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They will interest you.

# The Chelsea Standard.

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men who advertise.

VOL. VII. NO. 41.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1895.

WHOLE NUMBER 353

## LOCAL BREVITIES.

### Merry Christmas.

F. P. Glazier & Co. cut their Christmas pie yesterday and many little people have taken a bite.

Harold and Vera Glazier entertained a number of their small friends at their home Saturday afternoon.

A regular meeting of Olive Chapter No. 108, O. E. S. will be held on Wednesday evening, December 25th.

The Very Rev. Benedict Weithart, C. S. S. R. rector of the church of the Holy Redeemer, Detroit, will officiate in St. Mary's church, Chelsea next Sunday.

Guy Brothers Minstrels were greeted by a large audience at the opera house Saturday night. This company is first-class, and a prime favorite with Chelsea audience.

Tuesday evening, while trying to enter her carriage, Mrs. B. McNary slipped and fell on the pavement, breaking her right wrist. Dr. McColgan reduced the fracture.

Married, at the residence of H. S. Holmes, on Tuesday, December 17, 1895, by Rev. Dr. Holmes, Mr. Isaac M. Whitaker and Mrs. Julia P. Cushman, both of Chelsea.

St. Mary's church will have its annual Christmas entertainment at the opera house on Saturday, December 28. Songs, recitation, tableaux, and the side-splitting force, "My Wife's Mother," will make up the program.

The sermon at the Congregational church next Sunday morning will be on Heaven's Greeting to the New-Born Christ. In the evening the service will be given up to "Christmas in the Poets." A number of the finest passages in the poets on Christmas will be read.

Fully 5,000 clergymen have filed their applications with the western passenger association for half fare permits for 1896, and about as many more will be in before the work is completed. The bureau appointed to look up the identity of each one of all these applicants is at present fairly swamped with the amount of work on hand.

Walter Rogers, the champion train stopper, who at different times has annoyed the Michigan Central officials, was released from jail at Jackson Friday. The railroad has negotiated a deal with the champion by the provisions of which Rogers is to clear the state, leaving behind him the promise never to return to the Wolverine country.

Ex-President Harrison receives a larger sum for his articles on "This Country of Ours," which he is writing for The Ladies' Home Journal, than has been paid to any public man in America for magazine work of a similar nature. His first article, in the Christmas number of the Journal, sold over 100,000 extra copies of the magazine, of which 725,000 copies were printed as a first edition.

Say, why don't you send the Standard to some of your friends who formerly resided here, but are now making their homes in other places? It would make a splendid Christmas present, one that they would appreciate. Some of you are possibly sending your copies after you have read them. The better plan would be to subscribe for them direct and they would get it every week without any worry on your part.

Special services will be held in St. Mary's church on Christmas Day. The first service will be a high mass at 5 a. m., the second service will be a low mass at 8 a. m. At this mass the children's choir will sing beautiful Christmas hymns. The last service will be a high mass at 10:30 a. m. during which Bailey's tuneful and beautiful mass will be sung for the first time with Miss Katherine Burns, as organist, and Mr. Louis Burg, director. Solemn vesper services will be sung at 7:30 p. m., followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. At this service Louis Burg will sing for the first time Millard's exquisitely beautiful "Tantum Ergo." Mr. Burg has a tenor voice of rare sweetness, which will be heard to fine advantage in this beautiful anthem.

Dr. Holmes is making arrangements to manufacture his Little Giant nut crackers at the Glazier Stove Company foundry here.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Myrta H. Kempf to Mr. Clarence J. Chandler, on Wednesday, January 1, 1896.

The many friends of Mrs. M. B. Millepugh will be pleased to learn that she is rapidly recovering from her illness of the past few months.

The Standard is indebted to President Angell of the U. of M. for a copy of his report to the board of regents for the year ending September 30th.

The B. Y. P. U. neck-tie social announced in last week's Standard to be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Laird Friday evening, has been indefinitely postponed.

Misses Maude Wortley and Anna Cassidy, graduates of the Albion Conservatory of Music, assisted by the Delphi Mandolin Club and Miss Pearl Davenport of Jackson, will give a concert at the opera house, Chelsea, Monday, December 30th. Admission 20 cents.

An exhibition of rare and valuable curiosities will form one of the features annexed to the fair for the sale of fancy and useful articles to be held by the young people of the Congregational church in the Dexter Opera House Friday and Saturday of this week. On Saturday a warm dinner at 15 cents per head will be provided from 12 to 2 p. m.

R. P. Carpenter Post, No 41, G. A. R., elected the following officers at their last meeting:

Commander—Wm. Yocum.  
Sen. Vice Com.—Thomas Jackson.  
Jr. Vice Com.—I. Storms.  
Sergeant—E. L. Negus.  
Chaplain—A. N. Morton.  
O. D.—J. F. Harrington.  
O. G.—M. M. Campbell.

Delegate to Dept. Encampment—Wm. Yocum. Alternate—I. Storms. The installation of officers will take place on Wednesday, January 8th. All members are requested to be present.

The market declined all around since one week ago. Wheat now brings 61c for red or white, rye 35c, oats 18c, barley 65c, beans 85 to 90c and are very dull. Clover seed \$4.25, potatoes 15c, onions 20c, chickens 5½c, turkeys 7c, dressed hogs \$4, eggs 18c, butter 16c, apples 75c per bushel. Receipts have been free the past two weeks, but have dropped off now since the decline in prices and the breaking up of the sleighing. Everything will be dull now till business starts up after the holidays. Many are losing faith in much of an advance in prices as has been confidently expected.

Christmas exercises of more than ordinary interest are in preparation by the Methodist Sunday School and will take place at the church on Christmas eve. While the members of the Sunday School will not be forgotten by Santa Claus, no general distribution of presents is contemplated. Instead, children are invited to bring some toy or book, perhaps a gift to them or some other Christmas day, and the collection of these offerings will form a not uninteresting part of the program. These are to be sent to the Deaconesses' Home in Detroit for distribution among less fortunate children. Santa Claus, and the chimney and fresh Christmas music will give delight to all who have young hearts.

Prof. Moritz Levi of the University read a very interesting paper, descriptive of street scenes and student life in Paris, before the lyceum Tuesday evening. There was a good attendance of members of the lyceum, but a very poor attendance of others. Many of the papers and addresses that is expected to have on this course have been given in Ann Arbor, with an admission fee of ten cents to twenty-five. They are certainly worth five cents in Chelsea. Addresses are promised in the near future by Prof. Rebec on the relation of the brain to thought, and by Prof. D'Ooge on some theme connected with his specialties. The next talk, a week from Monday, will probably be by Rev. H. G. Bissell on some scenes witnessed on a journey from Boston to Bombay.

## SPECIAL

Buy your Christmas groceries of us. We sell only the best of eatables, and we sell cheaper than any one else in Chelsea.

For this week we offer the best oranges and lemons to be found in Chelsea. They are beauties, try some.

Very nice dried citron and lemon peel for 25c per lb. You always pay others more.

Good seedless raisins 5c per pound. Fine raisins, California fruit, 7 and 8c per lb.

No one else in Chelsea sells as good coffee for 19c, 25c, and 28c as we do.

22 pounds granulated sugar for \$1.00.

As we sell everything in large quantities, we can afford to sell better goods than our competitors.

## H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co.

Highest market price paid for butter and eggs.

## "Music Hath Charms"

So have the remarkably low prices that I am making on Musical Goods. The Holidays are approaching. Perhaps you are thinking of presenting to your daughter or son a

Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo or Autoharp.

If so, it will pay for you to call on me and get my prices before purchasing. Remember my 10 cent sheet music. I have a large amount of copyright music, up-to-date, which I will sell at half price for a short time.

CHAS. STEINBACH.



## PENINSULAR STOVES

The name "Peninsular" on a stove has come to be a guarantee that it is the best.

I SELL THE PENINSULAR STOVES

If you want a stove now is the time to buy, as I have a large stock on hand, and my prices are the lowest.

COME IN AND BE CONVINCED.

also carry a fine line of cutlery, sporting goods, and general hardware stock.

C. E. WHITAKER.

## CHELSEA ROLLER MILLS

Highest Market Price Paid for Wheat. All mill Commodities promptly delivered at the lowest prices.

D. E. SPARKS & SON

## We Greet You

With the following list of toothsome articles for your Christmas dinner.

Malaga Grapes Florida Oranges  
Large Figs Choice Lemons  
Brazil Nuts English Walnuts  
Filberts Candied Citron  
Almonds Fresh Candies

S. CUMMINGS.





That won't be any Christmas fun around car house this year. For Sandy claws in passin' by. 'Ull just lean down his ear. An' w'en he feels the chimney's cold. He'll grunt: "Ull put right on; No need o' stoppin' in to Clay's. The children's all gone."

An' yit I've seed the time when he 'Ud hev to jump hies' f' To fill the stockin' hangin' up. Er in 'an' chimney she's f. An' me an' maw'd be up till twelve. Er one, a poppin' co'n. No use o' sech-like doin' no now; The children's all gone.

I uster feel plump like a boy. To see them young 'uns sit. An' talk o' Chr'us bein' nigh. An' wonder what they'd git. An' fix theise-ves to stay awake. 'Till Sandy kem along. 'Till Sandy kem along. 'Till Sandy kem along. 'Till Sandy kem along. 'Till Sandy kem along.

They're all grow'd up an' married off. Exceptin' little Joe. They spoke for him up yander. An' we had to leave him go. 'Twas so 'rful rough to lose him. But now we're glad that's one. The children's all gone.

An' settin' 'ere this Chr'us night. I see to maw, it seemed. Ex if I sensed his rosy face. 'Twas whar the frelight gleamed. An' maw, she 'lowed that mabe he Had lent us back our own. Cuz Chr'us an' a smeller w'en The children's all gone.

