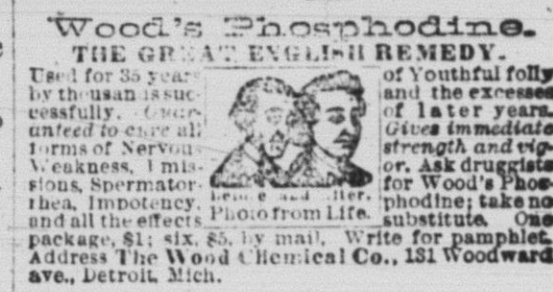
A new discovery, prepared on the true
theory now accepted by all advanced
physicians, that Bacilli or Germs in the
system are the active cause of many
prevalent diseases. Cermifuge removes
this cause and will cure Catarrh, Bro-
chitis, Pneumonia, Dyspepsia, Liver
and Kidney Troubles, Malarial Fever
and Ague, Female Weaknesses, Nerv-
ous Exhaustion, Sleeplessness, Head-
ache, Infantile Fevers and Convulsions,
Rheumatism, Spiphetic, Urinal, and
other Blood and Germ diseases. A Fam-
ily Medicine, scientifically prepared;
perfectly safe and leaves no injurious
effects. Satisfaction guaranteed or
money refunded. Price \$1.00 per bottle.

For sale by R. S. Armstrong.



APPLES WANTED!

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



STOVES!

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



and genuine Round Oaks.
Forty-five styles and sizes.
Also several good second
hand heating stoves very
cheap. A fine line of
Guns at special prices.

W. J. KNAPP.

Chelsea, Mich.

IN MEMORIAM

BY EMILIE CLARE.

"Give me the wings of faith to rise."

Transfigured now; no faith for him
Who sees the risen Lord.
The mortal vision may not dim
The glory of his word.

"Within the veil," no wish, no tear,
Amid the saints above;
He knows no sorrow, pain, or fear
Where all is peace and love.

The toilsome steps of time are passed,
Crossed is death's turbid stream,
And all life's dread perplexities
Are a forgotten dream.

No sad reflections, folly's fruit;
No dark sins to repent,
But memories like a pleasant psalm
Of a springtime nobly spent.

In some fair mansion Christ prepared,
Beside the great white throne,
He walks in light, a blood-washed saint—
Your own beloved son.

Oh, mother of a sainted child!
Oh, heart with sorrow rivet!
Let that sweet, prayerful song of faith,
That last smile, light to heaven.

And give you sure and perfect peace,
And hope that may not fail,
Till summons comes to join the loved
Who wait within the veil.

ANITA, Iowa.

BERENICE ST. CYR.

A Story of Love, Intrigue,
and Crime.

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.

CHAPTER IX. IN CLOSE QUARTERS.



"It's raining pitchforks and not a soul's in sight. Now's our time!"
He sprang to the sidewalk as he spoke, where he was at once joined by the banker, and almost immediately by the third villain, with his half dead, half living burden.

"Wait here," said Sears, addressing the hackman, and then led the way to the house, which was separated by some distance from any other.

He opened the front door by a latch-key, reclosing and bolting it after the remainder of the party had entered.

In what had once been the back parlor he lighted the gas. It was furnished now as a bedroom, though a bookcase, sideboard, dining-table, and several other cumbersome articles attested that it was used for more purposes than one.

"Lay him on the bed," directed Almon, who appeared to be the master of the house.

"You've got a snug place here, Al," commented the burglar, as he looked searchingly around.

"Yes, this is headquarters for Mart and I. We're highly respected in the neighborhood, I can tell you. I'm regarded as an eccentric young capitalist, and Mart is a retired pugilist, who is giving me lessons in the manly art of self-defense. I never come here in the daytime unless I'm well disguised, and so there's no risk."

"Stop your gossiping and get to business," growled the reputed prizefighter, who had derided his still unconscious burden on the bed as directed.

"That's the talk," assented the young man, and having divested himself of his coat he threw open the sideboard and produced a case filled with bottles.

For half an hour and more the three men worked unceasingly. Several times Cole showed signs of returning consciousness, but they proved transitory, and he sank again in a heavy stupor.

"We must have a doctor," said Bloom at length, in a despairing tone.

"We can't risk that," declared Sears, with an ominous shake of the head.

"Then you propose to let him and the secret of the bonds die together?" sneered the crackman.

"Better that than to keep them company via the gallows!"

"There's no necessity for either," announced Morris.

He spoke with such an air of confidence as to bring a hopeful look to the faces of his companions.

"What do you propose?" queried Sears, eagerly.

"I studied medicine in my youth, and practiced for a time, too."

"By Jove! that's a fact! I was quite forgetting that. But why—"

"Haven't I brought him round? Because I lacked the means."

"But how—"

"Simply enough. I'll write a prescription, and one of you go to the nearest drug store and get it filled."

"That won't do."

"Why not?"

"Because Mart is known in the neighborhood, and I haven't got my disguise here, without which I'd likely enough be recognized in my own proper person."

"Don't be silly."
"I don't mean to be, and that's the reason, as I told you once before to-night, that I don't propose to be snatched out of my share of the plunder."

The speaker rose from his chair, assumed a dogged expression and walked nervously up and down the room.

Then Sears, thoroughly alarmed at the attitude of his confederate, offered arguments to mollify his anger, and allay his really unjust suspicions.

"I guess I'm wrong, Al," said the burglar at length, extending his hand.

"You're all right, I see that, but I shall keep my eye on Morris. By the way, what in thunder keeps him so long?"

"Can't say; he's had time enough to go down town and back. Ha! There he comes now."

A rapping on the rear door had interrupted the conversation.

In a moment the young man had opened it.

"What kept you?" demanded he, reproachfully.

"Met some friends; couldn't get away without 'cittin' s'picion."

The voice of the new arrival was decidedly thick, and his breath strongly scented with liquor.

"Max Morris, I'm astonished!"

