

Save Dollars by trading with men who advertise.

OL. IX. NO. 23.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1897.

WHOLE NUMBER 439

Wet Goods Sale.

(CONTINUED)

We still have some of the wet goods advertised last week. As we said then, the best bargains go first, but we are still offering some very good values in prints, red table damask, white and unbleached table damask and outings

We are selling 5 pieces Outings best 10c quality for 8c

30 pieces good quality outing worth 6c for 4 1/2c

We also offer the following goods, just received, very cheap.

1,000 yards, remnants of best 10c gingham, now 1/2 price, 5c

25 pieces dark printed Pongees (a fine cotton wash dress fabrics, never sold for less than 12 1/2c now half price 6 1/2c

We have also put in a lot of remnants of our own gingham that were 10c on our shelves, price in remnant, 5c

Ask to see our new black Silk Petticoat We have them that are plain, gored and ruffled, with one small ruffle, two small ruffles, and one large and one small ruffle. These are taking the place entirely of the Moreen skirts at a much lower price.

H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co.

Butterick's Patterns for August now on sale.

The Chelsea Ice Co.

Has built new ice houses this season in addition to their heretofore extensive plant. These houses are filled with the finest quality of Cavanaugh and Cedar Lake ice. They contain enough ice,

Cavanaugh and Cedar Lake,

to furnish 422 families during the ice season, allowing 25 pounds per day, which is sufficient to run a refrigerator in first-class shape.

In order to induce the people of Chelsea to use ice we have cut the price to \$3.50 per season, and will furnish nothing but Cavanaugh and Cedar Lake ice and guarantee satisfaction in quality and quantity or your \$3.50 refunded. We want to freeze on your ice trade.

STAFFAN & SON.

Consumers of Illuminating Oil

Our oil marketed in this district under brand of Water White Electric, we guarantee to be the best Illuminating Oil manufactured.

No charred wick, no smoky chimney, free from sulphurous odor.

Don't be deceived by paying a fancy price for an oil that has a flammable value and which does not give as good results as are obtained from our Water White Electric Oil. For sale by

P. Schenk & Co. W. J. Knapp
John Farrell. H. S. H. Jones - M. Cassette C.
T. Freeman. Hoag & Holms.

Ann - Arbor - Electric - Granite - Works.

Designers and Builders of

Artistic Granite and Marble Memorials.

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

JOHN BAUMGARDNER, Prop., Ann Arbor.

The Standard Cycle Path Fund.

The bicyclists of this place held a meeting at the office of F. Staffan & Son last evening and elected the following officers:

President—A. R. Welch.
Sec. and Treas.—G. P. Staffan.
Directors—A. R. Welch, Geo. Staffan, J. D. Watson, Guy Lighthall, A. E. Williams, A. M. Freer and H. H. Fenn.

Considerable talk was indulged in regarding a cycle path to Cavanaugh Lake, and subscription papers were started to secure funds with which to build the same.

The following persons have subscribed the amount opposite their names, and subscriptions are solicited from the balance of the riders in this vicinity:

A. E. Winans	2.00
Anna B. Tichenor	1.00
J. D. Watson	2.00
F. P. Glazier	5.00
Martin Conway	1.00
A. R. Welch	2.00
S. C. Stimson	1.00
Mabel Gillam	1.00
Guy Lighthall	2.00
Minnie U. Davis	1.00
Nettie E. Hoover	1.00
Claude Flagler	1.00
F. Wedemeyer	1.00
Matie V. Stimson	1.00
E. J. Cooke	1.00
H. A. Steinbach	1.00
H. H. Avery	1.00
O. Riemenschneider	1.00
K. Otto Steinbach	1.00
O. T. Hoover	1.00
G. M. Beckwith	1.00
Fred Welch	1.00
W. P. Schenk	1.00
Edith Congdon	1.00
A. E. Fletcher	1.00
C. H. Kempf	1.00
Ralph Holmes	1.00
D. H. Wurster	1.00
Chas. Miller	1.00
L. T. Freeman	1.00
E. E. Dancer	1.00
J. S. Cummings	1.00
S. A. Mapes	1.00
Nellie C. Hall	1.00
Geo. Staffan	1.00
J. Heber	1.00
V. Riemenschneider	1.00
Kathryn Hooker	1.00
Burt Turnbull	1.00
	47.00

If you do not feel able to subscribe something for this fund, the committee will gladly accept work in lieu of the same.

The directors will start out Friday and stake out the route, and work will be commenced as soon as the money is raised. One hundred and fifty dollars will be needed to complete the path. Of this amount, \$47 has already been subscribed and the balance should come in rapidly.

Don't be bashful, but send in your subscription and the amount will be credited to you in the next issue of the Standard.

Wood that Will Not Burn.

A demonstration of the fire resisting qualities of timber prepared in accordance with a process recently patented, has been given on a large scale. Two small houses, each identical in shape and dimensions, and equipped with wooden chimneys, but constructed, the one of treated timber, and the other of ordinary timber, were exposed to the flames of a large bonfire piled to the windward side of the building. The wooden house caught fire almost immediately, and collapsed in the course of half an hour, while the other stood the ordeal almost unharmed. A fire was then built inside the building, but even then the house did not burst into flames, and was merely charred in the end. The treatment consists in drying the timber in a vacuum, and then impregnating it with certain salts, the nature of which is not disclosed. The appearance of the timber is not altered, and is capable of taking as high a finish as before treatment.—Railway Gazette.

Tramps Scarce at Ann Arbor.

Tramps are becoming scarce in Ann Arbor on account of the Anti-Tramp Society organized there three years ago. Rev. J. W. Bradshaw, Dr. Charles Cooley and others interested in sociological experiments, believed that a large per cent of the tramps were voluntary, traveling because they like it, while some are actually out of work and seeking employment. So an organization was effected, most of the people of Ann Arbor agreeing not to feed any more tramps, but to refer them for relief to Fred Siple, foreman at the engine house.

Mr. Siple soon began to receive calls from tramps and gave each man a chance to saw wood and receive meal tickets or tickets for lodging in payment. This was a test to determine who were voluntary "hobos" and who are really seeking work, for none of the former class would accept Mr. Siple's proposition. The result has been that it is hard for a tramp to get food in the city unless he will work for it. Instead of being a

snap, as in former years, Ann Arbor is now looked upon by members of the profession as one of the hardest places to "work" in the country. Dr. Cooley and Mr. Siple both count the organization a success. Last year over 130 meal tickets and about 100 tickets for lodging were given out, while during the month of June this year only three tramps applied.

Dr. Cooley estimates that 90 per cent of the tramps take to the life and continue in it from choice, while the rest are driven to it by bad luck and hard times.

Of those received, almost all tried to get liquor, many have contagious diseases, and most of them, though young men, averaging less than 30 years of age, appear old from exposure and dissipation.

The Chronic Grumbler.

A western newspaper man thus pays his "respects" to the chronic grumblers who are everywhere to be found: "When I hear such people talk, I get a pain and the only way I can get rid of the pain is to tell them what I think of them. If you don't like your town, leave it. Pull out, skip, bounce. The town will be better off when you are gone but I can't say as much for you, for I verily believe there is no place on earth that would satisfy the chronic grumbler, and if he could suddenly be landed in heaven it wouldn't be ten days before he would be sitting around whittling a block of gold and finding fault with the size of the place. If you don't like the way things are being run here, hustle around and help change them. Suggest something that would be an improvement beneficial to the town and then help make it win; but the first and best improvement you can make is on your face. Keep it shut when you are filled with a desire to run down your town. If this is beyond your power, pack your worldly effects in a red bandana handkerchief, cut a hedge thorn stick, swing your bundle over your shoulder and hit the big road for somewhere else and the town will at once be improved so much that the people will feel like giving thanks. The chronic growler is a public nuisance and can well be spared by any community. He is a pimple on the fair face of any town and ought to be squeezed before he is ripe because if left to go unchecked he may grow into a large-sized boil and leave a scar when he takes his departure.

Excursion Rates.

Campmeeting at Eaton Rapids, July 21 to August 2. One fare for round trip. Sale of tickets from July 20 to August 1. Good to return not later than August 3.

Campmeeting at Haslett Park, Mich., July 29 to August 31. One and one-third fare for round trip. Sale of tickets July 29, 30 and 31, and each Tuesday Thursday and Saturday during August. Good to return not later than September 1.

Epworth League Training Assembly, Ludington, Mich., July 29 to August 16. One first class limited fare for round trip. Dates of sale, July 20 to 29. Limit to return until Aug. 17, 1897.

Camp-meeting, Island Lake, Mich., July 29 to Aug. 31. One and one-third first-class fare for round trip. Dates of sale July 27 and each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday thereafter until Aug. 31, 1897. Limit to return Sept. 4, 1897.

Putting on Airs.

A Brooklyn barber shop rejoices in the following sign, "Physiological Hairdresser, Facial Operators, Cranium Manipulators and Capillary Hair Cutting. Shaving with Ambidextrous Abridger Facility."—St. Joseph Gazette.

Tried to Be Cheerful.

The Minister's Wife—I'm afraid Mr. Skinfur does not realize that the Lord loves a cheerful giver. The Minister—Oh, I don't know. The less he gives the more cheerfully he gives it.—Brooklyn Life.

A Valuable Prescription.

Editor Morrison of Worthington, Ind. "Sun," writes: "You have a valuable prescription in Electric Bitters, and I can cheerfully recommend it for constipation and sick headache, and as a general system tonic it has no equal." Mrs. Annie Stehle, 2625 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, was all run down, could not eat nor digest food, had a backache which never left her and felt tired and weary, but six bottles of Electric Bitters restored her health and renewed her strength. Price 50c and \$1.00. Get a bottle at Glazier & Stimson's drug store.

On and after Saturday, July 10th, we will offer 7,000 lbs. best white sisal 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. R. J. & G. D. Brockwith.

HANGING A GUERRILLA.

So Accepted His Fate Without a Word or a Tear.

A shot had been fired at us as we rode along the highway in column of fours, and a trooper reeled and pitched from his saddle, shot through the heart. The shot was fired by a guerrilla hidden in a cornfield, and we got the order to throw down the fence and ride through the field. He was captured at the far end of it, just as he was about to gain the woods. He was a man 50 years old, grim and grizzly, and with eyes of defiance.

"Waal, what is it?" he quietly asked of his captors.

"Do you live about here?"
"In the cabin down thar."
"Got a family?"
"Yes."
"Want to bid 'em goodby?"
"I reckon."
"Come along."

The cabin was reached in five minutes. A gray haired woman and a girl of 15—wife and daughter—stood in the open door.

"What is it, Jim?" asked the wife as the man stood before her.

"Gwine to kill me, I reckon," he replied.

"What fur?"
"Fur killin one of them."
"Hul Goodby, Jim!"
"Goodby, daddy!" from the girl.

No handshakes, no tears, no sentiment, no pleading. Ten rods below the house was a large shade tree. Two or three halters were knotted together, the rope thrown over a limb, a noose slipped over the man's head, and next moment he was dangling clear of the ground. He had no excuses, made no plea, asked no mercy. He went to his death with the stoicism of an Indian. Wife and daughter stood in the doorway and saw all, but there were no tears, no outburst. As we were ready to ride away the woman came slowly down the spot, looked at the body for half a moment, and then turned to ask:

"Is Jim dead?"

"Yes," answered the captain.

"Hul!" And she walked slowly back to the house and entered it, and shut the door, and we rode on and left the corpse hanging.—Detroit Free Press.

THE SULTAN'S HEIR.

He Is His Eldest Brother, Who Is Rarely Seen In Public.