It kinder made my bones thaw out. To judge that w'en we die. We'll find our little tad ag'in. Not grow'd a smitch more high. I want him like he uster be. Jest big enough to run. I won't stay up thar-ef I find The children's all gone. New York Ledger.



THE city editor sat at his table hard at work, when the green-shaded electric lamp revealed Billy McGuffy, the youngest reporter, approaching, embarrassed and apologetic in demeanor. "Mr. Banwell," he began, "could I have two passes for the theater to-night?" "Passes for two?" responded Banwell, staring hard. "Two! Oh, Jonesey, come here, quick! Billy's gone wrong. He wants theater tickets for two!" chuckled the editor, throwing out the coveted pasteboards, and Billy, blushing like a girl, fled from the office, followed by Jones' solemn warning: "Billy, my son, pause and reflect." Billy made his way down the street till



"IT WAS EVIDENT SHE HAD A TEMPER OF HER OWN."

he reached a tall building that rose from a corner, entered it, took the elevator to the top floor, and paused at the open door of a great brilliantly-lighted room. Facing the wall, on high stools, sat some dozens of girls, apparently playing games with pegg on a continuous brass checker board that extended around the room. The girls had small round discs fastened to their ears, but hands free to place the pegs or ring up a subscriber. It was the city telephone exchange.

Perhaps it was the free magnetism of electricity of the place, or Billy's hypnotic glance that made one girl turn her head, smile and gracefully slipping from the tall stool come quickly into the hall.

Billy, narrated how he had just got theater tickets, and exhibited them. The telephone girl took them to look at. "Why, Billy," she said, after a pause, "these tickets are for the 24th."

"Of course, Christmas eve; that's all right, isn't it?" "I'm on duty. Why didn't you telephone to me, and ask what night I could go? You knew I was at the end of your wire, and you would have done it, if you cared anything for me," and down went the tickets to the floor. It was evident that pretty Sadie had a temper of her own.

She turned with dignity, and left Billy standing there. The quarrel had come on so suddenly that he hardly realized it was all over. Then, feeling as if all the world had suddenly turned to ice and ink, he mournfully regained the street.

Sadie sat at her work, as the night went on, listening to calls from people who wished "Merry Christmas" over the wires, and wondered why hers did not come. Then, about 1 o'clock a sharp ring came in. No, it was not Billy's voice.

"Give me one-naught-six-four, quick!" Now, it invariably irritates a telephone girl to be told to be quick. She is always quick. The "quick" aroused Miss Sadie's temper, but she said nothing; 1,004 was the number of the Blade editorial room, the rival of Billy's paper.

"Hello! that you, Barker?" continued the voice. "Say, there's the biggest thing on to-night, and we've got the deadwood on the Argus, if we work it right. There's been a Christmas eve tragedy in the Italian quarter at 768 Bremer street. Two men are dead, and one's so bad he'll die before morning."

"Who's on that beat for the Argus?" came the breathless inquiry. "Oh, I've fixed that—Billy McGuffy, and I've got him out the way. I had a fellow tell him there was a frightful accident out at Bloomfield, and he thinks he's got a scoop on it. Take the murder case; here's the details."

Sadie had made up her mind what to do. She knew she was wrong, but—poor Billy! She had been on the newspaper wires long enough to know the value of time to a morning paper. She listened carefully to the message, then she rang up the Argus.

"Hello, Banwell, city editor," she said. "Take a frightful tragedy in the Italian quarter. Billy—Billy McGuffy." "All right; hurry it along. Say, Billy, you're scared—you talk like a girl."

"It's enough to scare anybody—two men dead and another on the way."

Sadie gave the full particulars, rang off abruptly, and sat back looking scared herself at what she had dared to do.

About 4 o'clock a call came from the Argus office, and Sadie's answer had a tremble in it.

"Hello," sounded Billy's voice. "Is that you? Merry Christmas. I just got back from running down a rumor. Do we make up, Sadie?"

"Well, I'll be free at 6 o'clock, and then you may come over and see me home."

At the Argus office, Billy just arrived from his bootless errand, stayed all alone till daylight. As he started after Sadie the watchman handed him a copy of the paper damp from the press. He read the startling headlines:

AWFUL CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY. Two Men Instantly Killed in a Brawl, and a Third Dies This Morning.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" wailed Billy. "I'm a goner! Right in my district, too! Here I was fooling about the suburbs, and Banwell so short-handed. Well, it's all up with Bill McGuffy."

He hurried to the telephone exchange building, where he found Sadie at the door waiting for him.

"Oh, Billy," she cried; "I've done the most dreadful thing."

"So have I," "But I'll lose my situation if I'm found out."

"I'm found out now," sighed Billy, "and my situation is as good as gone. But tell me about your trouble first," and Sadie told him as they walked along.

"Yes, Billy," she said, as Billy accused himself of being a fool (they were standing in the porch of her home now); "yes, Billy, you're green. You never knew enough to do the right thing at the right time."

"Oh, don't I?" said Billy, and he kissed her as they stood there.

"Oh, Billy," she cried, catching her breath, "I did not think you had the courage."

All of which shows that a young man on a daily paper learns many things as time goes on, which thought passed



It was Christmas eve, and the wind blew keen. Across the prairie that lie between Fort Dodge, on the Arkansas, under the hill. And the straggling hamlet of Purdyville, Where dwelt Niles Nelson, who rode that day From his home to the northward, far away, Over the bunch grass, bare and brown, Into the bustling frontier town.

The night was dark—not a star on high—And a blizzard brewing up there in the sky. Niles Nelson stepped out into the street; The wind was driving a blinding sheet Of powdery snow right into his face. But Niles was happy; he left the place With a glow in his heart, for little Moll, His baby daughter, would get her doll, The Christmas gift he had promised long. Niles Nelson, treading a Christmas song, And facing the north wind, sturdily rode, While past him the Storm Fiend's coursers strode.

The snow grows deeper, the night more wild, When he hears the wall of a little child.

If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take. Niles Nelson paused, at the sound dismayed, And then—then Niles Nelson prayed: "Lord save," was all he could think of then. "Lord save," he muttered, "Lord save, amen."

Then starting to northward, and into the night, "I see it!" he shouted, "Thank God, a light." 'Twas a beam from a lamp on the window sill.

Of his own red cabin. With right good will His pony quickened its lagging pace, And soon in that dear, familiar place, His cozy cabin, Niles Nelson stands: He kisses his wife and he holds her hands. "Where's Mollie?" he cries; "where's little Moll?"

I've brought her a wonderful Christmas doll!" Then he points to the bed where the blanket lies

In a queer little bundle: "That's my surprise. Why don't you answer? You're deadly pale; You tremble and shiver, you sob and wail. Answer! Where's Mollie?" "Oh, Niles," she said,

## AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS DINNER

**MENU**

Oysters.  
Piles Marmites, St. James  
Cream of Artichokes ..... Morlaissienne

FISH  
Boiled Pompano, Moulins Rouge  
Filet of Salmon a la Doris  
Carp, Scandinavian Style ..... Smelts a la Meibla  
Household cucumbers

Celery, Radishes, Olives, Salted Almonds.

RELVE  
Saddle of Mutton, Piemontaise  
Tenderloin of Beef, Larded, with Green Pease  
Smithfield Ham, au Supreme, d'Americaine

ENTREES  
Sweetbreads Idealistrique a la Grandi Chicken  
a la Cordon-Rose  
Solmis of Woodcock, a la Chateaufort  
a la Marie Antoinette  
Lamb Cutlets, a la Chevalier Terropin, a la Holland House  
Sorbet Monte Carlo

ROASTS  
Rhode Island Turkey Stuffed with Chestnuts  
Boiled Onions  
Sucking Pig, a la Bourgeoise, with Apple Sauce  
Baked Sweet Potatoes

VEGETABLES  
Boiled white Potatoes, Stewed Squash, Stewed Turnips  
Celery Stewed in Cream, Fried Egg Plant, Green Corn

PASTRY  
English Plum Hudding, Mince Pie, Charlotte d'Oranges

DESSERT  
Malaga Grapes, Oranges, White Mocha Ice Cream  
Nuts and Raisins, Toasted Crockets, Cheese  
Coffee

Lost on the prairie and doomed to die if heaven prove deaf to his feeble cry. He leaps from his pony, he searches long; He feels it; he has it within his strong. Rough hands; he presses it to his breast—A place of shelter, a place of rest. "Don't cry, little honey, you'll catch more cold." And he wrapped the child in many a fold Of his blanket coarse, and he hugged it tight. To his big, broad breast, but the blizzard's blight Still strove to wither its tender life. He mounted his pony, and then the strife With the wolfish wind, and the blinding snow. And the biting cold (that the plainmen know When the Storm Fiend flies) began once more, And under his breath Niles Nelson swore.

Then a silence fell in the tumult wild, And he heard the voice of the little child: "Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord my soul to keep;

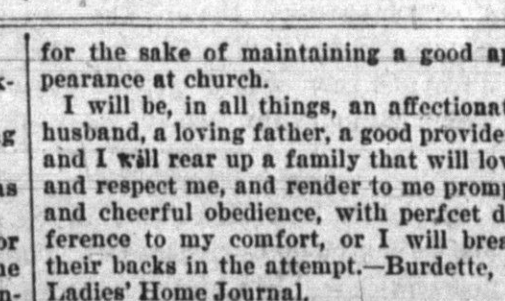
"My God, how can I? Oh, Niles, she's dead." "Dead?" "Yes, Niles, she's lost in the snow; To-day was pleasant, and Mollie would go On the prairie to play, and she didn't come back.

When the night shut down, all stormy and black, I set the lamp on the window sill, Rushed into the storm and sought her until The blizzard drifted me back to the door, That shall open for Mollie, our Mollie, no more."

