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CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1896.

WHOLE NUMBER 359

## EXTRAORDINARY

### KID GLOVES FREE!

With every ladies' or misses jacket sold this week (at one half price) we will give one pair of KID GLOVES FREE. We still have a large lot of jackets in stock that we don't want to carry over if any kind of a price will sell them. We offer any garment in our stock at just one half price (Not one-half value) and as an extra inducement for this week only we will give one pair of kid gloves free with every ladies' or misses' jacket sold. We have an especially good assortment of garments left at \$7.50, \$10, \$12.50 and one-half off.

### Shoe Sale This Week.

See the bargains we are offering in men's and ladies' shoes for this week.

### Overcoats.

We have a few overcoats left that we will offer at less than one-fourth off regular prices for this week only.

**H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co.**

## Time Extended!

Until February 1st,

I will continue to make my fadeless waterproof AMERICAN ARISTO Cabinet photographs fifteen for \$2. Stella Cabinets \$1.25. Call and see them. Mantillas, Little Queens, Happy Thoughts at the very lowest prices.

**E. E. SHAVER.**

Gallery over Holmes' Store.

## THE MEASURE

Of cheapness is not how little you have paid, but what you have gotten—how much of quality and how much of quantity. Honest values for money at

**J. S. Cummings**

**R.I.P.A.N.S**

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

### HAWAII, THE PEARL OF THE PACIFIC

The Third of a Series of Letters by John R. Musick.

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The most celebrated hotel and bathing place in the islands is Sans Souci, which is near the famous Diamond Head. Sans Souci has had for its guests some of the most famous literary men of the age. Mark Twain spent a good deal of his time while on the islands at this place. Jules Verne and Robert Louis Stevenson made it their home. The latter in writing of this cool retreat, said:

"If any one desires such old-fashioned things as lovely scenery, quiet, pure air, clear sea water, good food and heavenly sunsets hung out before his eyes every evening over the Pacific and the distant hills of Waianae, I recommend him cordially to the Sans Souci."

I found several gentlemen at Sans Souci who had very vivid recollections of Stevenson. He is described by all as a small man weighing, perhaps, less than one hundred pounds, and an inveterate cigarette smoker. It is barely possible that nicotine poison hastened the end of this strange, mysterious, gifted man.

Mr. Timmons, city editor of The Hawaiian Star, said:

"I met Mr. Stevenson while he was here, and was very strangely impressed by him from the first. I learned that he was at Sans Souci, and went to call upon him. Reaching the quiet place, I crossed the lanna and entered the house proper. No one was in sight but a small ordinary looking man, who sat at a table writing."

"Where is the landlord?" I asked.

"He is out," answered the small man, and he went on with his writing.

"Well, perhaps you can answer my question; I came to see Mr. Stevenson."

"The small dropped his pen, arose and, extending his hand, said:

"I am Mr. Stevenson."

"This was my introduction to this remarkable man."

Then Mr. Timmons told me how Mr. Stevenson came to write his famous novel, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

"The novel was written on this island and this town. The Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde live in Honolulu, and you will perhaps meet him before you go. That novel was the off-spring of a bitter religious war between Reverend Father Dannon and Rev. Dr. Hyde D. D., who has charge of the mission school in this city for the training of preachers. The controversy between the priest and Dr. Hyde waxed warm, and Mr. Stevenson espoused the cause of the Catholic priest. He threw his whole soul into the conflict, and for a while it seemed as if we were likely to have a religious war. Dr. Hyde, able, sharp and cutting, answered him from the pulpit and through the press until the contest became personally bitter."

"Mr. Stevenson had up to the time of this controversy, it seems, entertained a high regard for Dr. Hyde, but as the wordy war grew bitter, he fancied he discovered in him a dual nature. At times he thought the doctor the very perfection of a gentleman, a scholar and a Christian; at others he seemed a demon. This idea seemed to grow with his morbid fancy, and he conceived from it his wonderful novel."

I was anxious to meet Dr. Hyde, the man who so strangely inspired the wonderful novel, and when I did meet him I was impressed that he was more Jekyll than Hyde. He is a tall, finely-formed, highly cultured gentleman, with a fine scholarly appearance. He is secretary of the Social Science Club, a meeting of which I had the pleasure, and at which place I met him.

The meeting was at the residence of Dr. Hyde, and, although I studied him closely all evening, I discovered none of the "incarnate fiend," which Stevenson represents Mr. Hyde to be in his novel.

It was while living at Sans Souci that Robert Louis Stevenson conceived and wrought out his wonderful book, and I decided to visit the famous resort. To reach Sans Souci I had only to take the Waikiki street car, go to the end of the line, and walk the rest of the way. The ride is a pleasant one, and well worth the time and ten cents it costs to make it. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when I boarded the car driven by a native and went rolling along the street past the government grounds and buildings, past pretty houses half hidden by graceful swaying palms, ferns, and the rich tropical foliage, past banana plantations and groves of tall cocoanuts, for long stretches with the sea beach on one side and a delightful grove on the other.

The manager of the famous resort showed me the room which had been occupied by Jules Verne and Robert Louis Stevenson, also the tables at which they wrote, and narrated some anecdotes about them. Their rooms fronted on the beach. After a sea bath, I returned to the cooling lanna, and was joined by Mr. Thomas E. Evans, a gentleman who is stopping at Sans Souci. Mr. Evans who

is a Royalist of the most pronounced type, is a Canadian by birth. He was prominent in pushing the lottery scheme to which the missionaries objected so strongly. Mr. Evans claims that it was no worse to have a lottery on the islands than for thousands of dollars to go out the country every year to lotteries in other countries. At the time of the overthrow of the Queen, he was in Chicago closing up the contract with a company of capitalists for the lottery. He says that the Chicago people were to pay the government five hundred thousand dollars a year for twenty-five years of the franchise. Of this sum one hundred thousand a year was to be expended for a cable to San Francisco, one hundred thousand a year for the Oahu Railroad, twenty-five thousand for the encouragement of tourists travel, seventy-five thousand for improvement of roads and bridges, and one hundred and twenty-five thousand for the opening of Pearl Harbor. Mr. Evans did not state what was to be done with the other seventy-five thousand dollars, though it was probably to be used as pin money for the Queen. The rosy-hued visions of Mr. Evans with other Royalists were all dissipated by the sudden revolt of the missionary element, and the subsequent overthrow of the queen.

The Royalists are still very bitter against the republic. They always refer to it contemptuously as the Provisional Government, and the adherents of it are styled P. G.'s. But they all have great respect for President Dole. I have met more than one who says the country is safe in his hands. The natives all respect him, but they want him to be declared king. It is not the man they object to, so much as the republican form of government.

All of the more intelligent Royalists, however, admit that the republic has come to stay, and even the Queen has lost all hope of being restored to the throne, unless Great Britain or some European power espouses her cause; which even she admits is not probable.

I have been informed that Mr. Charles Wilson, the agent and trusted friend of the ex-Queen, has declared that he is willing to shoulder his musket to support the republic. He was the ex-Queen's bravest friend in her hour of trouble. He advised her against the promulgation of the constitution which brought about her overthrow, but when he found she was determined, he declared he would stand or fall with her. When the uprising came, he was the only one of her followers willing to fight the revolutionists. The average Kanaka doesn't care a fig about any sort of government. His mind is taken up with luau, hulas and fishing. To him life presents no serious problems. He devotes more energy to a fishing party than to political matters.

The next day in company with Mr. Timmons I visited the government building proper. It is a large building, two stories in height, with lofty ceilings and a broad stairway. There is a large hall below, ornamented with handsome life size portraits of Kamehameha I. and his wife, Kamehameha II, III, IV, and their wives, and Kamehameha V. These comprise all the Kamehameha dynasty, the first great rulers of the nation. The upper hall is decorated with fine portraits in oil, most of them life size. There is a fine portrait of Queen Emma, the granddaughter of John Young, the mate of an American ship who was the trusted adviser and general of Kamehameha I. There is a full life-size portrait of King David Kalakaua, one of ex-Queen Liliuokalani, or Mrs. Dominus as she is now called, and her deceased husband, John O. Dominus. There is also a fine life-size portrait in oil of Admiral Farragut, who was very much admired by King Kalakaua. Legislative halls, committee rooms, and council chambers, with the various rooms of the cabinets, are in this building. The building before the revolution which overthrew monarchy, was known as the Palace, and is even yet so called by some, though monarchy is rapidly passing away, and the spunky little republic is every day becoming more firmly seated in the saddle.

The government buildings and all the departments are guarded by soldiers. The standing army, composed exclusively of white men, numbers about two hundred regular soldiers. The National Guard and the Citizen's Guard swell this number to about two thousand fighting men. They have two Gatling guns, two Hotchkiss rapid firing guns, two brass six pounders, and some iron field pieces. Their force is sufficient to protect the island from internal troubles and from filibusters.

Their greatest dread is of Japan. The Japanese, flushed with their late victory over China, have given utterance to some portentous threats against the Hawaiian Islands for discriminating against them. With a fleet of gun boats, a few heavy guns, and two or three war ships the Hawaiians could easily defend themselves against the Japanese. Their harbors are in excellent condition for forti-

fication. Pearl Harbor and the harbor of Honolulu have promontories, such as Koko Head and Diamond Head, which, if fortified, would be impregnable barriers against warships.

JOHN R. MUSICK.

### WASHINGTON LETTER

Congress slumbers and the suffering country waits. Necessary sustenance in the shape of legislation is denied the Nation. The lawmakers are drowsing over the great emergency measures which were born in the spark of activity during the Christmas times. The only important resolution of the week, one that really tore the congressional cobwebs a little, was the emphatic and far reaching declaration anent the Monroe doctrine, which was embodied in the measure of Senator Davis reported to the senate by the committee on foreign relations. But even this patriotic and pulse-stirring resolution was soon hypnotized into a sleep upon the senate calendar by the multiple legislative Sven-gali's who work their fell designs by word of mouth rather than personal magnetism. The Davis resolution may eventually pass, but if it does it will have become almost impotent from the narcotic poison of long senate speeches. In the bright vigor of its burning, it is a clear and strong enunciation of the Monroe Doctrine—a more forceful declaration than any yet introduced in congress on the subject, and its terms are so explicit they cannot be misunderstood. It declares that the acquisition by a foreign power of any territory on the American continent, by purchase, aggression, cession, colonization, protectorate, or by control of the easement in any canal, or other means of transit across the American isthmus, is an unfriendly act and will not be permitted by the United States. The most important feature of the resolution is that which touches upon a new phase of the Venezuelan question, the report that England and Venezuela may reach an agreement and that English money can settle the boundary dispute. The terms of the declaration clearly mean that arbitration or agreement between foreign governments and governments on the American continent as to boundary disputes cannot become binding or effective unless sanctioned by the United States. It practically makes this government the arbiter between foreign governments and those of the American continent in all boundary disputes. This point in the resolution is considered the most important and pertinent element of the whole declaration at the present time.

In the general dearth of effective and potent action in congress, it is a pleasure to note that the editors sitting in the big halls of idleness on Capitol Hill are not lost in the current sista. Most editors enjoy few sestas, and naturally the editors in Congress are the most aggressive in reform movements. Their professional training instills the habit of looking for and detecting abuses with a view to their eradication. They have also "learned to labor and to wait." Congressional experience, if not professional training, has taught them that. Some notable reforms have been inaugurated by editors during the present session. She first, in the senate, was the congressional funeral reform to which Editor Peffer, of the Kansas Farmer, addressed himself with a formidable spread of telling facts and convincing figures. He made an unanswerable argument against the continuance of funeral junkets, and there is reason to believe that the remains of legislative solons who go hence in years to come will be conveyed to their graves without an attendant bar and gambling paraphernalia. It must have astonished Editor Peffer to find himself, for almost the first time in his senatorial career, an object of general commendation. And he must have held long communion of personal gratification with his whiskers. The second important reform began in the imperfect assembly at the south end of the capitol, under the championship of Editor Lennuel Eli Quigg, of the New York Press. He attacked the chronic abuse of filing the pages of the Congressional Record with matter that has no business there. It is notorious that this publication is a dump heap for what has not said in the two houses of congress. It is bad enough that it carry broadcast in its pages much of the drivel that is really drooled from the mouths of congressmen, but it is always gorged with numbers of long speeches to which neither house of congress would listen. Under the "leave to print" it has contained Epic poems and has republished old books. The publication of undelivered speeches in the Record is a fraud upon constituents, designed to lend a degree of very similitude to an otherwise bald and unserviceable congressional representation, and the constituents also have to pay for the pretense. Even the published reports of delivered speeches are not what the authors said, in all cases, but what, after reflection and editing, they wished they had said. It is hoped that neither Editor Peffer nor Editor Quigg will lay off his armor till the fight is won.

## Forget Everything Else

If you wish to, but remember this, you always

### Save Something!

when you trade at the

### Bank Drug Store

We are very busy with our invoice just at present but have got time to call your attention to a few bargains. The only way we can account for our big tea trade is that we are selling better goods than our competitors. Give us an opportunity of convincing you of this.

### Patent Medicines 1-3 to 1-4 off Regular Prices.

We haven't room to quote you prices on everything in the line of patent medicines and drugs, but we are the lowest of the low. Bring your receipts and prescriptions to us and we will prepare them correctly at reasonable prices. Don't buy anything in the line of

### Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware

without first calling on us, as our assortment always embraces the newest and best, and our prices will save you money.