"Cause I've drank so much an' still sober? Needn't be, I'm used to it. I'm a five-bottler now, I am. Go ahead."

"You've queered the whole game."

"Nothin' of the sort. How's the young fellow?"

"No better. Come along."

"What's wrong?" asked Bloom, who had heard angry voices, and met them at the door.

"See for yourself."

"Drunk, as I live! Well, I like liquor as well as the next one, but I wouldn't risk gettin' a noose round my neck just for the fun of bowling up once."

"Here, give me that and I'll down."

With a look of rage and disgust, Sears snatched a package from the hand of the staggering man, and pushed him down upon a sofa, where he lay breathing heavily.

"I never knew Max to do such a thing before," said the other, as he tore open the package and displayed two bottles.

"We must rely on ourselves, Mart."

Thanks to the new restoratives and the assiduous efforts of the two deeply interested men, Cole Winters soon began breathing easier, and in a little while opened his eyes and looked stupidly about him.

"Where am I? Ha! you here?"

A sight of his hated enemy, Almon Sears, had completed his restoration, and brought out his sitting posture.

The form on the sofa started at these words, but settled quietly back into its former cramped position.

"Why have you brought me here?" demanded Cole, when no reply was made to his first query.

"We changed our minds, and determined to let you live."

"I'm much obliged," remarked our hero, with mock politeness.

"You doubt it."

"I didn't say so. What do you want?"

"To give you a chance for your life."

"I will not be likely to accept any conditions you may name."

"Yes, you will. Our terms are not hard."

"Let me hear them."

"You took a bundle of bonds from the box where you concealed yourself to-night."

"Well?"

"You don't deny it?"

"What would be the use?"

"Then you took them?"

"I didn't say that. I neither affirm nor deny it."

"Answer, or make ready for death!"

The villain produced and cocked a revolver, which he leveled at Cole Winters' head.

"You wouldn't have gone to all the trouble you have to save my life if you proposed to take it now," said he.

"That's true," assented Sears, lowering his weapon. "Let's understand each other. I know that you appropriated the bonds. Will you tell me where you secreted them?"

"What if I do?"

"Your life will be spared."

"I couldn't trust you."

"I will so arrange matters that you can have no cause to doubt our good faith."

"Those bonds are not mine."

"What of that?"

"They belong to Miss St. Cyr, and even if I knew where they were, which I do not admit, I would not give them up."

"Not to save your life?"

"No!"

There was a quiet determination in the face of the deeply wronged prisoner, which avouched the sincerity of his emphatic negative.

"I'll find a way to make you speak."

"That is impossible!"

"We will see. Keep an eye on him, Mart."

With this admonition the youthful villain seated himself at the bookcase and began writing. After having torn up three different notes, which, for some reason, did not seem to suit him, he folded the fourth and inclosed it in an envelope.

This done, he called Bloom aside, though at a point where they could prevent their pri-orer from escaping, and conversed with him in whispers for some minutes.

After this the burglar pocketed the note into one of his spacious pockets, donned his overcoat, and quitted the room.

For nearly an hour, Cole Winters lay on the bed, closely watched by his jailer, who, pistol in hand, sat near by.

As for the drunken man on the sofa, he changed his position once or twice, but his heavy breathing was uninterrupted.

Suddenly, the sound of footsteps was heard, and a moment later the door of the room was thrown open and the heavy form of Martin Bloom appeared in view.

"Where is he? Does he still live?" came in an agonized voice from behind the burglar.

The next instant a female form, fluttering with excitement, rushed into the room.

"My God!" cried Cole Winters, in tones of anguish. "It's Berenice St. Cyr."

CHAPTER X.
THE DETECTIVE DETECTED.

To say that Cole Winters was astonished would be to express but mildly the situation. Something like a paralysis crept over him, and he sank back in a half-fainting condition.

When he revived from the shock, which, owing to his weakened state, had deprived him of the power of motion, he found that he was being supported by the

girl who had become dearer to him than his own life, which recently had been so desperately assailed.

"I came the moment I received your note," said she.

"My note?"

"Yes. The large man, there, brought it. You stated that you were badly hurt. He told me that I must hasten if I wished to see you alive."

"The wretch! I am uninjured!"

"Pardon me, Berenice. I was obliged to—"

"Almon Sears!"

In amazement our heroine sprang to her feet and interrupted the speaker by ejaculating his name.

"I had no ot, or course," said he brazenly.

"I don't understand you."

"This Cole Winters has bonds of yours to the value of \$304,000."

"How can that be?"

"He took them from the safe at the time of the murder."

"Well?"

Sears stared at the girl in open-mouthed wonder. Her coolness where he had looked for tears and protestations, disconcerted him for the moment.

"I wish to recover them," he half stammered.

"For whom?"

"For you, of course, their rightful owner."

"Give yourself no trouble on that score."

"You don't mean—"

"That I care nothing for them. Release him!"

"I can't do that," replied Almon, "not without he locates the bonds."

"What about them?" asked Berenice, turning her eyes upon Cole, who was sitting upon the edge of the bed.

"This. Last night, after these two men had murdered your poor father, they dragged and removed me from the house. Then they left me, I know not where, that I might fall into the hands of the police with these evidences of guilt, which they had placed in my pockets upon me."

Cole drew forth the bundle of burglars' tools and the watch of Mr. St. Cyr, which he placed upon the table.

"This is infamous!" cried the girl, trembling with indignation.

"It is what I would expect from you, thought!"

"He secreted the bonds," continued Cole, "and he believes that I removed and concealed them elsewhere."

"I know it!" cried Sears, "and I will have them."

"Then you no longer claim them on my account?" said Berenice.

"No; your father led me to expect a fortune at his death, and I propose to have it."

"Why have you brought me here?"

"To induce him to disclose their hiding place."

"So far from doing that, I request him to say nothing."

"I threatened him with death; and he laughed at me."

"And you propose—"

"To try another tack. Unless he tells, and the information leads to the finding of the fortune, your life must pay the penalty."