Niles Nelson stood like a statue of stone; Then he raised his hand and said, with a groan: "Is there a God that will kill a child And bring its father across the wild Of wintry plains to save from death The child of another?" He drew his breath With a savage hiss, as he snatched away The blanket in which the baby lay. The blue eyes open; the rose lips call: "Oh, papa, you're home! Now I want my doll."

for the sake of maintaining a good appearance at church. I will be, in all things, an affectionate husband, a loving father, a good provider; and I will rear up a family that will love and respect me, and render to me prompt and cheerful obedience, with perfect deference to my comfort, or I will break their backs in the attempt.—Burdette, in Ladies' Home Journal.

An Ocular Demonstration.



"LITTLE GIRL, I WANT TO GO HOME."

him on board the morning express. Jenny would tell us that she was in Cincinnati. But she was a conductor, an address for a wire. He looked very hard at the little girl, and about half way down the wire, he clutched Jenny's hand hard. The little girl threw herself upon him, as if her heart would break. Poor Jenny was gone.

Joe paused a moment and looked at the fire.

"Well," he said, "to cut it short, we got into Chicago Johnny's father there. I led him to where the boy was. He looked very hard at the little girl, and about half way down the wire, he clutched Jenny's hand hard. The little girl threw herself upon him, as if her heart would break. Poor Jenny was gone."

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## CANDIES FOR CHRISTMAS.

Sweetmeats for the Delectation of the Boys and Girls.

It would not seem Christmas to the little people without candy, any more than it would without dolls, and even older ones would have the same feeling if something sweet were missing. There are many pretty ways of serving bon-bons with the Christmas dinner. Pretty dishes filled with them can be placed upon the table. Dainty bags of various colored silks, with sprays of flowers painted upon them and filled with bon-bons, either with dinner card attached or name painted upon them, are pleasing souvenirs. The variety of candies that can be made at home is infinite as to color, shape and flavor. The purity and cheapness of these manufactures are worthy of consideration, also. Here are a few good recipes:

French vanilla cream—Break into a bowl the white of one or more eggs, as is required by the quantity you wish to make and add to it an equal quantity of cold water; then stir in the finest powdered or confectioners' sugar until it is stiff enough to mold into shape with the fingers. Flavor with vanilla to taste. After it is formed into balls, cubes or lozenges, place upon plates to dry. Candies made without cooking are not as good the first day. This cream is the foundation of all the French creams.

Nut creams—Chop almonds, hickory-nuts, butternuts or English walnuts quite fine. Make the French cream, and before adding all the sugar while the cream is still quite soft, stir into it the nuts, and then form into balls, bars or squares. Three or four kinds of nuts may be mixed together.

Maple sugar creams—Grate maple sugar, mix it in quantities to suit the taste, with French cream, adding enough confectioners' sugar to mold into any shape desired. Walnut creams are sometimes made with maple sugar, and are delicious.

Orange drops—Grate the rind of one orange and squeeze the juice, taking care to reject the seeds. Add to this a pinch of tartaric acid; stir in confectioners' sugar until it is stiff enough to form into

## JOHNNY AND JENNY.

THE BRAKEMAN'S STORY OF ONE NEW YEAR'S EVE.

It was To'd in the Caboose of a Certain Train Between Stations—What a Story of Holding the Front" of No. 6 in a Storm of Sleet.

A Fad Romance.

It was so quiet on the side, that when the long freight train would come to a standstill with an awkward jerk, we could almost hear the drifting flakes as they fell. The soft coal fire spluttered fitfully in the old fashioned, cast iron stove. With a knowing prescience why, we sat motionless in silence. We were four hours behind time.

Sitting in the little red caboose, running along through a blind fog of snow with a flying express at our heels gave an uncanny sensation. The brakeman who had boarded the train at Dubuque sat morosely on a pile of grips. A couple of shippers anxiously discussed the prospects for getting their stock to market. At the entrance of Joe, the brakeman, however, the glum little party seemed to thaw. He swung down off the roof to a cheery sort of fashion.

"Joe," said one of the shippers, "we're going to reach Chicago in time for a New Year's dinner?"

"Isn't this good enough for you to be in? How'd you like to be out braving to-night?"

"Tain't no snap, that's a fact."

"No, you bet it ain't," Joe declared. "But this ain't a patching to what it is sometimes. Somehow to-night reminds me of the night after New Year's two years ago. That was when we brought Johnny Haines home. Guess you know Johnny," he added, turning to the shipper.

"None. Heard of him. Go on, Joe. What was the story?"

"Not much of a one," Joe replied apologetically. "Just a brakeman's yarn. The first day I ever saw Johnny Haines I thought he was about the handsomest lad I ever set eyes on. He came up on No. 6 on his first trip, and there was a girl along the road that hadn't a smile for him as he went by. One of the fellows told us Johnny belonged to a good family but got kicked out for some reason or other."

Joe stopped, pulled vigorously at his pipe for a few minutes, and finally the rather husky voice went on:

"Up the road not very far from here there is a pretty little farm and right at the corner of it was a water tank. It happened that on this farm there was a dark-eyed little girl who was the idol of all the boys along the road. To woo her to win with Johnny, and regular as the train passed the farm Jenny was always there to meet him. Things ran along through the summer and fall, and we found out that Johnny had been promised a raise, and along about the holidays was going to get married. I used to wonder, though, that every once in a while his brow would cloud up, as if he was thinking of something that New Year's Eve, and with the snow and sleet and the cold it gave us no end of trouble. So parted three or four times, and it was dangerous work setting brakes or getting down to make couplings. Several times we thought we were stalled in drifts. We wanted to get through to Chicago, for the next day was New Year's, and all hands had a day off. Johnny and I fought like heavers against the cold. I was more anxious about him than myself, and was warning him how a sudden fling might send a man flying down under the wheels, when the whistle sounded down brakes. Johnny ran ahead, and through the snow and the dark recognized the water tank. Just at the moment the train gave a frightful jerk, and I saw the engine go rearing in the air, a lantern swing wildly and go down for dear life. We stopped in ten or twenty yards and I swung off the car to try and mad."

"Something made me feel that Johnny had gone under the wheels, and when I crawled ahead a few cars there I picked him, lying all white and still. We picked him up and started to carry him to the house—where Jenny lived. I saw the wheels had gone over the door of the white little face came to the door and looked at us a moment, but Jenny didn't faint or cry. We just carried him to put him on the bed and she took care of him. One of the boys rode over to a doctor. Johnny lay very quiet, and the doctor's examination was finished, and then pulling Jenny's hand weakly, he said in a husky voice, 'Little girl, I want to go home.' And that he insisted on the rest of the night. We decided to go."

"LITTLE GIRL, I WANT TO GO HOME."



"LITTLE GIRL, I WANT TO GO HOME."

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## THE CHELSEA STANDARD

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

BY O. T. HOOVER.

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CHELSEA, THURSDAY, Dec. 19, 1895.

The grocery of R. A. Snyder was closed under a chattel mortgage held by W. J. Gould & Co. of Detroit, Friday night last.

J. C. Wirt, who lives over beyond Munith has a pair of spectacles over 300 years old. That portion of the glass through which the sight penetrates is worn very thin by three centuries of use and looks as if reamed out for the space of a quarter of an inch. These ancient spectacles are a great curiosity.

Our merchants are mourning the departure of the fine sleighing that we had been enjoying. (When we say "we" in the above sentence, we do not mean the editorial "we," as we did not enjoy the sleighing). Before the storm the stores were crowded with purchasers, many of whom came for miles to avail themselves of the bargains offered by our enterprising merchants.

Edward Belknap of Fowerville took out a license last August and married Ella Bristol, swearing that she was 16 years old. The couple lived together about a month, when Belknap left for parts unknown. He was located in Illinois, and Deputy Sheriff Dibble arrested him and brought him to Howell, where he is now awaiting in jail to answer to the charge of false swearing, the girl being only 14 years old.

The hunters of Henrietta township, Jackson county, have found a new scheme to make money. The town of Henrietta pays a bounty of 20 cents for woodchuck scalps, while Waterloo pays a bounty of but 15 cents. They go over to Waterloo and pay 15 cents for them, come back to Henrietta, throw the scalps into the air and catch them, and then swear they caught them in Henrietta, and receive a bounty of 20 cents.

The program is out announcing a Rival Conference to be held in the M. E. church at Manchester, Tuesday and Wednesday, January 7 and 8, 1896. This is especially in the interest of Adrian District. We notice that Rev. D. C. Riehl is to give an "Illustrated Birds-eye View of Heart Purity" on Wednesday morning, a chalk talk on "The Christian Warfare and Warrior" in the afternoon and our "Illustrated Sermon—The Two Ways" in the evening. Rev. C. L. Adams preaches the sermon, Tuesday evening. It will doubtless be a very profitable meeting.

Sylvan.

"The Man of Galilee" will be the subject of the morning discourse at the Union church next Sunday.

Don't forget to see "Santa Claus" at our church Tuesday evening, December 24. It will be a treat.

Edward Hammond has rented the H. C. Boyd farm and will move upon it in the near future. His sister Florence will keep house for him.

A very conspicuous placard is hung up in the Union church which reads as follows: Persons must not occupy rear seats during any religious service unless all others are taken.

Unadilla.

Pearl Hastuff is on the sick list. Nina Davis was the guest of Maud May Sunday.

Mrs. Merringer was the guest of Ceal Davis Sunday.

Farmers are all busy hauling their winter's wood and hay.

Miss Ella Montague visited at her home in this place Sunday.

School is progressing finely under the management of Mr. Farnam.

Unadilla boasts of a couple of wood choppers who can cut eight cords a day.

George Montague and wife just returned from a visit at their daughter, Mrs. Lottie D. Wittle in Howell.

