



CHELSEA STANDARD.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
W.M. 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 KEMPF'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 Provision Attorney in the Interior Department, is now prepared to obtain commissions 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.

Wanted! Good apples at this office.
Miss Easton spent the week with Miss Jennie Hudler.

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

W. E. Stocking will attend the state range meeting at Lansing, Dec. 9th, as delegate.

Messrs. J. Fowler and Elmer Nimes of Henrietta, spent Sunday with acquaintances in this place.

Mrs. C. H. Wines has been out of town a few weeks, on account of the illness and death of a sister.

The lady who lost a pair of kid shoes can have the same by calling at this office and paying for this notice.

Dr. F. A. Kotts and Miss Minnie Perkins, both of Manchester, were married in that village Wednesday last.

Dr. Paige tells us that he counted one hundred and twenty-nine teams on the streets at one time a week ago last Tuesday.

An eleven-pound boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Osborne, Wednesday last. It's now grand-pa Noyes, with a big "G."

Married in Ann Arbor, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. R. H. Rust, Mr. Eugene West and Miss Bertha Congdon, both of Sylvan.

Basil, the four years old son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Lambert, of Waterloo, broke his leg above the knee, recently, while jumping from an embankment.

Hon. and Mrs. Walter W. Williams were the guests of Mrs. Whitaker, Mrs. Williams' mother, a few days of this week. Mr. Williams returned to Washington last evening.

A Jackson belle spells her first name Jancez. Now we may look for Jezzey, Jazan, Rozy, Mizz Bezzie Blizz, and so on. Isn't it just too sweet for anything?—Newz. Yez.

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.

Remember the Temple of Fame. Orrin Hoover spent the past week with parents in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore E. Wood were Detroit visitors Tuesday.

Tip Wallace and family now occupy the Davidson residence on Railroad St.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Nissly were the guests of the writer and wife last Sunday.

Miss Millie Hepfer went to Ann Arbor yesterday where she will spend the winter.

Hon. A. J. Sawyer and Family spent Thanksgiving with Mr. Sawyer's mother in Lyndon.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Kempf spent Sunday with relatives in Albion, Mrs. Kempf returning Wednesday.

Thanksgiving services were held at the Baptist church yesterday, Rev. J. H. McIntosh delivering a good sermon.

Miss Minnie Robertson of Battle Creek, is spending a week with her grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. Durand.

Dr. Thomas Holmes has been conducting revival meetings at North Leoni the past two weeks with grand results.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Bacon is seriously ill with lung troubles. Faint hopes are entertained for his recovery.

If you wish to see the event of the season, attend the Temple of Fame at the Town Hall next Thursday and Friday evening.

About twenty-five Chelseaites attended the "Temple of Fame" at Dexter last Friday evening. They say the entertainment is a grand one.

E. E. Shaver is again ready to take your photograph at very low prices—only \$2.50 per dozen, cabinet size. His life size portraits at \$3.00 are grand.

Eight burglaries were committed in Dexter last week, nearly every store being entered, but little of value being secured. A night watch will probably now be appointed.

Over one hundred of Chelsea's best citizens attended the reception tendered Rev. and Mrs. D. H. Courad at the elegant home of Mr. and Mrs. George Blaich last Friday night.

Mr. Chas. F. Dana, of LeRoy, and Miss Lillie M. Geisinger were married at the home of the bride's uncle, Mr. Orman Clark, of Lyndon, Wednesday last, Thomas Holmes, D. D., officiating.

The republican state central committee has decided to hold the convention for the nomination of a justice of the supreme court and two regents of the University, at Jackson, on Feb. 24, '91.

The total receipts of the fair given by the German church last week, were \$299.63, netting that society about \$275. During the past year it has paid an indebtedness of \$700, being now free from debt.

For several years the prohibition party has held the balance of power in this district, but so far has not made use of it. If that party had endorsed Mr. Allen this fall, he would, without a doubt have been elected.

Aaron Burkhart, Chelsea's great bean buyer, has bought several thousand bushels and is out buying all the good ones in the county at prices ranging from \$1.40 to \$1.70.—Leader. Yes, he has bought about 15,000 bushels so far and hopes to buy as many more.

Mr. Brown, senator-elect from the twenty-third district, is the only man ever elected to the legislature whose name appeared upon the prohibition ticket.—Evening News. There's another; Mr. Miller, a prohibitionist, of Eaton Rapids, has been elected as representative.

While driving from Main to Summit streets a few days ago, a telegraph wire, which had been stretched to allow a building to pass under it, caught Erastus White's hay rack, throwing it and him to the ground and frightening the team. Fortunately no serious damage resulted.

Fred. Morton, of Detroit spent Thanksgiving with his parents at this place.

Miss Ida Lathrop, of Ann Arbor, spent several days of this week with friends in town.

Mrs. W. E. Jones, nee Hadley, of Monroe, was in this vicinity a few days the past week.

An eleven years old son of Mr. and Mrs. Higgins of Detroit, died a few days ago of diphtheria. Deceased was a grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Hooker, of this place.

The Stockbridge school house flag was raised two weeks ago to commemorate the commencement of Sherman's famous march to the sea. A five minute speech, explanatory, was made by Emerson Gildart, of the High School.

At the election held by the M. E. congregations in Grass Lake and Leoni upon the question of the admission of women delegates to the general conference of that denomination, seventy-one votes were cast, all of which were in the affirmative.

Next Thursday and Friday evening you can see the most fascinating and instructive event of the season. The Temple of Fame will then be produced, about fifty persons taking part in the same. The costumes will be both unique and elegant, quite a number of them having been secured at a great expense in Detroit. Secure a small bill giving the personages represented.

Recently, the Detroit Evening News kicked on having the next legislature appropriate \$50,000 toward defraying the expenses of the National encampment of G. A. R. to be held in Detroit next August. The Hausfreund of Ann Arbor, took the same course, as it naturally takes the side of anything which is low, mean and degrading. Decency is something seldom seen in its columns. We doubt if the editor of that journal is assessed \$2000, and yet, if the legislature should appropriate \$50,000 (and we hope it will) his portion would be thirteen cents—two and one-half glasses of beer! Dear little fellow. He says every organization holding its meeting in the state would be entitled to a like usage. By no means; the veterans who will meet there helped to save Michigan and the Union, and are ready to stand up to defend their state and country again, while he would stand up—to the saloon bar—and swill down the beer. It is just such ill-bred, evil-mouthed fellows—fellows who are too cowardly to remain in their native land—that sow and foster the seed of anarchism, and their education is the one thing that helps them. For shame that there is even one editor in Washtenaw county who thinks more of a few glasses of beer than he does of fittingly entertaining the Grand Army of the Republic.

Lesson Three.
While a pair of loving parents in Adrian think their son is attending the Adrian college, said son is in reality figuring as a saloon roustabout. Those parents may not think so much of the saloon in the future as they have in the past.

Lesson Four.
Peter Nelson and Nels Anderson attempted to drive across a railroad track at Ludington ahead of a locomotive, Thursday. Both were drunk. Nelson is more likely to live than Anderson, and neither has any too good chances the doctors say. There was not enough left of the buggy to mention.

Lesson Five.
Last night, Daniel Griffin committed suicide by taking poison in a glass of beer. He was addicted to drink and was discharged yesterday on account of some trouble he had with other employes. He came home last night under the influence of liquor and threatened suicide, but as this was not an unusual thing, but little was thought of it.—Evening News, Nov. 21.



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
Hou's ceeper'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. 28, 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 .94, 2 car at .94; Dec. 1,000 at .95.

No. 1 white 1 car at 92.

CORN.—No. 2 spot, 53c.

OATS.—No. 2, white, spot 49c.

Home Markets.

BARLEY—\$1.25@1.35 100

EGGS—20c 7 doz.

LARD—Country wanted at 6@7

OATS—Remain steady at 40@45

POTATOES—Slow sale at 70c.

BUTTER—Weak at 12@16c.

WHEAT—Is in good demand at 90c for red and 88c for No. 1 white.

CORN—Quiet at 50c 7 bu.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal—a recent discovery by an old physician. Is successfully used monthly—Safe, Effectual. Price \$1 by mail, sealed. Ladies, ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound and take no substitute, or inclose 2 stamps for sealed particulars. Address: POND LILY COMPANY, No. 3 Fisher Block, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

Sold by Glazier, the Druggist, Chelsea



Low prices on Corn Shellers, Robes, Blankets, Axes, Lanterns, Guns, and special prices on stoves to close out.

Several second hand stoves to close out at prices that will do it. Also oil cloth and rugs at the New Store.

W. J. KNAPP,
Chelsea, Mich.

THE CHELSEA STANDARD.

WM. EMMERT, Publisher.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN

A BUNCH of Louisiana rice shows a yield of 4,500 grains from a single seed.

The submarine telegraph system of the world consists of 120,000 nautical miles of cable.

At Amherst, N. S., recently, Rev. Dr. Hartley lost a valuable ring. He advertised but got no tidings until a dream revealed to him the fact that the ring was under his bed, and he found it on one of the slats.

In London the daily papers talk of bridges for pedestrians on street crossings, where the crowds and the vehicles now often make an impassible jam. This was tried on Broadway at Fulton street, New York, but the bridge was so little used that it was taken down.

The grave of William H. Crawford, who was United States Senator from Georgia from 1809 to 1813, then for two years Minister to France, and a terward Secretary of War in President Madison's Cabinet and Secretary of the Treasury under Monroe, is unmarked by so much as a tombstone.

GIN NON, a Chinese merchant of Riverside, Cal., is about to return to China to secure himself a wife, and in order to be allowed to land upon his return, he has drawn up a certificate setting forth who he is, and had his photograph pasted on the same sheet, and had the different county officials sign the document.

The theory that there was a connection between Babylon and China in ancient times has much in its favor, and as the idea seems to be growing in importance it may be interesting to know that it was suggested by an American, Rev. William Frederick Williams, in an unpublished letter addressed to Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., and dated June 15, 1853. The document is preserved in the library of Yale College.

NO OBJECTION was made to the marriage of a young Louisville couple; yet, for the sake of romance, they executed a sensational elopement. They met by appointment at 3 o'clock in the morning and boarded a locomotive for a country town. There they routed a justice out of bed in the small hours and were quickly made one. They then returned to the city, where the bride roused her parents and introduced her new husband.

The Vassar Aid Society, whose object is to promote friendliness among those who have graduated from the college and also to help needy students, held its first annual meeting in New York recently. President James M. Taylor, of Vassar College, said that \$42,000 had been expended by the trustees of Vassar in the aid of students who were anxious to complete the course. The college, he declared, would spend in a similar way \$11,000 for the present school year.

THE man who considers that the home duties of a woman are inferior to the political work of a man must be either a bachelor or blind. The very highest qualities of the heart and intellect may be exercised by a mother, sister or elder daughter, in watching over the physical, mental and moral growth of the children in her care. Heroic patience and vigilance that never tires, an adaptation of means to the end, a careful study of individual traits, a keen psychological insight, may find ample room for exercise within the four walls of even a humble home.

A PRETTY bird story comes from Weaville, Conn. In the summer of 1889 Mrs. A. R. Burwell found in her dooryard a young robin which had fallen and hurt itself in attempts to fly. She tenderly cared for it, and it in time became a strong, healthy bird. It became quite tame, seeming to desire no greater freedom than the house afforded, and would answer at the whistled call of members of the family. It lived there for a year, when it was taken out of doors, and after hovering around for a while, disappeared. Last week the bird returned to the house and voluntarily resumed its hospitable quarters there.

FIFTY years ago there was no reason to doubt the correctness of Bonpland's theory, that the depth of the deepest sea corresponds to the height of the highest mountain; but the supposed maximum of five miles has now been found to fall short by more than 6,000 feet at three different points—nearly midway between the Island St. Helena and Cape Lopez, on the west coast of Africa; sixty miles south of the Maldivo

Archipelago, and in the "Group of Abysses," as Capt. Baudissin calls a number of remarkable depressions near the eastern extremity of New Guinea.

A WRITER in a contemporary is complaining that the tendency of current literature is to encourage the belief in ghosts, says the London *Pick-Me-Up*. This is, perhaps, a little sweeping in its charge, but there are certainly one or two papers that are doing their level best to make us believe that the wail of the cat on the dust-hole is the cry of the spirit from the vasty deep. Then there are two or three well-meaning, but painfully misguided societies that will send half a dozen representatives down to your place to get particulars of the ghost you hear inside your wall-paper, and which subsequently proves to be the baby next door with indigestion.

The report from Germany that Prof. Koch has abandoned lecturing in consequence of having discovered a cure for consumption by inoculation will stimulate curiosity not only in medical circles but throughout Christendom. Any scientist who professes to be able to rob this modern scourge of its terrors necessarily becomes an interesting figure in the big world. Prof. Koch's original experiments were apparently successful in the identification of the characteristic germ of this disease, although the results were questioned by high medical authorities. If he has now followed in Pasteur's track and discovered some effective means of inoculating patients against the disease, the development of his curative system will be watched with eager interest in many countries.

A PUBLISHER was saying recently that the Chautauquan circle in this country is largely responsible for the present marvelous interest in Latin and Latin literature. At no time within fifty years have so many text-books, commentaries and translations been turned from the press. The tendency of the colleges to make Latin and Greek optional studies, instead of allaying this interest, seems to have excited ambition among budding scholars all over the country to master the dead languages. Since the first American translation of Virgil a year or two ago the publishers' woods are full of MSS. of Virgils, Horaces, Ovids, and Lucretiuses. At least two other schools, besides Ann Arbor University and Washington Seminary, are planning the production of classic comedies also.

