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

The Chelsea Standard.

If You Don't
Advertise in The Standard
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you would if you did.

VOL. XI. NO. 24.

A CHELSEA PAPER FOR CHELSEA PEOPLE.
CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1899.

WHOLE NUMBER 544

WE WANT TO SELL YOU ONLY WHEN WE CAN SERVE YOU BEST.

SPECIAL SALE.

RIBBONS AND RIBBON REMNANTS.

We offer all fancy ribbons in our stock at prices that will close out the stock at once. Wide fancy ribbons were 35 to 60c now 25c. Narrow fancy ribbons were 10, 12 1-2 and 15c now 7c. Big lot of fancy and plain ribbons were 8 to 15c now 5c. Remnants of ribbons about 1-2 price.

SHIRT WAISTS.

All \$1.00 and \$1.25 shirt waists now 75c. All \$1.50 shirt waists now \$1.12. All 75c shirt waists now 50c. 24 shirt waists, slightly soiled, were \$1.00 now 35c.

SPECIAL DRIVES.

White P. K. and linen skirts at cost. Big lot of ladies' stock collars worth 39 to 50c now 25c. Ladies' fancy hose were 25 to 40c now 15c. Remnants of wide embroideries about 1-2 price.

SHOES.

Ladies' \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes, nice fine leather and soft turn soles, sizes 2 1-2, 3, 3 1-2 and 4 only, and mostly odd styles, but a big bargain at 98c.

H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co.

Butterick's patterns for August now on sale.

PURE SPICES.

FULL STRENGTH.

We make a specialty at

BANK DRUG STORE

of pure unadulterated spices and you can depend upon getting them there.

PURE EXTRACT OF VANILLA.

Pure Extract of Lemon.

We invite you to compare our extracts with the highest priced goods on the market.

Ask for a Sample

of our choice Japan Tea at 35c pound and give it a good fair trial, you will find that it will suit you as well as many at a higher price.

Try our best uncolored Japan Tea at 50c pound if you want something extra fine.

Remember we always pay the

Highest Market Price for Eggs

either for cash or trade at the Bank Drug Store.

Always the lowest price.

GLAZIER & STIMSON.

NOT MUTINIOUS

Sergt. Reno Hoppe Says that the Volunteers are not Mutinous.

ANTI-EXPANSION PAPERS ROASTED

Says There May be a Mutiny When They Get Home and Catch the Kickers.

PASIG CITY, P. I., June 30, 1899. Today is Decoration Day, and I suppose the good people of Chelsea are decorating the old heroes graves. They are decorating the graves here also and it makes a fellow feel as though he would like to be dead when he looks at the beautiful flowers and wreaths.

But when we read the papers from the States we find we are not and never can be heroes. One preacher from Missouri prayed to God that the whole 8th army corps would suffer over-whelming defeat. Well all I have to say is he will have to pray a long while for we will never let these niggers get hold of us to cut our throats. Another paper states that the reason why the Washington regiment kill so many insurgents is because the regiment is composed of horse-thieves and cut-throats and they never take a prisoner. The dirty cur. At Santa Anna the Washington boys took 500 prisoners. At Taguigue they also took 500, and 100 since making 1,000 in all, or as many as any four other regiments. I saw on the battlefield of Santa Anna where men gave the last drop of water out of their canteen to wounded niggers and even now at Pasig here we have 30 prisoners to do fatigue work. But when I am in charge of the fatigue party I find that the old guard do most of the work while the niggers sit in the shade. One day the boys gave them all the small change and tobacco also clothes, in fact they fare better than the soldiers. And then they call us cut-throats. We took an oath that we would fight the enemies of our country whomsoever they be. Perhaps the would be anti-expansionist will say these niggers are not enemies. But that is not for the enlisted man to decide. He only obeys orders as every soldier must and if some of those fellows think this war is all one-sided, I would like to see them in one good scrap. During the civil war such fellows were called copperheads, or men, no not men—but things who were too big cowards to join the army. We call them nigger sympathizers. There are many men in the 8th army corps who do not believe in holding these islands and I am one. But this paper talk of discontent among the volunteers and the likelihood of a mutiny is false. Although all the volunteers are anxious to return home yet there isn't a regiment that isn't willing to stay to the end if it is needed. There is more apt to be a mutiny or a rebellion when we get back (especially the Washingtons) and get hold of some of those curs who call us cut-throats and horse-thieves.

I don't believe I will come home when I get back as the temptations will be too great as there are plenty of horses around Chelsea. The volunteers are going home. Yes, Poca Tampe, as the Filipino says. The Oregonians start about June 5th but it will be a long while before they get to the 1st Washington. Besides old Otis is so scared of his hide to let all the volunteers go. They are his best fighting soldiers, although it would not do for him to admit it. There are several boys in my company from Michigan, and others from Wisconsin, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York, who are going home after we are mustered out and we will be able to get cheaper rates if we all go together. If it is not too late when we get back I think I will come home on a short visit, but if winter has set in I don't think I will venture farther than San Francisco. The pressure would be to great after leaving this hot hole. It would be better and safer for me to let my blood cool off gradually. Well, I can't think of anything that will interest you. In fact, I don't feel very pleasant for I have just been reading an anti-expansionist paper. I have quite a number of views of battlefields and others which I hope to be able to show you some day.

SERGEANT RENO HOPPE.

HORSE THIEF CAPTURED.

Chas. Cole, Who Stole a Horse of John Webber, Gathered In.

After a chase of about a year the officers have at last landed in jail Charles W. Cole, who was wanted for stealing the horse of John Webber, of Sylvan. Ever since last November, when the officers felt certain that they were on the track of the right man, a warrant has

been out for Cole. A couple of months ago Sheriff Gillen heard that Cole was in Stillwater, Minn. He tried to get the officers then to arrest him, but they would not. Mr. Gillen then got our requisition papers, but Cole got word of it and skipped to Seattle. A few days ago Mr. Gillen heard that Cole was in Petoskey, and upon advices from here he was landed in jail. Mr. Gillen brought him back to Ann Arbor Saturday night.

Cole says that he took the horse with no intention of stealing it. That he was drunk and came to Ann Arbor. That somebody stole the horse while hitched on the streets there, and Cole, being afraid that he would be charged with the crime, skipped out.

THE STATE PRISON.

In 60 Years 10,617 Convicts Have Served Sentences There.

In 1837 the state legislature recognized the need of a state penal institution, and it was decreed that the state prison should be located at Jackson. Some 32 acres of land were donated by individuals to the state for this purpose, and the work of erection was begun in 1838, and the building was finished during the following year. Benjamin Porter was the first agent, and the first convict to step across the threshold was John McIntyre, who was sentenced at Detroit, in January, 1839, to one year for larceny. He was accompanied by 10 others from Wayne county.

The original building was a long, story and a half building, a frame house, and the convicts slept in bunks, five or six tiers in height. To lessen their chances of escape, each prisoner wore a ball and chain, and when retiring at night these chains were fastened to posts, fixed at convenient intervals. Around the prison buildings was a stout stockade of tamarack poles 30 feet in height, which gave rise to the cur saying, in reference to a man sent to the state prison, "he's gone to the tamaracks." There was a tract of land containing 20 acres belonging to the prison on the east and outside the prison enclosure. The most of this was swamp. In 1860 this was cleared and drained.

In 1840 a party of eight or 10 convicts overpowered the guard and broke out. They kept together and terrorized the farmers about the county. At Spring Arbor a farmer named James Videto, undertook to stop their progress, but he was unsuccessful, for the gang fell upon him and beat him in an inhuman manner. The leader, George Norton, was shot and killed by Dorus Spencer, a farmer.

In 1842 a new improvement started. A wall of stone 14 feet high took the place of tamarack poles, and shortly after a stone building with cell blocks was erected. The block was four stories in height and contained 328 cells. The east wing was added in 1858. In 1867 the solitary system for murderers was discontinued.

From time to time improvements have been made, until now it is one of the finest institutions of the kind in the country. Under the care of Warden Chamberlain the prison is self-supporting.

Since 1839 until January 1, 1899—60 years—there have been 10,617 convicts sentenced to this institution to remain for a short or long period. During this time there have been 302 life prisoners received, 209 for murder in the first degree, 23 for murder in the second degree, and 46 for arson and burglary and 24 for rape. Of the number of convicts sent to prison since the institution opened in 1839, 2 1/2 per cent were sentenced for life. The average term for life men is 8 years, 11 months and 25 days. The average term of those who died in prison 9 years, 7 months and 20 days.

From the record it is found that of the life convicts since 1839, 217 were white, 30 colored and 1 Indian. The average age of the 302 life men at date of sentence was 30 years. Of this number 287 were males and 15 females. During these 60 years 71 life prisoners have been pardoned, and 9 have had sentences commuted, 26 have been discharged for new trial, discharged by order of court 31, escaped 6. In all these years 67 have died. The longest term any life served was John March, colored, sentenced from Wayne, November 20, 1848, who died February 2, 1892, after serving 43 years, 3 months and 2 days.

There are at present 101 life men in Jackson prison at present, 13 at Ionia and two at Detroit house of correction. The last two are women.

AFTER THE MINISTERS.

Who Fail to Promptly Report Their Marriages.

Ann Arbor Argus: Complaint is being made in the county clerk's office that in many cases the ministers who solemnize marriages, are very remiss in making returns. The last quarterly report had to be held 10 days before it could be forwarded to the state department. It was necessary in some cases to write the bridegrooms to find out the ministers name

and then write to the ministers. The clerk calls attention to the following notice on the blanks to clergymen and justices of the peace officiating at marriages in Michigan:

"The law requires that the clergyman or magistrate officiating at a marriage shall make his return to the county clerk who issued the license within ten (10) days after the ceremony. For neglect to make such return, the clergyman or magistrate shall be adjudged guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be punished by a fine of not exceeding \$100, or 90 days imprisonment, or both."

N. B.—County clerks are instructed to strictly enforce the law, and to report all violations of it to the state department.

WHAT KILLS THE SHEEP

THE QUESTION A MANCHESTER FARMER WANTS ANSWERED.

He has Lost Nearly Twenty Sheep and a Number of Others Have Been Sick and He Don't Know Why.

Manchester, Enterprise: Wm. Rushton, who lives on what is known as the "Freeman farm" about 3 1/2 miles west and south of this village, has lost nearly 20 head of sheep within the past two weeks by some unknown disease.

One day as the ladies of the household were going to a neighbors they passed by the lot where the sheep were pastured and there noticed that some had the appearance of being dead. On their return the sheep lay in the same position, which confirmed their suspicions and on examination they found their fears were realized. Mr. Rushton was informed and made examination, but could not account for their death. He feared, however that they had been poisoned, and turned the remainder into another lot, but they acted "dumppish" and instead of going about the field as sheep generally do, they hung their heads or picked the grass near the bars.

He informed the state veterinarian, who came here Monday accompanied by two students, but they were unable to determine what was the trouble. Mr. Rushton was told to give each sheep four ounces of raw linseed oil and a teaspoonful of turpentine, and report to him in eight or ten days. Mr. Rushton attempted to follow instructions, but the sheep could not take the medicine, choking and gaging as though unable to swallow. He says that one lamb came near collapsing immediately after he had administered the dose, and he believes every sheep would die if he gave them the medicine.

Since then, every few days two or three sheep have been found dead and Mr. Rushton has buried them where they lay.

BEACH IS WILLING.

Will Give a Franchise for the Electric Road Through Lima.

Evening Times: Ex-Supervisor Dancer called on The Times today and stated that there was a misunderstanding existing in regard to Supervisor Beach's position as to the proposed electric line between Ann Arbor and Jackson. He said:

"I have property in Lima and am very much interested in the township's welfare. I took pains to go to Lima Monday and inquire into the situation. I found that Supervisor Beach would not have the electric railway on what is known as the territorial road if he could have it. The papers have stated that he is blocking progress on the project because the promoters want to build on the road from Dexter to Chelsea (the north road), while he wants them to build past his farm on the territorial road. This is not so. The people of Lima want a road to Ann Arbor and Chelsea upon which they can drive their teams and not be meeting any electric cars. The horses belonging to the farmers on the north road are used to the cars of the Michigan Central. Mr. Beach has been against the occupation of the territorial road by a railway, and will continue to do so. He is the clerk of the township, who lives on this road. Mr. Beach told me that any time the majority of the property owners on the north road would sign for the railway, he would vote to grant Messrs. Brown and Kearney a franchise. It has been hinted that politics had something to do with the withholding of the franchise, but this is not so."

The above interview is of great importance. If the township board will grant the north road franchise, there will be no trouble in securing the signatures of 90 per cent of the property owners along it for the project. It means that a continuous franchise from Ann Arbor to Jackson will soon be placed in the hands of Messrs. Brown and Kearney, and they will shortly be in a position to negotiate for the construction of the entire line.

The ladies of St. Mary's church sold thirty gallons of ice cream at their social Saturday evening.

OUR TRADE WINNERS

TEAS,
COFFEES,
SPICES.

Try them and you will be convinced that we are giving you better value for your money than any other firm in Chelsea. We strive to keep the best and our selling prices are the lowest.

DRUGS.

Our drugs are pure and unadulterated. Prescriptions carefully compounded. Look over our list and see what we can do for you:

Cream of lilacs 10c
Eau De Quinine cures dandruff 50c
Viola cream removes freckles 25c
Oriental tooth powder, Rubifoam, Euthymol paste, etc. for the teeth 25c each
Borated Talcum, Swan's Down, Lubin's Complexion Powder for the complexion.
All kinds of toilet soaps in stock.

Last but not Least.

We have the finest line of Perfumes you ever saw.
4 roses, Parisian rose, Parisian pink, Parisian violets, crab apple, wildwood violet, Cuban lilies, etc.

We pay the highest

Market Price for Eggs

Cash or Trade.

Yours for good goods and low prices.

FENN & VOGEL.

It's Nobody's Fool

That Buys Something to

Eat When he is Hungry.

When you are hungry and want something fancy in the

MEAT

line, just step into our market. We know that we can please you.

Rich, juicy steaks,

Bacon and hams,

Salt and smoked meats,

Sausages of all kinds,

Lard, etc.

ADAM EPPLER

THE BUTCHER.

Ice Cream Soda!

SOFT DRINKS OF ALL KINDS.

ICE CREAM

In all the latest styles. Special prices to socials, banquets and parties. Ice Cream delivered promptly to all parts of the village.

Choice Cakes and Confectionery always on hand. Give us a call.

J. G. EARL.

First door east of Hoag & Holmes Bazaar

FOR SALE.

Anyone wishing to purchase one or more of the seats from the old M. E. church should call at The Standard office.

County and Vicinity

Prof. L. A. Harraden purchased 50,000 postage stamps at the postoffice Wednesday. This is the largest number of stamps purchased at one time at the office in this city.—Jackson Citizen.

Don Stark, Ann Arbor's hero of the Spanish war, has been granted a pension of \$30 a month for the loss of his arm. If the surgeons had cut the arm off one-quarter of an inch nearer the elbow, Stark's pension would be \$36 per month.

Northville voted 308 for to 12 against bonding the village for \$27,500, the money ostensibly being for the purpose of putting in an electric light plant. The greater share, however, will be used in donations for factories, of which there are three in sight.

Jim and Jack Dillion were called to Detroit or elsewhere, very suddenly Monday morning. It is believed to be healthier for them in other localities than Stockbridge, and the good people earnestly hope that they will stay away long enough to experience a change for the better. Their business in Stockbridge is not so urgent but what they can be spared as well as not.—Stockbridge Sun.

A story comes from Ogden that Luther Fry is the possessor of a freak that is liable to make him more money than a mine in Alaska. An old sow has a family, and one of the piglets has been disowned because it has a large mud turtle growth on one side. It is a perfect shaped turtle, about as big as a man's Derby hat, and the mother is so disgusted that she won't speak. It is said Lute is raising piglets by hand, and will exhibit it in the museums of the country.—Adrian Telegram.

