

**CHELSEA STANDARD.**  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
**WM. EMMERT.**  
OFFICE OVER  
**KNAPP'S HARDWARE STORE.**  
UP STAIRS. TURN TO LEFT.

\$1.00 PER YEAR STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

**PALMER & WRIGHT,**  
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.  
OFFICE OVER KEMPFF'S BANK.

OFFICE HOURS:  
Dr. Palmer's, 10 to 12, a. m., 4 to 6 p. m.  
Dr. Wright, 7:30 to 10, a. m. 1 to 3, p. m.

**H. L. WILLIAMS,**  
DENTIST,

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

**G. W. TURNBULL.**

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

**DON'T  
FAIL TO VISIT**

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

TRAINS LEAVE;

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

B. Parker is being treated at the sanitarium in Battle Creek.

Ernest Riggs, who spent the summer near Niles, has returned to this place.

D. Yocum and wife of Jackson were in town Sunday, visiting Mr. Yocum's parents.

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

A large quantity of live poultry has been marketed here the past week for Thanksgiving trade.

Last week we stated that Mr. Allen ran about 900 ahead of his ticket. It should have read "ahead of Turner."

Chelsea's population has increased two the past week, boys being born to Mr. and Mrs. J. Bacon and to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rodel.

The fair and concert, given at the hall this week by the ladies of the German church, was a pleasant event and a decided success.

Mr. Crawford has removed his barber shop to the room formerly occupied by Kempf Bro's bank. He has a very pleasant location.

An oyster supper will be served at the First Baptist church, Lyndon, Friday evening, Nov. 28. Bill, 30 cents. Every body cordially invited.

Fred Schumacher was home from Ann Arbor last Sunday to help celebrate the twenty-fifth wedding anniversary of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Schumacher.

Deputy sheriff Staffan has arrested two young men who are charged with stealing the overcoats from the church a week ago Sunday night. One has confessed but the other denies the charge.

Our readers would be surprised if they could see the quantity of beans handled by J. P. Wood & Co. Last week they received about five hundred bushels per day. They pay about \$75 per week to bean pickers, who otherwise would be idle if it was not for this firm.

Miss Whittlesey is the guest of Miss Blodgett.

The pay car made the boys happy last Saturday.

C. E. Letts of Detroit, was in the village Friday and Saturday.

Bert McLain now holds a position in the stores of H. S. Holmes & Co.

Mrs. Hoag spent last week in Stockbridge with her daughter, Mrs. Dancer.

The Misses Maggie Gates and Nettie Hoover were Ann Arbor visitors last Wednesday.

The Good Templars had an open meeting last Friday evening which was largely attended.

John Hall, P. of I. candidate for representative in this district, received 171 votes. Thompson, prohibitionist, received 215 votes.

Emory Fletcher, of Iron Mountain, returned home Saturday, after spending several weeks in this vicinity with parents and friends.

How much does the "independent" Chelsea STANDARD cost you, Mr. Allen? Ypsilanti Sentinel. It costs him just \$1 per year in advance—not a cent more nor a cent less. Next!

A reception will be tendered Rev. and Mrs. Conrad at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Blach, this (Friday) evening, from 7 to 10 o'clock. A general invitation is extended.

In this issue will be found the opening chapter of another interesting story entitled "Dr. Elfenstein's Mission." If you are interested in this class of reading matter, don't fail to look it up.

S. L. Gage, secretary, wishes the STANDARD to announce that there will be a meeting of Chelsea Union, P. of I. at the Town Hall, Saturday, Nov. 29, at which every patron is asked to be present.

The ladies and gentlemen (about 50 in number), who take part in the Temple of Fame, are now hard at work, and from what we know of it, we can assure our readers that it will be THE event of the season. It will be presented the first week in December.

Merchant Brooks, the watchful flagman at the Main street crossing, and Miss Cora Knapp of Ypsilanti, were united in marriage in that city Tuesday evening last. The happy couple will at once take up housekeeping in Mr. Brooks' home on Middle street.

Allen received 123 less votes in Lenawee county than did the republican candidate for coroner. Turner received 217 less.—Argus. Yes, and in Hillsdale county Mr. Gorman had 217 less votes than did the democratic candidate for coroner. Comparisons are odious!

The county clerk has issued marriage licenses to quite a number the past week, among them being one to Henry Fenn and Miss Maggie Staffan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Staffan, for whom the Newton cottage on South street is being cozily furnished. They were united in marriage Wednesday morning, Rev. Fr. Considine officiating.

The musical and literary social to be given by the Epworth League, will be held in the Town Hall, Wednesday evening, Nov. 26. The program is a fine one, Miss Nettie Storms (who is quite an elocutionist) rendering "Whistling in Heaven." The "Sleigh ride Gallop," with Swiss bells and vocal score, by Edith Congdon and Mae Wood is said to be grand. Admission ten cents.

In 1888, Luge received 19,338 votes in this district, while Turner received 13,131 votes this year, a falling off of 5,407 republican votes. The same year Burt had 18,210 votes, while this year Winans had 16,302, or a loss of only 1,908. No one claims that there are more democrats than two years ago, but some do claim that more democrats than republicans, stayed at home. This shows that 3,500 more republicans remained at home.

Our inside pages are filled with very interesting matter this week.

Henry Dancer, with Holmes & Dancer of Stockbridge, spent Sunday with parents in Lima.

Thomas Moore, prohibition candidate for congress in this district, received 2510 votes. Two years ago, Fellows had 2010 votes, while four years ago Crozier received 2448 votes.

It becomes our sad duty this week to chronicle the death of Perna Margurite, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Cooper, who died last evening at 11 o'clock, of congestion of the lungs, aged two months and nine days. The sorrowing parents have the sympathy of all of their acquaintances in their bereavement.

Among the members of the general committee to arrange for the grand encampment in Detroit of the G. A. R. next August, from this county, are James S. Gorman, F. P. Glazier and E. L. Negus of Chelsea.—Argus. Let us see! Mr. Gorman is the democratic congressman-elect. Messrs. Glazier and Negus are republicans, but worked and voted for Mr. Gorman.

The recent decision by the United States supreme court, absolutely and emphatically affirms the right of a state to regulate or prohibit the liquor traffic. A California whiskey seller appealed to the United States district court against a decision of the San Francisco police commissioners who refused him a license on account of his bad reputation. The court decided that it was unconstitutional to make any man's business dependent upon the arbitrary will of public officers. But the supreme court, Judge Field delivering the opinion, reversed the opinion, holding that liquor selling is NOT an inherent right of any citizen; that the traffic is the source of crime and other evils, and that every state in the Union has the right to deal with it as it sees fit. This is one of the grandest decisions made by that court in years.

#### Lesson One.

Ross Coon and a companion named Hoffman, both of Mendon, were drunk when they started for home Friday. Coon fell out of the wagon and ruptured a blood vessel from which he bled to death. He leaves a widow and three children.

#### Lesson Two.

I saw a man one day last week considerably under the influence of liquor, quietly wedding his way home when a party of boys began to jeer and gibe at him, following him for some distance, when he became so incensed that he threw a parcel at them. As the parcel struck the ground a large piece of meat rolled out of the paper, which set the boys to renewing their screeches. It was a pitiable sight and I wondered if his poor family would have anything for dinner.—Democrat. What do you think of the person who sold him the whiskey which robbed him of his reason and his family of food?

#### Your Taxes This Year.

Through the kindness of supervisor Gilbert we can give you an idea what your taxes will be, provided you know about how much you are assessed, and the school district you live in. The following is the tax on \$1000 assessed. The first column is the state, county and township tax, the second the school tax, the third the total tax this year, the last column the total tax last year.

No. 1 fractional	3 82 2 50 6 32 7 00		
2	3 82 3 00 6 82 7 15		
3 frl Chelsea	3 82 7 20 11 02 9 05		
4	3 82 2 72 6 52 7 40		
4 frl Lima	3 82 2 00 5 82 5 85		
5 frl Sharon	3 82 4 00 7 82 6 25		
6 frl Lyndon	3 82 2 10 5 92 7 15		
6 frl Grass L.	3 82 1 40 5 22 6 45		
7	3 82 3 40 7 22 6 25		
8 frl Lyndon	3 82 1 00 4 82 5 85		
10	3 82 2 80 6 62 7 15		
10 frl Lima	3 82 2 00 5 82 5 76		
11	3 82 3 80 7 62 8 95		



## 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. Raftrey offers special inducements.

Respectfully,

**H. S. HOLMES & CO.**



## CHELSEA ROLLER MILLS

### MARKET REPORT.

Corrected Weekly by Cooper & Wood

Roller Patent, per hundred,.....	\$3.00
Houzekeeper'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. 21, 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 .92, 2 car at .91; Dec. 1,000 at .92. No. 1 white 1 car at 90.  
CORN.—No. 2 spot, 53c.  
OATS.—No. 2, white, spot 49c.

#### Home Markets.

BARLEY.—\$1 25@1 30 100  
EGGS.—20c 1 doz.  
LARD.—Country wanted at 6@7  
OATS.—Remain steady at 35@40  
POTATOES.—Slow sale at 70c.  
BUTTER.—Weak at 12@16c.  
WHEAT.—Is in good demand at 86c for red and 85c for No. 1 white.  
CORN.—Quiet at 50c 1 bu.

**Wood's Phosphodine.**  
THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.  
Used for 35 years by the human race successfully. Guaranteed to cure all forms of Nervous Weakness, Emission, Impotency, Rheumatism, and all the effects of a disordered system. One package, 25c; six, \$1.50, by mail. Write for pamphlet. Address: The Wood Chemical Co., 131 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.



Sold by Glazier, the Druggist, Chelsea



We offer this week, with our complete line of Garland Stoves, Paris Ranges and Round Oak Stoves, several good SECOND HAND HEATING AND COOKING 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

SEATTLE charges from \$200, to \$1,000 a day for licenses for circuses.

A CHICAGO man with no legs has applied for a license to marry a woman with no arm. The two will just about make one.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY is still in clover. She has just had another handsome windfall, which she can add to the \$6,000,000 endowment she already had.

DR. MCGONEGAL, the hoary old sinner who killed Annie Goodwin, the cigarette girl, by malpractice, has got a "stay." He is likely to be allowed a much longer stay—in prison.

AND now there is a prying paper inquiring about "wives of men of genius." We don't mind giving one or two points to the public about ourselves, but, hang it, they might let our domestic affairs alone!

A SCIENTIFIC gentleman, who has analyzed one of them, gives the following as the component elements of the modern cigar—sugar, rum, tamarinds, saltpeter, anise-seed, potash gum, salts of ammonia, and volatile oils.

AN express company refers to its employees who have grown too old in service to be valuable servants, as "dead wood." This may be a good excuse for discharge, but will not commend the company to the public nor to the new men who are looking for employment with loyal men who appreciate faithful service.

THERE is a society in Chicago numbering 300 thoughtful women whose object is "mutual help toward learning the highest standards of physical development, and mutual counsel toward realizing those standards in practical life." Its name is the Society for the Promotion of Physical Culture and Correct Dress.

ACCORDING to the British Association, in less than 200 years the world will be too crowded by half, and people will be falling over the edge. We give this warning early to enable our prudent readers to lay in their winter stock of beans in good time. There is no immediate danger, of course, but it's best to be prepared for emergencies.

E. A. GARLAND, a Wisconsin man, has invented a peculiar clock. It consists of three egg-shells set on pivots, one to denote the hour, one the minutes and the other the seconds. The shells revolve on the pivots without apparent mechanism to give them motion. Mr. Garland intends making one with glass balls and hanging an incandescent lamp on each ball, so the clock can be made to serve as a lamp as well as a time-piece.

A CHATTANOOGA lawyer has peculiar views of the duties of policemen. He wrote to Cincinnati for information about his missing son. He wants the policeman that finds him to obtain for him a situation in some lawyer's office, the boy being a good stenographer. The salary must not be less than \$10 a week. More than that, the officer is to see that the boy pays his board and behaves himself, and is then to report the lad's progress to his father.

EVERYBODY has read the story of the steamboat pilot that stood at his post until he had run his craft ashore and whose heroism cost him his life, but for out-and-out bravery the boy at the Leland Hotel in Syracuse who ran his elevator to rescue guests and who left his post only when overcome by the flames deserves the highest praise. The steamboat pilot would have endangered his own life by jumping into the river but the boy had only to step out of the elevator at any time when it was on the ground floor to have been safe.

A BANGOR, Me., electrician thinks that the wire running under the electric railway track is unnecessary. He believes that the rails are sufficient conductors for the ground current. On the other hand the men who have worked on the road are very confident that this wire is indispensable. It is connected carefully with every rail and a sure circuit thus secured. Should any rail be skipped it would be known as a "dead rail." The copper wire that is used in this work is quite expensive and has formed an important item in the cost of the road.

It appears that an unfortunate picnic party went out amid the green fields and babbling brooks, and allowed a considerable number of oysters to toboggan-slide down their throats, said party ultimately bringing up at the nearest hospital in a hurry for the

quickest cure for blood-poisoning. A medical journal, commenting on the case, considers that inquiries should always be made into the origin of the oysters before eating them. This seems to suggest that in future no oyster will be admitted as candidate for supper without a certificate of birth, which must contain full particulars as to whether its parents were respectable or not, and what they did for a living.

THE Turkish government has just expressed its regrets for the false arrest of an American charged with complicity in the Armenian troubles. He was seized at night and thrown into prison, but he was released on condition that he would appear for trial. Mr. Hirsch, the American Minister, made an energetic protest against the violation of the right of domicile of an American citizen, and demanded satisfaction and the punishment of the official ordering the arrest. It was charged that the accused had engraved a seal for a secret Armenian committee, but proof was produced that the man had no knowledge of the art of engraving and he had recently been acting as agent for an American firm who manufacture photograph apparatus.

THEY are now saying that a Turkish bath is the best means to restore a man in a hurry from the effects of the flowing bowl. Generally when you present yourself at the ticket office of the palatial establishment, the clerk leans forward and inquires, "Do you want a Turkish bath?" as if he thought you might have come to inquire whether they sold tin tacks. The unhappy inebriate will miss this pleasant experience, since his condition will give him away off-hand. But it will be a disagreeably suggestive surprise for the toper who wakes gradually with the consciousness of his iniquity troubling his spirit to find himself in seraphic attire in a place uncomfortably hot; and we shall probably hear of the patient in such a case reaching out for the innocent attendant with the pathetic words: "Say, ole feller, this is a surprise! When did I die?"

