

IF YOU WOULD BE

Happy

Be careful what you eat. There's a theory afloat that low grade food makes a low grade man. It may not be true. Still, owners of fine horses are particular about the feed—and man is just another kind of animal. It is just as well to be on the safe side and buy groceries of

R. A. Snyder.

JUST LOOK!

- Two packages yeast cakes 4c
- 6 lbs Butter Crax 25c
- Good canned corn 6c
- Good can peaches 10c
- 6 cans sardines 25c
- Shaving soap 2c
- 7 bars good laundry soap 25c
- Come and get a sample of our sun cured Japan Tea
- We have a good tea for 30c
- Try our 19c coffee
- Best coffee in town for 28c
- A good fine cut tobacco 25c
- "The Earth" for 15c
- Tooth picks per box 5c
- A good syrup for 19c
- Best line of candles in town
- Try a sack of our Gold Medal Flour
- Best Spring Wheat Patent Flour.
- Call and see our 49c laundryd shirts, white or colored, modern styles
- Our line of work shirts can't be beat.
- Our \$1.50 men's shoe is a hummer
- We have the best line of neckwear to be found at 25c
- 15c handkerchiefs for 10c
- Good handkerchief for 5c
- Ladies' hose 10, 15 and 25c
- Headquarters for all kinds of produce

R. A. SNYDER.

Coal AND Lumber

Now is a good time to place your order for coal. We offer the best Lehigh Valley Coal for June or July delivery, at \$4.90 per ton, delivered at your house.

We are also prepared to quote you lower prices on all grades of Lumber, Lath and shingles than have ever been heard of in this part of the country. We are selling a grade of lumber at \$12.00 per thousand, that other dealers have been selling at \$20.00. We would be pleased to quote on prices. Respectfully,

The Glazier Stove Co.

REDUCTION SALE

of all
Summer Millinery

Trimmed hats at 75c and \$1.00.
Open, black and blue school hats, now 10c.
Laces and flowers at greatly reduced prices.

Terms strictly cash.

Mrs. J. Staffan.

HOLMES

Just as we predicted

It was the best move that we ever made, when we commenced our "Bargain Sales." Selling goods cheaper has increased our business wonderfully.

During Fair week, we shall offer as "specials" remnants of all kinds of Dry Goods.

Dress Goods at your own price.

Manufacturers' Remnants

Remnants of Turkey red damask were 50c, now 25c.

6 1/2 yds regular 5c quality remnants of crash, now 25c for the remnant.

Remnants of outing were 12 1/2c now 7 1/2c per yd.

Remnants of cottons, denims, shirtings and gingham at tempting prices.

Come in and see Them

We have another treat for our customers. We shall make another big cut on all shoes for

Fair Week Only

All shoes left from the Snyder stock that we have been offering at \$1.50 (worth \$2.00 to \$2.25) now to go at \$1. (a great many children's shoes in this lot.)

Any Snyder shoe worth \$2.25 to \$2.75, our price has been \$1.98, now go at

\$1.50

Children's shoes, sizes 4 to 8, were \$1.25 to \$1.50, now go for a rush at

75c

All kinds of shoes at reduced prices during the Fair.

See if we can show You anything in

CARPETS and CURTAINS

These prices are for this week and Fair week only, and will positively end Saturday evening, September 21st.

H.S. HOLMES

MERCANTILE CO.

DIED WITH APOPLEXY.

HENRY F. GILBERT DIED SUDDENLY MONDAY EVENING.

A Farmers' Meeting Saturday Afternoon—The Crop Report—Wheelman's Day at the Fair—An Interesting Letter from Washington.

Henry F. Gilbert.

Mr. Henry F. Gilbert, a well known citizen of Chelsea and vicinity, passed away suddenly, Monday evening, September 9th, 1895.

He was married to Miss Hattie Van Tyne, October 31, 1877, in the village of Chelsea, by Rev. E. A. Gay.

He left home Monday morning, apparently well, with a friend on a pleasure trip, returning in the evening. After some little delay, his friends found him in a barn near the Baptist parsonage, where he had been caring for his horse. He was sitting in a posture apparently resting. Dr. Schmidt was immediately called and pronounced him dead. Cause apoplexy.

Mr. Gilbert was a member of the G. A. R. Post in Chelsea, ever in sympathy with its interest and ready to labor for its comrades, in sickness or in health, a man of kind and upright purpose in life, beloved by those who best knew him. A good citizen and faithful friend. He will be missed in the community for his cheerful, hopeful good will to all, always so kindly expressed. He has answered the last roll call and laid aside the armor of the soldier like a warrior taking his rest.

Frank H. Ward.

On Thursday, August 22d, 1895, the citizens of Lima were startled by the news that seemed to fly from house to house that Frank Ward was dead. No one in the neighborhood bid fairer for long life, and perhaps no one had higher or more reasonable hopes of enjoying long life than he. Delightfully situated in his home, with the joy-inspiring companionship of a loving and beloved wife and a healthy, happy son aged eight months, he seemed at the very acme of earthly enjoyment and hope. From this pinnacle of earthly delight, after less than five days of suffering, from erysipelas, he was borne beyond the invisible line that separates "the world that now is" from "the world to come," and those to whom he was dearest were plunged into the lowest depths of disappointment and sorrow.

Frank H. Ward was the son of Linval and Marietta Ward, and was born April 1, 1852, on the farm where he died. On the 8th of May, 1887, he was married to Miss Fannie Storms, also of Lima, who, with their infant son, is left to mourn his untimely departure. The other near relatives are his father, step-mother, and one brother, Merritt Ward of Webster.

Funeral services were held at his late home on Saturday, August 24th, officiating clergymen being Rev. C. L. Adams of the M. E. church Chelsea, and Rev. Thomas Holmes, D. D., Congregationalist; and the remains were interred in Oak Grove cemetery at Chelsea.

Mr. Ward was highly respected by all who knew him; and will be greatly missed in the neighborhood where his whole life was spent.

Farmers Institute Meeting.

A public meeting of the farmers of Washtenaw county will be held at the Town Hall in Chelsea, Mich. at 8 o'clock p. m. Saturday, September 14, 1895, for the purpose of forming a Farmers County Institute Society, under the laws of Michigan. It is hoped there will be a good attendance and an organization will be completed, which if accomplished and papers forwarded to the State Board of Agriculture before the 20th of September will secure for Chelsea and vicinity, the holding of an institute of two or three days session this winter with two or more able speakers, furnished free of cost by the State. The holdings of Farmers Institutes in the winter time when farmers are able to be present has in other counties, in the past proved very enjoyable and instructive. Why not devote an hour to perfect such an organization and secure thereby the holding of an institute here this winter?

Crop Report.

For this report correspondents have secured from threshers the results of 4,929 jobs, aggregating more than 76,000 acres of wheat threshed in the state, the yield from which was 942,882 bushels, an average of 12.61 bushels per acre. In the southern counties more than 61,000 acres threshed averaged 12.37 bushels per acre. In the central counties the average is 13.78 bushels, and in the northern 11.39 bushels.

The number of bushels of wheat reported marketed by farmers since the August report was published is 702,999.

Of this amount 283,195 bushels were marketed before August 1, but not reported until late in August, and 429,804 bushels in August. The amount of wheat reported marketed since the August report was published is 249,804 bushels less than reported for the same time in 1894, and the amount reported marketed in the twelve months ending with July, which is the wheat for Michigan, is 11,370,599 bushels or 4,180,159 bushels less than marketed in the same months of the previous years.

There are 317 stations in the State from which reports of wheat marketed were received regularly each month during the two years 1893-4 and 1894-5. The amount marketed during the former year was 1,872,568 bushels, and during the latter 1,597,792 bushels, a decrease of 1,584,791 bushels.

Oats are estimated to yield in the State about 23 bushels, and barley 16.50 bushels per acre. Beans promise 76 per cent; potatoes, 81 per cent; apples, 23 per cent; and peaches, 80 per cent of average crops.

The mean temperature of the State for the month was 67.9 degrees. The mean temperature of the southern four tiers of counties was 70.4 degrees; of the central counties, 66.5; of the northern, 64.8; and of the upper peninsula, 62.4 degrees. Compared with the normal there was a slight excess in each section except the northern.

The average rainfall in the State during the month was 3.09 inches; in the southern counties, 3.35 inches; in the central, 3.14 inches; in the northern, 2.68 inches, and in the upper peninsula, 2.30 inches. Compared with the normal there was an excess in the southern and central counties and the State, and a deficiency in the northern counties and the upper peninsula. In the southern part of the State the rainfall after the 22d was nearly three times the amount previous to that date.

Bicycle Races.

Thursday, September 19th, will be Wheelmen's Day at the Chelsea fair. One mile race, 1st prize, \$3.50 shoes; 2d prize, box of cigars; 3d prize, half dozen photographs.

Three mile race, purse \$10, 1st prize, \$5, 2d prize \$3, 3d prize \$2.

Friday, September 20th, two mile race, 1st prize, \$3.50 hat; 2d prize, box of cigars; 3d prize, half dozen photographs.

WASHINGTON LETTER

Special Correspondence.

The congressional directory of latest issue contains an interesting statement. In the biography of Senator Quay of Pennsylvania, written by himself for that publication, are the following words: "Was a delegate to the republican national convention of 1892, and voted against the renomination of Benjamin Harrison." The placing on record in a government publication of his vote against that nomination was in itself a peculiar circumstance, and it now serves as a note of warning to Gen. Harrison to look out for Mr. Quay in the next republican convention. The revival of national interest in Senator Quay, by reason of his present great victory in his state, brings up his brilliant campaign of 1888, and also the fact that he and Gen. Harrison did not long remain on cordial terms after the November result of that year was declared. What was it that separated them? There are two answers to this question. The friends of Mr. Quay assert that Gen. Harrison proved ungrateful to the man who had managed his campaign. It is charged that Mr. Quay was all but snubbed at the White House. Gen. Harrison would receive the senator, listen to his suggestions and then deliberately do the other thing. The friends of Gen. Harrison deny the charge of ingratitude, and in doing so go somewhat into details as to the embarrassments that beset him when he came to the White House. The chief of these was the honor of having "created" him as the party leader. The friends of Mr. Blaine claimed the honor for him, the friends of Mr. Quay for him, the friends of Mr. Platt for him, and so on. Gen. Harrison naturally, had his own views about this matter. He proceeded upon the theory that no one man had made him president, and hearing from so many sides the comment, "thou shalt have no other boss but me," decided to have no boss at all. Unless there is a change in his present intentions, as announced to his friends, Senator Quay will advocate the nomination of Mr. Reed of Maine, and may be expected to carry his Pennsylvanians at the head of the Reed procession. Politicians expect to see Senator Quay inaugurating his anti-Harrison campaign early in the game. Many people believe that the Quay victory has placed them at the head of the wire-pullers of the republican party, and that he will be the main-spring of the national machinery next year.

The many friends of Hon. Ben Butterworth, the popular ex-congressman, will

doubtless be surprised to learn that he is after an Ohio senatorship. He has, temporarily at least, abandoned his Washington residence and again become a full-fledged resident of the state of Ohio. In short, it is believed that there is a possibility of Mr. Butterworth becoming the successor of Hon. Calvin S. Brice in the U. S. Senate. It is doubtless true that if Mr. Butterworth were consulted he would prefer that no publicity be given to his political plans at the present time as his success is largely dependent upon political contingencies. The main contingency is the development of an unexpected undercurrent of opposition to ex-Gov. Foraker. It is not the intention of Mr. Butterworth to go to Ohio and boldly enter the lists against Foraker. On the contrary, he will take the stump for the entire state ticket. In case party discipline obtains and the republicans carry the legislature and select Foraker to succeed Senator Brice, Mr. Butterworth will simply be philosopher enough to realize that he went to the trouble to place himself in the way of a contingency that failed to arise.

The plaint of the agriculturalists mingled with the roar of the politician still resounds ament the seed division matter. But no more will the farmer sow his seed by sending to his congressman for samples. No longer can he confidently expect to receive from Washington sundry neatly done up packages of grain and vegetables for which the agricultural department was erstwhile famous. The seed division is as dead as a door nail. Pumpkin seed that produced pretty pansies, carrots and cabbages that came up carnations, will no longer call maledictions on the department from the credulous who planted them. The girls who want government positions and who do not want civil service regulations, will no longer be sent by their "influences" to tie up and sort out these seed bags. There is no seed division; even the seed room itself is sprouting this week into comfortable offices for the agricultural wisemen. Over the door is written, "Resquecat in pace." Different people have different opinions about the late blight which fell on this fine crop of perquisites, but probably never again in the history of the department will a seed division spring up and flourish.

Minister Ransom's troubles have not ceased. First his salary was withheld for months, then his appointment as minister was declared illegal and the office vacant. It was thought the reappointment a few days ago would end the complications, but deputy auditor of the treasury Willie has decided that Minister Ransom cannot draw salary until he is confirmed by the senate. A further question is raised as to whether, when confirmed, Mr. Ransom's accrued salary since the date of his last appointment can be paid, or whether he will have to look for relief to congress as in the case of his first appointment. Meanwhile, Minister Ransom, like the true philosopher that he is, is preparing to return to Mexico, salary or no salary.

The report of the commission recently sent to Nicaragua to investigate the proposed canal will be favorable. This is now known as a fact, although the document itself will not be made public until it is sent to congress. The commission, while it approves the general plan of the canal, suggests some deviations as to details, and finds that the costs will be much greater than hitherto supposed. It is estimated that it will take \$115,000,000 and 20,000 men six years to complete the work. The report will show that the commission made a very minute examination.

The promotion of Senator Brice to the position of champion of the administration is one which has its honors. But if he will take the trouble to interview Senator Vilas of Wisconsin and Senator Quay of Delaware, it will probably occur to him that he has undertaken one of the toughest contracts in the United States.

The Trouble Over.

A prominent man in town exclaimed the other day: "My wife has been wearing out her life from the effects of dyspepsia, liver complaint and indigestion. Her case baffled the skill of our best physicians. After using three packages of Bacon's Celery King for the nerves she is almost entirely well." Keep your blood in a healthy condition by the use of this great vegetable compound. Call at F. P. Glazier & Co.'s, sole agents, and get a trial package free. Large sizes 50c and 25c.

Two Lives Saved.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas of Junction City, Ill. was told by her doctors she had Consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thos. Eggers of 189 Florida St., San Francisco suffered a dreadful cold, approaching Consumption, tried without result everything else, then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at F. P. Glazier & Co's Bank Drug Store. Regular size 50c and \$1.00.

Aiming High

Is not always the right way to aim. Shooting to hit the mark is better. We are studying how to hit the popular idea of quality, assortment and prices, and it is this thoughtful care that enables us to hit the lowest mark on good goods.

