

Christmas, 1898.

HAPPY CHIMES.

New Year, 1899.

OUR HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT.

Copyright, 1898.

"All hail the Christmastide! To us this day the Christ was born, who in the manger lay."—J. BYINGTON SMITH.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! Singing through the crowded street,
How it rings up from the pavement
Trod by eager, busy feet!
Each to each the bright contagion
Passes, as they swiftly move;
Arms so full of precious bundles!
Hearts so full of happy love!

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
Gayly peal the festive bells;
Swiftly back the echo flashing,
All the earth with music swells!
Little snow birds, hopping blithely,
Chirp in ecstasy of joy,
Chattering with whirling snowflakes
Dancing from the frosty sky.

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
Shout the evergreen and pine!
And, replying, sing their comrades
Now bedecked in splendor fine.
With the toys all ranged about them,
Gay with lights, they honored are
As a depot for dear Santa,
And his heavy-laden car.

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
Turkeys limply hang on high,
Full of goodness, plump and ripened
To be eaten by and by!
All the grocers' shops are groaning,
All the ovens full of pies;
And the dear time-honored pudding
Soon our hunger satisfies!

Oh, this dear old Merry Christmas!
Was there ever such a time!
Gladdest poets oft despairing
Fail to give thee fitting rhyme.
Better speak these merry children,
Romping, rushing through the hall,
"Merry, Merry, Merry Christmas,
Unto you, and unto all!"
—Mary Olive Emmons, in Boston Budget.

HOW TO MAKE A GIFT.

The Wife of a New York Man
Knew the Way to Do It.

A certain New Yorker, whose income permits the gratification of his generous impulses, wanted to send a substantial gift to an old friend, a clergyman, whose small parish in a distant community vouchsafed him more of love and reverence than salary, says the New York Times. "I am going to send B— \$100," the New Yorker announced to his wife one day in December.

"Are you?" she said. "I'm glad." Then after a minute she asked: "How will you send it?"

"By check, of course," was the reply. "How else could I?"

But the wife demurred. "It seems a little too—too sordid, doesn't it, for a man like Mr. B—? Let me manage, may I?" and the husband consented.

On Christmas morning a registered express package was delivered at the little western parsonage to Mrs. B—. She opened it wonderingly and found a little flat box. Going further, a mat of silk paper was removed and a dainty booklet of Christmas remembrance was disclosed. This was taken out and admired and the card beneath it read for the givers. Something still showed under a second mat of paper, and, when that had been put aside, there, fitted neatly in the bottom of the box, were five tiny silken bags, each tied close with a little bow of ribbon. Each contained a \$20 gold piece. This was the wife of the New Yorker's delicate way of eliminating the check element.

Cheap Presents.



Perdita—With as many admirers as you have, it must have been a rather expensive Christmas for you.
Penelope—Oh, not at all. I merely gave them each more or less encouragement. —N. Y. Journal.

SANTA CLAUS' NEW MISSION.



"He mounts a beast whose ways are trying."

SINCE Uncle Sam has gained new lands
By forceful acquisition,
Our good old patron Santa Claus
Has now a wider mission:
To tropic isles he now must go,
Which snow has never whitened,
Where children of the soil exist
In manner unenlightened.

With gifts designed to meet the needs
Of people and of nation,
St. Nick will bring to suffering souls
Relief from tribulation;
His pack which bears to our own homes
Good things in fullest measure
Will bear to these new lands of ours
As great a load of treasure.

The sleigh and reindeer which convey
The saint when northward flying
Are here discarded, and he mounts
A beast whose ways are trying:
But safely through the hidden paths
Of tropic forest tangles
The lowly burden bearer plods,
Nor stops at steep and angles.

The jolly saint with right good will
Invades our new possessions,
Intent upon the weal of man
Regardless of professions:
To high and low alike he comes
Good gifts and plenty bringing,
His mission in all lands fulfilling
And sets all hearts a-singing.

—FRANK B. WELCH.

Death of the old Year.



THE Old Year is no more. Let us bury our dead: Let us dig deep and bury him low.
Then cover him up with a mantle of love
As pure and as soft as the snow.

We'll remember the good things he brought day by day,
The life and the light and the cheer:
The blessings so common, we heeded them not,
The friendships so true and so dear.

We will blot out the gloom and the doubts and the fears,
And forget all the battle and din;
Forget all the weariness, sorrow and pain—
And wilt Thou, Lord, blot out all the sin?

So we will be ready to greet the New Year,
Forgetting the ills that are past,
Reaching forth to be braver and grander, more true,
Till we come to the "crowning" at last.

—Elizabeth E. Kent, in Minneapolis Housekeeper.

A Happy New Year.

Delight and pathos are inextricably mingled with the thought of New Year's day. It is only a conventional point of time; any other would do as well. Every day closes an old year and begins a new one, but for all that we cannot help feeling that this day, which is agreed upon throughout Christendom for the beginning of a new year, is somehow unique. The pathos comes from the review of the past, and from the sense that another notch has been cut for us on the stick of time. The delight arises from the anticipation of the new and better experiences of the year to come. What interest any rational person could have in having his fortune told is a mystery. The zest and charm of life consist largely in the fact that each day is like a new page in the story. If you wish to enjoy your book you do not, when it is half-read, turn to the closing chapter to discover how it turns out. You do not thank anyone for telling you the plot. It is so with life. There is infinite satisfaction in each day's contribution to the record. You do not want to anticipate it. It would be a curse if anyone could tell you just what the year would bring. It is just as reasonable to suppose that the year will be happy as sad. Who can tell? Who can control that? Are we not in the hands of God? That is the reason for a happy New Year's day. —Boston Watchman.

For the Children.

"Yes," said Mr. Blykins, "we always celebrate Christmas for the children's sakes. They expect it, you know, and I wouldn't have the heart to disappoint them."

"But you and Mrs. Blykins always remember each other."

"Oh, yes. I am going to give her a \$200-coat and I have reason to think she intends to give me a \$50-chair. We always settle well in advance what our presents will be. All we have to think about now is a doll for the little girl and a tin wagon for the boy." —Washington Star.

She Knew.



Maude—See the beautiful diamond Tom gave me as a Christmas gift, dear. I wonder if it's genuine?
May—Oh, yes, dear. I know it is. I had it tested the year he gave it to me.—Up to Date.

Does Your Head Ache?

Are your nerves weak? Can't you sleep well? Pain in your back? Lack energy? Appetite poor? Digestion base? Boils or pimples? These are sure signs of poisoning.

From what poisons? From poisons that are always found in constipated bowels.

If the contents of the bowels are not removed from the body each day, as nature intended, these poisonous substances are sure to be absorbed into the blood, always causing suffering and frequently causing severe disease.

There is a common sense cure.

AYER'S PILLS

They daily insure an easy and natural movement of the bowels.

You will find that the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla with the pills will hasten recovery. It cleanses the blood from all impurities and is a great tonic to the nerves.

Write the Doctor.

Our Medical Department has one of the most eminent physicians in the United States. Tell the doctor just how you are suffering. You will receive the best medical advice without cost.

DR. J. C. AYER,
Lowell, Mass.

Walter Baker & Co's

Breakfast Cocoa

Absolutely Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

COSTS LESS THAN ONE CENT A CUP.

Remember that you get the Genuine Article, made at DORCHESTER, MASS., by **WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.**

ESTABLISHED 1750.

WHEAT! WHEAT! WHEAT!

FARMERS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

"Nothing but wheat as far as the eye could reach on either side—what you might call a sea of wheat."—was what a lecturer speaking of Western Canada said while referring to that country.

For particulars as to wheat, etc., apply to C. J. Brough, 100 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; or to the Western Canadian Wheat Growers' Association, 100 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; or to the Western Canadian Wheat Growers' Association, 100 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

DO YOU COUGH

DON'T DELAY

TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM

THE BEST COUGH CURE

Cures Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after using the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

HEADACHE

"Both my wife and myself have been suffering from headache for some time. We have tried many remedies, but have never found relief. Last week we tried some of your CASCARETS, and they relieved the pain in her head almost immediately. We both recommend Cascarets."—CHAS. STEDEFORD, Pittsburg Safe & Deposit Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do not Sick, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Grip. No. 26c. 50c. 10c. 25c.

CURE CONSTIPATION.

Send 25c to the Swanson Rheumatic Cure Company, 167 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill., and they will send you a return mail a trial treatment or a large bottle, 300 doses, prepaid by mail or express for \$1.00. No household should be without this great remedy "5 Drops." Agents appointed in new territory.

My doctor said I would die, but Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me. Amos Kelgan, Cherry Valley, Ill., Nov. 23, '95.

THE HOPE OF THE CONTINENT.

Western Canada the "Bread Basket of the Empire."

The attention directed to the wheat fields of Western Canada during the past year has caused thousands of settlers from different parts of the United States to make their homes there during the past few months. They report that their experience corroborates what had been told them of that wonderful country, and they are sending back to their friends most favorable reports. During the past summer a number of Wisconsin and Michigan and Minnesota editors visited Western Canada, and the following extracts are from a very flattering letter written by the Germania of Milwaukee by its able contributor, Prof. Sheridan.

"The numerous elevators along the line, towering so far above the surrounding country that they may be seen for many miles distant, sufficiently indicate that the chief industry is the growing of wheat. At the village of Indian Head more than a million bushels of wheat was marketed last year. This was but a fraction of the amount of the same product marketed at the larger cities of Brandon and Regina. At Indian Head the representative of the Germania was told by a farmer that he was about to harvest his third crop of wheat from the farm upon one plowing given it the fall of 1895; the crops of the current year and of last year having been sown upon the stubble of the preceding crop. This farmer expected a yield of not less than forty bushels to the acre. The farms are very large. The absence of hills and rocks contributes to making farming on a large scale an easy matter. There was an abundance of evidence that the country surrounding the cities named above is an extensive region of fertile lands furnishing as great an opportunity for cattle raising and dairying as for the growing of wheat."

"We were surprised to find here a rich growth of nearly every species of cultivated plant known in Wisconsin. Various species of trees were growing, showing that its soil and its climate are favorable to the growth of forests. The writer had never seen a more promising growth of wheat, oats and garden vegetables than was observed here. The Experimental Farm of Wisconsin, located at Madison, produces nothing better."

"The people along the line of the railroad, however, assured us that we were still far distant from the northern limit of the wheat growing belt, and that five hundred miles farther north wheat and other agricultural products were cultivated with success. The inhabitants do not depend solely upon the growing of wheat, but utilize vast areas in raising cattle. The growing grain and vegetable showed that a plentiful supply of rain had fallen during the current year."

"From this city (Calgary) our party was taken north 200 miles to Edmonton, a town of 5,000 people, situated on the north Saskatchewan river. The country at this point is beautiful, presenting very much the appearance of many sections in central and southern Wisconsin. The people are engaged in mining for gold, and in raising wheat, potatoes and cattle. Dairying is also followed. This valley seems to be favored with sufficient rain fall to produce a luxuriant growth of grain and vegetables. The soil is very fertile and timber is abundant. Fields of wheat were observed that promise a yield of forty bushels per acre. The many good farm houses seen from the railway are evidence of the prosperity of the settlers. Edmonton is the terminus of the road and the place where the overland expeditions start from for the Yukon, it being about 800 miles from Dawson City."

"The members of the association made the acquaintance of the Canadians of the Northwest and learned something of the vast extent of their territory and of its great resources, which are destined to make it our most formidable commercial competitor in the world's markets for the sale of agricultural products. We learned that the Northwest Territory of Canada, instead of being a barren waste as taught by our geographers of a quarter of a century ago, is capable of sustaining an empire of fifty millions of people."

Accordance to the Evidence.

"Well, that's what I call an appropriate verdict," remarked Jilson the other evening, as he threw down his paper.

"What is it?" asked his wife.

"Why," he replied, "you know the defaulting cashier of the Twentieth National Bank committed suicide when the shortage was discovered?"

"Yes, I remember," said Mrs. J., "but what of the verdict?"

"This morning," answered Jilson, "the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of death from exposure."

They Are Reliable.

The American Farmer is sincere in what it says and whenever it indorses an article, be it machinery, proprietary medicine, or a man individually, we want our readers to believe that what we say we have good reason to understand is true. For a year or more there have been indorsements of the Swanson Rheumatic Cure Company of 167 Dearborn street, Chicago, by this paper. People have written us to know if this company is responsible, and if its remarkable remedies, for the cure of rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, catarrh, kidney troubles, etc., really had merit. We have therefore been at extra pains to investigate, and once again we add emphasis to our former indorsement of that company. There may be isolated cases here and there which, probably through neglect in following directions, or from exposure or some unexplainable reason, the wonderful Five Drops remedy does not do the work. But it is a case where the exception proves the rule. Mr. Swanson is a gentleman of character and personal integrity, and, we believe, would not more attempt to deceive the public than the writer of this article.

Send 25c to the Swanson Rheumatic Cure Company, 167 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill., and they will send you a return mail a trial treatment or a large bottle, 300 doses, prepaid by mail or express for \$1.00. No household should be without this great remedy "5 Drops." Agents appointed in new territory.

My doctor said I would die, but Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me. Amos Kelgan, Cherry Valley, Ill., Nov. 23, '95.

PEACE PACT SIGNED.

LABORS OF COMMISSIONERS ARE AT AN END.

Americans Happy at the Successful Conclusion of Their Mission, and Spaniards Assume Pleasant Faces—Sudden Death of Gen. Garcia.

The treaty of peace between the United States and Spain was signed in Paris Saturday evening. The momentous scene in the historic drama of the nations was impressively simple in all its details. A group of gentlemen gathered about a table in a room overlooking the Seine and signed their names to duplicate copies of a document which transfers the colonial empire of one of the oldest countries of Europe to the youngest adult member of the family of nations.

There was no ceremony expressive of the momentous significance of the occasion. The plain, unadorned room was set down in a few words. It was the twenty-second session of the peace commission, whose labors had covered just ten weeks. Its members gathered tardily at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Before all of them had assembled, in addition to the usual thirteen, several of the attaches of each commission came to witness the execution of the treaty drafted under so many difficulties.

It was known that the engrossing of the treaty was still unfinished, but the commissioners, after being photographed with doubtful success, occupied an hour in revising and signing each protocol, which is the diplomatic name for such records. Then, as it was known that the engrossing was still unfinished, half an hour was spent in chatting and taking tea. About 5:30 p. m. word came that at least an hour more would be necessary to complete the Spanish copy of the treaty, so a recess was taken until 7:30 o'clock.

It was nearly 8 o'clock before the imposing parchment was finally placed upon the large table around which the commissioners sat in their usual order, the Spaniards on one side and the Americans on the other. Each copy of the document consisted of seventeen articles, in both English and Spanish, in parallel columns. Interpreter Ferguson read aloud the text of the treaty.

The only difference between the two copies was that the Spanish copy, in the usual preamble, set forth first the names of the Spanish commissioners, with a list of their titles and the past and present offices they have held following each, and then the names of the American commissioners. The American copy gave first the plain names of William R. Day, Cushman K. Davis, William P. Frye, George Gray and Whitelaw Reid, describing them simply as "citizens of the United States." Then followed the names of the Spanish commissioners, with all of their titles and offices.

The reading of the treaty was interrupted only once, when it was found that in the article about the release of the Spanish prisoners who are to be returned to their homes, the English version used the words, "Cuba, Porto Rico and the Island of Guam and the Philippines." The Spanish translation had it "or" instead of "and" and there was a slight delay while this trifling inaccuracy was corrected.

The American copy was handed to Judge Day and the Spanish copy to Senator Montero Rios, and the two presidents signed their names simultaneously. The two treaties were then passed quickly down the respective sides of the table. Senator Davis followed Judge Day, and Senators Frye and Gray and Mr. Reid signed afterward in the order named. After Mr. Reid had signed Mr. Ferguson took the American copy to Senator Rios and brought back the Spanish copy to Judge Day, when the documents were passed down the table again, the Americans signing beneath the English version and the Spaniards beneath the Spanish version in each case. The secretaries then prepared the seals and each commissioner affixed one opposite his name. The whole operation occupied only about fifteen minutes.

Senator Montero Rios said a few words expressive of his personal esteem of the Americans and thanks on behalf of his colleagues for the Americans' courtesy, and Judge Day responded in two or three cordial sentences. The commissioners then shook hands and the work of the Spanish-American peace conference was finished.

CUBAN HERO IS DEAD.

Gen. Calixto Garcia Yields to Attack of Pneumonia.

Gen. Calixto Garcia, who escaped death in many battles in Cuba, and upon whose head Spain often placed a price, died in Washington Sunday morning. He was one of the Cuban delegates who came to Washington to discuss plans for the future government of the island.

Gen. Garcia was one of the great leaders of the Cubans in their rebellion. In 1896 he was placed in command of the army of the east, and such was his reputation as a soldier and such his success that the province of Santiago de Cuba was regarded as the best place for the landing of American troops ever before. Admiral Cervera took his fleet into the harbor of Santiago and made it necessary that the point of attack should be there.

The old soldier took a severe cold when he came north, and this developed into pneumonia. He lived to learn that the peace treaty had been signed. The Cubans in Washington regard his death as an irreparable loss. He was most friendly to the United States, and believed that Cuba would ultimately seek annexation as the best method of securing a liberal and stable government on the basis of home rule.