Holiday Excursions.

To Canadian points, an excursion rate of one lowest first class fare for the round trip is authorized for this occasion. Dates of sale, December 19, 20, and 21. Limit for return not later than January 9, 1896.

An excursion rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip is authorized for this occasion. Dates of sale, December 24, 25, and 31, and January 1, 1896. Good to return not later than January 2d.

Pay the printer!

**Knight of the Maccabees.**  
The State Commander writes us from Lincoln, Neb., as follows: "After trying other medicines for what seemed to be a very obstinate cough in our two children we tried Dr. King's New Discovery and at the end of two days the cough entirely left them. We will not be without it hereafter, as our experience proves that it cures where all other remedies fail." Signed F. W. Stevens, State Com.—Why not give this great medicine a trial, as it is guaranteed and trial bottles are free at Bank Drug Store. Regular size 50 and \$1.00.

Mr. Ira P. Wetmore, a prominent real estate agent of San Angelo, Texas, has used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in his family for several years as occasion required, and always with perfect success. He says: "I find it a perfect cure for our baby when troubled with colic or dysentery. I now feel that my outfit is not complete without a bottle of this remedy at home or on a trip away from home. For sale by F. P. Glazier."

It May Do as Much for You.

Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, Ill., writes that he had a severe kidney trouble for many years, with severe pains in his back and also that his bladder was affected. He tried many so called kidney cures but without any good result. About a year ago he began use of Electric Bitters and found relief at once. Electric Bitters is especially adapted to cure of all kidney and liver troubles and often gives almost instant relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price only 50c. for large bottle. At Bank Drug Store.

Hall's Hair Renewer enjoys the confidence and patronage of people all over the civilized world, who use it to restore and keep the hair a natural color.

Any one who has children will rejoice with L. B. Mulford, of Plainfield, N. J. His little boy, five years of age, was sick with croup. For two days and nights he tried various remedies recommended by friends and neighbors. He says: "I thought sure I would lose him. I had seen Chamberlain's Cough Remedy advertised and thought I would try it as a last hope, and am happy to say that after two doses he awoke next morning. I gave it to him next day and a cure was effected. I keep this remedy in the house now and as soon as any of my children show signs of croup I give it to them and that is the last of it." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by F. P. Glazier & Co., Bank Drug Store.

For rheumatism I have found nothing equal to Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It relieves the pain as soon as applied. J. W. Young, West Liberty, W. Va. The prompt relief it affords is alone worth many times the cost, 50 cents. Its continued use will effect a permanent cure. For sale by F. P. Glazier & Co., Bank Drug Store.

We carry the finest line of silverware in this part of the county, and make the lowest prices. Our guarantee goes with every piece. Remember the Bank Drug Store.

Stop that cough with a bottle of White Pine Balsam. It has no equal for breaking up a severe cold. Sold only by F. P. Glazier & Co.

Chas. Steinbach wishes to trade harnesses and blankets for wood. He is making some very low prices for the next sixty days.

C. E. Whitaker is selling rock salt, 56 lbs for 25 cents.

Fresh oysters at the Bank Drug Store at workingman's prices. Standards 18c per can, selects 23c per can.

A full blood Poland China boar, two years old, for service. Inquire at Seney farm, Lima.

## 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.

## THE OLDEST AND THE BEST

Cough-cure, the most prompt and effective remedy for diseases of the throat and lungs, is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. As an emergency medicine, for the cure of Croup, Sore Throat, Lung Fever and Whooping Cough.



### AYER'S

Cherry Pectoral cannot be equaled. E. M. BRAWLEY, D. D., Dis. Sec. of the American Baptist Publishing Society, Petersburg, Va., endorses it, as a cure for violent colds, bronchitis, etc. Dr. Brawley also adds: To all ministers suffering from throat troubles, I recommend

## AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Awarded Medal at World's Fair.

AYER'S PILLS Cure Liver and Stomach Troubles.

### Mortgage Sale.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made and executed by John T. Feldkamp and Susanna F. Feldkamp, his wife, of the township of Sharon, county of Washtenaw, state of Michigan, to Matthew J. Flynn of the township of Sharon, county and state aforesaid, dated November 17, A. D. 1881, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds for said Washtenaw county, Michigan, on the 18th day of November, A. D. 1881, in liber 62 of mortgages, on page 25, which said mortgage was duly assigned by said Matthew J. Flynn to Luther James by assignment thereof dated the 17th day of November, 1881, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds for said Washtenaw county, on the 20th day of said November, A. D. 1881, in liber 10 of assignments of mortgages on page 314 and which said mortgage was duly assigned by Thomas S. Sears and Lewis W. James, executors of the last will and testament of said Luther James, deceased, to James L. Babcock by assignment thereof dated the 28th day of August, A. D. 1895, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds for said Washtenaw county on the 29th day of Oct., 1895, by which default the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at law or equity having been commenced to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed on the 4th day of February, 1896, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the south front door of the Court House in the City of Ann Arbor, Washtenaw County, Michigan, (that being the place for holding the Circuit Court for said county by a sale of the said premises therein described, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount then due on said mortgage, together with the cost of this proceeding and the attorney fee of thirty dollars against said premises. Said premises are described as follows: All those certain pieces or parcels of land situated in the township of Sharon, in the County of Washtenaw and State of Michigan, and described as follows, to-wit: The north half of the northeast quarter of section twenty-three (23) containing eighty acres of land more or less, also the east half of the south half of the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section number thirteen in township three south, range three east, containing ten acres of land more or less.

Dated October 31, 1895. JAMES L. BABCOCK, Assignee of Mortgage. G. W. TURNBULL, Attorney for Assignee.

### R-I-P-A-N-S

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



## GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES

The World's Best.

At reduced prices from Dec. 5th until after the holidays. Our stock is complete at lowest prices to catch the holiday trade. Get our price on Fancy Chairs, Rockers, Upholstered Furniture, Bed Room Suits, Book Cases, Dining Chairs, Tables, etc. Also in our Hardware Stock are many things to be found that will make useful Holiday presents at the right price. Now is the time to make your selections. New designs in picture molding. Woven Wire Springs and Mattresses a specialty during this sale.

## W. J. KNAPP.

Pay the printer!

If you want the very choicest cream candy, go to the Bank Drug Store after it as they always make a point of having it fresh.

Pay the printer!

## 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' Remedies 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.

## TRUE ECONOMY

is to buy your Clothing from

J. J. RAFTREY

Largest stock, and lowest prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

## Special Prices

on holiday dress suits, business suits, and overcoats.

## Pants Pants Pants

\$3, \$4, \$4.50, \$5, \$5.50 and up

I solicit a call.

### Probate Order.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, s. s. At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Tuesday, the 25th day of November in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five. Present, J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Orman Clark deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified of Chauncey P. Clark and Dick Clark, praying that a certain instrument now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased may be admitted to probate and that administration of said estate may be granted to them, with the executor named in said will or to some other suitable person. Thereupon it is ordered that Monday, the 23d day of December, next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition and that the devisees, legatees and heirs-at-law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, Michigan, and there to cause, if any thereof, to be with the prayer of the petition should not be granted. And it is further ordered that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the time and place of said hearing, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Chelsea Standard, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, by a sale of the said premises therein described, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount then due on said mortgage, together with the cost of this proceeding and the attorney fee of thirty dollars against said premises. Said premises are described as follows: All those certain pieces or parcels of land situated in the township of Sharon, in the County of Washtenaw and State of Michigan, and described as follows, to-wit: The north half of the northeast quarter of section twenty-three (23) containing eighty acres of land more or less, also the east half of the south half of the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section number thirteen in township three south, range three east, containing ten acres of land more or less.

Dated October 31, 1895. JAMES L. BABCOCK, Assignee of Mortgage. G. W. TURNBULL, Attorney for Assignee.

Wm. Dorr, Probate Register.

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## Our Fine Perfumes

In elegant cut glass bottles are highly praised by all who see them as a fine and suitable gift for Christmas. Fancy atomizers, fine novelties in celluloid, puff and soap boxes, trays all sizes, fancy baskets, brushes, combs, mirrors, manicure sets, fancy purses, hot water bags that are always useful and no family ought to be without one. A few more picture books to close out cheap. Christmas presents for all.

We warrant our Head-ache Powders to cure.

R. S. ARMSTRONG & CO.

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

You can make fifteen elegant Christmas Presents to fifteen of your relatives and best friends for \$2 by sitting now, for fifteen of our fadeless, waterproof

## AMERICAN ARISTO PHOTOS.

How can you provide fifteen as satisfactory presents for fifteen persons for the same amount?

## COME NOW

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

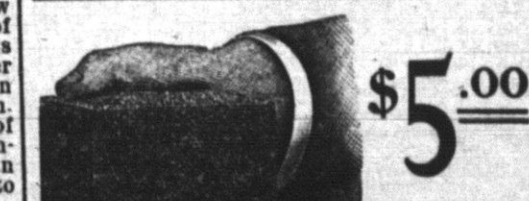
E. E. SHAVER, PHOTOGRAPHER.

## R-I-P-A-N-S

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

### 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



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For sale by F. P. Glazier & Co., Druggists

### R McCOLGAN.

Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur

Office and residence corner of Main and Park Streets.

Graduate of Philadelphia Polytechnic in diseases of eye, ear, nose and throat.

CHELSEA, Mich.

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## MEANING OF CHRISTMAS.

On That Day Was Born a Savior Who is Christ the Lord.

Long, long ago, so far back that it cannot be definitely traced, the latter days of December were set apart for the festivities pertaining to pagan worship. Perhaps its earliest observance began with the celebration of the winter solstice and of festivities held in honor of Saturn and Bacchus. Today Christmas is celebrated throughout the world not for its pagan ancestry but for its meaning as the Christian festival of the nativity.