The sultan's heir is not his eldest son, but his eldest brother, according to the London Echo. The eldest male succeeds. Such is the law of Islam and the fruitful source of dynastic murders in almost every reign since the Turks became a power. The sultan has four brothers—not one only, as was lately alleged. This eldest brother is Rehad Effendi—that is to say, he is eldest after the ex-sultan, Murad V, who, being insane, is not counted. The third brother is Waredin, and the fourth Suliman. The sultan's eldest son, Prince Selim, has no earthly chance of succeeding his father. He has too many uncles and uncle's sons for that. But Prince Selim is lucky, if he knows it, for he is not "dangerous." He lives a life of freedom, whereas the heir is, by the custom of the Ottomans, a kind of life prisoner.

Rehad Effendi is rarely seen. Every time he drives out he is escorted by a troop, less by way of an escort than as a guard. The few who do know him like him, for he is said to be a courteous, humane, well informed man, acquainted with current politics and keenly interested in them. He is a good farmer. The pretty palace known as the Toheragan is his residence. Of course Rehad's visitors are searched before they are admitted and when they are leaving by the sultan's officials. During times of trouble in Armenia, Constantinople and Orso Rehad is more narrowly watched than ever, for the sultan and his clique know that Rehad is popular. Unlike the sultan, Rehad is one of the most handsome men in Constantinople.

An Extraordinary Migration.

One of the greatest mysteries to scientists, one for which there seems to be no reasonable explanation, is that concerning the migration of the lemming, or Norway rat. Instead of taking place once a year these migrations occur only once in every 11 years. When the time comes for the exodus, the little animals journey westward from Scandinavia, allowing nothing to stop their movements, which virtually amount to a headlong flight. They swim the lakes and rivers and climb the highest mountains in incalculable numbers, devastating the whole country through which they travel. Naturalists attribute the movement to some inherited memory of a flight to escape an expected calamity, but this seems somewhat far-fetched.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Influence.

No human being can come into the world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disk of nonexistence to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world. Everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence.—New York Ledger.

We Are Selling

This week in our Grocery Department.

19 lbs gran. sugar for \$100

Can rubbers 5c per doz.

8-lb pall family white fish for 38c,

25 lbs. brown sugar \$1.00.

Choice whole rice 5c a lb.

6 boxes axle grease for 25c

Best crackers 5c a lb.

7 cans sardines for 25c

10 lbs best oatmeal 25c.

6 doz. clothes pins for 5c.

25 boxes matches for 25c

Pure Spices and Extracts

7 bars Jaxon soap for 25c

Try our 25c N.O. molasses

Best pumpkin 7c per can

Fresh gingersnaps 5c lb.

5 boxes 8-oz tacks for 5c.

Heavy lantern globes 5c.

Pint bottles catsup for 10c.

Choice honey 12 1-2c lb.

Choice table syrup 25c gal

5 1-2 lbs Crackers for 25c

Sugar corn 5c per can

Good tomatoes 7c per can

Good sugar syrup 20c gal.

3 cakes toilet soap for 10c.

Sultana seedless raisins 8c

Drink

Cherry and Grape Phosphate

Right off the ice at the Bank Drug Store.

Remember that we carry everything that should be found in a first class drug store.

COFFEES

You can pay a great deal more money for coffee than we are asking, but you can not get any that would suit you better. Try our coffee at 15c per lb.

Fruit Jars

It pays to buy the best. We have them.

Try our pure spices and extracts:

Silverware

Highest market price for Eggs.

Glazier & Stimson.



CHAPTER I.

"Prince Charlie's" daughter! The sun shone on the day of her birth; the bells in Erecedean pealed merrily; the flag waved from Erecedean towers; every face on the Erecedean estate wore a bright, pleased expression. "Her ladyship has a little daughter," the tenants said one to another, then stopped a moment and added, "Heaven bless the mother and the child!"

"Prince Charlie" himself was in a trance of delight. He might have lived in the golden days when people cried out, "Largess—a princess is born!" He gave with both hands, royally as a king.

The clang of joy-bells filled the air; fragrance and melody greeted the birth of "Prince Charlie's" daughter—Beatrice Lennox, heiress of Erecedean. No king's heart was ever stirred with more passionate joy than this which now animated the heart of "Prince Charlie." He stood on the summit of a sloping hill, thick green grass waving at his feet, wild heather to the right and to the left of him, tall, spreading trees over his head. He looked round him with pride and delight. This noble domain of Erecedean, how fair it was! In all the length of honny Scotland no spot was half so fair—and it would all be hers one day.

"What shall I name her?" he thought. "Beatrice Lennox, the proudest, fairest, haughtiest lady of our race, won the love of a king. She might have been crowned queen, but that she loved the land of her birth better than the king who wooed her. She preferred to be Countess of St. Mar. I will call my daughter 'Beatrice'; it is a name of good omen. Perhaps it may win for her a loyal love."

He repeated the name as he descended the hill. He walked quickly through the heather, through the clover meadows, through the pleasure gardens, and along the terraces that surrounded the castle. A waiting woman met him at the door.

"Her ladyship would be so pleased to see you, colonel," she said.

The colonel went on his way singing, in a low voice, his favorite song, "The Blue Bells of Scotland." He reached her ladyship's room, and there waited until the nurse's voice bid him enter. It was a large, lofty room, superbly furnished. On the bed, with its rich hangings, lay a pale, gentle lady, with a sweet, patient face—sweet, yet sad, as of one who suffered in silence. She held proudly in her arms a little child. She raised her eyes as the colonel entered.

"Charlie, come and look at her," she said. "I have never seen such a face. Look at her!"

"There is some character in baby's face," remarked the colonel. "Look at the sweet little lips—how firmly they are closed! See how delicately arched the brows are. The eyes are dark. There is an old border song of a dark-eyed Lennox with a heart of fire."

Lady Lennox looked up at her husband. "Charlie," she began half reluctantly, "do you know why I sent for you? I thought that on this day that our little child has been given to us you would not refuse my petition."

"That I will not," he replied. "Like the king in your favorite history, I would give you the half of my kingdom."

"She laid her hand on his thick, clustering curls."

"My dear Charlie, I have never doubted your willingness to give. I doubt, though, whether you have much to give. I know it is almost useless to talk to you; but Charlie, now that we have the little one, will you not try to alter? I want you to promise to be more economical. Do not give away so much—do not bet on those terrible horses—do not trust so implicitly in a blind fate; if you do, ruin will follow. Generosity is a duty, but not such lavish generosity as yours. For my sake, for the little one's sake, begin now to act differently."

He bent down and kissed the rosy-bud face.

"I will, Ailsa. You know I mean to do right always—I have no thought of doing wrong. Dame Nature is to blame, who gave me the open hands of a king without the revenues to fill them. I like bright faces, and, if a gift of mine clears a sad face, I am well pleased."

"Say these words after me—'For your sake, my little Beatrice, I promise to be more careful—to give less, to save more, to renounce betting, and devote my time to home.'"

He repeated the words, and then kissed his wife's hands and the baby's face.

"Ailsa, I hope your daughter will be like yourself."

The baby was christened soon afterward. A duchess was its godmother. The whole domain of Erecedean seemed to be illuminated. The only one troubled with foreboding, the only one who wept when others smiled, and sighed when others smiled, who foresaw sorrow, was the wife of "Prince Charlie," the mother of the little heiress, Lady Lennox.

CHAPTER II.

The sun shone upon few braver, brighter, happier men than Col. Charles Lennox. He was one of the handsomest officers in her majesty's army—a man of lofty stature and powerful build, with a graceful, easy, dignified carriage; his features were bold, frank and proud; there was joined in him the dash of the soldier with the grace of the cavalier. He was just twenty when he succeeded to the vast fortune left him by his father.

His father, Keith Lennox of Erecedean, had two sons—Charles, the colonel, who succeeded him, and Peter, the younger son, who was a graceless, no-er-do-well—he had neither manners, morals nor style. Keith Lennox was accustomed to say, "There was no great love between the

brothers, although Charlie had a contemptuous kind of pity for the ungainly boy who was so invariably awkward and clumsy."

Peter solved for himself the difficult problem of his existence. He ran away from home, leaving a letter addressed to his father, in which he stated that it was his intention to make a fortune at the gold diggings; he was going to sail in the Ormolia, he said. The father's first feeling on reading the letter was one of unmitigated relief. But a few weeks afterward, when he read the story of the wreck of the Ormolia with the loss of all on board, he mourned for his son. There was an end to Peter; he could never annoy, disgrace, nor irritate them again.

Charles Lennox succeeded to the whole of the Erecedean estate. There had been ample provision made for Peter, that now became his brother's. At twenty-one Charles Lennox was one of the handsomest and wealthiest men in Scotland. He served in one campaign against the Sikhs in India. It was there that his fair face became bronzed—there that he won his brilliant reputation for fearless courage. Col. Lennox was comparatively a young man when the necessity of looking after his estate compelled him to leave the army. He divided his time between London and Erecedean, and married, after a short courtship, the pretty, portionless orphan daughter of a Scotch peer—the Lady Ailsa Graeme—who simply idolized him. They were married ten years before the birth of their little daughter, Beatrice Lennox.

There were few men so courted or so popular as the colonel; he was chiefly known by the name of "Prince Charlie." It was difficult not to idolize him, since he had ways and fashions more royal even than those of a king. He was kind and warm of heart, impetuous, indiscreet; he was possessed of little caution or judgment, but he had an immense faith in everything and every one—an immense sympathy for all whom he came in contact with. How many destitute children he placed in schools, how many desolate widows he established in business; how many young simpletons he rescued from folly, could never be told.

In vain did Lady Lennox remonstrate. "My dear wife," he would answer in his genial, happy fashion, "I have so much money that I can never spend it all." He lent, he gave, he lost, until the day came that his banker, with a grave face, told him that his account was so far overdrawn that some arrangement must be made.

The gay, handsome colonel was electrified. At first he declared that the firm was bad; and then he grew indignant. An interview with his solicitors brought him to his senses, and he saw that there was no resource save to mortgage Erecedean.

"Prince Charlie" lost more and more. The London house was given up, a farm was sold, the mortgage was increased. Lady Lennox started her husband one day by telling him that if he should die unexpectedly he had not a shilling to leave her.

Still the fright was not much of a check on him; the mortgage was increased. So it happened that when Beatrice was born there was no heritage left for her. He never realized it. To himself he was always Col. Lennox of Erecedean, lord of one of the fairest estates in Scotland. What did it matter to him that it was mortgaged to its full value, and that at any time, if the mortgage money was called in, he would be a ruined man? He was not of a nature to remember such things; he had a happy faculty of thrusting all dark thoughts from his mind.

He had promised to amend now that his little heiress was born; but it was too late to do so; he should have reformed years before. He had nothing now to keep. He struggled on until Beatrice reached her fourth year. She had all a child's passionate adoration for the handsome, generous father who kissed her and loaded her with toys. She loved him, with an affection passing the love of children for their parents, until her fourth year, and then a terrible accident happened.

One sunny morning in August the colonel kissed his wife and child for the last time. Some one had begged him to try a new horse which it was feared was vicious; with his usual good nature he had consented. When Lady Lennox, looking into his handsome face, asked him whether he was going, he answered laughingly and evasively. Had they known the truth, neither wife nor child would have parted with him.

"You will come home to dinner, Charlie?" said Lady Lennox. "Do not ride too quickly or too far; the day is warm."

The colonel laughed.

"Fancy such advice as that to a man who has ridden forty miles in the heat of an Indian sun!" he cried. "I will be back for dinner, Ailsa—indeed, if you feel dull or lonely, I will not go at all."

Four hours afterward they carried him home to Erecedean—dead!

CHAPTER III.

Beatrice Lennox, child as she was at that time, remembered the untold horror of the day on which her father was brought home dead. She remembered the slanting sunshine as it fell upon the grass, the silent hours while her father was away and her mother, Lady Lennox, lay reading on the couch. How suddenly the calmness and the sweet sunshine seemed to terminate as over the greensward came the tramp of men! She remembered the terrible cry of her mother when she heard that the men had to say—"The colonel is dead"; and the little lisping child, hardly knowing the meaning of the words, repeated them—"The colonel is dead."