A COMPARATIVELY new thing is the Mutual Beneficial Association of the Italian fruit vendors. Each member pays a small monthly sum into the association, and in return receives \$7 a week when he is too ill to turn the crank of a peanut roaster. The Association also undertakes to further the common interests of its members in various ways. The general public knows little of the street fruit vender, and probably thinks him a penniless wreath, whose days and nights are given up to tedious and unprofitable toil. As a matter of fact, the business, though trying by reason of long hours and exposure to weather, is more profitable than many trades requiring greater skill. The Italian newspapermen team with advertisements of corner fruit-stands for sale, and the good-will of a well-established fruit business fetches a considerable sum. The outdoor life necessitated by the business is much less trying to the Italians than to people of most other nationalities, because the Italians come to the United States with the open-air habit fully formed; and even when their business does not necessitate it, they do their best to imitate here this feature of Italian life. Only the coldest and wettest weather keeps the inhabitants of Little Italy indoors, and ordinarily the sidewalks in that region swarm with people busied in their daily vocations.

At the recent meeting of the British Medical Association some of the most distinguished eye specialists in Great Britain discussed the subject of myopia—short-sightedness. About thirty years ago Donders, a great ophthalmologist and scientist, declared that a near-sighted eye is not a sound eye, that progressive myopia is a true disease and that in youth almost every myopia is progressive. For men engaged in study or in minute work there is some advantage in a slight degree of myopia, which in old age copiers the privilege of reading without glasses. It has been said that myopia is the companion of intellectual progress, but it is an unpleasant companion, not a friend. Even excessive intellectuality, when accompanied by myopia, does not compensate for the inability to see the details of landscape, the shape and movements of living creatures, architectural beauties, and the facial expressions of our friends. Professor Landolt regards myopia as an adaptation of the organ to the functions of a superior race, as a something instituted at the interest of intellectual progress. But, we may well ask, if nature really wishes to ease the labor of the student by shortening the focus of his eyes, why does she not reverse the action of his accommodating muscles and give him an active accommodation for distance, so that he may see beyond his book without glasses?

## AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE

OLD SOLDIERS TALK OVER EXPERIENCES AND SPIN YARNS.

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

Memory of a Dear Face.

BY G. LIND.



WHEN the shades of night fall o'er the earth, And stars above are gleaming; When birds have hushed their songs of mirth, And Nature is asleep and dreaming, Oft before my memory's vision Comes a face I used to know— But from earth it departed, Many, many years ago.

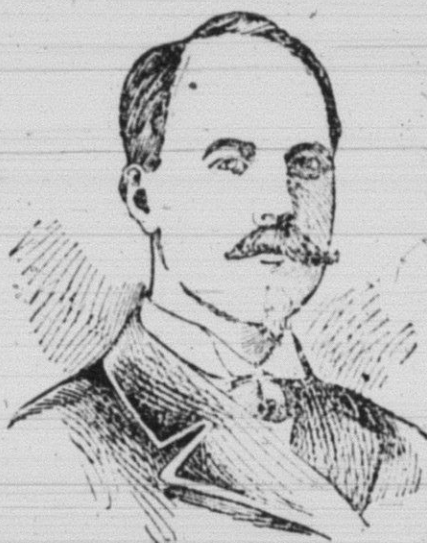
'Tis the face of a brother I loved well, Who to the nation's war marched away: He in the tide of battle fell, And was laid to rest at the close of day; But to me the memory will be ever sweet— Of him so noble and brave, On his country's altar offered, By the broad Potomac's wave. BISHOP HILL, ILL.

### GETTYSBURG REVISITED.

The Count of Paris and a Distinguished Party Revive Old War Memories by Viewing the Scenes of the Hardest Fighting of the Rebellion.



THE Count of Paris, who, as a staff officer in the Federal army, took part in the battle of Gettysburg, recently revisited the scene of the tremendous struggle and made a tour of the battlefield. The Count was accompanied by a large party of distinguished military gentlemen, including General Daniel Butterfield, Meade's chief of staff; Brigadier General John Newton and Major General Abner Doubleday, of the First Corps; Brigadier General Caldwell, of the Second Corps; Major General Daniel E. Sickles, of the Third Corps; Brigadier General Hayes, of the Fifth Corps; Brigadier General H. G. Wright and Major General Gregg, of the cavalry; Major General O. O. Howard, of the Eleventh Corps; and General H. W. Slocum, of the Twelfth Corps. The distinguished party, writes a correspondent of the Chicago Evening Post, was taken to the famous railroad cut north-west of the town, where the first day's battle opened and raged, and where, just south a few hundred yards, Gen-



COUNT OF PARIS.

eral Reynolds was killed in the first hour of battle. The whole party alighted at this point and, ascending to the top of a little rise through which the cut is made, came to Reynolds avenue. This is a roadway made by the Memorial Association, and extends north and south along the Union line in the first morning's battle. A long line of monuments extending at right angles with the railroad marks the alignment of the troops after the fight was fairly open. The first monument in the line, the one nearest the railway, is that of the Wisconsin Iron Brigade, commanded by General Meredith. This commemorates the gallant repulse and capture by that brigade, together with the Fourteenth Brooklyn Regiment, of Davis' Mississippi Brigade. This is the first striking feature of historic Gettysburg, and two of Wisconsin's best-known soldiers, Colonel Bragg and Colonel Lucius Fairchild, won their chief military fame on that spot. Along the avenue, north and south, and overlooking the old seminary grounds, are other monuments in honor of the various commands of Wadsworth's famous division of Reynolds' corps.

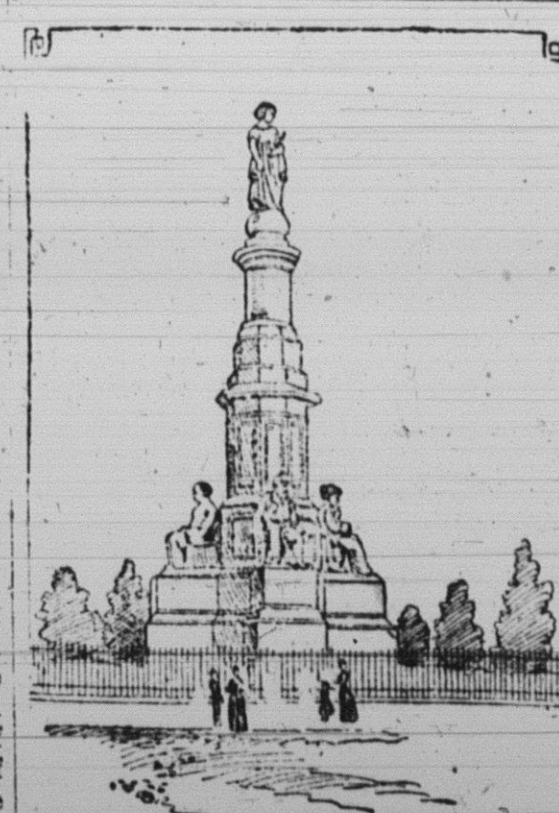
Just southwest of the Wisconsin monument is the grove in which, an hour after the fight opened, General Reynolds was killed. A little to the right of the grove and in the foreground are the farm buildings on the estate of Edward McPherson, present clerk of the House of Representatives. The scene of the capture of the rebel General Archer, by the Iron Brigade later in the day, just to the left of Reynolds' Grove, was also pointed out. The scene from this point—Willoughby Run—is very interesting. Toward the south is the famous seminary from the cupola of which Buford and Reynolds viewed the approach of Hill's corps and disposed their forces to meet it. To the north the valley widens out, and in this expanse the later events of

that first day occurred—the advance of Ewell and the retreat after a hot fight of Howard and his Eleventh Corps to Cemetery Hill.

Then the Count and his party went to Oak Hill, about three-quarters of a mile away. This point is covered with monuments to commemorate the valor of the Pennsylvania and New York troops which captured Iverson's rebel brigade and repulsed the assault of the right of Rhodes' rebel division in the grand attack of Rhodes and Early upon General Howard which drove the latter southward to Cemetery Hill. From the summit of this historic spot the view is grand. It embraces the whole of the last half of the first day's fight. The Union monuments, which stretch across the valley, show the lines from which and upon which, step by step, Howard was forced to fall back. To the right is a beautiful view of the town and beyond it the National Cemetery and Monument. Further to the right and beyond are Round Top and Little Round Top, and in the foreground, between Little Round Top and Cemetery Hill, is the broad glacial up-which Longstreet's magnificent charge was made on the last day of the battle. Here, too, in the foreground, is the famous grove in which Robinson engaged O'Neal's Alabamians, in which General Gabriel Paul, of the Union army, had both eyes shot out.

To the left of the village is the famous East Cemetery Hill, the scene of that furious charge of Hokes' and Hayes' rebel divisions upon the forces of Generals Ames and Carroll and Ricketts' batteries. The charge was made just at dusk of the second day, and was, next to the famous repulse of Pickett, the bloodiest scene of the battle. It was a hand-to-hand fight. They fought with cannon, muskets, pistols, handspikes, rammers, clubs, stones—anything that could be wielded in the fray. At the first assault the Union lines were broken and scattered like chaff. The wild assailants pursued through showers of canister into the very batteries on the hill, seizing guns, spiking others, and for a moment holding their position. Men raved, implored, swore, and cried by turns in the mad excitement of the moment. South of the wall, at Ricketts' left gun, a Confederate Lieutenant dashed boldly up and seized the battery guidon. Private Riggins, its bearer, drew his revolver and shot him dead; at the same moment a minie ball severed the staff and Riggins fell a corpse beside that of his adversary, Lieutenant Worcester. Seventh Louisiana, charged into the battery, and laying his hand on a gun demanded its surrender, but was instantly brained by a blow with a handspike in the hands of one of the gunners. At the third-gun from the wall a Confederate sergeant, musket in hand, sprang upon Sergeant Stafford and demanded his surrender. He was answered by Lieutenant Brockway, of the battery, who, coming quickly behind, with a stone he had seized, felled him to the ground. Stafford caught the musket and fired, wounding the rebel severely, and in the fury of the moment clubbed the gun, and, but for the interposition of Captain Ricketts, would have killed him on the spot.

One of the most interesting spots visited by the Count and his party was Little Round Top. The summit of Little Round Top is an almost impassable rocky ledge, but here, under the gallant Warren, two batteries were planted in the rocks which were undoubtedly the nucleus of a defense which saved Sickles' and Howard's corps on that second day from annihilation. The scene from Little Round Top is grand indeed. On one of the huge natural bastions overlooking the vast plain below is a splendid monument erected by the Ninety-first Pennsylvania, while within a few rods, bolted to another rock weighing perhaps a thousand tons, is a colossal statue in bronze of General G. K. Warren, the Chief of Engineers of the Army of the Potomac. History has it that Warren, from his rocky eyrie, observed Hood's attempt to turn Sickles' left, and instantly resolved to have Little Round Top made the chief point of defense. He got Sykes to send him two batteries and two brigades under Vincent and Weed,

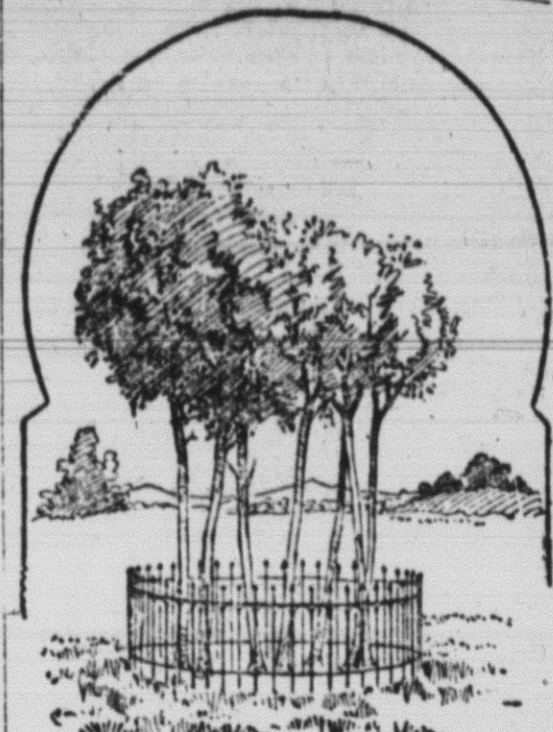


GETTYSBURG NATIONAL MONUMENT.

and these, with other troops which were sent, succeeded in holding Little Round Top, though both Weed and Vincent were killed in the terrific assaults made upon this position. From Little Round Top, too, can be seen the famous wheat field where General Sickles lost his leg, Devil's Den, the scene of such terrific fighting. Another interesting spot is where

Harcock was wounded in the last grand assault on the third day. A simple stone with an inscription marks the spot. Extending north from it toward the cemetery and along the crest of Cemetery Ridge is a line of costly monuments to mark the position of the troops whose sturdy and desperate courage withstood and beat back the famous charge of Pickett, which lives in history as the most magnificent military exploit in the world's annals. This was the turning point in the rebellion. It was the last grand effort of Lee to turn the defeat of Gettysburg into victory.

No point on the battle-field was inspected with more interest than this



CLUMP OF TREES, WHERE LONGSTREET LED THE ASSAULT.

historic spot. The old stone wall, partially ruined, but covered with a rank growth of vines and shrubbery, is still there in sections. The place where Armistead leaped over and fell mortally wounded is marked by a tablet, but that is the only tribute to Confederate bravery on the whole field. That is just to the right of the little copse of trees which was the landmark by which Longstreet directed the assault. The copse of trees still stands, bright and green in their summer foliage. The Memorial Association has placed a circular iron fence around the trees to preserve them from spoliation. They are seven in number, and are of the scrub-oak kind. To the right and left of the trees extends the line of monuments. The finest and most costly of these was erected by the State of Vermont to perpetuate the glorious deeds of Stannard and the Vermont troops in repelling that assault. It is a lofty, fluted column of marble, standing upon a massive granite pedestal. On the top of the column is a carved capital, and surrounding that is a life-sized bronze figure of General Stannard. The whole is strikingly like the Douglas monument in Chicago.