### Large, choice, navel oranges, 24c per doz.

7 bars Jackson soap, 25c.

8 lbs choice muscatel raisins 25c.

Good sugar corn 5c per can.

Large cucumber pickles 4c per dozen.

24 lbs brown sugar for \$1.00.

6 lbs best crackers for 25c.

Fresh oysters 16c, 18c and 23c per can.

Try our rich cream cheese 12 1-2c per lb.

Good sugar syrup 20c per gal.

Strongest 4 F ammonia 4c per pt.

All dollar patent medicines 58c to 75c.

25 boxes matches for 25c.

10 lbs best oatmeal for 25c.

A very light table syrup 25c per gal.

All 25c pills and plasters at 18c.

50 lbs of best sulphur for \$1.00.

Cure that cold with White Pine Balsam.

Best Electric kerosene oil 10c per gal.

Gloss starch and all sodas 5c per lb.

Fresh ginger snaps 5c a lb.

Our 30c tea makes us new customers every week.

Fairbanks best cottolene 7c per lb.

Pure kettle rendered lard 8c per lb.

4 1-2 lbs of choicest rice for 25c.

Good olives in bulk 20c per qt.

Choice honey in comb 15c per lb.

Our spices and extracts cannot be surpassed in purity and quality.

6 lbs English currants in bulk for 25c.

Try our New Orleans molasses at 25c per gal.

**F. P. Glazier & Co.**



James R. Robertson, a young Englishman who recently arrived in this country, is thus quoted: "This is my first trip to the United States, and I am charmed and interested with the country and its people. I was up on Lake George, where I consider the scenery as fine as anything in Scotland."

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CHAPTER XXVI—(Continued.)

This ended, the crowd drew back and swayed together, leaving a clear space in front, across which first one and then another rushed forward to their priestesses to make petitions for success in love, for wealth, for recovery from sickness, to all of which Genie seemed to turn a deaf ear. But when the last had come from the gathering, Jacinthe took the hand of his companion in the wretched superstitions mummy, she placed one foot on the altar, stepped lightly up, and from thence to the box containing the serpent, whose essence was supposed to be communicated to her. Amidst a thrill of horror, which was vented in low murmurs, she stood there with her hands extended above her head, her eyes began to roll, and undulations passed from foot to head as she imitated the movements of the serpent beneath her feet, the crowd shouting wildly in ecstasy at every convulsion, till the glistering perspiration shone in the dull light, and she suddenly stood there rigid, as if in a cataleptic state.

The gathering yelled with excitement, clutching each other and leaping up, the smoky lamps swayed, and a fit of declamation seemed to be seizing upon all there. In the midst of the wild and increasing excitement, a black-looking black, one of two who had entered with a woman almost dead, leaned towards the latter and whispered:

"This mummy sickness me. You must have been mistaken."

"Hush! Your life is at stake," she whispered back.

"Well," he replied, as the wild yelling and shrieking went on around.

"And mine," she said. "Be patient, I am not sure yet. Look, we shall soon know."

She pointed toward the altar toward which the crowd now pressed, and among the heat and smoke a faint mist now rose to make the proceedings more indistinct.

"Is this a nightmare?" whispered the other black. "Paul, old fellow, it makes me feel sick. I can't believe we are among human beings. Good heavens! Look at that."

For as Genie stood, like the mystic goddess of the place, silent and motionless, upon the altar, Jacinthe grew more and more excited, and signing to two of the blacks in front, these two almost wild with the honor done them, sprang on to the stage and stood crouching one on either side, while Jacinthe darted back behind a screen of brushwood, and reappeared, dragging forward a white goat, and braiding a keen knife.

A wider light than ever burst forth, and Nonsie pressed heavily upon Paul Lowther, so that he could feel her heart beating against his arm.

He forgot her the next moment, as he saw the strange sacrifice prepared, and to him it also seemed like a dream of one of the ancient worshipers, as one man seized the goat, the other a cup, and with one wave of the knife, Jacinthe plunged it into the struggling goat, while Paul gazed beneath the disguise he had adopted at Nonsie's wish, and felt his senses reel as he saw the yelling, excited through press forward, forming a procession eager to be honored in the sacrifice, as after the altar had been sprinkled, Jacinthe came forward with the cup and branded each of the serpent's followers with a mark of blood upon the brow.

The touch of the blood seemed to rouse the people to a pitch of madness. Amidst the wild yelling, a shrill voice rose in a wild, strange chant, which was caught up directly in chorus, one which rose and fell in waves of sound, as the mystic dance of the Voudoux was begun, its rhythmic beat keeping time to the strain of the song. Arms were swaying, bodies undulating, and the madness increased, while the great black, as he towered above them, incited them to fresh efforts, till all at once song and dance ceased as if by magic.

In the midst of a low, excited buzz now drink was passed round from hand to hand, and partaken of freely before a fresh chant was commenced, the heat of feet was heard again, was taken up by all, and amid the heat, noise and excitement, Paul Lowther leaned up against the side of the building, and felt as if he must be going mad.

Just at his worst Bart placed his lips close to his ear.

"I'm sick of this," he whispered. "It's all a hallucination on her part. Let's go."

Paul made no reply, for Nonsie was holding his arm fast, and trembling violently.

He bent towards her.

"You give it up?" he whispered. "Shall we go?"

"No," she said, in a voice he could hardly hear in the awful din around, "it is very near the time now. Are you ready?"

"If you are right," he replied, after a glance round to see that the people were too much intent upon the choral dance to heed them—a portion of the spectators, or resting performers of the rites.

"I am right," she said, slowly. "I know you men all our deaths, but you will be brave and try."

"Have no fear."

"Look!" whispered Nonsie. "There, on the other side."

"Well, I see two blacks," said Paul, "you mean those leaving the place?"

"Safely—Deffard his friend. They would help us. Ah! be ready? They will risk it now."

"Risk? Risk what?" said Bart, angrily, pressing towards them. "Madame Dulau, this is too much. We have come at your wish to this diabolical orgie. What can it have to do with that we want to discover?"

Nonsie's eyes looked wildly in his, and she held up her hand.

"Don't destroy my hope of saving her," she whispered, piteously. "Can you not wait me a little while?"

Paul laid his hand upon his friend's arm and Bart murmured, but he drew back as the wild scene went on. More the strange dry air, and as the dance was resumed there seemed to be more wild emulation as to whose acts and gestures should be the most extravagant. Women took off their kerchiefs and waved them in the hot, foul, smoky air. Men and gnashed their teeth and bit themselves. Twice over, close to where they stood in the shadow, women fell shrieking with hysteria, and were borne out, but Nonsie paid no heed to aught that went on around her. Her eyes were fixed upon the altar, where Genie stood motionless, and with her eyes half closed, while Jacinthe towered over the furious half-mad crew raging in their diabolical breast, his arms folded across his broad chest, and a mocking, triumphant smile upon his thick lips, as if he triumphed over those who debased themselves before him.

All at once Nonsie drew her breath with a spasmodic catch, and thrust her hand into her breast.

For the savage din ceased, and moved by one impulse the people pressed up toward the platform, stopped half-way, as if checked by some invisible barrier, and one only approached deprecatingly and with outstretched hands, preferring some petition.

Jacinthe's teeth were bared, and he turned and approached Genie, whispered to her, and she slowly went through a kind of pantomime, as if resuming consciousness. She gazed wildly round, pressed her hands to her temples, and taking Jacinthe's hand, stopped slowly down, and stood with her back to the people, her hands upon the serpent's cage and her head bent down, in adoring supplication, while a low, expectant panting rose from the heated crew, who were waiting for their request to be granted.

The silence and heat were awful, and darkness was beginning to add to the horrors of the scene, for two of the lamps were extinct, and the others grew more smoky and dull.

Suddenly Genie rose erect, her eyes glittering as she turned upon the crowd and drew herself up, her lips apart, and her teeth showing in a fierce manner. She made a sign with both hands, as if she were scattering the serpent's gifts to them. Then a wild excited shout rose from the people, followed by a dead silence, as the woman turned slowly to the back of the platform and disappeared, while, as if to excite the hideous passions of his followers, Jacinthe stood watching them, and slowly drew a glittering knife from the blue scarf which girded his waist.

Nonsie glanced quickly at her two companions, and saw that they were well forward, watching eagerly for the next stage in the proceedings. Paul being now almost spellbound, and the doubts which had troubled him before, giving place to a strange expectancy that he could not have analyzed had he tried.

The next minute, in the midst of the painful hush which had fallen upon the place, his whole manner changed, and he stood gasping—mentally stunned, for that which followed was beyond his wildest dreams.

CHAPTER XXVII.

When Paul Lowther yielded to Nonsie's wish, and in accordance with her instructions, had, in company with his friend, adopted the disguise she had suggested, he had followed her into the forest, and along the devious track, his heart burning with the strong desire to overtake and punish the wretches who had desecrated the resting-place of her who had seemed more to him than life. He was so crushed down by sorrow, misery, and this hard blow which had fallen upon him, that after the first slight opposition, he had submitted to Nonsie's guidance, too much bewildered to oppose, and the more willing to obey as he saw how firm Aubé's mother seemed to be in her ideas that she could lead him to the place where he could execute summary vengeance upon the wretches and recover the sacred deed.

That which had followed had all been a succession of surprises, and his resentment at being brought to such a place was turned aside by Nonsie's words, and the belief that the people she sought would come there later on.

For Nonsie had made no open communication of her suspicions, contenting herself with praying the two young men to trust to, and have faith in her.

The proceedings in the hut, with the excitement of song and dance and the wild debauch, had prepared Paul for some new horror, and he was half ready to believe from Nonsie's manner that at last the people she sought had come; but he stood as if paralyzed, wondering whether he was dreaming, asking himself if there was, after all, truth in witchcraft and the dealings of the magicians of the past, some of whose lore still lingered, and was practiced by these people, for slowly and solemnly from the darkness at the back, Genie reappeared waving one hand with slow movement over the head of the tall figure she led, a draped figure in white, with pallid face framed in the long black hair which floated downward over her shoulders, and rippled nearly to the ground, as it seemed to glide over the rough platform toward the altar, the countenance fixed and strange, and the great dark eyes widely opened and fixed.

"Aubel!" ejaculated Paul in a hoarse whisper, as Bart stood beside him with his jaw dropped, and the sweat standing in great drops upon his forehead.

A loud murmur arose from the crowd, which rapidly increased to a roar of excitement, the people retaining their places, but craning forward with staring eyes, the veins in their temples swollen and turgid—mad, as it were, with fanatical excitement and desire for the culmination of the horrible function to which they had come. They swayed to and fro, and from side to side, but none tried to pass

the invisible barrier stretched between them and the platform, which, for the time being, it was in their belief, death to cross; and they panted and shouted, gazing over their victim with bloodshot eyes, while Genie and her partner in the secret rites maintained a studied calmness.

Paul stood at the edge of the little crowd of panting votaries of the Voudoux worship, staring through what was to him a mist—the strange dreamy mist of one who sees, while every other sense is claimed by sleep. It was to him a wild deception of the brain—a nightmare caused by the mental suffering through which he had passed.

The first thoughts of magic and witchcraft had gone, and he was simply conscious that he had come there in the belief that he would find Aubé, and his super-excited brain had raised her before him, giving her lineaments to the pale, white-faced girl, the Voudoux priestess held there evidently stupefied by some drug.

"What is it for?—what does it mean?" Paul asked himself, as he stood there, staring wildly, and he shuddered, for he saw the gleam of the knife in the huge black's hand, and noted that his thick lips were apart, displaying his white teeth in an ugly grin. Then still dimly and dreamily he recalled how he had heard that in these savage rites there was at times a human sacrifice to the serpent, and he shuddered again, as his eyes wandered over the white figure with its pale, set face and fixed and staring eyes.

The sacrifice was dragged, he recalled, in India, and in the offerings of the old Mexican priests, and it must be so here—with this maiden who resembled Aubé so strongly, Aubé, his darling, who was dead.

"Now—quick!" a voice whispered in his ear—"they will kill her. Now! before it is too late."

The spell was broken, and the thoughts that must have been momentary in their passage through Paul's brain were gone with the nightmare-like fancies. For it was Nonsie's touch upon his arm, her words, too, in his ear. By some strange juggling Aubé had been brought there, and she was to be the victim of these unholy rites.

Paul's hand grasped his friend's arm, and he, too, started as if from some strange spell.

It was only a matter of moments. Genie still waved her hand above the victim, and seemed to be dedicating the offering to the serpent, before whose altar they were, and the black stood, knife in hand, his eyes bloodshot and wild, as he swept them over his followers, silently asking their sanction to his deed. And then, as a low murmur again arose, increasing to a shout from a hundred throats thirsting for the victim's blood, Jacinthe swung himself round, threw his right arm back, with the glittering knife dimly seen in the smoky light, and caught the victim's other arm. Genie aiding so that the victim swayed forward and hung toward the excited through sustained by her pinioned wrists, her head thrown back, and neck and bosom bared in one soft white curve.

