

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

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NOW IS THE TIME
TO TAKE THE
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HOW HE WAS CURED.

BY A VIVISECTIONIST MADE UP
HIS MIND TO REFORM.

Passed a Night of Horrible Suffering.
Sandbaggers Practice on Him as He Had
Experimented Many Times on Dumb
Animals—A Mighty Good Lie.

"I was once a vivisectionist, but I reformed, or, if you medical gentlemen will believe in it prefer the term, I gave up several years ago and have no desire to resume my investigations," remarked Dr. S. K. Wilson, of Kentucky, several fellow practitioners at the hospital.

"While practicing I lived in a New England town. I was young and zealous in the cause, and it was not long before every one within the limits of the county knew of me as a man who tormented live animals to death, and what the practice I had lost in consequence. I had some means, and remained at the village until the occurrence of the episode which I am about to relate.

"I had been in receipt of many threatening letters informing me that unless I ceased my cruel pleasure I would be given away. But at the letters I laughed, and to the remonstrances of the prominent citizens of the village I turned a deaf ear.

"One pitch dark night, having occasion to visit the drug store, I was met on my return by five stalwart individuals, whose faces, owing to the darkness, I could not see. I was asked if my name was Dr. Wilson, and upon replying in the affirmative I was seized, bound and swung into a wagon.

TORTURED.
After a half hour's ride we halted

by a big barn, inside of which I was carried. A couple of lanterns were lit, under one of which I was stood, while under the others my captors, now masked, grouped themselves. After a moment's silence one of them, in a disguised voice, said:

"Dr. Wilson, we have long heard of you as a vivisectionist. You pursue your investigations in order, you say, to discover, by observing the sufferings of one order of animals (sufferings caused by you), the means for relieving another order. We think your reasoning sound. We are a gang of sandbaggers who make our living on the highway. We do not wish to kill, but we desire to silence our prey as to enable us to escape ere he shall be able to give the alarm. To always do this necessitates a knowledge of just how hard a blow is required to relieve one of his senses.

"Of course we might learn in due time from experience in our profession, of which I might say we are new members, but that would be unwise for two reasons: We might at first hit so hard as to kill, or we might not hit hard enough to knock our man senseless, and a light blow would only cause him to yell an alarm.

"Neither risk do we care to take. So we have concluded to become, like you, disciples of vivisection in order that we may be able to save the lives of others and preserve ourselves from capture at the same time. We believe that you will appreciate our worthy purpose, and in behalf of humanity make no resistance, though, were you to do so, no good would result, for we are far from any house.

"What we intend to do is to pound you on the head with a sandbag—gently at first, but gradually increasing the strength of the blows until you have been knocked insensible."

PROLONG AGONY.
"I gazed at the group with feelings of terror," Dr. Wilson continued. "I did not believe them to be in earnest. But when each man drew from his pocket a sandbag, and took a position within arm's reach of where I stood trembling, I realized my danger and remonstrated, pleaded, begged, but to no purpose.

"What we do is for the benefit of humanity," the spokesman replied with a horrible grin. As he did so he struck me on the head with his sandbag just hard enough to break my hat. The man next him struck me hard enough to make me wince, the next a little harder, the next still harder, while the fifth struck me so hard my teeth rattled.

"I screamed for help, and in return received a thump from the spokesman and a heavier one from the second, and so on. I stood it until three rounds had been made, and then fell on my knees, and immediately after received a blow that knocked me senseless.

"Whether I was hit again I do not know. I was revived by a bucket of water being flung in my face. And then, heavens! Will I ever forget it! I was made to stand up while the five repeated the experiment, in order, the spokesman said, that the lesson might be more firmly impressed upon me.

"In vain I begged. I swore to renounce my practice of vivisection, to leave town, but they laughed at me and began to rain blows upon my head, increasing their strength more slowly than before, thus prolonging my terrible agony.

"Unable to stand the pain, I fell on the ground and feigned insensibility, but one of them, thrusting a lighted match before my eyes, caused me to open them, whereupon down came the blows again until once more I was unconscious.

"This time when I came to I was alone. Day was breaking. Pinned to my coat was a paper on which was printed in pencil: 'You have sworn to renounce your devilish work and to leave town. Do so.' And," the doctor concluded, "I did so without a day's delay or a feeling of regret."—Chicago Post.

The Hairpin Stood On Its Head.

A young woman dropped a steel hairpin from her head as she was about to leave an electric car. It lay flat on the floor until she had alighted and the driver had turned the current on. Then the hairpin rose and stood on its head. When the current was turned off the hairpin lay down; when it was put on again the hairpin would stand up. The incident afforded amusement for the passengers.—Albany Journal.

Almost as Big as a Bird.

A few days ago a horse standing in front of Peters' feed store, on Central avenue, pranced about and then fell down. Men who hurried to the animal discovered that a horsefly was sinking his proboscis into the animal's hide. They brushed the fly off, and, bottling him, sent the bottle to Professor Lintner. He now forms one of the professor's notable specimens. The fly measures 2 1/2 inches spread of wings, and is the largest horsefly that Dr. Lintner ever saw.—Albany Journal.

Not Eager to Save Life.

Every season regularly some event happens on the Norman or Breton coast which brings into relief the apathy and indifference of the bathing box owners when any of their customers have the misfortune to be in danger while swimming. This time the perilous adventure of M. Edmond Haraucourt, poet and dramatist, is a case in point. M. Haraucourt, while swimming lately, was carried a long distance away from the shore by the current.

The waves were running high at the time, and everybody gave the swimmer up as lost. His mother and friends who were watching him battling for life with the surge begged and implored the owner of the bathing boxes to send out a boat to the rescue. This the man refused to do steadfastly, alleging that, as there was no chance of saving M. Haraucourt's life, it was useless to run the risk of having the boat dashed against the rocks. In the meantime, thanks to his strength and skill as a swimmer, M. Haraucourt was enabled to get near the foot of the cliff, where he was thrown by the surge on the shore, which he had not hoped to reach again alive.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Played Pocahontas' Racket.

Ah Wing, a Chinese cook on a whaler, recently arrived here from Sitka with his Indian wife. The story of how he came to wed his Alaskan bride reads like the romance of Pocahontas and John Smith. The whaler on which Wing cooked was wrecked on the Alaskan coast and Wing escaped to the ice, where he was found by Indians. They treated him kindly and fed him so carefully his suspicions were aroused, and he learned from the chief's daughter that he was to be barbecued for a big feast.

He made love to the damsel, and on the fatal day when he was brought out to be killed the daughter pleaded for his life, which her father granted. They were married and lived some time with the tribe, but Wing grew tired of walrus meat and escaped with his wife in a whaler. He is now tailoring in this city, his wife helping him, as she has become an adept with the needle. She shows signs of consumption, however, due to indoor life, as she can not be induced to venture on the street, being afraid of the noise and bustle.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Interesting Discovery.

According to a London paper, "a discovery of considerable interest for archeologists was made at Conflans during the cutting of a railway from Argentuil to Nantes. One hundred and eighty-five plaster tombs of the Merovingian epoch were found. The skeletons in them are described as being in a state of perfect preservation. One of the tombs contained two skeletons, one placed on the top of the other. An official commission of the department of the Seine-et-Oise has gone to Conflans to visit the cemetery and to insure the preservation of the historical curiosities it contains."

We were shown a curious cucumber last evening that had grown in the garden of Mrs. Annie Barnett, Dilworthtown. There were three small ones firmly grown together with a fourth one growing out and almost up straight from the others. It was an oddity sure and attracted much attention.—West Chester Republican.

While a roofer was at work on the roof of a school at Greenville, L. I., the other day he was overcome by the heat and rolled down the roof and over the edge. His suspender strap caught on a hook in the roof gutter and kept him from falling to the ground. He hung in mid air until his fellow workmen rescued him.

Dr. George F. Root, the composer of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and a hundred other famous songs, celebrated the seventieth anniversary of his birth in Chicago recently. He wrote the famous song on the morning following Lincoln's second call for troops.

"Florida on Wheels" is the name of an interesting collection of the wines, woods, fruits, etc., of the Flowery state now on its way to the yet unlocated World's fair in Chicago. The exhibit is contained in a handsome railway car that goes from place to place.

Count von Moltke will be 90 years old should he survive until Oct. 26, and the German emperor says the day shall be kept as a national holiday. Von Moltke went into the military business in the Copenhagen barracks at the age of 13 years.

The tower of the Philadelphia city hall is now 335 feet high, yet on top of that 8,000 tons of iron and bronze are to be placed. There is to be a clock tower, the dials of which are to be 27 feet in diameter, surmounted by a statue of William Penn 37 feet high, and there will be numerous statues.

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CHELSEA ROLLER MILLS

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Corrected Weekly by Cooper & Wood

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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

THERE is in Salt Lake City a society of young Mormon women who pledge themselves not to marry a polygamist.

WHEN the railway across Siberia is completed, it is estimated that the tour of the world in fifty days will be feasible.

A CHICAGO cigar man is authority for the statement that the better class of smokers are returning to the pipe for comfort.

THERE are as many cities with a population of 1,000,000 and over in this country as there are in Europe, yet we are only a century old.

AN old prospector bought a piece of ground near Nevada City the other day for \$300. He went for gold and soon struck a deposit that will pay him \$5,000.

THREE years ago G. E. Gordon turned loose two wild turkeys on his stock farm near Jefferson, Wis. Now there are great numbers of them on the shores of Lake Koshkonong.

WILLIAM RILEY, whose family has mourned him as dead for many years, and for whom a stone is erected in a Hingham (Mass.) cemetery, has written from Maine in regard to getting out pension papers.

THE balloon proposed for polar explorations is ninety-nine feet in diameter and 500,000 cubic feet in volume. The journey is to be begun in Spitzbergen, and with a favorable wind is expected to last four or five days.

INSPECTOR BYRNES says that the only way to keep a city clear of bad men is to arrest them on sight and make the place too hot for them. Out of 500 arrests "on suspicion" there may be one mistake—one honest man, but he owes it to the public to identify himself as such. The howl about "personal liberty" always comes from criminal lawyers.

DR. JENSEN, who learned in Central Africa to relish fried ants and lived for years on a negro bill of fare, expresses decided views in his new book on the way to get along in the Dark Continent. He goes so far as to say that in his opinion the white man who accustoms himself to native food will keep in better health than if he enjoyed the best of European cookery.

THERE is a conductor on a Cincinnati street car who was recently appointed, who is heir to an estate in England valued at \$150,000. The young man visited the home of his ancestors some time ago and arranged to convert the property into cash. While awaiting the money he is putting in his time manipulating the bell punch. It is said he has arranged with some of the stockholders of the railroad company to invest his money in the company.

ON returning from church a Lafayette, Ga., man saw what seemed to be two small snakes about the size of a lead pencil and eight to ten inches long. They were barely moving. On closer examination instead of a snake it was a mass of little measuring worms, each about three-sixteenths of an inch long, and each traveling on the layer of worms under it. By moving in this manner they escaped the dust which would have been fatal to them if they had separated.

A POMONA man came up recently from Redondo. He changed his seat very often, opened the windows, squirmed about uneasily, and finally kicked because he supposed there was a corpse in the baggage car. Arrived at Los Angeles, he reached into his coat pocket for his handkerchief and found five or six fish, which he had carefully placed there three days before to be used for bait. They were of the variety known as smelt, and they were "true to name."

THE egg industry of the United States is one of the most important in the country. Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, with a population of 3,000,000, annually consume in eating, baking, etc., about 1,500,000 barrels of eggs, or three-eighths of a barrel, say twenty-eight dozen, to each inhabitant. Applying the same ratio to each of the 65,000,000 inhabitants of the republic we have a grand total of 1,820,000,000 dozen eggs used annually, which at 12 cents a dozen amounts to \$218,000,000. Canada alone imports to this country yearly 70,000,000 eggs.

A CURIOUS wager, with fatal results, was recently decided at Siepring, Bavaria. A notoriously strong man, named Freytag, bet that a horse could not move him

from the door of his house. The horse was brought, and Freytag put his hands and feet against the door posts, while Stern, the man with whom the bet had been made, fixed a rope round Freytag's neck. At the first pull the rope broke. A new rope having been brought, Stern plied his whip with all his might, when Freytag gave a scream and, letting go, was dragged along for some yards. His neck was broken.

WARD McALLISTER's son is a member of the Seventh Regiment, and not long since went with his regiment to Peekskill, where the State military encampment was being held. One rainy disagreeable night young McAllister was put on guard duty, his assignment being to guard a wagon supposed to contain army supplies. McAllister stood it for about two hours, and then, wet to the skin and sad in mind, called up Col. Appleton. "Colonel," said he, "how much is that infernal old wagon I am guarding worth?" "About \$300," was the answer. "All right," replied McAllister, "if I give you my check for the money will you let me go to bed?"

The dismal prophecy has been made that coffee will soon cease to be the beverage of the people; that the plant is dying out and that growers are giving up its production and turning their attention to the raising of tea. It is hinted that men must take to tea. This would be a great triumph for the habitual tea-drinker who scorns the fragrant drink which is made from coffee berry. Converts would be forced to his belief by the tens of thousands. When all this shall come to pass, we may see men closing an elaborate dinner with cups of coffee small as thimbles. At cafes the precious liquid would be dealt out at fabulous prices and coffee would become an amazing extravagance only to be found at the banquet of a modern Cleopatra's dissolved pearl.