Then came a long interval. She had a dim remembrance of dark-browed men raging and storming in Erecedean Castle, of looking at a tall, angry man, who stood in the picture gallery, raving against her dead father—called him "prodigal" and "spendthrift"—of a servant trying to quiet him, saying:

"Hush! the child is listening."

"The child had better be dead than a beggar," he answered.

"There is my lady coming," said the servant.

"And my lady had better be dead, too," declared the man savagely.

She remembered a hundred similar scenes—how her mother came to her one morning dressed in deep mourning, her pale face looking quite colorless and contrasting with her black robes.

"Beatrice," she said, "come with me, child, and say good-by to your home. You are a little child, but you are old enough to remember what I am going to say to you. Look at that beautiful castle; it should be yours. You were born heiress of Erecedean, yet you have not a penny in the world. Beatrice, only heaven knows what lies before us—what is to be our fate; but promise me always to remember that this is your home, always to remember that you were born a lady."

"I am a lady," said the child, proudly, "not a beggar as that man called me, but a lady."

"Promise me, too, my darling, that, if in the years to come you should be fortunate or prosperous, you will, if you can, buy back the old home of the Lennoxes."

"I will, mamma," said the child.

"Remember another thing, my darling. They used to call you 'Prince Charlie's' daughter in the days when feasting and revelry wasted your father's substance, when men flattered him and borrowed from him and led him to ruin."

"Poor papa!" said the child, with fast-dropping tears.

"Dear, noble, generous papa!" cried Lady Lennox. "Oh, my little daughter, he has left me almost penniless; yet, I declare to you that I would rather be his widow, left poor and obscure, than the widow of a king. But you do not understand me."

"Yes, I do, mamma. I understand you loved papa. So did I."

Then came a journey over the hills. Beatrice asked her mother whether they were going. Lady Lennox said:

"You have never heard of the place, child; we are going to the old Grange at Strathnam, an old house left to me years ago, and an income of a hundred a year with it. I smiled at the time I heard of the legacy; now I thank heaven for it."

Strathnam was reached at last. The Grange was a large, rambling building, pleasantly situated. The house stood on the summit of a richly wooded hill, and a beautiful lake, called Loch Narn, lay at its feet. No scenery could have been richer or more picturesque; no landscape more lovely. The Grange itself was a dreary habitation. In that great lonely house there were no carpets, no pictures—nothing but old oaken furniture quite out of date, long, dark passages, and gloomy rooms.

There was one servant, Margaret by name, a staid, warm-hearted Scotchwoman, who had long been accustomed to the Grange. She had lived there alone since her late mistress' death, looking after the gloomy house as well as she could. She gazed pitifully at the beautiful child with the bright face.

"It will be a queerest place for her to grow up in, my lady," she said; "we never see the sight of a human face here from one year to another. Perhaps it will be only for a time that you will stay here?"

"It will be for life," replied Lady Lennox sadly; "for life; but if heaven is good to us, that life will not last long."

And Lady Lennox found it even worse than she had expected and feared. Just at first there was a glimmer of hope that something would happen—some source of relief would be found; that glimmer of hope died, and the full sense of desolation came home to her at last. The only thing that saved her from despair was her little daughter; to teach her, to brighten the little life, to make herself a child for the child's sake, was the only thing that kept her from the very madness of despair.

As the mournful years passed without change, without event, she busied herself thus, only waking at intervals to the consciousness that her daughter was rapidly becoming a beautiful girl, while she herself seemed to grow more helpless and feeble every day.

(To be continued.)

A Morbid Conscience.

It is well, in seeking to imitate the apostle's "exercises" to have always "a conscience void of offense," to remember that the phrase was followed by two clauses: "toward God and toward men." Augustus Hare, while a student at Oxford, met an undergraduate whose morbid conscience made him an oddity, amused his friends, and offended strangers. In the "Story of My Life," Mr. Hare describes the man, called R., as follows:

His arms and legs straggle away from his body, and he holds his hands up like a kangaroo. One day a man said to him, "How do you do, R.?" and he answered, "Quite well, thank you." The next day the man was astonished at receiving from R. the following note:

"Dear Sir: I am sorry to tell you that I have been acting a deceptive part. When I told you yesterday that I was quite well, I had really a headache; this has been upon my conscience ever since."

The note amused the man, whose name was Burton, and he showed it to a friend, who, knowing R.'s weakness, said to him:

"Oh, R., how could you act so wrongly as to call Mr. Burton 'dear sir,' thereby giving him the impression that you liked him, when you know that you dislike him extremely?"

R. was sadly distressed, and a few days later Mr. Burton received the following:

"Burton, I am sorry to trouble you again, but I have been shown that, under the mask of friendship, I have been for the second time deceiving you; by calling you dear sir, I may have led you to suppose I liked you, which I never did, and never can do. I am, Burton, yours, etc."

The first mention of the pipe organ in history is in connection with Solomon's Temple, where there was an organ with ten pipes.

PEACE NOW IN SIGHT.

STRIKE OF COAL MINERS MAY SOON END.

Agreement Between Men and Operators Is Near—Basis of Settlement in Famous "Uniformity" Agreement—Report on the Competitor Prisoners.

Strike May Be Fettered.

The end of the great strike of coal miners seems in sight. W. P. De Armit, president of the New York and Cleveland Gas-Cong. Company, which concern has been freely blamed by rival operators as responsible for all the mining troubles of the last three years, has come to terms with the arbitration commission. Concessions have been made both by him and unofficially by other operators. His famous "uniformity" agreement has been endorsed by representatives of the strikers, and in turn he has receded from his position demanding the signatures of 95 per cent of the operators in order to make it effective.

This agreement was approved at the conference in Pittsburg by President Patrick Dolan and Secretary William Warner of the United Mine Workers of the Pittsburg district. They promised to solicit the interest of the miners in the plan and to use every influence to secure the required number of signatures. A clause will be inserted in the agreement binding the contracting parties to enforce it in case it is found to be impossible to secure the indorsement of 95 per cent of the operators.

President M. D. Ratchford of the United Mine Workers was called to Pittsburg from Columbus to confer with the local officers, and it is freely predicted that the result will be a general return to work in the near future.

Under the terms of the agreement Mr. De Armit consents to sign a contract which will bring about a condition of true uniformity in the Pittsburg district, according to the plan formulated, but which failed eighteen months ago. The contract provides that there shall be no company stores, honest weight, fair screens and the removal of other evils long complained of by the miners.

The agreement moreover provides for an assessment of one-tenth of a cent on every ton of coal produced by the operators. This money will create a fund to be used for the purpose of protecting the operators inside the deal against those on



ROAST DOG FESTIVAL AT THE BIG PEACE POW-WOW.

the outside. The miners in turn will adopt suitable measures to protect themselves and their employers from the same source of danger.

No Fear of a Shortage.

A Pittsburg dispatch says: The fear of a coal shortage, which caused a scramble for the black diamonds and a heavy advance in prices, is over, and unless the miners' strike continues for many months a famine is not now expected. There is at present an abundance of coal in the market and thousands of bushels seem to be available. Operators are in daily receipt of letters from the mines east and north of Pittsburg offering them large quantities of coal at from 75 cents to \$1.25 at the mines on freight rates varying from 33 to 50 cents. While the visible supply on the Monongahela between here and Brownsville does not exceed 7,000,000 bushels, the operators say calls can be made on the Clearfork district, where coal can be obtained without difficulty and at rates as reasonable as could be expected. The present quotations for coal run from the mine are from \$1.25 to \$1.50.

BLOW IS DEALT SPAIN.

Trenchant Report on the Competitor Prisoners' Case.

Another blow was struck at Spain Wednesday. It is in the form of a report from the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and it virtually asks the President to interfere in the case of the Competitor prisoners.

Senator Davis, chairman of the committee, reported the following joint resolution: "That the President be empowered to take such measures as in his judgment may be necessary to obtain the release from the Spanish Government of Ona Melton, Alfred O. Latorre and William Gilden, and the restoration of the schooner Competitor to her owner, and to secure this he is authorized and requested to employ such means or exercise such powers as may be necessary."

The report recites all the facts that have been brought out in the Competitor case, her ownership, capture and the citizenship of the three men named in the resolution, together with the proceedings thus far had by the Spanish authorities, the trial, sentence, etc.

The report characterizes it a "mockery of a trial." The affidavits of the parties are cited to show that they were coerced into Spanish waters, in which case they were not amenable to Spanish jurisdiction. They were not subject to piracy and intended no act of depredation on the seas, nor were they subject to the Spanish authorities on account of alleged rebellion.

The report then says: "Irrespective of any of the foregoing considerations, the conduct of Spain as hereinbefore detailed, constitutes a flagrant and denial of justice upon these men as to make it the duty of this Government to demand their release therefor irrespective of any act which these prisoners may have committed up to the date of their capture. Among

the acts of reparation which ought to be demanded should be the release of these captives." Secretary Everts is quoted to sustain this position.

GREAT PEACE POW-WOW.

Sioux and Chippewa Indians Bury the Bloody Hatchet.

Sioux Indians marched from their Dakota reservations to White Birch, Wis., where a two weeks' peace powwow was held with their old enemies, the Chippewas.

For hundreds of years the Sioux and Chippewas have been implacable foes, making war upon one another at every opportunity, and conducting reprisals with a brutal savagery that would shame even an Apache. Death by torture of the most horrible kind was the certain fate of captives, and knowledge of this caused their long warfare to be marked with demoralizing fury. The original home of the Chippewas was in the lake country now divided into the States of Wisconsin and Michigan. Here the western branch of the famous Algonquin family lived in force, noted for bravery and military skill of a high order. On the west, where now is Minnesota and the Dakotas, was the home of the powerful Sioux nation. Bloody raids were of frequent occurrence, until finally, after long and disastrous warfare, the Chippewas gathered in force and drove their enemies into the Minnesota country, from which they were removed to the Dakota reservations by Federal troops in 1863. Time and changed conditions have narrowed the redmen's passions.

The Chippewas have settled down to peaceful pursuits in northern Wisconsin and Minnesota, where many of them have farms, while the Sioux are held in control on reservations far beyond the Mississippi. Being unable to come together in conflict as of old, owing to the supremacy of the whites, these Indians now want peace. It is years since they met in actual warfare, and the head men have come to the conclusion that, as further fighting is impossible, a formal treaty of amity might as well be ratified. This is the excuse for the peace powwow held at White Birch.

Two hundred Sioux have made their way across Minnesota and Dakota to the rendezvous at White Birch, traveling on ponies and encamping out in aboriginal style. These met in little bands at Blumreuk, N. D., and there consolidated into one body under the leadership of Chief Red Face. In this party are a number of notable characters, including Sitting Bull's daughter and Chief Black Bear of Custer massacre fame.

First in the ceremonial part of the pow-

wow came the formal burial of the tomahawk in token of the end of the war and strife. All the Indians were seated in a circle around an open grave, and while the musicians made discordant noise with their tom-toms the singers chanted a peace song. This over, two young bucks marched about the circle bearing with them a large hatchet made of wood. Behind them the braves of the two nations fell in line and indulged in howls and gestures supposed to indicate their great pleasure at being man signalled for quiet and the tomahawk was solemnly lowered into the grave and covered with earth. The moment the last spadeful of earth was put in place bucks and squaws jumped up and began the peace dance, which was kept intermission. Day and night the dance was kept up, big fires being built as soon as darkness fell, and the weird effect of the half-naked, painted Indians circling about in the flickering lights was one never to be forgotten.

IN A TEMPORARY DEADLOCK.

Tariff Bill Conference Are a Long Way from an Agreement.