A loud roar of excitement now arose—the cry of a herd of wolves, but it changed into a yell of savage astonishment, as a dark figure seemed to hurl itself upon the huge black, who was borne backward. Taken as she was by surprise, Genie was dashed aside to go staggering against the rough wall, and Aubé was caught in her mother's arms, Nonsie clasping her tightly to her breast, and then snatching one hand free, thrusting it into her bosom, and facing round, knife armed, ready to slay the first who should try to rob her of her child.

Words were uttered, fierce cries, and passionate adjurations; but all were drowned in the savage roar of disappointment, as robbed of their prey, the overwrought crowd of worshippers surged forward in a wave. There was no shrinking now, for they were fighting in the serpent's cause, and in the fierce struggle which followed, men swayed here and there, the platform cracked, the altar, with its serpent ark, was overturned, and a lamp fell from its hold, and crashed on the floor, making the interior still more dim.

The encounter was fierce, but short. The great black recoiled, and a dozen hands were there to help him; double that number were trying to clutch the interludes of the rites, and in a very few minutes Paul and Bart were prisoners, roughly bound, and thrown upon the floor, while Nonsie was torn away, shrieking from her insensible child.

(To be continued.)

Uncle Ephraim's Wisdom.

"Praps de worl' wah made up of de saints, but dey's mighty slow er takin' pershion."

"Hit am er dawg's boun'en dooty ter be er dawg; but er dawg's dooty ain't no man's priviledge."

"Hit am er kin'ty dispershish ob him wa't made us we kin't see our own meannesses hef ez plain ez our neighbors' leetle faults. Yit, of some ob yo breddren hustles, 'er got time tel loo ter home."

"Ef some ob us trust'ed ez much ter wuk ez we does ter luck, we wouldn't hab s' much cause ter cuss de luck."

"I s'pose de same man wa't nebbah 'preciates happiness till hit am on de wing, an' moun's fo' hit w'en hit am done gone eryway, won't know hit by sight of de good' Lowd sen's it he way agin."

"Ebhery man t'inks he am er ph'losophal w'en t'ings am er runnin' smoothe; but watef folks w'en dey life goes wrong, an' de ph'losophals am er p'lowin' an' dandah cavellin'."

"I dunno w'at pleazhah kin be, 'less hit am happiness, an' happiness ain't foun' 'long o' chasin' aiftah yo' own pleazhah."

Killed a Shark.

A curious thing occurred on the last homeward voyage from Australia of the Pacific and Oriental Royal Mail steamer Himalaya, when the ship, while steaming up the Red Sea, ran into and killed an enormous shark. The sea was dead calm at the time, and the brute must have been basking in the sun upon the surface, as they often do, when the ship struck it.

New Coins for the Scots.

New silver coinage, of the value of \$750,000, has been sent from the mint to the Scottish banks, in view of the deficiency of silver in the north. This is the largest supply of new coins ever introduced into Scotland at one time.

India yellow is procured from the camel.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

OCCURRENCES DURING THE PAST WEEK.

Bank Deposits Increase, and Not a Single Institution Failed Last Year.

Michigan Millers Down on Cutting Prices—Soldiers' Home Talk.

Michigan Banks Flourishing.

State Bank Commissioner Sherwood, in his seventh annual report, addressed to Gov. Rich, covering the transactions for the year 1895, says that the deposits in the State banks have increased very perceptibly during the year. He contends that the fact is a matter for congratulation, as it not only shows that the workings of the State banking law of the excellent condition of the banks and the confidence which the public has in them. There has not been a State or national bank failure in the State during the year. The national banks also make a most creditable showing, which forces the conclusion that Michigan is rapidly recovering from the panic of 1893, a pleasing fact to every citizen of the State. During the past year six new State banks, with an aggregate capital of \$230,000, have been incorporated. There are now 171 State banks and three trust companies under the supervision of the State banking department, all of which have been examined during the year and found to be in a satisfactory condition.

Loss on Winter Wheat.

In his annual address to the Michigan Millers' Association President William A. Coombs said the past year had been the worst for winter wheat millers and the best for spring wheat millers of any yet recorded. Much winter wheat flour had been sold at actual loss, Eastern buyers being slow to learn that they must pay more for a winter wheat patent than for a spring wheat patent. Much of the trouble arose from the suicidal policy of cutting prices. Millers were urged to stand together and refuse to sell without profit. The following officers were elected: President, William A. Coombs, of Coldwater; vice-president, C. B. Chatfield, of Bay City; secretary, J. J. Hanshue, of Lansing; members of the executive committee, H. F. Colby, of Dowagiac; G. F. Almendinger, of Ann Arbor; J. S. Titus, of Battle Creek.

A General Shaking Up.

The annual meeting of the Board of Managers of the Grand Rapids Soldiers' Home will be held during the first week in March, and it is said there is every indication of a general shaking up. Benjamin F. Graves, commandant of the institution for the last three years, is a candidate for re-election, but there is every probability that another man will be given the position, and it is quietly whispered that James A. Crozier, member of the Board of Managers, will be the man. It is known that Gen. L. G. Rathbun, of Col. L. K. Bishop, local members of the board, are in favor of Crozier, and that he has reason to be sure of outside support. In case he is elected, a vacancy will occur in the Board of Managers, to be filled by the Governor.

Decide to Raise Their Prices.

Four of the five excelsior manufacturing concerns in this State met at Bay City to form an association to curtail the production and advance prices. The Alpena, Bay City and Pinnconning companies and the Fox company, of Grand Rapids, were represented, and the Dale company sent greeting and willingness to be in on the deal. Ed Jennings, of Pinnconning, was chairman and J. M. Hewitt, of Bay City, secretary of the meeting. A committee was appointed to prepare an agreement to be submitted at another meeting to be held in Detroit in March. The three Indiana and two Ohio companies have been invited to join in making a tri-State combine, and it is expected they will be represented at the March meeting.

Sheriff Wants a Michigan Man.

Sheriff Hansen, of Guthrie, O. T., arrived at Lansing with a requisition for J. V. N. Gregory, a wealthy man of Dexter, who is wanted on a charge of receiving deposits in an insolvent bank. Mr. Gregory asserts that he was influenced by friends to invest a small amount of money in Guthrie bank stock, and, although he was an officer of the institution, he was in Michigan at the time the bank failed and knew nothing about its management. He is inclined to think that the other officers of the bank have not been molested.

Assaulting Convicts Found Guilty.

Curley, Boot and Huntley, Jackson convicts, were found guilty of assault with intent to do great bodily harm less than murder. These are three of the convicts who assaulted Deputy Warden Northrup and two other State prison officials on Nov. 26, when it was feared Northrup's injuries would prove fatal. Under the law their sentences for this offense will begin on the expiration of their present terms.

Short State Items.

South Boardman, Kalamazoo County's second town in size and importance, has recently licensed its first saloon, and the county now has the largest number of such establishments in its history.

The recent decision of Attorney General Maynard against the "Level Premium" insurance companies is causing a great commotion among the agents of Grand Rapids, and there is strong talk of fighting him in the courts. The decision affects twenty-seven of the companies doing business in this State, representing an aggregate capital of \$20,000,000. Eight of these companies have formed a combine and propose to fight. They charge that the old line companies have conspired to drive them out of the State, and that the Attorney General's decision is the first move. They promise some interesting developments in the courts.

James Bryant, 63 years of age, an old Grand Rapids resident widely known as a dog breeder and fancier, committed suicide. He was hard up and could not pay his rent, and had been ordered out of his premises.

The hundreds of thousands of bushels of potatoes which northern Michigan farmers had on hand when winter set in, and which are either being fed to stock or held for better prices, or rather a price of any kind in the spring, will doubtless be left on the hands of their owners, as there is absolutely no market or prospect for one.

Calhoun County has 1,140 surviving soldiers of the civil war and two veterans of the Mexican war.

Besides \$5,000 carried off from the Fayette Bank vault, thieves took \$5,000 in Kansas State bonds.

Van Buren County's treasury was enriched by \$800.01 during 1895 by fines and costs in criminal cases.

The number of chattel mortgages in Saginaw during 1895 showed a decrease of about 25 per cent from those of 1894.

Cheboygan telephone patrons will hereafter get their phones at a yearly rental of \$12 for business places and \$10 for residences.

A prisoner who wanted to say goodbye to the Au Train jail just broke a hole through the ceiling with a pump handle and vanished.

Mrs. Dell Johnson, of Grand Rapids, was curling her hair and set fire to her clothes. She was horribly burned about the face and body.

Dr. C. A. Hughes, a former resident of Flint, was murdered at Wallace, Idaho. He incurred the jealousy of a husband by seeing the latter's wife home.

A lively barn loafer at Port Huron insulted the daughter of Byron Buckenridge. The angry father caught the fellow, wiped the ground with him and pummeled him within an inch of his life.

Josie Murphy, who attempted to drown herself at Saginaw, imagined that the spirit of her father appeared to her and prompted her to all sorts of mischief, such as running away from home and striking people with pokers.

George Garside, the Kalamazoo wife beater, who is in jail, has weakened completely and transferred all his property to his wife. He has confessed and will throw himself on the mercy of the court. He can be given ten years in Jackson under the charge against him.

The swamp and forest fires which have been smoldering near Pinckney for several months, have at last been extinguished. Two fine cranberry marshes were ruined, as well as forty acres of fine swamp land in Marion township and a big tract of hardwood timber near Portage lake.

Al Blank, who was arrested at Port Huron for passing a worthless bank bill, and afterwards got into the clutches of Uncle Sam for having a gold-plated nickel in his possession, was yesterday discharged by the Federal authorities. He'll have to stand trial for the \$10 bill matter, however.

At Manistee, Andrew Noren, 22 years of age, had just climbed out of a farmer's wagon, having been hunting, and caught a ride into town. He grabbed his gun from the bottom of the wagon and the hammer caught on the box, exploding the rifle. The ball entered the right breast at the nipple and caused instant death.

Justice Kimball, of Benton Harbor, has been kissed, but not, at least on the occasion referred to, by a sweet young girl. A Hebrew peddler was so much overjoyed at his release from a trivial charge, that he went up to the man of law, threw his arms around the portly frame and planted a hearty smack on the judicial lips.

Rev. R. R. Claiborne, pastor of St. Luke's Church, Kalamazoo, in a sermon announced that he was pleased that Col. Ingersoll did not pick his church to eulogize. He did not want praises from a man who did not believe in God, the Bible or the birth of Christ. Several other preachers scored the Colonel on his address.

Capt. C. E. Belknap, of Grand Rapids, of the Chickamauga Commission, will go to the old battlefield in April or May to locate twenty more markers, indicating the places occupied by Michigan commands. Capt. Belknap expects to complete his book on Michigan at Chickamauga before June. It will be published by the State.

A north Michigan justice, while trying his maiden case, could not forget the parliamentary training he had received. He cleared his throat and asked: "What is your pleasure, gentlemen?" The prisoner's attorney replied: "May it please your honor, I move that the prisoner be discharged." "Second the motion," said the prisoner, and before the attorney for the people could get his wind, the motion was put and carried, and the prisoner discharged.

William Grice, the man arraigned at Benton Harbor charged with murdering assaulting Minnie Spaenk, of St. Joseph, will not be prosecuted by County Prosecutor Hamilton, as he believes Miss Spaenk labored under a hallucination and that there is not sufficient plausible evidence to warrant the proceedings. Many citizens are disgusted with the turn of affairs. It is announced that Attorney O'Hara will prosecute in behalf of the Hanleys, for whom the girl was working at the time of the assault.

For some time past a certain Calhoun County veteran has been in the habit of spending his pension money soon after he received it in ways which conflict with the admonition, "Look not upon the wine when it is red." For a couple of pay days, however, burglars have visited his house between the time of his receiving his money and his spending it, with the consequence that he had no money to blow in. His wife, however, could explain the burglar theory satisfactorily if she wished by showing him a bank book good for just about the amount he thinks has been stolen.

Henry Depue, of Ann Arbor, has sued for a divorce from his wife on the novel plea that, although he is amply able and entirely willing to support her, she has made life a burden to him and driven away every earthly joy by filling his "house, beds and rooms with roomers and boarders, devoting her time and attention to the care of strangers" and compelling him to cook his own meals and spend his evenings and nights in melancholy loneliness. His wife is a pleasant little body, but thoroughly infatuated, it would seem, with a desire to care for the students of the university instead of her husband.

William Donahue, switchman in the Grand Trunk yards, was killed while coupling cars at Battle Creek. He was making a running switch and was caught in the draw heads. He was 42 years old and leaves a wife and three children.

In an address Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett, of the People's Church, Kalamazoo, referred to the recent visit of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll to the church and to his favorable comments upon it. She felt sure, she said, that the belief of the church was broad enough to take in even Infidel Bob, and she would extend the hand of fellowship to him, if he desired it.

SLAVES INSURED IN LOTS.

Old-Time Protection from Loss in Human Property.

Yesterday the Picayune was shown by a prominent insurance agent a life policy, which, in the light of the present methods of insuring, is a curiosity in more ways than one.

It was sent here by a Memphis agent, headed "Negro Policy," numbered 965, issued by the Phoenix Insurance Company of St. Louis, dated in that city the 10th of March, 1851, and signed by John B. Camden, President, and W. H. Pritchard, Secretary.

