



CHELSEA STANDARD.

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

50 PER YEAR STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES

| FOR DISPLAY ADVERTISEMENTS. | 1 Mo. | 3 Mos. | 6 Mos. | 1 Year. |
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| Per Line | 9.00 | 14.40 | 24.00 | 42.00 |
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| Per Line | 2.40 | 3.60 | 4.80 | 6.00 |

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PALMER & WRIGHT,

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

L. WILLIAMS,

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

G. W. TURNBULL,

Having been admitted to practice as a Provision Attorney in the Interior Department, is now prepared to obtain commissions for all ex-soldiers, widows, entitled thereto. None but legal charges.

THE BEST ICE CREAM

MILK SHAKE

ASPARY'S BAKERY.

NOW IS THE TIME TO TAKE THE STANDARD!

JOAQUIN MILLER A HERMIT.

Withdraws from the Maddening Crowd to Golden Gate Heights.
There was a ripple of surprise manifested in the city when the poet of the heights, refused to furnish the annual report for the local committee. People know the erratic Joaquin, however, and not marvel over his refusal, as they have known for a long time that the poet is no longer the public character, but a man of the world and the platform of days gone by, but has of recent years developed into a veritable recluse.

Miller is not at all charmed with modern civilization. There are many things which grate harshly upon his poetic nature, and he has learned to prefer the bustle of the city rather than to love the bustle of the city and town. Not many years ago he declared that never again would he cross the continent, and that country to the east of Mount Siesta, the rugged peaks he loves so well, and that he would never see him no more.

High up on the foothills, three miles from East Oakland, Miller purchased a tract of land two years ago, where he has built his home. From the doorway of his cottage he views the Golden Gate and the cities of San Francisco and Oakland. They are near to him, he says, from that distance, and he has so far followed his hermit that he scarcely ever comes to the city. During the past year his eyes have been growing more infirm, and he even refuses to see the city who climb the mountain side to their respects to him.

long, winding, narrow path, just enough for a sharp shod horse to lead to the home of the poet. Once upon the summit Joaquin's place is pointed out to the visitor

by a rancher's child. There is scarcely a foot of level land on the poet's tract of fifty acres. Shade and fruit trees, young but sturdy, plants, flowers and a straggling stone wall cling to the mountain side as if fastened there and held in place by invisible strings. The "home" consists of three cottages, fifty feet apart, strange, odd and fanciful buildings, designed after some weird genius of an architect. Miller lives in one, his mother in another and the other members of the household in the third.

When a reporter climbed the dizzy height he found the door of the poet's cottage open. In the center of the room was a cot, luxurious in rugs and furs, and on the cot reclined the poet, busy with pen and paper, pausing in his work only long enough to glance through the open doorway at the city below and the blue expanse of ocean far beyond. This, as the poet claims, is his only inspiration—the view of what man has made and the work of God as the background of the picture.

Joaquin remains in bed until high noon. Awaking at an early hour, he takes a light repast and smokes a cigar, and then he writes and works incessantly until noon. When his day's task is done he gets up like other men, roams about his acres, trains his vines or nurses the young trees growing on the hillside. His trees are a passion with him. Even while composing verses, and while enjoying his morning labor in night cap and dressing gown, he thinks of his trees. He has gathered them from the uttermost parts of the earth, has imported sprig, spray and sprout from every known part of the civilized world.

Mrs. Miller and her daughter, from New York city, when the guests of Joaquin at "The Heights" obey the poet's dictate and live apart, as does the mother of this erratic man. Each has her own dwelling place, which is sacred to the occupant.

"I believe in personal seclusion," says the poet. "A man should not be familiar even with members of his own family. There are times in the life of every one when solitude is an absolute necessity. Men enjoy their own society the best, and, doubtless, women are the same. Every day men and women intrude too much upon each other. When I walk over to mother's cottage I stand without her door, hat in hand, and knock for permission to enter. The same is true when she calls at my door. We meet in common only at table. My house is my castle, and even my mother would not break in on my solitude without first asking permission."—San Francisco Chronicle.

An Objection to Embalming.

On more than one occasion chemists and physicians have shown that the present fashion of having bodies roughly embalmed shortly after death throws serious difficulties in the way of chemical analyses in cases of suspected poisoning. In a recent number of The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal a physician relates a case in which a young married woman died with symptoms resembling those of arsenical poisoning. Before a post mortem examination could be made the undertaker, as a matter of routine, introduced into the body a large quantity of a preserving fluid containing arsenic, so that the chemist's examination was fruitless and his report valueless.

His Curiosity Satisfied.

That the daughters of Eve do not possess a monopoly of curiosity is pretty well sustained by a circumstance which recently occurred in this locality. Some boys were playing with a turtle, one of the snapping species, when one young lad thrust out his tongue to see whether it would bite. The turtle promptly carried out its part of the programme, it being found necessary to forcibly remove its hold from the lad's tongue, which was quite severely bitten.—Cor. Brockton Enterprise.

Exposure of One's Weaknesses.

A special weakness of a man is exposed by his indiscriminately accusing others of the same defect. When a person, in criticising the character or disposition of others, applies with a certain blind persistency one or two common faults to them all, now perchance hitting the mark and now flying far wide of it, we may be sure that these very faults are possessed by the critic in a marked degree, though they are often in a measure concealed by the complications of his own character.

They seem to stand before his mind's eye as glasses of various colors, giving corresponding hues to whatever is viewed through them, as he who looks at the sky through a colored window will see it red, yellow, green or otherwise, as the case may be. One who desires to rid himself of faults will do well to scrutinize himself in this respect, and if he finds a tendency to harp on some particular weakness of human nature he may feel assured that there he can apply the pruning knife.—New York Ledger.

IT WAS A FOUNTAIN PEN.

He Tried to Explain How It Worked, but Failed Ignominiously.

He was a prominent lawyer of Topeka. Briefs with him were as thick as the sunflowers that fringe the low bottoms of the silent Kaw in August.

Always dressed in the most spotless of fashionably cut garments, he was the envy of struggling barristers and the cynosure of the ladies who promenaded the aristocratic avenues of Kansas' fair capital.

It was a terribly melting day in the scorching month of June, when, with a cool array of immaculate linen and suggestively airy, snow white duck, he entered the state library, where the ever faithful custodian of the precious volumes of legal lore was pouring over his desk busily engaged in answering a mass of correspondence ever accumulating, the burden of his daily life of routine.

"Why don't you buy a fountain pen?" he asked, in an enthusiastic tone, as he pulled one of these little instruments out of his vest pocket. "You can't imagine what a vast amount of time one can save. I purchased one this morning, and if I could not procure another I would not take \$1,000 for it."

"Why, don't you know that a man's arm travels, in dipping his pen in the ink alone, more than half a dozen miles in an ordinary day of hard writing? Just think what a waste of muscular energy! Let me show you how easily the thing works."

As he spoke he attempted to unscrew the little cap, upon which a jet of the deceitful fluid, as fine as the spray from a lady's rubber bulb perfume bottle, spurted out and struck him fairly between the eyes and slowly trickled down his face.

"I guess that I have unscrewed the wrong end. Wait until I try the other." Then, without replacing the cap he had withdrawn, he slowly took off the other, which, permitting more air in, out the treacherous ink flew in a stream as thick as a lead pencil, completely covering his face, vest and permeating his hair, falling down on his trousers, until his whole suit resembled the map of a swamp.

With evident disgust depicted on every lineament, he slowly ejaculated: "Perhaps if I had been educated in a polytechnic school I would understand the mechanism of the darned thing better. Have you a lavatory here that I may try and repair damages?" Whereupon he went out, a discomfited man!—Kansas City Star.

Electricity in Street Cars.

Two young electricians were disputing as they rode on an Albany motor car the other day as to whether they were in an electric field or not. One strenuously insisted that no electric current passed through the car, and urged that all the fluid went underneath the floor. "I will prove it otherwise," replied the other, as he drew a bunch of keys from his pocket. Tossing his keys on the floor he nodded to his friend to pick them up. He did so, but found a perceptible resistance. Another part of the floor was tried, and it was clearly shown that a strong electric current was passing through the floor. "Well," he remarked as he handed the keys back to his friend and removed his watch to his upper pocket and buttoned his coat, "I believe it now."—Albany Argus.

Ate Its Elval.

An odd result of rivalry between two tiger snakes is recorded by D. Le Souef, assistant director of the Melbourne Zoological gardens. One of the snakes was large, the other small. "Not long ago both happened to fasten on the same mouse, one at each end. Neither would give way, and the larger snake not only swallowed the mouse, but also the smaller snake. In about ten minutes nothing was seen of the smaller snake but about two inches of its tail, and that disappeared next day."

Nerve of a Pittsfield Man.

A man and his wife walked into Pierson's hardware store the other day and asked to look at some nippers or pliers. A pair was shown him, whereupon he calmly affixed them to one of his teeth, pulled the molar from his jaw, laid it with the nippers on the counter and asked the bill.—Pittsfield Cor. Springfield Republican.

Bearing Up Under Her Loss.

"I'm sorry I shall be away so long, Miss Janet. You don't know how I hate to say good-by to you, but I suppose the best of friends must part, you know." "Oh, yes, and what's the use of people who are nothing to each other growing sad over separation? That's the way I look at it."—Chatter.

A miser at Dublin, Ind., having no faith in banks placed some \$1,500 in gold in tomato cans, and then buried the cans under the brick floor in his cellar. One day recently going to the hiding place he found that thieves had been there before and carried off his hoard.

H. S. HOLMES & CO.

GRAND OPENING

OF

NEW FALL CLOTHING!

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

CHELSEA ROLLER MILLS

* MARKET REPORT. *

Corrected Weekly by Cooper & Wood

| | |
|--|--------|
| Roller Patent, per hundred,..... | \$3.00 |
| Housekeeper's Delight, per hundred,..... | 2.75 |
| Superior, per hundred,..... | 1.50 |
| Corn Meal, bolted, per hundred,..... | 1.50 |
| Corn Meal, coarse, per hundred,..... | 1.10 |
| Feed, corn and oats, per ton..... | 22.00 |
| Bran, per, ton..... | 16.00 |

No short weights.

To The Merchants!

★ ★ ★

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

THE CHELSEA STANDARD.

WM. EMMERT, Publisher.
CHELSEA, MICHIGAN

It is the necessity of keeping up a good appearance on a small salary that sometimes leads to the cashier's disappearance.

In Buenos Ayres the police alone have the right of whistling on the streets. Any other person whistling is at once arrested.

A LARGE emigration of negroes from Mississippi to Oklahoma is anticipated. Agents sent by them to "spy out the lands" have returned with a favorable report.

The military authorities at St. Petersburg have decreed that in future foreigners shall not be allowed to serve in the army unless they are willing to become Russian citizens.

Mrs. ANNIE HALL, who is suing for a divorce in a Brooklyn court, bases her petition upon the alleged wreck of her nervous system by her husband's habit of grinding his teeth during his sleep.

HENRY VILLARD recently gave out a mysterious hint that railway operators ought to buy sparingly of locomotives on the ground that the whole system of traction is menaced by a motive power even greater than steam.

SOME of the advertisements in the elevated cars in New York are funnier than was intended. One reads, "Koch-roaches Killed Continually" (this is intended to be facetious); then it gravely adds, "Water-bugs, rats, and mice for sale everywhere."

It is not generally known that excessive palpitation of the heart can be promptly stopped by bending double, with the head downward and the arms pendant, so that temporary congestion of the upper part of the body is produced. If the breath be held at the same time the effect of this action is hastened.

THREE doctors at work enforcing sanitary regulations in the cholera-infected sections of Spain have been killed by the peasants. One was killed at Valencia by a stiletto stab in the back; another, at Mogente, had his head split into with an ax wielded by a woman, and a third was set upon and killed by a mob near Leeds.

An Albion, N. Y., dispatch says: "Twenty years ago Owen McCarthy, a leading merchant of this place, suddenly disappeared. He was in debt to different parties over \$15,000. Nothing was ever heard of him until a few days ago, when he reappeared in town. He hunted up his creditors and paid each one in full with interest for twenty years. He had struck natural gas."

A SQUAD of Tenth Maine Volunteers, while out scouting at South Mountain, came across an old woman hiding in a log cabin. After the usual salutations one of the squad named Spaulding asked her: "Well, old lady, are you a Seceesh?" "No," was the answer. "Are you Union?" "No." "What are you then?" "A Baptist and always have been!" The scouting party was satisfied.

SECRETARY JOHNSON, of the Indiana State Board of Charities, reports that there is in one of the institutions of that State a girl who has a face and some of the characteristics of a pig. She realizes her affliction and avoids strangers in consequence. This is where she differs from many males, who resemble her in the possession of porky characteristics, which they always intrude on strangers.

THE Masonic fraternity of New York State are to have an asylum for the orphans of their members. It is to be located at Utica. The plans show an edifice exceedingly well adapted for the purpose in view, and as the site has been paid for and sufficient money is in hand to pay for the cost of erection, the Masonic body in the State will soon be in possession of an institution of which they may well be proud.

Isn't it about time to take some well-considered measures for diminishing the number and fatality of railroad accidents? A commission of railroad experts, with all the evidence as to the causes of the recent alarming series of disasters on the rail, could surely devise some new and effective safeguards for the future. The railroad companies themselves ought to be ready to take the lead in a movement of this kind, for their annual bill of damages is growing to be a heavy tax on their dividends.

I WILL never let a barber touch my face with a sponge, and every time a man submits to the humiliation he runs a bad risk, writes a doctor. There is nothing more admirably adapted for

retaining and conveying infection than the sponge, and I attribute a large percentage of skin diseases to its promiscuous use. It is all very well for a barber to say he is careful. He may keep his sponges perfectly clean, but unless he boils them a score of times a day he can not guarantee them or be sure they may be used with impunity.

A STRANGE and mortifying experience lives in the recollection of a typo in Athen, Ga. The other evening, after a long day's work, extending into night, he was on his way home, slightly hilarious from the exhilarating effects of considerable beer. In the darkness he saw a dog pursuing him, and deeming the animal mad or vicious, he climbed a tree and there remained all night, the dog resting quietly under the tree. When daylight dawned the typo saw that he had been terrified by his own dog, and slowly descended a sober and thoughtful man.

ON the roof of a little old-fashioned two-story house on the east side of Park row and near the corner of North Williams street stands a small tree which catches the eye of all who pass down that way on the elevated road, says the New York Sun. It has reached the stature of six or eight feet, and has rose up from a pile of broken brick and accumulated dirt that has created there an oasis of grasses and weeds, crowned by the graceful branches of this stray ailantus tree, of the species which old New Yorkers designated when first introduced as the tree of paradise. No stately oak nor towering elm in any of our parks attracts so much notice as this vagrant of the housetops.

THE amateur photographer in pursuit of an instantaneous photograph is daunted by no human difficulties. Rather than lose a good chance for a snap shot he is willing to go through perils which would appall the stoutest heart. One of these persistent and indefatigable gentlemen has just succeeded in getting a good negative of the explosion of 250 pounds of dynamite. Everybody else, of course, got safely out of the way, but the amateur with his kodak stood manfully at his post, within plain view of the scene, and though badly shaken up, and in peril from the falling debris, captured a very good picture. The works of art secured by the amateur photographer are not of the very highest order, but the greatest artists have never shown a nobler zeal and courage in conquering the difficulties of their profession.

A NOVELTY in printing has been introduced into Germany, by which it is said that two colors can be done at one impression. In addition to the usual appliance for printing in black that part of the form which is intended to be printed in another color is set up from type, rules, ornaments or cuts made of porous material, such as pumice, Spanish red, or, best of all, walnut root. The type or cut thus made is inclosed in a holder, in which is a thin, oily ink, which it absorbs by capillary attraction, thus always presenting an inked surface ready for the impression. The upper rim of the holder has a rim of metal border slightly raised above the wood type, so that the pink roller passes over the latter without any union of inks. One revolution of the cylinder thus effects an impression in two colors.

A BUSINESS man of the city, says the Columbus (O.) State Journal, giving employment to both men and women, upon being asked why he did not employ more women than he did, said: "I have employed women very often, and I wish I could feel more encouraged. But the truth is that when a young man comes to me and begins his work, he feels that it is his life's business. A wife, home and happiness are to be earned, and he settles steadily and earnestly to his labor, determined to master it, and with every incident spurring him on. He cannot marry until he knows his trade. It is exactly the other way with the girl. She may be as poor as the boy and wholly dependent upon herself for a living, but she feels that she will probably be married by and by, and then she must give up the work. So she goes on listlessly. She has no ambition to excel; she does not feel that her happiness depends on it. She will marry and then her husband's wages will support her. She may not say so, but she thinks so, and it spoils her work."

