



## CHELSEA STANDARD.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
WM. EMMERT.  
OFFICE OVER

KEMP'S HARDWARE STORE.  
UP STAIRS. TURN TO LEFT.

PER YEAR STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

**PALMER & WRIGHT,**  
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.  
OFFICE OVER KEMP'S BANK.  
OFFICE HOURS:  
Palmer's, 10 to 12, a. m., 4 to 6 p. m.  
Wright, 7:30 to 10, a. m. 1 to 3, p. m.

**L. L. WILLIAMS,**  
DENTIST;  
Graduate of the University of Michigan Dental College. Office with Palmer & Wright, over Kemp's Bank.

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

**DON'T  
FAIL TO VISIT**

—THE—  
**Restaurant and Bakery**  
—OF—  
**WM. CASPARY.**

TRAINS LEAVE;  
West, 5:43, 7:07, 10:31 A. M. 4:02 P. M.  
East, 11:13 A. M. 6:19, 7:48 P. M.

Leo Staffan is now selling goods for cash.

Mrs. Ainsworth of Ypsilanti, is the guest of Miss Blodgett and Mr. Knapp. Miss Louise Merriman of Grass Lake is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Schmidt this week.

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

Mr. Codd and family came up from Detroit, Wednesday, and enjoyed themselves at the lake.

We were surprised a few days ago, while driving through the country, to find so much corn yet in the shock.

The ladies of the Congregational church had a very pleasant time with Mrs. Thomas Sears, Wednesday last.

Orin Burkhardt, E. Beach and F. Edwin, will represent Lafayette grange in Lima, at the union labor convention in Ann Arbor, November 20th.

A number of Chelsea's Knights Templar went to Ann Arbor Tuesday, to attend the funeral of Thos. Hill, the last member in the Ann Arbor commandery.

The Michigan Central changes time at Sunday or a week later, putting another through train each way between Detroit and Chicago, taking the Jackson accommodation off.

Saturday morning, the wind was in the south, a little later it was west, and in the northeast with snow, and in the evening it was again in the south, making a complete circle of the compass in 24 hours.

Hog & Holmes are now in possession of the Heschelwerdt store, using the same for furniture. The three stores being painted white, it being said that white fronts show goods to better advantage.

Mr. Allen goes down, but he goes with his ticket, and does not run behind it either in this city or county.

Earlier in Ann Arbor he runs 61 and of Turner, in the county 333, and of the district 914. A record to be proud of notwithstanding the defeat.

Mrs. Dr. Schmidt made her parents a visit last week.

Miss Kingsley of Saline, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Calkins.

Thos. Jensen was in St. Louis last week on business for his brother.

Why is a dog's tail like an old man? Because its infirm.—News.

You may eat turkey and give thanks November 27. (Defeated candidates can omit the thanks).

Went Gov. Luc's Thanksgiving proclamation fall a little flat on some people this year?

A ratification meeting was held here Monday evening, Senator Gorman and others, speaking.

J. E. Durand is again on the road for Davis & Rankin, the creamery outfitters. He was in this village, Tuesday.

E. G. Hong and H. S. Holmes have been in Chicago this week purchasing goods for their three immense stores.

Lawyer Turnbull, wife and Miss Phebe, left Tuesday last for a few days visit with friends in Saginaw and Alpena.

Chelsea is booming like all get out. Two new signs have just been put up on the bank at that place.—Grass Lake News.

The official count of this county (enclosed in supplement form) shows that Gorman ran 189 behind Winans, while Allen ran 338 ahead of Turner.

The next National encampment of the G. A. R. will open in Detroit August 5th, next. Great preparations are being made for the occasion by Detroit citizens.

We had the pleasure last Wednesday through the kindness of Mr. Raffrey, of driving to Pinckney, stopping on the way at the splendid farm of the Rabbit brothers.

Wm. Schenk now heats his clothing and boot and shoe store with a new furnace. The Savings bank, the drug store, and the rooms above them, are heated with hot air and hot water.

The Washtenaw delegation, to the republican state convention, of which Hon. S. G. Ives was chairman, voted (with the exception of two men), for Rich, first, last and all the time.

Partisanship has no proper place in the pulpit, but it is as much the duty of the preacher to teach his people the relations between politics and morals, and the relations between religion and politics, as it is to urge upon them honesty in business and purity in private life.—Free Press.

The drain, on the west side of East street, has for some time failed to carry off the water. Upon investigation it was found that the roots of willow shade trees had penetrated the tile, filling them completely with small roots. It will take quite a while to dig up the tile and empty them, as they are from eight to ten feet below the surface.

The fair to be given at the Town Hall next Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, under the auspices of the ladies of the Lutheran church, promises to be a very pleasant affair. Supper will be served from 5:30 on, at 15 cents. The admission will be 15 cents, children 10 cents. At 8:30 o'clock each evening, a concert will be given, in which Prof. Hessler and daughter, of Lansing, will take a prominent part. Everybody is most cordially invited to attend.

John B. Fay, a former Chelsea boy, is now the manager of the jobbing department in A. C. McClurg & Co.'s stationary and book house of Chicago, an establishment employing 300 persons. Mr. Fay is an orphan boy who has worked his way to a position that brings him \$3,300 a year, by his own efforts. It is indeed a pleasure to see well-deserved merit gain its reward.—Stockbridge Sun. He was a pupil of Prof. Osband, now of the Ypsilanti, and in the same class with Senator Gorman. The latter hasn't worked very hard, but will soon have a \$5000 per year job.

## KILLED BY ELECTRICITY

Elbert Winans, Loved By All, Instantly Killed at Port Huron.

Just after the STANDARD had been deposited in the post office; last Friday, a telephone message was received at this place, stating that Elbert Winans, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ben. Winans, and a twin brother of Albert Winans, the jeweler, had been instantly killed by an electric shock. Albert left on the next train, arriving in Port Huron the same evening, returning to this place with the remains Saturday evening.

The Free Press of Saturday gave the following account of the sad affair, said by Mr. Winans to be true as far as now known, although the inquest may develop additional facts. "Elbert Winans of Detroit, a telephone lineman, was instantly killed in this city (Port Huron) at 3:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon. He was engaged in putting up the wires of the new fire alarm system and threw his coil over an electric light wire which was supposed not to be charged. An instant later he exclaimed 'Oh, God!' and fell over dead. His assistant also received a slight shock, but he wore gloves and stood on a plank walk, while Winans wore no gloves and stood on the damp ground. His home was in Chelsea, and he had but recently come to this city. The electric light company says that the current was turned off the line at the time of the accident."

The funeral was held from the Baptist church Monday afternoon, Rev. O. C. Bailey officiating. The church was elaborately decorated with flowers, the gifts of fond and affectionate friends, one pillow of white flowers with "at rest" in blue, being the gift of his fellow workman, while a miniature telephone line ornamented the pulpit. Deceased was nearly 26 years of age, and until a year and a half ago, resided in this vicinity, being highly esteemed by all who knew him. Seven of his fellow workmen, and the superintendent, attended the funeral in a body.

The bereaved parents, brothers and sisters have the sincere sympathy of the community in their affliction, as the large number who attended the last sad rites, attested.

Glazier, the druggist, is in Detroit to-day.

Mrs. Krumm of Leslie, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. L. Tichenor.

Miss Matie Churchill of New York, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Stimson.

Mr. Conrad's two brothers and their wives spent several days of this week with him.

Miss Mallory, a home missionary, spoke at the Congregational church last evening.

Allen ran sixteen ahead of his ticket in Lima. Wise democrats and faithful republicans there.

Clare Durand, who for several years was with the American express company at Ann Arbor, is now with the same company in Detroit.

Four overcoats were stolen from the several churches in this place Sunday evening last. The thieves will probably receive their just dues soon.

Mr. Skidmore has a rose bush in his yard which has blossomed all summer and fall, and now has twenty buds on it. It is the only one we know of.

Burglars entered the jewelry store of Wm. Arnold at Ann Arbor, Saturday night, but dropped what they had collected when the burglar alarm rang.

Really, does Mr. Gorman fully represent the intelligence and character of our University Professors?—Ypsilantian. Yes—of those who voted for him!

If Turner had carried this district with as large a plurality as did Luce in 1888, Mr. Allen would have been elected with over 2100 plurality, as he ran over 900 ahead of his ticket this year. As compared with 1886 (the off year) he would have had a plurality of over 1400.

Monday afternoon last, about fifty relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wood, met at their home upon invitation, to celebrate their tenth wedding anniversary. An elegant repast was served, and hours were pleasantly spent. Before taking their departure the guests presented Mr. and Mrs. Wood with a handsome secretary and several other useful articles, and wished them many more happy anniversaries, which is also the sincere wish of the publisher.

## H. S. HOLMES & CO.

## BOOT & SHOE DEPARTMENT!

We wish to call your

## SPECIAL ATTENTION

To our very complete line of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, Wool Boots, Lumberman's Socks, etc.

Buying, as we do, direct from the best manufacturers, enables us to offer the best grades at the lowest price. Please give this department a call when in need of anything.

## CLOTHING and FURNISHING DEPARTMENT!

In this department, we are offering

SUITS, OVERCOATS, SHIRTS, GLOVES, MITTENS, OVERALLS, PANTS, CUFFS, NECKWEAR, ETC.

in great variety and at

## LOW PRICES.

If you wish a suit made to order, or a cloak made over or anything in the tailoring line, our department under the management of Mr. Raffrey offers special Inducements. Respectfully,

H. S. HOLMES & CO.

## CHELSEA ROLLER MILLS

### MARKET REPORT.

Corrected Weekly by Cooper & Wood

Roller Patent, per hundred,.....	\$3.00
Hous eeper'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.	

### Markets by Telegraph

DETROIT, Nov. 14, 1890.

BUTTER.—Market quiet at 16@20c for best dairy. 8c for fair grades.

EGGS.—Market easy at 23c per doz for fresh receipts.

POTATOES.—Market quiet at 75c per bu for store lots.

WHEAT.—No 2 red spot, 7 cars at .98, 2 car at .97; Dec. 1,000 at 1.00. No. 1 white 1 car at 96.

CORN.—No. 2 spot, 53c.

OATS.—No. 2, white, spot 49c.

### Home Markets.

BARLEY.—\$1 25@1 30 7/8 100

EGGS.—20c 7/8 doz.

LARD.—Country wanted at 6@7.

OATS.—Remain steady at 35@40.

POTATOES.—Slow sale at 75c.

BUTTER.—Weak at 12@16c.

WHEAT.—Is in good demand at 93c for red and 92c for No. 1 white.

CORN.—Quiet at 50c 7/8 bu.

Wood's Phosphodine.  
THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.  
Used for 45 years by thousands successfully. Guaranteed to cure all forms of Nervous Weakness, Emission, Sterility, etc. and all the efforts of medicine. Photo from Life. One package, \$1; six, \$5, by mail. Write for pamphlet. Address The Wood Chemical Co., 131 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.



We offer this week, with our complete line of Garland Stoves, Paris Ranges and Round Oak Stoves, several good SECOND HAND HEATING AND COOK STOVES that will be closed out at very low prices. Call early and secure bargains at the New Store.

W. J. KNAPP,  
Chelsea, Mich.



# THE CHELSEA STANDARD.

WM. EMMERT, Publisher.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN

SMOKING is one of the most common habits in Japan. The cigars are good and cheap, and even girls 10 years old smoke.

THE wood pulp mills are ravaging the Adirondack forests, and the State officers are trying to put a stop to the vandalism.

ANOTHER Yankee farmer taken in and done for by a card-sharper. Why don't these farmers read the newspapers more attentively?

THE captain of the wrecked Turkish frigate Ertogroul was named Alibi, but he was not able to prove one at the critical moment and got blown up with his ship.

A DROVE of hogs in Hudson, Mich., became intoxicated by drinking the scum from a sorghum factory, and in the orgies which followed one hog was drowned by the gay debauchees.

MRS. KATE WILLIAMS, of Denver, Col., has obtained a verdict of \$12,000 against Mrs. E. S. Williams, of Brooklyn, her mother-in-law, whom she claims was the cause of her husband leaving her.

AT Union, Iowa, Charles Rever and Miss Minnie Flagg have just been married. Over the parlor door of the bride's house was hung the words: "A union of hearts, a union of hands, and the Flagg of Union for Rever."

AT the public land sale at the State House in Augusta, Me., not a single person appeared to bid. By telegraph and letter, however, five bids were received and twenty lots were sold. This absence of bidders in person rendered the sale the most novel in the annals of the State.

LIKE Mary Anderson in former years, Mr. Sullivan is wedded to his art. Nothing, he says, will tempt him from the drama. This is rather rough on the drama, but perhaps on the whole the public is a gainer. It is easier to put up with this distinguished citizen in the role of a strolling player than in that of a prize-fighter.

ONE of the most remarkable old ladies in Maine is living on the island of Monhegan. Although 75 years old, she not only knows nothing of the cars, telephone, electric lights, etc., but has never seen a horse. She has always lived on the island several miles from the mainland, and her world has been Monhegan. Sheep and cows are kept on the island, but there is no call for horses.

THE grand jury at Little Rock has indicted Col. Coffee for sending a challenge to fight a duel to Col. Allis. A great change has come over the chivalrous spirit of the South. The time was when pistols and coffee for two was a frequent incident, yet here is Col. Coffee indicted in a Southern court, not for fighting a duel, but for merely sending a challenge to one. Arkansas, Texas, Mississippi, and the other Southern states are becoming as tame and commonplace as Vermont and Connecticut.

THE difference between jury selection in the American Republic and jury selection under British forms of government is amply illustrated in the Birchall murder trial, which promises to be one of the causes celebre in Canadian jurisprudence. From the opening of this case to the acceptance of the last juror less than three hours elapsed. The selection of the entire jury was completed in a single session of the Court. In the United States a similarly important case would probably occupy at least three weeks in the selection of a jury, and when selected it would be less than the average in intelligence. The abuse of the latitude in the examination of jurors in this country deserves the careful consideration of those who are charged with the administration of justice.

BARTHOLOME, the great French sculptor, who wishes to undertake some work of art for the World's Fair, suggests as a subject the triumph of liberty in its agricultural and industrial productions. For an artist whose favorite work as shown by his statue of liberty is on a mammoth scale, the subject is full of inspiration and splendid opportunities. The new statue might consist, perhaps, of an ideal figure of Illinois, colossal in proportions, around which might be grouped specimens of our 930-pound hogs, our 4,000-pound steers, our mammoth pumpkins, our 20-foot corn, our prize turnips, beets, squashes, melons, and whatever else will demonstrate the greatness of Illinois as an agricultural State. A representation in a noble

piece of statuary of all these products in their natural size would satisfy the sculptor's love of the gigantic and give the fair a grand and imposing work of art.

COL. C. E. BOUDINOT, who died at Fort Smith, Ark., recently, was the son of a full-blooded Cherokee who had been adopted by a Philadelphia patriot. The Colonel's mother was a Connecticut girl, Miss Hannah Gould, who married the Indian much against the wishes of her family. Both father and son were men of distinction in Indian Territory, the former having been a chief of the Cherokees when that nation was removed from Georgia. The son was a lawyer by profession. Owing to his advanced and progressive position, he became very obnoxious to many of his tribe, and had not lived in the nation for nearly twenty years. He was of a literary turn of mind, was well read and a good conversationalist. He was especially well versed in all Indian affairs. During President Cleveland's administration Colonel Boudinot was pressed by his friends to apply for the place of Commissioner of Indian Affairs. He did so, but was disappointed in not getting the office, and it is said he never visited Washington again.