THE Paris correspondent of the London *Morning Post* says a curious story has leaked out as to how M. Constans, the Minister of the Interior, managed to frighten General Boulanger out of France and thus bring an awkward situation to a climax. The minister knew that one of his subordinates was in daily communication with the General and informed him of everything that passed at the ministry. Knowing that Boulanger was restless, M. Constans scribbled on a slip of paper: "Arrest B., R., and D. to-night." He then called his subordinate to give him some instructions and toyed with the slip of paper while talking. On pretext of being obliged to give an urgent order the minister left his desk for a second and the thing was done. He saw by the face of his employe that he had read the paper. He then sent the clerk out on an errand not requiring haste. Soon after M. Constans received a visit from one of Gen. Boulanger's domestics, whom he employed as a spy, that his stratagem had succeeded and that preparation for a flight had been made.

FROM trifling inventions large fortunes are often made. The pen for shading in different colors yields an income of \$200,000 per annum. The rubber tip at the end of lead pencils has already made \$100,000. A large fortune has been reaped by a miner who invented a metal rivet or eyelet at each end of the mouth of coat or trousers pockets to resist the strain caused by the carriage of pieces of ore or heavy tools. An equally useful invention is the "darning weaver," a device for repairing stockings, under garments, etc., the sale of which is very large and increasing. As large a sum as was ever obtained for any invention was enjoyed by the inventor of the inverted glass bell to hang over gas to protect the ceilings from being blackened, and a scarcely less lucrative patent was that for simply putting emery on cloth. The gimlet-pointed screw has produced more wealth than most silver mines, and the American who first thought of putting copper tips to children's shoes has realized a large fortune. Upward of \$10,000 a year was made by the inventor of the common needle threader. To the foregoing might be added thousands of trifling but useful articles, for which large sums have been paid. The field of invention is large, and open to everybody, without respect to sex, age, or station.

BLOODY BATTLE-FIELDS

ENTERTAINING REMINISCENCES OF THE REBELLION.

Graphic Accounts of the Stirring Scenes Witnessed in the Battle-Field and in Camp—Old Comrades Recite Experiences of a Thrilling Nature.

The Little Jersey Boy.
It was after the battle of Seven Pines that we saw a young Jersey boy, with a pleasant face—pleasant even in death, for a soft and sweet expression was left upon the clay as the angel slowly bore the soul away.

Yes, there it lay.
That tender form of matchless beauty,
Cold, pulseless clay,
From which the life was snatched in sternest duty.

A sweet young face
On which scarce sixteen summers' suns had shone;
Rude scars defaced,
And down with dead amid lying it was borne.

Dim eyes, and blue
O'er which stern Death had waved his wand
Of violet hue,
And like that flower, when nipped by frost's
Cold hand.

We wonder not
The thundering cannon looted its deep and
deafening moans,
And fiery shot
With screaming mortars, blent their wild,
terrible tones.

A mother knelt
In prayer's meek attitude—she made appeal,
And what she felt
Mothers can tell—for only they can feel.

Her country's call
Fell on her ear, a death-bell tolling deep;
She gave her all,
He proudly went—but went too soon to sleep.

She heard the toll
She clasped her hands—she fell before her
God,
And dimly pale
She did not speak, but humbly kissed the
rod.

Oh, earth, red,
Thou'st called ten thousand mothers' darlings
To the grave,
Sift, cold and dead,
This night they're scattered over land and
wave.

Poor Jersey boy,
Thou'rt where there's sweeter music than
the noisy drum—
Where all is joy
And where earth's million soldiers at its
call must come.

—*Loyal Woman's Scrip-Book.*

Touching Story of a Deserter.

BY GEN. COLLEN.



URING the winter of 1863 it was my fortune to be President of one of the courts martial of the Army of Northern Virginia (Confederate). One bleak December morning, while the snow covered the ground and the winds howled around our camp, I left my bivouac fire to attend the session of the court. Winding for miles along uncertain paths, I at length arrived at the court ground, at Round Oak Church. Day after day it had been our duty to try the gallant soldiers of that army, charged with violation of military law; but never had I on any previous occasion been greeted by such anxious spectators as on that morning awaited the opening of the court. Case after case was disposed of, and at length the case of "The Confederate States vs. Edward Cooper" was called—charge, desertion. A low murmur rose spontaneously from the battle-scarred spectators as a young artilleryman rose from the prisoner's bench, and in response to the question, "Guilty, or not guilty?" answered "Not guilty."

The Judge Advocate was proceeding to open the prosecution when the court, observing that the prisoner was unattended by counsel, interposed and inquired of accused, "Who is your counsel?" He replied, "I have no counsel." Supposing that it was his purpose to represent himself before the court, the Judge Advocate was instructed to proceed. Every charge and specification against the prisoner was sustained. The prisoner was then told to introduce his witnesses. He replied, "I have no witnesses." Astonished at the calmness with which he seemed to be submitting to what he regarded as inevitable fate, I said to him, "Have you no defense? Is it possible that you abandoned your comrades and deserted your colors in the presence of the enemy without any reason?" He replied, "There was a reason, but it will not avail me before a military court." I said, "Perhaps you are mistaken; you are charged with the highest crime known to military law, and it is your duty to make known the causes that influenced your actions."

For the first time his manly form trembled, and his blue eyes swam in tears. Approaching the President of the court, he presented a letter, saying, as he did so: "There, General, is what did it." I opened the letter, and in a moment my eyes filled with tears. It was passed from one to another of the court, until all had seen it, and those stern warriors who had passed with Stonewall Jackson through a hundred battles wept like little children. Soon as I sufficiently recovered my self-possession I read the letter as the defense of the prisoner. It was in these words:
MY DEAREST EDWARD: I have always

been proud of you, and since your connection with the Confederate army I have been prouder of you than ever before. I would not have you do anything wrong for the world; but, before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die! Last night I was aroused by little Eddie's crying. I called, "Eddie! What's the matter, Eddie?" And he replied: "Oh, mamma, I'm so hungry!" And Lucy—Edward, your darling Lucy!—she never complains, but is growing thinner and thinner every day. And before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die! Y. u. s.

Turning to the prisoner, I asked: "What did you do when you received this letter?"

He replied: "I made application for a furlough, and it was rejected; again I made application and it was rejected; a third time I made application, and it was rejected; and that night, as I wandered backward and forward in the camp, thinking of my home, with the wild eyes of Lucy looking up to me and the burning words of Mary sinking in my brain, I was no longer the Confederate soldier, but I was the father of Lucy and the husband of Mary, and I would have passed those lines if every gun in the battery had fired upon me. I went to my home. Mary ran out to meet me, her angel arms embraced me, and she whispered: 'Oh, Edward, I am so happy! I am so glad you got your furlough!' She must have felt me shudder, for she turned pale as death, and, catching her breath at every word, she said: 'Have you come without your furlough? Oh, Edward, Edward! go back! go back! and let me and my children go down together to the grave, but oh, for Heaven's sake, save the honor of our name!'"

"And here I am, gentlemen, not brought here by military power but in obedience to the command of Mary, to abide the sentence of your court."

Every officer of that court-martial felt the force of the prisoner's words. Before them stood in beautiful vision, the eloquent pleader for a husband's and father's wrongs, but they had been trained by their great leader, Roanoke E. Lee, to tread the paths of duty, though the lightning's flash scorched the ground beneath their feet, and each in his turn pronounced the verdict, guilty. Fortunately for humanity, fortunately for the Confederacy, the proceedings of the court were reviewed by the commanding general, and upon the records was written: "The finding of the court is approved. The prisoner is pardoned and will report to his company."

"R. E. LEE, General."
During the second battle of Cold Harbor, when shot and shell were falling like torrents from the mountain cloud, my attention was directed to the fact that one of our batteries was being silenced by the concentrated fire of the enemy.

When I reached the battery every gun but one had been dismantled, and by it stood a solitary Confederate soldier, with the blood streaming from his side. As he recognized me he elevated his voice above the roar of the battle and said: "General, I have one shell left. Tell me, have I saved the honor of Mary and Lucy?" I raised my hat and a score more Confederate shells went crashing through the ranks of the enemy and the young artilleryman sank by the side of his gun to rise no more.

Sherman's Bummers.



THE story of the origin of the word *bummer*, as applied to Sherman's armies as they marched—Howard on the right, Sherman in the center, and Slocum on the left—"from Atlanta to the sea," told by G. W. Patten, in chapter IX., "History of the Preacher Regiment," the Seventy-third Illinois Volunteers, is a subject of considerable interest to all who survive the war, and particularly so to many of those now old *bummers* still living at that great march. To these latter a recital of it cannot fail to recall the old days when they followed their great leader, Comrade Patten tells the story thus:

Along about 1855, a boy was picked up on the streets of New York City by the ladies engaged in the commendable and charitable work, at Five Points, of gathering together such waifs as had no home or friends. These they placed in their charitable home or school, known as the Five Points School. This boy was retained there until a home was found for him with a farmer in Tazewell County, Illinois.

At the organization of Company B, Seventy-third Illinois, he was enlisted as a drummer in the company, as William D. Rodgers. He was about fifteen or sixteen years old, and a very bright, active boy, who made friends of all with whom he came in contact. He apparently came of Irish parents, and was possessed of an unusual degree of that quick wit for which that people are famous. He soon became a great favorite with his company, for he was one of the most liberal-hearted and congenial members of the company. He always spoke of himself as "Poor Bum" and soon came to be known as "Bum Rodgers."

He often sang an Irish song, of which "Bummers beware! and snoozers take care!" was the closing line of each verse. In answer to the question of the writer of this as to where he learned the song, he explained that, when a "bummer" in New York, they had among themselves as street gamins a sort of organization for mutual protection against the raids that were made

upon them by the police and others who were wont to annoy them, and often disturb and break their rest at night in their usual haunts in empty boxes, barrels, hogheads, etc. One of their number was always placed on guard to give the alarm at the approach of the enemy, and this song was used as a signal. The last words of each verse, "Bummers, beware! and snoozers, take care!" would be followed by a general stampede.

From his frequent use of these words, he very soon came to be known in the regiment as "company B's *bummer*," and ere long this name had attached itself to the other musicians of the company, then spread to the musicians of the other companies of the left wing and very soon to all musicians of the regiment. By degrees it became customary to apply it to company cooks, hostlers, teamsters, hospital nurses and orderlies about headquarters; and by the spring of 1864 it had become a common name for all persons who did not actually carry arms and do duty in the ranks. This was true, not only in the Seventy-third but in other regiments of the brigade and division.

From that time on, old comrades who were on the Atlanta campaign will remember how common the name became, and how it was applied to every man who was away from his command, no matter for how short a time. The pioneer were "bummers," the man who fell out of the ranks on a march was a "bummer," the foragers, above all others, were "bummers," and Bum Rodgers was admitted by all who knew him to be the "king-bee" in the swarm of *bumming* foragers. So when the army left Atlanta or its famous "march to the sea," and the entire marching column became foragers, it was but natural that they should all become "bummers," and with the training they had received by Bum Rodgers and his associates, were very successful; and no history of the great rebellion is complete in which "Sherman's *bummers*" do not have a very prominent place.

ALL DOWN BUT ONE.

BY ARTEMUS.

HERE was an incident connected with the first news received by us of Abraham Lincoln's death which will ever recur to mind when discussing the subject of our beloved President's assassination.

We were stationed at Cape Girardeau at the time, and had scarcely gotten over our celebration of the surrender of Lee when the sad news reached us.

That morning it was my fortune to be on the guard detail at the stockade, or guardhouse. This guardhouse was surrounded by a Western stockade fence, and was used chiefly to confine rebel and guerrilla suspects. It contained some fourteen or fifteen suspects then, and one of our own boys, a man who had been celebrating Lee's surrender most too freely, and who had been placed in the guardhouse inside the stockade to sober off.

The latter prisoner was a conspicuous character in our regiment. He was tall and raw-boned, and armed with fists as big and powerful as sledge-hammers. Previous to the war he had sailed on the great lakes as a vessel captain, and, besides possessing the strength of a bull, he feared neither God, man, nor the devil; in fact, he was a bad man when in liquor, although harmless and inoffensive as a child when sober.

Those of us who were not patrolling the beats were clustered around the stockade gate that morning discussing the assassination, and feeling about as gloomy and ugly as men can feel, when we heard an uproar in the guardhouse. We hurriedly unlocked the door and rushed in, where we witnessed an exciting scene, but one that did our hearts good when we heard what had occasioned it.

The big lake captain was bearing down on the band of suspected rebels, striking right and left with his mammoth fists, and bringing a suspect to the floor at every blow. Before we had reached him he had succeeded in flooring all of them but one. When we interposed between him and the fleeing suspect he laughed in high glee, and shouted: "All down but one! Set 'em up on the oth'r alley!"

On inquiring into the cause of the commotion, we ascertained that the Captain had awakened from his drunken sleep, feeling naturally sour and cross, about the time that the suspects had overheard the report of the assassination, and had gathered together in a corner of the room to hold a jollification over it.

The Captain had sauntered down toward them, and inquired:

"What's in the wind, mates?"

"Oh, that old tyrant, Lincoln, has been killed," was the answer he had received.