To Catch the Wolf.
Friend of the Family—What in the world are you setting that trap on the front steps for?
Young Hopeful—To catch the wolf. Pa said that if ma ordered any more of those California peaches we should have the wolf at the door, and she's gone and done it, for I heard her.—Burlington Free Press.
Every mother owns the best boy—the worst one belongs next door every time.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

HOUSEHOLD AND AGRICULTURAL TOPICS DISCUSSED.

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

THE FARM.

Preparation for Corn Crops.

It is not altogether the culture that corn and potato crops get while growing which determines their profitability. Quite as much depends upon having the soil thoroughly and deeply pulverized before the crop is planted. Sometimes it is thought that a mellow seed bed is sufficient. If the soil is full of vegetable matter that may decompose them surface preparation will be enough. If there are lumps and clods at the bottom of the furrow they need to be brought up pulverized and mixed with the surface soil. The effect of poor preparation is worse in drought; but whatever the season it always pays to fit the soil thoroughly and deeply for any hoed crop. It is as necessary for corn as for potatoes. The fact that corn roots ordinarily run near the surface does not do away with the need for a reservoir of moisture deeper down, to be drawn upward where the roots can reach it by capillary attraction.

How to Grow Beans.

Most people consider that as easy as to "know beans;" but the Germantown Telegraph gives these directions: Choose a good piece of land, in the summer, manure thirty loads to the acre, plowed in August; sow, to rye on September 1, crop it by feeding as soon as it is high enough before frost, and at spells through the winter. Keep feeding up to the middle or last of May, then plow it under out of sight. Plant beans in drills (Brush variety) June 1; cultivate the weeds out of when there is no dew or rain on the leaves; very soon the crop will cover the ground and stop the weeds. If any get too large hand pull them. When the crop is ripe, pull and lay in rows till well dried. Next build a platform of rails large enough to hold the crop in a pile five feet high, platform high enough to keep the beans off the ground. Cap the stack well to keep out wet. Thresh the beans on a dry, clear day. Winnow and sift them, hand pick if necessary, sack them nicely, and you will get the top price. Use the same ground again and again, sow rye every fall, pasture it till May, and proceed as above. Here are two crops a year—pasture and beans. Both pay well.—Farm, Field, and Stockman.

Hogs and Hog Feed.

The country is just now suffering from an unusual season of drought, which appears to be universal, both East and West, as well as in the South, in some localities. The consequence will be a shortage of feed for stock of all kinds. The cry of overproduction has ceased and a shortage will be the cry now by elevator men and grain speculators. While such is the facts to a great extent there will be a scarcity of feed. I advise farmers to be careful about disposing of their breeding stock, especially in the way of brood sows. It does not require a great deal of hard grain to winter sows that are intended and bred for spring farrowing. A piece of early sown rye makes most excellent winter pasture for old sows, if they are of the right sort, bred up to perfection; if not they had probably better be marketed and replaced with some of the improved early maturing breed, even at a sacrifice in numbers, for I always contend that there is greater profit in a few good hogs, well kept, than in a large herd of inferior ones, poorly kept.

Turnips can yet be given if there is moisture enough in the soil to sprout them. While they will not mature, they will help materially to mix in with other feed, if steamed and mixed with other grain feed. There is nothing better for sows if fed warm in winter. Late sown millet can be sown lightly and fed to stock hogs, once a day. I find they relish it for a change, and cut fine in the cutter box and steamed with the other rations, it is preferable to the whole grain rations, the usual hog ration when corn is cheap. Good care and proper housing, with an eye to comfort, will not only save feed, but improve your stock as well as increase the number of pigs from each sow. At present the stock yards are overcrowded with all sorts and sizes of pigs. Some, of course, are selling from necessity, while others look upon the hog as being cheaper than grain and as not paying for their feed. Should our next grain crop be more abundant, it will probably be just the opposite, with cheap grain and a paying hog crop.—A. B. Johnson, in Practical Farmer.

THE STOCK RANCH.

Stock and Dairy Notes.

To keep a dairy warm enough in the winter is far easier and cheaper than to keep one cool in the summer. Fuel is cheaper than ice.
The hog cholera crop will soon be mature. As we sow we reap this crop. The seed consists of poor food, bad water, a low condition and then profuse corn feeding, which the weak stomach cannot digest, and hence intestinal fever (typhoid) will be the result.
A SMALL flock of sheep may be kept on every farm with profit, if only for the domestic supply of mutton during the summer. A carcass of mutton is easily disposed of among three or four neighbors who can take turns in slaughtering. Meat clubs have been formed in many localities with good results.

FEEDING flavors all animal products, more especially the fatty parts of them. This is due to the fact that the fats and oils of food are not digested, but are absorbed in their natural condition without decomposition or change. Hence the great importance of using foods devoid of ill flavors or of impurities of any kind.
THE udder of a cow is the concentrated outlet of the drainage system of the animal. Diseases, impure products due to ill health, impurities of food, water

and air; even medicines used with ill-judgment, all escape through the milk. The cow is saved from many dangers in this way, but the milk becomes a means of distribution of them. We are only beginning to learn the nature of milk in this respect.

For profitable fattening, young pigs should be put in a clover field for two months before the final finish. Then bran and cornmeal in equal quantities, with skimmed milk or water added twelve hours before feeding, so as to be slightly acid, will make sound, sweet, meaty pork. A clover fed pig never has the cholera, or the common paralysis which makes the hind limbs useless.

BLOATING is a dangerous form of indigestion in cattle. The enlargement of the stomach by the pressure of gas in it interferes with the action of the lungs and prevents suffocation. An English remedy is to dash cold water over the animal's back. This reduces the temperature of the stomach and condenses the gas and favors its escape by eructation or through the bowels.

THE only really safe preservative against premature souring of milk is perfect cleanliness. These two words have a very broad meaning, and they relate to the health of the cow, her feed, lodging, condition of skin, the water she drinks, the habits of the milker, the condition of the stable, the milk pails, strainers, pans and the atmosphere and condition of the dairy house. Any fault in any one of these is a breach of perfect cleanliness. Truly, cleanliness is next to godliness, and few there be that practice it as they should.

THE DAIRY.

Heifer Calves.

As our State (Wisconsin) is fast becoming a dairy State, the training of heifer calves with a view to make them grow into good milkers is an important matter. Several very good articles on the subject have from time to time appeared in your paper, so I will only note a few things not treated very distinctly in those articles. First, have a calf paddock as near the house as possible, allowing an acre to each three or four calves.
As soon as the calf has learned to take skim milk, put it into the paddock. My own practice is, let the calf suck four or five days, then gradually tone it down to skim milk. When two weeks old it will generally be ready to go into the paddock. Offer your calves water every day about noon, as plenty of water is as important for a calf as it is for a boy or man.

The main point is so to feed that the calf is kept in good thriving order without getting fat. To this end I am careful not to produce "scours" by giving the calf too much skim milk at a feed, as an attack of scours puts them back at least a week. The skim milk is slightly warmed. When a month old I put a fistful each of bran and middlings into its milk. As soon as the warm weather curdles the milk, give cold curdled milk. Continue the skim milk as long as you have it, say eight months, and the bran and middlings increase in quantity until grass the following spring. But the most important article of food for them is potatoes. Commence with potatoes when two months old, and continue it until the calf is a year old. I cut them into suitable pieces and give about a half a pailful once a day. See that they drink heartily of water at all times, especially in the winter. If they won't drink cold water, warm it. See them drink with your own eyes. Never trust to your son or to your hired man about watering calves. They do not see the point.—Correspondent Farm, Field and Stockman.

Dairy Notes.

Cows are usually at their best at six to nine years.
SAL SODA is better than soap for washing dairy vessels.
Did you ever notice that the potted cow is almost always a good one. Treat all cows kindly.

THE dairy is no place for the common "dogg" experience has proved that over and over again.
If one man can keep five cows on five acres, to give back 300 pounds of butter each, why can't other men get ten cows on ten acres to do the same? If they can do it on ten why not on fifty?

CRUCIAL for salting is an ounce to the pound, as that suits most of our customers. Our own taste is an ounce and a half. But we make butter to sell as well as to eat, so salt as the majority like, and go with the majority.

By keeping the land rich and growing the best kind of crops, and keeping the best kind of cows for our creameries, the business of farming can at least be made to furnish comforts of life not obtained in wheat raising.

If you have enilage and two pastures, save one of them till near the close of the grass season. With an interchange between that and enilage, as winter comes on there should be no let down on the milk supply when winter sets in.

If you have ten or twenty cows in your dairy, treat each one and care for each one of them as though she was the only one you had, and see if the dairy don't pay better than it has. But you say, "I can't do it, it takes too much time." Then get rid of enough of them so you can. You will make more money, at less outlay of capital. Farm less acres and milk less cows and do it better, is what many a man ought to do.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Rules to Keep a Child Healthy.

Twice, or even three times a day, in very hot weather, the whole surface of the body should be sponged with water at a temperature of 80 degrees F., and after dried with gentle rubbing. The bracing effect of these baths is greatly increased by the addition of rock salt or concentrated sea-water. Care should be taken to wet the child's head first, and to see that it is not in a current of air. The following rules being a portion of those recommended by the Obstetrical Society of Philadelphia, and published by the Board of Health of that city, are concise and worthy of quotation:
Rule 1. Bathe the child once a day in

lukewarm water. If it be feasible, bathe it all over twice a day with lukewarm water and vinegar.

Rule 2. Avoid all tight bandages and the rest of the clothing light, cool, and so loose that the child may have free play for its limbs. At night use a sponge it, and put on slip. In morning remove the slip, bathe the child and dress it in clean clothes. If this is not afforded, thoroughly air the clothing by hanging it up during the night. Use clean diapers, and change them often. Never dry a soiled diaper in the room in which the child is, and use one for the second time without washing it.

Rule 3. The child should sleep by itself in a cot or cradle. It should be put to bed at regular hours, and be taken to go to sleep without be nursed to arms. Without the advice of a physician never give it any spirits, cordials, or minative soothing syrups, or sleep drops. Thousands of children die every year from the use of these poisons, the child frets and does not sleep, either haggard or else ill, it needs a physician. Never quiet it by candy or cake; they are common causes of diarrhoea.

Rule 4. Give the child plenty of air. In the cool of the morning, early evening have it out of doors a little; take it to the shady side of the streets, to the public squares, to the park, or make frequent excursions to the river. Whenever it seems to suffer from the heat, let it drink freely of water which has been boiled and cooled by Keep it out of the room in which cooking or cooking is going on. It is a very heat that destroys the lives of infants.

Rule 5. Keep your house sweet, clean, cool and well aired. In very weather let the windows be open day and night. Do your cooking in the kitchen, in the garret, or in an airy room. White-wash the walls in the spring, and see that the cellar is clean and rubbish. Let no slops collect in the air. Correct all foul smells, pouring chloride of lime into the sinks and privies. Make every one of yourself, and urge your neighbors to keep the gutters of your street or of court clean.

Should an infant be attacked by summer diarrhoea the prompt attention of a physician is imperative, and these articles are intended to point out the methods of preventing the ill effects of "second summer" rather than of curing them. I shall avoid entirely the theoretical aspect of the subject.—Lyon Home Journal.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Use all the scented soap you like in the bath, but spare your face.
To MAKE waterproof writing which will not blur if the writing is exposed to rain: Dissolve two ounces of lac in one pint alcohol (95 per cent) filter through chalk, and mix with lampblack.

An original use of glass has been devised. Various colored pieces in four sizes are pierced by three or four holes on the edge, and caught together by wire until they form a mesh or trellis large enough for a panel in a transom window.

GREASE may be removed from marble by applying a mixture of parts washing soda, one part green pumice-stone and one part chalk, all finely powdered and made into a paste with water; rub well over the marble and finally wash off with soap and water.

A HINT for a pin cushion that is sashed as well may be new to some, is made square, with each corner of the inner covering cut off about three inches from the point. The outer covering left square, the corners tightly tied, each made into a tiny sachet. The paper selected for the filling must be preferred by the owner.

THE KITCHEN.

Potato Balls.

To two cups cold mashed potatoes add an egg, a teaspoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Form with floured hands into small round balls, fry in deep fat.

Coffee Cake.

Two cups sugar, one cup butter, one cup strong coffee, one egg, two teaspoons each soda, cloves and cinnamon, one spoon nutmeg, one cup raisins, flour.

Potatoes Hashed with Cream.

Chop cold boiled potatoes fine, and steam them into a cup of hot milk in which has been melted two tablespoonfuls of butter. Pepper and salt to taste. If you have cream, use this and half as much butter.

Dropped Fish Cakes.

One cup of salt cod picked very fine, half-cup milk, one tablespoonful butter, two teaspoonfuls flour, one egg, pepper to taste. Make a white sauce of flour, butter and milk, stir the fish in this, add the egg beaten light, season and drop by the spoonful into boiling lard, as is done with fritters.

Chicken Mince.

From the bones of a cold roast, boil or fricassee chicken cut all the meat, mince it fine with a sharp knife, chop with it two hard-boiled eggs. Season this into a cup of gravy, or if you have none, use instead a cup of white sauce. Season to taste, fill a pudding dish, seal up shells with the mixture, and serve very hot.

Lyonnais Potatoes.

Slice cold boiled potatoes into rounds, cut a medium-sized onion into thin slices, and put it with a good tablespoonful of butter or bacon dripping into the frying-pan; when the onion is colored, add the potatoes, about two cups full, and stir them about until they are a light brown. Strew with chopped parsley, and serve.

Hasty Muffins.

Two cups flour, two eggs, one tablespoonful mixed butter and lard, two teaspoonfuls white sugar, one teaspoonful baking powder, salt-spoonful salt, one cup milk. Into the eggs, beaten very light, stir the melted shortening, sugar, the milk and the flour, well mixed with the salt and the baking powder. Stir well, and bake in thoroughly greased

BLUE AND THE GRAY

THE MEN WHO MET UPON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Stories of the Rebellion—Old Men and Sailors Recite Interesting Incidents of Life in Camp and on the Field.

C. S. A.

[April, '61—April, '65.]

First I put this uniform on, as an atom clad in gray, of the lava tide, from Southern-Prude, from city, town, and mountain side, nursed to die as their fathers died, or wrong? Let history say, marched, marched away.

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at close range, and at the same time they exclaimed, 'Surrender!'

"With an average of three pistols to each of our heads the invitation was irresistible. I handed over thirty dollars in currency and two or three dollars' worth of postage stamps. This was naturally received as the sum total of my funds in hand. We were taken across a field and our splendid horses taken from us, and more jaded animals given in their stead. We were informed that our captors were Mosby's men, and in charge of one Dr. Sauer and a few guerrillas, we were started on a tramp, single file, through swamps and across streams, now turning into an orchard, and then through a farmer's barnyard. We had already learned that the South was greatly interested in the chances of Lincoln's reelection, and our opinion was constantly asked about it. This was only four days previous to election day in the North. Sauer rode at my side most of the time. He was of good address, and evidently had been engaged in better business before the war. He was sociable enough to speak about lady acquaintances, inquisitive enough to ask if I had a sweetheart's picture with me, and impudent enough when I produced a locket containing a fair brunette's picture to ask if I was going to marry her.

"When captured, I had in my possession \$1,700 in greenbacks in the pocket of my coat which was closely buttoned up. Sauer learned from one of the prisoners of the money I had and demanded it of me. I told him he was welcome to every dollar I had, but that I had given up all when first captured. Sauer then dropped the subject, thinking perhaps that he could ascertain for himself later on. At the first opportunity, however, I conveyed the money to the officer in ordinary clothes, whom I thought would probably escape searching.

THE MEETING WITH MOSBY.

"Soon after entering Ashby's Gap, a halt was made, and there we met John S. Mosby, the recent United States Consul to Hong Kong. He asked my name and command; and when I stated that I belonged to the Michigan Cavalry Brigade, he said that was Custer's Brigade. My reply was that it had been until recently, when General Custer took command of the Third Cavalry Division. He accused me of being with Custer when he had hanged and shot some of Mosby's men at Front Royal, and when I entered a denial he said that he had a little account to settle with General Custer. Private Prouty, of the Seventh Michigan Cavalry, informed me that Mosby had spoken to him and said he intended to hang him. The man seemed to be extremely dejected, and his recital was not altogether inspiring to us. The poor fellow, who was young, was one of the number put to death two days later. We were impressed that a hanging entertainment was in store for us.

"While prisoners in a barn at night, I again took possession of the money, and hid it by cutting open the ends of my shirt-bands at the back and slipping a few rolls in. This I did with my friend's shirt, the officer in ordinary clothes, and the whole amount was hidden. I recognized one of the guerrillas as an old acquaintance in Minnesota years before. He said his property had been destroyed by Union troops in Missouri, and that he had joined Mosby in a spirit of retaliation. It was hard to realize, in talking with this man, whom I had known, and whose family I had known well, that he could kill and had killed many of his fellow-beings needlessly. At night we conversed with the guerrillas and listened to their recitals of butchery of Union soldiers, wanton cruelty and heartlessness to prisoners and other captives. They had already become so hardened to such acts and scenes that they found pleasure in boastful narratives of them.

