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The Chelsea Standard.

Save Dollars by trading with men who advertise.

VOL. VIII. NO. 183.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1896.

WHOLE NUMBER 392

THE GENTLEMAN TRAMP

The Colored Glasses and the Daylight—Wrongs Righted by the Fen-Irish—Home Life—The Peat Bogs.

Ireland was a surprise. Our first sight of her coasts had been obtained while the vessel was on her way to Glasgow, and as we sailed past her rocky shores a returning son of Erin had told the story of Ireland's woes in a manner truly pathetic. He vividly pictured the poor Irish peasant clinging desperately to the little hut his ancestors had left him, cultivating early and late his acre or so of marshy soil, and regularly paying all he could scrape together to the rent collector. An eviction was a matter he described as a daily occurrence; how the farmer, unable to meet the extortions of his landlord was turned out into the road and his furniture thrown after him; how the neighbors would refuse to have any intercourse with the next occupant; the care-laker sent by the landlord must have military protection or be shot, and the cottage, at last left tenanted, would fall to ruin in the midst of homeless Ireland.

On riding into the country from Belfast we expected to find these conditions at once and were eager to meet some of the people and learn the real depth of their troubles. The first interview was with a woman who kept a small bakery in a village on the sea-coast. To an inquiry as to whether they had been any evictions lately, she asked unconcernedly "what them things wor?" Surprised at the way the tables had turned we told her the story of her country's oppression but only received her laughing reply "Oh Lor, whoever told yez the folks of that, now." She knew nothing of such troubles, the people in her neighborhood were well paid and contented, "them things might be up toward Doneg."

Evictions are things of the past. Even in the worst times, when shooting and riots were common affairs, they were confined to limited districts about Donegal Castle and in the southern and western parts of the island. The British government has been grappling with the problem for some time, and a law is now in operation by which it is hoped a large part of the sufferings of the people may be relieved. By its provisions the tenant may, if he wishes, buy the land he occupies at a price fixed by neither buyer nor seller but by a government assessor. A certain number of payments are arranged on which the rent money applies. If he is able, the farmer makes up the full amount of the payment and, if not, the necessary amount is advanced by the government, which, as soon as the farm has been bought from the landlord, becomes the only creditor. The peasant then pays the government on easier terms, or, if still unable, is aided by the poor fund, and thus finally released from all rent. It may be objected that this process is unjust to the landlord, but his right in the case are, at least, questionable. Originally the land belonged entirely to the peasants, but Cromwell and his soldiers overran the country and divided it among themselves, and since that time the former proprietors of the soil have bought their own land yearly from the soldiers of Cromwell.

British laws relating to Ireland are very numerous and complicated and show several different attitudes toward the people. The law just mentioned is one of their best and wisest and has done much to improve the condition of the people, but there are others with a far different end in view. There are several valuable mining regions in Ireland but as their competition is feared by British mine owners, the government has prohibited their development. We were told of a man who, only a few days before, had been arrested for bringing a sack of coal from a vein on his own farm and using it to cook his own food. Irish wool is longer and finer than the English, and a thriving wool trade sprung up at one time and grew until it became annoying to the English wool growers, when it was subjected to a heavy tax and the whole industry was at once killed.

When evening comes, the traveler in Ireland will find almost any cottage door open to him, and from the nights thus spent with the people he will have an abundant opportunity to study their home life. Their houses are all about alike, low, whitewashed, stone buildings, with two or three rooms on the ground floor and a loft under the roof. Tiles are generally used both for the floor and the roof, but for the latter thatch is often substituted. The kitchen, which is the chief living room, would be a curiosity in America. One side is entirely occupied by a large fireplace with its attendant chimney-seats. Within the fireplace is a griddle, kettle, and pot oven underneath which a peat fire is glowing. The rest of the room is furnished with rude tables and stools or chairs. In the evening the entire family assembles here to talk over the events of the day; the daughter brings out her accordion or the grandfather his violin, the neighbor lad-

dies drop in and crowd suspiciously close to the ladies on the chimney seat and the evening passes in a general good time.

On the mountains, life is very different. Here the cottages of the peasants are mere hovels, with dirt and squalor as their principal features. The floors are often of earth, the pigs and chickens sometimes share in the family living apartments, and the smell from such a place "must be seen to be appreciated." In front of the cottage will be several square holes filled with brown water, the places from which peat has been dug. Besides the peat and the pigs, the poor cottager has no visible means of support. The land surrounding his dwelling is a broad expanse of treeless bog covered with moss and heather too coarse to support cattle. It may sound queer to an American to hear that the bogs are on the mountain tops and the dry lands in the valleys, yet such is the fact. Owing to its location Ireland is even rainier than England. The warm, moist winds from the Gulf Stream strike our mountains, drenching their sides frequently with rain and keeping their tops constantly in the clouds. Thus their summits are kept saturated with water and the moss instead of decaying and forming new earth is only packed down and covered with another layer.

From these saturated moss beds the peat is dug. It is taken out with a spade in strips as long as stove-wood and about four inches square. The beds are sometimes found as much as eighteen feet deep, and these deeper ones are the more valuable as the fuel is better the farther it is from the surface. Under the peat is found a layer of clay which causes each pit, soon after being dug, to become a pool of brown water. After being dug the sods are corded up beside the pits for a few weeks until they are ready for use. They burn in the grate with a bright cheerful blaze, not unlike soft coal but produce considerable ash and are quite quickly consumed.

"THE GENTLEMAN TRAMP."

J. L. Harlow.

John Lewis Harlow was born June 26, 1830, in Orange county N. Y.; came to Michigan in 1832, and settled in Vermont settlement, Sylvania township. At the age of 16 he went to Grass Lake and learned the trade of wagonmaker, with Hale & Co., and in 1854 he started the first wagon shop in Chelsea. May 7, 1856, he married Matilda BeGole of Sylvania township. In 1878 he went into business in Dexter, and moved to Ypsilanti in 1889, where he died on the 17th day of September, 1896, leaving his wife and one son, residing in Marshall, Mich., to mourn his departure. His remains were brought to Chelsea on the 19th instant and interred in Oak Grove cemetery.

The Lady Maccabees.

Tuesday evening, September 23, was an occasion of great festivity among the Lady Maccabees of this place. In response to an invitation from Columbian Hive, twenty ladies of Ruah Hive, Grass Lake, were present as guests. Tables, amply laden with appetizing viands, were spread in the town hall, to which the Lady Bees repaired at about 6 p. m. After the repast, an hour was given over to toasts. Mrs. E. L. Negus presided as toast-mistress in a very gracious manner, making all feel at ease at once by her cordial remarks. Lady Commander Mary L. Boyd welcomed the guests in her usual pleasant manner, to which Mrs. Shaler of Ruah Hive responded.

Mrs. Jabez Bacon, to "Our Faults."
Mrs. J. P. Foster, to "Health, Home and Happiness."
Mrs. C. Stevens, to "Mind Your P's and Q's and Keep the Secrets."
Mrs. Wm. Bacon, to "The L. O. T. M. of Tomorrow and the Work Before Them."
Mrs. S. R. Cole, to "Success."
Mrs. R. M. Wilkinson, to "Charity."
Mrs. C. M. Davis, to "Our Officers."
Miss H. Dora Harrington, to "Our Absent Members."
The ladies then returned to K. O. T. M. hall and held their regular Hive review. After the review was concluded, ice-cream and cake were served.

The visiting ladies returned to Grass Lake on the 10:30 p. m. train.

Those present from Grass Lake were:

LADIES	LADIES
Hale,	Shaler,
Dwelle,	Crafts,
Walker,	Smith,
Welch,	Mainight,
Lexman,	Shelly,
Marquardt,	Wolfinger,
Greenwood,	Shaw,
Davenport,	Corwin,
Soper,	Thurston,
Shelly,	Gilbne.

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL men or women to travel for responsible, established house in Michigan. Salary \$750, payable \$16 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference, Enclosed self-addressed stamped envelope. The National Star building, Chicago.

FLIGHT OF THE FAST MAIL.

Experience of a Drummer on One of the Early Flyers.

"Yes," said the drummer with the red face and the stylish necktie, "I have seen fast trains in my time and I have ridden on many of them, but I saw a train yesterday which was making phenomenal time. I was out at a little way station between Bowers-town and Dennison with my partner and a few other traveling men, engaged in a pleasant little conversation. We were waiting on an accommodation train, and, naturally enough, our thoughts and talk drifted to railroads and fast trains. I had ridden on the Empire State express and the exposition flyer in 1893 and got to telling the boys about the fast time made by these trains. My partner, who is from the West, got to talking about the overland flyer on the Rock Island, and we were listening to him with interest when the station agent came out and said: 'Gentlemen, the fast mail is due and is twenty minutes late, and you had better get back from the platform, for I hear her coming over the hill.' We got back and we all agreed that we would wait and see the flyer go through. Pretty soon there was a cloud of dust and paper up the line and a faint roar, like an approaching cyclone. In another instant something passed by, but we only saw a red streak and a green flag and it was all over. The station agent came out with a broad grin on his face, which made him look like that stone lion in front of the Pittsburg courthouse, and gathered up the mail sack, which had rolled and tumbled more than 100 feet. We then compared notes. The man from Kansas, who had boasted about the Rock Island flyer, said that he did not believe a train had passed at all, while the fellow who had ridden 150 miles an hour on a wild engine declared that the dust cloud and noise was occasioned by a miniature cyclone. Just then a colored man went out and picked up the remains of a badly mangled dog that had got in the road of the flyer. The dead dog was ocular demonstration of the fact that something had passed. We compared notes again, and, when I asked the Kansas man how fast she was going he said the overland flyer made seventy-five miles an hour, but the thing that had just passed, whatever it was, was running 250 miles an hour, but he believed it was only a belated comet that had grazed the earth. I tell you I have heard about fast mails and seen fast females on bicycles, with red bloomers on, but that train that killed the dog was a hummer, and don't you forget it."—Pittsburg Post.

How Pineapples Grow.

To botanists the pineapple is a constant wonder. Even its name is a misnomer, for the first part comes from its resemblance to a pine cone and the second from nobody knows where, because it does not, in any respect, resemble an apple. It is in structure much like a mulberry, for in the fruit there may be traced all parts of the flower, greatly distorted on account of the growth of the meaty or juicy portions. It is a biennial, it is not a tree, hardly even a shrub, its sword-shaped leaves looking somewhat like those of the common flag, the whole plant bearing a striking resemblance to some varieties of cactus. It is a lusus naturae, being related to the canna, ginger and banana plants, yet differing from them all. It is said that in a wild state no animal feeds upon it, for none can break through its guard of steeple thorns. It is one of the few tropical plants that can be made to succeed as well under glass as in their native home.

More Armenian Horrors.

Recent writers say that almost the entire Armenian nation is struggling for existence under conditions the very contemplation of which almost makes one long for death. In writing at some length upon this subject an Armenian in Harport says: "Dressed in rags, unwashed, smelling of stables so that the odor is almost unbearable, their eyes inflamed from the glare of the sun on the snow; they present a sad sight. Whole families, hungry and scantily clothed, sleep on the ground at night. In one place a man makes a pillow of himself and four sleep with their heads on him. The people huddle together in corners, seeking some protection from the cold."

Definitions.



Jennette—This is what you might call a sardine sandwich.
Harold—Oh, no! This is a tongue sandwich with the tongue on the outside.—Life.

ASK...to see our...

CLOAKS

ASK...to see our...

DRESS GOODS

It will please us to show you what we have whether you buy or not. Our stock was never more complete.....

H. S. Holmes
Mercantile Co.

Saturday, Sept. 5,

I will begin selling

LARD

at 6c per pound

or in 25 pound lots at 5c per lb., cash only.

This is all steam rendered lard, No. 1, quality. Every pound is warranted. Money paid back if not found as represented.

ADAM EPPLER.



If your clothes look like the above "cut" it is your own fault; we can cut them "RIGHT."

16 to 1 we can please you.....

J. G. WEBSTER.

TRUE ECONOMY

is to buy your Clothing from

J. J. RAFTREY

Largest stock, and lowest prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Special Prices

on holiday dress suits, business suits, and overcoats.

Pants Pants Pants

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

I solicit a call.