Gen. Garcia's death was feared, but was unexpected. For forty years he had lived an existence which insured his constitution to every hardship of the field and camp. He had passed through battles and plagues, faced bullets and fevers, and when he was attacked by a cold while stopping in New York he laughed at the physicians who warned him of the danger attending a neglected cough.

Sparks from the Wires.

Japan is about to have built the most powerful battleship afloat.

The Red Cross Society has a Russian countess among its nurses.

The Florida Legislature is unanimously Democratic.

In 1901 Detroit will celebrate the 200th anniversary of the founding of the city by Pere Marquette.

Spanish advisers from Manila are to the effect that the insurgents will refuse to recognize the cession of the islands to the United States.

Good Digestion

Waits on appetite, or it should do so, but this can be only when the stomach is in a healthy condition. Hood's Sarsaparilla so tones and strengthens the stomach that it digests food easily and naturally and then all dyspeptic troubles vanish.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. Price \$1.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

SHOOT WINCHER LOADED SHOT GUN SHELLS

USED BY ALL THE CHAMPION SHOTS.

FREE. SEND NAME ON A POSTAL CARD, FOR 152 PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

WINCHER REPEATING ARMS CO.

100 WINCHESTER AVE., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS.

JOHN W. MORRIS WASHINGTON, D. C.

Late Principal Examiner U. S. Patent Bureau. 3 yrs. in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, etc., since.

Sued Himself.

A Washington attorney is rather noted for the facility with which he forgets financial obligations, says the Star. He has owed a certain grocer \$8 for a year or two. The other day the merchant concluded to try a new course with him. Meeting him in his store, he said:

"Judge, I have a customer who owes me a small bill and has owed it for a long time. He makes plenty of money, but won't pay. What would you do?"

"I'd sue him," said the lawyer emphatically.

"Well, I will put the account in your hands," and the merchant presented a statement of the account against himself.

"All right; I will attend to it," said the disciple of Blackstone.

A few days later the merchant received the following note from the lawyer:

"In case of ———, against ———, I took judgment for full amount of your claim. Execution was issued and returned 'no property found.' My fee for obtaining judgment is \$10, for which amount please send check. Will be glad to serve you in any other matters in which you need an attorney."

St. Jacobs Oil cures Rheumatism.

St. Jacobs Oil " Neuralgia

St. Jacobs Oil " Lumbago

St. Jacobs Oil " Sciatica

St. Jacobs Oil " Sprains

St. Jacobs Oil " Bruises

St. Jacobs Oil " Soreness

St. Jacobs Oil " Stiffness

St. Jacobs Oil " Backache

St. Jacobs Oil " Muscular Aches

Affable.

"Might I ask who lives here?" asked a polite gentleman of a stranger he met in front of a handsome mansion.

"Certainly, sir," as politely replied the other.

"Who is it, sir?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied the stranger.—London Punch.

In Winter Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. During winter your feet feel uncomfortable, nervous, and often cold and damp. If you have perspiring, smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It warms and rests the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and is a certain cure for chilblains and frost bites. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Improved.

"When your wife was a young girl she used to paint still-life pictures very prettily. Has she improved in her accomplishments since?"

"Indeed she has! She can now cook all the things she used to paint."—Flegende Blaetter.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 1/4 the price of coffee. 15c. and 25c. per package. Sold by all grocers.

In Kansas.

Friend—What did the man do?

Ex-Juryman—He swindled the lawyer. And there were some cranks on that jury that wanted to convict him.—Puck.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

The University of Chicago expended more than \$1,000,000 in the year 1897. Of this \$399,000 was in the salaries of the faculty.

Lane's Family Medicine

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

Recent statistics show that under 15 years there are more boys than girls, but over 75 years there are more women than men, and from the ages of 90 to 100 the proportion is about three to two in favor of the women.

How to Get Well.

1000 Farms for sale, \$2 per acre cash; balance on crop until paid. J. M. Hall, Sioux City, Ia.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children

Sooths the gums, reduces inflammation, always pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

WANTED—Case of bad health that R. P. A. N. S. will not benefit. Send 5 cents to Ripans Chemical Co., New York, for 10 samples and 100 testimonials.

Another Way Suggested.

A gentleman invited a certain lecturer to his house to take tea. Immediately on being seated at the table a little daughter of the house said to the guest abruptly:

"Where is your wife?"

The lecturer, who had recently separated from his better half, was surprised and annoyed at the question, and stammered forth the truth: "I don't know."

"Don't know?" repeated the child. "Why don't you know?"

Finding that the child persisted in her interrogation, despite the mild reproach of the parents, he decided to make a clean breast of the matter and have it over at once, so he said, with calmness: "Well, we don't live together. We think, as we can't agree, we'd better not."

He stifled a groan as the child began again, and darted an exasperated look at her parents. But the little tormentor would not be quieted until she exclaimed: "Can't agree! Then why don't you fight it out, the same as father and mother do?"—Newcastle Chronicle.

Seems to Get Ripe.

One complaint seems to get ripe in autumn, and that is Neuralgia. To soothe the pain, strengthen the nerves and rid the system of it, use St. Jacobs Oil, the best known cure.

Where She Came In.

Cora—Pauline is smarter than you, my dear. She can accompany the new tenor on the piano.

Pauline—Yes, but I can accompany him on my bicycle.—Pick-Me-Up.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

P. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Sleepless Slumbers.

Brown—My wife says I talk in my sleep.

Jones—Well, you're lucky.

Brown—How so?

Jones—My wife does all the talking in mine.—Chicago News.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

Don't practice economy by setting a hen on one egg in order to save eggs.

GOVERNOR OF OREGON

Uses Pe-ru-na in His Family

For Colds.

CAPITOL BUILDING, SALEM, OREGON.

A Letter from the Executive Office of Oregon.

Pe-ru-na is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Letters of congratulation and commendation testifying to the merits of Pe-ru-na as a cathartic remedy are pouring in from every State in the Union. Dr. Hartman is receiving hundreds of such letters daily. All classes write these letters, from the highest to the lowest.

The outdoor laborer, the indoor artisan, the clerk, the editor, the statesman, the preacher—all agree that Pe-ru-na is the cathartic remedy of the age. The stage and rostrum, recognizing cathartics as their greatest enemy, are especially enthusiastic in their praise and testimony.

Any man who wishes perfect health must be entirely free from cathartics. Cathartics are well-nigh universal; almost omnipresent. Pe-ru-na is the only absolute safeguard known. A cold is the beginning of cathartics. To prevent colds, to cure colds, is to shut cathartics out of their victims. Pe-ru-na not only cures cathartics, but prevents. Every household should be supplied with this great remedy for coughs, colds and so forth.

The Governor of Oregon is an ardent admirer of Pe-ru-na. He keeps it continually.

As any druggist for a free Pe-ru-na Almanac for the year 1899.

In the house. In a recent letter to Dr. Hartman he says:

STATE OF OREGON,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
SALEM, MAY 1898.

The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio: Dear Sirs—I have had occasion to use your Pe-ru-na medicine in my family for colds, and it proved to be an excellent remedy. I have not had occasion to use it for other ailments. Yours very truly,

W. M. Lard.

It will be noticed that the Governor says he has not had occasion to use Pe-ru-na for other ailments. The reason for this is, most other ailments begin with a cold. Using Pe-ru-na to promptly cure colds, he protects his family against other ailments. This is exactly what every other family in the United States should do. Keep Pe-ru-na in the house. Use it for coughs, colds, in grippes, and other climatic affections of winter, and there will be no other ailments in the house. Such families should provide themselves with a copy of Dr. Hartman's free book, entitled "Winter Catarrh." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.

"The More You Say the Less People Remember." One Word With You,

SAPOLIO

TORPID LIVER.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS

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CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

will soon be in order, we greet you a few days in advance at the

BANK DRUG STORE

with a complete stock of Holiday Gifts.

FANCY GOODS. Celluloid Albums, Toilet Cases, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, Perfume Atomizers and Perfumes, New Goods that will please you.

IT IS AN EASY MATTER TO SELECT PRESENTS WHEN YOU CAN DO SO FROM OUR LARGE ASSORTMENT.

SILVERWARE.

Nothing makes a better present than an article from our Silverware case.

Silver Knives, Forks and Spoons.

Silver Tea Sets.

Silver Pickle Dishes.

Silver Cake Baskets.

Silver Novelties.

SOLID SILVER SPOONS.

All Goods fully Warranted.

The Christmas Pie

is running at the

Bank Drug Store.

All children under twelve years of age when accompanied by either parent are entitled to a draw.

Stop and see the Boys and Girls made happy.

The Pie closes Christmas eve.

JEWELRY

We are headquarters for first-class Jewelry, Rings, Chains, Pins, Sleeve Buttons and Links, etc.

Notice our line of Clocks.

Notice our prices on

WATCHES

They will interest you.

FANCY CROCKERY AND LAMPS.

We can show you cups and saucers at all prices. Finely decorated platters, salad dishes, vases, etc., etc. If you are thinking of buying a Lamp don't fail to call at the Bank Drug Store.

GAMES AND TOYS.

We have a fine line of 5c Toys.

Games at all prices.

Dolls from 1c to \$1.00.

Children's Picture Books.

CANDY AND NUTS.

Good mixed candy 5c a pound.

Best mixed nuts 10c a pound.

Fine oranges at all prices.

Peanuts, Pop corn balls, candy toys.

We carry a full line of Lowney's choicest candy.

BOOKS, BIBLES, STORY BOOKS, CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

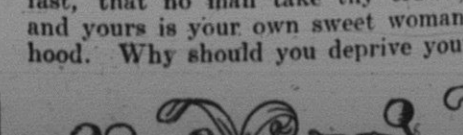
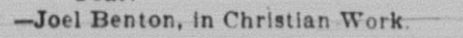
PICTURES AT ALL PRICES!

FINE MEDALLIONS AND STATUETTES.

EVERYTHING SOLD AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

GLAZIER & STIMSON.



"Are you sick, ma? Lizzie won't have breakfast ready," was Mrs. Mason's greeting from her husband as she awoke on New Year's morning. "Tell Mary to dress the children,

contain himself: "I can't see but you are looking better than usual, ma, though you don't act as if you were well. I had thought to send up the doctor to-day. Is it a tonic you need?"

Of course the new leaf got crumpled sometimes. The children clamored for their devoted slave, and the girls grumbled because they had to take their part in the household care, and

My mind was filled
with dreams
gold,

An hour went by. I heard a cry
Of misery deep, my door-step nigh.

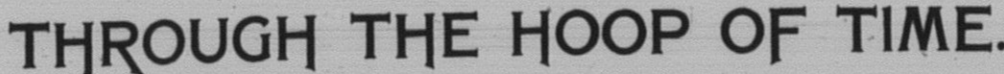
"Forget Me not again," said He,
"For all thou hast belongs to Me."

I awakened, and my dream had fled.

The Christmas Atmosphere

year, except perchance when they making ready for a wedding.—**Bos Watchman.**

'em to me pretty near every day.
Chicago Journal.



"Take her, pa," cried Mary. "She

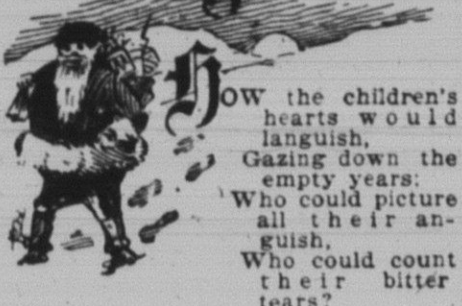
is no one in the world who loves

ne Judge.

'em to me pretty near every day.
Chicago Journal.



Christmas-tide will come again.



How the children's hearts would languish, gazing down the empty years. Who could picture all their anguish. Who could count their bitter tears?

What a dreary, hopeless sighing. From the ocean to be main. If the mandate were sent flying: "Christmas never'll come again."

Can you picture the commotion. All the exclamations wild. Echoing from sea to ocean. From the lips of every child? Grief and indignation, swelling in the wee hearts torn in twain. By the sad thought upward welling: "Christmas never'll come again."

Stockings limp and empty hanging. Chimneys clean, and moss-grown roofs. Wait in vain the cheery clanging Of the tiny reindeer hoofs. While a crowd of pleasures vanished In the old Saint's merry train. Hop and joy of childhood banished— "Christmas never'll come again."

Ah, for wreaths of withered holly Shivering in the wintry breeze; Mistletoe, sweet tender folly. Hanging black upon the trees. Well may children's tears be falling Like the sobbing autumn rain. Spirits of the past are calling: "Christmas never'll come again."

Quenched the light of holy giving In the Christ child's blessed name. To the wretched creatures living In the haunts of sin and shame. No more Christmas carols chanted. Silent all the sweet refrain. Only hearts by memory haunted— "Christmas never'll come again."

Dry your eyes, ye children weeping. Raise once more your joyous strain. While this world is in God's keeping. Christmas-tide will come again. —Ruth Argye, in Good Housekeeping

Christened For Christmas.



WHAT a very pretty girl she was, and how the 20 years of her fair young life had combined to crown her with all the graces of sweet womanhood. I saw her one evening at a reception, and though I was long past my beehood days, I could not resist the radiance of this sweet girl, and, following her with my eyes as she flitted about among the guests, I asked who she was.

"Why," laughed the gray-haired woman of whom I asked the question, "don't you know her?—I thought everybody knew Santa Claus Conway." "Why do you call her Santa Claus?" Because she brings joy and gladness and all good things to all whom she meets?" I inquired, bowing gallantly. "I shall tell her that," smiled the lady, "though that is not exactly why she was so christened. Still, she went on, musingly, "that was the reason, too, though I hadn't quite thought of it so."

"Please go on with the story," I suggested, for I knew there was a story that must go with the pretty girl who seemed to be rather a being-out of a book than one of the every-day creatures her associates were.

"There is a story," said my companion, "and I shall be more than glad to tell it to you. Twenty years ago, living not a dozen blocks from where we now are, was a couple who had been married ten years before the light of a baby's eyes shone into their home and their hearts. When at last that wonderful light came which never was on sea or land except it came from a baby's eyes, and of which no one knows the radiance except those upon whom it has fallen, that father and that mother almost forgot there was yet a light greater than that which blessed them from their baby's eyes. I do not say that I am quite of the belief that God is such a jealous God that He will break the hearts of His creatures to gratify His pride, but I am quite content to believe that we should not worship any gift we may receive to the exclusion of our duty and debt to the giver, and particularly the Great Giver. Whatever my opinion may be, it has taught to do with the case, and for four years this fa-

ther and mother lavished all their love and their generosity upon this one ewe lamb of theirs. I can remember what a scene of fairyland their house was at Christmas for the little girl and for her troops of friends, for all that love could suggest and wealth could secure was brought and laid at the feet of their darling.

"And what a dreadful change when the fifth Christmas came. In the September before, the little girl, a bright and beautiful child, suddenly sickened, and within a week she slept on the sunshiny slope of a gentle knoll looking out over the beautiful blue river sweeping by with a murmur as of angels' wings. For weeks the father and mother refused to be comforted, nor would they go away to other scenes. There the little one had filled their hearts and lives and there, they insisted, should the empty shell remain. Elsewhere in the world there was nothing; in that spot were, at least, the memories of their idolized one. I was with them a great deal, and as often as I could I sent my own children to visit them, and from these and other playmates of their lost one they derived much comfort. But I

enough during the early twilight of Christmas eve, but as night came on and there were only shadows and stillness in the great house where lights had gleamed and children's merry laughter had filled their halls, the depression became so overpowering that I began to feel as if a crisis were approaching and that something was going to happen to make a great change, either for the better or for the worse, and end the painful chapter. Once or twice as the evening dragged slowly along and the streets became still, I started nervously and gazed anxiously at the chimney place, feeling sure that Santa Claus would come down that way, or if he did not I would very soon go off in a fit of hysterics. If you have never had such an experience, you should pray that you never do. About midnight, and just a minute or two before the bells of the city rang out their Christmas welcome to the day, I ventured to suggest that probably they would find some forgetfulness in sleep, and as I did so I arose and with me the mother stood up, leaving her husband sitting with bowed head. She stepped forward to touch him and, as her hand was laid upon his shoul-

der, there came a ring at the door-bell so sudden, so powerful and so insistent that the woman screamed and fell to the floor in a faint. Instantly her husband was bending over her, and telling me to go at once for a doctor who lived directly opposite. I ran away in obedience, quite forgetting the cause of all the disturbance. Jerking open the front door, I almost stumbled over a basket sitting there, and then I nearly fainted, too. You men never know why women do such things as they do, but they do them just the same, and the minute I saw that basket I knew what was in it, and I knew that there wasn't any need of going after the doctor then. And I didn't. I simply picked up the basket and carried it back to where the stricken mother lay, with her husband over her, chafing her hands and kissing her white face as his tears fell upon it.