A new kind of bug has made its appearance in the vicinity of Rawsonville, near Ypsilanti. It has a body as long as a hornet and is a blue black or slate in color. They were found in large quantities in beets in the garden, which were rapidly being consumed. When sprayed they very soon left for the beets, being driven from them they took next to potatoes. These last they do not seem to bother much. They have wings so they get around with greater speed than the potato beetle.

A deed was presented today at the register of deeds office for recording, which was drawn by a Saline justice. The peculiar feature about it was the signatures to the deed. Evidently the husband and wife were unable to write their names, so they made their marks. After the first mark was written "his mark," after the second mark was written, "her mark." The names were absent and it was nowhere told who made his mark or who made her mark.—Ann Arbor Argus.

A sharp canvasser from Cleveland, appeared here last winter and succeeded in getting contracts from a number of farmers in this section, to place grafts in their apple trees. The contracts were so cleverly words that unless the farmer watched the men closely it permitted and they would put from \$3 to \$5 worth of grafts in a tree, sometimes cutting away almost the entire top. Some of the farmers objected and refused to pay, and when sued won their cases in the justice courts, but there is probably more to follow.—Blissfield Advance.

The decree of the court in the construction of the Mary Ann Stark weather will was filed last week. By the terms several lawyers get bonanzas. The following fees are allowed: P. P. Allen, Ypsilanti, \$100; Elliott G. Stevenson, Detroit, \$750; Lawrence & Butterfield, Ann Arbor, \$750; John P. Kirk, Ypsilanti, \$750; Wells, Angell, Boynton & McMillan, Detroit, \$750; Tracy L. Towner, Ypsilanti, \$50. Judge Babbitt is the chief attorney for the administrator and will serve until the final accounting, when he will come in for a fat fee.

R. H. Marsh, who is here from Lansing showed us a plan a few days since which is being worked from his office and, when fully established will be a fine thing. Every township in the state is put in map form showing all streams, their course, the kinds of land, elevation or level, timber, marsh, etc., and these sheets are to show what each and every farm in the state is especially adapted for, and anyone in search of a farm or lands may get such information as he may wish by asking the Secretary of State for a copy of any one or more townships. Mr. M. is taking especial interest in perfecting this plan which will add another link to the many good plans and schemes he has brought about since his sojourn at the capital.—Saline Observer.

A HAPPY MISTAKE.

Day by day I had seen the lines of care deepen round my father's mouth and forehead, and watched my mother's pale and anxious gaze upon him. Night after night did Maude and I lie side by side and spend the hours when sleep, they tell us, lends us beauty, in wondering what trouble was hovering over us.

But the knowledge came all too soon. My father had lent money which he supposed he could call in at any time. The time arrived, but the money was not forthcoming. His health was rapidly falling him; in fact his business anxieties in no way helped, and we soon knew we must mortgage heavily the farm, and that if his health continued to fall he might soon be unable even to pay the interest.

Then Maude and I began to hold our whispered conversations to better purpose—to decide that we were strong and young and healthy, and that such gifts were given us to be made use of, and so it ended in our sending off a mysterious letter to our old school teacher, and waiting and watching days for a reply, which came at last to tell us she had succeeded in finding a situation as governess at a compensation which to us seemed wealth.

The lady was willing to take any one on her recommendation, and either of us, she felt assured, would fill the role. So she left it for us to decide—one must go and one must stay.

At last Maude said it must be she who must go. She was older than I, and she thought she would be happier away working than at home sitting with folded hands. She was so pretty, so loving and lovable that it seemed as though we could not let her go among strangers.

At first father and mother would not listen to it, but we overruled all objection, and Maude wrote and appointed a day for her coming.

The intervening time passed rapidly away in busy preparation, and at last the one Sunday left us rose bright and clear. Maude looked so lovely that morning in her pretty hat, with its long, drooping feather, that I did not wonder the eyes of a stranger in the church wandered persistently to our pew.

He was a tall, handsome man, sitting with the Leonards—a name which in our village represented its aristocracy and wealth.

There were gentlemen from London visiting there constantly, but their gaze did not wander from the stylish elegant Misses Leonard to seek any other attractions.

I saw them glance round once, or twice as if to discover what else in the church could possibly distract attention from themselves, and I fear I felt more pride in Maude's beauty than was quite consistent with the sacred place in which we were.

But after she had gone and at night I went for the first time to my room alone I felt that she had chosen the better part—that it was easier even to go forth among strangers, with her hand at the plow, than to sit down quietly on the vacant nearest seat.

However, I soon found plenty for it was hard work to so word my letters to Maude that she should not know of the skeleton in our home—the shadow of death.

Her letters were bright and cheery, and when at last I told her that our father grew no better, she answered she had met Dr. Melrose, who was a relative of the lady whose children she taught, and asked him to go down and see father and that she would defray the necessary expenses.

I almost gasped when I read the name—Dr. Melrose. His fame had reached even our ears. I wondered how she could have approached him with such a request, but I said nothing to father of her desire, and one morning, about a week later, his card was put into my hands.

With quick, trembling limbs, I hastened down to meet him and opened the parlor door to find myself face to face with the stranger who, weeks before, had sat in the Leonard's pew.

My face grew red and pale as I recognized him, but he came forward very quietly and, taking my hands, said:

"Come, we will have a little walk first, and then you shall take me to see your father."

I quickly obeyed him and sat down beside him, as he directed, while he, not seeming to observe my agitation, told me of my sister-of her happiness in her new home, how already she had won her way into their hearts, and how glad he was that business at this time called him to this spot, and enabled him to perhaps be of some assistance.

Then I found words, and when he left me to visit my father I found myself awaiting his return with a calm assurance that could mortal aid avail him he would find it in Dr. Melrose's healing touch.

An hour passed before his return, and when he entered the room I knew I might hope.

"It is not as bad as I feared," he said. "Time and careful nursing will soon restore him. The latter I shall entrust to you."

Then he gave me his directions so clearly that I could not misunderstand them, and when he bade me good-bye, holding both my hands for a moment in his own, and said, "You must take care of yourself as well and not give me two patients instead of one," he smiled so kindly that I felt my heart leap as I thought:

"It's for Maude's sake he has done this thing. He loves her."

It did not seem strange that she should have won the heart of a man as high in the world's favor as Ernest Melrose stood. It would not have

seemed strange to me had she won royalty. In my eyes she might have graced any throne.

So I wrote her of his visit and its wonderful results. How father improved day by day and how with health came hope and courage, so that soon the clouds would scatter and we should have her home again.

But she answered me, begging me never to think of her except as happy that in Mrs. Marvin she had found a second mother and in her work only pleasure.

She rarely mentioned Dr. Melrose's name, but I could well understand why she was silent.

So the winter passed. Two or three times the doctor came to relieve the monotony. My parents grew to welcome him as a friend, and I, in my heart of hearts, as a brother, for I felt sure I had guessed the secret of his love for Maude.

He talked of her so constantly, telling me how bravely she did her duty and how her beauty of character far exceeded even the charm of face and form.

We looked to him almost as our deliverer, for father's health and vigor were at last restored, but when he asked him for his bill he laughingly replied:

"That was a private matter with Miss Maude. She is to settle that."

My father looked amazed, but I could appreciate the payment he would accept and imagined their surprise when he should demand it at their hands.

The summer was rapidly approaching—the time for Maude's homecoming was at hand.

With a glad, happy heart I decorated our rooms with the roses she so loved; hung fresh muslin curtains from the windows, looped them back with sprays of flowers, all the while singing aloud in my joy.

I had reason to be happy, for Maude was coming to a home over which hung no shadow of debt. The mortgage had been paid. What she had saved should go toward her tresson when she needed one, for father had prospered beyond all expectations.

At last I heard the sound of wheels. Nearer and nearer.

"I bring you a surprise," she had written, and by her side sat Dr. Melrose. I knew it all. Was it not as I pictured, fancied, hoped? I only know that an impulse which sprang from some corner of my brain caused me to turn hastily up the stairs, and, burying my head in the pillow, sob aloud.

"Ellie, darling! Where are you?" questioned a sweet, girlish voice. And I sprang up, ashamed of my momentary weakness, to find myself clasped in my sister's warm, loving embrace.

She had come back lovelier than ever. Ah, I could guess what had deepened the flush upon her cheek, the radiance to her eye!

I smoothed my disordered hair, listening the while to the merry talk, though not a word did she say of him whose deep, manly tones I could hear now and then as he sat talking.

"Look you best," she said, with a roguish twinkle, "your very, very best! There—I am satisfied."

And, taking me by the hand, she ran rapidly down into the room where they all sat. Dr. Melrose arose and came forward with his old smile of welcome and made a movement as though he would already give me a brother's kiss, but remembered in time that his secret was not yet disclosed.

The evening passed rapidly away in pleasant laugh and jest. Occasionally I intercepted a glance between Maude and her guest, full of meaning, but no one else seemed to notice it. At last he rose to bid us good night, and as he held my hand a moment in his he whispered:

"You have always been the most indefatigable in pressing my small claim upon you. To-morrow I will present it to you for payment. May I see you for a few moments in the morning?"

"Certainly," I answered, but my voice trembled, and I think had he stood a moment longer I should have burst into tears.

All through that long night I watched my sister, sleeping so peacefully by my side, waging my little war with myself.

How natural that he should love her, so young, so lovely! But, ah, why had my heart gone forth unasked to meet his? At least the secret was all my own—none would suspect it.

I had not known it myself until I had seen them side by side. With perhaps a shade less color, a little quivering of the lips, but nothing more, I entered the parlor next morning to greet Dr. Melrose, who stood waiting for me.

"I have come, as you know, to claim my payment, Ellie. Can you guess it?"

A momentary struggle with myself, then I answered him:

"Yes, I know it all. You have, my consent, Dr. Melrose, although you take our dearest possession."

He looked bewildered, but suddenly seemed to understand, as he said:

"Then you know, Ellie? Since the day I first saw you in church I have loved you, have cherished as my fondest dream the hope of making you my wife! Darling, you are sure I have your consent?"

"But Maude?" I gasped.

"Maude is only too happy in the hope that I may win you. She is engaged to a cousin whom she met at Mrs. Marvin's, and who is soon coming to claim her. He is a splendid fellow and well worthy of her; but I, ah, my darling, or accept no other payment than you—elf."

And, in a wild state of passionate joy, of marvelous belief, I gave it to him, as he sealed it with the first kiss of our betrothal.—Chicago Times-Herald.

FRESH AIR AND FOOD.

THE BLACK FOREST SURE CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

No Medicines, No Inoculation, No Coddling—Simply Pure Air Day and Night, Enormous Meals, Carefully Regulated Exercise and Rest.

There is an interesting article in The Nineteenth Century in which Mr. J. A. Gibson tells how he was cured of consumption. Mr. Gibson found himself, at the age of 28, suffering from acute phthisis. His case was pronounced to be desperate by the doctors. He weighed only 9 stone 7 pounds, and the disease had such a hold upon him that he never expected to recover. However, he went off into the country, as the doctors advised, and after three months of complete rest and a diet of more than half a gallon of milk a day he had put on a few pounds' weight. Then a friend urged him to go to Nordrach in the Black forest and place himself under Dr. Walther.

He did so, and in four months he came back to England in a state of barbaric health, weighing 12½ stone and with a chest measurement to correspond. What was this magical treatment of Dr. Walther? Nourishment, rest and fresh air—no medicines, no inoculation, no coddling, but simply open windows day and night, enormous meals and carefully regulated exercise and rest.

It sounds an easy cure, and it began to take effect instantaneously in Mr. Gibson's case. The first thing was to gain in weight, and with this object in view Dr. Walther fairly crammed his patient. Mr. Gibson gained in weight. Everybody else gained in weight. There was a competition as to who should gain most, and people ate for dear life, with an eye on the scale.

"We used to say among ourselves," writes Mr. Gibson, "that we had to eat three times the ordinary amount of food—one portion to replace natural waste, a second portion to replace the extra waste from the disease and a third portion to put on weight so that the system might be strengthened and finally get the better of the disease." Everybody had to lie down for an hour before meals. To bed at 9 and up at 7; breakfast at 8, dinner at 1, supper at 7—this was the day's routine, with a walk at a small pace.

From the moment of arrival until leaving Nordrach the patient never breathes one breath of any but the purest air, as Nordrach is in the Black forest, at an elevation of 1,500 feet, surrounded by trees, and a long way from a town or even a village. The casement windows of the sanitarium are kept wide open day and night, summer and winter, and in some instances the windows are taken completely out of the frames.

Thus it is practically an outdoor life the patient lives continuously. There is therefore no danger of chills on going out in any kind of weather or at any hour, as the temperature within and without is equal. So pleasant does this living in the open become and so hardy is the patient made and so invigorated that on his return to this country it is the greatest misery for him to have to remain in a room with closed windows.

Being at such a considerable height—1,500 feet, with a rise in the longer walks of another 1,500 feet—the patient, to get the same amount of oxygen into the system, must breathe relatively more of the rarefied air and thus expand the lungs. In this way the lungs are completely flooded with pure air.

All the old corners and crannies, which he has hardly used for years, are ventilated, which the easy walking uphill is eminently calculated to effect, while at the same time the almost absolute rest the patient enjoys allows the lungs to be practically undisturbed, and so permits the healing process to proceed. The climate is much the same as in England. There is quite as high a rainfall, and in winter it is much colder. But it has been demonstrated beyond a doubt that climate has absolutely nothing to do with the cure.

There the patients, who go out regularly day after day in all kinds of weather, sometimes walk for hours at a time in the rain without ever thinking of changing their wet clothes afterward. This course Mr. Gibson still adopts and finds that such a wetting—sometimes twice in one day—never does him any harm whatever.

He asked Dr. Walther if he thought his system could be carried on with hope of success in this country. He said that it could be worked here quite as well as at Nordrach, or as in the balmy climate; that all that was required was a place where pure air was to be had, situated well away from a town, at a fair elevation, and the man to see that the system was properly carried out. Mr. Gibson is now convinced that this is perfectly true.

Absolutely nothing else is needed. Freedom from wind, a high average of sunshine, dry climate and all such other things as are generally supposed to be so necessary go for nothing. And this is the crux of the whole matter. It is possible to cure here, on the spot, almost all the people of this country who are ill of phthisis. Why, then, are sanitariums not erected at once to cure the hundreds of thousands of those who are ill and who have not the means to go abroad—hundreds of thousands who are as certainly doomed to death as if they were already under the sod if some such steps be not at once taken? It is said to think that all these people must die when they might easily be saved.

Woman's Wisdom. "Select the blue cloth, dear, and that will make you two new dresses. In the evening it will appear green."—Philadelphia Press.

One Crop. "What is raised mostly in damp climates?" asked the teacher. "Umbrellas," replied Johnny.—London Fun.

ODD MENTION

A trifling kindness here and there is but a simple, small affair; Yet, if your life has sown them free, Wide shall your happy harvest be Of friends, of love, of sweet good will. That still renews, and gladdens still.

Has your insurance run out? Have you tried frizzled mutton? Harriet says please don't give the hogs frozen swill.

That's right, get mad once in a while; at such times keep your mouth shut. It is a good time to swear off from rum, tobacco and cuss words.

Start to educate your grandchildren now by teaching yourself. Something to remember—the pigs and chickens like clover hay.

Whims cumber all new enterprises; experience prunes them off. Big boulders on the farm may be sunk where they are, rather than be hauled off.

Make a proper garden; that is plan now for spring planting. Order your seeds now.

Some men are especially economical when they buy for their wives. That isn't right. When your neighbor talks louder than you, it is a sign that he is wrong and you are right.

If anybody wants to do your thinking for you say to him, "No, I thank you, I can do it myself."

The newest idea is to filter milk. This is done through sand, and is practiced in several European cities.

If the day be bitter cold and you have a long journey to make, take the lantern along, lighted, under the robe.

Milk the heifer with first calf as long as you can get a drop, clear up to the second calf. This will make her a better cow.

A cow will give about so much milk in a year, no matter what time she comes in, and she should be bred so as to produce milk during the whole of the season of best prices.

The Vegetable Grower.