We still have a nice assortment of

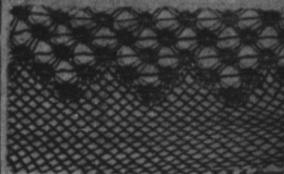
Granite Ironware

which we are selling cheap.

Furniture

at very low prices. Call and see our new line of CHAIRS.

W. J. KNAPP.



Always on the Watch!

If you are as observing as this policeman seems to be you will soon discover the fact that a great many people are going in the direction of the

Bank Drug Store

and that they go there because they can buy first-class goods cheaper than they can at other dealers. Come to us for complete assortments of

Decorative Paints, Alabastine, Varnishes, New Wall Paper for Fall Papering, Window Shades.

Our stock of Japan teas is the best shown in Chelsea. Try the brand we are selling at 30c. We will sell you a good broom cheaper than any other store in Chelsea.

Coffees

It pays to drink good coffee and you can buy it for a reasonable price at the

Bank Drug Store.

Try our 18c grade.

Fruit Jars, Cider Vinegar, Pure Spices.

WE ARE SELLING

19 lbs gran. sugar for \$1.00
4 1-2 lbs crackers for 25c
23 lbs brown sugar \$1.00
Full cream cheese 10c
Electric Kerosine oil 9c
12 lbs rolled oats for 25c
25 boxes matches for 25c
Ammonia 4c per pint
Seedless raisins 6c per lb
10 cakes soap for 25c
Pure Spices and Extracts
8 lbs clean rice for 25c
3 lbs apricots for 25c
7 bars Jaxon soap for 25c
Good tea dust 8c per lb.
Try our 25c N.O. molasses
Kirkoline 20c per pkg.
Sugar corn 5c per can
Good tomatoes 7c per can
Best pumpkin 7c per can
27-oz bottle olives for 25c
6 doz. clothes pins for 5c.

Glazier & Stimson.

STEADY FLOW OF GOLD

FRANCE CONTRIBUTES LARGELY TO THE SUPPLY.

Amount Received and Engaged Aggregates \$36,385,000 - Race Train Wrecked - Serious Accident at St. Louis - Fitch-Fitbush Arrested.

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NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Table with 2 columns: Club Name and Record. Includes Baltimore, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, Boston, Pittsburgh.

WESTERN LEAGUE.

Table with 2 columns: Club Name and Record. Includes Minneapolis, Indianapolis, Detroit, St. Paul.

CRASH OF TWO TRAINS.

A Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul special race track passenger train dashed into a detached portion of a freight going in the same direction directly under a Chicago viaduct Thursday night.

BREVITIES.

The Quincy Herald, the oldest Democratic paper in Illinois, declares for Palmer and Buckner. The immense plant of the Peters Lumber Company at Alco, Ala., was destroyed by fire, the loss reaching \$200,000.

EASTERN.

Major west Republicans in Monday's election by from 40,000 to 50,000 plurality, the largest in the history of the State.

John Hughill, of Providence, R. I., who allowed himself to be buried alive on the theory of hypnotic suggestion induced by Prof. Watson, of London, has been unscathed.

Thomas B. Pearce, Harry T. Atkins and Henry Pearce, owners of the Franklin cotton mills and doing a general and extensive cotton business in Cincinnati, under the name of Pearce, Atkins & Co., and Henry Pearce's Sons Company, assigned as a company and as individuals to William C. Cochran, the cotton mill owner.

The Italian bark Monte Tabor, from Trapani for Boston, with a cargo of salt, was wrecked on Peaked Hill bar, off Highland Light, Mass., at midnight, Sunday.

Silas Huffman, the obstinate Far Hills, N. J., eccentric, is dead of senile degeneracy, caused by his long self-inflicted confinement.

Manila, Philippine Islands, dispatch: Among the leaders in the conspiracy who were shot at Cavite in the island of Luzon were two merchants worth 1,000,000 pesetas (about \$200,000), the governor of the prison and several doctors.

At Tientsin, China, Consul Read has scored a victory for American enterprise in obtaining the acceptance of the tender of the Baldwin locomotive works, Philadelphia, to furnish all the engines for the Tientsin and Peking Railway.

Dr. J. Sidney Hunt, an eminent physician of Queensland, and for many years president of the Brisbane Board of Health, arrived at San Francisco.

Havana dispatch: The Spanish Bank has suspended the sale of drafts on Spain, payable in bank notes, and has bought of a well-known banker a draft for \$100,000 on the United States, paying for it a large per cent.

It is generally believed at London that the police, by the arrest of Edward Bell at Glasgow Saturday, J. W. Wallace and John F. Kearney at Rotterdam and P. J. Tynan at No. 11 at Boulevard-sur-Mer, France, have nipped a widespread dynamite plot in the bud.

Information has reached New York that the steamer Three Friends has again been successful in landing an expedition in Cuba in spite of the watchfulness of the Spanish war vessels which constantly patrol the coast.

At Portsmouth, Ohio, Ville Flannigan, aged five years, daughter of Michael Flannigan, an engineer on the Findlay, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, came near committing suicide by swallowing carbolic acid.

Following the example of Cleveland and Chillicothe, the citizens of Dayton, Ohio, began a week's celebration of the centennial year of the city's history Monday.

Malignant diphtheria is raging in a district four miles from West Baden and French Lick Springs, Ind.

Collectors of customs and surveyors of ports in nineteen large cities have been ordered to scale down the expenses of their offices to accomplish a total reduction of \$175,000 a year.

IN GENERAL.

It is understood that ex-Senator Henry B. Payne of Ohio died intestate. All his property will be divided the two surviving children, Col. Oliver H. Payne of New York, Mrs. Charles W. Bingham of Cleveland, and the heirs of Mrs. William C. Whitney of New York.

Better prospects and relief from monetary anxiety do not yet bring larger demands for finished products, though large buying of pig iron, wool, leather, hides, cotton, and other materials continue to show a growing business.

For fifteen months the Chicago post-office has been deluged with complaints from banks and individuals that the Canadian mails have been tampered with and that thousands of letters have never reached their destination.

Consul Buchanan, at Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, furnishes the State Department with information concerning the census of Argentine taken May 1, 1895, the compilations having just been completed.

The big battleship Texas, of the United States navy, went hard aground Wednesday off Goat Island, near Newport, R. I. The leviathan was absolutely helpless and at the mercy of the wind.

The Midland State Bank of Omaha, Neb., failed to open its doors for business Wednesday morning. The deposits in the bank amount to about \$65,000, and the loans and discounts are between \$50,000 and \$90,000.

Advices from Rio Janeiro, Brazil, say: The Jacobin party is preparing to start a new anti-Italian agitation. It is feared that the army will give the turbulent faction and that grave conflicts will occur.

While demolishing the old Grand Pacific Hotel at Chicago four laborers were crushed by the falling walls of the west foundation of the skylight court Wednesday.

Fire in the livery stable of Breitkreutz & Manger at Milwaukee, Wis., Monday night, smothered twenty-seven horses. Two employes, William Jackson and August Proensing, were taken from the building unconscious.

The Secretary of War has announced in a general order that the campaign against the Utes in Colorado and Utah, September, 1870, to November, 1880; against the Apaches in Arizona, 1855 to 1880, and against the Sioux in South Dakota, November, 1850, to January, 1861, were of sufficient magnitude to entitle enlisted men who served therein to wear the "service in war" chevrons.

BOARD IS OUT OF DEBT

ENCOURAGING SHOWING OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Churches and Individuals Have Contributed Generously - News of Wholesale Drowning of Armenians by Turks - Battleship Aground.

The financial statement of the American Board of Missions shows that for the first time since Aug. 31, 1892, it has been able to close its business year without a debt.

The churches and individuals of the board's constituency have not only rallied generously to remove the debt, but have contributed to the current expenses sufficiently to overcome a considerable arithmetical in legacies.

Retrenchment on mission fields and extreme economy in administration have been necessary. The total receipts have been \$743,104, and the total expenditures, \$627,000, leaving a balance of \$116,104.

A dispatch to the New York Herald from London says: The Standard publishes a dispatch from Constantinople saying that the Young Turk party is covering the city with placards inciting the people to detest the Sultan.

One Caliber for Federal Rifles. The suggestion has been made that steps be taken for the adoption by the army and navy of a uniform caliber for small arms, and the matter will be brought to the attention of the President.

The Texas in Danger. The big battleship Texas, of the United States navy, went hard aground Wednesday off Goat Island, near Newport, R. I.

NEWS NUGGETS. Acting Governor Worthington, at Frankfort, Ky., commuted to life imprisonment the death sentence of William McLain, who was to be hanged in Louisville Sept. 25.

MARKET REPORTS. Chicago - Cattle, common to prime, \$3.50 to \$5.50; hogs, shipping grades, \$3.00 to \$3.75; sheep, fair to choice, \$2.50 to \$3.25; wheat, No. 2 red, 58c to 59c; corn, No. 2, 20c to 22c; oats, No. 2, 15c to 16c; rye, No. 2, 30c to 32c; butter, choice creamery, 14c to 16c; eggs, fresh, 13c to 14c; potatoes, per bushel, 20c to 35c; broom corn, common short to choice dwarf, \$25 to \$40 per ton.

ST. LOUIS - Cattle, \$3.50 to \$5.00; hogs, \$3.00 to \$3.50; wheat, No. 2, 61c to 63c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 19c to 20c; oats, No. 2 white, 17c to 18c; rye, No. 2, 28c to 30c.

CINCINNATI - Cattle, \$3.50 to \$4.75; hogs, \$3.00 to \$3.75; sheep, \$2.50 to \$3.50; wheat, No. 2, 60c to 62c; corn, No. 2 mixed, 21c to 23c; oats, No. 2 mixed, 16c to 18c; rye, No. 2, 30c to 32c.

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TOLEDO - Wheat, No. 2 red, 60c to 67c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 20c to 22c; oats, No. 2 mixed, 15c to 16c; rye, No. 2, 32c to 33c; clover seed, \$4.30 to \$4.40.

MILWAUKEE - Wheat, No. 2 spring, 56c to 58c; corn, No. 2, 20c to 22c; oats, No. 2 white, 20c to 21c; barley, No. 2, 30c to 32c; rye, No. 1, 32c to 34c; pork, mess, \$5.50 to \$6.00.

BUFFALO - Cattle, \$2.50 to \$5.00; hogs, \$3.00 to \$4.00; sheep, \$2.00 to \$3.50; wheat, No. 2 red, 60c to 67c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 27c to 28c; oats, No. 2 white, 21c to 23c.

NEW YORK - Cattle, \$3.00 to \$5.00; hogs, \$3.00 to \$4.25; sheep, \$2.00 to \$3.75; wheat, No. 2 red, 64c to 66c; corn, No. 2, 26c to 27c; oats, No. 2 white, 19c to 21c; butter, creamery, 12c to 17c; eggs, Western, 14c to 17c.

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Retrenchment on mission fields and extreme economy in administration have been necessary. The total receipts have been \$743,104, and the total expenditures, \$627,000, leaving a balance of \$116,104.

A dispatch to the New York Herald from London says: The Standard publishes a dispatch from Constantinople saying that the Young Turk party is covering the city with placards inciting the people to detest the Sultan.

One Caliber for Federal Rifles. The suggestion has been made that steps be taken for the adoption by the army and navy of a uniform caliber for small arms, and the matter will be brought to the attention of the President.

The Texas in Danger. The big battleship Texas, of the United States navy, went hard aground Wednesday off Goat Island, near Newport, R. I.

NEWS NUGGETS. Acting Governor Worthington, at Frankfort, Ky., commuted to life imprisonment the death sentence of William McLain, who was to be hanged in Louisville Sept. 25.

MARKET REPORTS. Chicago - Cattle, common to prime, \$3.50 to \$5.50; hogs, shipping grades, \$3.00 to \$3.75; sheep, fair to choice, \$2.50 to \$3.25; wheat, No. 2 red, 58c to 59c; corn, No. 2, 20c to 22c; oats, No. 2, 15c to 16c; rye, No. 2, 30c to 32c; butter, choice creamery, 14c to 16c; eggs, fresh, 13c to 14c; potatoes, per bushel, 20c to 35c; broom corn, common short to choice dwarf, \$25 to \$40 per ton.