"Monster!" shouted our hero, springing to his feet and boldly confronting the villain.

"What I have said, I mean. She's in my way, anyhow. Once disposed of, I would produce a will under which I could claim, aye, and hold, all the St. Cyr estate, which amounts to a vast sum, without these bonds."

"That's the talk!" broke in Bloom. "And what's more, the thing must be settled up this very night."

"You can produce no such will," declared Berenice.

"Then I'll claim it as your husband."

"What?"

"Just that. It's a simple proceeding. I always admired you, and you well know that your father designed us for each other."

"Would you dare—"

"Would I dare? Ha, ha! A man in the condition I find myself dares anything. What do you say?"

The villainous expression upon the face of her persecutor, and the awful alternative he had offered, deprived our heroine of the power of speech, so she said nothing.

Not so Cole Winters.

"Attempt such a thing," he cried. "Dare to lay a hand, a finger, upon her, and I'll—"

"Well?" interrupted Sears, with an impudent sneer.

"I'll make you answer for it with your life!"

In the act of advancing upon his enemy, our hero was grasped from behind in the vise-like grip of Martin Bloom, who threw him on the bed, and, after a short struggle, bound him securely with a rope.

"What do you mean to do?" quavered Berenice. Her bravery was gone, now that violent hands had been laid upon her lover, and anguish was depicted on her tear-stained face.

"I mean to send him out of Chicago—out of the country, in fact," answered the young man, with provoking calmness.

"You mean that you intend to take his life?"

"Oh, no. I only made that threat to frighten him. Is the luck still waiting, Mart?"

"Yes."

"Then we'll put him under the influence of Morris' elixir, and ship him as a sick young man going home to his mother to die."

"And if the police happen to catch him," suggested the burglar, "with the evidences of guilt upon him?"

"Exactly."

"That won't be our fault. We've given him a fair show."

"Tell him all you know, Cole."

It was the first time that the young lady had addressed him by his Christian name, and, despite his awful surroundings, the word sent a thrill through his heart, which was prolonged by the look that accompanied it.

"What will that avail?" cried the captive. "Can we rely upon the promises of thieves and murderers?"

"You wouldn't trust my honor, then?" demanded Sears.

"Hardly," was our hero's laconic reply.

"How then can you expect me to trust you?"

"Because he is the soul of honor!" cried Berenice, taking upon herself the right of answering. "He would not speak falsely to save his life!"

"Nor on your account?"

"Certainly not! I would despise him if he did!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A "TRAMPISH-LOOKING" MAN.

How the Tables Were Turned on an Old Fraud.

A "trampish-looking" man was walking along a lonely road when his attention was attracted by the sounds indicative of human distress. Walking on a little farther and looking about cautiously, he saw an old fellow kneeling behind a tree close to a deep bayou.

The old fellow was praying. "Lord," he supplicated, "Thou knowest that I have fought against this day—knowest that I have struggled to beseech Thee not to hold my soul accountable for something that my body is compelled to commit. I see no other course than to take the life which Thou has given unto me. I am going to cast myself into this water; and when they find my lifeless body, they will regret the cruel wrongs they heaped upon me. They will not give me work, neither will they give me food. They know that I am starving, but not a 5-cent piece will they give me out of their hoarded wealth. So, Lord, I trust that Thou wilt not send my poor soul to torment for something I could not help."

"Say, there!" called the traveler. The old fellow got up and began to look about him. "Did some one call me?" he asked.

"Yes, I did," said the traveler, advancing.

"And what do you want with me?"

"I heard you praying and want to ask you what's the matter."

The old fellow took off his hat, glanced upward, and then placing one hand on the traveler's shoulder said, "I am doomed."

"Why so?"

"I am starving and I have decided to kill myself."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that."

"Yes, I am determined to make way with myself."

"Having trouble?"

"Trouble! Why, man, I am starving. Oh, if I had only a dollar, I would not commit this awful act."

"Yes, a dollar sometimes does a man a monstrous sight of good."

"Then give me a dollar and I will not kill myself."

"I haven't a dollar, so you had better go ahead. Were you going to jump into the water?"

"Yes."

"Well, go ahead."

"I will, presently."

"No, go ahead now."

"What do you want to see me die?"

"Well, rather. You promised the Lord that you were going to commit suicide, and I don't intend that you shall disappoint Him. Jump in."

"Oh, you surely would not compel me to do so rash a thing."

"Now, see here, old man, I understand you. You work the highway with this little game, and no doubt make a pretty good living. I haven't eaten anything but a hand-out for three days, and now, unless you give me a dollar, hanged if I don't throw you into the bayou and see that you do drown. Hear me?"

"I tell you that I have no dollar—that I am suffering far more than this instant."

"All right, in you go."

"Hold on. I might get you a dollar if you will only give me a chance."

"I am giving you the chance. Hand out the dollar."

"Let me go down the road a piece and perhaps I can borrow it."

"Oh, no. I never do business on borrowed capital. All my transactions must be on a solid basis. Going to hand out that dollar, or shall I throw you in?"

"If I only had a little time to reflect."

"You've had plenty of time."

"Think of my children."

"You ought to have thought of them when you were telling the Lord that you were going to drown yourself."

"The Lord knew that I didn't mean to kill myself."

"Then you acknowledge that you are a fraud."

"Sorter."

"That you make your living by pretending that you are going to kill yourself."

"Yes."

"All right. I think I'll be doing the traveling public a great service by drowning you. Now, if you want to pray, without any flirtation business, go ahead."

"Look here, I believe I have got just one

Well Deserved.
The pastor of a church at one of our seaside resorts is quoted as delivering the following brief but pointed discourse at the morning service for the benefit of the gaudily dressed young men who have been in the habit of sauntering into church late and leaving before the service closed: "For the benefit of the men who come into this church after service has commenced and leave before the collection-plate is passed, I wish to say that the hour of service is eleven o'clock, and the benediction is pronounced by twelve. I would also remark that the style of attire adopted by these young men, while perhaps very becoming, is more suited for tennis court, ball field or bull fight, than for the house of God."

