



CHELSEA STANDARD.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WM. EMMERT.
OFFICE OVER

KNAPP'S HARDWARE STORE.

UP STAIRS. TURN TO LEFT.

\$1.00 PER YEAR STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

PALMER & WRIGHT,

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

OFFICE OVER KEMPFF'S BANK.

OFFICE HOURS:

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

H. L. WILLIAMS,

DENTIST,

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

Chelsea, Mich.

G. W. TURNBULL.

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

THE

Chelsea Flouring Mills

WILL RUN

Mondays, Fridays and Saturdays.

WM. H. WOOD, Manager.

DON'T

FAIL TO VISIT

—THE—

Restaurant and Bakery

—OF—

WM. CASPARY.

TRAINS LEAVE:

EAST,—5:30, 7:13, 10:31 A. M. 3:59 P. M.
WEST,—10:13 A. M. 6:19, 9:30 P. M.

For stamping call on Mrs. Staffan.
Boyd sells fine oysters at 15 cents per can.

The fugitive at the Town Hall, Saturday evening, Feb. 21.

Only a few will attend the Michigan Club banquet from this place.

House to rent, corner Polk and Jackson streets. Mrs. C. W. Brown.

Washington's birthday Sunday, consequently Monday is a legal holiday.

H. Lighthall will sell all his personal property at auction Saturday, Feb. 28th.

A heavy rain visited this section last Monday, to some extent filling the almost empty cisterns.

Chas. Smith and his father have, in less than two months, bought and shipped nearly two hundred calves.

The next P. of I. union meeting will be held at Sylvan Centre, Friday evening next, commencing at 6 o'clock.

Wm. Riemenschneider and wife visited relatives in LeRoy, Howell and Stockbridge last week. They drove.

Nineteen members of the I. O. G. T. lodge visited the Ann Arbor lodge last Saturday, and had a very pleasant time.

Geo. Davis, who has been selling horses at auction in the south for a number of months, returned home last Monday, hale and hearty.

As I want to reduce my stock, I will sell for cash, during this month, best felt hats at 50c. Tips and wings correspondingly low. Mrs. F. M. Hooker.

Ed. J. Raffrey of Minneapolis, arrived here Tuesday, and is spending the week with his brother, John J., and other relatives. Mr. Raffrey says the twin cities are still booming.

The net proceeds of "Under the Laurels," amount to \$65.

Prof. Winchell, of the University, died yesterday morning.

Lost! An almost new glove. Find—please leave at this office.

The village election takes place on Monday, March 9th, this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Dancer visited friends in this village, Sunday.

Jerome and James Cushman were in this vicinity last week among relatives.

Holmes & Co. are fixing up their stores in great shape. See their new hats.

Mrs. Bush, who has been in Ypsilanti some time, is home for a short vacation.

Chas. Lambrecht has sold his land in this township to Con. Heselshwerdt for \$325.

Babcock & Wood are buying beans near Stockbridge and shipping them to this place.

Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Schmidt spent Sunday with Mrs. Schmidt's parents in Manchester.

Wm. Warner, a former resident of this place, died at his home in Dexter, Monday, at an advanced age.

The school board has contracted for school books with the various publishers of the same at wholesale prices.

A meeting of the stockholders of Recreation Park was held last Saturday but nothing of importance was transacted.

It is said that "The Fugitive," to be rendered at the Town Hall to-morrow evening, is one of the best productions on the road.

The county's gas bill, last month, amounted to \$75.60.—Register. You are away off—the board of supervisors was in session that month, too.

The Epworth League will hold a "match" social at the residence of R. A. Snyder, Wednesday evening, Feb. 25th. All are cordially invited.

Freddie Glenn of North Lake, is recovering from his attack of scarlet fever. So far, five cases have had their run, and it is hoped no new cases will appear.

If the \$50,000 appropriation for the G. A. R. should pass, a man assessed at \$1000, will pay—three (3) cents! Now go out and kick yourself if you have opposed it.

Why is a postman's bag on the fourteenth of February like a confectioners shop? Because there are so many sweet things in it.—Sun. Why like some newspapers? Because there are so many silly things in it.

Wm. I. Wood will probably lose his nice black family horse. When he went to the barn Wednesday morning, he found the animal standing on three feet. Upon investigation it was found that his leg was broken.

Owing to the bad weather, the donation for the benefit of Rev. Conrad and family, Tuesday evening, was not as largely attended as was wished; however, the elder is richer by \$68.50 than he was Tuesday morning.

Under the present village charter, Chelsea's council has the power to suppress saloons for the sale of spirituous and intoxicating liquors. Will our citizens petition the council to pass an ordinance to this effect? Now is the time to do it.

Land seekers and others should bear in mind that the E. A. Pierce farm of 207 acres, about a mile south of here, on the Manchester road, will be sold by the administrator Monday next, to the highest bidder. Terms made known at the time of sale.

The Republican county convention at Ann Arbor, Tuesday, was not very largely attended. Messrs. Freer, Gilbert, Judson, Holmes, Wallace, Bacon, and C. H. and W. G. Kempf represented this township. Messrs. Jas. L. Gilbert, Lester Canfield, Nathan Pierce and Thos. Birkett were elected delegates to the state convention.

"UNDER THE LAURELS."

The Entertainment a Grand Success—The Cast of Characters—Synopsis.

Friday and Saturday evenings, last, the drama "Under the Laurels" in five acts, was rendered by the High School pupils, good houses witnessing the program each evening. The characters were well represented and the parts admirably sustained throughout. Saturday evening, owing to the illness of Miss Chandler, Miss Rose M. Cranston represented Mrs. Milford, perfectly.

By this entertainment the school library will have an addition of quite a few new and valuable books. Prof. Hall and his corps of assistants deserve thanks for their untiring efforts. Below we give the

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MRS. MILFORD. Gertrude Chandler
ROSE MILFORD. May Judson
POLLY DOWLER. Emma Simmons
SOOKY BUTTON. Ella Morton
KYLE BRANTFORD. Herbert Dancer
FRANK COLEWOOD. R. Waltrous
IKE HOPPER. Ransom Armstrong
BOB BUTTON. Andros Gulde
ZEKE. Guy Lighthall
SHERIFF. Walter Woods

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. The Milford Estate. The contested will. Conspiracy of Brantford and Mrs. Milford.

ACT II. The will set aside. Frank and Rose penniless. Brantford's annoying attentions to Rose. Quarrel of Frank and Brantford. The latter plots vengeance. Bob Button, the spy. Rose's humiliating situation as a menial.

ACT III. Meeting of the Regulators at the haunted cabin. Ike and Zeke concealed to listen. Their great danger. Scene II. Cliffville jail. Frank under arrest. Assailed by Bob Button. Desperate encounter. Frank escapes, and soon Rose enters to release him. Button's triumph cut short by the timely arrival of Ike and Zeke. Storm scene. The flight.

ACT IV. Brantford's absolute power over the Milford family. His continued attentions to Rose. His threats to foreclose the mortgage.

ACT V. Attempted escape of Rose. Her re-capture. Brantford's triumph suddenly ended by a Sheriff's posse. Happy denouement.

Holmes & Dancer now occupy their new store in Stockbridge.

Judson made another shipment of cattle and sheep yesterday.

The theme at the M. E. church next Sunday evening will be "The coming Church."

W. J. Knapp has just placed a gilt sign in front of his store. Sam. Heselshwerdt was the builder.

Messrs. Ives, Woods and Turnbull, together with the school board, constitute the building committee.

The remains of Mrs. Moon, a sister of the Brooks', were brought to this place Saturday and placed in the vault.

There are young men at Ann Arbor, who are so demoralized that they suck whiskey from a bottle as a baby does milk.

Everything is covered with ice this morning, trees presenting a beautiful appearance. Telephone and other wires are badly broken.

Gen. Sears, whose illness we mentioned last week, died last Sunday afternoon, his brother, Thos. S., of this place, being present.

The second quarterly meeting of the M. E. church will be held on Sunday evening, March 1st, the presiding elder Rev. T. J. Joslin, officiating.

During the past few weeks, Aaron Burkhart has bought ten car loads of beans along the G. T. road for Jas. P. Wood & Co. They will be shipped to this place and "picked."

The Misses Kate Geraghty and Sue Howe, formerly of this place, have opened a dressmaking establishment in Chelsea. While here, the girls won many warm friends who will join with us in wishing them success.—Pinckney Dispatch.

Ladies! See our New Goods.



SAY, BOYS!

do you see that fellow at the foot of this column? You do. Well, he is mad "clean through." Why? Well, a few days ago he got a hat, and now he has found that he missed it by not going to Holmes & Co's for it. He paid a big price for it, but it's out of date.

I'll Give You a Pointer.

If you want the best hat, and the correct shape, just call on Earnest Dancer at H. S. Holmes & Co's.



AXES, CROSS CUT SAWS,

Best hand-made

TIN WARE!

all at lowest prices.

STOVES

at special low prices.

Hardware Stock Complete

Best Goods at

Lowest Prices.

W. J. KNAPP.

Markets by Telegraph

DETROIT, Feb. 20, 1891.

BUTTER.—Market quiet at 13@18c for best dairy. 8c for fair grades.

EGGS.—Market easy at 17c per doz for fresh receipts.

POTATOES.—Market quiet at 90c per bu for store lots.

WHEAT.—No 2 red spot, 2 cars at 1 00, 2 car at 1 00; May 5,000 at 1 01. No. 1 white 2 car at 97.

CORN.—No. 2 spot, 53c.

OATS.—No. 2, white, spot 49c.

Home Markets.

BARLEY.—\$1 25@1 35 @ 100

EGGS.—14c @ doz.

LARD.—Country wanted at 6@7

OATS.—Remain steady at 40@42

POTATOES.—Slow sale at 70c.

BUTTER.—Weak at 12@15c.

WHEAT.—Is in good demand at 94c for red and 92c for No. 1 white.

REPORT

—OF THE—

CONDITION

—OF THE—

Chelsea Savings Bank.

At Chelsea, Michigan,

At the close of Business, Dec. 19th, 1890.

RESOURCES.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------|
| Loans and discounts..... | \$103,458.35 |
| Stocks, bonds, mortgages, etc. | 74,036.91 |
| Overdrafts..... | .51 |
| Due from banks in reserve cities..... | 14,322.19 |
| Due from other banks and bankers..... | 11,596.83 |
| Furniture and fixtures... | 3,640.58 |
| Other real estate..... | 4,112.15 |
| Current expenses and taxes paid..... | 1,224.47 |
| Interest paid..... | 561.44 |
| Checks and cash items... | 1,385.51 |
| Nickles and pennies..... | 89.15 |
| Gold..... | 290.00 |
| Silver..... | 824.50 |
| U. S. and National Bank Notes..... | 4,901.00 |
| Total..... | \$220,443.59 |

LIABILITIES.

| | |
|---------------------------|--------------|
| Capital stock paid in.... | \$ 50,000.00 |
| Surplus fund..... | 1,294.22 |
| Undivided profits..... | 9,677.71 |
| Commercial deposits.... | 40,453.98 |
| Savings deposits..... | 119,017.68 |
| Total..... | \$220,443.59 |

State of Michigan, County of Washtenaw, ss.

I, Geo. P. Glazier, of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

GEO. P. GLAZIER, Cashier.

Correct—Attest: { F. P. GLAZIER
H. S. HOLMES
H. M. WOOD
Directors.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st day of Dec. 1890.

THEO. E. WOOD, Notary Public.

THE CHELSEA STANDARD.

WM. EMMERT, Publisher.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN

THE income derived by French people who rear fowls, according to official returns, is 637,100,000 francs, or about \$65,000,000.

IN the case of thirty-four patent medicines and articles of nourishment found badly adulterated by the Government chemist of France, thirty-one had the printed statement: "We warrant the enclosed to be wholly and absolutely free from adulteration."

CHARLIE GRIFFITH, of Athens, Georgia, has a curiosity in the shape of a pipe. The bowl of the pipe is fashioned out of a costly variety of briarwood, while the stem was taken from the leg of some lordly gobbler of the days of long ago.

THERE are fifty-six Americans in Brazil who would probably have committed suicide had they not been able to escape to that country with their stolen booties. In addition there are twelve Englishmen, seven Frenchmen and five or six of other nationalities, all of whom are fat and full of health.

A RHODE ISLAND paper has had to pay a man \$1,000 for stating that he was fired from a position, when he was simply told that owing to lack of business his services were no longer needed. The jury held that "fired" meant to bounce—to kick out—to get rid of a suspicious or unsatisfactory employee.

THEY have no patent medicines of any account in Spain, and the reason is that the Government requires first to be convinced that the cure is a cure. If the compounder can't show a cure for rheumatism or consumption behind his labor then he is stepped on and heard of no more.

COUNT VON MOLTKE compels all the members of his household to spend at least an hour each day in the open air, even if the rain is pouring. He attributes his good health to regular outdoor exercise and moderation in all things. Although he is in his 91st year, he often walks four miles a day.

A SINGULAR duel recently took place in Paris, the home of duelists, between two old ladies, one 60 years old, the other 71. The more sprightly of the two wounded her opponent seriously after a furious onslaught that would not have disgraced two dragoons, and the combatants were separated only by the interference of the police.

A CLEVELAND shoemaker has invented a compressed-air motor which will propel a street-car twenty miles an hour at a cost of 3 cents. If he would only invent something which would enable a shoemaker to finish a pair of shoes on the day upon which he agrees to deliver them he might be considered a public benefactor.