To procure large specimens for show purposes seeds should be sown now in greenhouse or hotbed. Sow rather thinly in flats filled with soil composed of two-thirds good loam, the other third of leaf mold and sand in equal portions. When well up remove to a light, airy situation to prevent drawing, and as soon as the plants have attained sufficient size for handling, or begin to get crowded, they should be picked over, allowing about half an inch each way. A rather heavier soil can be used this time, but it should not be too rich. Shading will be advantageous for a few days until they begin to take hold, but after that give all the air and light possible to keep the plants stout and stocky. If they can be kept in this condition until the time for transplanting to the open ground arrives, they will be found to be easier and more satisfactory to handle and the danger of their receiving a check is considerably lessened.

It is well to have a few of these large-sized onions, even although exhibiting is not contemplated; they are good for fall and early winter use, but do not keep so well as the smaller and firmer ones that have been sown and grown out of doors. The larger growing varieties, such as Prize-Taker and Giant Rocco, are the most commonly used, though almost any of the others may be employed, and will attain extra size under this treatment.

These also, if large size is desired, or showing be contemplated, may be grown under similar treatment to the foregoing up to the planting out stage, when a trench should be prepared for them similar to that employed for celery. They are gross feeders, love abundance of moisture, and grow fastest when the soil around them is kept loose and well stirred. To have the stem or white part as long as possible they should be kept frequently earthed up, according as the hearts grow. To help draw the hearts up paper collars can be used with advantage. These are drawn up as the plants grow and the space below filled with soil. In this way the white can be grown to a length of eighteen inches; we have seen them even more, but liberal feeding and good cultivation must be given to give them a proportionate thickness. WM. SCOTT, N. Y.

A Winter Forcer.

After twenty years' experience as a forcer of tomatoes, William Nicholson, South Framingham, Mass., tells us that Sutton's Best of All and Frogmore come nearer to his ideal of a winter forcer than all others. He tried last season a house 100 feet in length and twenty in width, which yielded a crop of 4,500 pounds of fine fruit. In it he tried six kinds and attributed the success to the two named, and this season is growing no others.

Mr. Nicholson has always been a keen observer and has kept a close record on the behavior of the kinds he has grown, and the results obtained in the way of price, etc., and he has this to say: "Years ago when I used to get \$1 and more per pound hotel keepers wanted a small tomato so that they could serve up one as a portion. Now, with tomatoes averaging from 25 cents to 35 cents per pound during the winter season hotel keepers and chefs generally find they can afford to slice them, and consequently a larger tomato is required."

And herein lies the value of the varieties in question. They grow to a good size and are solid; also they sat freely. Mr. Nicholson inclines to the opinion that English varieties always make better winter forcers than do the American kinds, the foreigner makes better foliage and grows more strongly during the winter. He claims here is the reason of a better set of fruit. Mr. Nicholson follows chrysanthemums with his tomatoes, consequently he grows all his plants in pots.

STRAY FACTS.

Epping forest is the largest public recreation ground in the world. About 170,000 umbrellas are left in London public conveyances every year.

A Belfast (Me.) man prizes as one of his most valued possessions a map of the world which was executed by his aunt when a school girl in 1823. It is a fine piece of work and attracts general notice.

The Eiffel tower has been turned to practical use by the Paris police, who use it as a watch tower from which to spy out those chimney that throw up more smoke than the law allows. By a system of ranges the location of the offending factory can be accurately told.

The opening of the Soudan by Gen. Kitchener will decrease the price of giraffes and hippopotami. Before this region was opened the price of these two species were advanced so high that the animals were quite a luxury. A short time ago a single hya hippopotamus sold for \$5,000.

"Whenever an old girl marries," says the Atchison Globe, "some one starts the story that the man has been in love with her for years and years. Then why didn't he get her before? Girls are not surrounded by barbed wire fences. If a peach is admired on a tree why wait till it is withered before gathering it?"

More advertisers who place advertisements upon a signboard set up upon the roof of a building, by virtue of what is called a lease of part of the roof, but which does not give them possession of any part of the building, although they are required to keep in repair the portion of the roof which they use, are held, in Reynolds v. Baren (N. Y.) 42 L. R. A. 129, to be more licensees who are not liable to the stranger for the falling of the signboard from the building during a high wind.

A returned Klondiker named Barnum, of Great Bend, Ohio, brings home the report that a peculiar malaria feasting snow prevails in that far northern region. It is called there the snow-eating habit, and is thought to be incurable. In its injurious effect it is believed to be worse than opium eating or even than intemperance in liquors. Where the thermometer reaches often down to thirty degrees or forty degrees below zero, a mouthful of snow is like a hot iron, creating an intense thirst, and causing men who acquire this pernicious habit to rapidly lose flesh and to be unable to eat or digest food until death ends their misery.

The agents at the different Indian agencies between the Black Hills and the Missouri river are encouraging the Indians to hunt the wolves, which are increasing in such an alarming manner on the cattle ranges. This winter the animals seem to be more ferocious than ever before, and they are killing the young cattle at an alarming rate. One rancher, who came to Belle Fourche from the Slim Butte range, reported having seen a large number of carcasses of cattle along the trail which had been killed by wolves. The Indian agents are paying \$5 for every wolf brought in. One Indian spent a week hunting on the Cheyenne, and returned to the agent at Standing Rock with a wagon load of wolves.

PEOPLE'S CORNER

Advertisements inserted in this column at the rate of 25 cents for three lines, three insertions.

Forty acres of good pasture to let. Inquire of Mrs. B. Keenan.

For Sale Cheap—A 12-horse galvanne steel tank, as good as new. Inquire of R. B. Waltrous.

Take your old scrap-iron to the Chelsea Plow Works and exchange it for plow points.

Lost—A short, black cape. Finder please leave at Standard office.

A woman with a boy of 13 wishes employment as housekeeper, either on farm or in town. Inquire of W. R. Lehman.

Get new plows and plow repairs at the Chelsea Plow Works.

Found, in Chelsea, a sum of money. The owner prove property, pay charges and take property. Inquire of Lewis Yager, Jr., Lima.

Just received a fine lot of those Standard sewing machines at C. Steinbach's.

For Sale—A new milch cow five years old. Inquire of W. K. Guerin.

Lost—In village of Chelsea on Saturday evening, a lap robe. Finder leave at Standard office.

Found—A black silk cape. Call at Standard office.

For Sale—Two Premier, high grade 99 model, bicycles, fully warranted, \$35 each. One new Ideal bicycle 99 model, fully warranted, manufactured by Rambler people, \$23.

One Sensation, 99 model, \$15. These wheels are all new 99 models and can be seen at J. S. Cummings' store. A. W. Wilkinson, Agent.

I build the Kilsman woven wire fence. Headquarters Lima Center, Mich. Geo. Whittington.

Gus Warren has started a shoe shining establishment at the Corner Barber Shop. If you want a good job call on him.

A STORY OF TEXAS.

All things have the comfortable assurance of coming to him who waits. No mention is made of a girl who waits. Had I waited for the reconstruction of the adage there would have been no episode to chronicle, and my physician would have been saved the reconstruction of his patient.

When exercise in the open air, especially horseback riding, was voted the ascendency over tonics and pills my heart gave a bound. I saw in this prescription the fulfillment of my dreams. I would at last have a pony of my own, a real frolicsome one, full of fun and mischief.

Promiscuous riding of anything I could beg, borrow or hire had taught me to experience alight discomfort upon the back of a horse that persisted in maintaining the perpendicular, and a half-broken pony I was determined to have and break the other half to suit myself.

It is a mystery to my friends and relatives as to where I inherited my passionate love and absolute fearlessness of a horse. Not from father certainly, who tightly holds the reins over the back of any steady old farm horse he may chance to trust with his life, nor yet from mother, who is equally as timid, yet exist it does as tenaciously as if they had passed their lives in painted hideousness in the circus ring.

"Thought" is generally believed to fly on invisible wings," bad news with equal rapidity, but neither can compare with the speed with which a desire to buy a horse reaches the ears of dealers.

As soon as it was noised about that I intended purchasing a four-year-old pony four-year-olds of every description were fastened to the hitching posts. Four-year-old ponies with their teeth nearly gone, four-year-old ponies with the army brand on them, four-year-old ponies slightly lame, four-year-old ponies nearly blind—in fact, there never was anything but a four-year-old pony that came in search of me. So much they depended on the native greenness of a girl.

They came in droves figuratively, in duck fashion literally speaking, and ranged from the mangy, disreputable-looking beast, feet laden with boots and weights, to the trim little stepper whose blue blood was apparent in every line.

Lean ponies, fat ponies, frisky ponies, staid ponies, sick ponies, well ponies, pretty ponies, ugly ponies, but all were ponies, yet who am I to sit in judgment when my own blessed father calls anything that wears harness a "pony?"

Dealers, at all times nothing if not obliging, are perfectly at home when it comes to such a simple thing as making a movable feast of a horse's age.

One dealer remarked that his pony was "going on four," then doubtless in response to sundry pricks of conscience added, "but she don't look it," and that was the only one of the creature's points upon which we could agree.

Another enterprising vender of livestock represented his pony as "perfectly quiet, stand without hitching," etc., and when I explained that I did not care about a particularly quiet mount returned in a few days with the identical pony clipped and mane and tail banded and announced with evident glee that he had something to suit me now. "She's gentle and good natured, miss, but it's in the corner of yer eye y'll have to be kapin' her, miss." Notwithstanding all the editing information I had received gratis, information as varied as the donuts, I was ungrateful enough to feel unsatisfied. Like the "three young maids of Lee," "one was too poor, and one too tall, and one just an inch too short for them all," so I concluded to inspect the only mountain that had not come to Mahanet, viz., the stockyard, and there I met my fate.

It was only a wild little mustang that stood peering between the bars of the stockyard gate and shaking her shaggy head defiantly at the passers-by, but she captured my heart at first sight and I was determined to possess her against the better judgment of all the rest of the party, who felt it their religious duty to act as a brake, should the situation become desperate.

She wasn't a beauty by any means. (The pony of course). Her coat was the roughest kind of rough, and burrs and bedecked her mane and tail, but her head was up and her eyes were full of fire as she surveyed the strange scene and scented the polluted city air, while an emphatic stamp and an impatient snort proclaimed her displeasure at finding herself thus confined, for this particular little pony had journeyed all the way from Texas, arriving the night before, and had been unceremoniously dumped down into the stockyards.

She was a perfect picture of contented, unconquered freedom, and the very look in her two brown eyes boded ill to the person who should attempt to restrain her with bit and bridle.

The expostulations of my friends I drowned in a laugh. To think that this pony with her four sturdy little legs, abundant mane and tail, and, above all, such a capital place to hang a saddle, would not suit me. It was ridiculous!

I insisted that all she needed was exercise and good treatment, but finally consented to entrust Texas to the tender mercies of a member of the party who was an enthusiastic fox hunter and bore the proud record of being able to break "anything."

Closely following this move I heard a rumor to the effect that if it made any difference to the county ho, like Mark Twain, would prefer having the roads unpaved instead of paved.

I suppose I was the proudest girl

In the State when my pony was turned over to me. I think I was proud, but I really can't remember. The feeling, whatever it was, was so quickly drowned by stranger ones.

Her stable had at its entrance a short bridge, upon which she was determined she would not walk. Upon its removal she promptly adopted the method of entrance to which she adhered, that of standing several feet away and leaping in. At the first of these remarkable performances I was leading her; on the next occasion I would be afraid to say exactly how far in the rear I brought up.

I left her enjoying her repast and, after I had finished mine, returned in habit to take the initiatory trip. I saddled and led, or rather jumped her out. All was serene. We had gone but a short distance and I was congratulating myself upon having as fine a little hackney as any in the country when her ponyship decided to return, and taking the bit in her teeth she proceeded to make short work of the distance between herself and her feed box. Expostulations were of no avail in the face of that deep-seated tyranny, and I was finally forced to use the whip. With outward submission but inward rebellion we wended our onward way.

Three weeks followed, weeks of unalloyed bliss and several other things.

A friend desiring to take a ride, I dismounted one day for her pleasure. Texas contemptuously "sized her up," scornfully shook her head at the unfamiliar touch upon the reins and refused to move and again I pleaded. Then a wicked gleam came into the brown eyes and she started off at full speed, then stopped, looked back to be sure of an audience, and, selecting the muddest place in the road, deliberately lay down, pony, girl and saddle in one delicious jumble.

She always knew when she had gone far enough, and unfortunately for me she regarded traveling as something of which a little goes a great ways.

No earthly power could persuade her to proceed when she had made up her mind to stop. She would wheel around in a circle till one might imagine they were crossing the English channel. She would plunge, rear and buck, but that was the extent of the performance so long as you tried to urge her forward.

She would begin with a "take-your-own-time-my-dear" air, "don't let me hurry you in the least," for well she knew human nature could not long hold out in the face of such evidences of equine depravity. When you had exhausted your choice vocabulary and were tired out mentally and physically she would wheel and start for home, prancing and changing her gait every few steps, as though the only earthly object she desired to attain was the striking of a pace that was agreeable to her rider.

How that pony must have enjoyed our brief sojourns, and how she must have laughed at me in her sleeve.

As days passed she would not leave her stable, where good food and treatment abounded, and furthermore whenever she was saddled she would persist in lying down to roll.

If there is one thing of which I am proud it is my saddle, and it is a beauty, of English make with buckskin seat and leaping pommel, but I never saw a saddle that looked quite so well after it had been rolled in many times.

The infallibility of flesh and blood mentioned elsewhere in the narrative of this precocious "mal caused me to determine to send her pony back to the youth of hunting proclivities, he having in a rash moment asserted that he would make a capital hunter, with instructions to take her "anywhere, everywhere, out of the world," and I further vowed that I would not take her out of the stable in the interval. Texas' fates were against me, and the week of waiting she assiduously devoted to demolishing her box stall bit by bit.

I knew she needed exercising and that the only hope of saving the barn lay in getting her out of it, so one afternoon I resolved to martyr myself to the cause (Texas was the only cause about our ranch in those days), and donning my oldest habit I repaired to the stables. Afterward more repairing was done, and I was the subject.

After maneuvering worthy of a diplomat we succeeded in getting out of the stables intact, with one foot in the stirrup and, asping the pommel, I prepared to spring. Texas relieved me of the necessity. The saddle turned and that spring brought us to glorious confusion and formed on the ground a first-class cross, with Texas' body for the long arm and mine lying across under her for the other.

Naturally a hanging saddle with its contents lying about promiscuously made a combination beyond the pony's powers of appreciation, and I was the recipient of several well-directed kicks aimed at different portions of my anatomy.

With one foot still in the stirrup and the other tangled in the remains of my habit I was unfortunately not in a position to return the compliment. I think she understood that my remissness was not from any lack of good breeding or of willingness. It was a sadder and wiser girl that emerged from the debris with a broken saddle, a torn habit and a useless ankle, the result of a severed ligament.

And now from the depths of an easy chair, with my injured foot on a pillow, I sorrowfully pen these words, I reflect with Artemus Ward, "if I had been money in my pocket I would have been born."

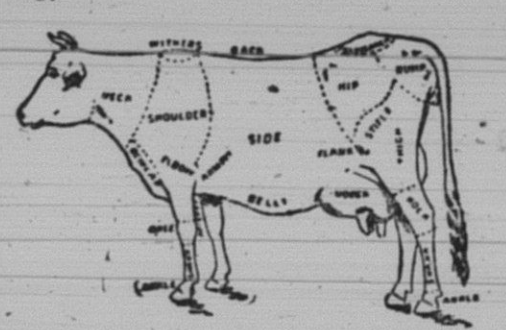
I know of a saddle pony for sale cheap.

Another bad thing about bad habits is that they are all borrowed.

A MILKER.

An Illustration Showing the Location of the Pelvic Arch and Flank.

