

THE CHELSEA STANDARD.

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CHELSEA, MICHIGAN.

WORSE THAN BATTLE.

FOURTH OF JULY FESTIVITIES KILL MANY.

Sixteen Dead in Chicago, More Dying,
and Over One Thousand Injured—
Many Women at Work in Kansas
Harvest Fields.

High Cost of Patriotism.
Even at this late date the fearful list of fatal casualties from the Fourth of July celebration is not closed. From country, hamlet and city come reports of deaths caused by injuries received then. Sixteen persons dead, many dying, more than 1,000 hurt and many maimed for life; such is the record furnished by Chicago, according to the health department. The list of casualties equals that of a battle and surpasses many records of war time. City authorities have taken up the question of celebrating the Fourth of July, with a view to securing Council legislation to prohibit absolutely in the future the discharge of powerful and dangerous explosives within the city limits. The least that can be expected to result from the agitation will be that manufacturers and dealers will be notified that another year the Mayor's proclamation restricting the use of explosives and fireworks will be rigidly enforced. The Mayor, with Commissioner Reynolds, agrees that now is the time to act, if anything is to be done in order that manufacturers and dealers in explosives may have ample warning.

Gold Miners Meet.
In the number of delegates in attendance the first international gold mining convention will satisfy the expectations of its most enthusiastic supporters. There were at least 600 in Denver, representing twenty States. There were representatives from Venezuela, Mexico and British Columbia. Among the most prominent delegates were ex-Congressman C. A. Towne of Minnesota, E. V. Smalley of Chicago, J. R. Hedges of Pittsburgh, Prof. J. A. Holmes of North Carolina and Prof. George S. Knapp of Chicago. At the miners' national bureau of information were displays of rich metallic ores from nearly every mining district on the continent. Especially the richest of these came from the Nashville exposition. They represent the mines of North Carolina and Georgia and are valued at \$1,000,000. The Broadway Theater, in which the congress convened, was handsomely decorated with national emblems and banners, none of which bore any expression on the great question of the ratio of the coinage between gold and silver.

Women in the Harvest Fields.
The farmers of Kansas probably never have been so short on harvest hands as they are now. It is impossible to obtain help enough to properly take care of the crop of wheat. The railroads have furnished free transportation to thousands of men, yet the demand is as great as ever. In the southwestern part of the State wages have gone up to \$4 and \$5. In Sumner, Crowley and other counties hundreds of girls and women have hired out as harvest hands at \$2 and \$3 a day. The women do not make so much progress with the heavy sheaves as do the men, but it is said they stand the excessive heat better. In many cases the women operate the binders, and the lead trains on the machines generally are handled by girls. The women make all the trips to town to buy the provisions.

Standing of the Clubs.
Following is the standing of the clubs in the National Baseball League:
W. L. W. L.
Boston . . . 45 15 Brooklyn . . . 29 32
Cincinnati . . 30 18 Philadelphia . . 29 35
Baltimore . . 38 21 Louisville . . 25 34
New York . . 36 23 Chicago . . 25 37
Cleveland . . 32 29 Washington . . 23 36
Pittsburg . . 29 31 St. Louis . . 11 50

The showing of the members of the Western League is summarized below:
W. L. W. L.
St. Paul . . . 47 24 Detroit . . . 32 36
Indianapolis . 43 22 (Ind. Rapids) 24 44
Columbus . . 42 23 Minneapolis . 22 48
Milwaukee . . 42 23 Kansas City . 21 49

BREVITIES.

United States Consul Edward L. Baker, who was injured in a railway accident near Buenos Ayres, cannot recover.

Obituary: At Paris, Henri Meilhac, the French dramatist, author—"At Chillon, Wis., Maj. Reinhard Schlichting." At New York, Dr. Ira Beman Read, 56.

"Jack" Bissell of Elizabeth, N. J., a prominent and wealthy broker on the New York Produce Exchange, is dead, aged 77 years. He had been in a sanitarium for several weeks. Meningitis is given as the cause of death.

Senator Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, died at his residence in Washington Thursday afternoon. The Senator had been growing constantly weaker for several days past, the intense summer heat which has prevailed greatly debilitating him and no doubt hastening his end.

The United States cruiser San Francisco has arrived at Tangier, Morocco, and the United States cruiser Raleigh is expected at once. The San Francisco and Raleigh have been sent to Tangier to support the protest of United States Consul General Burke against the discrimination of the authorities of Morocco against Americans, in refusing to permit them to employ native help, a privilege which is allowed to Europeans. American citizens, in consequence of this discrimination, have had their business interfered with.

A special dispatch from Rome says that anarchists there have been arrested on suspicion of complicity in the attempt upon the life of King Humbert, made by Pietro Acciarito April 23. Acciarito attempted to stab his Majesty while on his way to the races, and after trial and conviction was sentenced May 29 to imprisonment for life in the galleys.

B. L. Ward, treasurer of Clatsop County, Oregon, is short in his accounts about \$20,000. The county will lose nothing, as Ward's bondsmen will make good the shortage. His friends say he used the money in his mercantile business.

FREDERICK E. WHITE.

Candidate for Governor Named by the Iowa Free Silver Party.
Frederick Edward White, the silver faction candidate for Governor of Iowa, is a farm owner in Keokuk County. Candidate White went to Keokuk County in 1857 from his native land of Germany and worked as a farm hand until the beginning of the war. When he was mustered out in 1865 he returned to Webster and bought farm land in the vicinity, which he has tilled ever since, with the exception of a term which he served in Congress. In 1892 he ran against Major John F. Lacey for that office and won. He



FREDERICK E. WHITE.

was then, as now, a most ardent advocate of free silver, and those farmers in his district who agreed with him in that opinion gave him their most hearty support. In the next election Major Lacey opposed him again, and this time defeated him last fall, but these defeats only served to strengthen his hold with the free silver minority in the State, and he was soon talked of for Governor.

BIMETALLIC MEN MEET.

Ohio Valley League Convenes at Cincinnati and Hears Speeches.
The Ohio Valley Bimetallic League met Tuesday at the Pike Opera House building in Cincinnati, and chose George Washington of Newport, Ky., temporary chairman. Delegates were present from Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and West Virginia. Ex-Congressman H. F. Bartine made an address.
After an outing in the afternoon to Coney Island the principal event was the oration to William J. Bryan. Mr. Bryan arrived late in the afternoon, and with his friend, Horace B. Dunbar, dined at the residence of John R. McLean. People crowded the streets around the residence and compelled Mr. Bryan, as he went to his carriage, to go through a brief season of handshaking. Mr. Bryan was driven to the Pike Opera House. His reception was one long, protracted, deafening roar of enthusiasm. He said he was not there to speak, but to exhort. What he wanted was organization and agitation until bimetallicism triumphed.

DIED ON SHIPBOARD.

Archbishop Janssens, Who Died While on a Visit to His Old Home.
Archbishop Francis Janssens of New Orleans died on the steamer Creole while en route to New York, where he was to take a ship for Europe, his intention being to visit his family in Holland. The archbishop had labored hard and for some time it had been apparent that he was breaking down. Yielding to the importu-

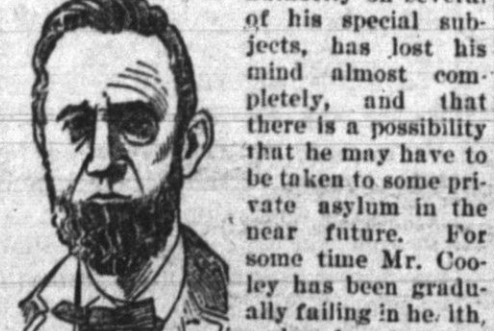


ARCHBISHOP JANSSENS.

nities of his friends, he decided to pay a visit to his family, believing that a sea voyage would do him good. Archbishop Janssens came to America as a priest, became bishop in Mississippi and on the death of Archbishop Lery was appointed in 1888 archbishop of the New Orleans diocese, one of the largest and most important in America.

JUDGE COOLEY AN INVALID.

Loss of Memory Is Followed by a Display of Deep Melancholy.
It is learned that Thomas M. Cooley, who has for many years been one of the leading legal lights of the country and an authority on several of his special subjects, has lost his mind almost completely, and that there is a possibility that he may have to be taken to some private asylum in the near future. For some time Mr. Cooley has been gradually failing in health, and for several



months he has had to be constantly attended. It was only recently, however, that his mind became affected. Judge Cooley was for many years a member of the faculty of the University of Michigan, a judge of the Supreme Court, and constituted for some time the head and front of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Sparks from the Wires.
The State Department has received a statement from Consul General Lee at Havana in which he declares his son has no connection whatever with the premature publication some time ago of the Ruiz report.

Speaker Reed says that he has the matter of the appointment of the committee under consideration and that unless something new unforeseen occurs to change his present inclination, he will prepare the lists and submit them prior to the final adjournment.

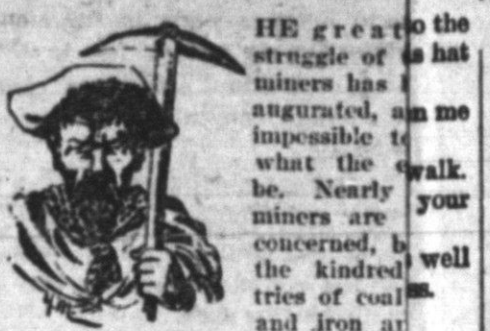
BIG STRIKE BEGUN.

Army of Coal Miners Throw Down Their Picks.

FIGHT TO BE BITTER.

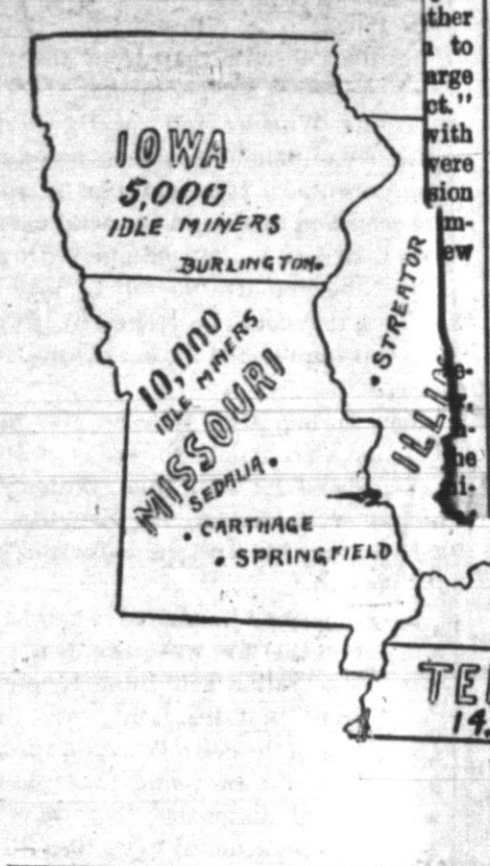
Men Are Well Organized Very Much in Earnest.

These Directly Concerned Miners
Nearly 375,000—Coal Shipments
Threatened in Ohio—Operate
Aid from the United States
Court—Miners Say the Strike
Continue Until They Win—An
Action Move in Indiana—Vast
of Idle Men.



HE great struggle of the miners has begun. The miners are well organized and very much in earnest. They are fighting for their rights and for the rights of their fellow miners. The strike is expected to be bitter and long. The miners are well organized and very much in earnest. They are fighting for their rights and for the rights of their fellow miners. The strike is expected to be bitter and long. The miners are well organized and very much in earnest. They are fighting for their rights and for the rights of their fellow miners. The strike is expected to be bitter and long.

ENORMOUS EXTENT.



amazing loss of wealth to the country as follows:
Number of men called out . . . 375,000
Months of States affected . . . 10
Monthly loss to 375,000 men, at \$30 cents a day each . . . \$3,375,000
Monthly loss to operators, at 10 cents profit per ton on 16,000,000 tons of coal . . . 1,600,000
Loss to railroads at 30 cents per ton . . . 4,800,000
Loss to coal companies' stores at the rate of 75 cents a day spent by each miner . . . 8,357,500
Monthly loss . . . \$24,002,500

From estimates prepared on the basis of coal mined in the year 1895, making allowance for the present conditions, it is believed that the expense of maintaining the strike in the State of Ohio alone will aggregate nearly \$60,000 a day. Of this amount the miners lose nearly \$17,000, the coal operators \$10,000 and the railroad companies \$27,000. To this must also be added the decreased earnings of the railroad employees, dock and lake vessel employees and the profits of retail and wholesale dealers. The total output in Ohio for the year 1895 was 11,000,000 tons in round numbers, an average of 500 tons a miner, which is equal to 1.6 tons a day. It is estimated that 2,500,000 tons of the total output is not coal, for which the miner receives no pay and is clear profit for the operator.

National President Ratchford said Tuesday that he had received reports showing that the greater part of Pennsylvania, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio was idle, and within a day or two a complete suspension is expected. The Ohio miners are practically a unit for higher wages, as 23,000 of the 29,000 miners in the State are already holding out for the same.

President Patrick Dolan, of the Pittsburgh district, estimated the total number of men out to be nearly 15,000. President Dolan further said the reports from all over the district indicate the strike will be more general than at first supposed. Along the Monongahela River work has practically been suspended and a determined battle is in progress. All the mines, with the exception of a comparatively small number, are idle, and it is thought nearly every miner will come out. The circumstances indicate a strike of some length, and in consequence the distress will be great.