"Near Rectortown Mosby's minions assembled, coming from all points of the compass. They came quietly, singly, and by twos and threes, making at least 600. When all had assembled, the prisoners, who by this time numbered twenty, were directed by the guard to 'fall in,' the officer in ordinary clothes being excluded. We were told that seven of our number would be selected by lot to be hanged in retaliation for men hanged and shot by General Custer. Having had forebodings of this fate, this depressing announcement was not unexpected. It was bravely received, although the stolid faces along our little line of twenty Union soldiers gradually turned pale as a full realization of the ordeal before us passed through each mind during the preparatory pause. To this feeling was added the horror of the ignominious death of being hung up to a tree like a traitor or murderer by these miserable highwaymen.

"By virtue of my rank I received the very empty honor of being placed upon the right of our little line. On my left stood the only commissioned officer of the party, First Lieutenant J. C. Dissomay, of the Fifth New York Heavy Artillery, who had joined us at Paris with another squad. Along that line I saw bowed heads and lips moving in silent prayer. Visions of dear ones at home, of hopes and ambitions blotted out, flitted before our eyes. A tall man with head uncovered, not reverently, but because he then had other use for his hat than as a head-covering, raised his hat above a point of vision of its contents and allowed each man to draw a slip of paper from it. Those who drew blanks remained in line, and those who drew numbers were considered condemned, and immediately taken out of line and placed under special guard. My action in selecting a slip was slow, and I was ordered to 'hurry up.' I picked up three slips, and gradually let two of them

drop, and at the same time raised my hand with the remaining slip to decide my fate. It was taken quickly and examined, and pronounced a blank. Five had already drawn numbers, and one of them, who was young, gave vent to loud lamentations. He was a drummer boy, and was ordered by Mosby to be released. Private George Soule said to me: 'Captain, I shall be one of the men hanged.' This was the second pronouncement among the seven. Lieutenant Dissomay drew the seventh fatal number. Raising his hat with one hand, he passed his other hand over his fevered forehead and, half turning to me, he simply said: 'This is tough.' The Lieutenant was a Mason, and I reasoned that a way would be found to spare his life. At the critical moment one of Mosby's men whispered to Lieutenant Dissomay and asked him if he was a Mason. He replied in the affirmative, and immediately efforts were made for his release, which proved successful.



THE DEATH LOTTERY.

"The scene of the hanging was near the Berryville turnpike, where the bodies of the men were found by the Union troops within the Federal lines. The executioners were drunk and made a horrible job of it. They began by tying one end of a rope around a soldier's neck, throwing the other end over the limb of a tree and drawing him up. The feet of the victims were left so close to the ground that their toes dug holes in the earth in their death struggles. After the job was finished the rangers placed a placard on one of the bodies, informing General Sheridan, with much flourish of words and phraseology, that these men were hanged in retaliation for seven of Mosby's men killed by General Custer's orders, 'measure for measure,' that he 'would raise the black flag,' etc. I made my escape, and disguised as a negro managed to re-enter the Union lines.

Death of a Brave Old Soldier.

COLONEL ALEXANDER DUKE Baillie, one of the bravest soldiers that ever unsheathed a sword, has joined the great silent majority. He died at his apartments in this city from the effects of one of many wounds received in action during the civil war. Colonel Baillie was in some of the fiercest battles of that terrible conflict, and was always, when in action, found in the thickest of the fray, fighting like a tiger. He was shot, sabred, and bayoneted times without number, and it is a wonder that he survived as long as he did. His nose and part of one ear had been slashed off by a saber. One foot was shot away by a cannon ball. A portion of one jaw and a piece of his tongue had been carried away by a missile from a bomb. He had seven bullet wounds in his body, and was altogether probably the worst mutilated man on either side to survive the civil war. There was nothing sound about him but his brain. He was a writer of remarkable brilliancy and versatility, and for many years had supported himself and family by his pen. He had written a number of books, and was a frequent contributor to the magazines and literary syndicates. Colonel Baillie was a native of New York, and was about 50 years old. Rest his soul in peace.—Chicago Ledger.



Best Home for Work People.

That the work people of this country are better off than those of any other land is everywhere admitted. We have shown over and over again that they are better fed, clad and housed than are work people anywhere else. The savings banks of the country (six States not reported), show 4,022,000 depositors, with deposits aggregating \$1,425,000,000. This does not include the millions deposited in loan and building associations. Let the discontented remember these things.

BASHFUL BRIDEGROOMS.

Brides Are Much More Self-Possessed.

Ministers declare that in nine cases out of ten brides are much more self-possessed than are bridegrooms when the marriage ceremony is being performed.

A shy, modest-looking little creature robed in white will stand perfectly erect, looking the minister calmly and squarely in the eyes, without for an instant losing her self-poise, while the big, blunt six-footer of a bridegroom by her side is pale, nervous and trembling. His fingers are likely to twitch nervously, and he may even hitch at his trouser legs or twist a corner of his coat skirt.

I was once "best man" to a stalwart, middle-aged bridegroom noted for his courage and feats of daring, and when the time came for us to go down stairs to meet the bride and her attendants he nearly had a fit, and he looked like a walking corpse all through the ceremony. I had to keep saying: "Brace up, old boy," and "Come, come, you've got to go down," to get him started at all, and at the door he was idiotic enough to clutch at me and say:

"Say, Fred, how would it do to have Mary and the preacher slip in here and have it all over with before we go down at all? I can't go through with it before all that crowd."

"Idiot!" I said, briefly and pointedly enough to leave no doubt as to my meaning, "Mary won't come in here and you will go down this instant!"

He got through it at last without doing or saying anything ridiculous, in which respect he was luckier than another stalwart bridegroom of my acquaintance, who was so dazed and overcome that he held out one of his own fingers for the ring when the minister said: "With this ring I thee wed."

Another bridegroom I knew lost his head to such a degree that when it came time for him to say, "I, Horace, take thee, Annie, to be my lawful wedded wife," he said in an unnaturally loud tone, "I Mary, take thee, Horace, to be my lawful wedded wife," and the time came for him to introduce his bride to some of his friends who had not yet seen her, he did it by saying awkwardly, "Ah, er—Miss Barter, this is my wife, Miss Barton," calling her by her maiden name.

Few men say "my wife" easily and naturally the first time they use the words in public.

A funny case was that of a badly rattled bridegroom who stared blankly at the minister until asked if he took "this woman to be his lawful, wedded wife," when he started suddenly and hastily and in the blindest manner:

"Ah, beg pardon—were you speaking to me?"

A village preacher says that he once married a rural couple at the home of the bride's parents in the presence of a large company of invited guests. The bridegroom was a big, bony, red-faced young fellow who looked as though he could have felled an ox with his fist; but he shivered and turned pale at the beginning of the ceremony, and at its close he fell down in a dead faint to the manifest annoyance of his bride, who had been as cool as a cucumber throughout the whole ceremony.—Detroit Free Press.

As Quick as Lightning.

According to the San Francisco Examiner, the quickest thing next to electricity is a snake. Well-behaved serpents are always interesting. But for the unfortunate information that one gave to Miss Eve before she eloped with Adam when he was head gardener of the Eden ranch, there would be snakes in more respectable families than there are to-day. A Cleveland snake professor says that "hissing pythons and cobras will eat at any time except when they are blind and shedding their skin. They won't touch anything then. Another queer thing about them is that they won't eat anything but white animals. Wait; I'll show you," and taking a young rabbit out of its cage he placed it in the box with the snakes.

They did not move for about a minute. Then one of the pythons raised its head and fastened its eyes upon bunny. The rabbit's ears dropped, its eyes closed and it began to tremble. All at once the snake shot forward, and, seizing it by the back of the neck, coiled itself around it and began crushing out its life, then turning it over began to swallow it. The pythons head under ordinary circumstances was not larger than a thumb joint on a man's hand, yet when it seized the rabbit its jaws became dislocated in such a way that it was able to start the rabbit's head into its mouth. Then by a peculiar motion it began slowly to swallow its prey. As the snake worked backward and forward its head stretched to many times the natural size, until finally bunny's hind legs disappeared down the python's mouth.

The Banjo is Going.

What has become of the banjo? That is to say, the banjo that was everywhere. The banjo on the boat and on the train. The banjo at the seaside resort and in the mountains. In a few words, the omnipresent banjo. Unquestionably it has dropped out of sight. You seldom see a "nice-looking" young man walking along the streets nowadays carrying a banjo in a pretty case on which is worked a glorious sunflower of wonderful shades, or initials so strangely fashioned that they give you the headache—all done by the hand of some fair young woman who "loves a banjo." Well, good-by to the banjo. Something else will take, or perhaps has taken, its place. As they will say, however much you protest, "Let 'er go."

You cannot borrow trouble without giving security.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THOUGHTS WORTHY OF CALM REFLECTION.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson and Where It May Be Found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

The lesson for Sunday, October 19, may be found in Luke 22: 24-37.

INTRODUCTORY.

Christ teaches his disciples here an important lesson. It is really a comparison of the two kingdoms. There is a kingdom of this world with its petty rivalries and ambitions. With that the disciple is to have little, if any, part. But, says Christ, there is another kingdom where you, too, may reign, and so he adds: "I appoint unto you a kingdom." That spiritual kingdom is even now, as our Lord speaks, approaching, its fulfillment. Its price is being paid in the several incidents that follow. Its bright dawning is with the day of Pentecost. Its meridian is not yet.

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

There was. Probably the translation suggested by Albert and Scott: "There had been, is not far from correct here. This incident is probably thrown in, just a little out of its place. The conversation referred to had probably taken place in connection with the act of seating themselves at the table.... A strife. A strange word. (Philo-nelka; love of battle.) Contention and rivalry are also given as renditions of the term.... Or, should seem (dokel).... The greatest. Properly, greater.

That he may eat. Descriptive of the privileges of the "kingdom," which word ought, as in the Revision, to directly precede these words, being modified by them.... My table. The my seems to be emphatic in contrast with the table by implication in v. 27.... And sit. Future tense, And ye shall sit on thrones. (Rev. 3: 21.)

Simon. Simon. Spoken perhaps quietly to Peter. It is interesting to note that this particular divulgence is told alone by Luke.... Hath desired, or asked for. Jesus seems to imply that Satan's special aim was at Peter.... Sift. In the sense of trial or test. Satan here unwittingly wrought for God, shaking the chaff from the wheat. His the chaff, God's the wheat.

I have prayed. Literally, I prayed, as of a distinct act.... That their faith fall not. Or come to an end. See Heb. 1: 12, where this same word is used. His faith faltered but did not perish. When Satan had rudely sifted there was still some faith left.... Converted. Literally, when having turned back.... Strengthen. Angels, never having experienced redemption, could not do it so well. See Peter's epistles.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

But ye shall not be so. Rather, ye are not so. The spirit of the kingdom of light is wholly different from the spirit of the kingdom of darkness. Would that we could read this text aright, putting into it not simply the thought of expediency or propriety, but of a divine necessity. We get to pattering after the world; it is natural. Then we look at our Master, and we think he is saying to us in a sort of commiserating and indulgent way, "You ought not to do so," or in a kind of wistful manner, "Will you not try to be different?" and so we stumble along half in one kingdom, half in the other; the language of Canaan only partly learned, the milk and honey of the new land only tasted. Oh, that the church could hear the firm, clear, imperative, "Ye are not so!" In so far as we are so, we are not Christ's. Think of that awhile.

I am among you as he that serveth. And there he was at her feet with the basin and the towel. That meant real service. It was not a mere spirit of humility that Christ was here seeking to inculcate, but actual work for others, and so he gave them this forceful object lesson. And hence also he put these queries that just precede, "Which is greater, he that sitteth at meat, or he that serveth?" We would perhaps, expect in the spiritual conception, as an answer, "He that serveth." But now our Master replies, adopting the estimate of the world, "He that sitteth at meat;" and he means that we are at once and plainly to forfeit the world's easy mode, and get down to real hard work. Nothing theoretical, something distinctly practical. That young lady in the city, the daughter of a well-known Judge, who sacrificed a part of her time and a bit of her pride, to take a sewing girl's place in a pants-making factory, while she enjoyed a week's outing—she knew what our Lord meant by this searching word.

At my table. Lord, it is enough. And we need not wait for it. Even here the table of the kingdom is spread for our enjoyment. "Ho, every one, come ye—yea, come buy wine and milk without money and without price!" Why not? The word is plain, "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." Where is that but in this world? No enemies up there at the marriage supper. Here and now are the bread and meat of his blessed communion, for "this is life eternal, that they might know the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." It is "supper-time now." When he says, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," it is not only that he may sup with us, but that we may sup with him. He brings his store with him. Lord, help us to eat with thee joyfully even now!

When thou art converted. How sublimely this follows upon the "I have prayed for thee." Verily, "the fervent, effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much." And we have here the example of confidence in prayer. Our Savior makes his request and then with simple trust in the sure response he turns and says, "When thou art converted." Turned is the word, turned back. Jesus was looking forward to that interview by the seaside when penitent Peter should again find his Lord. And now he is to remain steadfast. Converted, he can now strengthen his brethren, in a measure like his Master, able to succor them who are tempted, having "himself suffered, being tempted," though not "without sin." Is it not of this he is speaking, as has been intimated, over in his first epistle when, referring to the humble and yet vigilant spirit, he says, "But the God of all grace who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you."

For the things concerning me have an end. Not an end of his grace or of his peace. Some people seem to have read it so, and they take up the sword of self-defense and aggressiveness and cease to rest upon the tender mercies of God. But it is rather an end of the wrath of man as connected with Christ's atoning mission. The spite of man was about to come to its completion, the ultimate humiliation of the cross was at hand. Now, just because wrath has an end peace has a beginning. Something of the hate of men must yet follow the disciple who thus fills up as it were that which is "behind of the afflictions of Christ," but it still remains true that the cross was the end of the battle. Christ there conquered men's spite, and when the "it is finished" broke from the divine lips the powers of evil were overcome. Henceforth—for those that will—peace!

Next Lesson.—"Jesus in Gethsemane." Luke 22: 39-53.

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

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1890.

TWO THOUSAND REVOLTS

REVOLUTIONARY RECORD OF SPANISH AMERICAN GOVERNMENTS.

Probable Effect of the Civil War at Buenos Ayres—The Bloody Annals of the Republics Lying to the South of the United States.

[Copyright by American Press Association.]

The recent civil war in Buenos Ayres takes the Argentine Republic from the side of the United States, Canada, British Honduras and Guiana, and places it again in the column of revolutionary common-



JUAREZ CELMAN, THE ARGENTINE RULER. wealths. To any one who has visited that part of the world this is bad enough per se. What makes matters worse is that the insurrection should have broken out in one of the handsomest cities of the South American continent. Whatever the ultimate political result may be, the city has been terribly damaged, its commercial prosperity injured, and its growth checked for at least the next ten years.

The city of Buenos Ayres is a capital, a metropolis and even more. On account of the river system of the continent it commands not only the trade of its own land but also a goodly part of that of Uruguay, Paraguay and Brazil. While gloriously Spanish it is almost as polyglot as New York. Its population contains heavy representations from Italy, Portugal, Greece, France, Germany, England, Ireland, Scotland, Holland, Denmark and China, as well as large numbers of negroes, Indians and half breeds. In the past decade it has received as many if not more Italian immigrants as the entire United States. Alongside of it the other Argentine municipalities, such as Rosario and Cordovan, sink into insignificance. Its relation to the nation is the same as would be that of New York to the United States; were the latter to have a population of 9,000,000, with Chicago and Philadelphia cut down to 500,000 apiece.

The site of the city is admirable. It lies upon the west bank of the great La Plata river, which at this point is a huge arm of the sea, incapable of doing damage by freshet or inundation, and almost so by heavy storm or high tide. The land slopes at a small angle upward toward the interior, being a part of the same geologic formation as the famous pampas or plains inland. The soil is fertile, and contains enough sand and gravel to give it a superb natural drainage. As a consequence there is but little marsh land and little or no malaria or zymotic diseases. As compared with Montevideo, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia and Pernambuco, Buenos Ayres is cleaner, drier, cooler and far more healthful.

The original architects of the city were wiser than those of the older North American cities, and laid the place out upon broad and liberal lines. The streets are wide, straight and handsome, and every here and there parks and public squares afford breathing spaces and lounging places to the citizens. The two leading squares were recently the entrenched camps of the government and the revolutionists. That of the former, the Plaza Victoria, or Victoria square, is situated at the east end, or oldest part of the city, almost on the river's bank. It is a mass of fine trees and beautiful vegetation, well lighted by gas and electricity, and containing many fine works of art. Around it are four lines of large buildings, including the cathedral, archiepiscopal palace, the Central National bank, city hall, custom house, government office building and police headquarters.