LONDON is probably one of the noisiest cities in the world; in most other towns there is noisy districts, but in London the noise is everywhere; the street traffic is noisier than almost anywhere else. While other towns make use of the comparatively noiseless tramway car, the metropolis still permits its streets to be blocked by endless streams of lumbering omnibuses and rattling cabs. One comparatively uncommon, but when met with particularly alarming, noise has been attacked by the Newington vestry. The railway companies in many parts of London, especially in the district south of the Thames, have thrown iron bridges, often of great breadth across roads or streets, and the noise when a heavily laden train passes over one of these reverberating structures is enough to appall the stoutest heart and to give a serious shock to a nervous patient or delicate child. The Newington vestry therefore appears to have taken an enlightened step in adopting a resolution expressing the opinion "that, in the interests of the comfort and health of the public, railway bridges should be rendered noiseless, and that a copy of this resolution be sent to the County Council of London and the vestries, with a view to a conference on the subject."

ITALY justly claims to have led the revival of cremation in Europe. The first crematory in Italy was established in Milan on Jan. 26, 1876, and on Dec. 31, 1888, twenty-one communes in the country had crematories in constant operation, and twenty-one more had them in course of completion or in contemplation. In this matter Italy is returning to a usage that belonged to her classic period; but from a sanitary point of view she was compelled to adopt cremation. Five years ago, out of 8,258 communes, 394 had no cemeteries, in 274 the dead were interred in churches or receptacles near the churches, and in 628 the only means of disposing of the corpses of the poor was to throw them into a common pit. In other words, the mode of burial in war, and excusable only on the ground of necessity, was the established everyday custom in 628 Italian communes five years ago. With the introduction of cremation a change has been effected in the system of burial, and last year 9008 communes had cemeteries of their own, while the common channel pits had decreased from 815 in 1885 to 287. All this has been brought about by the sanitary awakening evoked by Bertani's public health code, and if the good work continues Italy may boast in 1900 that in the matter of decent and properly regulated burial she is on a level with the Teutonic countries of Europe. And perhaps by that time the more civilized European countries may be far ahead of Italy in the matter of cremation, a mode of disposing of the dead to which all countries must come in time.

## A Pilot's Remarkable Record.

A remarkable career has closed, with the death last week, of Joseph Henderson, of the Sandy Hook Pilot Service. His record as a pilot is set down as forty-five years, but it probably dates much earlier. He had been in more accidents than any two other pilots in the service. When he was beginning his career he fell from the masthead and had both legs broken and his front teeth knocked out. Not long after he was thrown overboard and had one leg and several ribs broken. Pilots say that during his career he must have had nearly every bone in his body broken. During the war he served as a pilot in Southern waters and there laid the foundation of a considerable fortune.

"WHOM do the mermaids have for beaux?" asked Matilda. "The ocean swells, I suppose," replied Augustus. —Exchange.

## ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE

INCIDENTS AND INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

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

### DEAR OLD JACK.

BY COLONEL ALEX. DUKE BAILEY.



WE were made quickly from raw-boy material in the hot furnace of war; all service soldiers have noticed the fact and process of manufacture.

At this late date I can write the true story of one I knew well and loved.

He was not old when he joined "ours" in '61, as a drummer boy, but he was "Old Jack" to his young comrades while he rattled the sticks on the drum-head, and when he had gained promotion by exceptional bravery he became "Old Jack" to men thrice his age and five times his superior in rank.

He was "a born gentleman," was dear old Jack, and is yet, if he still lives; but from what a ruck of mire this flower of manhood had sprung! I learned his story soon after he became Adjutant of my regiment. A street arab, a boy who knew not who or what his parents were, his earliest recollections were of rags and cold and hunger, and alternate blows and pettings, fastings, and starvings, in the low neighborhood to which he seemed to belong.

Then Molly Delaney, the worst-tongued, strongest-armed, best-looking, hardest-working woman in the ward, "took a likin'" to the little chap, and gave him part of her bed and board, all of her love, and the odds and ends of such abuse as she didn't see fit to throw at the heads of the people about her, but she allowed no one else to berate him, and the boy grew fat, happy, and lusty.

Soon he was selling papers and "doin' for himself." Somehow he learned the letters and how to read in a sort of fashion, and how to count and change money. Then ambition seized him to learn, and the night schools offered no opportunities that Jack did not eagerly embrace. And he was a good boy, not of the "goody-goody" kind, but a real boy, honest and brave, not taught by moral lessons and examples, but because the "good" was born in him.

Molly's pride was aroused. She would not have her Jack shamed any more by her carryin' on, and she worked her hands harder and her tongue less. She saved her money—and she could earn plenty of it, too—and had only an occasional "burst" once or twice a year. Otherwise she became "as dacent a woman as throd in shoe-leather," and her soul was beautified by the love of Jack—her boy.

When the war came, and the little fellow earnestly protested that he must go, she bade him Godspeed; she went with him to the recruiting office, and, acting as his only parent, gave her consent.

With streaming eyes she said, "Sure, an' he's none of mine, flesh nor blood, but I love every hair on his head, and it's proud I am to have him go, the darlint. I'll go hail the father of him was a soldier, and the mother of him was a lady, an' had luck to 'em both for desartin' such a boy—if so they did. But I'm the only father and mother the child has, at all, at all, an' I ain't no kin to him whatever, an' I give my free, willin' consent an' blessin' till his going."

All this and much more; and Jack Delaney, aged 17, was duly enrolled—a handsome, bright-witted, under-sized boy.

Twelve months of campaigning worked wonders. Jack was a Lieutenant; every step had been gained by acts of brilliant courage. He had sprung up in stature, too, and was tall, slender, and aristocratic in looks and bearing, with solid sense in his head for a man of 20. Four months he was my Adjutant, and in that time he became "Dear Old Jack" to me, very dear.

Then the General, who was partial to smart young officers, spied out his worth, and Jack went to brigade headquarters as Captain and A. A. G.

He never landed his family, or lack of family, before others. I think I was the only one who knew his real history, so far as he knew it to tell. To Mother Molly he wrote constantly and lovingly. She had, with her savings, been buying for ridiculously small sums, certain lots of land on the outskirts of New York City. Dumb luck it was in her, but the activity and trade consequent upon the war increased the value of her lots enormously, fabulously, and Molly was already a very rich woman, with plenty of land still to sell; and it "was all for Jack, her darlint' beautiful boy, that she'd live to see a General yet," so she wrote, or had written for her.

And Jack was as happy as a king is supposed to be; no honest man or comrade grudged him his remarkable good fortune—all rejoiced in the favorite's success.

The war ended; new regiments were being formed for the enlarged regular

army. Our General's influence, zealously exerted, gained for Jack Delaney the grand prize of Major of cavalry; and no emperor was ever more proud of his crown than the dear old boy of that commission.

Others were doubly delighted: the General, for one, and his daughter, Miss Dollie, for another, though she said but little. Jack knew well his feelings toward her, and, with the confidence of youth, fed by many kind glances and words from the lady fair, he felt that it would be all plane sailing with the father and daughter were it not for the trouble in explaining where, or when, or how, or from what or whom he originated.

"I shall tell Dollie all," he said to me, "and if she can overlook it, then I'll go to the General."

I knew little of such matters then; I was but a few months older than Jack; I told him that was the right move; I think so still.

The newly appointed officers came in fast to report, and, before they departed for assigned recruiting stations the floors of the old barracks were to be made to shake once more with a dance.

Jack was to tell his story and try his fate that night, in some secluded nook—so he, and I, had decided.

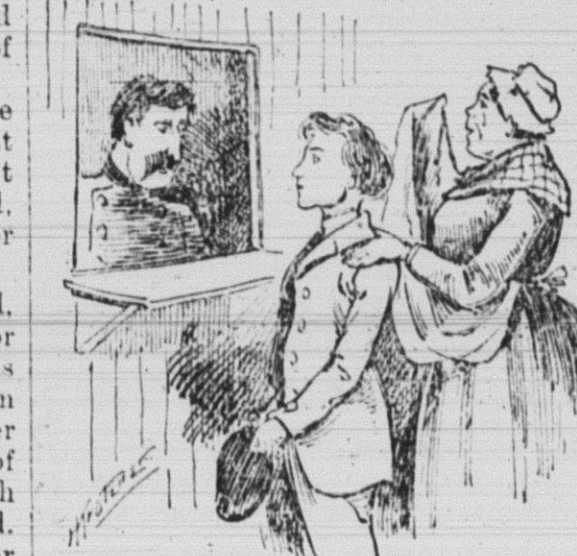
The good fellow had written, of course, quires and quires of letters to Molly, and she had sent him two drafts for large sums, and a big package of greenbacks, by express. He was "to spend \$2 for every one that the best of them could lay out, and more than that if he could," she wrote.

A handsome young soldier than Jack Delaney was not in army-blue that night of the ball. For the first time he mounted the double row of buttons and the gold-leaf of his new rank. No man was there but wished him good luck, no woman there but had a sweet smile and kind word for the gallant boy.

The night was well advanced; sets had formed for the dance before supper. Miss Dollie and Jack stood together at the end of the room, a "beautiful team." Jack's eyes saw that each couple was in place and ready to "go." He was about to turn and signal the leader of the band to strike up when a confused noise, a sound of protesting words and struggling, the gruff tones of the guard at the door, the shrill, angry voice of a woman arrested the attention of all, and caused a complete halt and hush.

All eyes were directed toward the entrance, and through it, breaking from the detain'g grasp of a corporal and private, staggered into the brilliantly lighted hall a woman, with dress all disordered, her eyes wild, hair flying, howling vile oaths, and clawing with her fingers at those who tried to detain her, and crying out for—Jack. "Jack! Jack, me darlint! Whoop! Don't lay a finger on me, ye spawn of th' devil. I'll see me Jack spite o' ould Satan himself, an' ye bla'gards' foot! Haven't I thravell'd from New York till giv' t' him, an' wull th' loikes o' ye stop me now! Jack, darlint, where is ye?"

All this before one of the aston-



"ACTING AS HIS ONLY PARENT, GAVE HER CONSENT."

ished lookers-on could move. She had advanced half the length of the room; there the glare of light, the heat, or the excitement and liquor seemed to daze her; she paused a second and sunk to the floor.

I felt at once who this must be; my eyes sought Jack.

Dear brave boy! For an instant he stood as one stunned, his face a deathly white. But only for a heart beat of time did he stand idle; it was no coward halt. Droppin' the hand of Miss Dollie, which in his amaze he had still retained in his grasp, he stepped quickly forward to the prostrate figure and leaned over it. He turned his face and gave me a glance. I knew its meaning and responded.

Together we raised the poor woman, sobbing meaningless words, feeling now that she had in some way done wrong.

Then Jack stood with his arm about her, and held her upright with his own strength.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I am very sorry for this interruption. This good woman raised me, cared for me when no one else did—loves me. She is the only mother I have ever known, she was ever a mother to me; as my mother I acknowledge her, and love her. Good-by!"

And he tenderly supported poor Molly out from among the wondering, silent throng.

I never saw sunny-faced, happy, dear old Jack again. He was a sad, aged man when he came to me next day. He had spent an hour with the General, and then the chief had gone to his house to see Miss Dollie. He came back and Jack went out on the parade to meet him; he took the stricken boy by the hand.

"It's no use, Jack; she can't do it; can't ask her to. I love you, Jack, but I don't know that I would consent, even if Dollie were willing," said the old soldier, and tears rose in his honest eyes.

"She is right, you are right, sir, did not expect it; I had no right to even think it could be. God bless her. Thank you, General," and he hurried away.

In fifteen minutes his resignation



"SHE PAUSED A SECOND AND SANK TO THE FLOOR."

was written, with leave of absence pending its acceptance. The hour he took train for the far West, poor, penitent, sick and maimed Molly with him. He never had a moment's thought of leaving her—wasn't that sort. She had stood him in his need; she needed him now, and he answered the call like a soldier. Sometimes, after years of silence, would hear from him or of him, and prospered on the Pacific coast doing his full duty ever. Dear old Jack!

If this were fiction it might proper to find my friend's parent rich and noble; to have Miss Dollie marry him, spite of all, and to have Mother Molly become an aged saint.

But the fact is, when I last heard from Jack he was still single and ignorant as ever of his real relations. Molly averaged four "bursts" a year each one lasting about six months; she smoked a clay pipe continually and could outwear any tinsman on the Slope. Miss Delaney has been the happy wife of a captain for twenty years.

CHICAGO, Ill.



His First and Last Scout.

EARLY in the war the soldier under no charge of General Grant as his "boy" were in and ready for the post danger. There were men who feared to go into battle, had one such man in my regiment the beginning of the war. He was one of the finest looking men in the command, but would not go where fighting was to be done. This weakness was observed by the men, frequently made remarks in his presence calculated to wound a sensitive nature. This caused Millan, for that was his name, to come to me one night when I was ordered to send a part of my command to march against a force reported in camp fifty miles distant, and asked permission to go on the expedition. I said to him: "Millan, it is something new to you to want to go where there is fighting to be done." He answered, "I know that the men of the regiment have questioned my courage, and for that reason I come. I have always believed that I would be killed the first time I went into an engagement and have not been able to drive the feeling out of my mind. At the same time I have made up my mind to go; be the consequences what they may be. I expect to be killed. He then gave me instructions how to communicate with his family, and with me some articles which were to be sent to them in the event of death. I made light of his presentiment, and told him he would be back all right. He left me to go ready to march with the expedition at daylight next morning.

A few days prior to this time Millan's father, who lived at Canton, Mo., wrote his son a letter which I have now in my possession. He, too, seemed to have had a presentiment that he would never receive the letter. After addressing it as he had always done before, to the regiment, division and Army of the Southwest, he wrote: "If General Bussey sees this letter, the one to whom it is addressed, please see it, he will confer a favor by opening the letter and informing the writer of the facts." No such incident had ever before been made of any of Millan's letters. The expedition started on May 28, 1862. The official report of the engagement states: "Our loss was, Sergeant Stanton C. Millan killed, Captain Joseph Anderson and Private Joseph French shot through the thigh." Millan! It was his first and last scout.

A NEW publication, the Cork, made its appearance in Chicago. It will come out only once a month, will probably not readily find popular favor. Corks must come every day suit the average Chicagoan.



## A CHURCHYARD REVERIE

BY L. D. MURPHY.

Who has not spent a Sabbath eve  
In some lonely churchyard still,  
With the warm sun shining gently down  
On the woodland, vale and hill;  
And felt that nameless something—  
That weird, mysterious spell—  
Which round the cities of the dead  
Forever seems to dwell.

The sound breaks the throbbing silence  
Save the note of a turtle dove,  
Floating down from its lofty perch hard by  
Like a wail for a long-lost love.

How sleep the mighty ones of earth  
With many a costly stone,  
In many a lowly grave,  
Unheeded for and unknown.

I stand beside an old man's grave,  
With grass and weeds o'ergrown,  
And the changes time has wrought  
In the long years that have flown.