"Without a word to him, I opened the white silken flannel which was folded thickly all over the precious package within, and as I dug down into the soft folds I found something warm, and then I came to a bit of filmy lace, and under that the sleeping face of a baby, six or seven months old. I turned up the light and the baby opened its big blue eyes wonderingly and, with a chubby fist held up at the light, it crowded as only a baby can crowd. The man leaning over the woman had not even noticed my return, but this baby's crow was to him like a call from some other land, and he turned toward me. With a

cry whose gladness cannot be described, he ran to me and, snatching the baby from its covering, he kissed it and laid it down on the bosom of his wife with its fat little fists digging into her cheeks and neck. I don't know, nor does anything human, what the baby's power is, but in a minute the woman began to stir uneasily, and to move her hands about as if searching for something, and then, with a cry like her husband's for gladness, she opened her eyes and her arms, and the baby, with a satisfied coo, cuddled close to the mother's breast.

"That was the crisis, and as the father dropped beside the side of his wife with the child in his arms, and prayed fervently, I broke down completely and cried as if all the sorrow in the world instead of all its gladness had come into that lonely house this Christmas eve. So they called the baby Santa Claus, and as she grew up she became indeed, as you say, a veritable Santa, bringing only good things to all the world that lay about her."

"And do they know nothing of her?" I asked.

"Everything," she answered. "Her mother was a widowed relative of the

autumn leaves or the boughs of winter, these things are marking their line, and how old we are is being written day by day so clearly that he who runs may read. God gives us eternal youth in the vigor with which we press upward, and in all best things gives us such rapid growth that we may soon gain eternal years.

"We live in thought, not breaths, in deeds, not years. In feelings, not in figures on the dial; We should count time by heart throbs, not by the clock. Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best." —Washington Home Magazine.

Johnny's Suggestion.

Johnny (on Christmas eve)—"Mamma, can't you give the baby something to make him sleep to-night?" Mamma—"Why, Johnny?" Johnny—"Because if Santa Claus hears him yelling, he might think we're all just as bad." —Current Literature.

A Modest Wish.

At a mission Sunday-school at Woods Run the children were talking of Christmas. "Johnny, what

WE'VE met, and now good-bye, Old Year:
In war's red glare you've served a part—
You're mustered out! I enter here
With peaceful hopes within my heart.



MUSTERED OUT.

feared for the coming of Christmas. That was the joy of the year when the child was the very soul of it all, and I did not dare think what that father and mother would do in the thick darkness that had fallen upon them.

"When the time came around I tried to get them to come to my own house



Her hand was laid upon his shoulder.

and spend two or three days, but they would not hear to leaving, and, fearing something, I knew not what, I determined to slip away from the brightness and cheer of my own home and go into the dreary darkness of this one of my friends'. It was sad

der, there came a ring at the door-bell so sudden, so powerful and so insistent that the woman screamed and fell to the floor in a faint. Instantly her husband was bending over her, and telling me to go at once for a doctor who lived directly opposite. I ran away in obedience, quite forgetting the cause of all the disturbance. Jerking open the front door, I almost stumbled over a basket sitting there, and then I nearly fainted, too. You men never know why women do such things as they do, but they do them just the same, and the minute I saw that basket I knew what was in it, and I knew that there wasn't any need of going after the doctor then. And I didn't. I simply picked up the basket and carried it back to where the stricken mother lay, with her husband over her, chafing her hands and kissing her white face as his tears fell upon it.

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family who died only a few weeks previously, leaving two or three children, and this little girl was sent to the stricken parents as a Christmas gift in this way with the hope that it had been so happily fulfilled." —W. J. Lampton, in Detroit Free Press.

Growth of the Soul.

Though times and seasons are not as important as many would have us think, still nearly every thoughtful person at the coming of a new year remembers how old he is and wishes he were not quite so old. Let us turn our minds away from the tabernacle of flesh, the least real thing in our lives, and think a little of the inward growing old. For the body every added period is a loss; for the soul every added growth is almost incalculable gain. How old are we? How much older than a year, two years, ten years ago? How much quicker to recognize the Divine voice? How much stronger our hand and clearer our voice against evil? How much swifter our feet to bear the message of good will to men? How much gain has there been in power and willingness to serve? How much more faithful are we in the chaos of small and common duties and cares? How much truer are we in friendship, warmer in the home loves, more patient with the mistakes and the bad? Round our tree of life, as it has struggled up toward the sky, whether it bear the spring buds or the summer green, or the dead russet of the

would you like for Christmas?" a teacher asked of one little fellow. "I'd like a pair of pants without patches, ma'am," replied the boy. —Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Dirt Cheap.



Mrs. Crawford—I always thought smoking was such an expensive habit. Mrs. Crabshaw—Well, isn't it? Mrs. Crawford—Why, no; I bought my husband a whole box of cigars for Christmas, and all they cost was 60 cents. —N. Y. World.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

THERE seems to come from lands afar The echo of the chiming Which long ago, 'neath Orient star, For earth rang better times. To-day upon the wintry air The holy anthem swells, And all is peace beyond compare While ring the Christmas Bells.

The ripples laugh o'er Kedron's bed, The olive lifts her crest, The modest lily bows her head, Where Jesus loved to rest; And calm to-day is Galilee, No storm dismay foretells, As far and wide o'er land and sea Ring out the Christmas Bells.

They breathe the story of that morn When, in the fragrant bay, The Prince of Heaven, newly born, A smiling infant lay: From pole to pole, from coast to coast The pean loudly swells, As if the bright, angelic host Rang all the Christmas Bells.

With music sweet they fill the glen, And from the steeples high 'Tis "Peace on earth, good will to men!" Where'er bends the sky, No land so far but the dear strain Of earth's redemption tells, And Bethlehem is crowned again While peal the Christmas Bells.

Let every soul rejoice to hear Their prophecies of peace: In every kingdom far or near Let sin and turmoil cease. Each sacred note that floats afar The clouds of woe dispels, And once again gleams Judah's star Above the Christmas Bells. —T. C. Harbaugh, in Chicago Advance.

A Great Opportunity for Willie.



Willie Richard—See what I got for Christmas! Bobby Fivefives—Aw—say, if you let me play with it awhile, I'll—I'll let you lick me.—Up to Date.

Christmas in New York.

Jacob A. Riis, in an article in the Century Magazine on "Merry Christmas in the Tenements," says:

In a hundred places all over the city, when Christmas comes, as many open-air fairs spring suddenly into life. A kind of Gentile Feast of the Tabernacles possesses the tenement districts especially. Green-embowered booths stand in rows at the curb, and the voice of the tin trumpet is heard in the land. The common source of all the show is down by the North river, in the district known as "the Farm." Down there Santa Claus establishes headquarters early in December and until past New Year. The broad quay looks then more like a clearing in a pine forest than a busy section of the metropolis. The steamers discharge their loads of fir trees at the piers until they stand stacked mountain high with foot-hills of holly and ground-ivy trailing off towards the land side. An army-train of wagons is engaged in carrying them away from early morning till late at night; but the green forest grows, in spite of it all, until in places it shuts the shipping out of sight altogether. The air is redolent with the smell of balsam and pine. After nightfall, when the lights are burning in the busy market, and the homeward-bound crowds with baskets and heavy burdens of Christmas greens jostle each other with good-natured banter—nobody is ever cross down here in the holiday season—it is good to take a stroll through "the Farm," if one has a spot in his heart faithful yet to the hills and the woods in spite of the latter-day city. But it is when the moonlight is upon the water and upon the dark phantom forest, when the heavy breathing of some passing steamer is the only sound that breaks the stillness of the night, and the watchman smokes his lonely pipe upon the bulwark, that "the Farm" has a mood and an atmosphere all its own, full of poetry, which some day a painter's brush will catch and hold.

THE INTERPRETER.



THE NEW YEAR ON THE THRESHOLD STANDS WITH THE KING'S MESSAGE IN HIS HANDS; FOR SO A THOUSAND CAME BEFORE, AND A LIKE ROYAL MESSAGE BORE.

AND WHO, SAVE LOVE, DESERVES TO READ THIS GOSPEL, IF THE WORLD GIVE HEED? FOR ONLY SHE, BY DAY AND NIGHT, MAY TELL TIME'S MYSTERY ARIGHT.



"I AM THE LAW FULFILLED," SHE SAITH, "COME PEACE OR WAR, COME LIFE OR DEATH." SHE DOT UPBUILD WHERE OTHERS MAR, AND HATE AND FEAR FALSE PROPHETS ARE.

THROUGH ALL THE EARNEST YEARS THAT WERE, LOVE HATH BEEN LIFE'S INTERPRETER; OF ALL THE GOLDEN DAYS TO BE, LOVE HOLDS THE KEY, LOVE HOLDS THE KEY.

FRANK WILCOX HUNT, IN N. Y. INDEPENDENT



CHRISTMAS HYMN.



THROUGH the solemn midnight, ringing,
Falls the sweet, triumphant singing,
Of the choir of God.
Hear the message that they are bringing,
Hear the answering song unspringing,
From the echoing sod.
Blessed voice of God's own angels,
Echoing word of His evangel,
Hark! they fall again,
Balm for wounds and peace for anguish,
Rest for souls that toil and languish,
Peace, good will to men.
From the sad earth's stricken places
Lift the tear-worn, furrowed faces,
Christ the Lord is born,
Born to bear our cross and sadness;
Born to change our gloom to gladness,
Bring our night to morn.

His the giving and forgiving,
Bitter dying, anguish'd living,
Crucifixion and atonement,
His the bearing and forbearing,
Ours the blessing and the sharing
Of His gracious heart.

Soft the music grows and tender,
Loving hearts, what can ye render,
To the Christ, your King?
Praising voices fall and falter,
What that's worthy of His altar,
Can His children bring?
—Mary Lowe Dickinson, in Congregationalist.

NOT GEORGE'S FAULT.

OW, George, ain't these little toy tin kitchens just cute? Do you see how nice they're fixed up?" questioned Mrs. Brown, anxiously, repeatedly tugging at the brown, threadbare sleeve at her side. "There's a stove and kettle and pans and dishes and a table and that little washtub and board is the cunningest of anything I've seen in all my life. Our Annie'd go into his over that."

"Say, George! do you see?" this time giving the sleeve a vigorous twist. Mr. Brown's eyes were fixed absently on the huge tags adorning the opposite wall, and he evinced no interest in the tin kitchen.

The lamps in the great storeroom were lighted, and the tables were heaped with a brilliant mass of Christmas toys.

Mrs. Brown went anxiously from one table to another, her eyes bright with excitement. At length she held up a tiny ship and viewed it smilingly. "It's just what Harry has wanted all the time," she said softly to herself. "Say, George!" she called.

"George, look a-ther. Wouldn't Harry be tickled t' get that?"

"I do know," grunted the man at the table, shifting his position uneasily.

"You see how it works, don't you? Them little sails can be put up or down; h'isted, I think they call it. Say! he could sail it splendid on our duck pond, couldn't he, George?"

"I s'pose so," grumbled Mr. Brown, in a voice that distinctly said he wished Mrs. Brown would "shut up" and leave him alone.

Finally she laid the ship down and went over to the book counter. Mr. Brown followed her slowly, and stood looking on sullenly, while she turned over page after page of childish literature. "You know, I must get a book for Benny," she said, by way of explanation; "he don't seem to do nothin' but read now since he's been sick. He's rather have a nice new

book than anything else. He's read the old ones time and ag'in."

She selected one with a pretty, bright cover, and had it wrapped up; then she went over to look at the dolls. There were all kinds of dolls, from little china and bisque babies two inches long to great wax dolls, that would laugh and cry and that were



"It's just what Harry has wanted."

longer than many of the little mammas who would possess them. She picked up a little bisque baby, about a foot long, and stood looking at it uncertainly.

"What do you want of another doll?" said Mr. Brown, crossly. "There's a dozen kickin' round the house now."

"But Bessie hain't got any," said Mrs. Brown, reproachfully. "I don't know what difference that makes," retorted Mr. Brown. "One plays with 'em as much as another."

"Well, what do you think of that ship for Harry?" questioned Mrs. Brown, growing hopeful at her husband's show of interest. "Ain't it the cutest thing you've seen?"

"He'd break it 'fore he had it a week. I s'pose, Marthy, you're not on gitten' a lot o' tomlorrows like this; but it's too much money throwed plum away. I don't believe in pamperin' younguns so; they're jest as well 'thout 'em."

"Well, there's the kitchen, there ain't nothin' to break 'bout that," persisted Mrs. Brown, eagerly. "Annie's such a womanly little thing, she'd learn to be a real little housekeeper."

"I don't see what good that 'ud do; she's got dishes 'nough now. Why don't you get 'em some candy 'r somethin' an' let it go at that? This throwin' away hard cash is a little too much these hard times, Marthy."

Mrs. Brown turned away indignantly, her hard, toiled little fingers firmly closed over the bright coins in the tip of her woolen mitten.

"George," she said, and her voice was no longer soft. "I s'pose you know now I earned this money? A settin' up an' knittin' long after you was abed an' asleep. I reckon I'll spend it as I see fit. You can spend your money as you're a mind to, but them younguns'll have their Christmas presents as long as I'm able to earn 'em."

"I hope you'll feel satisfied when the last red cent of it's spent," grumbled Mr. Brown, angrily. "You needn't come a-askin' me for none when your p's gone," he called after her fiercely, as she made her way back to the tin kitchen and the toy ship.

A tear fell on the little white sail, as she took it once more in her trem-



SANTA'S MISTAKE.

Old Santa has spoiled this little boy's fun
By making the slightest mistake—

A doll in his sock instead of a gun—
Now he says that Old Santa's a "fake."

longer than many of the little mammas who would possess them. She picked up a little bisque baby, about a foot long, and stood looking at it uncertainly.

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bling hands, and thought of the new woolen muffler she had put away for George himself, when Christmas morning should come.

"I don't s'pose there's any use in tryin'," she said. "He never will see no sense in it. I can't make him feel

as I do about it. It's just extravagance and waste in his eyes. Mebbe if his folks had been different; but George never had no Christmas. He never knew what Santa Claus was, poor boy, and I don't know as I can blame him much. Never knew the pleasure of

givin' 'r receivin'. He was fetched up that way; he ain't to blame. It's all the way they're learnt when their younguns."

"But our boy Harry—" She did not finish her sentence, but her eyes shone with a renewed determination as she counted out the money for the pretty toy, and handed it to the waiting clerk. —Maude Morrison Huey, in Detroit Free Press.

Hard to Understand.

"Of course," he said, reflectively, "I am not making any complaint about it. All I desire to say is that I can't understand it."

"You can't understand what?" inquired his wife. "Why you can put gilded spheres and gaudy fabrics all over a Christmas tree six feet high and four feet thick for 75 cents, when it costs at least \$18 to trim a bonnet four inches in diameter." —Washington Star.

The Best Christmas Present.

The best of all gifts at the present time is yourself. Make yourself in some way more pleasant and helpful to others. You may have been neglectful of them; be mindful henceforth. You may be quick in temper and have spoken hastily; put on restraint and speak kindly now. Restrain all evil habits and make yourself a joy and a help to others. They will bless you. —United Presbyterian.

Her Little Surprise.

Mr. Snobs—I suppose this bill is for my Christmas present. But where on earth is the present?

Mrs. Snobs—I thought I would surprise you with the bill first. —Up to Date.

Too Suggestive.

Don't spell it Xmas. It is too suggestive of the good X dollar bills that were broken and wasted. —Aitchison Globe.

Where Extension Was Craved.

"You wish your stocking was bigger, don't you, dear?" asked mamma of Davie.

"No'm; my stummick." —Judge.

AS IT'S DRAWING NEAR CHRISTMAS DAY,
TO THE ISLANDS I MUST FIND A WAY;
I CAN'T RIDE ON THE BREEZE,
AND THE GULF DOES NOT FREEZE,
SO IT'S USELESS FOR REINDEER AND SLEIGH.

A PERPLEXING QUESTION.



AS IT'S DRAWING NEAR CHRISTMAS DAY,
TO THE ISLANDS I MUST FIND A WAY;
I CAN'T RIDE ON THE BREEZE,
AND THE GULF DOES NOT FREEZE,
SO IT'S USELESS FOR REINDEER AND SLEIGH.

AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

AT Christmas time last year
So many friends
That now are
Gone were
Here!
So many hopes
Were glowing
Then unspoken,
So many faiths were
Strong that now lie broken,
And loving hearts that trusted with-
out fear:
—At Christmas time last year.

At Christmas time this year
So many of us find the world a drear
And barren desert wherein blooms
No rose,
With mountain peaks surrounding it,
Have chilled our hearts, and turned
Life's foliage sere,
—At Christmas time this year.

At Christmas time next year,
Who knows what changing fortunes
May be near?
Take courage, then! For night shall
Turn to day,
From brightening skies the clouds
Must roll away,
And faith and hope and love shall all
Be here
—At Christmas time next year.
—Helen M. Winslow, in Woman's Journal.

Lost Opportunity.



We stood beneath the mistletoe,
Her hand I clasped in mine,
Her red lips pouted temptingly,
Her breath was sweet as wine,
O rapture! then, O bitterness!
I knew not what to do,
For I was barely five feet high
And she was six feet two!
—Town Topics.

Christmas Carols.

It takes Santa Claus a long time to fill the girls' stockings in Chicago, but he makes up for lost time when he gets to Boston.

Don't try to make yourself happy at Christmas by doing the things you will swear off at New Year's.

If you should see anyone coming down the chimney don't think it is Santa Claus, but go at once and sound the burglar-alarm.

If you are going to be married at Christmas, light the Yule-log with the other girls' letters.