UNLESS we can accept the theories about the old mill at Newport, R. I., which ascribes its origin to the Norsemen, the oldest house in America is the stone fort erected by John Smith "as a retreat near a convenient river hard to be assailed and easy to be defended, but the want of corn occasioned the end of all our works—it being worse sufficient to provide victual." The house stands near the York River on the Ware Creek, in Virginia. It is immensely strong, being built of hewn stones with thick walls. There is a subterranean magazine and portholes for muskets. Popular superstition has peopled it from time to time with ghostly visitors—Pocahontas, Black Beard the pirate, Nathaniel Bacon and his followers. It is a desolate spot, overgrown with poisonous vines and inhabited now only by bats and owls innumerable.

IN a certain New York mission is a bright street fellow, who, if this incident may be taken as an indication, bids fair to develop the brains and the patriotic sentiment of a good American citizen. A gentleman announced his intention of delivering an address on political reform in the neighborhood of the mission, a particularly disorderly district. He and his friends were informed on good authority that if the speech were made the speaker would be pelted with rotten eggs. It seemed that the proposed address, which, it had been believed, would exert an important influence, must be given up. A small boy, between whom and the speaker a friendship had developed at the mission, solved the difficulty by an ingenious expedient. "I tell you what to do," said he, "hang the American flag back of the platform, and you stand before the flag. The roughs won't throw eggs at the stars and stripes."

MARK TWAIN at home dresses very plainly, as he thinks he can work better if he wears workmen's clothes. He is always glad to receive visitors, but always insists that they shall play billiards with him. He has elegant billiard and pool tables in his residence, and is himself an expert player. There are but few who can beat him. He talks very slowly and draws through his nose. He smokes a corn-cob pipe, and never laughs at his own jokes. This shows remarkable self-control; as it is believed that he is the only living man who can refrain from laughing at them. Mark Twain is worth \$1,250,000, which is quite a respectable sum for a man to make with his pen. It is said that he has a morbid, half-crazy fear that he will some day lose his fortune and come to poverty. He says he is now engaged on a book, on which he has been at work, off and on, for over twenty years.

THERE is no such thing as jealousy in nature. Even the cross-roads become pleasant when the beautiful trees put them in the shade.—Puck.

RURAL TOPICS.

INFORMATION FOR THE HUSBANDMAN AND HOUSEWIFE.

So. Practical Suggestions for the Farmer, Stock-Breeder, Poulterer, Nurseryman, and Housekeepers.

THE FARM.

Sprouts Around Apple Tree Trunks.—Wherever the body of an apple tree has been injured, sprouts start out which are hard to get rid of. Cutting them while they are in full leaf is the best remedy. A few may appear next summer, but should be cut again. If the tree is checked in vigor by this, it will do all the better for its fruitfulness next year. Cutting sap-sprouts while the tree is dormant makes large growth of wood and little fruit.

How Much Seed?—With all crops a good, even stand is an important item in securing a good yield. At the same time it is easily possible with all crops to have the plants too thin or too thick, either of which conditions will affect the growth or yield. The condition and the fertility of the soil should largely determine the amount of seed and the number of plants that should stand.

With fall-seeded crops, if the seedling can be done in good season and the soil is in good tilth, less seed will be needed than where the soil is rough or cloddy and the seedling delayed. In the fall it is usually considered best to use less seed in a rich soil than in a poor one for the reason that in a rich soil the plants will have a better opportunity of starting. But in sowing all kinds of seeds, more than is really necessary is used, because more or less of the seed will fail to germinate, and the vitality of the seed and the conditions of germination must be considered.

With wheat sown in good season, say the middle of September, with a soil well prepared and in good condition, and with sufficient moisture to induce a good germination, and an average soil, at least as regards fertility, five pecks of seed will be sufficient. The later the seedling is done, or if the land is rough and cloddy, a larger quantity of seed should be used.

Generally it is better to use too much seed rather than too little.

Moisture heat and air are the three essentials to germination, but it is possible to have too much of either, and in sowing the seed the condition of the soil should always be considered.

Generally in using a drill or seeder the seed is distributed more evenly than can be done by hand. It is best to take all reasonable precautions to secure a good, even stand at the start, as the cost is but very little more, while the growth and yield will often be affected considerably.—N. J. Shepherd, in Farm, Field and Stockman.

Agricultural Notes.

DON'T let anyone fool you out of your potatoes. They are good property, and the probabilities are they will be till another crop.

If you have any manure lying around, get it onto the land. It is better there, even if not plowed under, than leaching in the yard through the fall rains.

TEX acres of clover hay, cured as every farmer can and ought to cure it, is worth more than twenty acres of the coarse, woody, unwholesome stuff we find everywhere in abundance.

"ALFALFA is especially adapted to dry climates, and withstands drought much better than ordinary clovers." For this reason it is largely raised in Colorado and California, especially where irrigation is used.

WHILE a southern climate is more favorable to alfalfa, numerous experiments have shown that it will do well in many localities in the Northern States, and when established will produce from three to five crops each season.

THE most neglected part of the majority of farms is the pasture. Once seeded, the usual rule is to leave it to shift for itself. This should not be so. No part of the farm will respond more generously to good care than the pasture. Cut out the brush and weeds, sow grass seed in their places, and give it a good top-dressing of manure in the fall, being careful to spread it well, and the growth of grass next season will be wonderfully increased.

If you have much land you wish to renovate or make productive, the quantity of lime required depends on its caustic nature and on the acidity of the land. Try ten barrels of fresh slacked lime, or twice that quantity of air-slacked lime at first; note the result and repeat as needed. Wood ashes contain not only a mild form of lime (carbonate), but also a caustic potash, and a quantity of phosphoric acid, and heavy applications of them are good treatment for much soil.

THE DAIRY.

Milking Cows by Machinery.—The difficulty with all attempts to milk by machine power is that the attempt is made to imitate the sucking of a calf. The motion of the hand in milking is very different, and it cannot well be reproduced in any machine. Cows allowed to suckle their calves quickly go dry. The whole secret of modern dairy success is in prolonging the natural flow of milk much beyond what it would last if the calf did the milking.

Keep Cows Clean.—Sometimes milk has a "cowy" odor and the cause is little understood. Cows drink large quantities of water and not half of it passes through the kidneys. When in health and the skin clean, by far the largest part finds an outlet through the pores of the skin and takes along with it effete matter and offensive odors which are thrown off through the fine capillaries with the perspiration. Proper purification of the skin is as necessary for the purification of the blood as is the healthy action of the lungs. When milk has a "cowy" odor, it is certain that the skin is not working right, allowing the impurities to be thrown back into the

blood, whence some of them find their way into the milk, making it smell of the cow. This suggests that to have pure milk and sweet butter, the skin must be clean and free from scurf which fills up the pores; frequent grooming is the easiest way. Clean cows do not give "cowy" milk. For the same reason most people afflicted with diabetes are those who neglect personal cleanliness. Incipient cases of this malady can sometimes be remedied by judicious bathing; and so can offensive odors of the person.—G. W., in Country Gentleman.

Dairy Notes.

GOON-butter contains ten to twelve per cent of water, but it should show no trace of buttermilk.

BUTTER should be kept cool during the working, and also during the few hours it may be left for the salt to dissolve.

TO MAKE a fine quality of butter, either dairy or creamery, requires healthy cows, good feed and judicious handling of cows, feed and the milk.

TO KILL the future of creameries have poor cows, poor milk, poor machinery, poor buildings, poor maker, poor butter, poor consumption, poor price.

AS SOON as the salt is dissolved, butter may be worked the second time in order to correct any streakiness which the first mixing of salt may have caused.

THE PIGGERY.

Feed for Growing Pigs.—A very good substitute for milk may be found for young animals of all kinds in fine wheat middlings, with a small proportion of boiled flaxseed mixed with the mess. The last gives the pigs enough oil to keep them sleek, and it is more easily digested than the starchy nutriment in corn which is difficult of digestion. Still we advise using all the skimmed milk that can be got in addition. If there be only enough to color the swill before the fine food is mixed in, the bone and flesh-forming elements in the milk will not be lost. If the hot dish water is mixed with it in the pail just before feeding, the mess will be all the quicker digested. It is the warmth of the dish water rather than its nutritive elements that gives it value.

Ups and Downs with Pigs.

Owing to the rapidity with which pigs can be increased, the price of pork often varies greatly within a year or two. It depends partly also on the abundance or scarcity of grain, especially of corn. When the corn crop is poor, as it is in many places this year, farmers easily get over-stocked, and either kill or sell off their surplus. Yet this is usually the best time to begin breeding. Good shapely sows are always profitable stock to keep. If crossed with a thoroughbred boar their pigs will make as much pork as if they were thoroughbred. If bred this fall the pigs will be dropped in the spring, and may be fattened on next year's grain, by which time the country will probably grow an extra large corn crop to make up the present deficiency. No other country in the world can compete with this in corn and its products. A short crop here is always sure to be followed by greatly increased acreage and crop the following season.

Concentrated Food for Pigs.

THE stomach of a hog is not large enough to adapt it to bulky, unnutritious food. As it does not chew the cud it can not make use of grass or hay in such large amounts as do cattle and sheep. Pigs will eat a little clover, but if left without other food will not grow much if at all. Knowing this, most farmers do it must seem a waste of effort by the New York Experimental Station to make a trial of ensilage and comfrey as food for growing pigs. The result was what might have been expected. The pigs merely roiled over the ensilage enough to secure what bits of corn were scattered through it. Then they, when driven by hunger, chewed as much of the ensilage as they could. Prickly comfrey was eaten in a very similar manner. The pigs fed on bran and corn meal, with a small amount of ensilage, did better; but neither they nor those fed on corn alone produced pork at a profit. The experiment, in short, decided nothing not already well known by farmers. The cost of the ensilage and of the prickly comfrey was estimated at \$1.10 per ton, while rather curiously the manure from this same ton is estimated at \$1.48. According to this the ensilage-fed pigs, though gaining nothing themselves, were really a source of profit as machines for making manure. It is even suggested in the bulletin recording this experiment, that breeding animals, both boars and sows, may be kept on ensilage, as no increase in their weight is expected. But how is the sow to nourish the young she is bearing, or the boar to be kept in proper vigor for breeding, on such food as this? The experiment was made with improved breeds, the Cheshire and Duro-Jersey. A wild, long-nosed Southern pig would have been better adapted to this style of feeding, and with such specimens this unfortunate experiment might have succeeded better.

THE POULTRY-YARD.

Enemies to the Poultry.—Minks, skunks, weasels, and similar depredators are great nuisances to the poultry raiser, and in some places it is necessary to wage continual war against them. They will find some way to get into the most ingeniously contrived hen-house, and feast off the best eggs or the fattest hens. Poultry-houses constructed near water enables the sly enemies to sneak up and do considerable damage to the flock in the day time, but as a rule the greatest damage is done at night. A pair of milk in a poultry-house over night would do more damage than all the chicken diseases put together. Where these nuisances are specially active and numerous it would be well to set traps for them—the common steel-trap being the best—and at the same time to put some protective wire around the poultry-house. This can be done very easily and cheaply. Securely enclose the hen-house, either inside or outside, with a strong, close wire-netting. Even the floor inside should be covered with it so that no mice can enter. If a ventilator is used cover that also with the wire. The little red and large blue are also

prolific and active enemies to the poultry at this season of the year. Sometimes the young chicks are covered with lice, and no outward manifestations of them are to be observed. This should not be allowed to continue long, or disease will inevitably follow. By searching close on the skin of the head and neck even the very small mites may be discovered. The heads and necks of all such chicks should be greased about twice a week, the best mixture for this purpose being one gill of lard oil, one teaspoonful of oil of pennyroyal, and ten drops of carbolic acid. The body of the chicks should not be greased, as the oil is injurious to their health, but their heads and necks should be thoroughly rubbed with the mixture. The large lice cannot be found except down among the larger feathers, and they usually come from the old fowl.

A dirty poultry-yard on a heavy clay soil is a great enemy to the poultry, for it invariably promotes disease. Cholera, gapes, and roup frequently have their source in a filthy yard, where all sorts of vermin soon begin to breed. The yard must be cleaned out occasionally and spaded up. This will give the chickens fresh soil to scratch over, and the smaller the yard the oftener it should be turned up. As soon as spaded it should be disinfected by sprinkling freely over it a mixture made of a pound of copperas, dissolved in two gallons of water. The poultry will appreciate this extra labor bestowed upon their comfort by improving in health and by laying more and larger eggs. Where the poultry-yard is divided up into two sections it is a good idea to turn the chickens into one section while the other is spaded up and planted with fresh seeds. Quite a little growth of vegetables, grains, and grasses can be obtained before turning them into their new quarters. Then treat the other section in the same way, changing the poultry back and forth several times during the season. There is no better way of securing green food for chickens than this and there is a great amount of saving to be obtained from it if the yard is large enough for two sections.—Annex Webster, in Practical Farmer.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Burns.