In another year the battlefield of Gettysburg will be even more interesting. Congress has just appropriated \$125,000 to mark by plain but appropriate tablets the Confederate lines of battle. There are now 225 monuments on the battlefields of Gettysburg, ranging in cost from \$500 to \$10,000. There are in addition 316 flank stones and tablets to mark the alignments of each brigade. It will require about seven hundred and twenty-six tablets, covering twenty-three miles in length, to mark the Confederate lines; but when once this is done the perpetuation of the mighty battlefield as a great object lesson in military history and science, to last for all ages, will be complete.

### An Incident of Spottsylvania.

THE following incident is related by ex-Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania: "Riding over the field just after the battle of Spottsylvania, I came across a wounded Pennsylvania soldier. He was leaning against a stump, holding a bloody leg. I dismounted and asked him how he was.

"Is the bone broken?" I inquired, as he explained his injury.

"No," said he, cheerfully, "only a bullet through the flesh." Still he was faint and thirsty.

"What would you rather have just now, my man?" said I—"if you had but one wish?" I was thinking of his home in the Pennsylvania hills.

"I would like to have a good drink of Pennsylvania whisky," he replied, with a smile.

"Then here it is," I replied, extending my flask. "You shall have it."

"He took the flask, held it in his hands a second, then pointed to a dying Confederate soldier near by. 'Better give it to him,' he said, 'he needs it more than I do, poor fellow. Yes, give it to him.'"

"We turned to the latter. For all we knew, it might have been the very man who shot him. But we propped him up and attempted to pour some of the liquor down his parched throat. He heard every word and seemed to understand the situation thoroughly. It was too late. With a grateful look in his eyes as he turned them a moment on the wounded Pennsylvania soldier, he sighed and fell back dead. "I have seen that Pennsylvania soldier since the war. He had nothing to begin life anew with. On the strength of that deed to an enemy at such a time I indorsed him for a sum of money. He prospered. He now owns two mills and a couple of farms, and he deserves all he has."



# Dr. Elfenstein's Mission

## A Remarkable Romance.

BY EMILY THORNTON.

### CHAPTER I. A STRANGE SUMMONS.

In his unusually pleasant office on Broadway sat Lemuel Gray, a middle-aged man and successful lawyer, in deep thought. In his hand he held a letter, which, after a few moments, he again carefully read.

As it refers to people and events to be mentioned often in the remarkable story about to be related, we give the contents entire:

YONKERS, April 15, 1886.

DEAR SIR—It is with great difficulty that I have been able to find time to write you, but as the object I have in view by this address is of great importance, I will write in as few words as possible.

You are aware, being my confidential adviser, that I expected to sail for Europe shortly, in order to attempt to unravel the mystery surrounding the death of Sir Arthur Glendenning, in whose fate I am so deeply interested.

I wished to visit, in some disguise, the town where Glendenning Hall is situated, to become acquainted with the present baronet and Lady Constance, his wife, with the nephew and niece residing with them, and to learn something, if possible, about the only sister who married without the consent of her family, and who, therefore, was disowned by her relatives. I am, as you are aware, a man of great energy and determination, and I am determined to succeed in my mission.

I regret to say that my physician declares it impossible for me to undertake, with safety, this journey.

What do you think of my sending thither a substitute? I have in mind a young physician, Dr. Earle Elfenstein, who resides in your city. I cannot tell you his address, as he has moved to a new residence last May.

I write to ask you to hunt him up for me. Please make a few inquiries as to his circumstances, disposition, and above all, whether he is an energetic and conscientious man.

Inform me in regard to these matters at an early date. If favorable, and the plan meets your approval, set a time when you can meet him at my residence and explain to him the peculiar mission I wish him to undertake in my behalf. Your presence will be absolutely necessary, as the disease with which I am afflicted forbids my entering into the long explanations that must be given in order to instruct him in the performance of the work, should he agree to undertake it.

Please attend to this at once and oblige, yours, etc.,

LEON RAPPLEYE.

To this, a few hours later, the following reply was penned:

New York, April 16, 1886.

MR. LEON RAPPLEYE: DEAR SIR—Upon the receipt of yours of the 15th, I examined the "City Directory" without delay. I find Dr. Elfenstein's address to be 47 Exton street.

Going at once to the neighborhood, I learned from a reliable source that the young man has a very small practice, therefore, finds it difficult to support his widowed mother and himself in comfort.

This state of his finances is not due to lack of energy, for he is indefatigable in his efforts to benefit his patients, but those who apply to him for advice are, unfortunately, the very poor in the region of his home.

He is an exceedingly conscientious and good man, and from all I can learn, just the one to undertake the important business which you propose, and which I fully approve.

I will meet him at your residence on the evening of the 18th. It would be well to send him a telegram to that effect as soon as you receive this. Yours sincerely,

LEMUEL GRAY.

It was a dull and dreary picture that the eyes of Dr. Earle Elfenstein rested upon, as he drew back the lace curtains that draped the parlor window of his cozy home.

His practice was not large, and far from lucrative. Times were unusually hard, and his bills for services rendered were unpaid, so that he had, indeed, a hard struggle to live.

This afternoon he was peculiarly cast down, for his mother (who, since his father's death four years before, had been obliged to look to him for support) had reminded him that the month's rent for the flat in which they resided would be due in three days, and he knew he had not one quarter of the amount required, nor much faith in his ability to collect one of the many bills due.

It is no wonder, then, that a sigh escaped him, as he turned to greet the sweet-looking lady about fifty years of age, who entered the room, holding an envelope in her hand.

"Here is a telegram for you, Earle. What can it be?"

"I cannot say, as I expected none," he replied, opening the missive. "This is singular. I am requested to leave the city by the 8 p. m. train for Yonkers, to see a gentleman, who is an invalid, on a matter of business. His name is Leon Rappleye, a strange name to me."

"What shall you do about it?" asked the mother, anxiously.

"I shall go, of course. The message says, 'you will be met at the station.' I have just about time to answer a call and meet the train."

"What time shall you return?"

"It will be late, I know; perhaps not until morning, but if possible I will return to-night. Good-by, little mother. Who knows but this will bring better things for us."

Later, closely protected by a comfortable ulster from the heavy rain that was falling, with a train of serious thoughts in his mind, occasioned by his poverty, Dr. Elfenstein wended his way to the Grand Central Depot, and entered the cars that would bear him to his destination.

On dashed the train through the darkness. On, on, and still the young physician brooded over his troubles, with eyes fixed on the blackness without.

Thus he sat, lost in thought, until the whistle blew for the approaching station, and the brakeman, opening the door, called, in a loud voice: "Yonkers, Yonkers!"

### CHAPTER II. MR. LEON RAPPLEYE.

The rain was falling in torrents as the train came thundering to the station, and upon stopping, the usual crowd hurried out, and passing through the waiting-room to the street beyond, were soon lost in the gloom.

One, however, lingered at the door, looking apparently for some expected person or conveyance.

He was, as could easily be seen, a stranger in the place.

He had scarcely a moment to wait, however, when a private coachman approached, whip in hand, and accosted him.

"I have been sent to meet a gentleman from New York named Elfenstein. Are you the one?"

"I am."

"Then please follow me."

The young man was soon seated in a handsome closed carriage, while the driver also mounted to his box, and they immediately started off at a rapid pace.

Street after street was traversed, until finally they turned into the extensive grounds of an elegant residence.

The house before which they stopped was large and imposing in appearance, but still had a dark and gloomy aspect. No light was visible at any of the windows.

As the young man stepped across the piazza, the large doors were instantly opened by a colored waiter, who motioned him to enter and proceeded to assist in removing his overcoat and wet shoes.

"How is Mr. Rappleye to-night?" asked the visitor.

"Bout as usual, massa. 'Pears like he must die, he is always so badly off for breath."

"Can I see him?"

"Yes, sah, just as soon as you has something to eat. Some dinner is waiting, and de nuss says you am to eat it immedjerly, den come up to his room. I will show you, derefore, to de dining-room fust."

"Very well," replied the stranger, wearily; "I am ready."

Crossing the marble floor of the long hall, he was ushered into a room elegantly appointed. The bright grate fire cast a cheerful glow around, while the velvet carpet scarcely gave back a footfall.

The table was laid for one, and very soon a sumptuous dinner was served, of which he alone partook.

Leaving the stranger to enjoy his solitary meal, he will precede him to the story above, and to the presence of the invalid, whose urgent telegraphic dispatch had brought him to the place.

The second story back room was large and commodious, opening into a room beyond, where every luxury abounded, for the comfort of the master.

Yet in the midst of all this splendor, sickness had stalked, ever reaching forth his poisoned tongue to blight and wither the owner of it all.

"Has he come?"

These words issued from the pale lips of the sufferer, who was half sitting, half reclining upon the bed.

"Has Dr. Elfenstein come? I thought I heard the carriage."

"You did, and he is here," returned the nurse and housekeeper. "I thought it best to have him take dinner before you saw him. I presume you have much to say and would prefer not to be interrupted. He will be with you in a few moments now."

The invalid sighed. Then, seeing him greatly pressed for breath, "You seem to suffer so much, had you not better postpone seeing him until morning?" said the nurse.

"Oh, no. I may be worse then. Asthma is so hard to conquer. I will not defer my business. Has my lawyer come?"

"Not yet."

"He should be here. The cuckoo clock has sounded half-past eight some time since."

"Yes, it is a quarter to nine now. But the door-bell rings. I think that is he."

"Set that stand with writing materials close by my bed, then go down and show both gentlemen to this room; after which you can leave us to ourselves until you hear me ring."

Making herself known, the nurse introduced Earle to Mr. Gray, then led the way to the sick man's presence.

"Here is Mr. Gray, Mr. Rappleye, and this is your expected friend, Dr. Elfenstein."

Reaching forth a thin, white hand, the old man smiled feebly, and between struggling breaths managed to say:

"I am very glad to see you."

Taking the emaciated hand in both his, Earle Elfenstein pressed it tenderly, and in a low tone, full of feeling, responded:

"I am glad I could come to you, but sorry, very sorry, to see you so ill."

"You must wonder why I summoned you, an entire stranger, to my side in this unceremonious way, but I have important business to transact. Talking is such an exertion, my lawyer, Mr. Gray, must explain for me my wishes, and why I sent for you."

These words were uttered at intervals, for his short breathing prevented long sentences, and gently releasing his hand, Earle Elfenstein took the seat close beside the bed, while Mr. Gray seated himself in a business-like way beside the table.

### CHAPTER III. MR. RAPPLEYE'S PROPOSAL.

"Dr. Elfenstein," said Mr. Gray, "my client and friend, Mr. Leon Rappleye, is, as you see, extremely ill. His sufferings are so great that he has deputed me to explain his motive in sending so unceremoniously for you to visit him in his home. Our friend is a lonely man, having no relatives living to whom he wishes to leave his large fortune. He has dictated his last will and testament, and he desires to sign it before he may be unable to do so; it was necessary for him to see you personally previous to placing his name to the document in which, I may add, you are deeply interested."

Earle Elfenstein started as he heard

these words, and looked from the lawyer to the invalid beside him.

"You are surprised, naturally," again resumed Mr. Gray, "and probably wonder what Mr. Rappleye knows of you. I will explain this at once. Your father was George Elfenstein, a well-known banker; in years gone by he did Mr. Rappleye a never-to-be-forgotten service. His arrival in this country was followed by a long and dangerous illness, when he lay alone among strangers, almost neglected, and he attended to his wants like a brother until he was entirely convalescent."

"They met often afterward, and then lost sight of each other. Years of silence passed, when accidentally he learned about three months since that his benefactor was dead, and his only son was a struggling physician in New York, through an intimate friend, who often mentioned his fondness for this talented young man, and in this way Mr. Rappleye became deeply interested in you. He has heard of your fearless, conscientious manner of meeting your engagements, and this was a characteristic he particularly wished to find in some young friend. When, therefore, his health entirely failed, so that he could no longer look after his private business, he determined to send for you, and perhaps place his affairs in your hands."

The lawyer paused, and Earle answered:

"Anything that I can do within the range of honor and integrity, I shall be pleased to undertake."

"We felt so. The case then is this: but, of course, you will recognize the fact that the history of our friend's life, which I shall be obliged to unfold to you, is told in strict confidence. Will you promise to regard that confidence as a sacred trust, never to be told to another, until all that is now mysterious has been swept away?"

"I will."

"Then I will proceed. Our friend was the youngest son of Sir Geoffrey Glendenning, residing in a large town near Liverpool. This gentleman had one daughter, who married against his wishes, and three sons—Arthur, who would in case of his death succeed to the title; Reginald, two years younger; and Fitzroy, the gentleman you see before you, whose severe domestic misfortunes have been so great that for the last twenty-five years he has been obliged to live in this country, under the assumed name of Rappleye. The cause of this retirement he has kept, and still wishes to keep, a profound secret."

"A short time after the death of his parents, for they expired within a few months of each other, and after his brother Arthur had come into possession of his title, little troubles arose between the brothers, and seemed to embitter them exceedingly."

"Reginald, the second son, had an ugly, morose disposition, that was peculiarly exasperating, and whenever the opportunity occurred he delighted in getting Fitzroy into disgrace with the young baronet."

"These young men had a very pretty cousin, in whose society they each took extreme pleasure. Her name was Constance Leonore Glendenning. It was soon discovered that the affections of the young girl were centered upon Sir Arthur, and this knowledge was immediately followed by a betrothal."

"Reginald, being somewhat disappointed that he could not win the prize, undertook to report several little interviews of a purely innocent and accidental nature that Fitzroy had had with this lady to his brother, casting a very sinister light upon them, and assuring Arthur that Fitzroy was endeavoring to supplant him in her favor."

"This artful story infuriated the young nobleman, and caused a very bitter interview. Fitzroy indignantly denied every thought of interference, declaring the truth, that his love for Constance was merely cousinly, and urging that he had been slandered."

