

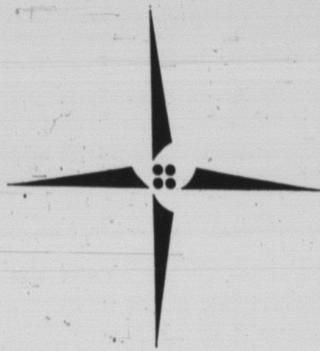
The Chelsea Standard

VOL. V. NO. 35.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1893.

WHOLE NUMBER

ONLY
A FEW
DAYS
MORE



AT THE CORNER STORE.

Greatest Bargains ever offered in Chelsea in Clothing, Boots
Boots and Shoes.

Goods are going with a rush. Take advantage of this cut
sale while you have a chance.

NOVEMBER 15

We will open our new store. New Dry Goods, New Cloaks,
at prices that will astonish you. Wait for Bargains.

W. P. SCHENK & CO.

Butter, Eggs and Dried Apples taken at highest prices
same as cash.

THE CHELSEA STANDARD

An independent local newspaper published
every Friday afternoon from its office
in the basement of the Turnbull &
Wilkinson block, Chelsea, Mich.
BY O. T. HOOVER.
Terms—\$1.00 per year in advance.
Advertising rates reasonable and made known
on application.

OPERATIVE, PROSTHETIC AND
Ceramic Dentistry in all their
branches. Teeth examined and advice
given free. Special attention given to
children's teeth. Nitrous oxide and
local anesthetics used in extracting,
permanently located.
H. H. AVERY, D. D. S.
Office over Kempf Bros.' Bank

FRANK SHAVER,
Prop. of The "City" Barber
Shop. Kempf Bros. old bank build-
ing.
CHELSEA, MICH.

McCOLGAN,
Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur.
Office and residence second door
south of South street, on Main.
Office hours 3 to 6 p. m.
CHELSEA MICH.

GEO. W. TURNBULL
Having been admitted to practice
as Pension Attorney in the Interior De-
partment, is now prepared to obtain
pensions for all ex-soldiers, widows,
&c., entitled thereto. None but legal
fees charged.

K. GREINER,
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon.
Office hours, 10 to 12 a. m., 1 to 4 p. m.
Office in the Sherry Building,
CHELSEA, MICH.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life
Away.

The truthful, startling title of a little book
tells all about No-to-bac, the wonderful,
harmless guaranteed tobacco habit cure. The
book is trifling and the man who wants to quit
can't, runs no physical or financial risk in
getting No-to-bac. Sold by druggists. Book at
drug store or by mail free. Address The Steri-
ling Remedy Co., Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.

For Sale—A large heating stove.
Call at this office.

Ripans Tabules: one gives relief.

Chelsea

Savings Bank

Chelsea, Michigan.

Capital Paid In, \$60,000.

Extends to its customers every facility
in banking and solicits your patronage.

HON. S. G. IVES, President.
THOS. S. SEARS, Vice-President.
GEO. P. GLAZIER, Cashier.
THEO. E. WOOD, 1st Asst. Cashier.
ERNEST WALSH, 2d Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS.

Hon. S. G. Ives Harmon S. Holmes
Thos. S. Sears Wm. J. Knapp
J. L. Babcock Frank P. Glazier
Heman M. Woods John R. Gates
Geo. P. Glazier.

FARMS FOR SALE

Do you want to buy a Good
Farm at a Low Price, and on
easy terms?

I have three nice farms, and
can and will give you a Great
Bargain, as I want to sell
them.

Come and see me if you have
any idea of buying a farm. It
will pay you.

GEO. P. GLAZIER,
Chelsea, Mich.

School Report.
Roll of Honor for month ending
October 27th, 1893, including all
who have not been tardy, and whose
standings in scholarship have been 90
or above. The star indicates that the
pupil has been absent.

HIGH SCHOOL.

Nellie Congdon Flora Kempf
*Nellie Lowry *Faye Moon
*Alice Mullen *Agnes Cunningham
*Satie M. Speer *Hattie Spaulding
*Bertha Spaulding *Augustus Steger

A. SHERWOOD, Preceptress.

NINTH GRADE.

Marie Bacon *Blanche Cole
William Doll *Grace Gates
Lillie Gerard *Lena Kruse
Agnes Miller Helena Steinbach
Minnie Schumacher Thirza Wallace
Lettie Wackenhut *Will Zinke

NETTIE STORMS, Teacher.

EIGHTH GRADE.

Sabina Barthel *Charlie Taylor
*Ethel Cole

FLORENCE BACHMAN } Teachers.
NETTIE STORMS }

SEVENTH GRADE.

Warren Boyd Etta Foster
*Ralph Holmes Florence Martin
*Rose Mullen *Addie Snyder
*Phillie Steger *Arthur Taylor
*Florence Ward Lillie Wackenhut
Emma Wines

FLORENCE N. BACHMAN, Teacher.

SIXTH GRADE.

Mabel Brooks *Philip Bacon
Arthur Easterle *Henry Eisele
Evelyn Miller Maggie Pottinger
*Clara Snyder Bertha Schumacher
*Lizzie Schwikerath

ELIZABETH DEFEW, Teacher.

FIFTH GRADE.

*Warren Geddes *Howard Armstrong
*Louise Hieber *Zoe BeGole
*Annie Mast *Lena Williams

CORA BOWEN, Teacher.

FOURTH GRADE.

*Luella Buchanan Mabel Bacon
*Cecilia Bacon *Nina Carpenter
*Helen Eder Dora Schnaitman
*Emily Steinbach B. Schwickerath
Rosa Zulke

DORA HARRINGTON, Teacher.

THIRD GRADE.

Howard Holmes *Rudolf Kantlehner
*Dwight Milner *Emma Mast
*Nellie Martin *Emmet Page
*Arthur Raftery Mamie Snyder
Blanche Stephens *Rollin Schenk
*Herbert Schenk *Bessie Wade
Stella Bailey Annie Barris
Oscar Barris

MARA L. WHEELER, Teacher.

SECOND GRADE.

Arthur Armstrong *Howard Boyd
*Lamont BeGole George Bacon
*Annie Eisele *Flossie Eisenman
*Harold Glazier John Miller
Clayton Schenk Mildred Stephens

MARY A. VAN TYNE, Teacher.

FIRST GRADE.

*Flora Atkinson *Paul Bacon
*Charles Bates *Aggie Conway
*Lee Chandler *Jennie Geddes
*Ida Mast *Esther Selfe
*Grace Swartout *Willie Winters
S. E. VAN TYNE, Teacher.

A Lesson That Was Appreciated.

There is in the employ of a Maiden
lane house a traveling salesman
who is 6 feet tall and who is not afraid
of anybody or anything. He is habi-
tually polite, always treats other
people with consideration and ex-
pects to be so treated in return.

One day the tall salesman entered
a western retailer's store, politely of-
fered his card and awaited the jewel-
er's pleasure. The merchant delib-
erately threw the card on the floor and
turned away. The tall salesman
was highly incensed by the insult
and gently touched the jeweler's
shoulder as he said in a subdued but
determined tone:

"If you don't pick up that card
and apologize, I will pitch you over
your safe." A glance assured the
jeweler that his visitor was able to
carry his threat into execution. So
he picked up the card, apologized
and has since been a regular custom-
er of the man who taught him to be
polite.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Wanted—Three hundred people to
subscribe for the STANDARD. One dol-
lar will pay for the STANDARD from
now until January 1, 1895. Bring
in your dollar.

H. S. HOLMES MERCANTILE CO.

Ulster and Overcoat Sale

We find that we have too many Ulsters and Overcoats on
hand for this season of the year, and to reduce stock shall
offer them as follows:

New Notched Collar Ulster, worth \$8.50 for \$5.00,
New Notched Collar Ulster, worth \$12.50 for \$7.50.
New Notched Collar Ulster, worth \$15.00 for \$10.00.
New Notched Collar Ulster, worth \$18.00 for \$12.00.

New Long Cut Overcoat, worth \$10.00 for \$6.00.
New Long Cut Overcoat, worth \$12.50 for \$8.50.
New Long Cut Overcoat, worth \$15.00 for \$10.00.
New Long Cut Overcoat, worth \$20.00 for \$12.50.

We Shall continue to sell for one week longer

Ladies' \$2 Pat. Tipped Kid Shoes for \$1.25

Ladies Rubbers for 25c.

H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co.

A Run on Stoves!

We are having it, and it's easily explained. We
sell honest goods and the people know it. The op-
eration, construction and finish of our stoves is all
that can be desired. Our prices are moderate—as
low as for stoves of equal size, weight and merit.
Our assortment is large. We give orders prompt
attention and deal liberally and fairly with our
customers at all times. The above statement of
facts also answers the question so frequently asked,
how do the Peninsular Stove Co. manage to hold
customers forever who have once bought their
stoves?

C. E. WHITAKER.

A Grocer With any Sand

Will not put it in his sugar, but rather into business
principles. Pure Sugar is a good thing to be able to
sell, but much of it is adulterated now-a-days.

The watchful grocer is careful of what he buys—then
he knows what he is selling.

This is the only way in which a reputation for reli-
ability can be built up.

As in Sugar, so with Tea, Coffee, Butter—everything
we keep for public consumption.

I BUY THE BEST, therefore SELL THE BEST, and
am satisfied with a reasonably small profit.

MERRITT BOYD,

Grocer and Meat Dealer, Chelsea.

HARRISON IS SLAIN.

Chicago's Mayor Victim of a Murderer's Bullets.

SHOT DEAD AT HOME.

THE ASSASSIN WAS A CRAZY OFFICE-SEEKER.

Chief Executive of the World's Fair City Called from Slumber to Death—Three Bullets Fired at Him in His Own Hallway—No Word of Warning Is Spoken by the Murderer—The Station Besieged by Indignant Crowds—Chicagoans Astounded by the News of the Killing.

Carter Henry Harrison, Mayor of the city of Chicago, has been assassinated—shot down in the hallway of his own home by an irresponsible crank. This is a shocking announcement to go before the world in these closing days of the Columbian Exposition. Just when the name of Chicago is on the tongues of all men in every clime, when every mention of the name brings pleasant memories to millions of people, it is a cruel fate that associates the name of the city with the crime of assassination. It was the cherished ambition of Mr. Harrison to serve as the World's Fair Mayor. He had almost completed the six months covering the period of the Fair; the papers of the morning of his death had announced the date of his marriage to a most estimable lady; he was at the proudest moment of a most extraordinary career when cut down by the cruel shot of an assassin. The story of the murder seems to indicate that it was committed by an insane or partially demented man. The



CARTER H. HARRISON. Speaking at the World's Fair on the day of his assassination.

act was cold-blooded and deliberate. The man had come to the Harrison mansion bent on murder, and whether actuated by motives the birth of an unbalanced mind or not, he did his fiendish work well. Shortly after a 7 o'clock dinner Saturday night, the Mayor, feeling fatigued from a day spent at the World's Fair, laid down on an ottoman in the dining room of the mansion. There had attended him at the meal William Preston Harrison, Miss Harrison, his daughter, and Miss Annie Howard, his affianced wife. All of these, save the Mayor himself, had repaired to rooms above. There were two servants in attendance, Mary Hansen and Maggie French, when at 8:10 o'clock the door bell rang, and the former of the two servants named went to the door. A man giving his name as Eugene Patrick Prendergast inquired for the Mayor and was admitted into the hallway. Mr. Harrison came forward at the call of his name and met the caller near the front door of the residence. Without a moment's warning Prendergast drew a revolver and fired three shots in rapid succession. The first shot struck Mr. Harrison in the abdomen, near the stomach, and he threw up his hands and staggered backward. As he did so, another bullet hit him in the left breast near the shoulder and over the region of the heart. Not content with his deadly work the assassin again fired, piercing the left hand of his vic-



MISS ANNIE HOWARD. Carter Harrison's Betrothed.

tim as he sank to the floor mortally wounded. Preston Harrison, son of the Mayor, when the first shot was fired was in

his room on the second floor. He ran down with all haste and rushed after the man as he left the hall. Prendergast fired a shot at Mr. Harrison, but missed him. The assassin, having completed his work, turned back to the door, the butler of the Harrison household at his heels, fled across the lawn, out of the gateway, and out of sight. The police were quickly on the spot. Preston Harrison was soon at the side of his prostrate father, the latter pale and uttering hardly articulate groans. "I'm shot," moaned the Mayor. "Get a doctor." Dr. Foster, who lives half a square removed from the Harrisons, hastened to the side of the wounded man. A hurried examination, during which the patient gritted his teeth and bore up heroically, and Dr. Foster announced the sufferer beyond surgical aid. "I've been shot," muttered Chicago's chief executive, and I am going to die. I know it. I cannot live. "You're not hurt, father," returned the son, reassuringly. "You'll be all right,"



CROWDS VIEWING THE LATE MAYOR'S RESIDENCE.

with a feigned smile. But the Mayor had caught the look of discouragement from the doctor, and added his own apprehensions thereto. "Yes, I am going to die," firmly, and then, modulating his intonation somewhat, he gasped: "Where's Annie?" This reference to her who was soon to become his wife brought the tears to his eyes, and, growing faint at heart as in body, he fell back on the rudely improvised couch of rugs. "Where's Annie?" he repeated, his voice now almost still. A convulsive throb, his voice failed him, he choked up with the blood that was forcing up from the awful gape in his abdomen, a last look about him, and the Mayor of the great Western city turned his head slightly to the right and gasped his last.