That was enough for the Captain, who felt just in the mood for a fight, and he immediately squared his yard-arms and sailed into the enemy.

To insure future peace in the stockade, we were obliged to liberate the Captain, which we cheerfully did, for we all agreed that he had justly earned his freedom.

BELLOIT, KAN.

ACCORDING to *Popular Science News*, it is possible at the equator for a solar eclipse to remain total for seven minutes and fifty-eight seconds. A person, however, moving eastward on a rapidly moving train during totality could prolong it to eight minutes.

Dr. Elfenstein's Mission

A Remarkable Romance.

BY EMILY THORNTON.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"How that garment came there in that condition, or how that dagger left the case in his dressing bureau, ever remained a mystery to Fitzroy Glendenning.

"All he could conclude, after the deepest study, was that some unknown enemy had struck the fatal blow, and after stealing these articles from his private rooms, had left the dagger purposely upon the floor, and returned the torn and bloody gown to the closet, in order to fasten suspicion upon him, and thus shield themselves.

"It did shield them effectually, while the poor, innocent youth was arrested and committed to prison on the charge of murder.

"To make a long story short, in due time the trial took place, and Sir Reginald Glendenning, who had succeeded to the title, testified to the bitter feeling that had existed between the brothers. He also identified the dagger and dressing-gown as belonging to the prisoner.

"Antoine Duval testified as fully to the threatening language used to the deceased, on the day previous to the murder by his brother.

"The trial was quite lengthy, but resulted in his acquittal and discharge from custody.

"But although freed by law, the popular opinion remained unchanged, and, unable to endure the cold, averted looks of his former friends, he left his home and embarked for America under an assumed name.

"Arriving in New York, the strain of grief that he had undergone so told upon his nervous system that he was laid upon a bed of severe illness.

"Then it was that your father sought him out and nursed him so tenderly. After his recovery, he resolved to devote himself to business, and thus forget his troubles and misfortunes.

"Things began to mend with him after his business prospered, and before five years passed away speculation had enriched him that he found himself the possessor of millions.

"Retiring then to private life, he sought this place in Yonkers, in order to enjoy himself in a quiet way. But illness visited him; a stroke of paralysis rendered one side comparatively helpless, while the asthma, which he had been subject to for many years, increased to an alarming extent.

"During all this time one wild wish had been his, and that was to solve the mystery of his brother's fate, and so clear his own good name of the unjust suspicions that still clung to it.

"His object was, before this, to have returned to his native place, in some disguise, and so work unknown toward the accomplishment of this desired end.

"But his return was effectually prevented by his ill-health and helplessness.

"Lately this wish has become uncontrollable. He prays that he may not die with this stain still clinging to his name. He has therefore decided to ask you to undertake the case for him."

"But," here interrupted the amazed listener, "there must be some mistake. I am no lawyer, simply a physician, and as such, what can I do?"

"Everything. We think far more than a lawyer," replied Mr. Gray. "Of course you would have to sell your practice in New York and settle in England. There, as a growing physician, you would gain the confidence of the people. You would be admitted to places where no one else would, and could study the characters of rich and poor.

"Sir Richard Glendenning married, two years after the disappearance of his brother, the same lady who was to have been his bride, Miss Constance, and they now occupy Glendenning Hall. You will probably be called to attend their family, and so can see the room where poor Sir Arthur met his sad fate, and can study the location of the place.

"For all this trouble Mr. Rappelye, as we will still call him, will pay you handsomely. Five thousand per annum shall be yours as long as he lives, and at his death you will, if successful, be munificently rewarded, as his will, still unsigned, can testify.

"Are you willing to serve him as he wishes? Will you undertake the task of clearing his good name of the foul aspersions cast upon it?"

There was a long pause, during which the pale face of the invalid seemed to grow a shade paler under his eager gaze. At length the silence was broken by Dr. Elfenstein, who said, in a calm, steady tone:

"I will undertake it."

"Thank you," murmured the sick man, as he reached forth his hand to clasp that of his visitor. "May God bless your efforts!"

"Amen!" was the low response. "I am sure He will. A great wrong has evidently been done, and I bind myself by a most solemn vow to endeavor to right that wrong and restore an honest name to an honest man. I solemnly dedicate myself to your cause to act for you and let nothing stand in my lawful way in order to unravel this mystery and discover the fate of your unhappy brother."

"For this, your solemn pledge," slowly returned the invalid, "I as solemnly promise to place in your hands, through my banker, the yearly sum of five thousand dollars, and I will also provide for your future, should my death occur before your task is completed. This will of mine is already dictated, and only awaits my signature. Mr. Gray, I will now summon Mrs. Stebbins and one of my servants to act as witnesses while I write my name to my last will and testament."

Mrs. Stebbins and Harriet Bevier then

placed their names opposite as witnesses to the solemn transaction, and again withdrew, after Mr. Rappelye had desired them to bid the coachman prepare to carry Dr. Elfenstein back to the depot, as he had declined passing the night with them.

"When shall you be ready to leave for England?" asked Mr. Rappelye, as he held his hand at parting.

"In about one week's time I think I can settle my own affairs and arrange a home for my mother during my absence. I shall take the first steamer I can, and will come again to receive further instructions before I leave, if you wish it."

"I do, till then, my dear friend, au revoir."

Thus ended an interview which was destined to be the cause of bringing to light events of the most startling character, the development of which would place our hero amid scenes and circumstances so terrible and tragic in their nature that could they have been foretold might have caused many moments of hesitation.

CHAPTER IV. OUTWARD BOUND.

Dr. Elfenstein did not see his mother on his return, on account of the lateness of the hour, but at the breakfast table he met her.

"My son, good morning," she said, pleasantly, on his entrance; "so you have returned in safety?"

"I have; and in a pecuniary point of view, the visit brought a great change for the better."

"Indeed! that is good news."

"From this day I am to receive five thousand dollars annually, as I have entered into an engagement to that effect."

"My dear Earle, you do surprise me!"

"I fear, however, my next remark you will not like so well."

Mrs. Elfenstein's bright looks faded on he instant.

"This engagement obliges me to sell my practice, and sail in about one week to settle in a country village in England."

"Oh, Earle, you surprise me!"

"Mother, dear, you shall have your choice now: whether to accompany me at once, or allow me to board you at your brother's in this city for a few months, until I can survey the ground, and fully establish myself. In case you remain, I can at any time come for you, after I see whether it will be a permanent home. Perhaps I shall not care to remain after a few months."

There was a long pause, broken at length by the mother.

"Earle, I dread the ocean, and I shall dread a foreign home. Perhaps I had best remain, as you say. It is your opinion that I had better remain?"

"If you think you can endure the separation, I shall dislike it as much as you."

"I know that, dear."

"You like Uncle John's family?"

"Oh, yes."

"And would be happy there?"

"As happy as I can be, away from my son."

"It may not be a long separation."

"I will hope so."

By the close of the week, Mrs. Elfenstein was comfortably established in a room furnished with her old familiar things, while the son succeeded in disposing of the rest, as well as his practice, and had engaged a passage on the Oceanica.

A short visit was then paid to Mr. Rappelye, who gave him full directions how to proceed, and many minute details of the place and inhabitants.

Promising to write weekly, keeping him informed of every movement, the young man bade him farewell, and in a few hours later was upon the outward-bound steamer.

Standing there alone, surrounded by strangers, it is not a matter of surprise that a feeling of weariness and almost desolation crept over him.

With a desperate effort, the young man at length succeeded in dissipating this gloom. He knew full well that it would not answer to faint on the very threshold of his new duties.

He knew, also, that to accomplish his work, he must be courageous and brave, so he turned away from his post of observation on deck, and sought the more lively saloon.

Taking a book from one of the tables, he affected to read.

Presently his eyes rested upon a middle-aged lady, who seemed in feeble health, as she leaned back languidly in an easy chair, while her pale face and attenuated figure spoke of prolonged sufferings, but a patient spirit.

She was evidently waiting for the appearance of some person, as her dark eyes continually wandered towards the door.

Dr. Elfenstein looked at her with increasing interest.

Silently he recalled face after face of his friends and patrons, in vain; he could not place the likeness that had so suddenly attracted him, and his failing to do so caused him both annoyance and chagrin.

Suddenly a brighter look floated into the lady's eyes.

Following the range of her vision, he was surprised at beholding the most perfect picture of youthful beauty he had ever yet beheld.

It was all embodied in the person of a young girl of about twenty summers, who smilingly drew near.

Small, with a figure exquisitely molded, and movements of perfect grace, a pure, white skin, with the rosy tint of health just tinging each soft cheek, eyes of a languid hazel, large, dreamy, yet full of intelligence and gentleness, a sweet mouth whose tender red lips disclosed, when speaking or laughing, teeth even and pearly white, with, as the crowning beauty of her whole appearance, a profusion of golden hair, that uncommon golden shade that is seldom seen, yet never disregarded, on account of its very rareness.

She spoke, and the melodious accents of her voice filled Earle with delight.

He had always placed great stress upon the tones of the human voice being a reflection in a great degree of the nature of its possessor.

"Aunt Gertrude, are you weary? I stayed out longer than I intended, but I could not bear to lose sight of the faintest speck of the land we have left behind

us. It has all disappeared now, and 'the sea, the sea, the deep blue sea,' at this moment is on every side, rising and sinking in all its beauty. Shall I lead you to your state-room, auntie? Perhaps it would be as well for you to lie down before you become sea sick and faint."

"I feel rather dizzy, now, my love, and will take your advice."

Rising slowly, the feeble woman leaned on the strong young arm of her niece, and so passed to a state-room quite near the one engaged by himself, and the young physician smiled contentedly, that they were to be close neighbors during the voyage.

CHAPTER V. THE NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

Several days passed in rather an uneventful way, brightened occasionally by a glimpse of the young girl, whose name he found to be Ethel Nevergail, as she fitted out and in the state-room of her aunt, who seemed ill and restless. Dr. Elfenstein had not sought an introduction, as he knew the admiration he involuntarily felt, while she remained unknown, might ripen into a warmer feeling upon a closer friendship.

Providence, however, had planned differently, and had decided that these two should be, at least, friendly.

One rough and stormy day was drawing to a close, when leaving the damp atmosphere of the deck, where he had passed a couple of hours watching the leaden sky and the storm-lashed waves, together with sea-gulls that skimmed over their surface, Dr. Elfenstein, in passing to his state-room, was startled by a low cry of dismay coming from the room of Mrs. Nevergail, followed immediately by the pale, frightened face of her niece, who, on seeing him so near, exclaimed:

"Oh, sir, something dreadful is the matter with my aunt. Do you think there is a physician on board?"

"I am one myself. My name is Elfenstein, of New York. Shall I see her?"

"If you will be so kind."

Stepping inside, our young friend advanced immediately to the berth, where he found Mrs. Nevergail in a fainting condition, caused by extreme exhaustion.

With the greatest sympathy, the Doctor instantly comprehended the situation, and turning quickly to his own state-room, reappeared with his small medicine wallet, and at once applied proper restoratives, which fortunately had the desired effect, and soon the young girl's fears were calmed, and she had the pleasure of again seeing her aunt comfortable for the time.

"Your aunt is better now, and I think immediate danger has passed. But I will not deceive you; her case is beyond human skill to cure."

"I know it, Doctor, and she also is well aware of her condition. My uncle died in New York a few months ago, and in taking care of him she contracted the cold that has ended in consumption. Our family physician, Dr. Munsey—perhaps you know him as you also are from New York—thought she might live to reach the only relatives we have on earth, residing in Liverpool and vicinity. She was eager to return to her native land, in order that I might not be left entirely alone after she is taken away. Do you think, Doctor, that she will survive until our passage is made?"

"I trust so. Good nursing often accomplishes more than medicines. We will do all we can, and perhaps the good Lord will favor us with his blessing."

"I pray that he may. It would be terrible to have her die at sea, and I all alone with her, not a single friend near to aid me."

"Allow me to correct you, Miss Nevergail, for you see I know your name. You have one, surely, if you will allow me to be such to you. Anything I can do, either as physician or friend, rest assured shall be done."

"Thank you, I shall accept your proffered advice and friendship gratefully. The thought that I have one kind friend on board this steamer, in this emergency, is the greatest comfort."

"Our state-rooms are fortunately near each other, so any time, by night or day, that I can be of service, do not hesitate to inform me," said the Doctor, as he left the narrow quarters. "I will stop in again, in one hour, to see how she appears on waking."

One afternoon as Earle was standing upon deck looking out upon the vast ocean, he became conscious that a light step had approached and halted quite near.

It was Miss Nevergail.

While hesitating to consider whether his presence would be acceptable to her, an exclamation of terror startled him, and glancing toward the spot where she stood, he saw that she was striving to steady herself, being dizzy from a sudden lurch of the steamer.

Springing to her side, he instantly offered his arm, saying, as she gratefully accepted it:

"Allow me to assist you to a more quiet place, where motion will not be so perceptible."

"Thank you," returned the young girl. "I suppose I ought not to venture upon deck alone, unused as I am to the sea, but I am so completely fascinated by all this restless scene. Aunt is sleeping."

"I never look upon a scene like this," said Earle, thoughtfully, "without feeling my own littleness, when compared to the all-ruling hand that holds the billows in its grasp, and rules the winds and storms. But it seems quite calm again. Will you not join me in a promenade? The fresh sea-breeze will do you good after your confinement to the sick-room of your invalid aunt."