At Glouster, Ohio, the miners indulged in threats of holding up coal trains. But their local officials kept them quiet by telling them this was coal mined before the strike was declared. However, several of the Glouster men said if non-union coal mined after July 4 in West Virginia and the Pittsburgh district were hauled across Ohio to the lakes they would try to prevent it. As the West Virginia district has paid no attention to the strike, coal probably will continue to be hauled across Ohio. The proclamation thus afforded the strikers for a situation will

be hard to resist. The scattered threats, however, are deprecated by President Ratchford and the other officials of the organization there, and they say no violence will be permitted.

Must Face the Law.

An important step was taken in Cincinnati in connection with the strike, which puts the power of the United States against all violence or unlawful acts in at least a portion of the territory of Ohio. An order of the United States Circuit Court, southern district of Ohio, eastern division, made by Judge Taft, upon looking for trouble with the "Johnnies," there was more or less foraging. I remember this man, then a private in our company, while nosing about the adjoining farms ran across a barrel of prime cider. Being a good soldier, he promptly confiscated the cider and employed an aged dandy to tote it into camp.

"Cider was scarce in those days, and he rigged up a temporary bar and was soon doing a lively business retailing it at 10 cents a cup. The barrel stood well back in his tent, and for a time he was so busy filling orders that he paid no attention to a disturbance in the rear of the tent. Then the crowd began to dwindle and he realized that something was wrong. He importuned a passing soldier to sample his wares, but the fellow shook his head and said the price was too high. 'There's a fellow around here selling cider at 5 cents a glass,' he said.

"The owner of the barrel took a turn around his tent and found a great crowd gathered in the rear. Another member of the company had driven a spigot into the other end of the barrel and was doing a land office business. Well, he saw the game was up, and rather than be outdone he invited the whole crowd around in front and told them to pitch in. He was willing to meet competition, and rather than be undersold on his own goods he would ladle out the cider free.

"I reckon, however," added Colonel Tamm, "that he had made some mistake before the trick was discovered to give him a start in the railroad business, for I see he has been doing quite well ever since."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Grant's Patent of Nobility.

During the years of his second administration President Grant was accustomed to spend his summers at Monticello Beach, N. J. Near his cottage was that of Hon. George M. Robeson, secretary of the navy, whose family consisted of his wife, his 4-year-old daughter Ethel, and his 8-year-old stepson, Richard Aulick, whose father had been a commander in the navy.

It was the custom of all war vessels to fire a series of salutes as they passed the secretary's cottage. These were conscientiously returned by young Aulick who had mounted a toy cannon at the foot of the flagstaff in front of the house.

One morning while the children were playing with some companions they were startled by the booming of guns, and rushing to the front yard they beheld great smoke wreaths drifting away from the United States ship Tallapoosa.

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he effected, or the establishment of an eight-hour work day, which is necessary to take the surplus labor off the market, followed by a minimum wage law. That this will be a solution of the question there is no doubt, but to insure action along those lines the movement must be large in its proportions, and every miner must cease work."

A. Brenholz, who manages the home office for the General Hocking Coal Company, at Columbus, says there is at least 150,000 tons of coal in storage in the Northwest. He estimates that this will supply all demands for at least four months, no matter how general the miners' strike becomes. There is considerable coal on the Ohio docks ready for shipment by lake, but this coal will not be sent West. It will be held for the purpose of supplying transient trade. With respect to a supply for the railroads, it is estimated that the different companies have enough coal on hand to last them about six weeks.

Indiana for Arbitration.

The Indiana labor arbitration commission has taken the initiative in proposing arbitration of the miners' strike. The two commissioners, B. F. Schid, representing employers, and T. P. McCormack, representing organized labor, met in special session Tuesday, and decided to invite the labor arbitration commissioners of Ohio, Pennsylvania and Illinois to meet in Indianapolis, with the view of agreeing upon a proposition of arbitration to be submitted to the operators and miners. Gov. Mount told the commissioners that he would co-operate in any plans agreed upon, and would ask the Governors of the other States interested to join him in furthering the movement.

SWEEP BY A TORNADO.

Ten Are Dead at Lowry, Minn., and the Town Is Demolished.

Dispatches received at Duluth say that a cyclone obliterated the town of Lowry, Minn., and that possibly ten people were killed and several injured. Lowry is situated on the Soo Line, seven miles from Glenwood, on the Northern Pacific Railroad. The cyclone traveled from southwest to northwest. The cyclone struck Lowry shortly after 6 o'clock in the evening. Evidence of the cyclone cloud were seen in Duluth about 7 o'clock. The sky was overcast with clouds that circled as they moved rapidly northeast, and there was a yellow cast that was ascribed to the sun penetrating through them. People looked in wonder on the scene, but nobody ascribed the conditions to a cyclone. The clouds moved high in the air and circled with a perfectly steady motion. Every building in the village was damaged. Seven dwelling houses, the station, a church, an elevator and a butcher-shop were totally destroyed. The railroad tracks were

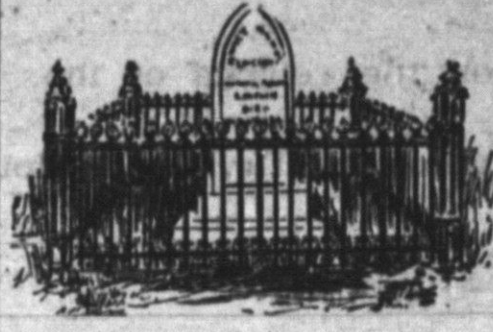
twisted and telegraph wires torn down and part of a mill was carried away.

From Lowry the storm continued in a northeasterly direction to the farm of Robert Peacock, where it made a clean sweep of all the buildings. Mrs. Peacock, her daughter Nettie and a boy named Robert MacGowan were all injured, but will probably recover. The next point in the path of the storm was Thomas Andrews' house, where the family took refuge in the cellar and escaped with bruises. All his farm buildings, including a new brick house, are a total wreck. From here the tornado moved about one east to Samuel Morrow's, where it left death in its path. The family were preparing to enter the cellar when the storm struck.

TO HONOR LINCOLN'S MOTHER.

Meeting at Indianapolis to Consider Plans for Monument.

Leading representatives of the Loyal Legion, Grand Army of the Republic, Women's Relief Corps and other organizations met in the executive chamber of the State House at Indianapolis for the purpose of considering plans for the erection of a monument over the grave of

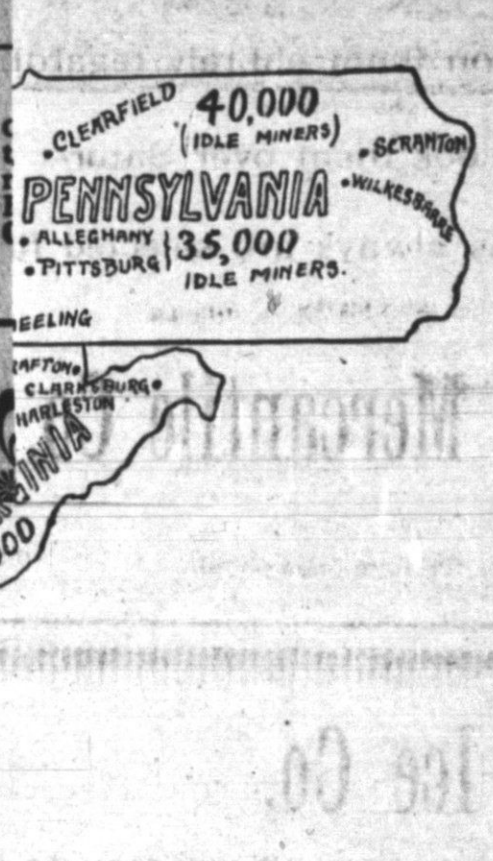


GRAVE OF LINCOLN'S MOTHER.

Nancy Hanks Lincoln, mother of Abraham Lincoln, who is buried in Spencer County, Indiana, and also to provide a fund for keeping the proposed memorial and lot in repair. A national appeal for public subscriptions will be made by an executive committee appointed for that purpose.

The grave has been neglected for many years, and while a nation has been paying homage to the great emancipator, the grave of his mother has been forgotten. John Hurt, a citizen of Spencer County, wrote to the President, calling his attention to the neglected condition of Mrs. Lincoln's tomb, and the President at once communicated with Gov. Mount, suggesting that it would be most fitting if the State of Indiana would take some action concerning the matter. The grave is on an eighty-acre farm adjoining the south

NUMBER OF MEN NOW IDLE.



end of the old Lincoln farm. Half a mile south of the burial place of the mother is the grave of the only daughter of Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Sallie Ann Grigsby. Mr. Hurt finds that years ago the one-half acre of land about the grave of Nancy Hanks was deeded to the United States to be held in trust. No steps have been taken in all these years to make the grave of Lincoln's mother distinguished from the countryside that surrounds it.

GEN. STEWART L. WOODFORD.

Who Has Been Appointed United States Minister to Spain.

The present and prospective relations of the United States with Spain, because of the Cuban trouble, render the post of minister to Spain one of the most delicate and important diplomatic stations. President McKinley has sought for the place several of the most distinguished men of the country, but all have declined it, unofficially yet emphatically. Finally, a few days since, he selected Gen. Stewart L. Woodford of Brooklyn, and that gentleman will go to Madrid.

The man selected for this task was born in New York in 1835, secured his education at Yale and Columbia colleges and



GEN. STEWART L. WOODFORD.

began the practice of law in the metropolis in 1857. In 1861 he was made United States assistant district attorney for New York, and after eighteen months entered the army as a volunteer, serving until 1865. He was rapidly promoted, receiving the brevet of brigadier general. In 1866 he was elected Lieutenant Governor of New York, and in 1870 was elected for Governor. In 1872 he was elected to Congress, and from 1877 to 1881 was United States attorney for the southern district of New York. Since then he has practiced law.

NATIONAL SOLONS.

REVIEW OF THEIR WORK IN WASHINGTON.

Detailed Proceedings of Senate and House—Bills Passed or Introduced in Either Branch—Questions of Moment to the Country at Large.

The Legislative Grid.

Reciprocity and retaliation were two phases of the tariff bill to occupy the attention of the Senate Friday to the exclusion of all other subjects. Both provisions were agreed to, although the Senate on the reciprocity clause was distracted to 9 p. m. The retaliatory clause provides that whenever any country levies an export bounty on any article that shall be levied, in addition to the duties provided by the act, an additional duty equal to the amount of the bounty. The reciprocity clause empowers the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make reciprocity treaties giving 20 per cent. reduction in duties on designated articles or placing articles on the free list.

The Senate disposed of two tariff amendments Monday, that placing a stamp tax being agreed to with little opposition and without the formalities of a vote, while the Spooner amendment proposing a tariff investigation, was withdrawn after a protracted struggle. The stamp amendment, as agreed to, fixes the following rates on bonds, etc.: "Bonds, debentures or certificates of indebtedness issued after Sept. 15, 1897, by any association, company or corporation, on each \$100 of face value, or fraction thereof, 5 cents; and on each original issue, whether an organization or reorganization of certificates of stock by any such association, company or corporation, on each \$100 of face value or fraction thereof, 5 cents; and on all transfers of shares or certificates of stock in any association, company or corporation, on each \$100 of face value or fraction thereof, 5 cents." Exemptions from the stamp taxes are made in the case of State, county and municipal bonds, and the stocks and bonds of co-operative building associations.

Tuesday the Senate agreed to devote one more day to discussion of the tariff under the five-minute rule, and then proceed to vote. The beet sugar bounty clause was withdrawn. Mr. Bacon made a personal explanation of his vote for the Mills amendment to impose a tax of 10 per cent. on all manufactured products. He had, he said, given the amendment his vote without due deliberation. If the imposition of such a tax could be confined to the sugar trust and other similar concerns existing in open violation of the law it would, upon meditation, commend itself to his judgment, but as it would touch every village and hamlet in the land and lay its hand upon the most humble he frankly avowed his regret for the vote.

The tariff bill passed the Senate Wednesday morning by a vote of 38 to 28. The day was spent in amendments of minor importance. Following the passage of the bill, a resolution was agreed to asking the House for a conference, and Senators Allison, Aldrich, Platt of Connecticut, Burrows, Jones of Nevada, Vest, Jones of Arkansas, and White were named as conferees on the part of the Senate.

The session of the Senate Thursday was uneventful, the deficiency appropriation bill being considered throughout the day. Among its provisions is one accepting the invitation of France to participate in the Paris exposition of 1900. The bill was not completed up to the time of adjournment. An effort to have several clauses added to the bill led to a debate on the propriety of paying German claims, the general sentiment being that a bill covering all claims should be brought in at the next session of Congress. A resolution requesting the President to demand of Spain the release of Ona Melton, one of the Competitor prisoners, was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. A new committee amendment was agreed to appropriating \$30,000 in full indemnity to the heirs of three Italians lynched in Louisiana in 1886, as was also one appropriating the widow of the late Representative Cooke of Illinois \$5,000. The House sent the tariff bill to conference. Chairman Dingley, Paine of New York, Daboll of Pennsylvania, Hopkins of Illinois and Grosvenor of Ohio, Republicans, and Wheeler of Alabama, Democrats, were appointed conferees. The proceedings were in nowise sensational. The House spent the afternoon under the special order adopted last week listening to readings on the life and public services of Judge Holman.

CURRENT COMMENT.

The last sixty years have been great ones in the history of England, but they have been even greater ones in the history of this land of ours.—Baltimore American.

John Bull has time to turn from the serious business of the month and indulge in a characteristic bit of English humor. He calls us land-grabbers.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The American contingent in London seems to have done all it could to make the jubilee affair a big success. Let us hope her majesty is duly grateful.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It is to be hoped that the Prince of Wales made the most of this diamond jubilee, as the chances are very much against his ever having one of his own.—Washington Star.