The premium paid was \$85.30, and the risk was for \$8,000 for three months from noon of March 4, 1851, to noon of June 4, 1851, on sixteen slaves, as follows:

Tom, Frank, Sophie, Eviline, Jordan, Daniel, Ann, Hester, Henry, Lew, Zelina, Ellen, Nelson, Mary, Charlotte, and Ann, in favor of Bolton, Dickins & Co., of Memphis, Tenn., being at the rate of \$500 on the life of each one who might die during the continuance of policy.

The restrictions in the policy read that the said slaves "shall have only the privilege of traveling in the usual conveyances on land, rivers, lakes, or inland seas, and of residing in any of the States or Territories of this Union, or the British provinces of North America, north of 30 degrees north latitude and 20 degrees west longitude from Washington city, except that from the 15th of July to the 1st day of November, in each and every year, it shall not be lawful for the insured to visit or reside south of 34 degrees north latitude, and 20 degrees west longitude from Washington city, or enter into the military or naval service whatever (the militia not in actual service excepted), without such permission previously obtained and endorsed on this policy, or in case they shall die in consequence of a duel or by the hands of justice, or in the known violation of any law or this State or of the United States, or of the said provinces, or if the said slaves shall be engaged in any capacity on a steamboat, raft, or vessel of any description, without the permission of the said company previously obtained and endorsed on this policy, or shall run away or be kidnapped; then and in all such cases the said company shall not be liable for the payment of the said sum insured or any part thereof, and this policy, so far as relates to such payment, shall be entirely void. This policy shall be void if assigned without the consent of the company."

There was a loss sustained under this policy, as the following endorsement will show:

"Received of the Phoenix Insurance Company \$498.08 in full, in payment of negro girl, Charlotte, insured under this policy, No. 365, less forty-seven days' interest. BOLTON, DICKINS & CO.

"Memphis, May 21, 1851."—New Orleans Picayune.

What the Horses Thought.

The unanimous opinion of three horses was once more convincing than that of many times that number of human beings, according to a story in Harper's Magazine. The question at issue, moreover, was one of architectural design, such a question as might seem at first thought to be quite foreign to any equine understanding.

Mr. B. built himself a house some years ago. The architecture was simple, as a friend said, "to a riotous degree." It was correspondingly pure, and the house was correspondingly comfortable. The effect of the lines, however, upon the untutored mind was not impressive. A friend visiting Mr. B.'s town, inquiring the way to the house, was told by the boy of whom he asked the question, to "go 'bout a well, a mile, till you come to a house 'at looks like a barn, only it ain't a barn, an' that's hisn."

B. enjoyed the description, and reported it to his architect, who made a few remarks about public taste which would have offended public taste very much to hear.

"That's their verdict," said the architect, "but what does it amount to? It simply—" etc., etc.

Two weeks later three friends of B. rode up from town on horseback, entered the ground, and stopped before the house. One of them dismounted and rang the bell, and B. himself opened the door.

"Whoa!" cried all the three riders at once.

B. almost swooned.

The horses had tried unanimously to walk in.

They recognized the simplicity of the architecture, and the architect himself has had to admit that popular taste sometimes receives indorsement from unexpected quarters.

Masks.

Masks were ordinary articles of female costume in England previous to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The whole mask, covering the entire face, was held between the teeth by means of a round bead fastened on the inside. White half masks, with chin-cloaks—i. e., chin-clothes or mufflers—were in fashion as late as the Commonwealth. During the reign of Queen Anne and the first half of the last century masks were still used by ladies in riding, and were worn appended to the waist by a string.

To Improve Furs.

Furs will look much improved if they are cleansed with bran heated in the oven. Rub the hot bran well into the fur with a piece of flannel, then shake the fur to remove all particles, and brush thoroughly. Fur collars that have become soiled from rubbing against the hair may be made to look like new by using hot bran on them. Apply the bran a second time if the fur is badly soiled.

The day after a man talks a great deal, he is never in good company.



## THE CHELSEA STANDARD

An independent local newspaper published every Thursday afternoon from its office in the basement of the Turf Club & Wilkeson block, Chelsea, Mich.  
**BY O. T. HOOVER.**  
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CHELSEA, THURSDAY, JAN. 30, 1896.

## NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES.

### Unadilla.

Will Hudson is working for Fred Stow.  
 Robt Hadley spent Saturday at her home.  
 Mrs. Mary Barton is visiting in Howell.  
 Charley Hudson visited his parents Saturday.  
 Harrison Hadley intends putting up a new barn in the spring.  
 Carmi Webb is in California at the present feasting on figs and oranges.

### North Sharon.

La grippe prevails in the Dorr and Irwin districts.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Dorr went to Jackson last Tuesday to attend the Horning-Lapham wedding.

Chas. Bullard has again taken his departure for Alabama as he has purchased land there.

Miss Agnes Oberschmidt was unable to attend school in Manchester this week owing to illness in the family.

Miss Jennie and Mr. Lewis Rhodes gave a party last Friday evening, about sixty of their friends being present. All report an excellent good time.

Rev. Bradley was called to Kalamazoo last Monday morning on account of the severe illness of his uncle. The revival meetings were postponed until Wednesday evening in consequence.

### Waterloo.

Gracie Blickenstaff is suffering with the mumps.

Mrs. Iza Downer is visiting at F. Beeman's this week.

Jacob Schiller and family of Sylvan spent Sunday with relatives here.

Jacob Bayer returned from Grand Ledge last week where he has been spending some time with his children.

The Crusaders, who are holding meetings every evening in the M. E. church, are drawing large crowds and a good amount of interest is taken in their work.

The residence of Morris Eisenbeiser was completely destroyed by fire early Wednesday morning. No one noticed the fire and if the baby had not cried and awoke the family, all would have been burned. As it was, they had a narrow escape. Nothing was saved. The church bell was rung, but it failed to arouse but few of the neighbors. House and furniture partially covered by insurance.

### North Lake.

Ice houses all filled. Ice cream will be plenty.

Mrs. Ben. Isham is suffering with rheumatism.

North Lake school is progressing finely with Prof. Foster teacher.

Singing school every Tuesday evening at the hall. Quartette every evening.

Geo. Hudson enlisted as janitor for \$15 for one year for the North Lake church.

W. H. Glenn is the smartest old man at the Lake. He does his own chores this winter.

The League is progressing nicely in all departments especially the devotional meetings held Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Osmon and your scribe and wife made a very pleasant visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Beadle's last Friday.

Geo. Rende, jr. has received repairs for his hay press that he bought of B. H. Glenn, and will soon commence baling again.

Stockholders in the Washtenaw Mutual Fire Insurance Co. should read their policies and be ready with voice and sentiment to act.

The literary social given by the League last Thursday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Daniels was a success, over seventy little and big being present. Receipts \$5.50.

### Sylvan.

Merritt Boyd and son Howard spent Sunday here.

The teacher and scholars of district No. 4 visited No. 11, Monday afternoon.

In the past week some of the young folks have attended the Crusaders' meetings.

Fishermen are beginning to ask how thick is the ice and is the wind right, etc.

Wm. Gray and Mrs. Wm. Eisenbeiser are numbered among the grip victims.

Ludlow returned from a peddling trip Saturday and reports bad weather for the work.

Homer Boyd has made great changes in the appearance of his premises, cutting down two small orchards and also some shade trees.

It is rumored that we shall soon have a series of lectures at our church in the near future. Look for the notice later on. Don't fail to purchase season ticket.

The social held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James Beckwith was largely attended, about sixty being present to participate in the festivities of the evening. All report a good time. Receipts \$6.55. Two young men of Chelsea who are well acquainted with the hospitality of our citizens, were so eager to attend that they walked out and went back on foot. At last reports they were caring for blistered heads and toes. Come again, boys.

### COUNTY AND VICINITY.

Wheat was quoted at 91 and 92 cents per bushel at Saline last week. Either the buyers were on a "toot" or the Observer's figures had become a little mixed.

A Stockbridge man found a strange mitten in his hen roost one morning recently. He wishes that the owner would call and prove property or bring him the mate to it.

The Sun says that the common council of Stockbridge is like a tallow dip lighted and hid under a bushel. They never let the public know what they have done when they have held a seance.

A company with \$20,000 capital stock has been organized at Stockbridge and is known as the Stockbridge Brick and Lumber Company. C. D. DePuy formerly of this place is president of the concern.

Mamie Askew is the editor of the school column in the Grass Lake News. Last week she said the reason for there not being more news was on account of the reporters not doing their duty. She says to them, "I Askew to do better hereafter."

Miss Jennie Davis, sister of Mrs. G. W. Sweet, died December 19th in China, of black small pox. The deceased went to China as a missionary last October. She was 23 years of age and her early death was cause for general regret. —Ann Arbor Argus.

It is said that ex-County Clerk Brown of Ann Arbor resembles to a marked degree the newly elected senator from Utah. The Ann Arbor man is contemplating going to Washington pretty soon and having a good time by passing himself off for the senator.

The Ann Arbor Argus had an attack of vertigo last week, brought on by Mayor Pingree sending it a marked copy of a paper containing his late message. Ping should have known better, as the Argus is old and such an attack is liable to go hard with the poor old thing.

Adolph Rauschenberger of Northville was thrown from his wagon one night last week, and when the doctors got through examining him it was found that his nose, jaw, and arm were broken, and a leg fractured. It is thought that his name fell upon him, causing his many injuries, as a man named Paul who fell at the same time received only a small cut on his head.

About two weeks ago a young man canvassed Dexter for photographs, agreeing to give two for ten cents. After he had obtained a number of subscriptions he left town without delivering any of the goods. A warrant was sworn out for him, and he was arrested at Stockbridge brought back to Dexter, where he waived examination and was then taken to Ann Arbor and locked up in jail.

On September 29, 1892, Lucius Tubbs well known as the man that drives the mules and carries the mail between the trains and postoffice at Dexter, was injured by the Michigan Central day express. He sued for \$10,000. Judge Kinne threw the case out of court, but the supreme court ordered a new trial. On Friday night a settlement was effected, the railroad company agreeing to pay Tubbs \$4,000.

Dr. Vaughn has analyzed the water furnished by the Ann Arbor Water Works Co. and has discovered a coliform in it. Now, if the Doctor will rise up and explain whether a coliform is a monster swimming about in the crystal liquid or a morsel such as would cause waves of delight to chase each other over the face of an epicure he will relieve an overworked imagination on the part of the public.

The Scio flouring mills were destroyed by fire Thursday morning. Seven thousand bushels of wheat and 250 barrels of flour were destroyed. Total loss \$20,000, insurance \$7,500. Last autumn \$2,500 insurance was taken off the property.

Rev. E. W. Ryan, who was taken on a capias sworn to by George Letter a saloon keeper, for maliciously causing the arrest of the latter during the recent law and order prosecutions, at Ypsilanti, was released Saturday by the circuit court, the matter coming upon arguing motion that the defendant give bail for his appearance at the next term of court.

A baby in the home of Mr. and Mrs. "Luie" Durkee, living near Pinckney, pulled a lighted lamp down upon itself early Thursday morning. The lamp broke, and the burning oil covered the baby. The frantic mother screamed for Mr. Durkee, who a moment later wrapped the little one in a quilt and extinguished the fire, but not until his hands were seriously burned, and the child so terribly burned that it died before night in fearful agony. Mr. Durkee's burns will lay him up for the winter.

Livingston county will remain wet for some time to come, as the attorney general has decided that the errors in four of the petitions made it impossible to call a special election for that purpose. The law requires that the poll list of the last previous election shall govern, and four lists were governed by the voting list of 1894. Local optionists of Livingston county have had rather a hard time of it, but probably they will send in some new petitions soon which will be without a flaw. —Pinckney Dispatch.

The typhoid cases of the university hospital are given heroic treatment. The patients are placed in cold water and ice is allowed to melt and fall on their heads. This dripping from the ice is continued for about ten minutes and then the patient is placed in a hot bath. It would seem as if the shock sustained would kill rather than cure and in normal conditions the results might be very disastrous. But it is claimed that the remedy is the very best one that has ever been hit upon for the treatment of the disease. —Ann Arbor Argus.

At the commencement of the late war William Pyper, of Unadilla township, enlisted in the Eleventh Michigan Infantry, and Abel Smith, of Pinckney, enlisted in the same regiment from Walled Lake. Fate threw the men together and together they shared hardships, toils and pleasures of their army life. They were "bunk-mates." When the war closed they shook hands and parted each to their respective homes and until Wednesday of last week had no idea that either was alive, although living only a few miles apart. The scene was as affecting one and one which all "Boys in Blue" will thoroughly understand.

### SCHOOL NOTES.

Emma and Sarah Koch have taken up studies in the third grade.

Again the buds of botany are sprouting. We hear that almonds were served to-day.

The sixth grade have entered the ranks of the high school. They are kept until 3:45 p. m.

Those pupils who took the examinations last week survived the shock and are able to be about again.

Chas. Miller, a former member of the High School, but now in business in Ithaca, visited the High School Tuesday.

We never realize so keenly our need of more room as now. Every seat is full and people continually shifting to accommodate classes.

### On a Large Scale.



He—Don't you think I'm improving in my walking?  
 She—Oh, yes! I think you've been making vast strides. —Exchange.