Placing her hand once more upon his arm, the two turned and quietly paced the deck, while an earnest and interesting conversation ensued, which occupied them for another half hour.

Dr. Elfenstein found his young companion an intelligent and brilliant conversationalist. Where she was not an awkward pause could ensue, and the fascination of her cultivated manners imperceptibly wove a feeling of intense admiration around his heart, of which he was ignorant, until too late to avert what, had he realized the mischief it would bring to future feelings, he would have made it a duty at once to suppress.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SENATOR'S WIFE CHASED HIM.

McDougal of California. His Stock of Fun, Convivial Joys and Ludicrous Experiences.

What a Senate that was at the close of the war, and when Seward was Secretary of State! Sumner, Chandler of Michigan, Wade of Ohio, Nye of Nevada, Howard of Michigan, Fessenden of Maine, Johnson of Maryland, Yates of Illinois, McDougal of California, Salisbury of Delaware, Morton of Indiana, Garrett Davis of Kentucky. And now they have all passed away.

What a volume of wit might be compiled could the walls of the committee rooms speak and send back, like the phonograph, the sound of those departed voices. I can almost hear Howard's laugh yet as he listened to one of Nye's stories. I can see the stately Sumner, half smile, half frown, as he, too, caught the salient point, and yet pretended not to hear it.

But of them all it was McDougal who unconsciously made the most fun. He was short in stature, straight as an Indian, with a native dignity that of itself would make him observed among men. And then his dress—blue, clawhammer tail coat, with bright brass buttons and buff low-cut vest, generally adorned with a buttonhole bouquet of the brightest flowers. His gray hair hung to his shoulders and his white beard reached nearly to his waist.

Withal he was the most approachable and convivial of men when with his friends, as were indeed all that knew him. McDougal's weakness was the bottle, and though as he used to say, he "never got drunk above his hat band," his legs sometimes gave evidence that the Senator had better have gone twice for the load he was attempting to carry.

Willard's Hotel was then conducted by Sykes, Chadwick & Co., royal fellows, the latter of whom, still hale and hearty, is the present manager of the Hoffman House in New York for Ned Stokes.

Willard's was the mecca toward which all the good fellows turned after "adjournment," and there they stayed until the "wee sma' hours." I remember in 1866 the pavement on the 14th street side of the hotel was torn up to repair the sewer, and a hole some five or six feet deep reached from the avenue to F street. Tom Cavanaugh, who is now Deputy Sergeant-at-arms of the House of Representatives, was then a sergeant on the local police force, and was doing duty on that beat.

In leaving the hotel McDougal took the 14th street door and in an instant was floundering in the hole. Finding he could not get out, and not being badly hurt, he complacently sat himself down and began to sing. Cavanaugh heard him, and, leaving over the hole, called out, "Hello, there!"

"Hello, there, yourself," came from the depths.

"Who are you?" asked the officer.

"I was McDougal, but now I'm Seward," quickly answered the sharp-witted Senator, who never lost an opportunity of making a joke.

Needless to say that Cavanaugh soon extricated the Senator from the sewer, and McDougal retraced his steps to the hotel and added a little more to his load.

Mac was a fine fellow, but careless as he was convivial. I remember when the celebrated McGarran case was before the Supreme Court, McDougal was to submit a brief for the New Idra Mining Company, and against McGarran. Being a brilliant lawyer and a resident of California, where the claim was located, much was expected of him.

As, however, the days flew by without his paying any attention to its preparation, his friends and family became very solicitous and uneasy at his procrastination, until at last those most interested concluded to get him at home, set a watch on him to see that he got no liquor, and force him to his task. It was done; but after an hour or two's work he dignifiedly arose, begged to be excused for a moment, went out the back way, and sought the National Hotel bar, where he rapidly put away several large sized drinks.

The party missed him; held a short consultation, summoned his clerk to start out in search of him and Mrs. McDougal instructed the young man what to tell the Senator if he found him. The young man went direct to the National and found McDougal surrounded by a crowd of Colonels and Judges, telling some of his best stories.

He approached and whispered in his ear, "Senator, Mrs. McDougal says if you are not at home in one-half hour, distasteful as the duty is, she will come for you, for she knows where you are."

McDougal had a slow but attractive delivery and he was very much given to finishing a sentence with a characteristic interjectory "eh!" through his nose.

"My son," said he, "how long a time has elapsed since that message was imparted to you, eh?"

"About twenty minutes," replied the clerk.

"Well, let's all take a drink, then I must away."

Taking his clerk's arm he started out by the Sixth street door of the bar and started up Sixth street. A patter of small feet and a short feminine "Senator" reached him. He said, "my son, let us increase our pace."

He hurried on, glancing over his shoulder as he sped along, but he was being overtaken, and at the corner of C street he gasped:

"It's ignominious, but I must at length run," and run he did, and succeeded in evading Mrs. McDougal and making a night of it.

Poor McDougal, even on the saddest occasion, his wit was ever uppermost, and would find vent. When about to

leave Washington at the close of his term many of us assembled at the depot to see him off. Bidding good-bye to his clerk, he added mournfully:

"I am going back to my native place, Albany, N. Y., to die."

The clerk, with tears in his eyes, replied:

"But if you are sick, Senator, why not remain here, and if you should die, die here in the midst of your friends?"

"No, my son, I have reasoned the thing all out, and Albany is the choice," then pausing for a moment to note the glance of inquiry for the reason he added, "because I feel in my heart that I can leave Albany with less regret than any place I ever saw.—*Keljon, in Boston Globe.*

The Case of Gibson.

The carpenters had just finished re-shingling his kitchen, and he was raking the old shingles up into a pile.

"Hello, Gibson," said a neighbor, "you'll have kindling enough to last all winter, won't you?"

"Yes," he replied, with an inward glow of satisfaction, "and it makes mighty good kindling, too."

"Good morning, Gibson!" called out the family doctor, who drove along a few minutes later. "Been making some improvements?"

"Yes."

"It looks like a good job. And it will give you kindling enough to last all winter."

"Yes, I'm getting a good deal of comfort out of that."

"Gibson," said the deputy sheriff, who passed along shortly afterward, "if you take good care of those old shingles they'll last you for kindling all winter."

"Yes," replied Gibson rather shortly, "I suppose they will."

The driver of the wagon was next.

"Hello, Gibson," said he; "you'll have kindling enough to last you all winter."

Mr. Gibson made no reply. He went on raking his shingles somewhat viciously.

"Morning, Gibson!" exclaimed the Sunday school superintendent a minute or two afterward, as he stopped and leaned over the fence. "You'll have kindling enough, I see, to last you all—"

"Darn the kindling!"

The superintendent passed on with a shudder.

"The next man that says that to me," muttered Mr. Gibson, will have a fight on his hands."

"How does thee do, friend Gibson?" inquired the next passer, a genial old Quaker. "I see thee will have enough kindling to—"

"Go to thunder," roared Gibson.

Of course he couldn't get a fight out of a Quaker, so he kicked a stray cat out of the yard by way of relieving his feelings, and continued raking the old shingles without looking up.

The pastor of Mr. Gibson's church was taking his afternoon walk. He saw the parishoner at work, stopped a moment and looked at him, and then remarked:

"You will have kindling enough, Brother Gibson—"

That was all he said. Brother Gibson, without pausing to see who it was, yelled out:

"Blank the blankety-blank old shingles to blanknation! Blank your blank middlesome mouth! If you don't light out of this blank quick, I'll set the dog on you!"

Five minutes later Mr. Gibson, with trembling haste, and his pockets full of revolvers ready for instant use, was burning his shingles in the alley. His case will come up before a meeting of the church officials next Sunday afternoon.—*Seattle Press.*

Color and Quality.

Those who associate color and quality have almost invariably regarded red as the symbol of strength and for warmth; for all its shades are more or less full of vitality, while nothing is more emblematic of the strength and warmth of youth, with all its hopes and purposes, than that modification of red known as rose color.

Blue, again, is universally felt to be the symbol of coldness, the ancients considering the disembodied spirit to be of a blue tint; and while red is a physical color, blue—the color of the air, of distance, of space, of the heavens—is an ethereal and intellectual hue.

Yellow, on the other hand, has two entirely different symbolic meanings. In its deep golden tinge—the color of the sun—it was the emblem of virtue, as in the halo of the saints, while in its more crude and glaring tint it has always been used to signify baseness; Judas is often represented in old works of art in that form of the color, and it is to-day the color of the dress of a certain class of convicts.

Green, again, has always been connected in the public mind with jealousy; purple, with royalty; white, with purity and joy; gray, with sobriety; and black, with grief.

The system of heraldry has made great use of the symbolic meaning of colors—gules, azure, sable, vert, and purple being their designations.

With all this, the varying civilizations, or semi-civilizations, have never agreed on the color to be worn in mourning—these mourning in black, those in white, others in yellow, and kings in scarlet.

He Had It All.

"Why do you kiss me on the forehead, Perseus?" murmured the maiden.

"A kiss on the forehead denotes reverence for the intellect, and you know I haven't much intellect."

"I know it, Andromeda," said the sophomore, loftily, "but I—er—reverence what you have, you know."

THE CHELSEA STANDARD.

WM. EMMERT, Publisher.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN THE NEWS RECORD.

SUMMARY OF A WEEK'S HAPPENINGS.

The Latest News as Flashing Over the Wires from All Parts of the World—Regarding Politics, Religion, Casualties, Commerce, and Industry.

MORE MONEY NEEDED.

Controller Lacey Thinks the Circulation Should Be Increased.

The annual report of Controller of the Currency Lacey has an interesting study of the existing financial situation. It helps to explain the demand for more money which comes up from all parts of the country.

AUGUST BELMONT IS DEAD.

The Celebrated New York Financier Expires Suddenly.

AUGUST BELMONT, the noted New York financier and politician, is dead. He passed away quietly and without pain.

Result of Brooklyn's Re-count.

MAYOR CHAPIN has announced the result of the police census of Brooklyn. The total population as returned by the police is 853,945.

Lost in the Maine Woods.

ROBERT H. RYE, who, while delirious recently, rushed from a lumber camp in the Caribou Lake region in Maine, seventy miles away from any settlement,

Sunday Theaters in Rhode Island.

SUNDAY performances were given in two of the theaters of Providence, R. I., Sunday night, these being the first instances of the kind in the history of Rhode Island.

Starving the Strikers.

THE miners at the Barron Fork coal mines in Kentucky, numbering 300, are on strike.

Will Die by Electricity.

IN the Jugiro case the Supreme Court of the United States has affirmed the decision of the New York court that Jugiro must be executed by electricity.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

EASTERN OCCURRENCES.

THE members of the National Shoe Manufacturers' Association met in Boston to consider the business situation in their industry.

It is estimated that the shrinkage in values of stocks and bonds upon the New York Stock Exchange since June amounts to \$300,000,000. A comparatively few men got a share of the money that was lost.

WESTERN HAPPENINGS.

MANY inquiries are made from the West about the census figures on farm mortgages. The statistics are not available yet, but some points of interest may be given.

Mrs. JAMES A. FINLEY, wife of the Postmaster and post trader at Pine Ridge Agency, left the agency a few days ago by direction of her husband, who sent her to Kansas City for safety.

Six prisoners escaped from the Springfield (Mo.) jail by throwing a blanket over the Deputy Sheriff's head when he came to bring their meals.

VALUABLE deposits of saltpeter have been discovered near Mellen, Wis.

JOEL CROFTON, a married man of 28, met with a peculiar accident at St. Louis. He was stealing a ride on a street-sweeping machine when he lost his balance and fell on the brush.

L. W. MORGAN, an employe of the California Electric Company, at San Francisco, received the full force of

1,000 volts of electricity. He was repairing a wire on Kearney street and was forty-three feet from the sidewalk.

THE molders employed by the Minnesota Thrasher Co. at Stillwater, the largest manufacturing organization in the State, have quit work because twelve convicts were given positions in the foundry.

Work has been received from Seven Lakes, in the Gallinas Mountains, Lincoln County, New Mexico, that four sheep herders were killed recently by a hail-storm.

DIPHTHERIA is becoming so prevalent among the children in Madison, Wis., that the public schools will be closed to prevent the spread of the disease.

SOUTHERN INCIDENTS.

THE National Grange has just closed its ten days' session at Atlanta, Ga. Resolutions have been passed favoring the Conger lard bill, the Paddock pure-food bill, and the meat inspection bill.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

It is the impression in well-informed circles at Washington that the President has positively determined to make a change in the head of the Pension Bureau.

POSTMASTER GENERAL WANAMAKER, has obtained a loan of \$50,000 on his house in Washington. A deed of trust from John Wanamaker to George L. Crawford et al. on sublots 7 and 8, square 126, on I, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets northwest, to secure the payment of \$30,000 to Amanda and H. C. Ford, was made some time since and has just been recorded at the city hall.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS has just celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday, but there were none of the popular demonstrations which a few years ago greeted one of the greatest financiers of France upon each recurrent birthday.

THE addresses delivered by Mr. Gladstone during his recent tour in Scotland have been printed in pamphlet form as a liberal campaign document. The place of honor is given to his address at Dundee, in which he dealt almost exclusively with the American tariff question and to a much more elaborate extent than was given in the cable dispatches.