The government buildings are large and commodious, and about as ugly as the New York postoffice. Their shelling by the insurgent gunboats will therefore be a blessing in disguise. The cathedral is a very noble edifice. It is a massive pile, 158 feet wide and 283 feet long. The front is a perfect reproduction of a Corinthian temple at the best period of Greek art, and its interior is famous for its beauty and comfort. The only drawback is a clumsy dome, which suggests a monster rifle bullet, and which is as ugly as the friends is beautiful. Unlike in Brazil, the church in Buenos Ayres has not antagonized the intelligent classes, and enjoys popular respect and what is more important, support. The cathedral is without exception the best architectural feature of the city, and is daily visited by travelers from every part of the globe.

The other great square which was held by the insurgents is the Plaza Lavalle or Plaza Parque (Park square), which lies about seven blocks or seven-eighths of a mile from Victoria square. It is of the same dimensions as the latter and about as attractive in its arrangements. Its surroundings are cheap and unattractive, the only buildings of prominence being an artillery magazine, a church, a police station and a few stores. The streets run directly from one square

to the other, and among these most of the fighting has occurred.

It is strange how the Latin republics run to civil war. Of the fifteen (outside of Mexico) there is not one but whose history is a sad series of uprisings, carnage and death. Courteous, capable and intelligent, these Spanish peoples prosper in almost every field except that of politics. Here they seem to lose all self control and reasoning power, and to appeal to the sword and bayonet upon the most trivial pretext. It hardly sounds credible when it is asserted that a thousand revolutions have



GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, BUENOS AYRES.

occurred in the present century in Central and South America, not including at least a thousand others of comparative insignificance. Yet these figures are below rather than above the truth. A brief review of the record of these nations may therefore be of interest to the reader.

Buenos Ayres is no stranger to civil war. In 1810 and 1811 there were fierce struggles over the establishment of a provisional government. In 1816 they declared themselves independent of the Spanish crown, and again went to fighting on their own account. Between 1827 and 1832 no less than thirty insurrections broke out, blossomed for a day and then disappeared. In 1853-3 they had a general civil war, in which the losses on each side were very large. From that time on they have had little or no domestic trouble until 1890.

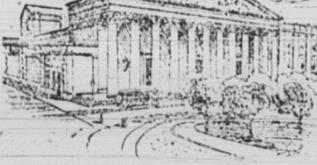
Brazil's recent revolution, in which the empire was destroyed, the emperor exiled and a republic proclaimed, is not the first in her interesting history. Her first insurrection occurred as far back as 1577. The second, which was a general rising against a foreign and despotic government, occurred in 1625. Fifteen years later there was an abortive effort made to start an independent kingdom. In 1645 a revolt broke out which was suppressed after great bloodshed, but which lasted off and on for nine years. A brief insurrection marked the year 1780—an *ouço*, as it were, of the American war of independence. From 1817 to 1820 four attempts to create a republic were made, but all failed. The year 1834 saw civil war in one-half the provinces of the empire. From the last date to 1830 a wise and liberal government kept the nation from internecine difficulties. The last revolution achieved what had been the object of many predecessors.

Uruguay, from the time of its independence in 1828 up to 1853, was the scene of hundreds of mutinies, intrigues and revolutions, not one of which seems to have been identified with any principle, and all of which were apparently the results of quarrels among politicians, office holders and office seekers.

Venezuela came into public notice in 1810, when it began its war of independence against Spain under the famous hero, Gen. Bolivar. The war lasted eleven years, but the national autonomy was not recognized until 1845 by the mother country. From 1846 to 1870 there were not less than thirty civil wars between the Unionists and Federalists, the two chief parties of the land. Since that time they have contented themselves with two revolutions.

Colombia or New Grenada, as it is perhaps better known to American readers, began its revolutionary career in 1811, when it declared its independence of Spain. In 1826 a terrible civil war occurred, occasioned very much like the present one in Buenos Ayres by quarrels over the national debt. It lasted five years and nearly ruined the commonwealth. Between 1842 and 1872 over sixty insurrections and widespread mutinies occurred. Since that time the nation has been comparatively peaceful and has enjoyed considerable prosperity.

Ecuador started the insurrection business in 1809 and 1812 by an attempt to obtain self government. These failed, but in 1820 a third attempt succeeded. During



THE CATHEDRAL, BUENOS AYRES.

the next twenty-five years there were two uprisings; but amends were made for this between 1845 and 1885, in which period are recorded seventeen revolutions of different sizes.

Chili rebelled from Spain in 1810, but was crushed by the latter's armies six years later. It reversed matters the following year and became independent. In 1823 it indulged in a first class revolution, followed by eight smaller ones, the last one being in 1830. A long period of peace and tranquillity was closed by the insurrection of 1831 under Gen. Urriola, since which time there has been practically no home troubles larger than riots.

Peru proclaimed independence in 1814 without success. A second time, in 1821, it did better, the war thus inaugurated lasting three years, and bringing as its reward the sought for freedom. The prize proved hardly worth the having, as it started a series of civil wars which continued until 1827. During this term of sixty-three years there were forty-seven rebellions.

Bolivia, the inland republic, was originally a part of and known as Upper Peru. It secured its independence in 1825, and immediately thereupon began civil war, in the following three years there being not less than fifteen popular uprisings. In 1829 there was a successful rebellion under Gen. Blanco, in 1830 a counter rebellion. Five years after occurred a hard fought war. From this time on to 1871 the history of the country is a record of fighting either at home or abroad. Since that time they have turned over a new leaf, and en-

gaged in only one foreign war and five insurrections.

Paraguay was born as a nation in 1811. In 1814 it became a dictatorship under Dr. Francia, and afterward Lopez and the latter's son. It has had fewer revolutions than any other South American commonwealth, those recorded being but two in number and of slight importance.

Costa Rica is the best behaved of all the Central American republics, having had but five insurrections since it started life in 1829.

Nicaragua, in the sixty-nine years it has been a free nation, has had 400 revolutions, the largest number on record.

Guatemala, of the same age as Nicaragua, was probably deterred by the latter's example from going into insurrections wholesale. Only eleven are credited to her account in her history.

San Salvador, the smallest republic of the New World, is one of the liveliest. It has had 100 civil wars in its short career, and is now engaged in war with Guatemala and also at home.

Honduras, noted as the land where Columbus first put foot upon the soil of the continent, has sufficed its appetite for blood with thirty-three uprisings—a very modest show compared with those of its neighbors.

Compared with such a chronicle the career of the United States, of England, Germany and even France is absolute peace.

WILLIAM E. S. FALES.

The Duchess of Leinster appeared at the late state ball at Buckingham Palace wearing diamond epaulettes, a diamond corslet, coils of lightly mounted diamonds among the laces of her wondrous gown, a diamond tiara, diamond bracelets, a diamond necklace, and more diamond brooches and buckles than the dazzled beholder could count.

The Abused Parrot.

An oilman possessed a fine parrot, who amused him with her prattle and watched his shop during his absence. It chanced one day when the oilman had gone out that a cat ran into the shop in chase of a mouse, which so frightened the parrot that she flew about from shelf to shelf, upsetting several jars and spilling their contents. When her master returned and saw the havoc made among his goods he fetched the parrot a blow that knocked out all her head feathers, and from that day she sat upon her perch. The oilman, missing the prattle of his favorite, began to show his aims on every passing beggar, in hope that some one would induce the parrot to speak again. At length a baldheaded mendicant came to the shop one day, upon seeing whom the parrot, breaking her long silence, cried out: "Poor fellow! poor fellow! hast thou, too, upset some oil jar?"—Flowers from a Persian Garden.—Clouston.

Umbrellas India Imports.

The statistics of the import of umbrellas into India have suggested the question why the ingenious native artificers do not turn their hands to the manufacture of this indispensable article. In the old days, when a bit of bamboo served for the stick, with bamboo strips for the ribs and varnished paper for the covering, nothing but native made umbrellas or sun shades were ever seen. These, however, have now been left far behind. In the year 1838-9 there were actually imported by sea into Calcutta considerably more than two and a half millions of umbrellas of foreign make. With this is coupled the astounding fact that the number of boots and shoes entering India by the same port has increased from 28,102 pairs in 1879-80 to 131,852 pairs in 1888-9, and this in spite of the Cawnpore factories and the shoemaking Chinamen of Bentinck street.—London Standard.

Color in the Dining Room.

The abominable fashion of discarding the white tablecloth altogether in favor of red or other colored silk is distinctly Yankee. In New York colored entertainments—"pink teas," "blue luncheons," etc.—are very much in fashion. Not only the service and the decorations but the dresses of the guests are supposed to reproduce the dominant note of color decided upon by the hostess, who is doubtless influenced in her choice more by the consideration of what suits her complexion than by that of what will be becoming to her visitors.

An English lady, a victim to this queer mania, gave a "red luncheon" some months ago, the foundation of which was the bare mahogany table, upon which the meal was served without a cloth—in truth, a chilly and comfortless innovation.—Cornhill Magazine.

Train Water Service.

It may not be generally known that the traveling public is indebted for that great convenience, the distribution of water through passenger cars on our Connecticut railroads, to the late J. F. Trumbull, of Stonington. Originally his idea was to furnish water to sick and wounded soldiers returning from the war, and he introduced a bill to that effect when, in 1834, he was a member of the general assembly, credited politically, as Goodwin's Statistics show, solely as "A Friend to Soldiers." The bill was amended and broadened so as to be applicable to all passengers, and so popular did this water service become that no proposition to return to the old plan has ever been made.—Hartford Times.

A Minister's Bible.

A Lewiston minister has a Bible presented to him under rather romantic circumstances. His father, also a minister, often entertained ministers and colporters. Just as one of the latter class was bidding his last farewell he placed in his hand a nicely bound Bible. On the fly leaf was inscribed: "For that one of your sons who shall be a minister." The Bible was sacredly preserved, and on his entering the ministry presented to its present owner.—Lewiston Journal.

A quaint idea for the dining table is a silver pineapple springing from a branch, which forms the base, the luscious fruit being perforated to hold toothpicks.

An odd specimen in salad bowls rests on three eggs, the fork and spoon having handles colored to represent radishes, while on the bowl lettuce leaves stand out in bold relief.

An exceedingly attractive ice pail is made in the shape of a jagged lump of ice painted a sea blue as if the waves that washed it had left their mark. This is mounted in silver.—Jewelers' Review.

A GENTLEMAN'S DEN.

Room in Which the Man of the House Does Just Whatever Pleases Him.

The "gentleman's den" is a new department in the decorator's emporium. For a long time we have had the privilege of seeing chambers, parlors, living and dining rooms made up in shop windows with the nicest regard for detail and accuracy imaginable. Now comes the novelty in the shape of an ideal for a den, where the man of the house can do as he likes—smoke till his eyes are blind and the lining of his mouth peels and where his books, papers and slippers are safe from the destroying hand of the housemaid. The model represented by a local firm shows a study in hand painted English cotton, that cool, clean fabric covering the walls. In the ceiling, bordered with the palest blue cloth, were figures from the pyramids in picturesque groups. The frieze, also of printed cotton, is two feet wide, and represents a study from the hieroglyphics.

The floor is stained brown and a couple of India rugs half cover it. The furniture, while sparse, is substantial and every piece served a purpose. For instance, the three chairs are large, easy and luxurious; the Turkish couch, also cotton-covered, is provided with a dull red pillow and a silver plush and leopard skin slumber robe that would stand any amount of rough usage for ten years at least. On an Oriental coffee table the smoker's articles were displayed and near by stood a blackened iron crane with a kettle on the hook. The only attempt at decoration was a small bamboo cabinet stained with walnut juice and containing a sugar basin, water bottle, can of alcohol and a couple of glasses and spoons. The writing stand on the center table was the size of a platter such as a turkey is served from, and the glue pot and ink bottles had the capacity of a pint measure.

The only books on the table were a dictionary and messengers' tariff guide. There was no cloth on the tables, no ties on the chairs and no bric-a-brac to be broken or dusted. Stained glass panels filled the upper windows and delicate silk sash curtains the lower lights. The appointment of a den of this sort is worth about \$200, and is referred to as a hole in the wall where a bothered and tired man may escape the horrors of housecleaning, neighborly calls, piano solos, elocution and baby talk.—New York Letter.

Total Depravity of Youth.

A lad of 8 going into the police station the other night told a pitiable story, saying that his father so abused him that he had run away from his home in Rome, N. Y. The police pitied him, and after giving him a supper tucked him away comfortably in a bed. The next morning a man who lived only a few doors from the station wandered in and inquired for his son. He was told that only one child was there, a poor little fellow from New York state, who had been badly treated at home. He naturally felt for the child, and expressing a desire to see him he was escorted to the bed, when he recognized the sleeper as his missing son.

He angrily demanded an explanation. Jakey forgot all about the cruel Rome father and trembled in anticipation of the reception awaiting him at home. When Sergeant Logan heard that he had been wasting pity and good victuals on the lad he felt a trifle queer, and did not regain his composure until the patter of a shingle accompanied by suppressed sobs and yells floated out of a house near by and fell like music on his ear.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

He Wasn't Saying a Word.

The following correspondence was opened by a dispatch from a small town ten miles down the river from Akron, O.:
NEW PORTAGE, O., Aug. 2.—Chief of Police, Akron, O.: Unknown floater taken from river here today. At morgue awaiting identification.
Botzum, Marshal.
AKRON, O., Aug. 2.—Marshal Botzum, New Portage, O.: Wire very briefly most characteristic marks for identification.
KENDIG, Chief of Police.
NEW PORTAGE, O., Aug. 2.—Chief Kendig, Akron, O.: Wore complete suit, excepting hat.
Botzum, Marshal.
AKRON, O., Aug. 2.—Marshal Botzum, New Portage, O.: Was he also deaf and dumb?
KENDIG, Chief of Police.
NEW PORTAGE, O., Aug. 2.—Chief Kendig, Akron, O.: He did not say.
Botzum, Marshal.
—Chicago Times.

Against the Chinese.

Chief of Police Crowley, of San Francisco, who has been at the head of the police department for eighteen years, has filed a strong indictment against the Chinese of that city. He says the Chinese there commit more crimes against the law in proportion to their number than any race or community, and the detection of the perpetrators of such crimes is more difficult than the detection of criminals of any other class, because Chinamen refuse to disclose the identity of their criminals. They have no regard for the obligations of an oath, and are becoming more vicious and immoral year by year. The chief favors the removal of the Chinese quarter.—Exchange.

Those Fast Boats.

Mr. Leonard Franklin—You came over on one of the record breakers, didn't you?
Mr. Thomas White—Yes, sir; seven days after we left. Question I was in my house in New York.
Mr. Leonard Franklin—Seven days! I thought you made the trip in less than six.
Mr. Thomas White—I'm counting the time I waited on the dock for my bag.

Thorough Ventilation of sleeping Rooms.

All persons spend more or less time in their sleeping rooms. As a rule, about one-third of our lives is thus spent. The sleeping room, therefore, should be the best aired, the most comfortable and in all other respects the most healthful room.

Ample ventilation is much needed at all hours, but especial attention should be paid to ventilation during sleep. There is no danger in having a sleeping apartment well ventilated, provided one sleeps warm, being well protected by an abundance of cover. The desire of a well regulated housekeeper to have her work done early in the morning causes her to leave one of the most important items of neatness undone. The most effectual purifying of the bed and bedclothes cannot take place if the proper time is not allowed for a thorough airing, which removes all the human impurities which have collected during slumber.

Two or three hours at the least should be allowed every day for a thorough ventilation of bed and bedroom, and occasionally bedding constantly used should be carried into the open air and exposed to the sun and wind for half a day. There is an old exploded notion that it is better to sleep in a cold room. Given a good ventilation, a fire in a sleeping room in cold weather is healthy. Cold bed chambers imperil health and invite diseases. The old, the infantile and the frail should sleep in moderately warm rooms in cold weather, provided with ample ventilation.—Cor. Home Magazine.

An Eye Glass, but No String.

Max O'Rell writes in The Washington Star: "The young French dandy takes kindly, too, to the single eye glass, which, to be really effective, must not be worn without a string. I do not mean that the string takes away from the virtue of the glass, but it has been decided that it detracts from the stylishness of the elegant aid to vision.

"An eye glass must not now be an appendage, but a part of one's self. The aim is clearly to show that one is so confident of his ability to maintain the glass in position that a string is needless. The great desideratum is to be able to eat with it, ride with it, dance with it, laugh with it, sneeze with it (if you can see with it so much the better), in fact, to look as if you slept with it and found it in its place in the morning.

"Of course accidents will happen to the best regulated eye glasses, and necessarily part of the training for wearing stringless one properly is to learn to pick it up nonchalantly when it does stray away from home, unless you adopt Mr. Whistler's plan. He carries a supply in his waistcoat pocket, and if one deserts him replaces the rambler from

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 Stolle, 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 hopping 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 lameness, 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."