- 10 bars laundry soap 25c
- A. H. soda 6c per lb.
- 2 pkg Yeast Foam 5c
- Best tea in Chelsea 50c
- Best tea dust 12 1/2c
- Bottle olives 10c
- Bottle pickles (all kinds) 10c
- Barley coffee 10c per lb.

J.S. Cummings.

Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!

All day long and far into the night, good tailors make good clothing. Clothing that fits, hangs well, and never loses its shape.

I am receiving my stock of fall woollens and would be pleased to have you call and inspect them. Prices right.

J. J. RAFTREY,

Merchant Tailor

R. McCOLGAN.
Physician, Surgeon & Accouchier
Office and residence corner of Main and Park Streets.
Office hours 3 to 6 p. m.
CHELSEA, MICH.

J. C. TWITCHELL
Physician and Surgeon.
Office in Hatch & Durand Block.
Residence on Main Street, two doors south of South Street.
CHELSEA, MICH.

W. A. CONLAN,
DENTIST.
Office over Glazier's Drug Store.
CHELSEA, MICH.

DR. BUELL,
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon.
Office in Holmes building.
Office hours—8 to 12, a. m.
2 to 6, p. m.
CHELSEA, MICH.

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 anæsthetics used in extracting, permanently located.
H. H. AVERY, D. D. S.
Office over Kempf Bros.' Bank

GEO. W. TURNBULL
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Pensions and patents obtaining. None but legal fees charged.
Money placed and loaned on good security.

FRANK SHAVER,
Propr. of The "City" Barber Shop.
In the new Babcock Building Main street.
CHELSEA, MICH.

W. S. HAMILTON
Veterinary Surgeon
Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered member of the Ont. Vet. Med. Association. Office on corner of Summit and East streets.
CHELSEA, MICH.

SOLDIERS AT HOME.

THEY TELL SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

How the Boys of Both Armies Whittled Away Life in Camp—Forsaging Experiences, Tireless Marches—Thrilling Scenes on the Battlefield.

A Pork Story of the War.

A. P. T. WILLIAM Hickman, one of Uncle Sam's revenue inspectors, had some very interesting experiences during the years he followed the lost cause, and he loves to relate them. One of the best stories he tells is on Gen. Jo Shelby, in whose command he served.

Recently he chatted with some friends and related this story:

"It was during the Red River campaign and we were quartered at a miserable little village where there was little to eat and that of a very poor quality. We lived for a long time on the poorest quality of beef I ever saw and the result was we almost starved to death. The rules of the camp were very strict, and it was almost impossible to get out and back again with any outside provisions without detection. But times got so very tough that we decided to try it. One day one of the boys and myself got outside and after wandering around through the creek bottoms for several hours found a nice fat hog. What did we do with the hog? Well, never mind if you can't guess easy. The hog won't squeal on us now. After getting those nice hams and shoulders wrapped up in our blanket so as to look like a sack of corn we decided to try to ride past the headquarters of Gen. Shelby and into camp and risk detection. To get into camp we had to pass the house where Gen. Shelby had his headquarters. It was a two-story building, and as we rode along I felt in my boots like we were certain to be caught. I expected that just as we got opposite the place Gen. Shelby would step out and ask us what we had. I told the other fellow to ride on, no matter if the General did appear, and leave the talking to me. Sure enough just as we got in front of the house Gen. Shelby came out on the upper veranda and inquired of me: 'What's that you have in your sack, Bill?'"

"A little corn for the horses, General," I replied.

"'Humph; what's that?' he inquired further.

"Just a little corn for the horses, General," I replied again, as I rode on. I was certain he knew I was lying, but I didn't care if he did. That wasn't the time nor place to have any controversy with him relative to the matter. After dark that night we got the pork in fine shape, and slicing off a quantity of the best part of the ham I slipped over to Gen. Shelby's place and presented it to the negro cook. The fellow is the same Green Marcus who was here the other day, and went with Gen. Shelby to Houston. I told him never to let the General know who left the pork there, and he promised he wouldn't and I felt secure. The next day I was detailed for officer of the day, and at an early hour I went to the General's headquarters for orders. While I was waiting there for orders the door was opened and Green announced that breakfast was ready. As the door was opened I smelled fried pork, and so when I was asked to remain there for breakfast I at once pleaded that I was not hungry, in fact had just eaten breakfast, but that wouldn't do, and so I remained for the meal. When we walked out into the dining-room there was the General and members of his staff and myself. On the table just in front of the General's place was a large platter heaping full of great slices of nicely-browned fresh ham. It looked very nice and the odor was very appetizing in comparison with the tough beef we had been chewing. Gen. Shelby noted it, and after gazing at it a moment he said: 'Green, where did you get that ham?' and Green, true to his promise, replied: 'Some of the soldiers brought it in, General, for your breakfast. They said as how you might like something fresh for the day, sir. I didn't just notice who he was, General,' continued the faithful negro, 'and he didn't stop long and it was kind of dark, and he just handed it in and then left.' Gen. Shelby looked around at me a moment and in a solemn tone said: 'That was a fine sack of corn you brought in last night, sir. Somebody is certain to get shot for the disobeying of orders, sir.' There was nothing to be said, and as he evinced a desire to drop the subject I let it alone, and we sat down to the meal, and Gen. Shelby ate fried ham just the same as the rest of us and the meal passed off very pleasantly."—Kansas City Journal.

Snakes Face a Battery.

The actions of snakes are so extraordinary that the true stories told of them often excite disbelief. To speak of a tale as a 'snake story' is to indicate that it is unworthy of credence," said Am. Lyon, of 2002 I street, yesterday.

"Yet the fact is that, marvelous as some of the statements are, they fall far short of actual occurrence, for the snake is one of the most singular of all creatures and its habits are in reality little known.

"In the summer of 1863 a battery, which had been detached from the department of West Virginia, was on its way from Cumberland to Harper's Ferry, unaccompanied by other troops. It had encamped for the night in a well-watered ravine a few miles west of Hancock, Md. During the night a heavy rain commenced falling and just after dawn a large section of the hill in the rear of the battery slid down. In a moment thousands of snakes were seen moving in every direction. They

were so numerous that they withered among and around each other, forming huge living masses, turning and twisting. Many of them took the direction toward the battery, and the awakened and thoroughly alarmed soldiers at first cut them in two with their sabers, but as the swarms kept increasing they commenced firing at them with their revolvers as rapidly as possible. It took the officers but a moment to see that organization was necessary, and they formed the men in two lines. The outer line fired while the rear line loaded the revolvers, the men in front using their sabers while waiting for their reloaded pistols. This kept down the pests in the vicinity, but some of the huge convoluted masses kept moving, though slowly, toward the battery. Finally one of the guns was unlimbered, loaded with canister, and fired several times into these masses, tearing them to pieces and filling them so full of dead or wounded snakes that they were incapable of further movement. This extraordinary battle lasted for over an hour, by which time the snakes in the vicinity of the battery were either all killed or had escaped. The soldiers were utterly exhausted, and some of those who took part declared that they would rather face 10,000 Confederates than these snakes.

"This story can be vouched for by any resident of Hancock who was living there in 1863, as it was a well-known fact and was the talk of the surrounding community for a long time afterward."—Washington Post.

Quantrell's Band.

T was just after the capture of Lexington, Mo., in 1861, seven of Gen. Price's men bound themselves by an oath to stand by each other and kill all those at whose hands they had suffered. They were Quantrell, Haller, the Little brothers, Hampton, Kelly, and Bushman. Many others soon joined them. All complained of terrible outrages on themselves or members of their families, and it is more than probable the charges were true, for that was an evil time. Men were whipped, robbed, murdered; women were insulted, outraged, driven from their homes. Each army contained its quota of bad men, and at the beginning of the war discipline was shamefully slack. Then, as always happens in such cases, men with no feeling on either side of the great controversy robbed Unionists and charged it to secessionists, and vice versa, and in such heated times each party believes the worst of the other.

The region in which the Jameses and Youngers grew up had a singular experience in lawlessness. From 1819 to 1854 the western line of Missouri, from the site of the present Kansas City south, was the border between the whites and the semi-civilized Delawares, Shawnees and Wyandottes—that is to say, the line where criminals were safe. The white population of Jackson, Clay and adjacent counties had increased to a few hundreds when the Mormons came in 1833; a year later the "Mormon war" began, and raged at intervals for four years till the Mormons were expelled. Eleven years later the emigrants to California made independence their gathering point, and life became generally reckless. Soon followed the Kansas troubles, from 1854 to 1857. Hatred burned in the hearts of the people on both sides of the line; hundreds of "Jayhawkers," "Red Legs" and "Border Ruffians" were longing for a chance to get revenge. Out of this sanguinary chaos of blood and fire the Quantrell gang was evolved.

Hardy Old Soldier.

Christopher Columbus Cleveland, aged 80 years, an eccentric citizen of Centerville, this county, has just returned from a long and tedious journey on foot. Cleveland was a soldier in both the Mexican and civil wars, and has drawn a pension up to the early part of last winter, when for some reason he was cut off the roll. Not having funds sufficient to pay an attorney to look after his interests, he determined to walk to Washington and make personal inquiry at the pension department. Before starting upon his trip, however, Cleveland walked first to Danville, Ill., to visit his mother, who still lives at the remarkable age of 117 years. This trip was made in the early part of last January, and he returned to his home on Feb. 12, starting the day following for Washington. He traversed the National road, the eastern terminus of which is Baltimore, and he arrived in Washington in May. His pension papers were examined and he found all right, and much to his joy he was returned to the roll. Cleveland did not tarry long in Washington, but started upon his return trip as soon as the pension matter had been arranged to his satisfaction. He stopped in many of the cities along the route where he had friends, and many of them offered to pay his fare home, but he declined their kindness, insisting that his army wounds on his side would be made worse and give him pain should he be jarred by riding. Cleveland is rather frail in appearance, and he undoubtedly holds the record for long distance walking when his age is taken into consideration.—Richmond Dispatch to Cincinnati Enquirer.

American Soldiers' Pay.

The following compilation gives the monthly pay of American soldiers during the periods of time indicated:

1779.....	\$4.00	1825.....	\$3.00
1780.....	6.00	1835.....	6.00
1781.....	5.00	1845.....	7.00
1782.....	5.00	1855.....	11.00
1783.....	5.00	1861.....	13.00
1805.....	8.00	1864.....	16.00
1815.....	8.00		

THE FARM AND HOME.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

More Independence Possible in the Farmer's Life than in Any Other Occupation—Every Farm Should Have a Workshop—Art of Stack Making.

Bright Side of Farm Life.

That the average farmer's life is not exactly a bed of roses few will deny. But that it has its bright side is not to be disputed. Among the advantages held by the farmer over any other laboring class may be mentioned his independence. With his comfortable dwelling, well-filled barns and cellars, the modern farmer is absolutely the most independent of human beings. Financial questions which the nation may be worrying itself about affect him but little. Labor strikes, which involve thousands of dollars and nearly all classes of men, pass him by unheeded. It is impossible to find another business or profession which is less dependent upon the patronage or favor of others, says the Denver Field and Farm. He knows that if he raises more of any kind of produce than he requires for his own use, he will be able to dispose of it, because his produce are the necessities of life. In place of being dependent upon others, he has the satisfaction of knowing that the whole world is dependent upon him. This independence is shown in many forms. He is not compelled, as many others are, to rise at a certain hour and labor a certain number of hours each day under the directions of others until he becomes simply a piece of machinery, without thought or feeling of his own. But, instead, his work is performed as he thinks best, and at whatever time he may consider most suitable.

Neither is he worried by the fear of losing his situation, as many a one who is employed by others is bound to be at one time or another. His position is secure, and he knows that with a fair season his recompense is assured. Looking at the bright side of farm life from another standpoint: No one ever passed a fine farm in midsummer and did not envy its owner. The picturesque surroundings, the well-kept fields and pastures, the fine horses and sleek cattle, the general air of peace and prosperity which hovers over a well-appointed farm. At this season, however, inspired poets have caused many men in other walks of life to become farmers, and many of the wrecks along the country roadside were caused by men who had better have remained in other walks of life.

The Farm Workshop.

Every farm ought to have a workshop on it. If not a separate building, at least a room where a supply of tools most commonly used are kept for use in cases of emergency. There are times, says Farm News, when a saw and a brace and set of bits will save a trip to town and a loss of time when time is valuable. A portable force and an anvil, with a few blacksmith tools, will be used very frequently, and a shoemaker's outfit comes handy when there is a break in the harness or a call for a stitch or two in shoes or straps.

A neat little kit of shoemaker's tools can be purchased for \$2 and a very convenient blacksmithing outfit for about \$15, and a few dollars more spent for planes, chisels, files, saw, augers, squares and such common tools will pay a large interest in a way that is quite astonishing.

Many times a small break is neglected, until a serious one results from it, when if tools had been handy, the matter could have been attended to at the proper time. With the number of tools and implements that are now necessary on every well-conducted farm, there are frequent calls for repairing, and in a majority of the cases the farmer can make all necessary repairs himself, if he has the tools to work with.

Tools that get bent can be straightened, plows sharpened, and the thousand and one things that make a trip to the blacksmith or carpenter or wagonmaker necessary, may be easily avoided by making a small outfit for tools. All these things count in a year, and the saving is worth looking after.

The Art of Stack Making.

American farmers have never been good stackers. The grain is put in barns, instead of being stacked as it usually is in Europe. At present the difficulty in making a good stack is greater than ever. Threshing machines that will put through 1,200 or more bushels of grain per day require all the help that can be got to get the grain in the straw to the machine. Only enough are left on the stack to get the straw out of the way. To make a really good stack, the straw should be trampled all over the stack and especially on the edges. It is very important that the chaff which comes with the straw be evenly distributed through the stack. If it is not, water will settle into the stack where the chaff is most plentiful and will rot it. It is best usually to dispose of this chaff by dropping it at the foot of the stack under the carrier, and after the threshing is done taking it into the barn. It is the most nutritious part of the straw, and will be readily eaten by stock in winter as a change from grain and hay.

Low Price for Machine Work.

When mowing and reaping machines first began to be used, their prices were high, and what was fully as important, few were competent to manage them. We have known instances where as high as \$1 per acre was paid for cutting a meadow, and the owner of the land furnished the team. Of late years the price of machines is lower, and there are many who understand running them. The consequence is that in some neighborhoods the competition is so

NEWS OF OUR STATE.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO MICHIGANDERS.

Drunkard's Flight in the Presence of Their Dying Mother—Iron Mountain Lumberman Murdered by Strangers.

A Pitiful Story.

Henry Morgan and his half-brother, Dennis Holahan, who live on a farm near Saginaw, with their aged mother, were assigned in the police court. According to the testimony of a neighbor given in the court, both men became fighting drunk and engaged in a go-as-you-please scrap in the house. Their mother, who cannot live but a short time, managed to get up from her bed and made an effort to stop the fight. She was knocked down in the melee and lay helpless on the floor until the gentleman who related this pitiful story, stopped the fight and got the old lady back into bed. Morgan has served a year at Leoni for drunkenness and both men were sentenced to jail for ten days.