THE King of Holland is dead. There was a sudden change for the worse in the King's condition, the symptoms being those of uremia. The Queen was immediately sent for and staid at the patient's bedside during the night.

his wealth on musical festivals at Lou. He shocked the sensibilities of the decent and decorous Dutch by his open intrigue with Mlle. d'Ambre, whom he created a countess, and with whom he desired to contract a morganatic marriage after the death of his first wife.

FRESH AND NEWSY.

TREASURER HUSTON, who is now in Indiana, will probably return to Washington in the course of a fortnight, preliminary to resigning Jan. 1. It is said that he will probably take his old place as Chairman of the State-Central Committee.

THE charter of the American Harvester Company has been filed at Springfield, Ill. This new corporation is one of the largest in the country, and comprises twenty-five mow and reaper factories, all the cutter-bar factories in the country, and many twine and cordage works.

McCormick Harvesting Machine Company, William Deering & Co., Chicago; Plano Manufacturing Company, Rockford, Ill.; Minneapolis Harvester Works; Milwaukee Harvester Company; George Esterly & Co., Whitewater, Wis.; Ames, Whitley & Co., Springfield, Ohio; Aultman, Miller & Co., Whitman & Barnes Manufacturing Company, and Empire Mower and Reaper Works, Akron, Ohio; the Walter A. Wood Mower and Reaper Company, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.; C. Aultman & Co., Canton, Ohio; Johnston Harvester Company, Batavia, N. Y.; D. S. Morgan & Co., Brockport, N. Y.; Adriance, Platt & Co., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; the Richardson Manufacturing Company, Worcester, Mass.; Selberling, Miller & Co., Doylestown, Ohio; and Hoover & Gamble, Mansfield, Ohio.

This, it is claimed, is an actual consolidation and not a trust, every concern losing its identity and working under a corporate head known as the American Harvester Company. The country will be divided into three grand divisions, with a manager for each. The output or capacity of the new corporation will be about 150,000 mowers and binders annually. It will employ an army of 50,000 men, and will have 10,000 agents.

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

The marvel is that the business world has been able to stand with so little disturbance thus far such shock and strain as the last two weeks have brought. With the assets of the largest commercial banking house in Great Britain turned over to the Bank of England, with several stock failures in New York and one at Philadelphia, and some savings banks by ignorant depositors in a panic, the legitimate business of the country has hardly been affected at all as yet.

MARKET REPORTS.

Table with multiple columns listing market reports for various commodities like CATTLE, HOGS, SHEEP, WHEAT, CORN, OATS, RYE, BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, POTATOES, etc., across different cities like CHICAGO, INDIANAPOLIS, ST. LOUIS, CINCINNATI, MILWAUKEE, DETROIT, TOLEDO, BUFFALO, EAST LIBERTY, and NEW YORK.

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

Where Larders Are Full. Young tramp—Let's break into the kitchen of that big house to-night and get something to eat. Old tramp—We wouldn't find much there. Them folks put on too much style. Git into the kitchen of steady-goin, old-fashioned folks of yer want ter strike a banquet.—Good News.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure Bilious and Nervous ills.

If it be true that man and wife are one, each can be only half true to the other.

QUICK WORK without loss or waste is secured by SAPOLIO. The only exception to the saying, "Quick and well don't agree."

THE fastest bird on the wing is the swift, which has been known to attain a speed of 200 miles an hour.

THE best cough medicine is Pisco's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere, 25c.

USE St Jacobs Oil The Great Oil REMEDY FOR PAIN

NEW PENSION LAW THOUSANDS NOW ENTITLED WHO HAVE NOT BEEN ENTITLED. Apply for forms for application and full information.

WM. W. DUDLEY, LATE COMMISSIONER OF PENSIONS, Attorney at Law, Washington, D.C. (Mention this Paper.)

From the "Pacific Journal." "A great invention has been made by Dr. Tutt of New York. He has produced

Tutt's Hair Dye

which imitates nature to perfection; it acts instantaneously and is perfectly harmless. Price, \$1. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, N.Y.

PURE BLOOD, GOOD DIGESTION, SOUND SLEEP, SWEET BREATH, CLEAR COMPLEXION, BRIGHT EYES, GOOD HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND LONG LIFE ARE SECURED BY USING DR. WHITE'S DANDELION Alternative. It costs but \$1 for a very large bottle, and every bottle is warranted.

GAIN ONE POUND A Day.

A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCTION.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. This has BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS AND IMITATIONS.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF THE GREAT CONQUEROR OF PAIN For Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Pain in Chest or Sides, Headache, Toothache, and other external pain, a few applications on by hand act like magic, causing relief to instantly stop.

RADWAY'S PILLS An excellent and mild Cathartic. Vegetable. The safest and best in the world for the Cure of all kinds of LIVER, STOMACH OR BOWEL AFFECTIONS. Taken according to directions restores health and renews vitality. Price 25 cts. a Box. Sold by all Druggists.

OUTLINE OF THE PLANS

SUBMITTED BY THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Interesting Information About the Great World's Fair to be Held in Chicago in 1893—The Principal Buildings to be Erected in Jackson Park—An Extensive Electric Railroad.

[Chicago dispatch.] The World's Columbian Commission will get a clearer idea of the plans of the Board of Directors to-day than it has ever had, and the communication that will be read to it will go a long way toward smoothing over all difficulties regarding the site.

The report first takes up the difficulties under which its signers have labored, being only notified the day before that the plans and specifications were desired at once.

It is intended to use the entire area of Jackson Park for the purposes of the Fair, leaving the improved parts as much as possible in their present condition.

The unimproved part is to be laid out in a manner appropriate to the whole plan of buildings, and at the same time to follow, when possible, the lines already laid down by the Park Commissioners. In general the present northern inlet is to be further extended, and to become an interior lagoon.

The lagoon above mentioned a canal will continue the waterway southward along the main building and into the large basin which is to form the center of a great court about which the principal buildings of the exposition are to be grouped.

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All public passenger railways, whether steam, cable, electric, or horse, are to enter the park at the southwest corner, though any of them may have stations at the Midway Plaisance or other convenient places, if kept outside the grounds.

Visitors once in the Fair will come out of the Administration Station upon the Great Square, where all the spaces are very broad, affording ample room for the gathering or dispersing of large crowds.

be hereafter determined, will project into the lake about 1,500 feet. It is to be so constructed as to form a harbor for the landing of the lake craft and for their better safety. The floor of the pier will slope gently upward as it leads from the shore, so that visitors may look back over each other's heads and get the full effect of the court and its surroundings, the paved beach covered with people, and architectural grandeur of the most imposing and important buildings of the Fair.

They found, Mark realistically tells of their conversation as they drew near. (Matt. 16: 5.) The stone, usually placed against or in the mouth of a tomb, partly to protect from wild beasts, exposed as the tombs were, and in this case made doubly secure, sealed and guarded for fear of the disciples. (Matt. 27: 65.)

Entered in. All the accounts need to be read to bring the whole scene vividly before the mind. Each of the Evangelists pictures the events from a different standpoint. Afraid. It is difficult to fully realize their emotions under the thronging wonders of the hour.—Bowed down. Both in reverence and amazement.

They came into the sepulcher, bringing the spices. But they were not needed. Better odors were blowing from Araby the best. Angels had brought down on their garments the perfumes of the throne. What a gracious disappointment that was!

Why seek ye living among the dead? And yet men have been doing it ever since. There is one phase of belief calling itself, in self-named distinctiveness, The Church, that is ever coming to a tomb to find the Christ.

The lighting of the exhibition will be by electricity, and much of the power to be supplied will be by the same means. Displays are to be made under fountains and waterways and possibly under the outer lake itself.

D. H. BURNHAM, Chief of Construction. JOHN W. ROOT, Consulting Architect. F. M. OLMSTED & CO., Consulting Landscape Architects. A. GOTTLEB, Consulting Engineer.

The Directory also put its stamp of approval on resolutions adopted by the Joint Committee on Grounds and Buildings. One is particularly important, as it gives that recognition to Director General Davis that he has been demanding. It is as follows:

Resolved, That the Hon. George R. Davis, on behalf of this committee and the Chief of Construction, with his associate advisers, prepare plans and specifications, to be submitted to the commission at the earliest possible moment by them, on behalf of the Board of Directors, for buildings to be located upon Jackson Park and the Lake Front, in conformity with the resolutions adopted by the board on the 17th and 18th of November, respectively.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THOUGHTS WORTHY OF CALM REFLECTION.

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

The lesson for Sunday, Nov. 30, may be found in Luke 24: 1-12.

INTRODUCTORY. We have before us a good Sunday lesson. Incidentally there is story-teaching here on the sanctity of God's day. It is in the very fact that the women so wrought upon and so eager for their kind offices to the dead, should yet have tarried till the Mosaic Sabbath was over, springing forward, then, with the first dawning of the new morn.

Now. Connecting this chapter very closely with the preceding chapter, whose last verse reads: "And they returned, and prepared spices and ointments; and rested the Sabbath day, according to the commandment."—The first day of the week. Adopted by the disciples as the Lord's day as a memorial of the sacred events and a sign and token of the new kingdom that had dawned.—Very early. It was then one thought.—Spices. Commonly used in embalming. From this word comes our aromatics.—Certain odors. Omitted by Tischendorf.

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ABOUT PROMINENT PEOPLE.

RUBINSTEIN says that but a little more than 2 per cent. of Americans understand music.

The Queen of Holland is to be appointed regent. MISS ALICE LONGFELLOW, a daughter of the poet, has become an expert amateur photographer.

The ex-Emperor of Brazil thinks of settling in the neighborhood of Vienna.

GEN. DANIEL BUTTERFIELD always gives his wife in conversation the old-fashioned, old country title of "lady."

The Empress of Austria is simply Mrs. Nicholson when she is traveling.

GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON at 83 is a sprightly, soldierly-looking old gentleman.

SPEAKER REED's wife was the daughter of a Congregational minister, and was a school teacher.

CLEMENT G. MORGAN, the colored graduate of Harvard, is lecturing in Connecticut.

M. EIFFEL, of tower fame, has invented a military bridge, composed wholly of pieces of steel, which can be easily taken apart and put together.

MISS LOUISE BAKER is the pastor in charge of the old North Church of Nantucket.

HENRY GEORGE says that after all he and Dewey stand on a common level—each has been woefully beaten for mayor of New York.

An Indian girl named Susan La Flesch has graduated from a New York medical school to practice among her tribe, the Omahas.

In Greenville, Tenn., still stands the old building in which Andrew Johnson once filled the tailor's need.

JOAQUIN MILLER, it is declared, writes the worst hand in the United States.

REV. DR. STIFLER, of Detroit, has read "Paradise Lost" twenty-one times.

The largest family among members of Congress is that of Mr. Bullock, of Florida, who has thirteen children.

The autograph of Christopher Columbus is quoted at about \$800 in Europe; Titian's brings \$600 and Raphael's \$300.

MRS. STANLEY has refused to live in Africa, and has persuaded her husband to decline the Governorship of the Congo.

There are now four widows of Supreme Court justices living in Washington—Mrs. Waite, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Stanley Matthews, and Mrs. Miller.

DESIMORA KAIROFF, a Russian prince, was hanged recently as Yadvostock. He was a Captain in a Tscherkask regiment, and murdered six persons in their sleep in revenge for an injustice which he imagined had been done him.

POPE LEO speaks French fluently, but knows no English.

JOHN RUSKIN's health has much improved.

MISS SANGER, the President's stenographer, is the first woman to act in that capacity at the White House.

KING WILLIAM of Holland, who is now tottering on the brink of the grave, is 73 years old.

The Boston Transcript tells of an old scissors-grinder who is said to be worth in the neighborhood of \$100,000.

MISS HELEN GLADSTONE, the daughter of the Statesman, is described by one who has met her "as an exceedingly original person who resembles her father and has his vitality."

BRET HARTE has forsown social pleasures for the present, while finishing his literary engagements.

DOM PEDRO has arrived at Cologne. He is a pathetic figure, feeble, unhappy, continually accompanied by an attendant, and muttering at intervals in conversation: "Brazil! Oh, dear Brazil!"

MRS. OSCAR WILDE is described as a plainly dressed little woman, with no distinguishing graces, and her only approach to aestheticism is her enormous Gainsborough hats, heavy with drooping feathers.

The Boston Record reports a marriage by phonograph. A man waited upon the minister with a phonograph. The minister spoke unto the apparatus the question and the bridegroom the responses of the marriage ceremony. The impression was then posted to the bride, some hundreds of miles away, and she and the minister of her village went through the same process, the last minister pronouncing the couple man and wife.

His Last Square Meal.

Some inhabitants of this city are characteristically eccentric in all they do. There is at this moment in the morgue the inanimate form of a man who last dined sumptuously on the terrace of a cafe on the Boulevard Magenta. After consuming as many dishes as the carte contained, and drinking a bottle of superior wine, he called for the bill. The waiter brought it. Instead of taking money out of his pocket to pay it he pulled out a revolver, and quietly putting the muzzle to his head blew out his brains, to the consternation of his fellow-diners and the pedestrians in the street. The body was taken to the morgue. There was not a sou in his pockets.—London Telegraph.

Forewarned.

It is now said to be "the correct thing" for Englishmen to wear wedding rings as well as the brides, a practice which is already common in some parts of the Continent. Some such badge is wanted, according to certain cynics, to prevent ladies in search of husbands from wasting their time on a married man in the belief that he is still unmarried.

MICHIGAN HAPPENINGS.