Hoar's Dairyman publishes an outline of a dairy cow with special reference to characteristic points and says: "We call particular attention to the location and appearance of the pelvic arch and the flank. It is seldom that the former is ever referred to except in this paper, and yet it is one of the most common, as it is a pronounced peculiarity of the best dairy cows. We may not be able to explain fully why this is so, but it is evident that a rise at this point is a suggestion of an adaptation to the functions and processes of maternity. Nature builds on economic and harmonious laws, all things working together for the accomplishment of the end with the least expenditure of energy."



"We also insist upon a high arching flank, for reasons which seem too evident to call for particular discussion here, but we observe that a deep flank is often mentioned as a characteristic of the dairy cow. We incline to the belief that this seeming contradiction results from a different application and use of the word 'flank.' Undoubtedly the dictionary definition of this word is broad enough to include the rear half of the belly, but in the dairy form it is as essential that the flank, where it joins the thigh, should be high and arching, as that it should be deep at the median line. It seems better, therefore, to limit the application of the term to the parts above the udder and for the forward part use the more comprehensive word, which includes the lower part of the entire barrel."

The Busy Bee.

Being called to visit Stafford and Reno counties, Kansas, we were surprised to find that section destitute of bees. Many of the farmers asked us about introducing them. We said that for the sake of fertilizing the fruit bloom we would keep a few bees, though we might have to feed them. There are many fields of alfalfa sown that appear to be doing well. This plant affords a large amount of good honey during June and July. Its importance as a forage crop is well known. If it becomes generally cultivated there will be no difficulty experienced in raising bees. We noticed several large patches of smart weed that would furnish excellent fall pasturage for several colonies. Taking the fruit tree bloom in the spring, together with the alfalfa in June and July, and the smart weed in the fall, we think there would be no difficulty in every farmer keeping a few bees. It would be of incalculable advantage to the fruit tree bloom in the spring in scattering the pollen dust of the flowers. Without the agency of the bees, thousands of blossoms remain unfertilized.

In every locality where bees are kept there are times in the year when the natural yield from flowers does not prove profitable. Such seasons should be carefully noted by the apiarist, and if possible there should be something planted that would afford bee pasture during these periods. When selecting crops for cultivation for other purposes, or shrubs and trees for planting, the bee keeper should choose such as will also furnish honey at a time when pasturage for his bees would otherwise be wanting.

It frequently happens that the small artificial pasturage affords more than the larger natural area. The bees will secure greater returns from a small patch of alfalfa near to the apiary than from the whole range of from 12,000 to 18,000 acres, which they are permitted to utilize, flying from the apiary two and a half to three miles each way.

Buckwheat is an important honey and pollen producer. Its blossoms appear about four weeks after the seed is sown, hence it may be made to fill in a summer dearth of honey plants.

During this month nothing can be done with the bees. In warm days it might be well to examine all the hives, especially those that are short of stores, and give them syrup made of granulated sugar. We have great faith in sugar candy, especially that which is made without any coloring whatever. Buy several pounds of it from the confectioners and give it to the bees by putting it over the brood frames. We have known excellent results from feeding a few pounds of it.

As colonies will begin to breed next month it will be necessary to give them plenty of surplus, that there may be no dearth in food to raise bees. When bees begin to breed extensively surplus stores disappear very rapidly, and unless they have a large quantity on hand it will be all gone and the colony will perish from sheer starvation.

Mansfield, O. WM. BALLANTINE.

Poultry Miscellany.

Breed is everything. The machine for converting food into eggs must be of the best to be had. Anything and everything will not do.

One of the secrets of plenty of eggs in winter is a good warm place for the hens. The old saying that "heat is life," will apply to poultry and stock, just as well as to the human family.

A \$1,200 farm in Tennessee has been paid for wholly in hen's eggs. The statements being remitted daily, sometimes at the rate of three cents a dozen for the eggs, delivered in four dozen

OF INTEREST.

The death rate in Michigan in 1898 was 12.5 in each 1,000 of the population.

Algeria is said to be the only country in the world where the horses outnumber the human beings.

A Berliner has asked the permission of the local authorities to establish a public cemetery for pet animals.

The conference proposed by the Czar looking to the disarmament of the nations will be held at The Hague.

A mammoth phonograph, which can be heard by 10,000 persons, is being constructed for the Paris exposition.

During 1897 and 1898 each convict in the Missouri penitentiary earned an average of 3 cents a day above the cost of his maintenance.

The Chinese pronounce their Dowager Empress the most beautiful woman whom the Celestial Kingdom has ever known.

An Ohio postmistress has resigned, saying that she was often kept so busy that people would call for postal cards sent them before she had time to read them.

The new Hocsac Tunnel grain elevator in Boston is 260 feet long, 160 feet high, and is said to be the only perfectly fire-proof grain elevator in the world.

In the last week of January Barcelona had a strike of cabmen. They refused to take any one except priests on their way to dying persons; these they took free of charge.

There are two islands in New Zealand set apart for the preservation of its remarkable wild birds and other animals. All hunting and trapping is forbidden thereon.

At the little port of Ploumanach, France, the sea at high tide overflows into some natural pool at a much lower level. This fall is made to drive a water wheel, and with a dynamo and accumulators, a constant supply of electricity is obtained.

A German tourist declares that what principally distinguishes Chinamen from us is their utter freedom from nervousness. No matter how much they exert themselves they always remain phlegmatic, and they can sleep anywhere, in any position, and in any amount of noise.

The port of Gibraltar is to have a complete electric equipment, both for government and private supply, and, in keeping with military ideas that are so prevalent there, it has been decided to locate the power station in one of the best protected positions on the rocks. This is what is known as the King's Bastion, cut out of solid rock, and formerly used as an artillery barracks.

BRIC-A-BRAC

Before the Oceanic was launched at Belfast a competing company had given orders for the construction of a steamer which will exceed even the enormous proportions of the new White Star liner. All the details of the design are being got out, and there is little doubt that in the course of the next few months the contract will be let.

Arab music has been described as the singing of a prima donna, who has ruptured her voice in trying to sing a duet with herself. Each note starts from somewhere between a sharp and a flat, but does not stop even there, and splits up into four or more portions, of which no person can be expected to catch more than one at a time.

Dr. Richard Garnett, the keeper of printed books in the British museum, says there are about 2,000,000 books in the museum. The catalogue, which is not all printed, used to consist of 3,000 volumes. When it is all printed, however, it is hoped to condense it to 1,000. About \$20,000 is annually spent on the completion of the catalogue alone.

The Kief Slava reports an abstract of the official statistics of health in Russian cities for the year 1897. The number of sick in that year was reported to have been 36,000,000. The number of deaths was larger than in any other country in proportion to the population. In some cities—as in Cherson, Astrachan and Saratow—there were more sick than sound inhabitants.

The old queen of Spain, Isabella, the jolly, she is called in Paris, has quite recovered from the shock caused by the late war with this country, and once more blooms out as a royal hostess. She has been given numerous receptions and dinners, until Lent set in, and her weekly concerts, known to be the refuge for all the unappreciated tenors and sopranos, have been thronged by that strange medley which constitutes the Spanish colony.

Eleven years ago R. H. White gave a Richmond (Me.) farmer boy an almanac with the understanding that when the boy became twenty years of age Mr. White would pay 50 cents for the almanac if the boy would present it to him. The boy has now attained that age, and last week the almanac was redeemed by Mr. White by paying the sum stated. That boy is now a Bowdoin student and if he follows his hand he will make a mark in the world.

A certified centenarian named Kohn died recently in Vienna, aged 112 years. His age is attested by the public notary and by the secretary of the Jewish community at Frankirkren, in Hungary, where he was born. He acted as a guide for the French staff on its way to the River Naab in Napoleon's time. He was twice married and only twice ill, once when 100 years old and again when 109. He retained his sight, hearing and appetite to the end, but was weak in the legs.

FALL OF A GOOD MAN.

Passed as a Moral Disinfectant, but Repeated.

"What's become of Prindle? Why, didn't you hear about it? Well, well! It was odd enough, to be sure, and quite a tragedy in a limited way. Poor Prindle! You remember how circumspect he was in his conduct, and how thoroughly he looked it? Well, when Filkins got into the paper as the man who was seen in Newark two days before the sale of the bottle-holder that figured in the poisoning case, Filkins began to get rattled about it, and to think he needed moral support, and he finally went to Prindle and offered him two dollars and a half to walk up town with him afterwards. Prindle saw no harm in taking him up, and was seen with him almost daily for a month.

"So when Jeroloman's wife disappeared, leaving a note saying to drag the East river, it put Jeroloman under a cloud for awhile, during which time he bargained with Prindle to walk with him on Fifth avenue three times a week, from 4 to 5, at \$3 for each appearance. Prindle was building up quite a business as a moral disinfectant, when suddenly his engagement to Miss Strait was broken, on the ground that he kept bad company, and immediately afterward he lost his job in Stringham's bank for the same reason.

"After that he had no reputation that it would have paid any one to hire, and I don't know where he went—to the Klondyke, or Cuba, or some place. It was too bad, for I think the whole thing began in good nature, and, barring his greed, which was really due to his haste to be married, he hadn't a vice in the world.

"Will he ever come back? Oh, I dare say. All he needs is to grow wicked enough to learn the need of showing a proper regard for appearances. He'll be forgotten in three months, and, if he has a good summer in the Klondyke (if that's where he is), very likely Miss Strait will take him on again. A New York man ought not to be permanently affected by a little business reverse of that sort."

Favored.



"My, but he's got er soft snap! Every time her old man sends her fer mixed ale he gets er taste of it!"

The Book Which Didn't Go. "I hadn't made anything out of my novel," said the author, as he choked back a sigh, "but that was the publisher's fault, of course. Had he spent \$500 in advertising it the book would have gone like smoke. I was hugging the delusion, however, that some 5,000 readers had been made brighter and better by my book, when I wandered into a second-hand book store. After a look around and a seeming effort to remember, I said to the man: 'I dropped in to see if you had a popular novel entitled "Lights and Shadows."'

"When was it popular?" he asked. "But I've heard it well spoken of." "Must have been a fool, then. That book fell as flat as a pancake." "But could you get me a copy?" "For sure." "At how much?"

"Well, I have 45 of 'em stacked up under that counter, and you can take as many as you can carry for a quarter."

"I was hurt, of course," said the author, "but I felt like making one more effort. I too! one copy and handed him a quarter and asked if he had ever met the author." "Never," he replied, as he pocketed the coin, and I never shall. After writing the last chapter of that book he went to a lunatic asylum and butted out his brains against a feather pillow."

Giving Him Chance.

"Josiah says the highest place in the land ain't too high for him," remarked Mrs. Cornstossel, with motherly confidence.

"Well," answered the old gentleman, with chilly complacency, "ef Josiah thinks he kin climb poles without gettin' dizzy, maybe we could get 'im a job at bein' a telegraph-lineman."—Washington Star.

Information for Hubby.

Mrs. Gotrox (recently married)—That was Jack Yo ak. I was talking with. He proposed to me last summer. Mr. Gotrox—Indeed? Mrs. Gotrox—Yes; but the poor fellow hasn't a cent.—Puck.

Only an Incident.

"But, auntie, if you are 127 years old, how does it happen that you have no recollection whatever of the Revolutionary war?"

"Bless yo' heart, honey, I've been fru so many wabs I can't 'stinguish 'em apabt no mo'."

Wisdom of Advancing Years.

"Nancy Tompkins is older than she looks."

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, she won't wear a trail dress on the street and says she'd rather be neat than stylish."

BAR-BEN

It's not a "patent" medicine, but is prepared direct from the formula of E. F. Barton, M. D., Cleveland's most eminent specialist, by Hjalmer O. Benson, Ph.D., B. S. BAR-BEN is the greatest known restorative and invigorator for men and women. It creates solid flesh, muscle and strength, clears the brain, makes the blood pure and rich and causes a general feeling of health, strength and renewed vitality, while the generative organs are helped to regain their normal powers and the sufferer is quickly made conscious of direct benefit. One box will work wonders, six should perfect a cure. Prepared in small sugar coated tablets easy to swallow. The days of celery compounds, nervanas, sarsaparillas and vile liquid tonics are over. BAR-BEN is for sale at all drug stores, a 60-dose box for 50 cents, or we will mail it securely sealed on receipt of price. DR. BARTON AND BENSON, 461 Bar-Ben Block, Cleveland, O.

For sale by FENN & VOGEL, drugs groceries and stationery.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

Artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps, and all the results of imperfect digestion. Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

Glazier & Stimson.

SOCIETIES

should remember that when they are in need of

JAPANESE NAPKINS

to call and see the new stock at the

STANDARD OFFICE

A \$40.00 BICYCLE GIVEN AWAY DAILY

The publishers of the NEW YORK STAR, the handsomely illustrated Sunday newspaper, are giving a high grade bicycle each day for the largest list of words made by using the letters contained in "T-H-E-N-E-W-Y-O-R-K-S-T-A-R" no more times in any one word than it is found in The New York Star. Webster's Dictionary to be considered as authority. Two Good watches (first class time-keepers) will be given daily for second third best lists, and many other valuable rewards, including dinner sets, tea sets, china, sterling silverware, etc., etc., in order of merit. This educational contest is being given to advertise and introduce this successful weekly into new homes, and all prizes will be awarded promptly without partiality. Twelve 2-cent stamps must be enclosed for thirteen weeks' trial subscription with full particulars and list of over 300 valuable rewards. Contest opens and awards commence Monday, June 26, and closes Monday, August 22, 1899. Your list can reach us any day between these dates, and will receive the award to which it may be entitled for that day, and your name will be printed in the following issue of The New York Star. Only one list can be entered by the same person. Prizes are on exhibition at The Star's business offices. Persons securing bicycles may have choice of ladies', gentlemen's or juveniles' 1899 model, color or size desired. Call or address Dept. "E," The New York Star, 236 W. 39th Street, New York City. 26

HANNA'S RHEUMATIC LIBERATOR

Can't cure anything but Rheumatism! No good for anything but Rheumatism! No use to take it if you haven't got Rheumatism! Wouldn't try to sell it for anything but Rheumatism! But to anyone who's got Rheumatism! Sold exclusively by Fenn & Vogel.

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; 5 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.

SIR WILFRED LAURIER, the Canadian premier, who is doing so much rash talking about war over the Alaskan boundary, should remember the fate of those fellows who talked the same way only a little over a year ago. Now they wish they hadn't. The dear boy is quite blood-thirsty.

HENRY C. SMITH, congressman from this district, is an ardent advocate of rural free mail delivery. He says that the money spent on flower seeds and rutabagas should be used in spreading the gospel of Americanism by delivering the newspapers to farmers.—Ann Arbor Register. If the honorable gentleman keeps on along this line, it will be hard to find a paper in the district but what will be whooping it up for him next year.



Suburban Rumors

SYLVAN.

Mesdames J. N. and Jacob Dancer spent Thursday at Wolf Lake.

Miss Edith Young entertained Albert Beebe of Jackson last Sunday.

Charles Bevere returned to his home at Star Lake, Wisconsin, Saturday.

Mrs. Charles Delevan of Alma, spent Monday at M. B. Millsap's.

Miss Lottie Cobb of Dexter is spending this week with relatives at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Forner sr. spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George Steinbach at Lima.

Wilson West and daughter, Dora, of Williamston spent the first of the week at Eugene West's.

Jerome Cushman and daughters, Dottie and Cora, of Williamston spent the first of the week at O. I. Cushman's.

SHARON.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Dorr are visiting at Fowlerville.

Miss Esther Renaud of Jackson is here for a short vacation.

H. W. Hayes of Ann Arbor is spending the week in this place.

Miss Ethel Thomas of Toledo is visiting her cousin, Miss Edith Lawrence.

Mr. and Mrs. John Alber of Chelsea spent part of last week with relatives here.

A number of young people from this place attended church at Francisco Sunday evening.

The North Sharon Sunday School will have a picnic in Wm. Dorr's grove Thursday, August 3.

Miss Christine Oversmith has returned home after a two weeks visit with friends in Ann Arbor.

The North Sharon Epworth League will hold a social at the home of Mrs. Fletcher Thursday evening, July 27.