Shot in Cold Blood.

Two men, strangers in the city, followed John Kautson, an Iron Mountain lumberman, from a Main street saloon the other night and shot him dead a few yards from the door. The assassins were evidently strangers to their victim, and made no attempt to rob the body after committing the crime. The motive will probably never be known, as the men immediately separated and disappeared. The chances are slim of their being captured, as the police have but a meager description, and know not where to begin to unravel the mystery. That Kautson had no suspicion of the intentions of the men is proven by the fact that they had no conversation in the saloon and the further fact that the revolver was placed almost against his left temple before being fired. All the hair on that side of the head had been singed off. A policeman and several other spectators were witnesses of the crime, and its boldness has startled the community.

Novel Drainage System.

A couple of Homer men have engaged in a novel enterprise. They take contracts to drain small lakes in that vicinity, and their mode of operation proves quite successful. It is to drive a pipe three or four inches in diameter and several hundred feet long into the ground at a point near the lake, leaving the top of the pipe below the level of the tract to be drained. The necessary excavation down to the top of the pipe is laid up with good masonry and a trench to the body of water. Then the water is allowed to run through the trench to the pipe, down which it slides into the interior of mother earth, and hundreds of acres are thus reclaimed.

Crazy Man with a Pitchfork.

Jabez Thurston, who appeared on the streets at Jackson with a pitchfork, threatening all whom he met, and is awaiting commitment to an insane asylum, has had a sad history. He was once the owner of a fine farm in Leoni, which he lost through financial misfortunes. He then removed to Jackson, but gradually drifted down until he was glad to accept employment as barn man at a livery stable. He separated from his family, and his many troubles finally drove him crazy.

Short State Items.

The Common Council of Ann Arbor has granted a franchise for a street railway down State street to the depot.

The postoffice department allowed the postmaster at Manistee \$1,800 for clerk hire for the current fiscal year.

Apples are worth about 20 cents a bushel at West Lawrence, Van Buren County, and 10 cents at the evaporator.

Coal has been discovered at Omer, Arenac County, and promises to be of the best quality. The vein was struck at a depth of about eighty feet.

Albion business men have subscribed funds and purchased prizes for series of bicycle road races to be held at that place, the same to come off every Saturday afternoon.

A Kalkaska Man Has a Sunflower Stalk on which are 100 buds and blossoms, and wants somebody to show up with a larger number of the same flowers on a single stalk.

Justice Abbott, of Clayton, is a character in his way, and a man of considerable nerve. Several years since, when he was a constable, he had papers to serve on a man who fled into Hillsdale County. Abbott pursued, and overtaking the party, promptly knocked him down, dragged him back into Lenawee County, and proceeded in a business-like way to serve the papers.

Adelbert Tinker, of Hazelton, Shiawassee County, has the honor of living on the farm he rescued from the wilderness with his strong right arm and his sturdy ax. Of 100 acres of wild land, heavily timbered, all but forty acres are cleared and in excellent agricultural shape, and Mr. Tinker cut the first tree that was ever felled on the tract. The land was bought in 1862.

A grand transformation scene has been enacted in Northern Michigan during the past month by the abundant rains, and crops of all kinds are flourishing. Farmers who were then reeling off their surplus stock at whatever prices they could get, are not so anxious to do so, for corn fodder will be abundant, fall pastures are luxuriant, and hay is coming down from its perch.

Lou Warren, employed at the Muskegon basket factory, fished up a week's spree by wading into the river. He was let alone for a time, under the impression that a little of the temperance element, even if externally applied, might do him good. But when he was seen floating face downward the spectators thought it time to haul him out. He had an argument with the men who rescued him as to whether he was dead or not after he revived.

Jabez Thurston, of Jackson, became violently insane and ran amuck in the Hilliard House with a pitchfork, scattering the guests into the middle of next week. It took about a dozen porters to catch him.

Three bodies were unearthed in process of grading a street at Cadillac. One still had a pair of snow-packs upon the feet, the other had apparently been the victim of an accident and bundled into a box with no regard to appearance. No one seems to remember who was buried on the spot, interest having been made before the cemetery was located.

Shallow Corn Cultivation.

At the agricultural experimental station at Champaign, Ill., they have tested the methods of corn culture for five successive years. Faithful trials with surface culture and deep culture of this plant have resulted quite favorably to the method of shallow cultivation.

NEWS OF OUR STATE.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO MICHIGANDERS.

Drunkard's Flight in the Presence of Their Dying Mother—Iron Mountain Lumberman Murdered by Strangers.

A Pitiful Story.

Henry Morgan and his half-brother, Dennis Holahan, who live on a farm near Saginaw, with their aged mother, were assigned in the police court. According to the testimony of a neighbor given in the court, both men became fighting drunk and engaged in a go-as-you-please scrap in the house. Their mother, who cannot live but a short time, managed to get up from her bed and made an effort to stop the fight. She was knocked down in the melee and lay helpless on the floor until the gentleman who related this pitiful story, stopped the fight and got the old lady back into bed. Morgan has served a year at Leoni for drunkenness and both men were sentenced to jail for ten days.

Shot in Cold Blood.

Two men, strangers in the city, followed John Kautson, an Iron Mountain lumberman, from a Main street saloon the other night and shot him dead a few yards from the door. The assassins were evidently strangers to their victim, and made no attempt to rob the body after committing the crime. The motive will probably never be known, as the men immediately separated and disappeared. The chances are slim of their being captured, as the police have but a meager description, and know not where to begin to unravel the mystery. That Kautson had no suspicion of the intentions of the men is proven by the fact that they had no conversation in the saloon and the further fact that the revolver was placed almost against his left temple before being fired. All the hair on that side of the head had been singed off. A policeman and several other spectators were witnesses of the crime, and its boldness has startled the community.

Novel Drainage System.

A couple of Homer men have engaged in a novel enterprise. They take contracts to drain small lakes in that vicinity, and their mode of operation proves quite successful. It is to drive a pipe three or four inches in diameter and several hundred feet long into the ground at a point near the lake, leaving the top of the pipe below the level of the tract to be drained. The necessary excavation down to the top of the pipe is laid up with good masonry and a trench to the body of water. Then the water is allowed to run through the trench to the pipe, down which it slides into the interior of mother earth, and hundreds of acres are thus reclaimed.

Crazy Man with a Pitchfork.

Jabez Thurston, who appeared on the streets at Jackson with a pitchfork, threatening all whom he met, and is awaiting commitment to an insane asylum, has had a sad history. He was once the owner of a fine farm in Leoni, which he lost through financial misfortunes. He then removed to Jackson, but gradually drifted down until he was glad to accept employment as barn man at a livery stable. He separated from his family, and his many troubles finally drove him crazy.

Short State Items.

The Common Council of Ann Arbor has granted a franchise for a street railway down State street to the depot.

The postoffice department allowed the postmaster at Manistee \$1,800 for clerk hire for the current fiscal year.

Apples are worth about 20 cents a bushel at West Lawrence, Van Buren County, and 10 cents at the evaporator.

Coal has been discovered at Omer, Arenac County, and promises to be of the best quality. The vein was struck at a depth of about eighty feet.

Albion business men have subscribed funds and purchased prizes for series of bicycle road races to be held at that place, the same to come off every Saturday afternoon.

A Kalkaska Man Has a Sunflower Stalk on which are 100 buds and blossoms, and wants somebody to show up with a larger number of the same flowers on a single stalk.

Justice Abbott, of Clayton, is a character in his way, and a man of considerable nerve. Several years since, when he was a constable, he had papers to serve on a man who fled into Hillsdale County. Abbott pursued, and overtaking the party, promptly knocked him down, dragged him back into Lenawee County, and proceeded in a business-like way to serve the papers.

Adelbert Tinker, of Hazelton, Shiawassee County, has the honor of living on the farm he rescued from the wilderness with his strong right arm and his sturdy ax. Of 100 acres of wild land, heavily timbered, all but forty acres are cleared and in excellent agricultural shape, and Mr. Tinker cut the first tree that was ever felled on the tract. The land was bought in 1862.

A grand transformation scene has been enacted in Northern Michigan during the past month by the abundant rains, and crops of all kinds are flourishing. Farmers who were then reeling off their surplus stock at whatever prices they could get, are not so anxious to do so, for corn fodder will be abundant, fall pastures are luxuriant, and hay is coming down from its perch.

Lou Warren, employed at the Muskegon basket factory, fished up a week's spree by wading into the river. He was let alone for a time, under the impression that a little of the temperance element, even if externally applied, might do him good. But when he was seen floating face downward the spectators thought it time to haul him out. He had an argument with the men who rescued him as to whether he was dead or not after he revived.

Jabez Thurston, of Jackson, became violently insane and ran amuck in the Hilliard House with a pitchfork, scattering the guests into the middle of next week. It took about a dozen porters to catch him.

Three bodies were unearthed in process of grading a street at Cadillac. One still had a pair of snow-packs upon the feet, the other had apparently been the victim of an accident and bundled into a box with no regard to appearance. No one seems to remember who was buried on the spot, interest having been made before the cemetery was located.

THE FARM AND HOME.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

More Independence Possible in the Farmer's Life than in Any Other Occupation—Every Farm Should Have a Workshop—Art of Stack Making.

Bright Side of Farm Life.

That the average farmer's life is not exactly a bed of roses few will deny. But that it has its bright side is not to be disputed. Among the advantages held by the farmer over any other laboring class may be mentioned his independence. With his comfortable dwelling, well-filled barns and cellars, the modern farmer is absolutely the most independent of human beings. Financial questions which the nation may be worrying itself about affect him but little. Labor strikes, which involve thousands of dollars and nearly all classes of men, pass him by unheeded. It is impossible to find another business or profession which is less dependent upon the patronage or favor of others, says the Denver Field and Farm. He knows that if he raises more of any kind of produce than he requires for his own use, he will be able to dispose of it, because his produce are the necessities of life. In place of being dependent upon others, he has the satisfaction of knowing that the whole world is dependent upon him. This independence is shown in many forms. He is not compelled, as many others are, to rise at a certain hour and labor a certain number of hours each day under the directions of others until he becomes simply a piece of machinery, without thought or feeling of his own. But, instead, his work is performed as he thinks best, and at whatever time he may consider most suitable.

Neither is he worried by the fear of losing his situation, as many a one who is employed by others is bound to be at one time or another. His position is secure, and he knows that with a fair season his recompense is assured. Looking at the bright side of farm life from another standpoint: No one ever passed a fine farm in midsummer and did not envy its owner. The picturesque surroundings, the well-kept fields and pastures, the fine horses and sleek cattle, the general air of peace and prosperity which hovers over a well-appointed farm. At this season, however, inspired poets have caused many men in other walks of life to become farmers, and many of the wrecks along the country roadside were caused by men who had better have remained in other walks of life.

The Farm Workshop.

Every farm ought to have a workshop on it. If not a separate building, at least a room where a supply of tools most commonly used are kept for use in cases of emergency. There are times, says Farm News, when a saw and a brace and set of bits will save a trip to town and a loss of time when time is valuable. A portable force and an anvil, with a few blacksmith tools, will be used very frequently, and a shoemaker's outfit comes handy when there is a break in the harness or a call for a stitch or two in shoes or straps.

A neat little kit of shoemaker's tools can be purchased for \$2 and a very convenient blacksmithing outfit for about \$15, and a few dollars more spent for planes, chisels, files, saw, augers, squares and such common tools will pay a large interest in a way that is quite astonishing.

Many times a small break is neglected, until a serious one results from it, when if tools had been handy, the matter could have been attended to at the proper time. With the number of tools and implements that are now necessary on every well-conducted farm, there are frequent calls for repairing, and in a majority of the cases the farmer can make all necessary repairs himself, if he has the tools to work with.

Tools that get bent can be straightened, plows sharpened, and the thousand and one things that make a trip to the blacksmith or carpenter or wagonmaker necessary, may be easily avoided by making a small outfit for tools. All these things count in a year, and the saving is worth looking after.

The Art of Stack Making.

American farmers have never been good stackers. The grain is put in barns, instead of being stacked as it usually is in Europe. At present the difficulty in making a good stack is greater than ever. Threshing machines that will put through 1,200 or more bushels of grain per day require all the help that can be got to get the grain in the straw to the machine. Only enough are left on the stack to get the straw out of the way. To make a really good stack, the straw should be trampled all over the stack and especially on the edges. It is very important that the chaff which comes with the straw be evenly distributed through the stack. If it is not, water will settle into the stack where the chaff is most plentiful and will rot it. It is best usually to dispose of this chaff by dropping it at the foot of the stack under the carrier, and after the threshing is done taking it into the barn. It is the most nutritious part of the straw, and will be readily eaten by stock in winter as a change from grain and hay.

Low Price for Machine Work.

When mowing and reaping machines first began to be used, their prices were high, and what was fully as important, few were competent to manage them. We have known instances where as high as \$1 per acre was paid for cutting a meadow, and the owner of the land furnished the team. Of late years the price of machines is lower, and there are many who understand running them. The consequence is that in some neighborhoods the competition is so

Shallow Corn Cultivation.

At the agricultural experimental station at Champaign, Ill., they have tested the methods of corn culture for five successive years. Faithful trials with surface culture and deep culture of this plant have resulted quite favorably to the method of shallow cultivation.

NEWS OF OUR STATE.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO MICHIGANDERS.

Drunkard's Flight in the Presence of Their Dying Mother—Iron Mountain Lumberman Murdered by Strangers.

A Pitiful Story.

Henry Morgan and his half-brother, Dennis Holahan, who live on a farm near Saginaw, with their aged mother, were assigned in the police court. According to the testimony of a neighbor given in the court, both men became fighting drunk and engaged in a go-as-you-please scrap in the house. Their mother, who cannot live but a short time, managed to get up from her bed and made an effort to stop the fight. She was knocked down in the melee and lay helpless on the floor until the gentleman who related this pitiful story, stopped the fight and got the old lady back into bed. Morgan has served a year at Leoni for drunkenness and both men were sentenced to jail for ten days.

Shot in Cold Blood.

Two men, strangers in the city, followed John Kautson, an Iron Mountain lumberman, from a Main street saloon the other night and shot him dead a few yards from the door. The assassins were evidently strangers to their victim, and made no attempt to rob the body after committing the crime. The motive will probably never be known, as the men immediately separated and disappeared. The chances are slim of their being captured, as the police have but a meager description, and know not where to begin to unravel the mystery. That Kautson had no suspicion of the intentions of the men is proven by the fact that they had no conversation in the saloon and the further fact that the revolver was placed almost against his left temple before being fired. All the hair on that side of the head had been singed off. A policeman and several other spectators were witnesses of the crime, and its boldness has startled the community.