Extra Liability to Malarial Infection.
Persons whose blood is thin, digestion weak and liver sluggish, are extra liable to the attacks of malarial disease. The most trifling exposure may, under such conditions, infect a system which, if healthy, would resist the malarial taint. The only way to secure immunity from malaria in localities where it is prevalent, is to tone and regulate the system by improving weakened digestion, enriching the blood, and giving a wholesome impetus to biliary secretion. These results are accomplished by nothing so effectively as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which long experience has proved to be the most reliable safeguard against fever and ague and kindred disorders, as well as the best remedy for them. The bitters are, moreover, an excellent invigorant of the organs of urination, and an active depurant, eliminating from the blood those acid impurities which originate rheumatic ailments.

NINETY years ago Mr. Palmer, an actor, fell dead on the Liverpool stage. The moment before his death he had exclaimed, "Oh, God, O, God, there is another and a better world."

The export of canaries from Germany is very large. Every year about 130,000 of these birds are sent to America, 3,000 to England, and about 2,000 to Russia.

No Opium In Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

St. Jacobs
The Oil
The Great
REMEDY
FOR PAIN
IS BETTER
THAN FIRE

FOUNTAIN PEN—THE BEST OUT—SENT ON receipt of \$1.00 and the address of ten of your friends. E. B. Williams, Box 35, Moreland, Ill.

WANTED—MEN TO TRAVEL. We pay \$50 a month and expenses. Address STONE & WELLINGTON, Madison, Wis.

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

REEMAN & MOONEY, Washington, D. C. **PERMIT, PENSION, CLAIMS AND ATTORNEYS.** H. B. MOONEY, 10 years member of Congress, A. A. FREEMAN, 8 years Ass't U. S. Atty Gen.

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

SOMETHING NEW! The HOME HAND EMBROIDERY MACHINE. Only \$25.00. Any lady or gentleman can make \$25.00 more. Write for one. Address: **E. PHILBRICK,** Western Springs, Ill.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. **Successfully Prosecutes Claims.** Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 17 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty also.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda.

There are emulsions and emulsions, and there is still much to be said for the one which masquerades as cream. Try as they will many manufacturers cannot so disguise their cod liver oil as to make it palatable to sensitive stomachs. Scott's Emulsion of PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL, combined with Hypophosphites is almost as palatable as milk. For this reason as well as for the fact of the stimulating qualities of the Hypophosphites, Physicians frequently prescribe it in cases of

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS and CHRONIC COUGH or SEVERE COLD. All Druggists sell it, but be sure you get the genuine, as there are poor imitations.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. THE GREAT CONQUEROR OF PAIN.

For Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Pain in the Chest or Sides, Headache, Toothache, or any other external pain, a few applications rubbed on by hand net like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

For Congestions, Colds, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Inflammations, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, more thorough and repeated applications are necessary.

All Internal Pains, Diarrhea, Colic, Spasms, Nausea, Fainting Spells, Nervousness, Sleeplessness are relieved instantly, and quickly cured by taking inwardly 20 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water. 50c. a bottle. All Druggists.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH OR BOWELS.

Taken according to directions they will restore health and renew vitality. Price 25 cts. a Box. Sold by all Druggists.

The Latter Day Saints.

Joseph Smith, President and prophet of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, was in Boston recently. Among other things he said:

"The progress of the church in the West has been very satisfactory, and we number about 30,000 members, with 400 congregations. There is more or less prejudice to overcome in pursuing our work, to be sure, but we get along very nicely and quietly, and our mode of worship and general system does not differ materially from that of the Methodists."

"The reorganized church was established April 6, 1830, by my father, who died in 1844, and several others. Unlike the church in Utah, made famous by Brigham Young's connection with it, our church does not believe in polygamy, but, on the contrary, strenuously opposes and condemns it. We separated from the other body in 1844, and are now principally located in Iowa, Missouri and Nebraska, but are scattered all over the country."

"Our preaching is extempore, and we are bound together in pretty much the same manner as the Congregational Church is. Most of our converts are from the great body of American people themselves, unlike those of the other Mormon Church, who are mainly recruited from abroad."

Among the articles of faith in the reorganized church are belief in God, Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost; that men will be punished for their own sins and not for Adam's transgression, that through the atonement of Christ all men may be saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the gospel, which ordinances are faith in God and Christ, repentance, baptism by immersion for the remission of sins, laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

They also believe in the resurrection of the body, that the dead in Christ will rise first and the rest of the dead will not live again until 1,000 years are expired, and that marriage is ordained of God and that polygamy is a heresy.

A SURGEON on a Cunard liner has been noting the peculiarities in cigar-lighting practices by men of different nationalities. He declares that there is no better place in the world to note these little oddities than in the smoking-room of an ocean steamer, adding: "Now, take a Frenchman. If a party are sitting down for a smoke, he will scratch a match, wait till the brimstone has exhausted itself, and with a smile and a gracious bow, will pass it to his nearest neighbor before lighting his own weed. The German, after lighting the match, will first light his own cigar, and then offer the match to his friend. But the oddest character of all is the Englishman. His weed ready for use, he will strike his match, light his cigar, and, without a thought of the others, will deliberately drop the lucifer into the nearest receptacle."

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.

WOLVES, coyotes, cats and panthers in Texas are multiplying under the protection of the barbed wire fence and the apathy of the State Legislators. A few years since a thorough scalp law would have settled forever the wild animal question in Texas at a small expense. Now it will cost twice the money, and meantime stockmen and farmers have lost many times the money in calves, colts and sheep killed. In a few years things will be worse. A ranchman, G. A. Anderson, of Kinney County, has been compelled to buy a pack of hounds and turn huntsman to protect his flock from the increasing ravages of panthers. The same thing is happening all over Texas.