THERE is nothing more common or more painful than a burn. If it is slight, tie it up immediately in baking powder laid upon a wet cloth. This seems to keep out the inflammation. If it does inflame and get sore bathe with equal parts of raw linseed oil and lime water; a bottle of this mixture kept in the house will be very useful. After the inflammation is out, heal with zinc salve, which any druggist will furnish you.

When nearly healed and still tender, keep covered with surgeon's plaster. This is much more pleasant than corn plaster. I found upon inquiry I could buy a yard, nicely put up in a case, for 50 cents. Whenever there are children this should be kept in the house, as it will save many a scar. Never throw cold water on a burnt person, as this induces inflammation.

One of our little ones ran quickly to get the hatchet to chop a pin in two to use for something; instead she chopped right through the nail of the left forefinger to the bone. I just wound it up in surgeon's plaster, and never took it off till it healed, which it did without the least trouble, as she never took the least cold in it. Not long after I saw just such another finger, but it had been neglected and only a rag tied about it. It had festered and bid fair to lose the top of the finger entirely. Just being prepared for the emergency made the difference in the two.—Farm and Fireside.

Hints to Housekeepers.

AVOID a bare corner in your room. A table with a few selected pieces of bric-a-brac upon it will look well here. In a sitting-room, in what was once a dull corner, stands one of the pretty cabinets, now so often seen, hung with dainty curtains of plush, lined with satin. The shelves are lined with books, bits of bric-a-brac, etc., the whole making a most attractive feature of the room.

AN English genius has invented a tray containing a night-lamp and a small sauce cup for holding infant's food. This mechanical arrangement can be attached to the bedpost, and is invaluable in a home where there is an invalid baby and few or no servants. The night-lamp emits sufficient heat to keep the child's food warm. When not required for service the tray is a convenient place for a book.

THE KITCHEN.

Loaf Cake.

FIVE cups of dough, three of sugar, 1 1/2 of butter; work the ingredients well together; add a wineglass of wine or milk; a half teaspoonful of soda dissolved and strained in as little water as possible, and four eggs; work these in the mixture and add a pound of seeded raisins cut once. Spice to taste. Line basin with buttered paper, pour in the mixture. Bake as soon as very light in a moderate oven. Make the dough with home-made yeast.

Tomatoes.

TOMATOES may be cut in slices, cooked in butter and with the addition of a tablespoonful or two of cream or milk, make a nice addition to luncheon or tea where cold meat is served. Dried beef, chipped ham and chipped corn beef all be heated in a chafing dish. Remains of cooked fish may be heated up with a little butter or cream, and if the yolk of an egg be added, you will have a palatable dish, only requiring a moment's preparation.

Beef Tea (Stiff).

THE only way to have beef tea stiff, like jelly, is to make it with the leg of beef. Made of any other part it is always liquid. Meat from the leg with a little of the bone (which with the meat should be finely chopped), will make it a stiff jelly. Let both remain in cold water, with a pinch of salt, for half an hour previous to setting it on the fire, then barely simmer it for three or four hours, allowing a pound of meat to each quart of water, and let it reduce to nearly half the quantity. When cold it will be stiff as jelly.

ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE

INCIDENTS AND INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

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

Custer's Last Ride.

BY WM. W. LONG.

Oh! nation of the silver stars,
Breathe out your songs in sorrow,
For in the wild and western hills
Was done a deed of horror.
The morning sun rose fair and bright,
Kissing the mountains gray;
It ushered in a day of strife—
A dark and bloody fray.

The bugle called to "boots and horse"
A brave and noble band,
Three hundred of our boys in blue—
None braver in our land.
Into the dark ravine they rode,
With Custer at their head,
But recked not where the red Sioux came
With soft and stealthy tread.

"Charge for your homes and loved ones!
Upon them with your steel!"
Rang out the lips of Custer,
Loud as a trumpet's peal.
Three hundred to three thousand
They charged the dusky foe.
And the clash of steel resounded
As they battled to and fro.

From every rock and cranny
Rained down a fire of hell,
From every bush and thicket
Rang out the Sioux's yell.
Nobly they did their duty,
Our gallant boys and brave—
Three hundred to three thousand
They fought the soldier's grave.

Around their brave commander
They piled their bodies high,
A score of bullets in each breast,
Each face turned toward the sky.
And of all that brave band
But one came back to tell
How at his post of duty
The gallant Custer fell.

Fold round his blood-gashed leg
The banner he loved so well,
The banner that waved the heroes on,
That wild and rocky dell.
Three hundred to three thousand
Place the laurel on each brow,
Three hundred to three thousand
They are sleeping peaceful now.
PALMYRA, Va.

A LADY SPY.

BY COL. ALEX. DUKE BAILEY.



LADY ELEANOR Monteith was born in Ireland about 1835, a beauty and of wealthy parents. She married early and her husband died, leaving her in Canada, in 1858.

In 1861 she made her first visit to Richmond, as a British subject, and met there the Surgeon Director General of the Confederate Army and became engaged to be married to him.

She returned to Canada, intending to go back to Richmond, marry and settle there. Upon leaving the South she had carried many letters to rebel sympathizers in the North, also important dispatches, which she delivered in New York and elsewhere while en route to Montreal.

Her success resulted in her steady employment by the Confederate Government. She passed between Canada and Richmond often, always attended by a grand retinue of servants, and always successful in disposing of large quantities of rebel mail.

The United States detectives soon suspected her, but it was not until 1863 that the risk could be taken of arresting her.

On March 13, 1863, she left Quebec for Richmond, via New York, and United States Detective A. B. Newcomb was on the watch. She stopped at the Everett House in New York for four days. When about to leave for the South, Newcomb arrested her and her servants, seized her trunks and searched them. Of course, there was protest, talk of outrages, threats of British vengeance, etc. But Newcomb insisted upon having the keys to those trunks. In five of them nothing but splendid finery was found. Then Newcomb loosened the straps of a small black box. The lady sprang fiercely at him, and, seizing one of the two bags that were visible inside, shook its contents, a lot of scrap velvet, etc., on the floor. "I trust you are content now, sir," she said, loftily.

"Madame," replied the detective, "please empty the other bag."

The lady almost fainted, and at last said, as she handed out the remaining bag from the band-box: "This is the cause of all my trouble."

Over four hundred letters from Canada and Europe addressed to Jefferson Davis, leaders and Generals of the South, were in that bag. The lady was arrested and confined, much to her surprise.

transmitted intelligence from the South to sympathizing friends in the North and in foreign lands. She was sent back to the hotel with credentials showing her conditional release. A paragraph appeared in the papers stating that her arrest had been an error and that Detective Newcomb would find himself in trouble, etc.,



"I TRUST YOU ARE CONTENT NOW, SIR."

this paragraph being prepared by N. himself, and, under his direction, her rooms at the hotel were arranged so that he could be secreted in hearing distance when her secessionist friends visited her, as they did in great numbers, and talked over the most confidential rebel secrets with her. All their schemes were unfolded to his ears. Mails for the South were left with the lady, and, strange to say, she delivered them to carriers, but the carriers were always arrested just as they were about to cross the lines—for months after. But none suspected who or what was the cause of this. Through this converted lady's agency and Newcomb's management, every rebel Northern mail route except one was broken up, and this one exception N. himself stopped, sometime afterward, in the following way:

He proceeded to St. Albans, Vt., and found that everybody who passed up and down was examined by the United States agents, except nuns, who went to or fro on their apparent missions of mercy.

He insisted that these nuns should be examined—the agents refused to do so. Newcomb went to Montreal, and there "spotted" a pretended "gray nun" whom he saw leave St. Lawrence Hall Hotel. He followed her to a dwelling house (not a convent), and soon afterward saw four persons attired as nuns start from that house to the depot for New York. Newcomb took the same train. The United States agents passed the nuns as O. K. The detective insisted upon their being examined and in spite of the opposition of all, he searched them and found large quantities of rebel mail matter concealed about the person of every one of them.

He arrested this quartette, reported the facts to Washington, and this was the last of the regular rebel mail carrying between Canada and the South. This final action settled things, for the Secretary of War ordered that all persons be searched.

To Lady Monteith Mr. Newcomb was largely indebted for continual hints and valuable suggestions freely given by her, subsequent to her arrest, touching all these interesting points. He availed himself of these hints, and, through

her straightforward, honorable conduct, thenceforth he was able to accomplish what he had for months been studiously aiming to arrive at.

The lady was well acquainted in Wall street. Her father died and left her his fortune. She put her surplus money into stocks and real estate in New York, and finally settled in this country permanently, having been married, fortunately and happily, a few years ago, to an American gentleman, and they now reside in New York State, not far from the great city.—Chicago Ledger.

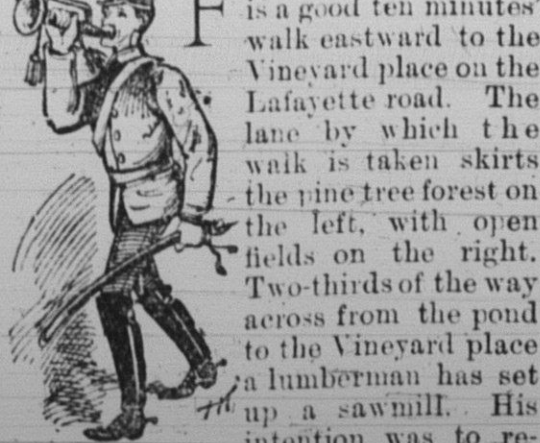


"SHE FOLLOWED HER TO A DWELLING-HOUSE."

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Chickamauga Relics.



FROM Bloody Pond it is a good ten minutes' walk eastward to the Vineyard place on the Lafayette road. The lane by which the walk is taken skirts the pine tree forest on the left, with open fields on the right. Two-thirds of the way across from the pond to the Vineyard place a lumberman has set up a sawmill. His intention was to reduce to lumber the best of the pine trees among which the Battle of Chickamauga was fought. The mill is idle. It is doubtful if it will ever run again. Tackling buzz-saw is a synonym for supreme folly. But the buzz-saws which tackled the Chickamauga pines found more than their match. One

after another the saws went to pieces upon minie balls, grape and bits of shells, until the lumberman found bankruptcy staring him in the face. There is to-day a standing rule at all of the sawmills of this region that no logs from Chickamauga battlefield will be taken. In the store windows of Chattanooga the visitor may see many "Chickamauga relics." They usually take the form of sections of trees with half-buried missiles protruding. A suspicion exists that the manufacture of relics is a profitable industry followed by some of the enterprising residents of the vicinity. It is said that with assorted fragments of iron, a collection of musket-balls, some scarred logs, and a sledge-hammer the most interesting relics can be turned out in a few hours.

During the Confederate reunion a man drove into Chattanooga with his wagon full of logs. One of his specimens had thirteen pieces of shell sticking in it and partially visible. People who live upon the battlefield proper say that those who are not so fortunate as to have free access to the forest in which the fighting was done manufacture their relics right along. They argue that a piece of a tree, with a bullet only half hidden by the bark, is to be viewed with natural suspicion, because it is only reasonable to suppose that in twenty-seven years the wood of any live tree would have grown over the imbedded missile. Then they take you out into the forest and show you that, while every tree bears the marks of having been struck, there are no bullets protruding. To make the object lesson complete, the honest native takes an ax, chops into the tree at one of the scars, and shows the genuine relic—a bullet buried two or three inches beyond the bark. And the moral is: "Beware of Chickamauga relics which show too much." It is in sawing the logs for boards or in splitting them for rails that the reliable evidences of the terrific storm of iron hail are to be found. Jim Brotherton, who was born on the field, who fought here with his Georgia regiment, and who came back here after the war, told the writer that he and his brother, several years ago, got out the rails for fencing a forty-acre field. Out of a section of pine tree long enough for a rail cut they had taken as many as a hundred minie balls.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Fighting Record—Who Can Beat It?

ET the man who can beat the gallant record of Private Haywood come forward and reveal his identity to the world. We quote from the American Tribune: The following battles are recorded upon the back of the discharge papers of Comrade Ezekiel Haywood, Company A, First United States Cavalry, now living in Shoshone, Idaho, as having been participated in by that comrade. He will please accept the assurance of our distinguished consideration:

- Kelly's Ford, Va., March 17, 1863.
- Kelly's Ford, Va., April 17, 1863.
- General Stoneman's raid, April and May, 1863.
- Beverly Ford, June 9, 1863.
- Middleburg, June 19, 1863.
- Upperville, June 21, 1863.
- Gottysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.
- Williamsport, Md., July 6, 1863.
- Boonsboro, Md., July 7, 8, 9, 10, 1863.
- Falling Waters, Md., July 14, 1863.
- Manassas Gap, Va., July 21, 22, 1863.
- Culpeper, Aug. 1, 1863.
- Brandy Station, Aug. 4, 1863.
- Hazel River, Nov. 8, 1863.
- Barnett's Ford, Feb. 6, 1864.
- Stratfordville, March 1, 1864.
- Williamsburg, May 7, 1864.
- Spotsylvania, May 8, 1864.
- Beaver Dam, May 10, 1864.
- Yellow Tavern, May 11, 1864.
- Meadow Bridge, May 12, 1864.
- Mechanicville, May 12, 1864.
- Hanovertown, May 28, 1864.
- Old Tavern, May 29, 1864.
- Old Church, May 30, 1864.
- Cold Harbor, May 31, 1864.
- Trevilian's Station, June 11, 12, 1864.
- Deep Bottom, July 28, 1864.
- Millwood, Aug. 11, 1864.
- Newtown, Aug. 12, 1864.
- Sheppardstown, Aug. 25, 1864.
- Smithfield, Aug. 28, 1864.
- Leuen Valley, Sept. 11, 1864.
- Opequan Creek, Sept. 17, 1864.
- Winchester, Sept. 19, 1864.
- Cross Keys, Sept. 22, 1864.
- Waynesboro, Sept. 28, 1864.
- McCrawford, Oct. 9, 1864.
- Cedar Creek, Oct. 19, 1864.
- General Robert's raid, Dec. 19, 30, 1864.
- Waynesboro, March 2, 1865.
- Gen. Sheridan's raid, March 3 to 19, 1865.
- Drumville, C. H., March 31, 1865.
- Five Forks, April 1, 2, 1865.
- Appomattox, April 3, 1865, and three other engagements, the names of which we cannot decipher.