Don't call yourself unlucky just because you fail to pull the gold watch out of the Christmas grab-bag. —Judge.

Discovered.

"Papa," said little Petie, "does Kriss Kringle bring little boys toys ahead of Christmas?"

"No, my son," replied the father. "Why do you ask?"

"I was a wonderin' what them new toys was I found away back in the loft behind the trunks." —Philadelphia North American.

Wise Precaution.

"There," said the prudent housewife, as she looked over the Christmas decorations, "I think that will do very nicely. Only we must not forget to take the mistletoe from the chandelier and move it to different parts of the room during the day."

"What is that for?" asked her husband.

"I don't wish to wear the carpet out all in one spot." —Washington Star.

Tact Required.

It really requires a marvelous amount of tact to appear thankful at Christmas for something you didn't want. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Inventive Genius.



Alice—Yes, Jack Hastings kissed me several times yesterday and really I had no redress.

Maud—How was that?

"He had a sprig of mistletoe fastened on his umbrella, and then insisted on keeping it hoisted whenever no body happened to be near." —Chicago Daily News.

If You Don't

Take The Standard you don't get the news—you would if you did.

The Chelsea Standard.

A CHELSEA PAPER FOR CHELSEA PEOPLE.

If You Don't

Advertise in The Standard you don't get the trade—you would if you did.

VOL. X. NO. 45.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1898.

WHOLE NUMBER 513

H. S. HOLMES MERCANTILE CO.

UMBRELLAS.

We have just placed on sale a big lot of new umbrellas. We have all the newest style handles in both ladies' and gents' sizes. These were bought expressly for Christmas trade and make very desirable Christmas Presents for either a lady or gentleman.

GLOVES.

Our stock of \$1.00 and \$1.50 gloves is very complete. You need not look for better gloves than we sell for \$1.00 and \$1.50. They're not to be found. Every pair fully guaranteed.

TABLE LINENS AND NAPKINS.

Table linens and napkins in a good assortment. One lot of good napkins, slightly soiled, at reduced prices.

TOWELS.

You ought to see our towels. Our 15, 20 and 25c lines are unbeatable. The 25c kinds are as good as usually retailed at 30 or 35c.

WHITE APRONS.

Extra value 25c white aprons. Some finely tucked; some embroidery trimmed and some plain hemmed. Better ones at 50c

DRESS GOODS.

Can't you use a dress pattern for a Christmas present? We are offering all of our fine (7 yd) patterns at cost. The \$10.50 patterns for \$8.50.

If you want some thing with just as much style and at less price we have them now at \$1.00, 75, 59 and 50c per yard. All reduced in price.

COATS AND CAPES.

Every coat and cape reduced in price. Our stock in this department is much heavier than usual and we are going to clean up this department as near as possible regardless of profits or our cost. Call and see what we are doing. We'll astonish you with our low prices.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

Beautiful embroidered handkerchiefs, hemstitched or lace effects 25c. Fine handkerchiefs, embroidered or hemstitched edge 10 and 15c. Pure linen hemstitched handkerchiefs, washed and ready for use 25, 15, 12½ and 10c.

Ask to see our Christmas Slippers for men and women

NECKWEAR.

Last Saturday we received Christmas neckwear for men. We have a big lot of tecks, puffs and four-in-hands. Newest styles. Our south window is made up from these ties. We are showing some very new novelties and all the new stripes and plaids. Our assortment of puff ties at 50c is very complete. Nothing is more suitable for a present than a tie.

RUGS

We are offering our stock of rugs at reduced prices. Very best Moquette 27x63 rugs, regular \$2.98 quality for \$1.98. Smaller size 98c. Smyrna rugs 75c to \$4.00. Several beautiful Wilton rugs, best qualities at reduced prices to close.

Ask to see these rugs. They make fine presents.

H. S. HOLMES MERCANTILE CO.

Deey Want You, Wede.

A recent item appeared in the Detroit evening papers stating that an effort was being made to induce Wedemeyer to remain in the governor's cabinet, which leads the Free Press to remark as follows:

De gov'nah's 'ceedingly anxious, de cabinet's teasing hard, dere's got to be some brains borrowed to push de session fro' stop yer worryin' 'em, Wede, come forward and 'sist the needy, for dey want you, Wede, yes, 'ey do.

Dere's messages to be writ, proclamashuns composed, and 'casional 'stemp' raneous speech and sizzlin' interview; so shut down yer law shop, Wede; people'll think yer gettin' greedy, for dey want you, Wede, yes, 'ey do.

De gov'nah's done discouraged, de cause requires a crutch, ef it don't get no cerebrum it goes into the stew; so fetch yer think tank, Wede, and be drefull smart and speedy, for dey want you, Wede, yes, 'ey do.

Wha's dat? Got yer money's worth? Don't care if you never come back? Respectfully 'qest de gov'nah to take his clo's an' go? You's got another gal, Wede! You's deserted us, yes indeedy, for we want you, Wede, yes we do.

Old Invitations.

Among the papers found in the effects of the late Mrs. Saphrona Cross of Sylvan were a couple of old invitations to balls in this section of the country. One of them reads as follows:

Opening Ball. The honor of your company and lady is respectfully solicited at the house of Moses Woods in Sylvan, on Friday, November 11th, 1853, at 6 o'clock p. m. Managers: O. Thatcher, A. Adams, J. Powell, A. Harper, Henry Kemp, William F. Hatch. Room Managers: William King, P. Brown. Music by King & Co.

The other invitation is as follows: Social Ball. S. L. Sergeant & Co. will give a social ball at the Concert Hall, Chelsea, on Wednesday evening, December 31st, 1856. Your company is respectfully solicited. Managers: W. B. Harlow, W. W. Smith. Tickets \$1.50.

There are a number of people here who, when shown the invitations, recalled the events, and of the latter they said that it was the leading social event that had ever been held in Chelsea, and that it was a very swell affair.

A Premium on Crime.

Washtenaw county has come into line with those counties that place a premium upon crime. A few months ago a young man named Ninde at Ypsilanti deliberately shot a woman, who did not respond to his attentions as he thought she should. The young lady recovered, and the business men of the city, in order to show the style of their makeup, signed a petition asking the officers to let the brute go; stating that he had been showing signs of insanity for some time before the commission of the crime. He is free. It is such tomfoolery as this that creates mob law and sets up Judge Lynch's court. The Standard thinks that if an examination were made of those who signed the petition, signs of insanity could be found, and that one act would be evidence enough.

Mrs. Maria Coy VanRiper.

Maria Coy was born in Northampton shire, England, September 1, 1834. When she was about three years of age, her parents, with their family, came to America, and settled at Unadilla, Mich. On the 28th of May, 1862, she was married to John VanRiper. During the next six years they made their home in Dexter, since which time they have resided in Chelsea.

With the almost thirty-seven years since marriage, death has entered their happy circle four times. Their eldest child, Cora Ann, was the first to leave, at the early age of thirteen months. The father was called away in February, 1893. James W., a noble and promising young man of thirty years, fell in 1895; and on the 8th day of December, 1898, the mother took her departure, leaving three sons and one daughter, three brothers and two sisters, to mourn their irreparable loss. They have, however, the comforting assurance that what is lost to them is eternal gain to her. They have also the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community, all of whom knew Mrs. VanRiper as one of the excellent of the earth. She and her husband united with the Chelsea Congregational church on the 4th of July, 1875, and walked worthily of their profession to the end. "They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Funeral services were held at their late home on East street Sunday afternoon, December 11th, Rev. Dr. Holmes officiating, and her remains were deposited in our beautiful Oak Grove cemetery, awaiting the glad morning when "the voice of the archangel and the trumpet of God" shall wake the dead, and call all men before the judgment seat. "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." 2, n.

Rolland Hummel.

That "death loves a shining mark" was truly illustrated when the grim hand removed from earth Rolland Hummel, who was born February 19, 1888, and died December 6, 1898. Though young in years Rolland was a bright, active boy, possessing talent and ability that shown forth with more than ordinary lustre in budding humanity. Endowed with a happy and smiling disposition he made many friends among young and old, especially among his teachers, with whom he was a general favorite.

Despite all efforts of medical skill and the most tender and careful administrations of loving friends, the dread disease had gained a deadly grasp and played sad havoc with his vital forces. After a long and intense suffering he slept peacefully away to awaken as a shining star in the diadem of his Savior's crown.

The funeral was held Friday, December 9th, from St. Mary's church, of which church he was a devoted little member, and whose teachings he was eagerly learning. His remains were laid away in the family lot at Mt. Olivet cemetery. The family has the deep sympathy of the entire community.

Christmas Reception.

The Christmas reception of the Bay View Reading Circle held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Holmes was a most delightful occasion. The elegant rooms were very prettily decorated with holly and a fine program, well rendered, gave much pleasure both to members and invited guests.

After the musical and literary part of the program an additional one which had been prepared as a surprise by the host and hostess was served in the dining room with plates and spoons and heartily enjoyed by all the company. The following was the program: Christmas Vesper Service

Christmas in Art, Mrs. D. C. McLaren
Reading, Mrs. R. S. Armstrong
Piano Solo, Miss Nellie C. Hall
Pantomime, "A Visit from St. Nicholas"
Enid Holmes, Vera Glazier, Dorothy Glazier, Marjorie Freeman, Margaret Hoag, Howard Holmes, Paul Mart-in, Galbraith Gorman, Algernon Palmer

Vocal Duet, Mesdames Kempf and Cummings
Reading, Mrs. L. Winans
Recitation, Mrs. J. W. Schenk
Violin Solo, Howard Holmes
Fagot Stories, Mesdames Boyd, Gorman and Taylor, Miss Depew
Recitation—"Santa Claus," Harold Glazier, Ralph Holmes

Mandolin Solo, Miss Maggie Nickerson
Roll Call, "Christmas"
Vocal Solo, Miss Maggie Nickerson

Election of Officers.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.
The following were the officers elected by Chelsea Lodge, No. 194, K. of P., at the annual meeting Wednesday, December 14th:

C. C.—Geo. A. BeGole.
V. C.—Hiram Lighthall.
P.—Bert J. Howlett.
M. of W.—C. M. Stephens.
K. of R. and S.—S. P. Foster.
M. of F.—John D. Watson.
M. of E.—E. A. Williams.
M. A.—H. H. Avery.
I. G.—Arlington Guerin.
O. G.—D. C. McLaren.
Representative to Grand Lodge—Geo. A. BeGole.

Alternate—Bert J. Howlett.
Trustees—H. S. Holmes, H. Lighthall, D. E. Beach.
Installing Officer—C. W. Maroney.

THE KEMPF COMMERCIAL AND SAVINGS BANK.

The following officers of The Kempf Commercial and Savings Bank were elected at the annual meeting for the ensuing year:

President—R. Kempf.
Vice President—H. S. Holmes.
Cashier—J. A. Palmer.
Assistant Cashier and Secretary—Geo. A. BeGole.

Directors—R. Kempf, H. S. Holmes, C. H. Kempf, C. Klein and R. S. Armstrong.

KNIGHTS OF THE MACCABEES.

The following officers were elected by Chelsea Tent, No. 281, K. O. T. M., at the annual meeting Friday evening:

Commander—Jas. W. Speer.
Lieut. Com.—Wm. Campbell.
Sergeant—H. Lighthall.
Record Keeper—Henry Heselichwerdt.
Finance Keeper—Geo. P. Staffan.
M. A.—Wm. Atkinson.
1st M. G.—Bert Young.
2d M. G.—Chas. Currier.
Sentinel—M. A. Shaver.
Picket—John G. Craig.

CHELSEA SAVINGS BANK.

The following are the officers recently elected by the Chelsea Savings Bank: President—W. J. Knapp.
Vice President—T. S. Sears.
Cashier—Geo. P. Glazier.
Assistant Cashier—T. E. Wood.
Accountant—J. D. Watson.
Assistant Accountant—Mrs. C. E. Stim-son.

Xmas Presents!

Celluloid Combs.
Celluloid Brushes.
Celluloid Trays.

Perfume Atomizers.

PERFUMES:

Parisian Pink, true to the Carnation, sweet and lasting.
"4" Roses.
Cuban Lillies.
Crabapple Blossoms.
Juvian Lily etc., etc.

TOILET SOAPS:

Everything one could ask for.
Cosmo Buttermilk Soap.
Pear's scented and unscented.
4711 or White Rose.
Rauha Egg White, etc., etc.
Call and see our line.

Highest Market

PAID FOR EGGS

FENN & VOGEL

Dealers in Drugs and Groceries.

A Christmas Present!

What is nicer for a present than a box of those

Fine Cigars

that we are putting up for the Holiday trade in a neat bundle, tied with ribbon a brand of Cigars called

Compliments OF THE Season

They are put up very handsomely, and 25 IN A BOX.

Made of the best of Tobacco, and for sale by all dealers and at our factory.

McKONE, SCHUSSLER & BURG.

Chelsea Bakery.

We always have on hand fresh home-made, French cream, cream, graham and rye breads; sandwiches, buns and biscuits; jelly rolls; fruit cakes; cup cakes; wine cakes; cookies of every kind, pies of all kinds. The finest line of

CANDIES

in town. Goods delivered when desired.

Banquets Furnished.

L. MILLER.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATIONS.

The following is the schedule of teachers' examinations for 1898-99:

Ann Arbor, August 18 and 19, 1898.
Ypsilanti, October 20 and 21, 1898.
Ann Arbor, March 30 and 31, 1899.
Ann Arbor, June 15 and 16, 1899.

W. N. LISTER,

Commissioner of Schools.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Warner's White Wine of Tar Syrup, the best cough remedy on earth 25 and 50 cents.



CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

"There is not much to tell," answered the father; "you know that she ran away from home after her mother's death; you were then nine or ten years old. She hated work, and lusted after the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. After a while I heard where she was, that she was ill, and had been taken into Morwell House to be nursed, and that there she remained after her recovery."

"Strange," mused Jasper; "she fell ill and was taken to Morwell, and I—it was the same. Things repeat themselves; the world moves in a circle."

"Everything repeats itself. As in Eve's case the sickness led up to marriage, or something like it, so will it be in your case. This is what Mr. Jordan and Eve did; they went into the little old chapel, and took each other's hands before the altar, and swore fidelity to each other; that was all. Mr. Jordan is a Catholic, and would not have the knot tied by a church parson, and Eve would not confess to her name, she had that sense of decency left in her."

"Go on," said Jasper.

"Well, then, about a year after this I heard where she was, and I went after her to Morwell, but I did not go openly—I had no wish to encounter Mr. Jordan. I tried to persuade Eve to return with me to Buckfastleigh. I saw Eve and I told her my mind pretty freely. I will say this for her—she professed to be sorry for what she had done, and desired my forgiveness. That, I said, I would give her on one condition only, that she forsake her husband and child and come back to keep house for me. I could not bring her to that decision, so I appointed her a day, and said I would take her final answer on that. But I was hindered going; I forgot just now what it was, but I couldn't go that day."

"Well, father, what happened?"

"As I could not keep my appointment I remember how now it was, I was laid up with a grip of lumbago at Tavistock—I saw one of the actors there, from whom I had heard about her, with a message. I had the lumbago in my back that badly that I was bent double. When I was able to go on the morrow, it was too late; she was gone."

"Good! Whither?"

"Good-bye with the play-actor," answered Mr. Jordan grimly. "It runs in the blood."

"You are sure of this?"

"Mr. Jordan told me so."

"Did you not pursue her?"

"To what end? I had done my duty. I had tried my utmost to recover my daughter, and when for the second time she played me false, I wiped off the dust of my feet as a testimony against her."

"She left her child?"

"Yes, she deserted her child as well as her husband—that is to say, Mr. Jordan. She deserted the house that had sheltered her, to run after a homeless, bespangled, bearded play-actor. I know all about it. The life at Morwell was too dull for her; it was duller there than at Buckfastleigh. Here she could see something of the world; she could watch the factory hands coming to their work and leaving it; but there she was as much out of the world as if she were in Lundy Isle. She had a hankering after the glitter and paint of this empty world."

"I cannot believe this. I cannot believe that she would desert the man who befriended her and forsake her child."

"You say that because you did not know her. You know Martin; would he not do it? You know Watt; has he any scruples and strong domestic affections? She was like them; had in her veins the same boiling, giddy blood."

Jasper considered. The flush of anger had faded from his brow; an expression of great sadness had succeeded.

"I must find out something about my sister."

"Are you come back to live with me, Jasper? Will you help me again in the mill?"

"Never again, father, never," answered the young man, standing up. "Never, after what I have just heard. I shall do what I can to find my poor sister, Eve Jordan's mother. It is a duty a duty your neglect has left to me; a duty hard to take up after it has been laid aside for so long a time; a duty betrayed for a sum of money."

CHAPTER XIII.

Barbara came out on a platform of rock. Eve stood before her trembling, with downcast eyes, conscious of having done wrong, and of being put in a position from which it was difficult to escape.

"Eve," she said sharply, "what is the meaning of this? Who has been here with you?"

The young girl hung her head.

"What is the meaning of this?" she repeated, and her tone of voice showed her irritation. Barbara had a temper.

Eve murmured an inarticulate reply.