Novel Drainage System.

A couple of Homer men have engaged in a novel enterprise. They take contracts to drain small lakes in that vicinity, and their mode of operation proves quite successful. It is to drive a pipe three or four inches in diameter and several hundred feet long into the ground at a point near the lake, leaving the top of the pipe below the level of the tract to be drained. The necessary excavation down to the top of the pipe is laid up with good masonry and a trench to the body of water. Then the water is allowed to run through the trench to the pipe, down which it slides into the interior of mother earth, and hundreds of acres are thus reclaimed.

Crazy Man with a Pitchfork.

Jabez Thurston, who appeared on the streets at Jackson with a pitchfork, threatening all whom he met, and is awaiting commitment to an insane asylum, has had a sad history. He was once the owner of a fine farm in Leoni, which he lost through financial misfortunes. He then removed to Jackson, but gradually drifted down until he was glad to accept employment as barn man at a livery stable. He separated from his family, and his many troubles finally drove him crazy.

Short State Items.

The Common Council of Ann Arbor has granted a franchise for a street railway down State street to the depot.

The postoffice department allowed the postmaster at Manistee \$1,800 for clerk hire for the current fiscal year.

Apples are worth about 20 cents a bushel at West Lawrence, Van Buren County, and 10 cents at the evaporator.

Coal has been discovered at Omer, Arenac County, and promises to be of the best quality. The vein was struck at a depth of about eighty feet.

Albion business men have subscribed funds and purchased prizes for series of bicycle road races to be held at that place, the same to come off every Saturday afternoon.

THE CHELSEA STANDARD

An independent local newspaper published every Thursday afternoon from its offices in the basement of the Standard Building, 1000 Broadway, Chelsea, Mich.

BY O. T. HOOVER.

Terms—\$1.00 per year in advance. Advertising rates reasonable and made known on application.

Entered at the postoffice at Chelsea, Mich., as second-class matter.

CHELSEA, THURSDAY, SEPT. 21, 1895.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The class of '99 has the honor of being the largest class on the upper floor.

Miss McClaskie has been out of school part of this week on account of illness.

Misses Edith Foster and Leora Laird were visitors in the High School Monday afternoon.

O, the misery that unruly member may cause by saying Ichabod when it meant to say Apollo.

Many new pupils have been enrolled in our schools this week and the number is rapidly swelling.

Tracy Sweetland, one of the most honored members of the class of '96, has gone to Ypsilanti to spend a year at school.

A small boy in a recent examination on Physiology wrote "When we breathe in air we inspire and when we breathe out air, we expire."

Last Thursday morning the Seniors went to the depot in a body to bid farewell to their former president, Miss Effa Armstrong, who was on her way to take up work in the Ann Arbor High School. The air for miles around resounded with their melodious class cry.

The '96 Club held a meeting September 3d for the purpose of organizing for their senior year. There are eighteen members enrolled. The following officers were elected: President, Eric Zinke, vice president Nina C. Crowell, secretary, Lettie M. Wackenhut, treasurer Augustus L. Steger.

Waterloo.

The Epworth League holds a box social at Thomas Collins, Friday evening.

Wm. Collins and daughter of Dundee are visiting at Thomas Collins this week.

Mrs. Griffith returned to her daughter's Mrs. Marsh, after spending several months at her old home.

Lewis Heydlauf and Miss Emma Moeckel went to Detroit Tuesday to attend the wedding of a relative.

Married at the home of the bride's parents in Lyndon, Wednesday, September 11, 1895, Edward McCrow and Miss Eva Leek, Rev. J. A. Andrews of Stockbridge performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. McCrow will make their home on the Barton place.

Notice.

Those wanting horses, colts trained for Chelsea Fair will find it to their interest to call on W. A. Gray the professional horse trainer and driver at McKune barn, Chelsea.

Wanted—Correspondents in every school district within ten miles of Chelsea, to send news to the Standard. Call at Standard office for particulars.

A German Colonizing Company.

A company with a capital of \$300,000 for the establishment of agricultural settlements in German southwest Africa has been formed in Saxony.

A Good Man Gone.

He was about to die. A friend held his hand and to him the dying man said:

"I've led a pretty tough life out here in the west and done some pretty mean things, there is one thing I have not done, and for that I expect to have all else forgiven."

"What's that?" said the friend.

"I've never written an account of the Custer massacre." And then he died.

How He Got His Title.

Jenkins—Hello, Colonel, did you ever get title in the civil war?

Colonel Jonsing—No, indeed, sah; I never fo't a stroke, sah.

Jenkins—Well, what are you called Colonel for?

Colonel Jonsing—Bless your heart, sah; I do'n know, 'less it's cause I'm from Delaware, down in the peach district, sah. They calls me the Peach Colonel, sah.

A Buffalo Horror.

By the upsetting of a steam yacht in the harbor at Buffalo, N. Y., nine people were drowned, all but two of whom were business men of the city. The craft keeled over while turning around

Old People.

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old people find it just exactly what they need. Price fifty cents per bottle at F. P. Glazier & Co.

STUDYING TO PLEASE HIM.

He Was a Fussy Customer, But the Waiter Was Anxious to Satisfy Him. A man afflicted with the disease of snickism, an exaggeration of the value of details, was giving his order for breakfast to a hotel waiter. The man was almost in the extreme, and the attitude of his order respectfully amused the waiter, who was somewhat of a judge of human nature, inasmuch as he had served breakfast to many men, says Kansas City Star. Breakfast time is invariably when you get down to the bedrock of a man's true disposition. It is too early in the day, and he is too close to nature itself to have put on the little frills that he begins to assume along about 11 o'clock. At all events, the waiter understood and took his order respectfully, even servilely, without losing his own estimate of the man.

The man had a morning cough and sipped ice water as he gave his order. "Bring me a pot of coffee," he said. "And mind, it must be hot—hot and strong—don't forget to have it strong. And a sirloin steak, rare; remember, have it rare and no fat. I can't bear the sight of fat in the morning."

"Yessir, yessir. No fat," replied the waiter.

"And bring me some dry toast, hot, mind you; hot toast, and have it made from stale bread. I don't want it toasted outside and soggy within. Now, don't forget that."

"No, sir; all right sir; not soggy inside sir," echoed the waiter.

"And some sliced tomatoes," continued the man. "And take the chopped ice off the tomatoes and drain them. I want them dry, do you understand, dry. Now, don't forget that."

"All right, sir. Tomatoes must be dry."

"And, let's see! Yes, bring me some fried eggs. Fresh eggs, you know, perfectly fresh. And I want them fried on one side only. Don't forget that."

"Yessir; fried on one side. And which side, sir?"

The English Labor Market.

A memorandum prepared by the labor department of the Board of Trade for June states that on the whole there has been improvement during the month in the state of the labor market, and that the percentage of the unemployed in the unions making returns has declined. In the 86 trade unions 5.6 per cent of men are reported as unemployed at the end of June, as compared with 6 per cent in May and 6.3 per cent in the 62 unions making returns for June, 1894. The building trades continue busy. The percentage of unemployed in unions making returns remains the same as in May, viz., 3.5, compared with 3.5, June, 1894. In the cotton trade, employment for spinners shows no improvement, but weavers are somewhat better employed than in May. The woollen trade is brisk, overtime in some cases being worked; the worsted trade is also well employed. The hosiery trade has continued to improve; the silk trade is fairly well employed. Information received with regard to 284 textile mills, employing nearly 66,000 women and girls, show that 87 per cent were in mills giving full employment, as compared with 84 per cent in May.

Silver Novelties for Men.

Among the many novelties now shown by some of the leading jewelers are tortoise-shell boxes, set with silver, to hold two packs of cards, and flat silver cases for bank notes and gold. It is not necessary, however, to present both to the same person, for if he used the one to any extent he would find the other entirely unnecessary. Some handsome match boxes in silver had tiny watches set in the center. When one thinks of the number of pockets a man boasts, the pride most of them take in their chronometers, this last fancy seems rather superfluous. It might be put to a good use in something besides card cases for the poor feminine gender, who owing to fashion's present follies is unable to sport even one small pocket.

Brothers Fight Over a "Chaw."

Thomas and John Middleton, farmers of Portsmouth, Ohio, fought recently over the payment of a bill for a small bit of chewing tobacco. Tom cut his brother severely in the face and breast. John fled into the house, and, securing a shotgun loaded with squirrel shot, emptied both barrels into Tom's right hip and side. Tom's hip was shattered. The physicians have extracted sixty-eight shot from the wound, and about half the charge remains to be removed.

Item of Expense.

"Hit mus' be a heap of expense ter keep sech er lot er chickens," said Erastus Pinkley, as he stopped at the gate to cast a glance at Farmer Cornloss's poultry yard.

"Oh, not such a greddeal," replied Farmer Cornloss.

"What am de principal items ob expense?"

"Powder and shot."

During the Transition Period.

She—Er—George!

He—W—well, Laura?

She—I—I think we understand each other, George, but—but is it my place or yours to put the question, and ought I to speak to your mamma about it or ought you to go and ask papa?—Chicago Tribune.

Sea Serpent's Overland Trip.

Harvey county, Kan., reports a monster bull snake that milks cows in the pasture. It must be the sea serpent taking a transcontinental trip.

He Lived in a Hollow Tree.

James Bradley died near Selma, Ala., recently, at the age of 102. He had for several years lived in a hollow tree.

HONEST DEALING REWARDED.

A Fakir Who Made Money by Taking the Public Into His Confidence. "Gentlemen," said the street fakir, as he arranged his bottles on the table before him, "I did not come here to lie and deceive, and rob you of your hard-earned dollars. I have stuck to the truth all my life, and though that is the reason I am a poor man, I shall continue to speak the truth to the end of my days."

The crowd had been coldly surveying his preparations, but began to warm up a little over his address.

"I might say to you," he went on, as he held up one of the bottles in a loving way between his eye and the sun, "that this medicine was discovered by a celebrated medicine-man of the Sioux tribe of Indians, but why deceive you? It is a remedy entirely unknown to the Indians. It is my own discovery, and I never saw an Indian in my life."

The crowd increased in numbers and began to press closer.

"I could tell you that this compound would cure Bright's disease, and in ten minutes every bottle would be sold; but could I sleep to-night with the weight of so much deception on my conscience. How could I ever again look an honest man in the face after telling such a falsehood? It will not cure Bright's disease—it would even hasten the end of a victim of that baleful complaint."

There were now 100 men in front of the fakir, and at least half of them had their hands in their pockets in search of money.

"I could say that it was a pain-killer," continued the man, as he brought out more bottles from an old satchel, "but an accusing voice would be whispering in my ear forever more. You might rub a barrel of it on you and it would not affect a pain. I miss the sales of at least fifty bottles because I tell you the truth, but it must be so."

"Gimme a bottle!" shouted a dozen men in chorus, as they held up their \$1 bills.

"No, gentlemen—not yet. I will neither deceive you nor allow you to deceive yourselves. You are an honest, confiding people, and I might tell you that this discovery would stop a headache in five minutes and you would believe me and hand up your money. It will not cure a headache. I even declare that it would make one ten times worse."

The number of men who now wanted a bottle was at least twenty, but the fakir waved them aside and said:

"Wait a minute. The discovery will not cure consumption after one lung is gone. It will not cure catarrh after the disease has a firm hold on the bronchial tubes. After both kidneys have wasted away it is no use to take it. It simply purifies the blood, and thus—"

"Gimme a bottle! Gimme a bottle!" yelled fifty men, as they pressed forward, and in less than ten minutes the last one had been sold and the fakir had the money in his pocket.

As we went down on the train to Nashville that afternoon together I asked:

"After you have mixed water, molasses and alcohol together do you add anything else?"

"Yes, cayenne pepper to make it bite, and the solemn truth to make it sell," he solemnly replied as he took out his wad of bills and spread them on his knee and started out to find the sum total.

What to Do for a Headache.

When a nervous headache and an imperative engagement occur on the same date, as they usually do, try this treatment: Take a hot bath, liberally tinged with toilet vinegar. Put on a dressing gown, lie in a shaded room, and, if possible, go to sleep for half an hour. On awakening, rub the back of the neck gently with any toilet water and rub the muscles of the face also. Drink a cup of hot bouillon, milk or cocoa. Rest a little longer. If this treatment fails to put you in trim for the engagement, there is no help for you, and you must either break it or keep it at the peril of your health.

No Cause for Alarm.

Mistress—Bridget, how many policemen did you have in the kitchen last night?

Bridget (modestly)—Only folve, mum.

Mistress—Couldn't you induce one of them to stay all night? You know I'm afraid of burglars.

Bridget (brightening)—Rist alay, mum; three uv 'em shilapes here regular.—Judge.

Fatally Injured in a Queer Accident.

While Martin O'Day and his wife were walking by the side of the Boston and Maine railroad tracks at Lynn, Mass., the woman's dress was caught by the steps of a car on a passenger train. Her husband tried to save her, but both were thrown under the train. O'Day died from his injuries and his wife is in a precarious condition.

The German's Record.

The steamer Germanic, of the White Star line, has made 422 passages across the Atlantic, traveling a distance of more than 1,500,000 miles. She has just had a set of new engines put in to take the place of those which were new when she was, in 1875.

Sister-in-Law.

Jinks—"What tender care your wife takes of you. Always worrying about your health."

Blinks—"Yes; I have my life insured in favor of my sister."

Worse Than a Dozen Hired Girls.

It is said that on every voyage of a first-class ocean steamer about 2,000 pieces of glassware and crockery are broken.

All Aboard for Georgia.

Watermelons as big as sheaths are selling on the streets of Atlanta two for 5 cents.

A Sufferer Cured

"Every season, from the time I was two years old, I suffered dreadfully from erysipelas, which kept growing worse until my hands were almost useless. The bones softened so that they would bend, and several of my fingers are now crooked from this cause. On my hand I carry large scars, which, but for



AYER'S

Sarsaparilla, would be sores, provided I was alive and able to carry anything. Eight bottles of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me, so that I have had no return of the disease for more than twenty years. The first bottle seemed to reach the spot and a persistent use of it has perfected the cure."—O. C. DAVIS, Wautoma, Wis.

AYER'S
THE ONLY WORLD'S FAIR
Sarsaparilla

AYER'S PILLS Promote Good Digestion.

Irving W. Laimore, physical director of Y. M. C. A., Des Moines, Iowa, says he can conscientiously recommend Chamberlain's Pain Balm to athletes, gymnasts, bicyclists, foot ball players and the profession in general for bruises, sprains and dislocations; also for sore and stiffness of the muscles. When applied before the parts become swollen it will effect a cure in one half the time usually required. For sale by F. P. Glazier & Co.