A SWEET girl graduate, says an exchange, thus described the manner in which a goat butted a boy out of the front yard: "He hurled the previous end of his anatomy against the boy's after-ward with an earnestness and velocity which, backed by the ponderosity of the goat's avoidpoids, imparted a momentum that was not relaxed until he landed on terra firma beyond the pale of the goat's jurisdiction."

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Write for testimonials, free. Manufactured by **F. J. CHENEY & CO.,** Toledo, O.

The population of the Dominion of Canada, according to the census of 1881, was 4,334,800, and it is estimated that by 1891 the figures will have increased to 5,270,377. Preparations are in active progress for taking the census of next year.

The very best way to know whether or not Dobbin's Electric Soap is as good as it is said to be, is to try it yourself. It can't deceive you. Be sure to get an imitation. There are lots of them. Ask your grocer.

A MONSTER'S brass casting was successfully run at a foundry in Pittston, Pa., the other day. It is a pump chamber weighing 6,000 pounds. It took three men nearly a month to build the mold, and the material cost \$1,500.

MRS. SARAH SEMMERS, of Jones County, died a few days ago at the age of 101 years. She had 7 children, 4 of whom are still living, 42 grandchildren, 139 great-grandchildren and 10 great-great-grandchildren.

Provo, Utah, has a red-hot anarchist. His wife supports him by taking in washing.

TWENTY MILLION acres of the land of the United States are held by foreigners.

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A Jail Bird.

"Now, sir," asked the prosecuting attorney, looking at him sternly, "were you ever in prison?"

"Yes, sir, I have been," answered the witness in a low tone.

"Ah, I thought so, sir. You are a pretty fellow. Jail bird! How long ago has it been?"

"It was during the war. I served six months in Andersonville and Libby while you were up North here writing magazine articles on how to end the conflict," answered the witness in the same low, meek tone.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1890.

TWO SOLDIERS.

By Capt. CHARLES KING.

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CHAPTER XV.



"For heaven's sake, sir, let's get ahead to his support."

Meantime, where are the looked for supports? Lane, with worried horses, had made the march from the railway station to the pass in a little over fourteen hours. It was 5:20 when he started and 8:15 when he was unseated among the rocks. He had come through the blazing sunshine of the long June day, sometimes at the trot, sometimes at the lope, oftentimes dismounting and leading when crossing ridges or ravines. He was still pale and weak from his long illness, and suffering from a sorrow that had robbed him of all the buoyancy he had ever possessed. But the sense of duty was as strong as ever, and the soldier spirit triumphed over the ills of the flesh.

Noel, starting at 4:45 p. m., with horses and men fresh and eager, with a guide who knew every inch of the way, and the bright starlight to cheer his comrades, could reasonably be expected to cover the same ground in the same time; every old cavalryman knows that horses travel better by night than by day. By good rights he and his men should be at the pass at least an hour before the time set by Lane. It was only a week before that the captain had declared at the Queen City that he had never felt so "fit" in his life, and a campaign would just suit him. Things seemed to have a different color, however, as he watched the going down of the sun behind the distant Pelonchillos. The words of the young infantry adjutant kept recurring to him, and he knew of old that when Lane started after Indians he was "dead sure to get 'em." Mr. Mason was good enough to remind him.

Twice before sunset the guide had ventured to suggest a quicker gait, but Noel refused, saying that he did not mean to get his horses to the scene worn out and unfit for pursuit. Mr. Mason, who heard this, begged to remind the captain that pursuit was not the object; they were expected to get there in time to help Lane head off the attempt at further flight, and to hold the Apaches, wherever met, until the pursuing force could reach them from the north and hem them in. Noel ranked Mason only a few files, and knew well that all the regiment would side with his subaltern; so he was forced to a show of cordiality and consideration. He rode by the lieutenant's side, assuring him of the sense of strength it gave him to have with him a man of such experience. "For your sake, Mason, I wish I had been twelve hours later, so that you could have had the glory of this thing to yourself; but you know I couldn't stand it. I had to pull wires like sin to get relieved, as it was. Old Hudson, the head of the recruiting service, just swore he wouldn't let me go, because I had had good luck in the chase and number of the recruits I sent him. Personally, too, I'm in no shape to ride. See how fat I've grown!"

Mason saw, but said a fifty mile ride ought not to stagger any cavalryman, hard or soft, and made no reply whatever to the captain's account of how he succeeded in getting relieved. He didn't believe a word of it.

Night came on and found them still marching at a steady walk. Halts for rest, too, had been frequently ordered, and at last Mason could stand it no longer. After repeated looks at his watch he had burst out with an earnest appeal:

"Capt. Noel, we'll never get there in time at this rate. Surely, sir, the orders you got from the general must be different from those that came to the post. They said make all speed, lose not a moment. Did not yours say so, too?"

"The general knew very well that I had marched cavalry too often not to understand just how to get there in time," was Noel's stately reply; and, though chafing inwardly, Mason was compelled to silence. Ten o'clock came, and still it was no better. Then both the lieutenant and the guide, after a moment's consultation during a rest, approached the captain and begged him to increase the gait; and when they mounted the command did for a while move on at a jog, which Mason would have increased to the lope, but Noel interposed. Midnight and more rests found them fully ten miles behind the point where the guide and lieutenant had planned to be. Even the men had begun to murmur among themselves and to contrast the captain's spiritless advance with Mr. Mason's lively methods. Two o'clock and the Pyramid range was still far away. Daybreak came, and Mason was nearly mad with misery, the guide

sullen and disgusted. Broad daylight—5 o'clock—and here at last were the Pyramid buttes at their right front, and coming toward them on the trail a single horseman. "It is Sergt. Luce," said some of the foremost troopers.

And Luce had a note, which he handed to Lieut. Mason; but that gentleman shook his head and indicated Noel. The captain took it in silence, opened it, glanced over the contents, changed color, as all could see, and then inquired:

"How far is it, sergeant?"
"It must be fifteen miles from here, sir. I came slowly, because my horse was worn out, and because Capt. Lane thought that I would meet the troop very much nearer the pass. It's more than fifteen miles, I reckon."