A little shrub placed by loving hands  
Beside his lonely bed,  
And widely spreads its sheltering arms  
Above his mouldering head.

Here now are they who stood around  
His cold and lifeless clay?  
Are they sleeping near by, perhaps,  
And some are far away.

And gone like the flowers and the grass,  
But if any yet remain,  
I have bound up their wounded hearts  
And soothed the curlew's pain.

For is another, a new-made mound,  
The grave of a little child;  
A spirit gone back from whence it came,  
By this sinful world undied.

Can't tell what hopes he buried here  
With this tiny heap of earth?  
Or desolate now some father's heart,  
And the mother's who gave it birth!

A little rose-tree planted here  
As not yet past the leaf;  
Its healing balm has yet no power  
To soothe their bitter grief.

How we think how many stricken ones  
Are dropped the scolding tear,  
And depths of grief and sorrow  
Are monumented here.

Are you to ask, is there any good  
Such misery and woe?  
Comes so much of sorrow  
To poor mortals here below?

In the light that comes from heaven  
Gloom from the churchyard flies;  
We see that it's only a gateway  
To home beyond the skies.

Father well knows that each human heart  
Is within it a pure fount of love;  
And the rude quartz, must oft be crushed  
And broken.

And their deep-hidden treasures they'll yield,  
In the trials which our lives seem to  
Bring only in mercy given;  
We prepare us more bravely life's battle to  
fight.

And to dwell 'neath the glories of heaven.  
KANSAS CITY, MO.

BERENICE ST. CYR.

Story of Love, Intrigue,  
and Crime.

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.

CHAPTER XX.  
DECEIT.

ASSING behind the bed,  
Hyland began  
pushing it  
away from the  
wall.

He soon de-  
cided, and  
looked help-  
lessly at his  
companion.  
His wound  
and subse-  
quent illness  
had weakened  
his once pow-  
erful muscles,  
and much of  
his boasted  
strength had  
vanished.

down the limited confines of the apart-  
ment.

"I'm undone, baffled!" moaned he, as  
he paused and looked, half pityingly,  
half resentfully, at the unfortunate man  
from whose brain—that which renders  
reasoning possible—memory had well-  
nigh departed.

Suddenly he paused in his walk and  
looked at the bundle of bonds, for the  
possession of which a dastardly murder  
had been committed.

"Of what use are they now?" he mused,  
bitterly. "Their rightful owner is gone,  
and his daughter has been sent to join  
him! Of my vindication and the consequ-  
ent exposure and downfall of Almon  
Sears there seems no possibility. The  
enemy has triumphed! He will, under the  
will extorted from Berenice, hold the en-  
tire visible estate of Paul St. Cyr, but  
these bonds shall not be his!"

He clutched them more firmly in his  
hand, raised them above his head, and  
rushed towards the flaming gas-jet as he  
spoke.

The face at the transom had ceased  
smiling now, and a look of vexatious  
rage had settled upon it.

As, in desperation and despair, Cole  
Winters sprang forward to carry his im-  
pulsive resolution into instant execution,  
Almon Sears leaped lightly to the floor.

Ting-a-ling-ling.  
With the bonds of such enormous value  
almost within the reach of the seemingly  
expectant flame, our hero started and  
looked about.

Upon the bed sat Hyland, stolid and  
immovable.  
Ting-a-ling-a-ling.  
A glance in another direction revealed  
the cause of the noise that had so startled  
him.

Upon the wall near the window was a  
telephone, the little metallic hammer of  
which was still vibrating above the so-  
norous bell.

Throwing the package again upon the  
table, the young man sprang toward the  
wonderful instrument which is capable of  
making the human voice annihilate  
distance.

"Hello!" cried he, as he seized and ap-  
plied to his ear the trumpet whose office  
it is to multiply, until audible to the hu-  
man ear, the faint, vibratory sounds of  
the telephone proper.

"Hello!" came in almost instant re-  
sponse. "Is that the Lake Street Station?"  
"They've made a mistake," thought  
Cole, "and connected with Hyland's pri-  
vate instrument."

He understood that the police depart-  
ment had a telephone system of its own,  
connecting the police stations, street tele-  
phone boxes, and quarters of detectives,  
with the central station in the City Hall.

"Is that the Lake Street Station?" re-  
peated the voice through the telephone.  
"Yes," responded Cole, who felt that if  
a little prevarication was ever admissible  
it was upon an occasion like this. He  
did not expect to learn anything of im-  
portance, but feared that that fact that  
some one had been speaking through the  
private telephone of the demented detec-  
tive, might become known if he corrected  
the mistake, and a raid be ordered.

"Write down an order."  
"All right."  
"In that case the men as fast as they re-  
port at the different boxes to look for  
Almon Sears, whose description has been  
published in connection with the St. Cyr  
murder. He's wanted as one of the  
principals in that job. Got that?"

"Yes."  
"All right!"  
"Hello! Hello!"  
"What is it?"  
"Is there a good case against Sears?"  
"Clear as daylight; straight as a gun-  
barrel!"

"Any one squealed?"  
"Yes."  
"Who?"  
"Martin Bloom. He's given the whole  
thing away; and besides, Max Morris has  
just been pinched."

"Has he confessed?"  
"No, but we've got him dead to rights.  
The whole three will swing!"  
"And the one we've been after—Cole  
Winters?"  
"He's innocent as a babe. Oh! One  
thing more. Take it down."

"All right."  
"Tell the men to look for Detective  
Mat Hyland. He's at large and in an  
insane condition."  
"I know where he is."  
"Where?"  
"At his room in the South Division.  
Send officers there from the Cottage  
Grove Avenue Station."

"How do you know that?"  
"A friend of his saw him go up there  
not long ago."  
"All right."  
"With a look of triumph on his face  
Cole Winters stepped back from the in-  
strument through which he had just re-  
ceived such welcome intelligence.

"Thank heaven!" he cried.  
Then he thought of Berenice, lost to  
him forever, and covering his face with  
his hands, sank down upon the bed be-  
side Hyland.

For some time the two men, both be-  
clouded, the one in the mind, the other  
in the heart, sat silent, listless.  
Suddenly our hero was aroused from  
his mournful soliloquy by a rapping upon  
the door.

In an instant he had unlocked and  
thrown it open.

As he expected, he was confronted by  
a man in the uniform of a police officer,  
behind whom stood another in the garb  
of a citizen.

"Where's Hyland?" asked the blue-  
coated individual.  
"There."  
As Cole turned and pointed toward the  
detective the hindmost man sprang for-  
ward and seized him by the arm.

Before the young man could exert his  
feeble strength in the way of resistance  
he heard a snap and saw and felt a pair  
of handcuffs close upon his wrists.

"Dun! Fool that I am!" cried Cole  
Winters, in accents of despair.  
The man who had placed the gyves  
upon his wrists was Martin Bloom, while  
he now recognized the seeming police  
officer as Almon Sears, his mortal enemy!

CHAPTER XXI.  
A GREAT SURPRISE.

Right on both points," sneered the  
burly burglar, as he pushed our hero  
rudely back. "You're a fool, and you've  
been duped."

"Cole Winters is as innocent as a babe,"  
laughed Sears.  
And Martin Bloom's given the whole  
snap away," added that individual, join-  
ing in the laughter.

As for Cole, he said nothing. His con-  
sternation and disgust were too great to  
admit of his making any reply to the  
taunts and jeers hurled at him by the  
heartless twain.

"Thought you were talking with police  
headquarters, did you?" asked Sears,  
when he had endeavored in vain to ob-  
tain a word from Hyland, who sat uncon-  
cerned and unobserving. "Open the  
door, Mart, and let the guy see how it  
was done."

Bloom produced a key with which he  
unlocked the door which communicated  
with the adjoining apartment.

Then he returned, seized Cole rudely  
by the arm, and followed his comrade in  
crime through the open doorway.

"There's the little joker. We've got a  
private circuit of our own."  
Sears pointed to the opposite side of  
the room where a telephone was fastened  
against the wall.

Like a flash, Cole realized how he had  
been deceived.  
His instrument had been connected  
with the one before him, and he had been  
carrying on a conversation with his  
enemy.

"You are hardly up to the standard of  
a reporter for one of the leading morning  
papers of metropolitan Chicago," re-  
marked the younger of the villains, with  
a mocking laugh.

"Did you count the bonds?" asked  
Bloom, suddenly.  
"Count them! I didn't as much as take  
them!"

"You're a chump! Business before  
pleasure, money before revenge!"  
But Almon Sears did not hear his fel-  
low criminal. He had passed into the  
room where the detective sat.

"Furies!" he shouted, a moment later.  
"What's wrong?" demanded Bloom, who  
had followed his partner, drawing his  
manacled prisoner after him.

"What's wrong? Everything's wrong!  
The bonds—"  
"You don't mean—"  
"That they're gone? That's what I  
do."

"How could that be?"  
"He has them."  
In an instant Sears had darted forward  
and was rummaging the pockets of the  
unresisting detective.

With a curse the baffled murderer start-  
ed back.  
"The powers of darkness are against  
us!" he shouted. "They were on that  
table less than a minute ago, now they  
are gone."

"He may have thrown them out of  
the," suggested Bloom, pointing to the  
one window which was open a little  
ways.

Without the loss of a second Sears was  
leaning out and gazing far down an open  
court beneath.

It was unlighted, save that numerous  
lamps and gas-jets shown through the  
windows of tenements below.

"Do you see them?" asked Bloom im-  
patiently.  
"I see something white. I believe it's  
them."

"I'll go for them!"  
"No! Wait here! I'll be back soon!"  
Sears rushed frantically forward, un-  
locked the outer door, and rushed forth  
into the hall.

"You propose to stay and be duped as  
I have been?"  
"Do I? Not much! I can't trust Al  
with that fortune!"

A moment later and he had rushed  
down after his companion, taking the  
precaution, however, to lock the door.

"Hyland, Hyland!" cried Cole. "Rouse  
yourself!"  
The detective, thus appealed to, sprang  
to his feet, and, with something of his  
old-time intelligence, looked wonderingly  
around.

"Unlock these handcuffs! Quick, or  
we're lost!"  
Hyland looked at the steel bracelets  
and began groping in his pocket.

In a moment he had produced a small  
key, with which he was trying to unlock  
the manacles.

In vain his efforts, however. His hands  
were clumsy, his sight seemed defective,  
and he was unable to insert the key.

Our hero uttered a groan of anguish as  
he realized the utter impotency of his  
unfortunate companion.

"Let me try!"  
At these words, Cole turned, expecting  
to see the mocking face of one of his  
enemies.

Instead, however, he was confronted  
by the man who had so strenuously in-  
sisted that he was a near relative—Jerry  
Moore.

Without another word the dwarf, who  
had appeared from behind the bed where  
he had been hiding, snatched the dimi-  
nutive key from the nerveless hand of  
the detective, and in a moment had re-  
moved and thrown the fetters to the floor.

"How come you here?" asked Cole, as  
soon as he had recovered somewhat from  
his profound astonishment.

"I followed them in. I've been watch-  
ing 'em all day. I'm sick, I am."  
"What's to be done?"  
"This way!"

Jerry rushed into the adjoining room,  
followed by Cole, who was half guiding,  
half dragging Hyland after him.

Producing a number of false keys, the  
guide thrust one of them into the lock of  
a door connecting with still another  
room.

He returned the piece of steel around  
and paused, with his hand on the knob.  
"I wouldn't do this," said he, "not for  
anyone living 'cept my own flesh and  
blood—little Mitty Moore."

With this he threw open the door, and  
pushed his two companions forward.

The two uttered a simultaneous cry of  
astonishment.

Then our hero, sprung forward and  
caught in his arms the pale, fluttering  
form of the girl he loved above all on  
earth—the beautiful Berenice St. Cyr.

CHAPTER XXII.  
CONCLUSION.

Cole Winters fairly staggered under  
the weight of the fair girl, whose cruel  
and untimely death he had so despair-  
ingly mourned.

A Pleasing Sense

Of health and strength renewed and of ease  
and comfort follows the use of Syrup of  
Figs, as it acts in harmony with nature to  
effectually cleanse the system when costive  
or bilious. For sale in 50c and \$1 bottles  
by all leading druggists.

OIL OF PEPPERMINT in water, diluted  
even to one part in one million, will kill  
cockroaches in an hour, they dying of  
convulsions. One drop of the oil placed  
under a bell jar covering a cultivation of  
cholera bacilli will kill both bacilli and  
spores in forty-eight hours.

WATER is somewhat purified, or  
rather cleansed, in freezing, but hard,  
clear ice contains visible suspended  
impurities, and more that are invisible.  
Snow ice is very apt to be unclean,  
and the only safe way is to keep food and  
water away from direct contact with  
ice, unless it be artificially made from  
distilled water, a recent process that  
promises to become very popular.—  
Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.

Stop a cough or a cold at once. Pneu-  
monia and consumption may be started  
by either.

**ST. JACOBS OIL**  
TRADE MARK  
THE GREAT  
**REMEDY FOR PAIN**  
CURES PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY  
**RHEUMATISM.**  
Lumbago, Headache, Toothache,  
**NEURALGIA.**  
Sore Throat, Swellings, Frost-bites,  
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Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds.  
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**BEECHAM'S PILLS**  
ACT LIKE MAGIC  
**ON A WEAK STOMACH.**  
25 Cents a Box.  
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

There may be other good  
Cough Remedies, but there is  
no other that will cure a Cough  
as quickly and effectually as  
Dr. White's Pulmonaria. This  
great remedy has cured thou-  
sands of hopeless cases of  
consumption, and brought joy  
and sunshine to many a home.  
It has cured others, why not  
you? It is entirely harmless,  
and pleasant to take, and lar-  
ger bottles for the price than  
any other, and every bottle  
warranted.

If you have a  
**COLD or COUGH,**  
acute or leading to  
**CONSUMPTION,**  
**SCOTT'S**  
**EMULSION**  
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL  
AND HYPOPHOSPHITES  
OF LIME AND SODA  
**IS SURE CURE FOR IT.**  
This preparation contains the stimu-  
lating properties of the phospho-  
phates and the nourishing cod liver oil,  
used by physicians all the world over. It is as  
palatable as milk. Three times as effec-  
tious as plain cod liver oil. A perfect  
Emulsion, better than all others made. For  
all forms of Wasting Diseases, Bronchitis,  
**CONSUMPTION,**  
Scrofula, and as a Flesh Producer  
there is nothing like **SCOTT'S EMULSION.**  
It is sold by all Druggists. Let no one by  
profuse explanation or impudent entreaty  
induce you to accept a substitute.

**RADWAY'S**  
**READY RELIEF.**  
THE GREAT CONQUEROR OF PAIN.  
For Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Pain in the  
Chest or Sides, Headache, Toothache, or any  
other external pain, a few applications rubbed  
on by hand act like magic, causing the pain  
to instantly stop.  
For Congestions, Colds, Bronchitis, Pneu-  
monia, Inflammations, Rheumatism, Neural-  
gia, Lumbago, Sciatica, more thorough and  
repeated applications are necessary.  
All Internal Pains, Diarrhea, Colic, Spasms,  
Nausea, Fainting Spells, Nervousness, Sleep-  
lessness are relieved instantly, and quickly  
cured by taking inwardly 20 to 60 drops in  
half a tumbler of water. 50c. a bottle. All  
Druggists.