Many stubborn and aggravating cases of rheumatism that were believed to be incurable and accepted as life legacies, have yielded to Chamberlain's Pain Balm, much to the surprise and gratification of the sufferers. One application will relieve the pain and suffering and its continued use insures an effectual cure. For sale by F. P. Glazier & Co.

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

## "SUGAR AUNTS AND UNCLES."

Amusing New Year's Custom Among the Children of Belgium.

All over the broad earth children display the same characteristic at New Year's—they expect gifts, says the New York Herald. Sometimes they use every art in order to make their expectations realities. Sometimes they even resort to force to gain their ends. One amusing custom is found in Belgium. There, on St. Sylvester's day, the eve of New Year's day, the children strive to secure a "sugar uncle" or a "sugar aunt," as the relative who falls a victim to their wiles is technically termed. On that day all the children of the household enter into a solemn conspiracy for the mutual good at the expense of the unwary adult whom they may entangle in the meshes of their intrigues.

They employ every artifice to get one of the older members of the household under lock and key. Early on that day the keys of all the doors in the house have mysteriously disappeared. They have been secreted by the children, who retain them, nearly for instant use whenever the occasion shall occur. Then strictest watch is maintained, to the end that some unsuspecting one may be alone in a room. An uncle enters a room to search for the paper which he has mislaid. Presto! There comes a pattering rush of feet in the hallway, the door is slammed, the key rattles in the lock. The alarmed uncle springs to the door.

Woe betide him now if he be in a hurry, and if he be ungenerous, for he must yield to the terms of these youthful brigands before he can escape. He must solemnly covenant with them that he will pay to them whatever ransom they may demand ere the prison door will swing open. When the prisoner has promised all that is asked the triumphant company restore him to liberty.

### WOODEN SILK.

A Wonderful Fabric Made from Waste Material.

A process has been discovered by which a material closely resembling silk may be manufactured from wood. Even now women are walking about the streets of some continental cities in the most elaborate gowns of silk in the manufacture of which the worm had no part.

The palm for this wonderful discovery in chemical science must go to S-witzerland, for a native of Zurich, Dr. Lehner by name, is the inventor of the process.

In the manufacture of the new fabric the principal ingredients used are sprucewood pulp, cotton or jute waste, combined with a large quantity of alcohol.

The use of the substantial of solid materials mentioned creates a market for what was hitherto of no use whatever, being burned in factory furnaces to get it out of the way.

The material in its raw state is so much like cocoon spun by the silkworm that when the two are placed side by side in a finished state, it takes an expert to determine which is which. This artificial silk has been spun and worked up into a large variety of fabrics. In the dyeing, weaving and finishing of this no special treatment has been found necessary.

### A Wonderful Aluminum Skate.

One of the most important among the numerous articles now produced of aluminum is made by a New York man. It is a racing skate that is very light and at the same time strong enough to withstand the pressure put upon them when skating at railroad speed. The skate is composed of a steel runner 18 inches long, 1-16th inch thick and almost as thin as the blade of a knife. This blade is supported by a peculiar-shaped aluminum runner support, on top of which is a light strip of mahogany, making altogether a beautiful and artistic skate, the aluminum reminding one of burnished silver. One of the greatest problems skate manufacturers had to contend with was to produce a skate 18 or more inches long with a knife-like runner, to be strong and rigid, and at the same time light in weight, so as to make them practical for use.

### England Hard Up for Crews.

When the Magnificent and Majestic, England's new battleships, were put into commission the other day, crews had to be taken from two other vessels, that of the Empress of India going to the Magnificent, while the Majestic received the men from the Royal Sovereign. As all the vessels are needed right away, the Empress of India takes the crew of the cruiser Blake, and a new crew has been scraped together for the Royal Sovereign.

### A Profitable Cat Farm.

A Covington, Ky., woman has a little cat farm from which she makes considerable profit. She raises only Angora cats, and at present has about twenty on hand. The animals are of a high breed, and sell for an average of \$50 a pair. They require a great deal of careful attention, and are raised on much the same plan as are high-bred dogs.

### The Waltz King.

Strauss, the "waltz king," writes his music in a most unmethodical manner. He apparently spends most of his time in drawing, gardening and playing billiards. But in the midst of these occupations he will suddenly rush away, seize a pen and put down on paper some harmony of sounds that has just occurred to him.

### A Bell in a Tree's Trunk.

In cutting down a tree near Bowling Green, Ky., United States Marshal T. P. Smith found imbedded in the trunk a cow bell of an old pattern, but looking new as though it had been placed in the tree the week before. There was no hollow in the trunk and how the bell got there is a mystery.

## Pure, Pleasant Harmless,

Prevents and checks decay, stops pain, brightens, beautifies and saves the teeth, sweetens the breath and purifies the mouth, also cures soft and bleeding gums. No other so carefully and skillfully compounded or can effect such perfect results as our **ORIENTAL TOOTH POWDER**, highly praised by all who use it. Try a bottle at 25c and you will use no other.

**R. S. ARMSTRONG & CO.**



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## STANDARD DICTIONARY

is everywhere acknowledged by Educators, Scholars, the Press, and the Public to be

### THE BEST FOR ALL PURPOSES.

It is the Latest and Most Complete. Contains 301,875 words, many thousands more than any other dictionary ever published. More than \$900,000 were expended in its production. 247 specialists and editors were engaged in its preparation.

Its Definitions are Clear and Exact. President Milne, of New York State Normal College, says its definitions are best to be found anywhere. Scores of critics say the same.

Its Etymologies are Sound. They are especially commended by the Atlantic Monthly, Boston, the Westminster Gazette, London, Sunday School Times, Philadelphia, and scores of others.

It is a Government Authority. It is in use in all departments of the United States Government at Washington, and all the departments of the Dominion of Canada. Government experts give it the preference on all disputed points.

It is Adopted in the Public Schools. of New York City and elsewhere. Its new educational features are extremely valuable in training pupils to a correct use of words, capitals, hyphens, etc. Its illustrations are superb. Its tables of coins, weights, and measures, plants, animals, etc., are exhaustive and cannot be found elsewhere.

It is the most Highly Commended. Never has a dictionary been welcomed with such unanimous and unqualified praise, the great universities, and by educators and critics throughout the English speaking world. Americans are proud of it. Englishmen admire it.

The London Times says: "The merits of the Standard Dictionary are indisputable and are abundantly attested by a large number of unimpeachable authorities."

The New York Herald says: "The Standard Dictionary is a triumph in the art of publication. . . It is the most satisfactory and most complete dictionary yet printed."

St. James's Budget (Gazette, London), says: "The Standard Dictionary should be the pride of literary America, as it is the admiration of literary England."

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If no Agent is in your town send your subscription to FUNK & WAGNALLS CO., 30 Lafayette Pl., New York.

Descriptive Circulars will be sent on application.

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.

For sale—A fine bunch of ewes, 27 in number, in first class order. Apply at this office.



# LOCAL BRIEVITIES

Miss Carrie Cunningham is now the organist at St. Mary's church.

Edmund Whipple has moved into the Tyndall house on Middle street.

Jas. L. Gilbert reports two robins hanging about his premises Monday.

Regular Covenant meeting at the Baptist church next Saturday afternoon.

Officers of Olive Chapter, O. E. S. will please meet at 2 o'clock next Saturday for drill.

The free will offering at the Congregational church last evening netted the society about \$90.

There will be a special meeting of Olive Chapter, O. E. S., No. 105, next Wednesday evening.

Dr. R. S. Armstrong left Monday for Saginaw to attend the session of the Grand Lodge, F. & A. M.

John Bagge left today for Detroit where he intends to make his home. His family will follow him in a short time.

The Sunday morning sermon at the Congregational church next Sunday will be on "What a man owes to the town he lives in."

A large party of young people met at the home of Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Twitchell Friday evening last, in honor of Miss Mabel Conklin.

The W. R. C. will observe Abraham Lincoln's birthday by giving a party at the Town Hall, February 12th. Further notice next week.

John Stapleah was having lots of sport Monday morning, until in an accident he broke one of the bones in his right hand and sprained several fingers.

The streets were lined with teams Saturday, and the stores were crowded with purchasers. Saturday is always a big day here, but last Saturday was a corker.

As the name indicates, Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is a renewer of the hair, including its growth, health, youthful color, and beauty. It will please you.

The Granite State Provident Association, whose agent was here a few months ago trying to place stock, is said to be in trouble, and Chelsea investors are glad that they went no further in the matter.

Revival services are being continued at the German M. E. church in Francisco, in charge of the pastor, Rev. Paul Wurfel, assisted by neighboring pastors. Rev. C. L. Adams has preached several evenings.

Next Sunday evening, February 2d, there will be a union temperance meeting in the Congregational church to be addressed by Rev. J. H. Girdwood, pastor of the Baptist church, subject, "Chelsea Saloons and Morals."

Don't forget the address given by Miss Dox at the Congregational church Thursday night on the story of Marcus Whitman. Miss Dox is a fine speaker, and she has a thrilling theme. All are invited. Admission free.

The Senior Endeavor Society of the Congregational church will give a reception to the Senior Epworth League and Senior Baptist Young People's Union in the Congregational church on Monday evening, February 3d at 7:30 o'clock.

It is reported that a drunken man recently laid down on the railroad track near here and used the rail for a pillow. A faithful dog attracted the attention of a passerby and the fellow was rescued from his perilous position but a short time before a fast train passed by.

Albert Harrington of Chicago and Mrs. Mary Burdard of Milan have each sent their birthday offering for the monument fund, for which the W. R. C. return thanks. Kind readers, have you not a birthday offering for the cause? The W. R. C. desire to have the monument erected during the year of 1896.

It is said that there is a married couple living not a thousand miles from Chelsea who have not spoken a word to each other in over twelve years. All communication between each other is carried on through the children of the family. It is also said that there are some men in town who wish that they could be served the same way.

Tickets for the benefit at the Town Hall, Thursday and Saturday nights can be procured at W. P. Schenk's, Tommie McNamara's, Bank Drug Store, John J. Raffrey's, H. S. Holmes' and Chas. Whitaker's. Reserved seats at John Beissel's without extra charge.

The Livingston county Christian Endeavor Union will meet at Gregory Wednesday, February 5th. Fred Mapes will respond to the address of welcome. This honor is conferred upon Mr. Mapes in recognition of his having been the first president of the Union.

The second quarterly meeting of the M. E. church will be held next Sunday, February 2d. Love feast at 9:30 a. m. At 10:30 the presiding elder, Rev. L. P. Davis, D. D., will preach, followed by the communion service. The second quarterly conference will be held at 7:30 Saturday evening.

A meeting for men only will be held in the Congregational church next Sunday afternoon at 3:30. Admission will be by ticket only and none will be admitted under the age of thirteen. Tickets can be procured free of charge from any of the pastors interested in this work and from many of the business places in town. The services will be purely evangelistic in character. Rev. C. L. Adams will preach the sermon. This is the first of a short series of meetings planned especially for the men of our community.

The market has made a good advance the past week on wheat and rye, but everything else remains dull. Wheat now brings 67c for red or white, rye, 37c, oats 18c, barley 60c, beans are moving some at 90c for 62 lbs. There is now some call for beans but no advance in price. Dealers have very little hope of much advance in beans, cloverseed, \$4.50, dressed hogs \$4.25, chickens 6c, onions 20c, potatoes 15c, eggs 15c, butter 13c. Business is starting up some and is expected to improve later. A good spring trade is looked for with a good advance in prices on some articles.

Gen. I. N. Walker, commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., said, after he had been informed that the Western Passenger Association would not grant the desired extension on the tickets: "Well, that simply lets St. Paul out of it. That is all there is to that. The entire matter will now be reopened and another city selected for the encampment." When informed that the other roads of the joint traffic association had declared that they would not grant terms more favorable than those already made by the western lines Commander Walker replied: "Then there will be no G. A. R. encampment this year. We will have 30-day tickets or we will not have any encampment."

The February number of the Delineator is called the Midwinter number and covers the whole field of seasonable fashions with its accustomed thoroughness. A very pretty ballad, far above the ordinary magazine contribution, begins the number. Mrs. Roger A. Pryor concludes her admirable series on the Social Code with a discussion of the various ways of getting into society. A well known New York dentist has an article on the care of the teeth. How a house may be artistically for the least money is told by Edna Witherspoon. The Delineator is published by the Butterick Pub. Co. (Limited), at 7 to 17 West 13th street, at the remarkable low price of \$1 a year; single copy 15 cents.

## PERSONAL

Saxe C. Stimson visited Ann Arbor Friday.

Bert Foster of Grass Lake spent Sunday in town.

S. A. and Fred Mapes spent Sunday at Plainfield.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Parker spent Sunday in Stockbridge.

Clarence B. Cone of Sheboygan, Wis. spent Sunday in town.

Will Stapleah of Ann Arbor spent Sunday with his mother here.

Miss Katy Staffan was entertained by Ann Arbor friends Sunday.

Miss Eva Montague of Unadilla spent Friday with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Schenk spent the first of the week in Detroit.

B. C. Turner of Jackson was the guest of Miss Laura Lane Sunday.

Miss Effa Armstrong has been spending a few days with her parents here.

Miss Ella Purchase has returned from a visit of several weeks in Pinckney.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wedemeyer were Ann Arbor visitors the latter part of last week.