Annexation.
With both Hawaii and Cuba on the tapis, President McKinley will have a great opportunity to make a double annexation play.—Washington Post.

Hawaii is at least affording a little version. When some of the Senators are annexing Cuba they can turn in and annex the other island for a while.—Chicago Record.

Speaking of Hawaiian annexation, it is pertinent to remark that if Uncle Sam would attend to his own business he would have more business to attend to.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE BATTLE-FIELDS.

OLD SOLDIERS TALK OVER ARMY EXPERIENCES.

The Blue and the Gray Review Incidents of the Late War, and in a Graphic and Interesting Manner Tell of Camp, March and Battle.

A Fox Soldier of the War. Johnny Clem, "the drummer boy of Chickamauga," was one of the young fellows who entered the Federal army during the civil war. In 1861, when he was 10 years old, he offered his services as drummer boy to the Third Ohio Regiment. He was rejected because of his youth. While the regiment was on its way to the front Johnny Clem insisted himself on the train, and on its arrival in Cincinnati repeated his offer to the Twenty-third Michigan. His persistence was at last rewarded. He was enrolled as drummer boy and later as a "marker."

At the battle of Pittsburg Landing his drum was smashed by a shell, but it was at Chickamauga that he performed the act of valor which won him his sobriquet. At the close of that memorable day the Union army fell back to Chattanooga, the brigade to which Johnny belonged being left behind to guard the position. They were soon surrounded by the troops in gray, and a colonel on horseback dashed forward and ordered the little fellow to surren-



MAJOR JOHN CLEM.

der, accompanying the command by an opprobrious epithet. Instead of obeying, the boy raised his musket, and as the colonel bore down upon him, sword in hand, fired, and the officer fell from his horse. A fierce onslaught of the Confederate troops followed. Three balls pierced Johnny's cap on that day of loss, the historian tells us. He lay as if dead, and not until the Confederates had ceased their firing and night had fallen did he venture forth, making his way to the Union headquarters at Chattanooga. For this act of gallantry he was created a sergeant by Gen. Rosecrans.

On his return to the Union lines he went through other battles in which the Army of the Cumberland was engaged. When he was mustered out in 1865 he went to Indianapolis to attend school. Gen. Grant made him a second lieutenant of the Twenty-fourth Infantry in 1871, and in 1874 he was graduated from the Artillery School at Fort Monroe, and subsequently met, by the appointment of the Secretary of War, as professor of military science and tactics at the Galesburg University. He was created major and quartermaster in 1895, and is to-day stationed in that capacity at Atlanta, Ga.

Colored Troops.

The memorial to Col. Shaw, erected on Boston Common, gives particular timeliness to three papers on "The Shaw Memorial and the Sculptor St. Gaudens," which appear in the Century. Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, writing of "Colored Troops Under Fire," says: "In the way of direct service, it appears by the 'Official Army Register' that the colored troops sustained actual casualties in 251 different engagements, and doubtless took part in many more. To those commanding them the question of their fighting qualities was soon solved; and these were, of course, the persons best qualified to judge them. Two-thirds of a good soldier consists of good discipline and organization; and the remaining one-third, where the race element enters in, did not in this case involve enough difference to affect the result with any seriousness. It was like asking whether men with black eyes or with blue eyes made better soldiers. Perhaps the best thing said or written about the freed slaves during the war was the answer given by Gen. Saxton, after receiving a long series of questions about them from some benevolent committee. He bade his secretary to draw a pen across all the interrogations, and write at the bottom this summary: 'They are intensely human.'"

The qualities of the negro soldiers were simply human. They were capable of fatigue and of cowardice or courage, of grumbling or cheerfulness, very much as white soldiers would have been in their place. If it is necessary to scrutinize more minutely, it is possible to say that they were more enthusiastic under excitement, and more easily depressed; more affectionate if judiciously treated, and more sullen and dogged if discouraged; more gregarious, and less prone to individual initiative—and so on with many other minor differences. Yet even these generalizations would be met by so many scattered exceptions as to be of subordinate value. Every regimental or even brigade commander comes to know after a while who are the men in the command who cost danger, who are the men who simply face it when it is inevitable, and who are the men who need watching lest they actually flinch; and all this is equally true, whether they be white or black. "Two

o'clock in the morning courage," in Napoleon's phrase, is a thing that belongs to the minority in every race, and it is probably no more abundant, and yet no rarer, among black soldiers than among white.

Two peculiar traits of the black troops grew out of their former state of servitude. When serving on their own soil, or even on a soil and under conditions resembling their own, they had the great advantage of local knowledge. They were not only ready to serve as guides, but they were virtually their own guides; they were serviceable as Indian scouts are serviceable; they could find their way in the dark, guess at the position of an enemy, follow a trail, extract knowledge from others of their own race; and all this in a way no white man could rival. Enterprises from which the bravest white men might shrink unaided could sometimes be safely transacted by black soldiers, or in their company.

Again, they had to sustain them the vast stakes of personal freedom and that of their families. Say what one pleases, they all desired this freedom—I never encountered an exception—and it gave them a peculiar stimulus apart from that of the white soldier. The latter had at stake his flag, his nation, his comrades, his life; the black soldier, if he had been a slave, had all these things at stake upon the issue, and one thing more—his personal freedom, with that of his household. The negro regiments themselves recognized this, and had a feeling that they were playing for higher prizes than their white associates. Let the Confederacy succeed, and they would be remanded into slavery, while the white soldiers would simply lay down their arms and go home. No one who did not serve with them and have their confidence could know the great strength of this feeling in their hearts.

Shed His Father's Regiment.

The first nomination made by Abraham Lincoln after the confirmation of his Cabinet was that of Charles B. Throckmorton to be Second Lieutenant in the regular army. He had previously been nominated for this position by President Buchanan, on the recommendation of his Secretary of War, Joseph Holt, but the nomination was "hung up" by the influence of Senators Hunter and Mason, of Virginia, who were both relatives of young Throckmorton, and did not approve of his advancement in the army of the United States. When Secretary Holt was turning over the War Department to Simon Cameron, the new Secretary, he told President Lincoln that he had but one request to make, and that was that he should reappoint his young friend as a Second Lieutenant. The President readily acceded to the request and promptly made the nomination, which was as promptly confirmed. Lieut. Throckmorton's father, as well as most of his family and kindred, being Virginians, sympathized with the Confederacy, and his father became an officer in the rebel army. When the war broke out the elder Throckmorton sought out his son and said: "Well, my son, I suppose you will now resign your commission?" "No, sir," replied the young Lieutenant, "you have taught me that the first duty of every man is to his country, before all else, and I shall not depart from that instruction. My duty is under that flag—the flag of my country."

At the first Bull Run Lieut. Throckmorton was in charge of a battery which was trained for several hours on a certain part of the enemy's line, which was seen to suffer severely from the attack. On the day after the battle, an old negro found his way in the Federal lines and sought out Lieut. Throckmorton, who recognized in him his father's body servant, who had deserted his old master.

"Hello, George," said the Lieutenant. "Where did you come from?"

"Over dar, Mars John, ober dar. You mos' kill him yesterday."

"What was my father in that fight yesterday? I hope he wasn't hurt."

"No, Mars John, wan't hit; but you done knock de fo' toffen his horse." Soon after this battle young Throckmorton was assigned to the personal staff of Gen. Anderson in the West, and later became an aid to Gen. Sherman, serving through the war with a gallantry which would have won him a colonelcy had not the fact that he was a Southerner told against him. After the war he met his father, and in spite of differences of opinion, affectionate relations were always maintained between them; yet Maj. Throckmorton will never forget his sensations when he learned that he had nearly killed his own father. The Major is now on the retired list of the army, and a resident of this city.—New York Mail and Express.

A Tooth in His Tongue.

Lieut. A. P. Haring, of Montclair, N. J., a veteran of the late war, on Thursday afternoon was operated upon by Dr. John T. H. Love, who removed from his tongue a piece of tooth that had been covered over by the flesh for thirty-two years.

Lieut. Haring was wounded at the battle of Kingston, N. C., a bullet having entered his left cheek, fracturing the jawbone and breaking off five of his lower teeth. The wound healed up and fragments of bone were gradually removed, but Mr. Haring had been troubled at times of late by some object which seemed to be lodged in his tongue.

A few days ago Mr. Haring became very much annoyed by soreness at the tip of the tongue and Dr. Love was consulted.

The doctor made the incision and removed the upper half of the tooth which an enemy's bullet had shattered. The piece of tooth had worked its way around from the left side to the right side of the tongue, and never came near enough to the surface to cause any ill effects until recently.—Newark Evening News.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON.

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

Lesson for July 18.

Golden Text.—"They received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily."—Acts 17: 11.

Paul is at Thessalonica and Berea in this lesson—Acts 17: 1-12. After the deliverance of Paul and Silas from the Philippian prison, they made a brief visit at the house of Lydia, where they had been staying previous to their arrest, and then left the city in compliance with the request of the magistrates. Their route thence lay westward on a great Roman road called the Via Egnatia, which connected the cities of Thrace and Macedonia. Amphipolis was thirty-three miles from Philippi; Apollonia, thirty miles further on, and Thessalonica, thirty-seven miles beyond. Thus the journey probably occupied three days, the first night being spent in Amphipolis and the second in Apollonia. Thessalonica, the city whither Paul and Timothy were destined, was full of historic interest. "Under the name of Therna it was the resting place of Xerxes on his march; it is not mentioned in the Peloponnesian war; and it was a frequent subject of debate in the last independent assemblies of Athens when the Macedonian power began to overshadow all the countries where Greek was spoken, this city received its new name. A sister of Alexander the Great was called Thessalonica, and her name was given to the city of Therna." The present name, Saloniki, is an abbreviated form of this name. In the time of Paul it was the chief city of Macedonia, rich and populous.

Expository.

Thessalonica, being a trading town, was also a center of Jewish life. While at Philippi the Jews had only a "place of prayer," here they had a synagogue. On three Sabbaths he preached to the Jews; how much longer he remained preaching to the Gentiles we are not informed. His preaching was strictly biblical when he addressed Jews—naturally enough, since they were everywhere a people zealous for the letter of scripture, though often ignorant.

"Opening and alleging": that is, explaining and setting forth. The doctrine of a suffering Messiah was almost a new one to Paul's hearers. Their idea of a Messiah was a powerful king. Those passages in the Psalms and in Isaiah which speak of suffering as his destiny were either explained away or ignored. The Targum on the prophets, for instance, which is the paraphrase in the Aramaic of the original Hebrew, so distorts the meaning of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah that it represents the wicked as suffering instead of the Messiah. During the three centuries preceding the coming of Christ nearly all thought of a suffering Messiah had disappeared. Hence even Jesus' own disciples could not at first understand his reference to the meaning of his death, nor did they immediately perceive the fulfillment of prophecy in his crucifixion and the resurrection. But both Peter and Paul afterward made this the center of their preaching—"Christ and him crucified."

"Some of them believed, and of the devout Greeks a great multitude." Many interesting details about Paul's work here may be found in the first and second chapters of his first epistle to the Thessalonians. See especially 2: 1-12. The indications are that he remained in Thessalonica a long time, supporting himself by working at his trade, though he received some aid from the Philippians Church (Phil. 4: 16). The Thessalonians received the gospel with greater eagerness than almost any other city where Paul preached. (1 Thes. 2: 13.)

It is often the poor occupation of those who believe not to attack those who do believe, from no other motive than envy and love of destruction. But such attacks hurt the assailants most. "These that have turned more truly than they knew." They spoke more truly than they knew. The accusation was cunningly framed to catch the ear of people and rulers. They were quick to listen to any charge of treason, for men in the remotest provinces of the empire feared that charge. The security which Jason gave for the immediate departure of Paul and Silas prevented their return in the future as well; at least that seems to be the reason why they did not return, though desiring to do so. (1 Thes. 2: 17, 18.)

Teaching Hints.

The sufferings at Philippi made Paul and Silas all the bolder at Thessalonica (see 1 Thes. 2: 2). But the boldness was not forwardness. They were "bold in our God," and they left when it seemed that they could accomplish no more. Some good men confound fearlessness and bravado. They defy public opinion, or the press, or the laws, just for the sake of defiance, and then expect to be regarded as martyrs.

Salonika to-day, though a city of commercial importance, is far from being the place it was in the early Christian centuries. Mohammedan, the Jew, and Greek Christian have left little of the simple faith in Christ which made the city great after the visit of Paul of Tarsus. So with the cities of Asia Minor; so with Antioch, and with Jerusalem itself. Cities rise and fall, but the kingdom never wanes. The scepter passes from east to west, but never does its power grow less. Will the day ever come when these ancient cities of the East, either through the work of Christian missions, or through a reformation and purification of the Greek Church, shall become again famous for piety and good works? The "eastern question" has aspects that touch closely the kingdom of God, as well as the empires of Nicholas, Victoria and Abdul-Hamid.

Paul never lost his patience with the Jews, frequently as they had repulsed him, but always preached first to them, hoping to gain some of his own race. Never, as far as we know, did the apostles turn aside from the teaching of Christian faith and duty to consider philosophical or economic problems. That is no proof that our preachers should not give these subjects due attention, but it is an evidence that the emphasis is often wrongly placed in our day. Expository preaching was responsible for most of the conversions in its early church.

Next Lesson—"Paul Preaching in Athens."—Acts 17: 22-34.

WAR ON ALL BUTTERINE.

National Dairy Union Intends to Drive It from the Land.

"Butterine must be legislated out of the United States" is the dictum of the National Dairy Union. The successful fight for the new anti-butterine law in Illinois has inspired the dairymen of the entire West to crush and utterly annihilate the butter substitute industry. They are going into politics to do it.