**RADWAY'S**  
**PILLS,**  
An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely  
Vegetable. The Safest and best Medicine  
in the world for the Cure of all Disorders  
of the  
**LIVER, STOMACH OR BOWELS.**  
Taken according to directions they will  
restore health and renew vitality.  
Price 25 cts. a Box. Sold by all Druggists.



She Was Too Thin.

A blow has been delivered to the tailor-  
made girl, writes a New York paper,  
and this through the action of a disap-  
pointed bridegroom, who discovered that  
"things are not what they seem," and  
who arose from his nuptial couch and  
boarded a train for San Francisco. It  
appears that Otto Keliach, a young Ger-  
man musician, married Annie Watson,  
of First Avenue, believing her to be a  
whole-souled and solid girl of fine di-  
mensions. His somewhat materialistic  
views underwent a painful modification  
when the fair but emaciated young lady  
disrobed and left her generous propor-  
tions attached to her apparel. The  
young husband at dead of night stole  
away quietly, leaving only a few lines  
pinned to the pillow of the sleeping  
bride, who had paid for the wedding  
banquet and for their night's lodging at  
the Grand Union Hotel. The explana-  
tory note informed her that she was too  
thin, and that he doted on fat women.  
For three years the deserted wife has  
waited for him in vain, and now she has  
received word from him that he is hap-  
pily wedded to a heavy-weight in Ger-  
many. This should be a warning to  
young women similarly constituted, and  
goes to show that misrepresentation of  
this sort rarely pays in the long run.

It Surely Does.  
Knowledge is power, but it takes a  
good deal of it to know how to live  
without work.—*Ram's Horn.*



# THE CHELSEA STANDARD.

WM. EMMERT, Publisher.  
CHELSEA, MICHIGAN

## BREEZY BRIEFLETS.

COLLECTED BY WIRE FROM FAR  
AND NEAR.

An Entertaining and Instructive Summary  
of the Doings of the Old and New World,  
Embracing Politics, Labor, Accidents,  
Crime, Industry, Etc.

### TENANTS DRIVEN OUT.

Irish Evictions One More Under Way—Six-  
teen Families Homeless.

DISPATCHES from the scene of the  
evictions at Ardsberg, on the Olphert  
estates, in County Donegal, describe  
many pitiful occurrences. Sixteen fam-  
ilies, comprising 100 persons, were  
evicted, and the process will go on until  
about fifty families are dispossessed.  
There was a squabble during the  
proceedings, caused by the activity of  
J. G. S. MacNeill, M. P. for South  
Donegal, in championing the interests of  
the tenants. Mr. MacNeill chalked the  
sleeves of policemen who were particu-  
larly rough in handling the tenants, and  
warned them that he would cause them  
to be prosecuted for misbehavior. The  
marking was done in order to identify the  
officers, as the authorities refused to  
make them wear badges. The numerous  
English visitors who were present to wit-  
ness the evictions held a meeting after-  
ward at which resolutions were adopted  
expressing their indignation over the af-  
fair. The London Times correspondent  
in his account of the proceedings alleges  
that, though in the houses where evic-  
tion was anticipated no food was found,  
two tons of excellent potatoes were dis-  
covered in one dwelling whose occupants  
had not expected to be disturbed.

### IN MEMORY OF SPIES, ET. AL.

The Anarchists Hold a Demonstration to Keep  
Alive the Memory of the Hangings.

"Take that inscription down; you  
can't keep it up here," exclaimed Police  
Capt. McCullough at the anarchistic  
demonstration at Cooper Union, New  
York. The Captain pointed with his  
club to a red banner under the speaker's  
desk, on which in white letters was in-  
scribed, "If you assault us with galling  
guns we will use dynamite on you." A  
number of anarchists protested against  
the order and made some hisses, but the  
Captain remained firm and the banner  
came down. The meeting was to keep  
fresh the memory of the Chicago An-  
archists. It was the largest ever held in  
New York. Ten sergeants and 100 po-  
licemen were on hand. The platform  
was crowded with the leading red lights  
of anarchy. Lucy Parsons was intro-  
duced and made her usual speech. John  
Most gave one of his characteristic  
yawns, which was wildly applauded.

### "Rushed" Their Way Into Jail.

FIVE students and one town boy spent  
the night in jail at Ann Arbor, Mich.,  
instead of at their boarding places on  
account of a "rush" at the postoffice in  
the evening. The students were in line  
waiting to receive their mail when they  
began "rushing." An officer standing  
by arrested one of the leaders and  
hustled him off to jail, followed by  
a howling crowd of several  
hundred. Had the students then  
gone away the prisoner would probably  
have been released, but instead they  
hung around until five others were  
locked up, and only left when Mayor  
Manly ordered the streets cleared and  
instructed his officers to arrest all who  
were there in five minutes. The boys  
concluded the Mayor meant business,  
and left before the time expired.

### Found the Jewel in Her Dress.

A TRAVELING saleslady named Hughes  
created a flurry in the Carter House in  
Champaign, Ill. The lady fainted while  
at breakfast and fell to the floor. A  
gentleman went to her assistance and  
she was taken to her room. When she  
recovered, the proprietor of the hotel  
was sent for, and the lady informed him  
that while unconscious she had been  
robbed of a valuable diamond earring.  
She was on the point of having every-  
body in the house arrested when she  
found the jewel in a fold of her dress.

### The President Will Not Be There.

THOMAS WALSH, President of the Em-  
erald Club at Washington, says that he  
did not think the President would be in-  
vited to the Dillon-O'Brien reception if  
he should be held. As a matter of fact,  
he says Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien,  
while members of Parliament, and as  
such entitled to due courtesy, are  
also British outlaws, just as the Comte  
de Paris was during his recent visit, and  
no more official consideration can be  
shown the Irish statesmen by the Presi-  
dent than was shown the French noble-  
man.

### Koch's Cure of Consumption.

PROFESSOR KOCH, the German sci-  
entist, will shortly publish an account of  
his discovery for the cure of consump-  
tion. The lymph used in inoculation will  
be so cheap as to be placed within the  
reach of all. The success of the treat-  
ment for tubercular affections of the  
skin, joints, and bones, and also in the  
early stages of pulmonary complaints is  
assured. The lymph destroys the tuber-  
cular bacilli, and throws them off.

### Iowa High School Statistics.

The high school statistics of Iowa, as  
compiled by Superintendent Sabin,  
show the total number of girls gradu-  
ated in 1890 to have been 1,290, and of  
boys 594. The total number of girls in  
attendance during the year was 10,985  
and of boys 4,855.

## EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

### EASTERN OCCURRENCES.

A WEEK ago Saenger Hall, at Newark,  
N. J., was hired by people representing  
the International Workingmen's Society.  
The proprietor of the hall did not know  
that the people were anarchists until the  
bills were posted throughout the city an-  
nouncing the celebration of the third  
anniversary of the hanging of the Chi-  
cago anarchists. Lucy Parsons, Herr  
Most, and Hugh O. Pentecost were ad-  
vertised as speakers. When the speak-  
ers appeared the proprietor refused to  
allow them to enter the hall. A  
big crowd had congregated in the street.  
Mrs. Parsons mounted the hall steps  
and began to harangue the crowd. Po-  
lice Captain Glori stepped up and warned  
her to desist. She defied him with strong  
language, and several anarchists urged  
her to continue. The Captain gave a  
signal and the officers and detectives  
grabbed the ringleaders in short order  
and marched them to the Fourth Pre-  
cinct Station. Those arrested are Jacob  
Dick, John Schmidt, Edward L. Klump,  
Engelbert Hummer, Simeon Gortman,  
Charles Yager, Adam Dasing, Sebastian  
Mohr, and Mrs. Parsons. Herr Most  
escaped in the crowd.

A GLARING sign which hangs in front  
of Koster & Bial's, New York, informs  
the public that Sig. Jean Succi, formerly  
of Boulogne, France, will starve himself  
for forty-five days and try to beat the  
record of Dr. Tanner, which was only  
forty days of continuous fasting. The  
fast will be conducted under the sur-  
veillance of Drs. Frank H. Ingram,  
Matthew D. Field, Edwin Gaillard,  
Mason N. W. Synde, Hugh Hogan,  
and N. S. Bauer. All these are physi-  
cians of good standing in the city. In  
addition relays of newspaper men will  
be continually on watch. Sig. Succi  
began his fast at 8 o'clock in the even-  
ing. At 7 o'clock he sat down to a most  
bountiful meal. When he began his last  
meal for forty-five days he weighed 134½  
pounds. When he arose from the table  
he weighed 137½ pounds, showing  
that he had eaten  
three pounds at a single sitting. Then  
he smoked a cigar. At 8:10 o'clock he  
drank a parting glass of barolo and was  
off on his starving feat well filled and  
with his thirst properly quenched.  
During his fast Sig. Succi will swim,  
fence, ride horseback, and perform  
other feats when the humor strikes him.  
He smokes freely and can do anything he  
chooses except eat. The object of the  
fast is said to be purely scientific.

MR. ALEX. HENTER, senior member of  
the firm of Henter & Bros., clothing  
manufacturers, No. 432 Market street,  
Philadelphia, met death in a horrible  
manner. While in the elevator, passing  
from the second to the third floor, he  
stooped over to speak to an employee,  
and before he could escape his head was  
caught between the elevator and the  
ceiling. Complete decapitation followed.

### WESTERN HAPPENINGS.

A PEARL-HUNTING craze has been start-  
ed along the banks of the Mackinaw  
River, an affluent of the Illinois which  
flows through Woodford, McLean and  
Tazewell Counties in Illinois. Recently  
two boys obtained forty pearls from  
mussels taken from the Mackinaw near  
Kappa. They took two of the gems to  
Peoria, where they were offered \$22 for  
them. The river-bell is full of mussels,  
and it is believed that they contain  
countless pearls of value.

THE Kansas City packers will follow  
the example of their Chicago brothers  
and will raise the price of canned meats  
on account of the increased price of tin  
plate. They will also raise the price on  
tinned lard one-fourth of a cent a pound.  
The increased price will go into effect  
immediately.

CYRUS GALL, a saw-filer living at Bay  
City, Mich., was handling a 38-caliber  
revolver at his residence, when a car-  
tridge was discharged accidentally. The  
bullet struck his daughter Gertrude,  
aged 18 years, in the left hip, causing a  
fatal wound.

ANNIE MADHL, aged 18, walked off the  
Light street bridge, at Oshkosh, Wis.,  
while the draw was open early one morn-  
ing and was drowned.

THERE is imminent danger of a great  
grain blockade in the Red River Valley.  
The railroads are making extraordinary  
efforts to meet the demands of the ship-  
pers with a daily freight movement of  
550 loaded cars on the Great Northern  
and Northern Pacific Railroads, but  
with the rapid increase of farmers' de-  
liveries during this month and December  
it is feared that the elevators and rail-  
roads will prove unequal to the movement  
of the wheat crop of 35,000,000 bushels  
in the twelve counties of the valley.  
It will take 58,000 cars of 600 bushels  
each to move the wheat crop of the val-  
ley alone, irrespective of the demands  
for tonnage of the other parts of North-  
ern Minnesota and North Dakota. The  
formation of a company with \$500,000  
capital is being agitated for the purpose  
of erecting an elevator at Grand Forks,  
N. D., with a storage capacity of 5,000,  
000 bushels to store a part of the enor-  
mous surplus of the valley.

The body of John Ivelt, one of the  
oldest residents and wealthiest citizens  
of California, was found near his home  
on Merced River horribly bruised and  
mangled. His head had been beaten to  
a jelly. He ate his supper in his farm  
house and started for his private resi-  
dence, which was upon a hill about 100  
feet distant. The assassin must have  
done his bloody work just as Mr. Ivelt  
stepped upon the porch.

### SOUTHERN INCIDENTS.

A STRANGER giving his name as Wil-  
liam Fountaine, accompanied by a young  
woman whom he introduced as his wife,  
visited all the public schools in Birming-  
ham, Ala., and announced that he would  
give a show at Erswell's Hall at 4  
o'clock. A present was to be given  
every pupil who attended. Twelve hun-  
dred children paid 10 cents admission,  
but in the hall they found no show and

no presents. Fountaine told them to  
pass out the back way and they would  
receive the presents there. They refused.  
Then he went into a dark corner, lighted  
a match and shouted: "Fire!" In a  
moment there was a panic and many  
children were trampled under foot and  
injured in getting out. Policemen sent  
up to arrest the swindlers found them  
locked in a room. The door was broken  
down and Fountaine and his wife are in  
prison. They refuse to make any state-  
ment or give any account of themselves.

Two night trains on the Georgia Rail-  
road, one leaving Atlanta for Augusta at  
11:30 and the other leaving Augusta for  
Atlanta at the same hour, were robbed  
by masked men. The Southern Express  
Company takes no way packages, it be-  
ing a through run, and the messengers  
sleep on couches in the express car. The  
train leaving Augusta was robbed of  
about \$40. Messenger Ficklen is a  
heavy loser, as a telegram from Atlanta  
says his packages amounted to \$12,000.  
Both robberies were evidently the work  
of the same men, who probably knew  
the run of the road. The trains were  
not stopped, the robbers mounting them  
at a station quietly and doing their work,  
and getting off at the next. Messenger  
Smith, on the up train, loses about \$100.

The Superintendent of the Silver Val-  
ley Mine in David County, North Caro-  
lina, reports the discovery of the richest  
deposits of silver ore found in the South.  
A large vein of carbonate of lead has  
been discovered carrying 70 to 100 ounces  
of silver and 30 per cent. of lead to the  
ton of ore.

### POLITICAL PORRIDGE.

LATEST returns show that the Demo-  
cratic State ticket was elected in Illinois.  
The returns from Chicago were unusually  
late, and materially changed the totals.  
They show a surprising plurality in Cook  
County against Amberg of 5,600 votes,  
and a plurality of 16,500 against Ed-  
wards. The figures insure the defeat  
of both the Republican candidates for  
State offices, Wilson having more  
than 1,800 plurality over Amberg in  
the State outside of Cook, while in the  
outside counties Raab has about 19,000  
over Edwards. Returns from 100 out of  
the 102 counties in Illinois on State Treas-  
urer, nine-tenths of which are official  
and the remainder carefully estimated,  
show a plurality for Wilson, D., over  
Amberg, R., of 8,400. The counties from  
which no returns have been received  
will not affect the general result materi-  
ally. Returns and estimates from the  
same counties on Superintendent of Pub-  
lic Instruction indicate the election of  
Raab, D., over Edwards, R., by a plurality  
of 35,445.

It is thought the whole Democratic  
State ticket in Michigan is elected by  
from 6,000 to 15,000 plurality. The Leg-  
islature is also Democratic, the Senate  
by about three majority and the House  
by some fifteen on a fusion vote with  
Patrons of Industry, who hold the bal-  
ance of power. The First, Second,  
Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, and Tenth  
Congressional Districts have gone Demo-  
cratic, and the Third, Fourth, Ninth and  
Eleventh Republican.