C. J. Chandler & Co. will take in poultry at their warehouse in Chelsea on Tuesday and Wednesday of each week, and farmers are sure of getting the top market price if they will bring in their stuff on those days.

The Glazier Stove Co. will deliver the best Lehigh Valley Coal at your door, for \$4.90 per ton, anytime before August 1st.

We cut the best sole leather and do the neatest job for the least money.
L. TICHENOR.
Basement of Eppler's meat market.

100 per cent profit on lumber is a thing of the past in Chelsea. Apply to The Glazier Stove Co. for particulars.

If you want papers to put under carpets or on pantry shelves, come to the Standard office.

The low prices The Glazier Stove Co. are making on lumber ought to stimulate building in this vicinity.

For Sale—A house and two lots within five minutes of postoffice. Inquire at the Standard office.

What a tumble the prices on lumber have taken. The Glazier Stove Co. are in it.

If you follow the crowd on these hot days, you are sure to bring up at the ice cream soda counter at the Bank Drug Store.

Old papers for pantry shelves and to put under carpets, for sale at the Standard office.

Teachers' Examination.

The examination of teachers of Wash-tenaw country for the ensuing year will be held as follows: Regular examinations for all grades, at Ann Arbor the third Thursday of August, 1895 and the last Thursday in March, 1896. Regular examinations for second and third grades, at Ann Arbor, the third Thursday of October, 1895, and the third Thursday of June, 1896. Special examination for third grade at Manchester, the third Friday of September, 1895.

WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER

Commissioner of Schools.

While in Chicago, Mr. Charles L. Kahler, a prominent shoe merchant of Des Moines, Iowa, had quite a serious time of it. He took such a severe cold that he could hardly talk or navigate, but the prompt use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cured him of his cold so quickly that others at the hotel who had had colds followed his example and half a dozen persons ordered it from the nearest drug store. They were profuse in their thanks to Mr. Kahler for telling them how to cure a bad cold so quickly. For sale by F. P. Glazier & Co., Bank Drug Store.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price, 25c per box. For sale by F. P. Glazier & Co., Druggists.

NO USE TALKING

You can't have quality without price. Some times you get price without quality, but it is not so here. Every dollar you bring to us gets one hundred cent's worth of goods such as Drugs, Medicines, Groceries, Wall Paper, Stationary, etc. Nobody does more than that, or, if they do, the sheriff stops it pretty soon.

ORIENTAL TOOTH POWDER

The best Tooth Powder in the world to-day is for sale by us.

Our Headache wowers never fail to cure.

R. S. Armstrong & Co.



ALL FOR THREE DOLLARS!

The LEWIS SHOE FOR MEN and an ACCIDENT

Insurance Policy for \$100.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

R. A. SNYDER.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

The Policy is good for ninety days.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Born, Monday, September 2, 1895, to Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Hankard, a son.

Fred Wedemeyer has been quite ill this week. He is suffering from tonsillitis.

The W. R. C. will hold their regular meeting this week Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

Rev. C. L. Adams left Wednesday morning to attend the session of the Detroit Annual Conference at Ann Arbor.

Just ask John Cook about those fish he has been catching this week. His stories are warranted to beat the record for this season.

Miss Cora Taylor has secured a position as stenographer in one of our Upper Peninsula cities, and left for there Monday.

A number of our citizens are contemplating attending some of the sessions of the M. E. Conference at Ann Arbor this week.

Owing to the absence of the pastor at Conference there will be no preaching at the M. E. church next Sunday. Sunday school and Epworth League as usual.

There will be a ball game between Dexter and Pinckney at the fair, Thursday, September 19th. Also one between Chelsea and Manchester, Friday September 20th.

A special meeting of Olive Chapter, No. 108, O. E. S. will be held Wednesday evening, September 18th, for installation. All members are requested to be present.

Rev. C. T. Allen of Detroit has been secured to give the address to the guests at the reunion. He will speak in the Congregational church after the banquet at the opera house.

The wonderful possibilities of the weather this week seems a foretaste of what may be, and should cause the oldest sinner to pause and consider how much higher he could endure the thermometer.

If his worship, the fool killer, is not busy, we respectfully invite his attention to this particular corner of the big oven this week. The people he should operate upon are those who are asking the question, "Is this hot enough for you?"

The question which is now agitating the minds of mankind is whether or not the new woman will retain the little idiosyncrasy so dear to the feminine heart, her love of ice cream soda. His first endeavor will be to prove to her the weakness of this passion.

R. P. Carpenter Post is making great preparations to entertain its G. A. R. friends at the coming reunion of the 20th Michigan Infantry to be held here next month. Chelsea has the reputation of being a very genial host, and the Post will endeavor to maintain this commendable notoriety.

The total population of Washtenaw county is given officially at 42,770, of which 48.23 per cent or 20,629 have native born parents, 9,321 have foreign born parents and 5,154 have one parent foreign born and the other native. There are 248 males and 152 females in this county whose parentage is unknown.

A cigarette is described by an exchange as being a roll of paper, tobacco and drugs, with a small fire on one end and a large tool on the other. Some of the chief enjoyments are condensed nightmare, fits, cancer of the lips and stomach, spinal meningitis, softening of the brain, funeral procession and families shrouded in gloom. There are plenty of subjects left, however, who are perfectly willing to undergo the trials of such a nature for the sake of putting on a certain amount of style.

The Detroit Journal published recently what purported to be a list of all the fairs to be held throughout the state during the month of September, but either through ignorance, or out of regard for the little associations who will make pitiable attempts to compete with the Chelsea Union Agricultural Society, omitted all mention of our notable enterprise, so we hereby announce to the public our intention to exhibit the biggest pumpkins, the reddest apples, the whitest taffy, the jolliest crowd, the best races and the prettiest girls to be found on any fair ground in Michigan in this fall of 1895. Come all ye! September 18th, 19th, and 20th.

The Baptist society is repairing its church property.

N. F. Prudden is quite ill with blood poisoning.

Born, Sunday, September 8, 1895 to Mr. and Mrs. Simon Webber, a son.

Jacob Hepler is making some extensive repairs on his house on Park street.

John Cook is putting down a new walk in front of his property on Jefferson street.

E. E. Shayer has been quite a sufferer this week, having been poisoned with poison ivy or some other noxious weeds.

There will be a meeting of the official board of the M. E. church on Wednesday evening, September 18th, in the church parlors.

Perry Barber has a curiosity in the shape of a "Jonah's-gourd" in his garden 37 inches long and 12 inches in circumference in the largest part.

All butter makers should be on hand at the fair with a one or two gallon crock of butter. Read the dairyman's notice in last week's issue of the Standard.

At the business meeting of the Epworth League held last Friday evening, the following officers were elected. Pres., J. S. Cummings; Sec., Nellie Congdon.

The Michigan Central freight crews are kept busy now, and the head of the operating department says that business in this line is holding up remarkably well.

A Petoskey editor says that while it is conceded that a newspaper is a public educator, yet there are some persons who take this course of instruction and kick when asked to pay their tuition.

The young men who exercised their vocal organs so vociferously Wednesday night to the discomfort of the residents of Summit street need an officer at their heels to labor with them for disturbing the peace.

A curious statistician has put himself on record by figuring how many steps is taken in walking during the year by the every day business man. He finds the whole number of steps to be 9,760,000, or an average of 26,740 steps a day.

The new compulsory school law passed by the last legislature is raising particular Ned in several parts of the state. It provides that all children between the ages of 7 and 16 shall be required to attend the public schools, sickness being the only bar.

The Chelsea fair promises to be a decided success this year, if enthusiasm and personal advertising count aught. The dates being so much earlier than usual will, let us hope, avoid the equinoctial storms that we have enjoyed at fair time heretofore.

The following persons are or expect to be attending school in other places during the present school year: Effa Armstrong, Ann Arbor; Nate H. Bowen, Ypsilanti; C. LeRoy Hill, Ann Arbor; Henry I. Stimson, Ann Arbor; Hilton Girdwood, Kalamazoo; L. Annie Bacon, Detroit; Leora J. Laird, Ypsilanti; Faye A. Moon, Albion; Mrs. Lucy Stevens, Ypsilanti; Miller, Ypsilanti.

The Spare Minute Reading Circle met at the home of Mrs. Geo. P. Glazier Monday evening, and the following officers: President, Mrs. C. E. Stimson; first vice president, Mrs. G. W. Palmer; second vice president, Mrs. Geo. P. Glazier; secretary, Mrs. Andrew Congdon. New members have been added and work for the year decided upon. The meetings will be held on Monday evenings.

It has been discovered that ladies who wish to heighten their complexions need no longer use paints and unguents that are injurious to the skin. Blackberry or strawberry juice rubbed slightly on the cheeks and then washed off with milk, gives a beautiful tint. The garden beet is also an excellent cosmetic. The beet is cut and the juice applied gently with a camel's hair brush.

The Chelsea Dramatic Company will present the sensational comedy-drama, "Man Against Man," at the opera house, Chelsea, September 17th, 18th, and 19th. This play has been presented in most of the large cities of the United States, and several of the original cast will help in the production here.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. E. L. Negus has been a Detroit visitor.

Miss Flora Hepler is visiting Detroit friends. Eddie Rooke is visiting friends in Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. J. Staffan is spending a short time in Cleveland.

Mrs. B. O'Brien is entertaining Mrs. Downey of Gaines.

Miss Ella Craig spent several days of last week in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Updike spent Sunday in Grass Lake.

Benny Bacon is spending this week with friends in Lansing.

Will Wedemeyer of Ann Arbor was a Chelsea visitor this week.

Mrs. Chas. Eddy of Jackson is the guest of Miss Laura Lane.

Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Taylor of Detroit spent Sunday at this place.

Rev. H. M. Gallup of Ypsilanti has been a Chelsea visitor this week.

Mrs. Wm. Depew of Alpena is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Gates.

Rev. M. J. Fleming of Dexter visited Rev. W. P. Considine last week.

Mrs. Roland Waltrous is spending the week with Grand Rapids friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Guerin of Greenwood, Ill., have been visiting here.

Mrs. Wm. Rettich of Ann Arbor is the guest of Miss Hattie Spiegelberg.

Miss Annie Klein has returned home from a several weeks' visit in Eaton Rapids.

Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Bird of Detroit are guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Hoover.

Mrs. L. C. Stewart of Ann Arbor has been the guest of Mrs. J. Schumacher.

Miss Frances Wallace entertained Miss Nettie Snyder of Jackson last Sunday.

Misses Tressa Winters and Ida Schumacher spent Sunday with Jackson friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Whiting of McHenry, Ill., have been the guests of friends here.

Rev. Chas. Reilly, D. D., of Adrian was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy McKune last week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Watts of Dansville were guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. Parker this week.

Miss Maude Congdon who has been spending the summer here has returned to Ypsilanti.

Miss Lena Cady who has been the guest of Miss Mae Wood, has returned to her home in Ithaca.

Miss Lois Smith who has been spending some time here, has returned to her home in Ypsilanti.

Masters Archie and Arthur Bacon and John O'Brien have resumed their studies at Detroit College, Detroit.

Mrs. J. C. Higgins has returned to her home in Detroit after spending several weeks with Miss Kate Hooker.

Miss Annie Bacon has returned from a few week's visit in Detroit.

Miss Anna Eriz of Detroit is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Avery.

Frank Mellenkamp of Nineveh, was the guest of Miss Louella Townsend, Sunday.

Mrs. J. H. Hollis and Mrs. L. T. Freeman have returned from their visit in Cleveland.

J. P. Wood & Co. will send out their men to buy beans next week.

M. Boyd has again gone into the meat business, having taken his old market back.

No man can learn to play a cornet and teach Christianity in the same neighborhood.—Ann Arbor Courier.

Some of the owners of peach orchards in this vicinity have so much fruit to ship that they have been keeping their men on the road every day and almost every night this week.

Mrs. Prettyman, the wife of the manager of the Campus club, Ald. H. S. Prettyman, proposes to have a little something ready for the winter rush of guests. Among the trifles she has in store are 50 bushels of canned berries. On Tuesday she will commence canning 300 bushels of peaches. They don't live on air at "Prets."—Ann Arbor Argus.

The world still contains some strictly honest people, and Ann Arbor claims her share. A lady in this city recently gave several pairs of old pants to a family to be made over for the little boys. The next morning she was very much surprised to see the father of the boys appear at the door and have him hand her a \$5 bill. The money was found in the watch pocket of one of the garments. The said pants had been hanging in the woodshed for a year.—Ann Arbor Courier.

Next Sunday morning Rev. E. L. Moon will preach for the last time to a Stockbridge audience, as its pastor. He has served this people acceptably and well for the last five years. Mr. Moon is one of a few who has filled the position of pastor the full time that a minister is allowed to stay at one place. During his pastorate here, the church has increased in strength, both numerically and spiritually. Mr. Moon and wife came among us entire strangers, but now have a host of friends here, who will regret their departure, but whose best wishes and prayers will follow them to their new field of labor.—Stockbridge Sun.

A. M. Bailey, a well known citizen of Eugene, Oregon, says his wife has for years been troubled with chronic diarrhoea and used many remedies with little relief until she tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which has cured her sound and well. Give it a trial and you will be surprised at the prompt relief it affords. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by F. P. Glazier & Co., Bank Drug Store.

Chelsea Fair Sept. 18, 19, 20.

If you go, and of course you will,

REMEMBER

That we are offering the greatest inducements to buyers during Fair week we have ever offered and positively guarantee to save you from 25 to 33 1-3 per cent by taking advantage of this opportunity.

Cut Prices in Every Department

During Fair week. Make this day one of profit as well as pleasure, you can easily save enough and more than enough to pay your expenses of visiting the Fair.

100 ladies' light weight Jackets and Capes at ONE-HALF regular prices during fair week. Not one old one among them.

One-half off on all men's light weight overcoats during fair week. We won't carry them over.

From \$1.00 to \$2.00 reduction on all new ladies winter cloaks and capes during fair week. Make your selection while the stock is complete.

Carpets and matings cheaper than you have ever bought them.

DRY GOODS DEPT.—New dress goods and trimmings for fair week.

Lowest prices on sheetings, denims, cottonades, outing flannels, ginghams, prints, table linen and crashes you will find anywhere.

Special sale on bed blankets during fair week. Regular 75c blankets for 50c. Regular \$1.00 blankets for 75c. Regular \$1.40 blankets for \$1.00. White, gray and tan, great values, don't fail to see them.

CLOTHING DEPT.—More new clothing than was ever shown in Chelsea at any one time. A reduction of from \$1.00 to \$2.00 will be made on all men's suits, overcoats and ulsters during fair week. Assortment complete from A to Z.

Boots and shoes at reduced prices during fair week.

Don't be afraid to ask to see goods. Compare and judge for yourself.