"What is it? I cannot understand. Jane came tearing home with a rhodomontade about a boy jumping down on her from a tree, and I saw him just now at the gate making faces at me. He put his fingers into his mouth, hooted like an owl and dived into the bushes. What is the meaning of this?"

Eve burst into tears, and had her face on her sister's neck.

"Come, come," said Barbara, somewhat mollified, "I must be told all. Your giddiness is leading you into a hobble. Who was that on the rock with you? I caught a glimpse of a man as I passed the Scotch fir, and I thought the voice I heard was that of Jasper."

The girl still cried, cried out of confusion, because she did not know how to answer her sister. She must not tell the truth; the secret had been confided to her. Poor Martin's safety must not be jeopardized by her. She had seen her lover, and he had admitted that he was a fugitive from justice. Barbara was so hot, so impetuous and frank that she might let out about him, and so he might be arrested. What was she to say and do?

"Come back with me," said Barbara, drawing her sister's hand through her arm. "Now, then, Eve, there must be no secrets with me. You have no mother; I stand in your place of mother and sister in one. Was that Jasper?"

Eve's hand quivered on her sister's arm; in a faint voice she answered, "Yes, it was Mr. Babb, Barbara." Had Miss Jordan looked round she would have seen her sister's face crimson with shame. But Barbara turned her eyes away to the far-off, peerly range of Cornish mountains, sighed and said nothing.

Miss Jordan's bosom was heaving. Perhaps she could not speak. She was angry, troubled, distracted. Before she reached home she had made up her mind, and on reaching Morwell she acted on it with promptitude, leaving Eve to go to her room or stay below as suited her best.

She went direct to her father. He had been ill with a scythe wound for several days, and looked distressed; his pale forehead was beaded with perspiration.

"Dear papa," said Barbara, "I have something very unpleasant to communicate. Father, I am afraid for Eve."

"What?" His face was full of terror.

"What of her? What is there to fear? Is she ill?"

"It is, dearest papa, as I foresaw. She has set her heart on Mr. Jasper, and she meets him secretly. He asked leave of you yesterday to go home to Buckfastleigh; but he has not gone there. He has not left this neighborhood. He is secreted himself somewhere, and this evening he met darling Eve on the Raven Rock, when he knew you were here ill, and I was in the house with you."

"I cannot believe it," said Mr. Jordan, with every token of distress, wiping his wet brow with his thin hands, clasping his hands, plucking at his waistcoat, biting his quivering lips.

"It is true, dearest papa. Eve took Jane with her as far as the gate, and there an ugly boy, who, Eve tells me, is Jasper's brother, scared the girl away. I hurried off to the Rock as soon as I told of this, and I saw through an opening of the trees someone with Eve, and heard a voice like that of Mr. Jasper. When I charged Eve with having met him, she could not deny it."

"What does he want? Why did he ask to leave?"

"I can put but one interpretation on his conduct. I have for some time suspected a growing attachment between him and Eve. I suppose he knows that you never would consent."

"Never, never!" He clenched his hands, raised them over his head, uttered a cry, and dropped them.

"Do be careful, dear papa," said Barbara. "You forget your wound; you must not raise your right arm."

"I cannot be! It cannot be! Never, never!"

"No, papa, as you say, it never, never can be. There is an impassable barrier between them. I know more than you suppose, dear papa. Knowing what I do I have wondered at your permitting his presence in this house."

"You know?" He looked at her and pressed his brow. "And Eve, does she know?"

"She knows nothing," answered Barbara; "I alone—that is, you and I together—alone know all about him. I found out when he first came here, and was ill."

"Front anything he said?"

"No—I found a bundle of his clothes."

"I do not understand."

"It came about this way. There was a roll on the saddle of his horse, and when I came to undo it, that I might put it away, I found that it was a convict suit. Mr. Jordan stared. 'Yes,' continued Barbara, speaking quickly, anxious to get the miserable tale told. 'Yes, papa, I found the garments which betrayed him. When he came to himself I showed them to him, and asked if they were his. Afterward I heard all the particulars—how he had robbed his own father of the money he had to repay you an old loan, how his father had prosecuted him, and how he had been sent to prison; how also he had escaped from prison. It was as he was flying to the Tamar to cross it, and get as far as he could from pursuit, that he met with his accident, and remained here.'"

"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Jordan; "you knew all this, and never told me!"

"I told no one," answered Barbara, "because I promised him that I would not betray him, and even now I would have said nothing about it but that you tell me that you know it as well as I. No," she added, after having drawn a long breath, "no, not even after all the provocation he has given would I betray him."

"Where, then, are these clothes—this convict suit? Let me see them. I cannot yet understand."

Barbara left the room, and shortly returned with the bundle. She unfolded it, and spread the garments before her father. He rubbed his eyes, pressed his knuckles against his temples, and stared at them with astonishment.

"So, then, it was he—Jasper Babb—who stole Eve's money? and he was taken and locked up for doing so in Prince's Town prison?"

"Yes, papa. As I was on my way to Ashburton, I passed through Prince's Town, and thus heard of it."

"Barbara, why did you keep this secret from me? If I had known it, I would have run and taken the news myself to the police and the wardens, and have had him recaptured while he was ill in bed, unable to escape."

It was now Barbara's turn to express surprise.

"But, dear papa, what do you mean? You have told me yourself that you knew all about Mr. Jasper."

"I knew nothing of this. I had not the least suspicion."

"But, papa," Barbara was sick with terror—"you told me that this stood as a bar between him and Eve."

"No—Barbara. I said that there was a

barrier, but not this. Of this I was ignorant."

The room swam round with Barbara. She uttered a faint cry, and put the back of her clenched hands against her mouth to choke another rising cry. "I have betrayed him! Oh, heavens! What have I done?"

CHAPTER XIV.

"Go," said Mr. Jordan, "bring Eve to me."

Barbara obeyed mechanically.

"Eve," said Mr. Jordan, when his youngest daughter came timidly into the room, "tell me, whom did you meet on the Raven Rock?"

She burst into a storm of sobs, and threw herself on her knees. "Oh, papa, sweetest, dearest papa! Do not ask me! I must not tell. I promised him not to say. It is as much as his life is worth. He says he never will be taken alive. If it were known that he was here the police would be after him. Papa, dear! she clasped and fondled, and kissed his hand, she bathed it in her tears, "do not be angry with me, I can bear anything but that. I do love you so, dear, precious papa."

"My darling," he replied, "I am not angry. I am troubled. I am on a rock and hold you in my arm, and the black sea is rising—I can feel it. Leave me alone, I am not myself."

An hour later Barbara came in.

"What, papa—without a light?"

"Yes—it is dark everywhere, within as without. The black spots have run one into another and filled me. It will be better soon. When Jasper Babb shows his face again, he shall be given up."

"Oh, papa, let him escape this time. All we now want is to get him away from this place, away from Eve."

"All we now want," repeated Mr. Jordan, "let the man off who has beggared Eve!"

"Papa, Eve will be well provided for."

"He has robbed me of her love!"

"Papa, consider how beautiful Eve is. It is quite impossible for a man to see her and not love her. I do not believe that Mr. Jasper had any thought of Eve at first, but little by little she won him, like a kitten; and so she has stolen his heart out of his breast before he knew what she was about. Then, after that, everything—honor, duty, went. I dare say it is very hard for one who loves to think calmly and act conscientiously. Papa, I suppose that Eve's mother was very, very beautiful? Was Eve's mother as beautiful as our darling?"

"Oh, yes, Barbara!" His voice shook, and he raised his white hands to cover his eyes. "Even more beautiful."

"And you loved her with all your heart?"

"I have never ceased to love her. It is that, Barbara, which—he put his hands to his head, and she understood him—which disturbed his brain."

She was kneeling on one knee, with her arms round her father. "Poor papa! I want to know really what became of Eve's mother."

"The door was thrown open."

"Yes, that is what I have come to ask," said Jasper, entering the room, holding a wax candle in each hand. He had intercepted the maid, and as she opened the door, entered to hear Barbara's question. The girl turned, dropped one arm, but clung with the other to her father, who had just placed one of his hands on her head. Her eyes, from having been so long in the dark, were very large. She was pale, and her cheeks glistened with tears.

"She was too astonished to recover herself at once, dazzled by the strong light; she could not see Jasper, but she knew his voice."

He put the candlesticks—they were of silver—on the table, shut the door behind him, and, standing before Mr. Jordan with bowed head, his earnest eyes fixed on the old man's face, he said again, "Yes, that is what I have come to ask. Where is Eve's mother?"

No one spoke. Barbara recovered herself first; she rose from the stool, and stepped between her father and the steward.

"It is not you," she said, "who have a right to ask questions. It is we who have to call you to account."

"For what, Miss Jordan?" He spoke to her with deference—a certain tone of reverence which never left him when addressing her.

"You must give an account of yourself," she said.

"I am just returned from Buckfastleigh," he answered.

"And, pray, how is your father who was dying?" she asked, with a curl of her lip and a quiver of contempt in her voice.

"He is well," replied Jasper. "I was deceived about his sickness. He has not been ill. I was sent on a fool's errand."

"Then," said Mr. Jordan, who had recovered himself, "what about the money?"

"The recovery of that is as distant as ever, but also as certain."

(To be continued.)

The Strange Little Whims of Zola. Caesar Lombroso, the eminent authority on mental degeneracy, has left comparatively few great men out of his list of insane, and Zola has not escaped. But whether the novelist be insane or not, he certainly has many mental infirmities.

He lives in an atmosphere of morbid fancies which makes life miserable. He is haunted by a constant dread of failure. When he begins a book he is certain he will not live to finish it. He counts every step in mounting stairs, and if he thinks he has made a mistake he will descend to the bottom and begin to mount again.

When he makes a speech he is dogged by the fear that he will never complete a sentence. If in leaving the house he puts his left foot first he will return to his room.

He will never enter a cab or shop unless the number is a multiple of three or seven, and when he retires he will open and shut his eyes seven times, never more nor less, to satisfy himself he is alive.

In early childhood Zola had a severe attack of brain fever. As a child his face indicated idiocy. At school he was remarkable for dullness, like so many men of genius, and failed ignominiously in his degree examinations. But he has an enormous capacity for work, and when he is writing is utterly blind and deaf to all externals.—Saturday Evening Post.

The eagle is used as an emblem by the United States, Russia, Prussia, Austria and France.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

OCCURRENCES DURING THE PAST WEEK.

Villages Spend Money in Improvements—Insane Man Kills Four Persons—Bad Fire at Albion—Boy Shoots Himself—Losses in the War.

During the past year public improvements costing \$500,365 have been made by the incorporated villages of Michigan, this being an average of \$2,166.08 for each village reporting. One hundred and fifty-four villages are free from debt, and 133 have an aggregate indebtedness of \$1,397,220, an average of \$10,505.41. The total value of the village halls is \$361,425, an average value of \$2,138.61. The total expense for police departments was \$49,862, an average of \$221.61. The reports from 214 villages state that business was better this year than in 1897, and 288 reported no idle men. The average wages paid in 291 villages was \$1.19 per day; and for man and team \$2.55 per day.

Bloody Death of an Insane Man.

William Hitchings, while insane, murdered his brother-in-law, John Hay, also his sister, Mrs. Hunt, and Thomas Hayward, a 16-year-old youth employed by Hunt. Hitchings then ended his own life. While cutting wood together on Hunt's farm two miles west of Free Soil Hitchings without warning attacked his brother-in-law with an ax, killing him instantly. He then attacked Hayward, killing him in the same manner. Then proceeding to the farm house he stabbed Mrs. Hunt in the neck with a jackknife, killing her also, and going upstairs to his own room, leaving unmolested a baby asleep in its cradle, he cut his own throat.

Albion Landmarks Destroyed by Fire.

Fire destroyed a block on the business street of Albion containing seven stores. Three stores were owned by the Loomis estate, one by Harvey Sweet and three by Willard Warner. The occupants were: D. Williamson, barber; Dominick Quitto, fruit dealer; Postal Telegraph Co.; Gilbert Howe, tobacco and cigars; Harvey Sweet, barber; J. C. Roscoe, harness; H. R. Riker, boots and shoes; Willard Warner, coal and wood. The loss is heavy, with small insurance. Two of the burned buildings were landmarks of Albion's pioneer days.

Fatal Accident in Lumber Camp.

Alexander Irving, aged 11 years, accidentally shot himself in a shanty at Murray Brothers' camp, near Ozark. There was no one else in the shanty at the time, but his brother, William, who was asleep in his bunk. Hearing the report of the rifle, William jumped up and found Alexander on the floor, shot through the left arm and body, with the smoking weapon close by him. He died in a few minutes. It is thought the boy was putting the rifle up in a rack on the wall by stepping on a pile of wood, when he slipped and fell.

Michigan's Losses.

Adj. Gen. Case has furnished the War Department at Washington with information showing that Michigan furnished 6,952 officers and men, exclusive of those enlisting in the regular army and volunteer regiments from other States, for the Spanish-American war. The Thirty-first Michigan lost 16 men from disease; the Thirty-second, 19 by disease; the Thirty-third had two men killed and ten wounded and lost 59 by disease; the Thirty-fourth lost 80 by disease; the Thirty-fifth 13, and the naval reserves one.

Swindled in the Courtship.

Belle Houser of Traverse City, who answered matrimonial advertisements in newspapers, and, after carrying on a courtship by letter, solicited and received money from her correspondents with which to buy the wedding outfit, was convicted in the Federal Court at Indianapolis, Ind. The woman's scheme was exposed by a widower in the State of Washington, from whom she received \$40.

Costly Fire at Alpena.

Fire started in the Fitzgerald block in Alpena, and before it was gotten under control several thousand dollars' worth of damage was done. The armory of the local militia company is located in the block, and was badly damaged. Most of the arms carried by the local company in the Cuban campaign were destroyed.

State News in Brief.

Company H, Thirty-third Michigan, of Cheboygan, received \$11,400 when it was mustered out.

William Van Lente, aged 39, was accidentally shot and killed near Holland while out hunting.

The packing house owned by the Cleveland Stone Company at Gratiot City burned. Loss \$20,000.

Lumber firms of Huron County are erecting very large lumber camps in the western part of the county.

The Frankfort Express says that the cabbage crop this year in the immediate vicinity of that city was over 450,000 tons.

Montague business men are thinking seriously of organizing a stock company to establish and operate a basket factory in the village.

Frank Dean, an escaped prisoner from the State prison at Jackson, who was serving a sentence for bank burglary, was captured at Newark, N. J.

The Globe Furniture Company of Northville has secured an order for church pews which an agent of the company has been thirteen years in closing.

Representative William Alden Smith has secured an order for the establishment of a postoffice at Bois Blanc Island, for convenience of summer resorters.

Thomas Ninde, who shot Miss Mildred Young, a Hawkins House waitress at Ypsilanti, some months ago, has been discharged. Miss Young refused to prosecute, and it is alleged that Ninde was not in his right mind when the affair took place.

Martha Laffer's husband was killed at Moore as a result of drinking liquor sold by Saloonkeeper Fisher. She got a judgment for \$5,000, but her attorney asked for \$3,000 against his sureties and \$5,000 against Fisher. This was denied and the Supreme Court sustained the denial.

Solon Dewitt of St. Johns was sentenced to ninety days in the Detroit house of correction at Owosso. When Dewitt was sentenced he jumped from his chair and with all his strength began to pound his head on the top of the court railing post. Before he could be stopped Dewitt had nearly crushed his skull.

A movement is on foot to establish a shoe factory at the Soo.

Fred Egan, aged 13 years, was drowned at St. Louis while skating.

A movement is on foot to consolidate the three G. A. R. posts in Bay City.

Thieves broke into the saloon of Michael Garrow at Port Austin and stole \$100.

Holly Dean of Mulliken was accidentally shot and badly wounded while hunting.

There is talk of forming a company at Bay City to erect a modern hotel structure.

There have been only eight divorce cases granted in Huron County so far this year.

At Lansing, Lawrence Edwards was shot and killed on the street. The murderer escaped.

A factory will be established at Albion to manufacture the Shaw knee roller bearing bobsleighs.

The State convention of the Michigan photographers will be held in Grand Rapids Feb. 1 and 2.

G. A. Knapp, proprietor of a lunch room at Kalamazoo, was seriously burned by an explosion of gas.

Mel Cornell of Adrian had his skull fractured in a runaway accident and died shortly afterwards.

The Michigan Portland Cement Co. has purchased the White farm of 100 acres located near Quincy.

The 7-year-old son of T. O'Leary, who lives four miles southwest of Millington, was accidentally shot and badly wounded.

Miss Bertha Gould, aged 20, daughter of John Gould, a farmer of North Holly, accidentally shot herself. She will probably recover.

Miss Grace McFadden, formerly of Flint, who is now a member of a theatrical company, is said to be one of six heirs to a valuable estate in Australia.

Charles M. Stephens of Detroit has sold the Burke Hotel at Kalamazoo to Adam Ehrman for \$12,000. The house will be put in first-class condition.

William M. Thayer, Ed Chase, G. W. Lee and Charles Baugher, mighty nimrods of Van Buren County, returned from the northern woods with twenty head of deer, sixteen bucks and four does.

John Huntley shot C. Pond at the former's house, south of Ovid. Huntley was suspicious of Pond's behavior at the house. Pond is in a critical condition. He is 70 years old. Huntley fled.