A CORRESPONDENT at the scene of the Indian difficulty says that if the same number of white people in any section of the country were lied to, robbed, cheated, and misused as the Indians have been by Uncle Sam they would rise up every week, instead of once in five years. The red man should either be treated honestly or exterminated.

A MAN named Simon has been arrested at the request of the Austrian government at Leschnitz, Silesia, where he owned a handsome villa and lived in great style, his neighbors supposing him to be a wealthy speculator on the European bourses. Evidence was secured which showed that he was at the head of a secret robber society, having agents in London, Berlin, Altona and Vienna.

LEANDO GALINDO, believed to be the last member of a once noted Spanish California family, died in the Alameda County infirmary. The Galindos once owned about half of Alameda County, including the site of the present city of Oakland. Leando was a squirrel hunter, and lived on the bounty of 3 cents a pelt that he received from the County.

A YOUNG woman of Athens, Ga., detects the presence instantly of any feline that enters the room where she is. She need not see or hear the animal when it enters, but has intimation of its disagreeable presence by strange sensations that she invariably experiences when she is brought into contact with a cat, and she entertains an unconquerable repugnance to these animals.

WOOD and Iron notices an ingenious way of cooling a journal in machinery that cannot be stopped. This is to hang a short endless belt on the shaft next to the box, and let the lower part of it run in cold water. The turning of the shaft carries the belt slowly round,

bringing fresh cold water continually in contact with the heated shaft, and without spilling or spattering a drop of water.

A SAVANT estimates that the number of persons drowned in the various waters of the world since the creation is 156,000,000. This doesn't include the smart Alecks who have stood up and rocked boats to scare the girls. They are not worth putting in an estimate of any sort.

THE squaw men read of in the reports from the West are white men who have married squaws. It is rarely a case of love or romance but simply of business on the part of the white man. He wants some one to work for him, and he wants to go six months without changing his shirt.

THE saltiest body of water known is stated to be the Lake of Urumia, in Persia. The lake is 84 miles long, 24 miles wide, and very shallow, and is at a height of more than 4,000 feet above sea level. Its northern shore is a glittering border of salt. Analysis shows that the water contains 22 per cent. of salt, a much larger proportion than exists in the Dead Sea. A very small species of jelly fish is the only living thing that can endure the salt.

SOME of the most important dates in American history are these: The discovery of America by Columbus, Oct. 12, 1492; the landing of the Pilgrims from the Mayflower, Dec. 21, 1620; the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776; the birth of Washington, Feb. 22, 1732; the death of Washington, Dec. 14, 1799; the attack on Fort Sumter, April 12, 1861; the death of Abraham Lincoln, April 15, 1865, and the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, April 9, 1865.

MEASUREMENTS of the sun's distance by the methods of different periods in astronomical science have given these results: Hipparchus, 150 B. C., found it to be 5,900,000 miles; Posidonius, 100 B. C., 62,700,000; Copernicus, 1543 A. D., 4,700,000; Kepler, 1628, 13,500,000 miles; Wendelin, 1640, 58,600,000; Riccioli, 1659, 29,200,000 miles; Cassini, 1680, 86,000,000 miles; Lahire, 1687, 136,000,000; Laplace, 1799, 92,800,000; Encke, 1824, 95,250,000 and recent estimates make it 92,890,000 miles.

A MAINE clergyman did not object to sweeping the church, making the fires, and ringing the bell. When, however, the people swore at him, ate peanuts and laughed aloud in church, threw stones at his house and fired revolvers at him, he thought it was time to resign. He now writes to a local paper to explain that ill-health was not the cause of his resignation. If a clergyman can live through such experiences and thrive on them, he ought to find enough admirers of his pluck to furnish him a large congregation wherever he may go.

A PECULIAR case was recently brought before the Denbigh Borough magistrates, England. The charge of maiming cattle was preferred against two small boys, aged 8 and 12 years respectively. They had played truant from school and for fun had tied together the tails of eleven cattle, including somehow a powerful bull. The result was, owing to the effective tying, that most of the animals' tails were pulled off. The Bench being of opinion that the boys were not old enough to know what they had done, bound the father in \$50 to bring the boys up for judgment when called upon.

AMONG the uses for aluminum suggested by Eugene H. Cowles, President of the Lockport company, in a recent interview are the following: At 50 cents per pound the new metal will compete with copper at 17 cents, the latter being 3.56 times as heavy as an equal bulk of aluminum. But the electrical conductivity of aluminum that is 98 percent pure is only 75 percent that of copper, so that one-third more area would be required to do the same work. A reduction of 45 percent of weight of motors for electric cars can be secured by using the new metal, which in itself is no small advantage, seeing that the latter promise to come into extensive use in the near future. The coating and lasting qualities of aluminum far surpass those of tin, and it will cover three times as much surface for equal weights, making it necessary to sell tin at 16 cents per pound in competition with the other at 50. Nickel at 70 cents would no longer be used for plating ware or coinage, the new metal being much cheaper and cleaner. He expects to see it sell at \$200 or \$300 per ton, and at these figures it will be the cheapest metal next to iron and steel. The price must fall lower and lower as the facilities increase for making the material, and the market adapts itself to the absorption of larger quantities of the new metal.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

A Lot of Valuable Information for the Farmer, the Housewife, the Ranchman, the Poultryeer, and the Kitchenmaid.

THE FARM.



THE easiest way to work hard on a farm, if such an expression is allowable is to let the tools, grow dull, says S. O. G. in the Western Farmer. In the olden time when grass was cut with a scythe and grain with a cradle, the whetstone was carried to the field and kept where it could be constantly used, and the ringing of the stone on the steel was continually heard. One sees the effect very quickly of a dull mower on the team, and hastens to the stone to sharpen it. The pull is so much harder and the work goes on so much slower when the plow is dull, that no one would think of compelling a team to pull on it. The work is so much more easily done in these cases that no one would for a moment think of letting tools grow dull. Yet some tools on a farm are never sharpened by a majority of farmers. How many farmers do you know who keep the hoe, the shovel, and the spade sharp? If the edge of these is not as thick as the thickness of a plate will allow, and made harder to enter the ground by having the edge turned up a little it is in most cases because the tool has not been used long enough to get the first edge off. All this is folly. There is no sense in wasting strength, no matter how much of it we possess, and there is no easier way to save strength than to spend a little of it in sharpening the farm tools. Use a dull hoe for a few minutes and then sharpen it and see how much more easily it works, and then resolve at once to keep it sharp and bright. Beside these one other tool on the farm is in the large majority of cases "dull as a hoe." How many cultivators have you seen that are sharp, not only on account of the greater ease to the horses, but because the work done is so much better. And so of every tool on the farm. Save the men, save the horses, and do good work easily by keeping them sharp. A dull implement is a sign of a dull brain. Keep them sharp.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Pretty and Practical.

Some convenient place to put the odds and ends that will collect where work and play is going on during the day is a great saving of steps to the busy house-mother. A dainty, ribbon-trimmed basket is hardly suitable for the apple-core little Bess is so anxious to dispose of, or the damp pasty papers left from Ned's kite. The scrap-jar shown in the illustration is both ornamental and decidedly practical. A common four-gallon jar—one without handles if possible—is selected and fitted with a round wooden cover. Several thicknesses of soft old newspaper is wrapped around the jar. The jar and lid are then covered smoothly with red felt. A strip of brown felt four inches wide, on which is embroidered a vine, is fastened around the jar near the center. The joining of this band is concealed by a bow of red and brown ribbons, the ends of which are carried up over the edge and fastened inside the jar. If desired, a similar bow can be placed on the cover.



This scrap jar should have the contents removed every morning, and all dust wiped out with a damp cloth. Margaret Ryder, in Country Gentleman.

THE STOCK-RANCH.

Staggers.

Staggers are the result of congestion of the brain, due to overfeeding. Pigs are more often overfed than any other animal, and it is the source of nearly all the diseases to which they are subject. It affects the nerve centers in the brain and spinal cord. Give the pigs no feed at all for forty-eight hours, but only water; then begin feeding very lightly, and give the food in a shallow trough, so that it can be taken up only slowly.

Sore Feet.

Cattle are frequently troubled with sore feet from standing in filthy stables or muddy yards. To prevent it keep the stable floor and yards dry and clean. To cure the feet wash them with warm water and carbolic soap. Break all blisters and scabs and get a clean surface. Then apply carbolated vaseline or cosmoline mixed with enough acetate of copper (verdigris) to make the ointment green. Bandage the feet, passing a part of it through the cleft. Keep the feet

Oats for Young Animals.

No kind of grain is so well adapted to feeding young stock of any kind as oats. Their large proportion of husk keeps them from cloying the stomach, even of stock that has too poor digestion for thriving on corn. Pigs will prefer the latter grain, if both are given together, but the pig is not the best judge of what is adapted to his needs. The oats should, however, be at least full weight to give the best results. Much of the Western oat crop is generally light, from ripening in dry, hot weather. The standard weight of oats in some Western States is thirty pounds per bushel, and in others as low as twenty-eight pounds. The usual Eastern standard for oats is thirty-two pounds per bushel.

Live Stock Notes.

A QUIET, gentle horse is best for the farm.

In feeding dairy cows it is possible to over-feed, and fully as bad as to feed too little.

Good carriage horses are always in demand and bring good prices in any market.

TO PREVENT cows from kicking, buckle a strap around both hind legs just above the knees.

MANY farmers fail to derive the benefit they should from sheep because of improper feeding.

If colts were handled very young, much of the difficulty in breaking would be done away with.

A good rule in mixed farming is to keep sufficient stock to consume all the products of the farm.

In producing beef, milk or butter, it is very important to have plenty of grass for summer feed and good meadows for winter hay.

ANIMALS with vicious habits or tendencies should never be used for breeding purposes, as they transmit to their offspring their bad qualities.

THE noticeable improvements in farm stock is due, not only to the good care and keeping, but also to careful selection and matings of breeding animals.

FOR some reasons sheep are preferable to hogs in the orchard, but a prominent objection is that they sometimes acquire the habit of gnawing the trees.

WITH proper provision of warmth and shelter, and a good store of ensilage and hay, winter dairying can frequently be made more profitable than summer; labor is then cheaper and butter higher.

IT is often a loss to allow cows to range over a large space of short pasture to satisfy their appetites, and would be an actual saving to keep them up and feed them when pastures get too short.

A CORRESPONDENT describes the ideal farm horse, as one of good size, well gaited, and able to walk three and a half to four miles, or trot about eight miles, per hour; of gentle disposition and yet sufficient life to do his work without urging, and possessing intelligence for training to the various uses required.

THE DAIRY.

Fine Points in Butter-Making.

A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer offers some points on the subject of making butter of the finest quality:

Is flavor in butter a natural or an artificial result? The early dairy writers credit flavor to the presence of butyric acid, always present in butter, but lately it has come to be more largely thought by scientists that it is caused by the aromatic oils of vegetation. This may be illustrated by feeding one cow on oatmeal, fine hay, etc., and another cow on poor hay, onions, cabbages, and other vegetables that have distinct volatile oils, not digestible. (Some foods may not show in the milk, for the reason that they possess no indigestible matter, or distinct flavor.) The flavor of our best pasture grasses goes into circulation, and their presence is of great value, and we therefore put May and June grass butter at the front for fine flavor. In winter we need hay cut in blossom, for then the grass flavors are most abundant and the curing of the hay only partially destroys them.

The natural flavor of butter is one thing, and the demands of many customers are another. Sour, sweet, ripe, or bitter cream; salt, sugar, and all other influences are artificial, and are made more or less prominent by the skill of the butter-maker. Now and then we find a person who likes the salt and buttermilk flavor. Many assert that ripening cream by bringing it in contact with the air is not a different kind of acidity; but they are as different for a time, as the acid of these cured soured in whey, and the same curd dipped sweet, and allowed to take acidity in warm air. The great authority on dairying says that "ripening cream fast moulds flavor, while the slower lactic acid souring of cream is not only detrimental, but is the beginning of decay."

It is a great wonder to many why centrifugal butter well made keeps so well. I don't know, but if any one will examine the coating of a machine after it has "thrown out" a few thousand pounds of milk and notice the offensive slime there deposited, the matter may in part be explained in theory. This "smeary substance" must remain in the cream in ordinary processes of making, and must lend its influence to the butter. Water is a solvent of it, and washing butter helps remove it. I hazard a guess that "ropy" milk may possibly be caused by a superabundance of this offensive substance. "Tainted milk" is also in dispute and the causes for it. It may be defective food, foul water, a feverish or diseased condition of the cow, or a contamination of all these, and things not dreamed of as yet in our philosophy. I notice some experiments made at the East about this acidity, or "stickiness," in milk. Cream that was hard to "come," when thinned with water, several times its bulk, and thoroughly mixed and allowed to rise again, when skimmed and churned, came readily. Some of our own scientists now "think" they can fortell the quantity and keeping value of butter by determining the viscosity of the milk, the less there is the better the butter; but they do not tell the ordinary butter maker how to find

this out. All butter makers can wash the buttermilk with weak brine. This will remove one great cause of rancidity in butter—putrefying buttermilk.

THE POULTRY-YARD.

Cross-Bred Fowls.

Mr. G. M. T. Johnson, very properly believes that crossing breeds is often beneficial as adding size and vitality to the progeny, where only results in eggs and meat are desired, and in *Practical Poultry Keeper* says: A fowl is often called for with the size of the Light Brahmans, and laying qualities of the White Leghorns. A cross between these breeds will produce a white fowl not quite so large as the Brahmans, and more like the Leghorns for laying.