General Hardee Traveled On.

ONCE Confederate General Hardee came across a soldier and asked him "why he did not travel faster and keep up with his command?"

The soldier wished to know "what the deuce he had to do with it?"

"Only that I am General Hardee," the commander of this department, was the reply.

"Oh, you wrote a book on tactics, did you?"

"I did," said the General.

"Well," said the private, "I have been taught, according to your rules, how to double column at half distance. Now I wish you would tell me how to double distance on half ratios."

General Hardee struck spurs to his horse and traveled on.

Gaelic and Irish Dialect.

In Irish you must necessarily answer a question by a sentence, a logical proposition. Dr. Joyce illustrates this very aptly from Donlevy's Irish Catechism, in which the answers throughout are of this character:

"Is the Father God?"

"He is, certainly."

Another characteristic peculiarity of the present dialect is the use of "in" to denote identity. The idiom has an analogue in such English expressions as "Come in your thousands"; but many of its uses are quite unfamiliar to English ears.

Thus, instead of saying, "Oh! it's you," an Irishman will say, "Oh! it's you that's in it" which is a word-for-word translation of the Irish idiom.

The next idiom that Dr. Joyce examines is the phrase, not unknown in parts of England, "the deer knows"—see Mzs. Ewings six to 16—which turns out to be nothing but a misspelled translation of an Irish euphemism.

The Irish for God known is, ta fias ag Dia, pronounced colloquially, thauss ag Dhee. Now, "God knows" is a solemn expression which many people would not like to use on ordinary occasions, as bordering on profanity.

Therefore, they substitute fee (Irish fiadh, a deer) for Dia or Dhee, God, and in its new form, thauss ag fee, it means the deer knows—a kind of ob-jurgatory blank cartridge that may be fired off without danger.

When speaking English the people always say the deer knows, but those writers of Irish stories who perpetuated the expression in the first instance, not being aware of its origin, wrote it the deer knows, which is now the form always used in books.

Among other expressions which are perfectly correct in Irish are: "You thief of a vagabond"—we suppose that the favorite phrase, "You thief of the world," comes under the same category, i. e., "You great thief"—to be "kilt dead;" "all to," i. e., "except;" and "venomous," for energetic, vehement, and we may surmise, although Dr. Joyce does not allude to them that such characteristic Hibernicisms as "to throw a lep," that is, to jump, and to "have conduct," that is, to behave properly, are to be explained in the same way.

Another special feature of the Anglo-Irish dialect is the use of the tenses. Irish has no perfect or pluperfect, and the familiar Hibernicism "I am after having my dinner," or, "He was after going home," is a mere translation of the Irish periphrasis.

The Irish consuetudinal tense is represented by the quaint coinage, "I do be." "O, Mither Scott!" said an expansive young woman to a clergyman, "I do be so hungry in church! I take a little piece of bread, and I put it in me pawkut, and I eat it in the lit'ny."

Other reproductions of Gaelic idioms are the phrases, "It is dead I should be," "himself" and "herself" for the master and mistress of a household—a survival of a signature of an Irish chief, "Myself, O'Neill"—and the redundant use of pronouns.

A Conjuror's Triumph.

The history of the celebrated conjuror, Robert Houdin, furnishes a remarkable example of power of memory acquired by practice. He and his brother, while yet boys, invented a game which they played in this wise: They would pass a shop window and glance into it without stopping, and then at the next corner they used to compare notes and see which could remember the greatest number of things in the window and in what position they stood.

Having tested the accuracy of their observations, they would go and repeat the experiment elsewhere. By this means they acquired incredible powers of observation and memory; so that, after running by a shop window once and glancing as they passed, they would enumerate every article in it.

When Robert became a professional conjuror this habit enabled him to achieve feats apparently miraculous. It is told of him that, visiting a friend's house where he had never been before, he caught a glimpse of the book-case as he passed the half open library door. In the course of the evening, when some of the company expressed their anxiety to witness some specimens of his power, he said to his host, "Well, sir, I will tell you, without stirring from this place, what books you have in your library."

"Come, come," said he, "that is too good."

"We shall see," replied Houdin. "Let some of the company go into the library and look, and I will call out the names from this room."

They did so, and Houdin began: "Top shelf, left hand, two volumes in red morocco, Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall,' next to these, four volumes in half calf, Boswell's 'Johnson,' 'Rasselas,' in cloth; Hume's 'History of England,' in calf, two volumes, but the second one wanting," and so on, shelf after shelf, to the wonder of the whole company.

More than once a gentleman stole into the drawing-room, certain that he would catch Houdin reading a catalogue, but there sat the conjuror, with his hands in his pockets, looking into the fire.

Important Business.

"Cyrrus, I want you to go down town with me. I want to pick out a new necktie for you."

"Have we time enough before the shops close, Emily?" replied the capitalist, consulting his watch.

"Yes, if we hurry. It's only a little after 1 o'clock."

"All right, my dear. Go and get ready. I've got to step around the corner and buy a railroad. I will be back in ten minutes." □

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON.

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

The lesson for Sunday, Oct. 12, may be found in Luke 22: 7-20.

INTRODUCTORY.

It is the night before Christ's crucifixion, and not yet do the disciples fully realize what is coming. But to our Saviour's eyes the end was doubtless disclosed from the beginning of his redemptive mission. It is interesting, indeed, to behold how he took himself on those days, just prior to his expected decease. There is a suggestive verse near the close of the preceding chapter in Luke, where we read, in the more literal Greek: "In the daytime he kept on teaching in the temple, and at night he would go out and lodge at the mount called Olives." Thus did the greatest of the sons of men prepare for death—busy at helping to the last. Be that your preparation and mine.

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

Then, And, in the Greek. It was just after Judas had agreed with the high priests to deliver Christ up. All lines are converging toward the cross, nigh at hand. The day, Thursday, the 14th of Nisan, just preceding the passover day, which was Friday, but began with the Jew at six o'clock Thursday evening. "Unleavened bread. Without yeast or any foreign substance. The pure, unadulterated flour and water. It had a three-fold suggestiveness: 1. Hasty preparation, reminding of the flight from Egypt. 2. Simplicity, if not poverty of material, intimating the afflictions of the days of bondage. 3. Purity and homogeneity, with reference to their national separateness.—Passover.—The lamb.—Killed. Better, sacrificed.

He sent, Or, dispatched. Dr. Conant says, sent away. It is the word used with reference to a distinct errand, from which comes the familiar term, apostle.—Peter and John. Prepare. An honorable and responsible office. It was to purchase and prepare not only the lamb—but the other necessities of the feast.—The passover. Literally, the lamb, but referring here to the whole feast.—We may eat. As did the nation. Where? There is pathos in the question. Others had homes, but Jesus and his disciples had not where, in that great city, to lay their heads.—Wilt thou? Or, dost thou wish? They will not know unless he direct them.

I say to you. An impressive statement.—Fulfilled. Its typical mission ended.—In the kingdom of God. More naturally understood of the spiritual kingdom set up after his resurrection on earth, but also looking forward to the ultimate and blessed fulfillments of heaven.

Took the cup. Literally, taking a cup.—Gave thanks. It is from the words used here that the name for the ordinance, eucharist, is derived. It is properly a feast of thanksgiving.—Divide. More accurately, distribute.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

The passover must be killed. That was an everlasting must be. From the beginning of things, away back in the counsels of eternity, that stringent necessity had come down. It was the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. That eternal requirement it was that brought Jesus from heaven to earth. Its line is to be traced through all the chapters of history sacred and profane and the very planets sweep on under its mighty urgency. Yea, at heaven's center John the Reveler beheld this great compelling power when he looked and in the midst saw "a Lamb as it had been slain." Not men, nor angels, nor God himself could stay that eternal exaction.

Where wilt thou that we prepare? Man has a part in the great transaction. Not heaven only but earth also makes preparation for the great sacrifice. Earth gets the wood and stone ready, and the cruel sharpness of the knife, heaven provides the Lamb. Over in Acts 13, in the course of that matchless sermon of Paul, preached at Antioch to the Jews, we read, "And when they had fulfilled all that was written of him, they took him down from the tree, and laid him in a sepulcher." There was man's part, all he could do to help on the great atonement. "But God raised him from the dead." There was God's part. That is, we furnished the sin and God furnished the sacrifice and the salvation. Such was earth's partnership with heaven in the great deed of the cross.

A large upper room furnished; there make ready. Just so we find this world. It is a large upper room furnished for the feast of love. Everything necessary to the spiritual repast is here, the table, the vials, the service. For even the food for the table was ready, only needing that Peter should go out and get it. A room furnished—there make ready. Thus God supplies us, both for temporal and spiritual repasts. Everything is here, but the human hand must set it in order. The furnished room must be made ready. This heart of mine is like a furnished room, a place formed and fitted for the entertainment of my Lord. O, wonderful condescension, that he should deign to sup with such as you and me! But there is something for us to do. We must make ready in quiet obedience, and then throw the door wide open. Even now he is waiting, not farther off, perchance, than Bethlehem. Come in, come in, thou blessed of the Father!

He took the cup and gave thanks. Behold our Saviour's conduct of the supper. Let it be the pattern for us. The Lord's table, as we administer it, is at altogether too great contrast. As we remember to have heard Wilbur Crafts say there at Northfield, "The Lord's Supper is not a funeral service." The cross was near at hand, the betrayal was nearer. Such might well awaken grief. But high above all towered the pinnacle of the new Jerusalem and the coming "kingdom of God." Christ was revealing to them a wonderful and reviving truth. He was to be raised from the dead, was to be exalted forever to the right hand of God, was there to prepare a place for his happy people, and in the meantime was to abide with them and feed them with the bread of his life. Let us think of all this, and when we take the cup let us, like our Lord, really, and truly give thanks.

This do in remembrance of me. It was a very simple act, the half-involuntary motion and word of a friend about to go away for a season. Do this and remember me. Indeed, he did not want to be forgotten. Our Saviour longed, like any loving soul, to be kept in remembrance of His disciples. And so He takes the commonest and most frequent act of ordinary existence, that of eating, and He makes that a repetitious reminder of Himself. The similitude of being clothed upon of Christ, so used in the epistles, is strong, but not so strong as this, for we eat, thrice, ordinarily, where we clothe ourselves but once. The picture-lesson of the meat and drink is our Lord's own, and it is such that the veriest child can understand. It is well for us to meet in covenant relations to partake of the bread and wine, but it is not also well, whenever we eat and drink, to remember "the living bread" and the "well of water springing up into everlasting life?"

Next Lesson.—"The Spirit of True Service." Luke 12: 24-37.

CHELSEA STANDARD. —BY— **WM. EMMERT.** **OFFICIAL VILLAGE PAPER.**

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1890.

The Argus, in speaking of Jas. Gorman says: "He is the kind of a man to be proud of, and it is a long, long time since Washtenaw democrats have had the pleasure of voting for a Washtenaw democrat for Congress." Knowing Mr. Beakes, the editor, to be a gentleman, we can only attribute such ridiculous words as "proud" and "pleasure" to his ignorance of Gorman's character. Many of the best and respectable democrats in this section who are well acquainted with him will not vote for him, we are pleased to learn. If Mr. Beakes really means what he says, he ought to have no trouble in "swallowing" the whole democratic "ring" as he calls it, as the moral character of either one of them is pure when compared with Gorman's. Editor Beakes, your reputation is too good to waste on such trash.

CHELSEA UNION SCHOOLS.

Report of the Chelsea Public Schools for the Month Ending September 26th, 1890.

Whole number enrolled..... 334
Aggregate tardiness..... 75
No. of non-resident pupils..... 24
No. pupils neither absent nor tardy 157
For the month ending Sept. 22, 1889.
Whole number enrolled..... 326
Aggregate tardiness..... 110
No. of non-resident pupils..... 22
No. pupils neither absent nor tardy 118
A. A. HALL, Supt.

All pupils whose average standing in scholarship, attendance and deportment is 90 or above, are entitled a place on the Roll of Honor. The * indicates that the pupil has neither been absent nor tardy.