"This Sir Arthur refused to believe, and they parted in anger. Fitzroy exclaiming, in a moment of unguarded passion, as he left him:

"Very well, think so if it suits you; but, mark me, you shall yet repent your unjust accusations, and, as I live, shall never repeat this insult."

"Closing the door as he spoke, he stepped into the hall, and stood face to face with Antoine Duval, the valet of his brother Reginald, and, from the conscious look he gave him, Fitzroy knew, and after events made him certain, that he had either purposely listened or accidentally heard the unfortunate remark."

"The brothers did not meet again that day, but early the next Fitzroy was awakened by an unusual tumult."

"To his horror he was told that Sir Arthur had disappeared during the night. His bed had been occupied as usual, but he had probably been murdered, or very badly wounded, as, while no traces of his body could be found, evidences of a contest were on every side."

"Blood was upon the bed and floor, the window-seat was covered with it, as though he had been dragged through it, and then by means of a rope let down to the ground below."

"The rope still hung to the balcony."

"From the grass to an ornamental lake not far distant were irregular patches of the same human gore."

"Beyond that, nothing was ever discovered."

"That lake was thoroughly dragged for the body: the grave by the side of it was searched, not a spot being left in which a corpse could be buried—to no effect."

"The body of the murdered Sir Arthur Glendenning was never found."

"But, while stupefied with grief over his brother's loss, our poor friend was made aware that the finger of suspicion pointed to him with singularly fatal evidences of guilt."

"A dagger with his name engraved upon the handle was found by the bedside, on the floor, its blade still wet with blood."

"Beneath the window-seat, caught upon a nail, was a fragment of cloth which, upon search being made, fitted exactly into a rent in a dressing-gown of his, that was found hanging in his own closet."

"Horrible to relate, some of his brother's blood still clung to the gown!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## TYPE-SETTING MACHINES.

The Latest Devices in This Kind of Work—Success Is Already Attained.

The art of type-setting by machinery has reached such a state of perfection now that it is thought it will not be long before many newspapers of prominence will pretty nearly abandon the old method of setting by hand. The latest invention, one which promises to be generally adopted, if the rush of orders received by the company is evidence of it, is known as the Rogers Typograph. The machine has been working in the Pulitzer Building, in Printing-House Square, for nearly a month, and although but little publicity has been given to it through the newspaper press, hundreds of people have visited the offices of the company to witness the operations of the machine.

The typograph is a wide departure from all previous attempts at type-setting machines in almost every respect. Its size is four feet by four feet on the ground, four feet six inches high, and it weighs 450 pounds; the floor space occupied by it being little more than that taken up by an ordinary sewing-machine. It can be run by foot, hand, or machine power, and only one-eighth horse-power is required. The speed of the machine is limited only by the capability of the operator. On a sixteen-em pica line, minion machine, setting on memorized matter, a speed of 7,000 ems per hour has been attained, but this would be impossible in actual work. The oldest operator of the company has set from copy as high as 4,700 ems per hour, and it is declared that the average capacity of the ordinary operator on a daily newspaper would be from 3,000 to 3,500 ems per hour. The company claims that its machines will, in the hands of a capable operator, do the work of about four men and at about one-third of the cost.

The typograph is simple in construction, and the matrices from which the type is cast slide into their places by gravity. The finished product of the machine is a solid line of type ready to be placed in the "form" to be printed from directly, or to be used for stereotyping. The lower half of the typograph contains the receptacle for the melted type metal, the casting-box and the machinery for trimming the line of type. Above this and connected with it is the frame upon which the matrices are hung. This frame is like a rounded arch, with a space devoted to each matrix in a font of type. The matrices are hung on steel wire, which run to the casting-box down an incline of about forty-five degrees. The matrices are released as they are wanted, and run along the wires into places when the key responding to them is touched. The keyboard controlling them is exactly like that of the Remington typewriter and works in the same way.

When the matrices have been assembled in their place the spacing is done by a rotary wedge which makes the words exactly the same distance apart. The machinery is started, and one revolution of a wheel forcing melted lead into the casting-box, makes the line of type before it solidifies, and sends it between a pair of knives which trim it into proper shape. Then the keyboard is raised, the matrices slide back to their places by force of gravity, it is lowered again, and the operation is continued. A circular stand on one side of the machine contains matrices, which can be put in rapidly by hand, so that italics, etc., may be used when necessary.

The company's officers say that already over 900 machines have been manufactured at Cleveland, O., and that it is far behind its orders. In New York City contracts have been entered into to supply the *Evening Post*, *Sun*, *World*, *Times*, *Mail and Express*, *Commercial Advertiser*, and *Star*, the *Boston Globe* and *Herald*, nearly all the daily papers in Philadelphia, and in all the large Western cities. The machines are not sold but are rented at \$1 per day to daily newspapers and \$300 per year to weekly newspapers. For this the company keeps the machines in repair.—*New York Evening Post*.

### The Love of an Old Umbrella.

"Umbrellas repaired while you wait," is the seductive advertisement of a Fulton street dealer who sells new umbrellas, as well as mend old ones.

"Oh, yes," he said, "we get plenty of tinkering work to do. A great many men regard an old umbrella with affection. Their fingers become accustomed to the little grooves in the handle, and they would feel bewildered and uncomfortable if they grasped a new stick. Here, now, is an umbrella that a Frenchman brought to me yesterday. There was hardly a vestige of a cover left to it, and I told him it could not be repaired. He was disappointed, but finally he ordered a new cover. The handle is not worth 10 cents to anybody except himself, and I could have given him a brand new umbrella for the price charged him for the silk; but that would not have suited him at all. So long as he could clutch the old handle he felt at ease."

"Occasionally a man wants a new stick put into an old cover, for a stick, if it is broken in the middle, is not easily mended. Generally the handle is a piece distinct from the rest of the stick, and when the fracture is at the joint we have no trouble in mending it. Frequently the owner of an umbrella tells me, when he wants me to close a hole in it, that it has been in his possession for twenty years. As a matter of fact he hasn't owned it for as many weeks. A new stick put under an old cover, and a month later, the old cover replaced by a fresh one, make a new umbrella, don't they? Well, that is what he has had done half a dozen times since it was first bought."

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON.

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

The lesson for Sunday, Nov. 23, may be found in Luke 23: 33-47.

### INTRODUCTORY.

In the lesson before us the things concerning Jesus, even as he said to his disciples, have an end. The cruelty and savagery of man reaches its culmination, the humiliation of Christ touches its lowest depths. At last he is lifted up. And now comes his supreme exaltation and his crown. Now does he become, in very deed, "King of the Jews"—spiritual king for all the race of Adam. This was Christ's glory, and now let teacher and preacher say each for himself, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

### WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

And when Christ's enemies lost no time. They led him straight from Pilate's court to the cross. They were come. Dr. Conant renders it, perhaps more closely, had gone away. Pilate's court being considered the center of the scene.—Calvary; literally skull (cranium), from which our cranium. It was but a mound or knoll on the edge of the city.—The malefactors. There would probably have been three malefactors here, had not Barabbas been released. "Then said Jesus, etc. Omitted by Sinaitic MS. but retained in Tischendorf's carefully prepared text, as being found in other parchments.—What they do. More graphically, what they are doing.—Parted. Better divided, with the idea of sharing.—Cast lots. Putting the portions in separate piles, they cast lots for the better share, including the seamless robe. (John 19: 24.)

Stood, beholding, or gazing. It was a sight to awaken strange emotions. It was, however, with the most of them but heartless curiosity, in itself contemptuous.—Derided. From a word signifying to toss up the nose. The same word is used of the Pharisees. Luke 16: 14.—He saved others. The Greek order, preserved in the Bible Union Version, gives a stronger impression; "Others he saved;" let him save himself.

Voice. The last of the seven voices of the cross.—My spirit. His last word a quotation from the Scripture. Ps. 31: 5.—Save up. Suggestive of his voluntary sacrifice.

Captivity. Formally in charge.—A righteous man. His word to be trusted.

### WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

They were come to the place. At last. It is the parting of the ways, the meeting-place of all the lines of history, the reckoning-point of the centuries. Prophets looked forward to it. Priestly fingers pointed toward it. Even the signboards of a Cyrus and a Caesar lead up toward it. Away back there in Eden the first glance was taken. And now they have come to the place. Men look and see but a tired sufferer climbing a hill, with a hateful cross upon his back. Angels summoned from all the universe troop near and gaze transfixed upon the lifting up of a king.

Let him save himself. Then would he save himself alone; then were we all lost! Never were truer words spoken: "Himself he cannot save." Jesus, our Lord, must needs be "obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." There are two persuasions to the self-saving here, both of which form, when rightly viewed, strong protestations to the same. One of them is, "he saved others." Aye, verily, and hence he cannot save himself. It is the just dying for the unjust; and without the death of "One," there is no life for the others. The other argument is, "if he" (or "thou," the thief directly says, bettering the villainy he has been taught) "be Christ, the chosen of God." He is the Christ, the anointed one, and just for this he was anointed, even as he said at Nazareth. "Chosen of God" is he; and why? "He humbled himself," yea, in the very losing of himself, he saves himself and his. "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him and given him a name above every name." What is that name? "Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins."

This is the King of the Jews. There was fearful sarcasm in the super-scription. It must have cut the Jews to the quick. "Shall I crucify your king?" Pilate had said from his chair of state in a tone of half-reproof, half-mocking. "We have no king but Caesar," was the insincere response. And Pilate knows it to be such, and there is something almost sardonic in the grim humor with which he nails the tell-tale title to the cross: "This is the king of the Jews." As much as to say, see the weakling Jew at his best; see, too, how the deceitful Jew treats his king! And there he hung, a king rejected of his own, a king on a cross! Verily this was his mission; and this his exaltation. They thought to debase him, and lo, they, unwittingly, crowned him. It was he who "prevailed." This is Jesus the king of the Jews!

To-day thou shalt be with me in paradise. A window is here opened into heaven. What a blessing it has proven to many a benighted soul! It tells us two things in particular: (1) That there is hope for the lowliest, and (2) that heaven, a blessed heaven, is not far away. "Remember me," was all the penitent thief needed to say. There he stood, following the doctrine of the work-righteousness, have tried to lay worth of some sort on the me, rather than the implied Thou; and so they have coined the legend of the thief saving the holy family from his comrades on their journey down into Egypt. But no. He was doubtless but an ordinary sinner, a bandit of the way. Take him, indeed, as a type of the lowest, and let no portion of the hope here held out to the fallen be snatched away. And then, do you mark, he had only said (see Revision), "Remember me when thou comest in thy kingdom," presumably a long way ahead. Quick comes the answer, "To-day thou shalt be with me in paradise!" With Christ in paradise. Verily, though the glory waits, it is well with our dead who die in the Lord—blissfully well, even to-day.

Certainly this was a righteous man. Aye, certainly, without shadow of doubt. There was Pilate's thrice-uttered acquittal, following as it did upon the perjured and empty trial of the Jews. Here also we have just been reading the testimony of one with him in the same condemnation, a fellow-prisoner and a fellow-sufferer. That he hath done nothing amiss, from a culprit's lips, would weigh mightily with a court of justice. And now, from the centurion, a disinterested, nay, an interested observer, careful, we might suppose, to have his execution blameless—comes the soulful confession, "As I live, this man was innocent!" We might long to know what became of the centurion. Did he put his confession into act? Was he of the multitude at Pentecost? or better, of the waiting company in the upper room? Rather let the inquiry be, what is your testimony and mine to-day? In a multitude of gatherings Christ crucified shall be lifted up. Can any one, looking, say also, than that "this was a righteous man?" Righteous, yes, but if so, what then art thou?

Next week—"Jesus Risen." Luke 24: 1-12.











# THANKSGIVING.

BY H. G. DODGE.



OUR Yankee forefathers had wisdom right smart. For, knowing man's nature to grumble, The only one day in the year set apart For him to feel thankful and humble.

To make that one very short day a success They feasted and stuffed him with turkey. So he, feeling good, might his blessings confess And see his surroundings less murky.

For one little day in the whole of the year. They asked him to leave off complaining. And give a few thanks to the One we revere, For blessings He ever is raining.

But man wouldn't do it—not even if he On turkey forever was dining. The dark side of clouds he'd eagerly see And hide from their slivery lining.

Unless he finds fault he's not happy at all. And even on this day he should treasure. His turkey's too big—or his turkey's too small— To suit his unsuitable measure.

But some time, we hope—when millennium's here— A man may be found who is living Who'll do all his growling one day in the year. And spend all the rest in Thanksgiving.

# SHE HATED POOR MEN.

BY MANDA L. CROCKER.



castic curl of the lip accompanied the question.

"He expects to return to the city on next Wednesday, I believe," answered the daughter, a peculiar expression coming into word and manner.

"Well! I am glad of it!" exclaimed the mother, triumphantly, "for I don't want him poking around here on Thanksgiving Day when our city friend, Howard Atherling is with us; he comes to spend the week with his uncle's family, you know, and I've sent an invitation to all to eat Thanksgiving dinner with us."

"Yes; so you told me yesterday." And Bernice went back to her flowers, with a strange little smile hovering about the determined mouth.

Mrs. Hunter leaned back among the cushions and took up her crocheting once more. Bernice's affections should be transferred from that poor, penniless book-keeper to the handsome, rising young lawyer, who, already, had a snug fortune, if she, Mrs. Isabelle Hunter, had any tact for match-making.

Yes, decidedly, it must be. Week after next would be Thanksgiving, and the Atherlings were expecting Howard. And by family and education the young lawyer and Bernice were suited to one another.

But then this contrary freak of her daughter's threatened now to upset all her calculations and bring trouble in another direction.

Bernice seemed to utterly ignore the young disciple of Blackstone, preferring the company of merely a book-keeper here of late.

It was really too provoking for any use; yet she was thinking, as she thrust the shining needle through the meshes, that after all the girl only meant to tease and amuse herself with Will Thursty for a time. It could not be that a daughter of hers would so far forget her social position as to be in earnest in so doing.

Elise had married wealthy, and Olivia had become the proud wife of a Chicago banker, and Bernice must follow their example, or she, Mrs. Isabelle Hunter, would know why not.