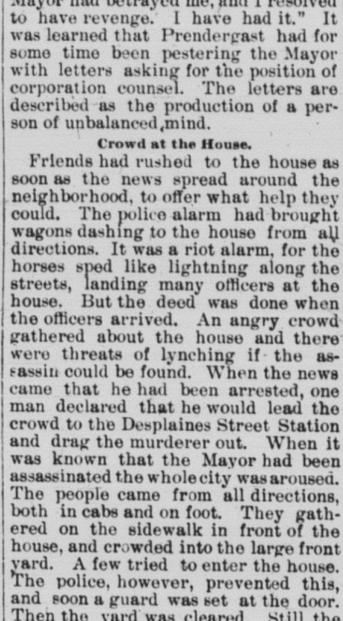
Betrothed Sobs by Her Dead. A few minutes later Miss Howard rushed in, distracted. She begged to be allowed to see the man she loved. She threw herself on his bleeding body and sobbed as if her heart would break. Her piteous cries brought tears to the eyes of those near her. Preston Harrison alone stood dry-eyed. He seemed to be transfixed with horror. Miss Howard wept over her dead lover like one distraught. She had almost to be torn from the body. Mrs. Owsley, daughter of the Mayor, uttered heartrending cries over her father. Overcome with grief Miss Sophie Harrison fainted near her father's body. The three women were taken up-stairs and the doctors turned their attention to them. There was a sad scene between those three women upstairs. Mrs. Harrison, Jr., also arrived, distracted at the fate of her husband's father. The four women wept together, consoling each other by their tears. Miss Howard refused all consolation. The name of her dead lover was on her lips, and she cried that she might die and go with him. Despairing wails and hysterical groans, prayers, pleadings for the restoration of her lover to life, imprecations on the assassin's head, all followed in disjointed and disconnected sentences. The physicians tried to calm her, but she would not listen to the words of solace and comfort, and continued her strange actions until the doctors concluded to destroy her ability to brood with a potent and powerful anesthetic. The drug had its effect, and soon Miss Howard fell off in a troubled slumber. Unconscious of his father's fate, Carter Harrison Jr. was on his way from the World's Fair when Prendergast fired the fatal shots. The news had traveled fast, and before the sun had started on his journey west he heard of the terrible fate that had befallen his father. Thirty minutes later Prendergast, excited, out of breath, and panting from his long run, bounded up the steps of the Desplaine street station, nearly two miles distant, and, handing a revolver across the desk to Sergeant Barber, exclaimed: "I shot Mayor Harrison—I want to give myself up."

The officers were startled by the exclamation, but, being accustomed to erratic visitors, were not inclined to take the man's words seriously until they saw that he carried a revolver in his hand. They immediately placed the man under arrest and took the weapon from him. The man said his name was Patrick Eugene Prendergast and that he had shot the Mayor because he had betrayed him. "I wanted to be made Corporation Counsel," he said. All the time he acted with coolness and showed no signs of excitement. He was only about twenty minutes at the Desplaine Street Station when Chief

of Police Brennan arrived and ordered his removal to the Central Station, as evidences were shown that his stay there was dangerous. He preserved his coolness on the journey to the City Hall. He repeated the statement that he shot the Mayor because he would not appoint him Corporation Counsel. He said he was 25 years old and that he worked a morning paper route for a livelihood. According to his statement he bought the revolver in the afternoon, intending to shoot the Mayor unless he was given some satisfaction to his repeated demands for an appointment. "I went to Mayor Harrison's house," he said, "and asked him what he was going to do for me. He would do nothing I wished and what he had promised, and I drew my revolver and shot him. I have done some work in a political way in my ward for the last few campaigns and was for Harrison, and because of my influence Harrison promised me a position if he was elected in the last campaign. I was asked what I wanted and I said that I had a scheme for the elevation of the railroad tracks.

through. There happened to be a few there who had been on the scene almost before the assassin had disappeared down the boulevard. What each had to tell was eagerly devoured, each narrator becoming the center of a little knot of willing listeners. The wildest and most improbable theories were advanced as motives for the shooting. Politics Forgotten in Sympathy. The news spread to a big Republican campaign meeting being held at the North Side Turner Hall and the meeting terminated suddenly. The men were wild enough to rush to the jail and hang the murderer to the nearest lamp post. Another crowd gathered around the Desplaine street station, but the police were all out and the men were kept back. Prendergast was taken to the City Hall and examined by Inspector Shea and three other officers. He gave a clear statement concerning his deed. From his own account it was a cold-blooded action, deliberately planned and carried out. Here, again, another crowd waited to catch a glimpse of the murderer. After the examination the murderer was kept at the City Hall under a heavy guard, to prevent any demonstration. Threats of Lynching. While the civilized world wondered at the infancy of the deed and the law-abiding citizens paced the streets and asked each whether lynch law was not justifiable under certain circumstances, the cringing wretch covered in a cell at the Central Station. He had made a bold front before Chief Brennan and Inspector Shea, but when thrust back into his cell he slunk into a corner like a beast at bay. It was nearly midnight then. A crowd had gathered in the street. It gathered with the primal object of hearing authentic news of the assassination and when the verification of the rumor came to them there were hotheads who talked of lynching. Never in the history of the city since the great calamity of 1871 were such serious threats of lynching indulged in as on Saturday night and Sunday morning. In a crowd of men gathered at the corner of La Salle and Washington streets on Sunday morning was a burly Irishman who towered above every other man. "I say," he shouted, "that we lynch the dog! I am a Republican and have fought Harrison in politics, but he was an American and the first citizen of Chicago. This is no town for anarchists and assassins. Kill the dog!" His shout was taken up by a score of men, but the picket men of the Central station marched out and told the people to move on. Their cool determination was enough and they went.

The Inquest. Five bullet wounds were found in the body of the murdered Mayor. A coroner's jury, composed of C. C. Kohlmaat, Ulric King, S. A. Scribner, W. J.



EUGENE PATRICK PRENDERGAST.

Chalmers, P. R. O'Brien, and Charles F. Elmes, impaneled by Coroner McHale, rendered a verdict of murder without delay. The inquest was held at the Harrison mansion Sunday morning. The assassin was present under a heavy guard and a line of stalwart policemen surrounded the house guarding every gate and door. There were but few witnesses to examine, and the proceedings occupied a short time. Previous to the inquest a post mortem examination had been made, and the testimony of the surgeons was the only information differing from that printed in Sunday's papers. Such details of the crime as could be obtained were eagerly discussed by the crowd lingered, pressing against the iron fence.

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A Widely Prevalent Malady. While it is perfectly true that swamp vapors, morning and evening mists along the banks of slow, winding, turbid streams and the effluvia exhaled by the sun from moist and decaying vegetables beget malaria, it frequently breaks out where no such conditions exist. It is, in fact, a malady widely prevalent, of which it is in many cases impossible to discover the origin. But though its cause is often obscure, the testimony, professional and public, of the inhabitants of America and other lands leaves no reasonable doubt not only that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters purifies this tenacious disease when fully developed, but fortifies the system against its first attacks. Chills and fever, bilious intermission, dumb ague, and acute all yield to it alike. Liver trouble, always present in malarial disorder, dyspepsia, constipation, and kidney complaint succumb to the Bitters.

The Angry Tree. The "angry tree," a woolly plant found in Eastern California and Western Arizona, cannot be touched without it exhibits signs of vexation by ruffling its leaves and giving forth an unpleasant and sickening odor. "Piso's Cure the Best Ever Known." I think "Piso's Cure for Consumption" is the best medicine for bronchitis ever known. W. D. SOLOMON, New Brunswick, N. J., July 17, 1893. You may put my testimonial in your Almanac and say that I think "Piso's Cure for Consumption" is the best medicine on this earth for bronchitis and lung trouble. I am now in the drug business, and I will tell my customers if they want a cough cure to use "Piso's." I will recommend it to other people if they send to me for advice, and will tell them what it has done for me. WILLIAM D. SOLOMON, New Brunswick, N. J., Sept. 26, 1893.

The Right to Live Single. It has hitherto been the law in Japan that if a woman was not married by a certain age the authorities picked out a man and compelled him to marry her. The Mikado has just abandoned this usage. In future Japanese women will be allowed to live and die maids, as in European countries.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 151 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

HEAD AND SHOULDERS above every other blood-purifier, stands Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. See the evidence of it. It's sold in every case, on trial. If it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back. In restoring your strength, when you're "run-down" and "used-up," in cleansing your blood from every impurity, whether it's a simple eruption or the worst scrofula; and in building up wholesome flesh, when you're thin and weak—there's nothing to equal the "Discovery." In every disease caused by a torpid liver or impure blood, it's the only guaranteed remedy.

Mrs. ELIZABETH J. BUSHAW, of Sidney, Ohio, writes: "My little boy was so afflicted with liver trouble and other diseases that our family physician said he could not live. In fact, they all thought so. I gave him Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets and they saved his life. We have used the 'Discovery' for throat and bronchitis trouble, and found such perfect relief that we can recommend it very highly."

HIGHLY ENDORSED. The Professor of Physiological Chemistry at Yale College says: "I And Kickapoo Indian Sagwa to be an extract of Roots, Bark and Herbs of Valuable Remedial Action, without any mineral or other harmful admixtures." Kickapoo Indian Sagwa is the grandest Liver, Stomach, Blood and Nerve Remedy known. Cleanses, Purifies, and Renovates every part of the human system. All Druggists, \$1 a bottle—6 Bottles for \$5.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT CURED ME.

Had Torpid Liver For 14 Years. Biliousness, Poor Digestion, Loss of Appetite.

DEAR SIR:—I have been troubled with Torpid Liver for 14 years and gone through courses of bilious fever many times it has been impossible for me to do any kind of labor. Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT was first recommended to me by Holthouse, Blackburn & Co., (Druggists) Decatur, Ind. After taking one bottle I was uncertain whether I was really deriving any benefit or not; after taking the second bottle, however, I found that my health was improving and I continued until I had taken 6 bottles. I can now cheerfully recommend SWAMP-ROOT.

The Great KIDNEY, LIVER and BLADDER Cure to every one who has torpid liver, for it has completely cured me." F. W. CHRISTIANER, Jan. 16th, 1893. Decatur, Ind. At Druggists 50 cents and \$1.00 size. "Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Dr. Kilmer's U & O Anointment Cures Piles Trial Box Free. — At Druggists 50 cents.

MERCURIAL Mr. J. C. Jones, of Fulton, Arkansas, says of S.S.S. "About ten years ago I contracted a severe case of blood poisoning. Leading physicians prescribed medicine after medicine, which I took without any relief. I also tried mercurial and potash remedies, with unsuccessful results, but which brought on an attack of mercurial rheumatism that made my life one of agony. After suffering four years I gave up all remedies and began using S.S.S. After taking several bottles I was entirely cured and able to resume my usual work. S.S.S. is the greatest medicine for blood poisoning to-day on the market."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga. PATENTS THOMAS P. SIMPSON, Washington, D. C. No atty's fee until Patent obtained. I.C. No. Write for Inventor's Guide.

LAI IN THE TOMB.

Remains of Chicago's Murdered Mayor at Rest.

PARADE OF THE DEAD.

A MOST IMPOSING FUNERAL CORTEGE.

Military and Civic Organizations and Throng of Citizens—Crowds So Dense as to Block the Passage of the Procession for Hours—Services Conducted in the Church of the Epiphany—Most Impressive Ceremonies Ever Accorded a Civilian—Beautiful Music and Flowers—Burial at Graceland.

With all the manifestations of sorrow and regret that could be shown by a great city to its murdered executive, the remains of Carter H. Harrison were borne on Wednesday to the beautiful city of the dead on the northern outskirts of Chicago. By general consent, although there was no one in authority to issue the necessary proclamation, business throughout city was generally suspended. The city and county offices were closed throughout the day, and the public buildings, as well as scores of business houses and private residences along the route traversed by

grant flowers; above, a many-tapered chandelier, the light filtering down on the peaceful face through garlands of smilax and roses, lay the mortal remains of Carter H. Harrison, and past his bier filed for hours two lines of his mourning fellow-citizens, at the rate of 5,000 per hour.