Professor Albert Dorr of Colorado, accompanied by Miss Bessie Dorr of Iron Creek, spent Sunday at C. C. Dorr's.

Mrs. Standon who has been visiting at the home of her brother, A. L. Holden, has returned to her home in New York city.

LIMA.

George Wagner is laid up with a sprained ankle.

Miss Lelia Geddes of Chelsea is visiting Miss Eva Luick.

Miss Lettie Ward visited Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Freer Friday.

Elijah Keyes is entertaining his brother, A. Keyes, of Iowa.

Miss Minnie Steinbach of Ann Arbor is visiting relatives here.

Charles Morse and Fred Stabler spent Sunday at Ann Arbor.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Coyert of Selo, visited at Wm. Covert's Thursday.

Mrs. F. A. Roost and children, of Delhi are the guests of Mrs. Cora Fiske.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe of Elgin, Ill., have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. Wilson.

You are right, Mr. Editor, haying and harvest time keeps your rural correspondents pretty steadily employed, long days and short evenings and lots of hard work leaves little time for reporting news from the country districts. But if the many readers of your paper will bear with us until the busy is over, they will find the Lima column well filled with important and interesting news.

David Briestle tried to stop Charlie Paul's separator with his foot, result a crushed foot.

Mrs. H. Townsend and daughter, Luella, of Chelsea, called at Abner Beach's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stanton of Manchester spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. Eva Fiske and family. Miss Nina Fiske accompanied them home for a week's stay.

The Ann Arbor Evening Times seems to take lots of comfort in trying to roast our supervisor in regard to the electric railway franchise through our township. We wish to state as a matter of fairness to our supervisor that the action taken by the above paper is entirely unfounded and worthy of no credence whatever. In our opinion our supervisor has taken the proper stand in this matter and that is this: When the land owners living along the proposed route of said electric railway are willing to sign off the right of way they will have no trouble in getting the supervisor's signature.

LIMA IN EARLY DAYS.

A raising without whisky—William C. Lemmon, when erecting his house in June, 1830, carried out the principle of temperance so far as to state that whisky should not be supplied to his neighbors, who assisted in raising the building. The men, who aided in its erection brought the walls up to the floor when they demanded the customary drink. This Mr. Lemmon refused, presenting a substitute in the shape of water, which was not accepted. The men retired, and it was not until the subsequent week that the work was finished and only then at the solicitation of Gen. Asa Williams, who explained to the people that Mr. Lemmon's family should not suffer on account of the parent's fanaticism.

PAJAMAS PUZZLE A SURGEON

She Knew a Lot, However, about the Vital Part of the Business.

The only woman who received a commission in the United States army during the war with Spain was Dr. Anita Newcomb McGee. The Doctor is a talented woman, daughter of Professor Newcomb and wife of Professor McGee the ethnologist. When the war began an executive committee of the Daughters of the Revolution was formed to aid the War Department in the matter of trained nurses, and in the care of the wounded and sick. This committee quickly manifested such intelligent zeal in the work that it was recognized by the War Department, and to Dr. McGee, the head of it, was given a commission. The committee was indefatigable, and developed unexpected capacity for the duties it assumed.

There were some things, however, which Acting Assistant Surgeon McGee, smart as she was, had to learn. The war opened with a rush, and there were pressing demands. Up from Tampa one day came a message from the medical officer in charge of a division hospital telling what the department could do for the relief of the sick. The message mentioned lemons and a lot of things which would be acceptable to the invalid soldiers, including pajamas.

In due course the message was forwarded to Dr. McGee and her committee. Her promptness was a characteristic of the relief work. Orders were issued right and left for the desired supplies. All went well until one item on the list was reached. Dr. McGee came with wrinkled brow to her scientist husband, and holding out the message, asked in a perplexed tone: "Professor, what are pajamas?"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mean!



Hi! Mame! Dis old crank won't let de little darlint play wid his whiskers!

Dampening His Enthusiasm.

Sheridan once witnessed, with the author, a new play by Boardman, who had been writing for the stage for twenty years and had never made a success. This time, however, it caught the popular fancy, and applause greeted and ended each scene. At the end of the second act Boardman's elation got the better of his discretion, and, leaning over toward Sheridan, he exclaimed:

"Sheridan, Sheridan, it's going to be a success, a complete success!"

"Ah, yes," murmured Sheridan, with exquisite compassion in his voice. "Too bad, too bad!"

"Too bad?" stammered his friend. "Why too bad that it should prove a success?"

"Because now," retorted Sheridan, "it'll take you another twenty years to convince any one your wrote it."—San Francisco Argonaut.

RAN A HYPNOTIC STORE.

Customers Thought They Were Served and Paid Accordingly.

I was riding in a wild part of Colorado, far from the whistle of a railroad train or the sound of a church bell, and as I neared my destination, the mining town of Silver Creek, I felt the necessity of a shave, my beard being of a week's growth. I carried a razor with me and expected to be my own tonsorial artist. So I rode up to an indolent-looking man seated in the doorway of a board shanty and asked for the privilege of making myself human. "Why don't you let the barber shave you?" he asked.

"What barber?" I inquired, in surprise.

"Dave Jones, over yonder."

I followed his eyes and saw a neat barber shop, with all the latest adornments of the trade.

"How is it I didn't see that when I rode up?" I asked.

"Didn't look, probably, stranger: I can recommend it for I am shaved there myself sometimes."

I offered the man a fee, but he refused it promptly. Not so with a flask I extracted from my saddle bags, from which he took a generous pull. He was a weird-looking object, with uncut hair and deep, glowing eyes, but he spoke like an educated man.

Dismounting and hobbling my horse, I entered the shop, and to my surprise found that the barber was a colored man and good at his trade.

The place was finely fitted up, only there were no customers, and, as far as I could see, only one mug was in evidence, and that had not seen service. I seated myself in a luxurious chair and Dave shaved me with neatness and dispatch, talking glibly after the fashion of his kind, to amuse me.

"Ever dream, sah?"

"Do you mean do I dream of certain numbers?" I asked in return, knowing the fondness of his folk for the policy shop.

"No, sah; it am always about watches—yoh chin am as smooove as silk now, sah—sometimes deys gold watches, an' sometimes deys silver, an' one, sah—would you believe it?—was a duplex; an' I says I'm sell dese watch, an' gets lots of money. Den I always wake up."

I expressed my sympathy, having had a similar experience in dreams, and being now shaved I asked the barber how much I owed him.

"Two bits, sah," he answered promptly, and after struggling a moment with my calculating powers, I threw down the smallest piece of silver in my purse, a 50 cent piece. If I expected to get any change back my expectations were not realized. Dave did not touch the money, but stood gazing with a curious smile on his dusky countenance.

I rode off, passing near enough to the man who had directed me to hear him call:

"Get a good shave?"

"First class," I called back, and I ran my hand over my chin, confirming the barber's remark, "smooove as silk."

I reached Silver Creek at nightfall, and found the hotel where I put up all astir over a dance to be given there that night.

"Well, I'm shaved, at any rate," I said, fingering my chin.

But what! My face was as rough as a nutmeg grater! A week-old beard covered my face with its stubble. I imagined I was in a brain fever, and hurried to the landlord.

"Do I need shaving?" I asked as calmly as I could.

He regarded me critically.

"Well, now, that depends, stranger. If you air a sheriff, or even a deputy, that un-common growth of beard would be a good disguise. But it don't quite fit with the rest of your get-up as a tenderfoot."

"I was shaved this very day," I asserted desperately.

"Where?" asked the landlord.

"There ain't any barber shops on the foothills."

"I found one at Four Corners."

"You never did. There ain't ennybody lives there ex-cept a looney old lord, and again I felt of that stubby doctor—oh, ah, ah, ho, ho, I guess, stranger, you fell in with that old hyp-no-tic—you sur did, and he made you believe you were shaved."

"Nonsense!" I said, angrily. "I was shaved."

"You don't look 't," said the landlord, and after looking in a mirror back of the bar, I et a rough and ready artist, who so served as barber, hack off my abnormal growth of beard.

And the landlord was right. I went back that way and saw the hypnotic doctor, and was served with a table d'hôte dinner, with colored waiters, and dined luxuriously on the choicest dishes, but there was no barber shop, and no Dave. I knew I was being hypnotized, but had no power to resist. And now I am wondering who got the fee I paid the waiter, the price of the dinner and the 50 cents I gave Dave. The money went out of my possession, for I knew to a dot how much I had.

And was it possible for the creation of hypnotism to relate his dreams? and did—oh, pshaw!

"This peace congress," said the dowager empress, "puts me in mind of a quilting bee—piece congress—don't you see?"

"Ah, yes, ha, ha," said Li Hung Chang, "so it does; maybe it's crazy quilt and that's why the powers have been cutting us up into samples."

Poor fellow, he had to say something or lose his head, and under these circumstances even a Chinaman can spring a joke.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

A Water Gap, Pa., woman buried her pet dog in a specially made casket, at an expense of \$150. The fool-killer was busy else where.

Speaking of Mr. Choate, the London Daily News says: "Really, our luck in American ambassadors seems inexhaustible."

The Britis cousins expect that Ambassador Choate will be another link in the international alliance.—Boston Traveler.

When statesmen come to appreciate the difference between an elocutionist and an orator things will be different.—St Paul Dispatch.

We again call attention to the swift way Alger is not introducing sanitation into Cuba.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Admitting the appropriations of Congress are something stupendous, some may say the size of the American eagle presupposes a big bill.—Philadelphia Times.

Was there ever anything more ridiculous than the court of inquiry's latest performance in placing various specimens of canned beef before witnesses, and challenging them to identify the rotten kind? Hardly.—Boston Herald.

The Rainy Daisies have settled the style or raiment for the stormy months of March and April. Skirts must end not less than four nor more than six inches from the ground. When the floods come deeper than these measurements the Rainy Daisies will stay at home.—Philadelphia Ledger.

SOME SUPERSTITIONS.

If the cat washes her face it will soon rain.

If a hen crows, bad luck is coming. Sell the hen to a pedler.

If you find a pipe of tobacco, don't bring it home or some one will die.

If you sweep dirt out of the house, you sweep out your luck. Burn the dirt.

If you turn a chair around on one leg, or if you turn a loaf upside down, there will be a quarrel in the house.

If you give away a cat, or one goes away, don't let it come back, or a cow or horse will die.

Don't turn back when once started on a journey or bad luck will follow you.

Don't put your left stocking or shoe on first when dressing in the morning or you will put your foot in it some way during the day.

If you don't put a horseshoe—one that has been worn by a two-year-old filly—in the churn, the witches will take the butter.

If a chair falls as you rise from it, you will not marry within a year. If a housewife sweeps under your feet you will not marry within seven years.

Uncle Ben's Ideas.

Parting isn't very sweet sorrow when her father puts his foot in it. The person who doesn't intend to stick to any one thing should try to avoid a porous plaster.

Happiness doesn't depend entirely upon conditions themselves, but upon the way you look at them.

A man's signature sometimes indicates his character. His name on a check may determine whether he is a thief or a kleptomaniac.

VILLAGE TAXES.

The village taxes for 1899 are now due and must be paid by August 8th. Dated Chelsea, June 27, 1899.

J. B. Cole, treasurer.

For Sale—One horse three spring wagon, one horse Gale plow nearly new, Gale cultivator new, corn planter new, corn cutter new, wheelbarrow my make new, log chain, two whittletrees. Enquire of Jacob VanHusen or William Schnaltman. Party buying whole outfit paying \$20.00 therefore will be presented with a one horse work harness, minus lines and one trace.

J. D. Schnaltman.

JACKSON GROCERS' EXCURSION.

The greatest excursion of the year The eighth annual outing given August 10th, to Detroit, Belle Isle and Lake St. Clair. Fare for round trip, including boat ride, from Chelsea \$1.20.

The friends of The Standard who have business in the probate court, will confer a favor on the paper by requesting that their probate notices be published in this paper.

SMOKERS.

If you want a good smoke go to the Corner Barber Shop and get a Kearsley, the choicest made for 5 cents.

M. C. R. R. EXCURSIONS.

The Michigan Central will run a week-end excursion to Detroit on Saturday, July 29th. Fare for the round trip \$1.10. Children under 12 years one-half adult rate.

Tri-State Band Association Reunion, at Detroit, August 16 and 17. One fare for the round trip.

Seventh Day Adventists Conference and Camp Meeting at Ionia, August 9-27. One fare for the round trip. Sale of tickets August 10, 17, 18, 22, 23. Good to return not later than August 30.

The Michigan Central has given notice of an excursion from Chelsea to Niagara Falls and return, August 3, for \$4.25. The trip may be extended to the Thousand Islands for \$11, tickets good for two weeks.

SPECIAL DRIVES FOR JULY....

COUCHES \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.50 to \$15.00.

Porch Settes and Porch Chairs \$1.00 and up

Hammocks cheap to close out.

We have in stock a full line of Curtain Poles, Screens, Easels, Pictures, etc.

We carry a full line of Bicycles and Repairs, Base goods Goods and Fishing Tackle at prices to close.

Staffan-Shell Furniture Co.

The Bent Glass Front, Main Street South.

The Best Lehigh Valley

COAL
\$5.50

At the car.

The Best Massolin Lump

COAL
\$3.00

Yours for prices.

THE WELCH COAL CO.
NEAR DEPOT. NEW PHONE.



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.

CULTIVATORS AND HORSE RAKES

at prices to close out.

Binder Twine at lowest prices

FURNITURE

at reduced prices.

Hammocks, Ice Cream Freezers, Screen Doors, Window Screens and Fishing Tackle at the right price.

W. J. KNAPP.



Local Brevities

Gas BeGole is quite ill with malarial fever.

Miss Ella Slimmer has been quite ill the past week.

Adam Eppler has placed an electric fan in his market.

Mrs. Emma Stimson is having her residence on Park street remodeled.

The H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co. is having the front of its stores repainted.

Chris Bagge's hand was badly cut by a bottle exploding at his bottling works Monday.

Philip Keusch has been making some extensive improvements on his residence on Summit street.

Born on Thursday, July 27, 1899, to Mr. and Mrs. William Eisenbeiser of Sylvan, a daughter.

J. G. Hoover is tearing down the old barn on his property on South street, and will erect a new one in its place.

Rev. Father Considine is in Detroit this week attending the annual meeting of the alumni of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.

Ward Morton now carries his left foot in a sling, as the result of the accidental discharge of a target pistol, the bullet passing through his great toe.

George P. Glazier is preparing to move the house which has been occupied by Robert Leach to the lot he recently purchased of Mrs. J. C. Goodyear.

The L. O. T. M. entertained the members of the K. O. T. M. at their hall Tuesday evening. A literary and musical program was rendered, and after which ice and cake were served.

Miss Rose Murray of Dexter is now employed as cashier for W. P. Schenk & Company, in place of Miss Edith Congdon, who has accepted a position of book-keeper with the Hay & Todd company at Ypsilanti.

Little Three Oaks in western Michigan, was the cannon which Dewey sent from Manila for the Maine monument fund. The village contributed the most money in proportion to population of any town in the country.

The Chelsea Bottling Works, C. G. Bagge, proprietor, is doing a rushing business these days, and is now turning out 200 cases of soft drinks a day. Their ginger ale is made from Vernor's extract of ginger. Mr. Bagge sells goods in a large number of the surrounding villages.

In the last issue of the Sunday News-Tribune appeared a half tone picture of Jay Clinton Chapman, the six-months-old child of Dewitt C. and Frankie Chapman both deaf mutes. Mrs. Chapman was formerly Frankie McCall, and was a compositor in The Standard office for some time.

Now that the gasoline stove season has fairly set in, remember this: If you have a gasoline fire throw flour on it, or meal or sand, but never water. Flour, meal or sand will put the fire right out, while water only spreads it. Fix this in your mind so it will come handy when you need it.

Experiments made last season show that ashes were very beneficial to melons, increasing the growth of the vine and inducing a larger growth of fruit. Potash largely assists in the creation of saccharine matter, thus rendering the melons sweeter. Use the ashes around the plants liberally.