The lease of the Breitung interest in the Monitor mine, near Crystal Falls, to Corrigan, McKinley & Co. of Cleveland has been signed, and work is in progress for the first time in five years.

John Conant and John Williamson, arrested at Port Huron on suspicion of knowing something about the death of George Kling, have been released. There was no evidence against the men.

Judge Wisner at Flint has sentenced the following prisoners: Oscar Roswell, burglar, eighteen months at Jackson; David Clark, burglar, one year at Ionia; Frank Boyer, pickpocket, one year at Ionia.

Deer are multiplying very fast in Tuscola County and it is almost impossible for the lovers of venison to refrain from violating the law which prohibits the hunting or killing of deer in the county until 1903.

The Somers Coal Co. has about three feet of canal coal at its mine at St. Charles and also at the point south of St. Charles where the company has started the work of putting down a new mine.

Livingston County farmers organized a society and elected these officers: President, Miss Helen S. Norton; recording secretary, Freeman Fishbeck; corresponding secretary, R. R. Gunth; treasurer, J. L. Payne.

The three skeletons unearthed at Eaton Rapids are said to be those of Chippewa Indians. The place where they were found was the center of a Chippewa village. Several Indian arrows, etc., were found near by.

Peter Everthe, a Tawas City furniture dealer, had \$865 in cash stolen from a desk in his office. Entrance was made through a window. Mr. Everthe had the money on hand to pay a debt, and the loss is a severe one.

A convict in Jackson prison, for whom application for pardon had been made, who had been cited to appear before the board, refers the board to his prison record, and concludes: "I beg you not to think me discourteous in declining to be interviewed, but by checking my anticipations, I rob the disappointment of its sting."

The Washtenaw County poorhouse contains quite a noted character, Herr Herman Hartwig von Danzer, an old German newspaper man, whose lyric poems—and he wrote hundreds of them—found their way into the columns of the newspapers and periodicals wherever the German language is spoken. His father was a nobleman.

Last spring Joseph and Barnard Blust of Tawas township, as an experiment, planted six acres to sugar beets. They harvested this fall 110 tons of beets, which, when shipped to the sugar beet factory at Bay City, analyzed 13 1/4 per cent of fine sugar. They received in turn for these beets, \$552, or an average of \$87 per acre.

The South Haven life-saving crew has gone out of commission. The crew has had nothing of importance to do this season, though Capt. Mathews says it has been one of the stormiest autumns in his eighteen years' experience. He remarks that the season opened on (unlucky) Friday, and recalls that once before in his recollection when the season began on Friday the crew had nothing to do during the season.

The Washtenaw County treasurer's report shows that during the year ending Dec. 1 there have been 69 saloons and 5 breweries in that county, located as follows: Ann Arbor, 33; Ypsilanti, 11; Chelsea, 5; Saline, 3; Dexter, 4; Manchester, 8; Whitmore Lake, 1; Milan, 2; Lodi, 1; Bridgewater, 1. Breweries: Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti, 2 each; Manchester, 1. The total amount of tax received from them was \$34,325.01, equally divided between the county and State.

Farmers in the vicinity of Albion are agitating the question of forming a stock company to operate the creamery at Albion which recently shut down there. The creamery will be started up again if \$1,500 can be raised.

Telegraphic advices convey the information that Numa Herbert, a wealthy cotton planter and politician, is dead near Lockport, La. His estate, valued, it is announced, at \$650,000, is left to Anton N. Herbert and Nancy May Herbert, nephew and niece respectively. The Herberts moved to a farm near Moline four years ago.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON.

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

The lesson for Dec. 25 is a quarterly review. A few questions for the use of the teacher are given below. They are intended to bring out general features of the quarter's work rather than details.

Who was the first king of Judah after Solomon? Why were the kingdoms of Judah and Israel separated? Point out on the map the line that separated them. Which had the larger country? Which the more fertile? Which the larger number of cities? Which was better protected against foreign enemies? Through which of them did the trading caravans and the armies of Egypt, Syria and Assyria pass in traveling and in war expeditions? Had this anything to do with their history? In what way?

How long did the northern kingdom, Israel, last? How long did the southern kingdom last? Which had the more peaceful history? How did most of the kings of Israel gain the throne? How did all the kings of Judah succeed to their position? In which was morality at the lower grade? In which did idolatry gain the larger and more permanent hold? Had the kingdom of Israel, during the more than 200 years of its existence, ever a genuine reformation? Why not? Were there no great prophets in Israel? What four prophets especially worked hard to reclaim Israel?

In what century did Asa reign? What was the need of a reformation in his time? How thorough was his reformation? How did it happen that in the reign of his son Jehoshaphat some of the work had to be done over again? What was Jehoshaphat's ambition with regard to the kingdom of Israel? Who was king of Israel at this time? What great mistake did Jehoshaphat make in his family? How did this afterwards affect Judah? How was King Jehoram influenced by his wife Athaliah? After his death, what ambitious scheme did Athaliah carry out? What were the results of her policy? How did it happen that she failed? Tell the story of the boy Joash and his coronation. What youthful enthusiasm of Joash led to an important reform? Why should he die about the temple? How had the temple fallen into decay? What plan was adopted for its repair?

Who was the king that died in the year that Isaiah was called to service? Had he reigned long? What was the condition of the nation in the middle of the eighth century? Was any foreign enemy threatening Palestine during this century? What nation? How did Judah escape the fate of Israel in this earlier invasion? What was Isaiah's main message to Judah, in his capacity as a statesman? (To beware of foreign entanglements and defensive alliances, since the danger from Assyria was more apparent than real.)

What was his main moral and religious teaching? (Reformation of morals, dependence on God, faith in the survival of a righteous remnant of the nation.) What great event in the northern kingdom happened early in the reign of Hezekiah? (The fall of Samaria, according to one chronology.) What kind of reform did Hezekiah institute? What great danger threatened his kingdom and his capital in the year 701 B. C.? How was it escaped? During the twenty-two years between Josiah's death and the fall of Jerusalem, what was the state of public opinion and public order in Jerusalem? Of what sort were the four kings who reigned during this period? Which three of them were brothers? Whose sons were they? What general remark can you make about hereditarily as illustrated in the kings of Judah throughout its history? What fact may help to explain the many cases of good fathers and bad sons and vice versa? (Polygamy; the character of the mother, and the early influences of the home often counteracted the father's influence; in a few cases good training in childhood counteracted a bad inheritance—e. g., Josiah.)

What great prophet was the leading figure in the history of Judah for the last forty years of its existence? What was his constant warning to the people? Why was he so misunderstood and hated? What was his personal character? How did the kings treat him? Did he have any friends? How were his prophecies preserved? What happened to him in the last days of Judah's existence? What finally became of Jeremiah? (Was taken to Egypt after the fall of Jerusalem by a party of Jews who fled thither, and probably died there.)

What was the date of the siege and fall of Jerusalem? What king captured the city? What became of the people? Were they all taken to Babylon? How long did the captives stay in Babylon? How did they come back? Was the kingdom of Judah ever set up again? What sort of government did the people have between the return from the captivity and the coming of Christ? (A mixture of hierarchy and aristocracy under Persian control until Alexander the Great; after his death and the division of his empire between the Ptolemies or rulers of Egypt and the Seleucids or rulers of Syria, Palestine was the bone of contention between these two royal houses. Under the persecution of the Syrian rulers, culminating in the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes, the Jews revolted under Judas Maccabaeus, 167 B. C.). The Maccabean family carried on the rebellion until practical independence was achieved in 130 B. C. For more than half a century the Jews, though nominally still under a hierarchy, were really governed by men claiming royal authority. In 63 B. C. the Romans took Jerusalem and assumed control of the country, ruling it partly through Jewish officers, some of whom were called kings, and partly through Roman procurators.)

Next Lesson—"Christ the True Light,"—John 1: 1-14.

Shortland is one of the arts that has never been lost. It is believed that it was practiced in Phoenicia before the Greeks existed as a people, and possibly also at Babylon. There is no trace of it in China or Japan.

THE CHELSEA STANDARD

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

BY O. T. HOOVER.

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

Advertising rates reasonable and made known on application.

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

Holiday Greeting

Once more the glad holiday time is at hand, and The Standard again greets its readers and conveys to them the compliments of the season, and wishes them one and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and many returns of the same.

The past year has been one of prosperity to our people, notwithstanding the war, and now that we are at peace with all nations—and what is more fitting than that peace should come at this time, the anniversary of the time when the angels sang "Peace on earth, good will toward man,"—it is to be hoped the new year will be one of increased prosperity. And may the readers of The Standard participate in this to the fullest extent.

Personal Mention

Ed Kesch spent Sunday at Manchester. A. R. Welch was a Detroit visitor Monday.

August Eisele spent Sunday at Grass Lake.

Chas. Steinbach spent Sunday at Ann Arbor.

Myron Lighthall spent Tuesday at Ann Arbor.

Mrs. O. T. Hoover spent Tuesday at Detroit.

John Farrell was a Jackson visitor Tuesday.

Thomas Birkett of Dexter was in town Tuesday.

Mrs. A. R. Welch spent Monday at Ypsilanti.

Mrs. R. Waltrous has returned from Albany, N. Y.

Miss Mabel Buchanan was a Francisco visitor this week.

Mrs. Archie Clark is spending this week at Ypsilanti.

Mrs. R. A. Snyder spent Saturday and Sunday at Detroit.

Orrin Winans of DeWitt called on friends here Friday.

James L. Babcock of Ann Arbor spent Monday at this place.

Geo. P. Glazier has returned from his trip through the west.

Sedgewick Dean of Ann Arbor spent Saturday at this place.

F. C. Mapes and Howard Brooks spent Sunday at Manchester.

Miss Ella Purchase spent several days of last week at Detroit.

C. E. Babcock of Grass Lake was a Chelsea visitor Monday.

R. A. Snyder spent a portion of this week in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Chase spent several days of this week at Detroit.

Fred and Harry Morton of Detroit will spend Christmas with their parents here.

Mrs. Mary Olds, who has been spending several weeks here, has returned to South Haven.

Chauncey Staffan has returned from Dowagiac where he has been spending several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Hardy Gause of White Oak were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brooks last week.

Miss Lizzie Derck returned to her home in Canada last week, where she will remain for some time.

James Ackerson, who is attending a veterinary college at Grand Rapids, is at home spending the holidays with his family.

Fred Welch returned from Eaton Rapids Saturday, where he has been superintending the installation of an electric light plant.

Truth of the Matter.

A Chelsea man who visited Chicago, came back and stuffed the Standard with a story that a man with rubber boots on fell from the seventeenth story of the Masonic temple and striking on his rubber feet began bounding, "and bounded that way for three days when it was deemed advisable to shoot him to keep him from starving to death." The editor is a bright fellow, but he has been taken in. The truth is that the man jumped, on a wager, that he could do it safely. When he was half way down, a friend yelled to him that an enemy had stuck up pointed irons in the walk where he was to alight, and he turned and jumped back.—Jackson Sunday Herald. We are very thankful to the Herald for giving us the truth of the matter, and the miserable wretch who took us in with his smooth story has been gathered to his fathers, and his scalp now adorns our sanctum, and should serve as a warning to those who would attempt to mislead us.



Suburban Rumors

FRANCISCO.

Remember the Christmas festival at the M. E. church.

Miss Lydia Kilmer will spend the holidays at her home.

Miss Mabel Buchanan spent several days with Miss Linna Notten.

J. Musbach left Saturday for Woodland to see his sister, Mrs. Euper, who is very ill.

SHARON.

The W. H. M. S. met with Mrs. C. Fish Wednesday.

Mrs. Amy Sharp has gone to Jackson to remain for some time.

William Dresselhaus, Mr. and Mrs. H. O'Neill and Misses Clara and Mayme Reno were in Jackson Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Lehman were given a very pleasant surprise last Thursday evening by a sleigh load of about thirty young people.

The schools of Misses Mary Schafle and Agnes Oversmith will give an entertainment at the Irwin school house Friday evening, December 23d. All are invited. No admission fee.

WATERLOO.

Mrs. L. L. Gorton spent a couple of days of last week at Detroit.

Fred Cronan, our old neighbor, has rented his farm and will make his home at Mason. It is reported that his health is very poor.

The township treasurer received taxes at Waterloo village Monday. A good many refused to pay their taxes on account of the highway tax being returned.

About thirty of the neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Orson Beeman took along a pall of oysters and gave them surprise Thursday night. Mr. Beeman had a genuine surprise this time, for when the crowd arrived, they found him in bed.

LYNDON.

Orson Beeman and Miss Grace Beeman were Jackson visitors Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd. Bowdish expect to spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. O. Gorton.

Chas. Runciman returned Friday from a visit to his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Hamp, near Jackson.

Mrs. H. Leek spent a few days of the past week with her daughter, Mrs. J. H. McMichael near Dansville.

Mr. and Mrs. Orson Beeman were pleasantly surprised Thursday evening by about thirty of their friends.

Miss Corrine Seeger closes her school between Christmas and New Years. She will spend her vacation with friends in Ann Arbor.

SYLVAN.

Wm. Ludlow is sick.

R. J. Beckwith spent Sunday at this place.

Miss Amanda Ward has been quite ill but is now convalescent.

Misses Bessie Young and Amy Gilbert spent the first of the week at Jackson.

The young people gave Miss Edna Hammond a surprise party last Thursday evening.

The Christian Union will give a cantata entitled "The Story of the Star," Christmas eve.

Quite a number from this place attended the meeting of the Farmers' Club at Wm. Gray's last Thursday.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Christian Union will meet at the home of Mrs. James Beckwith Thursday, December 29.

UNADILLA.

Frank Barnum was in Stockbridge Sunday.

Emory Rowe of Stockbridge was in town Sunday.

An Athletic and Entertainment Club was organized here Friday evening.

Emmett Hadley and Eugene Heatley are visiting friends at Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti.

James Gibney went to Bay City Friday to work for the National Bicycle Company.

Mr. Sharp of Williamston and Miss Eleanor Bird of Stockbridge visited at Royal Barnum's Sunday.

There is talk of flouring mill at this place. Why not? We have the power, and can raise enough money to give some energetic miller a good start.

NORTH LAKE.

Mrs. P. E. Noah is suffering with neuralgia.

John Scherwith is working for F. A. Glenn this winter.

R. C. Glenn is out again after a number of days illness.

The Epworth League and Sunday school will give a Christmas literary program at the church Monday evening.

Amy Whallan is home from Leslie to spend the holidays.

Richard Webb and sisters Lucy and Jennie of North Dakota are visiting here.

Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Glenn were pleasant callers at R. S. Whallan's last week.

R. S. Whallan rode more than 100 miles last week, on account of sickness in his family.

The German M. E. society will have a Christmas tree and literary program on Friday evening.

Mary E. Whallan has been very sick with lung fever, at Leslie, but when last heard from was better.

Mrs. F. A. Glenn was a Detroit visitor the past week. Her husband joined her there upon receiving word that she was ill.

LIMA.

Charles Fiske has rented the Cooper farm.

Mrs. Linval Ward has recovered from her recent illness.

Michael Schanz, Jr., is seriously ill with heart trouble.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Cushman called at Geo. Perry's Sunday.

Philip Seitz is getting out timber with which to construct a barn.

Arl Guerin and Russell Wheelock were Ann Arbor visitors Friday.

John Wade, Jr., has vacated the Westfall farm and moved on the Stapish farm in Sylvan.

Albert Widmayer has purchased a farm in Sharon, and will move thereon in the spring.

Mrs. James McLaren, sr., returned home last Saturday from a visit among relatives in Saginaw and Plymouth.

The Epworth League Literary Circle will meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Wood Friday evening. A good attendance is requested.

A sleigh load of young people from here attended a surprise party at Adam Goetz's in Sylvan last Friday evening. A good time is reported.

The M. E. society will hold an oyster supper at the home of Leander Easton Thursday evening, December 29. The bill will be 15c a dish, number of dishes not limited.

The many friends here of Rev. J. L. Nickerson are pained to hear of his protracted illness, and extend their sympathy in his misfortune. We sincerely hope that he may soon regain his health.

The Farmers' Club met at Irving Storms' last Wednesday and a very enjoyable time was had. The subject for discussion, "What are our most noxious weeds, and the best means to adopt to rid the farmer of these continual pests." A lively discussion followed in which nearly every gentleman took part and brought out many thoughts on the subject worthy of remembrance and adoption.

Rev. A. Bush was present and took quite an active part in the proceedings. He said his work had been to rid society of some of its most troublesome weeds and therefore could not be expected to say much on the subject of destroying the weeds so troublesome to the agriculturist. However he gave us some new ideas in regard to the native weeds of his former home in the west, which was well received by all present. Several new members were taken in and the society seems to be in a prosperous condition. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Easton, Wednesday, January 11th. The subject for discussion: Resolved, that territorial expansion is not a detriment to the U. S.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to extend our most heartfelt thanks to all our neighbors and friends who so kindly assisted us and also those who offered their assistance and sympathy through the sickness and burial of our loved one especially to the school children and teacher, ladies of the L. O. T. M. and L. C. B. A. and all others for beautiful flowers furnished.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Hummel.

For Sale—A very nice set of light bobs, suitable for pleasure or delivery sleighs. James Beckwith, Sylvan.