John Helber, highway commissioner of Seno, 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.

TRAINS LEAVE:

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

Gilmore's band will visit Ann Arbor November 7.

Ex-postmaster McKone is clerking for Geo. H. Kempf.

The Manchester Enterprise came out last week as a six-page paper.

Last day of the Chelsea fair, and they have had fine weather.—Sun.

Chelsea fair this week, that probably accounts for rainy weather.—Sun.

All evening trains were several hours late Tuesday, owing to a washout near Scio.

Geo. A. Farr will speak at the town hall for the republicans, Monday evening, Oct. 27.

Wheat and rye are looking better than for many years past at this season, and farmers are correspondingly happy.

Miss Graham has leased the rooms recently vacated by Dr. Schmidt over the Standard Grocery House for dress making rooms.

The several evaporators in this place are running, although not very heavy. As high as forty-five cents per bushel has been paid for apples.

Mr. Moran, whose injuries were mentioned in last week's issue, died Saturday, the funeral being held from St. Mary's church, Monday.

C. C. Dorr, of Sharon, has just returned from Texas, where he sold a large number of fine-wool rams, shipped to that state from Michigan.

Supervisor Gilbert is attending the meeting of the board of Supervisors at Ann Arbor, this week. Mr. Davenport of York, is the board's chairman.

Mr. Oles has a great future before him. Many of the great violinists of the world might well envy this rising young musician.—Journal, Meadville, Pa.

Tuesday next, Rev. O. C. Bailey will attend the Congregational conference at Union City, and on the 28th he will conduct the ordination services of Rev. Mr. Morris, at Dexter.

James Smalley of Detroit, and Miss Theodosia Morris of Scio, were united in marriage, at the home of the bride's parents by Rev. O. C. Bailey, Wednesday last. A very fine collation was served.

Dr. Holmes was in Detroit, recently and while there, contracted for one hundred dozen of his patent nut crackers. We believe Mr. Holmes has an article which will find ready sale and make him some money.

A young man, of good family, stole an overcoat from the Chelsea House recently. Wednesday he had his trial, Justice Bacon giving him three months in the house of correction. It was the young man's first offense.

Sunday last, the Baptist society extended a call to Rev. Conrad, of New York state, and Wednesday it was accepted by telegraph, to commence November first, Mr. Conrad has several brothers in this vicinity.

Hon. Thos. F. Moore, prohibition candidate for congress, will speak at the Town Hall, Tuesday evening next, on the prominent political issues of the day. Mr. Moore is said to be a fine speaker and well acquainted with his subject.

Miss Covert, whose serious illness was mentioned by our Lima correspondent last week, died Wednesday aged about eighteen years. Her untimely and sudden death causes universal grief and is a severe affliction to her fond parents.

By the Manchester Enterprise we see that the Kempf Dry Goods Co. is soon to open a new store in that village. The firm has plenty of backing, and with such a man in charge as Mr. Austin Yocum, they will give its competitors a lively whirl.

There is that language of genius in his strains which appeal to the finer sensibilities of every person in his audience. Paganini's weird effects, Ole Bull's soulful melodies and Beethoven's profound harmonies seem alike at the command of his bow.—Daily Free Press, Westville, N. Y., in speaking of Oles, the violinist.

The total receipts of the last fair at Stockbridge were \$1745.

Grass Lake has a Republican club, with E. A. Croman as president.

Mrs. Kendall, of Ann Arbor, is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. A. Snyder.

Washtenaw county paid \$828 for the care of its insane the past three months.

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

Quite a number of our people took advantage of the cheap rates to Detroit, Wednesday.

The Patrons will meet in Dexter tomorrow (Saturday) to nominate a county ticket.

The Stockbridge Sun man has found out that hickory nuts are ripe: How about chestnuts?

John Boyer, of Waterloo, has filed a bill in the circuit court for a divorce from his wife, Agatha Boyer, alleging adultery and extreme cruelty.—News.

The Farmers' and Mechanics' bank is now finished and occupied again. Everything is in first-class order, the new furniture being very handsome and attractive.—Argus.

The Oddfellows of Stockbridge will make the upper story of Tyler's block their home. The key stone for the same has arrived and letters thereon read "I. O. O. F., 1890."

Mr. Oles is a genius on the Ole Bull and Paganini order, executing all the weird and wonderful harmonic effects peculiar to the Paganini school.—Cleveland Sunday World.

Under the new law, this township will have six voting booths, which will be erected at the township's expense. They will be so that they can be taken down after election and stored away.

The many who saw the pugs owned by John Raftery, recently, will be sorry to learn that one of them died while at Manchester, last week, evidently having been poisoned. The loss is about \$15.

Rev. Mr. Morris, of the Congregational church, exchanged pulpits with Rev. O. C. Bailey, of Chelsea, last Sunday. Mr. Bailey's many friends here extended him a cordial greeting.—Leader.

Sunday next, Rev. Haag's church will celebrate the 50th anniversary of the denomination's existence, with appropriate services. It was intended to celebrate the same last Sunday, but the weather interfered.

The election law passed by the last legislature, has been pronounced good by the Supreme court. Under it, six booths will be erected in the town hall, where voters can go, and unobserved, vote as they please.

The Young Peoples' Society of the Congregational church will have an oyster supper in the church parlor, Wednesday afternoon next, October 22. Supper will be served from 5:30 until 9 o'clock. You are cordially invited.

Two large elk horns were plowed up a few days ago on Abram Maxon's farm in Leoni. They were found in a reclaimed marsh where perhaps they had lain buried for a hundred years. Their slender tips had crumbled away, still they are over three feet in length.

Yesterday morning, the Standard Grocery House passed into the hands of Thos. Wilkinson, so well known in this vicinity. The STANDARD office will hereafter be found over Knapp's hardware, where, with more time at our command, we will aim to give you a much better paper in the future. If you have items of news, please hand them in.

Mr. Geo. W. Oles is comparatively new to our people, but to alter a well known quotation to suit the circumstances, "he came, he played, he conquered." The audience went into raptures over his execution of the most difficult studies in harmonies. His entrance into popular favor was instantaneous and complete.—Morning Herald, Titusville, Pa.

The Washtenaw county grange met in convention at the court house on Tuesday last. Horace Baldwin was elected chairman and N. C. Carpenter secretary. W. E. Stocking was chosen delegate to the meeting of the state grange which is soon to take place. The different farmers organizations of the county, including the grange, are organizing the Washtenaw county union, which will hold quarterly meetings.—Register.

NO MORE PENSIONS.

Would-be Congressman Gorman says: In last week's Argus, Jas. S. Gorman has a letter of acceptance, and in it he says what he will do in case he is elected to the office. Among other things we see the following: "Fifth. I am in favor of paying the Union soldiers in proportion to the services rendered, call it by whatever name you will."

From this it is clearly seen that Mr. Gorman would not do a thing to pension a soldier for injuries sustained during the war, as his services would then be at an end. He would, without a doubt, cancel all pensions (if he could), provided the pension is based on injuries. Had he said "and injuries received," it would be an altogether different matter. Why didn't he? As all know who know him, he is not that kind of man; he is not a soldier, never was one and will never be one. Every friend of the soldier, should, in consequence, vote for Capt. E. P. Allen, as he is in favor of not only paying the soldier for services rendered, but for injuries sustained, also.

ED. STANDARD.—In your article of Oct. 10, you say you can hardly see why I refer to those who fought so nobly for their country, as "old fossils," as every man in this community respects and honors them. Fossils is only one of the insulting names which have been applied to us. There are others which you would not allow to appear in your paper.

This name seemed to be nearer in harmony with the actions of some of the would-be Republican leaders of Chelsea. If every man now in this community respects and honors them, there must have been a change of heart since there are no more positions to secure for political companions.

At the time we went out in sixty-one, the cry was, our country; it is now theirs. About all the politicians seem to want of us now is to dig us up to vote, and are then ready to see us buried until another election comes around, knowing they have not got to do anything to get us to vote straight. But to get one from the ranks of the Democracy or prohibitionists, they must give them whatever there may be of what should be the Gifts of the People.

How else can be explained the letters from Sharp—stories circulated in regard to crooked Bohemian Oats, gambling soldiers and drunken applicants for positions as enumerators, incompetents for postmasters, etc., etc.

J. A. PALMER.

R. G. Peters, one of Michigan's millionaire lumbermen, has failed.

With its issue of this week, the Grass Lake News began its 12th volume. The publisher aims to give his readers all the news, and he should have the hearty support of business men and others. Few business men, however, seem to appreciate the benefit a good, moral newspaper is to the business community.

Lima Luminations.

Mr. J. Cooley has gone to Coldwater. Several new books have been added to the library.

Mr. J. R. Hammond, of Bannister, is visiting here.

Found at Lima Centre, Monday morning, a light complexioned hat.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Storms expect to visit their son, Rev. A. B. Storms, at Detroit this week.

Henry C. Pratt will speak at the town hall, Friday night, on the political issues of the day.

Sharon Sittings.

Clifford Kendall commenced school at Grass Lake last Monday.

F. C. Dresselhouse, of Manchester, Sunday with friends in Sharon.

Miss Nellie Hewet, who is visiting her sister in New York, is very sick.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Hewes have been visiting friends and relatives in Marshall.

E. C. Rhoades is having the west wall of his house torn down and rebuilt. Henry Hines, of Grass Lake, is doing the mason work.

A few friends and neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Kendall met with them last Friday afternoon, to celebrate their twenty-fourth wedding anniversary.

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

Miss Katie Crowell was a Detroit visitor, Wednesday.

Judge Harriman was in the village a short time Monday.

Miss Glover, of Jackson, is visiting many friends in this vicinity.

Frank P. Glazier and wife and Miss Pearl Davis, are in Chicago this week.

Mrs. Jas. Clay, of Dearborn, was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. S. Good-year, Wednesday.

Miss Olive Conklin, who has been in Auburn, N. Y., for several weeks, visiting relatives, has returned home.

Mrs. D. D. Aidkin of Flint, and her mother, Mrs. Ayers, of New York, visited uncle Dan, Tichenor, Tuesday.

Mrs. L. W. Allyn, of Newark, N. Y., is spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Loomis, of this place.

Mr. Thomas Brock and M. D. Fisher, of Spencer, N. Y., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Taylor, Thursday last week.

Messrs. Geo. J. Crowell and Andrew Morton attended the annual reunion of the 20th Michigan Infantry, at Marshall, yesterday.

The Misses Jessie and Susie Ainsworth, Minnie Adams and Mr. Henry Haskall, all of Ypsilanti, were guests at the Knapp residence this week.

Miss McLaren, of Chelsea, drove over here yesterday and took Misses Florence Graham and Jennie Hollis home with her for a few days' visit.—Enterprise.

Mrs. A. L. Johnson and daughter, of Syracuse, are the guests of Thomas Wilkinson and family, this week. Mrs. Johnson was acquainted with a number of the persons who perished or were injured in the hotel fire in that city yesterday morning.

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

Rev. Mr. Heck, of Tecumseh, will fill the pulpit of the Baptist church, next Sunday morning and evening.

Geo. W. Oles, the American violinist, will give two grand concerts at the town hall in Chelsea, October 24 and 25, 1890. Read what the press and prominent people say.

Friday last the Supreme Court rendered a decision, holding that the local option law, passed by the late legislature, was good. Judge Morse (democratic) dissented from the opinion.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

Chelsea, Sept. 3, 1890.

Board met in council room.

Meeting called to order by president.

Roll call by clerk.

Present, W. J. Knapp, President, Trustees, W. F. Riemenschneider, G. H. Kempf, H. S. Holmes.

Absent, W. Bacon, H. Lighthall, G. J. Crowell.

Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

On motion the following bills were allowed and orders to be drawn on the treasurer for the amount less taxes and indebtedness to the village.

Warren Guerin, 17 loads gravel \$8 50

T. McNamara, 54 " " 27 00

On motion the board adjourned.

FRED VOGEL, Clerk.

Chelsea, Oct. 1, 1890.

Board met in council room.

Meeting called to order by president.

In the absence of the clerk, the president appointed G. H. Kempf clerk pro. tem.

Roll call by acting clerk.

Present, W. J. Knapp, president, Trustees, W. F. Riemenschneider, H. Lighthall, G. H. Kempf, H. S. Holmes.

Absent, G. J. Crowell.

Minutes of previous meeting read approved.

On motion the followings bills were allowed and orders to be drawn on the treasurer for the amount.

Turnbull & Wilkinson, \$9 50

H. Lighthall, 9 loads gravel, 4 50

" 14 days work, 4 50

" 48 feet oak lumber, 9 82

Wm. Emmert, 2nd quarter, 5 00

Arthur Hunter, 50

Board then adjourned.

Geo. H. KEMPf, Clerk pro. tem.

APPLES WANTED!

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

Markets by Telegraph

DETROIT, Oct. 17, 1890. BUTTER.—Market quiet at 10@18c for best dairy. 8c for fair grades. EGGS.—Market easy at 19c per doz for fresh receipts. POTATOES.—Market quiet at 65c per bu for store lots. WHEAT.—No 2 red spot, 10 cars at 1 02, 2 car at 1 03; Dec. 1,000 at 1 04. No. 1 white 8 car at 1 01. CORN.—No. 2 spot, 55c. OATS.—No. 2, white, spot 42c.

Home Markets.

BARLEY—\$1 15@1 25c 100 EGGS—16c 7 doz. LARD—Country wanted at 6@7 OATS—Remain steady at 32@35 POTATOES—Slow sale at 50c. BUTTER—Weak at 12@16c. WHEAT—Is in good demand at 95c for red and 94c for No. 1 white. CORN—Quiet at 55c 7 bu.

Dr. Kelly's Kippocure.

A new discovery, prepared on the true theory now accepted by all advanced physicians, that Bacilli or Germs in the system are the active cause of many prevalent diseases. Kippocure removes this cause, and cures nearly all diseases, including: Rheumatism, Gout, Sleep and Digestion, Catarrh, Croup, Stomach, Pleurisy, Bronchitis, Typhoid Fever, Liver Troubles, Hoop, Cholera. Applied externally it is the greatest liniment ever prepared for the cure of Erysipelas, Pock, Cellulitis, Sprains, Swellings, Inflammation, Burns, Scalds, Buffalo Fly, Stomach, Cholera, and Kidney Troubles. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. 25c per bottle.

For sale by R. S. Armstrong.

Advertisement for Sewing Machines. THE LADIES' FAVORITE. THE LIGHT RUNNING. NEW HOME. THE FINEST WOODWORK. THE BEST ATTACHMENTS. NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE. CHICAGO, ILL. 28 UNION SQUARE, N.Y. ST. LOUIS, MO. FOR SALE BY DALLAS, TEX.

Advertisement for Wood's Phosphodine. THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY. Used for 25 years by thousands of people. Guaranteed to cure all forms of Nervous Weakness, Impotency, Spermatorrhea, and all the effects of Prostitution. One package, \$1; six, \$5, by mail. Write for pamphlet. Address: The Wood Chemical Co., 131 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Advertisement for Peerless Dyes. PEERLESS DYES ARE THE BEST FOR BLACK STOCKINGS. Made in 40 Colors that neither Sunst, Wash Out Nor Fade. Sold by Druggists. Also Peerless Bronze Paints—6 colors. Peerless Laundry Bluing. Peerless Ink—Powder—4 colors. Peerless Shoe & Harness Dressing. Peerless Egg Dyes—8 colors.

Advertisement for Stoves. STOVES! We have the most complete stock of stoves, this fall, at lowest prices. The well-known GARLAND STOVES.

Advertisement for Stoves. and genuine Round Oaks Forty-five styles and sizes. Also several good second hand heating stoves very cheap. A fine line of Guns at special prices. W. J. KNAPP. Chelsea, Mich

IN THE DIM CHAMBER.

BY ARTHUR E. SMITH.

In the dim chamber whence across the floor
A few pale moonbeams stray, I lonely stand;
From out the shadows various shapes at my
command
Arise, then fade, are seen by me no more!

BERENICE ST. CYR.

A Story of Love, Intrigue,
and Crime.

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.

CHAPTER XII.

IN A NEW ROLE.



HE two officers
did not at once
invade the cellar
and waited for the
arrival of reinforcements,

The two who had arrived first on the
scene had been passing the house and
heard the shot which had Hyland low.

As for the latter, he was found to be
alive, but unconscious. His brother
officers, who, from the nature of their
calling, had had a good opportunity to
observe gun-shot wounds and their final
results, were of one mind, and that was
that his wound would prove fatal.

In the meantime a squad of men,
armed to the teeth, had entered the
cellar, and the one who had fired upon Cole
Winters now returned.

"Didn't you find him?" asked the
sergeant in charge, who had been superin-
tending the removal of poor Hayland.
"They've escaped," replied the officer.
"Then there were two?"
"At least."

"How do you know that?"
"We found this hat in the cellar."
The officer held up the hat that had
been worn by Bloom.