The keynote of Christmas joy is "Peace on earth good will to men." The first Christmas day that ever dawned brought rejoicing in its wake, on that day there was born in Bethlehem, Judea, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. For those weary with sin, for those oppressed with sorrows, for the troubled in mind, for the weak and helpless he came. But not to these alone. To the joyful and happy ones, to those rich in this world's goods, to the successful and prosperous he came. To the whole world he appeared. None was forgotten by him. And now to the outcast and to the weary one, to the rich man and to the joyful child he says the words, "Learn of me."

If you suffer, Christ pities you. If you be lonely, he is with you. If you repent of sin, he will keep you in safety.

If you have great possessions, he says unto you "Give to the poor." On Christmas day at least "let all wrath and glamor and evil speaking be done away" and let every one sing, with the heart, "Glory to God in the highest." —New York Mercury.

### A Rare Treat.

Such was the lecture of President Wm. H. Crawford of Allegheny College which he gave in the opera house Monday evening last. For an hour and a half he held his audience to the closest attention as he vividly portrayed the wonderful character of that great Italian reformer, Savonarola. The verdict of one who had heard Dr. Gunsaulus on the same theme was that this is the greater lecture. Another said "it was worth the price of a ticket for the whole course of entertainments." The lecture was certainly in every respect the work of a master. His descriptions were vivid and picturesque. His portrayal of the vices and corruptions of the age was startling, and made a splendid background for the one central figure conspicuous alike for his greatness and his goodness. The tragic scenes were given with wonderful power. No one could have heard the lecture without being impressed with the nobility of true character. President Crawford has certainly stamped as a lie the prevalent idea that the popular audience cannot be highly entertained by the straight forward presentation of a historical theme but that the lecturer must descend to the low plane of stale jokes and worn-out puns. The Chelsea people will be only too glad of his return for another lecture at a later date.

### PERSONAL.

Rev. Dr. Holmes is in Battle Creek to-day.

Dr. W. A. Conlan spent Sunday in Detroit.

Miss Lettie Ward spent Sunday with Ann Arbor friends.

Miss Mabel Hassler is visiting her mother in Lansing.

W. W. Wedemeyer of Ann Arbor was in town Monday.

Miss Laura Lane entertained Ben Turner of Jackson, Sunday.

Chas. Letts of Detroit was in town the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Morton are Battle Creek visitors to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Wurster spent Sunday with relatives in Scio.

Ed. and Bert Foster of Grass Lake spent Sunday with relatives here.

Mrs. S. G. Ives has returned from an extended visit among Eastern friends.

E. L. Schumacher of Ann Arbor was the guest of his parents here Sunday.

Born, December 3, 1895 to Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Sullivan, of Hillsdale, a son.

Frank Baus of Elyria, O., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Spiegelberg.

Mrs. A. J. Stedman of Ann Arbor has been a guest at the home of I. Storms.

Miss Mae Wood entertained Clarence B. Cone of Sheboygan, Wis., Sunday last.

Miss Ida Schumacher entertained Miss Hannah Andrews of Ann Arbor Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Howell of Eaton Rapids were the guests of friends here last week.

Miss Kate Hooker entertained Mrs. Fannie Watkins of Grass Lake the first of the week.

Chas. Miller went to Ypsilanti, last week where he has entered Cleary's Business College.

Mrs. C. L. Harrington and Mrs. J. O. Thompson and children of Dexter spent last Saturday with Jas. Harrington and family.

## County and Vicinity.

The anniversary of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Edmond Robinson occurs on the 28th of this month. —Grass Lake News.

The Fowlerville Observer started on No. 1 of Vol. V last week. The Observer is one of our brightest exchanges, and we wish Bro. Peek continued success.

The board of regents of the U. of M. at a recent meeting decided to remove the dome from University hall, as they consider it unsafe, and it will be done as soon as possible.

Dr. Chadwick's aged father lies sick at the Doctor's residence in this village. Although receiving the best medical attention and the affectionate care of the family, the venerable man does not seem to improve. —Grass Lake News.

We were shown a very fine pair of buck's horns a few days since, that have been in the possession of Edmond Robinson for about 50 years. In fact Mr. Robinson himself shot the buck from which they were taken, in the township of Sharon about a mile west of the big tamarack swamp in that township. This was in 1845. Mr. Robinson values this wreck of pioneer days, when the deer and the bear roamed the unreclaimed wilds of all Michigan. These fine antlers may be seen at the Farmers' bank. —Grass Lake News.

We were most agreeably surprised and delighted on Wednesday afternoon when a lady, who wishes her name withheld, came gracefully into our office and asked if we would be offended. We immediately smelled something good and promptly replied that we would not. Then the big hearted lady gave us a large box containing one large loaf of snowy white bread, one grand fruit cake, a large sack of doughnuts and several pounds of the sweetest butter. Then to cap the climax a cream cake of the daintiest nature and the finest we ever tasted was handed to us. The old saying "the proper way to a man's heart is through his stomach" is fully demonstrated. We are very thankful to the lady and would like to mention her name, but she said "no." The slimness of this paper is accounted for from the fact that we ate too much cake. —Fowlerville Observer. That last remark was an unkind cut. If the cake had been made by a Chelsea lady you could have eaten a dozen of them without any ill effects. You never hear of a Chelsea man having dyspepsia.

Town Hall is in a dangerous condition. The west wall from the tops of the arched windows up, is badly cracked and the fissures are so wide on the inside that plastering has fallen down and the top window north, which is open, cannot be shut. The east wall is also cracked but not so badly, and the plastering in many places is loosened. The structure is in a most perilous shape, and it is the judgment of The News that a competent architect should be called to examine the walls and determine whether or not the lives of audiences gathered inside would be endangered because of the buildings unsafe condition. It seems to be the general conviction that the foundations of the hall were always unsatisfactory from the soft and yielding nature of the ground. In fact, after the south wall had been built up a few feet, it had to be taken down again, because it settled and cracked so badly. It would be a catastrophe too horrible to contemplate were the building to collapse when filled with people. It may possibly be secure, but if so the public should be so assured by a professional architect. —Grass Lake News.

If you want clean  
Shirts, Collars  
and Cuffs for the

**HOLIDAYS**

send them in  
early.  
Don't put it off  
too long.

Chelsea Steam Laundry.

## CAPACITY TO SATISFY

IS OUR

**STRENGTH**

We firmly believe that the buying public is not satisfied with cheap and inferior eatables at any

**PRICE**

And in compliance with this belief we steer our course. The daily number of buyers who visit our establishment testify to the growing popularity of

**Freeman's Table Supply House**

People who want strictly fresh goods and the best there are, like to go there.

**FOR CHRISTMAS**

Beautiful and useful Banquet Lamps, get our prices on them before you buy, we have a nice assortment both in onyx and bronze.

**FANCY CROCKERY  
AND  
CHINA WARE**

We have so many pretty things and so useful, then the prices are so low you will not need to hesitate about buying, for we are determined to close out as many goods as possible before Christmas.

**LOOK AT OUR  
DISPLAY**

Of fancy Plates, Oat Meal Dishes, Salad Dishes, Fruit Dishes, Fancy Tea Pots, Cups and Saucers, Toilet Sets, Dinner Sets, Etc.

Our Customers

**TELL US**

That We Have

The largest and choicest stock of Raisins, Prunes, Dates, Figs, Currants, Apricots, Lemon, Orange and Citron Peel, Nuts, Candies, Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, Granberries, Grapes, and in fact everything in the line of fancy groceries.

Our Aim is to Satisfy  
those who Patronize us.

You money will go farthest by dealing with

**FREEMAN**

For Table Supplies and Crockery, No. 7 South Main St.

**WE'D LIKE  
TO SEE YOU,**

You who think you cannot be suited in a Suit, Overcoat or Pants. We have provided for everybody. Less price for the same value, or better value for the same price.

**GEO. WEBSTER,**  
Merchant Tailor.

**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.**

## CLOSING OUT

Ladies' Jackets and Capes at

**One-third Off**

All new, made up late this season. These garments were consigned to us by one of the largest and best cloak manufacturers of New York with instructions to sell at what they would bring. Our stock being sold low we concluded to give them a whirl and will offer every one of these high class, stylish garments at not one cent over two-thirds actual value. No better goods, no nobbler goods to be found anywhere.

\$6.00 jacket will cost \$4.00  
7.50 jacket will cost 5.00  
10.00 jacket or cape will cost 6.65  
12.00 jacket or cape will cost 8.00  
15.00 jacket or cape will cost 10.00  
18.00 jacket or cape will cost 12.00  
20.00 jacket or cape will cost 13.35  
25.00 jacket or cape will cost 16.65

And Here's Another,

All odds and ends from our Clothing Department consisting of men's suits, boys' suits, and overcoats piled on one table and you can have your pick at

**One-half Price.**

No fake. If we didn't sell them this way, we wouldn't advertise to do so. Every suit or overcoat sold from this table goes for less than the cost of the material from which it was made.

Now is Your Chance.

Bring along the boys and have them supplied with clothing while you can save money. No shoddy. We will not handle that class of plunder. Whoever gets fitted on this table, and there are nearly all sizes now, pays \$2.50 for a good, honest boys' 5.00 suit or overcoat. 3.00 for a 6.00 suit or overcoat. 4.00 for an 8.00 suit or overcoat. 5.00 for a 10.00 suit or overcoat. All goods advertised here are strictly cash. If not satisfactory, money will be refunded.