G. P. Glazier returned Monday from a three weeks' trip in the eastern trip.

Mrs. J. G. Crowell spent several days of last week with her parents at Sharon.

Mrs. D. H. Wurster entertained Miss Edith Warren of Dexter last Sunday.

Edward McCann of Fremont, Neb., has been a guest at the home of J. S. Gorman.

Mrs. R. M. Glenn and son of Pinckney spent Sunday with relatives at this place.

Mrs. L. L. Gorton and daughter of Waterloo spent Sunday with relatives at this place.

Miss Cora Wurster of Webster spent the past week with Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Wurster.

Mrs. Sarah Beach of Grass Lake has been spending a few days with Mrs. Mary Depew.

Sam'l Heischwerdt went to California last week where he expects to spend some time.

Chas. Miller of Ithaca has been spending a few days of this week with his parents here.

Miss Matie V. Stimson, Miss Minnie U. Davis and Miss Nettie E. Hoover spent Friday last with friends in Ann Arbor.

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.

Pay the printer!

For Sale—The Bauer farm containing 149 acres, about one and one-half miles west of Chelsea. Inquire on premises.

Pay the printer!

THIS is the season when many of our merchants are selling goods at one quarter off. We have no goods to sell, but have cut our prices to more than

# 1/4 OFF

on plain

## Laundry Work

And until further notice we will call for your family washing, wash it thoroughly, starch all necessary garments, dry it and return to your house for only 3 cents per pound. In this way you may know just what your work will cost. Remember we wash our clothes.

## Chelsea Steam Laundry

# ICE!

We will furnish our next summer's customers with

## Cavanaugh and Cedar Lake Ice

at starvation prices.

## Frank Staffan & Son.

# QUALITY

## TALKS . . .

## STRONGEST

## Chase & Sanborn's

Importations.

## Teas and Coffees

are.

## Absolutely Uniform

and of the

## Highest known Quality

We handle

## These Goods

exclusively.

## FREEMAN'S.

## Ann - Arbor - Electric - Granite - Works.

Designers and Builders of

Artistic Granite and Marble Memorials.

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

JOHN BAUMGARDNER, Prop., Ann Arbor.

# 1/4 OFF SALE

## CLOSES

## FRIDAY NIGHT

## JANUARY 31ST

We will continue to sell all Ladies' Jackets and Capes yet on hand at one half price. Everything in the line of winter goods at a reduction from regular prices.

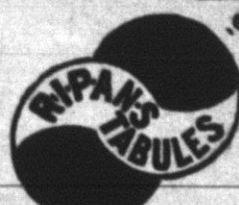
## W. P. SCHENK & CO.

WE have just placed in position a Cob Crusher and are now prepared to do work of this kind.

## D. E. SPARKS & SON.

Do You

## FEEL SICK?



Disease commonly comes on with slight symptoms, which when neglected increase in extent and gradually grow dangerous.

If you SUFFER FROM HEADACHE, DYSPEPSIA or INDIGESTION, TAKE RIPANS TABULES

If you are BILIOUS, CONSTIPATED, or have LIVER COMPLAINT, TAKE RIPANS TABULES

If your COMPLEXION IS SALLOW, or you SUFFER DISTRESS AFTER EATING, TAKE RIPANS TABULES

For OFFENSIVE BREATH and ALL DISORDERS OF THE STOMACH, TAKE RIPANS TABULES

Ripans Tabules Regulate the System and Preserve the Health.

ONE EASY TO TAKE

GIVES QUICK TO ACT

RELIEF. Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (50 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce St., New York. Sample

## Good Clothes

I have built up my reputation by combining all the highest points of excellence in the garments which I turn out. A trial solicited

## J. GEO. WEBSTER.



## THE MAN FOR SANDY.

I wouldn't give a copper plank  
For any man that turns his back  
On duty clear.

I wouldn't trust his word or note,  
I wouldn't trust him for a groat,  
Which he might stoop.

When things are just as things should be,  
And justice gives a man the place,  
Whether he be

It goes back to understand  
How things walk through house and land  
Of essential force and open hand  
Continually.

But when, I spite of work and care,  
A man must lose and failure bear,  
He meets praise:

Who will not to misfortune bow,  
Who ecks his burden on his brow  
And fights and fights, he knows how,  
Through long, hard days.

I wouldn't give an audit how  
For any man that I could see  
Who didn't hold

The sweetness of his mother's name,  
The kindness of his brother's claim,  
The honor of a woman's fame,  
For a man that gold.

Nor is it hard for him to do,  
Who keeps his friends as real and true,  
Love sweet and strong,  
Whose heart knows not from year to year  
The shadow of a doubt or fear,  
Or feels the falling of a tear  
For only wrong.

But give him praise whose love is pain,  
Who, wrong'd, forgives and loves again,  
And, though he grieves,  
Leta not the dear one from his care,  
But loves him mair, and mair, and mair,  
And bides his time wif hope and prayer,  
And still he believes.

Ay, gie him praise who doesna fear  
The up-hill fight from year to year  
And who grips fast  
His sin dear ones through good or ill,  
Who, if they wander, loves them still;  
Some day of joy he'll get his fill;  
He'll win at last.  
—Pittsburg Post.

## DAFT BET.

"Mincheste, famous for ye flower  
gardens; infamous for ye fyre." That  
is how an old chronicler sums up the  
character of the village. The flower  
gardens remain unto this day; so does  
the fair. But the fame of the one and  
the infamy of the other have long been  
merged in a decent obscurity. Minch-  
stead has, indeed, shared the fate of a  
hundred other villages. It has suc-  
cumbed to an age of railways. For-  
merly, Londoners used to visit Minch-  
stead for change of air. They then  
took as long reaching it by coach or by  
post chaise as they now take over a  
railway journey to St. Leonards or  
Eastbourne. Bath chairs and donkey  
chaises were quite abundant on Minch-  
stead common then. Children and  
nurses thronged it. It was a popular  
sitting in the place that "seven ails  
met there"—meaning thereby seven dis-  
tinct characters of atmosphere. How  
that number was arrived at is scarcely  
obvious. But, at any rate, the common  
was, and is, particularly bracing, and a  
day spent upon it cannot fail to invig-  
orate the speeder.

Now, however, I chabod! No one is  
to be met there save the ubiquitous  
golfer, the loafer, who lives upon his  
lost balls, and the dingiest sheep and  
most odoriferous goats that are to be  
found within the twelve-mile radius.

The fair, as we have said, still re-  
mains. It is held at Bartlemide on  
the old village green. There is an old  
and there is a new green at Minch-  
stead. The latter deserves the name,  
for it has a fine expanse of turf; with  
the former it is otherwise. Every  
blade of grass has long disappeared from  
it. It is a bare, worn space of gravel  
and sand, trodden to the consistency of  
a road by playing children and loafing  
men and women. It is here that the  
denizens, whose houses lie around the  
green, are full of cursing and bitterness  
for three whole days in every August.

The strident music of the merry-go-  
rounds, the nauseous odors of their oil-  
ed engines, the oaths of drunken men,  
the shrieks of drunken women, the gen-  
eral rowdiness and disorders which are  
rampant after dark may serve as some  
excuse even for cursing and bitterness.

Many Minchsteadites have tried to get  
the nuisance put down, but without  
avail. The fair is held by royal charter.  
An act of Parliament alone can  
abolish it. And Parliament has its  
hands too full already to be passing acts  
for the abatement of mere local nu-  
ances.

The fair, therefore, continues. In the  
daytime it is quite respectable; it is  
even aristocratic, as aristocracy in  
Minchstead goes. Ladies—no mere  
ladies—have been seen in the swing-  
ing boats before dusk; gentlemen—and  
those not simply gents—stroll up to  
while away an hour of the afternoon  
in cocoanut shells and rifle shooting.

There is a famous shooting range, kept  
by one Amos Dunkley, which has  
graced Minchstead fair regularly since  
the early 50's. You do not simply shoot  
down a tube at glass bottles, but you  
have a sort of miniature jungle where-  
in to practice your marksmanship—a  
jungle full of moving rabbits and flying  
birds for the experts, of stationary  
targets and bottles for the inexpe-  
rienced.

To those Minchsteadites who used to  
patronize this gallery a few years ago  
one sight must have been very famil-  
iar. It was that of a middle-aged woman,  
belonging evidently to the poorer  
classes, who used to stand just at the  
entrance of Dunkley's gallery all  
through the three days of the fair. She  
went by the name of "Daft Bet." Pass-  
ers-by would nod to her in a pitying  
sort of way, and give her coppers or  
small silver coins. She did not, how-  
ever, pay much heed to any of them, or  
even seem to care whether they gave  
her money or not. Her eyes were all  
the while fixed upon the entrance of  
the shooting gallery, with a set, eager  
expression, as though she were anxiously  
watching for some one to come out.

So she was. So she had been now for  
thirty years. When eleven struck, and  
Dunkley came to the door to close his  
gallery for the night, she would ask  
him, eagerly:

"How about Tom? Will he be coming  
home to-night?" And Dunkley would  
say, with a kindly gravity that did  
credit to his feelings:

"No, lass, no! Tom must stay to-  
night to take care of the show."

"But you'll not keep him to-morrow  
night, Mr. Dunkley, sir—you'll not keep  
to-morrow?"

"Say, lass! I'll not keep him to-mor-  
row."

For thirty years had this same dia-  
logue taken place on each of the three  
nights of Minchstead Bartlemide fair.  
Daft Bet's story was a sufficiently sad  
one. In the year 1855, a bride of six  
weeks' standing, she had lost her hus-  
band in the following tragic way:  
Dunkley, one of whose assistants had  
been unexpectedly laid up, had engaged  
Tom Picher, a resident of Minchstead,  
to help him with his shooting gallery  
during the three days of the fair. To-  
ward evening, on the last of the three  
days, something went wrong with one  
of the running rabbits, and Tom crept  
into the jungle to put the thing in or-  
der. The shooting was stopped while  
he did so, but the gallery was very full  
just then; there was great confusion  
and crowding among the would-be  
marksmen, and somehow one of the  
attendants did not observe that Tom  
Picher was in the jungle, for he was  
stooping very low and was hidden by  
the artificial grass and rushes. The at-  
tendant handed a loaded gun to a gen-  
tleman who stretched out his hand for it.  
The latter, also never seeing Tom, took  
aim at one of the rabbits in the grass,  
and—before he could be stopped—fired.  
There came a sharp cry from the  
jungle, followed by an ominous groan.  
Dunkley sprang over the barrier and  
rushed forward. He found poor Tom  
Picher huddled upon the ground, just  
breathing his last. An ugly wound in  
the forehead showed where the ball had  
penetrated.

Everybody present was horror-stricken  
by this tragical accident. The gen-  
tleman who had fired the shot, especial-  
ly, was in a perfect agony of distress.  
But the affair was rendered sadder still  
by what followed. Tom's young wife,  
who had come there to walk home with  
him, was actually waiting for him at  
the entrance at the time when the acci-  
dent occurred. Some excited and  
thoughtless witness of the catastrophe  
went out and told her—never attempt-  
ing to break it gently, or in any way  
to prepare the poor girl for the shock.  
She ran wildly in. She forced her way  
through the crowd to her dead husband.  
She threw herself upon his body, with  
a terrible wail. When she at length  
raised her eyes from the dead they were  
fixed and strange. The light of reason  
was gone from them. It never returned.

This is how it was that ever after-  
ward, during the Minchstead Bartlemide  
fair, you would find her at the door of  
Dunkley's gallery waiting for Tom;  
never quitting her post, never grow-  
ing weary, always receiving with pa-  
tient acquiescence Dunkley's intima-  
tion that Tom could not be spared from  
the show that night, and buoying her-  
self up with the promise that he would  
surely be allowed to come with her to-  
morrow.

The gentleman who had fired the  
fatal shot made what amends were  
possible to this afflicted creature. He  
called upon the vicar of the parish and  
arranged to pay the widow, through  
him, a sufficient weekly allowance to  
keep her in comfort for her life, or—  
supposing such a course should be held  
necessary—to defray the cost of her  
maintenance in a good private asylum.  
The former course was adopted, for the  
doctors pronounced her quite harmless,  
and declared that there was no reason  
for shutting her up. And so poor Daft  
Bet lived on in Minchstead for thirty  
years, pitied and kindly used by all;  
not unhappy, never complaining, but  
supported from first to last by her mer-  
ciful delusion, and always confident  
that she should see her Tom—to-mor-  
row.

It was exactly thirty years after the  
fatal accident—in the August of 1885—  
that a party of young fellows who had  
come over with a cricket team to play  
a match against the famous Minchstead  
Club strolled down to the fair in the  
evening on the lookout for a little  
amusement. Some betook themselves  
to one show, some to another. Three or  
four went into Dunkley's world-re-  
nowned shooting gallery. One of them,  
a good-looking, merry young fellow of  
about 20, seemed to attract Daft Bet's  
attention as he went by, for she sudden-  
ly fixed her great, hollow eyes upon  
him and followed him into the gallery  
with an eager glance. By and by she  
went up to the doorkeeper.

"Just let me in. I want to speak to  
Tom," she said, coaxingly.

"Nay, Bet," said the man, with more  
kindness than might have been expect-  
ed from his rough appearance. "You  
cannot come in now, lass. Tom's  
busy. He has no time to be speaking to  
you."