According to a dispatch to the Detroit Free Press Saturday, Rev. C. S. Jones of this place who is spending his vacation at Cheboygan, saved the life of a child whose hand had been nearly cut off by falling and breaking a bottle which was in his hand. He bandaged the arm and stopped the flow of blood thus saving the child from bleeding to death.

Tuesday afternoon George S. Davis who has been employed at the Standard office for the past two years, met with a distressing accident as a result of which he has suffered the loss of the first two fingers of his left hand. He was engaged in feeding a job press and his fingers were caught in the machine, crushing them so badly that they could not be saved.

Dr. Thomas Holmes returned home last Saturday from a lecturing and preaching tour, after being absent three months, less two days. On the journey he traveled 3,800 miles, going east to Maine, and west to the eastern boundary of Illinois. He lectured and preached thirty-four times, and made more than 100 visits. At one time he traveled 1,200 miles within thirty-six hours, without fatigue. Notwithstanding changes of climate, changes of diet, changes of social relations and habits, exposure, labor and fatigue, he gained fifteen pounds, avoirdupois. Taking into consideration the doctor's age, 82 years, this is a remarkable record.

Capt. Ross Granger of Ann Arbor, who was with the Thirty-first during the Spanish-American war, will go to the Philippines with the Thirtieth U. S. Infantry, having received a commission as captain.

On Saturday last Wirt Barnum of Undulla was struck on the jaw bone by a batted ball. The blow pained him considerably and he consulted a couple of physicians at Stockbridge. They did not discover anything wrong. On Monday he called on Dr. Avery to have a tooth removed. The doctor discovered that his jaw bone was broken on one side of his head and cracked on the opposite side. The broken bone was set and he was made as comfortable as possible.

We advise our readers who enjoy fishing to be cautious how they catch and retain perch that weigh less than four ounces. Over at Sand Lake a man had one of those fish in his boat when Denel, the Tecumseh game warden, hove in sight and ordered the fishermen to throw the perch back in the lake. He refused and they had a scrap right there. The fisherman had Duell arrested for assault and battery and the trial will take place at Adrian next Thursday, the 27th.—Manchester Enterprise.

One of the acts passed by the late legislature, of which probably few people know, makes it a misdemeanor for county clerks to permit attorneys or others to make copies out of their record books with ink, the reason for this is that slyster lawyers and unscrupulous persons of other professions have altered records when it happened to be their advantage. Hereafter anyone desiring to make copies from the record books in the possession of county clerks will have to come provided with a lead pencil.

North Lake is a very popular resort this summer. Accommodations are taxed to the uttermost at the present time, and people are being turned away constantly. This week another large party is recreating there. It consists of: Mr. and Mrs. A. Congdon, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cummings, Misses Eva Taylor, Beatrice Bacon, Lillian Gerard, Ethel Bacon, Nellie Congdon, Linnie Rogers of Saline, Messrs. Bert Gerard, George Taylor of Detroit, Cary LeRoy Hill and Frank Taylor of Mason.

The Market.

The wheat market has only recently stopped declining and it is not certain that it may not go lower yet under large receipts at primary points. There has been no wheat here and prices are nominal. Old wheat, red or white, and new wheat if dry would bring about 67 cents on present quotations. Very little wheat will move here for some time at these prices. Rye has declined and will open at about 48 cents if there is no further decline. Oats are lower and 25 cents would be all present quotations would warrant. Beans are holding their own and about 85 cents would probably be paid for country stock. Potatoes are now plenty and bring about 30 cents per bushel. Butter 11 cents. Eggs 10 cents. Chickens 6 cents. Hogs and beef cattle 4 cents per pound. Veal calves 5 cents. Wool bring 15 to 18 cents according to its condition. Business has improved some since harvest and a good fall trade may be expected.

Real Estate Transfers.

Adam Stall and wife to Frank Burg, Ann Arbor, 310.
Abigail Post to Howard I Post, Willis, 1,000.
Titus F. Hutzler and wife to Herman Allmendinger, Ann Arbor, 350.
Ignatz Maciejowski to Mary Maciejowski, Augusta, 350.
Ignatz Maciejowski to Agnes Siekorska, Augusta, 300.
Albert H. Lewis to Janette Palmeter, York, 400.
Ella H. Babcock to Wm. W. Gifford, Chelsea, 850.
Conrad Betz by admr. to Wm. Neebling, Manchester, 550.
Village of Manchester to Wm. Neebling, Manchester, 50.
Frank J. Salsburg et al. to Margaret Salsburg, York, 1.
Margaret Salsburg to Fred W. Salsburg, York, 1,800.
Helen C. McNicol et al. to Fred Yedely, Ypsilanti, 350.
Harvey S. Day and wife to Robert Kirchen, Augusta, 272.50.
Dennis Corey and wife to James W. McFadden, Salem, 1,600.
Thomas H. Harris to Thomas McNamara, Dexter, 125.
Thomas McNamara to Thos. J. Bierney, Dexter, 90.
Cordella E. Joslin to Edward C. Joslin and wife Lyndon, 1.
Louis J. Lisemer to Flavius D. Ford, Lodi, 1,500.
Auditor General to John O. Baxter, Ypsilanti, 9.89.
David Cody and wife to Joseph B. Steere, Pittsfield, 40.
W. W. Whedon and wife to T. and P. Shirley, Ann Arbor, 1,000.
Lucy W. S. Morgan by exr. to Mary A. Darling, Ann Arbor, 7,000.
Wm. P. Groves by exr. to Eliza Laughlin, Ann Arbor, 1,400.
O. H. Bivins to Lavina H. Bivins, Manchester, 1,000.
O. H. Bivins to Daniel J. Bivins, Manchester, 1.
O. H. Bivins to Lavina H. Bivins, Manchester, 600.
Frederick Thomas to Fanny Wilson, Ypsilanti, 50.

Personal Mention

A. E. Winans spent Monday at Lansing.

George Buss is spending today at Detroit.

John Bagge of Detroit spent Monday in Chelsea.

Rev. G. Elsen of Detroit was a Chelsea visitor Tuesday.

Mrs. Nettie Curtis visited friends at Milan this week.

Miss Winnifred Duncan of Detroit is visiting relatives here.

Germaine Foster of Mt. Pleasant is visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Herbert Foster of Mt. Pleasant is visiting relatives here.

Mrs. E. A. St. John of Fresno, Cal., is visiting at M. A. Lowry's.

Frank Kolb of Detroit was the guest of Jacob Eder last Thursday.

Miss Grace Billings of Toledo, O., is the guest of Mrs. A. M. Freer.

Mrs. Henry Wood is spending this week with relatives in Detroit.

Mrs. J. B. Cole has been visiting relatives at Detroit the past week.

Misses Edith Boyd and Lizzie Derek left for Chatham, Ont., Monday.

Miss Florence Bailey of Jackson is visiting Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Taylor.

Judge Newkirk was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. McLaren Monday.

L. Tichenor spent a portion of this week at Clark's Lake and Leslie.

Mrs. G. J. Crowell has been spending the past week with relatives at Detroit.

Miss Violet Wallace of Ann Arbor is the guest of her sister, Mrs. B. Taylor.

Rev. J. I. Nickerson and family are spending this week at Cavanaugh Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Burkhardt were the guests of relatives in Freedom Sunday.

Miss Beattie Winans, who has been visiting relatives at Lansing has returned home.

Mrs. F. Schauwaker and daughters of Cleveland are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hollis.

Miss Nettie Hoover of Ypsilanti spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Hoover.

Wm. Morley of Port Stanley, Ont., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Turnbull Sunday.

Harvey Seney of Jackson has been shaking hands with friends here this of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Gay and children of Stockbridge are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Everett.

Wm. H. Freer, who has been spending the past two months at Newark, O., is visiting his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Howe and children of Dearborn are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. G. E. Hathaway.

Mrs. Erbright and Miss Stoger of Toledo, O., are spending this week with Mr. and Mrs. A. Steger.

Mrs. R. A. Snyder and sons are spending some time with relatives at Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti.

Mr. and Mrs. George Blach of Ann Arbor were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Wood Sunday.

W. R. Reynolds, jr. of Jackson and R. Loveland of Kalamazoo were guests at J. H. Runciman's last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Martin and son of Webster were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Wurster the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. George P. Glazier and granddaughter, Vera Glazier, returned from a trip through the west last Thursday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kantelehner left Thursday for a visit with their son in Canton, and they will also visit relatives in Cleveland.

Each package of PUT-NAM FADELESS DYES colors either Silk, Wool or Cotton perfectly. Sold by Fenn & Vogel.

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BUFFALO BILL.

His Wild West and Congress of Rough Riders Soon to Appear.

Everybody who can possibly do so will doubtless take a holiday when "Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Congress of Rough Riders of the World" exhibits at Jackson, August 8th, for which important event the railroads have made special preparations to accommodate their patrons, and will offer low round-trip rates, and in some instances special trains will be run to take care of the big crowds that always attend this exhibition of heroic fame and just renown.

Differing, as it does, from all other exhibitions, Buffalo Bill's Wild West stands as a living monument of historic and educational magnificence. Its distinctive feature lies in its sense of realism; bold dash and reckless abandon. It is not a "show" in any sense of the word, but a series of original, genuine and instructive object lessons, in which the participants repeat the heroic parts they have played in actual life upon the plains, in the wilderness, mountain fastness, and the dread and dangerous scenes of savage and cruel warfare. So many new and thrilling features have been added for this season, that it is almost impossible to enumerate them all, but probably the most interesting is a vivid reproduction of the battle of San Juan, which will be presented with magnificent scenic effects and participated in by many members of Roosevelt's Rough Riders who actually participated in the gallant charge. In addition to all the usual foreign contingent that always travels with this exhibition will be seen for the first time in America a number of Filipinos and Hawaiians, the new American citizens, in all their savage picturesqueness. You will have a chance to compare them with the American Indian, and see them side by side with United States cavalrymen and artillerymen, German cuirassiers, Cossacks from Russia, the Queen's Own Lancers, Mexicans, South American Gauchos, and last, but not least, our own fearless cowboys. Buffalo Bill (Col. Cody) positively appears at every performance.

A New American Novelist.

A new figure in American literature is Cyrus Townsend Brady. He was born in Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, in 1861. His ancestors fought in the army and the navy during the Revolution and the succeeding wars, two of them being officers of the continental line. One commanded a regiment under General Scott in the war of 1812, and died a major-general. One was killed at Antietam. Young Brady thus inherited from his Scotch-Irish stock the sturdiest courage and patriotism. At seventeen he entered the United States Naval Academy and graduated in the class of 1883. Ten years ago he entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. For three and one-half years he was arch deacon of Kansas, and for four years he has been arch-deacon of Pennsylvania. In the recent war he went to the front as chaplain of the first Pennsylvania regiment.

Doctor Brady has written a new romance of the War of 1812, following the fortunes of "Old Ironsides," and in it his brilliant genius has produced the most thrilling novel of sea life in American literature. It is called "For the Freedom of the Sea," and its serial publication will begin in The Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia, in September.

Farmers' Notice.

Having sold my foundry, for the next two weeks I will to close out my stock on hand at reduced rates, for cash, sell five plow points for \$1.00, and all other castings in proportion.

Those indebted to Chelsea Foundry will please settle accounts at once. Castings will be found at my barn. L. Miller.

Each package of PUT-NAM FADELESS DYES colors either Silk, Wool or Cotton perfectly. Sold by Fenn & Vogel.

WE BUY AND SELL

WHOLE DRY LOADS OF

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

EVERY DAY.

Quality Best and Prices Lowest is our motto.

WE THINK IT IS A WINNER.

It has made us business; we are glad of it. Capacity to satisfy is our strength and we are using it. No time to talk any more. Come and see us.

FREEMAN'S

CHELSEA TELEPHONE NO. 10.

Umbrellas Sun Bonnets

1-2 OFF.

SPECIAL SALE OF

SHIRT WAISTS

Fine Line of up-to-date Shirt Waists at down-to-date Prices.

50c shirt waists now 25c

\$1.00 shirt waists now 50c

\$1.25 shirt waists now 75c

\$1.50 and \$1.65 shirt waists now \$1.00.

White muslin waists, lace trimmed, were \$1.25 now \$1.00.

White muslin waists were \$1.00 now 69c.

SKIRT PATTERNS.

Wash goods, marked down to sell at 25c.

LINEN UNDERSKIRTS.

Ladies' linen underskirts all reduced in price to close out at \$1.00.

ODDS AND ENDS

In silks and short cuts of dress goods at greatly reduced prices.

Ask to be shown these bargains when in our store.

W. P. SCHENK & COMPANY.

Standard Patterns for August now on sale.

J. J. RAFTREY'S

Glass Block Tailoring Parlors

Great Slaughter Sale

of light weight and light colored suiting, pantings, and special prices on wash vestings for

THIRTY DAYS

to lower our large stock and keep our force of workers employed for this is the slack season.

CLEANING.

All silks, satins and woolens goods Cleaned like new. We have added a machine and can do all kinds of cleaning on short notice and at reasonable prices.

J. J. RAFTREY, Glass Block Tailoring Parlors.

Nice Crisp Kalamazoo Celery

Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Good Smoking Tobacco 20c pound.

Crackers 5c per pound, six pounds for 25c.

JOHN FARRELL,

PURE FOOD STORE.

For sale—An 80 barrel tank and steel derrick for the same, and an aermoter and derrick. Inquire of H. S. Holmes.

Geo. H. Foster.

AUCTIONEER

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Terms Reasonable.

Wanted—A good span of ponies in exchange for a piano or organ. Call at C. Steinbach's.

Headquarters at Standard Office.

THE FOUNDERED GALLEON.

BY
WEATHERBY CHESNEY,
AND ALICK MUNRO.

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Captain Colepepper of the merchant service has a manuscript giving an account of the sinking of a Spanish galleon loaded with treasure by his ancestor, Nicholas Colepepper, a pirate in the sixteenth century. Captain Colepepper reads the manuscript to his friend Dr. Tring, and proposes that they fit out a vessel and go in search of the lost money. II, III and IV.—Having chartered a ship, which they call the Eureka, they fit it out with newly invented devices to sink and raise it at will without the necessity of shipping water and provide it with breathing apparatus and electric lights which will enable them to live and see in this airless boat under water. They ship a crew which, upon learning of the object of the expedition, deserts in a body. Then they begin to get together another, the principal persons being Alan Guthrie, an Oxford student, discarded by his father; Tom and Mrs. Jelly, two old sailor friends of Captain Colepepper; Dolly Colepepper, the captain's daughter, and Cain Laversha, a Somersetshire farmer, who had never been to sea. The Eureka proceeds to Madeira and on crossing the bay of Biscay narrowly escapes being run down by a steamer.

CHAPTER V.

"HERE SHE FOUNDERED!"

The tall, straight stem of the advancing steamer was less than a dozen yards off now, coming grimly and steadily on over a patch of smooth water, and all hope of life fled from the heart of each watcher on board the Eureka. A few seconds more, and the waters of the Atlantic would have closed over the little boat and her daring crew forever.

But at the very moment when the gates of the grave seemed to be standing widely ajar—the god of the sea intervened to save. A wave, greater and more erratic than its fellows, struck the liner on her quarter. She turned a little on her midships, and her bow fell off to the starboard, and at that moment the Eureka was sighted by the other's lookout, for instead of coming on again, the steamer yawed still farther away, apparently in response to a sudden application of her powerful steam steering gear.

Those on board the Eureka saw that she was a great, white painted P. and O. liner, with her square ports all tightly closed, her boats inboard and everything snug as could be—a triumph of the shipbuilders' art, but a very juggernaut of the ocean to the little vessel in her path.

Under the influence first of the wave and then of her helm her stern swung steadily round to port and actually scraped the Eureka's quarter as it shot past; so fearfully narrow had been the margin of safety. But the pressure was mercifully light, and the Eureka had not so much as a stanchion carried away. A couple of officers who were on the bridge shouted down to her when she drew abreast, but the furious storm carried away their words, and as the Eureka had scraped off scot free none of her crew seemed particularly anxious to make out what the others said. They watched the big liner disappear into the tempest ahead with a devout wish not to elapse eyes on her like again for the rest of their lives.

