

Read
Every advertisement.
They will interest you.

The Chelsea Standard.

Save
Dollars by trading with
men who advertise.

VOL. VIII. NO. 183.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1896.

WHOLE NUMBER 392

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. Ev-
ery pound is warranted.
Money paid back if not
found as represented.

ADAM EPPLER.



We still have a nice assort-
ment of

Granite Ironware

which we are selling cheap.

Furniture

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

W.J. KNAPP.



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, busi-
ness suits, and overcoats.

Pants Pants Pants

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

I solicit a call.

THE GENTLEMAN TRAMP

The Colored Glasses and the Daylight-
Wrongs Righted by the Pen-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 path-
etic. He vividly pictured the poor Irish
peasant clinging desperately to the little
hut his ancestors had left him, cultivat-
ing 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, un-
able to meet the extortions of his land-
lord was turned out into the road and his
furniture thrown after him; how the
neighbors would refuse to have any in-
tercourse 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 Bel-
fast 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 in-
quiry as to whether they had been any
evictions lately, she asked unconcern-
edly "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 trou-
bles, the people in her neighborhood were
well paid and contented, "them things
might be up toward Donegal."

Evictions are things of the past. Even
in the worst times, when shooting and
riots were common affairs, they were con-
fined to limited districts about Donegal
Castle and in the southern and western
parts of the island. The British govern-
ment has been grappling with the prob-
lem 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 oc-
cupies at a price fixed by neither buyer
nor seller but by a government assessor.
A certain number of payments are ar-
ranged on which the rent money ap-
plies. 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 pro-
cess is unjust to the landlord, but his
right in the case are, at least, question-
able. Originally the land belonged en-
tirely to the peasants, but Cromwell and
his soldiers overran the country and di-
vided 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 peo-
ple. 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 own-
ers, 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 thriv-
ing wool trade sprang up at one time
and grew until it became annoying to the
English wool growers, when it was sub-
jected to a heavy tax and the whole in-
dustry 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 gen-
erally 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 occu-
pied by a large fireplace with its attend-
ant chimney-seats. Within the fireplace
is a griddle, kettle, and pot oven under-
neath which a peat fire is glowing. The
rest of the room is furnished with rude
tables and stools or chairs. In the even-
ing 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 differ-
ent. 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
on her 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 soda 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, Sylvan 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 wag-
on shop in Chelsea. May 7, 1856, he mar-
ried Matilda BeGole of Sylvan 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 re-
sponse to an invitation from Columbian
Hive, twenty ladies of Rush 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 man-
ner, 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 Rush 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 Ab-
sent 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,	Mainlight,
Lexman,	Shelly,
Marquand,	Wolfinger,
Greenwood,	Shaw,
Davenport,	Corwin,
Soper,	Thurston,
Shelly,	Gilbne.

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL
men or women to travel for respon-
sible, established house in Michigan.
Salary \$750, payable \$15 weekly and ex-
penses. Position permanent. Refer-
ence. Enclose 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 mak-
ing phenomenal time. I was out at
a little way station between Bowers-
town and Dennison with my partner
and a few other traveling men, en-
gaged 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 expo-
sition 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 over-
land 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 plat-
form, 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 cy-
clone. 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 gar-
dered 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 demon-
stration 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 con-
stant wonder. Even its name is a mis-
nomer, for the first part comes from its
resemblance to a pine cone and the sec-
ond 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 bi-
ennial, 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.

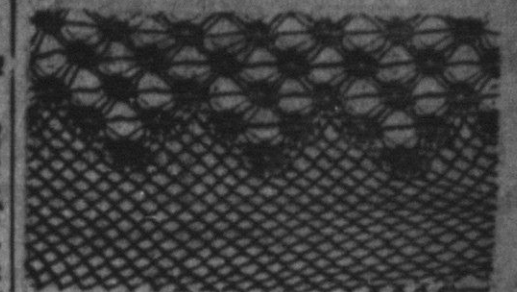
More Armenian Horrors.

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 Harpoot says: "Dressed in rags, un-
washed, 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.



Jeannette—This is what you might
call a sardine sandwich.
Harold—Oh, no! This is a tongue
sandwich with the tongue on the out-
side.—Life.



Always
on the
Watch!