HIGH SCHOOL.

Andros Gulde	Henry Stimson
Roy Hill	Saxe Stinson
May Judson	Louis Stocking
Bertha Kalmbach	Cora Taylor
Nathaniel Laird	Luella Townsend
Guy Lighthall	Roland Waltros
Nellie Lowry	Walter Woods
Helen McCarter	Anna Conlan
Nora Miller	Bert Taylor
Mary Miller	Orn Perry
Louisa Musbach	Allie McIntosh
Edith Noyes	Edna Granny
Julius Smith	Ransom Armstrong
Anna Beissel	Anna Beissel
Gertrude Chandler	Gertrude Chandler
Anna Clark	Anna Clark
Florence Cole	Florence Cole
Carrie Cunningham	Carrie Cunningham
Ralph Freeman	Ralph Freeman

ROSE M. CRANSTON, Teacher.

GRAMMAR DEPARTMENT.

Nina Crowell	Leora Laird
Nellie Congdon	Alice Mullen
Charlie Carner	Satie Speer
Alma Guthrie	Joanna Silkey
Paula Gierbach	Jennie Taylor
Bertie Gerard	Lettie Wackenhut
Flora Kempf	Jennie Woods
Ruth Loomis	Agnes Wade
Edith Foster	

L. E. LOWE, Teacher.

INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT.

Miles Alexander	John Ahnemiller
Myrta Conk	Marie Bacon
Ethel Cole	Bennie Bacon
Edith Boyd	Blanch Cole
May Congdon	Mamie Drislane
Mary Conway	Amy Foster
Earle Foster	Cora Fuller
Cora Foster	Helen Hepfer
Clara Hutzel	Percy Brooks
Myrta Irwin	John O'Brien
Jimmy McLaren	Franc Streeter
Lester Winans	Helena Steinbach
Mary Wunder	Edith Stabler
Florence Ward	M. Schumacher
Lillie Wackenhut	May Trouton
Henry Woods	Walter Wines
Henry Schwikrath	

LOBBIE DEFEW, Teacher.

4TH PRIMARY.

Lizzie Alber	Edith Bacon
Wortie Bacon	Warren Boyd
Maggie Birnie	Ralph Holmes
Arthur Judson	Inez Leach
Ward Morton	Rosa Mullen
Barbara Meyers	Addie Snyder
Phillie Steger	Sarah Ulch
Emma Wines	Eva Wackenhut
Charlie Taylor	

DORA HARRINGTON, Teacher.

3RD PRIMARY.

Anna Zulke	Bessie Winans
Eddie Williams	George Wade
L. Schwikrath	Bertha Schumacher
Clara Snyder	Maggie Pottinger
Cora Noyes	Willie Moore
Maggie Conway	Mable Brooks
Arthur Bacon	Laura Clark

MARA L. WHEELER, Teacher.

2ND PRIMARY.

Archie Alexander	Howard Armstrong
Zoe BeGole	Gussie BeGole
Emory Grant	Louise Heber
Grace Hall	John Lyons
Eva Miller	Geo. Schwikrath
Fred Wackenhut	Mabel Wood

MARY A. VANTYNE, Teacher.

1ST PRIMARY.

Luella Buchanan	Mable Bacon
Celia Bacon	James Corey
Vernie Evans	Frank Eder
George Eder	Herman Foster
Vera Glazier	Rudolf Knapp
Geo. Speer	Bessie Wade
Rosa Zulke	

S. E. VANTYNE, Teacher.

Honey at the Standard Grocery House

The best spices at the Standard Grocery House.

Candles of all kinds at the Standard Grocery House.

Fine perfumery at the Standard Grocery House.

Yeast cakes, all kinds at the Standard Grocery House.

Your eggs are wanted at the Standard Grocery House.

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

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

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

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

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

HOMESSEKER'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 J. V. H. Carpenter, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill. or to Harry Mercer, Mich. Pass. Agt., C. M. & St. P. railway, 30 Griswold street, Detroit, Mich.

Mackerel from the Pacific.

A new industry which is springing up in Southern California is mackerel fishing, and is thus described by The Los Angeles (Cal.) Times. Last year W. H. Maurice, a produce jobber of this city, started some men to catching mackerel off Catalina Island and salting them. About twenty barrels were put up, and these, utilized as samples, made such a favorable impression that it was determined to put up a supply for the trade this year. The season's pack already has commenced at Catalina, and it promises to be very successful. The only trouble with the fishes is an embarrassment of riches.

The schools of fish encountered are so vast that it is impossible to draw a net around one, and as only a portion is included in the sweep they get started on a run like a flock of sheep, and the major portion escape. When a small school is encountered the seining is more successful. This season's pack will be from 500 to 1,000 barrels of fish, and Mr. Maurice expects to supply orders as far east as Denver, and possibly Kansas City. The fish are said to be very fine, ranking with the imported brand "bloaters," and averaging one and three-quarter pounds each, dressed. Very few of that choice brand reach this coast through the dealers, and those which do are sold at a fancy price—about twenty-five cents a pound. The average supply of this coast is rated as No. 3, and commands at wholesale from \$24 to \$25 a barrel.

Meanest Woman in Chelsea.

The meanest woman in Chelsea has been found. She engaged a poor washwoman at fifteen cents an hour, and during the job set the clock back an hour. The trick was discovered, and the mean woman's husband paid the proper amount, declaring that he had been known as a mean man himself, but this beat any of his performances.—Chelsea (Mass.) Record.

The First Cornpopper Laughed At. In the winter of 1887 Mr. Francis P. Knowlton, of Hopkinton, N. H., purchased of Mr. Amos Kelley a sheet of wire netting from his manufactory on the main road, and constructed the first cornpopper ever made. The various parts were cut the required shape and then sewed together with wire. Mr. Knowlton then made some for Judge Harvey and Judge Chase, which they sent to various parts of the United States as curiosities. Thinking that he could see a field of usefulness for the newly conceived article, Mr. Knowlton made several and took them to Concord to a hardware store, hoping to introduce before the public a useful utensil and to receive a reasonable remuneration.

His production was scorned and ridiculed by the proprietors, and they refused to have anything to do with it. Unwilling to be thwarted in what looked to him to be a reasonable and sensible project, he proposed leaving them to be sold on commission, and was told that he could leave one or two if he would pay storage on them. From necessity he took them back to Hopkinton. The first one he made was laid away for a curiosity. It has since been given to the Antiquarian society, and now finds a home in that valuable collection. Soon after Mr. Knowlton's defeat Mr. Amos Kelley began pressing them into the required shape, and by slow degrees they found favor before the public. Today no New England homestead is without one. No patent has ever been applied for so far as is known.—Concord (N. H.) People and Patriot.

Kansas Was Originally Kansas.

In 1722-23 the commander of the territory in which was included what is now Kansas, claimed by France, erected a fort near the mouth of Osage in the hope of preventing any further incursions by the Spaniards into the region beyond the Missouri. It was called Fort Orleans, and was built after the annihilation of a colony of Spaniards from Santa Fe (by the Kansas Indians), who had attempted a settlement in some portion of what is now the state of Missouri, near the mouth of the Osage, probably. Of the 300 that left Santa Fe with hopeful hearts not one was left to tell the story of the massacre.

The territory now called Kansas, or at least that portion of it that borders on Kaw, was occupied by the Kansas Indians, and "Kansas" is a corruption of that primitive name, happily, too, for the original is harsh and lacks the euphony of the modern form. It is alleged that the name was diverted from the original through the mistake of a proof-reader, who, revising the very early work of some missionary, mistook the "u" for an inverted "n," and so "corrected" it, and to that blunder we are indebted for the name of Kansas. The Kansas Indians are called the Kaws, a diminutive of Kansas or Kanzas. I have seen the word spelled in old books Kanza and Kanza, but the z is probably the correct letter.—Kansas City Star.

Bombay Oysters.

The very newest thing about town is the "Bombay oyster."

The "Bombay oyster" isn't an oyster at all, of course, but this is the name that has been bestowed on it. It is a composition sufficiently simple and common to please the lean and lard-ed purse alike. It is nothing more than an egg dropped unbroken into a tumbler, and deluged with vinegar, and sprinkled with pepper and salt.

It is consumed always before breakfast, and by a great many sporting men in the city.

One of its effects is to counteract the evil tendencies of over eating. Some stout men like a "Bombay oyster" in the morning, and eat nothing again until noon. For a bilious stomach it is the finest kind of a remedy.—Boston Globe.

Protector Against Nicotine.

An electrical engineer of Carphin Springs claims the invention of a month-piece for pipes that will prevent any connection of the nicotine deposited in smoking with the tongue. He makes "a hollow ball, with a short tubular or slotted stem attached to it, which is inserted into the usual orifice in the mouth-piece of the pipe, or cigar or cigarette holder, so that the smoke shall pass out through the tube or slotted stem and upper slotted part of the ball, and the tongue shall rub against the ball in the mouth of the orifice, and thus avoid or prevent the saliva of the mouth from going or working back in the mouthpiece."—New York Telegram.

The Height of Our Ancestors.

Although it is needless to tell readers that all speculations upon this matter are without foundation, it is curious to find in a work published in 1718 by a member of the French Academy of Sciences the following statements. According to this author, Adam was 128 feet 9 inches in height, while Eve's stature is asserted to have been 118 feet 9 inches and 9 lines. Noah, we are told, attained a height of only 27 feet; Abraham was barely 20 feet in stature, while Moses is alleged to have measured only 13 feet in height.—J. N. Hallock in Christian at Work.

He Was Innocent.

"I missed several of my chickens last night, Uncle Jasper. Do you know anything about them?"

"Cunnel, I believe de law do not require cullud gommen to answer questions which moult discriminate themselves."—Puck.

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 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, 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 Spence deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Emily Spence praying that administration of said estate 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 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, to be held at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petition should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the hearing of said petition and the hearing thereof, causing a copy of this order to be published in the Chelsea Standard, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county three weeks prior to said day of hearing.

J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.

[A TRUE COPY.]

WM. DOTY, Probate Register.

TABLETS!

WRITING PAPER!

SCRATCH BLOCKS

INKS!

PENS!

PENCILS

ALL AT

LOWEST PRICE

AT THE

STANDARD GROCERY HOUSE

WM. EMMERT.

A POET'S MUSINGS.

SHALL I?
Shall I delight in worldly wealth,
And strive to win and store;
Stake soul and body, time and health
On this—and nothing more?
Or shall I this with fame unite,
Then hazard o'er and o'er;
In dross and tinsel take delight—
In these—and nothing more?
Or shall I pleasure add thereto,
And risk, as said before,
Enjoy the fleeting hours through—
With these—and nothing more?
Or shall I also comfort choose,
Thus gaining more and more,
Believing thus all else to lose.
For these—and nothing more?
When this I've done, what then will buy
The hope that once I bore?
What then will buy the soul that I
Lose with all these and more?

GRIEF.
Grief has many faces, if seen without reason—
If analyzed has many more.
The soul and the heart till they're sore,
But if left to shed its own tears for its sorrow,
As laughing you let it alone,
You'll find by the time you have welcomed the
morrow,
Its sadness has nearly all flown.
You'll find where it seemed to loom up in the
gloom,
Full many bright threads in the web;
You'll find where it sat much of cheerfulness
round,
And track its thence wandering hoof;
And there in its stead, you will find what
seemed causing
The grief, with its call and its woe,
Was much of man's in its fearful awe,
Yet doubting, unready to go.
Then laugh once again till the echoes go ringing
Among the cold tremblings of doubt,
And try once again at some cheerful song sing-
ing.
'Twill threaten your fears with a rout,
But if one resists and persists in remaining,
Then know you're all for your good,
For pure honest grief purifies with its paining,
Ennobles as nothing else could.

EVERY-THING.
The one that loves
Is like the dove,
Alert for danger viewing,
The like one
Is soon undone,
To back rings turned its cooling,
They who don't care,
Beware, beware,
They're worthless what their price is;
They who hate own
Let well alone,
Avoid the dangerous crisis,
Let "the o" abide
And "liking" slide,
With "don't care" at their leisure,
But cling to love,
All things above,
'Tis good what'er its measure,
'Twill never leave
And never grieve,
But cling and joy forever;
'Twill comfort more
Than ever before,
Thus ever, ever, ever,
OZIAS MIDSMITH,
CHICAGO, ILL.

BERENICE ST. CYR.

A Story of Love, Intrigue,
and Crime.