A Black Spanish cock with White Leghorn hens will produce an excellent laying fowl. The cockerels from this cross will be marked solid white, with flesh-colored legs. The pullets will be white, with now and then a black feather; the legs blue.

A cross between Plymouth Rock and White Leghorn produces a salty blue fowl. Cockerels have flesh-colored legs; pullets have blue legs. They somewhat resemble the Andalusian fowls. I do not consider them equal to either the Plymouth Rocks or White Leghorns.

A cross of Plymouth Rock and Partridge Cochins very much resembles the Plymouth Rock. It has bright yellow legs; some chicks have clean legs, and some feathered legs; a good-sized fowl.

A Brown Leghorn and Silver Spangled Hamburg show color of the Hamburg. It much resembles the Golden Spangled Hamburg. An excellent variety for eggs, and more hardy than the Hamburgs, pure.

These are crosses which have come under my own eye. It is interesting to see how the blood of one fowl will manifest itself in one way, and the blood of another in quite a different way. When two markings or characteristics clash, the weaker must give way to the stronger, unless they are about equally strong. The Dorking varieties crossed with others, never forget to put on the fifth toe, showing that is a characteristic from many generations back. In the cross between the Black Spanish and White Leghorn, I was surprised to see how the black feathering had to give way to the white, but the Spanish held on to the blue legs—never a yellow leg. In bringing new blood into any yard, the chicks want to be watched carefully, to see in what way the particular cross manifests itself. If to the detriment of the parent stock, it will not pay to let it go any further.

THE KITCHEN.

Doughnut.

Two cups of sugar, four cups of butter milk, four tablespoonfuls of thick, sour cream, two teaspoonfuls of soda, and flour to roll.

Feather Cake.

One egg, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half cup of milk, one and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda.

Turnip Pastry.

Bolt thoroughly one-half dozen turnips, mash them up, adding a teaspoonful of cream and seasoning with salt and pepper. Put paste around this mixture, like a dumpling, and bake or steam.

Cocoanut Cakes.

Scarcely half a pound of loaf sugar to a large cocoanut grated; put into a preserving pan till the sugar melts. Form into cakes; put on white paper. They should be well baked in a very cool oven, and when cooked ought to be very pure white.

Cream Cake.

One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, three-fourths cup of milk, two eggs, beaten separately, one and one-half cups of flour, one and three-quarter teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in three layers. Cream for filling: One-half pint of milk, one teaspoonful of corn starch, one egg, one teaspoonful of vanilla, sweeten to taste. Heat milk to scalding, in which cook the corn starch stirred smooth in a little cold milk, add the eggs last, flavor and spread when cold.

Jelly Trifle.

Cut up into inch cubes enough sponge cake to make layers on the bottom of a shallow dish. Soak one-half package gelatine one-half hour in one-half pint cold water, then add one-half pint of boiling water and stir until dissolved. Add one-half pint sherry or other good wine, sweeten to taste and flavor to suit. When it begins to thicken, pour it over the cake, and set in refrigerator to harden. Serve with nutmeg and with cream sauce.

Rhode Island Johnny Cake.

Put one pint of white table meal into a bowl, and add gradually one pint boiling water. The meal must be moist, without being wet. While the meal is warm, add two ounces butter, one tablespoonful sugar, one teaspoonful of salt. Now add one pint of cold milk, the yolks of three eggs, well-beaten. Stir in one-half pint flour, and then the well-beaten whites, with one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. When thoroughly mixed, bake at once on hot griddle.

Ribbon Cake.

One-half cup butter, one cup of flour, or water, two of sugar, three of milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one-half of soda; beat well. Take one-third of the mixture and one-half cup flour, one egg, one large spoon of butter; beat well, then add one cup raisins, stoned and chopped, one cup currants, one-half nutmeg, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful mace, and spice to taste. Put the dark in the middle; bake in jelly cake tins. If desired soft frosting may be used between layers, or jelly, just as you prefer. This is not an expensive cake and will be found very good.

A Diplomatic Dodge.

Willie—I can't come out, Dolph. My ma says I must stay in all the afternoon. Dolph—Why don't you sit in the chair that squeaks and wiggles? She'll send you out quick enough, then.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

BRAVE MEN WHO MET UPON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Thrilling Stories of the 'Rebel'—Old Soldiers and Sailors Recite Interesting Reminiscences of Life in Camp and on the Field.

The Soldiers' Dream.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud
had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in
the sky.
And thousands had sunk on the ground
overpowered,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to
die.
When reposing that night on my pallet of
straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded
the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I
saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it
again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful
array
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on the
way.
To the home of my father that welcomed
me back.
I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
in life's morning march, when my bosom
was young;
I heard my own mountain goats bleating
aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-
reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup and fondly I
swore
From my home and my weeping friends
never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times
o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness
of heart:
"Stay, stay with us, rest; thou art weary
and worn."
And faint was the war-broken soldier to
stay.
But sorrow returned with the dawning of
morn,
And the voice in my dreaming car melted
away.

A Snake Story.

AM going to tell you
a snake story, boys,
just for a change,
and a true one. It
occurred at the close
of the war.

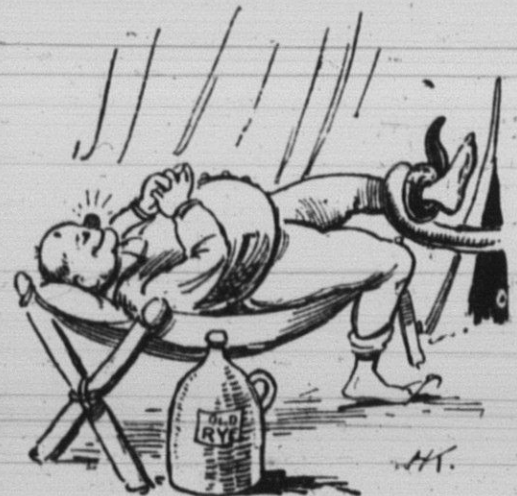
We had swung
around through
Georgia and the Carolinas with Sher-
man, and had taken
Joe Johnston into
camp, and were then
sojourning in the swamps of Virginia.
Our condition had been somewhat im-
proved as far as clothing and camp
equipment was concerned, for we had
stocked up some at Goldsboro, and we
were lolling around in our new clothes
and pup tents on the borders of the
swamps, waiting patiently for the
next move on the military checker-
board, which we hoped and expected
would be an order to muster out. The
tents were pitched along the edge of a
clearing, and immediately back of them
arose the dark Southern pines.

Snakes were plentiful in the vicinity.
You could find any number of them
near the swamps, and it was risky sit-
ting on a rotten log or stump without
first examining it to see if there wasn't
a black snake coiled up in it some-
where.

About dusk one night I strolled back
to camp completely tickered out by a
tramp through the woods, and sought
my tent for a rest. My bunkmate was
away at the time, and so I pulled off
my army brogans to ease my feet, and
stretched myself at full length in the
tent, my feet being at the end nearest
the trees.

Everything was quiet about camp,
for most of the boys were gathered to-
gether at the cook's quarters in the
rear of camp, spinning yarns and smok-
ing their pipes, and ere long I must
have fallen off into a doze or half
sleep.

I was awakened by something grasping
me by the foot and gently pulling
me backward out of the tent.
"Stop that racket!" I exclaimed, as



THE COLONEL AND THE SNAKE.

I imagined that my bunkmate was dis-
turb- ing me for appropriating the whole
tent to myself.

The pulling process was discontinued
for a moment, but the grip about my
ankle was not relaxed. Then again the
pulling commenced, and slowly
but surely I was being dragged back-
ward in spite of my efforts to hold my-
self in place.

"Stop, I tell you! Can't you let a
fellow rest in peace?" and with this
I gave a vigorous kick with the other
foot, calculating to hit bunkmate in the
stomach; but my foot came in contact
with nothing, and, in a moment more,
I felt the slow pulling act commence
again. "Aha!" said I, "that's your
game, is it?" believing that a rope had
been slipped around my foot, and that
bunkmate was tugging at the other end
from behind a tree.

By this time I was half-way out of
the tent, and I now gave another kick
close to the imprisoned ankle, in the

hopes of pushing off the rope.
Heavens and earth! There was the
rope all right enough, but it felt leath-
ery, and pliable, and slippery, and, a
sudden consciousness of what it really
was dawning upon me, I engaged in a
series of gymnastics which upset the
tent and eventually ended in my break-
ing loose from the death-grip that held
my foot prisoner. I regained my feet
at the rear of the prostrate tent,
just in time to see a monster black-
snake uncoil himself from a tree and
glide away in the darkness. He had
evidently taken a coil or two around
a young tree, and then had reached
his tail into the tent and attempted
to drag me out where he could make a
supper of me at his leisure.

A Battery in Action.

NE who has fought
on many a battle
field writes the
following thrilling de-
scription of the work of
a battery of six guns:
Did you ever
see a battery
take position?
It hasn't the
thrill of a caval-
ry charge, nor the grimness of
a line of bayon-
ets moving slowly
and deter-
minedly on; but there is a peculiar
excitement about it that makes old
veterans rise in their saddles and
cheer.

We have been fighting at the edge
of the woods. Every cartridge box has
been emptied once or more, and one-
fourth of the brigade has melted away
in dead and wounded and missing.
Not a cheer is heard in the whole brigade.
We know that we are being
driven foot by foot; and that when we
break once more the line will go to
pieces, and the enemy will pour
through the gap.

Here comes help!
Down the crowded highway gallops
a battery, withdrawn from some other
position to save ours. The field fence
is scattered while you could count
thirty, and the guns rush for the hill
behind us. Six horses to a piece—
three riders to each gun. Over dry
ditches where a farmer would not drive
a wagon, through clumps of bushes,
over logs a foot thick, every horse on
the gallop, every rider lashing his
team and yelling—the sight behind us
making us forget the foe in front. The
guns jump two feet high as the heavy
wheels strike rock or log, but not a
horse-slackens his pace, nor a can-
noneer loses his seat. Six guns, six
caissons, sixty horses, eighty men race
for the brow of the hill as if he who
reached it first would be knighted.

A moment ago the battery was a
confused mob. We look again and the
six guns are in position, the detached
horses hurrying away, the ammunition
chests open, and along our line runs
the command: "Give them one more
volley and fall back to support the
guns." We have scarcely obeyed
when boom! boom! opens the battery,
and jets of fire jump down and scorch
the green trees under which we fought
and despaired.

The shattered old brigade has a
chance to breathe for the first time in
three hours as we form a line and lie
down. What grim, cool fellows those
cannoneers are. Every man is a per-
fect machine. Bullets splash dust in
their faces, but they do not wince.
Bullets sing over and around; they do
not dodge. There goes one to the
earth, shot through the head as he
sponged his gun. That machinery
loses just one beat, misses just one cog
in the wheel, and then works away
again as before.

Every gun is using a short-fuse shell.
The ground shakes and trembles, the
roar shuts out all sounds from a line
three miles long, and the shells go
shrieking into the swamp to cut trees
short off, to mow great gaps in the
bushes, to hunt out and shatter and
mangle men until their corpses cannot
be recognized as human. You would
think a tornado was howling through
the forest, followed by billows of fire,
and yet men live through it—aye,
press forward to capture the battery.
We can hear their shouts as they form
for the rush.

Now the shells are changed for grape
and canister, and guns are fired so
fast that all reports blend into one
mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is
the wickedest sound in war, but nothing
makes the flesh crawl like the
demoniacal singing, purring, whist-
ling grape-shot, and the serpent like
hiss of canister. Men's legs and heads
are torn from bodies, and bodies cut in
two. A round shot or shell takes two
men out of the rank as it crashes
through. Grape and canister mow a
swath and pile the dead on top of each
other.

Through the smoke we see a swarm
of men. It is not a battle-line, but a
mob of men desperate enough to bathe
their bayonets in the flame of the guns.
The guns leap from the ground, al-
most, as they are depressed on the foe,
and shrieks and screams and shouts
blend into one awful and steady cry.
Twenty men out of the battery are
down, and the firing is interrupted.
The foe accept it as a sign of wavering
and come rushing on. They are not
ten feet away when the guns give them
a last shot. That discharge picks liv-
ing men off their feet and throws them
into the swamp, a blackened, bloody
mass.

Up now, as the enemy are among
the guns! There is a silence of ten
seconds, and then the flash and roar
of more than 3,000 muskets and a rush
forward with bayonets. For what?
Neither on the right nor left nor in

front of us is a living foe! There are
corpses around us which have been
struck by three, four, and even six
bullets, and nowhere on this acre of
ground is a wounded man. The
wheels of the gun cannot move until
the blockade of dead is removed. Men
cannot pass from caisson to gun with-
out climbing over windrows of dead.
Every gun and wheel is smeared with
blood; every foot of grass has its hor-
rible stain.

Historians write of the glory of war.
Burial parties saw murder where his-
torians saw glory.

A Sip of the Tongue.

BY ARTEMUS.



who lacked previous military training,
he relied upon his little book of tac-
tics to help him out.

It was no unusual sight to see him on
battalion drill, with his eyeglasses on
his nose and his book in his hand,
reading off his orders in a loud Meth-
odistic tone of voice.

To be sure, he made mistakes at
times, and read the wrong command;
but he never made quite so bad a
break as did the Colonel of an Indiana
regiment who, when he had marched
his men down to the Ohio River at
Cincinnati, and realized that some
command must be given to prevent
them from marching into the water,
hastily consulted his book and read:

"Head of column to the right, or to
the left, as the case may be!"
No, Major M.—had filled the pul-
pit too long a time to be led into such
an error; but then he was in love with
his deep, sonorous voice, and some-
times made a faux pas from paying too
much attention to emphasis and enun-
ciation, and not enough to his subject
matter.