ST. LOUIS - Cattle, \$3.50 to \$5.00; hogs, \$3.00 to \$3.50; wheat, No. 2, 61c to 63c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 19c to 20c; oats, No. 2 white, 17c to 18c; rye, No. 2, 28c to 30c.

CINCINNATI - Cattle, \$3.50 to \$4.75; hogs, \$3.00 to \$3.75; sheep, \$2.50 to \$3.50; wheat, No. 2, 60c to 62c; corn, No. 2 mixed, 21c to 23c; oats, No. 2 mixed, 16c to 18c; rye, No. 2, 30c to 32c.

DETROIT - Cattle, \$2.50 to \$4.75; hogs, \$3.00 to \$3.75; sheep, \$2.00 to \$3.50; wheat, No. 2 red, 61c to 63c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 21c to 22c; oats, No. 2 white, 19c to 20c; rye, 32c to 33c.

TOLEDO - Wheat, No. 2 red, 60c to 67c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 20c to 22c; oats, No. 2 mixed, 15c to 16c; rye, No. 2, 32c to 33c; clover seed, \$4.30 to \$4.40.

MILWAUKEE - Wheat, No. 2 spring, 56c to 58c; corn, No. 2, 20c to 22c; oats, No. 2 white, 20c to 21c; barley, No. 2, 30c to 32c; rye, No. 1, 32c to 34c; pork, mess, \$5.50 to \$6.00.

BUFFALO - Cattle, \$2.50 to \$5.00; hogs, \$3.00 to \$4.00; sheep, \$2.00 to \$3.50; wheat, No. 2 red, 60c to 67c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 27c to 28c; oats, No. 2 white, 21c to 23c.

NEW YORK - Cattle, \$3.00 to \$5.00; hogs, \$3.00 to \$4.25; sheep, \$2.00 to \$3.75; wheat, No. 2 red, 64c to 66c; corn, No. 2, 26c to 27c; oats, No. 2 white, 19c to 21c; butter, creamery, 12c to 17c; eggs, Western, 14c to 17c.

THE TEXAS IN DANGER. The big battleship Texas, of the United States navy, went hard aground Wednesday off Goat Island, near Newport, R. I. The leviathan was absolutely helpless and at the mercy of the wind.

CONDITIONS GENERALLY FAVORABLE FOR HARVESTING THE CROP. Reports by States on the condition of crops show that the danger of frost has been generally passed. The general absence of rain in the Southern States has been very favorable for cotton picking.

MISSOURI - Corn is beyond injury by frost, and in some central and southern sections cutting is nearly completed. Potatoes will make an excellent crop. Pastures are in need of water.

KANSAS - All corn, except some very late, is out of danger of frost. Haying has been retarded in some counties by rain, but the crop is safe from frost.

NEBRASKA - The rains of the past week have been well distributed, and very beneficial, giving pastures a new start and putting the soil in good condition for fall seeding. Corn is nearly all out of danger from frost, and about three-fourths of the crop is in the shock.

INDIANA - Warm, dry weather, though delayed by local rains. Corn generally safe and much out already. Plowing is going on, but most of the ground is very dry.

THE CHELSEA STANDARD

As independent local newspaper published every Tuesday afternoon from its office in the basement of the Turnbull & Wilkinson block, Chelsea, Mich.

TERMS:—\$1.00 per year; 6 months, 50 cents; 3 months, 25 cents.

Advertising rates reasonable and made known on application.

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

CHELSEA, THURSDAY, SEPT. 24, 1896.

NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES.

Edna

Nina Fisk is attending school at Dexter.

Eddie Grau has come home to spend a few weeks.

Mrs. Etta Stocking from Ann Arbor spent Sunday here.

Mrs. John McLaren from Plymouth has been visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Parks from Owosso have been visiting their daughter Mrs. H. Wilson.

Chas. Cline and Chas. Ward discussed the silver question to a small audience Friday night, and organized a silver club of eight members.

Sylvan.

Burr Ward and wife of Clinton have been visiting here this week.

Our school is now in full blast, with Miss Lucy Leach as teacher.

James Beckwith, who has been ill for some time, is now rapidly recovering.

Don't forget the social at our church Thursday evening for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid society.

Between taking care of their beans and husking corn our farmers have little time to discuss the respective merits of free silver and gold.

There will be only a morning service at our church next Sunday. The pastors subject will be "The Eternal Talking Book". The evening service will be held at Francisco.

"If the gang of 'toughs' who come around Sylvan on Sunday nights, destroy property and make themselves generally obnoxious do not desist they will soon run up against a snag, for it is known who they are.

A birthday offering will be taken at our Sunday-school next Sunday. Let everyone bring a penny for every year of his age. For the benefit of the ladies we were requested to announce that the contribution of each lady will be kept strictly confidential.

With next Sunday, Rev. Zeidler closes two and one-half years of work with the Sylvan Christian Union. The election of church officers for the ensuing year will take place after the morning service, and a detailed financial report of last year's work will be given.

COUNTY AND VICINITY.

If the editor of the Grass Lake News was only upon the Lord's side in this campaign he might be a power of good.

—Courier. There's ignorance for you. Carlton married Lord's daughter and is on the Lord's side all the time.—Manchester Enterprise.

A young domestic named Jennie Weaver died at Ann Arbor on Friday under suspicious circumstances. A post-mortem examination shows that a criminal operation was the cause of death, and the coroner and officers are busy trying to find the guilty person.

A couple of weeks ago George Tuttle discovered a peculiar mound near Grass Lake, and concluded to excavate a little. After going down two or three feet he came to a layer of fine ash about six inches thick. Two feet lower he found the skull and some bones of a human skeleton. On top of the mound was a tree about two feet through, estimated to be 200 years old.

There is a young boy on E. Washington-st. whose name is Grover Cleveland, who was born at about the time Cleveland was first elected president. The father, a man of small means, was so elated over this event that he applied for the office for postmaster in this city, but was so disappointed in the attempt that he became insane and was sent to the insane asylum.—Ann Arbor Democrat.

There are several places just out of town where the rag weeds completely cover the sides of the road, and are nearly ready to scatter millions of seeds for another big crop next year. Why don't those having charge see to it that such things are not allowed to get the start they do?—Saline Observer.

Ragweed is said to be responsible for the prevalence of hay fever this year, for owing to the early season it put in an appearance earlier than usual. A lady living in this vicinity tells of a pair of mules that kept up a continual sneezing while plowing up

a field of ragweed. When even the mules are affected by the distemper, no wonder human beings find it annoying.—Ypsilantiian.

"The Brownies"

C. B. Jefferson, Klaw & Erlanger's big spectacle, "Palmer Cox's Brownies" which will be seen at the opera house Jackson mall, and night Monday, Oct. 13th, will prove the heaviest scenic production ever brought to this city. There are twelve elaborate scenes, comprising 65 hanging ships, an earthquake and a volcano, and the destruction of a magnificent palace, are said to be marvellous spectacular effects. Forty stagehands will be required for the huge scenic equipment.

TREED BY A MOOSE.

A Prospector's Narrow Escape in the North of Minnesota.

Two pine land prospectors, Ben Jackson and Gustave Herman, have just returned to Tower, Minn., from a trip into the northern part of that State, and among other things they tell of a hair-breadth escape which Jackson had away up near the Rainy River. Coming to an excellent tract of pine land, the two men entered from opposite sides to thoroughly investigate it. Herman had not gone far before he came upon the feeding and breeding grounds of a herd of at least 500 moose. His approach stampeded them and they all went off in the opposite direction.

"After having examined the breeding grounds for some time and hearing nothing from Jackson," says Herman, "I started off on the trail left by the moose, which was not a difficult thing to do, as the animals had made a good road through the snow, over which an army could have marched. Small trees were broken and old stumps overturned by the moose in their mad flight, and about a mile from the yard I came upon the mangled remains of a small cow moose. She had, no doubt, fallen as she ran, and had been trampled to death by her companions.

"Just at dusk I found Jackson. He was up a pine tree, at the foot of which, pawing, stamping and snorting in anger, was a gigantic bull moose. The animal had been tearing at the tree with his antlers until most off the bark was torn off, and the blows he inflicted upon the tall pine made the woods ring. I fired one shot at the animal, and he made off, as I had intentionally missed him when I fired. At the foot of the tree lay what was left of Jackson's rifle. The stock was broken off and trampled into little bits, while the heavy barrel was bent and twisted in a dozen different ways, and showed plainly the marks of hoofs.

"I was making my way through the woods," says Jackson, "when suddenly a noise like a hurricane coming fell upon my ear. There was no wind stirring, and therefore I was at a loss to account for the sound. Just then the herd of moose, many hundred strong, came into sight, and for a minute I felt sick, for I did not think there was any escape for me, and, knowing that a bullet or two would not change them from their course, I dropped my rifle and went up a tree like a squirrel.

"The animals paid no attention to me for a time, and as they dashed along under me the very ground trembled, and the tree in which I was shook as though it were a sapling. When the herd had got pretty well past an old bull, who seemed to be bigger than all out-door, took his stand directly under the tree, and until Herman came along kept trying to knock down my refuge.

A Millionaire's Colony.

Andrew McNally, the Chicago millionaire publisher, is promoting a unique colonization scheme. He is trying to establish a colony for millionaires at Altadena, near Los Angeles, in Southern California. He has purchased 4,000 acres of land, a large part of which has been set out to oranges, lemons and olives. Roads, an artificial lake and a club house are now being constructed. The property has been subdivided and is now being sold to friends of Mr. McNally, all the purchasers being millionaires of Chicago and New York, who, having acquired sufficient wealth, desire to retire from the cares of business and live an outdoor life in the semitropics with just enough farm work to do to keep them healthy and happy. It is said that Mr. McNally already has sixty of these plutocratic purchasers, all men of high standing, and great wealth, and that all have had plans drawn for the palaces they will also build. Each purchaser must sign a contract to make improvements costing at least \$250,000 and live on the property at least a portion of each year, making it, in fact, his home.

The President as an Entertainer.

"I recently saw a statement," said a Washington gentleman, "that President Cleveland is tired of official life, and that the loneliness of his office is sometimes almost unbearable. I have been told that the President has few friends intimate enough with him to sit and tell stories and have a good time. I know of two men, both of them commercial travelers, who find the latch string to the President's home open to them at all times. They are jolly good fellows, great hunters and fishermen, and when they go to see the President there is a long and interesting chat about the rod and line and sport with gun and dog. There is nothing which the President enjoys better than stories of this genuine sport, for which he has an unquenchable love. I also know that men who go to see the President for the pleasure of the visit and who are not in search of office are kindly received and warmly treated. The President's two terms in office have given him a perfect disgust of office hunters, and it is a great relief to the chief executive when some one visits him for purely personal reasons."

HER POSITION PAYS.

Queen Victoria Has Found a Very Profitable Calling.

Victoria has found queenhood a very profitable calling. Figures for fifty-seven years of her reign show that the British people have given her under the name of civil list expenditures \$110,275,000. In addition to this vast total, \$48,076,763 has been expended for the maintenance of seventeen residences, stables and the like. The total direct expenditure of the Queen alone is over \$1,500,000 a year. There is at this date an annual expenditure in addition for other members of the royal family of \$1,900,000. The thirty old lady who has this vast income at her disposal has taken care to "make hay while the sun shines." Of course, the money has been voted to enable her to keep up the ornamental state considered necessary for a royal position. But it is just this she does not do. Victoria, besides valuable continental property, is the owner of three estates in the United Kingdom. They are Balmoral, in Aberdeenshire, Scotland; Osborne House, Isle of Wight, Hampshire, and Charlton, Surrey. They embrace 5,561 acres, with a rental value a year of \$27,906. At twenty years' purchase that would be \$556,100. In fact, they are worth double that amount.

Queen Victoria, they say, has her little superstitions. She believes that articles made by blind persons bring good luck; that spilling salt brings bad luck; and she would probably not give sixpence for her kingdom if by any untoward chance thirteen persons happened to sit at the royal dining table. She has her pet dislikes, too, and among these is a hearty detestation of nicknames; another is an antipathy as to the smell of furs, particularly of seal-skins.