TAXPAYERS OF LIMA, NOTICE.

I hereby notify all tax payers of Lima that I will receive taxes all Fridays at Lima town hall, Chelsea, Tuesday, December 27, at Kempf's bank; Jerusaleim, Wednesday, December 28, Dexter Savings Bank, Thursday, December 29. John Grau, Jr., Treasurer.

THE BEST COUGH REMEDY ON EARTH.

WARNER'S WHITE WINE OF TAR SYRUP. CONSUMPTION CURE, cures a cold in 24 hours if taken in time and does not stop a cough in one minute by paralyzing the throat, but it cures the disease and leaves the throat and lungs healthy and strong 25 and 50 cents.

The time for Holiday gifts is at hand. Try "Light in Dark Places." Obtain it at Glazier & Stimson's drug store, Hoag & Holmes' bazaar, or of the author, Dr. Thomas Holmes.

Charles Limpert has taken the agency of the Complete and fully illustrated work on the Spanish American War by Leroy Armstrong, with Geo. F. Cram's maps of the world combined and will call on you soon. Save your orders for him. Wm. C. Sharp, Gen. Agent.

OIL! When you want light and not smoke use Dean & Co's Red Star Oil. We have it. Fenn & Vogel.

CONSUMPTION CURE—WARNER'S WHITE WINE OF TAR SYRUP, the best cough remedy on earth, cures a cold in one day if taken in time. 25 and 50 cents.

For Sale. House and 2 1/2 acres of land on E. Railroad street. Inquire of Mrs. E. E. Martin.

Get your calling cards at The Standard office. "The latest out."

PROBATE ORDER.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, s.s. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, held at the Probate office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Wednesday, the 30 day of November in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety eight. Present, H. Wirt Newkirk, Judge of Probate, in the matter of the estate of Charles E. Hindelang deceased.

On reading and filing the petition duly verified, of Margaret Hindelang praying that a certain instrument now on file in this Court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased may be admitted to probate and that the administration of said estate may be granted to Louis Hindelang or some other suitable person.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Saturday, the 1st day of December next, at four o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition and that the devisees legatees and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be held at the Probate Court, in the city of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be why the prayer of the said petition should not be granted; and it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Chelsea Standard a newspaper printed and circulated in said county three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, to wit: H. W. Newkirk, Judge of Probate. (A true copy.) P. J. Lehman, Probate Register. 45

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, IN THE CIRCUIT COURT for the County of Washtenaw.—In Chancery.

Amy E. Sharpe Complainant.

JAMES SHARPE Defendant.

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Washtenaw, in Chancery, at a session of said court held on the 24 day of November A. D. 1898.

Present Hon. E. D. Kinnel Circuit Judge. In this cause it appearing from affidavit on file, that the defendant James Sharpe is not a resident of this state, but resides at the City of Minneapolis in the state of Minnesota, on motion of G. W. Turnbull Complainant's Solicitor, it is ordered that the said defendant James Sharpe cause his appearance to be entered here, within four months from the date of this order, and in case of his appearance that he cause his answer to the complainant's bill of complaint to be filed, and a copy thereof to be served on said Complainant's solicitor, within twenty days after service on him of a copy of said bill, and notice of this order; and that in default thereof, said bill be taken as confessed by the said non-resident defendant James Sharpe. And it is further ordered, that within twenty days the said complainant cause notice of this order to be published in the Chelsea Standard a newspaper printed, published and circulated in said county, and that such publication be continued there at least once in each week, for six weeks in succession, or that complainant cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said non-resident defendant, at least twenty days before the time above prescribed for his appearance.

E. D. Kinnel, Circuit Judge. G. W. Turnbull Complainant's Solicitor. (A true copy.) Philip Blum, Jr., Deputy Register. 45

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, s.s. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said county Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Geo. Loeffler, late of said county deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date are allowed by order of said probate court, for creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the late residence of said deceased in the Town of Freedom, in said county, on Tuesday the 28th day of February, and on Monday the 29 day of May, next, at ten o'clock a. m. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated, Nov. 29, 1898. GOTTFRIED BARMER, GOTTFRIED EISENMAN, Commissioners. 46

SPECIAL SALE.

Commencing December 21st and continuing until January 1st we offer bargains in

FURNITURE

never before heard of. We have an elegant line of Furniture that must be sold regardless of cost to make room for a large consignment of goods that will arrive the first of the year.

Dining Chairs \$2.40 per set and upwards.

Ladies' Sewing Chair from \$1.00 up.

Full size Couches, velour, elegant patterns from \$1.95 up.

Owing to a mistake of a large chair factory we received 6 dozen ladies' oak sewing chairs regular price \$2.00 they are going at \$1.25. We could not do this only owing to the fact that they made a great reduction from the regular list to induce us to keep them. You are the gainers by their mistake. Just the thing for Christmas.

We have an elegant line of Fancy Rockers which we will close out at your own price.

EVERYTHING IS INCLUDED IN THIS SALE.

Chamber suits, oak dining tables, Roman chairs, center tables, reception chairs, foot stools, sleds, doll cabs, shoo-flys, wagons, carts, iron beds, etc., etc.

Come Early and Make your Selections.

YOURS FOR BARGAINS.

STAFFAN

Furniture & Undertaking Co.

The Bent Glass Front. Main Street South.

It will Pay you to Call on

L. & A. E. WINANS

before buying your

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

See their stock, get their prices and spend your money

Watches from \$3.00 to \$25.00 all sizes, grades and kinds.

20 year filled cases and guaranteed movements from \$10 up.

Clocks, watches, chains, charms, rings, pins, thimbles and all kinds of things to suit your taste and pocket book.

FARRELL'S PURE FOOD STORE

St. Nicholas has left at our store a large stock of goods suitable for

Christmas Presents.

This fine stock consists of:

Toys, Dolls, Games, Story Books, Fancy Goods, Lamps, Crockery, Candies, Nuts, etc.

WE ARE NEVER UNDERSOLD.

JOHN FARRELL

HOLIDAY GOODS.

While we are not strictly headquarters for holiday Goods

We Have Them and Cheap Too.

Those Morocco leather, kid lined purses for 15c are winners. We have others for 20, 25 and 40c.

Gents' bill books 20, 25 and 30c. It will pay you to look them over.

We have rings, pins, children's neck chains, belt buckles, bracelets, sleeve buttons, etc., that you can buy for less than cost.

Gents' silk handkerchiefs 35 and 50c. Gents' linen handkerchief 4 for 25c and some 3 for 25c.

Ladies' hemstitched embroidered handkerchiefs 10c or 3 for 25c. 50 and 65c neck scarfs for 25c.

GLOVES AND MITTENS.

We have cheap gloves and mittens that are good, and good gloves and mittens that are cheap.

If you want your friends to think of you the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning come and buy a pair of those \$4.50 all-wool bed blankets. These are only a few of the numerous articles we have that are suitable for Christmas gifts.

Don't forget to call and see what we have.

Boyd's Building, 126 South Main Street.

Trim, McGregor & Harper.

S. G. BUSH

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Formerly resident physician U. of M. Hospital,
Office in Hatch block. Residence opposite M. E. church.

G. E. HATHAWAY.

GRADUATE IN DENTISTRY.

To remove the gums for extracting teeth I have a preparation which positively contains no cocaine or other injurious ingredients and will not cause soreness of gums but aids nature to heal them rapidly. Gas administered when desired.
Upper and lower sets of teeth, porcelain crowns and bridge work that imitates natural teeth to perfection as well as give good service to wearer.
Office over Bank Drug Store.

R. MCCOLGAN.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR

Office and residence corner of Main and Park Streets.
Graduate of Philadelphia Polyclinic in diseases of eye, ear, nose and throat.
CHELSEA, MICH.

FRANK SHAYER.

Proprietor of the "City" Barber Shop. In the new Babcock Building Main street.
Bathroom in connection.
CHELSEA, MICH.

GEO. W. TURNBULL

Attorney and Counselor at Law. Pensions and patents obtained. None but legal fees charged.
Money placed and loaned on good security.

FIRE INSURANCE

H. H. AVERY.

DENTIST

All kinds of dental work done in a careful and thorough manner.
Special attention given to children's teeth. Nitrous oxide and local anesthetics used in extracting.
Permanently located.
Office over Raftery's Tailor Shop

W. S. HAMILTON

Veterinary Surgeon

Treats all diseases of domesticated animals. Special attention given to lameness and horse dentistry. Office and residence on Park street across from M. E. church, Chelsea, Mich.

FIRE AND TORNADO

INSURANCE.

Turnbull & Hatch.

OLIVE LODGE NO 156, F. & A. M. Regular meetings of Olive Lodge, No. 156, F. & A. M. for 1898.
Jan. 4, Feb. 1, March 8, April 5, May 3, May 31, June 28, July 26, Aug. 30, Sept. 27, Oct. 25, Nov. 22. Annual meeting and election of officers Nov. 22d.
J. D. SCHNITMAN, Sec.

R. P. CARPENTER, W. R. C. NO. 210.

meets the Second and Fourth Friday in each month. The Second Friday at 2:30 p. m. The Fourth Friday at 7:30 p. m.
R. M. WILKINSON, Secretary.

If you contemplate committing matrimony procure your invitations at The Standard office, where you will find the smoothest line of wedding stationery that ever came down the pike.

Geo. H. Foster.

AUCTIONEER

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Terms Reasonable.

Headquarters at Standard Office.

THE NAMING OF JOHN BULL.

Dr. Arbuthnot Was the Man Who Thus Dubbed Great Britain.

Dr. John Arbuthnot, one of the many royal physicians to whom the Scotch city of Aberdeen has given birth, was the author of John Bull's being. Almost forgotten now by all but the erudite, who remember him as the intimate of Pope and Swift, Arbuthnot christened the British nation in bulk as John Bull in the political strife incidental to the dismissal of the Whig ministry of 1710, when the able and aversions Marlborough saw the beginning of the decline of his brilliant fortunes.

"The History of John Bull" was a satire on the political events preceding the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, written by Arbuthnot. In 1704 he had been created physician extraordinary to the queen in recognition of his services in saving the life of Anne's husband, Prince George of Denmark. He had become the queen's medical attendant, a position of no mean importance at a time when so much depended on the succession to the crown, and he was closely in touch with court life.

"For the better understanding of the following history the reader ought to know that Bull in the main was an honest, plain dealing fellow, choleric, bold and of a very inconstant temper. He dreaded not old Lewis, either at backward, single falcion or cudgel play, but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him. If you flattered him, you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended very much on the air; his spirits rose and fell with the weather glass.

"John was quick and understood his business very well, but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accounts or more cheated by partners."

COUNTY AND VICINITY.

Robert McCarty, a peach grower living near Ann Arbor, believes that he is heir to valuable estates in Ireland, and is going to try and get hold of them.

Jonathan McGee, Yp-lanti's 110 year-old colored man, secured a marriage license last week permitting him to marry Mrs. Amelia Day of the same city aged 50 years. McGee has saved quite a little fortune by his trade as a boilermaker. He was a soldier in the war of 1812 and in the Mexican war, and claims to remember having seen many noted characters as far back as the days of Washington.

Some unregenerate cus attended a Methodist chicken pie supper at Dexter recently and backed up his plate for a third helping. When he had filled his old carcass to the bursting point he passed a bogus dollar on the honest and unsuspecting cashier. Of course it was a mistake, and as soon as the fellow discovers that his pocket piece is missing he will claim it. There are any amount of marks on it whereby he could identify it.

Supervisor Burtless circulated a petition among our business men and the residents of the village, asking the Lake Shore railway company to build a new depot building in this village. If the company will comply to the request with reasonable promptness they might send the old station to the Paris exposition in 1900. We are positive they would get a medal, as it is a wretched, dirty, dingy and uncomfortable place. Manchester Enterprise.

While the horticulturists were looking over the mechanical laboratory yesterday, many of them made a dive for the weighing machine to get their proper weights. One gentleman with a heavy ulster stepped up to be weighed. A friend suggested that had better take off his ulster if he wanted to get his proper weight. He struggled out of the coat, slung it across his arm and stepped on the machine to be weighed, after which he carefully put it on again. Ann Arbor Argosy.

What ideas some people have of the proper functions of the president of the University of Michigan! One Detroit firm evidently believe the president's chief duty is to act as a collecting agent for the debts contracted by students. This firm sent President Angel a bill against a student. He went out of his way and kindly hunted up the address of the student's father and sent the same. Now the firm has returned the bill to Dr. Angell, with the notice that the father of the young man repudiates the bill, and they want the bill paid! Register.

The Washtenaw county poor house contains quite a noted character in the personage of Herr Yeomen Hartig Von Danser, an old German newspaper man; his life reads like a romance. Disappointed in love affair in the Fatherland he emigrated to America. He was a soldier in the civil war and was nearly shot to pieces at the battle of Gettysburg. By the death of his mother he came into possession of quite a fortune, but on a trip from Denver to Pueblo he was robbed of his money by the Indians. For a number of years he has been employed on a German paper at Ann Arbor.

Secretary Mills of the county fair association, announces the result of guessing contest as follows: William Keppler and M. Kelly, both of Ann Arbor guessed 270 pounds. They will be asked to decide between them who is to take the stove given by Christian Schlenker. The rug given by the Fluff Rug Factory weighed 42 pounds nine ounces. M. D. Moore of Ann Arbor guessed 42 1/2 pounds, and Harry Rawdon of Emery guessed 42 pounds 10 ounces. Mr. Mills desires these two to decide between them for the rug. Great interest was taken in these contests as was shown by the close contest and the very large number of guesses.

Emery Keppler, son of John Keppler of Ann Arbor town, goes to work in Donahue's grocery store this week. He has recently returned from the Klondike where he went in company with his brother, George Keppler, and others. They made the gold fields after suffering great hardships, wading waist deep through ice cold water, crawling along icy slopes on hands and knees. But when they got there, the fortunes they sought were not in sight. In fact they made up their minds that the whole thing was a sell. They could find a little fine gold dust, but nothing that would pan out big, and turned back while they could yet make the return trip home. Ann Arbor Argosy Democrat.

A FEARLESS CONVICT.

STEADMAN'S DARING ESCAPE FROM SAN QUENTIN PRISON.

One of the Most Remarkable Cases of Jail Breaking on Record—Accomplished by a Feat Which Almost Bordered on the Miraculous.

It is one thing to catch a thief and it is another thing to hold him. During a meeting of the chiefs of police of all the larger cities of the United States and Canada, which occurred at Milwaukee, there were reminiscences of remarkable captures and of escapes which bordered closely upon the miraculous.

"The most remarkable escape from prison that I can recall," said William A. Pinkerton, "was that of Frank Steadman from the San Quentin prison. But I'll not tell you about it, for there is John Glass, who caught Steadman and sent him back to San Quentin."

Chief Glass pinched the brown imperial on his under lip reflectively for a moment before he responded to the looks of inquiry bent upon him by those not familiar with the story.

"The escape to which you refer, Pinkerton, was made after I sent Steadman to San Quentin and not before. I was not the fortunate one to get him after that last wonderful break. And to tell the truth, I have never taken to myself much credit for taking him the time I did, for it was to a considerable degree a matter of good fortune. You see, we were just at that time keeping our eyes open for a bank robber by the name of Barnes, who had gone into one of the banks out there, covered the one man who happened to be alone in the place at the time, locked him up in the vault, and then coolly walked out of the bank and out of sight with all the funds he could get his hands on.

"One day a man answering closely the description we had of Barnes stepped off the train at Los Angeles. We took him in tow at once, but found we did not have the bird we were after. However, we managed to hold him long enough to find out that he was Frank Steadman, who had become notorious even at that time as a successful jail breaker. He had four or five escapes from prison in southern Indiana credited to him, had got away from Joliet and had still seven years to do at the Illinois prison; had also been at San Quentin, and had escaped from there with five years unfinished.

"Steadman was a machinist by profession, and a burglar by inclination. When he was sent back to San Quentin to finish his time, he was put to work with other convicts in the engine room. It was here that an idea came into his brain that for absolute daring and fearlessness was typical of the man. He had noticed that every evening at the time the men working in the engine room were lined up to be marched away, the machinery was stopped at exactly the same moment. He had observed as well that a window leading to an adjacent roof was not far from the top of the big driving belt of the engine. From that roof it was possible to reach the outer wall of the prison. Beyond the wall was freedom. He had escaped so many times that his mind reverted again and again to the window high up on the wall of the engine room. Apparently it was beyond all possibility of being reached. No ladder was to be obtained. Had such a thing even standing in place against the wall, to break from the line and scale it with catlike dexterity, although the work of but a few seconds, he well knew would be futile, possibly fatal. Bullets travel faster than legs, and the guards were not bad shots. But desperate deeds demand desperate means. Some minds may work with an ingenuity born of despair, but Steadman's was of a different caliber. His plans were the outgrowth of steadfast optimism.

"One day there came to him as if by inspiration the thought that the big belt might be the means of carrying him to his goal. He found that it was impossible to count the revolutions of the driving wheel, but there were lacing in the broad belt, which he was able to distinguish as a sort of blur as it passed a given point. For days and days he counted, and in his cell at night he spent his time in calculations. He discovered the exact number of revolutions the wheel made per minute. He learned also by constant observation just how many times the belt went round after the engine was shut down.