W. P. SCHENK & CO.

The "New Man"

in the next century may dispense with the garment known as

Trousers, Pantaloon, Pants, or Breeches

In this year of grace it is not policy. Supply your needs at

WEBSTER'S, Merchant Tailor

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Furniture and Lamps

If in need of Furniture, call and see us, we have just got in our fall stock of Parlor Furniture and Rockers, all new styles and patterns, also new and large stock of Lamps all at rock bottom prices.

HOAG & HOLMES.

See our bargain windows for

10c bargains in granite and glassware.

OUR FURNITURE STOCK

for the fall trade is complete. We just received a nice assortment of upholstered parlor furniture and couches. Call and see our line. Prices always the lowest. Walker buggies at factory prices. Eleven hoe grain drill, guaranteed at \$40.00.

W. J. KNAPP.

FREEMAN'S

We are making very low prices on

GLASS WARE

CROCKERY

TIN WARE

LAMPS

Special prices on all decorated Plant Jars.

FREEMAN'S

Ann - Arbor - Electric - Granite - Works.

Designers and Builders of

Artistic Granite and Marble Memorials.

On hand large quantities of all the various Granites in the rough, and are prepared to execute fine monumental work on short notice, as we have a full equipment for polishing.

JOHN BAUMGARDNER, Prop., Ann Arbor.



CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

"Now," he said in a hoarse whisper that was terrible in its intensity. "I know you love me, Nousie, but I must know the very truth. Tell me all."

Her face seemed to be of stone, and to have grown angular and strange.

"You were running away from someone," he said in a low, deep, judicial tone.

"Yes," she said below her breath.

"Someone who came here knowing I was out."

"Yes," in the same faint whisper.

"Who was it?"

There was a pause, a silence as of death.

"Who was it?" he cried, now fiercely.

"He said he would shoot you if I told you."

"Perhaps I may shoot him first."

"Ah!"

The wild look passed from the girl's face, and the drawn, pinched aspect from her features, as she clung to her husband and, quivering with suppressed passion she cried eagerly:

"Yes, you shall kill him first. He came again and again, and to-day I was at work there, singing to little Aube, when he stole in to me, and as I started up he caught me in his arms."

"Ah!" cried Dulau, as a light flashed in upon his brain. "I know. You shall not tell me. It was Saintone."

Nousie was beautiful still as she drew herself up, and gazed in her husband's face; but there was the savage hate, born of the dash of African blood, now in every feature, and her grasp tightened upon his hands, as she literally hissed out:

"Yes, Saintone. You shall kill him first."

"Yes," said Dulau, after he had heard her fiercely told story, and had bent down over the sleeping babe whose tender body had been the shield of his wife's honor. "I know now, Nousie, which side to take."

There was another pause and then, as George Dulau stood upright in that darkened room with his wife clinging proudly to his arm, he said with a bitter laugh:

"You do not tell me now that I must not fight."

"No," she whispered, fiercely. "Kill him—he shall not live."

Dulau looked half wondering at the fierce woman before him, reading the intensity of her nature and the strong will and determination that were there. Then his mind wandered off to the coming rising at Port au Prince, the city close at hand—the struggle between the two parties and his inclination to side with one while his duty drew him to the other.

"No need to hesitate now," he cried at last. "And this man called himself my friend."

CHAPTER II.

Volcanic as her soil, the Haytiens need but little exciting to rise in revolt. At times these risings and overflows of their lava-like nature have been against their rulers for the time being—their Spanish or Gallic masters. These ousted from their tenure of the island, the revolutions have been among themselves.

No wonder, when the incongruous nature of the elements was taken into consideration. For, broadly speaking, white holds black in dislike and contempt; and black cordially hates white. As if these antagonisms were not sufficient, there is a far greater element of dissension in the land. The mulatto, or colored race, with its many variations or degrees of black blood in their veins—a people who hate the white and scorn the black—come between and prevent fairly cordial relations which might exist, and consequently for a long series of years Eden-like Hayti has been desolated by petty intestine wars, in which black, colored and white leaders have had their day, now carrying all before them with the highest of high hands, now hurled from the seat of power, compelled to flee, or become a victim to the assassin's hand.

The social eruption George Dulau had dreaded came next day—sudden as an earthquake; and fierce and desperate were the encounters. For a couple of years a black had been at the head of affairs, and, allowing for his ignorance, blundering and inordinate vanity, he had shown plenty of enterprise, and a desire to improve the land.

But several of his mandates had given terrible cause of offense to the yellow race, which only waited its opportunity to regain the rule wrested from them by the blacks. The opportunity had come, and the energetic mulatto leader had succeeded easily in enlisting the whites who still remained on the island after the French rulers were expelled, to embrace their cause.

Dulau had hesitated. His instinct naturally led him to join his fellow-countrymen and to resent the black rule, but he had grown to respect the black head of the Government, for he saw that he was honest, and that he was always fighting to improve and pacify the country.

It was while he was hanging in the balance that his so-called friend and colleague in the politicians' council turned the scale, and Dulau, raving with bitterness, threw himself at once into the service of the black party, with whom for the next fortnight he fought.

The encounters were fierce and savage; the successes varying from day to day, and the town and port were the scenes of endless bloody fray, in which prisoners were shot down or otherwise butchered in cold blood, and the winning party for the time being gave themselves over to riot and rapine.

Happily for Nousie and her child, the tide of the petty war never came nearer the beautiful little home in the plantation at the forest edge; but she suffered agonies of suspense as she heard the distant firing, and watched by night for the fires that were constantly lighting up the dark tropic sky.

Now it was the home of some planter

away from town. Now the ruddy glow increasing in intensity came from the port as some vessel was fired at its moorings. Then from the direction of the flames she knew it was the town which had been fired, this happening again and again from the torches of the unsuccessful party seeking to make the place untenable for those who were driving them out.

Dulau had parted from her on the night after he had heard her words, and during the next ten days he had seen her and the child only twice, and for a few minutes, during which he had tried to cheer her by his accounts of their successes and other hopeful words. But now four more days had passed, and the black girl, Cherubine, the servant, who had stayed when the plantation hands had either fled or followed their master to the fight, had been acting as messenger for her, and again and again gone toward the town, but only to bring back the most depressing news.

Evening once more—a glorious evening, with the first soft, moist breathings of the night breeze approaching after a long scorching day.

There had been no news save that the mulatto party held Port au Prince, and the blacks had been driven off. There had not been a sound to indicate the troubles that overhung the place; and Dulau's cottage, with its broad verandah and wealth of flowers, seemed glorified in the light of the sinking sun, as Nousie stood outside, sheltering her eyes with her hand, and gazing wildly down the road for the face that never came.

She started nervously and sprang round, for there was a step behind.

"Ah, it's you, Cherub," she said, with a sigh of relief, as she laid her hand on her side. Then sharply: "Where is my child?"

"Sleep, missus—quite sound sleep."

"Don't leave her, Cherubine," cried Nousie, excitedly. "Look here. I can't bear this. I am going to town to try and find your master."

"No good, missus," said the black girl, shaking her head. "He's gone. Far away."

"No, no; he must be hiding somewhere, and I must try and find him. Stop by the child. Don't leave her a moment. I will soon be back."

"Missus can't go and leave little pretty one," said the girl, re-tying the gay red kerchief she wore about her woolly head. "Massa come back and find missus gone, what massa say?"

Nousie uttered a cry of misery, threw herself into a light chair on the verandah, and began to sob bitterly.

"No, no," she said wildly, "I could not go and leave her. Oh, Cherubine, he is dead—he is dead!"

"No, missus. Massa George not dead. Too light well. Only gone up de mountain, and all de peoples. Come back soon and fight all a yellor folk and drive 'em away."

"No, no, he is dead—he is dead. What's that?"

She sprang to her feet and stood bending low, her eyes glittering and her ears twitching as she listened intently.

"No hear anything," said the black girl.

"Yes, there it is again," said Nousie in a hoarse whisper. "They are coming through the trees. Don't you hear?"

The girl's eyes rolled, and her thick lips parted, as she too listened intently; and then she nodded her head, and caught hold of the light muslin gown her mistress wore.

"Hush!" whispered Nousie, and, wrenching her arm from the black hand, she darted into the cottage, and reappeared directly with her sleeping child in her arms.

Her lips formed the word "Come!" and she stole away, closely followed by the girl, in amongst the broad leaves of a plantation of bananas, where they crouched together watching and listening.

They were not long kept in suspense, for the rustling continued, increased in loudness, and a few minutes later a man passed the low growth at the edge of the forest, and stepped out to stand with his back toward them, listening as one listens who is being hunted and driven for his life.

He was torn and ragged, and as he turned his face to look about him sharply, it was cut and bleeding, as were the hands, one of which grasped a musket and the other rearranged the sword hanging from his belt, and the pistols which were in it, they having been evidently dragged here and there as their wearer forced his way through the thick forest.

He was panting and exhausted, and his white sun-tanned skin bespattered with powder; but changed as he was, easily recognizable by the watchers, who sprang out quickly, making the fugitive spring round, lift his musket, and present it at his wife's breast.

"Ah, darling," he cried, as he caught her to his heart. "But quick! Where is the child? I haven't a moment. The devils are after me, and they may come here. Quick! Brandy. We must take to the woods. Who's that? Ah! You, Cherub. My little one."

He had started wildly at the sound made by the black, and uttered a sigh of relief and took a step to meet her and kiss the child, while Nousie went in and returned with the bottle of spirits, from which he drank with avidity.

"Hah!" ejaculated Dulau, half to himself, "that puts life into me."

"Nearly spent, darling. We are beaten. Come along. Take the child. Cherub, my last, goodbye. God bless you! You will not say which way we've gone?"

"Course she won't," said the girl sulkily. "How Cherub tell when she 'long of massa an' missus?"

"No, no, girl; run up to your people. We are going to hide in the woods."

"Cherub coming too—carry lit pretty one," said the girl, stubbornly, "Massa!"

"What? Quick!"

"Massa come 'long with Cherub. Vaudoux hide am. Cherub know where."

"No, no," cried Dulau. "You are a good girl, but save yourself. Ah!" he half yelled. "Too late!"

He thrust his wife and child back into the house, the girl darting after them, and followed himself, banging to, locking and barricading the door, as he caught sight of figures creeping silently toward them under the shelter of the plantation growth; and only just in time, for the pursuing party, headed by Saintone, had credited him with making for his home, and had stolen up to surprise him.

There was a yell as they sprang up, and a scattered volley, the bullets pattering and hissing on the light bamboo of the hut and among the trees.

"Curse you! Don't fire!" roared Saintone. Then quietly to his followers, as they hurried: "Mind and don't hurt the woman. I'll shoot the man who does."

As he spoke a second party came running up, and at a word they surrounded the cottage, within which all was as still as death.

"Hah!" said Saintone. "Caught at last. Now, then, Dulau," he shouted aloud, "surrender. You are my prisoner."

There was no reply from the cottage, which was already in the shade, for the last rays of the sun were fading from the top of the highest trees, and a faint pale spark of light in the north told of the breaking forth of the stars.

"Very well," said Saintone, sharply. "I have no time to waste. Half-a-dozen of you. Fire!"

Dulau heard every word, but there were no reports from the many loaded pieces as he drew his breath between his teeth with a sharp hiss and listened.

He knew what was coming and he bent down and kissed Nousie passionately, and then his child, before softly and silently unfastening the bolts of the door.

"Nousie," he whispered: "you know what they are going to do?"

"Yes," she answered; "but you are here, and you will fight and kill them."

He smiled bitterly in the darkness where they stood.

"Don't think of me," he said. "Hold my darling tightly and run for the wood. I'll clear a way for you."

"But, George."

"Hush! Save my darling child," he whispered imperiously, "you are my wife. Obey."

She kissed him in silence as she tried to stifle her sobs.

"Help your mistress. Go with her and hide," whispered Dulau to the girl as light flashed in through the window—a light which rapidly increased as bunch after bunch of oily wood was lit. Then there was a sharp order given, the tramping of feet, and the torches were applied in a dozen places to the light dry thatch of verandah and roof.

Dulau knew too well that the place would be one mass of roaring fire in a few moments, and with a final word to his wife he threw open the door, clubbed his musket, and drove his enemies back, and to right and left.

Vain effort.

He fought like a giant, nerved as he was by despair and the spirit of which he had partaken, but in less than a minute he was overcome, beaten down, bound hand and foot, while Nousie and the black girl were prisoners too.

"Don't hurt the girl," said Saintone sharply, as he advanced toward where Dulau lay panting and bleeding, the vivid light of the rapidly burning cottage making the scene as light as day in a lurid circle, beyond which everything was black as night.

"Quick!" said Saintone. "Stand him against that fence. A dozen of you form up."

He was obeyed with something like military precision, and Nousie, wild with horror, stood struggling with her captors; but in vain, while the black girl held the child.

"You coward!" cried Dulau, who knew his fate. But he did not struggle. It was useless, and he stood up bravely where he was placed, full in the light of his burning home, while across the intervening space between him and that fate the shadows of a dozen men were sharply and blackly thrown.

Saintone's shadow was thrown, too, toward the bound man as he stood on one side, and with military precision gave his short orders.

"Make ready!"

There was a faint rattle of the men's pieces, and then, amid the hushed silence, as the rest stood around—a wild, weird picture in the light of the flickering flames—a wild shriek rang out on the night air, and Nousie struggled to get to her husband's side.

"My darling—the child—Paris—good-bye!"

Clearly spoken and without a tremor from the prisoner.

(To be continued.)

Fighting with Cheese.

The most remarkable ammunition ever heard of was used by the celebrated Commodore Coe, of the Montevillian navy, who, in an engagement with Admiral Brown, of the Buenos Ayrean service, fired every shot from his lockers.

"What shall we do, sir?" asked his first lieutenant.

It looked as if Coe would have to strike his colors, when it occurred to his first lieutenant to use Dutch cheese as cannon balls. There happened to be a large quantity of these on board, and in a few minutes the fire of the old Santa Maria (Coe's ship), which had ceased entirely, was reopened, and Admiral Brown found more shot flying over his head. Directly one of them struck his main-mast, and as it did so, shattered and flew in every direction.

"What the dickens is the enemy firing?" asked Brown. But nobody could tell. Directly another came in through a port and killed two men who were near him, and then, striking the opposite bulwarks, burst into pieces.

Brown believed it to be some new fangled paikan or other, and as four or five more of them came slap through his sails, he gave orders to fill away, and actually backed out of the fight, receiving a parting broadside of Dutch cheeses.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The camel's foot is a soft cushion peculiarly well adapted to the stones and gravel over which it is constantly walking. During a single journey through the Sahara horses have worn out three sets of shoes, while the camel's feet are not even sore.

HOW TO BECOME GREAT.

And with a look that made Ben Kelly hot, answered: "The name of that which leaves no spot."