"Had the attack begun before you left?"
"Yes, sir; and I could hear the shots as I came out of the pass—hear them distinctly."

"May I inquire what the news is, captain?" said Mr. Mason, riding up to his side.

"Well," was the reply, "Lane writes that he has headed the Apaches and that he is just moving in to the attack."

"Will you permit me to see the note, sir?" said Mason, trembling with exasperation at the indifferent manner in which it was received.

Noel hesitated: "Presently—presently, Mr. Mason. We'll move forward at a trot now."

Sergt. Luce reined about, and riding beside the first sergeant of K troop, told him in low tones of the adventures of the previous day and night, and the fact that the Apaches were there just north of the pass and in complete force. The result seemed to be, as the word was passed among the men, to increase the gait to such an extent that they crowded upon the leaders, and Noel, time and again, threw up his hand and warned the men not to ride over the heels of his horse.

Seven o'clock came, and still they had not got beyond the Pyramids. Eight o'clock, and they were not in sight of the pass. Nine o'clock, and still the gorge was not in view. It was not until nearly ten that the massive gateway seemed to open before them, and then, far to the front, their eager ears could catch the sound of very sharp and rapid firing.

"My God!" said Mason, with irrepressible excitement, "there's no question about it, captain, Lane's surrounded there! For heaven's sake, sir, let's get ahead to his support."

"Ride forward, sergeant," said Noel to Luce, "and show us the shortest way you know to where Capt. Lane has corralled his horses—I don't like the idea of entering that pass in column, Mr. Mason. The only safe way to do it will be to dismount and throw a line of skirmishers ahead. If Lane is surrounded the Apaches undoubtedly will open fire on us as we pass through."

"Suppose they do, sir; we've got men enough to drive them back. What we want is to get through there as quickly as possible."

But Noel shook his head, and forming line to the front at a trot moved forward a few hundred yards, and then, to the intense disgust of Mr. Mason, ordered the first platoon dismounted and pushed ahead as skirmishers. Compelled to leave their horses with number four of each set, the other troopers, sullenly, but in disciplined silence, advanced afoot up the gentle slope which led to the heights on the right of the gorge.

Not a shot impeded their advance; not a sound told them that they were even watched. But far up through the pass itself the sound of sharp firing continued, and every now and then a shrill yell indicated that the Apaches were evidently having the best of it.

Again Mason rode to his captain. "I beg you, sir," he said, "to let me take my platoon, or the other one, and charge through there. It isn't possible that they can knock more than one or two of us out of the saddle, and if you follow with the rest of the men they can easily be taken care of." But Noel this time rebuked him.

"Mr. Mason, I have had too much of your interference," he said, "and I will tolerate no more. I am in command of this troop, sir, and I am responsible for its proper conduct."

And Mason, rebuffed, fell back without further word.

The pass was reached, and still not a shot had been fired. Over the low ridge the dismounted troopers went, and not an Apache was in sight. Then at last it became evident that to cross the stream they would have to ford; and then the "recall" was sounded, the horses were run rapidly forward to the skirmish line, the men swung into saddle, the rear platoon closed on the one in front, and cautiously, with Mason leading and Noel hanging back a little as though to direct the march of his column, the troop passed through the river and came out on the other side. The moment they reached the bank Mason struck a trot without any orders and the men followed him.

Noel hastened forward, shouting out, "Walk, walk!" But finding that they either did not or would not hear him he galloped in front of the troop and sternly ordered the leaders to decrease their gait and not again to take the trot unless he gave the command.

Just at this minute, from the heights to the right and left, half a dozen shots were fired in quick succession; a trooper riding beside the first sergeant threw up his arms with the sudden cry: "My God! I've got it!" and fell back from the saddle. Noel at the same instant felt a twinge along his left arm, and, wheeling his horse about, shouted: "To the rear! to the rear! We're ambushed!" And despite the rallying cry of Mason and the entreaties of the guide the men, taking the cue from their leader, reined to the right and left about and went clattering out of the pass.

More shots came from the Apaches, some aimed at the fleeing troop and others at the little group of men that remained behind; for the poor fellow who had been shot through the breast lay insensible by the side of the stream, and would have been abandoned to his fate but for the courage and devotion of Mason and two of the leading men. Promptly jumping from their horses they raised him between them, and laying him across the pommel of one of the saddles, supported by the troopers, the wounded man was carried back to the ford, and from there out of harm's way.

By this time Noel, at full gallop, had come four or five hundred yards

rear, and there the first sergeant—not he—called the troop, reformed it, counted fours, and faced it to the front.

When Mason returned to them, leading the two troopers and the dying man, his face was as black as a thunder cloud. He rode up to his captain, who was stanching with a handkerchief a little stream of blood that seemed to be coming down his left arm, and addressed to him these words: "Capt. Noel, there were not more than six or eight Apaches guarding those heights. There was no excuse in God's world, sir, for a retreat. I can take my platoon and go through there now without difficulty, and once again, sir, I implore you to let me do it."

Noel's reply was: "I have already heard too much from you today, Mr. Mason. If I hear one more word you go to the rear in arrest. I am wounded, sir, but I will not turn over this command to you."

"Wounded be hanged! Capt. Noel, you've got a scratch of which a child ought to be ashamed," was the furious reply; upon which Noel, considering that he must at all hazards preserve the dignity of his position, ordered Lieut. Mason to consider himself in arrest. And dismounting, and calling to one or two of the men to assist him, the captain got out of his blouse and had the sleeve of his undershirt cut off, and then in full hearing of the combat up the pass proceeded to have a scratch, as Mason had truly designated it, stanching and dressing.