If you are as observing as this police-
man seems to be you will soon discover
the fact that a great many people are go-
ing in the direction of the

Bank
Drug Store

and that they go there because they can
buy first-class goods cheaper than they
can of 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 15c 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.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Mrs. Hazel Lane is quite ill.

Mrs. Rose Conway is very ill with typhoid fever.

Mrs. 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, Edna 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 hand 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 Davenport for register of deeds, and let the rest of the ticket slide in as best it can.

Mr. Wilbur VanRiper and Miss Amelia Klingner, both of Chelsea, were married in the presence of a small company of their immediate relatives at the home of Mrs. Fred Klingner, 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 tussel 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. Roswinkle 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 R. 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 14 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 Kousch 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.

Mrs. 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.

Verne 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 Ella 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.

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DECEPTION

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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

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

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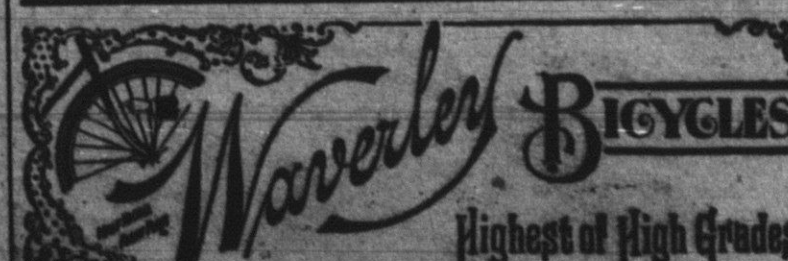


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We satisfy the people, that's what tells the tale. Whatever you want to buy, buy it of the leaders in the business, men who have the facilities and low prices. Compare quality with quality, price with price and you will be convinced that the place 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.

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Are Built in the Largest and Best Equipped Factory in the World.

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 rosy cheeks, 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 shall have them," said Glitka.

"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 dissembler! 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 all ways. He could, he said, send him to the gages 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 savior 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 unholiness of sultry ferocity in the fellow's bloodshot eyes, which told of gin lately imbibed. 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 master 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 hearse'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 back 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—"

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 I like that beggarly upstart, Don. I heard he had been caught spooning and mooning with Miss Violet. I heard he had been for 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 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 scrambling 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 bride 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, savagely, as 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 Jimmy 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 smothered 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 pro-zeverer. "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 plucked 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 balliff, 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 let-hunters will be well rid of him, I suppose, Sir Richard, that he did not attack you for the mere purpose of robbery?"

"He—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, heartily, 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, as 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, flicking 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. To-day both girls are apparently no worse for their adventure.

An Atchison 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.

"They are history producers," 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 Pamunkey 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 Lees 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 found 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 a barrel of unusual violence 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 substantials 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 lead 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. Golden City to Lucky Valley. When the sheriff went over to the shooting Dan Williams in a game of cards, he didn't take a gun along. He found him in a saloon, and asked him to come and take a drink. Jim completed a hand on his gun. When the sheriff told three or four funny stories, and by the puzzled Jim looked with:

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

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

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

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

They drank again, and the sheriff told a very funny story about a derelict'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 alive."

"Wall, we won't worry about you, Jim," was the reply. "Let's have other nip and then a game of cards. The game lasted until the sheriff lost about \$20. Then he ordered drinks and sang a song. When the song 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, me."

"But I shot Dan Williams over the fence, Joe."

"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'm sent out after you, and I want you to back. I could hev made it; and got the drop on ye, but I wouldn't hurt yer pride. Haven't I tender with ye, Jim?"

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

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

"No, I reckon not."

"Of course not, and if you are 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 wouldn't, 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, but 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 dead spot. Over it are scattered white yellow chips, and for anything that the eye can itself distinguish these are easily 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 situation of silica for wood was changed 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 Animals.

The most unique decoration bravery is that bestowed by the Prussian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals upon deserving dogs, consists of a tastefully designed collar of honor. Among the animals ready decorated in this way, one of the 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 calculated 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 Batumi, on the east shore of the Black Sea, has now been deepened to twenty 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 weathers. Russia has already 5,000,000 rubles on the port, and just appropriated 750,000 rubles for its improvement.

Chicago 9. The Chicago Police Department has just received a letter from the Mayor of New York, asking for the return of the Chicago Police Department's property.

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