Miles of Mourners.
At 10 o'clock Wednesday morning the doors were closed against the throng that still filed through the building and the ca ket under the escort of the same committee selected for the purpose the day before was returned to the house on Ashland avenue. Here, for the brief space of half an hour, the members of the bereaved family were left alone with their honored dead. In the meantime the funeral procession formed on the boulevard facing the residence, and at the hour of noon the casket was borne for the last time down the graveled walk so often traversed by the dead man in the secret of more of years that the mansion has been his home. Then the cortege, several miles in length, began to move to the Church of the Epiphany, at Ashland avenue and Adams street.

At its head, mounted on a black carriage, rode Superintendent of Police Brennan, the marshal of the day; ex-Chief of Police Doyle, as assistant marshal, and Police Inspectors Hunt, Schaeck, Ross and Lewis. Next in line came five carriages, occupied by the gentlemen who had been requested by the family to act as honorary pallbearers. This is the list: Thomas W. Palmer, Harlow N. Higginbotham, Major General Nelson A. Miles, ex-Governor Richard J. Oglesby, Ferd W. Pock, Judge Lyman Trumbull, Fred H. Whitman, Gen. Charles Fitz-Simons, H. J. Jones, C. C. Billings, Adolph Kraus, Philip D. Armour, Frank Wenter, ex-Mayor John A. Roche, ex-Mayor Joseph McMill, ex-Mayor Hempstead Washburne, Judges Francis Adams, B. D. Magruder, S. P. McConnell and R. A. Waller.

A carriage containing the officiating



CARTER H. HARRISON.
[From His Favorite Photograph.]

the cortege on the way to Graceland Cemetery, were draped with emblems of woe. The procession itself was long and imposing. Besides the city officials, the members of the City Council, the Board of Education and other municipal bodies, the thousands of personal friends of the dead Mayor and many civic, fraternal and semi-military bodies appeared in line. Nothing was lacking to give pomp, ceremony and impressiveness to the obsequies of the man for whom not only Chicago, but tens of thousands scattered far and wide, were in mourning.

Tuesday morning at ten o'clock the casket containing the remains was con-

clergyman preceded the hearse. Eight active pallbearers, police captains and fire marshals, marched on each side of the funeral carriage, and the Chicago Hussars, under Captain Brand, rode in double column on the outside of the pallbearers. Following the hearse were carriages containing the immediate relatives, the City Council and officials, county, State and national officials in order of precedence, the rear being brought up by civic and military organizations and citizens on foot. Three Chicago regiments of the National Guard and a detachment of United States troops participated in the procession. Slowly the cortege proceeded down the boulevard to the church. When the arched entrance was reached the casket was borne up the aisle to the sanctuary railing by the pallbearers. The funeral service was conducted after the regular form of the Episcopal Church, Rev. T. N. Morrison, Jr., being the officiating clergyman. He also delivered a brief address. After the benediction had been pronounced the procession reformed, and headed by the Iowa State Band, took up the march of the dead to Graceland cemetery.

The crowd along the road to Graceland was as great as in the central portion of the city. No such outpouring of the public has been seen in Chicago.

Notes of Current Events.

GEORGE GOULD is on a hunting trip in Missouri.
SOUTH DAKOTA was visited by a severe snow storm.
FRANCE'S friendship for Russia is viewed with distrust by the Germans.
THE schooner F. W. Elmer was lost in the great storm on the Gulf of Mexico and the crew was lost.
THE co-operative glass works at Beaver Falls, Pa., were blown up by gas. The loss is several thousand dollars.
GEORGE ADAMS and **H. H. Bragg**, farmers, while returning home from Bismarck, N. D., under the influence of liquor, were both killed by the overturning of the wagon.



VIEWING THE REMAINS IN THE CITY HALL.

veyed under escort from the family residence on Ashland boulevard to the City Hall. The casket was met at the La Salle street entrance of the public building by the members of the City Council. These, walking two and two, preceded it through the corridors to the center of the rotunda on the main floor, where it was placed on a magnificent catafalque. Here, beneath a canopy of black, surrounded by fra-

Cream of Tartar and Soda

Have uses in cooking well known to every housekeeper; but the method of refining them to make them chemically pure, and of mixing them together so as to produce their greatest leavening power and best results when combined, is a matter of great exactness, requiring the most expert knowledge and skill.

Royal Baking Powder

Is the product of this knowledge and experience and the expenditure of many thousands of dollars in patents and appliances for its preparation. It is a compound of strictly pure grape cream of tartar and absolutely pure soda, combined with exactness and care by famous chemists, and it will produce more wholesome and delicate bread, biscuit, cake, rolls, etc., than can be had where this modern agent of cooking is not used.

Beware of the cheap compounds called baking powders to catch the unwary. They are made with alum and are poisonous.

Carried Two Barrels of Flour.

"When you talk about strong men I can tell you a story," said a local truckman. "It was before I was in the jobbing business that there lived in Lewiston a woman who could beat all the strong men from Samson to Cyr. "She was in the old grocery store on the corner one day when the proprietor pointed to a couple of flour barrels, saying: 'Mary, if you'll carry them home I'll give them to you.' Sanborn, who was a truckman thirty years and who sold out to James Cole, was there and offered to bet that she couldn't carry one."

"Put them up on the counter," she said, "and I'll take them both."

"Four men lifted the barrels up and she went up to them full of confidence, and resting the bottom of one on her right hip circled the barrel with one of her long arms and then swung around so as to grasp the other in the same way, and, as I live, she carried them out and along the street to a place 300 yards down the road, where one of them fell and up-set her balance. You see, she rested them on her hips and didn't try to lift them by her back. The grocer gave her the flour."—Lewiston Evening Journal.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. C. HENNEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Mother's Way.

When the Rev. Horace Bushnell was a boy, he was very desirous of knowing something about music. No one in the family could teach him, however, and his mother, with that divine patience and insight which belongs to mothers in general, found that if the lad was to have his wish at all it must be through her. She obtained a book, and soon taught him all she knew, the scale, the keynote and how to find it, and the time of the notes.

This was only "book-learning," however, and the question was how to adapt it to the use of the voice. Little Horace wanted to sing by note, and that his mother could not teach him. She could sing by ear, however, and the two hit upon a species of reverse process: the mother sang familiar tunes, and the boy watched the notes, observing how the intervals and time ran along, and, as he expressed it, "soon began almost to sing with us."

And from singing airs they knew into notes that bore no meaning, they finally learned to sing airs they did not know out of similar notation. The method had been unlearned, and further progress was easy. The mother's heart had found out the way.



Nervous Headaches

There are no people more miserable than those who suffer from this trouble, and there are none more happy than those who have been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read below:

"I personally recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to my friends because it has been of great benefit to me. I have been suffering with dyspepsia and nervous headaches for several years. After using other preparations without success I concluded to try Hood's, and am pleased to say I have been benefited more by Hood's Sarsaparilla than by all other medicines combined. In fact, it has cured me. I have also used it as a blood purifier with marked success, and I

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

also find Hood's Pills very beneficial." D. WEBSTER BAKER, 28 South Penn St., York, Pa.
Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

Only One Slip.

When Napoleon III. was approaching sovereignty, he asked a judicious friend to observe him carefully for a week, and to point out to him anything that he did which was not according to the severest code of the manners of a well-bred man. At the end of the week there was only one practice which the friend had noticed. The Emperor, after eating a boiled egg, invariably put his spoon through the empty shell.

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known, and every family should have a bottle on hand.

Has Two Bezoar Stones.

The Duchess of Edinburgh is the happy possessor—from the Russian and superstitious point of view—of two genuine bezoar stones, one of which was left to her by her imperial father and the other by her aunt. The bezoar stone is cut from a very rare animal and is regarded as a sure preserver of health and happiness.

Cash vs. Spare Time.

In every community there are a number of men whose whole time is not occupied, such as teachers, ministers, farmers' sons and others. To these classes especially we would say, if you wish to make several hundred dollars during the next few months write at once to B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., and they will show you how to do it.

TRUE married life is said to be a senseless era of billing and cooing, especially the former at the end of the month.

The principal causes of sick headache, biliousness and cold chills are found in the stomach and liver. Cured by Beecham's Pills.

It is better to be doing the most insignificant thing than to reckon even a half-hour insignificant.

FOR weak and inflamed eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. It is a carefully prepared physician's prescription.

BOSTON is 263 years old. She doesn't look it.

SEE "Colchester" Spading Boot ad in other column.

Extreme, Chronic, Torturing Cases of NEURALGIA

ARE CURED BY ST. JACOBS OIL. PROMPT AND SURE.

WORK THIS WINTER

For us. Cash pay weekly; business men, professional men, mechanics, farmers—their sons, daughters and others, work for us the year round—because nothing else brings them so much quick cash. Beginners taught; our men sell where others fail—our prices as if others, our Whole Root Trees live (one customer planted 25,000 and every tree living), hardy sorts for the North—1st Choice sorts for every State in U. S., guaranty with every order, we pay freight, insure satisfaction, build up trade, hold it; you work direct, no middle men; 90 new outfits just ready, the finest ever used. Write quick (giving age, references, etc.) to STARK BROS. NURSERIES & ORCHARDS CO., Sidemen's Dep't, LOUISIANA, MO., or ROCKPORT, ILL. Founded 1825; 1,000 acres Nurseries; 20,000 acres Orchards. Send two stamps for Orchard Book, photographs of Fruits, Nurseries, Orchards, etc., full of exact information about trees and fruits.

Anything for a Meal.

The tramp was getting desperate, for he hadn't had anything to eat for a day and nothing to drink for twice as long. "Can't you give a hungry man something to eat?" he inquired of the girl who opened the kitchen door. "No, I can't. We don't feed tramps here," she responded, crossly. "But I'm dreadfully hungry," he urged. "I don't care if you are. You deserve to be, and if you don't get out I'll set the dog on you." "Got a dog?" he asked, anxiously. "Yes, we have." "Is he big?" "Big as a calf." The tramp began rolling up his sleeves. "Set him on," he said, eagerly. "I'll eat him." And the girl yielded and gave him his dinner.—Detroit Free Press.

A Venerable English Mason.

Rev. Sir John Warren Hayes, of Arborfield, Berkshire, who recently entered on his ninety-fifth year, is the oldest Freemason in England. He was initiated in 1819, the year in which the Queen and Duke of Cambridge were born, consequently he has been seventy-four years a member of the Masonic order. He was appointed one of the chaplains in the Grand Lodge of England by the late Earl of Zetland in 1844, and there were only two brethren living of senior standing as Grand officers. These are the Moolvie Mahomed Ismael Khan, who was Senior Grand Warden in 1836, and the Chevalier Bernard Hebler, who filled the same office in 1839.—London Telegraph.

TO WILLFUL men, the injuries they themselves procure must be their own schoolmasters.—Shakspeare.

"German Syrup"

I am a farmer at Edom, Texas. I have used German Syrup for six years successfully for Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Pains in Chest and Lungs and Spitting-up of Blood. I have tried many kinds of Cough Syrups in my time, but let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best. We are subject to so many sudden changes from cold to hot, damp weather here, but in families where German Syrup is used there is little trouble from colds. John F. Jones.

"COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT.



For Farmers, Miners, R. R. hands and others. The outer or tap sole extends the whole length of the sole down to the heel, protecting the shank in ditching, digging and other work. Best quality throughout.

ASK YOUR DEALER.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases.

LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, DIZZY FEELINGS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By their ANTI-BILIOUS properties they stimulate the liver in the secretion of the bile and its discharge through the biliary ducts. These pills in doses of from two to four will quickly regulate the action of the liver and free the patient from these disorders. One or two of Radway's Pills, taken daily by those subject to bilious pains and torpidity of the liver, will keep the system regular and secure healthy digestion.

Price, 25c per box. Sold by all druggists.

RADWAY & CO., NEW YORK.

NEURALGIA

ARE CURED BY ST. JACOBS OIL. PROMPT AND SURE.

WORK THIS WINTER

For us. Cash pay weekly; business men, professional men, mechanics, farmers—their sons, daughters and others, work for us the year round—because nothing else brings them so much quick cash. Beginners taught; our men sell where others fail—our prices as if others, our Whole Root Trees live (one customer planted 25,000 and every tree living), hardy sorts for the North—1st Choice sorts for every State in U. S., guaranty with every order, we pay freight, insure satisfaction, build up trade, hold it; you work direct, no middle men; 90 new outfits just ready, the finest ever used. Write quick (giving age, references, etc.) to STARK BROS. NURSERIES & ORCHARDS CO., Sidemen's Dep't, LOUISIANA, MO., or ROCKPORT, ILL. Founded 1825; 1,000 acres Nurseries; 20,000 acres Orchards. Send two stamps for Orchard Book, photographs of Fruits, Nurseries, Orchards, etc., full of exact information about trees and fruits.