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"In that view of the case, I may venture to make him a proposition."
"Let us hear it."
"If he will promise upon this honor of his, in which you have such confidence, that he will at once reveal the hiding place of the bonds, I'll permit you to go."
"With whom?" asked Cole, eagerly.
"In the carriage, and unattended. The hackman will drive her home."
"I'll do it."
"But what is to become of Cole?" queried the anxious girl.
"If his information turns out to be correct, he will be set free."
"When?"
"As soon as we have an opportunity to cash the bonds and find a place of safety outside Chicago."
"Very well," replied Cole, after exchanging a look with the young lady.
"You promise, on your honor, to locate them?"
"I promise, on my honor, to tell you where I placed them."
"And where they will remain?"
"For aught I have done to remove them."
"Good enough. Remember, though, that any treachery will cause you to forfeit your life!"
"I understand."
"Take the young lady to her carriage, Mart, and tell the coachman to drive her home."
"All right, this way, miss."
Could our young friends have seen the look that passed between the two desperate men who were plotting for a fortune, they would have placed no confidence in their promises.
"Good-by," said Cole, extending his hand.
"Good-by," returned the girl, returning the pressure of his hand with a fervor that bespoke plainer than words her love and devotion.
The situation of our hero was desperate in the extreme yet his heart beat joyfully as he saw the fair girl disappear from the room.
Not only had he secured her escape from perils greater than death itself but he knew now with what feelings she regarded him.
"Now for your part," said Almon, imperatively.
"Wait a moment."
"For what?"
"Until your partner returns."
"And why?"
"He may be detaining her outside."
"Why couldn't he deliver her to a confederate?" sneered Sears.
"I'm not afraid of that. You're playing too desperate a game to have many confidants."
The entrance of Bloom put a stop to the discussion.
"Now, then," said the younger villain, "the bonds."
"I placed them in my right boot-leg," the old man, sprang forward together, and in an instant the article in question was removed from the foot of the helpless prisoner.
A howl of rage went up from the two desperate schemers when they found the boot to be empty.
"Duped!" shouted Bloom.
"He shall die for it!" said Sears, snatching a revolver from the table and raising it threateningly.
"Hold on," warned Bloom.
"What now?"
"Look at these."
The burglar handed his accomplice two fragments of paper that he had picked up from the floor.
"The corners of two of the bonds," cried the latter a moment later.
"Then he's told the truth?"
"Beyond a doubt!"
"And the bonds?"
"Were pulled out and lost while we were drawing and carrying him about."
"That's it. We may find them in the old building on Clark street."
"Perhaps, but it's not likely. But one thing remains."
"What's that?"
"The remainder of the St. Cyr estate. We can secure that."
"And the murder—I mean—"
"I understand. It will be blamed on Winters here, as we planned all the time. The chloroform!"
"We'll make a sure thing of it this time," said Bloom, as he handed the other a bottle.
"Hold on! What's the matter?"
"This from behind them caused the two to start and turn in sudden alarm.
It proceeded from the late occupant of the sofa, who was advancing toward them with rather unsteady steps.
"What are you going to do?" he demanded, thickly.
"Put him out of the way," answered Sears, producing a handkerchief and removing the stopper from the bottle.
"Don't do that!"
The speaker lurched forward and well-nigh knocked the bottle from the young man's hand.
"What do you mean?"
"But there was no reply. At that instant Martin Bloom dealt the reeling man a blow which brought him heavily to the floor.
"Fool!" shouted Sears.
"I have been, but I've dropped the role."
As he spoke, Martin Bloom bent over the prostrate form and snatched off a full false beard.
"Mat Hyland!" cried the young villain.
"The detective!" echoed our hero, in tones of wildest excitement.
CHAPTER XI.
STIRRING EVENTS.
It was, indeed, Mat Hyland, the detective.
He had seen Morris leave the house, and had shadowed him to a drug store in the adjoining street.
As the money-lender was returning after having secured the restoratives, Hyland had come upon him unawares, and at once made him a prisoner.
Then from the nearest patrol-box he had called a wagon and turned Morris over to the officers in charge of it, telling them to lock him up on general principles and he would appear in the morning and lodge a substantial charge against him.
Then he had withdrawn to a place he knew of in the neighborhood, where, by the aid of a case of cosmetics and a false beard which he carried with him, he succeeded in so changing his appearance as to readily pass for the money-lender, with whom he agreed generally as to size and form.
This done, he had swallowed a mouthful of brandy to impregnate his breath, and, with the package of restoratives in his hand, had boldly entered the midst of the enemies of the law.
He had speedily discovered that all his preconceived theories were entirely false, and that the young man he had been so relentlessly pursuing was as guiltless as himself. In an effort to save Cole Winters from what appeared to be impending death, he had been detected by Bloom, under whose powerful hand he had fallen senseless to the floor.
"We're just a little bit clever ourselves," laughed Bloom, as he took a pair of steel handcuffs from the pocket of the detective and snapped them over his wrists.
"I'm not going to steal 'em. I'll leave 'em in your possession, or rather you in theirs."
"We won't quarrel about a technical point," put in Sears, "but what induced you to come here, Hyland, disguised as Max Morris?"
"And disguised with liquor," added the burglar.
"My duty," rejoined Hyland, who had now regained his feet.
"I'm sorry you took that view of it," the younger man proceeded. "I've known you some little time, and always liked you, Mat. Your anxiety for promotion has led you into a position that has placed a duty—a sad and serious one—on Mart Bloom and myself."
"You mean to kill me?"
"No, on no account. We must, however, conceal, or, more exactly, sequester, you for a time. Our safety depends upon it, so you really can't object, old man."
There was a cruel sneer about the speaker's mouth, and a cold, snaky gleam in his eyes.
The detective noted both, and realized that they boded him no good.
He was a shrewd man and an able detective, who had run down many a dark crime and brought the perpetrators to justice.
He had failed now and fallen into the hands of his enemies, not from any professional fault, but because humanity had induced him to come forward to the relief of our imperiled hero.
Cole Winters appreciated this, and evidenced it by a look of gratitude.
"You have been frank with me," said Hyland, after a momentary pause, "and I will be equally so with you."
"That's kind of you," remarked Sears, with a bow.
"I'm acting in my own interest. Any move on your part to harm either Mr. Winters or myself will prove in the nature of a boomerang."
"How so?"
"You know me for a detective?"
"I've heard you call yourself that. I shouldn't have thought so from anything you've done in this case."
"No pleasantry, please. As a detective I have taken every precaution for my protection. I am in your power. You may kill me, but your escape is impossible."
"Why so?"
"Because this house is guarded by officers on every side."
"That for you and your officers," Almon Sears snapped his fingers, while Bloom laughed.
"What do you mean?"
"That there are ways of killing a pig besides choking him with butter. We can quit this house when we please, and your officers be none the wiser."
"Nonsense!" cried Hyland, though our

hero well knew from his manner, that the bold stand of the villains had somewhat disconcerted him.
"Besides," Almon went on, speaking with great deliberation, "what you say is not true."
"Is an officer likely to go, without backing or support of any kind into a gang of armed and desperate murderers?"
"In the first place we are not the bad characters you represent, except Winters, there, who has turned traitor and stolen the plunder; and again, you are a detective seeking promotion."
"Well?"
"You had Cole Winters in your hands this evening, and permitted him to escape. This is, no doubt, already generally known, and nothing saves his recapture by you, entirely unassisted by others, would give you a clear record again. I'm not a detective, but I've had occasion to study them, and I know the nature of the beast."
"Besides," added Bloom, "Dick Harper, the hackman, told me when I went out with the girl that there hadn't been a soul around. Dick's been out with me many a time, and I can count on what he says."
"You're fully on your own heads, then!" cried Hyland.
"In for a penny, in for a pound," responded Sears.
The detective realized that the scoundrels designed to take his life and suddenly resolved upon a bold course.
Raising his manacled hands above his head he sprang forward.
But the wily villain was too quick for him, and leveling his revolver, fired full in the face of the would-be assailant.
As the report reverberated through the house, Mat Hyland fell heavily to the floor.
Rendered desperate by the act, Sears turned the weapon upon our hero.
"Hold on!" warned Bloom.
"What for?"
"There may be policemen outside, and if there aren't, that shot will attract attention."
"What's to be done?" asked the other, lowering his revolver.
"We must escape by the cellar passage."
"Good! But Hyland?"
"Dead as a door nail," replied the burglar after bending for a moment over the detective, who was bleeding profusely from a wound in the forehead.
"And Winters?"
"Let him keep the other one company."
Sears shuddered at this suggestion and recoiled a step.
"We've done enough of that," said he. "I wouldn't have shot Hyland only I had to."
"What then?"
"I have a plan."
"Out with it! They may be here any minute!"
Instead of wasting words to unfold his plan the youthful assassin seized a knife and sprang toward our hero.
Despite the recent protestations of his enemy, Cole Winters gave himself up for lost.
But instead of burying the knife in the prisoner's body, Almon Sears used it to cut the rope which bound his arms and legs.
"There!" he muttered, as he threw the fragments of cord in the open grate where a fire was burning.
At that instant a loud noise was heard in the front of the house.
"Quick!" cried Sears, as he sprang forward and threw open a door, beneath which a flight of stairs was visible.
"But the—"
"He'll be caught red-handed and go to the gallows!"
With the apparent purpose of furnishing evidence to still further incriminate Cole Winters, the scoundrel threw the revolver on the floor, pushed Martin Bloom forward, and quickly followed him, closing the door with a slam.
The brain of our hero was literally in a whirl.
He realized that the words of the villain were but too true, and that in the absence of all corroborative evidence his protestations of innocence would go for nothing.
In desperation he looked about for means of escape.
His eye fell upon the revolver, and, acting upon a sudden prompting of the feeling of self-preservation, he seized and raised it in his hand.
Just then the front door was thrown open and a police officer in uniform appeared.
"Surrender!" he shouted.
"Fire! He's got a gun!" cried a second officer, who stood further back.
A sudden thought struck our hero, and he instantly acted upon it.
He would imitate the action of the two villains.
In a twinkling he had reached and thrown open the door through which they had just disappeared.
Bang! Ping!
The foremost officer had fired, and the bullet had crashed into the wood only a few inches to his right.
A moment more and he was on the landing, with only a frail barrier of wood between him and the officers.
Even then, desperate as was his situation, his coolness did not desert him.
Realizing that he had but a few seconds the start of his pursuers, he turned and felt for a bolt.
To his great joy he found a large one, and succeeded in shooting it into its socket.
He was gone too soon, for almost immediately the officer reached the door and began shaking and trying to force it open.
In the brief respite thus afforded him, Cole Winters reviewed his situation like lightning.
As a result, instead of running down the stairs, where his ignorance of the secret egress would render his death or capture almost a matter of certainty, he adopted an entirely different course.
He had noticed that overhead, directly in front of the door, was what appeared to be a wide shelf, common enough in the approaches to cellars.
Cole placed his hand upon it and leaped upward.
A moment more and he had drawn himself up, and was several feet back from the door.
He had barely accomplished this, when the bolt gave way, the door flew open and two shots were fired into the cellar.
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Strong Resemblance.

A cyclone resembles a Western man, because it is some on the blow. It is like a woman, because when it makes up its mind to go somewhere, nothing on earth can stop it. —The Ram's Horn.

Discovered by a Seismologist.

A remarkable seismological feat was performed a few nights ago by Christopher Medway, of Cave City, Ky. Mr. Medway is a prominent lawyer and a scion of one of Kentucky's oldest families. In 1861, at the breaking out of the war, his father packed up his silver plate, which was very valuable, and hid it in the Mammoth Cave. This was done in the midst of great hurry and confusion, and owing to some oversight the place was left unmarked, and when in 1865 the Medways wished to dig the silver up no one could recollect with any certainty the spot, and though it was sought for, off and on, for years it was never located, and, the numerous excavations resulting in no discovery, it was finally believed that some one had stolen the box and refilled the hole.
Mr. Medway's father died convinced that it was so, and for more than ten years no one gave further thought to the matter. But recently Mrs. Medway revived the subject by relating the story to some friends in her husband's hearing, and that gentleman says, he went to bed wondering if his father's belief in the theft of the box was correct, and that, on falling asleep, he re-enacted the scene of the burial and removal of the silver at which he was present, though only a boy of 14.
When he awoke he found himself lying on the ground close to a large rock, and in black darkness, except for a faint gleam of light in the far distance. At first he experienced some difficulty in realizing where he was, but when he did, concluded, on remembering his dream, that he had managed to slip by the night watchman into the cave, and his memory singularly aroused in his slumbers, had found his way into the spot where he had seen the silver buried twenty-nine years before.
After marking the rock he made his way to the gate through which he saw the morning light stealing, and, as he was in his night-dress, called to the watchman and dispatched him after his clothes. He then hired workmen to dig in the spot where he had found himself on awaking, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing them lift out the case of silver, which, being opened, was found intact.

Mental Relaxation Necessary.

Some brain workers toil on year after year, contenting themselves with the relaxation of a day or two now and then. They have no real vacations, and the brief intervals that they are away from their duties do them little good, not being long enough for them to forget their work and vexations and get out of the groove they have been running in. There comes at last to these men a time when memory weakens, when it is hard for them to fix the mind upon one subject, and their work seems to grow more and more irksome. And in conversation there is a slight tendency to incoherence. It is rather difficult for them at times to express themselves clearly; the suitable words do not come to them as readily as they once did. When conversing they start in well; but after a short time their ideas are somewhat confused, and they are obliged to make considerable effort to keep their attention fixed upon the subject they are discussing. In writing there is a hesitancy, especially on long words and sentences. They are obliged to stop and think, seeming to drop the thread that they have been holding. These are signs of mental failure, which must not be disregarded. In this condition of brain exhaustion not only are the reasoning faculties sluggish, but manual effort is required for the weakened will to keep the attention fixed. Good mental work is then accomplished only at the expense of the brain, which is still further weakened by every intense effort. The time has now come when mental rest is imperative. And it should be as complete as possible. A long vacation should be taken—short rests are not likely to do any good. A sea voyage promises the greatest good to the weakening brain worker. On shipboard he seems to drop almost entirely out of his old life. His vacation should not be less than a month's duration, and it ought to run for several months. Failing to take the needed rest, insanity is very likely to be the penalty. —Boston Herald.