**W. P. SCHENK & CO**

**Santa Claus'**

**Headquarters.**

Christmas is coming, and in order to please young and old, we are filling up our stores with the largest and best assortment of Holiday Goods we have ever had, consisting of

**Celluloid Novelties**

In necktie, glove, collar and cuff handkerchief, jewel, stationary and photo boxes. Also regular line of

**Plush and Celluloid**

Albums, toilet cases, jewel boxes, perfume boxes, work boxes, whisk broom holders, in

**China Goods**

Our stock is immense, we have every thing that you can think of and talking about dolls, we have them, all sizes and styles from 5c to \$5. In toys we have iron and tin, and a big lot to select from. Also silverware and cutlery, books and

**Furniture**

We have prepared ourselves for a large trade, and our stock of plain and fancy rockers both in wood and rattan cannot be beaten, also parlor furniture, tables, book cases, music racks, couches, bedroom suits, and chairs of all descriptions. If you need candies, nuts or fruit, be sure and see us. Hand sleds, skates, cutters, sewing machines,

**HOAG & HOLMES.**

We are making low prices on lamps and stoves to close out









## CHAPTER XVIII.

That night was the bitterest of all to Aube. Her heart had been full of regrets for the past, she had felt a cruel pang at the thought of losing so true a friend as Lucie, and the color had mounted to her cheeks as she had recalled her last meeting with Paul, and she had asked herself whether she loved him, as she knew he must love her. But she had shrunk from this inquisition, not daring to look into her heart of hearts lest she should find the truth and suffer more bitterly than she suffered now.

By a strong effort of will she had again that day to thrust the past further away from her, to forget all in her career, and strive to be the loving daughter for whom Nonsie had looked so long. Saintone had come there, had had that interview with her mother, in which with its warm glow reflected to her own she had seen her mother's love for her expand, she had realized her self-denial and willingness to sacrifice herself that her child might rise to a different grade; and in those moments she had felt that it would be easy to return her love as a devoted daughter, and that happiness was not impossible even there.

Then Saintone had received his rebuff, and in spite of the pain and excitement of the scene, Aube had felt her heart glow and a new light breaking in upon her life when the clouds had once more gathered round her. Paul had come, and she had seen the hope and love which beamed in her mother's eyes darken in despair. Paul, the man she knew now that she loved, the man who had followed her even there, had looked with horror upon her home and treated her long-suffering mother with bitter, cruel contempt.

How that evening passed she could not tell. Paul and his friend had been there all that time, and they had gone at last, after Paul had said words to her which she could not recall; leaving her, as it were, stunned by her position, and Nonsie gazing at her from time to time with a mournful, despairing look in her eyes which cut her to the heart.

But she could not speak, she could not even try to comfort her, and with her heart overburdened with the chained-up loving words she longed to speak, their parting that night was constrained and cold.

Cherubine had gone also to her room, and the place was silent as Nonsie stole into the nest she had prepared with such loving hands for her child. A bitter resentment filled her heart, and she looked angrily around in the darkness. But this passed away, and was succeeded by a painful sadness which she did nothing to combat, and she slowly and silently crept about the room with her tears falling fast, to lay her hand softly and lovingly upon the book Aube had been reading, upon her work, which she raised and kissed, and then upon the keys of the piano, one of which gave out a low, faint note.

"My darling! My own husband's very own!" she sighed as she stood at last with her hands pressed to her brow. Then sinking on her knees and closing her hands she uttered a low wail.

"George, dearest," she cried in a low, painful voice; "she loves him and he loves her, there is no room in her breast for me. I have done all you wished, and the world is empty to me now. Take me to you, darling, and let me die."

There was silence hand in hand with the darkness now in the little room, and misery and despair seemed to combine to crush the wretched woman down.

"It would be so easy," she said—"like sleeping to wake no more, and she would be happy then. He could take her back with him to the other land. All I have is hers! She would soon forget me—the servant who stands between her and her love. So easy!"

She started to her feet full of energy once more.

"No, not yet," she whispered. "What did his son say?—send those men away, while their lives are safe. With me gone he might come, and she would be so helpless."

She stood gazing away into the darkness, picturing her child's future, and realizing how her help was needed for her protection.

"Not yet, George," she said, at last, in a low, sweet voice. "Not yet. Yes, she shall go with him, for she loves him—back to the other land. It will only be another parting, as I sent her once before. And then—"

She drew a long breath, and there was firmness and decision in her next movements, as she went to the door, but paused with her hand resting on the side.

"Like his father," she said. "He might kill him or—the Voudous—"

"Ah," she ejaculated, with her lips apart. Then with a sigh of relief, "Perhaps I am as strong there as he. Yes, she loves him. Back to the other land, and then—then—George, dearest, I am weary now; take me to you. I want to see you once again."

She crept to her room, but turned and listened by that which had been prepared with loving care for Aube; and after a little hesitation she opened the door silently, and a faint light illumined her sad face, as at a glance she saw that the bed was untenanted, and that Aube was kneeling by a chair with her face buried in her hands.

Nonsie crept in silently till she could stand with her hands extended over her child's head as if longing to rest them there, but not caring to disturb her, and she stood in this attitude for some minutes, even her lips parting as she bent forward with the gesture of kissing the glossy head so near.

"Asleep, dearest?" she whispered at last.

Aube sprang to her feet, startled by the

Nonsie's neck, nestling on her breast as if to find rest and protection there.

"Not in bed, dear?" said Nonsie, softly stroking back the girl's disheveled hair.

"No, I could not sleep."

"Praying?" said Nonsie, softly.

"Yes, mother, for strength. The pain is so hard to bear."

"So hard to bear," said Nonsie, echoing her words, as she raised her face and gazed tenderly in her eyes, "so hard to bear," she said again. "And you love him, Aube—you love him, Lucie's brother, who has followed you across the sea?"

"Mother!" cried Aube.

"Yes," said Nonsie, softly. "You love him and he loves you."

"He told me he loved me."

"And you?"

Aube looked at her wildly, and then with a passionate burst of sobbing she buried her face in her mother's breast.

Nonsie caressed her gently for a few minutes, and then said softly:

"Well—he loves you—and he has come to take you back."

She uttered a low sigh, which seemed torn in agony from her heart, and then said gently:

"I am rich, dearest, and it is Fate. He shall take you back. You will be happy, and I can go on and wait."

Aube raised her face, and shook back her long loose hair as, with dilating eyes, she gazed in her mother's face, and for a few moments there was silence.

"Go!" faltered Aube, at last, "back to Paris—leave you?"

"Yes, dearest—he loves you—you promised him your love once there?"

"No, no, no!" cried Aube, wildly.

"But you love him, my own?"

"Mother, I do not know," cried Aube, wildly. "But go with him—leave you? It is impossible. I could not go."

"Yes; you could go," said Nonsie, softly, and with smiling, loving face, though every word she uttered gave her an agonizing pain. "It is to make you happy, dearest, that I have lived all these years alone, and worked for that."

"Yes," cried Aube, excitedly. "I did not see it all at first. I know it now. Leave you, mother, knowing all this; what you have done for me—you think I would go. Have I not knelt and prayed for strength—for forgetfulness—that all this might be past? Mother, it is cruel of him. Why has he come to step between us now?"

"He loves you."

"No, no," cried Aube, frantically, "he cannot love me, or he would love you, too, my own patient, long-suffering mother. He loves me and dare to speak of you as he did to-day! Mother, do you think my heart did not bleed for you—that I did not suffer as I saw you suffer then?"

"Aube! My child!" panted Nonsie, hoarsely.

"Mother, yes, I love him; but it cannot be. Leave you? I would sooner die."

"Don't—don't tempt me, Aube," whispered Nonsie, as she tightened her grasp and her fingers enlaced as if to struggle with some one who was trying to tear her child away. "I will give everything, and you shall go back with him, while I stay and think of my own child, who came to me for awhile in answer to my prayer. Yes, dear, you shall go back—go back soon. But don't tempt me. I cannot bear it, I am so weak."

"Tempt you, mother?"

"With words like those again—those words you spoke to-day before he came. It is to make you happy. You shall go."

Aube uttered a low, piteous sigh, and tightened her arms about her mother's neck, as for some minutes they remained clasped in a loving embrace.

Nonsie broke the silence, and there was a curious excitement in her utterance as she exclaimed:

"Soon; you shall go soon, you could never be happy here. I did not know before. But I did it in my love for you, my own."

"And you did well," said Aube, tenderly, as she now led her mother to a couch. "It would break my heart and I should die."

"Aube," panted Nonsie.

"Yes, Paul will go back and forget me. I could not love him now. It is all past. Mother, dearest, I say again all that I said to-day. I love you, and you alone. No one shall come between us now."

"Aube, my darling," cried Nonsie, as with a fierce strength she dragged her child across her breast and held her tightly there as if she were a babe once more. "I cannot bear it. Don't leave me, or I shall die."

"Leave you, no," whispered Aube, as she clasped her neck and nestled nearer and nearer still.

"Yes—like that," whispered Nonsie. "Like you lay that day when, wild with despair, I was dying. They had taken your father from me, they had killed him before my eyes, and I was dying, too. I tried hard to die that I might go to him; and Cherubine, as I was gliding fast away into the silent land, came and laid you in my arms. The touch made me start, and your little hands caught at me and played about my face, and your tiny lips kissed my cheek, and then you uttered a cry to me, and that cry told me that I must live—for you, dearest."

"Mother!" sighed Aube; and her lips were pressed upon the trembling woman's cheek.

"And I lived—for you. Aube, my darling, I see all now so plainly; but love me as I love you, my own—my own."

"Mother!" whispered Aube, and her voice thrilled her to whom she clung.

"It was to make you happy that I sent you away; and all through those years I waited, wondering whether I could live the time through till you came back to me—those years, those long, weary years. Yes, I know," she continued, with energy. "I am not worthy of you, for I have grown coarse and common; I, darling, who was once nearly as beautiful as you, and he loved me—your father, who gave

you life. But I never thought of that—how plain I grew—for I worked and worked to get money—for you, dearest—to make you what you are. And—Aube, my child, you will stay?"