The conferees on the tariff bill found their part Wednesday apparently turning apart than they were at the beginning of the conference. There was no more than one member stated that the agreement was such that the settlement was a Washington correspondent says that from all that can be learned there has been a general recession from the partial articles until sugar, wool, hides, etc., can be definitely fixed. Sugar is still the principal. The best reports represent the House conferees, with Speaker Reed behind them, as holding out for the House sugar schedule without any change terminated not to yield to this extent. The House conferees insist that this schedule must be definitely fixed before other questions shall be taken up.

One of the other questions of secondary importance upon which sharp differences have arisen is the Senate amendment for a stamp tax on stocks and bonds. The House opposed the amendment, but the House is not wedded to it, insist upon it as necessary for revenue. The House is also resisting strenuously the 20 per cent duty placed upon hides, and is at for a restoration of gunny bags, cotton ties, etc., to the dutiable list.

A Senator who talked with some of the conferees said: "They are in a temporary deadlock and are tied up all along the line. It looks as if the situation might remain unchanged for a week."

While this appears to be a correct impression is that a settlement of one or two important schedules would be speedily followed by a complete adjustment of all other differences.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THOUGHTS WORTHY OF CAL REFLECTION.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson, and Where It May Be Found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

Lesson for July 25.

Golden Text.—"God is a spirit; and those who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."—John 4: 24.

This lesson is found in Acts 17: 18-20, and has for its subject Paul Preaching at Athens. Followed to Borea by Jews from Thessalonica, bent on leaving up his work, Paul determined to go on to Athens. He left Silas and Timothy at Borea and set off in haste, traveling the sea coast and there taking ship for Athens. Alone in the heathen metropolis, surrounded by evidences of luxurious and careless ease, as well as by vice, which Athens was not so famous for, he was as Corinth—the apostle's heart never failed him. Instead, it flamed up in righteous indignation, mingled with pity which he beheld the numberless statues and shrines of gods. For some days he worked quietly, preaching to the Jews in their synagogues, and talking to the groups of curious Greeks in the public square or agora ("market place"), just as the Greek philosophers and teachers were accustomed to do. The picture presented in Acts 17: 18-20 is a thorough Athenian. Philosophical discussions, new theories was a favorite out-door occupation of the leisure classes, who gathered under the shaded portico, and talked gossip or metaphysics or logic, just as the mood happened. We cannot decide just how Paul would present Christianity to such a people. Certainly he did not adapt himself to them so far as softening any of the stern requirements of righteousness. Used as they were to religions and new gods, the preaching of "Jesus" and "Resurrection" was a decided novelty, and awakened their curiosity. Desiring to hear more fully of the matter, they conducted Paul to the hall of the Aeropagus, known as the Areopagus, or "Mars' Hill." Here it was that the supreme court of ancient Athens held its sessions. "Even in the political history of Athens, this spot and this court were regarded by the people with superstitious reverence. No place in Athens was so suitable for a discourse upon the mysteries of religion. We are not, however, to regard Paul's discourse on the Aeropagus as a formal defense, in a trial before the court. Nor is there anything in the speech itself of a really apologetic character."

Explanatory.

Paul's address was not, then, a defense of himself or of his faith. It was an exposition of the latter, in such form as to be grasped by the hearers. He had already roused their curiosity; he desired now to win their favor, and if possible, their assent. It is plain that he had merely reached the end of his introduction when he was interrupted. We have therefore only the merest fragment of what he intended to say. This must be remembered by those who are inclined to claim Paul's words on this occasion as supporting pantheism or monism or some other "ism." He was just beginning to be specific when the people objected. That is often the case now. The consummate tact of Paul is nowhere more evident than in these brief introductory sentences. He does not attack the gods of the Athenians and thus alienate them at once; nor mock their credulity in believing in so many divinities. Instead, he courteously acknowledged that they were very careful in religious observances—for that, and not "too superstitious" is the meaning of his phrases. At once he pleased them, without having recourse to flattery, and led the way adroitly to his message.

A new era has come, says the preacher; the light of the world has shined in the darkness, revealing the sinfulness of idolatry and all other human transgressions more sharply than under the old dispensation. God had not "winked at" or "overlooked" the sins of men in the sense of ignoring them, but rather graciously withholding punishment.

Teaching Hints.

Paul was a gentleman. He refrained from needlessly offending his hearers not merely from policy, but from instinctive courtesy. This is not apparent in the authorized version, by which he is made to call the Athenians "too superstitious," but it is true, nevertheless. Many Christian workers might profit from his example in this respect. Earnestness does not excuse boorishness. There may be times when it is justifiable to speak to a person at a time or in a manner when such action would be ordinarily called rude; but this cannot be the rule. Jesus was always courteous, in the highest sense of the word, though when he had to denounce, he denounced.

Paul's religion had many sides to it. He could introduce a sermon by an elegant and beautiful philosophical prelude, quoting poetry, when that seemed desirable. He could also speak as directly and forcibly as Luman speech permits. His faith was a part of his life, and partook of the variety of his character.

The class of hearers to whom he spoke in Athens is strikingly paralleled today by a class of people who dabble in all the new fads in religion and philosophy, thinking themselves both learned and liberal; who will listen to a preacher until he begins to be personal, and then begins either to mock or to make excuses for a sudden departure. Human nature is not so very different from what it used to be. But it is to be remembered that even among such, certain men cleave unto the truth, a few prominent Dionysuses and Damaris, "and others with them." Rev. A. G. Brown of London recently preached a sermon in Chicago on those latter words. The unnamed disciples are the salt of the earth. They form the hope of the Christian church and the promise of its permanence.

Next Lesson—"Paul's Ministry to Corinth."—Acts 18: 1-11.

The Art of Living.

The secret of the art of living is to eliminate the ugly, to preserve the beautiful, to cultivate the agreeable, to eliminate the unnecessary burden, to preserve strength, and to secure leisure. The test of wisdom is to make the inevitable minute to the whole life by the spirit in which it is accepted. The heaviest burden may be the foundation of success if put under the feet, but it will render us helpless if carried in our hands before us, the lodestone for the eyes of the spirit.

Local Brevities

Mrs. Leach is building a new house on Railroad street.

Chelsea is promised a new grocery store in the near future.

Frank Judson is driving a new horse which has considerable speed.

Perry Barber, who has been suffering greatly with erysipelas, has recovered and is on the street again.

John Conaty is having a new porch built around his house on South Main street.

A large number of our German residents attended a picnic at Pleasant lake Sunday.

The M. C. R. R. company have placed a new steel bridge over the stream west of the village.

The Beaux Arts were pleasantly entertained at the home of Miss Nellie Lowry Tuesday evening.

A large number of our citizens took advantage of the Blue Ribbon Races excursion and visited Detroit today.

The union services Sunday evening will be held at the Baptist church, Rev. J. I. Nickerson occupying the pulpit.

Pears are now so cheap that it is difficult for the grocers to get enough to supply the demand, the growers refusing to pick them at the low prices paid.

A novel shirt stud is being worn by one of our youths, which consists of a live pitch-bug, fastened with a bit of black thread to his shirt front.

Until recently, Cavanaugh Lake has not had as many campers this year as usual, perhaps on account of the extremely hot weather. Now, however, nearly every cottage is full, as they are also at North Lake.

At the union services held in the Congregational church Sunday evening, a novel feature was introduced in the way of a dozen very small boys who occupied the front row of seats in the choir and aided in the singing.

The bicycle path between Chelsea and Cavanaugh Lake is now an assured fact and work is to be immediately commenced upon it. If any bicycle riders have been overlooked, they may leave their contribution with Geo. Staffan.

Mr. E. D. Lane intends to remove his family to Fultonham, Ohio, next week. Mr. Lane has been spending several months at that place, taking charge of a mill, and likes it well enough to make it his permanent home. We are sorry to lose them from our midst.

Residents along South Main street complain of the fast driving of several country would-be sports past their homes Sunday evening between eleven and twelve. One of these men ran into Wm. Long's buggy last Saturday night and completely demolished it.

There is a strong feeling among the people who do not own dogs, that the village council ought to take measures to have the dogs of their neighbors muzzled these hot days. Evidently a muzzled dog scare such as Ann Arbor recently experienced, is necessary before people will awaken to the wisdom of caution in this matter.

While one of the Standard reporters was on the war path for news this week, a reputable citizen was accosted and addressed with the oft repeated query, "Have you any news for us?" Gravely and in perfect good faith the answer came, after a short puzzled silence: "Why—yes—we have just had a new hitching post put in." Verily the life of the editor has its trials.

Mrs. McKinley, wife of President McKinley, is stopping at the sanitarium in Battle Creek. She was brought there quietly about two weeks ago, to avoid publicity, and has since been enjoying a quiet rest and avoiding curious people. She is taking treatment and is improving rapidly. It is expected that President McKinley will stop there to see his wife on his return home from the unveiling of the Logan statue in Chicago this week.

A very small type of young America who lives on Jefferson street is having a very interesting time this summer investigating bumble bees. His early learned their power to sting and has kept the neighborhood lively ever since this discovery, for he has not yet learned that he cannot pick them up with safety. His small red tipped fingers have been puffed up wonderfully most of the time, but he quite capped the climax one day this week when he came home howling and limping painfully on one foot, as he tried vainly to carry the other. In his anger at the whole bumble bee family he had attempted to exterminate one by stepping on it, with the result that he found that even then it could bite. He is rather carefully avoiding bees now-a-days.

The W. R. U. will hold their regular meeting Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

A special meeting of the Olive Chapter O. E. S. will be held Wednesday, evening July 28th, for initiation.

Mrs. J. P. Wood entertained Mrs. Theo. Swarthout's Sunday-school class at her cottage at Cavanaugh Lake Wednesday.

Some of our merchants complain that trade is aggregatingly dull, and that it scarcely pays to keep open their places of business these days.

Chelsea youth have been finding great sport and some entertainment they claim in the Indian Medicine Shows which have been holding forth at Lima Centre.

The interior of the M. E. Church is re-splendent with a new coat of paint, new paper on the League room, and carpeting on the stairs leading to the auditorium.

The recent showers fulfilled the prophecies of the strawberry growers and the result was a second small crop. It certainly has been a most unusual year for this favorite fruit, and it has held its own long in the market.

If you don't want to torture your horse, let out that overcheck a few holes; or what would do better, take it off and throw it away. How could a bicyclist make progress with an overcheck on? It is precisely as disadvantageous to a horse.—Grass Lake News.

North Lake has become quite popular again this year. Some of our friends are out there already and several more expect to go there through the summer. Mrs. Nancrede and family go out at the end of this week to spend some time in the cool of Mrs. Glenn's beautiful grove.—Ann Arbor Courier.

A very generous hearted lady resides at Bloomingdale. She lost her gold watch and chain at a picnic recently. It was found by a little boy and she wanted to reward him, so her sister loaned her a quarter, but feeling that was too much, she gave him the large sum of five cents after getting the quarter changed.

An eclipse of the sun, the last one for this year, is scheduled to occur July 29. It is an annual eclipse, and will be visible in the United States. It begins at 6:50 in the morning and ends at 10 o'clock in the evening. According to reports it will be followed by atmospheric disturbances and accompanied by severe rains and thunderstorms.

Old soldiers throughout the country are warned to be on the lookout for a smooth tongued swindler who represents himself to be the agent for a soldier's paper published in Toledo. He approaches old veterans of the late war, and in order to get them to subscribe, he offers them as a premium a set of silver spoons or a pair of spectacles. There is no such paper published and the old veterans should be on their guard against this rank fraud.

A big snarling shepard dog caused considerable excitement on Main street early Monday morning by growling and biting at all the smaller canines that came in his way. Every man who owned a dog began to be interested and soon quite a crowd was assembled from the stores and offices, each one intent on throwing as large a stone as possible after the offending animal, who took the hint and set out on a mad race up Park street. Then each citizen gravely and carefully examined his own dog to see if he was injured. Nothing of a serious nature was developed by this investigation, and after a little loud talk, the excitement died down and Chelsea was again at peace.