The false step I am about to relate
was made by the pompous Major on
dress parade one afternoon, when he
happened to be in command of the
regiment. I say pompous, for, be it
known, the Major was not only that
in speech, but in style and physical
proportions, and the way his corpulent
figure strove to burst the belt that en-
circled it was highly suggestive of
plum puddings and yellow-legged
chickens.

On this occasion the Major not only
had some general orders to read, but
he also had a sentence of court-martial
to pronounce.

It transpired that one of the boys
had been caught sleeping on his post
while on camp guard duty. This sort
of duty, at that particular time and
place, was considered unnecessary by
the boys, and, in fact, was only en-
forced for purposes of discipline; so
that while the offense was not a seri-
ous one, it nevertheless furnished a
good pretext for the assertion of offi-
cial authority.

The line having been formed and
everything in readiness for the Major,
he put us through a few movements in
the manual of arms, brought us to a
parade rest, adjusted his glasses to the
tip of his nose, threw his chest—no, his
abdomen—to the front, and, after
reading the general orders, glanced
with a frown intended to be very
withering up and down the line, and
read, in a voice calculated to carry
terror to the hearts of future wrong-
doers, the following sentence:

"Private John Jones, for sleeping on
his post, is hereby sentenced to thirty
days in bread and water, on close con-
finement!"

He probably never would have known
what threw the ranks into convulsions
if he had not been informed by the
Adjutant.

A Guerrilla's Plunder.

THESE guerril-
las had no better
motives for going
to war than plun-
der and rapine,
writes an old vet-
eran. And steal-
—why, these
devils stole every-
thing! On one of
our raids, near
Livermore, Ky.,
a member of our
band pursued
and killed one of
a fleeing band of
bushwhackers who had gutted a neigh-
boring village. The fellow had in his
possession a petticoat, one end of which
had been secured by a string until it
formed a receptacle for all manner of
notions which had been dumped into it
promiscuously. In that hastily im-
vised bag was everything, from a
shirt button to a curry-comb. What
he wanted with such a stock of cheap
plunder I failed to understand. Had
he thrown it away while fleeing he
might have escaped, but though ham-
pered by the load he carried, he retained
it to the last, and clutched it in his
dying agonies.

Often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.

ASTRONOMICAL PHENOMENA.

The Principal Heavenly Happenings for the Coming Year.

The principal phenomena predicted for the year 1891 are four eclipses, two of the sun and two of the moon, a transit of Mercury over the sun's disk, and the disappearance and reappearance of Saturn's rings. Of these the last two will excite the most interest.

A total eclipse of the moon, May 23, will be invisible in the United States, but visible generally throughout the Western part of the Pacific Ocean, Australia, Asia, Africa, and Europe.

An annular eclipse of the sun, June 6, will be visible in the Northern part of Siberia. It will be visible as a partial eclipse in the Western part of the United States, in British America, and Siberia.

A total eclipse of the moon, Novem-
ber 15, will be visible throughout North
and South America, Asia, Africa, Eu-
rope, and the Atlantic Ocean. It will
begin at 3 h. 36 m. and end at 9 h. 3 m.
p. m. central time. We expect later to
give a chart of the moon's path among
the stars during this eclipse, and a list
of the stars which will be occulted.

A partial eclipse of the sun, Decem-
ber 3, will be visible only in the South-
ern part of South America and the
south polar region.

The transit of Mercury across the
sun's disk will take place on May 9,
beginning at 5 h. 55 m. and ending at
10:35 p. m. central time. It will be
partly visible in the United States and
throughout the Western part of North
and South America and Asia. The
whole transit will be visible in Japan,
China, Eastern Siberia, Australia, and
the Malaysian Islands. It is not likely
that any expedition will be sent out for
the purpose of obtaining observations of
this transit under favorable circum-
stances, for such observations would be
of value only in determining the place
of the planet. The solar parallax, for
which such great pains have been taken
in observing transits of Venus, has, by
other means, been determined with
much greater accuracy than could be
attained from transits of Mercury.

There are, however, interesting ques-
tions as to the planet's appearance dur-
ing transit, its atmosphere and motion.
No one who has the opportunity to ob-
serve this transit should neglect to make
all the use possible of it.

Prof. G. W. Coakley, of the Univer-
sity of New York, has computed the
times of the transit for several of the
observatories of the United States, data
which will be found very useful to those
wishing to observe the transit.

On September 22 the earth will pass
through the plane of Saturn's rings.
The rings then, in telescopes of sufficient
power to show them, will appear as a
fine straight thread of light. From
September 22 to October 30 the earth
will be above the plane of the rings
while the sun will be below that plane,
shining upon the south side of the
rings. The rings then should entirely
disappear, except the very fine thread
of light which comes from the outer
edges of rings A and B. After Octo-
ber 30 the sun will be on the north side
of the plane of the rings, so that its
light will illuminate the same side of
the rings at which we look. Many in-
teresting observations were made at the
time of the disappearance of Saturn's
rings in 1878, and, although the posi-
tion of the planet will be very unfavor-
able, it is to be hoped that many of them
will be repeated this year, as accurate
data obtained for the solution of the
problems connected with the rings.
Saturn will be in conjunction with the
sun on September 12, so that at the
time of the disappearance of the rings
it will be very close to the sun and can
be observed only very near the horizon.

An Odd Coincidence.

An old friend (call him W.) relates
how, while he was in Florida, his watch
stopped. Since it was a very good
watch and had never stopped before,
and had been duly wound the evening
before, W. was much surprised that it
wouldn't go. By-and-by the head of
the house (call him B.) came in.

"Will you please give me the time?"
said W.

"Certainly," answered B., and pulled
out his watch.

B. had a timepiece which was en-
tirely trustworthy and not given to ir-
regularities of any kind. He pulled it out
of his pocket.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed; "my watch
has stopped; that's queer."

They compared the two watches, and
they had stopped at the same hour and
at the same minute, and why they had
stopped neither man was able to dis-
cover.

Kill or Cure.

A stranger, journeying in France,
fell sick until death. His friend called
in a physician, who demurred about
giving him professional services, fearing
the wherewithal might not be forthcom-
ing to settle his bill. The friend, pro-
ducing a one hundred franc bill, said:
"Kill him or cure him, this is yours."
The sick man died and was buried,
and the doctor, finding his money slow
to appear, reminded the survivor of the
debt.

"Did you kill him?"
"Certainly not."
"Then you have no claim on me sir.
I wish you good-day."

Jack Explains.

Clara—Do tell me, Jack, what is the
meaning of this word "hook" that I
hear so much about just now in con-
nection with the habits of young men?

Jack—Hook? Oh, yes! It's a kind
of wine.

Clara—A kind of wine, eh? Is it
imported?

Jack—Oh, dear, no! It's an Indian
beverage very popular among the
Pawnees.

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, Feb. 22, may be found in 11 Kings, 11: 12-22.

INTRODUCTORY.

Great men are rare, but they seem often to come in groups, or at least in couples. Here the remarkable career of Elijah is well matched by the likewise remarkable career of Elisha, a man, like his predecessor, of marvelous miraculous gifts. In this lesson, in a stirring way, we are introduced to this new leader of spiritual Israel in his new independent capacity. It is the wonderful story of a wonderful man, and yet it carries its suggestive lessons, for the times that now are.

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

Elisha saw it. Thus fulfilling the condi-
tion imposed by Elijah in v. 10 above, "If
thou see me when I am taken from thee."
—And he cried. There are two peculiar
and noteworthy things regarding the He-
brew form of the verb used here. (1) It is
the piel or intensive mood, meaning to cry
aloud or strongly. (2) It is the participial
form with the personal pronoun: And he
crying aloud, language very graphic and
expressive.—And horsesmen thereof. The
Douay, putting this also in the singular
seems more nearly correct. (See Variations.)—Took hold, i. e., with strength to
seize.

The mantle of Elijah. He had already
felt its weight before at his call, 1 King
19: 19.—And stood, or took his stand,
made a stand.—Bank. Literally lip, so
rendered at Ps. 120: 2. ("Lying lips.")
Smote the waters. As Elijah had done a
little while before, v. 8.—Where is the
Lord God of Elijah? Spoken in courageous
trust, along with the testing stroke. The
margin is correct here in adding the words
even he. So the Hebrew. In our versions
the phrase is rendered by the word "also"
in the following clause.—Elisha passed
over. The same expression used of Elijah
and Elisha in v. 8 above.

Saw him. Coming thus across Jordan.—
Bowed themselves. The words is from the
root, meaning to lie down, in Oriental ex-
cess of reverence. It is presumable that
this miraculous transaction at the Jordan
was the only part of this wonderful series of
events beheld by the young prophets.

Urged. Literally to hack or notch. They
kept pressing him. Naturally enough. Just
as the disciples did our Lord at times. Of
the raising of Lazarus (John 11).—
Ashamed. See Douay, Variations. Liter-
ally to turn white or change color, as of
one who yields or gives up. Send. So as
to see for themselves.—Found him not.
Their early incredulity, like that of Thomas
and indeed of all the disciples, making the
chain of proof, for later generations, all the
stronger.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

He took up also the mantle of Elijah.
That was an expressive gesture that came
just before this: He took hold of his own
clothes and rent them in two pieces. Doubt-
less it betokened grief and in the Oriental
demonstrativeness of it. But it seems
doubly significant and suggestive here in
connection with what follows. He rent his
own garment; he is through with it; and
now he takes up Elijah's mantle and ap-
propriates it for himself. It may be but a
vagrant fancy, and yet we cannot help
thinking of the lowly colored man who
entered the Kingdom ahead of his proud
master, because despising his own poor rai-
ment he threw all aside for the better robe
of Christ's righteousness. Let this scene
at least picture to us the self-emptying
that goes before the divine endowment. We
are ready to put on our Elijah's mantle of
power when we come with garments rent
in grief and self-abasement.

Smote the waters. Use your talent. This
is what Stanley calls the true apostolic suc-
cession. There are more of us possess the
mantle than are aware of it. A great many
of us are praying for the gift of the Holy
Spirit. Wist ye not that the Spirit is al-
ready given, poured out, since Christ has
fulfilled the conditions of the bestowment?
The Holy Spirit is Christ's own gift to his
people: "Being by the right hand of God
exalted, and having received of the Father
the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath
shed forth this which ye now see and hear."
Or have you seen it, heard it? If not, it is
because the smiting of the waters has not
yet taken place. Here faith works. It is
God's to give the power, through the grace
of our Lord Jesus. It is ours to own it and
assert it and utilize it. Come, friends, here
are waters at our feet. A Jordan of testing,
since it is a Jordan that flows between us
and success. Rise in God's might and smite
the waters with the mantle of trust. They
will not part of themselves. They await
the cleavage of your mantle God-given and
God-ordained. Elijah's God is known as
Elisha's God when personal faith speaks and
acts.

Let them go, we pray thee, and seek thy
Master. And at last, yielding to their
pressure and for their own complete persua-
sion, he let them go. They came back con-
vinced; no longer was there any doubt in
their minds. So came they of old to seek our
Lord in the garden. Jesus had said to them
that he would rise again. The Jews remem-
bered it, for they seemed to have a better
memory than the disciples, and they went
and made the sepulcher sure, sealing the
stone and setting a watch. Their very
vigilance armed the faith for all future
time with new demonstrations of power.
Presently came the doubting disciples, for-
getting his promise, looking for him in the
tomb. God's angel meets them, and there
is rebuke as well as instruction in the voice
that speaks: "He is not here, for he is
risen, as he said." Yes, it was very hard to
convince those disciples of old; they were
men of like weakness as ourselves. But
being such, and going, and seeing and being
fully convinced, what ground is there for
unfaith to-day? It was infidelity that
founded its rightful tomb in Joseph's garden.
Bring me a new cruse and put salt there-
in. Let us once in a while change the
earthen vessel, wherein this treasure lies;
bring a new cruse. Has the interest de-
clined? Is the prayer-meeting cold? Does
the water seem naught and the ground bar-
ren? "Bring a new cruse." Introduce new
methods, alter the programme, enlist new
voices, new agencies, new sympathies, call
in the young, present other cups of salva-
tion. But, mind you, put salt therein. It
is Paul who says to the Colossians, "Let
your speech be always with grace, seasoned
with salt." No instrumentality is of any
spiritual worth which has not in it the good
leaven from above. When God's grace is in
the heart, then the lips speak right; what
ye may know how ye ought to answer (make
testimony) to every man.

Notice as suggested in these verses.
A sharp eye.—Israel's chariot still in
use.—An exchanged garment.—Jordan
subjugated.—Elisha's emancipation.—
Elisha's ordination.—The proof of the
senses.—Making the bitter sweet.—
Cloven waters and healed waters.—
Christianity the salt of the life that now is.

Next lesson—"The Shunammite's Son."
2 Kings 4: 25-37.

THE CHELSEA STANDARD.

WM. EMMERT, Publisher.

CHELSEA, - - - - - MINN.

AN ORIENTAL DISASTER.

FIRE WIPES OUT VALUABLE PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

The Old Warrior Is No More—Large Rewards Offered for a Murderer—Prohibition Defeated in Dakota—Another Whitechapel Murder.

THE COPYRIGHT BILL.

Argument Interrupted by the Announcement of Gen. Sherman's Death.