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Ely's Cream Balm
WILL CURE
CATARRH
Price 50 Cents.
Apply Balm into each nostril.
Ely Bros., 46 Warren St., N. Y.

The New Home Sewing Machine Company
Gets the World's Fair Medal.
The New Home Sewing Machine Company received the highest award at the World's Fair, both on machine and work. All points claimed were practically granted.—Chicago Herald.

Burlington Route
A Pack of Playing Cards furnished by the Burlington Route (C. & O. R. R.), which is the Best Railway from Chicago and St. Louis to all points Northwest, West and Southwest. Send 15 cents in postage for a full deck to P. S. LUSTIG, General Passenger Agent, CHICAGO, ILL.

A MONEY-MAKER FOR AGENTS
Joseph Allen's Wife's New Book, "Samantha" via World's Fair. Large 500 pages; over 100 illustrations by de Grimm; 100,000 copies sure to be sold. Cloth, \$2.50; Half Binding, \$4.00. Agents wanted now. Apply to Funk & Wagnall Co., Publ., 15-20 Astor Place, New York.

PATENTS, TRADE-MARKS,
Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for Inventors' Guide, or How to Get a Patent. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Washington, D. C.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES
Pure relief (sure relief) Price 15c. ASTORIA, Ore. Sold by mail, Stowell & Co., 200 North Main St., Portland, Me.

\$75.00 to \$250.00 can be made monthly working for B. F. JOHNSON & CO., Richmond, Va.
C. N. U. No. 45-93

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

New Advertisements.

H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co.—Overcoats and
Usters.
W. P. Schenk & Co.—Clothing, Boots and
Shoes.
J. P. Glazier & Co.—Drugs, Groceries, etc.
J. S. Cummings—Groceries.
S. Heleschwerdt—Painter and Decorator.
E. E. Shaver—Photographs for Christmas
Presents.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

We are not proud, we do not ask the laurels of a scholar,
Be only this our humble task, to get of you that dollar.

Will soon be forced to beg or steal—
We long have worn this dirty collar,
And O, for just one good square meal!
So send along that dollar.

For one more week we'll hold our ire,
Nor emit another holler,
If when 'tis o'er you only fire
At our poor head that dollar.

J. K. Yocum is very sick at the home of his son at Jackson.

Mrs. Jane Prudden is very ill at the home of her son Wm. Dennan.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Everett, Monday, October 30, a son.

Chelsea boys continue to hold the World's Fair same as before—on their knees.

Henry Kuhl has just completed a new barn on the site of the one burned during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Turnbull are now located in the house on corner of South and Congdon streets.

Adam Eppler is now sole proprietor of the Central Market, having bought Mr. Barth's interest this week.

Del Maroney has purchased a lot in the northern part of town, and has started to erect a house thereon.

There will be a free shoot for the members of the Chelsea Gun Club, at the grounds, Thanksgiving day.

Services will be held at the Lutheran church Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m. There will be no morning service.

A new postoffice has been established at Eckert, Washtenaw county. It is situated in the township of Freedom.

James Rooker was sent to the common jail for twenty days, on charge of vagrancy by Justice Lehman, Thursday.

Work is being rushed on the new Schenk store, and the labor of moving the stock is announced to commence on Monday next.

J. C. Taylor has purchased the property that lies between Abner VanTyne's livery barn and Jacob Schumacher's blacksmith shop.

It is reported that Conrad Finkbeiner has purchased the J. C. Taylor farm, southeast of this place. Consideration about \$5,000.

Tuesday evening, November 14th, occurs the regular meeting of the L. O. T. M. All members are requested to be in attendance, as business of importance is to come before the meeting.

A constant drop of water wears away the hardest stone; the constant gnaw of Towser masticates the hardest bone, the constant wooing lover carries off the plishing maid; the constant advertiser is the one that gets the trade.

The Washtenaw County Teachers' Association will hold a meeting in the high school building in Ann Arbor on Saturday, November 18. An interesting program has been prepared. Mr. Cavanaugh urges that as many teachers as possible to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Tuttle came near having a serious accident one day this week. Their horse became frightened and attempted to perform the difficult feat of climbing the fence in the rear of Lewis Winans' yard, but was prevented by the timely interference of its owner, so that no harm was done.

The market has been dull and inclined downward the past week under large receipts. Wheat now brings 56c for red and 55c for white, oats 28c, barley 90c to \$1.10, beans dull and low coming at \$1.20, clover seed \$5.50 for prime, buckwheat 55c, rye 45c, potatoes 45c, onions 50c, turnips 25c, carrots 17c, cabbage 2c, eggs 18c, butter 22c, dressed hogs \$7.25, live hogs 65, chickens 6c. Business is good and likely to continue so. Everything brings a fair price but wheat, which is not likely to be much better till after the holidays.

While Jas. Rooker, who was sentenced to twenty days in jail, was in the "cooler" at this place, awaiting transportation to Ann Arbor, he busied himself by unscrewing the bars over the window in his cell and crawling out into the free sunlight of heaven. He was captured before he had gone a very great distance.

One of the greatest triumphs in the legal world was achieved recently by one of Ann Arbor's promising young lawyers, who spends his vacations in Sylvan. Our "Modern Athens" is a great genius producer, and no mistake, for who but a product of the U. of M. could with a bran new gun in one vacation kill—not a dozen men—but fifty-three ducks? Let it be recorded in the annals of our literature that posterity may know of this mighty deed.

Most of the dooryards about our town residences show the ambition of the wife or mother, who may be seen nowadays out raking up the fallen leaves for hours at a time. The Ann Arbor gentlemen of whom Democrat speaks in such glowing terms for doing the week's washing for their families, might do well to come up and give some Chelsea husbands lessons in helping about the fall raking, which certainly is less laborious than the pastime of these model Ann Arbor husbands.

The evangelistic services held by Messrs. Smart and McLachlan, have been growing in interest during the week. Mr. Smart speaks with great earnestness and force and Mr. McLachlan renders sacred music with expression and pathos. They will continue their work in this place next week. The services will be as follows for next Sunday: At the Methodist church, 9:30 fellowship meeting; 10:30 preaching; 12 Sunday school; 3:00 p. m., woman's meeting; 6:00 League meeting; 7:00, evangelistic services. At the Town Hall, at 3:00, a meeting for men only. No services will be held on Saturday night.

The funeral services of the three victims of the terrible railroad wreck on the T. A. A. & N. M. R. R. near Hamburg, last week, was held near thrt place last Friday. The scene is described as a very affecting one. The bodies of the killed were entirely consumed, only one or two bones remaining, and it was utterly impossible to tell to which of the two men they belonged. The wives of the engineer and fireman fainted and the child of the engineer called for its papa and begged to see him. Tears came to the eyes of a hundred veterans of the road who stood around the coffin and heard the lamentations of the little one.—Ann Arbor Democrat.

This is the month when the big boys and little boys with their fathers and mothers and sisters and uncles and cousins and aunts and every other relatives for miles around, join in the procession which winds its way to the farm house of the in-some-respects-unfortunate-grandfather, to feast round his hospitable board, and to give thanks that it is as well with them as it is, if they are sure they have no special blessings for which to be grateful. And though from many homes throughout the land, the Thanksgiving Day of this year whose pages are dark with the record of loss and disaster, will be a day of mourning for what was, from those homes where no loss or grief has come, mingled with the songs of praise will go up the prayer for Divine comfort for the unfortunate of our nation and the promise for better times to come.

If the truant officer would look into the matter, we think they would find many children in Chelsea who are of the age when they are required to be in school, but who are running wild with no thought of obeying this most just law. In some cases the youngsters are doubtless believed by their parents to be in regular attendance of the school sessions, but more are sent out to work regardless of the child labor law. Such action on the part of the parent is a gross injustice to the child, for many have found only too late that had they made use of thier early educational advantages, they would not now be stepping aside and letting the best places be filled by him, who as a

boy, made his school work of first importance, and earned the right to the best the land can give, while he, the idler, helps fill the lowest of day laborers, where no brains are required.

Report of school in district No. 7, Sylvan, for the month ending October 28th. No. enrolled 25, attending every day, Carrie Goodrich, Lois Killam, Myrtle, Theodore and Heman Weber, Blanche and Anna Wortley, Alvin Kellam, Edwin and Dave Laubenguyer, Anna Yensing, and Lydia Wolf. Promoted from 4th to 5th grade, Myrtle Weber, Lois and Alvin Killam, Fred Hinder.

LUCY STEPHENS, Teachers.

If the editor of a small, non-partisan country newspaper, may sometimes wish himself a bigger toad, he has only to reflect upon his blessings, to work himself into an amiable state of mind. And chief among the things for which he can return thanks, not only on the day decreed for the national Thanksgiving, but on every day of the year, is the fact that, whatever may be his personal feeling, his paper is run on a strictly non-partisan basis, that he is not mixed up in the petty harangues, the mud throwing and general abuse indulged in by one party organ over its political opponent. His hands are free from such soil, however much he may be implicated in lesser matter, and not all the glory of being the discoverer of a big bit of scandal in the life of an opponent could cause him to wish to exchange places with the editor of a political organ.

Michigan stands first in yield of wheat per acre in wheat growing states; 18½ bushels in 1891. First in value of farm crops per acre, generally. First in hardwood forests and hardwood manufacturers. First in production of peppermint oil, more than all the rest of the country combined. First in the value of farms per acre, which is \$36.15. Third in value of sheep and wool, being led only by Ohio and California. In barley and buckwheat Michigan leads all the northwestern states in value of production per acre. She is first in the value per head of horses, cows, steers and sheep. The states west of Buffalo north of the Ohio river make up the granary of the world. Excepting California they are the only states raising a surplus of grain. Michigan leads them all in the value per acre, at home, of the leading grain products. As is well known, Michigan is also the leading fruit state of the country. No state can produce a greater variety of crops, her mineral, forestry and fishing interests help materially to give a profitable home market. The marked advantages enjoyed by Michigan farmers are superior to soil, climate and market. More than one-half her territory is wild land, yet railroads have penetrated every section of the state, and her 2,000 miles of coast line offer unequalled transportation facilities. In addition she has plenty of good water, good neighbors, good schools and is seldom molested by cyclones, floods, drouths or grasshoppers. A failure of crops was never known.

PERSONAL.

Fred Vogel spent Tuesday in Detroit.

H. S. Holmes was a Detroit visitor Tuesday last.

Rev. O. C. Bailey was a Leslie visitor Tuesday.

C. J. Chandler spent part of this week in Detroit.

Ransom Armstrong, of the U. of M. spent Sunday here.

Lewis Vogel spent several days of this week at Lansing.

Congressman Gorman has once more returned to this place.

O. D. Cummings, of Ypsilanti, spent Thursday in this place.

John Kempf, of Ann Arbor, was a Chelsea visitor Thursday.

Will Conlan, of Ann Arbor, was a Chelsea visitor this week.

Mrs. Warren Cushman, is visiting friends in Mason this week.

Miss Katie Forner, of Jackson, is visiting relatives in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Burkhart spent Sunday with friends at North Lake.

Misses May Sparks, Maude Pervis, Edith D. Noyes and Ella L. Morton will spend Saturday in Ann Arbor.

THERE ARE SOME THINGS

That a child can do as well as a grown person.

For Instance:

Any child in town can purchase groceries at our store as cheaply as the most experienced housewife. This is saying a great deal, but it is saying the truth. Give them the money and tell them what you want.

J. S. CUMMINGS, The Grocer.

SAM HESELSCHWERDT

Does all kinds of Paper Hanging, Decorating, Frescoing, Gilding, Plastic and Relief Work, Painting and Graining.

SIGN PAINTING!

Furniture Repairing and Upholstering a specialty.

Give me a call. Shop in basement of Wilkinson block, first door east of Hoag & Holmes' hardware.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!

You can make twelve elegant Christmas Presents to twelve of your relatives and best friends for \$2.50, by sitting NOW for a dozen of our fadeless, waterproof

AMERICAN ARISTO

Photos. How can you provide twelve as satisfactory presents for twelve persons for the same amount?

COME NOW

while the weather is pleasant, and before the holiday rush, and we will give you the finest work that ever left our gallery, and your worry as to how you will provide presents will be over.

E. E. SHAVER, Photographer

Miss Maud Pervis, of Jackson, will spend Sunday with Miss May Sparks.

Mrs. Matt Blosser, of Manchester, visited friends in town Wednesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Davis attended the wedding of a niece at Howell this week.

Mrs. E. J. Whalian, of Ann Arbor, spent Sunday with friends at this place.

Mrs. W. J. Knapp entertained Mrs. F. J. Pratt, Associate Grand Matron, of Grand Chapter of O. E. S., Wednesday last.

Wm. Mellencamp, has been the guest of his brother-in-law, J. P. Buss, of Freedom.