"How does that prove there were two?"
"The man I shot at was bareheaded,
and, besides, this hat is much too large
for him."

"How did they escape?"
"By way of a tunnel that's been dug
through the ground to the vacant building
on the corner."

"Why didn't you follow them?"
"The rest are on the trail, and will
catch 'em sure. I came back to report."

"Ha! What is this?"
The sergeant had observed the gold
watch with its old-fashioned chain and
seals, which lay upon the table.

"Some of the plunder they were divid-
ing when Hyland came in on them, I
suppose."
"Where's the name of Paul St.
Cyr?"

"And the fellow I shot at was his mur-
derer, Cole Winters! He talked exactly
with the description!"
"Good! This will complete the proof
of his guilt. Make haste, Gogin. Run
to the nearest box and telephone to the
Central Station. We'll have him before
morning!"

Gogin rushed away, and the sergeant
soon followed him.
For the moment the place was de-
serted.

The hiding-place of our hero was any-
thing but secure. That he had not been
already discovered was due to the fact
that everybody had been looking for him
below, where he was supposed to have
made his escape.

were sets of disguises to be used by
Sears, as he required them in the regular
course of his nefarious business, or as
sudden exigencies might demand.

Without a moment's hesitation, Cole
selected the last one described.
By this time the man in the cellar was
beating upon the door and hallooing
lustily.

Cole waited only long enough to close
the door, then, with the bundle under his
arm he darted from the room.
As he gained the top of the uncarpeted
stairs, he heard the front door below
open, and some one, the sergeant he con-
cluded, entering the hall.

As noiselessly as possible he passed
on, groping his way.
Then he struck a match to get an idea
of his surroundings.

The snapping sound alarmed him, but
a moment's reflection convinced him that
there was no danger of its being heard
below.

He saw before him a small side bed-
room which he at once entered.
Unlike the other rooms he had noticed,
it was furnished to the extent of a small
bed and a wash-stand.

"Here is where Bloom sleeps," thought
he.
The room had but one window, and that
was obscured by closely drawn inside
blinds.

Our observing hero noted all these
things by the last flickerings of the ex-
piring match.
Then he closed the door, locked it, and
proceeded to light the gas.

That done, he tore open the bundle.
He found it to contain a suit, complete
from hat to shoes.
Sears was of about his size, and the
clothing would fit him nicely.

The principal thing, however, was a
blonde wig and a false mustache, each of
the finest workmanship, well calculated
to deceive, unless, indeed, a close scrutiny
was made.

Cole carried an unusually sharp pocket-
knife, and with this he cut off his mustache,
the operation taking but a moment.
Then he adjusted the blonde substi-
tute. His own glossy hair was quite
closely cropped, so that the wig fitted
him exceedingly well.

When he had lightened his face with
the contents of a box of cosmetics, he
found from the glass that he had under-
gone a metamorphosis so complete that
his detection seemed impossible.

Suddenly a difficulty occurred to him.
What would he do with the bond and set
of jewelry which still remained in his
pocket where the dastardly villain had
placed them?

If he left them in his clothing, they
would furnish damning evidence against
him if he was ever made a prisoner,
which was by no means a remote contin-
gency.

On the other hand, to take them with
him seemed still more hazardous. As he
stood irresolute, debating the point in
his mind, the problem was solved for
him.

The noise and trampling of feet below
had been increasing for some minutes.
In his busy excitement our hero had not
noticed this, but now he heard the sound
of footsteps ascending the stairs.

There was but one thing to do. Cole
glided forward and unlocked the door.
Then he threw back the bed-clothes,
made an incision in the mattress with his
knife, and began groping with his hand
among the hair with which it was filled.

"Hello!" called a voice from the door,
which was just then thrown open with
considerable violence.
"Hello yourself!" responded Cole, as
he turned and saw an officer in uniform,
and a young man with a note-book in his
hand.

Then he turned and coolly continued
his feigned search.
"Where are you doing here?" growled
the officer in a tone of suspicion.

"I'm working to get the best reports
for my paper," responded Cole.
"Well, I'll be blowed! You reporters
bang the Jews! I thought this one had
cheek to beg me to let him come up here,
but bang me if you haven't pre-empted
the premises without saying by your
leave. How did you come here?"

This was our hero's opportunity, and
a moment later he was in the street, a
free man.

CHAPTER XIII.

REPORTING HIS OWN CASE.

FOR some minutes Cole Winters walked
aimlessly along. He knew not where to
go, and was incapable of formulating a
plan of action.

His first idea had been to repair to the
St. Cyr residence in Calumet avenue, and
learn if Berenice had returned home.
But he abandoned this plan before it was
fully formed. In all probability it would
lead to his detection and arrest, and be-
sides he felt satisfied that she was still in
the power of his enemies.

"I will effect her rescue," decided he as
he hurried along.
Suddenly the ringing of a bell and a
loud cry attracted his attention.

Cole looked quickly, saw a flaming
light bearing down upon him and leaped
nimbly forward, just in time to avoid a
cable grip-car in the path of which he
had heedlessly stepped.

"Want to get run down?" snarled the
driver, as he brought the train to a stop.
Small occurrences oftentimes exert a
great influence on our immediate actions,
and change and control our entire after
lives.

This incident and his fortunate escape
from what might have been a serious if
not fatal catastrophe decided our hero,
and he at once boarded the rear car.

Having paid his fare, he took out the
block of paper with the few memoranda
he had made. Then, actuated by a sud-
den impulse, he began writing an account
of the recent occurrences of the evening.

Cole was quick with a pencil, and by
the time the train had reached the por-
tion of the city generally called "down
town," had his article well under way.

Alighting from the car he hastened to
one of the large newspaper buildings,
with the location of which he was
familiar, and was soon toiling up the
stairs to the editorial rooms.

"I've got an item of a sensational
character," said he when he had gained
access to the city editor.
"About what?"
"The St. Cyr murder and robbery."
And in a few words Cole gave him an out-
line of such of the facts as could have
been learned by the most diligent in-
quiry on the part of a reporter.

"What do you want?" queried the edi-
tor.
"To write it up and sell it to you."
"All right, I'll take it, provided I find
that it's not a fake. You'll find a place
to write in the next room."

Under this condition our hero took a
seat and applied himself to his task.
Just as he had completed it a reporter
bustled in with a meager report of the
tragic and sensational events of the
night.

A moment later our hero was called in
and the report he had written quickly
but critically read by the editor.
"Capitals!" cried he. "Haven't had any
better work handed in here in a month.
There's an order for ten dollars. You
can get it cashed in the morning."

"Thank you."
"Are you working regularly?"
"No, sir."
"Want a position?"
"Nothing would please me better."
"What's your name?"
"Milton Moore."

This combination of the names of two
great poets was the first that occurred to
our hero, and he announced it without
the least sign of hesitation.
"I've not had very much experience,"
said he.

"Don't say that or I'll think you lack
the confidence—eneek, some people call
it—to do good work. You're all right.
I'm a judge of these things and know.
I'll employ you, and I want you to work
exclusively on the St. Cyr case. I've had
several men on it, but they haven't done
much. It promises to be a celebrated
case. I look for lots of developments,
and want the first and best reports of
everything."

"I'll do my best."
"Here's one of our stars. Pin it on
your vest; it will serve as a voucher for
you. And here's a card that will, under
ordinary circumstances, protect you from
arrest should you, in the discharge of
your duty, fall under the suspicion of the
police. Have you money?"
"Very little."

The editor produced a roll of bills and
handed his new reporter two ten-dollar
notes.
"You've got the right stuff in you,"
said he, encouragingly, "and will get to
the bottom of this case quicker than the
detectives. Don't spare expense, work
hard, and report as you are able. If you
get into trouble, remember that the most
enterprising paper in the West is back
of you. Do your duty, Moore, and I'll
see that you're well rewarded."

Cole thanked the editor, and turned
from the office.
He wondered at his rare good fortune,
and why he, a stranger, had been given
employment and an assignment of such
great importance.

Conductor Didn't Notice Him.
"I have not failed to ride down town
on a north side grip car free of charge
for a week," said a smooth-faced, dapper
young man to those who stood with
him on the corner of Clark and Center
streets, waiting for a chance to get
aboard a car.

"That so?" Tell us how you do it,
and we will work the snap, too," said
his listeners in the same breath.

"Well, it's this way: There are al-
ways a lot of people on the corner wait-
ing for a car, and while the conductor
is helping the women on I jump aboard
in front and take a seat inside. Then I
pull out a paper and become intent on
the news. The gripman, nine times
out of ten, is busy fixing his tension
screw or watching the track ahead, and
pays no attention to me. When the
conductor comes through the car for
his fares I never look up, and he has
doubts about me, but usually after a
hard stare at me his memory gives out
and he passes on."

"Don't believe it works more'n one
time in a hundred," said one of the
listeners.

"Bet you a V I do it on the ride down
town," promptly responded the smooth-
faced individual.

"It's a go," said his companion.
The money was put in the hands of
the other member of the party, and the
trio prepared to board a car. But for
some reason the first limits car that
came along did not appear to suit the
free-ride man, and there being little
room he had an excuse to wait for the
next one. This was a Lincoln avenue
and he directed his friends to get aboard
on the rear platform while he gained
entrance in front, as he had explained.

Sitting down about the center of the
car, he pulled a paper from his pocket
and began reading with great intenes-
sion. His friends secured seats near
him, and watched the proceedings.

The conductor went through to the
front and collected a fare, then on to
the two friends, got his nickels, gave an
old lady change for a quarter in pennies,
refused to accept a Canadian dime from
a fashionably dressed young woman,
and passed out without so much as a
glance in the direction of our reading
friend. Just as he was opposite him,
however, the diligent reader rustled
his paper vigorously, quite like a man
whose sole thought was to find the
editorial column or the funny paragraphs.

When the three arrived at Washing-
ton street, they alighted and sought
the seclusion of a saloon to pay the
stakes.

"Pretty good scheme; I'll work it
myself," said the one who had lost his
V.

"Yes, it's easy when you know how,"
replied the other as he pocketed his
\$10. Then he left, and in another min-
ute was at the tunnel entrance, where
he caught the same car that he had
come down on. "I had great luck that
time, Jimmie!" said he, as he handed
the conductor \$2.50.—Chicago Times.

Young Girls Should Not Bunk with Their
Grandmothers.
The custom of sleeping in double
beds is one which is going—and rightly
going—out of fashion, says the Sheffield
Telegraph. Of course, every one
knows, theoretically, that it is far more
healthy to sleep alone. But of what
avail has this theoretic knowledge
been?

The child has been first allowed to
sleep with its nurse—a most pernicious
custom—or its elder sister, or its
mother; the growing girl sleeps with
her room-mate at school; the young
lady with her aunts and her cousins and
her girl friends indiscriminately.

People who would have hesitated to
allow a bunch of roses to remain in the
room over night, or a growing plant,
have never had their own bed to them-
selves year in and year out. The
plant—which did not consume the oxy-
gen of which their lungs stood in need,
but precisely the effete gases thrown
off by their own system—was thought
very injurious.

Another pair of lungs breathing up
the breathable air and infecting the re-
mainder with the respiratory refuse of
those physical processes that are most
active during sleep was not thought of
with any objection at all.

Yet what a simple law of hygiene
would not do, fashion, a notion as to
what is "correct," is beginning to
achieve. From fashionable furniture
establishments there comes the an-
nouncement that two single bedsteads
are always called for at present with
each chamber suite furnished for what
is known as "swell patronage."

How many fatal diseases, how many
cases of slow undermining and poison-
ing of the system are due to this cus-
tom of promiscuous sharing of double
beds on the part of young girls, who
will ever know?

The fact will never be fully realized
till people grow sensible enough to
know that bed linen takes the insens-
ible rejections of the pores as well as
body linen, and who would care to
wear another's body linen?

Have your single bed, then, if possi-
ble; if not possible, do not sleep with a
person much older than yourself.
Young girls occasionally sleep with
their grandmothers!

Things Which Attract Men.
What attracts a man is one thing;
what will hold him, and command his
respect is quite another, says Edward
W. Bok in the Ladies' Home Journal.
A woman's smile, for example, at-
tracts a man; but an even temper re-
tains him.

appreciation of the folly of frivolity,
wins his respect.

A respect for the religious belief of
every human being, attracts a man; ir-
reverence in woman is to him abomin-
able.

A consideration for his comfort, at-
tracts a man; a continuation of this
makes him your most humble slave.

A chat in which there is no malice,
attracts a man; neither scandal nor evil
speaking make a woman seem sweet
and lovely to him.

A Better Charity.
A group of ladies sat on the porch of
the Chapmet Hotel, a seaside house
which had sprung up in a lonely fishing
village. It had occurred to some of the
energetic pleasure seekers that a club-
house or casino, in which they could
dance, read or sit and chat, would be
a good thing to have at Chapmet.
Forthwith they formed committees,
and went about with subscription
books soliciting money, coaxing, quiz-
zing and teasing each man to whom they
appeared.

One of them came up with book and
pencil in hand.

"Now, Miss Watts, what will you do
for our charity? Just set an example
of generosity for the other ladies! How
much shall I put you down for?" paus-
ing, pencil in hand.

Miss Watts was one of the three
teachers who had come down to Chap-
met for their vacation. She thought of
the days of hard work by which she
had made her money—and she had so
little! But a soft tempest of tongues
arose around her.

"Oh yes! Our Casino! Such a
worthy object! We must strain every
nerve to build it."

"Put me down for ten dollars," she
said, feebly.

"How silly!" thought one woman
near her. "She cannot afford it!"
thought another, but they said nothing.

Her sister, a teacher like herself, sat
beside her. The young solicitor bustled
over to her.

"Now, Miss Jenny, will you give the
second amount as your sister?"

Miss Jenny's mind had followed the
same track as her sister's, but with a
different result. "I shall not give any-
thing!" she said distinctly.

"Surely you will not refuse a little?"
coaxed the applicant.

"I shall not give a penny!" said Miss
Jenny, closing her mouth tightly.

The young girl shrugged her shoul-
ders and passed on. "Now, Miss East,"
she said, coming to the third teacher,
"how much for our charity?"

Miss East looked at her steadily with
her bright, laughing eyes.

"I do not think," she said gently,
"that we can call a house for ourselves
to dance in a charity, can we? I have
very little money to give away, you
know, and for every dollar that I can
give I know a poor child whom it would
help to take out of the hot city into the
pure air, or a sick woman whom it
would feed, or some other of God's
needy creatures whom it could make
happier. I am afraid I cannot give you
anything for the Casino."

The women glanced at each other.
The sensible, true word once spoken
always finds response.

"I shall send my money to the Fresh
Air Fund," said one.

"And I shall send mine to our asylum
for crippled children," said another.

The young woman who was soliciting
the money for the Casino was a rational
being at heart, though apt to march
with the crowd. She suddenly tore her
note-book to pieces.

"The Casino is a piece of extravagant
folly!" she said. "Thank you, Miss
East."

In how many places of resort are
somewhat similar scenes repeated, and
how many Miss Easts are there to find
the truth in even a pretended charity!
—Youth's Companion.

A Kind-Hearted Man.
Humane Father (to son)—Henry,
you ought to be ashamed of yourself to
catch a young bird and put it in a cage
as you have done. That bird's liberty
was just as sweet to it as yours is to
you. God bestowed just as much care
upon the creation of that bird as He did
upon the creation of you. How would
you like if some great beast should
catch you and shut you up merely to
hear your cries? I don't see that go-
ing to Sunday-school has done you any
good. I had hoped, so fondly, too,
that in the matter of kindness of heart
you would take after your mother and
me, but you do not. Now, don't you
feel ashamed of yourself?

Henry (much downcast)—Yes, sir.

Father—I should think that you
would. I had intended to let you go
into the country with me, but I can-
not allow such a cruel boy to accom-
pany me.

Henry—Please let me go.

Father—Oh, no.

Boy—Why.

Father—Because you might bring
back a lot of birds and shut them up in
a cage.

Henry—No, I won't do it.

Father—I can't trust you. I never
thought that a child of mine would
commit such an outrage. Why, it
makes me shudder to think of it. What
possessed you to imprison that bird?

Henry—Mr. Petterson told me that
if I'd catch it and put it in a cage for
him he'd give me two dollars.

Father—Ah, and did you get the
money?

Henry—Yes, sir.

Father—Oh, well, then, it's all
right. I didn't know but what you
shut it up merely for your own amuse-
ment. Let me have the two dol-
lars.—Arkansas Traveler.

HOPE is itself a species of happiness,
and perhaps the chief happiness the
world affords.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)
CATCH the bear before you sell his
skin.

LINCOLN'S MELANCHOLY.

His Sympathetic Nature and His Early Misfortunes.

Those who saw much of Abraham Lincoln during the later years of his life were greatly impressed with the expression of profound melancholy his face always wore in repose.