The Odor of Feathers.

Properly cured feathers have no odor. When there is a close, disagreeable odor present, it is due to their being improperly cured. There is no remedy which we are aware of for this. Airing the feathers will do no special good. The smaller the stem of the feather the less danger of trouble. The odor comes from the decay of the animal matter in the pith of the feather, and the larger the stem the greater the proportion of this matter and the more likely to be trouble. Where feathers have been subjected to the proper degree of heat at the beginning, before decay takes place, all the pith is thoroughly dried out and cannot become odorous.

Where the pith has once been left to decay and infect the feathers with its foul odor, a harm has been done that cannot be completely undone. It is waste of time to attempt to disinfect such feathers. All feathers should be "done over" at least once in six or seven years. They are improved by hanging them out occasionally in the rain and sun, to enable the ticks to become thoroughly aired and cleaned. Modern invention has introduced a little rubber ventilator in the side of a new pillow which pumps air among the feathers, and, it is said, makes the pillow lighter. It always pays to buy the best feathers, because they are so much lighter and bulk for bulk the best are no dearer than the poorest. It is generally cheap feathers with coarse quills that become odorous.—New York Tribune.

Pay the printer!

WONDERFUL are the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and yet they are simple and natural. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes PURE BLOOD.

Condensed Testimony.

Chas. B. Hood, Broker and Manufacturer's Agent, Columbus, Ohio, certifies that Dr. King's New Discovery has no equal as a Cough remedy. J. D. Brown, Prop. St. James Hotel, Ft. Wayne, Ind., testifies that he was cured of a Cough of two years standing, caused by La Grippe, by Dr. King's New Discovery. B. F. Merrill, Baldwinville, Mass., says that he has used and recommended it and never knew it to fail and would rather have it than any doctor, because it always cures. Mrs. Hemming, 222 E. 25th St., Chicago, always keeps it at hand and has no fear of Croup, because it instantly relieves. Free Trial Bottles at Glazier & Stimson's Drug Store.

A Few Pointers on Lumber, Coal, Lime.

People who used to buy Tile and Lumber of the old time 500 per center's, and mortgage their farm to pay the bill, will be glad to learn that The Glazier Stove Co. have made a big hole in the old time prices, by not charging for the holes in the Tile.

The best Marblehead Kelly Island Lime, 50 cents per barrel of the Glazier Stove Co.

The Glazier Stove Co. will make prices on Coal this season that will make the old time 700 per center kick worse than ever, and make him think of the "Kold Winters" of the past, KOLD, extremely Kold for the people who helped him pocket a cool five thousand dollars profit on KOAL, each season.

The Glazier Stove Co. are selling good Roof Boards at \$7.50 per thousand.

Shingles all grades at prices which make the old time 500 per center kick and long for a return of the good old days, when 500 per cent (payable in Wheat, Wool, or Mortgage) was pocketed with ease.

Water Lime the very best, in bushel bags 29 cents, of the Glazier Stove Co. What have you been paying for it?

You would never have been compelled to place that mortgage upon your farm if you had always been able to buy Lumber, Tile, Coal and Builder's supplies at the rate of profit at which The Glazier Stove Co. are now selling this line of goods.

Good Bevel Siding \$8.00 per thousand of The Glazier Stove Co. 500 per center old time price, \$40.00 for the same stock.

Tile at right prices of the Glazier Stove Co., no charge for the holes.

The Glazier Stove Co. are selling first class White Pine Barn Boards at \$10.00 per thousand, you paid 500 per center, \$40.00 for the same thing many a time before we punctured his Baloon with our underbuy, undersell prices.

Prevention is better than cure. Keep your blood pure, your appetite good and your digestion perfect with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and you will not need to fear any form of sickness. Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Harmless, reliable, sure.

Notice.

Having sold the Chelsea Roller Mills, I now give notice to all persons having flour there to call and get it before October 1st. Also all persons owing me are requested to call and settle before that date. D. E. Sparks

Did You Ever.

Try Electric Bitters as a remedy for your trouble? If not, get a bottle now and get relief. This medicine has been found to be peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all Female Complaints, exerting a wonderful direct influence in giving strength and tone to the organs. If you have loss of Appetite, Constipation, Headache, Fainting Spells, or are Nervous, Sleepless, Excitable, Melancholy or troubled with Dizzy Spells, Electric Bitters is the medicine you need. Health and Strength are guaranteed by its use. Fifty cents and \$1.00 at Glazier & Stimson's Drug Store.

Notice.

Beginning, September 21st I will run my elder mill every day in the week. John G. Wagner.

Persons wishing their pianos tuned by S. A. Tichenor are requested to leave their order at the Standard office.

Much in Little

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine

Hood's Pills

chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. 25c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

AMERICAN SILVER TRUSS. TELLS OUR STORY. Perhaps better than we can. He says the AMERICAN SILVER TRUSS "is as easily fitted as rolling off a log, stays just where you put it and holds the rupture square to its place, and does it without the least inconvenience to the wearer."—G. H. Wittman, Pana, Ill. Note the strong points—easy to fit, retains the hernia, easy to wear. Every ruptured person wants this kind of truss. Would like to have you see them. Use Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder for the toilet, we have it, you will say it fine. Call and get a free sample. R. S. ARMSTRONG & CO.

Do You FEEL SICK? Disease commonly comes on with slight symptoms, which when neglected increase in extent and gradually grow dangerous. TAKE RIPANS TABULES. ONE GIVES RELIEF. QUICK TO ACT.

ADVERTISING PAY DOES TRY THE Chelsea Standard. If you doubt it...

Ann - Arbor - Electric - Granite - Works. Designers and Builders of Artistic Granite and Marble Memorials. JOHN BAUMGARDNER, Prop., Ann Arbor.

Subscribe for the STANDARD. To Edward McKune, Township Clerk of the Township of Sylvan: Please to take notice that on the 15 day of July, 1896, I found running at large in the highways of said township, one mare, about 15 or 16 years of age, color black, with star in forehead. That I do not know the owner thereof, and that the said mare is now on my farm in the said township of Sylvan. You will please enter this notice upon your books and send a copy thereof to the County Clerk as provided by the Sec. L, 2064 of the compiled laws of the State of Michigan. Dated July, 22, 1896. Yours, etc., ABNER SPENCER, Residing in the Township of Sylvan.

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY. Now ready. LATEST STYLES AND LOWEST PRICES. MRS. STAFFAN. Wanted - SEVERAL FAITHFUL men or women to travel for respectable establishment house in Michigan. \$750 payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. References enclosed self-addressed stamped envelope. The National Star Building, Chicago.

Jewel Stoves and Ranges are made in the right way to give lasting, efficient service. Substantial, convenient, cleanly, and of the handsomest designs, they meet every stove requirement. Look for the trade-mark shown below. JEWEL STOVES AND RANGES. LARGEST STOVE PLANT IN THE WORLD. HOAG & HOLMES.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Mrs. Hazel Lane is quite ill.

Mrs. Rose Conway is very ill with typhoid fever.

Miss Nettie E. Hoover is now employed on the Chelsea Herald force.

On Thursday, September 17, 1896, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Osman, a son.

Martin Elsie has been making some extensive improvements on his real-estate.

M. Burton and family will move to James Hudler's house on east Middle street.

Rev. Mr. McConnell of Dexter exchanged pulpits with Rev. J. H. Girdwood last Sunday.

There will be a special meeting of the K. O. T. M. Friday evening, September 25th.

A special meeting of Olive Chapter, No. 108, O. E. S., will be held Wednesday evening, September 30.

M. L. Cunningham, a former resident of Chelsea, was recently appointed postmaster at Burnett, Minn.

Hon. Jas. S. Gorman, Herbert Dancer, Capt. Manly, spoke in Freedom Saturday night on the subject of free silver.

A "ball club" gourd four feet and four inches long, raised by Chauncey Clark, is on exhibition at H. L. Wood & Co's.

The Foresters with their wives and best girls spent a very enjoyable social time Tuesday evening at their hall in the Babcock block.

The frost Wednesday morning broke all records. It was almost like snow, but everything is so far advanced that the damage was slight.

The telephone line from Waterloo is now in working order, and it is probable that the line will soon be continued through to Stockbridge.

A car containing samples of the products of California was on exhibition here the first of the week, and was visited by many of our citizens.

The meeting of the Vermont Cemetery society will be held at the cemetery at 3 p. m. Friday, September 25. All who are interested should be there.

MARRIED—At the home of the bride in Chelsea, September 18, 1896, by Rev. J. H. Girdwood, Rev. W. R. Northrop of Monroe to Mrs. Hattie C. Gilbert of Chelsea.

LeRoy Hill, Henry Stimson, Fred Overschmidt, Eda Armstrong, Ella Louise Morton, and Nettie Storms, leave for the U. of M. and Nellie Lowry for the University School of Music.

An Italian with a band organ and a monkey made the rounds of the village. A straw vote taken as to which looked the more intelligent the monkey or the Italian, was favorable to "de mouk."

The committee has let the contract for the soldiers' monument to G. W. Loughridge of Ypsilanti. The price to be paid is between \$1,300 and \$1,400 and it is to be ready for dedication on May 30, 1897.

The latest political news from the county seat is that the democrats are going to make every effort to elect Kearney for judge of probate and Dav-
 support for register of deeds, and let the rest of the ticket slide in as best it can.

Mr. Wilbur VanRiper and Miss Amelia Kilgner, both of Chelsea, were married in the presence of a small company of their immediate relatives at the home of Mrs. Fred Kilgner, 31 Spring st., on Wednesday evening. Rev. J. W. Bradshaw performed the ceremony.—Ann Arbor Argus.

The Twentieth Michigan Infantry will hold its thirty-first successive reunion at Jackson, Wednesday, September 30th. There will also be a reunion of the Second Brigade, First Division, Ninth Army Corps, at Jackson, on September 30th and 31st.

Hon. A. J. Sawyer and Col. H. S. Dean will speak at Sylvan Centre Friday evening, September 25. Hon. A. J. Sawyer and John F. Lawrence will speak at Freedom Town Hall, Monday evening, September 28. James H. Mays, of Kansas, and O. E. Butterfield, formerly of Vermont, will speak at the Vermont school house, R. F. Chase district on Friday evening, September 28. Hon. A. J. Sawyer and J. F. Lawrence will speak at Grange hall, North Lake, Wednesday evening, September 30.

Martin Conway had the misfortune to fall from a wagon last Friday and break his collar bone. This family is having a little more than its share of misfortunes at present, as one son is just recovering from a severe typhoid with typhoid fever, and a daughter is now sick with the same disease.

At the republican county convention at Ann Arbor last week, H. W. Newkirk of Dexter received the nomination for judge of probate, and the balance of the ticket is the same as is now in office with the exception of register of deeds, for which office Geo. A. Cook of Ypsilanti received the nomination.

There will be a reception of aspirants into the sodality of St. Mary's church on Sunday, October 4th at 7:30 p. m. On the same evening the beautiful banner of the Sacred Heart of Jesus will be blessed. The Rev. J. R. Rosewinkle of Detroit, a distinguished Jesuit and an eloquent pulpit orator, will be present and preach at 10:30 a. m. and conduct the evening service.

Hon. Chas. S. Townsend of Jackson will address the people of Chelsea and vicinity on the political issues of the day at the Town Hall, on Saturday evening, October 3d. Mr. Townsend who was here a few weeks ago did not have time to say half what he thought the occasion demanded and as he is an eloquent orator and made a good impression at that time he will undoubtedly have a large audience.

In spite of the universal cry of hard times Chelsea is experiencing a boom. New houses are in process of erection, everywhere better lighting is being provided for our streets, the new water pipes for the fire protection are now laid, our merchants are getting in large stocks of fall goods, and strangers tell us that Chelsea now furnishes the traveling public as good accommodations as can be found in any town of like size in Michigan.

A new society, composed of the sanctuary boys of St. Mary's church, Chelsea, was recently organized. The name is the St. John Berchman's society. The members assisted in the sanctuary last Sunday for the first time, arranged in their beautiful robes of royal purple cassocks and Brussels lace surplices, and agreeably surprised the large congregation, who were delighted with the admirable manner in which the acolytes performed the ceremonies.