Yes, well, then, next week that penniless but dangerously winning Thursty would go back to his employer, and the coast would be clear for the working of her much-desired plan. How lucky!

"Will," said a sweet voice over the back gate that evening, "did you say that you knew when Howard Atherling's wedding takes place?"

"The cards are out for the day before Thanksgiving," answered he, "but why do you ask, Bernice?"

She leaned toward him and whispered something in a low, laughing way; and Will Thursty drew the dear head down his breast and said: "Then you don't know that I have fallen for the cool thousands, and that I have to Detroit to arrange the trout for my successor?"

"I'll keep it from her until she is married, just for fun, especially book-keepers; but then I just imagine how quickly she will be in love with Mr. Will Thursty when she sees that he is lifted above the

necessity of earning his own bread and butter."

And we leave them enjoying their happy secret by the wicket in the November twilight.

Thanksgiving morning dawns crisp and bright. Everything is in keeping with an air of thankfulness for a prosperous year in Mrs. Hunter's lovely home, and she, like the strict Puritan that she assumes to be, makes it her religious duty to attend church services, and see that every one belonging to her household is punctually in her pew.

The Atherlings are there also, and Howard is there also, looking more stylish and handsomer than ever.

But a lady at his side seems to claim all his attention, and is dressed, too, like a bride. It certainly wasn't Grace Atherling, his proud sister, whom she met once at their uncle's, a year ago. No; she didn't resemble her one bit. That provokingly beautiful veil, too, looked like the crowning point of a bridal trousseau.

Mrs. Hunter looked again. This time she saw a look on the handsome young lawyer's face as he gazed down on the woman's beside him that made her feel awfully uncomfortable, somehow.

Well, Mrs. Isabelle Hunter sat the services out without feeling the least bit thankful, for reasons best known to herself. Bernice, however, seemed wonderfully attentive to the sermon.

"This is my wife, Mrs. Hunter," bowed Howard Atherling at the close of worship, as he led the veiled lady up for an introduction.

"Lena, dear, this is my old friend, Mrs. Hunter, of whom I have often spoken, and this," turning to Bernice, who stood by with a mischievous twinkle in her eye, "is another friend of mine, Miss Hunter."

"I am sure we shall be the best of friends," exclaimed Bernice, delightedly, as she acknowledged the introduction by a cordial clasp of the hand and a dainty little kiss on the fair cheek of Mrs. Howard Atherling.

Mamma Hunter said but little on the way home; but her daughter ceased not to dwell on the exquisite taste of the bride's attire, fairly bubbling over that her dear friend Howard Atherling had such a ladylike wife.

There are more martyrs in this world than those burned at the stake; and Mrs. Hunter felt in her inmost soul that she suffered all the keenness of chagrin and wounded pride in that short service hour.

But it could not be helped. Howard Atherling had a right to marry whosoever he pleased, for all her; and, now that he had exercised that right, Bernice would most likely have her bent in preferring that poverty-stricken Thursty. It would come to more than that, too, her motherly intuition told her. Oh, it was dreadful!

She had always heard of the "black sheep," but she didn't think such a dreadful thing would crop out in the Hunter family.

Now, something told her that Bernice, with her wit and beauty, her accomplishments and queenly bearing, would metamorphose herself shortly into that undesirable creature, and likely as not clope with that book-keeper—maybe before Christmas; she had noticed that they were wonderfully intimate lately. Oh, dear!

But the Atherlings had accepted her invitation, and must be entertained. Her enviable title as the finest hostess in all Merriweather must not suffer; so, laying aside her terrible heartache, Mrs. Hunter put through the day in the red-hot crucible of substituting smiles for tears.

She felt more like weeping bitterly, of course, than smiling down on the innocent, girlish figure usurping the place she had so long coveted for Bernice; but there was no opportunity, and she must live it down.

Finally the day dragged through, and what a Thanksgiving it had been, to be



"WELL, SAID A SWEET VOICE OVER THE FENCE."

sure. None but Mamma Hunter ever knew how every moment of that awful day lengthened out on purpose to stab her wounded, calculative pride through and through.

Strange that Bernice did not by word or look taunt her with the failure of her plans; she was doubtless too well satisfied with the prospect of being left with Thursty only to entertain. Never mind, that book-keeper should never enter the house at Merriweather Place again; she would have her revenge.

The Atherlings were gone now, the china and silver had been restored to their respective closets, and Bernice had gone sedately up-stairs to write a letter, and a neighbor, Mrs. Amsden, dropped in.

"Of course you've heard the news," she exclaimed, almost before Mrs. Hunter wheeled an easy chair into place for her comfort.

"That Howard Atherling is married? Yes; he and his wife were here to-day," replied Mrs. Hunter, coldly.

"No! oh, no; that's nothing out of the common," exclaimed Mrs. Amsden, impatiently, "all young folks marry, or expect to, at least; but what I meant to tell you is wonderfully good luck for your daughter, Bernice."

"I don't understand," said Mrs. Hunter, mystified, peering out, figuratively, for the silver lining to the November cloud.

"Why, don't you know?" exclaimed the other, excitedly, "that Bernice is the

only girl in all the wide world that Will Thursty cares for, and now he's worth his thousands and thousands."

Mrs. Hunter leaned toward her friend with a strange commingling of hope, doubt and fear on her aristocratic face.

Putting her hand on the arm of Mrs. Amsden, she whispered:

"Is that true?"

"Why, yes, of course it is. I guess I ought to know, when Mr. Amsden is engaged as agent already to look after some real estate here falling to the fortunate Thursty soon."

"O—o—o!" cried Mrs. Hunter, clasping her hands in an ecstasy of delight, "and he is a most desirable companion, too."

"Your daughters have all done well, Mrs. Hunter," pursued her friend, "and it is so very lucky for them, and you, too."

"My daughters know better than to do any other way," replied the blue-blooded mother, proudly. "Bernice, too, is a very sensible girl, and I've always felt easy about her choice of company."

After an hour Mrs. Amsden took her leave, and Mrs. Hunter, tiptoeing to the stairway, called softly: "Bernice, Bernice!"

"Yes'm." And shortly the dutiful daughter came down, writing materials in hand, and with one dainty finger blackened with ink.

"I've been writing to that horrid book-keeper, mamma," she said, in answer to



"I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THAT HORRID BOOK-KEEPER, MAMMA."

her mother's look of inquiry. "I've concluded to drop Will Thursty and not waste my time any longer on a money-less man; don't you think I am growing sensible?"

A flush of shame, that her objections to the young man would soon be laid bare, came over Mrs. Hunter's face; but she said bravely enough: "Don't you love him a bit, dear?"

"What's love—insipid thing—what's love to money?" retorted Bernice ironically.

"But—but Will Thursty is wealthy now," ventured the mother; "hasn't he told you anything, as yet? I should have thought he would; Mrs. Amsden told me."

"Impossible!" replied Bernice, warmly. "If he had money he would have told me, wouldn't he? Mrs. Amsden, fudge."

"But I wouldn't send the letter, dear," advised the mother, "for it certainly is true that he is wealthy. Mr. Amsden's agent here to look after his real estate in this vicinity."

Bernice paused. She seemed to be thinking deeply as she twirled the letter around on her finger. "Oh, well," she said lightly, "suppose he is now a man of money; suppose he is; it will always hang over him that he once kept books for a wholesale grocery store in Detroit. I should always remember it, and it would be humiliating to say the least. No, I'll send the letter and end it."

Mrs. Hunter began to cry. She was satisfied that Thursty was no longer poor, and she knew that in every other respect he was a man to be admired. "Oh, Bernice!" she moaned hysterically, as she sank into a seat, "how awfully contrary you can be."

The door-bell rang at this juncture and put an end to further protest. A servant soon ushered in Mr. Will Thursty. Mrs. Hunter came forward with a glad welcome on her lips, but Bernice only said, "You've missed your Thanksgiving dinner, Mr. Thursty."

"I do so desire to congratulate you on your good fortune," cried Mrs. Hunter, holding out both hands in an exceedingly cordial manner.

Will Thursty took one proffered palm with a curious smile, but said nothing. "Why don't you congratulate him, Bernice?" asked the mother in a half-angry tone.

"O I don't care to overdo the matter; I congratulated him three weeks ago," replied the daughter.

"So he told you, did he?" Mrs. Hunter was all smiles now; the disappointment was all gone from tone and face.

"Yes, my dear Mrs. Hunter," put in Thursty; "how could I keep the joyous fact from my promised wife longer? I could not, indeed!"

Mrs. Hunter gave her daughter such a look of provoked amazement that both the young persons laughed heartily. Presently she joined in the merriment against herself, without knowing why.

And when the shadows of Thanksgiving night crept around Merriweather Place, and Will and Bernice had gone for a ride in the moonlight weather, Mrs. Hunter stole softly to her room murmuring: "My, what an eventful day this has been, to be sure; I certainly had no thought of all this."

"But I am thankful! O, so thankful!" And the twenty-third psalm trembled on her lips.

The old name of "bridegroom" was originally given to the newly married man because, formerly, it was customary for him to wait at table on his bride and friends on the wedding day.

The peacock has gorgeous plumage, but his feet are very black. Some people are like him.

# CRASH IN WALL STREET.

PANIC AMONG THE HOLDERS OF VILLARD SECURITIES.

Decker, Howell & Co. Forced to the Wall—Rapid Decline in Northern Pacific—The Clearing House Comes to the Rescue of the Banks—Scenes of the Wild-est Excitement.

[New York dispatch.] Not since the dreadful time of Black Friday, twenty-one years ago, have there been such sad fortunes, such disastrous sacrifices, such utter demoralization as to-day.

There was a panic. Quotations fell to pieces like the scattering blocks of a baby's upset toy-house. The bravest man was generally displaying his bravery in demanding margins from some speculating unfortunate, or in notifying some other unfortunate that, lacking margins, he must submit to being sold out. Courage was at a discount, confidence was nowhere.

While real failures were taking place on the Stock Exchange a lot of fictitious ones were being proclaimed throughout Wall street by rumormongers, who quoted the names of conspicuous banks as being unable to maintain their credit. The current sensationalism, so far as the banks were concerned, had much more invention than fact in it. Yet there was undeniable apprehension in banking circles. Bankers would not admit this freely, but early in the day there were conferences among representatives of clearing-house banks, and the banks of the New York Clearing House Association determined to provide against every possible misfortune and exigency by pledging their associated credit in behalf of every bank in the association.

The associated banks of New York have available assets of \$95,000,000. Against this it was voted to issue clearing-house certificates in such volume as the situation might suggest or require. As a measure of relief the bankers who resolved upon it are confident that it will at once be effectual.

There is almost universal agreement among leading New York bankers that the money-market's recent range and tightness came through artificial influences. Funds have been locked up, taken out of ordinary business channels, kept out of reach—all in order to carry forward the bear campaign of depression, apprehension, and quotation smashing. The provisions of clearing-house certificates—unlimited, if need be, up to \$95,000,000—will, of course, put to rout all these manipulative schemes. Said a member of the clearing-house committee largely instrumental in bringing about the official action of yesterday: "This ends the money-market trouble. Loan rates will be normal now. The pinch is over."

When the Exchange opened this morning there was a larger attendance of brokers than had been known for years. Every stock on the list had a crowd of brokers trying to trade in it, and when the market opened the scene was one of confusion and excitement. The cables reporting an advance of 2 to 3 per cent. in London were received before the opening and caused the brokers to take the bull side, and a disposition to buy was shown all around.

Rumors of trouble among banking institutions were current all day, but no one paid much heed to them, thinking that they were the usual emanations of bear minds. After the close, however, it was learned that three banks which were members of the New York Clearing House Association had difficulty in settling the claims of the other banks against them. There was a balance against the Bank of North America of \$1,400,000, which it was unable to settle. The other banks were the North River and the Mechanics and Traders'. How the heavy balance was created against the Bank of North America was a puzzle. During the day the Mechanics and Traders' Bank made its settlement with the clearing house all right, and the other two banks received assistance from the other banks in the association and pulled through all right. At the Bank of North America it was said that the trouble was directly due to the account of Decker, Howell & Co., and that now that the account of that firm was closed, the bank was in a stronger position than ever.

The most important factor in the developments was the scarcity of money. Right up to the close it was in urgent demand, and 1/2 per cent. and legal interest was charged on loans, equal to 189 per cent. per annum. This fact and the troubles of the banks caused a special meeting of the Clearing House Association to be called, and after a long session it was decided to appoint a committee of Presidents with authority to issue clearing-house loan certificates in order to enable banks to settle balances between themselves. These certificates will be based on bills receivable, collateral securities, cash assets, and the united credit of the banks. This action is intended to distribute the reserves of the banks more evenly between the institutions. Where one bank is unable to settle its differences in cash it will deliver securities and assets to the certificate committee, and if the committee accepts the securities it will authorize the issue of certificates on them. The united action of the banks is expected to restore complete confidence.

It was just after 2:15 o'clock this afternoon that the failure of Decker, Howell & Co., of 44 Broadway, was announced on the Stock Exchange. They made an assignment to William Nelson Cromwell. The firm is one of the largest on the Exchange and was considered very wealthy. It had been identified for years with the movements of the Villard stocks and its members were generally considered Villard's special brokers. The failure was considered the cloak that had been hanging over the market, and after it was announced a rally of 1 to 2 per cent. occurred.

In every teaspoonful of human blood there are 15,000,000,000 red corpuscles, but only 30,000,000 white ones. The blood of clams, lobsters, and nearly all other invertebrates contains no red cells but only white.

# HUNDREDS MEET DEATH.

FEARFUL DISASTER TO A BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR.

The Cruiser Serpent Founders Off the Coast of Spain and of 276 People on Board All but Three Perish in the Waves—An Admiralty Official's Heartless Conduct.

[London dispatch.] The British torpedo cruiser Serpent, has foundered off the coast of Spain. Out of a total of 276 souls on board only three were saved.

The Serpent was a twin-screw vessel of 1,770 tons and 4,500 horse-power and carried 24 guns. It went on the rocks during a storm Monday night. A heavy mist prevailed at the time of the disaster. Owing to the violence of the storm it was impossible to send assistance from the shore.