COMPLETE returns have been received  
from more than one-half the precincts  
in California outside of San Francisco  
and from about two-thirds the precincts  
in that city. These returns give Mark-  
ham, R., for Governor more than 10,000  
plurality over Pond, D., and also show  
that the Republicans have elected the  
entire State ticket by a similar plurality.  
The entire Republican ticket in that city,  
with the exception of one minor  
office, is undoubtedly elected by plu-  
ralities ranging from a few hundred to  
4,000. There seems to be no doubt that  
the Republicans have elected five out of  
six Congressmen in the State and indica-  
tions are the entire Congressional dele-  
gation will be Republican, though the  
contest in the First District is close.  
Returns from a little less than half  
the precincts in the First District show that  
Barham, R., is leading by 116 votes. The  
Legislature, which will elect a United  
States Senator, will have a large Repub-  
lican majority in both branches.

THE official canvass of the votes cast  
at the late election in Kansas has pro-  
gressed far enough to show that the en-  
tire Republican State ticket has been  
elected with the exception of A. R. Kel-  
logg, who is defeated for re-election as  
Attorney General by Ives, the Farmers'  
Alliance candidate. The Republican  
majority is placed at about 10,000. The  
vote on Congressmen is not changed  
by the official count. The Kansas dele-  
gation will stand two Republicans and  
five Farmers' Alliance. The Legisla-  
ture is still believed to be controlled  
by the Farmers' Alliance. The People's  
party managers still claim the election  
of John F. Willits, their candidate for  
Governor, although they freely express  
the opinion that the Republicans will  
count him out. They claim that they  
have elected eighty-five members of the  
Legislature, two more than a majority  
on joint ballot, and that with the Demo-  
crats they will have ninety-five members.  
At a meeting of the leaders it was de-  
cided to make Mr. Willits their candi-  
date for United States Senator to suc-  
ceed John J. Ingalls in the event of Mr.  
Willits being defeated for Governor.

### FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE police precautions at all the im-  
perial palaces at St. Petersburg have  
been increased. No loiterers are per-  
mitted in the vicinity of the Anitchkoff  
Winter Palace. The railway stations  
between St. Petersburg and Gatchina  
are doubly guarded, and the minutest  
examinations are made of every route  
traversed by the Czar.

MAURICE BERNHARDT, son of Sarah  
Bernhardt, has challenged M. Mourey,  
dramatic critic, to fight a duel. The  
duel will take place near Paris. The  
affair is the result of M. Mourey's com-  
ments on Mme. Bernhardt's perform-  
ance in "Cleopatra."

THE London Times, commenting on  
the results of the elections in the United  
States, says it will not be easy for the  
Democrats to find a more able Presi-  
dential candidate than Mr. Cleveland, or

one better fitted to follow up their pres-  
ent success.

THE exports from England to America  
for October, as given in the Board of  
Trade returns, have been mistakenly  
quoted as showing that the decline in  
trade under the McKinley law is small.  
Those returns include part of the heavy  
shipments of September. The Novem-  
ber returns will be the first reliable data  
showing the action of the new law.

ADVICES from Santiago de Cuba say  
that the famous bandit Velasquez has  
been killed by Government troops and  
that his whole band, numbering thirty-  
four men, with their arms and ammuni-  
tion, have surrendered to the authorities.

### FRESH AND NEWSY.

AND now the question is, "What is to  
be done with Birchall's body after the  
execution?" Mrs. Birchall wants it,  
the Dominion of Canada wants it, and it  
is a serious question whether the latter  
will give it up. The law says that it  
shall be buried in quicklime in the jail  
yard, but there have been cases, both in  
England and in Canada, where the At-  
torney General has waived the right of  
the Government to the body of an exe-  
cuted criminal. Mrs. Birchall asks this  
last favor of the Dominion Government,  
and it may be granted, although no  
promises have been made.

THE loss of six men from the whaler  
Charles W. Morgan, which has just ar-  
rived at San Francisco from the Okhotsk  
Sea, has just been made public. The  
men left the vessel in a small boat Sept.  
1 in pursuit of a whale. The whale was  
harpooned and started off at a rapid  
rate, towing after him the boat, which  
contained Second Mate H. A. Martin  
and five seamen. A fox set in and noth-  
ing was ever seen of the boat again. It  
is believed the whale smashed the boat,  
killing the occupants.

R. G. DEX & Co.'s weekly review of  
trade says:

The volume of business, both domestic and  
foreign, continues large beyond precedent,  
and in character prosperous. The elections  
interrupted business, but little, and the re-  
sult has no perceptible effect as yet upon  
trade, though some fear that the extension  
of manufactures may be checked by uncer-  
tainty. The monetary situation is sub-  
stantially unchanged. The reports from  
all parts of the country show that busi-  
ness is large and healthy. Boston  
notes wool more quiet but firm; a good  
movement of heavy-weight goods expected  
at better prices. Philadelphia finds the  
wool trade less active, the demand being  
checked by what manufacturers consider  
extreme prices; the iron trade a shade  
weaker, but rolling-mills full of orders;  
and the coal trade hardly up to expectations,  
with October prices actually falling. At  
Chicago grain receipts equal last year's,  
cured meats, butter, and hides show de-  
crease, but dressed beef, lard, cheese, and  
especially wool increase, and trade in dry  
goods, clothing, and shoes exceeds last  
year's.

THE following is the Thanksgiving  
proclamation by the President of the  
United States:

A PROCLAIMATION—By the grace and favor  
of Almighty God the people of this nation  
have been led to the closing days of the  
past year, which has been full of the  
blessings of peace and the comforts of plen-  
ty. Bountiful compensation has come to us  
for the work of our minds and of our hands  
in every department of human industry.

Now, therefore, I, Benjamin Harrison,  
President of the United States of America,  
do hereby appoint Thursday, the 27th day  
of the present month of November, to be  
observed as a day of prayer and thanksgiv-  
ing; and I do invite the people upon that  
day to cease from their labors to meet in  
their accustomed houses of worship and  
to join in rendering gratitude and  
praise to our beneficent Creator for the  
rich blessings He has granted us as a  
nation, and invoking the continuance  
of His protection and grace for the future.  
I commend to my fellow-citizens the priv-  
ilege of remembering the poor, the home-  
less, and the sorrowful. Let us endeavor  
to merit the promised recompense of  
charity and the gracious acceptance of our  
praise. In testimony whereof I have here-  
unto set my hand and caused the seal of the  
United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this  
eighth day of November in the year of our  
Lord one thousand eight hundred and  
ninety, and of the Independence of the  
United States the one hundred and fiftieth.  
By the President, BENJAMIN HARRISON.  
JAMES G. BLAINE, Secretary of State.

### MARKET REPORTS.

CHICAGO.  
CATTLE—Common to Prime.....\$3.25 @ 5.03  
HOGS—Shipping Grades.....3.75 @ 4.00  
SHEEP.....3.00 @ 3.25  
WHEAT—No. 2 Red......97 @ .97½  
CORN—No. 2......52 @ .52½  
OATS—No. 2......42½ @ .43½  
RYE—No. 2......66 @ .67  
BUTTER—Choice Creamery.....24 @ .27  
CHEESE—Full Cream, flats......08½ @ .09½  
EGGS—Fresh......20 @ .21  
POTATOES—Western, per bu......75 @ .80

INDIANAPOLIS.  
CATTLE—Shipping.....3.50 @ 4.00  
HOGS—Choice Light.....3.00 @ 4.25  
SHEEP—Common to Prime.....3.01 @ 4.50  
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....1.00½ @ 1.01½  
CORN—No. 1 White......53 @ .54  
OATS—No. 2 White......46½ @ .47½

ST. LOUIS.  
CATTLE.....4.00 @ 5.00  
HOGS.....3.50 @ 4.50  
SHEEP......97 @ .97½  
WHEAT—No. 2 Red......52½ @ .53  
CORN—No. 2......45 @ .46  
OATS—No. 2......71 @ .72  
RYE—No. 2......45 @ .46

CINCINNATI.  
CATTLE.....2.00 @ 4.00  
HOGS.....3.00 @ 4.25  
SHEEP.....3.00 @ 4.75  
WHEAT—No. 2 Red......56½ @ .57½  
CORN—No. 2......56½ @ .57½  
OATS—No. 2 Mixed......50 @ .50½

MILWAUKEE.  
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring......94 @ .95  
CORN—No. 2......33½ @ .34½  
OATS—No. 2 White......46½ @ .47½  
RYE—No. 1......08 @ .09  
BARLEY—No. 2......70 @ .71

DETROIT.  
CATTLE.....3.00 @ 4.25  
HOGS.....3.00 @ 3.75  
SHEEP.....3.00 @ 4.75  
WHEAT—No. 2 Red......97 @ .98  
CORN—No. 2 Yellow......33 @ .33½  
OATS—No. 2 White......49 @ .49½

TOLEDO.  
WHEAT......97 @ 1.00  
CORN—Cash......54 @ .54½  
OATS—No. 2 White......48 @ .48½

CATTLE—Good to Prime.....4.00 @ 4.50  
HOGS—Medium and Heavy.....3.50 @ 4.50  
SHEEP—No. 1 Hard.....1.09 @ 1.10  
CORN—No. 2......57 @ .57½

CATTLE—Common to Prime.....3.50 @ 4.50  
HOGS—Light.....4.00 @ 4.50  
SHEEP—Medium to Good.....4.00 @ 5.00  
LAMBS.....4.00 @ 5.75

NEW YORK.  
CATTLE.....3.50 @ 4.25  
HOGS.....4.00 @ 4.50  
SHEEP.....4.00 @ 5.25  
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....1.03 @ 1.07  
CORN—No. 2......69 @ .61  
OATS—Mixed Western......48 @ .52

## THE SNELL TRAGEDY.

### GOSSIP ABOUT THE SENSATIONAL CASE REVIVED.

A Daughter-in-Law of the Murdered  
Millionaire Makes Serious Charges  
Against A. J. Stone—Airing Unpleasant  
Family Secrets.

[Chicago special.]

It is nearly three years since the mur-  
der of Millionaire Amos J. Snell was a  
topic that was discussed in every house-  
hold, on the streets, in public places,  
from one end of the country to the other.  
The circumstances attending the assas-  
sination were so startling and realistic  
that every man who heard the story  
could not restrain a feeling of alarm  
and disquietude. A disorganized army  
of man-hunters, whose forces were scat-  
tered through every village, town, and  
city on the continent, spurred on by the  
offer of a large reward, worked dili-  
gently to capture the murderer, who  
was supposed to be Willie Tascott, but  
without success. He eluded his re-  
lentless pursuers at every turn,  
and is still at large. The only tangi-  
ble clew to his whereabouts  
that was ever obtained after he  
left Chicago was in St. Paul, where  
he, or somebody who resembled him,  
pawed his satchel, his revolver, and some  
other articles of lesser value. From  
that time Tascott dropped out of sight,  
and no more was heard of him until a  
few days ago, when the wife of the dead  
millionaire's only son wrote a communi-  
cation to the Chicago Herald, in which  
she wished to be informed if the hunt  
for Tascott had been abandoned and the  
reward for his capture withdrawn. Fol-  
lowing this as she did with a number of  
extraordinary statements, in which some  
strange family history and secrets were  
disclosed, the murder has assumed all its  
old-time proportions and a subject of  
gossip. Stories that have heretofore  
been circulated with caution are now  
being told openly. Old suspicions have  
been revived and new theories given  
life.

Mrs. Albert J. Snell, the wife of the  
son of Amos J. Snell, the murdered  
millionaire, has followed up her open  
letter with verbal statements casting  
doubt on the sincerity of A. J. Stone,  
Mr. Snell's son-in-law, in his search for  
the murderer. She asserts that the house  
was not broken into the night of the  
murder, but that the panel of the rear  
door, which was removed, was bored  
through from the inside, and that the  
safe was opened by some one who knew  
the combination. She says that Mr.  
Stone, subsequent to the murder, suf-  
fered from a wound in the leg. The as-  
sertion is coupled with the intimation  
that part of the blood found on the stairs  
came from one of the murderers, who  
was wounded by a bullet from Mr. Snell's  
revolver. She says that the house net  
door to the banker's was kept vacant for  
several months, reference at the same  
time being made to the possibility that  
Tascott, or whoever was the murderer,  
never left the city at all.

Mr. Stone said: "This Mrs. Snell is a  
family outcast." Thus he dismissed the  
subject.

Inspector George Hubbard, who was  
Chief of Police at the time of the crime,  
says: "I do not believe that the murder  
was a family affair." That there were  
two men mixed up in the crime I am  
convinced. I am certain Tascott was  
one of them. As to the other man I  
have no guess to make. It was ap-  
parent to the Police Department that the  
Snell family was divided. Personally I have  
heard nothing to make me believe the  
murder was committed by any one re-  
lated by blood or marriage to the dead  
man."

John Bonfield, Chief of Detectives at  
the time, believes that Mrs. Snell's im-  
plied charges are the fruit of a family  
row. "Tascott had a hand in the mur-  
der," he declared. "I never lost sight of  
the fact that many suspected that Tas-  
cott was only an agent. Those tips I  
carefully investigated, but always found  
them worthless. The panel of the door  
was certainly bored from without and  
not from within."

Mrs. Snell, Sr., announces that the re-  
ward is still open to any one who will  
secure the arrest of the murderer.

### GOVERNOR WINANS.

Sketch of Michigan's New Chief Magis-  
trate.

Hon. Edwin B. Winans, Governor-  
elect of Michigan, was born at Avon,  
New York, May 16, 1826, and removed  
with his parents to Michigan in 1834. He  
received his education in district schools  
and at Albion College. In the spring of  
1850 he made the overland trip to Cal-  
ifornia, where he engaged in gold mining.



E. B. WINANS.

until 1858, when he returned and settled  
on the farm where he now lives. He  
has served two terms in the State Legis-  
lature, from 1851 to 1865, and one term  
as Judge of Probate of Livingston Coun-  
ty. He is a member of the Episcopal  
Church. He was elected Representa-  
tive in the Forty-eighth Congress in 1883  
on the Fusion ticket, by a vote of 18,516  
to 18,484 votes for his Republican oppo-  
nent, Oliver L. Spaulding, and 148 for  
the Prohibition ticket. In 1884 he was  
re-elected by a vote of 19,857 to 18,377  
for James C. Willson, Republican, and  
2,445 for Leander C. Smith, Prohibi-  
tionist. Mr. Winans was nominated on  
the Democratic ticket and at the elec-  
tion of Nov. 6 was chosen Governor over  
James M. Turner, the Republican nomi-  
nee.



SUPPLEMENT.

OFFICIAL CANVAS FOR WASHITTEN & CO.

The first mentioned in each instance are Democrats then Prohibitionists and P. of I., and in case of a fourth man he is an Industrial candidate.