The credentials of William F. Vilas as Senator-elect from the State of Wisconsin for the term commencing March 4 next were presented by the Vice President in the Senate, on the 14th, and placed on file. Among the bills reported and placed on the calendar were House bills authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Red River at Alexandria, La., and across the Mississippi at South St. Paul, Minn. The copyright bill was then proceeded with. Mr. Carlisle offered an amendment intended to carry out the policy of the Sherman amendment already adopted. The proceedings were here interrupted by a message from the President announcing the death of Gen. Sherman. In the House a Senate bill was passed authorizing the construction of a bridge across the St. Louis River between Minnesota and Wisconsin. The House then went into committee of the whole on the Indian appropriation bill.

A GREAT WARRIOR GONE.

Gen. W. T. Sherman Passes Peacefully Into the Beyond.

GEN. WILLIAM T. SHERMAN, after a brave struggle for life, is dead. He passed peacefully and painlessly away in the presence of his family and a few close friends. The change which marked the approach of the end was so slight that at first even the physicians failed to grasp its meaning. The General was unconscious for some time before death. He did not suffer any pain. His respirations grew weaker until they ceased entirely. The end came so easily that for a moment it was not possible to realize that he was dead. Dispatches were sent by Secretary Barrett to President Harrison, General Schofield, Secretary Proctor, Mrs. Senator Sherman, and other relatives. In compliance with a desire previously expressed by the General his remains will be interred in St. Louis.

Rewards Offered for a Murderer.

THE Northwestern Elevator Company, of Minneapolis, has offered a reward of \$500 for the capture and conviction of the murderer of J. B. Flett, their agent at Arthur, N. D., and the other elevator companies have added \$500 to this amount. Governor Burke, of North Dakota, has also offered \$500 reward, making a total of \$1,500, which will be paid on the capture and conviction of the murderer.

Defeat for Prohibitionists.

THE North Dakota Senate considered the concurrent resolution of the House on the resubmission of prohibition, and concurred in it—yeas 14, nays 15. Resubmission was carried by the votes of those west slope members who had been instructed against it. To pay them back a resolution was carried through—20 to 8—in favor of capital removal.

Reported Miracles at Goa.

From Goa, India, comes a report that miracles have been performed at the tomb in the cathedral at Goa, where the body of St. Francis Xavier was recently exposed to public view, after being buried for three centuries and a half. Persons who kissed or touched the remains claim to have recovered from various disorders.

Riot at Omaha.

At Omaha, Neb., a gang of ice cutters became involved in dispute concerning wages and began fighting. Tom Wallace was stabbed through the heart with a butcher knife. Dick Cushing and Tom Flemming received numerous stabs, and are in a critical condition. A number received injuries. A squad of police prevented further casualties.

Hemp for Binding Twine.

THE Empire Cordage Company, of Champaign, Ill., claim to have substantially solved the binder-twine question. One of the members of the cordage company said: "We are prepared now to manufacture all the twine for which we can obtain material. We use nothing but American hemp."

Disaster in the Orient.

ADVICES per steamship China, which arrived from Hong Kong and Yokohama, are to the effect that fire broke out in the center of the two houses of the Japanese Diet, and after destroying the House of Representatives spread to the House of Peers, which also burned to the ground.

Another Whitechapel Suspect Arrested.

THE police have arrested another man in Whitechapel on suspicion of being the murderer of the woman variously known as "Frances," "Frances Coleman," and "Carrotty Nell." When arrested blood was found upon the clothing of the suspect.

English and Irish Politics.

WITH regard to the probabilities of the next general election in Ireland, the Parnellite faction asserts that it will win sixty out of the eighty-six home-rule seats, giving the members of the old party eighteen, and the Unionists eight.

Heir to \$25,000,000.

Mrs. WHITE, now a resident of Kansas City, Kan., receives \$25,000,000 by the will of her uncle, William Daw, of New York. She has been very poor for some time, though at one time she was worth \$75,000.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

EASTERN OCCURRENCES.

A LACKAWANNA train collided at Elmira, N. Y., with a wild engine. The train was going at a high rate of speed when it struck the engine, and the express engine was thrown off the track and completely turned over, its tender on the other side; the wild engine likewise was demolished. The engineer of the express train, James Powers, was badly crushed and was removed from the track in a dying condition. His fireman, name unknown, was fatally injured. James Powers, employed on the wild engine, died within half an hour. The fireman of the wild engine, Albert Englehart, was also killed. The engineer was badly hurt, but will probably recover.

At New York, an act of heroism cost the life of Simon Joseph. Two little girls were crossing Broadway directly before a team, but none but Mr. Joseph had the presence of mind to act. He saved the children, but was fatally hurt.

THOMAS THOMAS, a hermit, aged 75 years, residing at Carmantown, N. J., died after several months' suffering from a cancer. He had lived the life of a miser for many years, and since his wife's death had lived by himself, doing his own housework. The old hermit was worth about \$50,000 in money and owned several fine houses. He had been known to beg food and on election day he voted for the party which paid best. During the spring of last year a fierce forest fire raged in the woods near his house, and fearful for his property, he ran into the house and came out again carrying a chest full of money, it is said, all in \$20 gold pieces.

THE Lunacy Commission in the case of James M. Dougherty, of New York, Mary Anderson's insane lover who shot and killed Dr. George Lloyd, reported that Dougherty was as dangerous a lunatic as the commission had ever encountered.

ONE of the Staten Island-Milling Company's barges, laden with flour, sank at pier 14, East River, New York. The loss on the flour is \$3,000.

At Ayer, Mass., the First National Bank and the North Middlesex Savings Bank closed their doors, and ugly rumors are afloat concerning them. H. E. Spaulding, cashier of both institutions, is missing, and where he has gone no one there knows. The exact financial condition of the banks is not known. The officers and directors are very reticent, and nothing definite can be obtained other than that they consider that the banks are perfectly solvent, and that not a dollar or a bond on deposit has been disturbed. The books will be examined at once.

NEWS is received of the death in Nashua, N. H., of Samuel Morey, who came into prominence during the Garfield-Hancock campaign of 1880. He was arrested in connection with the famous "Morey Chinese Letter."

At Scottsdale, Pa., 600 employees of W. J. Rainey quit work at the Paul and Fort Hill works and joined the strikers. Deputy Sheriffs and Pinkerton guards are protecting Rainey's works from threatened raids.

At Dover, Del., Jesse H. Proctor and Frederick Young were hanged for murder.

At Pittsburg, Pa., the Thomson-Houston and Westinghouse Electric Company have combined. This will no doubt serve to withdraw the numerous suits throughout the country over alleged infringements.

WESTERN HAPPENINGS.

HERMAN ENGLER and Edward Norris quarreled at the residence of Mrs. Hardensteck, near East St. Louis. Engler fired two shots at Norris, but missed him. The bullets hit a young girl named Emma Cowell in the calf of the leg and Herman Hickson, a boy, in the right arm. Engler was arrested. Jealousy is said to have been the cause of the trouble.

NEAR Napa, Cal., as Capt. J. O. Greenwood returned to his house, he was met by two men, armed with pistols, who bound and drugged him. Mrs. Greenwood, after a struggle, was dragged into the house and also bound and drugged. Some hours later, when Greenwood recovered consciousness, he succeeded in making his way to an adjoining bed-room, where he was horrified to find the dead body of his wife, who apparently had been killed while resisting the robbers. As he was returning from the bedroom Greenwood was again met by the men, who shot at him twice, both bullets passing through his left cheek. He will probably recover. He states that there was but a small sum of money in the house, which was ransacked by the robbers.

JAMES GAFFNEY, living in St. Louis, Mo., is an industrious Irishman and has saved considerable money. He had about \$2,800, which he placed in a small wooden box and concealed in an unused parlor stove. He started a fire in the stove, and in a few minutes his wife thought of the money and a frantic struggle began to rescue it from the fire. About \$500 was entirely destroyed and the balance badly mutilated.

At a meeting of the Fargo Board of Trade a communication was presented from McIntosh County appealing for aid for the destitute there. It was represented that 150 families in that county are in need of immediate assistance.

HENRY RANTISDEL, a laborer employed at Armour's packing-house at Kansas City, Mo., met a horrible and instant death in full view of his wife. He was running to catch a passing train on the Santa Fe tracks, his foot caught on a wire, and he fell forward on his face between the rails. Before he could arise a switch engine cut him in two.

At Big Run, Ohio, J. W. Griffy committed suicide. Although having a wife and eight children, Griffy fell in love

with a young widow, and the latter's failure to reciprocate the unholy attachment led to the tragedy.

Two boys, sons of a German farmer named August Ford, were found dead two miles northwest of Utica, Minn. They got caught in the blizzard.

BURGARS raided the wholesale notion house of Joseph A. Bigel & Co., at Cincinnati. Silks and velvets valued at \$50,000 were stolen.

FIRE destroyed the packing-house of A. D. Karling near Malaga, Cal., with 15,000 boxes of raisins and a large quantity of vineyard material, causing a loss of \$34,000; insured for \$23,000.

At Poplar Bluff, Mo., Matthew Vandover was shot and killed while asleep in his own house. Vandover's wife was occupying another bed in the same room. Mrs. Vandover says she awoke just in time to see two men pass hurriedly out of the door. The weapon was placed so close to the murdered man's head that the hair was singed.

GEO. J. GIBSON, secretary of the great whisky trust, was arrested in Chicago by United States officials on the charge of being a participant in a gigantic conspiracy involving the destruction of life and a vast amount of property. The conspiracy involved the destruction of the Shufeldt distillery and several others outside of the trust, and which have given the whisky combine a good deal of trouble. The arrest was made by Inspector Stuart of the Postoffice Department, Deputy United States Marshal Gilman, and Treasury Agent Brooks, of New York. Gibson, who lives in Peoria, had just arrived in the city, and was accompanied by his wife and daughter. The Treasury Department at Washington was informed of the conspiracy some time ago, and its officers were set to work to thwart it and arrest the participants.

JACOB FREUNDLICH and his team were drowned in sight of 100 people in the Ohio River at Evansville, Ind.

A NATURAL GAS explosion occurred at the corner of Salisbury and Columbia streets, in West Lafayette, Ind. James Jenners arose to see what the time was, and, striking a match, there was a terrific explosion, followed by a second one, completely wrecking the building and severely if not fatally injuring its occupants. It was a large double house, and both sides were completely demolished. The debris caught fire and a large dwelling adjoining was also consumed.

In the Omaha, Neb., jail, physicians forced food down the throat of H. M. Rodgers, who tried to commit suicide last week, after confessing to complicity in a Pennsylvania murder. He fought the doctors with all his strength, but a quart of milk was pumped into him.

At Poplar Bluff, Mo., Mrs. Matthew Vandover, whose husband was killed while sleeping by her side, went before a justice and made confession under oath that a man named Marion Long shot her husband and that it was a plot between them. After the murder Long went to Bloomfield, Mo., where he was arrested.

At Evansville, Ind., fire totally ruined the stocks of M. Ungerlied, trunks, and Evans & Verwayne, dry goods. The loss will be \$40,000, covered partially by insurance.

CHARLES RITTER, paying teller of the First National Bank of Evansville, Ind., is a defaulter in a large sum. The discovery was made during Mr. Ritter's confinement at home by recent sickness. As paying teller he had access to the money of the bank, and his irregularities were covered up by a most ingenious system of false entries which almost defied investigation. The exact amount of the shortage is not known; the examination of his books being still in progress, but the shortage thus far is in excess of his bond, which is \$25,000. The cause of his downfall is believed to be his ambition to make money. He is the head of the Schmidt music house at Evansville, and has established branch concerns of the same. Those houses have been badly managed, and have been a continual drain upon him.

ELEVEN persons are lying at their homes in North St. Louis, Mo., in a precarious condition from the effects of eating some poisoned cheese.

At Clifton, A. T., Judge W. R. McCormick killed himself for some unknown cause. He was well known on the Pacific coast.

MRS. LAIRD of Winona, Minn., committed suicide by taking hydrate of chloral. No reason for the act is known.

A DEAD body found at Shiloh, Ohio, was identified as that of William Genee, who lived at Cleveland. How he met his death remains a mystery. A post mortem was held, but no evidence of foul play was discovered.

SOUTHERN INCIDENTS.

NEAR Elkhorn, W. Va., the body of James Wilson was found with seven bullet holes in the body and two knife-cuts. A gold watch, \$75 and a revolver were missing.

HELENA, Ala., was swept by a cyclone, several buildings being wrecked. Three persons were wounded.

THE coldest blizzard in two years was reported in Texas. Flocks and herds were scattered. At Chattanooga, Tenn., over two inches of rain fell, and high water in the Tennessee River is expected.

JAY GOULD was taken suddenly ill at St. Augustine, Fla., and by advice of physicians started for New York in his private car. The nature and extent of his illness is not known, as the party left St. Augustine on a special train at ten minutes' notice.

At Pineville, Ky., Judge Wilson Lewis, of Harlan County, the man who made himself famous as the leader of the Law and Order League which waged such a bitter warfare against Wils Howard and his infamous gang, was murdered by his son, Sidney Lewis. The son was a member of the latter gang and had made frequent threats against his father's life. The Judge, fearing that his son would

carry out his threats, had him put under bond to keep the peace. This incensed the son, who went to his father's home. A wordy quarrel ensued, when the son pulled a revolver and put five bullets into the Judge's body, killing him instantly.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER, who has been in failing health for some time, died suddenly at Washington. All of the members of the family were at home at the time of his death. The death of Admiral Porter has been so long expected that it caused no little excitement. The Admiral had for several months been practically dead to the world. He had not left his room since he entered it in October, on his return from his summer home at Newport. His death finally came from the result of a combination of causes, not the least of which was his advanced age. The Admiral's death will result in no naval changes. Though nominally on the "active list," he has been in practical retirement for a great many years.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

THE great strike in the Connellsville coke region has begun, and every mine and coke works in the region will be closed down. The miners to the number of about 10,000 refused to go to work, the only men now working being the coke drawers. Six thousand men are employed at this work, and as soon as they have drawn the coke from the ovens they will quit also. The strike is for an advance in wages of 12½ cents per ton, and against a 10 per cent. reduction. Both sides are firm, and a long struggle appears inevitable. The operators claim that owing to the depressed condition of the coke and iron trades a reduction is necessary, while, upon the other hand, the workmen say the depression is only temporary, and the operators can well afford to pay the increase. There are over 16,000 ovens and seventy coal and coke works in the region.