Mrs. D. H. Wurster and daughter, Nina Belle, are visiting friends in Dexter this week.

Will Subbera, of Sanburn, N. Y., was the guest of Geo. Irwin a few days this week.

Miss Carrie Case, of Jackson, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Freeman Sunday last.

B. B. Turnbull, who has been spending some time at Washington, D. C., has returned home.

Andros Gulde, who has been spending the summer at Chicago, has returned to this place;

Miss Nettie Case has returned to her home in Parma, after several weeks' stay at this place.

Miss Nellie Hollywood, of Jackson, who has been visiting relatives and friends here, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Clark and Miss Myra Clark attended the wedding of a cousin in Eaton Rapids this week.

Mrs. Hewes, who has been spending several months with relatives in Eaton Rapids, returned to this place, Monday last.

An Enjoyable Evening.

Wednesday evening, November 8th, was a memorable evening in the history of Olive Chapter, O. E. S.

It was the time appointed for the installation of the officers for the ensuing year as follows:

Worthy Matron—Mrs. R. S. Armstrong.
Worthy Patron—T. E. Wood.

Associate Matron—Mrs. L. Miller.
Secretary—Mrs. W. J. Knapp.
Treasurer—Mrs. H. S. Holmes.
Conductress—Mrs. J. F. Waltrous.
Associate conductress—Mrs. L. Winans Adah—Miss Nell Maroney.
Ruth—Mrs. G. W. Palmer.
Esther—Mrs. W. K. Guerin.
Martha—Mrs. Geo. Ward.
Electa—Mrs. J. D. Schnaitman.
Warden—Mrs. H. Wilson.
Sentinel—D. W. Maroney.
Chaplain—Mrs. M. Boyd.
Marshal—J. A. Palmer.
Organist—Mrs. Geo. Blaich.

Just previous to the ceremony of installation, T. E. Wood, Worthy Patron, gave the chapter the most complete and pleasant surprise that could possibly be given.

With a very appropriate speech he presented the Worthy Matron, in behalf of the Masonic brothers, a complete set of jewels for the chapter, and each officer as installed, was invested with the badge of office.

The sisters feel that words cannot adequately express their thanks to the brothers for this handsome gift which so beautifully expresses their kindly, fraternal feeling toward the chapter; but their hearts are full of gratitude which their lips fail to utter.

After the installation the work of the chapter was inspected by the Associate Grand Matron who congratulated the chapter on its success, and said the work was admirably done.

After the closing ceremonies, the marshal conducted the chapter to the Maccabee Hall where a banquet was given to about seventy-five persons.

The whole evening was most pleasantly spent and will long be remembered by Olive Chapter, No. 108.

The evangelistic services being held by Messrs. Smart and McLachlan at the M. E. church are well attended, and good work has been done. At their first evening service at the town hall last Sunday there was a crowded house and attentive listeners. Everyone is invited to attend these meetings.

If you want your organ repaired or cleaned, leave your order at the STANDARD office.

THE CHELSEA STANDARD.

O. T. HOOVER, Publisher.
CHELSEA, MICHIGAN.

SAVING THE PENNIES.

ST. LOUIS MILLIONAIRE LAYS HIS OWN SIDEWALK.

Thirty-four Lives Lost with the Steamer Alexandria—Engineer, Fireman and Brakeman Killed—Noble Gift of Mrs. Barbara Sturges, of Chicago.

Millionaire as a Payer.
COL. JOHN G. CHOUTEAU, one of the best known citizens of St. Louis, and who is worth about \$2,000,000, created something of a sensation by appearing on Spruce and Eleventh streets at 11 o'clock Thursday night, where he owns nearly the whole block, and putting down a brick pavement. He wore a silk hat and kid gloves, and with a helper was working as assiduously as a mechanic paid by the hour. When asked for an explanation he said he wanted it done and there were too many people passing in the day time for him to do it with comfort.

Steamer Burned.
INFORMATION has been received from Matanzas that the Ward Line steamer City of Alexandria has been destroyed by fire, and thirty-four of a crew of sixty perished. The Alexandria left New York Oct. 25, and was returning from Matanzas for Havana to load for New York. The City of Alexandria was built in 1879 by John Roach & Son, Pa., and was purchased in 1887 by the New York and Cuba Mail Steamship Company. She was an iron vessel, three decks, and had a gross registered tonnage of 2,914.

Gives a Big Check.
THE Columbian Museum at Chicago received another handsome gift. It was a check for \$50,000 given by Mrs. Barbara Sturges. "The flow of money into the treasury has not yet ceased, either," said E. E. Ayer, "for there are several large sums in sight now which will cause some surprise when they are announced." Preparations for an active movement toward raising money are being made at the Continental National Bank by John C. Black, the President of that institution.

Explosion of an Engine Boiler.
BOILER of Engine 638 on the Iron Mountain Road at St. Louis exploded, and the engineer, George Schroeder, was instantly killed; Thomas Scott, the fireman, was hurled 100 feet and fatally injured; and a brakeman, Ed Koepfer, was blown into the Mississippi River and drowned.

BREVITIES.

A TEXAS steer broke loose in St. Louis and injured eight persons before it was killed.

JOSEPH BATER, of Big Rapids, Mich., had both legs cut off while stealing a ride on a freight train.

THE notorious Abe Redmond was taken from the jail at Drake's Branch, Va., by a mob and hanged to a tree.

AT a charivari in Elma, Iowa, the groom, Michael Keefe, was shot in the head by some one of the party.

BY the carelessness of Mrs. John Fuley, near Anoka, Minn., her two little children were burned to death.

A CRISIS is imminent in Italy. The Giolitti ministry is doomed and Zanardelli is believed to be the coming man.

STUDENTS at Ann Arbor, Mich., made a wild night of it on Halloween, and four of them paid fines in the police court next morning.

WHILE court was in session at Columbus, Ind., the County Treasurer's office was entered from the outside and the cash-drawer robbed of about \$100.

MRS. LYDIA BRADLEY, one of the wealthiest residents of Peoria, Ill., has announced her intention of donating 100 acres as a site for the permanent State Fair.

DOM AUGUSTO, son of Princess Leopoldina, the second daughter of Dom Pedro II., now reported on his way to Brazil, is said to be a candidate for the re-election.

G. W. FERRIS, the designer of the famous World's Fair wheel, has undertaken the construction of a cantilever bridge to connect Cincinnati and Covington—being the sixth bridge across the Ohio at this point.

CHRISTOPHER SCHORLING, a butcher, after driving a sound town with his sweethearts, Miss Sharp, at Toledo, Ohio, wound up in a saloon and there shot the girl dead and shot himself fatally. No cause is assigned.

HALLEY ALBOP BORROWE, who became notorious in the Coleman-Drayton scandal, was ejected from Delmonico's, New York, while drunk, and put in a cab; and for refusing to pay cab fare he was turned over to the police.

SALEM MAHOWISH, a Syrian who came to this country with some of the Midway Pleasure shows, has been ordered deported by the Treasury Department at the expense of the immigrant fund, as he is likely to become a public charge.

THE officers of the University of Minnesota refused to make a special assessment for sidewalks and water mains, claiming that educational institutions were exempt from paying taxes. The Minneapolis authorities contend that city assessments are not taxes and have offered the university buildings for sale.

EASTERN.

FRANCIS B. BANNON, iron founder at Pottsville, Pa., has assigned.

JOHN DORAN, blacksmith, aged 64 years, murdered his wife near Washington, Pa.

MRS. J. K. EMMET, wife of the actor, is said to have begun divorce proceedings at New York.

EX-JUDGE GUNNING S. BEDFORD, for years a prominent figure in New York, died after a short illness.

NOEL MAISSON was convicted of murder in the first degree for killing Mrs. Sophia Raes at Calumet, Pa.

JUSTICE WILLIAMS at Syracuse, N. Y., has declared unconstitutional the law of 1892 which gives women the right to vote for School Commissioners.

PICKPOCKETS at Erie, Pa., relieved J. M. Beckwith, a traveling salesman for a New York jewelry house, of a roll of diamonds and pearls valued at between \$5,000 and \$10,000.

A BARREL of whiskey exploding in the warehouse of the Pittsburg Storage Company, Pittsburg, Pa., Friday afternoon, caused a fire that completely wiped out a whole square of buildings between 12th and 13th and Penn avenue and Pike streets, with a loss of nearly \$1,000,000. Several persons are seriously injured, some of whom may die.

THREE men got away with a few dollars in gold from the Citizens' Bank at London, N. D., pursued by Cashier Bradley, who shot one of the robbers. Before he died he gave his name and said he and his companions were farmhands out of work. The other two escaped.

JOHN FISHER fatally stabbed A. Langston at West Charleston, W. Va.

EDMOND DAVIS killed Gin Burnett at Nashville, Tenn., over a game of cards.

EIGHT more persons were stricken with yellow fever at Brunswick, Ga., Friday.

IKE WILLIAMS, colored, was hanged at Madison, Ga., for murdering a woman.

THE Georgia House of Representatives passed a bill prohibiting the sale of cigarettes in the State.

TEN new cases of yellow fever were reported at Brunswick, Ga., five white and five colored. Eight colored were discharged.

J. H. PARKS, cashier and manager of the Barber Asphalt Paving Company at Louisville, Ky., was arrested on a charge of embezzlement.

By a boiler explosion, in Boone County, W. Va., James Huffman and Charles McDamon were instantly killed. Charles Barker was fatally hurt.

J. V. MITCHELL, clerk of Faulkner County, Ark., for twelve years, and at one time candidate for Secretary of State, has disappeared with \$10,000 entrusted in his care.

MRS. JOHN GLEASON, who is subject to fainting spells, has twice been the cause of panic in Louisville theaters, and Monday afternoon, when she felt a dizziness and fell in the effort to retire at the Bijou Theater, serious trouble resulted. It is now announced that she will not hereafter be allowed in any Louisville theater.

AT Newton, Va., Marshall B. Taylor, better known as "Doc" Taylor, was executed a few minutes after 2 o'clock.

AT 10 o'clock he began preaching to 4,000 people, who stood in a heavy rain and listened for one hour and twenty minutes. The sermon was intended to be a funeral oration, but was a disconnected and meaningless talk.

THE three months' campaign for unconditional silver repeal is practically ended. A few minutes after 7 o'clock Monday evening the Senate passed the Voorhees bill by a vote of 43 to 32.

MISS DAISY GARLAND, aged 23 years, daughter of ex-Attorney General Garland, committed suicide at her home at Washington, Friday afternoon, by shooting herself through the heart with her father's revolver. Miss Garland's friends say she had been subject to mental aberration, and lately had been suffering with religious melancholia. The coroner after viewing the remains decided that an inquest was unnecessary.

THE Russian fleet, lately visiting Toulon, will remain a few days at Ajaccio before proceeding to the port of Athens.

THE Vienna bourse was not affected by the news of the repeal of the silver purchase act, the belief prevailing that the consequent drain of gold to America would not be serious.

THE grandson of the late Emperor Dom Pedro, a prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, is reported to have sailed for Brazil to lead the revolution against President Peixoto's government.

PRINCE FERDINAND, of Bourbon, a nephew of the ex-king of Naples, who was on the staff of General Margolla, has been missing since the battle with the Riff tribes at Melilla Saturday. It is not known whether he was killed or is a captive.

THE battle fought about the trenches before Melilla, which resulted in the death of Gen. Margolla, who commanded the Spanish troops in the first battle about Sidi Quaritch, has caused a

profound sensation in Madrid. The engagement was commenced by Gen. Ortega, who, at the head of the re-enforcements sent to Melilla, drove the Moors from the trenches they had occupied in front of the Spanish fortifications. The Moors fought desperately and with the greatest courage. Many of the Spaniards were killed, and among them was the unfortunate Gen. Margolla, who only forty-eight hours previously exposed his troops to a second defeat by sending a mere handful of men to the onslaught of the tents of thousands of Moors. The Spaniards were amazed at the courage shown by the Moors. In face of a terrible fire the Moors charged recklessly forward until they managed to approach within twenty yards of the forts, driving the Spaniards into the trenches before them and cutting the telephone and telegraph wires which had been erected in order to keep up communication with the outlying forts and trenches. It is rumored that there has been serious loss of life on both sides. The situation of the Spaniards is said to be growing desperate and additional efforts are to be put forward to hasten the dispatch of re-enforcements to the front. The Moors were led by priests.

A REMARKABLE will is that of Samuel Kitzinger, of Edinburg, Ind. It disposes of \$700,000 to eight children. He appoints a trustee and provides for a monument to his memory to cost not less than \$5,000.

A SENSATIONAL feature in the failure of the Rainwater-Bradford Hat Co., St. Louis, is the charge that L. J. Silva, the secretary, has robbed the concern of \$100,000, which he is said to have lost on horse races and in the wheat pit.