Right now the creamery proprietors, the butter dealers and the dairy farmers of the big butter producing States—Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas, Michigan and the Dakotas—are being drawn into a compact fighting organization of not less than 500,000, and maybe more than 1,000,000 voters and vote controllers. They are being pledged in writing to work unceasingly for legislation that will prevent the coloring of butter substitutes and to fight the men in high places who are unfriendly to the interests of the dairymen.

Promises of money contributions go with the pledge. A campaign fund which would delight the heart of a professional politician is already in sight. If necessary, a fighting capital of \$1,000,000 can be raised, it is believed, before the Legislatures of these dairy States meet again. This fund will be used to drive the butterine manufacturers from their few remaining strongholds, and if the industry then find loopholes in State legislation, the organization will move on Washington.

W. D. Hoard, former Governor of Wisconsin, and president of the National Dairy Union, is giving the movement all the benefit of his organizing ability and political acumen. Charles Y. Knight of Chicago, secretary of the National Dairy Union and manager of the anti-butterine fight in the Illinois Legislature, is secretary and treasurer of the new movement.

The dairymen have already done much to restrict the manufacture of butter substitutes, colored to resemble the genuine dairy article. Laws prohibiting the coloring of such substitutes are now in force in Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York. But there are two States in particular which have no such laws and which are favorably situated with respect to the packing centers and the sources of raw material for the manufacture of butterine—Indiana and Kansas. Since the market for the colored article is unrestricted, except in these few Western States which have legislated on the subject, enough butterine can be made in Indiana and Kansas to cut a big figure in the butter trade of the country. The dairymen expect, therefore, that the butterine makers will make a hard fight to retain their standing in Indiana and Kansas, and even to have rescinded the anti-butterine legislation in some of the other States. Hence the broad scope of the dairymen's movement to complete the annihilation of their enemy.

The National Dairy Union is building up its fighting organization around the creameries. There are nearly 4,000 of these in the north Mississippi valley. Each creamery has on an average 100 farmer patrons, or 400,000 in all. The price paid by the creameries to these farmers for their milk is regulated by the price of butter. The extinction of competition with butterine raises the price of butter and therefore of milk. It follows that all these 400,000 farmers are expected to be eager for enlistment in a last rally against butterine.

The farmers who work up their milk into butter in their own dairies outnumber those who sell to creameries. They are expected to take an interest in this movement. The same view is held of the farmers who ship milk to the cities, the price of their product being influenced always by the price it will bring at the creameries. Then there are the creamery operators and their employees, and the men who handle butter in the big cities, the commission men—all these are interested in one way and another in boosting butter and killing butterine. This indicates why the active spirits of the National Dairy Union are figuring on a political army of 1,000,000 men or more. The movement is being given the widest publicity through the dairy press. "Butterine must be legislated out of the country" is the war cry.

HORACE BOIES SPEAKS.

Statement of His Position in the Currency Controversy.

In response to numerous queries, former Gov. Boies of Iowa has given to the press a signed statement in reply to the attack made by Col. M. D. Fox of Des Moines on the position taken in his last letter. Boies says that his first letter was not an effort to outline the details of the plan he proposed, but was to give a general idea of a plan by which gold and silver for all practical purposes could be jointly and equally used as a redemption medium, on the basis of the actual commercial value of these metals. He then restates his plan and says that the net result would be a practically irredeemable national paper currency, backed to its full face value by gold and silver bullion held by the Government for redemption purposes.

"No idle reserve in the treasury would longer be necessary. No greedy speculator would approach its doors with notes for redemption for speculative purposes. No bonds to replenish a useless reserve would ever again be issued in times of peace. Every dollar of national currency now in existence would be as good as gold, for the deposit of the full face value of notes hereafter to be issued would be sufficient to meet every demand upon the treasury for redemption purposes that would ever be made."

Col. Fox asserted that the redemption of the notes in either gold or silver meant virtually a gold standard for our currency, to which Boies takes exception, and says that in a broad and practical sense it means true bimetalism. He then continues with the details of his proposition, and then says that "more important than any question of ratio between the metals is that of the future character of the paper currency of this country."

In closing he states that the idle gold reserve of \$100,000,000 is as useless as if buried under the sea, and can be dispensed with by the adoption of a bimetallic system. "There are graver questions than 10 to 1 crowding upon us."

The United States Court of Claims rendered a decision in the La Abra case, holding in effect that the award rendered against Mexico by Sir Edward Thornton, acting as umpire, under the treaty of 1868 with Mexico, was obtained by testimony of a corrupt character.

Edward E. Ayer of Chicago has given \$15,000 worth of books to the Newberry Library of that city.

A DESERTED VILLAGE STATE TICKET NAMED

DECAY AND DESOLATION IN NORTH MUSKOGON.

Was Once a Thriving Place, but an Evil Influence Seems to Have Followed It from the First—Story of Its Decline.

An Ill-Starred Town.

There is probably no village in Michigan in which the ravages of time are so apparent as in the city of North Muskegon, situated on the north shore of Muskegon Lake. From 1884 to 1886 the city had reached its zenith, and contained a population of 1,912 souls. To-day the population is less than 400, and of the 500 houses less than 100 are occupied. In 1884 there were 13 monster saw mills, one box factory and two shingle mills in operation. Then the valuation of real and personal property was \$640,000. To-day it is but \$37,000. During the lumbering season of 1884 the sum of \$157,000 was paid in wages; in 1897 it will be less than \$4,000. The only industries are one saw mill, property of Gow & Campbell, and the Frank Alberts shingle mill.

The city is beautifully situated on a bluff that rises from 40 to 60 feet above the level of Muskegon Lake. Those familiar with its rise and fall are reminded of the "Deserted Village," by Oliver Goldsmith:

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed."

The bluff extends from east to west about three miles, and experiments have proven this elevation to be one of the best fruit producing sections on the east shore of Lake Michigan, particularly in the culture of grapes. The blighting frosts that often visit the lowlands in spring and autumn are seldom felt here. One-half mile north of the shore of Muskegon Lake is Bear Lake, a beautiful sheet of water covering about 200 acres, from which the city is supplied with water by pump. This lake is connected with Muskegon Lake by Huddman Creek, at the western limits of the city.

Notwithstanding its favorable location and beautiful surroundings a strange fatality has seemed to follow the city from the first. When the saw mills were in operation accidents horrible in their nature were frequent. In 1888 the boilers in Lynch's saw mill exploded, killing one man and injuring many others. In the summer of 1889 a large fly wheel in one of the mills burst, killing a man named Dennison, injuring several others, and damaging the mill and machinery. In 1885 the box factory boilers exploded, killing two men and seriously wounding five others. In 1893 Mrs. Bridget Clark, of New York State, who was visiting her son, fell on a defective sidewalk and received permanent injuries. She sued the city for \$5,000 damages and in the Circuit Court was given a verdict for \$1,500. The city of North Muskegon fought the suit through the Federal Court in Cincinnati, and that tribunal affirmed the judgment. The Mayor and Council were afterwards ordered by the Court to provide for paying the judgment by taxation levied for the purpose.

Since the mills departed many houses, occupied and unoccupied, have been food for flames, while others have been torn down or removed across the lake on large scows to the sister city. The few merchants in North Muskegon do a thriving business with the many farmers who pass through the city on their way to Muskegon.

CHAIRS AND REVOLVERS.

At Essexville Six Heads Were Cracked and One Man Shot.

Six heads were cracked and one man was shot in the calf of the left leg, at an early hour Tuesday morning in the village of Essexville as a result of the bad blood existing between the Boyce and Northcoate factions, so-called. For several months there has been trouble brewing between George H. Boyce, president of the village; Archie A. Boyce, his brother, county road commissioner, and their friends on one side, and Dr. Ephraim Northcoate and his friends on the other side.

Tuesday morning at 2 o'clock, Life Warfield, a friend of Northcoate, and Ziegler, one of those on Boyce's side, met in Frank Trudell's saloon, pulled their coats off and went at it. In the melee Fred Purtil, son of the keeper of the poor house, also friendly to Northcoate; Charles Wynne, Thomas Higgins, Chas. King and others, including Trudell, figured, all of them being more or less injured before officers stopped the fight. Purtil was knocked insensible with a rock while in the custody of the officers. His face was cut open, his head gashed and his back bruised with a chair. Trudell, who claims that he tried to part the fighters, was cut in the face and had one of his thumbs chewed. King was struck over the shoulder with a chair and suffered a partial fracture of the arm. Wynne's face was smashed.

While Marshal Cotter and Constable Bartlett were conveying two of the men to the county jail, Dr. Northcoate was called upon to attend Trudell, King and Purtil, as their injuries needed medical attention. While returning from a visit to Purtil, whose gashes he sewed up, Dr. Northcoate claims to have been followed by Englicht and a crowd of men, who dared him to come out on the sidewalk and exchanged shots. Northcoate says as he was going into his office a bullet came after him, and, wheeling, he returned it with his revolver. In all ten shots were fired. One of the bullets passed through the calf of Northcoate's left leg. Another went through the plate glass window of his office, another through the side of his office and two into the front of his house.

Englicht was arrested and arraigned on the charge of assault with intent to do great bodily harm. His case was adjourned for one week. His bail, \$1,300, was furnished by Jonathan Boyce, father of the Boyce boys. A complaint for assault and battery was preferred against the others, and their cases adjourned.

"A pleasant guess" is to name how many dollar bills would be required to weigh as much as a 20 gold piece. Answers fluctuate between 300 as the lowest and 1,000; the correct number being thirty-four."

IOWA GOLD DEMOCRATS HOLD A CONVENTION.

Nominations for State Offices Made and Platform Adopted by Acclamation—Letters Read from ex-President Cleveland and Henry Watterson.

Declares for Gold.

For Governor Governor John C. Cliggett
For Lieutenant Governor S. H. Mallory
For Supreme Court Judge W. I. Babb
For Superintendent of Public Instruction J. B. Knappier
For Railroad Commissioner J. A. Dey

Three hundred delegates representing the gold Democrats of Iowa met in State convention in Des Moines, nominated the above ticket and adopted a platform the principal planks of which are devoted to gold, high liquor license, economy in State government and tariff for revenue only.

All of the nominations were made by acclamation. The platform was adopted as reported by the committee without dissent or division. The work of the convention was quickly accomplished. The sessions were enlivened by speeches by Fred Lehmann of Missouri and other noted gold Democratic speakers, and by the reading of messages from Grover Cleveland and Henry Watterson.

The convention was called to order Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock by Chairman W. C. Mullin, of the State Central Committee, of Cedar Rapids. The sessions were held in the Young Men's Christian Association auditorium, which seats 800, and the hall was filled. There were 300 accredited delegates.

Cleveland Sends a Letter.

At the first mention of Cleveland's name the convention broke out in wild cheering. Several times Chairman French was interrupted by applause while reading the letter, and at its conclusion there was another scene of cheering. Watterson's letter was also loudly applauded. The convention voted to send replies to each.

Grover Cleveland's Letter was as follows:

Mr. Paul Keech, Davenport, Iowa:
My Dear Sir—My love of true Democracy is so intense and my belief in the necessity of its supremacy to the welfare of the country is so clear, that I cannot fail to sympathize with efforts to save the country from my party from threatened abandonment. I believe the very existence of true Democracy as an agency of good to the American people is in the hands of those who adore and are willing to be guided by the declaration of principles announced by the National Democratic party. It is a high mission to thus leave in keeping the life and usefulness of the party which has deserved so well of our countrymen, and the important considerations involved should sincerely stimulate that patriotic effort. The work before us rises above partisan triumphs and its reward. The question is, are we doing our duty to our country and to the principles of our party? No success can be achieved but reached except in the path of principle. I hope the National Democrats of Iowa will not fail to exhibit to their fellows in every State the bright light of true Democracy. Yours, truly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

The Hon. Nathaniel French of Davenport was introduced and delivered his address as temporary chairman. His speech excited the convention to considerable enthusiasm.

The convention reassembled at 2 o'clock with a much larger crowd in attendance than at the morning session. This was due to the fact that Fred Lehmann of St. Louis, formerly of Des Moines, was announced to address the convention. The convention proceeded to the nomination of a State ticket. No ballots were taken, but one man being named for each position and nominated by acclamation. Judge John Cliggett of Mason County was nominated for Governor by ex-Senator W. O. Schmidt of Scott County. S. H. Mallory of Chariton was nominated for Lieutenant Governor by Lucien B. Wells of Council Bluffs. Judge W. I. Babb of Mount Pleasant was nominated for Supreme Judge by Judge J. J. Trimble of Keokuk. Peter A. Dey of Iowa City was nominated for Railroad Commissioner by Alexander Charles of Cedar Rapids. J. B. Knappier of Lansing was nominated for State Superintendent of Schools by Fred Heinz of Scott County.

Planks in the Platform.

At this point the Committee on Resolutions reported the platform adopted, which was drafted by a sub-committee composed of W. W. Witmer, W. I. Babb and N. B. Holbrook, representing Des Moines, Henry and Iowa Counties. The resolutions are in part as follows:

The doctrine of paternalism, class legislation and debased coinage, to which each of the three contracting parties making up the free silver, Populist and gold alliance in this State have recently pledged themselves in their several platforms, are as abhorrent to every true Democrat when advocated by Populists under the name of Democracy as when taught by Republicans. Democracy is a necessary foe of each, and we repudiate them as unworthy of the support of every true Democrat.