At Kearney, N. J., riot and bloodshed occurred at Clark's thread mill. When the non-union spinners quit work they were carried over the river from the Newark side in a launch, and when they landed on the Kearney side they were met by a throng of 2,000 persons, men, women and children, hoodlums predominating. Special officers were stationed, and scarcely a whole pane of glass is left in the mammoth factory. Several persons were injured, but none killed. Grave trouble is feared.

FRESH AND NEWSY.

THE California House passed a bill appropriating \$300,000 for the exhibit at the World's Fair.

UNEMPLOYED men in Toronto, Ontario, to the number of 2,500, paraded the streets bearing a flag with the motto, "Bread or Work." Vague threats of violence were made.

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

There is some improvement in business at the East and a more confident feeling, and at Chicago the tone is very hopeful, but at most of the other Western and nearly all Southern points business shows no increase in volume and is rather hesitating. The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days number 297 as compared with a total of 306 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 302.

JAMES STORY, of Parsons, Kan., has just received letters patent from Washington for his invention of an artificial egg. The inventor says that he can make one carload per day, at a cost of 3 cents per dozen, with machinery that will cost only \$500.

NEAR the village of St. Albert, Ont., a family named La France lived in a small house. During the night the house took fire. Mrs. La France and the two children were burned to death.

At New York Messrs. Flint & Co. received the following cablegram from Chili: "Pizagua bombarded and burning; blockade ceased at Valparaiso."

MARKET REPORTS.

| CHICAGO. | | |
|-------------------------------|---------|---------|
| CATTLE—Common to Prime..... | \$ 3.25 | @ 5.75 |
| HOGS—Shipping Grades..... | 3.00 | @ 3.75 |
| SHEEP..... | 3.00 | @ 5.50 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Red..... | .96 | @ .97 |
| CORN—No. 2..... | .50½ | @ .51½ |
| OATS—No. 2..... | .44 | @ .45 |
| RYE—No. 2..... | .73 | @ .74 |
| BUTTER—Choice Creamery..... | .23 | @ .27 |
| CHEESE—Full Cream, flats..... | .10½ | @ .11½ |
| EGGS—Fresh..... | .19½ | @ .20½ |
| POTATOES—Western, per bu..... | .90 | @ .95 |
| INDIANAPOLIS. | | |
| CATTLE—Shipping..... | 3.50 | @ 5.00 |
| HOGS—Choice Light..... | 3.00 | @ 4.00 |
| SHEEP—Common to Prime..... | 3.00 | @ 4.75 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Red..... | .99 | @ 1.01 |
| CORN—No. 1 White..... | .52 | @ .52½ |
| OATS—No. 2 White..... | .46½ | @ .47½ |
| ST. LOUIS. | | |
| CATTLE..... | 4.00 | @ 5.25 |
| HOGS..... | 3.00 | @ 3.75 |
| SHEEP..... | .96½ | @ .97½ |
| CORN—No. 2..... | .49 | @ .50 |
| OATS—No. 1 White..... | .45½ | @ .46½ |
| BARLEY—Minnesota..... | .73 | @ .74 |
| CINCINNATI. | | |
| CATTLE..... | 3.00 | @ 4.50 |
| HOGS..... | 3.00 | @ 4.00 |
| SHEEP..... | 3.00 | @ 5.50 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Red..... | .99 | @ 1.01 |
| CORN—No. 2..... | .54 | @ .55 |
| OATS—No. 2 Mixed..... | .48½ | @ .49½ |
| DETROIT. | | |
| CATTLE..... | 3.00 | @ 4.75 |
| HOGS..... | 3.00 | @ 3.75 |
| SHEEP..... | 3.00 | @ 5.50 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Red..... | 1.01 | @ 1.02 |
| CORN—No. 2 Yellow..... | .53 | @ .54 |
| OATS—No. 2 White..... | .47½ | @ .48½ |
| TOLEDO. | | |
| WHEAT..... | 1.00 | @ 1.00½ |
| CORN..... | .53 | @ .54 |
| OATS—No. 2 White..... | .47½ | @ .48½ |
| CLOVER SEED..... | 4.45 | @ 4.55 |
| EAST LIBERTY. | | |
| CATTLE—Common to Prime..... | 4.00 | @ 5.00 |
| SHEEP—Light..... | 2.25 | @ 4.00 |
| SHEEP—Medium to Good..... | 4.00 | @ 5.50 |
| LAMBS..... | 4.00 | @ 6.75 |
| MILWAUKEE. | | |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Spring..... | .93 | @ .95 |
| CORN—No. 3..... | .50 | @ .52 |
| OATS—No. 2 White..... | .46 | @ .47 |
| BARLEY—No. 2..... | .74 | @ .77 |
| POKE—Mess..... | .65 | @ .67 |
| NEW YORK. | | |
| CATTLE..... | 4.00 | @ 5.75 |
| HOGS..... | 3.25 | @ 4.00 |
| SHEEP..... | 4.00 | @ 5.75 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Red..... | 1.10 | @ 1.12 |
| CORN—No. 2..... | .53 | @ .54 |
| OATS—Mixed Western..... | .43 | @ .44 |
| BUTTER—Western..... | .25 | @ .27 |
| EGGS—Western..... | .23½ | @ .24 |
| POKE—New Mess..... | 10.52 | @ 11.25 |

THE NATIONAL SOLONS.

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Our National Lawmakers and What They Are Doing for the Good of the Country—Various Measures Proposed, Discussed, and Acted Upon.

THE Senate on the 11th agreed to a resolution calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for a list of all persons, firms or associations by whom bullion had been offered (under the act of July 14, 1890), the amounts and prices; a list of those from whom silver bullion had been purchased, the basis on which an estimate is made of the market price of silver and the amounts and prices of silver bullion purchased outside of the United States. In the House Senate amendment to House bill providing for the selection of a site for a military post at San Diego, Cal. A bill was passed extending the time within which the Choctaw Coal and Railroad Company shall construct its road through the Indian Territory. The House then went into committee of the whole on the legislative appropriation bill.

In the Senate on the 12th the credentials of Mr. Teller for the new Senatorial term beginning March 4 were presented and filed. The following among other bills were passed: Senate bill establishing pier lights at Annapolis, Wis.; Senate bill for creation of a fourth judicial district in Utah; House bill to grant right of way through the Crow reservation to the Montana & Wyoming Railroad Company (with amendments). The Senate then resumed consideration of the copyright bill, the pending question being the amendment offered by Mr. Sherman to strike out the word "prohibited" and insert the words "subject to the duties provided by law," so that foreign copies of books patented in the United States shall not be prohibited, but shall be subject to tariff duties. Owing to the absence of Mr. Sherman the bill was laid aside. In the House Senate bill was passed authorizing the Kansas and Arkansas Railroad Company to extend its lines in the Indian Territory. The House then went into committee of the whole on the legislative appropriation bill.

THE Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures continued its hearing on the 13th. F. J. Newlands, of the National Silver Committee, continued his argument; began last week. Mr. Newlands, in reference to statements made before the committee forecasting the flooding of this country with silver if the free coinage bill was passed, said this could be prevented very easily by passing the bill with a proviso limiting the coinage to bullion, the production of the mines of the world and excluding foreign coin. Mr. Newlands was then excused and Mr. Holden, of Colorado, addressed the committee in favor of free coinage. In the Senate the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill was reported and placed on the calendar. The House bill for a public building at Richmond, Ky., at a cost not to exceed \$75,000, was passed. Consideration of the copyright bill was then resumed.

Terribly Aggravating.

A high official of the government was in a communicative mood to-day. He sat, tipped back in his comfortable office chair, and said to the *Traveler* correspondent: "I have made a discovery that is worth millions to bashful men. You know there are some fellows who never can go into ladies' company without being embarrassed, but I have found out something that will make a bashful man the equal of the most self-conscious woman that ever lived. Now let me tell you my secret. I started out on the broad, general platform that a woman is more sensitive about her feet than anything else. Having settled that in my mind, I began a series of experiments. The horsecar is my favorite place. I love to see a queenly looking woman get into the car and sit down with the air of knowing that she is the best-dressed lady present. In an apparently unconcerned way I attract her attention by looking steadily at her feet, with an occasional glance at her face. Of course, I avoid all appearance of impertinence. I assume the air of a man who sees something that interests him. No matter how calm the victim is when she entered the car, inside of five minutes she will fairly ache to get to her destination. She may have the handsomest foot in the world, and know that it is encased in a nicely fitting shoe, but she will wilt all the same. It is a woman's weakness. I have tried it on young girls of sixteen and old women of eighty—the result is the same. Achilles is vulnerable only in his heel; but you can't look steadily at a woman's little toe for two consecutive minutes without making her feel as though she would like to murder you."—*Boston Traveler*.

Until the Plumber Comes.

When water pipes freeze, leak, burst, and the plumber is in at least fourteen other houses, the housekeeper can make shift to await his coming with at least the serenity an unflooded house can give her. Let her keep on hand a pound of white lead under water, and so soft and ready for use. When the leak or break is found, shut off the water first, and then spread some white lead on a cloth, like a plaster. Tie this firmly over the leak, and the plaster will soon harden, for the water cannot work its way out, or prevent the plaster's adhering. When the water freezes in the traps of the bath room or the kitchen sink, a quart of common salt thrown into them will thaw them out more rapidly than hot water. A lighted lamp placed under a frozen water pipe is more rapid and convenient in its work than pouring on hot water. A lamp, the flame partly lowered, placed under the exposed bend or length of pipe which is liable to freeze is a simple preventive of trouble in bitter weather.—*Harper's Bazar*.

From the Dictionary.

DRAWN all over the world—Corks.
A MATCH for anybody—The sulphur.
A PRECIOUS cord—A string of pearls.
INVESTMENTS—The Episcopal clergy.
A HANDY instrument—The accordion.

the death of Admiral David Dixon Porter the country loses the last of a trio of commanders who sustained in the war the finest traditions of the old navy.

Though far from being alone in this record of gallantry, the names of Farragut, and Porter have a pre-eminence of their own. David D. Porter was born in Erie, Pa., June 8, 1813, and thus lacked a few months of completing his 78th year. He had his first experience in the Mexican campaign in 1827, being then 14 years of age. In 1829 he was appointed midshipman in the United States navy and attained his command in 1841. He served during the Mexican war, had charge of the rendezvous at New Orleans and was engaged in every action on the coast. Toward he commanded for some years the ships in the Pacific Mail service between New York and the Isthmus of Panama. At the beginning of the war he was appointed to the command of the Powhatan, on service in the Gulf. Farragut's attack on New Orleans, Porter was promoted to Commander, commanded the mortar fleet. Farragut, having destroyed the enemy's fleet of fifteen vessels, reduced the fort Jackson and St. Philip to Porter, while he proceeded to the city. The forts surrendered in 1862. Porter then assisted Farragut in the latter's operations between New Orleans and Vicksburg, where he effectively guarded the forts and enabled the fleet to pass in safety. After his service at Vicksburg, Porter received the thanks of Congress and the commission of Rear Admiral. On July 4, 1863, the date of the battle of that town. He ran past the Confederate forts, and captured the Confederates at Grand Gulf, which put his fleet into communication with Gen. Grant. In the spring of 1864 Porter co-operated with Gen. Sherman in the Red river campaign, and in the same year was transferred to the Atlantic squadron and reduced Ft. Fisher. Rear Admiral Porter received a great number of thanks from Congress, which was the highest honor that he received during the war.

Rear Admiral Porter was promoted to be Admiral on July 25, 1866, served as Superintendent of the Naval Academy and was then transferred to Washington. On Aug. 15, 1870, he was appointed Admiral of the Navy, the highest rank in the service. In 1882, Porter published "Incidents and Anecdotes of the Civil War" and in 1887 "History of the Navy in the War of the Rebellion," a work of substantial merit. He was married in 1830 to Elizabeth Patterson, a daughter of Commodore Patterson. He leaves one son in the United States Navy, one in the Marine Corps, besides two daughters in private life, and two daughters.

Upon the appointment of Grant as General of the Army, Sherman was promoted to be Lieutenant General, and when Grant became President of the United States, March 4, 1869, Sherman succeeded him as General, with headquarters at Washington. At his own request, and in order to make Sheridan General-in-chief he was placed on the retired list, with full pay and emoluments, on Feb. 8, 1884. For a while after that the General resided in St. Louis, but some years ago moved to New York, where he became a great favorite. There was hardly a night that he did not attend some dinner, entertainment, or theater party, and he became well known as an eloquent after-dinner speaker. The General lived very quietly with his family at his house in Seventy-first street, near Central Park.



The desk in which the manuscript of "Waverley" lay neglected and almost forgotten, till Scott came upon it in looking for some tackle, has lately come into the possession of John Murray, Jr. It was given by Scott to Daniel Terry, and its history since that time is quite clear.