Tremendous seas swept the decks of the doomed vessel, carrying away group after group of the unfortunate men on board. The news of the wreck was conveyed to Corunna, a distance of sixty miles over mountain roads. The Serpent's complement was 170 officers and men. The others on board were going out to relieve men now on ships of the African station. The vessel was lost at a point twenty miles north of Cape Finisterre.

An official telegram from Corunna says that the Serpent was wrecked off Cape Lucy, near the village of Camarinas. There were 276 persons aboard, of whom only three were saved. The bodies of three ladies have been washed ashore.

The Governor has ordered the authorities at Camarinas to render every assistance in their power.

The three persons saved from the Serpent are sailors, who swam ashore at Camarinas. They express the belief that all the others on board were drowned, but only four bodies have been washed ashore as yet. There is no telegraph station at Camarinas.

The Serpent was a third-class cruiser of the type of the Archer, of which the Concord, Yorktown and Benington are practically copies. It was provided with whitehead torpedoes, tubes, and apparatus for firing. It is said by experts concerning this class of vessels that in the construction of the hull "economy of weight has been carried to excess. The armament is overdone. In a seaway the heavy top weight causes loss of speed and throws an undue strain upon the light structure on which it is placed." Of one of these cruisers it is stated that its speed "when meeting a strong head wind and sea was reduced to five knots, as the vessel was being buried under water forward the fore-castle, bending down three or four feet under the weight of water." The Serpent was built of steel, 1,770 tons displacement, 4,500 indicated horsepower, 14 feet 6 inches draught of water, 225 feet length, 36 feet beam. It was built at Devonport, launched in 1887, cost (hull and machinery) £91,606. Its armament comprised six six-inch, five-ton breech-loading rifle guns, eight three-pounder rapid-firing guns, and three machine guns. It sailed from Devonport, being put in commission June 24 last, under command of Capt. H. L. Ross, ordered to the Cape and the west coast of Africa.

Lord George Hamilton, First Lord of the Admiralty, on rising to speak at a Conservative banquet at Acton this evening, said he was sorry to announce that just before he came there he received a telegram that H. M. S. Serpent was lost on the coast of Spain, and he feared there had been great loss of life. The Serpent, he said, was one of our best cruisers, and was a valuable vessel, with excellent officers and crew. He could not tell the cause of the disaster.

The announcement caused a sensation and it was evident that many of those present would have thought it proper to postpone the banquet, but, no action being taken to that end, the entertainment proceeded, and after the guests had eaten and drank heartily, Lord George Hamilton led off in the toasts with an unusually jolly speech, his rollicking humor provoking peal upon peal of laughter. The news of this affair soon reached the London clubs and excited much adverse criticism. It is considered that Lord Hamilton's conduct may cause scandal against himself and the Tories such as was aroused against Mr. Gladstone and his political adherents by the alleged presence of the Liberal Premier at a theater on the evening of the day when Gordon's death was announced in the London newspapers.

The Duke of Edinburgh was attending a Patti concert at Plymouth when the news of the disaster reached that town. He was immediately informed of the calamity, and at once left the concert hall and hastened to the various newspaper offices in search of further details. After reading all the dispatches that had been received concerning the disaster he went directly home without returning to the concert hall. He expressed the utmost sorrow at the fate that had overtaken so many brave men.

Commander Ross is said to have been in the habit of treating his men with undue severity. The Serpent started last Saturday on its maiden voyage. It was commissioned for service in Africa last June, but was detained by several mishaps to the machinery. It and its consorts were cordially disliked by the service. The Serpent has a bad record. It broke down more than once in the maneuvers of 1888.

Lloyd's agent at Corunna telegraphs: "It appears that the Serpent was running for shelter into one of the bays north of Finisterre. It is not known whether it foundered or grounded on the fearful reefs that are a continuation of the Galician Mountains. If it foundered nobody need be surprised but the Admiralty. If it grounded on the reefs it could not stand a minute's battering in the heavy sea."

PRINCESS BISMARCK is said to be happier now that she is able to live in retirement with her husband than she has been since he became a Minister of State. She has always disliked the publicity entailed upon her by her high social position.



THE WAR DEPARTMENT.  
OUR COAST DEFENSES HAVE  
BEEN WHOLLY NEGLECTED.  
Says Secretary of War Proctor in His  
Annual Report—There is Good Reason  
for Looking Well to Their Condition.  
He Declares—Number of Desertions  
from the Army for the Year.  
[Washington dispatch.]  
The annual report of the Secretary of  
War is made public. It is, in substance,  
as follows:  
No great civilized nation to-day has more  
than ours to look well to the condition of  
its coast defenses, and none, since the civil war,  
has so wholly neglected them. Modern inven-  
tions in the use of electricity, explosives,  
and in rifled mortars have resulted strongly in  
favor of the comparative resisting strength of  
land fortifications as against a naval force. As  
the sole object of harbor fortifications is de-  
fense, its construction should at least keep  
pace with, if not precede, every other prepara-  
tion for war. It has been well said that "while  
we may afford to be deficient in means of  
defense, we cannot afford to be defenseless."  
Under the fortification act of last ses-  
sion sixteen new forts were authorized in three  
groups of six each and for three of the new  
groups guns will be prepared in New York  
harbor; for one group of mortars and one gun  
in Boston harbor; and for one group of mor-  
tars and two guns in San Francisco. As this is  
a matter in which makeshifts from year to year  
are both expensive and destructive of the ob-  
ject to be attained, I trust that a fixed policy may  
be adopted in the line of a yearly ap-  
propriation for the completion of the work on  
which the nation is but just entering. With  
such a policy manufacturers could safely put in  
the necessary plants and be able to furnish  
material at a cheaper rate. With an annual ap-  
propriation of eight or ten millions—only a  
little more than that of the present year—the  
construction and emplacement of guns and  
mortars, works of torpedo defense for the whole  
coast can be carried on, and in ten years our  
principal harbors and cities rendered reasonably  
secure.  
In the matter of armament a fair and promising  
beginning has been made. The gun factory at  
Watervliet Arsenal has already turned out com-  
pleted steel guns of 3.2, 3.6, 8 and 10 inches cal-  
iber, which have been entirely satisfactory so far  
as their tests have proceeded. The 3.2-inch  
steel loading field-gun meets with general ap-  
praisal in service, and the firing tests of the 8  
and 10 inch type guns manufactured at Waterv-  
liet have given excellent results, both as to  
accuracy and range, and have satisfactorily  
demonstrated the capability of the gun fac-  
tory to turn out modern high-power rifled steel  
guns equal to the best. Under the present  
contract about thirteen twelve-inch cast-iron  
mortars hooped with steel can be furnished per-  
manently, and as there are other plants in the  
country besides that of the present contractors  
which are capable of turning out these mor-  
tars it is only necessary that sufficient sums  
be appropriated for the manufacture of about  
sixty mortars a year, and the production of  
mortars will keep pace with that of guns and  
the construction of emplacements. No fear  
need be entertained that the plant for this work  
will not be in existence when needed. The man-  
ufacture of the forgings for eight-inch, ten-  
inch, and twelve-inch breech-loading guns by  
the Bethlehem Iron Works, under the appropria-  
tion of \$1,500,000 made in the act of Sept.  
22, 1898, is proceeding satisfactorily, and it is  
expected the contract will be completed by No-  
vember, 1899. The sum appropriated will pro-  
vide for sixty guns of the caliber men-  
tioned. In short, the art of modern gunmak-  
ing is well inaugurated in this country.  
The number of desertions from the army for  
the twelve months ending Sept. 30 was 2,086, as  
against 2,731 for the same period last year, a  
decrease of 24 per cent. The result is due to  
such improvements in the service as could be  
accomplished under existing legislation. Al-  
though desertions are already greatly reduced,  
so long as they continue in any considerable  
numbers they must have a bad effect upon the  
morale of the army and entail a large and need-  
less expense. The most effective solution of this  
evil, and the one which is most feasible, is to  
first, how to make the service more desirable;  
second, how to remove the artificial restraints  
which, by binding a man inflexibly to a long  
period which has become distasteful to him,  
naturally drives him to desperate means; third,  
to make the punishment for the crime of de-  
sertion so certain that if more worthy motives  
than men may be won by their fear. As to the  
second and third there is now legislation enough,  
at least with our present experience. With re-  
spect to the first there is, I think, need of more.  
My experience so far confirms an observation  
which I made one year ago, to wit: "The pith of  
the whole question is to make the service worth  
doing, and then enough good men will seek it  
and be glad to stay in it." The pay of the Sec-  
ond Lieutenant is \$11.67 per month, that of a  
First Sergeant only \$22, and unfortunately this  
disparity in pay largely regulates the actual  
balance between their relative positions. It  
would be a step in the right direction to in-  
crease somewhat the pay of the non-commissioned  
officers, that every man who enters the service  
may find in it the possibility of a modest future.  
With a view to the same end I would recom-  
mend the lowering of the pay of the enlisted men  
of the United States, and the selection of the  
enlisted men for appointments to the  
rank of Second Lieutenant. Practically, it is  
impossible for company commanders to give  
valuable appointments to young men who  
are enlisted for that sole purpose. In order to  
secure a just return to all, and give full effect to  
the beneficent purpose of Congress, the initi-  
ative step should be with the men themselves. Any  
enlisted man of two years' service, who is a  
citizen of the United States, should, under cer-  
tain fixed rules, be permitted to compete for a  
commission.  
By the act of Oct. 1, 1899, promotions below  
the rank of a general officer are hereafter to be  
made linearly throughout each arm of the ser-  
vice. That measure provides for a system of  
advancements for all officers of the army below  
the rank of Major, and makes their right to pro-  
motion conditional on them. The new law  
makes no change in the rule of promotion by  
seniority, and the examinations are in no sense  
competitive, but they do require an officer to  
show affirmatively his fitness for the advance-  
ment to which, if qualified, the law entitles him.  
It is believed that this tendency must be to in-  
crease the zeal and industry of young officers.  
The number of officers now awaiting retire-  
ment is about sixty. These men are performing  
no service whatever, but receive full pay,  
while junior officers doing their duties for them  
are unjustly deprived of both the pay and the  
honors which the law intends to attach to the po-  
sitions they are filling. The incongruity of the  
present law is illustrated by the fact that when  
an officer is disabled in the line of duty, instead  
of opening the way for the promotion of juniors  
he may and does often actually retard it. An  
officer put upon the limited retired list remains  
there so long as he lives, even if he survives the  
war by many years, thereby preventing the  
advancement of another officer and the consequent  
promotion of juniors. If he had been retired  
in regular course this could not occur.  
The limit now established is proper enough if  
the law were so amended that this limit could  
be contracted according to the reasonable in-  
centive of its purpose. An amendment providing  
for the transfer of officers from the limited re-  
tired list when they reach the age of 64  
would still permit only 400 retirements other  
than those who could be retired for forty years'  
service or by virtue of the 64 years' provision.  
The expenditures of appropriations under the  
direction of the Secretary of War for the fiscal  
year ended June 30, 1899, were as follows:  
Military and contingent expenses, \$1,940,700  
Military establishment, support of, 23,961,300  
Army and Military Academy, 23,961,300  
Public works, including river and har-  
bor improvements, 15,382,785  
Miscellaneous objects, 6,674,960  
Total, \$47,337,765  
The appropriations for the present fiscal year,  
ended June 30, 1899, are as follows:  
Military and contingent expenses, \$2,137,782  
Military establishment, support of, 24,513,500  
Public works, including river and har-  
bor improvements, 16,874,185  
Miscellaneous objects, 2,944,131  
Total, \$46,470,098  
The estimates of this department for the  
fiscal year, ending June 30, 1899, are as  
follows:  
Military and contingent expenses, \$2,074,430  
Military establishment support of the  
Army and Military Academy, 26,100,901  
Public works, 10,709,288  
Miscellaneous objects, 4,805,288  
Total, \$43,790,907