DR. F. O. VINCENT was hanged in the county jail court yard at Fresno, Cal., Dec. 18, 1890. Vincent killed his wife, who had commenced proceedings for a divorce on account of his cruelty. It was a cold-blooded murder and he narrowly escaped being lynched.

GEORGE GOULD had a narrow escape from death while hunting in Benton County, Missouri. His gun was accidentally discharged while the muzzle was resting on his shoulder a few inches from his head. None of the shot struck him, but he was stunned by the explosion.

MARSHAL HARTMAN, of Lima, Ohio, shot while trying to arrest safe blowers, is dead.

A BED of natural stove polish was discovered at Fort Dodge, Iowa, by workmen digging a sewer.

GEORGE McDONALD was killed and Andrew Hamilton fatally wounded in a saloon fight at Lima, Ohio.

THE total paid attendance at the World's Fair, when the gates closed Monday night, was 21,467,012.

SIX masked men tied Peter Painter and his wife to bed posts, at Holmesville, Ohio, and took \$460 in cash.

JUDGE HUMPHREY, of the Kansas District Court held the sale of liquor under city ordinances unconstitutional.

MISS LETTIE JACKSON, of Osawatomie, Kan., was shot and instantly killed by James Rainey, a rejected lover.

GOV. PECK has decided not to call a special session of the Wisconsin Legislature to relieve Milwaukee's financial distress.

A. V. PITTS, of Chicago, a traveling collector for the J. I. Case Company, was stricken with apoplexy on a train at Omaha.

MRS. MARY E. EAMACCIATTI, wife of a physician, died at Omaha, Neb., under circumstances that point to poisoning.

A WILD man was captured in the woods near Logansport, Ind. He was 40 years old, and could give no account of himself.

THE death is announced at Springfield, Ill., of Mrs. Harriet Van Derberg, colored, at the age of one hundred and ten years.

PATRONS of the Durand Creamery, at Rockford, Ill., for watering milk, have effected settlements at sums ranging from \$120 to \$520.

JOHN AND JACK HUEY, horse thieves who were captured at Brazil, Ind., pleaded guilty and were sentenced each to ten years in prison.

TWO SALOON men who were denied membership in the order are under arrest at Sioux Falls, S. D., for firing the hall of the Knights of Pythias.

L. B. Smith, Claim Agent of the Great Northern Railroad, was arrested at Great Falls, Mont., for alleged embezzlement in Kansas City, Mo.

PRIVATE Tacoma, Wash., advises received state that twenty men were eaten alive by wolves at Shensi, Oct. 14 and 15. Wild animals overrun that district.

THE 78th birthday of the Hon. G. W. Brown, of Galesburg, Ill., the inventor of the corn-planter, was celebrated by a banquet in the large woodwork room at the factory.

HENRY J. RESIER, connected with the Cudahy Packing Company at South Omaha, was fatally shot on the street by Mrs. Rudiger, who then attempted to shoot herself.

A MEETING of creditors has been called by Schacht, Lemecke & Steiner, dealers in dried fruits and nuts at San Francisco. Their liabilities are \$80,000 and assets \$110,000.

CLARK K. ROYCE, ex-Treasurer of the Veterans' Home Association of California, was sentenced to seven years in the State prison at San Francisco for embezzlement.

THE Salvation Army headquarters at Cincinnati will be established in the Vine Street Opera House, on the confines of the "Over the Rhine" district, where nightly dissipation centers.

EFFIE SMITH, quartered in the female section of the Peoria Bridewell for vagrancy, turned out to be a man. He has now been put into men's clothes and set to work at making brooms.

TWO NOTED Arizona outlaws wanted for wholesale horse-stealing and several murders, were captured near Mancos, Colo. The men are known as Ed McCormick and "One-Eyed Riley."

IN the Helmick murder case at Danville, Ill., Harvey Pate and Frank

Starr have been sentenced to be hanged on Dec. 8, and Elias McJunkins and Charles Smoot will go to the penitentiary for life.

THE Denver Consolidated Tramway Company has executed a trust deed for \$4,000,000 to the Mercantile Trust Company of New York, at 5 per cent. The money will be used to retire old bonds and extend lines.

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HE STOLE A MILLION.

RETURN OF THE FAMOUS COSTA RICA FUGITIVE.

Universal Grief at Chicago at Harrison's Funeral—Helpless Portland Passengers Drowned in a Street Car—The Knell of Silver Is Told.

Street Car Falls Into a River.

AT Portland, Ore., an electric car on the Oregon City line containing about thirty persons went through an open drawbridge at Madison street, falling into the cold rushing waters of the Willamette River. They were held there, helpless, until death suffocated seven. They were all workmen and workingwomen on their way to their daily toil. The usual dense and dripping fog covered the face of nature. The driver of the car, which was propelled by electricity, made all speed to reach the destination, and so certain was he that no vessels would be passing up and down the river in that atmosphere, and that consequently the drawbridge would not be open, that he did not put on the brakes as he approached the entrance. But vessels were moving on the river and the bridge was open. The shivering passengers, held like rats in a trap, were startled by a terrific jar. They heard a loud cry from the man as he jumped, felt the car falling and turning through space and then the impact of the water, and they knew that the river was flowing in upon them. That was the last sensation they experienced.

Embezzler Weeks.

FRANCIS H. WEEKS, the New York embezzler, whose defalcation, flight, and battle against extradition have so excited public interest, arrived in New Orleans at 3 o'clock Wednesday morning on the steamer Foxhall from Costa Rica. The steamer's arrival had been expected all day and night, and there were many people at the wharf to get a view of the prisoner, but a large force of police prevented every one from boarding the ship. Even the crew when disembarking were submitted to a rigid examination and were compelled to prove identity in order to avoid the possibility of Weeks' escape. Weeks' gigantic stealings place him with John C. Eno and E. W. Harper among the big embezzlers of the time. The embezzlements charged to Weeks aggregate \$1,300,000. He was arrested in San Jose Sept. 14, and the legal process necessary to get him back to the United States has been in operation ever since.

Chicago Interes Her Dead.

WITH pomp and circumstance and wealth of honors befitting the obsequies of a king, the remains of Chicago's late Mayor were laid to rest Wednesday and left alone in the quiet of Graceland Cemetery. More than 10,000 men walked with a slow step, keeping time to the solemn measure of the funeral dirge, and probably ten times that number of men and women stood with bared and bowed heads while his bier went on its melancholy way. It was a remarkable procession. Even in that city of stupendous happenings it was notable. It was an army in grief. An army with furled banners and muffled drums and reverend arms, and wearing the emblems of sorrow. It was a worthy utterance of the public woe. Only Chicago could have so spoken in fact, and not many men besides Carter Harrison could have evoked the cry of anguish that was symbolized in that waving column of American citizens.

Rich Iowan Assigns.

A SENSATION was caused at Des Moines, Iowa, Wednesday by the announcement of the assignment of James C. Savery of that city, who has had extensive business operations in New York City and Montana. Mr. Savery's rating has been high, especially in local financial circles. About a year ago he was believed to be worth all the way up to \$5,000,000. The assignment is made for himself personally and for the American Emigrant Company of New York City and Montana. Mr. Savery's rating has been high, especially in local financial circles. About a year ago he was believed to be worth all the way up to \$5,000,000. The assignment is made for himself personally and for the American Emigrant Company of New York City and Montana, of which he was sole proprietor.

Now the Law of the Land.

COMPULSORY silver purchases by the United States Government are ended. President Cleveland signed the unconditional repeal bill at 4:30 on Wednesday afternoon. It reached him within an hour and a half after the House had concurred in the Senate amendment, and was signed in the presence of Secretary Carlisle and Attorney General Olney.

NEWS NUGGETS.

SILVER was purchased by the Treasury on Monday at 70 cents an ounce.

FIRE destroyed part of the plant of the Peninsular Stove Company, at Detroit. Loss, \$40,000.

IN a quarrel about a wagon Joseph Meyer brained his father with a hatchet, near Sedalia, Mo.

THE wife of Broker John H. Schofield, of Chicago, has been granted an absolute divorce by a New York court.

C. W. EMBURY, a retired farmer, was killed at La Crosse, Wis., by a runaway accident, his horse being frightened at an electric car.

SIR JOHN ABBOTT, ex-Premier of Canada, who had retired from public life on account of failing health, died at Montreal Monday evening.

AN injunction of court restrains the city of Madison, Wis., from purchasing a new fire alarm system for \$5,000,000 owing to a large indebtedness.

GOVERNOR BOIES, of Iowa, is confined to his bed at Waterloo, threatened with a fever.

IN GENERAL.

SIR JOHN ABBOTT'S funeral took place Thursday afternoon in Montreal.

CANADA has decided to not take part in the midwinter exhibition in San Francisco.

OVER one-half of the window-glass factories of the United States will be at work this week.

THE Catholic church has placed the Order of Good Templars under the ban against secret societies.

THE Brazilian Government is reported to have purchased Ericsson's submarine torpedo boat, the Destroyer.

THE steamer City of Concord and her consort, the Dunford, which were given up for lost in Georgian Bay, have arrived at East Tawas.

THE Governor General and Lady Aberdeen attended the opening of the new Peter Redpath library at McGill University, Montreal.

CAPTAIN SHELDRAKE, who sailed from Nova Scotia for England on July 20 in a 15-foot dory, has undoubtedly been lost. The wreck of the dory has been sighted 900 miles west of Gibraltar.

THE Brotherhood of Railway Train men has elected the following officers: Grand Master, S. E. Wilkinson; First Vice Grand Master, T. P. Morrissey; Second Vice Grand Master, A. E. Brown; Third Vice Grand Master, G. W. Newman; Secretary and Treasurer, W. A. Sheehan.

THE following officers have been elected by the American Missionary Association: President, Merrill E. Gates, LL. D., Massachusetts; Vice Presidents, Rev. F. A. Noble, D. D., Illinois, Rev. A. J. F. Behrends, D. D., New York; Alex. McKenzie, D. D., Massachusetts; Henry Hopkins, D. D., Missouri; Henry A. Stimpson, D. D.; Corresponding Secretaries, Rev. M. E. Strieby, D. D., Rev. A. F. Beard, D. D., F. P. Woodbury, D. D.; Assistant, Rev. J. C. Ryder; Recording Secretary, Rev. M. E. Strieby, D. D.; Treasurer, H. W. Hubbard.

R. G. DUN & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade sums up the situation as follows:

Port is in sight after a long and stormy voyage, and the prospect of a speedy end of the struggle over repeal has brought bright hopes to business. Stocks climbed rapidly for three days, banks relaxed restraints, commercial loans are more freely sought and made, and reports from all quarters show the prevalence of more hopeful feeling. This of itself tends to produce some revival of consumption and of industry which, nevertheless, has made but moderate progress as yet. It is still too soon to expect much effort in trade and manufactures, and though monetary obstacles are to a large extent removed there still remain other legislative questions which create uncertainty.

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AT WAR WITH HERSELF.

The Story of a Woman's Atonement,
by Charlotte M. Braeme.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

The sun shining into her room awoke her. Her first thought was of Sir Bertram. The incidents of the day before seemed like a distant, half-remembered dream. Was it all true? Ah, yes! There were the daphnes, there, too, in her heart was the same strange, sweet music that bewildered while it delighted her. The world seemed so fair that morning; the sun was brighter than it had ever been. Lady Fanshawe looked in wonder at the lovely young face that greeted her with such a kindly, happy smile.

"Where are you going to-day, auntie?" she asked, as they sat down to the luxurious breakfast table.

"Have you forgotten, Leonie? The carriage is ordered for two. We are going to Lady Seagrove's fête at Chiswick."

Again the young Countess' first thought was a wonder as to whether Sir Bertram would be there. She would have liked to ask Lady Fanshawe if it was probable, but she could not utter his name.

"The Duchess is sure to be there," continued Lady Fanshawe, "and Lord Falcon, too. I should not be surprised, Leonie, if you were married in your first season."

"I should," she replied, with a gay little laugh. "Ah, auntie, when the world is so bright, why spoil it by speaking of such serious things?"

"Young ladies do not generally consider that love and marriage spoil the beauty of the world," observed Lady Fanshawe. "Now tell Florette that you must excel yourself to-day. Many girls look pretty in a ball-room who are not so pleasing in the daylight and sunshine. You look equally well in both."

CHAPTER XIV.

Lady Seagrove was the happy possessor of a grand old mansion at Chiswick. The grounds attached to it were extensive and beautiful; some of the finest trees in England were to be found there—stately oaks and spreading cedars, chestnut trees that were magnificent when in bloom, magnolias that filled the air around with perfumes, silver birches, aspens, copper beeches that looked like burnished gold in the sun. From the grounds there were some beautiful views of the river. "Pretty seats and garden chairs had been placed under the trees."