W. G. CLARK, of Saranac, an old citizen, bought a frisky young colt, and, as a memento of the first breaking lesson carries a broken arm and crushed hand.

A young woman lost one of the silver tips from her pocket-book. She made a vigorous search in her home and along the way of her daily travel without finding any trace of it. Four days afterward she met a friend who noticed that one of the silver corners of her pocket-book was gone. Laughing, the friend put her hand into her pocket, saying:—

"I believe I've just found a silver tip that will fit your pocket-book."

It not only did fit, but it was none other than the very tip she had lost.

THE MELANCHOLY POET.

BY MRS. NAPOLEON B. MORANGE.

His path is sunshine; so he sings.
Of darkened ways and ruins old;
His memory, tenacious, clings
To that worn theme, the graveyard mold.

He tells in rhyme of fiery darts.
Of hidden tortures, fierce and slow;
He has a "trust" in broken hearts
And boasts about a weight of woe.

His ghosts will not be laid to rest;
The fates pursue him but to scourge;
And his most lively strain at best,
Is solemn as a funeral dirge.

That flowers from the mold may spring,
Night be succeeded by to-morrow,
Cannot inspire him to sing;
His lyre is tuned to breathe of sorrow.

NEW YORK CITY.

Dr. Elfenstein's Mission

A Remarkable Romance.

BY EMILY THORNTON.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SIR REGINALD'S DEATH.

A few weeks passed on without bringing to Ethel the slightest occasion for a regretful sigh that she had changed her home and occupation; and whenever she paused to reflect upon the disagreeable duties required of her by Sir Reginald, she more she shuddered at the bare remembrance.

But, while filled with indignation at the brutal manner in which he had received the communication of the accident that had so strangely befallen her, and the abruptness of her dismissal, she longed to know whether he had recovered from the effects of his ungovernable rage, and also whether the missing animal had been found and restored.

Of course she dared question no one about it, and her only resource was to the village daily paper, which she read with eagerness, but no reference was ever made to the subject.

Occasionally, Dr. Elfenstein called to see Lady Claire, but the bare inquiry after the baronet's condition was all she felt at liberty to make.

The reply ever was that Sir Reginald's nervous system was in such a terrible state that it was impossible for him to improve as yet.

The manner of the Doctor toward herself she thought constrained and reserved, and this gave her intense pain. She feared that he did not approve of her course, and imagined, from his quiet appearance, that her refusal to acquaint him with the nature of her fault might cause him to magnify the error into a positive crime.

Little did the poor girl know that his coldness was assumed, merely, to hide the real state of his affections, in order to attend to the sacred duty which he had undertaken.

That duty he had by no means forgotten.

He had looked up, after many difficulties, papers of a remote date that had published the entire trial of Fitzroy Glendenning, and had noted the fact that the valet, Antoine Duval, had testified against him by relating his unfortunate words, spoken in a moment of intense excitement.

The thought had then occurred to him that this Antoine might be implicated in the deed of darkness that had so immediately followed.

Lately, his whole spare time had been occupied in trying to trace out the movements and whereabouts of this man.

For some time all that he could discover was that he had remained in Sir Reginald's employment about a year after the murder, and then had suddenly left the place and departed to some region unknown.

One day he accidentally entered the village postoffice just as the postmaster was saying to an old man who stood near:

"I wonder who Pierre Duval can be? I have a letter for him. There was a man named Antoine Duval living at the Hall once; do you know what became of him and whether he had a son Pierre?"

"He had no son, as he never married. Antoine is dead. He was killed by some unknown assassin in France, where he went after leaving Sir Reginald."

"Are you sure?"

"Perfectly. He did not live six months after leaving here."

"And his murderer escaped?"

"Yes, leaving no clue to his identity behind him. Detectives did all they could to ferret out the mystery; but, like Sir Arthur's fate, I suppose, it will never be solved."

The conversation here ceased, but Dr. Elfenstein had now learned a fact that he so long had wished settled. It was impossible to gain information through this Duval.

He was dead, and all hope in that direction was at an end.

Entering, therefore, his gig, he drove to the Hall.

He found Sir Reginald still restless and excited, and after leaving some new remedies with Mrs. Fredon, he bade him "good afternoon," and was hastening from the house, when Miss Belle Glendenning called his name as he held the front door open, and leaving it ajar, he stepped into the boudoir to speak to her.

"Dr. Elfenstein," she said very sweetly, raising her eyes to his, as he approached, "please excuse me for detaining you, but I desired so much to know what you think of my uncle, that I could not allow you to pass without inquiring."

"I wish I could say he was improving, but really he seems so nervous that he can scarcely gain in strength!"

This was what the designing girl wished. This remark gave her the opportunity long sought, to say some disparaging thing of one she feared he might admire, and she hastened to seize the chance.

"What a misfortune it was that such

an unprincipled and exasperating girl ever entered this house!"

"What girl?" asked the Doctor, suspecting at once to whom she alluded, and rather anxious to draw her out. "You surely do not mean Miss Nevergail?"

"I surely do! She certainly must have been the cause of his relapse, as she was the only person with him, and has never been seen since."

"But Sir Reginald told me he ordered her from the house."

"I know he did. But any one can see she must have given him great provocation. Do you know where she is, Doctor?"

"I have an impression that she is teaching. She—"

Whatever Dr. Elfenstein intended to add to this sentence was never uttered, as an interruption came in the form of a quick, sharp cry for help, coming from Sir Reginald's room on the floor above, followed by the excited voice of the nurse calling him by name.

Bounding up the steps, two at a time, went the Doctor, followed closely by Belle.

As the physician entered the room he glanced toward the bed, and was horrified to see the baronet lying in a fit, while Lady Constance, who had entered at the first call, stood screaming by his side, and the almost equally alarmed nurse was rubbing and chafing his poor hands.

Going instantly to his side, the Doctor commenced doing all he could for his recovery, but, he saw at once that the case was apoplectic, and that he would never revive.

"How did this happen? How was he taken? I saw no symptoms of this a few moments since."

"I was sitting by his side reading," replied Mrs. Fredon, "when the strangest thing happened I ever knew. The door from the hall opened and a singular-looking man entered, and going to the foot of Sir Reginald's bed, stood there, with his eyes fixed upon those of the baronet before him, without speaking one word."

"Sir Reginald started up at the sight of the stranger, in the greatest terror, and, raising one hand as if to push him off, exclaimed:

"Great God! Mercy! mercy!" then fell back on the pillow in the condition you now see him."

"Where is the man?"

"Seeing what had been the effect of his sudden appearance, he turned at once and fled from the room."

"Can you describe him?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes; he was tall and slender, his hair and beard were white, and very long."

"Had he anything in his hands?"

"In one a black leather wallet, in the other a book and some papers."

"It must have been old Stiles, the book-seller. I remember now, he was just going out of the front door as I heard you call, and ran up. I had left the door partly open, it being warm, and he must have glided in unperceived, eager for a chance to get subscribers for his book. Seeing so sick a person, and the effect his unannounced presence had wrought, I suppose, caused his hurried flight from the house. In Sir Reginald's nervous condition the surprise of seeing so singular-looking a person by his bedside proved more than he could endure, and this has been the result."

The conversation now ceased, as every effort was required in order to bring the baronet back to consciousness.

For fully an hour Dr. Elfenstein and Mrs. Fredon worked over that senseless form, but all was of no avail, for just as the sun dropped behind the western hills, the spirit of Sir Reginald Glendenning passed back to his God.

Great indignation was expressed throughout the neighborhood when his sudden death and its cause became known.

The eccentricities of Rev. Edwin C. Stiles had taken a very offensive form, and it was decided that some person should be appointed to inform him that he never again must take the liberty of walking into a house until duly announced.

The person appointed to attend to this matter was Rev. Mr. Lee, who, being a brother minister, could, it was thought, approach him in the most serious and effective manner.

So Mr. Lee kept upon the watch for his appearance; but, strive though he might to find him, "Old Stiles" was nowhere to be seen, and at the end of ten days had not again entered the village.

In the meantime the funeral of Sir Reginald took place.

The greatest display that wealth and influence could exert was in full force.

The departed baronet had never been loved. His morose, ugly disposition had been exercised toward all to such an extent that much sorrow was not felt at his loss; nevertheless, he was a titled man, and his possessions were great; therefore, every mark of attention was bestowed upon his family, and he was laid to rest in all the pomp and grandeur that was usually bestowed upon the funerals of persons of his rank.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CAVE.

About three days after the burial of the baronet, Ethel Nevergail, with Lady Clare Linwood, accompanied by a groom, started out for their usual horseback ride, as this exercise Dr. Elfenstein considered essential to the health of his young patient.

The two being always together and congenial in spirit, they enjoyed the hours thus spent exceedingly.

Both were skillful horsewomen and both were extravagantly fond of the saddle. Most of the scenery around—shire was romantic and full of beauty, and they explored its many retreats with happy hearts, awake to each new and varied charm that nature opened so prodigally before them.

This morning they had resolved to follow a wild-looking path, leading through a deep wood, one they had never noticed, in riding past the spot, until the day before.

Laughing and chatting gaily, they pushed through a narrow path, half overgrown with weeds and brambles, piercing deeper and deeper into what seemed the densest woodland shade.

"Have you any idea, Roger," asked Lady Claire, at last, of the attending

groom, who kept a short, respectful distance in the rear, "what a narrow path will take us?"

"I have not, my lady. I am sure I never noticed it before, and I do not now, 'ad you not first discovered it? Perhaps, as it is so rough and overgrown, you 'ad better turn back."

"After awhile, Roger! As long as we can get through, I shall like to go on, in order to gratify my awakened curiosity."

Suddenly, after an advance of about half a mile, both girls noticed at once that footsteps had diverged from the beaten path, and looking towards the point to which they seemed directed, they were astonished to see the opening entrance, to what seemed a large cave, overhung with vines of thick luxuriance. These vines seemed lately to have been parted, revealing, as I have said, a passage into a roomy cave.

Reining up their horses, they paused before the spot, in order to survey it more closely, when all distinctly heard low moans of pain, issuing from a point near the entrance.

Surmising at once that some fellow-being was in distress, Ethel requested Roger to dismount and investigate the place, and immediately return to report the cause of the apparent suffering within.

The man dismounted as requested, and disappeared from view, only to return with the news that the eccentric book-seller, Rev. Edwin C. Stiles, was very ill in that remote and hidden spot.

Bidding Roger assist her to the ground, Ethel at once hastened to the side of the sick man.

She found him stretched upon an old cot bed in this damp and gloomy retreat, far away from the haunts of men. On glancing rapidly around, she noticed a few articles of furniture and a few utensils for daily use, but saw no trace of fire or food.

On this rude bed, then, lay stretched the form of the eccentric being who had been so much talked of during the past few days. His cheeks were flushed with fever, while the weary movements of his head told of intense pain in that region.

Clasped in his thin, white hands upon his breast lay the mysterious wallet.

Seeing at once that the poor creature was very low, perhaps near death, Ethel stepped back to the entrance of the cave, and requested Roger to ride with all speed to summon Dr. Elfenstein to his side.

She also requested Lady Claire to remain within call, while she herself would watch over the sufferer until aid should come.

"I think, Roger, you should also acquaint Dr. Elfenstein with the fact that this is no place for so sick a person, and advise with him as to his removal. If removed, it should be done at once, and he may suggest the mode, as well as the place, that can receive him."

Thus charged, Roger tied Ethel's horse securely, and then rode rapidly away.

At once Ethel returned to her self-assumed charge, and endeavored to arouse him from the stupor he was in, in order to ask of his relatives and home.

But the effort was in vain.

A low, incoherent muttering, in which the words "brother" and "save me," were mingled, was all she could hear.

It seemed a long and weary while to the anxious girl, before voices were heard in the distance, announcing the return of Roger, with the physician and others who came to the help of the afflicted and unknown man; but it was really a very speedy arrival.

Dr. Elfenstein was the first to enter the cheerless place, while two men besides Roger followed, ready to bear the sufferer in their arms to a wagon quite a distance down the road, beyond the narrow pathway the girls had pushed over on the backs of their gentle horses.

The Doctor paused a moment to examine the patient, but looked very grave as he did so, and whispered to Ethel:

"I think we are too late to save him. He will live but a few hours, as death is even now upon him. He must be removed, however, at once, and as I know of no other place, I shall take him to my own house. Strange that he should have lived here alone so long, as this cave seems to have been inhabited quite a while."

Taking the wallet in his hand to draw it away, he found it impossible to do so, as the death clutch of the dying fingers upon it was tight and still strong; so, leaving it where it was on his breast, the Doctor summoned the men, who gently raised the slight form in their arms and bore him forth, followed by the physician and the two girls.

Pausing in haste to assist them to their seats in the saddles, Earle murmured a few polite words to each relative to the case, then hurried after the sad little procession, while the ladies slowly brought up the rear.

Soon the poor man was lying on blankets and a soft pillow upon the floor of an easy wagon, while the Doctor sat by his side, carefully fanning away the flies that might annoy, and thus they wended their way back to their homes.

A few hours later, in the comfortable guest chamber at the young physician's home, the poor wayfarer breathed his last, and as the sympathizing physician closed his eyes and straightened his form he drew away the wallet carefully and folded the poor, thin hands upon his breast.

Leaving him then in the cold sleep of death, he left the room in order to send for an undertaker to perform the last offices upon the emaciated corpse.

After dispatching a messenger he summoned Mrs. Clum as a witness, and passed to his private office in order to examine the mysterious wallet, that should, he hoped, reveal the secret of the wanderer's family and home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CONSCIENCE is doubtless sufficient to conduct the coldest character into the road of virtue; but enthusiasm is to conscience what honor is to duty; there is in us a superfluity of soul, which it is sweet to consecrate to the beautiful when the good has been accomplished.