Mr. Lincoln was of a peculiarly sympathetic and kindly nature. These strong characteristics influenced, very happily, as it proved, his entire political career. They would not seem, at first glance, to be efficient aids to political success; but in the peculiar emergency which Lincoln, in the providence of God, was called upon to meet, no vessel of common clay could possibly have become the "chosen of the Lord."

Those acquainted with him from boyhood knew that early griefs tinged his whole life with sadness. His partner in the grocery business at Salem was "Uncle" Billy Green, of Tallula, Ill., who used at night, when the customers were few, to hold the grammar while Lincoln recited his lessons.

It was to his sympathetic ear Lincoln told the story of his love for sweet Ann Rutledge; and he in return, offered what comfort he could when poor Ann died, and Lincoln's great heart nearly broke.

"After Ann died," says "Uncle" Billy, "on stormy nights when the wind blew the rain against the roof, Abe would sit there in the grocery, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands, and the tears running through his fingers. I hated to see him feel bad, and I'd say, 'Abe don't cry, an' he'd look up an' say, 'I can't help it, Bill, the rain's a fallin' on her.'"

There are many who can sympathize with this overpowering grief, as they think of a lost loved one, when "the rain's fallin' on her." What adds poignancy to the grief some times is the thought that the lost one might have been saved.

Fortunate, indeed, is William Johnson, of Corona, L. I., a builder, who writes June 28, 1890: "Last February, on returning from church one night, my daughter complained of having a pain in her ankle. The pain gradually extended until her entire limb was swollen and very painful to the touch. We called a physician, who, after careful examination, pronounced it disease of the kidneys of long standing. All we could do did not seem to benefit her until we tried Warner's Safe Cure; from the first she commenced to improve. When she commenced taking it she could not turn over in bed, and could just move her hands a little, but to-day she is as well as she ever was. I believe I owe the recovery of my daughter to its use."

WARDEN DURSTON, of Auburn, has the chair in which Kemmler was killed. Hence the one on exhibition as such at Mme. Tussaud's, in London, must be slightly apocryphal.

A Bottle's Long Journey.

Burke Elliott, a young man prominent in social and business circles in Lynchburg, Va., relates a remarkable story: "A few years ago—to be accurate, on June 7, 1884—I visited the Natural Bridge, and was particularly interested in what is known as 'Lost River,' but a more suitable name for it would be 'Never Found River,' for, though one can hear the drop of its waters as they fall over some subterranean precipice, and even feel the ice-cold spray from them, if standing close to a small cavity in the earth, no one has ever caught a glimpse of the stream.

"As a sort of experiment and more from idleness than any real belief that I could accomplish anything, I wrote out on a leaf of my memorandum-book my full address and a statement of when and how I committed it to the underground river, together with a request that whoever should find it would return it to me, stating when and where the finding took place. This I sealed up in a small pocket-flask of thick glass, which I carried in my pocket and dropped into the hole where the spray from Lost River rises.

"I had nearly forgotten all about the affair, when one day last week I received from the city of Lyons, France, the leaf I had inclosed in the flask and a note from one John Pennington, an English resident of that city, who said that while sailing out in the Gulf of Lyons he had found the flask and contents on Feb. 21, 1890. Call around at my office and I'll take great pleasure in showing you my document and his letter. But I say, wouldn't you like to take the trip that bottle did if, as it did, you come out all right?"—Philadelphia Times.

PROFESSOR ASAPH HALL, who has used the big telescope at the United States Observatory in Washington for measurements of Saturn during the last fourteen years, finds the time of rotation of the planet to be about 10 hours 14 minutes 24 seconds. This is nearly fifteen minutes less than the period stated in most of the astronomical text-books published in the latter half of the present century, but is remarkable as being only one hundred seconds less than the period assigned to it by Sir William Herschel. That astronomer of a century ago obtained his results in this particular by the aid of an instrument far inferior to many of the so-called smaller telescopes of to-day, and the fact is testimony to the wonderful ability of the man whose name was for years given to the planet he discovered, now generally called Uranus.

Pat's Obedience to Orders. Pat was detailed as sentinel near Culpepper, and was told to be very careful and not to let any one or anything fool him. He took his place and all went well until 2 o'clock the next morning, when he heard the sound of some one approaching. "Halt," yelled Pat. "Who comes there?" "The officer of the day," responded the newcomer, and gave the countersign. "And faith," says Pat, "and what business has the officer of the day to be pokin' around at night? Clear out or I'll put a bullet hole through yer." And the officer had to clear.

An extraordinary advance in the use of cocoa seems to have taken place of late years in England. In the House of Commons, this last session, the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, called attention to it as a cause for much of the falling off of the use of coffee. He attributed it in a measure, to the position a preparation of cocoa known as "Grateful and Comforting" had taken. In accord with this suggestion, it may be interesting to follow the course cocoa has taken in England since 1832, when the duty, which had been standing at 6d. per pound, with an importation of under half a million pounds, was reduced to 2d. per pound, and not long after we find the homoeopathic doctrine of medicine introduced into the kingdom, and that the use of cocoa was specially advocated by physicians adopting that mode of practice. Soon after we find the first homoeopathic chemists established in England (the firm of James Epps & Co.) produced a special preparation which only needed boiling water or milk to be at once ready for the table, and the superior character of this preparation has, no doubt, done much, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer said, to bring about (backed as it was by a further reduction of the duty to 1d. per pound) the advance made.

PROFESSOR AUSTIN, who is making an analysis of the Passaic River, New Jersey, water, a few days ago made an interesting experiment. He placed several corks and some deleterious matter in the river at the point where Passaic City sewers empty. In three hours and fifteen minutes the matter floated down the river to the Newark pumping station. Inasmuch as it requires six hours for the tide to run out, the experiment indicates that Passaic's sewage floats miles beyond the pumping stations of Newark and Jersey City.

"It is not intellectual work that injures the brain," says the London Hospital, "but emotional excitement. Most men can stand the severest thought and study of which their brains are capable, and be none the worse for it; for neither thought nor study interferes with the recuperative influence of sleep. It is ambition, anxiety and disappointment, the hopes and fears, the loves and hates of our lives, that wear out our nervous system and endanger the balance of the brain."—Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.

The oldest and smartest man in Columbia is Harrison T. Leighton. He is 89 years old, and has done the following amount of labor the past summer: Sawed and split and prepared for the stove fifty-five horseloads of wood in sled lengths; done all of his farming, except the aid of one day's work; planted and sowed peas enough to raise six bushels of pods; milked the cows and churned the butter.

A RAILROAD in Asia Minor, from Scutari to Ismid, is to be extended to India, and will be the grand transdivision line between Europe and Asia. It passes near the tomb of Hannibal, Nicomedia is a way station. It crosses streams on repaired bridges that were built by Justinian, and altogether has a right of way through more ancient history than any other road on earth.

The Best Man in the World.

Well, if not positively the best, one of the wisest is he who checks disease at the start in his own system. In preserving or restoring the heaven-granted gift of health, he deserves profound consideration. His example is worthy to be imitated. The complaints which afflict us are largely attributable to a want of tone in the stomach, either inherent or inflicted by ourselves upon that much abused repository of the food that should nourish us. What is its requirement in adversity? A wholesome tonic. None so good, if we rely upon experience and testimony, as Hestetter's Stomach Bitters. Unmedicated stimulants won't do. Regulation, as well as invigoration of the digestive viscera, is not to be effected by these. Through the agency of the stomachic named, strength of the entire system is retrenched—dyspepsia and biliousness overcome. Malaria, kidney, bladder, and rheumatic complaints are eradicated by this salutary reformer of ill-health.

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

WHY not save your clothes by using the best, purest, most economical soap, Jobbins Electric. Made ever since 1854. Try it once you will use it always. Your grocer keeps it. Look for the name, *Dobbin*.

AGAIN we see the danger of handing the names of illustrious men around promiscuously. Charles Dickens has just broken a window at Red Bank for the purpose of acquiring a lodging in jail and a bite to eat.

We will give \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

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

BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic on a Weak Stomach.

CHILDREN are like troubles; a man never knows how many of them he is going to have.—Athenian Globe.

Scrofula Humor

"My little daughter's life was saved, as we believe, by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before she was six months old she had seven running scrofula sores. Two physicians were called, but they gave us no hope. One of them advised the amputation of one of her fingers, to which we refused assent. On giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla, marked improvement was noticed, and by a continued use of it her recovery was complete. She is now seven years old, strong and healthy." B. C. JONES, Ains, Lincoln Co., Me.

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Why is it not just as good as though costing fifty cents to a dollar for a prescription and an equal sum to have it put up at a drug store?

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BE UP TO THE MARK THAT CAN BE RELIED ON Not to Split! Not to Discolor! BEARS THIS MARK.

TRADE MARK ELLULOID MARK.

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Commendable.

All claims not consistent with the high character of Syrup of Figs are purposefully avoided by the Cal. Fig Syrup Company. It acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the system effectually, but it is not a cure-all and makes no pretensions that every bottle will not substantiate.

"My object in calling this evening," he began, with a nervous tremble of his chin, "was to ask you, Katie—I may call you Katie, may I not?"

"Certainly, Mr. Longripe," said the sweet young girl. "All of papa's elderly friends call me Katie."

And he said nothing further about his object in calling.—Chicago Tribune.

Never Neglect a Cold. Dr. Austin Flint says in the Forum: "It is probable that a person with an inherited tendency to consumption would never develop the disease if he could be protected against infection with the tubercle bacillus. In the light of modern discoveries consumption can no longer be regarded as an incurable disease." It is no exaggeration to say that Knep's Balsam, when taken in time, has saved many from consumption. At all druggists; 50c and \$1. Sample bottle free.

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

It is after he has stolen the apples that a small boy realizes that switches grew on the same tree.

MANY a poor sickly child has been saved from the grave by its kind mother giving it Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers, which the little one thought was candy.

WHERE do all the great men live before they die?

"One year borrows another year's fool." You didn't use SAVORIO last year? Perhaps you will not this year. Be wise and try it in your house-cleaning.

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The disagreeable taste of the COD LIVER OIL is dissipated in SCOTT'S EMULSION

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Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA. The patient suffering from CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COLIC, COLD, OR WASTING DISEASES, may take this remedy with as much satisfaction as he would take milk. Physicians are prescribing it everywhere. It is a perfect emulsion, and a wonderful flesh producer. Take no other

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1890.

TWO SOLDIERS.

By Capt. CHARLES KING.

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CHAPTER XVII.



"Do you know you have not said good-by, Mabel?"

Somehow, about 10 o'clock that night, the judge advocate of the court dropped in at the "bachelor quarters," where both Lane and Mason had been made welcome, and asked to see these gentlemen. He was conversing with them over the affair at the San Simon when Capt. Lowndes was ushered into the room.

"Am I intruding?" asked the latter. "I merely wished to speak to Lane a moment."

"By no means, Lowndes. Come right in. We'll be through in one minute. Then, as I understand you, Lane, you could distinctly see K Troop as it forded the stream, and could see the Apaches who fired upon them?"

"Yes—distinctly. I was praying for their coming, as our ammunition was running low. The Indians seemed so encouraged by the ease with which they drove them back that the whole band swarmed out from cover and crowded on us at once. It was in the next fifteen minutes that my men were killed—and that poor woman."

"And there were only six Indians who opened fire on Noel?"

"Only six, sir." The judge advocate was silent a moment. "There is, of course, a chance that our absentees may get here to-morrow morning in time. If they do you will be the first witness called; if they do not we adjourn to await their arrival. It promises to be a long case. A telegram has just reached me saying that additional and grave charges are being sent by mail from division headquarters."

Capt. Lowndes listened to this brief conversation with an expression of deep perplexity on his kindly face, and as soon as the judge advocate had gone and Mason had left the room he turned to Lane.

"You know they are staying with us. That poor girl has come all this weary journey to be with him, and there was absolutely no place where she could lay her head unless we opened our doors and took him in too."

Lane bowed assent: "I had heard, Lowndes. It was like you and that dear wife of yours."

"Lane," spoke the older man, impetuously, after a moment of embarrassed silence. "I want you to do something for my wife and me. Come home with me for a few minutes. You won't see him; but it is that heartbroken girl. She begs that you will see her to-night. Here is a little note."

Lane's sad face had grown deathly pale. He looked wonderingly in his companion's eyes a moment, then slowly took the note and left the room, leaving Lowndes to pace the floor in much disquiet.

In five minutes the former reappeared in the doorway. "Come," he said, and himself led the way out into the starlit night. Not a word was spoken by either man as they slowly walked down the row. Arriving at his quarters Capt. Lowndes ushered his friend into the little army parlor, and Mrs. Lowndes came forward, extending both her hands. "It is good of you to come," she said. "I will let her know, at once."

Two shaded lamps cast a soft, subdued light over the simply furnished little room. What a contrast to the sumptuous surroundings of the home in which he had last met her! Lane stood by the little work-table, a moment striving to subdue the violent beating of his heart and the tremors that shook his frame. Not once had he seen her since that wretched night in the library—in that man Noel's arms. Not once had he permitted the thought of seeing her to find a lodgment. But all was different now; she was well, rich, crushed, heart broken; she had been deceived and tricked; she was here practically friendless. "I well know that at your hands I deserve no such mercy," she had written, "but a hopeless woman begs that you will come to her for a few moments—for a very few words."

And now he heard her footfall on the stairs. She entered slowly and then stopped short almost at the threshold. "Heavens! how he had aged and changed! How deep were the lines about the kind gray eyes! how sad and worn was the stern, soldierly face! Her eyes filled with tears on the very instant, and she hovered there irresolute, not knowing what to do, how to

address him. It was Lane that came to the rescue. For a moment he stood there appalled as his eyes fell upon the woman whom he had so utterly—so faithfully loved. Where was all the playful light that so thrilled and bewitched him as it flickered about the corners of her pretty mouth? Whither had fled the bright coloring, the radiance, the gladness that lived in that exquisite face? Was this heavy-eyed, pallid, nerveless being, standing with hanging head before him, the peerless queen he had so loyally and devotedly served—whose faintest wish was to him a royal mandate—to kiss whose soft white hand was a joy unutterable? All this flashed through his mind in the instant of her irresolute pause. Then the great pity of a strong and manful heart, the tenderness that lives ever in the bravest, sent him forward to her side. All thought of self and suffering, of treachery and concealment and deception, vanished at once at the sight of her bitter weep. His own brave eyes filled up with tears he would have gladly hidden, but that she saw and was comforted. He took her limp, nerveless hand and led her to a chair, saying only her name—"Mrs. Noel."

For several minutes she could not speak, but wept unrestrainedly, he, poor fellow, walking the floor the while, longing to comfort her, yet powerless. What could he say? What could he do? At last she seemed to regain her self control.

"Capt. Lane," she said, "it is useless for me to tell you how much I have learned since coming here of which I was ignorant before. Every effort has been made to spare me; people have been so considerate and kind that the truth, as I am beginning to see, has been kept from me. Mr. Falconer, Capt. Noel's—our lawyer, has at last admitted that almost everything depends upon your evidence. Forgive me, if you can, that I believed for a while that you inspired the charges against him. I know now that you refused to press the matter, and that—that I am not to blame any one. In his deep misfortune my duty is with my husband, and he—consented that I should see you. Capt. Lane," she said, rising as she spoke, "do not try to spare my feelings now. I am prepared for anything—ready to share his downfall. If you are asked as to the contents of the note you sent him before the fight, must you tell what they were? Do you recall them?"

"I must, Mrs. Noel. I remember almost the exact words," he replied gently, sorrowfully.

"But that is all, is it not? You know nothing more about the delay in reaching you?" And her eyes, piteous in entreaty, in shame, in suffering, sought one instant his sad face, then fell before the sorrow and sympathy in his.

"For a moment there was no answer, and at last she looked up, alarmed.

"Mrs. Noel," he said, "I could not help it. I was eagerly awaiting their coming. I saw them approach the ford and the pass. I saw that there were only six Apaches to resist them, and the next thing I saw was the retreat."

"Oh, Capt. Lane!" she cried, "must you testify as to this?" And her trembling hands were clasped in misery. "Is there no way—no way?"

"Even if there were," he answered, slowly and mournfully, "Mr. Mason's testimony and that of the men would be still more conclusive."

Throwing herself upon the sofa, the poor girl gave way to a fit of uncontrollable weeping; and Lane stood helplessly, miserably by. Once he strove to speak, but she could not listen. He brought her a glass of water presently and begged her to drink it; there was still something he had to suggest. She took the goblet from his hand and looked up eagerly through her tears. He was thinking only of her—for her—now. The man who had robbed him of happiness, of love, of wife and home and hope, and who had done the utmost that he dared to rob him of honor and his soldier reputation—the man now wretchedly listening overhead to the murmur of voices below—he forgot entirely except as the man she loved.