Albert Lynch, the famous artist, is said to have given us a new and distinctive type of "American girl" in a picture completed after his return from a recent extended visit to this country. His characterization of young American womanhood is exceedingly interesting and attractive—the conception of a critical student, and the creation of a skilled painter. Mr. Lynch was commissioned by The Ladies' Home Journal to portray the "American girl" as he saw her, and his picture will be reproduced in the October number of that magazine.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Merkel was buried last Sunday from St. Mary's church. The little child died on Friday, September 18, 1896, after a short illness. The beautiful burial service of the Catholic church, for infants, which is so indicative of joy on the entrance of a new spirit into heaven, was responsively sung by the pastor and choir. The casket was fairly buried in choice flowers, and a large congregation evidenced their sympathy by their attendance. The remains were interred in Mt. Olivet cemetery.

The 20th annual fair of the Stockbridge Union Agricultural Society promises to be the most successful of any in its history. The officers are doing all in their power to make the fair of this year a grand success. The business men are also aiding in the matter and a few of our most prominent hustlers are offering side premiums. October 1 will be Silver Day. Chas. R. Sligh, silver candidate for governor, and Justin B. Whiting, candidate for lieutenant governor, will address the people. October 2 will be Republican Day. An effort is being made to secure Mayor Pingree and other prominent speakers.

A quiet wedding occurred Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Alexander, their daughter Miss Ida May and Mr. Aner B. Ward being the contracting parties, Rev. D. H. Ramsdell performing the ceremony in his usual pleasant manner. They left on the night train amid a shower of rice for a week's stay at Chelsea, his old home, when they will return to Clinton and occupy a part of the Priest house with Mr. and Mrs. Joe

Alexander. The bride and groom are both well and favorably known in this vicinity and their many friends will join us in wishing them a happy and prosperous matrimonial voyage through life. They were remembered with a nice lot of presents.—Clinton Local.

An extremely sad accident occurred Thursday morning, by the Peninsular Paper mill crossing of the Central tracks, when Mr. Lewis J. Harlow was struck, and instantly killed by the incoming 6 o'clock train. For over a week Mr. Harlow has been ill, his physicians having thought he would not live beyond a few weeks, and though very weak he must have wandered from his home on Ballard street to the crossing where he met his death, some time during the early morning, as he was missed at 6 o'clock. Mr. Harlow moved into this city from Chelsea about 1 1/2 years ago, and has been engaged in the work of laying tar and cement walks. His wife and son Frank, of Marshall, who was here this week on account of his father's illness survive him. There was merely a prayer at the home on Ballard street this afternoon before taking the remains to Chelsea, where the funeral and burial will take place.—Ypsilanti Commercial.

PERSONAL.

Dan Conway is a Cleveland visitor this week.

Dr. Palmer was a Jackson visitor Thursday.

Romeyn Glover of Saline spent Sunday here.

Miss Mary Wunder spent Sunday at Ann Arbor.

Eugene Foster was an Ann Arbor visitor Sunday.

Miss Francis Wallace was a Clinton visitor Friday.

Miss Ann Tichenor was a Jackson visitor last week.

Herbert Dancer was in town Saturday visiting friends.

Miss Nellie Hall visited friends in Ypsilanti Wednesday.

Miss Tillie Easterlie was a Jackson visitor last Thursday.

Mrs. P. McColver is visiting friends in Cleveland.

Tony Neckel and Miss Ida Keusch spent Friday in Dexter.

Mrs. George Blach spent the first of the week at Ypsilanti.

Mrs. F. Staffan spent last week with her daughter at Grass Lake.

Miss Beeman of Waterloo was a Chelsea visitor last Sunday.

Miss Mary Negus was the guest of friends in Jackson last week.

Blanche Cushman was a Chelsea visitor the latter part of last week.

Mrs. M. M. Campbell and Mrs. Wm. Campbell spent Friday at Dexter.

Verns Riemenschneider and Carl Bach were Dexter visitors Sunday.

A. R. Congdon and family of Dexter spent Sunday with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Twamley of Detroit are in town visiting their parents.

Mrs. Cora Baldwin of Stockbridge has been visiting friends here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Fuller of Ann Arbor spent Sunday with N. E. Freer and wife.

Mrs. Sparks of Jackson spent Sunday here the guest of her sister Mrs. G. Martin.

Mr. Hooker has returned from Detroit where he has been spending several weeks.

Miss Minnie Wackenhut has returned from Jackson where she has been visiting friends.

Rev. and Mrs. C. L. Adams and family left for their new home at Adrian Wednesday.

Budd Moore of Mississippi, a former resident of Chelsea, has been visiting relatives here.

Miss Ellis Craig returned from Detroit Saturday, where she has been visiting friends.

Miss Carrie and Francis Rockwell attended the B. Y. P. U. convention at Clinton Friday.

Mrs. Jas. Cunningham left last week to spend some time with relatives and friends in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Morrissey who have been visiting friends in town have returned to their home in Cleveland.

Premium lists of the Chelsea fair can now be secured at this office.

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL men or women to travel for responsible established house in Michigan. Salary \$780, payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National, Star building, Chicago.

This Trade Mark



Stamped on the sole of of every pair of **LITTLE GIANT School Shoes.**

More of them manufactured and sold than any other one make of children's shoes in America. What has made them so popular than anything else is the wearing qualities. These shoes are made of solid leather—no shoddy nor paper. When you buy the Little Giant School Shoes you will get shoes that will stand hard knocks. We have a complete line of them. Goods are better and prices lower than ever before. Try a pair. Watch the wear of them, and if not as represented in every respect bring back the shoes and get your money.

A large line of men's and women's shoes to select from. More new, nobby and stylish shoes than were ever shown in Chelsea at any one time.

NOTHING BUT LEADERS.

Not only on one pair, but on every pair you buy, we save you money. Ladies' Bright Dongola Kid Shoes, patent tip, made on a stylish last, at \$1.47, fully equal to any \$2.00 shoes on the market. Bargains at \$2.50 and \$3.00. Men's shoes at \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00. For any one of the prices we give better value this fall than ever before.

W. P. Schenk & Co.

REMEMBER, we have Standard Patterns. They are giving the best of SATISFACTION.



DECEPTION

is all right for professional conjurers and jugglers, but buyers of Tea don't take kindly to it—there's no deception about the quality of

MIKADO JAPAN TEA.

It's the real, genuine, unadulterated, uncolored, sun-dried leaf of the protected plant, grown only on the up-lands, where the finest, most tender and sweetest leaf is produced, and where the soil is adapted to the peculiar wants of the plant. We can please you and will save you money on all grades of tea. We carry the

Largest Stock

and most complete collection in Chelsea, and are keeping the price down to "low-water mark!"

QUALITY and QUANTITY is what we are striving to give the public, and the way the goods go we are succeeding.

Anything you may desire in the way of edibles—fresh meats excepted—it pays to buy at

Freeman's Table Supply House.



If you need
Hammocks
Lawn Chairs
Fruit Cans
Jelly Cans
Glassware
Crockery
 Granite Iron Preserving Kettles.
 Baby Carriages, Croquet, etc.
 We are making some low prices.
Hoag & Holmes.
 See our Monarch high grade Bicycle.

We Can't Help Keeping Ahead.

We satisfy the people, that's what tells the tale. Whatever you want to buy, buy it of the leaders in the business, men who have the facilities and low prices. Compare quality with quality, price with price and you will be convinced that the place to buy your bread, cakes and confectionary is at Neckel Bros.' Our ice cream speaks for itself. As to what is in it, compare it with any other made in Chelsea and you will have no other.

Bread, two loaves for 5c.

NECKEL BROS.



Are Built in the Largest and Best Equipped Factory in the World.
Waverley Bicycles.
 Highest of High Grades.
 Experienced Riders
 Made by Indiana Bicycle Co Indianapolis, Ind.
W. J. KNAPP, Agent.



CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

Mr. Marsh positively gasped, as if the volubility of the accusation had taken his breath away. He glanced at the accuser, she looked, with her flaming eyes and rapt face, very much in earnest; but still he felt that he must not be borne down by mere glibness of assertion.

"It is a good old principle of our English law, mademoiselle, that a man is to be considered innocent until he has been proved guilty. Now, all I have seen of Sir Richard, and all I have heard of him, except from yourself, is very much to his credit. If you want me to change my opinion you must give me proofs."

"You are, as I believe that you admitted in conversation with Superintendent Swann," said the London merchant, "the writer of the anonymous letter which I received in town. You are also a bitter enemy of Sir Richard's?"

"Yes, because I loved him," interrupted the Hungarian girl, with her dark eyes blazing out like those of a hurt wild beast that turns on the hunter. "I was his promised bride—we were betrothed—and he threw me off. Yes, I hate the man! Now hear me."

And in rapid, burning words Lady Thorsdale's maid related how she had, in the room habitually occupied by Sir Richard Mortmain at Thorsdale Hall, discovered in a drawer the compromising letter signed "Rufus Crouch," which had first caused her to send her own anonymous communication to Mr. Marsh himself in London.

"Here it is!" she said, as she thrust it into the dry-salter's hand. He read it, not without many an inward twinge of mortification and annoyance.

"The base hypocrite!" he exclaimed; "the rascally confederate! Why, his scoundrel of a confederate had apprised him of the exact amount of my ward's fortune weeks before he came to make a boast of his disinterested intentions to me! May I keep this letter, mademoiselle? You will be rewarded, I need not say, for your help in unmasking an impostor."

"Reward me—give me money—your sovereigns and your banknotes, perhaps," retorted Glitka, with a hard fierce laugh. "Yes, that would be well for one of your English maids, but I have only one reward to seek! Now, sir, listen. The letter I have placed in your hands will, I hope, prove the ruin of the designs of him to whom it was sent. But I have a new weapon wherewith to strike at that hard, pitiless heart."

And then, rapidly and volubly as before, she narrated how she had chanced to overhear, in that portion of the shrubbery at Thorsdale which bordered on the park, through which there was a public right of way, a conversation between Sir Richard Mortmain and an ill-looking ruffian, whom she easily identified with the writer of the threatening letter. She had no hesitation in avowing that she played the spy on her employer's brother whenever her duties rendered it possible, prompted by jealousy and resentment, and on this occasion she had overheard, herself unperceived, a portion of what was said.

"He, Crouch, menaced Sir Richard always. He could, he said, send him to the gyles and the prison, as he could the commonest forger, and the commonest thief. And the great, proud gentleman spoke the ruffian fair, and gave gold, and promised much. He had won over Mr. Marsh, Miss Mowbray's guardian, so he said, and should have his influence on his side. And Crouch was to have his share of the young lady's fortune; I did not hear much, but they bargained."

Mr. Marsh drove back to Woodburn Parsonage with very different feelings from those which he had previously entertained toward the titled squire for Violet Mowbray's hand.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Well met, Sir R.," said a hoarse, deep voice, at the sound of which the baronet winced impatiently; "I was on my way to Helston, to look you up, but perhaps out on the high-road we can chat more conveniently."

The baronet turned to confront Rufus Crouch. There was an unholo look of sultry ferocity in the fellow's bloodshot eyes, which told of him lately imbued. In his hand was a heavy blackthorn stick, gnarled and fresh-cut.

"What do you want with me, you fool?" demanded the baronet.

Rufus glared at him. "I want a precious lot, Sir R.," responded the ex-gold-digger, after a pause, during which it seemed as though he were meditating whether or not to spring, like some savage dog, at the throat of his aristocratic accomplice. "I want to be rid of this curish life, and out of this rotten country, and back in old Australia, but as a matter this time, mind ye! not a man. But, to set up, I require my share of the swag."

"O! what swag, my talkative friend, do you want your share?" asked the baronet, with much asperity.

"Why, of the heiress's seventy thousand pounds—what else?" gruffly rejoined the ex-gold-digger; "and mind, Sir R., not one penny less than twenty-five thousand—not twenty—will satisfy yours truly, and—"

"You do!" broke in Sir Richard, "you may keep your higgling till the market is open. That will-o'-the-wisp of the big sum of ready money that lured me down here, is as very a Jack-o'-lantern as ever led a silly swain into a quagmire. Even if the girl has a right to this money—"

"True as death and taxes she has, Sir R.," protested Crouch, looking serious.