"One evening, when the line had been formed as usual at the close of the day's work and as the big wheel began to lose its momentum, suddenly a convict sprang from the line, leaped to the belt, with outstretched arms grasping both edges of the broad leather. He had calculated well the strength that would be required, for the terrific wrench did not loosen his grasp. Outward and upward he swung until he reached the topmost point of the circumference. The nicety of his calculation had reaped its reward. The belt stopped. He leaped to his feet, sprang through the window and was gone before convicts or guards had recovered from their astonishment. He caught up a guard's coat and hat, dropped from the wall and got away in the dusk of the evening. I am inclined to believe that as a mathematical proposition that was about as perfect a piece of work as any man ever accomplished."

"And did he get away without recapture?" some one asked.

"No, I am almost sorry to say, he did not," answered the Los Angeles chief, "for that ought by rights to be the denouement of such a story, which combines so much of daring and cleverness. Steadman was taken again in a short time and put to work at his old job. There are bars over that high window above the big drive belt now. Not long after this Steadman cut and nearly killed one of the other convicts and is now serving out an additional sentence for attempted murder at the Folsom prison, which is situated some 28 miles from Sacramento."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—OF THE—

Kempf Commercial & Savings Bank

at Chelsea, Michigan,
At the Close of Business Dec. 1st, 1898.

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts	\$ 60,098.59
Stocks, bonds & mortgages	123,196.31
Overdrafts	11.66
Banking house	8,000.00
Furniture and fixtures	2,000.00
Due from banks in reserve cities	54,392.29
Due from other banks and bankers	13,817.43
Current expense & int. paid	2,963.62
Checks and cash items	309.26
Nickel and cents	222.25
Gold coin	2,637.50
Silver coin	1,142.90
U. S. and state bonds	4,500.00
U. S. and National Bank Notes	4,901.00
Total	\$278,195.81

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in	\$ 40,000.00
Commercial deposits subject to check	47,479.17
Commercial certificates of deposit	27,861.40
Savings deposits	126,143.96
Savings certificates of deposit	31,862.22
Interest, discount and exchange	4,849.06
Total	\$278,195.81

State of Michigan, County of Washtenaw, ss.

I, J. A. Palmer, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

JOHN A. PALMER, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of December, 1898.

GEO. A. B. GALE, Notary Public.
Correct—Attest:

R. Kempf,
R. S. Armstrong,
C. Klein,
Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—OF THE—

Chelsea Savings Bank.

at Chelsea, Michigan

At the close of Business, Dec 1st, 1898.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$108,236.81
Stocks, bonds, mortgages, etc.	148,676.31
Banking house	3,800.00
Furniture and fixtures	3,500.00
Other real estate	10,175.00
Due from banks in reserve cities	35,989.86
Exchanges for clearing house	200.00
Checks and cash items	1,004.19
Nickels and cents	225.48
Gold coin	1,480.00
Silver coin	1,175.25
U. S. and National Bank Notes	6,405.00
Total	\$320,867.90

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$ 60,000.00
Surplus fund	6,362.00
Undivided profits less current expenses, interest and taxes paid	7,513.24
Commercial deposits subject to check	31,745.32
Commercial certificates of deposit	94,827.66
Savings deposits	28,716.93
Savings certificates of deposits	91,702.75
Total	\$320,867.90

State of Michigan, County of Washtenaw, ss.

I, Wm. J. Knapp, president of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Wm. J. Knapp, President.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of December, 1898.

THEO. E. WOOD, Notary Public.
(W. P. SCHENK,
GEO. W. PALMER,
THOS. SEARS,
Directors.

Total Loans 256,913.12
Deposits 246,992.65
Cash and Exchange 46,479.78

CHANCERY SALE.

In pursuance and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for the county of Washtenaw, state of Michigan, in chancery, made and entered the 26th day of May, 1898, in a certain cause therein pending where George Mast is complainant and Wm. F. Stiegelmaier, Mary Stiegelmaier and Stoddard W. Twitchell are defendants.

Notice is hereby given that I will sell at public auction at the east front door of the Court House in the city of Ann Arbor in said county (that being the building in which the Circuit Court for the said county is held) on Tuesday, January 17th, 1899 at 10 o'clock in forenoon of said day the following described real estate:

Lot twelve (12) in block three (3) in John F. Lawrence's addition to the city of Ann Arbor and a strip of land eight (8) feet wide of from the north side of lot thirteen (13) in said block three (3).

Dated, Ann Arbor, Mich., Nov. 26th, 1898.
O. ELMER BUTTERFIELD,
Circuit Court Commissioner.

Arthur Brown,
Solicitor for Complainant.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route."

Time Card, taking effect, Aug. 14, 1897.

TRAINS EAST:
No. 8—Detroit Night Express 5:30 a. m.
No. 36—Atlantic Express 7:15 a. m.
No. 12—Grand Rapids 10:40 a. m.
No. 6—Express and Mail 3:15 p. m.

TRAINS WEST:
No. 3—Express and Mail 10:00 a. m.
No. 13—Grand Rapids 6:20 p. m.
No. 7—Chicago Express 10:20 p. m.
O. W. HUGGLES, Gen. Pass & Ticket Agt.
E. A. WILLIAMS, Agent.

Don't Buy Counterfeits
When you can buy the **GENUINE** **GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES** at the **Same Price**

The World's Best

A FULL AND COMPLETE LINE FOR ALL KINDS OF FUEL AT PRICES FROM \$10.00 TO \$75.00

A full and complete line of **COOKERS & HEATERS** for all kinds of fuel, made by the same mechanics and of the same material as **"GARLAND"** **"MICHIGAN"** **"RANGES"** of any other line except **"GARLANDS"**

OUR STOCK OF GENERAL HARDWARE—HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS ETC.
IS MOST COMPLETE AND SOLD AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER

WM. J. KNAPP, Chelsea, Mich.

For the balance of 1898 we will sell

FURNITURE

at greatly reduced prices to reduced stock.

SPECIAL PRICES

on Rockers, Dining Chairs and Bed Room Suits.

W. J. KNAPP.

PHOTOGRAPHS

Have your photographs made for

Christmas Presents.

Now is the time to make your Sittings. Don't wait until the last moment. We can't give you good work in a hurry, and give you a first-class job.

E. E. SHAVER,
PHOTOGRAPHER

TALK AND WIND

are cheap, but when in need of Tea, Coffee, Canned Goods, Confectionery, Hay, Straw, Corn, Oats, try us and be convinced that we are not undersold.

J. S. CUMMINGS.

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.



CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

No place in Washtenaw county where can be found under one roof such a variety of useful articles.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY.

A Complete Dry Goods Department.

A Complete Notion Department.

A Complete Carpet Department.

A Complete Shoe Department.

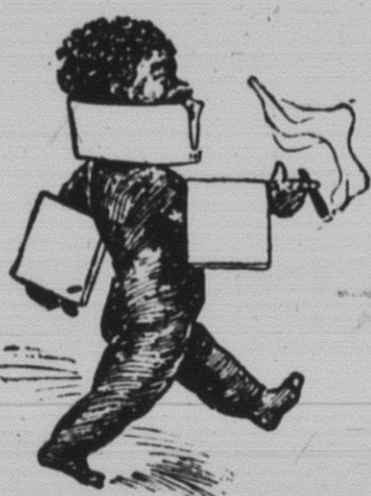
A Complete Clothing Department.

A Complete Gents' Furnishing Goods Department.

You have the advantage here of selecting from the Largest assortment of New up-to-date Merchandise. Lively selling, means lively buying, and no accumulation of out-of-date Merchandise.

Mens' Collars and Cuffs

Guaranteed 2100 linen. Better made collars; better fitting collars than any 15c collars sold in Chelsea and our price is 10c each for collars, 18c pair for Cuffs. All the latest shapes in stock. Easy to figure how much we save you, isn't it?



MENS' SHIRTS.

White and Colored Shirts at 45c, 75c and 90c. A large assortment to select from.

Every article is marked in plain figures at our store.

NECKWEAR.

Just received, new puffs, tecks, bows and neck scarfs. Prices below others.

Look over this list of articles. Any of them are suitable for a Christmas Present:

Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Mittens, Hosiery.
Suspenders, Caps, Hats, Ties,
Cuff Buttons, Scarf Pins, Umbrellas,
Carpet Sweepers, Rugs,
Mackintoshes, Suits, Overcoats and Ulsters for men and boys.

Capes and Jackets for women and children.

Hundreds of articles in our Dry Goods and Notion Department which we have no room for individual mention.

Shoe Department.

Look Them Over Carefully.

Men's,
Womens',
Misses' and
Children's



Shoes and Slippers.

If you take into consideration the class of goods. The elegance of fit. The beauty of style and finish of our Shoes and the price, as compared with Shoes sold elsewhere, you will decide at once that it pays to buy Shoes at our store.

You can't afford to buy Christmas Presents without looking at Schenk's store.

TABLE LINENS.

NAPKINS, TOWELS,

APRONS,

HANDKERCHIEFS,

LOOK AT THEM!

See our Window Display.

Come and look, we won't urge you to buy one cents worth, and we don't want you to buy before looking here.

W. P. SCHENK & COMPANY.

Local Brevities

Will Zinke is clerking for Fenn & Vogel.

L. O. T. M. election of officers next Tuesday evening.

Rev. Carl S. Jones is moving into the Congregational parsonage.

The University burned about thirty tons of coal a day last week.

Rev. J. S. Edmunds is moving into the Lawrence house on Middle street.

The Evening News calls Sheriff Judson the governor of Washtenaw county.

Jackson day will be celebrated January 9th by the democrats of Washtenaw.

The Glazier Stove Company shipped a carload of stoves to Australia this week.

A. Richla of Detroit is now in the employ of Will Schatz at the corner barber shop.

The Wallace Sisters are repapering and otherwise beautifying their dressmaking parlors.

The Methodist Sunday-school will give their Christmas entertainment Sunday evening.

John W. Schenk spent last week at Pinckney with a large stock of cloaks, capes, etc.

A number of young people from this place attended a dance at Grass Lake Friday night.

The boiler in Eppler's market got out of whack last week and was sent to Jackson for repairs.

Aaron H. Buss has accepted a position with W. J. Burton & Co., 164 West Larned street, Detroit.

It is reported that county treasurer-elect Mann will conduct that office without the services of a deputy.

School will close Friday of this week and the scholars will have a vacation until Tuesday, January 3, 1899.

J. J. Raffrey was confined to his house last week with throat difficulty. He is once more able to be about.

A number of our citizens were in Dexter Tuesday attending the meeting of the Washtenaw Baptist Association.

The Baptist Sunday-school will have their Christmas tree at the church Friday evening.

Mrs. Ed. Chandler suffered a slight stroke of paralysis last Thursday but is somewhat better now.

The Congregational Sunday school will give a Christmas entertainment at the church Sunday evening.

A number of Masons from this place attended the Masonic school of instruction at Ann Arbor last Thursday.

Frank L. Mulholland will give an entertainment here January 10th, under the auspices of the Y. P. S. C. E.

James O'Donnell of Jackson has openly avowed his candidacy for the republican nomination for governor in 1900.

The Webb will case has been on in the circuit court since Monday. It will probably take up the balance of the week.

Cornelius Hamilton, father of Dr. W. S. Hamilton of this place, died at Jackson, Thursday, December 15th, aged 82 years.

Sheriff elect Gillen has announced that he will appoint his son, Fred, as turnkey and O. W. Kelsey of Saline as chief deputy.

Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Davis very pleasantly entertained a number of their friends at their home on Jefferson street Friday evening.

There were plenty of "middle of the road" fellows in town Monday. It rained and then froze, and the walks were too slippery to be safe.

Mrs. John Greening had a misfortune to slip on the ice Tuesday, and fall in such a manner as to break the small bones in her ankle.

Geo. Bauer has purchased Mrs. J. S. Bacon's residence on Main street south. Mrs. Bacon and family left Saturday for San Antonio, Texas.

There were thirty-seven deaths in Washtenaw county during the month of November, of which one was in Sylvan township and one in Chelsea.

Fenn & Vogel expect to move into their new store next week. It is being fitted up in fine shape and will make a very attractive place of business.

Died, on Tuesday, December 20, 1898, at the home of her son, Geo. Gage in Sylvan, Mrs. Rueben Gage, aged 80 years. The funeral will be held at her late residence today at 11:30 o'clock, interment at Vermont cemetery.

The free-will offering given to Rev. J. S. Edmunds and family at the Congregational church last week Wednesday netted the sum of \$80.

Fifty thousand dollars is the sum raised for the erection of a monument to General LaFayette in Paris in 1900. This sum was raised by small contributions by the school children of this country.

Sheriff Judson has reached a point where he cannot sleep well at night unless someone has started a suit against him in the circuit court. Two more were started against him last week.

The Stockbridge Sun came out last week with its Christmas edition. It was a neat looking paper with a pink cover and carried lots of advertising. It is a credit to Bro. Gildart and Stockbridge.

Adam Eppler had the misfortune to lose a valuable horse last Friday. It was standing in the stable and was undoubtedly kicked by another horse with the result that its leg was broken and it had to be killed.

Around the children's pie at Glazier & Stimson's is the place to find the children this week. They are there six deep, and each one holds his breath when some one draws, until the name of the article is announced.

Don't go out of town to buy your holiday presents! The merchants of Chelsea carry large and varied stocks, and at reasonable prices, and if things turn out not as represented they stand ready to do what is right. Patronize Standard advertisers and you will have no cause for complaint.

Fire was discovered in the planing and cider mill of E. L. Negus about 9 o'clock Tuesday night, and the building and contents, with the exception of the boiler and engine, were destroyed. The cause of the fire is a mystery, as the mill has not been in use for a long time. The loss is about \$3,000 with no insurance.

One Judson appointee will hold his position under Gillen when he comes into the office of sheriff. Now, we hope that some of our democratic friends will get mad and accuse him of ingratitude. He has purchased the black horse that Judson has been driving about the county during the time that he has been in office.

The Methodist society will give an entertainment and a supper Monday night, January 2, 1899. The most handsome young man also the most handsome married man present will each receive a prize. The ladies being voters. Later the gentlemen will decide by ballot upon the prettiest young lady present also the most beautiful married lady. Look for the announcement in next weeks issue.

That bare-faced fraud, Railroad Jack, is once more in this part of the world. We don't know why he is called "Railroad" unless it is because he never rides on one notwithstanding his fairy story about his hammock that he swings beneath the cars and goes spinning through the country. As many times as he has been in Chelsea, each time he has either walked in, or been given a ride by some farmer.

The following is clipped from the Sault Ste. Marie Democrat but it is applicable to any other city or village in Michigan as well: "There are both boys and girls in this town that strike a pretty swift pace. Parents alone are responsible and the sooner the reins are tightened and these boys and girls brought within the fireside circle at night, the less downfalls will be recorded and the fewer happy homes blighted."

The county farmers' institute association will hold its meeting at Ann Arbor in February. This institute will be the only one held in Washtenaw county under the auspices of the state. Chelsea is making arrangements to hold an independent institute the latter part of January, and the county meeting will not interfere with the meeting at this place. The Standard will keep its readers informed as to the progress made in regard to the Chelsea institute.

We are frequently informed by subscribers that their neighbors are eternally bothering them by borrowing their paper. We have been asked how to get them to quit the disagreeable habit. We can only say to you, friends, that the fault lies wholly with you. If they continue, politely inform them that they had better do as you are doing, viz: Subscribe for the paper. Two cents a week won't break any person.—We found the above item in about a dozen of our exchanges last week, and it will fit in this part of the world as well as elsewhere.

The Guy B. Hoffman Co. will play a two night engagement here December 26 and 27. The same company that made such a favorable impression here some months ago. The play for Monday night will be "Heart of Cuba," a thrilling and high class play. On the following night they will play "The Bells," a romantic drama that has received very flattering notice from the press. Mr. Hoffman and his company made many friends when here and undoubtedly will be warmly received. Miss Cella Campbell is still supporting Mr. Hoffman, the remainder of the company is the same except for a few changes for the better. They guarantee to give you a first class performance. Remember the dates 26, 27. Prices 25c and 35c. Reserved seats at Glazier & Stimson's.

Mr. S C

That little, fat, jolly old man who drives over the roofs in a sleigh drawn by reindeer and slides down the chimneys to fill with gifts the stockings hung close by to receive them, has left his icy palace in the frozen regions of the north and is rapidly coming this way.

HE HAS GIVEN US A HINT

that we will be called on to fill a very large proportion of his orders from this particularly busy part of the world. We "have tumbled" to his timely "tip" and are prepared with an immense stock of seasonable delicacies and substantial for the

Yule Tide Trade.

WE OFFER:

Mixed candy at 5c a pound.

Delaware Holly (full of berries) 10c a pound.

Holly Wreaths 20c each.

Ground Pine Wreathing 5c yard.

Louisiana Creole Oranges 20c dozen.

Cooking Figs at 10c a pound.

ARE WE BOASTING

when we claim the largest, cleanest, purest and best supply of eatables in Chelsea?

Come inspect our stock, take notice of the quality, ask the price, see if our store is clean and up-to-date. Join our large army of satisfied customers, and see if we can please you.

FREEMAN'S