Once during every season Lady Seagrove gave a grand fête in the grounds, and it was eagerly anticipated and enjoyed. After crowded theaters, heated ballrooms and their artificial atmosphere, it was refreshing to see nothing but green foliage and blooming flowers. Fair faces looked fairer in the sunlight, people were less artificial, less ceremonious there.

Lady Charnleigh was queen of the fête, as she had been queen of the ball. She looked so daintily beautiful in her dress of rich Indian muslin, with its trimmings of costly lace; a pretty little hat shaded her lovely face, and gave a coquettish appearance that did not usually distinguish her. She looked around her, but did not see the one face and figure that had haunted her all night.

As soon as she appeared Lady Charnleigh was surrounded by a little knot of courtiers; first and foremost was Lord Falcon; who watched her delighted face with a smile.

"Is this the first fête you have attended, Lady Charnleigh?" he asked, when, after great maneuvering he had secured a seat by her side.

"Yes," she replied.

"I thought so; your face tells your every thought as plainly as your lips speak them."

"Then I must train my face," she said. "It is very inconvenient to have one's thoughts guessed."

Lord Falcon sighed.

"Why do you sigh?" she asked, simply.

"I was thinking that the fairer and more dainty the bloom, the more easily it is brushed from the flower. I was wondering if a few seasons in town would make you as artificial and worldly as other girls."

"I am worldly now," she said, with a low, rippling laugh; "that is, I love the world and everything in it."

"That is not being worldly, Lady Charnleigh," he rejoined, half sadly; then he looked at her in wonder—a beautiful light had come into those violet eyes, a sudden flush to the fair face. The flush died away, leaving the face pale, with the least possible quiver.

He had his own share of vanity, and believed that his words had moved her. How could he guess that in the far distance, between the waving foliage, she had seen the grand Saxon head and fair, handsome face of Sir Bertram Gordon?

All the serene and beautiful calm was over. Her heart beat, her whole soul was engrossed with one idea—would she learn that she was there? Would he come to speak to her? She said to herself that Lord Falcon, the greatest match in England, was a most tiresome man. She wondered why he persisted in sitting there talking nonsense and looking at her, while the young lord from her silence began to hope that at last he was making some impression upon her.

"I would make her an offer at once," he thought to himself, "but that my mother so strongly advises me to wait."

"I wish he would go away," thought Lady Charnleigh; "then perhaps Sir Bertram might see me."

She sat in silence some minutes longer, and then silence and inactivity became a torture to her. What if he should leave the grounds without seeing her? What if he should go away and she should never see him again?

"I wish to find Lady Fanshawe," she said, rising; and Lord Falcon, to his

annoyance, saw that the interview was ended.

They found Lady Fanshawe deep in conversation with the Duchess; from the well-pleased faces of both, the subject had evidently been satisfactory. Then Falcon left the heiress with a bow, inwardly resolving that the time should be as short as possible before he made her his wife. Then, oh, then the sun grew brighter, a deeper, fuller beauty fell on flower and tree, for Sir Bertram had seen her, and he was coming. Bright, sweet roses on her face, welcomed him, smiles for which some men would have bartered their life greeted him.

"I have been looking for you," he said, gently; and then it seemed to her that they went straight away into paradise. They left the Duchess and Lady Fanshawe together; silently they went down a long avenue of blossoming lime trees, too happy for words. They did not need speech to reveal their happiness in being once more together.

She asked him some commonplace question at last, and then they talked long and earnestly. How she hung upon each word that came from his lips! It was "the very honey of eloquence," she thought; everything he said struck her as being so true, so original; the very foundation of his character appeared to be truth. He had met with years ago, when he happened to mention Captain Flemyng's name; she looked up at him with a glance of wondering pleasure.

"Do you mean my kin-man—if so distant a relation may bear the title? Is that the Paul Flemyng who would have had Crown Leighton but for me?"

"Yes," he said. "I had forgotten for the moment, Lady Charnleigh. I trust the mention of his name is not displeasing to you."

"Oh, no; why should it be? I should like to see him and know him."

"I knew him well before he went abroad," said Sir Bertram.

"Tell me more of Paul Flemyng," she said; "I should like to hear of him. I am entirely alone in the world, and he is like a relative, though he is only my fourth or fifth cousin."

"What can I tell you, Lady Charnleigh? It may interest you to hear that there is a rumor that his regiment is coming home."

"I am so glad!" she cried. "Of course, I love Crown Leighton very dearly, but I always feel sorry for him that he has lost it. Was it a great trouble to him?"

"I do not fancy that he would let it trouble him," replied Sir Bertram. "You do not know him, Lady Charnleigh; he has a grand soul—a hero's soul—as far above all envy, all greed, as the stars are above the earth. He realizes that one line of Tennyson's, 'Truest friend an noblest foe.'"

She looked at him with wondering eyes.

"Do you love him?" she asked.

"Men do not care that word when they speak of each other. Paul Flemyng was my friend."

She walked on some minutes in silence; then she looked at him with tears in her eyes.

"I wish Paul Flemyng would take half my fortune," she said; "I feel as though I had wronged him; yet I could not help being next of kin—could I?"

"Certainly not. You are sure to have those feelings—you are generous and sensitive; when you know Paul you will understand and feel sure that he would not purchase his prosperity at any risk of yours."

CHAPTER XV.

There was an unusual stir in the military world; fresh troops were sent to Canada, new regiments to India, and in the general movement it happened that Paul Flemyng's regiment was summoned to England instead of proceeding to the East. It happened still more strangely that their place of destination was the pretty town of Weildon, not far from Crown Leighton.

Captain Flemyng, who had leave of absence, intended to spend the latter part of the season in London. General Sir Huntley Dacre, who was the very happy owner of a very fine town mansion, made the same resolve.

"It will not be like parting," said Ethel Dacre, when Paul came to bid her adieu. "We shall meet again in London."

And Captain Flemyng, all unconscious of the loving heart so sorely troubled for him, went on his way to London, wondering what the difference would have been had Crown Leighton been his. He received the warmest of welcomes—all the warm and more kindly that people knew how calmly he had suffered a keen disappointment. His only puzzle was which of the numerous invitations lavished upon him he should select; he decided at length upon an independent course, and took apartments near Piccadilly. In this way he would please himself as to whether he might go and what he might do.

One of the first invitations he accepted was to Lady Denham's garden party—a species of entertainment quite new to him. It was arranged that Claude Denham, her ladyship's son and heir, should drive him down. Lady Denham had a beautiful house, surrounded by magnificent grounds on the banks of the Thames.

"You will see some of the handsomest women in London at my mother's garden party," said the hopeful heir of the Denhams; "and for my part, I consider a really handsome woman the finest work of creation. What do you say, Captain Flemyng?"

"I have the greatest reverence for all women," he replied, gravely, "but the question of beauty is not one that has hitherto interested me."

"I think all women ought to be good-looking. I cannot see why they are not."

"They are," asserted the young soldier, in perfect good faith. "I have never yet seen a woman's face that had not something beautiful and true in it."

Claude Denham laughed aloud.

show you a face to-day, Captain Flemyng, worth coming all the way from Malta to see."

They made their way to Lady Denham, who professed herself delighted to see Captain Flemyng.

"You will find many of your old friends here," she said. "Sir Bertram Gordon has been inquiring anxiously as to when you were coming."

"Now for the face I told you of," said Claude to Paul. "I do not see the lady at present; but wherever you notice two or three men looking as though they were moon-struck, be sure she is not far off."

They passed through several alleys under long rows of branching limes, and across a smooth greensward.

"Surely she is come," said Claude. "I know that my mother relied on her as the great attraction of the day. Ah!" he continued, with a little cry of admiration, "there she is! Now confess that in all your travels you have never seen a picture so fair!"

Paul Flemyng looked, and what he saw remained engraved on his heart until his dying day. Before him was a large white acacia-tree in full flower, its white blossoms falling where the wind carried them; underneath its branches was a pretty rustic seat, with the golden sunlight falling on the loveliest face ever dream of a tint imagined—a face so bright, so fair, so tender, so radiantly lovely, so happy, that he was dazzled by it as a child, who looks rashly at the sun. He saw violet eyes full of light, and golden hair that seemed to have made the sunbeams captive. A shining mass of palest pink silk and white lace draped the perfect figure and fell in sweeping folds; a little white lace bonnet a marvel of art, with an pale pink rose, crowned the golden head. The girl's beautiful face was bent over some white acacia blossoms that had been gathered for her.

"There," said Claude Denham, triumphantly—"have you ever seen anything like that?"

But Captain Flemyng made no answer. He did not know who she was; she might be a royal princess, she might be a singer, an actress, or a duchess, he did not care—she was his ideal woman for all that. His life in that moment grew complete: it was as though he had found something for which he had looked long and anxiously; it was such a face, bright as the stars, and lovely beyond comparison, as he had dreamed of, but had never seen.

"Who is she?" he asked at length.

"I was waiting for the question. She is no less a personage than Leonie, Countess of Charnleigh, at this moment assuredly the most popular and carefully courted lady in the three kingdoms. You would like an introduction to her?"

"Not just yet," he replied. He wanted time to collect himself, to drink in the marvelous loveliness of that face, to watch the graceful movements of the little white hands—time to still the rapid beating of his heart, to quiet the thrill of every nerve. Claude Denham gave a keen, sharp glance at his face, and then turned aside with a laugh.

"Where there are lights there will be moths; but I did not expect to see you so easily caught," he said; but Capt. Flemyng never even heard his words. His whole heart, his whole soul had gone from him—he stood there, as it were, without life, so intent, so earnest was his gaze.

So, for a long period, did Paul Flemyng stand aloof, watching the beautiful girl whose smiles were so eagerly courted, and then Lady Denham passed by. He went to her and spoke anxiously.

"Of course I will," replied her ladyship—"come with me." She led him through the little group of courtiers, and said:

"Lady Charnleigh, allow me to introduce to you Capt. Paul Flemyng, who has just returned from Malta."

Lady Charnleigh looked up with a start of amazement, that did not escape those around her. The color on her exquisite face pale, and a shadow came into her eyes as she repeated the name.

"Captain Flemyng," she said, "welcome home." She dropped the white acacia blossoms and held out her hand to him. She did not notice afterward that he picked up one of those flowers, as a miser does gold. "You have taken me by surprise. I heard that you were coming home, but I did not know that it would be so soon."

He looked at her dazzled as though a wave of warm sunlight had fallen at his feet, and was unable, from very excess of emotion, to answer her; he felt when the silvery voice ceased to speak as though a strain of sweet music had passed away.

"When did you return?" she asked, seeing that he was deeply agitated and mistaking the cause.

"Last week," he replied, making a great effort to control himself.

"And you have never been to see me," she continued. "I shall scold you. Shall we walk down to the river?"

The gentleman who had been talking to her drew back; Paul bowed low.

"Will you give me your arm?" she said. "I shall not allow you to treat me as a stranger."

She laid her little hand, so exquisitely gloved, on his arm, and his heart beat as it had never done before—so violently, indeed, that his face flushed. Far more bravely than he walked by the side of this young girl had he stood before the guns of the enemy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Whence They Get Their Names.

The name Europe signifies "a country of white complexion," and arises from the fact that its inhabitants are of a lighter complexion than those of Asia or Africa. Asia signifies "between, or in the middle," the ancient geographers imagining that it lay between Europe and Africa. Africa signifies "the land of corn." It was celebrated for its abundance of corn, and the Romans and other people used to import grain extensively from that continent.

REPEAL BILL A LAW.

Voorhees Measure Signed by the President.

FIGHT IS AT AN END.

Closing Scenes in the House Were Quiet.

House Concurs in the Senate Bill for Unconditional Repeal by Vote of 193 to 94—President Cleveland Puts the Finishing Touch on the Measure That Has Been So Long Before Congress—Text of the Voorhees Substitute for the Wilson Bill as Enacted.

The unconditional repeal bill is now the law of the land. Since Aug. 7 Congress has been in extra session, and in all that time it had been trying to pass a bill repealing the purchasing clause of the Sherman silver law. Wednesday it succeeded, and the Voorhees bill, which was substituted by the Senate for the House measure, is now a law. The measure which has engrossed the attention of Congress and the entire country for the last three months reached its last legislative stage early in the afternoon when the House of Representatives concurred in the Senate amendment by the decisive vote of 193 to 94. When the original bill passed the House Aug. 28 the vote stood 201 to 100, so that, although the total vote on Wednesday was smaller, the proportion was practically the same.

The final vote was taken at 2:50 p. m. The bill was engrossed immediately, and twenty minutes later, at 3:10, the formal announcement was made to the Senate that its amendment had been agreed to by the House. The bill was hurriedly enrolled by Chairman Pearson of the Committee on Enrolled Bills, and at 3:30 was presented to Speaker Crisp for his signature. A fleet-footed messenger carried it to the Senate, where it was signed two minutes later by Vice President Stevenson. Chairman Pearson, with the bill under his arm, entered a carriage waiting for him on the plaza in front of the Capitol and drove rapidly to the White House.