"Even then, we don't live in a country where young ladies can be married against their will," retorted the baronet. "Your mistress, I tell you, turns out to be of less valuable stuff than we supposed, and her money is as much out of my reach as if it were fifty fathoms deep beneath the sea. She insists we won't see me—"

will have none of me—even though I have duped that old dotard of a dry salter, the guardian, into buckling up my cause. I'm sure there's some young lover."

"And I can give a shrewd guess, Sir R., as to who the young chap is," interrupted Crouch. "I'll stake anything it's that beggarly upstart, Don. I heard he had been caught spooning and mooning with Miss Violet. I heard he had been forbid the house, down at the parson's. He's what the girls call handsome, and—"

"I know he is," said Sir Richard, with an accent of conviction, and with a bitter laugh, "and I wish him—dead!"

"Now, hark to me, Sir R.," exclaimed Crouch drawing near, and speaking earnestly, but in a voice that he instinctively lowered, "come in, to my terms—the five and twenty thousand, out of the new Lady Mortmain's tin—and he, this beggarly gentleman founding, shall be dead. I'll engage, for the sake of old grudges, and for my share of the plunder, to put him out of the way. D'ye hear?"

"I don't much like being mixed up in that sort of thing," said the baronet, hesitatingly; "I wish the youngster were well out of the way, but—"

"One push, between the shoulders," chuckled Crouch, thrusting out his great hands and counterfeiting the action so as to suit the words, "and over goes my young lordling to the crabs and the sand eels in the rock-pools below. And as for Miss Violet, while the tear is in the eye, which is always a soft time with women, my advice is, cut in, Sir R., and win. But," said Rufus roughly, as he glared at his titled friend, "you mind how you break faith with me, Sir Richard Mortmain, baronet, once I've risked scragging for your sake. Try and cheat me out of a sixpenny of my due, and keep me in this miserable country for above three months more, and see if you don't go to jail as a forger, and give the newspapers the fun of printing leading articles about the disgrace of a fellow like you, with a handle to his name, and—"

Sir Richard had an almost fiendish temper, kept in check usually by habit and self-discipline, but he had had much to annoy him that day, and now the pent-up volcano blazed up into flame.

"You cut!" he exclaimed; "you low-born bound! you dare, dare you, to threaten a gentleman?"

And, with his gold-mounted riding whip, he dealt Rufus two sharp cuts across the face.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The immediate effect upon Crouch of the stinging blows he had received was to make the ex-gold-digger and possible bush-ranger stand as still as if he had been some hideous effigy of a man carved in stone. But then his native ferocity awoke, and it was with a yell like that of a wild beast that the ruffian sprang forward, clutched the bridle of Sir Richard's gallant horse, and forced him back upon his haunches. The terrified horse snorted and reared arrow-straight, and fell back with a crash upon his rider. Stunned by the shock, the baronet lay helpless.

"I'll pay you, Sir R.," growled Crouch, whirling up his club, and dealing a furious stroke at Sir Richard's prostrate head.

"Hold there! stop!" cried a ringing, clear young voice, as the sound of hurrying feet was heard; and the would-be murderer, club in hand, wheeled round, to find himself face to face with the man whom, of all men, he hated and feared the most—the youth whose skill and courage had saved him from the Soldier's Slough—Don.

"Don't interfere with me, youngster, if you care to keep a whole skin and bones unbroken!" said Crouch, brandishing his cudgel.

"I am interfering, comrade," replied Don resolutely, but with no sign of ill-temper, "to save you from yourself."

"Try the heft of it!" answered Crouch, and he lifted the club, and struck at Don with all his force. But Don, whose eyes were quick and his movements agile, eluded the blow, sprang forward, and had closed with the gold digger in a moment.

"Now I've got you, my Jemmy Jessamy fine gentleman!" muttered Rufus, as the grapple began, for in all his many meditations concerning Don he had always felt assured that at close quarters he was by far the stronger of the two. Then Crouch never afterward could realize how—the brawny man felt that he was smatched up from the ground like a tree suddenly uprooted, and next he fell with a crash upon the earth.

"Your wisest plan, mate, is to take yourself off," spoke Don, "and, if you have any conscience left, to be thankful that you have been saved from a great crime, and the hangman's noose as its penalty. I am sorry to be harsh with a job-hunter, but I am more sorry to find that one of our company could deserve it. Now go!"

Don proceeded to assist Sir Richard Mortmain, who was now stirring uneasily as he lay, trying to rise. The baronet staggered as he regained his feet, and would have fallen but for Don's support.

"Are you much hurt?" asked the young man, compassionately.

"It's all right—it's all right!" muttered Sir Richard, leaning heavily on his proreer. "Yes, it's all right. I was a trifle dizzy at the first, but I'm quite right now."

"Perhaps, sir, you could walk if I held you up. Helston Hall is within half an hour from here," suggested Don; and Sir Richard murmuring a weak assent, the young man struck into the lane hard by, leading the black horse and bearing upon his strong arm the tottering form of his rescued rival.

There was not much conversation, naturally, on the slow walk, along the lane that led to Helston Hall. Once the baronet picked up spirit enough to say what he thought of the late aggressor.

"The brute—the coward—the savage—that Crouch, I mean, a son of any father's ballif, a dog who was always glad to come sneaking up to me at Mortmain, and carry my second gun or run my errands—the beast!" ejaculated Sir Rich-

ard. "But if there's law or justice in England, I'll—"

He stopped short here, confusedly. Perhaps he had remembered that Crouch, too, might have ugly revelations to make in a court of justice.

"The man, I believe," said Don, tolerantly, "is not partly responsible for his actions. He is mad drunk sometimes. He was so to-day, till the fall I gave him sobered him. I hope this may serve as a lesson to the fellow. But he is a bad sort of man, and we jet-hunters will be well rid of him, I suppose, Sir Richard, that he did not attack you for the mere purpose of robbery?"

"He—I—yes, but I feel rather faint, somehow," murmured the baronet; and he said no more until he reached his own home.

"I may leave you now?" said Don with his bright smile.

"If you please; I should like to shake hands with you," said Sir Richard, hesitatingly, and he held Don's hand for a moment. "You have saved my life, and whatever I may be, I shall not forget what I owe you."

The next day when Sir Richard called at his sister's home, he found a stir and a bustle at Thorsdale Hall. A Triton was to come among the minnows there, Wyvern, Earl Wyvern—or more correctly, the "peerage" puts it, the Right Honorable Alfred Henry Talbot Wyvern, Earl Wyvern, Viscount Ludlow, Baron Downton and Gresford—was what our French neighbors describe as a personage, quite as great a man, so far as wealth and pedigree went, as Lord Thorsdale, with whom he was somehow remotely connected by ties of kindred.

The Earl was a childless widower. He was still of middle age. He was clever enough, had he preferred it, to have made a figure in our home politics, and rich enough, had he so pleased, to have been noted in London society. As it was, much of his life had been spent officially or unofficially on the continent.

"Will you join the grouse shooters, Wyvern, to-morrow?" his brother earl had asked, when first the visitor arrived.

"I have not fired a gun for years—except a rifle at some battue in Austria," Lord Wyvern had smilingly replied; "but if there is to be an expedition, I will accompany the lookers-on willingly enough."

(To be continued.)

Knew All About Law Questions.

In one of the big down-town office buildings, tenanted principally by lawyers, a reporter rode down in an elevator with two boys, who, to judge from their conversation, were budding limbs of the law. One of them was about 15 years of age, and the other perhaps a couple of years his senior.

"I had that judgment opened this morning," remarked the younger of the two, fecting the ashes from a cigarette, "but I thought Giegerich was a little slow about it."

"Ya-as," drawled the other, "it's certainly a great bore to have to spend so much time in court. Remember my bond and mortgage case in the Supreme? Well, it was enough to try anybody's patience. The trouble with some of your judges, Frank, is that they don't know the rudiments of landlord and tenant law. I cited Pebbles vs. Bubbles, and it knocked him out. Where are you bound?"

"O, I've got a little corporation matter on hand to-day," was the reply. "Receiver wants to be relieved. I don't know whether I'll consent or not. I've got a demurrer to argue besides, and—"

By that time the car was at the ground floor. A stout, matronly woman stood waiting to get in.

"Well, young man," she said, addressing the boy who had been called Frank, "I was just about to go up and give you a talking to in front of your boss. Why didn't you get father's shoes that you took to be half-soled?"

"Hush, mother," whispered "Frank," as his face reddened; "I don't want to be talking about that down here. I'm going to court."

"You're going to court, are you?" responded the stout lady in a loud tone. "Very well, go to court, but if you come home to-night without those shoes you get no supper and you don't stir a peg out of the flat the rest of the week. Do you hear?"

"Say," said the elevator man, as he stuck his head out of the car and grinned, "you've run up against the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, haven't you? Geewhizz!"—New York Mail and Express.

Saved by Three Boys.

Three boys of Plainfield, N. J., should be honored with the humane society's medal for saving two little girls from drowning. The New York Tribune thus relates the story of the rescue:

Mamie Long and Florence Wilson, two little girls, had a narrow escape from being drowned in Tiers Lake. There is a raceway from the pond to the mill, a short distance away. The gates were open to allow the water to flow into the race and thus relieve the pressure on the dam.

The children were gathering wild flowers. Attracted by the rush of water through the race, they stepped upon a plank which projected over the edge of the lake, and it tipped over, and both girls went into the water directly in front of the race.

Harry Boyd, a colored lad, witnessed the accident. He and Tommy and Willie Martin hurried to the spot. There was nothing to be seen of the girls, and the boys concluded they had been carried into the race, in which case an attempt at rescue was useless.

A moment later Mamie Long came to the surface. One of the boys plunged in, although he ran the risk of being caught in the race and carried down. He aided the girl to the bank, where she seized the framework of the gates and was drawn out.

Florence Wilson did not rise, so Boyd, who had thrown off his clothing, plunged in. He found her near the gateway, under ten feet of water, and brought her to the surface. She quickly revived. Today both girls are apparently no worse for their adventure.

An Atelsson child, 4 months old, walks and talks. Its father is a book agent.

BLUE AND THE GRAY

BRAVE MEN WHO MET ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Thrilling Stories of the Rebellion—Old Soldiers and Fallows Relate Reminiscences of Life in Camp and on the Field—Incidents of the War.

An Army's Supply Base.

The remark was made by ex-Senator Warner Miller of New York, who was a captain in a regiment from the Empire State. He was speaking of Grand Army posts that have adopted the custom of a carefully prepared paper by one of the members at each stated meeting. Senator Miller, as he has been in a great many other things, was right in that remark. Grand Army posts that have adopted that custom are history producers. I heard one Friday evening that was inspiring. A synopsis, with its best stories, will delight readers as well as it did that company of veterans. They shall have it one of these days.

Captain William C. Swain of the Ninety-third New York read a paper on experience during the Peninsula campaign in 1862. The base of supplies in that campaign, after the battle of Williamsburg, was White House Landing, on the Pamunny river. Swain and his company were on duty there as provost guard. The one building of importance at the Landing was the large white house then owned by Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, the present American consul general to Cuba. In this house George Washington was married. Captain Swain said there was a table in the house which belonged to Washington, and also many valuable papers and records. "On our arrival there the Lee evacuated in great haste, leaving a note pinned to a door requesting the Union army to 'spare the home of Washington.' A guard was placed in the house and it was fairly well protected for a time. When McClellan made his masterly retreat from in front of Richmond (when instead he ought to have taken the Confederate capital) to Malvern Hill, where Gen. Lee found himself in a slaughter pen and his victorious army met with a crushing defeat, it was necessary to leave White House Landing in mad haste. When the last of the Union troops had marched away a devil-may-care fellow, under the direction of two captains, both of whom were afterward killed in battle, thought it was his duty to make war as hideous as possible, fell out of the ranks, ran back, lighted a match in the garret of the historical white house, and took the family Bible. Before the troops were out of sight of the Landing they saw the flames burst forth and the old building went on the way to destruction. Such was war. It was vandalism. The man who lighted the match lost a leg in the next battle."