We hereby renew our fealty to the cardinal principles of Democracy which were first enunciated by Jefferson in the early days of the century, and which have been advocated by its great leaders from that time down to 1890, and under which it has achieved all its great victories. We heartily endorse the platform announced by the National Democratic party at Indianapolis in 1890, which states at length the foregoing fundamental principles of government.

We denounce the league to call a bill soon to be enacted into law by the Republican Congress. Under the pretense of increasing the revenue, it is the old Republican policy of protection to the few at the expense of the many. It tends to create and foster trusts and monopolies, and we recognize in it the fulfillment of promised reward to those who supplied the party treasury, and which have allegiance to the historic Democratic doctrine of a tariff for revenue only.

We condemn the prohibitory and malt liquor laws in this State which makes the sale of intoxicating liquors a crime, but condones the offense for money, and which discriminates against the will of the majority in certain localities, and we demand the enactment in their stead of a just and proper law for the manufacture of the same.

The honesty, economy, courage, fidelity and wisdom of the administration of Grover Cleveland, commend not only our approval, but our unqualified admiration.

After the resolutions were adopted, as they were without division, Fred Lehmann addressed the convention, after which it adjourned.

News of Minor Note.

Thomas Quinlan, for ten years train dispatcher for the Wabash Railroad, is dead at Springfield, Ill.

Henry Campe, commissioner of lights of Lebanon, Ill., committed suicide by shooting during a state of mental depression following an attack of epilepsy. He was 35 years of age and leaves a family.

Jesse Landis, residing in New Springfield, Ohio, a veteran of the war, committed suicide by shooting Sunday. He had failed to effect a reconciliation with his wife, who had left him.

Local Brevities

Miss Kathryn Hooker has been quite ill this week.

A M. C. R. R. boarding car was stationed here the first of the week.

The Michigan Central is building a new fence opposite the depot.

Miss Edith Foster is now clerking in the store of W. P. Schenk & Company.

James Wade is building a residence on Congdon street opposite St. Mary's church.

Carpenters have been busy this week reshingling the M. C. R. R. freight house.

Yerington's College advertisement is among the advertisements this week. Don't fail to read it.

Governor Pingree has appointed H. S. Holmes of this place a member of the State's Prison Board.

A ball batted by a reckless man Saturday afternoon went through one of the plate glass windows in the store of Glazier & Stinson.

A. H. Mensing has returned to this place after spending several weeks traveling in the east. He is nursing a healthy case of rheumatism.

Mr. E. J. Hammond and Miss Ruth West were married at Sylvan, Thursday, evening, July 8, 1897, by Rev. Thomas Holmes, D. D.

Wanted—A copy of the Standard of June 24, 1897. Anyone having a copy of that date will confer a favor by bringing it to this office.

Timothy Driehaus has moved his family back from Howell, and will occupy the residence on Park street vacated by Dr. E. J. Phelps.

Rev. Thomas Holmes is at Marshall this week, where he occupied the pulpit of the Christian church. He will also preach there next week Sunday.

Frank G. McNamara, who graduated from the dental department of the U. of M. with the class of '97, left for St. Paul, Mich., where he will open an office.

The ball game at the fair ground Saturday afternoon between the City Colts and the Stone Factory club, resulted in a score of 16 to 10 in favor of the Colts.

Miss Minnie Steinbach of this place has purchased the Utopia millinery parlors at Ann Arbor. Her many friends here will wish her success with her venture.

Walter Nelson, who claimed to be riding a bicycle from Pittsburgh, Pa., to San Francisco, gave some good examples of trick bicycle riding on our streets yesterday.

Miss Mattie Stapish left Monday, for Anderson, Indiana where she will spend some time with her brother, Dr. W. J. Stapish who is practicing dentistry in that city.

If the city fathers care for the soundness of limb of our citizens it would be a good idea if they would look after some of the sidewalks about town, and have them repaired.

Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Phelps will leave for Marquette, Wis., Friday where they expect to make their home. The best wishes of their friends here will go with them to their new home.

Saturday afternoon William Wood was overcome by the heat that for some time his life was in danger. He has recovered so as to be able to be on the streets once more.

The cool breezes of Saturday night were as a refreshing drink of cold water to a parched tongue, and sweltering, suffering humanity commenced to think that life was worth living.

The proprietor of the Chelsea Steam Laundry says that the recent hot weather gave them no cause to complain of lack of work, as the laundry has been running day and night for the past week.

Archie Wilkinson, of Chelsea, the "Bill Nye" of Washtenaw county, was in town Wednesday, inspecting the oil with which Billy Judson keeps the Pin-gree machine lubricated.—Ann Arbor Democrat.

Philip Ulrich, sr., was overcome by the heat last Friday afternoon while working in the field, and was unconscious for three hours. Hard work on the part of the physicians brought him through and it was thought he would get along all right, but he died on Wednesday.

The fellow who got up the first page of the last issue of the Scientific American had a head on him bigger than a tack. It represented several views showing how they fight the snow on railroads of the northwest. It was absolutely refreshing to look at the pictures during the torrid weather of last week.

The annual teachers' institute for Washtenaw county will be held in Ypsilanti beginning August 9th and continuing one week. E. C. Thompson conductor; Webster Cook and Margaret Wise, instructors. W. N. Lister, local committee.

The large arc light dynamo at the electric light station has again been placed in use, after an enforced idleness of two months, caused by being burned out. A smaller machine has been used, and that has been the reason for the number of street lights being cut down.

Over at Pinckney they settled the post-office matter by holding a special election. There were five candidates and 890 votes were cast. Congressman Smith has promised to appoint the man receiving the largest number of votes, and the lucky man was W. S. Swarthout who received 187 votes.

A bald-headed man of Adrian was advised by his wife one hot day last week to put leaves in his hat in order to avoid being sunstruck. He used horse-radish leaves, however, and when he removed his hat some time later, the top of his head was so blistered that he could not touch it without causing a howl.

It is now proposed to authorize postmasters and deputies to open letters on which no postage stamps have been placed, to learn the name of the writer and avoid sending them to the dead-letter office. If all who write would have their names and address printed on the envelopes they use, as the postoffice department requests, no such trouble would occur.

Mrs. Carrie Seper's music pupils gave a very pleasing recital last Friday evening at the home of Mrs. H. H. Avery, on Jefferson Street. The house was filled with listeners, as was the lawn, attesting to the interest felt in Chelsea in these frequent musicales of a very excellent instructor. Mrs. Seper has closed her work for this summer and will take a two months vacation.

According to the Standard, bloomers have just struck Chelsea. As a boy, quite a few years ago, we had an idea that Chelsea had quite a few beautiful bloomers.—Ann Arbor Courier. That was before the days of the bicycle girl and her bloomers. Of those beautiful bloomers of which the Courier speaks, we have a number here yet—not the same lot that was here then, but equally as beautiful.

The marriage of Miss Nellie Grant to Mr. Conrad Schanz was solemnized at St. Mary's church this morning. This was followed by a reception at the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Schanz, in Lima, at 12 o'clock. The Standard extends congratulations to the happy couple and wishes them a long and happy life. They will commence housekeeping on the Bowen farm in Lima.

An exchange has discovered that when the question is popped to an Ann Arbor girl, she blushes and trembles a little and says she will give the matter careful consideration. The Ypsilanti girl looks surprised and sits with lips parted for five or six moments, and then says it came sooner than she expected, but it's all right. The Manchester girl drops her eyes resignedly, pats the carpet with a neat shoe and responds: "The Lord's will be done." The Dexter girl grins very sweetly and says: "Wouldn't that kill you," and then lays her head on his shoulder to think it over. The Saline girl looks him squarely in the eyes and says: "Why, cert. Do you think I've been letting you hug me around here for two months just for recreation?"

Word was received here Tuesday of the death of Rev. L. P. Davis, D. D., who has been presiding elder of the Adrian District of the Detroit M. E. Conference for the past five years. Many of our citizens had become well acquainted with Mr. Davis during the years that he has been coming to this place in his capacity of presiding elder, and all had a warm spot in their hearts for him. The afflicted family will have the sympathy of the whole community in their affliction. Mr. Davis was ill but one day, and died at Bay View, where he had gone to take charge of the worship meetings, which were to have commenced on Wednesday. The funeral service was held at Detroit Wednesday. Rev. J. I. Nickerson of this place was one of the pall bearers.

It is stated on good authority that the efforts being put forth by the Alumni Association of the Chelsea High School, to raise the standard of our public schools so that they may be placed on the University list, are not fruitless. The work of this association has been quiet but telling, with the result that a deeper interest in the kind and quantity of work done by our teachers and pupils is being felt by the patrons of the school. Greek is to be taught next year, in addition to German and Latin, and when the few remaining text books have been thrown out which are not approved by the examining committee of the University our graduates may find a smooth path before them. It seems rather unjust to our students that after four years work here they should be required to take the difficult examination before they can enter the University, when all that stands in their way is a few disapproved and low grade text books.

Personal Mention

Wm. H. Freer is visiting relatives at Toledo.

H. S. Holmes was a Detroit visitor Tuesday.

Munson Burkhardt returned to Indiana this week.

Bert Gerard is spending this week at North Lake.

Mrs. Fred Roedel is visiting friends in Bridgewater.

Miss Myrtle Irwin is visiting her brother at Mason.

Mrs. L. Tichenor is spending some time at Clark's Lake.

Miss Ella Purchase is spending some time in Toronto.

J. O. Thompson of Dexter spent Sunday at this place.

J. G. Webster made a business trip to Ann Arbor Monday.

Miss Clara Hutzler is entertaining Miss Beck of Ann Arbor.

Austin Yocum of Manchester spent Sunday at this place.

Miss Jennie Tuttle has been spending this week in Detroit.

Jay Rockwell of Detroit spent Sunday with his parents here.

Robert Hunter of Ann Arbor was a Chelsea visitor Tuesday.

Miss Kittie Seegar of Ann Arbor spent Sunday with friends in town.

Miss Lena Brodbeck of Ann Arbor is visiting Miss Dora Schnaltman.

Mrs. Adam Geiger and son are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Guthrie.

Miss Edith Boyd is in Chicago where she will spend the next four weeks.

Miss Josephine Hoppe and Miss Graham were Detroit visitors Tuesday.

Miss Kate Moran has been entertaining her sister of Jackson, this week.

H. M. Twimley has returned from visiting friends in Detroit and Cleveland.

Mrs. O. E. Cummer has been spending part of the week with friends at Detroit.

M. J. Cavanaugh of Ann Arbor spent Saturday at this place on legal business.

B. Parker is attending the meeting of the National Republican League in Detroit.

Meedames J. W. Schenk and Andrew Congdon are visiting friends at Stockbridge.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Comstock of Albion are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Glazier.

Miss Minnie Wurster of Dexter, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Wurster, Tuesday.

T. Mingay of the Ann Arbor Argus was a pleasant caller at Standard office Saturday.

Miss L. C. Maroney who has been at work at Ann Arbor for the past ten days is at home.

Mrs. L. C. Stewart and son of Ann Arbor are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Schumacher.

Miss Hattie Spiegelberg is spending a short time in Cleveland where she is visiting relatives.

Miss Annetta and Mattie Kingsley were the guest of their aunt Mrs. Anna Calkin Tuesday.

Miss Grace Billings has returned to her home at Toledo, after a visit of several weeks duration at this place.

Miss Dora Schnaltman has returned home from Ann Arbor where she has been spending the past week.

Meedames J. G. Wackenhut and Peter Eastale attended the funeral of Mrs. J. Volland at Ann Arbor Monday.

Miss E. May Saybolt who has been the guest of Miss Jennie Tuttle for several months has returned to her home in Jersey City, N. J.

Master Harry Taylor returned home Tuesday after a very pleasant visit of a week with his brothers, George and L. K. Taylor, of Detroit.

Emil Richter of Saginaw and Miss Carrie Krauss of Ann Arbor were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Steinbach this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Dennis and children of Grand Rapids, who have been spending some time with friends in this place, have returned home.

I wish to inform the public that my place of business will be closed on Sundays hereafter. Ed. Rooke, Baker.

Something to Depend On.

Mr. James Jones, of the drug firm of Jones & Son, Cowden, Ill., in speaking of Dr. King's New Discovery, says that last winter his wife was attacked with la grippe, and her case was so serious that physicians at Cowden and Pana could do nothing for her. It seemed to develop into hasty consumption. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in store, and selling lots of it, he took a bottle home, and to the surprise of all she began to get better from first dose, and half a dozen dollar bottles cured her sound and well. Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds is guaranteed to do this. Try it. Free trial bottles at Glazier & Stinson's drug store.

On and after Saturday, July 10th, we will offer 7,000 lbs. best white meal binder twine in 60-lb sacks only, at 5c for cash. Get your supply while it lasts. W. J. Knapp.

Paper Hanging.

If you want your rooms decorated in an artistic manner at reasonable prices, give us a trial. Orders left at the Standard office will receive prompt attention.

K. J. & G. D. Beckwith.

Pay the printer!

Old People.

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy is Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old people find it just exactly what they need. Price fifty cents and \$1.00 per bottle at Glazier & Stinson's drug store.

How to Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys. When urine stains linen it is positive evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the back, is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What To Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfils every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night urinate. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists, price fifty cents and one dollar. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet both sent free by mail. Mention Standard and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

This week at

FREEMAN'S.