INCIDENTS THAT HAVE LATELY OCCURRED.

An Interesting Summary of the More Important Doings of Our Neighbors—Weddings and Deaths—Crimes, Casualties, and General News Notes.

SEVERAL Saginaw Valley citizens are booming E. J. Smith, of Adrian, for State Oil Inspector.

JAMES J. BAIRD has nearly completed his opera house at Lansing, and by the time the Legislature gets to work it will be in full blast. It cost \$30,000 to transform it to its present shape.

GROUND has been broken for L. H. Cornwall's new refrigerator building in Saginaw, which will be the finest of its kind in Michigan.

ACCORDING to pension statistics but five States in the Union have more pensioners than Michigan. These are Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania and New York.

LANSING correspondence of Detroit Free Press: One of the first bills which will be introduced in the Legislature next January will have for its object the division of the Jackson and Ingham judicial circuit into two circuits. This action appears to be an imperative necessity. Judge Peck is a rapid worker, but despite the fact that his court is in session almost continuously in the one county or the other it is impossible to keep anywhere near even with the calendar.

ORRIN BUMP, cashier of the Second National Bank, Bay City, has been appointed disbursing officer of the Government for the new Federal building at Bay City.

THE Newberry Independent says: "Deer are reported scarce in numerous localities in the Upper Peninsula. As they are killed by hunters for only six weeks during the year they should not decrease in number on that account. The fact is, they are being killed off by wolves. If a bounty were placed upon wolves sufficiently large to induce hunters to hunt them they would soon be all killed and the deer would then be better protected than they now are."

THE Diamond Match Company now owns on the Ontonagon River 100,000 acres of land and 600,000,000 feet of standing pine.

THE annual meeting of the State Lodge A. O. U. W. will be held in Jackson in February.

CHEBOYGAN proposes to indulge in the grand and gloomy hilarity of roller skating this winter.

THE Weston Furnace Company is having the surveys made for a railroad from Manistique to Negaunee.

MARQUETTE has a committee of citizens who are moving to erect a great summer hotel and rival Mackinaw as a summer resort.

WHITEFISHING in Thunder Bay and the waters nearby was never better than it is now, and the fishermen say it shows the efficiency of the methods of the police commission. Several thousand young whitefish were planted in these waters within a few years.

MRS. BROOKS, of Pinconning, died suddenly in a dentist's chair just after having her tooth extracted the other day. As she did not take gas or chloroform, the doctors are mystified and likely to remain so, as her husband will not let them perform a post mortem examination.

MILLIONAIRE WARNER, who bought Maison Island and fenced it in to keep hunters off, and then sued out a temporary injunction against two Bay City hunters who persisted in hunting there, has been beaten, the Circuit Court of Huron County deciding that the injunction will not hold.

MISS GERTRUDE GALL, the Bay City young woman who was accidentally shot by her father some time ago, is still in a precarious condition.

THE receipts of the City Treasurer of Bay City have shown just \$100,000 increase in the past four years.

DETROIT Journal: Freddie Golling, of Alpena, put some paper caps in his pocket and forgot them until he went fishing round in his pocket with his hand. Freddie's hand is worn in a bandage and his trousers are patched over the hip pocket.

DETROIT Journal: Au Sable has a preacher who refuses to marry any but the members of his church, because he says a marriage under other conditions is nothing but a civil contract and he has nothing to do with it. To make affairs all the worse the town has a justice who will not marry persons because it is a religious ceremony, and he will have nothing to do with it. Between these two Au Sable is likely to lose its place on the map in a few years.

FISHERMEN have been having good success in catching whitefish, on what is known as the north reef, which extends from Thunder Bay Island to Middle Island, says an Alpena letter to the Detroit Free Press. Many years ago that was one of the best fishing grounds on the lakes. The destructive plan of fishing that was then pursued nearly exterminated the fish. The fish were caught at spawning time, and thus the greater part of their spawn was destroyed. Then came many years of very poor fishing, and fishermen met with small reward for their labor. The Fish Commission then began the plan of planting whitefish. For several years many millions of young whitefish have been planted in the waters adjoining Alpena. The work of the Fish Commission is now bearing fruit, and whitefish are again becoming numerous in the Alpena waters. The improvement in fishing was very noticeable last year, and the present season fishermen have caught large amounts of the fish. One tug recently brought in 4,000 pounds of whitefish.

SO MANY people have been shot for deer in the Alpena district that credence in the excuse is being lost and murder is being hinted at in some cases.

THE Marquette aldermen are paid \$1 per year, and Mayor Longear refuses to sign their bills for extra pay on election day.

RURAL TOPICS.

INFORMATION FOR THE HUSBANDMAN AND HOUSEWIFE.

Some Practical Suggestions for the Farmer, Stock-Breeder, Poulterer, Nurseryman, and Housekeeper.

THE FARM.

Fences.

The making and keeping up of the fences on the average farm is a very considerable item of expense. On many farms much more so than is really necessary or economical. But the item of keeping up the fences is not all the expense. They occupy more or less ground, depending on the character of the fence. Generally this strip is allowed to grow up in weeds, sprouts or briars; this adds more or less to the work with the crops, but in addition affords a good harboring place for vermin. With a little planning, a considerable part of the fencing can readily be dispensed with, and to a good advantage. Where there is no stock law, and where soiling is not followed, outside fencing along the roads and lines between farms must be kept up, with sufficient inside fences, to provide good pasturage. Outside of this, all the rest of the fencing, should be dispensed with, as it adds to the expense of the farm with no corresponding benefit. With a good system of rotation planned and carried out, there is but little benefit to be derived in pasturing the cultivated fields. Taking the benefit of plowing under the green growth, and the expense of making and keeping up the fences, the better plan will be, in a majority of cases, to keep the stock off the cultivated land.

My plan is to take considerable pains to have good pastures. I prefer two, as more stock can be kept in proportion to the acreage, with better results, than is possible with only one pasture. Have it seeded with a good variety of grasses, and keep down the weeds and sprouts. Have the balance of the farm into just as few fields as the condition in which the farm lies will permit. It can be divided into plots or fields for cultivation, numbering each one so as to be able to plan better, both in keeping up the system of rotation and of manuring. Much of the inside fencing can be readily dispensed with by this plan, and the farm work be carried on to better advantage. A supply of rails or panels of plank fence can be kept for making temporary fences when needed, as it will sometimes happen that it will be advisable to pasture the cultivated land a short time. As with a field of oats, that have fallen down so bad as to be difficult to harvest; or wheat and rye can often have sheep or calves, even the hogs, pastured on them during the fall, and occasionally during the winter. Have enough of the necessary fencing, of posts, plank and wire, so as to take up as little land as possible, lessening the cost in the waste land and also in the work of keeping clean. By taking pains to do thorough work and by using good material, a fence can be made that will cost but little to keep in repair each year. And at the same time prove fully more effective than any other.—N. J. Shepherd, in *Practical Farmer*.

THE DAIRY.

Dairy Notes.

If one wishes to please his cows and earn their gratitude and increase the yield of butter let him give the cows a peck of ripe apples sliced and mixed with two quarts of fine corn meal every day at noon.

WHATEVER may be the low condition of the general market the best quality of butter is always in demand. Market prices in their variations never affect the highest quality. It is only the second rate kinds that are drawn down by the always excessive supply of the poorest qualities.

We have got to reach the keeping of one cow to every acre of cultivated land before we reach the greatest possible profit. The sooner we reach this the better it will be, and then we may try to do better if we can. And with this economy of feeding we must be ever striving for increased yield by the improvement of the dairy stock.

MUCH feed can be saved through the winter by a liberal use of it now. Although the fine weather has kept up the pasture, it is not nearly so nutritious as in the summer, so that some extra food should be given now. A bit of hay at milking time with a quart or two of meal will keep up the flow of milk.

DEMONING cattle is not supposed to wholly change the nature of the animals. There are vicious beasts which still retain their natural vices, which however are rendered less dangerous when the horns are removed. That one bull out of many thousands may kill its owner even after its horns are removed is no argument against a practice which renders ninety out of 100 practically harmless.

DON'T put any faith in methods of improving bad butter or cheese after it is made. The right way is not to make a bad quality of either. It is better to keep out the imperfections than to take them out, even if it were possible. But it is not. The badness is in grain. It may be covered up for a short time, by various arts, but like the rottenness at the core of a fair-looking fruit, it will very soon become apparent, and worse than at the beginning.

MUCH harm is done by the prevailing unwise excitement in regard to diseased milk. One of the Ohio inspectors, and a doctor, (?) goes so far as to say that the Jersey milk is made unfit for use, by the pampering—as he calls it—of the cows; the carding and brushing and the blanketing of them, which he says makes them subject to disease. This is strange talk for a physician who would, or should at least, encourage the most perfect cleanliness and protection against cold and chills, which really are the most frequent causes of diseases in cows.

THE POULTRY-YARD.

Artificial Hatching.

When once the farmer fully compre-

hends the value of an incubator for raising chickens for the market, few will be without them. Properly handled, broiler raising is very profitable, requiring a moderate amount of space within a brooding-house and a few modest runs to successfully bring them up to that age when you can ship to market. Success depends upon the care bestowed every time—neglect is certain of failure; mark this, and don't be foolish and think all will be sunshine, for it won't. A wise head, methodical and economical, should mean abundant success, and it will come if you only say that it must. Determination is a wonderful holding-jack in upholding this busy world of ours, and its meaning must be well understood by even the farmer among his flock of fowls. Those who raise broilers must keep away stray cats, rats and wandering dogs; they all do sad work at times among your chicks. Plenty of wire fencing will be needed and all avenues of ingress from marauders closed up securely.

Those who do not wish to raise broilers can keep a flock or hens for eggs profitably in a house 10x12 feet, and with good handling find both profit and pleasure the result of his labor, with but little expense. If you do either, be in earnest, waste no time, but do everything up well, and you can't say poultry-keeping is a failure, for it's false and can be proven a success in a multitude of cases everywhere.—*Correspondence Farm, Field and Stockman*.

Poultry Notes.

SAWDUST is an excellent litter for duck coops.

OVERCROWDING is a fertile cause of the breeder's worst enemy—roup.

CHOOSE, if possible, for a poultry ranch a slope to the south or southeast.

THE daily consumption of eggs in the United States is estimated at 45,000,000.

COOL, sweet water is one of the most important factors in the health of the flock.

THERE is nothing better for your turkeys than curds squeezed dry and crumbled.

A SMALL lump of pine tar in the drinking water supplied to the fowls will be found beneficial.

BETTER throw the grain feed among straw or leaves and make the fowls scratch for a living.

It is a bad plan to clean out the poultry houses and throw the refuse just outside the door. Barrel at once and put under cover.

EGGS are the most marketable product that the farm yields. They are ready for the market the minute they are laid, and the sooner they are gotten to market the better.

COMMENCING to breed high class fowls, solely with the object of making money from them, is the rock on which many an enthusiastic beginner has split. Profit must always be a secondary consideration at the outset. It means hard work and plenty of it for a year or more; the profit comes later if you only stick.

SMALL potatoes make excellent chicken feed if properly fed. Boil, and while hot, mash with cornmeal and bran and feed warm. Give only what they will eat up clean and not often than every other day. The trouble which follows from feeding potatoes is due to over feeding when the birds are hungry and without mixing the potatoes with meal and bran.

YOU cannot keep the chicken coops too clean, and even after they leave the hens and cluster nightly by themselves see that their shelter is dry and clean and avoid crowding. Divide the flock in lots of a dozen, they will be healthier and grow faster for this attention. Every day clean up the droppings and scatter sand about the floor, consequently the air is pure at night.

THE STOCK RANCH.

When to Breed Fillies.

There is quite a difference in opinion among breeders as to the proper time to commence breeding fillies. We have had considerable experience during the past fifteen years in breeding mares, having bred large numbers during that time, both for ourselves and those who patronized the stallions we kept for public service.

We have always advocated breeding the fillies at two years, if it is the intention to breed at all, as in our opinion they will foal their first colt when three years old with less danger to themselves than when four or five years old, for the following reasons: the mare not having so fully matured as at four or five years old her bones and muscles are not so firmly knit, hence will give more readily, also the foal of the 3-year-old mare will generally be smaller at birth, thereby lessening the danger of the mare having trouble.

We have never known a 3-year-old mare to have trouble in foaling, although we have known quite a number of fine mares being lost by not being able to foal their first colt when five to seven years old.

Two-year-old fillies should not be bred too early in the season; it would be better to have them foal in July than before the grass comes in the spring, as they will do far better if they can have a run on grass a month before foaling.

We believe that mares that have their first colts at three years make better and more regular breeders, and in our opinion the breeder who allows a good 2-year-old to run over without being stunted to a well bred, matured stallion is losing valuable time.

We say breed the fillies to matured stallions, for in breeding horses, as with all other kinds of stock, if young, immature females the stock will rapidly degenerate into mere scrubs.—*National Horse Breeder*.

Live Stock Notes.

If you have not feed sufficient to keep the pigs growing, some of them should be sold.

DO you believe the health of a horse largely depends upon the cleanliness of his skin?

IN purchasing a horse, always reject one that is not a good walker. It is an important quality.

THE failure to make sheep pay can, to a considerable extent, be traced to failure to give proper care.

IN many cases it will pay to purchase

and feed bran, shipstuf and oil meal to the growing pigs. It will be better and cheaper than corn.