A Circuit of America.

The going down of the Western Union wires last night drove one of the nervous gentlemen who taps an instrument in that office into a reminiscent mood.
"This wire going down to night, boys," he said, "reminds me of an experience that I had in Portland one night three years ago last winter, which is, perhaps, the rarest I ever had in my twenty years at the instrument. It was that of working on probably the largest circuit ever operated at one time in the United States. The weather was stormy, and early in the evening the wires on the Southern Pacific went down just east of Denning, N. M.
"That was already bad, enough, but the situation grew alarming, when at 9 o'clock Omaha reported: 'All communication with the East shut off. Then I knew we were in for it, for not a line of the night Associated Press was in, and we had only the wires on the Northern Pacific to work on. Time was limited and we had to get the report through to every town in the West. This was how it was worked: Chicago connected with St. Paul, and St. Paul with Helena. From the latter place connection was made with Butte, Ogden, Omaha and Cheyenne, and from Ogden to Denning way to the South. From Helena connection was made with Portland, from that point to Seattle, Tacoma and New Westminster to the North, and San Francisco, Sacramento and Los Angeles to the South. One man rushed that report out of Chicago

and we all took it from him. It was repeated at relays automatically. I don't know how far that business traveled in miles, but I know that it was flashed from the extreme North of the United States to the extreme South, and from the far East to the shores of the Pacific, besides chasing off at a cat-a-corners at a dozen different points." —Seattle Telegraph.

How a Cyclone Made a Rich Man of Him.

He was a Western man and he was telling several gentlemen in the smoking car all about the natural advantages of the wild and woolly West.
"Don't you have cyclones out there sometimes?" was asked of him.
"Cyclones," was the reply, "why, of course we do, but you'll never hear me complain about that, for one of 'em made a rich man of me."
"Would you mind telling us about it?" queried one of his surprised hearers.
"Certainly not," was the reply. "Five years ago I bought a little prairie farm out in Kansas. There were no buildings of any kind upon the place when I bought it—at least nothing but a cyclone cellar. In this cellar the former occupant of the place had been content to dwell with his family, and here too my wife and I and our two small children passed our first night upon the farm. Now, gentlemen, comes the strangest part of my story. As I emerged from our cellar the following morning the first things that my wondering eyes beheld were a beautiful house and barn upon my place. I entered the house and found that it was furnished throughout in the most elegant shape and a fine stock of provisions in the pantry. After going through the house I next visited the barn. Here, too, I found everything in first-class shape. Standing gently in their stalls were two fine cows and a horse, and in the mow I found hay enough to last 'em for months. You see gentlemen, there had evidently been a cyclone in the night and this house and barn had come to me from the Lord knows where. As the whole layout was worth perhaps \$10,000, you can plainly see that I have no cause to kick about Western cyclones."
"But," said one of the gentlemen in a hesitating way, as if he hesitated to suggest the idea, "are you not afraid that another cyclone may come along some time and take the house and barn again?"
"Gentlemen," replied the Kansas man as he calmly bit off the end of a fresh cigar, "I shall borrow no trouble in regard to the matter. I am one of those kind of fellows who believe in letting well enough alone. I shall sell the place at the first opportunity." —New York Mercury.

Flowers and Friends.

Sending flowers through the mails is a pretty sentiment, and often a source of delight to the recipient, especially when the flowers are of a new variety, and sent for a long distance by a traveler in token of the places seen and visited. Let us suppose that pansies and lilies of the valley are to be arranged for transportation through the mails. A small pasteboard box must be procured and lined with cotton wadding moistened with water; over this make a bed of the leaves from the lilies and upon these leaves place the flowers. Much taste may be displayed in the arrangement, and upon opening the box the effect will be quite the same as that of a bouquet. Cover the stems of the flowers with damp moss, in such a way that they will be firmly imbedded, and thus kept fresh for a long time. Before putting the lid upon the box sprinkle the flowers and put a covering of leaves over them.

At Christmas time flowers are a very sweet remembrance for the friends to whom we dare not send anything of more pecuniary value, and a would-be lover may express volumes in the selection of a box of these dainty things for the lady to whom he has not yet made an avowal of his affection.

An excellent authority gives the advice to plunge the stems of wilted and drooping flowers into hot water to about one-third their length, taking care that blossoms are untouched. This process drives the sap back into the flowers and causes them to revive in a short time, unless already hopelessly faded. Cut away the withered portion of the stem before putting into cold, salted water, or wet sand, which is better for vases and dishes in which flowers are to be kept, because it will preserve them longer.

An Expressive Will.

One of the meanest men in Harlem has made his will, which some day will be offered for probate. The testament sets forth his peculiar views as follows: "I declare this to be my last will and testament. I claim to be perfectly sound in body, but do not presume to affirm that I am sound in mind. I would not stultify myself by setting up such a pretension. I have about \$65,000 of invested funds. What a vast amount of hypocrisy, sorrow and falsehood I could buy with that amount! I thought first of bequeathing it to charity. But what's the use? The greatest benefactors of humanity are war and the cholera. Besides, I owe a debt of gratitude to my wife, who lives. I don't know where. She rendered me the greatest service in her power—she abandoned me one fine day and I never heard of her since. In remembrance of this kind act I shall make her my sole legatee; however, on the express condition that she will re-marry at once. In this way I shall be sure of knowing that my death was regretted by one living man being at least."

Why does the cook make more noise than the bell? Because one makes a din, but the other makes a dinner.

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

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TWO SOLDIERS.

By Capt. CHARLES KING.

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CHAPTER XVI.



He was permitted to go himself to the railway to meet Mabel.

For a week the story of Gordon Noel's heroism was the talk of Queen City society. He had led the charge upon the Indians after a pursuit of over a hundred miles through the desert. He had fought his way to the cave in which these poor captive women were guarded, and had himself cut the ropes that bound them. He was painfully wounded, but never quit the fight till the last stroke was driven from the belt. For daring and brilliant conduct he was promoted over the heads of all the captains in his regiment. His name was already before the president for a vacancy in the adjutant general's department, and the appointment would be announced at once. He was smiling east just as soon as the surgeon said he was well enough to travel. Mrs. Noel wanted to join him, but he had telegraphed saying no, that he would soon be with her.

So rang the chorus for several days. At the club men shook hands over the news and sent telegrams of praise and congratulation to Noel and drank his health in bumpers, and two or three old "soreheads," who ventured to point out that the official reports were not yet in, were prodded and put down.

Amos Withers had left for Washington on a midnight train immediately after furnishing The Chronicle with the contents of his dispatch, making no allusion to that part of it which said, "Now push for that vacancy. Not an instant must be lost." Nobody could say nay to the man who had subscribed the heaviest sum to the campaign fund in his own state, and therefore both its senators and half its representatives in the house went with him to the president to urge the immediate nomination of Capt. Noel to the majority in the adjutant general's department made vacant by the promotion consequent upon the retirement of one of its oldest members. Already the war department had furnished the executive with the names and records of the four men whom it considered the most deserving, and Gordon Noel's name was not one of the four. But what was that in comparison with the eminent pecuniary and political services of Mr. Withers, when the nephew had just behaved so superbly in action?

Meantime, the Apaches had scattered through the mountains and escaped across the border, the remnant of Lane's troop taking part in the pursuit, and they, with their commander, only slowly returning to the railway. For three or four days Noel had the wires and the correspondents pretty much to himself, but then some of those enterprising news gatherers had been getting particulars from the men, and there were two or three of K troop in the detachment who could not conceal their derision and contempt when the newspaper men spoke of the bravery of their captain. This set the correspondents to ferreting, and then the dispatches began to take a different color. The very day that Mabel received her first letter from her husband, and was reading extracts from it to envious friends who had come in to swell the chorus of jubilee and congratulation, an evening paper intimated that recent dispatches received from the seat of war revealed a different state of affairs than was popularly supposed.

But by this time interest was waning. It is the first impression that is always the strongest, the first story that is longest remembered, and no man who has believed one version will accept the truth without vigorous resistance. In his letter to his wife Noel had spoken modestly of himself and slightly of his wounds. This only made her worship him—her hero, her gallant Gordon—the more insanely. He intimated that he had been compelled to place in arrest one of the most prominent officers of the regiment for misconduct in the face of the enemy; and this and previous matters, he said, would surely make of this officer an unrelenting foe. She need not be surprised, therefore, if this gentleman should strive to do him grievous harm. Mabel blushed becomingly as she read these lines to some of her friends, and that night at the club it was hinted that Lane

had been placed in close arrest for failing to support Noel in his desperate assault. Just at this time, too, Mr. Withers came back from Washington looking mysteriously.

The next published dispatches were from the general himself. He was incensed over the escape of the Apaches. Measures for the capture were complete, and it was broadly hinted that a certain officer would be brought to trial for his failure to carry out positive orders.

"It is believed," said The Chronicle, "that the officer referred to is well known in our community, as he had, oddly enough, been a predecessor in the recruiting service of the actual hero of the campaign."

Two weeks went by. There was no announcement of Noel's name as promoted. Other matters occupied the attention of the club and the coteries, and no one knew just what it all meant when it was announced that Mrs. Noel had suddenly left for the frontier to join her husband. Perhaps his wounds were more severe than at first reported. Then it was noticed that Mr. Withers was in a very nervous and irritable frame of mind, that constant dispatches were passing between him and Capt. Noel in the west, and that suddenly he departed again on some mysterious errand for Washington. And then it was announced that Capt. Noel would not be able to visit the east as had been expected.

All the same it came as a shock which completely devastated the social circles of the Queen City when it was announced in the New York and Chicago papers that a general court martial had been ordered to assemble at Fort Gregg, New Mexico, for the trial of Capt. Gordon Noel, Eleventh cavalry, on charges of misbehavior in the face of the enemy and conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

The Chronicle made no allusion to the matter until after it was heralded over the city by the other journals. Then it announced that it was in possession of information showing conclusively that Capt. Noel was the victim of the envy of certain officers in his regiment, and that the charges had been trumped up from the false and prejudiced statement of the man whom he had been compelled to place in arrest for misconduct in action. "Capt. Noel has demanded a court martial," said The Chronicle, "that he might be triumphantly vindicated, as he undoubtedly would be."

At the club several men surrounded Lieut. Bowen with eager inquiry as to the facts in the case. Bowen, who was now in charge of the rendezvous as Noel's successor, was very reticent when interrogated. He said that while an officer might demand a court of inquiry he could not demand a court martial; they were entirely different things; and it was certainly the latter that had been ordered.

"Was there not some likelihood of malice and envy being at the bottom of the charges?" he was asked. "And was it not unfair to let him be tried by officers prejudiced against him?"

Bowen said he did not belong to the Eleventh, but he knew it well enough to say no to the first part of the question. As to the other, there were only two officers from that regiment on the court, and one was Noel's old friend and colonel—Riggs.

It was in the midst of this talk that Mr. Amos Withers had suddenly appeared and begged a few words in private with Mr. Bowen.

Withers was in a state of nervous excitement, as any one could see. He talked eagerly, even pleadingly, with the silent lieutenant, and at last suddenly arose and, with the look of a defeated and discomfited man, left the club-house, entered his carriage and was driven rapidly away.

That night an officer from the war department arrived in the Queen City and was closeted for a while with Lieut. Bowen, after which the two went to the chief of police, and in company with him visited the cell where Taintor, deserter and forger, was confined, took his statement and that of the chief, and with these documents the officer went on to division headquarters.

Meantime the campaign had come to an end. Capt. Noel had reported, in arrest, to the commanding officer at Fort Gregg, and Mrs. Riggs had tearfully greeted him: "She would so love to have him under her roof, that she might show her sympathy and friendship; but so many officers of high rank were coming on the court that the colonel was compelled to give every bit of room he had to them." Noel thanked her nervously, and said he could be comfortable anywhere, but his wife was coming; she had telegraphed that she could not be separated from him when he was suffering wrong and outrage. Capt. and Mrs. Lowndes moved to instant sympathy, begged that he would make their quarters his home, and placed their best room at his disposal.

Two evenings afterward he was permitted to go himself to the railway to meet poor Mabel, who threw herself into his arms and almost sobbed her heart out at sight of his now haggard and careworn face. Mrs. Lowndes then came forward and strove to comfort her, while Noel rushed off to send some telegrams. Then they drove out to the post, and Mabel's spirits partially revived when she found that it was not a prison she had come to share with her husband. Every one was so gentle and kind to her. She began to believe there was nothing very serious in the matter after all.

It lacked yet five days to the meeting of the court, and in the intervening time there arrived at the post a prominent and distinguished lawyer from the east, sent to conduct the defense by Mr. Withers' orders, and many a long talk did he hold with his client and the officers who were gathered at Gregg.