- Best Dairy Butter 10c per lb.
- Good Cream Cheese 9c per lb.
- Finest full cream cheese 10c per lb.
- Fresh Limberg cheese 15c per lb.
- Fancy Brick cheese 15c per lb.
- Cold boiled ham 20c per lb.
- Finest chipped beef 20c per lb.
- Fancy breakfast bacon 10c.
- Large ripe Georgia melons 25c to 35c.
- Ripe Acme tomatoes 30c per 4-q basket.
- String beans 6c per lb.
- Fancy black cap raspberries. Fancy Cuthbert raspberries.
- Huckleberries, cherries, cucumbers, cabbages, etc., at lowest prices.
- Granulated sugar.
- Fruit jars, caps and rubbers cheap as anywhere.
- Best rolled oats in Chelsea.
- Send us your orders, we guarantee satisfaction.

FREEMAN'S.

Ladies' Shirt Waists

AT REDUCED PRICES

Don't Fail to See Them.

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Between Chelsea and Stockbridge, via Waterloo.

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CHAPTER XXX.

I rose very early next morning and went out. But even the fresh, sweet, misty air could not cool the fever in my veins.

When I reached the villa grounds I was still far from being as calm as I wished to be. The subtle sense of association hung about the place. Wherever I moved or looked, I seemed to see Joan as I had been used to see her. Every bush was like a ghostly figure; every path a landmark of some scene or word.

When at last I turned a corner, and came face to face with Joan herself, I could hardly believe it was reality. She wore a white dress, and had a little lace handkerchief tied under her chin. As she saw me she started. Perhaps the morning light showed us the changes that time had wrought, as the previous night had failed to do.

She came up to me and put out her hand.

"Darby is not well," she said, hurriedly; "she seems to have taken a chill. I have just sent a man for the doctor. She has fallen asleep now, but I don't like her looks."

"I was afraid she would be ill," I answered, as I turned round and walked beside her to the house. "Did she tell you about coming to my room last night?"

"No!" she exclaimed in wonder. "To your room! What for?"

"She evidently thinks," I said, "that we are not quite on good terms—and I—and she wished to help me to a better understanding; so she came to me with your journal, and begged me to read it."

"With my journal!" she cried, her face growing suddenly scarlet. "Oh, she had no right—she should not have done that! It was very wrong of her."

"Do not agitate yourself," I said coldly. "You surely do not suppose I would read one word of it without your knowledge!"

She stopped and looked up in my face.

"You—have not?" she said tremulously.

"Of course not," I answered. "Your confidence is sacred. I should never think of violating it."

A strange little smile came to her lips.

"I might have known," she said. "I might have trusted; you are so different to others."

"I hope," I said, "that any one who knows the meaning of honor would give in a similar manner. I will give you back your book if you will come to my room."

"Very well," she said, softly, and followed me across the vestibule.

I went in and took her journal from the drawer where I had placed it. She stood on the threshold and watched me. I came up to her and placed the book in her hands. As I did so she turned very pale, then looked up in my face.

"I ought to have no secrets from you," she said slowly. "And I don't know why I should mind your reading this. There is nothing wrong—only—only it is very foolish."

"My dear," I said gravely, "I have no wish to learn anything about you that your own lips cannot tell me. Some day, perhaps, you will understand me better than you have yet done. But I am content to wait."

She put her hand to her head with a touch of perplexity.

"To wait!" she said slowly; "that is very hard. I know I ought to have told you long ago, only I think I was afraid. But I am not afraid now."

I drew her into the room and closed the door.

"Joan," I said quietly, "tell me the entire truth. Between us there should be nothing to conceal or to avoid. Is there nothing you remember?"

Her hands nervously clasped and unclasped the fastening of the book she held.

"It is all—here," she said faintly; "only—I have not dared to look since I recovered."

The color wavered in her cheek; her eyes met mine slowly, in questioning appeal.

"If you would read it for me," she said, and held the book toward me. I saw her hand tremble. I took it and held it in my own.

"Are you quite sure," I asked, "that you mean this? Do you think there is anything here you would rather I did not read? You say you cannot remember; you may have written things down that were meant only for your eyes."

She shook her head. She looked at me with the trust and simplicity of a child.

"I will never deceive you again," she said. "When you know me as I am, you may act as you please. It is all there, I think; all except that time when my memory failed. Perhaps," she added sorrowfully, "you may hate me—or despise me. There may be things written down there that I never meant any one to know; but you are so good, I—I do not think you will be hard on me. I am sorry I did not trust you from the first."

"And so am I, heaven knows!" I answered below my breath.

"I will give you all the day to read it," she went on presently. "Then to-night I will meet you in the garden—where—where I told you I would be your wife five years ago. Do you remember?"

"Yes," I answered gravely. "I will be there."

How I lived out that day I hardly know. I shut myself up with that book, and devoured its pages with hungry eyes. Every detail of that young, brave life was now before me—its tenderness, its wrecked hopes, its broken faith, its struggles with temptation, its long hidden sorrow, its gradual awakening to a new happiness, and the awful death-blow that my own hand had struck at that happiness.

"If I had but known!" I said to my aching heart. "Oh, if I had but known!"

The hours waned, the sunset faded; the faint, chill wind came up from the sea, and swayed the leaves beyond my easement, and fanned my face as I loathed there, longing for the dusk of nightfall as never before longed for his beloved.

I went into the quiet night, humble and weak, but glad at heart as never yet had I been glad through many weary years of life.

She fell down on her knees beside me when she came. I drew her to my heart. I murmured every word of love and comfort I could think of.

Suddenly she moved and stirred. Her eyes opened. I bent down and met their gaze.

"Is it you, Ralph?" she said dreamily, then sat up and leaned her head against my shoulder. "I have been asleep a long, long time," she said, "but I have had a beautiful dream. I think you are sorry for me. Will you try and love me a little again? You did once, I know."

I saw the tears gather in her eyes. I heard her voice quiver and break in its soft appeal. My arms closed round her with all the garnered passion and remorse of their starved and empty past.

"Love you!" I cried. "Oh, my darling—my darling, there are no words to tell how I love you! When I think of how I have misjudged you, wronged you, tried you, I hate myself for the folly and suspicion that have cost us both so much. I—I wonder you do not hate me, too!"

"Hate you!" she cried. "You—Then her head nestled back on my shoulder; she trembled like a leaf. "I—I forgot," she whispered. "Have you read it?"

"Every word," I said.

"And was I very wicked?"

"I could have laughed aloud in my triumph and my joy."

"Very," I said, "for not telling me at once what was in your heart. I thought it was York."

Suddenly she drew herself away, and hid her face in her hands.

"Oh!" she moaned. "I remember now—I remember now. It has all come back. He—he was murdered!"

"Murdered!" I cried aghast. "No, no, Joan, don't say that. It was an accident."

"Tell me all!" she cried wildly. "I can never know a happy moment till that mystery is cleared up. You followed me, did you not?"

"Yes," I said. "But I think I missed the way when I heard the shot that guided me back."

"When you heard the shot!" she cried, raising her ghastly face to mine. "You were not there at the time?"

"Certainly not," I answered.

"Oh, thank God!" she cried; "thank God!" and threw her arms round me with a burst of hysterical weeping.

For long I could not soothe her; for long I could gather nothing from her incoherent words; but at last the truth dawned upon me. She feared that I had taken vengeance into my own hands—that the long feud between York and myself had culminated in this act of revenge for the dishonor he had sought to cast upon my life.

This shock it was that had acted so terribly upon her feeble strength, and for a time overturned its mental balance. And now, for the first time, she learned the truth, and, learning it, was like one mad with joy and relief.

The revision of feeling was so strong, it almost frightened me.

"Oh," she cried amidst wild sobs, "you have been so good—so good—so good! You must never leave me again! Indeed—I indeed I will try to be all you wish. I will never hold a thought back from your knowledge. Only trust me again—take me back to your heart—for, oh, my husband, I love you so! All these years I have loved you, and you would not believe it, though I tried to show it to you. There is nothing I would not do for you to make you happy or give you peace. I would die for you this moment if—"

"No," I interrupted, "for that would be foolish, Joan. You shall do better—you shall live for me."

"From this very hour," she said solemnly.

I bent and kissed the quivering lips.

"From this very hour," I answered.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It is the late afternoon of a mild February day, when, leaving Joan in her boudoir with Nettie Croft and Darby, I stroll out of the house, and, scarce thinking of what I am doing, take the path to the old summer house—the tragic scene of York's death. I have not been there since that awful day when the body was discovered. I cannot tell what impulse prompts me to go there now, unless it is a hint dropped by Mrs. Birket that a rumor has been circulated saying that the place is haunted—that a shadowy figure has been seen coming out of the summer house in the dusk, that it stands there moaning and wringing its hands for a brief space, and then vanishes.

I was walking steadily on, when, just as the light grew dim and shadowy, I fancied I saw something moving in the open space beyond. I stopped abruptly; my footsteps had made no sound on the wet, soft moss, and, in the shadows of the trees, I could see without being seen. As my eyes grew accustomed to the light I saw that something certainly was there—a figure crouching close to the ground and uttering from time to time a low, strange moan. I crept a little nearer, keeping well under the shadow of the trees. Then suddenly I sprang out into the open space and confronted the creature. At first I could not be quite sure what it was. A heap of rags, a grimed and wasted face, where the dark eyes flamed like lamps, a mass of wild, disheveled hair, black as night, hanging loose and disordered over the shoulders; this was the sight that greeted my eyes.

"What are you doing here?" I demanded, as the wild eyes met my own.

The only answer was a low chuckle.

The wretched creature drew her rags closer round her, seeming to hug something to her bosom.

I repeated my question, coming a little nearer as I did so. This time she burst into a volley of incoherent exclamations mingled with abuse. I saw she was hopelessly intoxicated; the saddened, brutalized intoxication of an habitual drunkard.

"No—no," she kept repeating; "don't come near me! I did not mean it! I—I know I did not mean it! Oh! she suddenly shrieked, "take the gun from him! He will shoot me—he is coming! Keep back, I tell you—keep back!"

I went up to her, and seized her by the shoulders. She was too weak for resistance, and presently stood there passive and covering.

I took the bottle from her and tossed it into the bushes.

"Now," I said, "follow me to the house. I am a magistrate, and you must give an account of yourself."

She looked at me in bewilderment. I wondered what it was in her eyes that reminded me of some one I had once seen—some fugitive resemblance I could not catch or trace.

She stumbled after me with weak, unsteady steps. When we reached the Hall, I took her round to the servants' entrance and gave her in charge of a good-natured scullery maid.

"Get her washed and give her some decent clothing," I said; "I will speak to her after dinner."

The woman went meekly enough away, and I returned to Joan's boudoir.

Nettie and Alfie were there talking quietly together. I wondered as I looked at them whether Joan's hopes would ever be realized—whether the time would come when Nettie would reward her young lover's devotion?

When dinner was over that evening I made some excuse to get away, leaving them together in Joan's favorite room.

I sent word that the woman was to be brought to my study, but a few moments afterward the footman returned, saying she was so ill that they had been obliged to put her to bed.

"She talks all the time, sir," he went on. "It is a sort of raving. Mrs. Birket is with her now. She thinks a doctor should be sent for."

I went straight to the room. The old housekeeper met me at the door, then closed it after us. I saw she was trembling greatly.

"Sir Ralph," she whispered, "don't you know who it is?"

I glanced at the bed, but I could recognize nothing familiar in that awful face, those wild eyes, and muttering lips.

"No," I said. "Do you?"

"Yes," she answered, in the same low key; "I recognized her at once, but I have said nothing to the other servants. She is Mrs. March. That white hair must have been a disguise."

I started.

"Mrs. March?" I cried.

My voice reached the wretched creature. She half rose in the bed and stared wildly at me.

"Who calls?" she said. "Is it Lady Ferrers?" Then she burst into a peal of wild laughter. "Lady Ferrers—where is Lady Ferrers? She thought to have him, did she? No—no, my lady; he is my lover, not yours. He shall never be yours; I will kill him first!"

"That is how she goes on all the time," said Mrs. Birket. "I think you had better not tell my lady, sir; it might upset her."

"I did not kill him," muttered the woman on the couch. "It was only a threat. Why did he taunt me—I who loved him as that pale-faced girl could never have done? I, who was his slave, his toy, his fancy for an idle hour? I told him I would kill him—but he would not believe."

I bent closer to the restless head.

"Did you take his life?" I said, slowly and distinctly.

A gray, sickly hue crept over her face. She stopped as one in the attitude of listening.

"They met," she said. "I saw them meet. I spoke to him; I taunted him. Look—look!" and she shuddered, and pointed with one trembling hand to a corner of the room. "There he stands! Why does he point that gun at me? Tell him to go away! Tell him—tell him—tell him!"

Her voice rose almost to a shriek.

"There is no one there," I said sternly. "Try to collect your thoughts. Do you know that death is near?"

"Yes," she said, and laughed a harsh, weak laugh. "I know. There are strange things about. The room is full of them. They have been with me a long, long time. That is what they said—Death! I did not mind. Only, why does he stand there? I—I did not kill him. I tell you I did not kill him!"

"Hush!" I said soothingly. "If you were there tell me all about it. Did the gun go off in his hands?"

"He was desperate," she panted, "and so—so was I. I bade him forget the pale, cold girl whose heart had never for one moment held for him the passion of my own. I told him I would follow him to the world's end—and he cursed me. Then I grew mad. I—I snatched at the gun. I said my wretched life should end. He seized it from me. We struggled—a second, and he fell face downwards on the ground. Then terror seized me. I—I could not stay there. I fled like a hunted thing. No one had seen me come; no one saw me go."

So low, so broken, those last words, I scarce could hear them even in the silence of that quiet room.

But as they ceased I heard Joan's voice, so sweet and solemn, murmuring the prayer that in childhood and manhood, in age and trouble, in sickness and death, seems to spring naturally to all lips. She had entered the room unknown to me.

The woman listened. Her face grew calm, a shadow swept over her face, her eyes closed.