SOME VARIOUS OPINIONS UPON A SUBJECT OF REAL INTEREST.

Why Social, Political, Literary and Business Ambitions Enchain Men's Attention—Diligence, Perseverance, and Genius May Be of Some Help, but It Is Ingenious Advertising that Tells in the Long Run—Many Instances that Prove This True.

Every man who is worthy of that title desires public recognition. Socially he would be better known and respected. If he assumes to ignore what is generally known as "society," he surely turns to some other kindred ambition. Politics may engross his attention, and, if he would rise in that line he must, by personal address, by party service, or by public speaking, win the confidence and good will not only of his own party, but of the wider public. If as a student he buries himself in a library, and works through lonely days and nights, still, it is only in the hope of leaving some work "so writ, as future ages shall not willingly let die." Socially, politically, in art or literature, yes, even in commerce, the desire for a wider publicity is inspiring and ennobling.

Ambition is a strong virtue until it steps beyond prudence or proper modesty. "By that sin fell the angels," and thousands of thoughtless mortals who try to rush in where the better angels fear to tread, destroy all hopes of public approval. Their rudeness ruins them socially. Their eagerness for office defeats their political aspirations. Their ambition for rapid recognition clouds their literary efforts. Their "penny dips" are blown out before they have set the river afire. In business life the fools ape the actions of successful men until whole herds are following the Wam-maker's advertising or imitating the plans of really successful houses. The public measures them quickly—they are assessed in lions' skins.

The first rule of real success is to be original. Not strangely, queerly original—but that every act and utterance shall spring from an honest interior. It is not possible to achieve greatness by imitation. Real greatness often comes to men of humble birth and surroundings, whose hearts are true and firm, while in times which try the souls of men the feeble and vacillating ones are swept aside as by a plague. Arnold of Winkelried was a private soldier, but his brave act in burying a dozen spears in his own breast to make way for his fellow soldiers won him a deserved immortality. Bunyan's simple but heart-told story surpasses in wide publicity any literary effort of the greatest of scholars. The simplest articles have built up the greatest trade successes. It was a farmer who was kindly trying to amuse his little children who invented the now famous "Pigs in Clover," and it paid him better than a gold mine. But as an instance of solid success, built up by honest means, used to popularize a simple but original article, Sapollo gives us a capital illustration. It is a solid cake of scouring soap, but it is the best of its kind—its manufacturers have never altered or neglected its quality. It is an article of moderate consumption, but it is used everywhere. Not in the United States only, where, from California to Maine, it is a household word, but in India, China, and Japan, in Australia and all the countries of South America, it marks the progress of civilization by its mere presence. Its traveling salesmen can claim in common with Napoleon, that they scour the world! The methods used in conducting its vast business rival in careful consideration the conduct of enterprises apparently more important, but the secret of its success is that no honest method of obtaining and of retaining public attention is neglected. Look at the simple little cake of Sapollo, lying half used, perhaps, on the kitchen sink, and try to realize that the sun never sets on its sales. Consider that it cost you but a few cents, although its manufacturers spend hundreds of thousands in advertising it to the millions whom they wish to remind. It is like a fairy tale. Aladdin rubbed his lamp to no better purpose than the public does Sapollo, for as a universal servant, its services are without measure, and its worth brings back golden returns to its owners.

How has such wide popularity been obtained? By original merit and patient perseverance. Probably the most interesting side of the story lies in the all-known advertising which has been used, and reveal some of its methods. Its advertising department is presided over by a man who talks proverbs at breakfast, dinner and supper, and twists them to fit Sapollo while the rest of the world sleeps. An artist is employed by the year, all the country sketches and ideas are contributed by outsiders. Poets and rhymesters—are paid to tell its merits in original verses, and the most novel schemes are made use of to attract attention. Two hundred and fifty thousand boxes of dominos were sent out last year. Japan furnished twenty thousand feathered puzzles, and fifty thousand puzzles. Domestic puzzles passed away long ago, but not until millions of them had been used. Pamphlets are printed in vast numbers, and the famous Sapollo alphabet has nearly reached its tenth million. Five hundred dollars will rent a large farm, but it goes to no better use than the Sapollo in a daily paper. Yes, one thousand dollars has been paid for a single column in a weekly paper, but of course the circulation, like the consumption of Sapollo, was enormous. Bold methods they may well be called when over two thousand dollars is paid for the rental of one sign on the most prominent building in America. As the odd methods we may mention the employment of an "advertising orator" who stump speeches in all the principal cities, and the posting of signs reading "Keep off the Grass" on all the snow banks in New York after its great blizzard. But our readers know only too well how thorough it is advertised in every city, town and railroad is decorated with its signs; the magazines publish its pictures; the street cars are enlivened by its proverbs; the newspapers continually remind the public of its merits. But even if it was dozens of imitators who try to impose their wares on the public, as "Just as good as Sapollo," would prove to the world that it was the standard.

Who can read the bright verses which tell us how to make this world brighter by the use of Sapollo? Who can glance at the pictures without admitting that advertising is an art itself? We have not room for many, but feel that this article would be incomplete without some specimens of them.

Abou Ben Kelly.

Abou Ben Kelly (may her tribe increase) Was much disturbed one night and had no peace;

For there upon the wall within her room, Bright with the moonlight that dispelled the gloom,

A man was scribbling with a wand of gold.

Now, Mrs. Kelly was a warrior bold, And to the presence in the room she said, "What writest thou?" The scribbler raised his head,

"And what is that?" said Abou. "Not so fast,"

Replied the scribbler. Kelly opened vast Her mouth angelic; then in whisper said, "What is this marvel, quick? I must to bed."

The scribbler wrote and vanished. The next night—

He came again with much awakening light, And showed the names that nations long have blessed.

And lo! Sapollo's name led all the rest.

The Monogram U. S.

There is a little monogram. We see where'er we go: It offers us protection

Against a foreign foe. It stands for light and progress In every foreign clime, And its glory and its greatness Are the themes of many a rhyme.

But few have ever really known, And few would ever guess What our country means by marking All her chattels with U. S.; It may stand for United States, Or yet for Uncle Sam; But there's still another meaning To this simple monogram.

We see it on our bonds and bills, And on our postal cards; It decorates our Capitol, Shadowed by Stripes and Stars. In all our barracks, posts and forts It plays a leading part, And the jolly sailor loves it And enshrines it in his heart.

Now, have you guessed the message Which these mystic letters bear? Or recognized the untold good They're spreading everywhere? Echo the joyful tidings, And let the people know That the U. S. of our nation means We—Use Sapollo.

A Ballad of May.

You must wake and call me early; Call me early, Bridget, do, For to-morrow's such a busy day. I fear we'll not get through With the scrubbing and the cleaning, And the scouring up, you know, If it wasn't for our tried old friend, Morgan's SAPOLIO.

"Needles and pins, needles and pins, When a man marries his trouble begins." But all of us know that it would not be so If he would provide her with S-A-P-O-L-I-O.

Lament of the Emigrant.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary, Where we sat long ago, I've walked a many a mile, Mary, To find Sapollo.

I mind me how you told, Mary, When we were side by side, Its match could not be bought for gold In all the world so wide.

Our home was bright and fair, Mary, You kept it so for aye, And yet had time to spare, Mary; Would you were there to-day.

You made the work but play, Mary; All women might do so, And all should know the charm you say Lies in Sapollo.

But now I sit and weep, Mary, Nor fear to break your rest, For I laid you, darling, down to sleep, With your baby on your breast. The graves are not a few, Mary, Hard work brings many low; It was not so with you, Mary, You used Sapollo.

Rebus.

When fingers spring in winter's lap, And thoughts of love are rife, To get my first, the trees they tap; "The sweetest thing in life."

When winter evening firesides cheer And music fills the soul, heigho; When mixed selections charm the ear, My second is in the folio.

Like "sunshine in a shady place," My whole each object brightening, Makes labor light, and work delight; It cleans "as quick as lightning."

An Unappreciated Story.

A story told by an English paper, and claiming the merit of absolute truth, evidences once more the inexorable purity and womanliness of Queen Victoria's character. At Windsor a party of young princes and princesses were chattering with members of the royal household on various matters. The Queen was present, but was not noticing them especially, when a heartier laugh than the rest aroused her interest, and she asked to be told the fun. Now the laugh had arisen from an anecdote, which was not really risky, but just a little bit so. There was a demur at repeating it to the Queen. Everybody felt slightly uncomfortable. The Queen said again that she and Princess Beatrice would like to hear the story. It was told. The Queen listened, and then said with her inimitable dignity and simplicity: "We are not amused."

It is not the example set by its royal head that has given to the English smart set its unrivaled reputation in the matter of morals big and little.

A Churchman's Predicament.

The Scotch Archbishop Foreman (in the sixteenth century) was so poor a Latin scholar that, when he was obliged to visit Rome he found great difficulty in conforming to some of the customs of the Pope's table, to which he was invited. Etiquette required that the Scotch bishop should take part in uttering a Latin benediction over the repast, and the illiterate guest had carefully committed to memory what he believed to be the orthodox form of words. He began with his "Benedicite," expecting the cardinals to respond with "Dominus," but they replied with "Deus" (Italian fashion) so confused the good bishop that he forgot his carefully conned phrases, and, "In good broad Scotch," said: "To the devil I give you all, false cardinals," to which devout aspiration Pope and cardinals (who understood only their own language) pliously replied, "Amen."

He who learns and makes no use of his learning is a beast of burden with a load of books. Comprehendeth the ass whether he carries on his back a library or a bundle of fagots?

A judicious reticence is hard to learn, but it is one of the greatest lessons of life.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON.

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

Lesson for September 15.

Golden Text—Who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us.—Heb. 6: 18.

The Cities of Refuge is the subject this week of the lesson found in Joshua 20: 1-9.

There is an opportunity in this lesson that ought to be apparent to all. It is, in effect, an old-time protest against lynch law. Just now when there is such out-lay and at times cruelty in this regard, it is well to direct the public mind against the evil. The instant and summary administration of punishment is always fraught with peril. It is hazardous for the administrator as well as for the culprit. Trial by jury has been such a city of refuge in later centuries. In family government also the policy of moderation and of stopping to think has made goodly cities of refuge in the domestic sphere.

"The Lord also spoke." God had a word further in mercy's behalf. You would have supposed he was through when with the close of the last chapter (19: 51) he "made an end of dividing the country." But love has another plea yet. It is ever so with God. His last word is of grace.

"Speak to the children of Israel." The human part. God's laws are perfect, but they must come through human instruments, and they are delivered to human agents. These pure and good commandments have stood, written on tables of stone, through long years waiting to be accepted and adopted. Their cry is still, "Speak to the children of Israel." Blind children are we, not to see how good for us is God's law. So stands the preacher and teacher to-day holding forth this word of life to the people, endeavoring to speak this law persuasively to the children of Israel. This the part of the pulpit and the desk. And what the part of the pew? "Appoint out for you," says the word, "cities of refuge." Each has a share. Each must select, adjust and appoint. Our choicest gifts come by avenues prepared and thrown open. Our refuge cities have in them an element of human appointment. We must know our ground and appoint our cities. God tells the way, it is for us to adjust.

"By the hand of Moses," Moses had a hand in it, too. Indeed what good legislation has not in it a reminder of Moses, the divine law-giver? Wherever justice or righteousness prevails, there find a reminiscence of something spoken by God's inspired jurist of Mt. Sinai. That was the supreme bench, or the nearest we have ever come to it. "Unawares and unwittingly." It was for justice; it was not in unreasoning leniency. The laws of God are swift and stern against wilful murder; and at the last it will be found that, in some way, fullest justice has been rendered and the integrity of the law preserved. But the laws of God also demand consideration and, when justice needs to be tempered with mercy, opportunity is given. Heaven's laws were intended to curb and check the shedding of blood, and, rightly observed, they would put an end to all murderiveness, and they would not hurt nor destroy in all God's holy mountain.

"He shall stand before the congregation." For a guilty man the city of refuge was the worst place he could seek. He was fleeing straight to the bar for trial; first the elders, then the congregation. That tribunal was ready to sit dispassionately upon his case and mete out justice to him according to his deeds. This does not make a "fault" in the analogy

We make
BARGAINS
and the bargains make
Customers

There is no use fishing without any bait, and it is equally useless for us to expect customers to come to our store unless we give them something to come for, consequently we quote them prices so low that every body will notice them who picks up this paper.

CAN YOU MATCH THESE?

Don't waste any time trying, for it would be useless, but pick some of them up while you have the chance.

22 lbs granulated sugar for \$1.00.
Best starch in bulk 4c per lb.
10 cakes good soap for 25c
Choicest herring 12c per box.
Fresh ginger snaps 5c per lb.
50 lbs sulphur for \$1.00.
10 lbs best rolled oats for 25c.
Try our fine cut 19c per lb.
A good N. O. molasses 16c per gal.
All dollar patent medicines 58c to 75c
51-2 best crackers for 25c.
Pure epsom salts 2c per lb.
We guarantee all our spices to be absolutely pure.
Pure cider vinegar 18c per gal.
It pays to trade with

F. P. GLAZIER & CO.

FRANK E. IVES
AUCTIONEER
Has had years of experience.
Terms Reasonable
For particulars enquire at this office.

CENTRAL

MEAT MARKET

The best of
everything in the
meat line is
kept at the
Central Market.

All kinds of
Sausages.

Give me a call.

ADAM EPPLER.

Our Work

in
Shirt Collars and Cuffs

is simply

"Out of Sight"

SPECIALTIES

For Gentlemen:

Pants
Coats
Vests, etc.

For Ladies:

Shirt Waists
Chemoisettes
Dresses, etc.

Chelsea Steam Laundry.



I am going to sell the Rochester Radiator on its merits and would be pleased to put up for you and if it does not save 25 per cent of the fuel, don't keep it. Will be at the fair and will tell you more about it, as talk is cheaper than printer's ink.

C. M. BOWEN.

Real Estate!

Eight houses and lots for sale. Good building lots at \$100, \$150, \$200 and \$300. Two houses and lots to exchange for small farms. Terms easy.

B. PARKER.

Notice.
Annual meeting Oak Grove Cemetery Association will be held at the cemetery at eight o'clock A. M. Saturday September 14th 1895.
Geo. P. Glazier, Clerk.