All the small boys of the county will be saving their pennies and nickles from now on, and the rustic swains have an encouraging prospect before them to make the long days of harvesting less tedious, for Barnum and Bailey's advance agents are sending out bill posters through all the country round to announce their advent in Ann Arbor August 17. Even though nearly three thousand of Ann Arbor's population is gone during the summer months and the city accordingly lies sleeping, yet the whole country will make its way to her gates on this occasion to see "the greatest show on earth," and the residents will almost believe October first has dawned and brought in the usual flock of fresh-men.

An entirely new drain law was passed by the last legislature and took effect June 2, 1897. One of the principal features of the new law is, that it does away with township drain commissioners and puts the drainage system all under the jurisdiction of the county drain commissioner. Some of the township commissioners seem to have overlooked this part of the law, as they are still at work laying out drains. Of course all their work which is done after the 2nd of last June will be illegal. They should not make any more expense, but turn over all records and proceedings at once to the county commissioner, as the tax-payers cannot afford to pay more taxes in these times than is absolutely necessary. Township drain commissioners, please take notice and inform yourselves in regard to the latest drain law.—Ex.

Personal Mention

Mrs. Richards of S. Main Street is very ill.

Henry Speer spent Tuesday at Ann Arbor.

F. P. Glazier spent Tuesday last in Detroit.

Miss Annie Bacon is a Detroit visitor to-day.

C. H. Kempf was an Ann Arbor visitor Tuesday.

Mrs. Perry Haner is visiting her son in Detroit.

Mrs. Ed. Hammond is visiting friends in Jackson.

Mrs. Sam Guerin is spending this week in Ypsilanti.

Fred Roedel has been in Detroit part of this week.

Mrs. J. Staffan is spending this week in Cleveland.

Mrs. G. A. BeGole is spending a few days in Detroit.

Mrs. D. McLaren spent the first of the week at Dexter.

Miss Carrie Bird of Detroit is the guest of relatives here.

Julius Klein has been spending the past week at Dexter.

Dr. J. C. Buell of River Junction spent Wednesday at this place.

Mrs. John Beasley of Detroit spent a few days last week in town.

Miss Maggie Miller spent Sunday last with friends in Cleveland.

Misses Sattie and Lulu Speer are visiting friends in Jackson and Somerset.

Mrs. L. Babcock is spending this week in Ypsilanti, the guest of friends there.

Miss Freddie Gillett of Ann Arbor is the guest of Miss Jennie Woods at the lake.

Master Clare Congdon of Dexter is spending some time with friends in town.

Miss Lena Miller, who has been visiting Detroit friends, has returned home.

Rev. J. H. Girdwood went to Owosso Monday, after spending several weeks here.

Mrs. D. H. Wurster and daughter are spending the day with friends at Grass Lake.

Henry Schweikerath has returned to Cleveland after visiting relatives at this place.

Mrs. Ira Glover and children of Manchester are visiting friends in this vicinity.

W. W. Watkins and A. L. Wilson of Leoni were guests of R. J. Beckwith Sunday.

A. F. Watkins and Miss Ida Watkins of Jackson are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Gilbert.

Miss Frances Wallace has gone to Jackson where she expects to remain some time.

John Hollywood returned to Jackson Tuesday after spending a week with friends here.

Mrs. N. G. Curtis returned to her home here Thursday after spending several weeks in Detroit.

Mrs. Edgar Sexton of Kansas City, Mo., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Wurster Sunday.

Miss Ida Fennell is spending this week in Ann Arbor where she was called by the illness of her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Blach are absent this week, attending the B. Y. P. U. convention at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Rev. J. I. Nickerson and family were entertained by Mrs. G. W. Palmer at her summer home at Cavanaugh Lake Wednesday.

Frank C. Taylor, Mr. Hamilton and Misses Giddings and Bartlett of Jackson were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Taylor last Sunday.

A. M. Freer spent Saturday at Clinton.

Jan. Speer spent Sunday in Battle Creek.

Warren Boyd was a Grass Lake visitor Sunday.

Miss Edna Grenney of Grass Lake is visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Parker spent last week in Stockbridge.

Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Hoover spent Sunday with relatives in Detroit.

Henry Stinson and LeRoy Hill are spending some time in Jackson.

Mrs. L. E. Ives and Miss Mabel Ives of Stockbridge spent Saturday in town.

Miss Eloise Goodall of Detroit is spending some time with Miss Effa Armstrong.

Mrs. R. J. Beckwith is spending this week with Sharon and Napoleon friends.

Mrs. O. B. Taylor of Detroit is spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. James Taylor.

"Tell your readers," said a gentleman to the writer today, "that there is a simple and inexpensive way to keep milk sweet without having an ice box to keep it in." "How?" "Simply by taking as much powdered borax as you can between your thumb and finger, throwing it into your pan of milk, and taking a spoon and stirring it in. We have kept a pan of milk sweet five days in our cellar in that way, and I will warrant it for two days up stairs, even in this hot weather." The receipt is inexpensive, and if you doubt it there will be no harm in giving it a trial. Our informant says that it never fails at his home, and he would not be without the knowledge of the little fact for a great deal.—Ex.

The first load of wheat since balance shipments was here this week. It was old wheat and brought 70c. Some new wheat will be threshed this week near here and it will be of good quality, and it will start out at about 65c. The new crop will be secured this week and is better than last year's crop, both as to quantity and quality. The rye is generally secured and will be much better than last year in quality but much short in quantity. The growing oats and corn now promise to be good average crops. Potatoes will be a short crop. The early ones are small and scarce and bring 80c per bushel. Huckleberries come in freely now and bring 4c per quart. The crop is reported good. Raspberries are still coming and bring 5c, cherries bring \$1.00 per bushel, butter, 9c, eggs 7c, oats 19c.

Cigarmakers' Union No. 366 has elected the following officers for the ensuing six months: President—Louis Burg. Vice-President—J. S. Hoefler. Fin. and Cor. Sec.—C. L. Staffan. Treas.—F. B. Schussler. Rec. Sec.—J. A. Eisenman. Trustees—G. Welck, J. S. Hoefler and L. Burg. Fin. Com.—J. A. Eisenman, L. Eisenman and L. Burg. Sergeant-at-arms—L. Eisenman.

Notice. To the Patrons of the Chelsea Water Works Company: We are now prepared to obtain for our patrons, fire insurance in thoroughly reliable companies on dwellings, barns and contents, at a little less than half the ruling rates in Chelsea for the past five years. Chelsea is now listed as one of the very best protected towns, by water works, as far as extended, in Michigan. Your: for health, comfort and protection, Chelsea Water Works Company.

Wonderful are the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla and yet it is only because as the one true blood purifier, it makes pure, rich, healthy, life-giving blood. Hood's Pills for the liver and bowels, act easily, yet promptly. 25c.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas! They may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1,000 prize offer and new list of one thousand inventions wanted.

Your Picnic Lunch and Hot Weather Eatables.

Will please your palate, satisfy your appetite and give you general all round satisfaction if you are one of our customers. If you will bring us your orders this fact will be pleasingly and plainly demonstrated to you; if you have brought your orders to us in the past, you have experienced the satisfaction of getting the Best for the Least Money.

Table listing various food items and prices: MEATS (Sliced ham 20c per lb, Fancy honey bacon 10c, etc.), CUCUMBERS (Cucumbers, Cabbages, Oranges, Bananas), BERRIES (Berries of all kinds sold at lowest prices), GASOLINE (Gasoline and oil that will burn right), FLOUR (We sell the best, the one that has stood the test for fifteen years in Chelsea), FRUIT AND VEGETABLES (Fresh every day, Watermelons, Tomatoes), BAKED GOODS (We offer a choice assortment of excellent quality at reasonable prices), BUTTER AND CHEESE (Finest Dairy butter 10c, Michigan full cream cheese), FRESH LIMBERG CHEESE (Fresh Limberg cheese, Fancy brick cheese, Home made cottage cheese), CROCKERY (If you want crockery, remember we have a large assortment and we sell cheap), and GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES (The World's Best).

FREEMAN'S

Ladies' Shirt Waists AT REDUCED PRICES Don't Fail to See Them. W. P. SCHENK & Co.

New Telephone Line Between Chelsea and Stockbridge, via Waterloo. Now Open for Business. Rate 20 cents, and can talk as long as you please. Messenger Service 10c. No charge, except messenger fee, if person sent for is not found. Office in the Standard Office.

ADAM EPPLER BUTCHER. Fresh and salt Meats, Best sugar-cured Hams, Pure Lard, smoked Meats, and everything kept in a first-class shop. REMEMBER—Everything you buy of me guaranteed of the CLEANEST and BEST. ADAM EPPLER.

We Are Headquarters If you are in need of a Buggy, Road Wagon, Surrey or Lumber Wagon, we have them, and at the right price. We are also making low prices on Lawn Chairs, Hammocks, Window Screens, Screen Doors, Veloscipedes, Gasoline Stoves, Ice Cream Freezers, Etc., Etc. HOAG & HOLMES. See our 10c Window.



Hay Tedders and Tiger Rakes at lowest prices. Also a few cultivators at prices to close. We are making right prices on Hammocks and Baby Carriages. Also Lumber Wagons, Buggies and Road Wagons. W. J. KNAPP.

Real Estate! If you want a really desirable building lot, or if you want a house that is already built, I can furnish you with it. If you have any property that you want to sell, place it on my list. B. PARKER Geo. H. Foster. AUCTIONEER Satisfaction Guaranteed Terms Reasonable. Headquarters at Standard Office. WEALTH FOR BRAINS. Many have become wealthy through patents. Why not you? Simple, new inventions pay largely. Write for book and list of inventions wanted; sent free. A. B. ROSEN, AITON & ARCHER, 374 Broadway, N. Y.

SOLDIERS' STORIES.

ENTERTAINING REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

Graphic Account of Stirring Scenes Witnessed on the Battlefield and in Camp—Veterans of the Rebellion Relate Experiences of Thrilling Nature.

A Famous Woman of the War.

It would be interesting to know, says a correspondent of the Chicago Times-Herald, how many women served as soldiers on both sides in the civil war. There were many of them, enough for several companies, without doubt, and some of them distinguished themselves, won promotions, though I believe only one received a Governor's commission. Let me tell about her.

An Iowa gentleman, F. W. Burlington, has sent me something about Major Belle Reynolds, of whom and her service much, as been written, that I do not remember to have seen in print. It is that the gallant Major was a school teacher, the very first one in Cass County, Iowa. Her father, K. W. Macomber, was an early settler in that county, going there in 1855. The fall of that year the future woman soldier of high rank taught in a house located on ground upon and around which the city of Atlanta has been built. Her father had ancestors in the war of the revolution, and her mother, who came

her time in hospitals, nursing the sick, reading to them and writing their letters.

The work of this Iowa teacher of a year before came to the knowledge of Governor Dick Yates—Yates of blessed war memory—and he sent her a commission as Major. She was provided with a horse. Her uniform was navy blue and her shoulder straps the same as any Major's, gold leaves and all. Officers and men had great respect for her. Often as the Seventeenth passed other commands the men threw their hats in the air and gave cheers for Major Belle Reynolds. Harper's and Frank Leslie's contained pictures of her riding at the head of the regiment. Everybody in the army, East and West, was talking about the woman Major. Her war record was in all respects creditable.