Captain Swain's description of a base of supplies in a great campaign will be interesting to the public as well as a lifelike picture to those who have seen headquarters for rations for man and beast, clothing, ammunition, hospital stores and everything that goes to an army for its outfit in camp, on the field, in battle. He said: "As the army settled down in the Chickahominy swamps the Landing rapidly assumed the appearance of a canvas city, or rather a conglomeration of cities. Here is an army of sutlers, their tents pitched in the most convenient places, without any reference to order or arrangement. Over in the background were the large, orderly, neat-looking hospital tents, regularly laid out and covering a good deal of ground. Near the bank of the river board shanties of large size were erected for quartermaster's stores and commissary supplies. A little farther back, in comfortable wall-tents, and the most picturesque of all, was a large camp of fugitive slaves enjoying their first taste of freedom, living in congenial idleness on government rations. Romantic and sentimental episodes were numerous in these quarters, and feelings of tender interest were excited in the breasts of all true lovers of true love in witnessing a chivalrous noble gallant sitting in the sun with a woolly head resting against his shoulder, searching it with a fine tooth comb, while ever and anon the snap of the thumb nail would testify that a diminutive life had departed forever."

This part of the talk of Captain Swain's may not be very elegant—very uplifting—may not be quite up to the scratch—but to write of the army and convey the impression that the soldiers, contrabands and everybody connected with the service was not obliged, every week of his connection with the army, to battle bravely, fiercely against the onslaughts of billions of merciless, senseless, impertinent, vile vermin, that have followed armies from time immemorial, would be to paint a false picture. Hence I find no fault with Captain Swain's blunt reference to the ebony gallant's search for game and his creepy method of bringing it down. This is my first and last reference in these chapters to the loathsome army grayback.

"The provost guard service, if not interesting, was varied. One day came an order like this: 'Lieut. Swain, you will take a detail of six men, search all the sutlers' tents and destroy all the whisky you can find.' I first notified a comrade in order that our own future supplies might not be endangered, and then started out on my detective service. Somewhat singularly, perhaps miraculously, the tent from which our own supplies had been obtained does not contain a drop of the contraband article, but the methods of concealment in several tents are varied and ingenious. In one I find a cask of poor whisky in the center of a barrel of vinegar. Both whisky and vinegar refresh the parched and thirsty earth.

In another barrel of unusual fineness is buried in the ground and the accidental kicking aside of a piece of the barrel head reveals it. A few shovels full of earth destroy its future usefulness. So we went from sutler to sutler, now finding a supply, now finding nothing. The detail was not very sober at the end of the search."

Captain Swain spoke of the first trainload of wounded that arrived at White House Landing after the battle of Seven Pines, which the Confederates called Fair Oaks. Being off duty, Captain Swain offered his services. A woman was in charge of those hundreds of wounded men—Miss Dorothy Dix. He represented her as energetic and capable as a good general. "She gave us volunteers orders right and left, and in the most systematic, business-like manner."

I wish some one would write a true history of the women who went to the front, to the battlefields, and labored in hospitals, prayed for the dying, wrote letters for the wounded, and cared for them as tenderly as their own dear ones could have done, and in most instances more intelligently than they could have done. In this list would appear a bright page devoted to the wonderful deeds performed by Dorothy Dix.

"I think of a laughable occurrence at White House Landing when the place was evacuated. Thousands of rifles had been gathered from battlefields and put in a pile, the muzzles pointing in all directions. When orders to move came we had to act quickly, for Jeb Stuart's cavalry was approaching. We had to burn buildings and property. When the flames reached those muskets there was a fusillade; bullets flew in all directions, and so did the darkies and other non-combatants.

"Gen. Jeb Stuart reached the Landing soon after we left it. In his report to Gen. Lee he said: 'My command was nearly out of rations and the horses without forage. I had relied on the enemy at the White House to supply us, and I was not disappointed, in spite of their efforts to destroy everything. Provisions and delicacies of every description lay in heaps, and the men regaled themselves on the fruits of the tropics as well as the substantial of the land.'"

Property and rations worth millions were burned because of the disastrous retreat, a retreat which would not have occurred had a Grant, Sherman or Sheridan commanded the army of the Potomac at that time.—J. A. Watrous, in Chicago Times-Herald.

What Is His Name?

A small brass cannon with a history, has just come into the possession of Gen. Hecton Tyndal Post, No. 100, G. A. R., of Philadelphia. It is scarcely more than a toy, but it did deadly execution at the battle of Antietam where McClellan, Hooker, Burnside and Sumner distinguished themselves. The little gun was drawn from Sharpsburg while the battle was in progress by a boy 16 years of age, who lived in the vicinity and who was fighting on his own hook, for the flag of his father, who was with the Union army at some other point. The little fellow, unaided, hauled his gun to an elevation, faced the enemy and coolly and with his own hand poured lead after load of missiles into the ranks of the Confederates from the muzzle of his miniature cannon. Among the 87,000 Union soldiers engaged there, there was not one with whom the boy had a personal acquaintance, but he fought as devotedly and enthusiastically and with as much deadly execution as any of them. And as he blazed away hour after hour, he was repeatedly cheered by the passing and repassing Union troops in the valley below. At last he became the target for the rebel sharpshooters and a bullet went through his breast. He fell forward upon his face, dead, with his body across his little gun, and it gave forth no more glad boomings in the cause of freedom and union. After his death the cannon was kept until recently, when it was sold for old brass, and taken to Philadelphia with other old metals. A comrade of the Tyndal post, who is an extensive metal broker, learned the history of the old piece of artillery, then old and corroded, and he secured it and presented it to the society. It has been brightened and cleaned up, and looks new. It is about three feet in length, and has a bore of less than two inches, but right merrily did it bark on that eventful day, September 16, 1862, when Joe Hooker fell wounded. The name of the little hero who did battle with it and died is not given.

"From the Deck."

The recent death of Rear Admiral Thomas H. Stevens has led his comrades to recall the manner and spirit in which his duty was done. It was of his action in the Battle of Mobile that Captain Mahan wrote:

"As they passed, the admiration of the flag-ship and the Metacombet was aroused by the sight of Commander Stevens of the Winnebago, walking quietly, giving his orders from turret to turret of his unwieldy vessel, directly under the enemy's guns."

Of the same engagement, Rear Admiral LeRoy wrote, "Commander Stevens was outside of the turrets, perfectly exposed, and as the vessel I commanded was close alongside his vessel, both running for the ram Tennessee, and as my vessel was the faster and more manageable, he cheered me with words of encouragement as I was passing."

"I like to fight my battles from the deck," Rear Admiral Stevens once said. The words sounded the keynote of his and every other successful career. The man who does his work "quietly" yet "under the enemy's guns," and who, even at such a time, thinks of his companions and cheers them with "words of encouragement"—he is the man who wins honor, love and remembrance.

OBLIGING.

The Sheriff Did the Fair Thing. He Returned the Favor.

When the sheriff went over to Golden City to Lucky Valley, Jim Sanders, who was wanted for shooting Dan Williams in a game of cards, he didn't take a gun along. He found a saloon, and asked him to stay in and take a drink. Jim complied, kept a hand on his gun. What had drunk they sat down, and the sheriff told three or four funny stories. By and by the puzzled Jim looked at the sheriff and said:

"See here, Joe, did you come after me?"

"Wall, I thought you might want to jog along back with me," was the reply.

"Not much! I'll never be here alive!"

"Then, that settles it. Let's have another drink."

They drank again, and the sheriff told a very funny story about a confederate's experience in Golden City. Jim laughed as loudly as the sheriff, but presently grew serious and said:

"Say, Joe, you can't take me along with you to-day?"

"Wall, we won't worry about it, Jim," was the reply. "Let's have another nip and then a game of cards. The game lasted until the sheriff was lost about \$20. Then he ordered a song and sang a song. When the song was finished he said to Sanders:

"Jim, haven't I made things pleasant for you to-day?"

"You hev, Joe, and no mistake."

"Treated you like a gentleman, eh?"

"You certainly hev."

"That's my way of doing things. Now, I want you to treat me like a gentleman. Go back to Golden City with me."

"But I shot Dan Williams over the top of your head."

"Of course you did."

"And they want to hang me."

"Of course they do, but that's no fun to me. I don't make the laws, I was sent out after you, and I want to take you back. I hev, but I want to and got the drop on you, but I won't hurt yer pride. Haven't I tender with you, Jim?"

"You hev, Joe, but I don't want to be hung."

"I s'pose not, but see how nice I used ye. Would any other sheriff do it?"

"No, I reckon not."

"Of course not, and if you are here won't I boss the job and make it easy as possible? Just come along to oblige me, Jim."

"Would it be a great favor to you?"

"It would, and it would show that you was a gentleman to boot. I, a gentleman myself, and I kin appreciate a gentleman."

"Wall, Joe," said Jim, after a moment's thought, "I did say I would go, and I did think I didn't want to be hung, but to oblige you and to show these critters that I know what manners is, I'll go along with ye."

And ten days later Mr. Sanders tended a necktie social, and was behind when the others started home.—Dallas News.

The Stone Forest of Florissant.

The silicified trees of the Florissant Basin are a marked curiosity of the United States. They are less known than the "stone forest" of Arizona than the similar mausoleum of the lowstone region, but it is only because they have not yet been brought to the attention of the tourist. The trees at the present time represented by their stumps. In wandering over the green meadow the eye here and there rests upon a seemingly unimportant spot. Over it are scattered white or yellow chips, and for anything that the eye can itself distinguish these seem to be the chips left in the path of work of a recently passing woodman. The deception is absolute, and it belongs to the stump as well. The bark and gnarls and annular rings are perfectly preserved; the bark stands prominent relief both by ruggedness and color, and all this not in wood, but in the monumental substance of stone. The precise manner in which the tree stood cannot now be learned, but in a general way we know it to have been brought about as the result of a slow filtration into the tree trunks of waters containing silica in solution. The remains are fairly numerous, and what strikes one with special astonishment is the giant size which some of them attain. Diameters of six, eight and eight feet are by no means uncommon, and we measured three specimens which spanned ten feet or more in most instances the stumps rise above the surface, coming up with it; therefore without excavation it is impossible to say at what level above the roots the measurements were taken.—Popular Science Monthly.

Decorations for Brave Canines.

The most unique decoration of bravery is that bestowed by the Prussian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals upon deserving dogs. It consists of a tastefully designed collar of honor. Among the animals ready decorated in this way, one most celebrated is Bacchus, a bulldog, whose specialty it is to run away horses by jumping up and seizing them by the bridle. It is estimated that the intelligent animal already saved the lives of eight persons in this way.

Russia's Black Sea Improvements.

The harbor of the Russian port of Batoum, on the east shore of the Black Sea, has now been deepened to a depth of six feet at the point where navigation is most difficult. The mole will be run out a length of 1,750 feet, so that the harbor may be used by the Black Sea's all-weather. Russia has already 5,000,000 rubles on the port, and just appropriated 750,000 rubles

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TRAINS EAST:
No. 8—Detroit Night Express 5:10 a. m.
No. 36—Atlantic Express 7:02 a. m.
No. 12—Grand Rapids 10:35 a. m.
No. 2—Express and Mail 8:15 p. m.
TRAINS WEST:
No. 3—Express and Mail 9:25 a. m.
No. 13—Grand Rapids 6:30 p. m.
No. 7—Chicago Express 10:35 p. m.
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**The Only One
To Stand the Test.**
Rev. William Copp, whose father
was a physician for over fifty years,
in New Jersey, and who himself
spent many years preparing for the
practice of medicine, but subse-
quently entered the ministry of the
M. E. Church, writes: "I am glad
to testify that I have
had analyzed all the
sarsaparilla prepara-
tions known in the
trade, but
AYER'S
is the only one of
them that I could
recommend as a
blood-purifier. I have
given away hundreds of bottles of
it, as I consider it the safest as well
as the best to be had."—Wm. Copp,
Pastor M. E. Church, Jackson, Minn.