"She is at rest now," I said, and turned to my wife, and, with gladness solemn and unspoken, folded her to my heart.

"The last word is cleared away," I murmured passionately; "oh, thank heaven for that!" (The end.)

New Stamps.

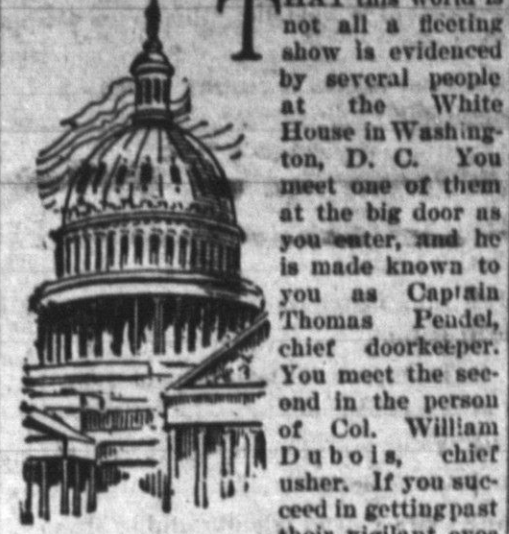
Stamp gatherers will be glad (otherwise) to hear that new ones have been issued which can be added to their collection. This lot comes from Abyssinia. There are seven series and they are about the size of Italian stamps. The first four series have on them the head of King Menelek, in profile and crowned, and the other three bear a lion—very much like the Saint Mark's one at Venice, except that, instead of wings, there rises from it a flag with a cross. The first series, which are green, have a value of a quarter of a guerdie—that is, about a cent and a half; the second, red, cost three cents; the third, blue, six cents; the fourth, brown, two guerdies, twelve cents. Those with the head of the king have written in Amharic, "Menelek II." The other three series with the lion are: the first, dark violet in color, and cost four guerdies, twenty-five cents; the second, light violet, fifty cents; and the third, black, sixteen guerdies—one dollar.

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FIVE OLD ATTACHES OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

Employees Who Served Under Many Administrations—Presidents Come and Go, but These Good and Faithful Servants Remain.

White House Fixtures.
Washington correspondence.



THAT this world is not all a fleeting show is evidenced by several people at the White House in Washington, D. C. You meet one of them at the big door as you enter, and he is made known to you as Captain Thomas Peudel, chief doorkeeper. You meet the second in the person of Col. William Dubois, chief usher. If you succeed in getting past their vigilant eyes you will meet a third in the person of a military looking gentleman who stands guard over the cabinet room and the door leading to the private part of the President's home. He is Major Crook. Up in that region you will also find Col. Pruden, the White House sphinx, and Col. Crook, the all-around generalissimo. There are others, but these are the ones who, like Tennyson's brook, go on forever. Presidents come and go, children who played at egg-rolling on the White House lawns grow to men and women, and visit the White House with their children, and there are greeted by the same kindly faces that were about them in the long ago happy days. Whole generations of White House children have come and gone, yet the faithful servants of their presidential progenitors are still



A GROUP OF OLD WHITE HOUSE ATTACHES.

there under the historic roof, caring for the guest of the nation even as some cared for the fathers and grandfathers of those who come now.

Captain Peudel Is Senior.
The very oldest in point of service, and of years as well, is Capt. Thomas Peudel, who marks with a star in his memory the 8d day of November, 1864, when he was transferred from the Metropolitan police force, or rather was detailed, for special duty at the White House. Those were the troublous days in Washington, and the tired, worried, harassed man who had taken upon his broad shoulders the awful burden of carrying a government through a civil war was facing a future that looked black, and his heart was heavy within him. Captain Peudel was a bricklayer by trade, and served his apprenticeship until he was 21. He was born on what was Annapolis island, in 1824, and is now 73 years old. He does not look it, for his abundant hair is coal black, and only a little gray shows at the temples. His grandfather was in the revolutionary war, his father in the war of 1812, and he was himself in the marine service of the Mexican war. He does not know of a creature living to-day, outside of his immediate family, who bears his name. He is married and has several charming daughters, who played in youth with the White House children.

Couldn't Spare Crook.
Next longest in point of service at the White House is Col. Crook. He says that title was not won in military service, and carries no straps with it, but that it came upon him gradually and he wears it because he can't seem to get rid of it, but then nobody wants to have him give it up, for it fits admirably. Col. Crook came to act as bodyguard for Mr. Lincoln late in November, 1864. He was a soldier in a Maryland regiment when detailed to the White House, and he found favor at once in the eyes of Mr. Lincoln, who seemed to have singled him out on many occasions. Col. Crook was drafted late in the war, and just a little over a month before the death of Mr. Lincoln, he wrote the following:

"My man Crook has been drafted. I cannot spare him. P. M. G. please fix."

"A. LINCOLN."

"March 2, 1865."
Col. Crook did not have to be spared, but the man he had served with such tender devotion was taken. The man so valuable to Mr. Lincoln had been just as much worth to all the other administrations, and so "Col. William Crook" is borne upon the pay rolls of the White House now, exactly as he was thirty-three years ago, only his duties have increased and his responsibilities. He has filled nearly every desk in the office, and was for a time private secretary for President Grant. He is now the disbursing clerk, and has served under nine Presidents, two of them having been there two terms, Grant and Cleveland.

The slight military looking gentleman

with the snow-white hair and the keen eyes who stands guard over the door to the cabinet room, and also over that which leads from the public to the private part of the executive mansion, is Maj. Charles D. A. Loeffler, who was born in Stuttgart, but who came to America and entered the regular army as a member of the Second Cavalry in 1858. He campaigned all over the Western frontier before the war, and what he does not know of hardship, hunger and thirst is scarcely worth printing. The famous Oster was a cadet at West Point when Major Loeffler was doing outpost duty in Texas, and he saluted Col. Robert E. Lee as commanding officer. Attached though he was to his command, he remained in the Union when Lee went out, and was ordered to dismount, where he became a dispatch bearer, and was trusted with many secrets between Lincoln and his generals. He acted as messenger for Secretary Stanton, and finally became a messenger in the White House, where he has watched cabinets come and go, he himself a fixture. He is low-voiced and gentle as a woman, and it is rarely you can get him to open the storehouse of anecdotes that he is so rich in. For many years all the callers upon the President passed through the doors which he guards. He knew all the statesmen and office holders in the country, all the military men, and all the dead beats. He got so that he could turn down a man so nicely he never knew it till he was bowed outside of the corridor into the air. He never made a mistake in letting a man in to see the President, it is said, and in that way made himself almost invaluable.

Another White House Fixture.
Gen. Major O. L. Pruden is another of the White House asportances which President McKinley has found checked over to him for nearly twenty-five years. His office, that of chief executive clerk, comes next to that of the secretary to the President in importance. Major Pruden has been called "the administration sphinx" ever since he assumed his duties at the desk. He knows a great many things and knows them very well, but he is one of the birds who can sing, and won't. But, oh, what stories he could tell if he only would. He came to Washington, "a boy in blue," from New Jersey, early in the war, and his splendid

TARIFF BILL PASSES.

SENATE APPROVES THE DINGLEY MEASURE.

Final Ballot Shows Thirty-eight Ayes and Twenty-eight Nays—It Now Goes to the House for Further Consideration.

Bill Goes Through.
By the decisive vote of 38 to 28 the tariff bill was passed in the United States Senate shortly before 5 o'clock Wednesday. The culmination of the long and arduous struggle had excited the keenest interest, and the floor and the galleries of the Senate chamber were crowded by those anxious to witness the closing scene. Speaker Reed, Chairman Dingley and many of the members of the House of Representatives were in the rear area, while every seat in the galleries save those reserved for foreign representatives was occupied.

The main interest centered in the final vote, and aside from this there was little of a dramatic character in the debate. The early part of the day was spent on amendments of comparatively minor importance, the debate branching into financial and anti-trust channels. By 4 o'clock the Senators began manifesting their impatience by calls for "vote," "vote," and soon thereafter the last amendment was disposed of and the final vote began. There were many interruptions as pairs were arranged, and then at 4:55 o'clock the Vice President arose and announced the passage of the bill—yeas, 38; nays, 28. There was no demonstration, but a few scattered hand-claps were given as the crowds dispersed.

Following is the vote cast:

YEAS.	
Allison,	McMillan,
Baker,	Mantle,
Burrows,	Mason,
Carter,	Morrill,
Clark,	Penrose,
Cullum,	Perkins,
Davis,	Platt (Conn.),
Deboe,	Platt (N. Y.),
Elkins,	Pritchard,
Feltman,	Proctor,
Forker,	Quay,
Gallinger,	Sewell,
Hale,	Shoup,
Hanna,	Spooner,
Hawley,	Warren,
Jones (Nev.),	Wellington,
Lodge,	Wetmore,
McClure,	Wilson—38.
McKenny,	
NAYS.	
Bacon,	Mallory,
Bate,	Martin,
Berry,	Mills,
Caffery,	Nitchell,
Cannon,	Morgan,
Chilton,	Pasco,
Clay,	Pettus,
Cockrell,	Rawlins,
Faulkner,	Roach,
Gray,	Turner,
Harris (Ark.),	Turpie,
Jones (Kan.),	Vest,
Kenny,	Walthall,
Lindsay,	White—28.

The following pairs were announced, the first named would have voted for the bill and the last named against it:

Aldrich and Murphy, Chandler and Mc Lauria, Frye and Gorman, Gear and Smith, Hansbrough and Daniel, Hoar and Harris (Conn.), Thurston and Tillman, Wolcott and George.

An analysis of the final vote shows that the affirmative was cast by 35 Republicans, 2 silver Republicans, Jones (Nev.), and Mantle, and 1 Democrat, McKenny. The negative vote was cast by 25 Democrats, 2 Populists, Harris (Kan.), and Turner, and 1 silver Republican, Cannon. Eight Republicans were paired for the bill and eight Democrats against it. The Senators present and not voting were: Populists, 5, viz., Allen, Butler, Heitfeld, Kyle and Stewart; silver Republicans, 2, viz., Teiler and Pettigrew.

Following the passage of the bill a resolution was agreed to asking the House for a conference, and Senators Allison, Aldrich, Platt (Conn.), Burrows, Jones (Nev.), Vest, Jones (Ark.), and White were named as conferees on the part of the Senate.

The tariff debate began May 25, on which day Mr. Aldrich, in behalf of the Finance Committee, made the opening statement. The actual consideration of the bill began the next day, and debate has been continuous since then, covering six weeks and one day. It has been notable in some respects, although it has lacked many of the dramatic and oratorical features marking former debates. From the outset the advocates of the bill refrained from set speeches, and the discussion was narrowed to a consideration of rates and schedules, rather than general principles. Mr. Aldrich's illness took him from the chamber after the first day, and since then the bill has been in immediate charge of Mr. Allison. The opposition has been directed in the main by Mr. Jones (Ark.) and Mr. Vest (Mo.), while Senators White, Caffery, Gray and Allen have frequently figured in the debate. The bill as it goes back to the House re-enacts the anti-trust section of the Wilson law, while the reciprocity and retaliatory provisions are substituted for those of the House.

One of the most important new provisions added by the Senate is that placing a stamp tax on bonds, debentures and certificates of stock. Aside from these more important changes the bill as it goes back to the House has 874 amendments, of various degrees of importance, which must be reconciled between the two branches of Congress.



J. H. R. Molson, a wealthy banker of Montreal, has given \$155,000 to Canadian charities.

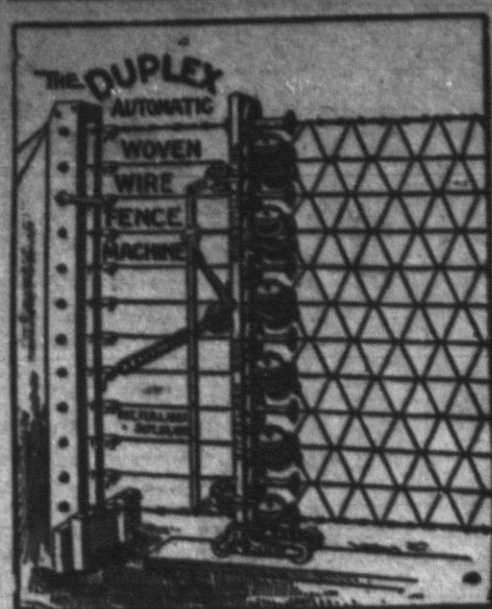
The Crown Princess of Sweden has taken to bicycle riding for her health, and has already found the exercise beneficial.

The French ambassador to Great Britain is the best paid ambassador in the world, his yearly salary being \$60,000.

Gen. Benjamin Prentiss, the "hero of Shiloh," at one time one of the wealthiest men in Illinois, is said to be in meager circumstances.

The will of Mrs. Sarah Withers of Bloomington, Ind., bequeaths \$40,000 to found a library in Nicholasville, Ky., where she was born.

Mrs. Clara Fisher Maeder, the once famous actress, now 86 years old, has published her memoirs. She went on the stage when 6 years old and followed the profession continuously for seventy-two years.



FARMERS

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G. T. English.

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But we do please 95 per cent of the people who give us their laundry work to do. You might be one who can't get pleased elsewhere. Let us serve you. Our process is not a secret one. We use only soap, water, starch, muscle and brains.

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Time Card, taking effect, May 30, 1897.

TRAINS EAST:

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No. 36—Atlantic Express 7:00 a. m.
No. 12—Grand Rapids 10:40 a. m.
No. 4—Express and Mail 8:15 p. m.