The charges of misconduct in face of the enemy had been preferred by the department commander, who cited as his witnesses Capt. Lane, Lieut. Mason, Lieut. Royce, the guide and two or three non-commissioned officers. To the charge of "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman" there were specifications setting forth that he had caused to be circulated and published reports to the effect that it was his command that had been severely engaged, and his command that had rescued the captives and defeated the Indians, which statements he well knew to be false. Two or three correspondents and railway employees and the telegraph operator were witnesses. This would be a hard one to prove affirmatively, as the judge advocate found when he examined his witnesses as they arrived, and the great law-

yer assured the accused officer that he could secure him an acquittal on that charge. The real danger lay in the testimony of Capt. Lane and Lieut. Mason, who had not yet come.

And now, hour after hour, for two days, Mabel was reading in her husband's face the utter helplessness that possessed him; nay, more, the truth was being revealed to her in all its damning details. It might be impossible for the prosecution to prove that he had actually caused the false and boastful stories to be given to the press and the public, but how about the telegrams and letters Mr. Withers had so proudly come to show her? How about the telegrams and letters she herself had received? What impression could she derive from them but that he was the hero of the whole affair, and that he was lying painfully wounded when he wrote? The gash through the beautiful white arm turned out to be a mere scratch upon the skin that a pin might have made. It was Greene's command from Fort Graham that had rescued Lane, and Lane with his men who had rescued the captives and then fought so hard, so desperately, against such fearful odds, and sustained their greatest losses while her hero—her Gordon—with nearly fifty men, was held only a mile away by half a dozen ragamuffins in the rocks. She had almost adored him, believing him godlike in courage and magnanimity, but now on every side the real facts were coming to light, and she even wrung them from his reluctant lips. And yet—and yet—he was her husband, and she loved him.

Again and again did she question Mr. Falconer, the eminent counsel, as to the possibilities. This gentleman had fought all through the war of the rebellion, and had won high commendation for bravery. He had taken the case because he believed, on Withers' statement, that Noel was a wronged and injured man, and because, possibly, a fee of phenomenal proportion could be looked for. He met among the old captains of the Eleventh men whom he had known in Virginia in the war days, and learned from them what Noel's real reputation was, and beyond peradventure how he had shirked and played the coward in the last campaign; so that he, who had known Mabel innocent from her babyhood and loved her old father, now shrank from the sorrow of having to tell her the truth. Yet she demanded it, and he had to say that her husband's fate hinged on the evidence that might be given by Capt. Lane and Mr. Mason.

That very night these two officers arrived, together with three members of the court. The following day at 10 o'clock the court was to begin its session, and four of its members were still to come. That night Mr. Falconer and Noel were closeted with several men in succession, seeking evidence for the defense. That night there came a dispatch from Withers saying he had done his best in Washington, but that it seemed improbable that the president would interfere and accept Noel's resignation from the service.

Noel showed this to Mabel and sank upon the sofa with a groan of despair.

"Oh, my darling!" she whispered, kneeling by his side and throwing her arms about his neck, "don't give way! There must be hope yet! They cannot prove such cruel charges! There must be a way of averting this trouble."

"There is one," said he, starting up. "There is one, if you will only do it to save me."

"What would I not do to save you, Gordon?" she asked, though her face was paling now with awful dread of what the demand might be.

"Mabel, my wife, it is to see—him at once. There is nothing that he will not do for you. I know it—for I know what he has done. See him. You know what to say. I cannot prompt you. But get him to tell as little as he possibly can in regard to this case."

"Gordon!" she cried, "you ask me to do this after the great wrong I did him?"

"There is no other way," was the sullen answer. And he turned moodily from her side, leaving her stunned, speechless.

Miles Upon Miles of Whales.

The officers and passengers of the steamship Veendam state that when the vessel was at about latitude 45, longitude 41, on Saturday, Aug. 23, they passed through the largest herd of whales that has been seen in the north Atlantic for many years. Professor J. L. Howe, of Louisville, who was a passenger, said:

"The passengers were all on deck enjoying the unusual sight of a distinctive line of demarcation between the light blue waters of the Gulf stream and the dark green waters of the arctic current, the line being so distinct that when one-half of the vessel was in one current the other half was in the other current."

"Suddenly some one in the bow called out 'There she blows!' and all eyes were turned toward a light spray upon the horizon. Soon more and more puffs were seen, and in half an hour the steamer was amid a surging, pellowing herd of sea monsters. I would not attempt to make an estimate as to their number," said Professor Howe, "but I calculated that the herd covered an area of about a hundred square miles."—New York Herald.

A Long Siege of Euclire.

Some Pittsburg people had a great game of euclire lately. It began in Queensdown, Ireland, and ended in Altoona Tuesday morning, with only intermissions for meals and sleep on the steamer. The contestants were Charles A. O'Brien and James Wilson on one side, and George J. Luckey and William B. Neal. The deciding game of the series, the 185th, was won by Messrs. Luckey and Neal.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Ball of Fire.

A fire ball, blue and white, fell in Brooklyn, Conn., during a recent thunder storm. One account says it seemed to come straight down from the sky, and hit the carriage in which Mr. and Mrs. Sperry and children were driving. All were hurled out of the vehicle. Mr. Sperry was badly burned and his wife and two children were paralyzed. Neither carriage nor horse was much injured.

The Dulness of Men.

Men are queer things. Did you ever notice with what contempt they will say, "Just like a woman?" I was in a box at a theatre the other evening. The box was one of those family affairs that can accommodate several. As my interest only extended to two of the seats, the other chairs were at the disposal of whoever might stray along. Somewhere during the second act two men sauntered in and took possession of seats directly back of me. Satisfied with their dinner, and particularly so with themselves, they were oblivious of the play—or any other occupants of the box. They discussed the dinner they had just left, and the guests. After a wholesale review of the affair they settled down to the discussion of one particular woman—a bright, social star noted for her powers of entertaining.

One of them said: "She is a deucedly pretty woman, you know, and knows how to dress. It was lucky for me I could answer all of those questions. Of course it gave me an opportunity to explain some matters that would have been in poor taste to have done voluntarily, but, by Jove, what a string of questions. Well, it is just like a woman." Now, isn't that just like a man? Without any doubt that man was having a stupid time until that bright little woman gave him an opportunity to talk upon some subject that he knew something about. She probably knew much more about the subject than he did, but instead of establishing a reputation for herself she asked adroit questions that brought to light a latent brilliancy in the man that in his conceit he had never discovered. And instead of appreciating her efforts as entertaining, he recognized only that questions were "just like a woman."—Chicago Herald.

For "Cases That Drugs Will Not Touch."

"The telephone might be put to a humane use," said a New York doctor the other day to a reporter, "if the proper authorities could be induced to spend the money on it. A cable laid to the infectious disease hospitals on North Brother and Swinburne Islands would prove of inestimable comfort to those unhappy people who are detained there from time to time, and also to their friends, who are not allowed to visit them. The fees for using the 'phones' would pay good interest on the outlay, one would think, and the possibility of maintaining communication with one's friends without fear of infection would rob confinement on the islands of a large part of its terrors."

"How comforting it would be for the wife whose husband had been taken from her, and whose mind is filled with vague fears for his safety, drawn from newspaper stories of hospital abuses, to hear his own voice from time to time assuring her of his welfare and hopes of speedy recovery. She would not believe a letter or a telegram or a message, but his own well known voice no one could counterfeit successfully enough to deceive her. And she could whisper him assurances of love and sympathy which she would not, and perhaps could not, write to him. This may sound too sentimental, but there is money in catering to sentiment, and it often cures cases that drugs will not touch."—New York Tribune.

A Tree That Owns Property.

There is a tree at Athens, Ga., which is a property holder. In the early part of the century the land on which it stands was owned by Col. W. H. Jackson, who took great delight in watching its growth and in enjoying its shade. In his old age the tree had reached magnificent proportions and the thought of its being destroyed by those who would come after him was so repugnant that he recorded a deed, of which the following is part: "I, W. H. Jackson, of the county of Clarke, of the one part, and the oak tree (giving location), of the county of Clarke, of the other part: Witnesseth, that the said W. H. Jackson, for and in consideration of the great affection which he bears said tree, and his desire to see it protected, has conveyed and by these presents do convey unto the said oak tree entire possession of itself and of all land within eight feet of it on all sides."—Chicago Herald.

An Honest Lawyer.

Hon. William L. Marcy was one morning talking with a friend when he received a letter, saying in substance: "Inclosed find our check on a New York bank for \$1,000, which we send you as a retainer in a suit, the particulars of which we will write you in a few days."

"What shall I do?" asked Mr. Marcy of his friend.

"Put it in your pocket and wait for business," was the answer.

"No, sir," said the upright lawyer, "it's a bribe."

He thereupon inclosed the check in an envelope together with a note, telling his correspondent that after he had learned the character of the suit he would accept the retainer, if the case proved one which he could undertake. The letter was sent by return mail.—Youth's Companion.

Florence Nightingale's Fortune.

Miss Florence Nightingale has been left £500 a year by her sister, the late Lady Verney, who died last May. The two sisters were daughters of the late Mr. William Edward Nightingale, of Embley Park, Hants. This gentleman's name was originally Shore, he having come of a good old Yorkshire family. He married in 1818 the widow of Edward Nightingale, took that name and

purchased the estate of Embley Park, Hants. He left two daughters, the eldest Frances, who became the second wife of Sir Harry Verney, Bart., and the famous and admirable Florence, who nobly undertook the conduct of the war hospitals at Scutari and in the Crimea from 1854 to 1856.—London Letter.

Easily Overcome.

"Suppose your wife ceased to love you?" suggested the cynic.

"Well," said the young lawyer, "I would take out a writ of attachment."

England to Take a Census.

The bills for taking the census next year have been published. For the most part the arrangements are much the same as they were nine years ago. The census day is fixed for Sunday, the 5th of April. The particulars to be asked for in England and Wales are the name, sex, age, profession or occupation, condition as to marriage, relation to head of family and birthplace of every person who abode in any house on the night of the census day, showing also whether any such person was blind or deaf and dumb or imbecile or lunatic. The only new question to be put is one recommended by the census committee—namely, where the occupier is in occupation of less than five rooms, as to the number of rooms occupied by him.

One particular that was asked for at the last census and is now omitted, in accordance with the committee's recommendation, is the "rank" of each person. In Scotland the matters to be inquired into are the same as those in England, except that the new one does not relate to the number of rooms occupied, but is whether any person speaks Gaelic only, or both Gaelic and English. Neither in England, nor in Scotland, nor in Wales, it will be observed, is any question to be put as to religion. In Ireland, however, the "religious profession" of each person is, as before, to be asked for.

The other information to be obtained in Ireland includes the sex, age, birthplace and occupation. However, there is a provision in the Irish bill that the constabulary are also to take an account of all such further particulars as by the instructions of the lord lieutenant's chief or under secretary they may be directed to inquire into.—London Times.

Tapped a Volcano.

Intelligence has just reached here of a remarkable phenomenon five miles west of Goodland, I. T., and about thirty miles northwest of this city. Some time since a white man named Charlie Gooding employed an Irishman named Mike Duhaney to dig a well on his place. A depth of sixty feet was reached at noon. After noon Duhaney started to go down to resume work. When about twenty feet below the surface he screamed to his assistants above to haul him out quick, as he was burning up. He was pulled up in an unconscious condition, and it was two hours before he revived.

The poor fellow was literally blistered. A coat which had been thrown across the windlass was scorched till it crumbled to pieces. The rope was also burned until it fell apart. People of the neighborhood are much puzzled over this freak of nature, and many are greatly alarmed. Others take a more hopeful view, and believe that it is natural gas. No scientific investigation has been made, but it looks as if the internal fires of the earth are about to find an outlet at that point in a geyser or volcano.—Paris (Tex.) Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Hay Fever Preventive.

Dr. William Thompson, of Fourth avenue, is a hay fever victim, and suffers terribly about this season every year. Before the 16th of August in each year he lays in five or six dollars' worth of medicine. The fever was two or three days last year, but after calling on Frank Calhoun to exchange notes, and hearing him sneeze, Dr. Thompson began also. He has invented a device which he thinks will eventually save him the yearly infliction, but he didn't have it perfected in time for this season. It is a padded steel spring, or clamp, which, fastened on the nose, prevents the entrance of the pollen of the rag weed bloom.

The doctor caught this idea from witnessing prize fighters whose noses were like those of the heathen gods the palmist talks of—they smelled not—being rendered useless in the business prosecuted by the pugs. The doctor thought that if a prize fighter could breathe permanently through his mouth there was no reason why he couldn't during the short time of the reign of hay fever. Hence the invention.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Tale with a Moral.

A special six inch gun has just been made at the naval ordnance foundry at Washington, and the ordnance officers are tickled half to death over the fact that it has been constructed in fifty-two days.

It is a small gun, as guns go nowadays, and it wouldn't be worth much for defense against a first rate power. But if such a power should attack us it would take at least fifty-two days to make another one like it.

And in fifty-two days from the declaration of war a foreign fleet would have bombarded New York and Boston and Baltimore and Charleston, and sailed away again. In these days nations don't wait a year after declaring war before beginning to fight.

The obvious moral is that we must prepare for contingencies while there is time and opportunity.—Norwich Bulletin.