"SUNDAY"

"Will Be My First Day in Heaven,"
Cried the Dying Girl.
Word has been received from Princeton, Mo., of the sad death of Miss Angeline Bowsher, formerly of Upper Sandusky. She had been with an outing party at Mineral Springs, Mo., and her chum, Miss Allie Ballew, taking a repeating rifle from the hands of one of the gentlemen of the party, attempted to fire it. It discharged prematurely, the contents striking Miss Bowsher in the back and passing through her body. She lived four days, and passed away while sleeping, after one of the grandest death scenes ever witnessed. She had survived an operation, which promised recovery, and although suffering no pain, she said she would die. She sang familiar church hymns, and expressed the deepest sympathy for Miss Ballew, who accidentally shot her. Asking what day it was, she was told that it was Saturday, and replied, her face gleaming with happiness: "To-morrow is Sunday. First day in heaven will be Sunday. Won't that be grand?" She then asked Rev. O. S. Russell, whose rifle it was that caused her fatal injury, to read and pray. When he took the Bible to read, she asked everyone to listen. He read several verses from the eighth chapter of Romans, after which he offered prayer. After the prayer she said, "Let us sing," and then started the song, "Shall We Meet Beyond the River?" She then looked up and said, "Tell Allie good-bye." Calling her sister, she said: "Hortie, I am going to heaven." Before falling asleep she exclaimed, with outstretched arms, "Oh, how beautiful! Perfectly lovely! I see Zola, and there is Jennie, and there is Mr. Carl."

FUTURE FURNACE AND FORGE.

Electricity, Acid, and Water to Be Made the Means of Heat Producing.
A writer is of opinion that the future of the furnace of the future will consist of a lead-lined glass or porcelain vase or cupola, filled with cold acidified water, to which is conducted a strong positive conductor, the forge and outfit being rendered complete by a pair of tongs with insulated handles attached to a flexible negative conductor. According to this plan, the smith seizes the piece of iron which is to be manipulated with the insulated tongs, and plunges it into the sour water, which begins to boil and bubble the instant it comes in contact with the iron, the latter, in a remarkably short space of time, turning to a red, and then to a white heat, ready for the work of the smith. So rapidly, indeed, is the heating done by this means that the water and the portion of the iron not immersed in the water are but slightly warmed. The principle involved in this process is of a simple and well-known character—resistance producing the light and heat—it being found that enormous heat can be produced by such a method—much greater, in fact, than is necessary to extract iron from the most refractory ores.

Good Roads in Michigan.

The question of good roads is receiving much attention in southwestern Michigan this season, and in many places more road work is being done than before in many years. In the fruit belt the growers are awakening to the fact that it is much money in their pocket to be able to deliver their products in good condition at the shipping stations, while farmers in general are taking much more interest in the manner in which the road taxes are expended. Berrien Springs residents have found the improvement of the highways to the lake shore a profitable investment. The original intention was to attract more trade to the village from the neighboring farmers, but it has also resulted in making a favorite route for parties of Chicago wheelmen, who ride up from Benton Harbor and give the village an appearance of life, which has been largely absent since the removal of the county seat.—Ex.

Commerce Destroyer.

The Columbia and the Minneapolis were the forerunners of the great British cruisers, Powerful and Terrible, and now the French have a pair in contemplation that are designed, it is said, for 23 knots with natural draught. Their displacement is 8,500 tons, or more than the Columbia's, but much less than the Powerful's. As the liners and other merchantmen increase their speed, that of the so-called "commerce destroyers" needs to be augmented. It is worth noting that the new French vessels are to be driven with three screws, like the Dupuy de Lome, the Augusta Victoria, and our own crack cruisers.

The English Railroad Record.

The new Scottish express, on the London and Northwestern railway, began running on Tuesday, and covered the distance of 540 miles in two minutes less than nine hours. This rate of speed, so easily maintained in England, would bring New York within three hours of Providence, and is an indication of what may be expected when the terminal facilities on the coast lands are finished and a few kinks taken out of the line at other points, says Providence Journal.

A Friend in Need.

Zigsby—I have put a friend of mine on his feet three times in the last two years.

Perksby—That's nothing! I put a friend of mine on his feet fourteen times last night.

After Bloomers in Georgia.

The advent of bloomers has caused an old law to be dug up in Georgia, which prohibits men from wearing women's dresses and women from wearing men's clothes.

HARD NUT TO CRACK.

The Peculiar Will That Passed the Pennsylvania Court.

One of the most peculiar wills ever upheld by a court was that of Samuel Eddinger, of Moore township, Pennsylvania. It has twice been construed by the Supreme court of Pennsylvania, which has now held that it conveys clearly the intentions of the testator. Mr. Eddinger was a man of advanced age, and died a few weeks after he made the will. His property was valued at only \$5,000, and a large part of that amount must have already been expended in upholding the will. The beginning of the document is apparently copied from a printed form, and the rest of it, entirely without punctuation, is in Mr. Eddinger's handwriting. The Supreme court says that the purpose of the will is to give \$1,000 to the son, then a life annuity of \$125 to his daughter and to devise the whole of his real estate to his son. As the personal estate amounted to only \$400 the court directed that the annuity be paid from the real estate. The words written by the testator as his last will and testament are:

"that is to say I Desire my son John he shall have one thousand Dollars in Advance before any of the heirs shall have any money from my estate personal property first, my Son John shall settle up all my Depts funeral Expense & till all is paid my Son John he Shall Settle my personal property as soon as it is possible he shall pay of the money from my personal goods the half of the money to my daughter Margaret and what is left from the Balance after the Thousand Dollars he took of for himself my Son John Shall pay to my Daughter Margaret on Annually one a Hundred and twenty-five Dollars for her Natural Life time or as Long She will Live in this World and my Son John he shall have all my Real Estate for his own property as soon as my Daughter is Deceased my Son John shall not pay any longer not to her heirs and to no no body it be stopped."

A New Explosive.

A Bridgeport inventor says he has discovered an explosive which will blow an invading army into cats' meat as soon as it is dropped among them. He has gone to Cuba to try it upon General Campos and his peninsular myrmidons, and if news from that island were not so habitually untrustworthy it would now be awaited with increased interest. So many destructive agents of warfare are reported in this period that if all their claims were realized war would become impossible, and another mode of settling international and international difficulties would have to be devised. But many of them thunder in the index, exploding with more smoke than carnage, and effecting no revolutionary change in military methods. The Bridgeport fulminant may be in this category, but its pretensions remain to be tested.

In Memory of His Wife.

They have queer stone-cutters down in Maine. Deacon Hackett lost his second wife lately, a scrawny and shrewish woman, whose loss was not an unalloyed sorrow, says Harper's Bazar. Still, the deacon dutifully decided to give her a monument. Being rather "near," he haggled with the village stone-cutter as to the size of the slab, and finally chose a very narrow one at a bargain. The inscription was to be as follows: "Lord, she was thin!" "Lord, she was thin!"

But the stone was so narrow that there was no room for the last letter, so the stone-cutter left it out, with this result: "SARAH HACKETT," "Lord, she was thin!"

Printing Known to Ancient Rome.

Adrian Diaconu, the Roumanian architect and archaeologist, claims to have discovered in the ruins of the ancient Roman camp at Bersavia, near Fomesvar, incontrovertible proofs that the Romans, and especially the officers of the Fourth legion (Flavia felix), were acquainted with the art of printing—that is to say, with the use of movable types—in the second century after Christ. The professors of the Academy of Bucharest confirm this assertion of Diaconu.

His Hunted Sisk Cow.

A sharper has been going about Greenville, Mich., claiming to be a State Board of Health detective, looking for sick cows. If he found a cow sick he would say to the owner that the latter was liable to a heavy fine, but if he (the farmer) would give him \$5 and kill the cow he would say nothing. From the number of cows reported killed in that vicinity the sharper must have lined his pockets before he skipped.

Unnecessary.

In popping the question, he did prefer to do it in manner firm and steady; He did not go on his knees to her—For she was on his knees already.—Life.

Stuck Up but Not Proud.

"Although I'm stuck up, I'm not proud," as the fly said when he crawled out of the molasses pitcher.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CONGREGATIONAL.—Rev. W. H. Walker, pastor. Preaching Sundays at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school at 12. Christian Endeavor prayer meetings, Sundays at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meetings Thursdays at 7:30 p. m.

BAPTIST.—Rev. J. H. Girdwood, pastor. Preaching, Sundays at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school at 12. B. Y. P. U. prayer meeting at 6:30 p. m.; prayer meeting Thursdays at 7:30 p. m. Covenant meetings on the Saturday preceding the first Sunday in each month. B. Y. P. U. business meetings Monday evening before date for Covenant meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—Rev. C. L. Adams, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school at 12; Epworth League prayer meeting at 6:30 p. m.; class meeting at 9:30 a. m. Sundays. Business meeting of Epworth League the first Friday evening of each month. Prayer meetings Thursdays at 7:30 p. m.

CATHOLIC.—St. Mary's—Pastor, Rev. William P. Conidine. Services on Sunday—First Mass at 7:30 a. m.; high mass with sermon at 9:30 a. m. Evening prayers with congregational singing and Benediction at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school after high mass. Mass on week days at 7 a. m.

ST. PAUL'S EVANGELICAL.—Rev. G. Eisen, pastor. Preaching every Sunday alternating morning and afternoon. Sunday-school after preaching services.

ST. VITUS DANCE.

A Physician Prescribes Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.: My daughter Mattie, aged 14, was afflicted last spring with St. Vitus dance and nervousness, her entire right side was numb and nearly paralyzed. We consulted a physician and he prescribed Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. She took three bottles before we saw any certain signs of improvement, but after that she began to improve very fast and I now think she is entirely cured. She has taken nine bottles of the Nervine, but no other medicine of any kind.



Physicians prescribe Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine because they are known to be the result of the long practice and experience of one of the brightest, members of their profession, and are carefully compounded by experienced chemists, in exact accordance with Dr. Miles' prescriptions, as used in his practice. On sale at all druggists. Write for Dr. Miles' Book on the Heart and Nerves. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Remedies Restore Health.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. Is unequalled for Eczema, Tetter, Salt-Rheum, Scald Head, Sore Nipples, Chapped Hands, Itching Piles, Burns, Frost Bites, Chronic Sore Eyes and Granulated Eye Lids. For sale by druggists at 25 cents per box.

TO HORSE OWNERS. For putting a horse in a fine healthy condition try Dr. Cady's Condition Powder. They tone up the system, aid digestion, cure loss of appetite, relieve constipation, correct kidney disorders and destroy worms, giving new life to an old or over-worked horse. 25 cents per package. For sale by druggists.

PATENTS
CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS
COPYRIGHTS.

CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a prompt answer and an honest opinion, write to MUNN & CO., who have had nearly fifty years' experience in the patent business. Communications strictly confidential. A handbook of information concerning Patents and how to obtain them sent free. Also a catalogue of mechanical and scientific books sent free. Send for them at once. Address: MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

A Horrible Railroad Accident.

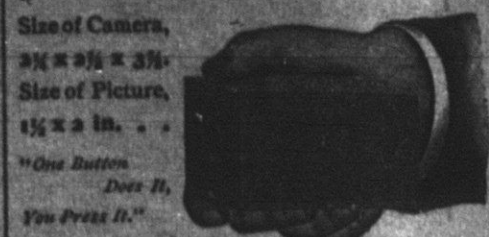
Is a daily chronicle in our papers; also the death of some dear friend, who had died with consumption, whereas, if he or she had taken Otto's Cure for throat and lung diseases in time, life would have been increased happier and perhaps saved. Heed the warning! If you have a cough or any affection of the throat and lungs, call at F. P. Glazier & Co.'s, sole agents, and get a trial bottle free. Large sizes 50c and 75c.

Telephones.

\$15 a year pays for a telephone in your house and \$15 a year for one in your office no other expense. This is less than 5 cents a day. Can you afford to be without one both in your office? We now have twenty subscribers here and connection with Waterloo. As soon as thirty subscribers are secured we will put in an exchange. There is a good prospect of extending the line to Stockbridge. Cavanaugh Lake will also be connected. If you wish a telephone put in, leave your name at the Standard Office.

L. L. Gorton, Manager.

Pocket Kodak



THE Pocket Kodak does every thing photographic. It's a complete camera on a small scale. Made of aluminum and covered with fine leather. Perfect in workmanship, rich and dainty in finish.

Size of Camera, 3 1/2 x 2 1/4 x 3 1/2. Size of Picture, 1 1/2 x 1 in. One Button. Press It, You Press It.

Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N.Y.



1894 MODEL, \$40.

1895 UP-to-Date Wheels.

25 per cent less than other dealers. Ride my racer at the fair, win, and get a roadster as a prize.

Archie Merchant.

PATENTS

Obvious and Re-examine secured. Trade marks registered, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully prosecuted.

Upon receipt of sketch or model of invention, or upon examination, and advice as to patentability, free of charge. M. J. of an invention, directly across from the Patent Office, is specially called to my notice, and long established facilities for making prompt preliminary searches for the most vigorous and successful prosecution of applications for patent, and for attending to all business entrusted to my care in the shortest possible time. Rejected cases a specialty. FREE MODERATE and exclusive attention given to patent business. Book of information and advice, and special references sent without charge upon request. J. R. LITTLE, Solicitor and Attorney in Patent Causes, Washington, D. C. Onondaga U. S. Patent Office.

R-I-P-A-N-S

The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ills of humanity.



Geo. H. Foster.

AUCTIONEER

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Terms Reasonable.

Headquarters at Standard Office.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route."

Time Card, taking effect, May 15, 1895.

TRAINS EAST:

No. 8—Detroit Night Express 6:10 a. m.

No. 36—Atlantic Express 7:17 a. m.

No. 12—Grand Rapids 10:35 a. m.

No. 2—Express and Mail 3:19 p. m.

TRAINS WEST:

No. 3—Express and Mail 9:17 a. m.

No. 13—Grand Rapids 6:30 p. m.

No. 7—Chicago Express 11:00 p. m.

O. W. ROGERS, Gen. Pass & Ticket Agt.

WM. MARTIN, Agent.

FOR YOUR VISIT TO MACKINAC ISLAND.

ONE THOUSAND MILES OF LAKE RIDGE AT SMALL EXPENSE.

Visit this Historical Island, which is the grandest summer resort on the Great Lakes. It only costs about \$15 from Detroit; \$15 from Toledo; \$15 from Cleveland, for the round trip, including meals and berth. Avoid the heat and dust by traveling on the D. & O. floaters. The attractions of a trip to the island itself is a grand romantic spot. Its climate, most invigorating. Two new steel passenger steamers have just been built for the upper lake route, costing \$300,000 each. They are equipped with every modern convenience, amusements, bath rooms, etc., illuminated throughout by electricity, and are guaranteed to be the grandest, largest and safest steamers on fresh water. These steamers favorably compare with the great ocean liners in construction and speed. Four trips per week between Toledo, Detroit, Alpena, Mackinac, St. Ignace, Petoskey, Chicago, "Soo," Marquette and Duluth. Daily between Cleveland and Detroit, and Cleveland and Put-In-Bay. The palatial equipment makes traveling on these steamers thoroughly enjoyable. Send for illustrated descriptive pamphlet. Address A. A. SCHWARTZ, G. P. A., D. & O., Detroit, Mich.