BLEMISHES, as well as diseases, are often transmitted to offspring, and for this reason it is very important to have the sire, at least, as perfect as possible.

RAISING plug horses for market rarely pays. They cost as much to raise as the better class and sell for much less. Remember this this fall when engaging a horse for service.

IT is when prices are low and the margin of profit is small, that it is important to keep a close account with each class of stock in order to determine which is the most profitable.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Pretty Things for the House.

I have a table which I would not part with for any mahogany cabinet table in the land, and you will wonder why when I tell you it did not cost me as much as my kitchen table. I obtained from one of our dealers three slender canes, for which I paid 10 cents each. I crossed them in the middle and on top placed a piece of pine wood twenty-two inches square and one inch thick, nailing it securely to each cane. I purchased a pint can of inside white paint for 15 cents, at the hardware store, and treated the canes to three coats thereof. I then obtained some white French enamel at 25 cents a pint, and gave it three coats of that, allowing plenty of time for drying. I placed on the wood a layer of cotton batting, over which I tacked a piece of coarse muslin. It was then ready for the plush. I purchased five-eighths of a yard of white plush, which I tacked tightly over the muslin. Then around the table I suspended twenty-four plush ornaments, three white and three yellow, and on each of the four sides, placing them alternately. After that I nailed some brass-headed nails straight around the table, and after tying a yellow ribbon bow where the canes cross, my table was completed, and a daintier one it would be hard to find.

A portiere is a great furnisher, and may be obtained now at reasonable prices. Still cheaper is a very pretty portiere that can be made of common blue jean, which is used for overalls. As you all know, it is very low in price, and is of a color which now-a-days is often sought for. Make the curtain of the depth of your door, and finish with a deep hem. Then across the bottom, about four inches from the lower edge of the hem, place a band of plush, either dark mahogany or cinnamon brown in color, and about ten or twelve inches deep. If the poles are too costly, a very odd and pretty pole may be made of a branch of a tree, cut even on each end, and the branch itself being left rough. Give it a coat of mahogany stain, and fasten up at each end by means of small pieces of leather tacked under and over the pole. Sew the curtains on small brass screw eyes, which should be riveted in the pole. If attempted, I can assure you it will be a gratifying success.—*American Agriculturist*.

Hints to Housekeepers.

TO CLEAN knives, cut a small potato, dip it in brickdust and rub them.

GREASE may be removed from silk by applying magnesia to the wrong side.

KEEP the back, especially between the shoulder blades, well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room, establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open.

KEEP your combs and brushes sweet and clean. Wash them in tepid water containing a few drops of ammonia. The grease and soil will disappear as if by magic. Place the brushes bristles down to dry, and delicate celluloid handles will not be injured.

FOR washing lace curtains and fine laces, allow the articles to lie in borax water for twenty-four hours, then squeeze out, not rub, through several clear waters. Black cashmere, washed in hot suds, with a little borax added, rinsed in very blue water, and ironed while wet on the wrong side, look "as good as new."

THE KITCHEN.

Apple and Sage Pudding.

Pare and core six large, tart apples; fill the holes in these cored apples with sugar and a little cinnamon, and stick two cloves in each apple, placing them in a large pudding dish. Take six large spoonfuls of sage; pour over it two cups of boiling water, stirring until it begins to thicken; then cover it up and let it stand about two hours; pour this into the dish containing the apples, and bake in a moderate oven for two hours. Eat hot with sugar and cream, or a plain butter and sugar sauce.

Apple Omelet.

Pare, core and stew six large, tart apples for sauce; beat them very smooth while hot, adding one tablespoon of butter, six tablespoons of white sugar, nutmeg to the taste, and one teaspoon of rosewater; when quite cold, add three eggs, beaten separately very light, putting in the whites last; pour into a deep pudding dish, previously warmed and well buttered. Bake in a moderate oven until it is delicately browned. Eat warm, not hot.

Ribbon Cake.

One cup butter, two and one-half cups sugar, four eggs, one cup sweet milk, three cups of flour, two heaping teaspoons baking-powder. Divide into three parts. To one part add one cup raisins and one cup currants, spice to taste. Bake the three parts in three separate tins. Put the part with the fruit between the other two, spreading a thin layer of frosting between, and cover the top with frosting.

Dried Peas.

Let them stand over night in water; the next day boil until tender; drain off the water, and for every quart add two tablespoonfuls of butter, half a tablespoonful of flour rubbed into the butter, half a teaspoonful of sugar and one of salt. Mix thoroughly, simmer a few minutes, add a cup of cream or rich milk to each quart, heat and serve.

ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION

A Brave Young Officer Perishes in Battle and His Sweetheart Dies of a Broken Heart.

On the ancient battlefield of Stone Arabia at Palatine, this State, was found recently a metallic box, the contents of which reveal a sad romance of a century ago. In the box, which was begimmed with the rust of many years, was found a gold locket, containing a miniature of a young lady of rare beauty, and a bundle of letters written upon parchment and tied with a faded piece of blue ribbon. The letters were addressed to Capt. Lowe, a brave young officer of the British Army during the Revolutionary war, and were written by the lady whose portrait appears in the locket, Lady Alice Douglass, belonging to one of Britain's noblest families and to whom Lowe was betrothed. The letters are written in the most tender language and through the last one in the packet, written just before the battle of Stone Arabia, runs a strain of sadness, as if the fair young writer had a presentiment that she would never again meet her lover, and she longs for his return.

This story of love, war, death, is an interesting one. When very young Capt. Lowe joined the British army. While in London with his regiment he met Lady Douglass, and a friendship sprang up between them. It ripened into love and they became engaged. About this time, Capt. Lowe was sent to America to join in the fight against the colonists. He served with distinction and was with Sir John Johnson when he made his celebrated raid through the Mohawk valley in 1780. At Stone Arabia, on their way down the valley, the English with Capt. Lowe in command, encountered a small body of Americans, commanded by the brave, fearless Col. John Brown. The fight was short; the Americans lost. Col. Brown was killed and Capt. Lowe, at the head of his forces, fell mortally wounded. A comrade knelt beside him and raised him in his arms. The dying soldier, with his last expiring strength, drew from his bosom the box that has just been found and handed it to his companion.

"Take it," he whispered, "and carry it to Alice. Tell her that I died bravely and that my last breath spoke her loved name."

They buried him on the field of battle, with his martial cloak around him for a shroud. Here also was laid at rest the brave American commander. Side by side they lie, the patriot and the invader, as repose Wolfe and Montcalm on the plains of Abraham.

The companion to whom Lowe intrusted the casket hastily concealed it by burying it near a stump in the field, expecting to return for it after the pursuit of the flying Americans. The British army never returned, however, and the metallic box lay buried near its dead owner for more than a century.

Miss Douglass, the fair young betrothed, waited many weeks and months for tidings of her absent lover. Her health failed rapidly and when at length the sad news came of his death she could not stand the shock. The marble headstone which marks her grave bears the pathetic inscription, "Died of a Broken Heart."

Curing an Elephant.

Calcutta is a fine, large city on the northeast coast of India, and one who lived there tells in *Our Dumb Animals* a strange but true story of how a doctor cured the biggest patient he ever had. The patient was huge elephant, who for a long time had suffered from a disease in his eyes, which at last got so bad that he could not see.

His owner, an English officer, went to Dr. Webb and begged him to come and see what could be done. He did, and after looking carefully at the giant creature, the doctor said: "The best cure that I know of is nitrate of silver; but it will give a good deal of pain."

Perhaps some of my readers whose friends have bad eyes have heard the name of this remedy.

Well, the owner said he had better try, and if the animal would not allow it he must give it up.

But—would you believe it—the elephant who like most of his race, was as wise as he was big, found so much relief from his first day's doctoring that when Dr. Webb visited him the next day he lay down of his own accord, placed his great heavy head on one side, curled up his trunk, and then, just like you or I might if we were going to bear some dreadful pain, he drew in his breath and lay perfectly still. The healing mixture was dropped into each eye, and when the sharp, short pain was gone, he gave a great sigh, as much as to say, "That's a good thing; got over. I feel all the better for it." When he got up, he tried, in his poor dumb fashion, to thank his friend for giving him back his sight.

Fooling Innocent Wives.

The Holyoke Transcript says two well-known citizens were standing together in the corridor of the postoffice. One happened to notice that a postcard held in the hands of the other was directed to the holder. "Why, how does this come?" was asked; "do you write letters to yourself?"

"In this case, yes," was the answer. "That's funny."

"Well, not so very. See the other side." He held it up and the other read:

"BRO. BLANK: There will be a meeting of the I. O. O. S. B., No. 387, at the hall, the evening of June 20, to transact special business. Members not present will be fined \$15. J. B. — Secretary.

"Yes; but I don't exactly catch on," protested the innocent.

"O, you don't! Well, I got the cards printed myself. The society is all a

myth. When I want to go out of an evening I direct one of these postcards to my house. When I reach home my wife hands it to me with a sigh. I offer to stay at home and stand the fine of \$15, but she won't have it that way. That's all, my friend, except that the scheme is worked by hundreds of others, and our poor, deluded wives haven't tumbled to the racket yet." It is too bad to give this away, but it is too good to keep.

Sacred Numbers Odd.

Sacred numbers are always odd. Hence may arise the modern superstition among gamblers that there is luck in odd numbers. But among the ancient heathens, also, even numbers were shunned, because each can be divided into two, a number that Pythagoras and others denounced as the symbol of death and dissolution and evil augury generally, says the *Illustrated American*.

The antique worship of mystic numbers still shows its after-effect in various popular superstitions. For instance, the seventh son of a seventh son (called in France a marcon) is reputed to possess singular powers of healing, and even intelligent people still hold to the fallacy that young animals born blind will open their eyes on the ninth day. The truth is that the blindness period of young puppies varies from ten to sixteen days, and that of kittens from six to twelve.

The frequent assertion that "colds" will run their natural course in nine days is equally erroneous. A slight catarrh, characterized by all its unmistakable symptoms, may come and depart in three times twenty-four hours, while chronic "colds" are often as persistent as their cause, and may worry a whole family from Christmas to the season of open windows. Country experts in the phenomena of rabies are apt to assure the victim of a snapping cur that the bite of a mad dog will show its effect on the seventh day, after which time (sometimes extended to the "ninth day") the dread of evil consequences may be dismissed; but the truth is that the virus of hydrophobia may remain latent for more than five years.

The old idea that man changed his body entirely every seven years is part of the same general fallacy. Medieval physiologists were fond of noting that seven months is the least in which a child may be born and live, that the teeth spring out in the seventh year, and are renewed in the seventh year; that he becomes a youth at twice seven; at four times seven is in full possession of his strength, at five times is fit for the business of the world, at six times seven becomes grave and wise, or never; at seven times is at his apogee; at eight times seven is in his climacteric, and at the nine times seven in his grand climacteric.

Campanini's Advice to Singers.

"My advice to all singers is: Do not impose upon yourself and you will preserve your voice," says Campanini, in a striking article, "How to Train the Voice," in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. "Good health is necessary to keep the voice in good condition. Dissipation of any kind is of the greatest injury to the voice. The vocal chords are very sensitive and susceptible, and what affects the physical condition will sooner or later affect them. What regimen a singer should follow depends upon the constitution. Some singers can smoke continuously and not suffer from the effects, while others have been seriously injured. It is, therefore, very hard to lay down any cast-iron rule and say that they should be followed. What is poison, you know, for some, is food for others.

"Again I must urge young singers beware of trying to force their voices; it is dangerous and means the loss of the voice. The man who built an organ would not think of having some one try to play on it when the reeds are not properly adjusted, and in like manner the young singer should not tax his voice unless he is prepared to stand the effort.

"Amateurs and non-professionals do not, of course, require the long and rigorous training of professionals. It would be a waste of time and money and while it might be a satisfaction to the young lady or young man to have professional education, in a few years through the lack of constant practice it is or she would probably sink to the level of the perfunctory parlor singer.

Old Abe's Readiness.

We once heard the following story "Old Abe," told by a neighbor of his Springfield, Ill., where the market President used to practice law.

"It was in the early days of Lincoln law practice, before he was known on side of a small circle at his home. He was engaged to defend a man in charge of assault and battery. The case was an aggravated one, one farmer being pitched into another without much provocation and given him a severe beating. The case was clearly proven by the testimony of neighbors who witnessed the assault, and there seemed to be little chance for the defendant's escape.

"Where did you say this fight occurred?" asked Lincoln of the witness.

"In Bascom's meadow."

"What was the size of the lot?"

"Bout forty acres, I should say."

"Well," said Old Abe, with a twinkle in his eye, "do you think it was much of a fight for a forty acre lot?"

The laugh which this unexpected query brought from the jury made the affair ridiculous, and the jury acquitted the defendant.—*Texas Siftings*.

HE—I have never yet met the woman I thought I could marry. She—they are very hard to please, as a rule

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1890.

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

A STORY OF RETRIBUTION.

BY "WABASH."
(COPYRIGHT, 1890.)

The next day they all started for Santa Rosa, the county seat, where the trial was to be held, and Wilcox was at last full of hope that the unfortunate Anton would soon be released.

A consultation was held with the lawyers, but they did not deem it wise to take steps to secure a warrant for Velasquez's arrest; they advised waiting until after the trial of Anton Reyman.

The trial was set for ten days later, and at that time nearly every adult inhabitant of San Paola was at Santa Rosa.