Soon after peace came the Major studied medicine, and for nearly thirty years she has been a successful physician and surgeon. She was for some years a resident of Chicago, where she had a large practice, often being called in consultation to distant cities. Six years ago she located in Milwaukee. While there I had several conversations with her on her war experience. At a reception given by Dr. and Mrs. O. W. Carlson, Major Belle Reynolds was the center of attraction with the twenty or thirty veterans among the guests. It was while at Milwaukee that her health failed somewhat. She went to California on that account, and is now practicing at Santa Barbara.

The Great Heroism of the War.

There is abundant evidence that the recurrence of the anniversary which commemorates the events of the civil war finds each year a truer and juster appreciation of the men and events of that great crisis. The ideal history of the war has not yet been written, it is true, and the years may elapse before it is completed. But the material for it is being selected, arranged and methodically filed away for reference. The work of getting this vast and complex mass of facts together and placing the whole in its true perspective in relation to the world's history has been slow but sure. Several years have gone by since the great obstacle of latent sectional feeling was removed. A greater obstacle was the natural sentiment which has led people to view the war in the light of prejudice and personal feeling; to see its spectacular and thrilling features instead of its realities; to look upon the conflict as a whole and from one point of view instead of soberly noting in detail the innumerable agencies which were engaged.

It is significant that whereas only a few years ago almost all that was written about the war was in the way of the narration of its results and its picturesque circumstances, the later observers are applying the method of realism, bringing out clearly the detail of the influences at work and the actual nature of men and motives. A case in point is to be found in the most recent endeavors to disclose the true character of Gen. Grant. The best of the recent biographies of the commander are full of suggestion as to the plans upon which he worked and the philosophy of the campaign as seen from his point of view. It is from biography of this sort that the people of succeeding generations will learn to estimate his character truly, to see how practical and sane a man he was and how little he regarded military glory. This portrait of Grant, with his air of practical purpose, his total lack of showy brilliancy, his quiet industry, is worth a thousand times more, as a picture of his real greatness, than the eulogies which have been showered upon him since the war.

In no war of modern times did so many men sacrifice themselves for a principle. In no war of history was there shown sterner devotion to the demands of duty. As public appreciation of the events of the early '60's increases the greater must become the respect for the men and leaders who, with little taste for empty glory, went through the unromantic sufferings of starvation, filth, physical pain and weariness with no other purpose than the grimly practical one of putting down the rebellion as speedily as possible. The great generalship of the war was practical rather than brilliant. It is the spirit of plain devotion to a cause which is likely to live as the heroic note in the contest. The farther we get from the war the higher must become the estimate of the grim sincerity of its participants.—Chicago Record.

Grant's Anecdote of Bragg.

In the second volume of his "Personal Memoirs" Gen. Grant tells this story about Gen. Bragg:

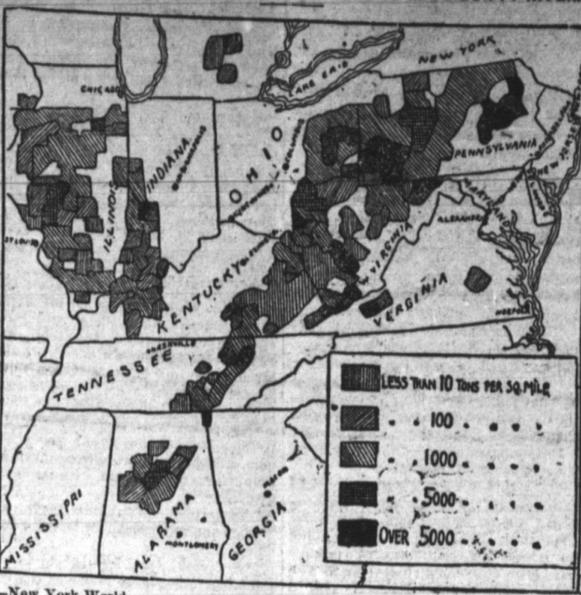
"I have heard in the old army an anecdote very characteristic of Bragg. On one occasion, when stationed at a post of several companies, commanded by a field officer, he was himself commanding one of the companies and at the same time acting as post quartermaster and commissary. He was first lieutenant at the time, but his captain was detached on other duty.

"As commander of the company he made a requisition upon the quartermaster—himself—for something he wanted. As quartermaster he declined to fill the requisition and indorsed on the back of it his reasons for so doing. As company commander he responded to this, urging that his requisition called for nothing but what he was entitled to, and that it was the duty of the quartermaster to fill it. As quartermaster he still persisted that he was right.

"In this condition of affairs Bragg referred the whole matter to the commanding officer of the post. The latter, when he saw the nature of the matter referred, exclaimed:

"My God, Mr. Bragg, you have quarreled with every officer in the army, and now you are quarreling with yourself!"

BITUMINOUS COAL REGIONS EAST OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.



—New York World.

REPUBLICAN CLUBS MEET.

Tenth Annual Meeting of the League Held in Detroit.

The tenth annual convention of the National League of Republican Clubs opened its session Tuesday morning in the Auditorium at Detroit. The building was brilliantly decorated with bunting and portraits of McKinley, Harrison, Lincoln and Washington. The seats in the hall were divided into sections for the different States. Ohio, Missouri, Vermont, Wyoming, New Hampshire, California, Michigan, New York, Wisconsin, Maryland and Florida occupied the central section; Indiana, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Kansas, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maine and Connecticut were grouped on the left, and Illinois, Iowa, North and South Dakota, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah, Minnesota, Kentucky, Texas, Louisiana, Tennessee, East and West Virginia and Alabama on the right.

There were fully 1,500 delegates present, and twice as many spectators, which included the Tippecanoe Club of Cleveland and the McKinley Club of Dayton, Ohio.

President Woodmansee called the convention to order at 10:30 o'clock. In his annual address he upheld a protective tariff, the gold standard, the unfurling of the American flag over Hawaii, and the Cuban struggle for independence. He referred to the fact that the league was free from debt and on a splendid basis.

Gov. Pingree of Michigan and Col. Duffield of Detroit clashed in their speeches of welcome. Gov. Pingree made a speech, giving corporations a rap, and suggested that the convention do something to help the coal miners on strike. Col. Duffield, who followed, said that men who tried to foment strife between capital and labor were dangerous.

The speech of welcome delivered by President Dingley in behalf of the Michigan State League introduced to the convention the son of the framers of the new tariff bill.

Appointment of committees, reports of officers and routine work occupied the morning session. The afternoon was devoted largely to State caucuses. At the mass meeting Tuesday night the speakers were Charles Emory Smith of Philadelphia, Webster Davis of Kansas City, Mo., John R. Tanner of Illinois, ex-United States Senator Brown of Utah and George Barnes of Oklahoma.

BIMETALLIC MISSION A FAILURE

Americans Said to Have Made Little Headway in Europe.

A dispatch to the New York World from London says that the bimetallic mission is one of absolute failure. The general impression among those in a position to know is that the reports of success in France have been circulated in order to reconcile the American public to the expenditure of large sums of money without result.

The principal Paris newspapers have referred to the mission in terms which, while conforming to the rules of artificial Gallic courtesy, have been not far from ridicule. Le Temps calls attention to the fact that while France objects to spending the money necessary to improve her navy, the United States has money enough to spend uselessly on a mission intrusted with an impossible mission and costing the taxpayers \$500,000.

M. Hanotaux himself is authority for the statement that the mission absolutely failed and could not be accomplished by anyone. He speaks highly of the members of the commission personally, but refuses to take the bimetallic scheme seriously. He smiles at the statement that France would stand shoulder to shoulder with the United States in efforts to bring about international bimetallicism.

TURKEY'S CRUELTY IS MERCY

Compared to the Savage Sway of Butcher Weyler in Cuba.

Revolution within revolution has broken out in unfortunate Cuba. In Matanzas a few days since over 2,000 reconcentrados, or people who had been forced by Weyler to abandon their homes in the country and live in fortified towns, where they are dying of starvation and disease, paraded the streets demanding bread. Many houses were looted before the authorities could quell the unfortunate people.

From various parts of the island horrible reports of the sufferings of the people are being received. At the town of Guines, in Havana province, over 1,500 deaths have occurred within six weeks, and nine-tenths of the victims were reconcentrados, native Cubans, driven in from their estates by Weyler's bands to starve by degrees within Spanish lines.

From Madruga upward of 100 deaths per week are reported among local reconcentrados. Whole families have succumbed, one by one, to starvation or epidemic disease.

A newspaper says that in the neighboring Santa Clara town of Zulueta, among the local reconcentrados starving in the streets, there are hundreds of native Cuban women and children in a perfectly nude state. The rainy season having be-

gun, the roofless reconcentrados are reported dying daily in this little Santa Clara outpost, their bodies being removed by night and burned on the village outskirts.

In the Santa Clara village of Jicotou hunger is so great among the floating reconcentrado population that mothers are being accused of strangling their half-grown children to hush their cries for bread and stop their sufferings.

At Viagas de Palma 1,000 reconcentrados are huddled in the local plaza under a tropical sun, without any shelter whatever, the women and children sleeping upon the bare ground and exposed to drenching rains. Each day a dead cart passes and takes eight to ten victims of smallpox, fever or starvation away to the cemetery.

A PLAGUE OF HEAT.

Recent Torrid Spell Has Been as Bad as a Visitation of Cholera.

The heated term through which the country has just passed has been as destructive of life as a visitation of the cholera or yellow fever might have been.

The features which have made it exceptional are the large extent of country affected, its long continuance without interruption and the fact that the nights have been almost as hot as the days. Almost every summer the temperature gets up into the nineties in some localities, and may remain there for two or three days with partial relief at night. In the recent case the whole Mississippi valley was affected and the high temperature continued without interruption for more than a week, and with very little relief at night. These conditions combined to increase the number of fatalities. Of these there have been several hundred reported in the news columns. Cincinnati alone reports sixty deaths from sunstroke during seven days. But probably not more than 10 per cent of the cases get into the newspapers. The reports come only from the cities and towns where there is telegraphic communication and a news reporter.

There are hundreds of small towns and villages which have made no reports, and the rural districts have not been heard from at all. Throughout a large extent of country harvesting has been going on, and while farmers, as a class, are not as liable to be prostrated by heat as dwellers in cities, many of them must have succumbed to the torrid heat of the last week. The population of the farming districts greatly outnumber, in the aggregate, that of the cities and towns, and must have furnished its proportion of fatalities. To all these must be added the deaths of very aged persons and of infants, which, though reported under other causes, were due as directly to the heat as if they had occurred from sunstroke. So it is evident the total number of deaths attributable directly to the heat must have amounted to many thousands. It was a veritable plague of heat.

NOTED BALL PLAYER.

Fred Pfeffer Leaves the Chicago Team for All Time.

In the release of Fred Pfeffer the Chicago ball team loses one of its most noteworthy characters and one of the best players who ever wore a Chicago uniform. During the days when the game was young and the Chicagoans had things their own way, Pfeffer was one of the members of the famous "Stonewall Infield," and

with the exception of Anson he is the last of the men forming that combination to serve on the team. It is not known whether he will seek another position in the National League or not. Pfeffer was one of the leaders in the Brotherhood movement and felt much disappointed over its failure.

DECIDE TO TRY PRAYER.

Members of the W. C. T. U. Must Raise \$250,000 by January.

The efficacy of prayer is to be tried by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in the matter of raising the \$250,000 necessary to clear the Woman's Temple in Chicago from debt.

Should the debt not be paid before January next the building, it is said, will pass into the hands of Marshall Field.

The amount owed is about \$300,000, and of this Mr. Field has promised to give \$50,000 if payment is made before the first of the year. Prayer meetings have been called.



FRED PFEFFER.

AGRICULTURAL NEWS

THINGS PERTAINING TO THE FARM AND HOME.

A Young Colt Rarely Recovers from Stunt—Pond Water Good for Cows—Why Temporary Fences Are Best—Value of a Good Spring on the Farm.

Handline Foals.