### A DOCTOR'S CONFESSION.

He Doesn't Take Much Medicine and Ad-  
vices the Reporter Not To.  
"Humbly? Of course it is. The so-called  
science of medicine is a humbug and has  
been from the time of Hippocrates to the  
present. Why, the biggest crank in the In-  
dian tribes is the medicine man."  
Very frank was the admission, especially  
so when it came from one of the biggest  
young physicians of the city, one whose  
practice is among the thousands, though he  
has been graduated but a few years, says  
the Buffalo Courier. "Very cozy was his  
office too, with its cheerful grate fire, its  
Queen Anne furniture, and its many lounges  
and easy chairs. He stirred the fire lazily,  
lighted a fresh cigar, and went on.  
"Takes the prescriptions laid down in the  
books and what do you find? Poisons main-  
ly, and nauseating stuffs that would make  
a healthy man an invalid. Why in the  
world science should go to poisons for its  
remedies I cannot tell, nor can I find any  
one who can.  
"How does a doctor know the effect of his  
medicine?" he asked. "He calls, prescribes,  
and goes away. The only way to judge  
would be to stand over the bed and watch  
the patient. This cannot be done. So,  
really, I don't know how he is to tell what  
good or hurt he does. Some time ago, you  
remember, the Boston Globe sent out a re-  
porter with a stated set of symptoms. He  
went to eleven prominent physicians and  
brought back eleven different prescriptions.  
This just shows how much science there is  
in medicine."  
There are local diseases of various char-  
acters for which Nature provides positive  
remedies. They may not be included in the  
regular physician's list, perhaps, because of  
their simplicity, but the evidence of their  
curative power is beyond dispute. Kidney  
disease is cured by Warner's Safe Cure, a  
strictly herbal remedy. Thousands of per-  
sons every year write as does H. J. Gardiner,  
of Pontiac, R. I., Aug. 7, 1899:  
"A few years ago I suffered more than  
probably ever will be known outside of my-  
self with kidney and liver complaint. It  
is the old story. I visited doctor after doctor,  
but to no avail. I was at Newport, and Dr.  
Blackman recommended Warner's Safe  
Cure. I commenced the use of it, and found  
relief immediately. Altogether I took three  
bottles, and I truthfully state that it  
cured me."  
Not Imported.  
Mrs. Slimdier (proudly)—I don't have  
any cheap stuff on my table. That  
gooseberry jam is the imported.  
New Boarder—Is the butter?  
Mrs. Slimdier—The butter? Why, no,  
of course not. Did you think the butter  
came from Europe?  
New Boarder—Yes, in the steerage.—  
New York Weekly.  
Vigorous Men and Women.  
The vigorous are they who pay attention to  
the laws of health, of which one of the foremost  
is, Take care of your digestion. Should a tem-  
porary attack of the enemy, dyspepsia, surprise  
you, foil his subsequent assaults with Hostet-  
ter's Stomach Bitters. From the stomach come  
the fundamental supplies which minister to  
vigor, and, thoroughly transmuted into blood  
actively circulated, are the maintenance of the  
system. Pallid in countenance, nervous, atten-  
uated in figure, appetiteless, poor sleepers, are  
the dyspeptic. He-enforced and built up by the  
great stomachic, the wan and thin increase in  
color and bulk, appetite improves, nervous  
symptoms disappear, sleep grows tranquil and  
refreshing, and the tranquillity of mind and  
dependancy notable in invalids gives place to  
light-heartedness, a capacity for ray enjoy-  
ment of the good things of this life. Use the  
Bitters for malarial, bilious, rheumatic and  
kidney troubles.  
He Would.  
"Now, then," said a patrolman who  
arrested a man on Michigan avenue the  
other day, "will you come along quietly?"  
"I will," replied the prisoner. "It's the  
only way I can make the public believe  
that I am taking you to the cooler."  
Detroit Free Press.  
Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that  
Contain Mercury.  
As mercury will surely destroy the sense of  
smell and completely derange the whole sys-  
tem when entering it through the mucous sur-  
faces. Such articles should never be used except  
on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the  
damage they will do is tenfold to the good you  
can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh  
Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., To-  
ledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken in-  
ternally, and acts directly upon the blood an  
mucous surfaces of the system. In buying  
Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genu-  
ine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio,  
by F. J. Cheney & Co.  
Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.  
While prospecting for borax recently  
in Salt Well Valley, Cal., Dr. Woodin  
found some petrified bones of an extinct  
animal. The ball part of the hip joint  
is nearly as large as the crown of a derby  
hat. The corresponding bone of an ox  
is about the size of a hen's egg.  
Trades and Occupations.  
The Youth's Companion for 1891 will give  
an instructive and helpful series of papers,  
each of which describes the character of  
some leading Trade for Boys or Occupation  
for Girls. They give information as to the  
Apprenticeship required to learn each, the  
Wages to be expected, the Qualities needed  
in order to enter, and the prospects of suc-  
cess. To New Subscribers who send \$1.75  
at once the paper will be sent free to Jan. 1,  
1891, and for a full year from that date. Ad-  
dress, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston  
Mass.  
Nearly Everybody  
Is troubled more or less with catarrh in the  
head. It originates in a cold or succession  
of colds, combined with impure blood. Dis-  
agreeable food from the nose, tickling in the  
throat, offensive breath, pain over and be-  
tween the eyes, ringing and bursting noises  
in the ears, are the more common symptoms.  
Catarrh is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.  
Catarrh strikes directly at its cause by re-  
moving all impurities from the blood, build-  
ing up the diseased tissues and giving  
healthy tone to the whole system.  
No Doubt About It.—Job was proverbially  
a very patient man, but this may be ac-  
counted for from the fact that with his  
boils and other afflictions we do not find  
that he was ever troubled with dyspepsia  
and a torpid liver, which was undoubtedly  
a very fortunate circumstance in his case.  
Dr. White's Dandelion Alternative was  
not known until some years after this good  
man had passed away. This great medi-  
cine cures dyspepsia, sick headache, bil-  
iousness and other diseases of the stomach,  
liver, kidneys and urinary organs.  
"Have you seen the new tragedy at the  
Broadway Square Theater?" "Yes."  
"Was it a strong cast?" "Strong? Well  
I should say so. He wrestled with her  
all over the stage, and threw her nearly  
over the footlights."  
A CROSS-EYED man is a good arbitrator;  
he can be depended upon to look at a  
thing from both sides.  
The surest way to please is to forget  
one's self and to think only of others.

Hold It to the Light.  
The man who tells you confidentially just  
what will cure your cold is prescribing  
Kemp's Balsam this year. In the prepara-  
tion of this remarkable medicine for coughs  
and colds no expense is spared to combine  
only the best and purest ingredients. Hold  
a bottle of Kemp's Balsam to the light and  
look through it; notice the bright, clear  
look; then compare with other remedies.  
Large bottles 50c and \$1. Sample bottles  
free at all druggists.  
This is the worst yet. The Bunkie  
Blade, Louisiana, says that a few days  
ago an old negro passed through town  
with a large rattlesnake in a sack. For  
10 cents he would take the snake out of  
the sack and let it coil itself about his  
neck. After the snake had coiled itself  
about the old dork's neck, he would  
open his mouth and the snake would run  
his head down the negro's mouth several  
inches.  
A NEW invention in musical instru-  
ments is a violin piano. A case contain-  
ing six violins, two violas and two violon-  
cellos resembles a pianoforte frame.  
ARE any of the new-fangled compounds  
as good as the old-fashioned soap? Dob-  
bins' Electric Soap has been sold every day  
for 24 years, and is now just as good as ever.  
Ask your grocer for it and take no other.  
It is said that the female locust has no  
voice and makes no noise, but she does  
all the rest of the mischief.—Ram's  
Horn.  
Doctors prescribe Dr. Bull's Worm De-  
stroyers, because children like them and  
they never fail.  
"I SING arms," says Virgil. Did the  
arms he sings teach bullets to whistle?—  
Texas Siftings.  
FOR a disordered liver try BEECHAM'S  
PILLS.  
EVEN a dead duck can claim that he  
died game.  
A SORE THROAT OR COUGH, if suffered  
to progress, often results in an incurable  
throat or lung trouble. "Brown's Bronchial  
Troches" give instant relief.  
"FLURIED men lack wisdom." Worry!  
Hurry! Flurry! are all avoided by the use  
of SAPOLIO! for quick work is not hurried  
work.  
BRONCHITIS is cured by frequent small  
doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.  
Is afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaacs  
Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it 25c.  
A Poverty-stricken Millionaire!  
This seems a paradox, but it is ex-  
plained by one of New York's richest  
men. "I don't count my wealth in  
dollars," he said. "What are all my  
possessions to me, since I am a victim  
of consumption? My doctor tells me  
that I have but a few months to live,  
for the disease is incurable. I am poorer  
than that beggar yonder." "But,"  
interrupted the friend to whom he spoke,  
"consumption can be cured. If taken  
in time, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical  
Discovery will eradicate every vestige  
of the disease from your system." "I'll  
try it," said the millionaire, and he did;  
and to-day there is not a healthier,  
happier man to be found anywhere.  
The "Discovery" strikes at the seat of  
the complaint. Consumption is a dis-  
ease of the blood—is nothing more  
less than lung-scurf—and it must  
also be done yield to this wonderful remedy.  
"Golden Medical Discovery" is not  
only an acknowledged remedy for that  
terribly fatal malady, when taken in  
time and given a fair trial, but also for  
all forms of Scrofulous, Skin and Scalp  
Diseases, as White Swellings, Fever-  
sores, Hip-joint Disease, Salt-rheum,  
Tetter, Eczema, Boils, Carbuncles, Ery-  
sipelas and kindred ailments.  
CATARRH CURED, FREE.  
LAUDERBACH COMPANY,  
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.  
NORTHWESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY  
HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.  
COLONEL H. P. DAVISON, Superintendent.  
Graduates commissioned in State Militia.  
PATENTS! Instructions FREE to  
inventors. \$5 Free to  
inventors. Write for hand-book of  
information.  
J. B. CRALLE & CO., Washington, D. C.  
ASTHMA CURED, FREE.  
A trial package  
by mail to sufferers. Dr. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.  
PATENTS! Inventor's  
Guide, or  
How to Ob-  
tain a Pat-  
ent, sent free.  
PATRICK O'FARRELL, Att'y at Law, Washington, D.C.  
STEREOPTICONS McINTOSH  
Battery & Optical Co.  
CHICAGO, ILL. MAGIC LANTERNS.  
PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS,  
Washington, D. C.  
Successfully Prosecutes Claims.  
Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau.  
3 yrs. in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, 645 suc-  
cesses.  
ANY ENERGETIC MAN CAN MAKE \$1,500 A  
YEAR. We want reliable  
men in every county in the  
United States. Sample 10  
mile lines \$6.50. Express  
Paid. Send stamp for circular. ESTIMATED FREE.  
MECHANICAL TELEPHONE CO., Boston, Ill.  
NEW PENSION LAW.  
THOUSANDS NOW ENTITLED WHO  
HAVE NOT BEEN ENTITLED. Address  
for forms for application and full information  
WM. W. DUDLEY,  
LATE COMMISSIONER OF PENSIONS,  
Attorney at Law, Washington, D. C.  
(Mention this Paper.)  
MARVELOUS DISCOVERY  
Mind wandering cured. Books learned  
in use reading. Testimonials from all  
parts of the globe. Prospectus sent  
FREE, sent on application to Prof.  
A. Loebste, 307 Fifth Ave., New York.

## Ringing Noises

In the ears, sometimes a roaring, buzzing sound or snapping like the report of a pistol, are caused by catarrh, that exceedingly disagreeable and very common disease. Loss of smell or hearing also results from catarrh. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is a peculiarly successful remedy for catarrh, which it cures by eradicating from the blood the impurity which causes and promotes this disease.  
"For 25 years I have been troubled with catarrh in the head, indigestion, and general debility. I concluded to try a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it did me so much good that I continued its use till I have taken five bottles. My health has greatly improved, and I feel like a different woman." Mrs. J. B. ADAMS, 8 Richmond Street, Newark, N. J.  
"I used Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh, and received great relief and benefit from it. The catarrh was very disagreeable, especially in the winter, causing constant discharge from my nose, ringing noises in my ears, and pains in the back of my head. The effort to clear my head in the morning by hawking and spitting was painful. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me relief immediately, while in time I was entirely cured. I am never without the medicine in my house, as I think it is worth its weight in gold." Mrs. G. B. GINS, 1025 Eighth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.  
"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh with very satisfactory results. I have received more permanent benefit from it than from any other remedy." J. F. HUBBARD, Streator, Ill.  
N. B. Be sure to get

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.  
100 Doses One Dollar

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.  
100 Doses One Dollar

## Elys Cream Balm For CATARRH

THE POSITIVE CURE.  
ELY BROTHERS, 66 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

## Catarrh Cured, ONE CENT!

If you suffer from Catarrh, in any of its forms, it is your duty to yourself and family to obtain the most certain cure before it is too late. This you can easily do at an expense of one cent for a postal card, by sending your name and address to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, New York, who will send you FREE, by return mail, a copy of the original recipe for preparing the best and surest remedy ever discovered for the cure of Catarrh in all its various stages. Over one million cases of this dreadful, disgusting, and often times fatal disease have been cured permanently during the past five years by the use of this medicine. Write to-day for this FREE recipe. Its timely use may save you from the death tolls of Consumption. DO NOT DELAY longer, if you desire a speedy and permanent cure. Address Prof. J. A. LAWRENCE, 188 Warren Street, New York

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

## CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

## EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF

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

## TRADE MARK.

# CELLULOID

NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT.  
THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

## REPAIR YOUR OLD STOVES

AND  
SAVE YOUR MONEY.

## The Northwestern Stove Repair Co. of Chicago,

Manufacturers and Furnishers of the Hardware Trade.  
Repairs for all Stoves and Ranges Manufactured.  
Ask your Hardware Dealer to order for you.

CUT THIS OUT, ANSWERING THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS:

- Name of Stove.....
- Number of Stove.....
- Name of Maker.....
- Latest Date of Patent.....
- Wood or Coal.....
- Is Coal put in on top by removing lids?.....
- Is the lining Brick or Iron?.....
- Has the bottom Grate one or more parts?.....
- Give your hardware dealer the names of parts wanted.

BE SURE to order from your hardware dealer only. He will order what you want from us. Don't destroy your old stove, but repair it. A little money will make it as good as new.

## MOTHERS

Dr. Snyder's Kidney Balm cures Enuresis BED-WETTING. Price \$1 per package by mail. For sale by all druggists or at office, For circulars and testimonials address, with stamps, Dr. O. W. F. SNYDER, 243 State St., Chicago.

Ask your Druggist to order it for you.

MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

## LEWIS' 98° LYE

POWDERED AND PERFUMED.  
(PATENTED.)  
The strongest and purest Lye made. Will make the BEST Perfumed SOAP in twenty minutes without boiling. It is the best for disinfecting sinks, closets, drains, washing bottles, barrels, paints, etc.  
PENNA. SALT MANUF'G. CO.,  
Gen. Agts., Phila., Pa.

## THE WONDERFUL LUBURG CHAIR, 100% BABY COACHES

COMBINING ARTICLES OF FURNITURE. (INVALID SUPPLIES) AND WHEEL CHAIRS.  
We retail at the lowest wholesale factory prices, and ship goods to be paid for on delivery. Send stamp for Catalogue. Name goods desired. LUBURG MFG. CO., 145 N. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## WEAK MEN

and WOMEN can cure themselves quickly at home, of Wasting Vitality, Exhausted Nerves, and kindred ailments. 64 page Book on Private and Nervous Diseases sent FREE (sealed). CURE GUARANTEED. 30 YEARS' experience. The LOWE MEDICAL INSTITUTE, Winsted, Conn.

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.  
We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.  
Mark \$1.00. Sold by Druggists. C. N. U. No. 47-99

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the advertise- ment in this paper.



FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1890.

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

A STORY OF RETRIBUTION.

BY "WABASH."

(COPYRIGHT, 1890.)

"You were inquiring about the transactions of Mr. Velasquez with this house?"

"Yes, I was," the astonished millionaire responded.

"Then appoint a meeting with me to-night and I will give you some information that will prove of value."

"What do you know about the business?" queried Mr. Wilcox.

"More than I care to know," was the rejoinder, "but I'm getting tired of it and must talk somebody. What hotel are you stopping at?"

"The Palace," was the answer. "Room 21."