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THE ONLY WORLD'S FAIR
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When in doubt, ask for Ayer's Pills

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pastor. Preaching Sundays at 10:30 a.
m., and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school at
12. Christian Endeavor prayer meet-
ings, Sundays at 6:30 p. m. Prayer
meetings Thursdays at 7:30 p. m. Pas-
tor and family at home Tuesday after-
noon and evening. Pastor's Bible class
at the parsonage Friday evening at eight.
BAPTIST—Rev. J. H. Girdwood, pastor.
Preaching, Sundays at 10:30 a. m. and
7:30 p. m.; Sunday school at 12; B. Y.
P. U. prayer meeting at 6:30 p. m.;
prayer meeting Thursdays at 7:30 p. m.
Covenant meetings on the Saturday
preceding the first Sunday in each
month. B. Y. P. U. business meetings
Monday evening before date for Cove-
nant meeting.
METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Rev. C. L. Ad-
ams pastor. Preaching every Sunday
at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday
school at 12; Epworth League prayer
meeting at 6:30 p. m.; class meeting at
9:30 a. m. Sundays. Business meeting
of Epworth League the first Friday
evening of each month. Prayer meet-
ings Thursdays at 7:30 p. m.
CATHOLIC—St. MARY'S—Pastor, Rev.
William P. Conzidine. Services on
Sunday—First Mass at 8 a. m.; high
mass with sermon at 10:30 a. m. Even-
ing prayers with congregational sing-
ing and Benediction at 7:30 p. m. Sun-
day school after high mass. Mass on
week days at 8 a. m.
St. PAUL'S EVANGELICAL—Rev. G. Eisen,
pastor. Preaching every Sunday alter-
nating morning and afternoon. Sun-
day school after preaching services.

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OLIVE LODGE NO 156, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Olive Lodge,
No 156, F. & A. M., for 1896,
Jan. 15, Feb. 25, March 24, April
21, May 26, June 23, July 21, Aug. 18,
Sept. 15, Oct. 20, Nov. 17. Annual
meeting and election of officers Dec.
15th.
J. D. SCHMAYMAN, Sec.

MAYHEM AS A PUNISHMENT.
Proves Effective in the Case of Mines
Offenses in Persia.
That mayhem is effective as a peace-
compelling agency there can be no
doubt. One may travel on the post roads
of Persia in comparative safety, but on
the border between Persia and Turkey
the traveler goes with his revolver in
one hand and his life in the other. Tur-
kish Kurdistan, now a country given
over to highway robbery and murder,
was at one time as safe as the streets
of Stamboul, which is, perhaps, not
staying very much. This state of safety
was brought about by the Governor of
Mosul, who kept the Kurds in order by
cutting off their hands and ears and
gouging out their eyes. Such a condi-
tion of law and order in the Turkish
empire could not last, however, for the
sheikhs complained to the Sultan and
the governor of Mosul was recalled. A
good man is not allowed to hold office
long in Turkey.
Once in a while in Persia a liar gets
sudden and awful punishment. One of
the late Shah's bodyguards was Kareem,
formerly a noted robber and outlaw.
Kareem took from the rich and gave
lavishly to the poor. He carried on his
operations for a long time up and
down the Perso-Turkish border. One
day a merchant of Dilman sent a ser-
vant to Kohl with a sum of money. On
the pass above the Salmas plain the
servant met an armed robber.
"I am Kareem," said the robber.
"Give me your money."
The servant begged and pleaded and
wept, but the robber took the money
and made off. Presently several horse-
men came along the trail.
"Why weep you?" asked the leader of
the horsemen. "It is not seemly that a
strong man should shed tears like a
child."
"Kareem, he robber, has just taken
from me the money which my master
gave me to carry to Kohl." The weeping
servant then described the robber and
pointed out the direction in which he
had gone.
"Remain here," said the leader of the
horsemen. "We will return."
In half an hour the horsemen return-
ed. The leader bore on his saddlebow
the head of a man.
"Is this the man who robbed you?" he
asked.
"Truly, master, it is the man," said
the servant.
"Here, then," said the leader, handing
out a bag of silver, "is your master's
money." Then he threw the head con-
tempuously to the ground.
"That man was a liar," said he. "I am
Kareem."

AN OLD GEOGRAPHY—1716.
It Shows Above All the Advance of
the Anglo-Faxon Race.
The book says: "In the English colonies
no tax can be imposed without the
consent of their assemblies," a fact
which it would have been better had
George III. remembered fifty years
later. Enthusiasm chiefly prevailed in
Pennsylvania, "that country being
stocked with Quakers." Our author at-
tributes such fierceness to the con-
dor that he says: "Chill would not be ha-
bitable were that destructive bird less
rare." As for Jamaica, which was then,
perhaps, our wealthiest colony, the re-
cent terrible earthquake of 1692 is as-
cribed "rather to moral than natural
causes, on account of the abominations
of the inhabitants calling for judgment
from heaven." The planters are sol-
emly warned to care for the despoiled
souls of their negro slaves, and not to
believe and be frightened by the vulgar
error that baptism of slaves means giv-
ing them freedom. We are assured, on
the authority of eye-witnesses, "that
the crocodile of Hayti, before lying in
wait to catch prey, swallows several
hundredweight of pebbles, by which ad-
ditional weight he can the sooner dive
with his victim."
Our geographer appends a very clear
table of the five great colonial empires
of 1716, namely, the Spanish, English,
French, Dutch and Portuguese. It is
impossible to glance at this old book
without being struck by the magnitude
of the revolutions which have taken
place in the last two centuries through
scientific progress, geographical discov-
ery and political changes. In 1716 Swe-
den, Holland and Turkey were still re-
garded as mighty factors in European
war and complications; the Great Mo-
guls was still considered one of the most
powerful monarchs of the world; and
the empire of the King of Spain might
still be described as one on which the
sun never set. Australia, New Zealand
and almost the whole interior of Africa
were blanks, and the gigantic republic
of America undreamed of by the most
ardent imagination. But the most strik-
ing fact of all is, whether under the
union jack or the stars and stripes, the
stupendous march of the Anglo-Saxon
race.—Chambers' Journal.

StOLE A MARCH.
Now the Germans Established Colo-
nies in South Africa.
When vague rumors first got about
that Germany had formed the concep-
tion of establishing colonies in Africa
the reports were ridiculed by Lord
Granville, then Secretary of State for
Foreign Affairs, on the ground that the
Germans were not a colonizing people,
and it was evidently felt by himself
and his colleagues in Mr. Gladstone's
government of that day that Germany
was not and never would become a
serious competitor of Great Britain in
any part of the world outside Europe.
Owing to the prevalence of this opinion
in the minds of not only the govern-
ment of the day, but of most well-
informed people in England, Germany,
as a matter of fact, stole a march on
Great Britain. About this time the
Transvaal, which had a few years be-
fore gained its independence, conceived
the project of stretching across Bechu-
analand and joining hands with the Ger-
man protectorate on the west coast.
Freebooting expeditions set out from
the Transvaal and established in Be-
chuanaland the republics of Stellaland
and Goochen. The understanding be-
tween the Germans and the Boers,
of which so much has been heard in the
last few days, really dates from this
time.
A few far-seeing believers in the
British imperial idea then perceived
what the carrying out of this design
would mean for British supremacy in
South Africa. It would cut the Cape
Colony entirely off from extension
northward into the admittedly rich and
promising regions beyond the confines
of the colony. Long before this time
explorers like Thomas Baines, Hartly
and others had sent home glowing re-
ports of the riches hidden in the soil of
Matabeleland, Mashonaland and the
adjoining territories. The one man
who must be credited with the practical
frustration of this scheme is Mr.
Ocell Rhodes, who was then quite a
youth, sitting as an inofficial member
of the Cape Assembly, but had already
acquired a fortune in the diamond fields
at Kimberley.
The imperial government, having
been tardily aroused to the danger, dis-
patched Sir Charles Warren with a
military expedition to protect British
interests in Bechuanaland and to settle
the tribal disputes which were being
fostered by the Boers at the time, the
eventual result of which was, thanks
largely to Mr. Rhodes, who had been
appointed assistant commissioner of
the disorganized territories, that the
Boers had to haul down their flags
which they had hoisted in their petty
new republics and a British protecto-
rate was proclaimed over the whole
area.

Cured a Snake of Blindness.
One of the most poisonous snakes at
the London Zoo, a king cobra, recently
became nearly blind. When it shed its
skin it threw off every part except the
transparent plate which covers the eye.
After each change of skin this plate re-
mained uncast, and the successive lay-
ers became opaque and projected over
the eye in a horny boss. The keeper
used the snake habit of creeping
through an aperture which it can find
in the wall of its case to get rid of the
growth over the eye. He drew back the
iron shutter which separates one com-
partment from another, leaving a nar-
row space open. The cobra soon dis-
covered this, and pushed its nose into
the crack. This was slightly widened
and the snake squeezed through, rub-
bing off one of the scales as it did so.
It was then induced to go back by the
way it had come, and after this had
been repeated once or twice it cleared
the scale from the other eye. Since then
it has cast its skin completely and its
eyes are apparently none the worse for
its temporary blindness. Snakes usually
drag themselves through rough
grass and holes to get rid of the old
skin which clings to them.

Bicycle Accidents in London.
Bicycle accidents in the crowded
streets of London for the first three
months of 1896 were but 184 altogether,
ten being serious and none fatal. This
rate of accidents, as compared with
riders, is very much less than accidents
occasioned by horse and carriage traf-
fic in the metropolis. This good show-
ing gives point to the request made
by the wheelmen of New York that the
drivers of heavy wagons and carriages
be compelled to signal, by bell or whis-
tle, when they are about to swing
around a corner, as it is through the
sudden turn of a heavy wagon that so
many accidents have occurred. As it
is the law in some continental cities
that no vehicle may swing around a
corner without giving warning, the ab-
sence of the precaution in American
cities may explain the great number
of accidents both to pedestrians and
wheelmen. Every great city should
adopt all the precautions that have
been found of value elsewhere, in or-
der to preserve the right of all in even
balance.—Philadelphia Press.

He Arrested the Horse.
Ingenuity is a desirable quality every-
where, but especially in a new country.
Witness the following special dispatch
to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat from
Guthrie, Ok.
"A justice of the peace, who is also a
school teacher, and who also serves as
his own constable, thought there was
a stolen horse in a certain pasture. In
his perplexity how to get hold of him
he concluded that the best way was
to arrest him. On this idea he wrote
out papers of arrest as justice, read and
served them upon himself as constable,
then read them to the horse, and took
the animal into custody."

Polly is a Good Talker.
A gray African parrot owned by a
family in Providence, R. I., has a
vocabulary of 140 words. The bird is
about 60 years old, and has been in
the possession of this family twenty-
seven years.

Nutritive Value of Canned Meats.
Canned beef is of greater food
value than fresh lamb, veal or mutton,
but not equivalent to the better cuts of
fresh beef, while superior to the round,
shank, shoulder or chuck with shoulder.
Canned salmon is of greater food value
than any sort of fish, except fresh sal-
mon, and is not much behind the edible
portion of that, and if compared with
fresh salmon as purchased quite as val-
uable, the calories of the latter being
925 against 690 for the canned salmon.
Canned chicken or turkey is nearly
equal to the best cuts of fresh beef,
decidedly better than fresh veal; on a
par with, in fact, ahead of, lamb and
as good as mutton. Deviled ham has
high nutritive value and is better than
fresh pork. Sardines must rank high
as a nutritive article of diet. Canned
lobster is on a par with fresh.—Ameri-
can Kitchen Magazine.

In every bribery scandal the guilty
ones can be divided into two classes:
those who have accepted much—and
those who have accepted more.

STOLE A MARCH.
Now the Germans Established Colo-
nies in South Africa.
When vague rumors first got about
that Germany had formed the concep-
tion of establishing colonies in Africa
the reports were ridiculed by Lord
Granville, then Secretary of State for
Foreign Affairs, on the ground that the
Germans were not a colonizing people,
and it was evidently felt by himself
and his colleagues in Mr. Gladstone's
government of that day that Germany
was not and never would become a
serious competitor of Great Britain in
any part of the world outside Europe.
Owing to the prevalence of this opinion
in the minds of not only the govern-
ment of the day, but of most well-
informed people in England, Germany,
as a matter of fact, stole a march on
Great Britain. About this time the
Transvaal, which had a few years be-
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the project of stretching across Bechu-
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would mean for British supremacy in
South Africa. It would cut the Cape
Colony entirely off from extension
northward into the admittedly rich and
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