Whatever method is employed in handling foals, it should have in view the full and unretarded development of the growing colt. Any young animal on the farm must recover from any setback it may receive during its growth, and the aim should be to keep it always in a thrifty condition, and gaining each day until fully matured. If the young colt is stunted at any period of its growth, the effect is sure to follow, and it cannot be overcome without extra food and care, greatly in excess of what have been required to keep it in constantly growing condition. In fact, the chances are that it never will recover and be what it might have been. It may grow to be a well-developed horse, but it would have been that much better had it suffered no check in its growth.—Breeders' Gazette.

Ponds for Watering Cows.

So much is said about the need of pure water for cows that most people have come to the conclusion that pond water is always objectionable. It may be near large cities, where various kinds of refuse get into it, and so also may the spring water of such localities be pouched with typhoid and other germs. But away from large cities or villages the pond water as found on many farms is as pure as that which comes from springs. Cows will drink it, even if the water be muddied, rather than the water freshly drawn from a spring or well. The reason is because in summer the water is warmer. If allowed, cows will wade into such ponds, letting the water cover their udders. This is very refreshing to them in a hot day, but is best done where there is a running stream, so as by exposure to the air by its motion to keep the water fresh.

Mulch Under Bearing Trees.

Almost all kinds of fruit trees suffer late in the summer for lack of water. The best way to keep moisture in the soil is to thoroughly mulch it with straw, cut grass or anything that will present an open, dry surface. If nothing else can be procured cultivate a little loose soil under the trees as far as the roots extend. Many people do not think of loose soil as a mulch, but it is one of the best. It is for this reason that an orchard in bearing ought always to be cultivated rather than kept in grass. In cultivated soil every little shower sinks down where it will help the roots. But if the surface is left hard and uncultivated, even the heavy rains, if there is a steep descent, may run off on the surface and do little good. There is an especial need of moisture while the fruit and its seeds are being formed, for this requires potash which cannot be used by roots until it is dissolved by water in the soil.

The Value of a Good Spring.

A spring of pure water on any farm adds at least a hundred dollars to its value, and if near a city it is worth much more. Often such springs can be found in hill-sides by digging six or eight feet, especially if the soil shows springy places during winter and spring. If the spring is higher than the house it can be conducted into the kitchen by force of gravity, and the water can be turned off or on as the housewife may desire. There are doubtless hundreds, and possibly thousands, of farms where the best pure water can be conducted into the house at slight expense. If the water has to be lifted a hydraulic ram will force the water up hill. This costs somewhat more, but it will generally pay.

Nature Studies.

We cannot but feel that an elementary knowledge of plant growth and of other processes of nature will some time be considered a natural part of the education of all boys and girls in the country, and this not simply because it will make them more successful farmers or fruit growers or truck raisers, but because as a matter of mental discipline it is an excellent schooling for anybody, helping to train the mind to habits of observation which can be used in any field of life, and giving a knowledge of facts and processes which will furnish pleasure and entertainment in all after life, even if it is not made directly profitable in work on the farm or the garden.—Garden and Forest.

Feed for Swine.

Sows and shoats should have rings put into their noses, and then turned into the orchard. They will eat up all the wormy fruit, and the fruit and grass will keep them in growing condition. Feed milfeed slop night and morning, and give them plenty of clean water to drink. Give the hogs and pigs once a week a mixture of wood ashes—Cumberland coal or anthracite will answer if it is broken up fine—and a little sulphur. This is an excellent appetizer. It also purifies the blood. If the pigs must be kept up, keep their pens and yards very clean; whitewash inside and out, and feed grass, oats and peas, or corn fodder, once a day. Do not feed corn during the summer.

Temporary Fences Best.

Every year the amount of interior fences is lessening, and it is not, as is generally thought, because fencing material is growing scarcer. In fact, the greater cheapness of iron makes the woven-wire fences really cheaper, considering their permanence, than many of the old-time fences which cost so much labor to put up. But the woven-wire fence has a still greater advan-

tage in the fact that it can be easily taken down and set up again. With a few hundred rods of this fence, no other fencing material would be needed on any farm. Under a permanent fence, such weeds as Canada thistle and quack grass will find a secure home, from which no cultivation can dislodge them.

How Beets Were Improved.

It is by successive plantings of beet seed from the plants which showed the greatest percentage of sweet, that the amount of saccharine matter in the beet has been increased from eight per cent, from the best up to fourteen and even eighteen per cent., as some of the improved French varieties have shown. Vilmorin, a French seed grower, took the lead in these experiments. It might be supposed that in testing the beets it would thereafter be impossible to use such beets for planting. But Vilmorin was very careful in testing to only scoop out a small part of the bulb, numbering each specimen, and when the test of each was completed, selecting those beets for seed which yielded the richest juices. Under this treatment, however, the beets became less productive than in those varieties grown under natural conditions. Possibly also it cannot be expected that beets yielding such high percentages of sweet should grow so large as do the varieties whose sap is not thus overlaid and can therefore flow more easily. And yet it may not be any harder for nature to change the carbonic acid gas absorbed through the beet leaves sweet than it is into starch, each being different forms of the same chemical substance, carbon.

Stock in Rainy Weather.

Stock at pasture in summer often suffer more from cold in wet weather than they do from the cold of winter. The constant evaporation of moisture which is hastened by the warmth generated by the body chills the skin, and gives the animal what is known as cold, but is really internal fever. Milch cows and those heavy with young suffer most, as they cannot so well run around and thus keep their blood circulating. Every farmer has noticed that after rain has fallen all day the milk yield shrinks if the cow has been exposed to the wet. For this reason a shed in the pasture field may be a good investment. Better still is it to get the cows up to the barnyard under shelter and cut some grass for them, giving a bran mash to increase the nutrition. Wet grass in field or cut does not have the proportion of nutriment to its bulk that the same grass has in dry weather with only its own natural juices in it.

A Cheap Good Silo.

A good silo can be built cheaply and easily by the exercise of a little thought and ingenuity. If possible, construct it in any of the farm buildings, for it will then cost not more than 50 cents per ton of ensilage. Get all the height you can, rather than diameter. If you already have a large silo and you are troubled with mold over the top before you get a layer fed off, divide it with rough lumber, and so have two. Try to get at least twenty-four feet in height. Figure on a cubic foot per day for each cow or steer to be fed. In building outside of a building it is needful to have the silo double and large in space as a protection against frost. Frost will get in through one thickness, as in the case of matched lumber silo. Better use a rough hemlock, two thicknesses, with waterproof building paper between.—Agriculturist.

Care of Grain Drills.

The grain drill is much too expensive an implement to be left to rust by neglect in caring for it. The fertilizer drills are especially liable to this injury, because they have held some acids which cannot help rusting whatever iron they come in contact with. While in use the friction prevents rust formation, but if phosphate is left in the drill over night some injury must result. Worse still happens if the drill is left out of doors to be wet and rusted by rains. We have known careful farmers who kept grain drills in good condition twelve to fifteen years. But they kept them under cover, and always greased the parts most exposed to rust before putting away.

Millet for Cutworms.

Aside from its feeding value, millet is a very useful crop for clearing the ground of cutworms. A few years ago the agricultural experiment station of South Dakota sent out questions concerning the cutworms, one of which follows: Will a crop such as millet, which the worms do not like, and which effectually chokes out all other growth, leave the ground free from worms in the fall? Out of sixty answers received, only one reported that worms had followed a thrifty crop of millet. All the others reported that corn after millet stood the best chance of being unmolested by wire worms.—Agriculturist.

Farm Notes.

The burdock, considered a nuisance in this country, has been cultivated as an article of food in Japan for centuries. The roots, leaves and tender shoots are cooked and eaten, and the annual value of the burdock crop is said to be about \$400,000.

June and July are the months for digging the peach tree borer out of the trunks. This work may be done without injury to the trees, and is very necessary. The method is to cut into the opening made by the borer or insert wire, but care should be used that the work is done so as to insure the destruction of the borer.

A good milch cow has broad hind quarters and thin foreshoulders, thin and deep neck, pointed withers, head pointed between the horns, flat and five-boned legs and fine hair. Choose one with udders well forward, wide apart and large enough to be easily grasped. A medium-sized cow will give more milk in proportion to the food she eats.



MAJOR BELLE REYNOLDS.

from Connecticut, was a relative of the late ex-Governor, ex-member of Grant's cabinet and ex-Minister to Russia, Marshall Jewell. The bright, handsome independent young lady was a great favorite in the new county and her work as a teacher highly appreciated. One of her brothers, J. K. Macomber, is a prominent lawyer of Des Moines, whose wife is a writer and lecturer of note, and has taken a leading part in advocating the rights and duties of women.

From 1855 until 1890 pretty and vivacious Belle Macomber did not have to hunt for schools; her fame was abroad and school officials did the hunting. She never had to take up with a cull school, where the building was a barn and the salary fit only to starve on; she had her pick of the best, received the highest wages paid any teacher in the county and was always one of the first in the new section's 400. Among the young men who regarded the popular teacher with a jealous eye was William S. Reynolds, and in 1860, the year in which the old ship of state ran upon rocks and might have gone down if a modest Illinois man hadn't been called to the captaincy, Belle Macomber became Mrs. Reynolds, and soon afterward they made Illinois their home, where they were living when the war came. Mr. Reynolds did not wait long after Lincoln's second call for soldiers, a call which quickly followed the first one, before finding himself the choice of a company of young stalwarts for First Lieutenant.

When the new soldier informed his young wife that he had enlisted, expecting to see her break down and then brace up and declare that he should not go, he was surprised to see her face wreathed in smiles, joy-prompted, glad smiles.

"What do you think of it, Belle?" asked Soldier Reynolds.

"Think of it—what do I think of your going to the war? I am delighted. It is what you ought to do."

"Then you will not object to my going?"

"Not I. It is of all things that which I have most wanted you to do since Mr. Lincoln's first call."

"Don't you think you will miss me and wish I hadn't gone?"

"Not for one moment."

It was getting serious. The lieutenant wanted to serve his country, but he didn't quite like to see his bride so confidently happy at the thought of his going to war for three years; going, may be and quite likely, not to return. He would have preferred a few tears and an assortment of chidings for proposing to leave the woman he had recently married, to the gladness she manifested. Seeing that her husband was in deep water, was distressed over the turn of affairs, she threw her arms about his neck and proceeded to give him a new shock.

"I will tell you why I shall not miss you and shall not want you to come home. I am going to the war with you. Now, don't protest."

"But think of it! Think of the long marches, sleeping on the ground, of dangers in battle. It will not do."

"Yes, it will do. I am in perfect health, as strong as you and as patriotic."

When the Seventeenth Illinois went South Mrs. Belle Reynolds went with it taking the fare of a soldier. At the battle of Shiloh she was under fire until compelled to leave. While on her way to the rear she saw a field hospital. The white faces of the sufferers and the groans of those not so badly injured impelled her to stop. She remained all day and all night, helping to care for and cheer the unfortunates of battle. "That angel of mercy," as the soldiers called her, spent much of

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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. SCHNAITMAN, Sec.

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SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. Beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, terms \$10 a year; \$1.50 six months. Specimen copies and HAND BOOK OF PATENTS sent free. Address: MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

A drink called drithel is popular in the north of England. The cotton hands of Manchester and the factory workers get through nearly 10,000,000 pints of this stuff every year. It is made from hops, hemlock root, parsley and clove and is one of the most dangerous liquors ever brewed. The northern counties pay about \$75,000 a year for the output of drithel.

Gentel. The Nation says that in England at the present day the expression gentel is mainly a peculiarity of the underbred—of those with whom wives are ladies and of those who in their own sphere are known as gents and the like.

More than 10,000 persons are engaged in the manufacture of explosives in England. Last year 40 persons in the business were killed and 187 injured by accidents.

When the house of commons goes in to committee of ways and means, it is for the purpose of discussing taxation and voting money for the public service.