"Mother, I will never leave you."

"Hah!" cried Nonsie, hysterically, "and you will stay. Aube, my child, I can work for you, and I will try so hard to make you happy. That woman, Madame Saintone, and her daughter, with their scorn and pity. They shall enslave you, my child. And you will stay?"

"Give me your dear love," said Aube, softly, "and help me to forget the past."

"And you will be happy then?"

"And I shall be happy then," whispered Aube. "Mother, dearest, I am happy now."

The hours glided by as they sat upon that couch, locked in each other's arms, the bright sun filling the room at last as if with hope and strength in answer to Aube's prayer.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Aube was sleeping peacefully a little later on, and Nonsie stole away with a look of pride and content upon her countenance, till she heard voices outside, and looking out, saw Cherubine in eager conversation with a couple of the blacks living near.

Their talk was very earnest, and Nonsie trembled slightly, but she drew herself up and waited till the woman entered.

"What is it?" she asked.

The answer she received made her change color and glance toward Aube's room.

"Don't let them, mistress," whispered Cherubine, with her face looking leaden, more than black, and she burst into tears.

"Are you sure?" said Nonsie.

"Yes; they were waiting for them."

"And followed them home?"

"Yes, mistress, but don't let them, pray, pray."

"Hush, hush!" whispered Nonsie. "Don't speak—don't look. I shall do something to stop it. It shall not be done," she added, energetically.

Cherubine's face assumed its wonted aspect directly, and Nonsie stood thinking for a few moments wondering how it would be best to proceed to avert a danger which she felt was grave, and which she saw would call for all the influence she possessed.

She had formed no plans when Aube came down a couple of hours later to find her looking abstracted and troubled, for Saintone's threat seemed to ring in her ears, and she knew that he had an influence to back him which was not his a month or two before.

Breakfast was hardly over, and the trouble was almost forgotten in her newly-found happiness when a fresh complication arose in the shape of a messenger bearing a letter.

Nonsie took it and read it hastily, her countenance changing as she found a postscript in a man's hand whose import she grasped at once.

The words were:

"Remember what I said. She must come."

"Mother, dearest," cried Aube, "why do you look like that? Are you ill?"

"Ill? No, dear; only a little vexed. It is a letter from Madame Saintone, begging that we will not refuse her this time, and that you will go up there to-day."

"No, no; it is impossible," said Aube. Then hastily, "Mother dear, you must be ill."

"No—oh, no; I was only thinking that perhaps—"

She stopped after speaking in a hesitating way.

"Perhaps what, dear?"

"It might be right to be friendly with Madame Saintone, and go there for an hour or two."

Aube was startled by this change of front, and gazed wonderingly at her mother, whose lips parted to falter forth some explanation, when Aube turned crimson and then white, for Paul's voice was heard inquiring for Madame Dulau, and directly after he and Bart were shown in.

(To be continued.)

## In Favor of Bloomers.

A San Francisco merchant, who has been looking at the daily swarm of bicyclists on the boulevard and in Central Park, declares that he is astonished at the popular disturbance over the bloomer question in New York. "Why, you don't know anything about bloomers here," he says. "Not one in a hundred of the women who use wheels here is wearing the mannish garment. It is exactly the opposite in San Francisco. Not more than one in fifty of the wheeling women wear skirts when riding. Then, again, I notice that you inveigh against bloomers on the score of modesty. Well, in San Francisco the boot is on the other foot. Our more modest women say that delicacy is what has forced them into bloomers. You see, we suffer from such constant and strong winds up on the heights and in the park by the Golden Gate, where alone there is level ground for wheeling, that skirts are impossible garments. They cannot be kept down; and therefore the women have to wear something that will not be blown about. We have become so accustomed to them that we no longer take sides upon the question of their fitness. Instead, we are unanimous in our admiration of a pretty woman in a stylish and well-fitted bloomer costume."

—New York Sun.

## Salisbury's Carelessness in Dress.

It is impossible to conceive a more badly-groomed man than Lord Salisbury.

In town he wears the most shocking of hats and the most disreputable-looking of long black dusty frock coats, with a tie all awry and a crumpled shirt, his waistcoat as often as not buttoned askew. His trousers, by reason of their shortness and their fit, would be the despair of any fashionable tailor. At Dieppe, where he is now staying, he is accustomed to drive about with an old plaid shawl over his shoulders, a black soft hat, crushed down over his brows, and a briarwood pipe between his lips, which he rarely opens to talk when out of doors, being noted for his taciturnity.

It is said that cut flowers will keep very fresh if a small pinch of nitrate of potash, or common saltpetre, is put in the water in which they stand. The ends of the stems should be cut off a little every day to keep open the absorbing pores.

## MICHIGAN MATTERS.

### NEWS OF THE WEEK CONCISELY CONDENSED.

**Mrs. Root Is a Very Stubborn Woman—Convict Boot Again on the Ramp—Port Huron Guards Will Not Be Mustered Out.**

**Wouldn't Pay Her Fine.**

Mrs. Mary E. Root, of St. Joseph, who is worth \$20,000, recently had some trouble with one of her woman tenants and struck her. She was arrested and found guilty of assault and battery, but she appealed the case to the Circuit Court, where the justice court verdict was sustained. A day was set for sentence, but she failed to appear, and a bench warrant was issued. She was fined \$15 and costs, amounting to \$35, or two months in jail. To the surprise of her friends she took the jail sentence. Mrs. Root has considerable property, but she could not be persuaded to pay the fine.

**In a Pack of Trouble.**

The State Agricultural society is in a pack of trouble. When the fair was located at Lansing, citizens voted to pay off \$15,000 of indebtedness on the fair ground, then owned by the Central Michigan Society. The total amount invested by Lansing people was \$20,000. The agreement was, if the society failed to hold the fair in Lansing any one year, the property was to revert to the Central Michigan. In 1893, World's Fair year, the Central Michigan waived its rights, but the fair was not held in Lansing in 1894 or 1895, and steps will now be taken to recover the property. The State society owes about \$15,000 to the city. The business committee has induced the Ingham County Savings Bank to renew its note of between \$3,000 and \$9,000. A similar arrangement was made with W. D. Sabin, while conditional promises were secured from the Capitol Lumber Co. and Frank T. Nichols. The committee struck a snag in Fred M. Alsford, who not only refused to renew, but informed the committee that he would at once sue on his claim and after getting a judgment, would get after the property that comes into the possession of the society.

**Too Good to Be Lost.**

The Port Huron Guards will not be mustered out. Assistant Inspector General Williams, of Grand Rapids, says: "Port Huron has had one of the best military companies in the State for the past twenty-three years. No company has a better armory. It is true that there have been differences, but nothing of a serious nature. Of course, I cannot tell you exactly what my report will contain, but the Port Huron company will not be disbanded or be mustered out of the service. The city will always have a first-class military company. I have interviewed a number of the citizens and I find the company stands well at home. It is my belief the boys will get together and elect officers and pull for the first place in the Third Regiment."

**Attempted Murder in a Prison.**

Boot, one of the four convicts who nearly killed Deputy Warden Northrup in the recent prison riot at Jackson, broke from his cell Saturday and attempted to murder Keeper Mellemcan, who only escaped with serious injuries. It occurred at the hour when the guards shift and wall men go off duty. Prison officials believe the convicts made a bold attempt to escape. Boot had sprung his cell lock with a piece of his broken bedstead, and thus opened his cell door, the tier lock not being turned. Other keepers, after a desperate struggle, placed Boot in his cell and hung him up by the hands for punishment.

**Short State Items.**

Mrs. Betsey Caroline Hunt, a Van Buren County pioneer, died at the age of 88.

Flint is getting too big for her present police system, and it will be reorganized on a metropolitan basis very soon.

Mrs. William Watson, who was arrested on a charge of robbing the house of Gaylord Harter, was arranged at Ionia, and waiving examination, was bound over to the Circuit Court. It is believed that she will plead guilty when her case comes up in that court.

An indignant Adrian citizen complained to the marshal that a neighbor had failed to clean off his walk. When the marshal investigated the next morning he found the alleged offender's walk as clean as could be, while the kicker's walk was covered with as yet undisturbed drifts.

A battered coin has led to the arrest of John Vew and William Hilderbrand, on the charge of burglary at West Bay City. Recently a brother of Conductor Matthews was killed by the cars. The wheels passed over his money in such a way as to press a 25-cent piece into a silver dollar. Mr. Matthews kept the battered dollar as a keepsake. Recently his room was burglarized, and the coin was taken. He found it at a Bay City saloon. It had been passed by Vew and Hilderbrand; hence their arrest.

The Lansing Council got in a "swipe" at Justice Grant. A bill of \$9.15 for the care of a sick servant girl in his employ was turned down. The sarcastic city fathers raised among themselves about \$11, which they presented to the girl, embodying their action in a resolution which was expected to make Judge Grant feel very mean. The justice, however, explains that as he paid for the girl when she was at his house and suffered no end of inconvenience, he sees no reason why he should pay for her care outside.

Mrs. Thomas Collier, of Ann Arbor, who went insane over religion a few days ago and compelled her family to kneel and pray by brandishing a chair over them, became better during her confinement in jail, and was sent home. She suffered a relapse and became more difficult to control than before, being once more taken in charge. Now her husband seems affected, and astonished a number of people by claiming that he was ill from having been confined three days in Nagley's picking vat, of the university. His trouble is believed to arise on account of hers.

John Doran, George Robbins, William Nelhardt, Milton Tompkins, George Delamater and Charles Kne, innocent-looking farmer boys, who got mixed up in a spiritous fight at a Cambridge Junction dance, paid \$12 each in fines to an Adrian justice.

A country lout called on a Pontiac lawyer last week to start proceedings against a Bloomfield girl for breach of promise.