Signed by the President.

The President had been kept duly advised of the progress of events. Indeed, he manifested so much interest in the vote in the House that at his request a duplicate of the names of those who had voted for and against the concurrence was made soon after the roll-call was completed and this list was lying on his desk when Mr. Pearson arrived with the bill. Secretary Carlisle, Attorney General Olney and Private Secretary Thurber were present. After felicitating with each other for a few moments the President took up the engrossed copy of the bill and read it aloud. Then picking up a quill pen he affixed his autograph at 4:25. And thus eighty-five days, four hours and twenty-five minutes after the extraordinary session convened the remedy for the financial distress which Mr. Cleveland demanded in his message was applied, and the greatest parliamentary struggle ever known was ended. The bill as passed is as follows:

That so much of the act approved July 14, 1890, entitled "An act directing the purchase of silver bullion and issue of Treasury notes thereon and for other purposes," and directing the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase from time to time silver bullion to the aggregate amount of 4,500,000 ounces, or so much thereof as may be offered in each month at the market price thereof, not exceeding \$1 for 371 28-100 grains of pure silver, and to issue in payment for such purchases Treasury notes of the United States, be and the same is hereby repealed. And it is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to continue the use of both gold and silver as standard money, and to coin both gold and silver into money of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value, such equality to be secured through international agreement, or by such safeguards of legislation as will insure the maintenance of parity in value of coins of the two metals, and the equal power of every dollar at all times in the markets and in the payment of debts. And it is hereby further declared that the efforts of the Government should be steadily directed to the establishment of such a safe system of bimetalism as will maintain at all times the equal power of every dollar coined or issued by the United States in the markets and in the payment of debts.

High Art.

In a decorative age all sorts of things become decorative. The Detroit Free Press reports that a colored man went into a grocery in that city not long ago, and asked the proprietor if he had any burlap lying about the shop.

"Yes," said the grocer, "I've got a few coffee sacks, but they are old and in pretty bad shape."

"Dat's all de better, sah. I want 'bout four of 'em."

The grocer brought them out, and the negro looked round the shop.

"Has you any pieces of rope to spare?" he asked. "I want about fifty feet."

A tangled lot of old cord and rope was handed to him.

"Going to pack something for moving?" asked the grocer.

"No, sah. My wife was workin' fer a lady on High street de odder day, an' she cotched on to a new idea. She's gwine to use dis stuff, 'long wid a few suspender buckles an' shoe-strings, to make a pianer-kiver."

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 Grace of Liberality.

The lesson for Sunday, Nov. 12, may be found in 2 Cor. 8:1-17.

INTRODUCTORY.

Liberality is truly a grace, a gift from the Lord. It is so in two ways. First of all, it is learned from God. We love him because he first loved us, and we love others, taught of the same divine source. That One, who for our sakes became poor, has taught us the sweet and wholesome lesson of disinterested giving. For charity is not an earthly virtue. The man of the world, however repeatedly generous, knows nothing about it save as he glimpses the lesson from Christian lives. "Learn of me," says Christ, and one of his first lessons is Christian liberality. In the second place, it is rightly a grace in the abundant and self-satisfying returns it makes. In this it proves its gracious and heavenly origin. There is no doubt of it, hospitality for Christ's sake pays. It has its own peculiar reward: brought of angels unawares. Twice over in recent years, the latter time within the past few weeks, has the writer been called upon to lead his people in the entertainment of associational or conventional annual meetings. The old-fashioned method of hospitality has been resorted to (is there anything better?), and in each case a blessing has been left wholly incommensurate with the outlay. It has been again delightfully proven that, in Christ's name, it is more blessed to give than to receive. Try it, and see.

POINTS IN THE LESSON.

"Do you to wit." Archaic expression: don't know what it means. Yes, we do. You and I cannot hide behind the hedge here. The horse understands the reminder of the spur and the ox the goad. Be better than the horse or the ox.

"The grace of God bestowed," given is the word. Grace to give is itself a gift. The church or the individual that does not give has missed, perhaps, the greatest of gifts. Not to know how to give is itself a ground for suspicion. How can one know Christ and not know Christ's giving?

What these people did, however, was to give beyond their means, or as Paul says here, "beyond their power." In this they showed their liberality, or more literally, simplicity. They had very little of their own, but they had ready access to God. And so they gave beyond measure, and this, according to the word, is simplicity, unsophisticatedness. But they were wise toward God, wise and rich, too.

HINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Start a discussion, of a practical sort, in methods of benevolence. What do you find the best way to administer the Lord's bounty in your hands? What is your plan of living to the Lord? Dr. A. T. Pierson sententiously outlines the various methods of charity. He calls them the "seven ways of giving." First, the careless way, giving to everything that comes asking; second, the impulsive way, giving on the spur of the moment; third, the lazy way, by fairs, festivals, etc.; fourth, the self-denying way, giving up or sacrificing something; fifth, the systematic way, laying aside a portion, say one-tenth; sixth, the usual way, share half and half with the Lord; seventh, the heroic way, limiting expenditure to a stated sum and giving all the rest. After all, is not the most practical way the plan of systematic beneficence? And by that we are accustomed to mean beneficence worked into the system. You understand.

"Give and it shall be given unto you." Pastor, try it. Give yourself to your people, wholly, unreservedly, shepherd-like: see if they will not give themselves, in like manner, to you. It was Baxter's secret, Wesley's, Spurgeon's. Teacher, try the same plan with your class. Practical liberality, self-giving. "I keep Washington in my heart," said the stingy man, asked to give for a monument to be erected to the Father of his Country. Some one remarked that Washington never got into so tight a place before. The old lady in the pew then was in quite a convenient sort of religious ecstasy when she cried out as the contribution box came her way, "Roll on, great and glorious gospel!" and the collector passed on. Our friend, the Evanston pastor, used to hear, when a lad, the good deacon, who never gave anything, singing lustily:

They are fitting up my mansion
Which eternally shall stand.
And the boy kept wisely wondering
Whether the good deacon wouldn't soon
Be ending on some lumber to help in
The fitting up. Yes, lay up treasure in heaven.

Is thy cruse of comfort falling?
Rise and share it with a friend.
And through all the years of famine
It shall serve thee to the end.
Love divine will fill thy storehouse,
Or thy hand will renew;
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds, which mellow in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to lift thy brother's burden,
God will bear both it and thee.

Is thy heart a well left empty?
None but God's will can fill:
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
Can its ceaseless longing still.
Is thy heart a living power?
Self-entwined, its strength sinks low:
It can only live by loving,
And by serving, love will grow.

Next Lesson—"Limitation of Christ."
Eph. 4: 20-32.

Do These Lines
Dazzle Your Eyes?

Its an optical peculiarity that some people cannot look at an arrangement of lines without being affected unpleasantly.

Do These Figures Dazzle Them Any?

Best Nudavene Flakes, 8 lbs for 25c.
Choice Rice, 5c per lb.
Fine N. O. Molasses, 25c per gal.
First-Class Lanterns, 35c each.

These are not optical peculiarities, but simply PECULIAR TO THE BANK DRUG STORE. We guarantee them not to hurt your eyes, and they will make your grocery bill look the smallest that it has in some time.

Good coffee 19c per lb.
Two packages yeast cakes for 5c.
Gloss Starch 6c per lb.
3 cans best pumpkin for 25c.
8 lbs rolled oats for 25c.
23 boxes of matches 300 to box for 25c.
25 lbs of sulphur for \$1.
Large box toothpicks 5c.
6 doz clothes pins for 5c.
All Patent Medicines one-fourth off.
Choice rice 5c per lb.
Fine New Orleans Molasses 25c gal.
Best tea dust 12c per lb.
Fine Japan Tea 30c per lb.
Good raisins 8c per lb.
Sugar syrup 25c per gal.
3-lb can tomatoes 10c per can.
Best Pillar Rock salmon 16c per can.
Best Alaska salmon 14c per can.
Fine luncheon beef 25c per can.

Sardines in oil 5c per can.
Sardines in mustard 10c per can.
Large jugs prepared mustard 15c each.
Full cream cheese 14c per lb.
Boston Baking powder 20c per lb.
Banner smoking tobacco 16c per lb.
No. 1 lamp chimneys, 3c each.
No. 2 lamp chimneys, 5c each.
Presto fine cut tobacco 28c per lb.
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WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence.
The long conflict of the American "House of Lords" is over. Without a closure rule, by the force of the same circumstances which have always operated in the senate to bring about a vote, the bill for the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law was brought to direct issue and passed. The end came shortly before half past seven Monday night in the presence of an immense crowd that had patiently waited in the galleries all day. It was unattended by either excitement or enthusiasm. The vote was forty-three yeas to thirty-two nays. There were no surprises in the vote, so thoroughly had the position of each senator been discounted during the lengthy struggle. An analysis of the vote shows that twenty-three Republicans and twenty Democrats voted for repeal, while nineteen Democrats and ten Republicans and three Populists voted in the negative.

When the senate met in the morning of the day that will be memorable in the political history of this democratic nation, so great was the interest in the impending climax the public galleries were filled and long lines of anxious spectators waited with remarkable patience out upon the tiled floors of the lobbies surrounding the historic chamber for the rare chance of finding a seat within. The air in the chamber was chilly and although outside of the great marble building there seemed to be a flood of October sunlight no warm and mellow rays found their way into the room. The prevailing tone of the picture was dull and sombre. There was no glint in the gold decorations, there was no ray of silver. Few senators were on the floor. Senator Voorhees, his set and impassive face showing traces of weariness, was the first arrival on the Democratic side. Senator Faulkrer, the lieutenant who had advised and so nearly succeeded in accomplishing a flank movement, wandered into the chamber and out again, moving with quick and alert steps. From the cloak room emerged the austere McPherson and the solemn Vilas. Mr. Gorman also appeared, smooth in his clean shaven face, in the fit of his Prince Albert coat, and even in the smile, which involuntarily flitted across his mouth. On the Republican side sat Senator Teller, almost alone. His face, typical of a Methodist elder, was buried in some manuscript.

The senate, however, filled rapidly. Senator Sherman entered and viewed the scene with sedate interest. The venerable Senator Morrill sat in unelastic attitude. Mr. Peffer and a white chrysanthemum appeared simultaneously. Mr. Wolcott and Mr. Cameron both well dressed and bound to each other by a harmony of views on the great question at issue, came arm-in-arm. The silver phalanx gathered around Mr. Teller, but not to plan further defense or suggest assault.

It was quite appropriate that the valedictory should be delivered by Mr. Stewart, who, for the sixty-seventh time since the debate was begun, was recognized by the chair. "The die is cast," exclaimed the Nevada senator dramatically, and then he launched forth upon an address as full of classical allusions and similes as a school-girl's essay on commencement day. He brought forth the Trojan horse half a dozen times and threw scorn upon "the Hessians who had betrayed and captured the White House." Mr. Stewart sat down, Mr. Voorhees was on his feet, but the Vice President anticipated him. "The question is, shall the bill be read a third time?" said Mr. Stevenson. The clerk read the title of the bill. The end was drawing near. And then the Vice President uttered the words which must have been welcome to Mr. Voorhees' ears after so many weary weeks. They ought to be put in capital letters. "Shall the bill pass?" The roll was called amid an impressive silence. The responses were clear and distinct. Some senators must have inwardly wondered how much of their political future depended upon "aye" or "no," but there was no faltering. Mr. Harris' explosive negative relieved the intensity of the situation. Everybody was glad of an opportunity to laugh. At last all was over, "The bill is passed," said the Vice President, in mild tones. There was no demonstra-

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tion whatever. A moment later the senate had adjourned for the day. A few spectators had gathered around Mr. Voorhees to congratulate him, an army of employes took possession of the vacant chamber, and the great silver fight of 1893 had passed into history.

Ex Speaker Reed says that the trouble with the senate is that many of its members believe that they are ambassadors to the senate from sovereign states.

What is the administration going to do about the Brazilian situation? This question was repeatedly asked yesterday when it became known that in the condition of affairs at Rio was just cause for grave concern. That a condition of affairs in this quarter existed which involved the very dignity and honor of this country and put in jeopardy its commercial advantages was a surprise to many. The administration it is understood, is in possession of information that a number of European countries represented at Rio are giving encouragement to Admiral Mello and his followers to incite domestic strife in Brazil with a view to the overthrow of the republic. How far the Administration will go in its support of the republic cannot be guessed at, but the U. S. is strong enough to say what shall or shall not be done in Brazil, and it would be justified in drawing an unmistakable apparent chalk line founded on the declaration of Monroe, beyond which the powers of Europe should not go.

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