THEY WERE BAD MEN

THE FORMER INHABITANTS OF ELLSWORTH AND HAYS CITY.

Back in the Sixties These Towns Were Not So Quiet as They Are Now—How Some of the Citizens Settled Down—Wild Bill and Jim Curry.

"Ellsworth" shouted a brakeman on the Union Pacific railway, Kansas division, as the train swept through a prairie valley and slowed up at a sleepy, cottonwood shaded, prairie encircled western Kansas town. To the left could be seen a large and peculiar building, located on the outskirts of the village.

"What is that building?" I asked of the gray bearded man who had shared my seat for the last 30 miles.

"That is the Grand Army grounds and building," he said. "It belongs to the old soldiers, and they hold a reunion there every summer."

"They have picked on a very quiet town in which to rendezvous."

"Yes, this is a quiet town now, but I can remember, 30 years ago, when Ellsworth was hell's half acre. Yes, worse than that, for all the cussedness going on in this town in the sixties couldn't have been crowded on to less than hell's half section. Times was mighty dull in Ellsworth them days when there wasn't work for the coroner six days in the week, and he generally had to work overtime on Sundays. It was the toughest place on the plains until the railroad moved on west, and the killers, toughs, gamblers and their female companions followed on to Hays City. Then the carnival of crime and the contract for filling the graveyard was transferred to Hays. But today both towns are as quiet and orderly as a New England village. Some of the bad men of those days settled here in Ellsworth permanently and became quiet citizens—after they became residents of the graveyard on the hill yonder.

"Apache Bill, scout and tough, took up a permanent residence out yonder because a bartender got the drop on him one night and added about two ounces to Bill's weight in the shape of lead placed where it would do the most good. Comstock Charley, a half breed Cheyenne scout, tough and general all round bad man, also became a quiet citizen of the place where they planted 'em in those days on account of a puncture put into him by Henry Whitney, sheriff.

"Bill Hickok (Wild Bill) gained his fame at Hays City, west of here, as also did Jim Curry, who later on shot and killed Ben Porter, an actor, at Marshall, Tex. I knew Jim Curry when he was an engineer on this road. He became enamored of a woman, married her, and they settled down in Hays City, keeping a little restaurant there. There was a regiment of negro soldiers quartered at Fort Hays. The negroes took offense at Jim because he refused to serve them with meals at his house. They came around to clean out the place. Jim went to shooting, and when he quit Uncle Sam's army was decimated to some extent.

"Wild Bill was a nifty man and did some killing in his day, and he might have lived longer if he had not grown careless. You see, Bill, like all men of his class, was always expecting trouble and was always on guard. Bill for years had never allowed himself to get into a position where his keen eye and ready revolver were not master of the situation, but he did allow the drop to be got on him twice to my knowledge. The first time I was present, and the next time—well, Bill was gone himself when the second time came to a climax.

"I will tell you the story of the time I was present. Now, I never knew Bill to pull his gun to kill unless it was in self defense or there was no other way to secure the peace and quiet Bill always hankered for and would have peaceably if he could, forcibly if he must. Jim Curry was a coward, but he was determined to acquire a reputation as a bad man, and, as Bill Hickok held the championship of the world at that time as a killer, Curry thought he might safely run a bluff on Wild Bill.

"So he sent Bill word he would kill him on sight, not that he had anything against Bill, but Curry had gone into the killing business, and he proposed to hold the center of the stage and show that he was displaying energy and aptitude in his business. Bill paid no attention to Curry's talk, not considering him in his class.

"One day I met Curry on the street in Hays. We went into a saloon kept by a little, nervous, excitable German. Wild Bill's tall form and long, black hair loomed up at a table in the back part of the room. His back was toward Curry and myself. Curry walked over to the table, standing directly behind Bill. Before any one suspected what he would do he had his gun against Bill's head and said, 'Now, you long haired —, I've got you, and you're going to die.' Bill never batted an eye nor moved a muscle, but said, 'You would not shoot a man down without giving him a show to defend his life, would you?' 'Wouldn't I? What show did you ever give any one, you —?'

"The Dutchman was dancing around like mad, imploring Jim to put up his gun and for him and Bill to shake hands. If they would, he would stand treat for the house, which proposition was finally accepted. Wild Bill and Jim Curry shook hands, after which Bill said: 'Now, Jim, I got nothing ag'in you, and I don't want to kill you, but if you are bound to get a reputation there's a town full of tenderfeet here and lots of sassy nigger soldiers. Go practice on them. You'll have to get more of 'em to give you a reputation, and it will take more time to git there than if you held a discussion with me, but I think you will live longer if you enjoy it and be happier than if you kept up projectiles with me. So now let's drop this, or I may get the idea into my head that you're in earnest, and that might be bad for you.'—Indianapolis Journal.

Their Conversation.

Said Egbert's father to him: "My son, listen to the successful men. Learn wisdom from them. Be silent while they speak, but keep your ears busy. Treasure their words and go and do likewise."

Egbert answered, "Yes, father."

In a corner of the hotel two men talked long and earnestly. Egbert watched them from across the room. They were well dressed and substantial. Egbert said, "If I could listen to their conversation, I surely could gather pointers by the basketful, for they must be arranging the details of some large business deal."

The evening wore away. The clock struck the warning hours and other men moved outside, where the air was pryer and the weather more tolerable. Excited groups talked politics and in quiet corners men told fish stories, but these men talked without heeding or looking up. And Egbert watched them.

Carelessly and stealthily Egbert walked toward the corner where the men talked. So absorbed were they that they observed him not. He sat down and listened.

"Just think, though, my boy is only 3 years and 8 months, and he talks like an old man."

"Wonderful, wonderful!" broke in the other. "My little girl, just coming 13 months, can distinguish colors and—"

"Strange enough," resumed the first.

"When my boy—"

"One day my girl!— The second edged in breathlessly, only to be cut off with, "And my boy—"

Egbert fled into the night.—Chicago Record.

He Promotes Restaurants.

A shrewd New Yorker, who started his business career over 80 years ago as a purveyor of coffee and crullers in an all night booth at old Fulton market, is making a barrel of money, his friends say, as a promoter of restaurants.

This eating house speculator, after selecting a location, opens a spick and span new restaurant, with cheap prices, excellent service, first class cooking and top notch meats and bread, vegetables and pastry, coffee and biscuits. He soon builds up a fine trade. His patrons praise the place for one or more of its specialties, and then the promoter sells out at a handsome profit. Soon afterward the chef, the pastry cook, the man who bakes the delicious raised biscuit and the keen eyed, alert head waiter find one excuse or another for taking leave. They are not tired of working nor dissatisfied with the wages received. They have received notice from the promoter that he is ready to open another restaurant and that their experience and services are necessary to him in giving the new place the reputation that will draw full tables and enable the promoter to land another purchaser.

This speculator does not confine his efforts to New York. Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and even Denver and San Francisco have seen the same crowd, and the patrons are wondering why the coffee, fish cakes, hashed brown potatoes and gooseberry tarts aren't so nice as when "this place was opened."—New York Sun.

Swiftness of Things.

Below will be found a list showing how far certain things, animate and inanimate, will travel in a second of time: The snail, one-half inch; a man walking, 4 feet; a fast runner, 23 feet; a fly, 24 feet; fast skater, 38 feet; ocean waves, 70 feet; a carrier pigeon, 87 feet; swallows, 220 feet; the worst cyclone known, 380 feet; the Krakatoa wave (at the volcanic catastrophe of Aug. 27, 1893, in the Sunda islands), 940 feet; sound in the air, 1,095 feet; the surface of the globe at sea level on the equator, 1,600 feet; the moon, 3,250 feet; the sun, 5 1/2 miles; the earth, 18 miles; Holley's comet in the perihelion, 335 miles; electric current on telegraph wires, 7,000 miles; induction current, 11,040 miles; electric current in copper wire armatures, 21,000 miles; light 180,000 miles; discharge of a Leyden bottle through copper wire of one-sixteenth inch in diameter, 278,100 miles. This last is the greatest rapidity so far measured.

The Bashi Bazouks.

The bashi bazouks are to the Turkish army what the Cossacks are to the Russian. The Cossacks are, however, immeasurably their superiors in all that goes to make the soldier. Bashi bazouks are almost without discipline. Their courage is that of the wild beast seeking its prey, and once on the warpath they are merciless. It was the bashi bazouks who by their monstrous cruelties gave such point to the pen and tongue of Mr. Gladstone at the time of the "Bulgarian atrocities." Bashi bazouk means "hot brained." Their motto is "Kill, kill!" to which they freely add "and rob." Their weapons are the long lance, such as is used by the Cossack, the saber, two or three pistols and as many murderous looking daggers.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Absentminded.

A surgeon who is often absentminded was dining at the house of a friend. "Doctor," said the lady of the house, "as you are so clever with the knife we must ask you to carve the mutton."

"With pleasure," was the reply, and, setting to work, he made a deep incision in the joint of meat. Then—whatever was he thinking about?—he drew from his pocket a bundle of lint, together with several linen bandages, and bound up the wound in due form. The guests were stricken dumb at the sight. But he, still deeply absorbed in thought, said, "With rest and care he'll soon be better."—Strand Magazine.

Dickie Wants to Take Everything.

"What are you going to be when you grow up, my boy?"

"A king," answered Willis proudly.

"And you, Dickie?"

"I guess I'll be an ace."—Detroit Free Press.

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 "KINGDOMS TIMES," Kingfisher, Okla., Dec. 12, '96.

GEORGE W. B. 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 unsolicited 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, C. J. NASSITT, Editor.

A MIRACLE.

Kansas City, Kansas, Dec. 24, '91. 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 sorrows 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 BARBER, 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.

UNBROKEN REST AT NIGHT.

J. B. Phelps, Esq., City. Office Commercial Printing Co., 156 South Clark St., Chicago, Nov. 24, '94.

DR. S. H. Phelps—J. wish to bear testimony to the great efficacy of your "Four C" remedy in throat and lung ailments. As a rule I have been skeptical of the merits of proprietary medicines, but have to confess that a test of your "Four C" is convincing that at least one remedy made recently is worthy of use. My children all take it without the least objection, from oldest to youngest and it is particularly noticeable that benefit is almost immediate. A single dose will check almost all coughs in their beginning; it gives us of broken rest at night. In my family "Four C" is simply indispensable and I recommend it unqualifiedly. Yours, J. B. Phelps.

ACUTE LARYNGITIS.

Chicago, Sept. 25, '95. For years back each winter I have suffered with acute laryngitis. Last winter was so bad I could not leave my room for two weeks or speak above a whisper. I tried every known cough preparation from cough drops up and down with no relief, then in desperation I was induced to try Phelps' "Four C." The first dose relieved my cough, giving me the first night's rest for weeks. Half the bottle cured me. I have never been without this wonderful remedy since. It is as different from other like remedies as molasses from vinegar or sugar from sand. Mrs. JOSEPH E. GIBBS, 5018 Madison Ave.

IT IS A MIRACLE.

Conductor Eckard, the Railroad Correspondent of the Neodesha Kansas Register, has this to say of "Four C": "Phelps is having a wonderful sale of his Cough and Cold Remedy. We personally know it is just what it is represented to be. Too much cannot be said in its praise. It is a miracle."

NOTICE TO DRUGGISTS AND THE PUBLIC.

CONTRACT.—Druggists are authorized in ALL CASES TO REFUND THE PURCHASE PRICE, if the Four-C Remedy (Phelps' Cough, Cold and Croup Cure) fails to give satisfaction in Croup, Bronchitis, Asthma, La Grippe, Coughs and Colds, no matter how long standing, or deep seated, in fact I guarantee in all manner of Bronchial or Lung trouble, not as a Cure-All, but to give unbounded satisfaction. Give it a trial on the above conditions. I take all chances.

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