"Do let me in, there's a dear," she  
persisted, earnestly.

The doorkeeper shook his head.

"I mussen, lass," he said decidedly.

"Oh, there is Mr. Dunkley," she  
cried. "Let me ask Mr. Dunkley. Mr.  
Dunkley, sir!"

Amos was standing near the entrance.  
He turned round at the sound of his  
name, and Bet preferred her request to  
him.

"Mr. Dunkley, sir; let me come in for  
a minute to speak to Tom," she plead-  
ed.

"Tom's busy, lass," said Amos, using  
the same excuse as the doorkeeper had  
done. "He can't be spared from his  
work at present."

"But let me just come in and wait  
inside till he is ready to speak to me,"  
cried Bet, clasping her hands. "Oh, do  
let me, Mr. Dunkley, sir!"

Amos Dunkley was a soft-hearted  
man. He had always been very kind

to Bet, and it went against him to re-  
fuse her this small and easily granted  
favor, by which, moreover, the poor,  
mad creature seemed to set such store.

"Well, lass, if you do come inside,"  
he said, "you must just stand still and  
wait patiently. We cannot have busi-  
ness interfered with you know."

"Oh, Mr. Dunkley, sir, I'll be as good  
as gold. I'll stand inside and never  
move or speak till Tom is ready. May-  
be I shall see Tom when I'm inside!"  
she added with half wistful inquiry in  
her tone.

"No, no, lass; you'll not see him.  
He's busy at the back," said Amos  
Dunkley.

"But I'll see him when he's done, Mr.  
Dunkley, sir?"

"Oh, yes, Bet. You'll see him when  
he's done."

She came inside the gallery and  
stood quietly in a corner. Her eyes  
rained about the tent until they fell  
upon the young man already mention-  
ed, and on him they remained fixed.  
She followed all his movements eagerly.  
Never for a second did she allow  
her gaze to wander from him. Now  
she seemed to be growing agitated.  
She could not stand still. She was  
twisting both her hands in a corner of  
her apron, then untwisting them, and  
so on, rapidly. Her feet shuffled and  
sidged on the ground. No one, how-  
ever, observed her. The place was full.  
Amos and his assistants were all busy.  
At last Daft Bet could remain in her  
place no longer. She glided swiftly  
forward and mingled with the throng.  
Soon she was close to the barrier  
where the marksmen stood and was al-  
most rubbing shoulders with the young  
man, on whom her eyes had been never-  
ceasingly fixed.

They were glittering now with a pecu-  
liar light. She lifted her hand and  
plucked the young man by the sleeve.

"Hilloa, mother! What is it?" he  
said, turning round and regarding her  
good-naturedly.

"Where is Tom?" she asked, almost in  
a whisper.

"My good woman, really I cannot tell  
you," was the laughing rejoinder.

"You know where he is—you do know  
where he is," she persisted, with a cer-  
tain fierceness in her tone.

"I assure you you are quite mistak-  
en," said the young man, still laugh-  
ing, for he supposed that it was some kind  
of joke. "I know nothing about him."

"You shall tell me!" she cried, pas-  
sionately. "You shall tell me where he  
is!"

At this point one of the assistants,  
who was standing at the barrier load-  
ing rifles for use, turned round and saw  
Daft Bet clutching the young man's  
arm.

"Now then, lass," he said, sharply,  
"none of that. You're no business here  
annoying our customers. Come, clear  
out of it!"

The woman's eyes blazed. With in-  
credible swiftness, and before he could  
prevent her, she reached forward and  
caught up one of the weapons which he  
had just loaded. She pointed it straight  
at the young man's forehead.

She pulled the trigger. It was all the  
work of a second. Crack! flash! smoke!  
a heavy thud; and then a moment's awful  
silence.

In that moment, while dismay still  
held every onlooker paralyzed, Bet  
threw down the discharged gun and  
snatched up another—loaded, ready for  
use. She held the muzzle against her  
own forehead and, crying, "He does  
know—he does; he shall take me to  
my Tom!" so fired, and fell.

"Good God!" said Amos Dunkley—a  
few minutes later, to one of the dead  
man's companions. "Good God! Then  
that explains it."

"How? What do you mean?" ex-  
claimed the other, who was nearly be-  
side himself with mingled grief and  
horror.

"I mean, young man," answered  
Amos very solemnly, "that the hand  
of fate is clearly present in this dread-  
ful thing. Thirty years ago her hus-  
band was accidentally shot in my gal-  
lery on this very green. The one as  
shot him was your poor friend's  
father."—London Truth.

## PECULIAR RETAINING FEE.

John Chinaman Had It Arranged Be-  
fore He Perpetrated the Crime.

Col. A. T. Vogel-sang, the attorney,  
is regarded as one of the best raconteurs  
of the legal profession. In the Palace  
grillroom yesterday he let out a string  
of anecdotes. He said that a few weeks  
ago Dennis Spencer, the Napa lum-  
inary, was called upon by a Chinaman  
one evening, when the following dia-  
logue ensued:

"One Chinaman kill another Chinaman  
with a hatchet; how much you  
charge make him clear?"

"I'll take the case," said Mr. Spencer,  
"for \$1,000."

"Allee right," said the Chinaman, "I  
be back after while."

"In about a week he returned to Mr.  
Spencer's office and laid down \$1,000 in  
gold coin on his table. Mr. Spencer  
swept the money into the drawer.

"Well, the Chinaman, he dead."

"Who killed him?"

"I did."

"When did you kill him?"

"Last night."

There was some curiosity on the part  
of the audience for further light on the  
disposition of the \$1,000, but Mr. Vogel-  
sang immediately spun off on to an-  
other story. —San Francisco Call.

## Buffaloes Help Each Other.

When an African buffalo is wounded  
by a hunter it is surrounded by several  
others, who immediately group them-  
selves round him and help him along  
in their midst by shoving against his  
side until they have reached a place of  
safety.

## Father of Cats.

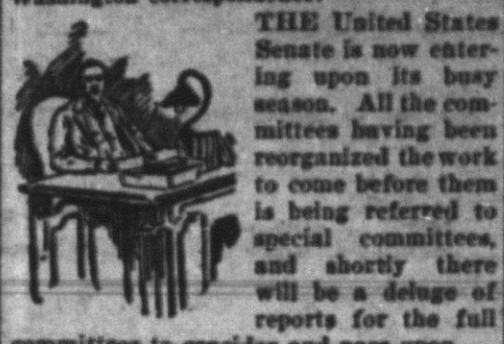
One of the chief men in a Mohamme-  
dan caravan is the cat-shelf, or "Fath-  
er of Cats," who rides a camel carrying  
dozens of baskets filled with cats.

## DAY WITH A SENATOR

### SOMETHING ELSE TO DO THAN TO LOOK SIGNIFIED.

Senatorial Life is a Laborious and Ex-  
acting Round—Duties to Constituents  
and to the General Public—Private  
Secretary and His Work.

Washington Correspondence.



THE United States Senate is now enter-  
ing upon its busy season. All the com-  
mittees having been reorganized the work  
to come before them is being referred to  
special committees, and shortly there  
will be a deluge of reports for the full  
committee to consider and pass upon.

Up to the present time the committees,  
with the exception of two or three of the  
more important ones, have done little or  
nothing. The Democrats realizing that  
their lease of power was drawing to a  
close did not care to start the wheels of  
legislation which would shortly be under  
the control of the Republicans. It has  
often and truly been asserted that the



United States is governed by committees,  
and with the great mass of legislation to  
be enacted by the national legislature, it  
must always be so, but the only important  
act passed by the Senate during the pres-  
ent Congress, the resolution providing for  
the appointment of the Venezuelan com-  
mission, was distinctly legislation by Con-  
gress, understood and approved by every  
member of the Senate and House, rather  
than by a mere committee.

While the importance of a Senator's  
work is popularly gauged by the part he

### NO WONDER SHE COMPLAINS.



MRS. MARS—I DO WISH, MRS. EARTH, THAT YOU'D STOP YOUR BEATS QUARRELING  
ALL THE TIME; ONE CAN'T GET A WINK O' SLEEP.

takes in debates on the floor of the Sen-  
ate, his real duties are chiefly performed  
in connection with committees. The daily  
routine of a Senator involves attendance  
on committee meetings, usually called to  
meet at 10 o'clock in the morning, and  
lasting until nearly noon, when they are  
adjourned, and the members take their  
seats in the Senate. Each committee di-  
vides its work among sub-committees,  
consisting of one or more Senators, and  
reports of facts bearing on the particular  
bill under consideration, together with rec-



ommendations for its disposition, are made  
at meetings of the full committee. In  
nearly all minor matters these recom-  
mendations are approved by the com-  
mittee, and in turn by the Senate. It is  
only in the consideration of important  
measures that a general discus-  
sion is carried on, and even in such cases  
the sub-committee, being in accord with  
the dominant party, usually has its work  
approved with little or no amendment. A

At Little York, eight miles west of  
Scottsburg, Ind., Walter Coombs shot his  
wife through the abdomen. She lived  
but fifteen minutes. Coombs then shot  
himself below the heart. He is still alive  
and begs for some one to kill him. The  
two children of the Coombs are absent at  
school. Mrs. Coombs was a highly re-  
spected woman, and there was no cause  
save groundless jealousy.

A thousand families of St. Johns, N. F.,  
are destitute and have nothing with  
which to meet the rigors of the coming four

to be within the call of the electric bells  
announcing that a vote is to be taken in  
the Senate, unless paired with some one of  
opposite political faith. For the Senators  
whose committee rooms open on the corri-  
dors encircling the Senate chamber this  
requirement is not attended by any great



Republican sub-committee is given a bill  
to consider, its report is approved by a  
Republican committee and a solid Re-  
publican vote in the Senate is apt to pass  
the measure, though just at present, as  
the balance of power rests with the Popu-  
lists, it's pretty difficult to pass any bill  
on a strict party vote.

Besides the work in committee that is  
looked for from a Senator, he is expected  
inconvenience, but only a small contin-  
gency are so favored. Senators who hap-  
pen to be engaged in committee rooms in  
the Maltby building and in the terrace  
don't enjoy the tramp to the Senate in  
order to answer to their names when called.  
But even in the case of a Senator  
who attends closely on the business of  
the Senate it is seldom necessary for him  
to spend more than two hours at his desk.  
From 12 to 2 o'clock is what is known as  
the "morning hour," and within that time  
committee reports are received and often  
acted on, and Senators frequently ask  
to have their pet measures considered. At  
2 o'clock "the regular order" is demand-  
ed, and as a rule, that means that  
speeches are continued on the measure be-  
fore the Senate, and unless the afternoon  
promises something of interest Senators  
retire to their committee rooms or go  
home.

Much of a Senator's time is taken up in  
attendance on callers. Nearly every one  
who comes to Washington on a sight-  
seeing journey wants to meet the Senators  
from his State, especially if the visitor is  
of the same political party as the member  
of the upper house. There is a standing  
rule that Senators do not receive cards  
between 12 and 2 o'clock, and visitors  
wait until the latter hour before announc-  
ing their presence, and then are invited  
into the marble room. Some of the popu-  
lar Senators find that the reception of vi-  
sitors who merely call to pay their re-  
spects is an important part of their daily  
labor. Usually it doesn't take much time

### THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

#### INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON.

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

Lesson for Feb. 2.

Golden Text.—The Son of man hath  
power upon earth to forgive sins.—Luke  
5: 24.

The power of Jesus is the subject of this  
lesson, the text of which is found in Luke  
5: 17-26.

A glimpse of Jesus, on one of his days  
of earth, "A certain day," the lesson  
says, just a specimen day; there were  
many doubtless like it. O to go forth in  
the same spirit, not forgetting but for-  
getting! Christ was ever giving forth  
power and healing. He gave himself to  
helping others. In this he sets an exam-  
ple for the church. Teacher, are you ga-  
zing before your class to-day to render  
unto others of the best that is in you and  
by God's grace upon you? Do it for love's  
sake, says Thomas Carlyle. "In a valiant  
making others suffer for us not in nobleness  
ever lie. Every noble crown is, and ever  
on earth must be, a crown of thorns! Go,  
to God for strength and joy, and then go  
forth to impart it to others. There are  
plenty that need it.

"Be thou the rainbow to the storms of  
life.  
The evening beam that smiles the clouds  
away.  
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray."  
—Byron.

It might be well, as giving us a hint  
regarding Christ's sources of power and  
our own, to include the sixteenth verse of  
this chapter just preceding the lesson.  
"And he withdrew himself into the wil-  
derness, and prayed.

It is worth noting that there was a dou-  
ble occasion for this prayer of Christ. The  
prior context hints at great popularity,  
the after context tells of heavy duties and  
something of criticism. To steady him-  
self in times of affluence as well as to  
strengthen himself against hours of stress  
and struggle Christ had resort unto pray-  
er. It is "the secret of the Lord"—learn  
it.

One of the constant demands made up-  
on Christ was for teaching. For this he  
needed hours of prayerful repose. "As  
he was teaching," it says, more literally  
as he was engaged in teaching (present  
participle), as of a frequent and inde-  
continuous exercise, a habit and custom  
in Christ's days among the people. What  
a privilege to have the Lord of glory for  
a teacher!