—Madame de Staël.

At Montichiari batteries of artillery using smokeless powder kept up a fire for half an hour without their positions being discovered.

EXCITEMENT IN ROCHESTER.

The Commotion Caused by the Statement of a Physician.

An unusual article from the Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat and Chronicle was recently republished in this paper and was a subject of much comment. That the article caused even more commotion in Rochester than the following from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. B. Henlon, who is well known not only in Rochester but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper a few days since, which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experience and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal inquiries which have been made at our office as to the validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed necessary.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henlon at his residence, when the following interview occurred: "That article of yours, Doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. Are the statements about the terrible condition you were in, and the way you were rescued, such as you can sustain?"

"Every one of them and many additional ones. I was brought so low by neglecting the first and most simple symptoms. I did not think I was sick. It is true I had frequent headaches; felt tired most of the time; could eat nothing one day and was ravenous the next; felt dull pains and my stomach was out of order, but I did not think it meant anything serious."

"The medical profession has been treating symptoms instead of diseases for years, and it is high time it ceased. The symptoms I have just mentioned or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels indicate the approach of kidney disease more than a cough announces the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs. We should not waste our time trying to relieve the headache, pains about the body or other symptoms, but go directly to the kidneys, the source of most of these ailments."

"This, then, is what you meant when you said that more than one-half the deaths which occur arise from Bright's disease, is it, Doctor?"

"Precisely. Thousands of diseases are torturing people to-day, which in reality are Bright's disease in some of its many forms. It is a hydra-headed monster, and the slightest symptoms should strike terror to every one who has them. I can look back and recall hundreds of deaths which physicians declared at the time were caused by paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, pneumonia, malarial fever and other common complaints, which I see now were caused by Bright's disease."

"And did all these cases have simple symptoms at first?"

"Every one of them, and might have been cured as I was by the timely use of the same remedy. I am getting my eyes thoroughly opened in this matter and think I am helping others to see the facts and their possible danger also."

Mr. Warner, who was visited at his establishment on North St. Paul street, spoke very earnestly:

"It is true that Bright's disease had increased wonderfully, and we find, by reliable statistics, that from '70 to '80 its growth was over 250 per cent. Look at the prominent men it has carried off, and is taking off every year, for while many are dying apparently of paralysis and apoplexy, they are really victims of kidney disorder, which causes heart disease, paralysis, apoplexy, etc. Nearly every week the papers record the death of some prominent man from this scourge. Recently, however, the increase has been checked and I attribute this to the general use of my remedy."

"Do you think many people are afflicted with it to-day who do not realize it, Mr. Warner?"

"A prominent professor in a New Orleans medical college was lecturing before his class on the subject of Bright's disease. He had various fluids under microscopic analysis and was showing the students what the indications of this terrible malady were. 'And now, gentlemen,' he said, 'as we have seen the unhealthy indications, I will show you how it appears in a state of perfect health,' and he submitted his own fluid to the usual test. As he watched the results his countenance suddenly changed—his color and command both left him, and in a trembling voice he said: 'Gentlemen, I have made a painful discovery; I have Bright's disease of the kidneys; and in less than a year he was dead. The slightest indications of any kidney difficulty should be enough to strike terror to any one.'

"You know of Dr. Henlon's case?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it."

"It is very wonderful, is it not?"

"No more so than a great many others that have come to my notice as having been cured by the same means."

"You believe then that Bright's disease can be cured?"

"I know it can. I know it from my own and the experience of thousands of prominent persons who were given up to die by both their physicians and friends."

"You speak of your own experience, what was it?"

"A fearful one. I had felt languid and unfit for business for years. But I did not know what ailed me. When, however, I found it was kidney difficulty I thought there was little hope and so did the doctors. I have since learned that one of the physicians of this city pointed me out to a gentleman on the street one day, saying: 'There goes a man who will be dead within a year.' I believe his words would have proved true if I had not fortunately used the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Cure."

"Did you make a chemical analysis of the case of Mr. H. H. Warner some three years ago, Doctor?" was asked Dr. S. A. Lattimore, one of the analysts of the State Board of Health.

"Yes, sir."

"What did this analysis show you?"

"A serious disease of the kidneys."

"Did you think Mr. Warner could recover?"

"No, sir, I did not think it possible."

"Do you know anything about the remedy which cured him?"

"I have chemically analyzed it, and find it pure and harmless."

The standing of Dr. Henlon, Mr. Warner, and Dr. Lattimore in the community is beyond question, and the statements they make cannot for a moment be doubted. Dr. Henlon's experience shows that Bright's disease of the kidneys is one of the most deceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is exceedingly common, but that it can be cured if taken in time.

A TRUE conviction, anything thoroughly believed, is personal. It becomes part of the believer's character as well as a possession of his brain; it makes him another and a deeper man.

A Real Balsam is Kemp's Balsam.

The dictionary says: "A balsam is a thick, pure aromatic substance flowing from trees." Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs is the only cough medicine that is a real balsam. Many thin, watery cough remedies are called balsams, but such are not. Look through a bottle of Kemp's Balsam and notice what a pure, thick preparation it is. If you cough use Kemp's Balsam. At all druggists. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.

A FLOATING debt—The Italian navy.

Changes of Climate

Kill more people than is generally known. Particularly is this the case in instances where the constitution is delicate, and among our immigrant population seeking new homes in those portions of the West, and where malarial and typhoid fevers prevail at certain seasons of the year. The best preparative for a change of climate, or of diet and water which change necessitates, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which not only fortifies the system against malarial, a variable temperature, damp, and the debilitating effects of tropical heat, but it is also the leading remedy for constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, bodily troubles, especially apt to attack emigrants and visitors to regions near the equator, mariners and tourists. Whether used as a safeguard by seafarers, travelers by land, miners, or by agriculturists in newly populated districts, this fine specific has elicited the most favorable testimony.

Frecks in Fence Building.

In a town not many miles from New Bedford is a solid fence, with a curiously curved upper line, and here and there a number painted upon it in white. On examination it proves to be built of the pew doors from a dismantled church. And a Bath paper gives an account of a man, attached to the life saving station at Small Point, who has amassed enough swords of the sword-fish to build a picket fence forty feet in length.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We have underlined, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Cleopatra's Asp.

If, as it is asserted, Cleopatra poisoned herself by means of an asp, how did the reptile escape, and how did the two attendants of the Queen die? Nobody saw the spectacle of a closed room, of two women inanimate, and of one languidly raising her head to answer with dying feebleness the messengers of Caesar. All this seems to show that Cleopatra had been resorted to, for Cleopatra, who was a clever woman, had studied every possible means of bringing about death.

CRUEL, fashionable mother! Why don't you look after the welfare of your sickly little child? The nurse hasn't sense enough to get it a box of Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers. By mail, 25 cents. John D. Park, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ALL confidence is dangerous unless it is complete; there are few circumstances in which it is not best, either to hide all, or to tell all.

THE ENTIRE BOOK is ably written, and gives trustworthy information for everyone growing fruit of any sort or kind. Sent free by Stark Bros., Louisiana, Mo.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Ohio raises by taxation \$7,200,000 for school purposes.

ALL that we can say as to the merits of Dobbin's Electric Soap pales into nothingness before the story it will tell you itself, of its own perfect quality, if you will give it one trial. Don't take imitation.

"HAS your son made much progress at college?" "You bet he has. You should hear him give the college yell."

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$1.00 trial bottle free to all cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 333 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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SAYS:

IT EXECUTIVE CHAMBER. IS

Annapolis, Md., Jan. 6, '90.

"I have often used ST. JACOBS OIL, and find it a good Liniment."

ELIHU E. JACKSON,

THE Gov. of Md. BEST.

ALLIANCE and F. M. E. men, Grangers, Labor Reformers, Greenbackers, and Anti-Monopolists, send for sample copy of (11) News.

TACOMA \$100 to \$1,000 (carefully) insured here ANNUALLY from TWENTY to 1000.

WANTED—MEN TO TRAVEL. We pay \$50 to \$100 a month and expenses. Address: GEORGE & WELLS, Madison, Wis.

Dyspepsia is the bane of the present generation. It is for its cure and its attendant, sick headache, constipation and piles, that

Tutt's Pills

have become so famous. They act gently on the digestive organs, giving them tone and vigor without griping or nausea. 25c.

RADWAY'S

READY RELIEF.

THE GREAT CONQUEROR OF PAIN.

For Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Pain in the Chest or Sides, Headache, Toothache, or any other external pain, a few applications rubbed on by hand act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

For Congestions, Colds, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Inflammations, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, more thorough and repeated applications are necessary.

THE NATION'S SIRE.

ANY names are inscribed on the roll of fame—names of men who have prominently figured in the different capacities of life—who have done their work well, and left behind them along the paths they trod numerous landmarks for our encouragement in the pursuit of happiness or knowledge. To those men we owe a debt of gratitude, only measurable by the priceless benefits which we are constantly deriving from their works and examples.

In this bright constellation of names no one shines brighter or clearer than that of George Washington, our first President. He is one of those fixed stars on whose radiance there is no stain, and whose luster even time cannot dim.

Every school boy and girl is familiar with the history of his early years, and there are few, if any, who are not acquainted with his history as a man and a statesman.

The luxurious surroundings of his youth speak eloquently of the purity, the self-denial, and the lofty patriotism of the man who was so true to the demands of principle and honor as to refuse a crown from the country for which he had risked his life. In this dignity of character and noble patriotism lay his greatest charm.

He was not a politician, but a soldier

It was his firm hand and indomitable courage that cleared the path and paved the way for their more experienced feet. It was he that created the American army, and while it was yet in its infancy, and devotion to the new cause was treason to the old: cheered and guided it through its long and desperate struggle



WASHINGTON'S BIRTH PLACE.

for freedom. When overshadowed by the dark clouds of disaster, and even hope had almost forsaken them, it was he that gathered his discouraged and suffering soldiers about him, and kneeling amid the untrodden snow of Valley Forge, prayed God to save the cause for

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The American climate is very severe in its effects upon poorly made pianos. The great variations in temperature during the different seasons of the year render it impossible for any but the best pianos, made with iron frames, to remain uninjured. The most delicate parts of the piano necessarily being made of wood, the fittings and joints of which are adjusted with the greatest nicety, extreme heat or dampness is very detrimental to their well being. The mercury should not be allowed, if possible, to rise above 75 degrees, nor to fall below 40 degrees in the room in which the piano is kept. The piano should not be placed where the hot air from a heater, stove, or grate is thrown against it.

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It is very important in this age of vast material progress that a remedy be pleasing to the taste and to the eye, easily taken, acceptable to the stomach and healthy in its nature and effects. Possessing these qualities, Syrup of Fias is the one perfect laxative and most gentle diuretic known.

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THE dude is never so much himself as when he is absent-minded.

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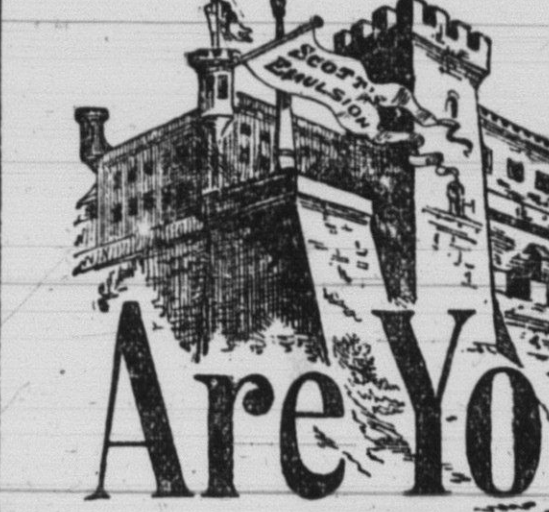
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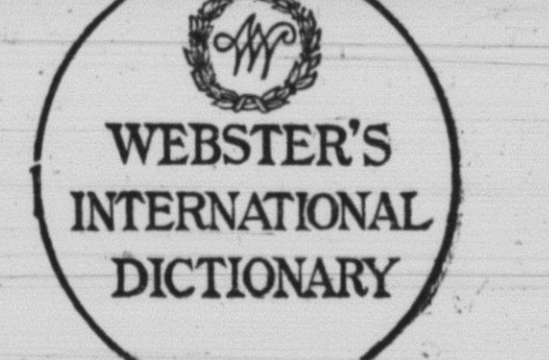
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and a statesman: I need not say that the true statesman is never a politician. The characteristics of the two are incompatible; there is no more affinity between them than between oil and water.

In his official duties, as in all other relations of life, his innate honor ruled his every action. He hated lies and deception, and firmly rejected them even when they seemed necessary to the success of his own plans. "Truth," he said, "is always honorable and elevating, while deception of any kind is demoralizing to both the cause in which it is used and the man or persons who practice it."

That there were more brilliant minds than his cannot be disputed. His supremacy was in his grand patriotism, the purity of his principles, his lack of egotism or thirst for fame. By George! whose deeds we call our own? By George! whose honor and whose name? By George! is ours, and ours alone. —Jo King, in Puck.

Always Charitable.

Washington was always charitable. When he repaired to Cambridge to take command of the revolutionary forces in 1775 he wrote to his manager directing that the "hospitality at Mount Vernon be kept up. Let no one go hungry away. I have no objection to your giving money in charity to the extent of forty or fifty pounds per annum, where you think it is well bestowed. What I mean by having no objection is that it is my desire that it should be done."