	A. A. City—1st ward.										Ann Arbor Town.										Augusta.										Dexter.										Lima.										Lodi.										Lyndon.										Manchester.										Northfield.										Pittsfield.										Salem.										Saline.										Tolo.										Zarad.										Zuperior.										Zylvaud.										Webster.										York.										Ypsilanti town.										Ypsil. City—1st ward.										2d										3d										4th										5th										Totals.									
Governor.....	Winans.....	222	288	223	158	103	108	170	165	171	120	186	143	192	110	333	174	97	124	240	124	240	275	135	142	233	77	248	101	109	104	113	104	193	5201																																																																																																																																																																																																																							
Turner.....	Turner.....	191	93	139	111	76	99	120	143	61	39	16	88	60	61	162	85	96	108	169	108	169	139	69	72	236	106	154	101	163	110	112	58	60	3313																																																																																																																																																																																																																							
Partridge.....	Partridge.....	45	27	12	12	4	28	10	63	11	2	3	15	9	3	13	12	15	42	11	42	11	29	16	6	31	8	47	25	16	29	36	11	11	599																																																																																																																																																																																																																							
Gorman.....	Gorman.....	205	287	214	179	96	118	166	154	169	114	185	113	190	111	328	162	91	116	237	132	134	246	62	134	246	62	253	90	100	85	104	90	187	5012																																																																																																																																																																																																																							
Allen.....	Allen.....	219	94	146	129	84	101	122	169	66	49	18	113	63	59	173	97	102	131	163	131	163	138	132	134	246	62	253	90	100	85	104	90	187	5012																																																																																																																																																																																																																							
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McCormick.....	McCormick.....	192	281	210	191	102	84	166	160	168	114	185	137	189	102	325	174	90	116	236	133	135	227	61	244	98	104	105	109	101	188	5004																																																																																																																																																																																																																										
Bond.....	Bond.....	224	102	155	116	80	130	124	156	65	50	15	106	62	69	178	85	106	124	170	151	73	270	118	159	110	169	115	122	61	65	3014																																																																																																																																																																																																																										
Gregory.....	Gregory.....	131	217	177	162	92	81	147	165	168	28	85	141	113	72	119	141	119	125	236	148	133	245	121	245	104	105	110	110	184	2430																																																																																																																																																																																																																											
Jacobs.....	Jacobs.....	291	166	182	146	90	140	142	165	168	28	183	70	178	88	325	178	93	120	230	125	230	275	135	142	233	77	248	101	109	104	113	104	193	5201																																																																																																																																																																																																																							
Lowden.....	Lowden.....	205	284	217	193	103	86	166	163	168	131	17	128	188	103	326	178	93	120	232	125	230	275	135	142	233	77	248	101	109	104	113	104	193	5201																																																																																																																																																																																																																							
Bassett.....	Bassett.....	205	284	217	193	103	86	166	163	168	131	17	128	188	103	326	178	93	120	232	125	230	275	135	142	233	77	248	101	109	104	113	104	193	5201																																																																																																																																																																																																																							
Dwyer.....	Dwyer.....	215	168	119	112	79	120	124	152	65	16	15	77	62	65	176	81	103	122	165	120	71	79	245	103	158	113	170	127	127	60	66	3442																																																																																																																																																																																																																									
Boutelle.....	Boutelle.....	165	193	171	158	93	88	156	167	167	106	140	109	173	112	269	161	82	126	225	217	116	140	229	56	249	109	118	116	121	109	187	4688																																																																																																																																																																																																																									
Brown.....	Brown.....	259	190	194	150	87	133	133	151	66	32	69	98	83	59	263	97	116	117	234	263	132	134	215	60	215	98	102	155	113	55	67	3836																																																																																																																																																																																																																									
Dieterle.....	Dieterle.....	203	294	216	195	105	85	167	164	168	102	184	123	188	101	325	117	90	117	234	263	132	134	215	60	215	98	102	155	113	55	67	3836																																																																																																																																																																																																																									
Brehm.....	Brehm.....	218	184	150	109	77	132	123	154	65	34	16	82	62	69	178	85	106	134	171	144	72	83	237	113	160	108	169	117	125	61	65	3509																																																																																																																																																																																																																									
Gorman.....	Gorman.....	218	184	150	109	77	132	123	154	65	34	16	82	62	69	178	85	106	134	171	144	72	83	237	113	160	108	169	117	125	61	65	3509																																																																																																																																																																																																																									
Lehman.....	Lehman.....	151	258	197	166	102	88	151	161	167	102	108	113	188	98	263	156	79	118	221	262	126	127	235	58	238	97	101	99	108	101	188	4719																																																																																																																																																																																																																									
Freeman.....	Freeman.....	266	120	169	143	80	151	138	151	67	33	34	103	66	102	322	173	79	116	234	266	132	134	218	59	244	96	104	105	109	101	188	4886																																																																																																																																																																																																																									
Seery.....	Seery.....	186	266	192	191	99	83	160	162	168	103	182	122	189	102	322	173	79	116	234	266	132	134	218	59	244	96	104	105	109	101	188	4886																																																																																																																																																																																																																									
Clark.....	Clark.....	235	115	174	117	83	136	129	134	65	35	18	80	62	68	181	85	118	125	170	139	72	83	246	115	160	112	170	115	124	61	65	3625																																																																																																																																																																																																																									
McKernan.....	McKernan.....	192	280	213	191	108	84	167	161	168	101	186	124	180	101	325	171	90	117	233	263	132	134	221	59	244	98	106	104	109	101	188	4959																																																																																																																																																																																																																									
Joslyn.....	Joslyn.....	190	279	213	190	105	84	166	160	168	100	186	124	180	101	325	174	90	117	233	263	132	134	221	59	244	98	106	104	109	101	188	4959																																																																																																																																																																																																																									
Wilkinson.....	Wilkinson.....	229	101	155	117	74	132	124	154	65	35	15	81	62	69	178	84	106	124	170	144	72	82	238	115	162	111	172	115	124	61	64	3554																																																																																																																																																																																																																									
Bennett.....	Bennett.....	231	101	155	118	77	132	124	154	65	35	15	81	62	69	178	84	106	124	170	144	72	82	238	115	162	111	169	116	122	61	64	3545																																																																																																																																																																																																																									
Yes.....	Yes.....	17	6	5	6	1	20	3	3	1	18	3	1	3	3	69	178	84	105	124	144	72	82	238	115	162	111	169	116	122	61	61	3545																																																																																																																																																																																																																									
Revision of the Constitu't'n, Yes, No.....	Revision of the Constitu't'n, Yes, No.....	19	3	10	15	1	27	2	7	35	35	3	1	2	2	66	178	84	105	122	15	4	27	9	19	105	1	3	10	5	9	14	9	2	9																																																																																																																																																																																																																							

The footings for the other candidates upon the state ticket are as follows, the first mentioned in each instance being democrats, next republicans, and then prohibition and P. of I.: Lieut. Gov., Strong 5013, Linton 3612, Allen 547, McGregory (labor) 39, Secretary of State, Soper, 4993, Gardner 3832, Palmer 545, Adams 36, State Treasurer, Braasted 4831, Moore 3936, Auditor General, Stone 5001, Giddings 3670, Com. State Land Office, Shaffer 5018, Barry 3601, Auditor General, Ellis 5039, Huston 3619, Supt. of Public Instruction, Fitch 5002, Schartz 3823, Member State Board Education, Hammond 5003, Ballou 3625, Justice of the Supreme Court, McGrath 5000, Chubb 3601, Cheever 549, Allen 3539.

The footings for the balance of the county ticket not given in the above table are: Coroner, Clark 4955, Batwell 4957, Breakey 3545, Owen 3540, Surveyor, Woodward 4959, Allen 3539.







# A CONTRAST.

BY FRUENDE FOKS

In the dusky dim of an office  
She writes with an absent air—  
Sometimes her quick pen falters,  
And a cloud of weary care  
Flits over the mobile features,  
Saddening a face once fair.

A face once covered with kisses,  
Now stern-swept by grief and pain;  
Small hands unused to hardships  
Discolored with ink stains,  
Telling of bread and shelter,  
Telling because of love slain.

Do you wonder oftentimes the office  
Is transformed to a castle in air?  
Invisible doors open their portals,  
Rare flowers perfume the air;  
And musical sweet child voices  
Call, "Mamma, our gay romp share.

But the dingy, dim old office,  
With its musty records within,  
Returns, and the hard, cold present,  
Like a weight of hideous sin,  
Comes back with cold persistence—  
Comes back like a phantom grin.

## GILBERT CHALONER.

BY J. H. SPENCER.

"Get out of here, you ragamuffin. This barn wasn't built to accommodate tramps, I'll have you understand; and if I catch you on these premises again I'll horse-whip you."

And Farmer Greene roughly thrust the boy whom he had found sleeping on a pile of hay, from the barn, and gave him a parting kick as he loosed his hold on him.

He was a handsome boy, in spite of his ragged and half-starved appearance. He had curly, golden hair and deep blue eyes, and his age could not have been over 10 years. His clothes were old and thin, a ragged cardigan jacket and a pair of old overalls covering his body, while on his feet were a pair of shoes much the worse for wear.

It was a dreary November morning in New England. The weather was terribly cold, and there was a flurry of snow in the air. The boy, frightened by the rough treatment he had received at the hands of the farmer, hastened into the road and wandered aimlessly on, his only object being to keep warm.

It was nearly midday when he entered a large village. As he passed the village tavern, the landlady, who happened to be standing in the door, saw him, and noticing his forlorn appearance, called him to her.

"Little boy," she said kindly, "you look cold and tired. Won't you come in and rest yourself and get warm?"

"I am tired and cold," replied the boy, as he followed the kind-hearted landlady into the house, "and I have eaten nothing since yesterday morning."

"Eaten nothing since yesterday morning!" exclaimed the landlady. "Why, have you no home nor friends?"

"No, ma'am; I've run away."

They had reached the warm kitchen by this time, and as the lady gazed upon her protégé, she read in his ragged and half-starved appearance a story of neglect and ill-treatment. Seating him near the stove, she brought him some food, which he devoured ravenously.

"And now, little boy," she said, when he had finished his meal, "will you tell me why you run away?"

The sudden change from the cold outside to the warm kitchen, and the food which he had eaten after his long fast, made the boy feel faint and dizzy; and the story, as told with no little effort, owing to his condition, was to the effect that he was an orphan, Gilbert Chaloner by name, and had been living with his father's brother for nearly a year. Robert Chaloner, the boy's father, had deserted his wife five years before, taking Gilbert, their only child, with him. During the next four years they had wandered from one city to another, Mr. Chaloner always having plenty of money, but never telling Gilbert where he got it.

At last Robert Chaloner was taken ill, and went to his brother's farm in Connecticut; where, two weeks later, he died, leaving his boy to the care of Horace Chaloner and his wife. Soon after Robert Chaloner's death they began to ill-treat Gilbert. He was half starved, half clothed, worked beyond his strength, and often beaten cruelly. The morning of the previous day he had accidentally broken a vase belonging to Mrs. Chaloner; and knowing that he would receive a severe whipping when it was discovered, he had determined to run away. Stealing out of doors, he hurried away from the house as fast as he could. It was terribly cold, and he did not know where to go; but he was obliged to keep walking to keep himself from freezing. At night he crept into a barn, and, laying down on a pile of hay, was soon asleep. The next morning he was driven from the place by Farmer Greene, as the reader has already seen.

"And don't you remember anything about your mother?" asked the landlady, when he had told his story. "Don't you think that she could be found, if she is living?"

"Yes," replied Gilbert, "I remember my mother. She was a sad-faced, but pretty woman, with golden hair, and she used to weep over me a great deal. Father wrote to her twice while he was sick, but got no answer."

The next instant the opening of a door caused Gilbert and the landlady to look up. A richly-dressed and beautiful lady entered the room.

"I did not know that you had company, Mrs. Tyler," she said with a smile, as her careless glance fell upon the small, ragged figure seated near the stove.

At the sound of her voice, Gilbert stretched out his arms toward her, crying: "Mother! oh, mother!"

With a cry of joy, the lady sprang forward and clasped him in her arms.

"Gilbert, my boy!" she exclaimed, as

she covered his face with kisses. "Thank God! I have found you at last!"

A moment later a handsome old gentleman, with snow-white hair and beard, entered the room.

"What! have we found the lad for whom we have been searching, Mrs. Tyler?" he cried, turning to the landlady.

"Yes, Lord Lynton," she replied; "though little did I think, when I called him in from the street, that 'twas he."

"Gilbert," said Mrs. Chaloner—or Lady Alice, as we should call her—as Lord Lynton approached them, "this is your grandfather, and we are going back to England—back to my old home—to live with him."

"And right glad I am to find you, my lad," said Lord Lynton, taking Gilbert's hand. "For six weeks I and your mother have been searching for you, and had three or four detectives scouring the country for you, too; and we had nearly given up all hopes of ever finding you."

Noticing the look of amazement on the boy's face, Lady Alice asked: "Did your father never tell you that your mother was the only daughter of a wealthy and titled English family, Gilbert?"

"No," he replied, "I always supposed that you was an American."

"But you are a real English Lord, Gilbert, and the heir of one of the handsomest estates in England," said Lord Lynton. "Eleven years ago your mother eloped with an American and went to New York to live. During her absence her two brothers died without leaving any heirs, and I, an old man nearing the end of my span of life, desired a legitimate successor to my title and fortunes. I had learned several years ago that my daughter was the mother of a son, and I desired to gain possession of that child and install him in the ancestral home of his fathers. Two months ago I arrived at New York and employed a detective to find my daughter. He traced her to Philadelphia, where she had gone to be a governess in a private family. When I learned where she was, I lost no time in going to her. She seemed very glad to see me, but told me that her boy had disappeared five years before with his father, and she had not heard of them since. Her husband she told me, was what is generally known as a sporting man, and gained his livelihood by gambling; and she did not discover his character until after they had been in America several weeks. I at once employed four detectives to search for you, Gilbert, and told them to spare neither money nor labor in their quest; but not a trace of you have they discovered. But, thank fortune! we have found you at last."

"And your troubles are all ended now, little boy," said the landlady. "Let me congratulate you, Lord Gilbert."

A week later Lord Lynton, Lady Alice and Lord Gilbert sailed for England; and a few days before Christmas Mrs. Tyler received a check for \$500 from Lord Lynton.

"And," said Mrs. Tyler, when she related the story to me, "they haven't forgotten me, although it happened sixteen years ago; for every Christmas I have received a costly present from them. Last Christmas Lord Gilbert sent me the handsomest silk dress I ever saw."

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It is becoming more and more apparent that the battles of the future, whether on land or sea, will be largely contests of machines with machines. The development of modern weapons has gone on at such a pace that it seems not unreasonable to predict that before long what will be required of men who fight battles will be, more than anything else, a thorough knowledge of mechanism; in short, they will be, to a great extent, mechanics and engineers. Already the modern naval vessel has become what may be called simply a fighting machine, all its space not required for the men and officers, being taken up with intricate and complicated machinery for doing things which in the old days were done by the men, or left undone. Indeed, the modern warship has grown so complicated, and done it so rapidly, that it is said many of the older officers of the navy are meeting with considerable difficulty in keeping abreast of the improvements, and that the younger men, fresh from the study of science, and with more ambition to spur them on to further study, are coming rapidly to the front in consequence. It seems that future naval victories are to be won not by the side that has the strongest and bravest men necessarily, but by the side which has its men best protected from the machines of the enemy, and is itself provided with superior machines. All this, of course, will inevitably bring more and more into prominence the machinist and engineer, and it is beginning to be recognized that some additional effort must be made to secure the best of both on war vessels.

The Courageous Charley.

"Charley," she said, in a tone of alarm, as her husband was preparing to leave for his office; "you'll take good care of yourself, won't you?"

"Why, of course, I'm only going down to Wall street. There's no danger."