"Mrs. Noel, your friends—his friends—are most influential. Can they not be telegraphed to that his resignation will be tendered? Can they not stop the trial in that way?"

"It is hopeless. It has been tried, and refused. If he is found guilty there is nothing left—nothing left," she moaned, "but to take him back to the east with me, and with the little we have now to buy some quiet home in the country, where our wretched past need not be known—where we can be forgotten—where my poor husband need not have to hang his head in shame. Oh, God! oh, God! what a ruined life!"

"Is there nothing I can do for you, Mrs. Noel? Listen, that court cannot begin the case to-morrow. Four members are still to come. It may be two days yet—perhaps three. Perhaps Mr. Withers and his friends do not appreciate the danger and have not brought pressure to bear on the president; but—forgive me for the pain this must give you—there are other new charges coming from division headquarters, that I fear will harm still more. I grieve to have to tell you this. Try and make Mr. Withers understand. Try and get the resignation through. If you will see Mr. Falconer and—the captain now, I can get the telegraph operator."

"What charges—what new accusations do you mean?" she asked, her eyes dilating with dread. "Are we not crushed enough already? Oh, forgive me, Capt. Lane! I ought not to speak bitterly; you—you have been so good, so gentle. You, the last man on earth from whom I should seek mercy," she broke forth impetuously; "you are yet the one to whom I first appeal. Oh, if after this night I never see you again, believe that I suffer, that I realize the wrong I have done. I was never worthy the faintest atom of your regard; but there's one thing—one thing you must hear. I wrote you fully, frankly, imploringly before—before you came—and saw. Indeed, indeed I had waited days for your reply, refusing to see him until after papa died, and then I was weak and ill. You never read the letter. You sent them all back unopened. I cannot look in your face. It may have been hard for a while, but the time will soon come when you will thank God—thank God—I proved faithful."

And then, leaving him to make his own way from the house, she rushed sobbing to her room. When next he saw her Reginald, her brother, with Lowndes and his tearful wife, was lifting her into the ambulance that was to take them to the rail-

way, and the doctor rode away beside them. But this was ten days after.

True to Lane's prediction, the court met and adjourned on the following day. Col. Standard and Maj. Turner telegraphed that they were delayed en route to the railway, and nothing was heard from the other missing members. Two days more found the court in readiness, but the trial did not begin. There arrived on the express from the east, the night before all seemed ready for the opening session, Lieut. Bowen of the cavalry recruiting service, with two guards who escorted the ex-clerk Taintor.

Telegrams for Capt. Noel had been coming in quick succession, but he himself had not been seen. It was Lowndes who took the replies to the office. The first meeting of the court was to have occurred on Monday. Tuesday evening the judge advocate sent to the accused officer a copy of the additional specifications to the charge of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and notified him that the witnesses had just arrived by train.

At 4 o'clock Wednesday morning Mrs. Lowndes was aroused by a tapping at her door, and recognized the voice of Mrs. Noel calling her name. Hastily she arose and went to her, finding her trembling and terrified. Gordon, she said, had been in such misery that he would not undress and try to sleep, but had been restlessly pacing the floor until after midnight. Then he had gone down to make some memoranda, he said, at the desk in which he and Mr. Falconer had their papers, and as she could not sleep she soon followed; but he was not there. Occasionally he had gone out late at night and walked about the parade after every one but the guard had gone to bed, and she thought he must have done so this time, and waited and peered out on the parade and could see nothing of him. At last she could bear it no longer.

Lowndes had heard the sobbing voice and one or two words. He was up and dressed in no time and speedily found the officer of the day. "Do you think he could have made away with himself—suicide?"

"Suicide? No," answered Lieut. Tracy. "He's too big a coward even for that."

No sentry had seen or heard anything of him. The whole post was searched at day-break and without success. A neighboring settlement, infested by miners, stock men, gamblers and fugitives from justice, was visited, but nothing was learned that would tend to dispel the mystery. One or two hard citizens—saloon proprietors—poked their tongues in their cheeks and intimated that "if properly approached" they could give valuable information; but no one believed them. That night, deserted and well nigh distracted, Mabel Noel lay moaning in her little room, suffering heaven only knows what tortures; and from the yearning mother arms, far from home and kindred, far even from the recreant husband for whose poor sake she had abandoned all to follow him, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness or in health—only to be left to the pity and care of strangers.

But she was in an army home and among loving, loyal, simple hearts. The women, one and all, thronged to the little cottage, imploring that they might "help in some way." The men, when they were not damning the runaway, were full of suggestions as to the course to be pursued. Mabel would accept only one explanation of his disappearance: crazed by misfortunes he had taken his own life; he had said he would. But the regiment could not believe it, and in forty-eight hours had traced him on the saigon horse over to the Southern Pacific and thence down to El Paso. More than one man gave a sigh of relief that the whole thing could be so easily settled without the scandal of all that evidence being published to the world. The court met and adjourned pending the receipt of orders from the convening authority. The telegraph speedily directed the return to their stations of the several members. Lieut. Bowen went back to the east, leaving Taintor in the guard house, and in a week Reginald Vincent came to take his sister home and to whisper that Gordon was safe in the City of Mexico—Mr. Withers was sending him money there. And so from her bed of illness, suffering and humiliation the poor girl was almost carried to her train, and all Fort Gregg could have wept at sight of her wan and hopeless face.

She shrank from seeing or meeting any of her old associates, yet was eager to reach her mother's roof, fondly believing that there she would find letters from her husband. It hurt her immensely that he should have died without one word to her of his intentions, but she could forgive it because of the suffering and misery that bore him down and unsettled his mind. It stung her that Mr. Withers, not she, should be the first to learn of his place of refuge; but perhaps he thought she had gone east at once, and so had written there. She attributed his desertion to the strain to which he had been subjected; but she had been spared the sight of those last "specifications." Her first inquiry, after one long, blessed clasping in her mother's arms, after the burst of tears that could not be restrained, was for letters from him; and she was amazed, incredulous when told there were none. Mr. Withers was sent for at once; that eminent citizen would gladly have dodged the ordeal, but could not. He could only say that two telegrams and two drafts had reached him from Noel, and that he had honored the latter at sight and would see that he lacked for nothing.

She would have insisted on going to join him in his exile, but he had sent no word or line; he had ignored her entirely. He might be ill, was the first thought; but Mr. Withers assured her he was physically perfectly well. "Everything is being done now to quietly end the trouble," said Mr. Withers. "We will see to it at Washington that his resignation is now accepted, for they will never get him before a court, and might as well make up their minds to it. They cannot drop or dismiss him for a year, with all their red tape methods and their prate about the 'honor of the service.' I've seen enough of the army in the last three months to convince me it's no place for a gentleman. No, my dear; you stay here—or go up to the mountains. We'll have him there to join you in a month."

But the authorities proved obdurate. Even the millionaire failed to move the war secretary. Unless Capt. Noel came back and stood trial he would be "dropped for desertion" ("and if he came back and stood trial would probably be kicked out

backward and liar," thought to himself the official who sat a silent listener). This Noel would not do. Withers sent him to Vera Cruz on a pseudo business visit, and Mabel, silent, sad faced, but weeping no more, went to a little resort in the West Virginia mountains.

Meantime another court had been convened, another deserter tried, convicted and sentenced, and before being taken to prison he made a full statement to Capt. Lane and two officers called in as witnesses. This was Taintor. He had known Capt. Noel ever since his entry into service. Taintor was an expert penman, a gambler, and at times a hard drinker. He had enlisted in the troop of which Noel was second lieutenant while they were in Tennessee, and had deserted, after forging the post quartermaster's name to two checks and getting the money.

The regiment went to the plains; he was never apprehended, and long years afterward he drifted from a position in the quartermaster's depot at Jeffersonville to a re-enlistment and a billet as clerk in the recruiting rendezvous at the Queen City. Knowing that Noel would recognize him he deserted there, as has been told, faking all the money he could secure by forged checks for small amounts, which he trusted would not excite suspicion. But he had fallen in love with a young woman and she was dependent on him. He came back to the neighborhood after he thought the hue and cry were over, was shadowed and arrested by the police, and had given himself up for lost when Capt. Noel was brought to his cell to identify him. He could hardly believe his senses when the captain said it was all a mistake. Then he was released and went to work again across the river, and one night Noel came—told him he knew him perfectly and would keep his secret provided he would "make himself useful." It soon turned out that what was wanted was the imitation of Capt. Lane's signature on one or two papers whose contents he did not see, and type writing of some letters, one of which, without signature of any kind, and referring to some young lady, her secret meetings with Capt. Noel, and saying, "You are being betrayed," was sent to Capt. Lane at Fort Graham. Very soon after this Capt. Lane came back. Taintor again fled until he knew his old commander had gone away, and then, venturing home, was rearrested, as has been told.

Lane knew the anonymous letter well enough, but now for the first time saw its object. It was to make him accuse Mabel Vincent of deceit and faithlessness and so bring about a rupture of the engagement, which at that time Noel saw no other means of removing as the one obstacle that stood in the way of his hopes.

But what were the other papers? August came, and with it the rumors of the appearance of the dreaded vomito at Vera Cruz; but in the remote and peaceful nook where mother and daughter—two!—lived and sorrowing women—were living in retirement no tidings came. Vainly Mabel watched the mails for letters—if only one—from him. She had written under cover to Mr. Withers, but even that evoked no reply.

One smothering afternoon they were startled by the sudden arrival of Regy. He sought to avoid question and to draw his mother to one side, but Mabel was upon him.

"You have news?" she said, her white face set, her hands firmly seizing his arm. "What is it? Have they dismissed him?" "They can never dismiss—never harm him more, Mabel," was the solemn answer.

Some months afterward Mrs. Vincent received a packet of papers that belonged to the late Capt. Noel. Mabel had been sent to Florida for the winter, and was spending her early widowhood with kind and loving friends. The consul at Vera Cruz had written to Mr. Withers full particulars of his cousin's death—one of the first victims of the vomito—and had sent these papers with the formal certificates of the Mexican officials. Mr. Woodrow, one of the executors of Mr. Vincent's estate, showed singular desire to examine these papers, but the widow thought they should be kept only by her daughter. It was not until then that, with much hesitancy, the gentleman explained that Mr. Vincent had given him to understand that he had intended some papers to Capt. Noel which that officer had promised to send at once to his old friend Capt. Lane. Mrs. Vincent could learn no more from him, but she lost no time in searching the packet.

Within twenty-four hours, Mabel was summoned home by telegraph, and there for the first time learned that her father's partner, for the use of the firm in their sore straits of nearly two years before, Capt. Lane had given the sum of \$15,000, and that among Capt. Noel's papers was what purported to be a receipt in full for the return of the sum from Mr. Vincent, which receipt was signed apparently by Frederick Lane and dated July 2, 188—. But this, said Mr. Woodrow, must be a mistake; Mr. Vincent had assured him late in July that he had not repaid it, but that Clark had his instructions to repay it at once, and all Clark's books, papers and receipts had been examined and showed that no such payment had been made.

"It simply means that the very roof under which we are sheltered is not ours, but that noble fellows," said Mrs. Vincent; and that night she wrote and poured forth her heart to him, while Mabel locked herself in her room.

No answer came. Then Mr. Woodrow made inquiries of the officer at the rendezvous, and learned that Capt. Lane had gone to Europe with leave of absence for a year; and there her letter followed him. She demanded, as a right, to know the truth. "She had given the executors to understand that the debt must be paid, if they had to sell the old homestead to do it. She would be glad to go and live in retirement anywhere."

Not only did she, but so did Mr. Woodrow, receive a letter from distant Athens. The widow sobbed and laughed and pressed her letter to her heart, while Woodrow read his with moistened eyes, a suspicious resort to his cambric handkerchief, and an impatient consignment of all such unfounded quixotic, unbusiness like cavalryman—to the deuce, by Jupiter; and then he went off to show it to his fellow-executors.

The long summer wore away. Autumn again found mother and daughter and Regy at the dear old home, but light and laughter had not been known within the massive walls since the father's death. The

tragedy in Mabel's life coming so quickly after that event seemed to have left room for naught but mourning. "She has so aged, so changed," wrote Mrs. Vincent, on one of the few occasions when she wrote of her at all to him; and she wrote every month. "I could even say that it has improved her. The old gaiety and joyousness are gone, and with them the willfulness. She thinks more—lives more—for others now."

Winter came again—the second winter of Mabel's widowhood—and she was urged to visit the Noels at their distant home; but she seemed reluctant until her mother bade her go. She was still wearing her widow's weeds, and her lovely face was never sweeter in her girlhood days than now in that frame of crape. Of the brief months of her married life they never spoke, but the Noels loved her because of her devotion to him when not a friend was left. In early March the news from home began to give her uneasiness; "mamma did not seem well," was the explanation, and it was decided that they would go on as far as Washington with her, and spend a day or two there, when Reginald would meet and escort her home.

And so, one bright morning in that most uncertain of months, Mabel Noel with her sister-in-law and that lady's husband stood at the elevator landing waiting to be taken down to the hallway of their hotel. Presently the lighted cage came sliding from aloft. Mrs. Lanier entered, followed by the others. Two gentlemen seated on one side removed their hats, and the next instant, before she could take her seat, the lady saw one of them rise, bow and extend his hand to Mabel, saying, with no little embarrassment and much excess of color, something to the effect that this was a great surprise—a statement which her fair sister-in-law evidently could find no words to contradict, even had she desired to do so. Neither of the two seemed to think of any others who were present. Indeed, there was hardly time to ask or answer questions before they had to step out and give place to people desiring to ascend, and then the gentleman nearly tumbled over a chair in the awkwardness of his adieu. Mrs. Noel's face was averted as they left the hall, but all the more was Mrs. Lanier desirous of questioning.

"Who was your friend, Mabel?" "Mabel had had to turn or be ungracious. Her face was glowing as she answered, simply: "Capt. Lane."

An hour later Mrs. Lanier said to her husband: "That was the man to whom she was said to be engaged before Gordon; and did you see her face?"

Once again they met—this time at the entrance to the dining room; and there Capt. Lane bowed gravely to "My sister, Mrs. Lanier—Mr. Lanier," when he was presented. The lady seemed distant and chilling. The man held out his hand and said, "I'm glad to know you, captain. I wish you could dine with us." But Lane had died and was going out.

The third day came and no Reginald. Expecting him every moment, Mabel declined to go with her friends on shopping tour, and was seated in her room thinking, when there came a tap at the door; a card for Mrs. Noel, and the gentleman begged to see her in the parlor. Her color heightened as she read the name. Her heart beat flutteringly as she descended the stairs. He was standing close by the door, but he took her hand and led her to the window at their right.

"You have news from mamma!" she cried. "Tell me—instantly!"

"Mr. Woodrow thinks it best that you should come, Mrs. Noel; and she has sent for me. Reginald went directly west last night. Will you trust yourself to my care? and can you be ready for the next train—in two hours?"

Ready! She could go instantly. Was there no train sooner? She implored him to tell if her mother's illness was fatal. He could only say that Mrs. Vincent had been quite suddenly seized; and yet they hoped she would rally. Mabel wept unrestrainedly, upbraiding herself bitterly for her dilatory journey; but she was ready.

Unobtrusively, yet carefully, he watched over her on the homeward way. Tenderly he lifted her to the pavement of the familiar old depot, where Regy met them. Mamma was better, but very feeble. She wanted to see them both.

Three days the gentle spirit lingered. Thrice did the loving woman send for Lane, and, holding his hand in hers, whispering blessing and prayerful charges to the future. Regy wondered what it could all mean. Mabel, on her knees in her own little room, pleading for her devoted mother's life, knew well how to the very last that mother clung to him, but only vaguely did she reason why.

At last the solemn moment came, and the hush of twilight, the placid, painless close of a pure and gracious life were broken only by the sobbing of her kneeling children and of the little knot of friends who, dearly loving, were with her at the gate into the new and radiant world beyond.

One soft spring evening a few weeks later Mabel stood by the window in the old library, an open letter in her hand. Twice had she looked at the clock upon the mantel, and it was late when Frederick Lane appeared. Mr. Woodrow had unexpectedly detained him, he explained, but now nothing remained but to say good-by to her. His leave was up. The old troop was waiting for him.

"Will you try to do as I asked you and write to me once in a while?" he said.

"I will. It was mother's wish." But her head sank lower as she spoke.

"I know," he replied. "For almost a year past she had written regularly to me, and I shall miss it—more than I can say. And now—it is good-by. God bless you, Mabel!"

And still she stood inert, passive, her eyes downcast, her bosom rapidly rising and falling under its mourning garb. He took her hand and held it lingeringly one minute, then turned slowly away.

At the portiere he stopped for one last look. She was still standing there, drooping. The fair head seemed bowing lower and lower, the white hands were clasping nervously.

"Do you know you have not said good-by, Mabel?"

She is bending like the lily now, turning away to hide the rush of tears. Only faintly does he catch the whispered words: "Oh! I cannot."