Meantime the troop, shamefaced and disgusted, dismounted and awaited further developments. For fifteen minutes they remained there, listening to the battle a mile away, and then there came a sound that thrilled every man with excitement—with mad longing to dash to the front; there came crashes of musketry that told of the arrival of strong reinforcements for one party or another, which party was soon developed by the glorious, ringing cheers that they well recognized to be those of their comrades of Greene's battalion.

"By heavens!" said Mason, with a groan, "after all, we have lost our chance. It's Greene, not old K troop, that got there in time to save them."

The looks that were cast toward their new captain by the men, standing in sullen silence at their horses' heads, were not those that any soldier would have envied.

Directing the first sergeant to take half a dozen troopers and feel their way cautiously to the front and ascertain what that new sound meant, the rest of the men meanwhile to remain at ease, Noel still sat there on the ground, as though faint from loss of blood. The bleeding, however, had been too trifling to admit of any such disposition on the part of those who had been looking on. The cheering up the pass increased. The firing rapidly died away. Soon it was seen that the first sergeant was signaling, and presently a man came riding back. The sergeant and the others disappeared, going fearlessly into the pass, and evidently indicating by their movements that they anticipated no further resistance. The arriving horseman dismounted, saluted the captain and reported substantially that the pass was now in possession of Maj. Greene's men, and that the Apaches were in full flight toward the south, some of the troops pursuing.

Then at last it was that the "mount" was sounded by the trumpeter, and half an hour afterward—full three hours after they should have been there—Capt. Noel, with K troop, arrived at the scene. Lane, faint from loss of blood, was lying under a tree; four of his men were killed; one of the helpless recaptured women had been shot by an Indian bullet; five more of the "Devil's own D's" were lying wounded around among the rocks. Desperate had been the defense; sore had been their need; safe, thoroughly safe, they would have been had Noel got there in time, but it was Greene's battalion that finally reached them only at the last moment. And yet this was the thrilling announcement that appeared in The Queen City Chronicle in its morning edition two days afterward:

"Gallant Noel! Rescue of the Indian Captives! Stirring Pursuit and Pierce Battle with the Apaches!"

"A dispatch received last night by the Hon. Amos Withers announces the return from the front of Capt. Noel, who so recently left our midst, with a portion of his troop, bringing with him the women and children who had been run off by the Apaches on their raid among the ranches south of their reservation. The captain reports a severe fight, in which many of the regiment were killed and wounded, he himself, though making light of the matter, receiving a bullet through the left arm."

"While the rest of the command had gone on in pursuit of the Apaches the captain was sent by the battalion commander to escort the captives back to the railway."

"This dispatch, though of a private character, is fully substantiated by the official report of the general commanding the department to the adjutant general of the army. It reads as follows:

"Capt. Noel, of the Eleventh cavalry, has just reached the railway, bringing with him all but one of the women and children whom the Apaches had carried off into captivity. The other was shot by a bullet in the desperate fight which occurred in San Simon Pass between the commands of Capt. Lane and Noel and the Apaches, whose retreat they were endeavoring to head off. Greene's battalion of the Eleventh arrived in time to take part; but on their appearance the Apaches fled through the mountains in the wildest confusion, leaving much of their plunder behind them."

"It is impossible as yet to give accurate accounts of the killed and wounded, but our losses are reported to have been heavy."

"How thoroughly have the predictions of The Chronicle with regard to this gallant officer been fulfilled! To his relatives and many friends in our midst The Chronicle extends its most hearty congratulations. We predict that the welcome which Capt. Noel will receive will be all that his fondest dreams could possibly have cherished."

The summer in Europe and especially on the continent has been abominable. Paris is quite lively, a kind of second season having been organized because so many people of fashion have returned from their chateaus to their clubs and mansions. Rain and hurricane alternated with singular rapidity for three or four weeks.

A New Way to Fish.

Quite a novel mode of catching fish was invented by a youth in Michigan recently.

He was bathing, when he perceived in the water a little way beyond him a fish of unusually large proportions swimming along within a very short distance of the bank and rapidly approaching him. As he saw the magnificent specimen of the sturgeon species the thought of securing it without the usual implements flashed across his mind, and he determined to make one effort to secure the "monarch of the lakes."

As the fish approached the bank on which the boy was standing the latter prepared to dive, and before the sturgeon was quite opposite the youth gave a leap, a plunge and dived beneath the water. Ere the astonished sturgeon could either escape or recover from the consternation caused by the sudden disturbance of the waters he was a prisoner in the arms of the youth, who could with difficulty retain his hold of his slippery customer.

The struggles of the now desperate sturgeon were now pertinacious and nearly crowned with victory, though they became almost entirely ineffectual, and were rendered completely so by the aid of a companion of the boy, who ran to his assistance.

Their united efforts soon completed the victory over his sturgeonship, and laid him panting on the bank, a proof of the triumph of muscle.

After resting a while from the fatigue caused by the combat under water they carried the sturgeon home, where it was weighed, turning the scales at just seventy pounds.—Exchange.

A Trans-Pacific Cable.

The Colonies and India, of London, says that "the breaking of the Australian cables and the consequent cutting off of those colonies from communication with the outer world for several days emphasizes in the strongest possible way the necessity of constructing an alternative cable across the Pacific ocean between British Columbia and Sydney or Brisbane. The lesson will no doubt not be lost upon our Australian cousins. It is said that her majesty's government has decided not to share in the guarantee the companies require in order to effect the proposed reductions in the existing cable rates, and it was hardly expected that it would do so. It might, however, view with greater favor the laying of the new line, and the subsidies the colonies are now asked to give for perpetuating for a time the monopoly of the old line, with assistance from Canada and from the imperial government, would, it is believed, permit of arrangements being made for the construction of the Pacific cable, and probably insure a reduced tariff by both lines."

Preserved in a Salt Mine.