The witnesses who had appeared before the coroner and the grand jury were again called, and during the first part of the proceedings there was only a repetition of the former scenes at the inquest, no new disclosures being made. But there was a tumbult of excitement when Percy Lovel had been called, and his testimony taken.

What he said furnished unexpected development to all except the principals, and caused a great deal of surprise but intense indignation among the people.

Then the boy who had found the stiletto was called and examined. The weapon was produced and the servants of the Delaro household were called to testify that they had seen the weapon several times lying on the bureau in Mr. Velasquez's room.

Other witnesses followed, who spoke in glowing terms of Anton's character, and then the judge commenced to charge the jury. He told them that the guilt could not be justly transferred from the shoulders of the prisoner to those of Velasquez on the evidence given and made prolonged reference to Anton's angry talk with Delaro and the fact that he followed the murdered man out of the cellars.

The judge was just suggesting the reasonableness and probability of Reyman having committed the foul deed when Percy Lovel, who had been carefully scrutinizing the stiletto, interrupted.

The young fellow had noticed that the point of the weapon was broken. Only an extremely small fragment of the point was missing, but it was large enough to be noticed. He handed the dagger to the lawyer for the defense and drew his attention to the fact. The lawyer understood its purport in a moment.

In a rather rude and hasty manner, but such as the occasion demanded, he called upon the judge to desist in his summing up, and asked that further evidence be taken.

The judge, who was strictly impartial, remarked that in such a case it was hardly possible that so blunt a point could have penetrated the dead man's body as deeply as Delaro's wound, but that this was a matter worthy the utmost consideration of the jury.

"Yes, indeed it is, your honor," said the lawyer for the defense; "but permit me to suggest, that measures be at once taken to find the point of this weapon before this man Reyman is unjustly convicted. The most likely place to find it would be in Delaro's body, and if it is, then there will not be much doubt as to the identity of the actual murderer."

"It seems hardly credible that it could have broken off inside of the body," suggested the judge; "we can consult some professional advice on the matter."

"Then the best man to get that advice from is Joel Wilcox," was the lawyer's reply.

"Let Joel Wilcox be called to the stand," said the judge to the usher.

Upon being sworn Wilcox gave his opinion, as an old blacksmith and as a man who had worked all kinds of both iron and steel, hot or cold. Said he: "If the point of the stiletto had not been properly tempered, it is highly probable that in striking against a bone in a man's body it would break off."

"Then the body shall be exhumed and the piece of steel sought for," said the judge. Whereupon the court adjourned until the following day.

That same afternoon the body of Delaro was exhumed and sure enough, the piece of steel was found sticking to the bottom of the left shoulder blade.

The doctor produced the fragment next day in court, and it was found to fit exactly to the stiletto.

Then the judge completed his charge, but on vastly different lines, the consequence being that Anton was discharged without the jury once having to leave their seats.

The crowd cheered him as he went out and one of the first men who met him was Joel Wilcox.

"Anton," he said, "it was I that bought the Posada vineyards, and I hope, my boy, you will go back to your old place and manage it for me."

It was a light-hearted and yet a sad party that went back to San Paola that night for few of them had yet forgotten the memory of their lost friend. And Wilcox, kind old fellow that he was, went that night to try and console the desolate widow, and informed her that he had arranged to render all possible assistance to the detectives in capturing the murderer.

At the conclusion of the interview, at which Percy Lovel was present, they all decided to leave San Paola at once—Mrs. Delaro to go to her friends, and Wilcox and his young aide to follow in the wake of the guilty man.

CHAPTER VI.

"If Mr. Wilcox and Percy are not back here in a week we might as well return to New York. It is getting late in the season, and really, mamma, I can not endure much more of the noise and bustle of this hotel."

"Have a little patience, child; we may hear from them any day."

"Oh! mamma, if you could only know how tired I am of being incessantly fol-



"HAVE A LITTLE MORE PATIENCE, DAUGHTER."

lowed and shadowed by suitors of all sorts and conditions and of being made love to by old men and smooth-faced youths, you would say go, at once, and let Mr. Wilcox follow us."

"No, my child. It would never do to go until we hear from them. There is no alternative but to wait."

"Very well, just as you say, mamma; but I am very anxious for a change."

The last speaker was Armida Delaro. Eleven years had elapsed since she left the city and blue skies of the Pacific slope and now she was grown into one of the most perfect of God's creatures—a beautiful woman. The rich Southern blood which she had inherited from her parents tinged her cheeks with a subdued flush of perfect health.

She was a tall, graceful girl, and a perfect type of Southern beauty; though a decided brunette she was not so dark as to be distinguished for it. With her beauty she seemed to have inherited also the sweet disposition of her mother, together with the frank open-heartedness of her father.

Mother and daughter were sitting in a private parlor forming one of their suite of rooms at the West End Hotel, Long Branch, where they had been spending the summer. It was only during the last two years that Mrs. Delaro had enjoyed much of her daughter's society, for they had necessarily been thrown very much apart owing to the mother's set determination to personally assist in the search for her husband's murderer.

This employment, which had kept her traveling all the time, combined with the fact that Armida had been attending school at a convent near to Paris gave them very little opportunity of being together.

Mrs. Delaro really showed very little sign of the struggles she had undergone in her features, though a close observer might have noticed a settled and determined expression which told without the aid of words that she was a woman living with a purpose.

And indeed her purpose was stern as ever, for as she sat on this bright September morning talking to her daughter, her thoughts were far away with her two staunch friends, Joel Wilcox and Percy Lovel, who had left her two weeks before to follow up a clue at New Orleans. They had only written twice since their departure, and even then had given no particulars, so that she was anxious and longed to know whether or not they were meeting with success.

Often and often had she waited like this before, but her interest had never flagged, nor her desire for vengeance become less keen. When in conversation with her two loyal friends she always spoke hopefully of the ultimate success of her life work and had frequently intimated that she fully expected to see Leon Velasquez face to face before death should call her to meet her husband.

Of one thing she had been scrupulously careful, and that was to have no word regarding her husband's cruel death uttered in the hearing of her daughter. Still, Armida knew of the manner in which her father had come to his sad end.

But to the girl the tragic affair had never been so real and terrible as to her mother, and in recent years, as the matter was never referred to in her presence, the whole story, which so much affected her entire life, was buried in the oblivion of shadowy youthful memories.

The conversation at the opening of this chapter might lead one to imagine that Armida was of a rather peevish temperament, but such was not the case.

She had just cause to complain, and was literally bored to death. She had been sought after by every unmarried wearer of pantaloons and suspenders during her stay at the Branch. Races one day, a garden party the next, then a ball, followed by yachting excursions and a hundred other inventions for killing time.

At all such society events, her presence was looked upon as a positive necessity, until at last the poor girl was almost tired out. No wonder then that she was anxious to get away from it all and seek that rest in New York which was absolutely impossible at a place like Long Branch.

Just as the concluding words fell from Armida's lips, there was a knock on the door, which was answered by the maid, who took a card from the bell-boy and handed it to her young mistress.

Armida glanced at it languidly and then turning to her mother with a piteous gaze on her sweet face said:

"Another infliction."

"Who is here now, my dear?"

"That horrid, vulgar Mr. Blodger, who is so fond of saying: 'Ladies, Mr. Stephen Blodger at your service.'"

Here Armida rose from her reclining posture and gave imitation of that gentleman's unique style of introducing himself; then turning to her maid she said:

"Tell the boy to show him up."

As the boy went away, something like a gurgling titter sounded as if coming from that progressive youth. In less than a minute the door was at the parlor door, which showed that he must have waited either outside, or very near the elevator, for he certainly did not have time to come from the office.

The visitor was a man weighing something in the neighborhood of two hundred pounds and had a face as round and as red as the setting sun on a winter's day. Step by step he had risen from the lowest ranks, until he had finally attained the mighty distinction of being a millionaire, said millions having been acquired by the practical application of the science of turning tallow into soap.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COUNTY CIRCUMSTANCES.

Carefully Culled, Cipped, Cured—Softly Served Subscribers.

Prof. Sill, of Ypsilanti, conducted Episcopal services at Grass Lake last Sunday.

It is expected by those in position to know that a new time card will go into effect on the several railroads next Sunday. If you intend to travel, look the matter up.

A. J. Parshall, of Ann Arbor, has taken the Argus for the past forty-five years. He has taken the Free Press since 1837, and has been a constant reader of the daily Free Press since before the war.

Unless there is a mistake in the figures, winter and spring will again try their luck together, as John Carroll, aged 84, and Kate Ryan, aged 29, both of Ypsilanti, were married in Ann Arbor last Monday.

An exchange says that lawyers bury their mistakes in the supreme court, physicians bury theirs in the cemetery, but publishers put their mistakes in the most conspicuous place imaginable, where every body can see and criticize them.

Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, your house and your barn may be taken possession of and yourself and wife may be made prisoners, for only recently, while Mr. S. A. Collins was out on his farm, quietly working in a ditch, and his good wife doing her Saturday's baking, about 45 of their friends and neighbors called on them all at once, to remind them that on that day they had been married forty years.—Waterloo correspondence to Stockbridge Sun.

A party writing to the Free Press, says that Nov. 17, 1842, in the morning the thermometer indicated 35 degrees above, and no snow; at noon it was snowing and blowing. At 9 p. m. 10-below and storm continued. The winter of '42 was known as the hard winter. Feed for stock was scarce and little to be had at any price. Hay as high as \$40 per ton. April 6, 1843, the snow was two feet deep, and he went to town meeting with a sleigh. April 16 there was no snow and it was warm and pleasant.

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 quality needed in order to enter, and the prospects of success. 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. Address, Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

Saline merchants have decided to close their stores at 8 o'clock.

Mr. Osgood of near Ann Arbor, harvested 1,035 bushels of corn from eleven acres.

The Washtenaw Evening Times is the name of a new daily started at Ann Arbor last Monday evening. It is to be printed on the Courier's presses.

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

A Lenawee county man boasts of a 38-pound beer. We know of bigger beats up here than that—some of them being on our subscription list.—Saline Observer. Same here.

Jacob Reinhold, Freedom, J. Frey, Lima, W. J. Howlett, Lyndon, G. E. Raymond, Sharon, and H. J. Kruse of Sylvan, will well and truly try the cases at the next term of court.

The surplised choir at St. Andrew's church at Ann Arbor, will sing for the first time next Sunday. That day is St. Andrew's day, Advent Sunday, and the first anniversary of Rev. Tetlock's assumption of the pastorate.

New York has a law that all candidates shall make a statement of their election expenses. A supreme court judge among other amounts, mentions \$10,000 paid to Tammany, the democratic organization, for its support.

Tax payers at Ann Arbor will this year pay \$13.50 on an assessment of \$1000, or ninety cents more than last year. Considering the advantages a person living there, has, it is a very low rate of taxation.

A county farmers' club was organized in Ann Arbor last week, and a committee of seven appointed to draft a constitution to be presented at the next meeting, which will be held Dec. 19th. John Kalmbach is chairman of the committee.

Representative Gregory is not only a hustler in the political field, but in the turnip field as well. In proof of the latter statement we call your attention to an 48-pound turnip and a 12-pound rata бага raised by him.—Leader. That's probably why he can "turn-up" such a majority and "root-a" fellow out of office and not be a "beggar."

The Detroit News of the 18th says that Mr. Cleveland can not become the candidate of his party in 1892. We will bet the Grass Lake News and all its belongings against the Detroit News that Mr. Cleveland will be the next nominee of the democratic party for president provided he is on earth and has the health to make the canvass. Now, Mr. News, put up, or shut up.—Grass Lake News.

Lima Luminations.

Miss McKay of Alpena, is visiting Miss Nettie Storms.

Godfrey Lewie took a business trip to Port Huron last week.

Clarence Dixon and Family have gone to Ann Arbor to live.

About sixty couples attended the dance at the half last Friday night.

The next grange meeting will be held at Orrin Burkhardt's, Friday, Dec. 5th.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Webb, of Williamston, have been visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Guerin, of Ypsilanti, have been spending a few days at O. B. Guerin's.

Several of the Patrons of Industry attended the oyster, supper at Frank Davison's last Friday night.

CHRISTMAS

will soon be here!

Don't wait until the last moment for us to make you

1 Doz. Cabinets

FOR ONLY 2.50.

You can make no better present than one of our

LIFE SIZE PORTRAITS

For the small sum of \$3.

E. E. SHAVEE, CHELSEA.

Dr. Kelly's Germifuge.

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. Germifuge removes this cause and will cure Catarrh, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Malarial Fever and Ague, Female Weaknesses, Nervous Exhaustion, Sleeplessness, Headache, Infantile Fevers and Convulsions, Rheumatism, Syphilitic, Urinal and other Blood and Germ diseases. A Family Medicine, scientifically prepared, perfectly safe and leaves no injurious effects. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price \$1.00 per bottle.

For sale by R. S. Armstrong.



CURLETT'S Thrush, Pinworm and Heave Remedy.

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

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

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

TESTIMONIALS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

LEGAL NOTICES.

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

In the matter of the estate of Lues Ann Clark deceased, Charles E. Clark, the administrator of said estate, comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to render the final account as such administrator. Thereupon it is ordered that Tuesday, the second day of December next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, he be assigned for examining and allowing the such account and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, in the afternoon of said day, 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 said estate of the pendency of said account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the CHELSEA STANDARD, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.

Wm. Doty, Probate Register.

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

WILLIAM J. KNAPP.