"You say that she never promised to marry you?" said the lawyer.

"I don't see where the breach of promise comes in," said the lout.

"But she promised to be my sister," sobbed the lout, "and she never has."

William Wallace, a resident of Battle Creek since 1843, died, aged 88. He was postmaster from 1871 to 1886.

Over 500 men employed at the Corunna coal mines, near Owosso, struck on account of a reduction in wages.

Bay Port, in Huron County, will have a bank, which will be operated by the Bay Port Mercantile Company.

Searchers for the Chicora wreck raised an anchor, which proved to be from the schooner Thomas A. Bradley, which foundered off St. Joseph in 1856.

The Rapid Transit Railroad now building between Saginaw and Bay City has been sold to a syndicate of New York capitalists and will be pushed rapidly to completion.

Wheat is either scarce around Pinckney or else the farmers are holding it rather close, for the local miller is offering 2 cents above the market price for any amount of the cereal.

Bad Axe has no woman's crusade, but on Sunday evening after church the marshal, accompanied by several prominent church members, proceeded to one of the saloons. They found the bar open and several persons there. The proprietor was arrested.

Omar F. Neff, the Ann Arbor student who is under heavy bond in Elkhart County, Ind., for forgery, has brought suit for \$10,000 damages against Merrill T. Wilson, secretary of the Metropolitan Savings and Loan Association, who caused his arrest.

James Chittenden, of Manchester, N. Y., is in Adrian, trying to recover a war relic, which he considers beyond price. It was a field-glass he found when, badly wounded, he was crawling off the field at Gettysburg. He accuses a Fairfield man of stealing the relic.

Mrs. Minnie Colyer, of Ann Arbor, has become insane over religion, and will be sent to the asylum. Soon after the Detroit M. E. conference, in September, she began to act queerly. She would sit up till late at night, reading her Bible, but no violence was shown till Thanksgiving Day, when she drove some of her neighbors out of the house, telling them they were too sinful to remain in her company.

On Sunday afternoon the police found the whole family on their knees, with the lady, who was praying and exhorting them by turns. When they attempted to rise she would push them down on their knees again. She was finally locked up.

There are some wily farmers around Owosso. A New Haven Township man sold a load of hay to A. L. Northway, who deputized an employee to see about its delivery. Judge of his surprise when, just as the barn was reached, a man crawled out of the hay and made his escape. When the farmer called for his pay he was asked the weight of the man he had covered up. At first he appeared innocent, but finally wilted, and acknowledged that since hay was selling so high he had adopted this scheme to help pay expenses. The weight of the extra man was estimated at 1,000 pounds, and a check drawn for the load, less that amount, was handed the wily farmer.

Gov. Rich, Justices McGrath and Long, of the Supreme Court, and others witnessed the remarkable effect Dr. Cassius McDonald, the Detroit hypnotist, had on Daniel L. Crossman, the veteran ex-Clerk of the House of Representatives. For several years Crossman has been afflicted with palsy, finally becoming unable to feed himself or stand alone. Dr. McDonald had Crossman walking about the parlors of the Hotel Downey, wholly unsupported, with his hands held high above his head. For over an hour the patient sat perfectly calm, with not the slightest perceptible tremor. McDonald says he can accomplish a complete cure, and Crossman will be taken to Detroit for treatment.

The election of Rev. Henry N. Couden, the blind ex-pastor of the Universalist Church in Port Huron as chaplain of the National House of Representatives is regarded by Port Huron people a fitting reward for a brave man. Mr. Couden lost his sight in the service of the Union. He enlisted at the age of 18, when the first call for volunteers was made, serving in the Sixth Ohio Infantry, and re-enlisted for three years when his term was out. He was with McClellan in the West Virginia campaign, and took part in the battle of Shiloh. In February, 1863, he was transferred to the First Mississippi Marine Brigade. Near Austin, Miss., he received a charge of small shot in his eyes, causing total blindness. After an honorable discharge Mr. Couden found there was no hope of recovering his eyesight. He entered the blind school at Columbus, Ohio, taking a course of seven years. Afterward he entered the theological seminary at Canton, N. Y. His first pastorate was at Madrid, N. Y.; later he preached at Willoughby, Ohio, Chatham, Mass., and four years ago went to Port Huron. He is a man of scholarly tastes, lovable character and great spirituality.

A matter of great importance to physicians in Michigan has been decided in the Circuit Court at Battle Creek. The question came up over the application of a life insurance company, which had issued a policy of \$20,000 on the life of a citizen of Detroit. The company learned after its issue that the applicant had misrepresented his physical condition, and began suit to annul the policy. They ascertained that he had been treated at Battle Creek for a particular disease which, if it would prevent his obtaining life insurance in any company. The physician refused to testify or answer any questions on the ground that a physician's relations to his patients are sacred and that he could not be compelled to testify in regard to the ailments with which his patient is afflicted. The attorney held that this was true so far as related to personal matters, but that under the new State law physicians could be compelled to testify in regard to any questions relating to public matters, or that in any way affected other persons, and that if they refused they could be punished for contempt of court, just the same as any other witness. Judge Smith ruled that the physician must give his testimony and issued an order accordingly.

Forty-five Jackson young men signed petitions to be enrolled as a new military company to take the place of the Emmet Rifles, recently mustered out of the State service. This number will be increased to eighty.

A poor old couple in the Cheboygan county house have two sons, one of whom enjoys a salary of \$2,500 a year, and the other at least \$1,800. Still another inmate of the house has a wealthy son in Detroit. It is only one of many sad stories of filial ingratitude or worse, that might be told in every county in Michigan.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

### SERIOUS SUBJECTS CAREFULLY CONSIDERED.

A Scholarly Exposition of the Lesson—Thoughts Worthy of Calm Reflection—Half an Hour's Study of the Scriptures—Time Well Spent.

Lesson for Dec. 22.

Golden Text—"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."—Luke 2: 10.

The Birth of Christ is the subject this week. Luke 2: 8-20. The lesson finds us in the midst of Christmas preparations and on the threshold of Christmas cheer. May the scripture before us wholeheartedly remind that the best preparation is of the heart and the best cheer is that which comes with the entertainment of the Heavenly Guest. God grant that the Christ may be born anew in many hearts this Christmas time.

Room for Jesus, a prepared place for the Christ. "There was no room for them in the inn;" so closes the seventh verse. Now, how beautifully the seventh verse opens, "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding." No room in the inn, but room in the shepherd's hearts. Thank God, there was a place prepared and the Christ-babe was to have a welcome—heart welcome.

"O come to my heart, Lord Jesus, come. There is room in my heart for thee."

"Fear not" was the first words that broke from angel's lips after long silence. It was the same word spoken at the river tomb. Why fear not? Because Christ is come. Christ the King of love. "Perfect love casteth out fear." "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people."

Let a trembling world, its children lost in the dark, take heart and hope. The light has come!

"For unto you" "for unto you" the angels cried, "unto you!" Not to us in this great blessing, the greatest of time and eternity given, but to the children of men. The angels have no part in it but to announce it. But if the mere privilege of telling the good tidings set their hearts and their hearts vibrating with ecstasy, what should be our feeling for whom the blessing is reserved as the gracious tidings drop down to us. O brothers, rejoice; rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

"A sign unto you." We have a responsibility and a part in the wonderful dispensation. We are to find him. It was not enough to angels to announce him. Shepherds must seek him out. Angels' wings above, human feet beneath,



We Wish Every Reader a

# MERRY CHRISTMAS

and a

## HAPPY NEW YEAR

And will also suggest that a good way to secure both is to come to Bank Drug Store now while our assortments are large and varied and buy some presents for your friends. You have no idea, until you have called on us what a variety of things a little money will buy this year. There is no excuse for forgetting anybody. We are prepared to supply the wants of old and young rich and poor with big hearted bargains at the lowest prices ever heard of in this vicinity. It is imposible to enumerate the different articles that we have in stock but they embrace nearly everything that you can possibly have in mind.

### Plush and Celluloid Goods

Albums, Toilet Cases, Brushes, Combs and Trays, Mirrors, Cut Glass Bottles, Manicure Sets, Shaving Sets, Glove Boxes, handkerchief boxes, trinket boxes, vases, lamps, cuff and collar boxes, paper knives, etc.

### Silver Ware and Jewelry

We carry the finest line of silverware in this part of the county and are selling all goods one-fourth off. Every piece is guaranteed and nothing makes a nicer present than a selection in this department. Cake Baskets Butter Dishes, Pickle Dishes, Castors, Tea Sets, Spoons, Knives and Forks Etc.

### Fancy Crockery and Lamps.

Don't buy a lamp without calling on us, as we will save you money. Fruit plates, cup and saucers, decorated dishes of all descriptions, etc.

### Books. Poems, Bibles,

in every description of binding. A large assortment at 10 cents and 25 cents.

### Story Books, Candy, Nuts, Toys.

And everything to please the little folks. This Christmas should be a happy one for them if low prices are any inducement.

Don't Forget

our

## CHRISTMAS PIE

It is running now full blast.

All children under twelve  
when accompanied by their  
parents are entitled to a draw.

### When You Buy a Watch

You want to buy one at the lowest possible price, and have it fully guaranteed. We can suit you exactly. Call and see us, Rings, chains, pins, charms, and everything found in a first-class jewelry store.

### Orange, Lemon and Citron Peel

Colored sugar sand, candles, Christmas tree decorations and everything you can possibly think of. Best mixed nuts 12c per lb. Good mixed candy 5c per lb.

### You Will Save Enough

By buying your presents at the Bank Drug Store to give you a Christmas Holiday.

Again inviting you to call and look over our stock and wishing you a Merry Christmas  
we remain your friends,

# F.P. GLAZIER & COMPANY.