TRAINS WEST:

No. 3—Express and Mail 9:30 a. m.
No. 13—Grand Rapids 6:30 p. m.
No. 7—Chicago Express 10:20 p. m.
O. W. RUGGLES, Gen. Pass & Ticket Agt.
E. A. WILLIAMS, Agent.

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Service, insuring the highest degree of
COMFORT, SPEED AND SAFETY
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LOW RATES to Pleasure Mackinac and
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Cleveland, \$10; from Toledo, \$15; from
Detroit, \$15.50.

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Connecting at Cleveland with Harriet
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Northwest.

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in diseases of eye, ear, nose and throat.
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F. FRANK SHAVER,

Proprietor of The "City" Barber
Shop. In the new Babcock Building
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Bathroom in connection.

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children's teeth. Nitrous oxide and
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Office over Kempf Bros.' Bank

W. S. HAMILTON

Veterinary Surgeon

Treats all diseases of domesticated ani-
mals. Special attention given to lame-
ness and horse dentistry. Office and re-
sidence on Park street across from M. E.
church, Chelsea, Mich.

OLIVE LODGE NO 156, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Olive Lodge,
No. 156, F. & A. M. for 1897.
Jan. 12, Feb. 16, March 16, April
13, May 11, June 8, July 13, Aug. 10,
Sept. 7, Oct. 5, Nov. 2. Annual
meeting and election of officers Dec.
7th.
J. D. SCHNITMAN, Sec.

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have opened a

REPAIR SHOP

In the building just north of the
Chelsea House, and are pre-
pared to do all kinds of
wood work, blacksmithing,
and machine work, etc., etc., etc.

Saw Gumming a Specialty

Notice to Creditors.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASH-
TENAW, s. s. Notice is hereby given, that by
an order of the probate court for the county
of Washtenaw, made on the 9th day of July, A.
D. 1897, six months from that date were al-
lowed for creditors to present their claims
against the estate of Palmer Westfall, late
of said county, deceased, and that all
creditors of said deceased are re-
quired to present their claims to said
probate court at the probate office in the city of
Ann Arbor for examination and allowance, on
or before the 9th day of January next, and
that such claims will be heard before said
court, on the 9th day of October and on the
10th day of January, 1898, next at ten o'clock in
forenoon of each said days.
Dated: Ann Arbor, July 5, A. D. 1897.
H. W. WYNN, Judge of Probate.

PRAYERS THE LITTLE CHILDREN SAY.

The prayers the little children say—
They are not fine of speech,
But they hold deeper mystery
Than any tongue could teach,
And they reach further up to heaven
Than words of prayer can reach.
The angels laugh to hear each day
The prayers the little children say.

The prayers the little children say
No telling-angel brings
They pass right through the shining ray
That searches selfish things.
(They are so little that they slip
Between the guarding wings.)
And God says, "Hush and give them way!"
The prayers the little children say.

The prayers the little children say—
Ah, if we knew the name!
For ours, so wise and quaint and gray,
Walk wearily and lame,
And by the time they come to God
They have forgot his name.
Would we may some time learn to pray
The prayers the little children say!
—Post Wheeler in New York Press.

TROUBLE FOR HIS HONESTY.

The Negative Reward of Virtue In the
Windy City by the Lake.
"A queer thing happened to me,"
said Bailey, lighting a fresh cigar. "It
was only one of those incidents of street
travel that might happen to any one,
but annoying from the misconception
put upon it."

"Let's hear it," said the other fel-
lows, making themselves comfortable.
"I was riding on the electric," said
Bailey, "and in the seat opposite was a
pretty girl."

"Oh, you consider yourself a judge?"
remarked one of the crowd.
"I certainly do, and I let her see
that I appreciated her good looks. But
my admiration made no impression.
The young woman busied herself in get-
ting her fare ready, and I watched her
as she deftly extracted a dime from her
pocketbook and held it on the palm of a
pretty hand, ready for the conductor."

"You were his hard, Bailey."
"Then I thought me of my own fare,
and as I was holding a newspaper in
my hand I rose and dived down into my
pocket for a nickel. The conductor came
along and I handed it to him just as
my vis-a-vis said:

"What has become of my 10 cents?"
"There she sat staring at her hand,
which was no longer occupied by the
piece of silver. We all looked for it,
but it had disappeared, and she found a
nickel with which she paid her fare. At
that moment I slipped my hand into
my overcoat pocket and found there the
10 cent piece.

"How could you identify it?" asked
one of the boys.

"I never carry money in an outside
pocket. Besides it had not been there a
moment before. No, I knew how it hap-
pened. My paper had whisked it from
her hand, and it had dropped from it
to my pocket, as I explained to her."

"Was she surprised? What did she
say?"
"Boys, I can't tell you all she said.
Please don't ask me. She remarked
that no one could judge by appearances,
and she hoped it was my first beginning
in a life of crime; that if I had been
hardened I would not have returned it
to her, but that probably I saw that
she suspected me, and a lot more, while
the fellows in the other seats were gay-
ing me. But you can bet your bottom
dollar I never find any woman's money
and return it to her again. Not much,
Mary Ann."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Press Built by Franklin.
"I once worked a printing press that
was built and operated for a long while
by Ben Franklin," said Colonel Charles
Gunter. "The machine was quite a
primitive affair, but it answered the
purpose. I was then a boy in Lancaster,
Pa., and was learning the printer's
trade in the office of the Lancaster
Union. John W. Forney, who made
such a success of the Philadelphia Press,
was a 'prentice with me, and we took
turns working the old Franklin press.
It was made entirely of wood except for
a marble slab that answered the pur-
pose of a bed. On this slab the forms
of type were placed, and they would
have to be inked with a long, clumsy
roller before each impression."

"One day Forney would wield the
roller, and the next day it fell my turn
to smear on the ink. We could print
about 50 or 75 sheets an hour. The work
was laborious, but we performed it
cheerfully because of the knowledge
that Ben Franklin had done the very
same work on the press many a day be-
fore we were born. James Buchanan
used to come in occasionally and en-
courage us at our task and predict a
brilliant career for both of us if we
stuck to the trade we were then learn-
ing."

"This was way back in 1841, and
I'm a young man yet. Events that are
crowded into the years since then con-
tain the history of the building of one
of the most powerful nations the world
has ever known, and the processions of
men that have passed in review since
then call for the pen of another Plutarch
to portray, and that cramped, rickety
little Franklin press that John W. For-
ney and I used to work played a big
part in the making of the nation and
the making of the processions of men.
Still I am not old."—St. Louis Repub-
lic.

Might Be Worse.
"These stripes," sighed the convict,
"make a man feel small."
The kind woman who had come into
the darksome place to cheer him smiled
radiantly.
"Only think," she urged, "how
much worse they would be if they ran
the other way."—Detroit Journal.

In one country district of Germany
"pay weddings" were in vogue until
recently, each guest paying for his en-
tertainment as much as he would at an
inn and the receipts being placed aside
to set up the happy pair in their new
home.

Quotation, sir, is a good thing. There
is a community of mind in it. Classical
quotation is the parole of literary men
all over the world.—Johnson.

THE PATENT MEDICINE MAN.

We Waited Long For Results, and They
Came With a Rush.

"It was more than 20 years ago that
I decided the thing was ready to be put
on the market," said the inventor of a
compound that has now passed out of
the category of patent medicines and
become well introduced. "The question
that bothered me was how to get the
stuff before the people and make them
personally acquainted with its qualities,
so that I might find out whether
my own faith and confidence in the
article were justified. But how was I to
get it into people's hands? That was
the question that I had to answer.
I went to the wholesale druggists, and
they said it would be useless to put it
on their shelves, as nobody would buy
it. I sent it to doctors, but that did very
little toward getting the article into the
hands of the people. I gave it away at
fairs, and the result was that a small
portion of the people there got nearly
all of the stuff, while the others went
without any. Plainly that would not
do. But I didn't know yet what I would
do."

"After awhile it occurred to me that
I would start a man in a buggy driving
in a certain direction. He was to dis-
tribute the stuff to everybody he met on
the road, and in that way the stuff
would finally get into the hands of the
people. I was going to have relays
enough to stretch a line across the
country and start a man from the west
to come east through the territory the
other man could not reach. I was going
to send the stuff on ahead, so that at
different points on the road the man
would be supplied with enough to give
away."

"The fellow started on his long trip
and distributed thousands of packages
of the stuff. Other men started in dif-
ferent directions, and there were only a
few thinly populated and remote corners
of the country that could not have some
personal experience of my invention.
The men finished their trips and I wait-
ed. But no response came. The people
whom I had expected to answer with a
cry for what I had given them remained
mute. A year passed, and every cent of
available capital had gone into the
scheme. Thousands of dollars had gone,
and evidently no more had been done
toward creating a demand than if the
stuff had been locked in a closet and
left there. I strained hard, but I never
could hear the voice of the public call-
ing for my invention. The months were
miserable with suspense and despair un-
til suddenly the public, to speak meta-
phorically, roared at me. The rush had
started in a way I could never under-
stand."—New York Sun.

The English Distillate of Commerce.

We believe that the English, who are
in continental opinion a nation of shop-
keepers, are not by instinct or by aspira-
tion a trading people at all, or even an
industrial one. They are a seafaring
people by tendency, and as the sea pro-
duces nothing they are compelled to
trade, and circumstances have driven
them into the industrial life, but their
proclivity is toward struggle of any
kind, and not, except as an incident in
that struggle, toward the making of
money. It was quite late in their his-
tory that they recognized trading as
their vocation, and much later still that
they surrendered the notion that to be
a trader, whether merchant or manufac-
turer or dealer in money, was to be
comparatively a base person. Till with-
in the last few years all historians
thought economics rather unworthy
subjects of their pens, and the social
distinctions drawn against industry
were of the most galling character. In-
deed, they have not disappeared yet, the
contempt which was once felt for the
merchant and the banker being still en-
tertained for the distributor, though he
often combines both functions. The
great industrial is still hardly reckoned
on a par with the great agriculturist,
and the shopkeeper of any kind is still
placed far below any sort of professional.
Money, it is true, is now almost the
only source of irresponsible power, and
those who possess it begin, like the
powerful in all countries and ages, to be
highly regarded, but the grandson of a
Tottenham Court road peer would
much rather his peerage had been ac-
quired in battle or by chicanery than out
of a shop, however large. Even the cap-
tains of industry, who are like the old
barons in many respects, are not thought
of as quite their equals, and the greatest
of railway builders, say the late Mr.
Brassey, is not placed on the level of a
great agriculturist, say the late Mr.
Coke of Norfolk. The state has honored
both, but the popular sentiment, which,
and not the state, settles what Greeks
are like, condones, rather than delights
in, the action of the state. The difference
is disappearing, but it dies hard.—Lon-
don Spectator.

Much Too Liberal.

People who take all things literally
are apt to tread on other people's toes.
The man who walked in where he saw
a sign, "Walk in," and who was or-
dered out, was a liberal man, and so was
he who went into a pawnbroker's shop
and demanded 40 shillings because there
was a placard in the window that read:
"Look at this watch for 40 shillings."
"I looked at it," said he, "and now
I want my 40."

The most amusing incident we have
heard of is that of the country man who,
while sauntering along a city street,
saw a sign:
"Please ring the bell for the care-
taker."

After reflecting for a few minutes, he
walked up and gave the bell such a
pull that it nearly came out by the
rope. In a few minutes an angry faced
man opened the door.
"Are you the caretaker?" asked the
bell puller.
"Yes. What do you want?"
"I saw that notice, so I rang the bell,
and now I want to know why you can't
ring the bell yourself."—London Tit-
Bits.

THE GREAT FOUR-C REMEDY FOR LA GRIPPE.

For Sale by R. S. Armstrong & Co.



What if Not Miracles?

The great Four-C Remedy is doing work wherever introduced as nearly miraculously as it ever falls to the lot of any human agency to do (I will esteem it a favor for any one interested to write the persons whose names appear below or anyone whose name may appear among these testimonials.)

My aim is to convince the public of my sincerity and of the true merits of this remedy.

BENEFACTORS OF THE RACE.

Office of "KEMPSON TIMES,"

Kingfisher, Okla., Dec. 12, '96.

GENTLEMEN:—I believe it my duty to write you a line in regard to the beneficial effect of Phelps' "Four C Remedy," so far as I am personally concerned. A week ago last Thursday, I was taken with a severe attack of la grippe and in a short time became so hoarse I could not speak above a whisper. The night previous I had coughed nearly the entire night; just before retiring I took a teaspoonful, and slept the entire night as sweetly as ever I did in my life, not coughing once. I was entirely relieved before taking one bottle, Phelps' Cough, Cold and Croup Cure should be in every household in the land. I send you this wholly unolicited by anyone, for you are benefactors of the race in giving it the antidote for some of the worst afflictions to which it is heir.
Very Truly Yours,
G. J. NASSITT, Editor.

A MIRACLE.

Kansas City, Kansas, Dec. 24, '96.

Last Friday, Dec. 19, my attending physician stated unless I was better by morning he could do nothing for my relief. That night I commenced taking Phelps' "Four C" remedy, stopped all other medicines. The first dose stopped my cough; slept and rested well; a few more doses removed all soreness from my lungs; the second day I was up; the third day I was out on the porch and to-day was up town purchasing holiday goods.
Miss JENNIE BASSITT,
Washington Ave. and Summit St.

GROUP CURED.

One dose of Phelps' Cough, Cold and Croup Cure, gave my child instant relief when attacked with the croup.
W. E. MOORE, of Moore Bros., Grocers,
Arkansas City, Kansas.

NOTICE TO DRUGGISTS AND THE PUBLIC.

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