The Pharisees and doctors were, by the  
same construction, habitually "sitting by,  
watching and censuring him." There are  
those who belong to this succession still.  
The Pharisee's idle seat has not long been  
left empty, the seat of the scorner, albeit,  
in the house of God. There are those who  
set themselves up as censors and critics.  
Pharisees and doctors diligently engaged  
while others toil, in sitting by and reason-  
ing with themselves. Sometimes they  
reason out loud. Then men call it grum-  
bling.

"The power of God was present to  
heal," Greek; unto his healing (verb with  
the infinitive) i. e., that he might heal  
them. For this or to this end the power of  
God was present in Christ. Even so  
Jesus said in last Sunday's lesson, "The  
Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he  
hath anointed me to preach the gospel to  
the poor, he hath sent me to heal the  
broken hearted, preach deliverance to the  
captives, and recovering of sight to the  
blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised"  
(4: 18). Brother, sister, whatever grace  
or talent is given to you is for a purpose.  
Use it to help and heal.

"They sought means" to bring in the  
palsied man. Or as the graphic Greek  
puts it, they kept seeking means (imper-  
fect tense, frequentative). Doubtless  
they tried one plan after another, keeping  
on persistently until they succeeded. Was  
not this a part of the "faith" which Christ  
commended in them?

"Who is this which speaketh blas-  
phemy?" the Pharisees ask. They are  
quick to catch at his words. They count  
themselves on quite easy ground here.  
Presently he is performing a deed, putting  
the word into act. How suddenly silent  
they become!

The argument is this: "You are right;  
it is easier to say. Thy sins be forgiven  
thee, than to say, Rise and walk, because  
you cannot see sins remove, but you can  
see one step forward and walk. Yet if I  
show myself equal to the latter, I am  
likewise equal to the former. And now  
in order that you may know that the Son  
of man hath power upon earth to forgive  
sins (he saith to the sick of the palsied), I  
say unto thee, arise, and take up the  
couch and go into thy house." He rises,  
walks—and into they speechless.

The end of it all was God glorified. As  
the man walked, in answer to Christ's  
word he glorified God. Every healed and  
straightened life glorifies God; every con-  
verted glorifies God as he walks in the  
strength of Christ. And the people glorified  
God by open declaration and avowal.  
The world's echo. This kind always fol-  
lows the other. When shall the earth be  
filled with God's glory? When the lips  
and lives of Christians are first of all  
glorified with his praise. All earth will  
then take up the strain, and God himself  
shall be with us, making the place of his  
feet glorious.

What blessed opportunities we have  
about us for the display of the divine  
grace! The harder the field, the greater  
the possibilities for God's sovereignty.  
Where was the power of the Lord pres-  
ent to heal? Where the want of man was  
present to be helped. Is there need about  
you? Do you yourself feel lack? Is it  
God's opportunity to declare his might  
and magnify his name. Be glad of it.

Next Lesson—"The Sermon on the  
Mount."—Luke 6: 41-49.

Odds and Ends.

Any army is strong enough for God,  
when it has no coward in it.

Bad men do right only because they  
have to. Good men because they love  
to.

There are a good many things in ev-  
ery sinner's life that he tries to hide  
from himself.

The man who has no business of his  
own to attend to, will soon be found at-  
tending to the devil's business.







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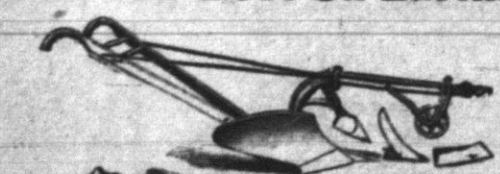
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### LONG ENDURING CYPRESS.

The Trees Grow Slowly, but They Are  
Almost Indestructible.

The cypress is a notoriously slow-  
growing tree, and its wood is just as  
notoriously durable. It is capable of not  
only resisting the action of the weather  
in a manner totally different to all other  
woods, but is wholly uninfluenced by  
immersion in water over a long period  
of years. It has many curious chemical  
properties, which hold its fibers and  
other constituents together so indissolubly  
that the ordinary changes which  
break down the tissues of ordinary  
woods are in cypress wholly resisted.

Instances are known where the wood  
of the cypress has endured for more  
than 1,000 years, leaving it still in a  
solid condition, subject only to the at-  
tention of the elements, such as the  
gradual wearing away one sees in ex-  
posed rocks. In the lower valley of the  
Mississippi a species of cypress is ex-  
tremely abundant, and in New Orleans  
lately, while some men were excavat-  
ing a trench, a cypress stockade was  
found which was erected in 1730 by the  
French as a protection against the In-  
dians. Some of the pieces measured 21  
inches in width, with a thickness of  
about 12 inches, and, though it had been  
buried for so many years, it was in per-  
fect condition when exhumed, even the  
tool marks being still clearly visible.

By a series of experiments extending  
over many years, it has been found the  
cypress wood endures the varying con-  
ditions of greenhouses better than any  
other wood. Greenhouses exposed to  
all the vicissitudes of heat, moisture,  
and changes of temperature, show the  
cypress timber used in their construction  
to be practically unchanged after  
more than fifty years of use; and, being  
sufficiently tough for the purpose, it is  
probable it will come more generally  
into use for building where a wood of  
great resisting power is required. Many  
old doors made by the early Spaniards  
in America are still as serviceable as  
ever, although exposed to a most try-  
ing climate.

### A RAISE, NIT.

The Clerk Was Not as Important as  
He Thought.

The following new story comes from  
the West: Mr. L., a good-natured Ger-  
man, was the prosperous proprietor of  
a considerable clothing business in a  
country town. He had in his employ  
one John S., whom he had advanced  
from cash boy to head clerk, and who  
had for many years been an attaché  
of the store. Since his promotion John  
had several times asked for a raise in  
his salary, and each time his request  
had been granted. One morning John  
again appeared at the old merchant's  
desk with another request for an in-  
crease of \$10 per month. "Vy, Shon,"  
said Mr. L., "I tink I bays you poety  
vell alretty; vat for I bay you any  
more?"

"Well," replied John, confidently, "I  
am your principal help here; I have  
worked you up to a large trade; I  
know every detail of the business, and,  
indeed, I think you could not get along  
without me."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the German.  
"Mein Gott! Show, put wood I do  
suppose you vas to die?"

"Well," hesitated John, "I suppose  
you would have to get along without  
me then."

The "old man" took several whiffs  
from his big pipe and said nothing.  
At last he gravely remarked: "Vell,  
Shon, I guess you petter consider your-  
self dead."

Uno! Ephraim's Wisdom.

"Er man don't relly settle down ter  
git de mos' out ob life tell 'e's done kem  
ter de 'clushin' ut life ain't no howlin'  
barbecue o' j'ousness, no way 'e's  
min' ter fix hit."

"Hit am all berry well, my son, ter  
say us yo doesn't intind ter be lak de  
'common herd,' but don't yo let de 'com-  
mon herd' heah yo er-blowin' erbout  
hit."

"One fool tries ter please ebberbody;  
anuddah kin' o' fool tries ter please  
nobody; de wise man tries ter please  
ez many ez he kin wivout bein' less ob er  
man fo' hit."

"De man w'at plants jes' one leetle  
onjus' sushplan in er trustin' hea't hez  
mo' ter ansahw fo' 'n de man ut meks  
er 'tousan' histeks 'long o' 'tinkin' too  
well ob humekery."

"Hit am possibler ter hab so much  
'religin' us yo wun't hab no manliness;  
but I nebbaah knowed manliness ter  
crowd out real religin'."

"Yas, women am er berry int'rustin'  
study, but yo'll lose de scientific  
frame ob min' unless yo prosercutes de  
study rum er distance."

"I kaint see on'y jes' one beauty er-  
bout dis heah 'noo woman' business I  
heads tell erbout: All de strong-min'd  
women seems ter hab hung out de dan-  
gah-signal, an' de men am slow er dey  
don't keep out o' deir way."—Chicago  
Record.

Will Study Our Railroads.

A distinguished Russian engineer, C.  
A. Monkovsky, chief government en-  
gineer of the department of Eastern Si-  
beria, arrived in San Francisco a few  
days ago with the object of studying  
certain features of American railroad-  
ing. He is first to make a comprehen-  
sive study of the snow-shed system in  
the Sierra Nevada mountains, and then  
make a general tour of the main rail-  
road systems of the continent. His  
mission is said to be in connection with  
the proposed construction of a number  
of lines of railroad in Eastern Siberia.

The World's Queerest Railway.

The railway in the sea is nearly com-  
pleted at Brighton. The line extends  
across the bay, a distance of three  
miles, to Rottingdean. At high tide,  
the rails will be fifteen feet under  
water. The car, a structure on sixteen  
wheels, and driven by electricity, will  
carry passengers at a height of twenty-  
four feet above the level of the rails.

### Japan's Great Cathedral.

When foreign architects visit Japan  
and see the Cathedral of Buddhism for  
the first time they are generally as-  
tonished at the magnificent structure.  
It is executed in pure Oriental style,  
and is richly ornamented with carv-  
ings. H. Ito, a famous builder, of  
Nagoya City, designed it. The struc-  
ture was commenced in 1878, and was  
completed this year. The cost has been  
estimated at \$17,000,000. It would have  
greatly exceeded this amount had not  
numbers of Buddhists worked without  
any recompense.

As the structure neared completion  
the committee having the work in  
charge was much perplexed as to fire  
insurance. They found that no com-  
pany would assume the risk on such a  
valuable wooden structure, the danger  
of destruction by fire being very great,  
and thus the premiums would amount  
to an enormous sum of money. At last  
the committee decided on a design de-  
vised by Dr. Tanabe. Numbers of  
powerful foundations were constructed,  
both exterior and interior, which  
can be made to play on all parts of the  
structure at the same time.

Usually only one great ornamental  
fountain is playing, rising to the great  
height of 157 feet. This is probably the  
largest artificial fountain in existence,  
emitting 82,080 gallons per hour. In  
case of fire all the water pressure is di-  
rected through the numbers of exterior  
and interior fountains, thus every part  
of the structure, both inside and out,  
could soon be drenched, and any con-  
flagration soon extinguished.

### A New Dish.

A worthy couple who have come  
within a fortnight from the North of  
Ireland were fortunate enough to form  
the acquaintance of some kindly Amer-  
icans who occupied the apartment di-  
rectly under them, and tried their best  
to make the strangers feel at home  
amid their new surroundings. On Sat-  
urday they sent them a few of our na-  
tive delicacies for their Sunday din-  
ner, and last night the Irish gentleman  
stopped on his way down stairs to ex-  
press his thanks for the courtesy.

"And so you say you never tasted  
cranberries before," said the Ameri-  
can's wife. "I hope you liked them."

"Very nice, indeed, madame," said  
the stranger, with a little hesitation in  
his voice. "I suppose it's what you  
call a cultivated taste, though."

"Did your wife like them?"

"She ate a few, thank you, but she's  
not been very well lately and a little  
thing upsets her sometimes. You see  
they're rather a hard fruit to digest,  
and—"

"Hard to digest!" exclaimed the  
American. "Why, they're perfectly di-  
gestible. It must have been something  
else—"

"How did you eat them?" put in his  
wife, a new light breaking upon her  
face.

"Oh, with sugar and cream," replied  
the Irish gentleman placidly.—New  
York Journal.

### He Prew the Line There.

"Jack, your fame is spreading won-  
derfully. Only this afternoon a friend  
of mine asked me to try and secure your  
autograph for him."

Successful Author—Why, sure, Tom;  
glad to oblige him. Who is it?

Unsuccessful Author—Isaacstein, the  
money lender. He wants it on the back  
of my promissory note.

### Cure for Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of headache  
Electric Bitters has proved to be the very  
best. It effects a permanent cure and  
the most dreaded habitual sick head-  
aches yield to its influence. We urge all  
who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and  
give this remedy a fair trial. In cases  
of habitual constipation Electric Bitters  
cures by giving the needed tone to the  
bowels and few cases long resist the use  
of this medicine. Try it once. 50c  
and \$1.00 at the Bank Drug Store.

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Gazette, Middletown, N. J., believes  
that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy  
should be in every home. He used it  
for a cold and it effected a speedy cure.  
He says: "It is indeed a grand remedy,  
I can recommend to all. I have also  
seen it used for whooping cough, with  
the best results." 25 and 50 cent bottles  
for sale by F. P. Glazier & Co.

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Mr. G. Callorette, druggist, Beaver-  
ville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Dis-  
covery I owe my life. Was taken with  
la grippe and tried all the physic's as I  
knew about, but of no avail and was  
given up and told I could not live. Hav-  
ing Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I  
sent for a bottle and began its use and  
from the first dose I began to get better  
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with the rest of us." 25 and 50 cent  
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12. Christian Endeavor prayer meet-  
ings, Sundays at 8:00 p. m. Prayer  
meetings Thursdays at 7:00 p. m. Pas-  
tor and family at home Tuesday after-  
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at the parsonage Friday evening at eight.

**BAPTIST**—Rev. J. H. Oldwood, pastor.  
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P. U. prayer meeting at 6:00 p. m.;  
prayer meeting Thursdays at 7:00 p. m.  
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Monday evening before date for Cove-  
nant meeting.

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ings Thursdays at 7:30 p. m.

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