"But I've heard that Wall street is full of bulls and bears."

"That's all right, I'm one of the bears myself, and I'm not afraid of a couple of 'bears.'"

And he got 'em right in the mouth before he reached his office.—Norristown Herald.

Motto of the campaign orator: "We push the button, the people do the rest."

Motto of the campaign orator: "We push the button, the people do the rest."

## OUR RURAL REVIEW.

### AGRICULTURAL TOPICS PRACTICALLY DISCUSSED.

Devon Cattle for Beef and Milk—How to Feed Dairy Cows—A Productive Breed of Poultry—Clover as an Egg Maker—The Latest Wheat Hybrid—Take Care of the Trees—Household and Kitchen Recipes.

#### THE FARM.

Stock Suffering from Indigestion.

It is not to be supposed that man alone suffers the horrors of indigestion. Domestic stock kept in pasture in summer and on coarse feed in winter may never be victims of dyspepsia, but the conditions of modern domestic animals are very different. Some of the improved breeds are as high fed as men, and when corn is the main diet it is often as indigestible as the average human diet. The evil of improper feeding is greatly aggravated if stock is young. If they are kept from overloading their stomachs until a year old, there is little danger after this of hurting them, as by this time the stomach has become so strengthened as to digest almost everything.

Kill the Poorest Pigs First.

It often happens on every farm that the pork barrel gives out early and the farmer is obliged to resort to his pigpen for a fresh supply. It is almost equally common for the inexperienced farmer to select the most thrifty pig in his lot for killing first. This is nearly always a mistake. The lack of thriftiness is not cured by age, and when one pig is eighty and the other a hundred-weight, the increase is likely to be 120 and 200, if both are kept long enough. The stunted pig should be killed as soon as it is in fairly good condition. A thrifty pig will pay for keeping until it rolls in its own fat, and will often pay better between 100 and 200 pounds than at any earlier period of its growth.

Wheat Scab.

Clarence M. Weed of the Ohio Experimental Station describes a disease which is new to wheat in this country, though it has before appeared in England. It is a fungus attacking wheat heads in many parts of Ohio the present year, producing a whitish covering of the glumes, and entirely preventing the formation of the grain beneath. This disease is said to have prevailed in many parts of the United States, and may account in a most unsatisfactory way for the present small wheat crop. In Madison County, Ohio, a field of one hundred acres which was estimated at thirty-five bushels per acre, proved on threshing to yield only eight bushels. When the threshing began it was found that the grains beneath this fungus were wholly lacking.

Trees on the Farm.

One sound piece of advice which Horace Greeley gave to all farmers was to take good care of the wood lots, and see that new plantations were set out when the old ones began to die out. The average farmer looks upon timber planting as something entirely out of his line of work, and yet if he would be a broad and liberal cultivator of his fields he would recognize the great importance which this work has upon the fertility and value of the place. A great many farmers as they grow old allow their places to run down, reasoning that since they cannot be here much longer it doesn't matter how the place is kept up. This is a misuse of money and time, for when the estate comes to be settled up the farm will have to be sold, and if not properly kept in order it will not bring one-half its real value. Every farmer owes it to his family and posterity to keep his farm in the best condition possible, even if he thinks he is to die tomorrow.

Timber may not have much commercial value in certain localities, but it should be grown, nevertheless, and new plantations put out occasionally to keep young, vigorous trees near at hand all of the time. But unless one is far removed from towns and cities, groves of locust trees can invariably be made profitable. Where there is a good sale for locust posts they can be made to produce at the rate of several hundred dollars worth per acre. After the grove has once been started the young trees will constantly grow up to take the place of those cut down, and trees may be cut off nearly every year. Maple trees can also be grown profitably, and sold for shade trees when young and vigorous. I have seen plantations of maple trees bring high prices simply grown and sold for shade trees.

But the farmers should set out plantations with the idea also of protecting his crops, and the trees can then be made doubly profitable. On many of our hillsides in the East groves of maple, locusts and other trees could be planted profitably. In their present condition the hillside lots are not of much value, as the water leaches through the soil or washes down the sides in gullies, so that all plant crops are torn up and destroyed. Good groves of trees could be planted here successfully, if only thinly planted grass could be sown between them and obtain a good start. The roots of the trees would retain the fertility of the soil, and prevent the water from washing it away. On level fields the plantations of trees would be of value as windbreaks, as well as timber producers, and no farmer can afford to neglect this. The amount of wheat, corn and various grains that is destroyed every year by heavy winds should be a sufficient warning to tempt every farmer to make some protection for the plants. The advice to plant trees on the farm cannot be given too often, and if only one farmer should heed the warning each time such advice appears in print, the article would not be written in vain.—S. W. Chambers, in American Cultivator.

THE DAIRY.

Feeding Dairy Cows.

The milk of a cow contains all the elements that form the animal body. We must therefore, select her food accordingly. We must also remember that two-thirds of the food consumed by a fair cow, says

H. D. Thatcher & Co. in Ohio Farmer, is required to keep her body in repair, while the remaining one-third is converted into milk. It is an extra cow whose digestive organs will properly prepare for the lactoals double the food required to repair her own system, so that one-half of the daily ration is converted into milk. We would consider the following a fair daily ration for a helper, fresh for first time:

Early-cut hay.....	18 pounds
Wheat bran.....	4 "
Ground oats.....	1 "
Cornmeal.....	1 "
Carrots.....	6 "
or	
Early-cut hay.....	18 "
Wheat bran.....	3 "
Cornmeal.....	1 "
Middlings.....	1 "
Oilmeal.....	1 "
Beets.....	10 "
or	
Early-cut hay.....	18 "
Oat straw.....	6 "
Cotton-seed meal.....	1 "
Pea meal.....	1 "
Ground oats.....	1 "
Wheat bran.....	1 "
Cabbage.....	8 "

Other similar kinds of food that the dairyman finds more convenient to obtain can always be substituted. Good ensilage from corn, rye or other substance, will take place of the hay, carrots, beets and cabbages. When the cow is on good grass it will answer without other food, but the moment it is insufficient to entirely satisfy her, something must be provided to keep up the full flow of milk, for when once she is allowed to shrink she cannot be brought up again.

We would consider the following a fair daily ration for a cow weighing 1,000 pounds:

Early-cut hay.....	20 pounds
Wheat bran.....	4 "
Cornmeal.....	4 "
Oilmeal.....	4 "
Beets.....	10 "
or	
Early-cut hay.....	15 "
Straw.....	5 "
Wheat bran.....	5 "
Oilmeal.....	3 "
Cornmeal.....	5 "
Carrots.....	8 "
or	
Corn ensilage.....	60 "
Wheat bran.....	6 "
Cornmeal.....	6 "

We are thoroughly convinced, by careful experiments made by ourselves at different times, that a cow will yield enough more milk from the same quantity of food, when grain and dry hay are fed, to pay for cutting the hay with a straw-cutter and mixing the grain with it. When the grain is fed separately it passes directly into the second stomach, while, if mixed with the hay, it is all remasticated by the chewing of the cud, to the satisfaction of the cow and the profit of the owner. We know very well that the average dairyman will not do this. He does, however a great many things that do not pay half as much profit for the labor.

#### THE POULTRY-YARD.

Clover for Poultry.

Clover is an excellent poultry food, not to be fed alone, but with grain. It takes the place, to a great degree, of the green food which poultry get for themselves when allowed to run on the farm in summer. Pack a few barrels of it away and see if it doesn't pay, in the increased number of eggs and better general health of your fowls. Green second crop clover should be used—the younger and tenderer the better. Pack it in a heavy iron-bound barrel, such as a vinegar or cider barrel. "Tramp" the clover in little by little, pressing it tightly as possible with a heavy piece of wood—a piece of cordwood, for instance. Pound and jam it down till every bit of space in the barrel is full, then put on a cover, and on top of that a heavy stone, and let your "cheese" stand for a month. The stone ought to weigh 200 pounds, and then your clover will come out a solid block, that can be cut in slices. When you want to feed it, take the barrel apart, and put your clover cake on a box or in some dry place. Shake off thin slices with a sharp knife, and feed to the hens at noon instead of grain. Pack enough of the clover to last until you can let your hens out again in the spring, and after feeding it see if your receipts in eggs don't fully pay for all your trouble. The hens are as glad to get filling food as horses are to have hay.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

Sicilians.

Though not a particularly new breed of fowl, the Sicilians are not old standbys, having been imported some few years ago from Sicily. The Sicilians belong to the Mediterranean type of fowls, says the Poultry Review, and are classed with what are known under the general term of Spanish fowls. They are confined to the yards of only a few breeders, and with them they are very popular, and from the good reports we continue to have from them, they are justly great favorites.

In shape, carriage, style and size they resemble the Brown Leghorns; their plumage resembles that of the Golden Pencilled Hamburgs.

The comb is round and somewhat shaped like a saucer, and nicely spiked round on the outside, and measures from three-fourths to one and one-fourth of an inch in diameter on hens, and still larger on cocks; and a small crest the size of a pea right behind the comb. The comb makes the birds look very nice. The face is red and they have yellow legs.

Their great economic claim is based upon their laying. Their eggs are white in color, large in size, and produced in great numbers. They lay more eggs in winter when prices are high, than any of the small breeds. They are veritable egg machines, like all other varieties of the Spanish family they are non-setters.

As chicks and fowls they bear confinement well, are of a gentle disposition and small eaters. If given their liberty, they require little food, being good foragers. They are the fowls when eggs are wanted in large numbers and during the whole year. Possessing such laying qualities, we would bespeak for them the attention and consideration of farmers and poultrymen who breed for profit.

#### THE HOUSEHOLD.

"Darned" Needlework.

Embroidered mirror frames are the latest device of needlewomen, and are

very beautiful in effect, as well as puzzling as to origin, when completed. When reproduced in cheap material and inferior work they will doubtless become as undesirable as are the painted frames once so much admired. The material employed for the frames is something rich and firm in weave, and the embroidery is wrought in harmonious coloring of soft blue and pale rose shades for the conventionalized flowers, shades of bronze green for the foliage, and light gold filloselle darned work for the entire background. The embroidery when completed is laid on a flat or curved surface; at the inner edge a mount of white enamelled wood finishes it, and a carved scroll of the enamelled wood surrounds it. The background is almost invariably darned, as its effect is richer than any material, no matter how costly and handsome, and the work recommends itself to the ladies to whom fine needlework is a delight, because it requires much less time in completion than the large pieces frequently undertaken, but left unfinished for want of opportunity until the fancy for them has passed in the light of some fresh novelty.—New York Sun.

#### Bits of Information.

Freckles, pimples, blackheads, eye-brows that meet and superfluous hair are defects easily and cheaply remedied. There are many ways of removing freckles. One is: To a quart of butter-milk add two-thirds of a cupful of cornmeal and a teaspoonful of salt; bathe the face every night, allowing the mixture to dry in. Lemon-juice in water will remove them, but it leaves the skin so tender that they are apt to be increased by it. Moistening the face and putting on powdered saltpetre is highly recommended. Tincture of benzoin once, water, one pint, makes a delightful application, if a tablespoonful is added to a bowlful of water.

Freckles, tan and pimples may be removed (and will stay removed as long as the remedy is used) by the corrosive sublimate lotion. The formula is: Five grains of corrosive sublimate, two ounces of alcohol and four ounces of water. For freckles, moisten a cloth with the lotion, wipe the face two or three times daily, and at night apply some kind of ointment, cold cream or camphor ice. A very nice ointment is made from one-third white wax and two-thirds lard; melt the wax first, and add the lard; pour into small tin moulds which have been dipped in cold water. The freckles and tan will disappear in about two weeks. Pimples should be bathed several times a day. Blackheads require flour of sulphur, used after the lotion treatment. The face should be washed with good soap. Do not use the high scented soaps; the white castile, made from olive oil and bicarbonate of soda, is always safe to use. Wipe the face thoroughly and dip a soft flannel in the flour of sulphur, and rub all over the face, taking care not to get any in the eyes. In a few minutes, wash off with the soap and water and bath with the lotion. The sulphur may be used twice or three times a week, until the blackheads are removed; afterwards once a week will be sufficient to keep them off, using the lotion once a day.

Where the skin is coarse and red, a thin gruel should be made from oatmeal and strained. To a pint of gruel, add a very small pinch of salt, an ounce of alcohol and a teaspoonful of tincture of benzoin. Moisten the face with this and wipe with a soft cloth. When the complexion is thick and oily, wash with Italian medicated soap, use the sulphur once a week and the lotion daily. Out-door exercise should be taken every day, and frequent warm baths with a little ammonia in the water. Fresh fruit should be eaten judiciously. A dish of raw tomatoes, with shivered ice over them, if eaten for breakfast, will be found not only appetizing, but as beneficial as a liver pill. Bad breath, if it comes from sore throat, may be cured by making a solution of chlorate of potash, a teaspoonful of crystal to a pint of water. Dose, a teaspoonful every hour until relieved. Where the teeth are decayed, they should be taken care of by a competent dentist; in the mean time, the mouth may be rinsed with a very weak solution of permanganate of potash. Dissolve some of the crystals, say a teaspoonful, in a pint of water; put enough of this in the water in which the mouth is to be rinsed to make it a rose pink. Wash the teeth and rinse the mouth well. This is a poison and should be kept in a safe place, as should the corrosive sublimate lotion, which is a violent poison if swallowed. When the gums are diseased, the myrrh and chalk dentifrice is excellent.

Eye-brows that meet are not becoming, but may be easily removed with small tweezers. The shape of the eyebrows may be improved by judicious thinning. When the eyebrows are too thin, frequent brushing with a small brush will increase them.—Good Housekeeping.

#### THE KITCHEN.

Apple Preserves.

Make a syrup of three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar for every pound of apples; add a sliced lemon. Pare and quarter good, tart apples and put in; boil until transparent, and put in a glass jar; boil the syrup thick, and pour over.

Virginia Corn-Bread.

Break in a crock three eggs, beat, add a pint or more of milk, a heaping spoonful yeast powder, salt to taste, and sift in enough corn-meal to make a batter like nut cake. Have a biscuit pan warming with a generous tablespoonful of lard. Pour in the batter and the grease will work through in baking. A cupful of cracklings in season may be substituted for the lard.

Pickled Crab Apples.

Select large, crimson apples, and wipe clean. Place a plate in a steamer and steam all the apples it will hold, until tender. To one quart of good vinegar add one cupful of sugar, one spoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice and nutmeg, and a pinch of salt; heat to boiling and pour over the apples. After three days boil up the vinegar and pour over again. They will be ready to use in a week, and are very nice.







FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1890.

## AVENGED AT LAST; Or, a World-Wide Chase.

A STORY OF RETRIBUTION.

BY "WABASH."

(COPYRIGHT, 1890.)

### CHAPTER IV.

While Anton lay in jail wearily awaiting his trial, Velasquez arrived at the conclusion that about the best thing he could do was to move out of the valley.

So the lawyers were consulted in regard to Delaro's estate, and after several disputes a settlement was agreed upon.

Delaro's sorrowing wife, finding that the horrible associations of the district would be too much for her, resolved to sell every thing and move to Santa Rosa where her friends and parents had long resided.