In a salt mine near Hermannstadt, in Hungary, which had for many years been full of water and was visited by tourists on account of its great depth and its repeating echo, a recent heavy rainfall raised the water to an extraordinary height. Recently a number of dead bodies appeared on the surface, and they were taken out, with considerable danger to those who undertook the task. They were found to be the bodies of Hungarian Honveds, 300 of whom fell in the battle of Viz Akna on the 4th of February, 1849, and instead of being buried were thrown into the salt lake of the mine. The bodies are so well preserved that the wounds which caused death may be seen quite plainly. Two of the bodies are headless.—Cor. London News.

Big Chicken Pie.

The citizens of Columbus, Ga., had a big barbecue. Among the novelties was a chicken pie, thus described: "The pie was 7 feet long and 5 feet broad, and as deep as would hold ten dozen chickens. Every chicken had yellow legs, a drumstick for the babies and a wing for the girls. After the pie was eaten the pan was auctioned off, the proceeds to go to the girl under 15 years of age that brings to the Chattanooga Valley exposition in November the finest pone of bread baked by herself."

Bears in Maine.

Urban Getchell, of Limestone, Me., witnessed a novel sight last week while driving near that village. "He came on seven bears unawares, three of them full grown and four cubs quite large. The old ones made for the woods, but the cubs had their gambols out before they followed. Urban says it was a nice sight, but his hair seemed to grow very rapidly, and raised his hat from its usual place. The bears were seen by two other persons.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Convulsed His Neighbors.

An American "millionaire," who has taken a country vicarage in a west Midland county for two months, has quite convulsed his new neighbors 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.—London Truth.

A Boston caterer, who looked after the feeding of 7,000 veterans during the four days of the Grand Army encampment, has since been figuring, and finds that his guests consumed 10,000 loaves of bread, nearly 10,000 doughnuts, two tons of hams, three-quarters of a ton of tongue and the same amount of corned beef; 300 gallons of baked beans, 18,000 eggs, 350 barrels of potatoes, one ton of coffee and two chests of tea.

His Congregation Never Deserted Him: A clergyman was lamenting the fact that his congregation appeared to be restless during his sermons, and declared that many of the members of his flock would get up right at a time when he fancied himself most impressive and would leave the house.

"That's bad," answered a young preacher, "but I must say that I do not experience any such annoyance. Not a single member of my congregation gets up and goes out during services."

"You don't say so!" the first speaker exclaimed. "How do you manage it?"

"I don't manage it at all—seems to manage itself."

"Don't they complain when you preach a long sermon?"

"No, I've never heard a word of complaint."

"That is indeed singular. Your people must have been exceptionally well brought up."

"No; I think not."

"Then you must be one of the most eloquent of men. What is the style of your preaching?"

"Oh, rather dry, I am compelled to admit. I do not possess the faculty of drawing an interesting illustration or of throwing out a bright idea."

"Well, well. I have never heard of anything so wonderful. And you tell me that no one ever gets up and goes out?"

"Yes, that's what I tell you."

"Well, I don't understand it at all."

"Oh, it is easy enough to explain. I am chaplain at the penitentiary."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Dr. Webb and Jay Gould.

The abrupt manner in which Vice President Webb treated a representative of the Knights of Labor who called as mediator between the company and the men has recalled the fact that all the Webb boys are disposed to be peremptory in business dealings, even with older and stronger men than themselves.

In the very older days of Dr. Seward Webb as a railroad man he attempted a little show of authority with Mr. Jay Gould, which that gentleman treated in his dry, sarcastic way. It seems that W. H. Vanderbilt was just dead when his son-in-law, Dr. Webb, in a business letter, called Mr. Gould rather peremptorily to account, and presented his ultimatum in a matter concerning some exchange of business between the Vanderbilt and Gould roads.

Dr. Webb's idea was to hurry Mr. Gould to a settlement. But Mr. Gould was not to be hurried, or even brought to a consideration of the case, and he wrote a short note to Mr. Webb in which he simply said that his sorrow over the death of Mr. Vanderbilt three or four days before had been so poignant that he was unable to consider any business with his son-in-law at present. It is probable that Mr. Gould has not heard from Dr. Seward Webb since.—Philadelphia Press.

A Hearty Eater.

A well known traveling agent for a Philadelphia carriage paper has carried off the honors for eating in this city. At a recent meal for himself he consumed two whole chickens, fried Maryland style, five pounds; one extra porterhouse steak, ten ears of corn, one dozen tomatoes sliced with onions, one quart stewed potatoes and one dozen corn cakes. He was the only man who partook of the meal, and he did not fall into ashes when he finished.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wagging the Tongue in Sleep.

Many persons, of all ages and both sexes, in perfect health cannot hold their tongues when asleep. This habit is due to indigestion or to cerebral irritability. The remedy is an early meal before going to bed, taking half a pint of cold water before putting the head on the pillow, and always sleeping on the right side—never on the back. In case of premature wakefulness a copious draught of water usually induces sleep.—New York Telegram.

An Accommodating Waiter.

Gentleman (dining)—Will you bring me some radishes, please?

Waiter—I beg pardon, sir. They are not now in the market. But—ah—we can serve yer 'tighness with the 'orse-raddish!—Drake's Magazine.

A Matrimonial Compliment.

Mr. Bippe—That medicine I took this morning makes me feel like another man.

Mrs. Bippe—Well, I hope to goodness you are. It is time.—Epoch.

Aspiration.

Evangelist—Young man, always aim to spend your energies on things that are above you.

Young Man—Yes, sir; I try to, sir. I whitewash ceilings.—Burlington Free Press.

Up with the Times.

Mrs. Slowboy—I didn't catch Dr. Timely's text this morning. It wasn't from "Robert Elmore," was it?

Mrs. Hastie—Of course not. It was from "Marie Bashkirtseff."—New York Sun.

So It Is.

"Where do you intend to enjoy your self during vacation?"

"Well, I intend going into the country, but whether I shall enjoy myself or not is another question."—Boston Courier.

No Inducement.

Freddie—Let us break this cup.

Little Johnnie—No; it doesn't belong to a set.—Epoch.