Having braced himself but a moment before for the struggle with King Death, the revulsion of feeling which the knowledge of safety brought with it was almost too much for Guthrie. He hung on to the port mizzen shrouds and, for a space, fairly shivered. Captain Colepepper, Jelly and Henrietta, sailor-like, returned to their work at once. A danger over was, to them, a danger promptly forgotten. There is no time for sentiment at sea. The chances and haps of the life are so many that, once past, they are little thought of more by seafaring folk. The doctor had dropped the glass which he was holding to his eye when the steamer was near, and was coolly fingering the hard, wet canvas. Hans Spieselmichel, unscared by a danger which he had not fully understood, was helping him. For very shame the undergraduate had to pull himself together and bear a hand also.

When at last they succeeded in getting her comfortably hove to under storm mizzen and jib, there was little else to be done. Utterly worn out, therefore, by the toil of the last few hours—as much, probably, through the heavy pounding of the wind as through the actual exertion—Guthrie sat down on the scuttle butt, and holding on by a light of rope, began to nod sleepily. Indeed he must have dropped off, for almost, it seemed to him, before ten seconds had passed he felt the captain's large hand shaking him by the shoulder.

"Here, my lad," shouted the skipper, "wake up! D'y'hear? I don't want you falling overboard. Now, just go below and turn in. It's too risky for a green hand like you to take a walk here on deck. Make the most of the minutes now. I may want you up again before long."

The young man needed no second bidding. Pushing back the lid of the companion, he stepped over the doors, closed the slide over his head and scrambled down the steep little ladder. Dolly was in the cabin, reading by the light of the dimly swinging lamp and of course quite unconscious of the fearful danger through which she and her friends had so lately passed. Too tired even to tell her of the recent escape from death, Guthrie bade her a short good night and turned into his bunk. In less than a minute he was asleep.

When he had had his sleep out, he went on deck. The morning was well advanced. The Eureka was under main trysail and jib and once more standing along her course. Captain Colepepper was at the tiller. The rest of the watch consisted of the doctor, Henrietta and Tom Jelly. They were all heavy eyed and tired looking, plain evidences that each had passed a wearing and sleepless night, and, in truth, though the danger was safely past now, it had been a terribly anxious time even for such tried veterans as Captain Colepepper and the two Jellies.

"Well, youngster," said the doctor, "had your cask out? I hope you're ready for work again now and can let us others have our watch below. It has been a fearful night, but you were tired enough to sleep right through it, I warrant. How's Dolly this morning?"

"I haven't seen her," replied Guthrie, "so I don't suppose she has turned out yet."

"Was she very much frightened last night?"

"Not that I could see. She was reading."

"What?" cried the doctor. "Reading, with the ketch heaving and tossing as she did last night! Colepepper, that daughter of yours is less afflicted with nerves than even I am, I believe."

"Aye," assented the captain, "she's plucky. Guthrie, my lad, just run out that Dutchman—he says he's been a carpenter, among other things—and the pair of you set about rigging some jury bulwarks. Stanchions and life lines will do till we get to Madeira. There's plenty of wood in the hold."

The ketch was deeply laden with a very "dead" cargo, and she did not rise easily to the seas. Her movements were heavy, sullen and sluggish; but for all that she kept pretty dry. Her lines were full and ample, for she was apple bowed, round bottomed and full sterned. She did not pretend to be a race horse or even a well paced hack. She was rather a dray horse of the sea, sturdy, powerful, slow. But, for the work she had to do, no safer type could have been chosen, as the event of the night's struggle surely showed.

Any craft of her tonnage and lading, with less buoyant power than she had, could not have lived through that awful night, for, as the adventurers learned when they touched at Madeira, every coast which felt that gale was strewn with wrecks, and at least a dozen vessels were known to have foundered at sea. But the Eureka, though she lost a considerable portion of her bulwarks and was otherwise scarred and dented, kept on the surface bravely and carried her freight human and otherwise, all through the blow, with little damage to any of it.

Without further adventure she made Funchal bay, Madeira, and lay there for ten days while the Portuguese carpenters repaired the breaches which the Atlantic had made. Then the water tanks were filled, and as a supply of fresh provisions as the crew of eight could get through while they lasted good was taken on board. And after that the anchor was tripped once more, and she stood out to sea. But her course this time was westward, and the destination was a certain unbeaconed point in the sea a little to the eastward of one of the larger West Indian islands.

She did not cross the Atlantic without one or two small blows; but as she never showed anything less than three reefed mainsails these did not count for much. In fact, as they were all entirely new, they were rather welcome than otherwise. Indeed, after her adventure with the P. and O. liner, the elements seemed to have entered into a conspiracy of kindness toward the Eureka, and, to make up for their past frowns, did nothing now but smile, and the spirits of all on board rose accordingly.

"I think," said Dolly one bright afternoon, "that it shall be a sailing vessel after all."

"Needless to remark," said Dr. Tring, who was close by, "I agree with you. But might I be so bold as to ask what you are talking about? The statement, standing by itself, was rather enigmatical."

"I was winding up my thoughts, doctor, by uttering the conclusion aloud. You know, when we get the dollars out of that galleon I shall be rich. I made up my mind, from the first I should have a yacht, and till recently I have favored a steamer; but this is so delicious today that I've decided on a sailing craft after all."

"Any particular rig?" inquired the doctor gravely. "Or will you wait to decide on such a trifling detail as that till we've fingered the old Spaniards' gold and got it snugly stowed in the bank at home?"

"Unless a good idea comes to me I'll wait," she rejoined. "There's no particular hurry."

"You're right, Dolly," said the doctor with a laugh; "there isn't. Guthrie, clear that parol of the lady's. It's fouled the halcyons, and Guthrie, while you're forward, pass the word to that miserable man Cain not to stir the tea with an oniony knife again today. Say Miss Colepepper doesn't like it, and then, perhaps, he'll remember."

The Eureka was not a speedy vessel, but with fair winds and no calms her daily knogage in the right direction, as chalked up on the slate at the foot of the companion, showed that she was making her westing with decent haste.

The weather was warm and mild; never hot, for the breeze always tempered the fiercer sun rays; never cold, because there were no gales. Every one on board found it necessary during the daylight hours to wear the thinnest clothes—every one, that is, except Captain Colepepper. The skipper still wore his shiny black boots and still sported his heavy blue pilot cloth. Indeed one day when the sun was literally blazing he turned out on deck tightly buttoned up in a pea jacket. However, as he appeared comfortable in it and justified himself by the statement that thick clothing kept out the heat, the others soon learned to take his peculiar attire as a matter of course.

The only person who was really uncomfortable as the sun began to mount higher and higher over the mastheads was Cain Laversha. He literally melted. His great ally was Tom Jelly, and his only respite from the heat torture seemed to be when he was sitting down on the deck and Tom was pouring sea water over him. Tom, who like an old shell back was not given to frequent ablutions himself, found in the administering of this water cure the quintessence of humor, and as he handled the canvas bucket in his solitary fist he grinned, if possible, more broadly than ever. They were great chums, these two, but they scarcely ever talked, for Tom was not a loquacious man, and as for the farmer, as Dr. Tring pointed out, he never spoke at all unless Dolly was near.

"He is forgetting all about his 'Zu-san Pierce,' I believe," declared the doctor. "Mark my words, Miss Colepepper, you'll have him proposing to you one of these days if you are not very careful about the encouragement you give him."

At which remark Dolly laughed, and the undergraduate, most unaccountably, blushed and then felt angry. Cain Laversha was not the only man on board the Eureka who had thoughts of this kind about the captain's daughter.

What with the interest which he found in the society and the never failing amusement which was to be got from the study of the quartet of quaint characters forward, Guthrie found the time pass only too quickly, and would have been quite content had there been another month of sailing to be done. But at length the above sea part of the outward voyage came to a close, and the fascination of the coming dive into the unknown took hold of every one.



"Here she foundered!"

Every one on board made all other interests sink into insignificance by comparison with its weird solemnity. Though he had of course known it to be the only object of their voyaging, Guthrie had hitherto hardly been able to think of this adventure as of a real, solemn danger, which the eight souls on board the Eureka had come out to dare. But such undoubtedly it was, and now had come the time for doing it and for proving the truth or falsehood of the hopes with which they had started. Wealth for all of them, if Dr. Tring was right, and if he was wrong—death! Such was the issue which they were now about to put to the proof. No wonder that, beside such a question, other interests fled away to nothing.

During the previous day and all that morning Captain Colepepper had been unwontedly careful and anxious over his observations and over the calculations which he made from them. A little after midday the ketch was put about and worked with the towing log up to a certain spot on the boundless plain of ocean. Then, at five and twenty minutes after noon, the captain ran to the side, and with his red face showing redder than ever in his excitement, pointed to the waves beneath and cried:

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Future Autocrat.

The Samoan yawned superciliously at the stranger approach. Him. "How dare you come into my presence unannounced?" he inquired. "Why, you haven't any uniform on like the people in that crowd over there. Who are the?"

"They're merely the consuls and kings and admirals who have been accumulating while the natives gradually disappeared. I'm the subject, and they are waiting for me to get ready to feel like going to the polls and voting."—Washington Star.

With and Without a Will.

A Hartford lawyer tells of a client in one of the adjoin'g towns who had a farm to sell. He had recently sunk a well on it, and the job cost quite a sum. Consequently, when he talked of disposing of his property, the well caused him considerable anxiety. "How much do you ask for the farm?" the lawyer asked.

"Wal, I'll tell yer," drawled the farmer. "I'll sell the 'ern place for \$700 with the well, and I'll let it go for \$600 with ut the well."—San Francisco Argonaut.

FAMOUS SHEEP DOGS.

THESE CANINE WONDERS CAME FROM NEW ZEALAND.

A Batch of Stories, Illustrating the Rare Intelligence and Faithfulness of the Animals. Told by an Old Time Colorado Sheep Man.

"The most celebrated breed of shepherd dog ever known in the west," said Jud Bristol, the old time sheep man of Fort Collins, Colo., "were those bred from a pair of New Zealand dogs brought to Colorado in 1875. I had several of their pups on my ranges and could fill a volume with instances of their rare intelligence and faithfulness."

"I remember one pup in particular. He was only six months old when he was sent out one day to work on the range. At night, when the herd was brought up to the corral, we saw at once that a part of the herd was missing. There were 1,600 head in the bunch when they went out in the morning, but when we put them through the shoot we found that 200 were missing. The pup was also missing."

"Well, all hands turned out for the search. We hunted all the night and all of the next day, and did not find the lost sheep until along toward night. But there they were, all herded in a little draw, about five miles from home, and there was the faithful dog standing guard. The wolves were very plentiful in those days, and the dog had actually hidden the sheep from the animals in the draw. The poor fellow was nearly famished, as he had been for 36 hours without food or water. From that day he became a hero, but was so badly affected by hunger, exposure and thirst and subsequent overfeeding and petting that he died not long afterward."

"This same pup's mother was an especially fine animal. One night the herder brought in his flocks and hurried to his cabin to cook himself some supper, for he was more than usually hungry. But he missed the dog, which usually followed him to the cabin of an evening to have her supper. The herder thought rather strange of it, but made no search for the dog that night. But when he went down to the corral the next morning he found the gate open and the faithful dog standing guard over the flocks. The herder, in his haste the night before, had forgotten to close the gate, and the dog, more faithful than her master, had remained at her post all night though suffering from hunger and thirst."

"On another occasion this same dog was left to watch a flock of sheep near the herder's cabin while the herder got his supper. After the herder had eaten his supper he went out to where the sheep were and told the dog to put the sheep in the corral. This she refused to do, and although she had had no supper she started off over the prairie as fast as she could go. The herder put the sheep in the corral and went to bed. About midnight he was awakened by the loud barking of a dog down by the corral. He got up, dressed himself and went down to the corral, and there found the dog with a band of about 50 sheep, which had strayed off during the previous day without the herder's knowledge, but the poor dog knew it, and also knew that they ought to be corralled, and she did it."

"Another good story of this same dog: One day she was sent out with a new herder to an outlying ranch some 15 miles distant. That night she came home, and by her actions told us that there was something wrong at the ranch. Well, we mounted our bronchos and went over to the ranch, and very soon found out what the matter was. The new herder was simply a tramp, who as soon as he had got a good feed had lit out and left the sheep uncared for save by his more faithful companion, the dog."

"One time we had a tenderfoot come to work for us, and the boys had filled him so full of hair raising stories that he never went out on the range without expecting to be either eaten by bears or scalped by Indians. One day he came running to the house, all out of breath, declaring that he had seen a bear. We laughed at him and sent him back to the range."

"A few days afterward he came in again, more scared than ever, and said it was a bear that time sure. Well, we took our guns and a foxhound and went out, and sure enough, over on a hill we saw a large black animal. It wasn't a bear, but we couldn't make out exactly what it was. We sent the hound and the shepherd dog that was tending the herd out on its trail, while we followed on foot. The dogs chased the animal over he hill out of sight. Soon the shepherd dog came trotting leisurely back and took her place with the herd again. Over in a gulch we found the hound standing over a dead animal, which upon examination we found to be a big black Mexican sheep. Now, that shepherd dog, as soon as she found it was nothing but a sheep, had given up the chase and returned to her flock. She knew it was not game and of no account, while the hound had followed the trail and killed the sheep."—Denver Post.

Knew Her Business.

Lady—I wish to get a birthday present for my husband.

Shopwalker—How long have you been married, madam?

"Ten years."

Some Advice.

"I would advise the young man," said the corn fed philosopher, "to form his friendships among men older than himself. By the time he is at middle age they will all be dead and can't borrow his money."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Christian era was not introduced as a basis of reckoning time until the sixth century.

AT HYMEN'S ALTAR.

A curious law exists in the Bermuda islands. If a woman born and reared in Bermuda and holding inherited property in the colony falls in love with an alien of any nation and marries him, all real estate held by her at the time of such marriage becomes the property of the colonial government. In one case a fair Bermuda heiress who married an American citizen had to go to the trouble and expense of being repatriated as a Bermudian in order to hold her rights, which were forfeited by the American citizenship which her marriage willy-nilly conferred upon her, says the Criterion. What a lovely law this Bermuda plan would be for the United States to prevent foreigners carrying off our girls and their fortunes.

It seems rather odd that a Hecaton bride rather likes to have a wet wedding—it is held to signify that all her tears are now shed and that she will, therefore, have a happy married life. The Erza of Simbirsk call the day before the wedding the weeping day and the bride and her girl friends weep all they can, with the idea, it would seem, of getting the mourning of life over, so that only joy may remain. The Badagas of the Neigherries attain the same end by sousing the bride with water; some Greek tribes have a similar belief in the virtue of a drenching bringing good fortune.

Many visitors in Florence at the present time will be reminded of the story of Dante's immortal love for his Beatrice. The old-world romance has become so familiar that even people the reverse of literary have its details at their finger tips. But there was a phase of Dante's life—his married life—which is perhaps quite as romantic as the better-known tale. Mrs. Marion Harland, in her new book, "Where Ghosts Walk," brings to light much that is interesting concerning Dante's wife. The poet himself has left no reference to her Gemma. He never returned to her from his enforced exile. Her two sons, Pietro and Jacopo, seem to have had no communion in leaving her. Of her death there is no record. But Mrs. Harland reminds us that it is to Gemma Alighieri's housewifely thrift and single-hearted devotion that the world is indebted for the preservation of the manuscript of the "Inferno," which Dante completed after Gemma forwarded the unfinished papers to him.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Thankful words, written by Mrs. Ada E. Hart, of Groton, S. D.: "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs; cough set in and finally terminated in consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles. It has cured me, and thank God, I am saved and now a well and healthy woman." Trial bottles free at Glazier & Stimson's drug store. Regular size 50 cents and \$1. Guaranteed or price refunded.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers benefit permanently. They lend gentle assistance to nature, causing no pains or weakness, permanently curing constipation and liver ailments. Glazier & Stimson.