In all her negotiations and other business matters, she was ably assisted and indeed guided by Joel Wilcox, and this proved a fortunate arrangement for her. For a woman with no more knowledge of law and business than Mrs. Delaro would have been a pliable tool in the hands of so unprincipled and crafty a man as Velasquez.

The estate, including the wine cellars and every thing else connected with it, was sold, and, after all the final details were settled, Velasquez received a check for very nearly the same amount he had agreed upon with Mario Delaro on the night of the murder.

He lost no time in bidding "Good-bye" to the Valley, bending his steps toward his old haunts in Frisco.

His stay there was not of long duration, for he became fearful that Anton Reyman might be acquitted of the charge of murder, following which even the impetuous Joel Wilcox would, undoubtedly, make matters rather unpleasant for him, if his whereabouts were known.

So he realised on all valuable papers in his possession and started East.

Nearly a month elapsed between the enactment of the vineyard tragedy and the time of Leon Velasquez's final disappearance from the Sonoma valley. With the assistance and advice of Joel Wilcox, Mrs. Delaro was preparing to dispose of her house and leave the district. Thanks to the old Yankee's business tact, she found that she had sufficient money left from the proceeds of the sale to keep her in comfort for a number of years. Still she was anxious to be rid of the house also.

In any case she would have been compelled to sell it shortly afterwards, for on the twentieth of the month, thirty days after Delaro's death, a notice was served on the executors of the estate to the effect that a note for (\$50,000) fifty-thousand dollars drawn in favor of Leon Velasquez and discounted by him in San Francisco, was due and must be paid in three days.

This threw a new light on affairs, and Mrs. Delaro was amazed. Why had her husband given Velasquez a note at thirty days for such an amount of money? She was utterly unable to solve the riddle, and at once sought her old friend for aid.

This is what old Joel Wilcox, the millionaire, said about it: "You kin depend upon it, Mrs. Delaro, that there is more in this than you or I know at present. This note that's a lyin' in the bank for you to meet was drawn on the night that my friend Mario was murdered, and I'm as sure that it's got sumthin' to do with that dirty work as I am that Anton Reyman is innocent of it all. The note'll hev to be met, but it'll knock a big hole in what you got out of the sale of the vineyard to do it. So when you're ready to sell your house don't go to anybody else. I'll buy it and give you a fair price for it."

Mrs. Delaro was much stirred by old Wilcox's words, and it was with a blanched face that she looked up at the big millionaire, and said: "Mr. Wilcox, do you think for one moment that Leon Velasquez had any thing to do with the death of my poor husband?"

"Yes I do," was the reply, "and what's more I'm going to find out just how much he did hev to do with it, or my name ain't Joel Wilcox."

"I don't like to think this without some good grounds for the belief," said the beautiful woman; "but I will accuse myself at once. I am unusually quiet and do not as a rule jump at conclusions; but when my husband was cruelly taken from me it seemed as though my heart had been forcibly torn from its place to be replaced by a spirit of revenge. Henceforth my duty shall be to find Mario's slayer. I, too, do not believe Anton Reyman guilty, but—" here her voice became choked with emotion and passion. The quiet, passive nature of the lady was fast fading before the hot southern blood of an aroused woman, and it was with flashing eyes and panting breath she earnestly exclaimed: "I will find his murderer, and may the blessed Virgin have mercy on him when I do—for I will have none."

Joel Wilcox promised that he would leave no stone unturned, but as Reyman's trial was to come off in about ten days he must go to San Francisco and interview the brokers, so as to find out all he could about Velasquez's recent actions.

"That is the clew I must follow," he said to the widow. "In the meantime, you, of course, will keep your eyes and ears open to all that transpires in this immediate neighborhood."

Such was the compact which Joel Wilcox and the widow of Delaro entered into that night, and through many weary years of mingled hopes and disappointment, they kept the one aim in constant view.

The next morning Joel Wilcox started for San Francisco, to learn what he could about the money which Velasquez had raised on the note.



"THERE IS MORE IN THIS THAN WE KNOW AT PRESENT."

For this purpose he called at the office of Crandall & Co., investment brokers. Delaro had often told him that he was in the habit of doing a little speculating occasionally through this house, Velasquez invariably conducting the deals.

So Wilcox naturally thought this would be a good starting point.

On entering the office, he inquired for Mr. Crandall, and was ushered into the gentleman's private room.

As soon as Mr. Crandall heard the name of his caller he pricked up his ears and was immediately prepared to act as obsequiously as an obsequious man possibly could, under such circumstances.

For Joel Wilcox was a well-known man in Frisco, his enormous wealth being a matter of public gossip, and the little lynx-eyed broker thought he was in for a good stroke of business, he of course surmising that the millionaire was on the lookout for an investment.

In this, as we know, he was doomed to disappointment. The broker foresaw what was coming when Mr. Wilcox asked:

"Do you know if Leon Velasquez is in town, Mr. Crandall?" Now, the broker and Velasquez were "bosom cronies," having worked many quiet and sometimes shady deals together. Still, the broker was by far the shrewder of the two men, and while Velasquez brought the lambs to the slaughter Crandall managed to catch most of the blood. Therefore, when this question was suddenly sprung upon him he was decidedly surprised, but at the same time was too old in the business to betray any undue agitation.

"Mr. Velasquez, ah, yes, I remember him now; the gentleman from San Paolo?" he said, with assumed indifference. "But why do you come here in search of that gentleman, Mr. Wilcox? It is hardly probable that I should be aware of the fact even if he did happen to be in town. His calls here are exceedingly few and far between, like angels' visits, as it were, if I may be permitted to make use of such an old and familiar expression."

"What a lie," thought his clerk, (a young Englishman) who had without intention left the door ajar when he ushered Mr. Wilcox into the private room, and thus heard the remarks as he sat at his desk in the public office.

"Well," said Mr. Wilcox, "I have been informed that he had a good many business transactions with you and that this would be a likely place to find him."

"Yes," the little broker responded. "Mr. Velasquez certainly did have some business to transact with me but his visits here were always of the most formal nature, and we were not on such terms that I could be supposed to know much of his movements while in this city." The clerk outside had become interested by this time and mentally ejaculated: "What a liar!"

"I am not the sort of man to beat around the bush, and I may as well be plain with you," said Mr. Wilcox.

"You have of course heard of my friend Mario Delaro's murder near his own wine cellars on the night of the twenty-first of last month?"

"Yes, I did hear of the sad occurrence," was the rejoinder. Joel Wilcox continued: "The week before that murder Mr. Delaro told me of a deal he made with you, though Velasquez, in some mining stock that paid big, and I'm here as a representative of Delaro's widow to know if the matter has ever been fixed up."

"Yes, I believe it has," replied Crandall; "but to make sure I will step around to the office of the broker who sold the stock for Velasquez and inquire if the money has been paid," saying which he rose to go and handed Mr. Wilcox a newspaper to read during his temporary absence.

As soon as Crandall had gone Joel Wilcox muttered to himself: "Well, I wonder how much more money the villain has scraped together. There is no account of that money being paid to

Delaro on his books, at least I couldn't find it if there was. The yaller-skinned 'possum tried his best to clean out his best friend before he killed him."

He was not left to his thoughts very long, for, no sooner was Crandall's back turned than the clerk made an excuse to come into the room with a bundle of papers in his hand. As soon as this individual got close enough to Mr. Wilcox he whispered:

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## COUNTY CIRCUMSTANCES.

Carefully Culled, Clipped, Cured.—Softly served Subscribers.

The street cars at Ann Arbor are doing a nice business.

J. Heydlauff paid \$2860 for the Geo. Randolph farm in Waterloo, recently.

A Bulgarian and a Japanese joined the Presbyterian church at Ann Arbor a few Sundays ago.

Pinekey merchants have agreed to close their stores at 8 o'clock, except Saturdays. That's right.

John Close of Grass Lake, had 200 barrels of apples shipped to that place this fall, the home supply not being sufficient.

There are 594 pensioners in Washtenaw county, 351 in Lenawee, 711 in Hillsdale and 529 in Monroe, or a total of 2185 in the second district. In the state there are 26,853.

Mrs. Katie Barthel and Mrs. Margaret Kern of Ann Arbor, and Mrs. Bartlett of Lodi, have petitioned Judge Kinney for divorces from their respective lords and masters.

Mrs. Christina Klager, who lived near Rogers Corners for many years, died at the home of her son Michael, in Saline township, last Thursday, aged 82 years. The funeral was held Saturday last.

Why were not the saloons closed on election day? Ann Arbor Democrat.—Because your law-defying saloon keepers are democrats, and your officers are democrats, too. You are asking too much of the men of your party.

An author who has made a special study of the book of Job, has written a book of 362 pages in which he claims that Job was a steam engineer, and fully describes, in the next to the last chapter, the steam engine of today.

There were 599 prohibition votes cast in this county at the last election. In '88, 533; '86, 814; '84, 782. Sylvan leads this year, casting 51 votes, while Dexter brings up the rear with only two votes, Lyndon and Freedom each showing three votes.

Four sore heads worked all day at the polls in Ann Arbor township against Allen, and when the votes were counted only four republican tickets had Gorman slips. Amid the avalanche of changes, Gorman's majority in the town was only one greater than Stearns' two years ago.—Ypsilantian.

Prohibitionists now have an out and out third party man in the legislature in the person of Samuel Miller, of Easton Rapids. He was nominated by the prohibitionists, endorsed by the industrialists, and when the democratic candidate withdrew, he was placed on that ticket. Get your petitions ready.

The Adrian Times, probably the strongest republican paper in the district, of Friday last says: "It (the recent defeat) was directly due to the stay-at-home republicans." This is the reason the STANDARD gave last week. We believe however, that these republicans will turn out when the republican party declares itself as being in favor of prohibition and woman suffrage. We are, whether the party and its leaders are or not.

"Kicker" in the Register of October 31, after speaking of Allen's good qualities, says: "I know all these things, and also know that if Mr. Gorman, his opponent, is elected, he will be obliged to herd and vote with my political enemies, the solid South brigadiers. I know he will be as susceptible to shining arguments in Washington as he was said to have been in Lansing; I know he will stand with his party in opposing all friendly legislation for the old soldiers; I know he will vote for free raw materials, free wool, free trade and free everything almost, except a free ballot and a fair count; but then, all that does not out-weigh my personal feeling in this matter. I shall not vote for Mr. Allen. In fact, I never did vote for Mr. Allen—neither has my son. Gorman can depend upon me if the lunatic asylum don't get me before election day." By the returns he evidently voted with the rest of 'em on election day.

Some time ago Joe. T. Jacobs wrote his daughter, in Germany, that if he was elected by a large majority he would cable her "laugh," if by a small majority, "smile," and if defeated the word "peace." So after election he cabled the last word, and soon received in answer the word "love." Mr. Jacobs was defeated by only 53 votes.

People and papers sometimes speak the truth when they least expect to. This was the case of the Argus when, on Sept. 16th it said "the democratic convention which will nominate the congressman to succeed Allen, meets at Adrian, tomorrow." At that time no one thought it possible to elect a democrat. Saulsbury wouldn't have declined the nomination had he thought that his party would be victorious.

## CHELSEA UNION SCHOOLS.

Report of the Chelsea Public Schools for the Month Ending October 24th, 1890.

Whole number enrolled, 337  
Aggregate tardiness, 113  
No. of non-resident pupils, 26  
No. pupils neither absent nor tardy 184

You will notice by this month's report that we are troubled with many tardy pupils; more than there ought to be, and you will agree with me, no doubt, that it is a bad thing for children to form the habit of frequently being a little behind hand, disregarding promptness and regularity, for such habits are apt to follow them and be very injurious in the future.

If a boy is tardy or irregular at school, he is very apt to be so in business and thus make a flat failure of life. Hence, in order that this practice may be checked as much as possible, we appeal to you for your co-operation. Let us work together for the good of the children.

If you will see to it that your children are started out at the proper time, both morning and noon, we will inform you, by the cards that are issued to the pupils at the close of each school month, whether they go directly to school or otherwise.

On these cards, which are issued for your benefit, are recorded the number of times tardy, absent and the standing of the pupil in each study pursued, which we hope the parents will look over carefully each month and if not satisfactory, will co-operate with the teachers in endeavoring to stimulate an improvement. There is not a teacher in your schools but that feels an interest in the moral as well as intellectual development of the pupils, but inattention, tardiness and absence of pupils and indifference on the part of parents cannot do otherwise than lessen the teacher's energy.

So let us unite our efforts in reducing tardiness and absence to the minimum, thus raising the standard of every pupil and of the school.

A. A. HALL, Supt.

### A CARD OF THANKS.

We would extend our sincere thanks to all our sympathizing friends, those who furnished flowers or took part in the last sad rites of our beloved son and brother, and hope none of you will ever be called upon to pass through a like ordeal. B. WINANS AND FAMILY.

### Sharon Siftings.

Miss Kingsley of Fowlerville, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fish.

There are seven of Sharon's bright intellects in the Grass Lake high school.

Henry O'Neil and Albert Cook went to Monroe last week after a load of fish.

L. B. Lawrence recently sold his flock of registered merino ewes to Mr. Inman, of Ypsilanti.

### Lima Luminations.

Nelson Freer spent Sunday at home.

Miss Mary Curtiss is visiting her aunt, Mrs. L. Ward.

Fred. Gilbert will move on to the Pratt farm in Sylvan.

David Lewie has an ear of corn with 1123 full size kernels on it.

The next grange meeting will be held at Lewis Freer's, November 21st.

Will Eaton, who has been visiting here for three weeks, has gone home.

Sunday last was Mrs. O. B. Guerin's 72nd birthday, her children and grandchildren all being home to take dinner with her.

## Dr. Kelly's Hippocure.

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, Hippocure removes this cause, and cures nearly all diseases incident to Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Hogs; such as Epizootic, Colic, Staggers, Pleuro-Pneumonia, Texas Fever, Liver Rot, and Hog Cholera. Applied externally it is the greatest liniment ever produced for the cure of Fistula, Poll Evil, Galls, Sprains, Swellings, Inflamed Glands, Scratches, Buffalo Fly, Murrain, Mange, Scab, and Kidney Worm. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price \$1.00 per bottle. For sale by R. S. Armstrong.



## CURLETT'S Thrush, Pinworm and Heave Remedy.

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

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

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

### TESTIMONIALS.

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

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

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

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

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

### LEGAL NOTICES.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, S. S. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Monday, the third day of November in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety.

Present, J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Lucy Ann Clark deceased, Charles E. Clark, the administrator of said estate, comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to render the final account as such administrator. Thereupon it is ordered that Tuesday, the second day of December next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing such account and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, in said county, and show cause, if any, why the said account should not be allowed. And it is further ordered that said administrator give notice to the persons interested in the estate of the pendency of said account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the CHASEA STANDARD, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.

[A TRUE COPY.]  
Wm. Doty, Probate Register.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW. The undersigned having been appointed by the probate court for said county commissioners to receive, examine, and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Emergence Clark of said county, deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date allowed, by order of said probate court for creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the office of Turnbull and Wilkinson in village of Chelsea in said county on Tuesday, the tenth day of February and Monday, the eleventh day of February, at ten o'clock, a. m. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims. Dated November 11, 1890.  
JAMES L. GILBERT, & Co.,  
WILLIAM J. KNAPP.