"Expect me there to-night at nine o'clock, then," said the clerk, who then left the room, not a moment too soon, for at that moment Crandall returned, his walk out to the other broker's office having been merely a "blind."

Without waiting until he was seated he informed Mr. Wilcox that the stock certificates had been sold and the money paid to Velasquez, who held a power of attorney for Mr. Delaro.

At this Mr. Wilcox rose to leave, for he felt that the interview with the clerk would serve his purpose far better than any quantity of talk with the unprincipled broker. With many polite farewells and expressions of hope for future interviews, as well as regrets at the shortness of the present visit (entirely upon the part of the broker, however), the two men parted.

Punctually at the hour of nine Crandall's clerk put in his appearance at the Palace Hotel and was shown up to Mr. Wilcox's room.

He introduced himself by means of a card bearing the legend: "Percy Beaufort Lovel."

"Now, Mr. Percy Beaufort Lovel," said the jovial host, "I guess you know a good cigar when you try one, so help yourself out of that box on the table; and I know you can drink a glass of wine, else you ain't English. So sit you down and I'll call for some of the genuine article, then we'll have a talk. But suppose, instead of calling you Mr. Percy Beaufort Lovel, we drop part of that dime novel title and call you plain Percy?"

The Englishman made no demur to any of these suggestions; so the wine was brought in, and, under its steadily-increasing influence, he told the millionaire all he knew about Velasquez.

"So you say he was squeezed into a corner the day before the murder," asked Wilcox.

"Yes, and a pretty tight one, too," was the rejoinder, "but, as he left the office, I heard him tell Mr. Crandall that he would get the money in three days by fair means or by foul."

"Whew!" was the only reply.

Then Percy proceeded and told what had happened since, how Velasquez bought up the mining stock certificates, and sold them at a sleek profit, and how he had held a note for fifty thousand dollars, given him by Delaro, which Crandall managed by false representations to get discounted for him on the quiet. Finally, Lovel told how only a week ago, Velasquez came into the office and went with Crandall to cash a check for a good part of forty thousand dollars which he said was the proceeds of the share in the sale of the Posada vineyards. Lovel gave it as his opinion that Velasquez had started East with very little short of a hundred thousand dollars cash money in his possession.

"Do you know which way he went?" asked Mr. Wilcox.

"No, I do not, sir," was the reply.

"Now, come, Percy, we shall get along a good deal better without any of that kind of business. Don't 'sir' me any more," said the plain-spoken Yankee.

Lovel smiled and continued: "Velasquez said he might stop at Denver while, but he expected to be in Chicago inside of ten days."

This information woke up the millionaire and he said: "Then time is precious. Are you willing to go with me to San Paolo to-morrow, Percy?"

"Well," said Lovel, "the question is rather sudden, Mr. Wilcox, and I might lose my place if I go without Mr. Crandall's permission."

"Curse your position!" ejaculated Wilcox. "Come with me and help to run that villain to earth and I'll see that you have a position as long as I live."

"That settles it," said Percy. "I've been drifting all over for the last seven years and I may as well keep it up."

The next day the millionaire and his new-found friend, the poor English clerk, started off to San Paolo together and forged links of friendship that were only snapped by death, while Crandall lost a good clerk who was too honest for his questionable service.

### CHAPTER V.

During the journey to San Paolo on the following day, Joel Wilcox took the opportunity to have a good long talk with Percy Lovel and ascertain what that young man knew about the many transactions which had taken place between Velasquez and Crandall.

Sometimes the young Englishman got very communicative for he was naturally a free open-hearted sort of a fellow, not more than twenty-seven years of age, or thereabouts.

Wilcox liked him so well that he asked Lovel to give him a little of his history. Said Lovel: "If I tell you my history you may not think so well of me after you hear it as you do now."

"Oh, I dare say, like most young men who drift to Frisco, you have led a kinder wild life, but it is evident you were primed with a pretty good education before you started in on it," was the response.

"Yes," said the Englishman, "I suppose that's so, and since I left Oxford I have seen life through the kaleidoscope of many promiscuous journeyings. I left home before I was twenty, got through a good pile of money in Paris and Brussels and then suddenly found myself in New York. I played the races, gambled and knocked around from one job to another and altogether led a Bohemian life. But I feel like sobering up now; it isn't necessary for a fellow to be avagabond all his life, and I'm ready for the change. It isn't more than three weeks since I handled the chips for the last time, but I have done with it for keeps. By the way, the very last game I sat down to was in the same room that Velasquez frequented and he dropped over five thousand dollars that night. It was the same evening he sold the mining stock. He often used to come to that den, and some of the boys there know a good deal about him, but I very much question whether any of them would tell you much."

"Good," remarked Lovel's newly found friend, "I'm glad to hear that you are tired of your wild life, and, what's more, I believe you. So from now on you will please consider yourself private secretary to Joel Wilcox. I never did put on airs before, but I guess I ain't too old to begin. Is it a go?"

"Why, you astonish me, Mr. Wilcox; but I will try to deserve your confidence."

"All right; I count myself a pretty good judge of a man when I see one, and I think you are just the man I am concerned in. I am safe in engaging you for an unlimited period; the salary question we can settle as we go along," added Wilcox in a jovial manner.

"But what," he continued, "was that you said about Velasquez being known by the boys in the gambling house?"

Percy then repeated what he had already recounted, and Mr. Wilcox said that the knowledge might be useful in hunting down the rascal.

As both Mr. Wilcox and the Englishman were good talkers the conversation was kept up in a lively manner, and it was not long before Wilcox knew all about Percy from his childhood up.

As the train pulled up at San Paolo Mr. Wilcox said: "Ah! I guess, my boy, you've been more of a fool than an intentional scamp."

The remark was full of truth, for Percy Lovel was never really bad, only one of those lads so especially common among the better English classes who become utterly reckless in the eager pursuit of "folly as it flies." Yet through all his ups and downs he was honest, easy-tempered and cool as an iced cucumber. Always he could find time to part his hair in the right place, no matter if the house was on fire; but he could also be relied upon to reach the outside safely. And no matter where or how deep he would sink in life's turbulent waters, he invariably came to the top again smiling.



MRS. DELARO MET THEM AT THE DOOR.

Always philosophically contented, he never lost his temper or became unduly excited, and after a varied experience covering a range of occupations, from speculator to book-cannasser, he floated into Crandall & Co.'s office, and from there, as we have seen, to his present position. And this last move was to change the whole course of his life.

When Joel Wilcox went to bed that night he felt certain that Anton Reymann's release was near at hand. He was now entirely confident that Velasquez had murdered Delaro, but he was not the man to act rashly or with undue haste.

So he concluded to sleep on his recent discoveries, and make disclosures later.

Next morning he and Percy Lovel started over to see Mrs. Delaro. She met them at the door and said: "Oh! Mr. Wilcox, I'm so glad you have come. Something of great importance has transpired."

They walked into the house and into the library, where Mr. Wilcox was astonished to see one of the workmen from the cellars seated. The door was closed, but, at Mr. Wilcox's request, Lovel was allowed to remain in the room.

"This man," said the unhappy widow, "has brought something here which will probably prove beyond a doubt who it was that killed my dear husband. Yesterday one of this man's boys was bathing in the stream which flows at the foot of the hill yonder," said the lady, pointing from the window as she spoke, "and, in diving to pick objects from the mud in the bottom of the river, found this weapon."

Here Mrs. Delaro produced an ivory handled stiletto upon the handle of which was carved the initials "L. V."

"Great guns," exclaimed Wilcox, "we shall prove that snake guilty sooner than I expected."

Then a long conversation ensued and the workman was asked to repeat his story to Wilcox, and so much engrossed did everybody become in the recitation that in the excitement of the hour it was forgotten that Lovel had not been introduced.

But Mr. Wilcox soon made amends for his forgetfulness and told Mrs. Delaro of the value of his newly-formed acquaintance.

There was much to be said about the new clew and Velasquez's former history, and Percy warmed up and became almost enthusiastic over his prospective work.

They discussed how every thing should be arranged. On the morrow they proposed to go to the lawyer at Santa Rosa, and inform him of the new developments.

They supposed naturally that Velasquez had little idea of his crime being discovered so soon, if ever, and that he was probably on his way East. So they did not raise a hue and cry at once but decided that it would be far wiser, and more prudent, to be sure they were right before going ahead.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### MORE LOCAL ITEMS.

The street car line between Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor is progressing nicely.

The third ward school in Ann Arbor has been closed on account of diphtheria in the janitor's family.

If one of our readers can spare us a copy of the STANDARD of Nos. 81, 85 and 87, we will be under obligations to you.

The Manchester returns on the State ticket were forwarded to Ann Arbor without proper signature, involving an adjourned meeting of canvassers and \$100 expense.

About six hundred and fifty pupils are at present enrolled in the Ann Arbor high school. The number will, no doubt, reach seven hundred before the end of the year.

Mayor Manley is mentioned by the democrats as the future warden of the State's prison. In fact, Ann Arbor is able and willing (if necessary), to fill all the state offices.

Mr. Manley Birchard has, during the past few weeks, lost nine of his pet rabbits, by theft. Would it not be well for parents to keep an eye on their boys? Mr. Birchard does not care for the value of the animals, but he does care for the future of the boys.

Last Sunday night (Nov. 9), during services, overcoats were taken from the three churches. Evidently some one wants to see which denomination has the "straight goods." It is like some people to think to get to heaven by putting on Christian things.—Register Chelsea correspondence.

Knowing the modesty and ability of the editor of the Ypsilanti Sentinel, we would be much pleased to see Mr. Woodruff placed in a lucrative and honorable position by the incoming administration. For years and years he has worked and written for his party, without reward, and now that opportunity offers, his labor should be recognized. Mr. Beakes, of the Argus, also worked faithfully, and will, no doubt, find himself nicely situated after January 1st. We hope so at any rate.

H. Ernest Hosack, a graduate of the pharmacy department of the University, several years ago, died at his home in Fredericktown, Ohio, Saturday, Nov. 8th, aged 27 years. Mr. Hosack began to fail in health the latter part of last August, and was obliged to leave Cincinnati, where he had a lucrative position in a large drug house, going to his home where he remained until his death. Mr. Hosack was a young man of education and promise, exemplary in habits, honored and respected, and his many friends in Ann Arbor will regret his untimely death.—Democrat.

Jacob Selgrist of Waterloo and Miss Louise Hurst, of Francisco, are now man and wife.

Pinckneyites indulged in a milk-maids convention last Friday and Saturday evenings.

Norman Conklin has voted in Bridge-water township since 1832. Political faith not mentioned.

Grass Lake's school flag floated Monday, November 10th, in honor of Martin Luther's birthday.

Sylvan township reports 689 school children and will therefore draw \$530 in primary school money.

Edward Schneider of Freedom raised 350 bushels of corn on three acres, and husked it all in three days.

County clerk elect Brown was married to Miss Cora Pulcifer at Ann Arbor, Wednesday last. Accept our congratulations.

The American and United States express companies, and the post office department will do no business for the Louisiana lottery.

Why is an item in a newspaper always construed to show it up in its worst meaning? And yet how few men appreciate a good word for them.

J. L. Drewe offers his house and five acres of land near Isoco for sale, or he will exchange it for village property here or elsewhere. Address him at Howell.

"Unfounded" rumors of Sheldon Grainger's death were afloat on the streets last week.—Argus. The rumor "founded" as soon as it reached the Argus office!

Rev. Washington Gardner will deliver an address for the lecture association at Stockbridge, November 25th, on "A Soldier's Story of the Struggle for Chattanooga."

Rev. D. Q. Barry preached his farewell sermon in the Saline Baptist church, Sunday. Washtenaw Baptists seem to have considerable trouble to keep their pulpits supplied.

The Flint Journal got out an eight-page edition last week, giving a fine description of that enterprising and beautiful city. The citizens ought to appreciate the Journal's efforts.

Mrs. Hill, who buried her husband Tuesday, had just returned from Jackson where she had been at the death-bed of three of her grand-children who died of diphtheria.—Democrat.

A divine in Grass Lake has notified a certain stock dealer that if he will go to sleep during services, on the Sabbath, he will confer a favor on both congregation and preacher to not indulge in hog driving during his siesta.

The bullet has been extracted from the body of Augustus Pierce, who was shot by Fred Frank on the night of October 17. The bullet was extracted from the fleshy part of the back, having gone nearly through his body.—Argus.

We believe the booth system of voting was admired by nearly every one, and if the next legislature will make it a misdemeanor to have a ticket outside the booth, and return to the old method counting, we shall have a very good way of voting.

Rev. Dr. Sunderland, of Ann Arbor, read a paper in Chicago last week, in which he expressed himself as in favor of uniting the several churches in the smaller towns and rural districts. His idea is correct, but if it is ever adopted, quite a number of persons will be thrown out of a good position.

The Detroit Journal has given away a large number of handsome watches to boys and girls within a few weeks, and it wants to distribute a thousand more before Christmas. Any boy or girl can get one of them. Send your name and address with a two-cent stamp to the Detroit Journal, Detroit, and full particulars will be mailed you.

### Lima Luminations.

Arl Guerin is spending the week in Jackson.

Dan and Wick McLaren are buying and baling straw.

Abner Beach and wife have been away on a pleasure trip.

Mrs. A. Steadman, of Ann Arbor, was here on a visit last week.

Miss Amanda Lewick was very agreeably surprised last Thursday evening when about twenty-five of her friends came in to spend the evening, it being her twenty-first birthday.

**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, Stagers, Pleuro-Pneumonia, Texas Fever, Liver Rot, and Hog Cholera. Applied externally it is the choicest 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 Stolle, of Delhi Mills, Mich., 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 Babcock, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Lucy Ann Clark deceased, Charles B. 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 held at the Probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county, and show cause, if any there be, 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 that the hearing thereon, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the CHLSEA STANDARD, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

J. WILLARD BABCOCK, Judge of Probate.  
WM. DOTT, 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 Elmer Spencer late of said county deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date are allowed, by order of their court for creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the office of Turnbull & Wilkinson in village of Chelsea in said county on Tuesday, the tenth day of February next 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, Commissioner.  
WILLIAM J. KNAPP, Commissioner.