SPAIN'S GREATEST NEED.

Mr. R. P. Oliva, of Barcelona, Spain, sends his winters at Aiken, S. C. Weak nerves had caused severe pains in the back of his head. On using Electric Bitters, America's greatest blood and nerve remedy, all pain soon left him. He says this grand medicine is what his country needs. All America knows that it cures liver and kidney trouble, purifies the blood, tones up the system, strengthens the nerves, puts vim, vigor and new life into every muscle, nerve and organ of the body. If weak, tired or ailing you need it. Every bottle guaranteed, only 50 cents. Sold by Glazier & Stimson druggists.

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.

NOTICE TO WHEELMEN.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 25 cent bottle of Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment, if it fails to cure bumps, bruises, scratches, chafes, cuts, strains, blisters, sore muscles, sunburn, chapped hands or face, pimples, freckles, or any other ailments requiring an external application. Lady riders are especially pleased with Arnica and Oil Liniment, it is so clean and nice to use. Twenty five cents a bottle; one three times as large for 50 cents. Glazier & Stimson, Fenn & Vogel.

For sores, ulcers, burns, galls, piles, nothing so good as Banner Salve, the most healing medicine in the world. 25 cents.

A FRIGHTFUL BLUNDER.

Will often cause a horrible burn, scald, cut or bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures old sores, fever sores, ulcers, boils, felons, corns, all skin eruptions. Best pile cure on earth. Only 25 cents a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Glazier & Stimson, druggists.

You can't cure dyspepsia by dieting. Eat good, wholesome food, and plenty of it—Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests food without aid from the stomach, and is made to cure. Glazier & Stimson.

THAT THROBBING HEADACHE.

Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for sick and nervous headaches. They make pure blood and strong nerves and build up your health. Easy to take. Try them. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by Glazier & Stimson, druggists.

AUGUST FLOWER.

"It is a surprising fact," says Professor Houton, "that in my travels in all parts of the world, for the last ten years, I have met more people having no remedy, for dyspepsia, deranged liver, stomach, and for constipation. I find that tourists and salesmen, or for persons filling office positions, whereheadaches exist, that Green's August Flower is a grand remedy. It does not injure the system by frequent use, and is excellent for sour stomachs and indigestion. Sample bottles free at Glazier & Stimson's. Sold by dealers in all civilized countries."

"What might have been?"—If that little cough hadn't been neglected—the sad reflection of thousands of consumptives. One Minute Cough Cure cures coughs and colds. Glazier & Stimson.

GAVE UP ALL HOPE.

Louis Prickett, 509 Fryan Ave., Danville, Ill., writes: "I had suffered several years with asthma and after trying a great many remedies I had given up all hope. I was advised to try Foley's Kidney and Tar. It immediately stops the coughing spells and I get my breath more freely. It is the only medicine that ever gave me relief."

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.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Lackamp, Elston, Mo., write: "One Minute Cough Cure saved the life of our little boy when nearly dead with croup." Glazier & Stimson.

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.

Thomas Rhoads, Centerfield, O., writes: "I suffered from piles seven or eight years. No remedy gave me relief until DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, less than a box of which permanently cured me." Soothing, healing, perfectly harmless. Beware of counterfeits. "DeWitt's" is safe and sure. Glazier & Stimson.

THERE IS NO ? ABOUT IT.

No question indeed with those who have used it, but that Foley's Kidney Cure is absolutely reliable for all kidney and bladder diseases.

Gun-shot wounds and powder-burns, cuts, bruises, sprains, wounds from rusty nails, insect stings and ivy poisoning, quickly healed by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Positively prevents blood poisoning. Beware of counterfeits. "DeWitt's" is safe and sure. Glazier & Stimson.

WOULD HAVE COST HIM HIS LIFE.

I have been using Foley's Kidney Cure and take great pleasure in stating it gave me permanent cure of kidney disease which certainly would have cost me my life. I recommend it to any one afflicted with kidney trouble.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers expel from the system all poisonous accumulations, regulate the stomach, bowels and liver, and purify the blood. They drive away disease, dissipate melancholy, and give health and vigor for the daily routine. Do not gripe or sicken. Glazier & Stimson.

A LITTLE KNOWN FACT.

That most serious diseases originate in disorder of the kidneys. No hope of good health while the kidneys are wrong. Foley's Kidney Cure is guaranteed to make the kidneys right.

A diseased stomach surely undermines health. It dulls the brain, kills energy, destroys the nervous system, and predisposes to insanity and fatal diseases. All dyspeptic troubles are quickly cured by Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It has cured thousands of cases and is curing thousands every day. Its ingredients are such that it can't help curing. Glazier & Stimson.

"I have received more benefit from one bottle of Foley's Kidney Cure than from months of treatment by physicians," writes V. B. Conklin of Bowersville, Ohio.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW. F. T. TRENKLE, Commissioner 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 Margaret Louisa, 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 office of G. W. Turnbull in the Village of Chelsea, in said county, on Thursday the 19th day of Oct. and on Friday the 15th day of Nov. next, at ten o'clock a.m. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated, July 19, 1899.

F. T. TRENKLE, Commissioner.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW. F. T. TRENKLE, Commissioner 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 Gottlieb F. Bahmler 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 the said deceased in the Town of Freedom, in said county, on Thursday the 12th day of Oct. and on Friday the 13th day of Jan. 1900 next, at ten o'clock a.m. of each of said days to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated, July 12, 1899.

HERMAN NECHAY, Commissioner.

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 Saturday the 15th day of July in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine. Present, H. Wirt Newkirk, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of James Rudler deceased.

W. F. Riemenschneider the administrator of said estate, comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to render his final account as such administrator. Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 14th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the said administrator to examine and adjust said account and the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, to appear at a session of said court, then to be held at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county, and show cause, if any there be why the said account should not be allowed. And it is further ordered, that said administrator give notice of the persons interested in said estate, of the hearing of said account, and of this order to be published in the Chelsea Standard a newspaper printed and circulated in said county at least three weeks prior to said day of hearing.

H. Wirt Newkirk, Judge of Probate.

A true copy.
F. J. Lehman, Probate Register.

Reuben Kempf, pres. H. S. Holmes, vice pres.
J. A. Palmer, cashier. Geo. A. Beale, asst. cashier.
—NO. 203—

THE KEMP COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK

CAPITAL \$40,000.
Commercial and Savings Departments. Money
to loan on first-class security.
Directors: Reuben Kempf, H. S. Holmes, C. H.
Kempf, R. S. Armstrong, C. Klein.

S. A. MAPES & CO., FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS.

FINE FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.
Calls answered promptly night or day.
CHELSEA, MICHIGAN.

S. G. BUSH PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Formerly resident physician U. of M.
Hospital.
Office in Hatch block. Residence op-
posite M. E. church.

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.
CHLSEA, MICH.

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 anesthetic used in extracting.
Permanently located.
Office over Raftery's Tailor Shop

G. E. HATHWAY, GRADUATE IN DENTISTRY.

A reliable LOCAL anesthetic for pain-
less extraction.
GAS ADMINISTERED WHEN DESIRED.

W. S. HAMILTON Veterinary Surgeon

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

J. JACOB EDER, TONSorial PARLORS

Shaving, hair cutting, shampooing, etc.,
executed in first-class style. Razors
honed.

GIVE ME A TRIAL.

Shop in the Staffan block, Main street.

THE BON TON BARBER SHOP.

A tonsorial parlor instead of a shop.
Adjustable chairs and razors so fine.
Shaver the Shaver will make your face shine.
Elegant dressers and glasses of French plate.
They are of red oak and best of make.
Everything there is tidy and neat.
And my parlor is furnished and all complete.
You can have your hair cut right in style.
And not have to wait a very long while.
Shaving and Shampooing is neatly done.
To my Tonsorial Parlor all should come.
For a fine hair cut or a shave for all.
Day time or evening give a call.
Shaver the Shaver will find there
To do your Barbering with the best of care.

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.

OLIVE LODGE NO 156, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Olive Lodge,
No. 156, F. & A. M. for 1899.
Jan. 24, Feb. 21, March 21, April 18,
May 23, June 20, July 18, Aug. 15,
Sept. 12, Oct. 17, Nov. 14, Nov. 14.
Meeting and election of officers Dec.
22 THEO. E. WOOD, Sec.

DO YOU WANT LIFE INSURANCE?

I represent "The Mutual Life Insur-
ance Company of New York," the largest
insurance company in the world. Also,
six of the best Fire Insurance Companies.
Can carry farm risks. Call and get figures
before you place your insurance.

B. B. TURNBULL, Agent.

INSTRUCTIONS

given on Mandolin, Violin, Clarinet and
Bass Viol.

K. OTTO STEINBACH.

white wash, and wash white,
you can
thing washed at the Che-
sea Steam Laundry. The

point is quality and the
of our work is such; peo-
ple go
to patronize us. Our prices
are not
choice, but standard
rate which are not
high as some people
think and we want to
customer of ours.

The Chelsea Steam Laundry.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route."

Time Card, taking effect, June 25, 1899.

TRAINS EAST:
No. 8—Detroit Night Express 5:20 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 10:12 a. m.
No. 13—Grand Rapids 6:20 p. m.
No. 7—Chicago Express 10:20 p. m.
O. W. ROGERS, Gen. Pass & Ticket Agt.
E. A. WILLIAMS, Agent.

STATUE OF CADILLAC.

THE FOUNDER OF DETROIT TO BE
HONORED BY AN HEROIC STATUE.

It Will Compare in Height With a
Fifteenth Story Sky Scraper—Each Floor
Will Show the City's Progress—Statue
Will Be Located on Belle Island

A giant statue of Cadillac, the
founder of Detroit, probably will be a
leading feature of the exhibition
which that city is to give this year in
honor of its bicentenary. A plan is
under consideration by city councils
by which the statue, 250 feet high, is
to be erected on Belle Isle, a small
island in the river just opposite the
city. It is to be really a great build-
ing, in the shape of a man.

The plan was suggested by David
D. Buick, of Detroit. His proposition
is to put up a large building with the
outward appearance of a man, a giant
statue of Cadillac. This giant would
represent the growth of man, if a
man could grow physically in compar-
ison with the progress and growth of
Detroit. The style of the statue of the
statue will make the smallest part of
the figure at the ankle about twenty-
five feet through, and would make
practicable a plan of elevator service
through the centre of each leg.

The style of dress represented would
make it possible to have the first floor
100 feet from the base. This would
be known as floor "A," and would be
seventy-five feet in diameter. The
floor next above would be called floor
"B," to be about the same size, with
an additional room in one arm about
twenty-five feet in diameter. The
main room on floor "C" is to be about
the same dimensions as floor "A," but
with the addition of two side rooms,
one in each arm of similar proportions
to the side room on floor "B." Floor
"D" is to be a counterpart of floor "C,"
with rooms about twenty feet high.
Floor "E" is to be about 107 feet in



Colossal Statue of Cadillac.

diameter and to be used as a conven-
tion hall. Floor "F" is similar to
floor "E," except that the ceiling is
arched. This may be used as a re-
saurant. Floors "G" and "H" will be
in the head. These two rooms will be
about fifty feet in diameter and about
twenty feet high. One may be used as
an observatory and contain telescopes
arranged on pivots.

The elevators are to be run from the
base of the structure to the main room
on floor "A," in which room will be
placed other elevators at convenient
points connecting with the floors
above. One elevator, however, is to
be run from this floor direct to the top
floor.

On floors "A," "B," "C" and "D" are
to be placed paintings and scenes in
miniature of Detroit in its Colonial
days and anything else pertaining to
the city and its growth. The primitive
scenes are to be placed on floor "A,"
each room above, showing progress.
Floor "D" is to be an art museum, and
to contain the Detroit Museum of Art
and the relics and antiquities now in
the museum at the Public Library.

The centre base will be twenty-five
feet high and built in the form of
steps. The base is to contain all the
necessary machinery, heating and
plumbing apparatus. A powerful
searchlight, operated by the city elec-
tric light plant, will be thrown night-
ly on the structure while the exposit-
ion is open.

The natural facilities afforded by
Belle Isle are adapted splendidly to
the plan proposed. A long bridge will
connect the city and island, and upon
this bridge will be a midway similar
to that of Chicago, including eating
houses, booths and similar essential
features. On the island itself, with an
area of forty-five acres, exposition
buildings will be erected, all after the
Venetian style. The main building
will be almost a reproduction of St.
Mark's Cathedral and Square in Ven-
ice, and will include all its elaborate
wealth of splendid detail. Beside it
will be the Doge's palace, a water
theatre, permitting of aquatic sports
if desired. Near by will be a Venetian
garden and similar features, all sur-
rounded by a triumphal arch on one
side of the waterway. The buildings
will be of staff, highly colored in Ven-
etian tints and splendidly set off by
the noble beauty of the Detroit river.

Paderewski's marriage was not a
fake. He is married, but not to Ma-
dame Gorski. The latter is his sister.
His wife is a Polish lady named Ros-
san, and they were married in War-
saw, with every sanction of the
Church.

Tankie Drinks in London.

An American bar is to be opened at
the great London bazaar for the bene-
fit of a hospital, and among the bar-
maids will be such eminent Americans
as Countess of Craven, Mrs. Arthur
Paget and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain.
Some of the society leaders in the Wo-
men's Christian Temperance Union will not
make a formal protest. An organi-
zation that would object to having a
battleship christened with champagne
would go the length of raiding the bar.
The Prince has promised to try a Man-
hattan mixed by May Goelet, and the
Duke of York will partake of a "Tom
Collins" compounded by Mrs. Bradley
Martin. Mrs. Chamberlain will fur-
nish thousands of dollars' worth of
orchids. One can think of nothing
more delightful to a world-weary man
than to sip his "high ball" amid such
surroundings. As a usual thing, gen-
tlemen acquire their necessary exhibi-
tion breathing in nothing more
fragrant than a strong odor of mint
or tansy. To drink to the olfactory
accompaniment of priceless orchids is,
indeed, a bright prospect.

Death of a Leader.

Tom Walsh, known to everyone as
"Fatty Walsh" died very suddenly of
heart disease. Mr. Walsh was sixty-
five years of age, and for fully fifty-
five of these years he was known as
"Fatty." The name was given to him
when he was a lad, and although he
was far from being "fat" it stuck to
him all his life. Mr. Walsh was one
of those genial and companionable
men, who easily become a power in lo-
cal politics. It is said for years it was
his custom to stand at the corner of
a street in his district, and put a
penny into the hand of every child
whose hand was clean. This often
cost him fifty cents a day. Originally
a Tammany man, Mr. Walsh left the
organization several times and rose
to his greatest power as a leader of the
county Democracy, with such men as
H. O. Thompson, Wm. R. Beckman and
Edward Cooper. He held many offices,
and is probably the only man who re-
joiced over being counted out when a
candidate. This was when he ran for
alderman and was, as he declared,
counted out by two. The man who de-
feated him was in the "Boodle Board"
which infamy "Fatty" Walsh escaped.
At the time of his death Mr. Walsh
was a dockmaster.

Another Washington's Headquarters.

Down in the heart of Hempstead
there was discovered the other day an-
other "Washington's Headquarters."
The Sammis Hotel is genuine. Ben
Sammis was the main progenitor, and
after him came Nehemiah. Hanging
on the wall to-day is a grand old
oaken sign: "Entertainment by Nehe-
miah Sammis." It is finely preserved,
and it hung over the road as far back
as 1712. In this house George Wash-
ington slept. On the stairs leading to
the attic are two loose steps, which
were removed from time to time in the
Revolutionary days in order to let two
or three colonials enter a dark cell for
concealment from the British. There
are shoe-prints of horses which were
ridden up these stairs by dashing cav-
alrymen for bottles of good things to
drink. Henry Sammis, a true descen-
dant, and his wife conduct the house at
present and will hand it on down, as
there are young Sammises coming
along.

Surface Car Accident.

When one comes to consider the
enormous number of people carried by
the surface roads of this city, the
crowded condition of the streets
through which the cars run and the
gross negligence of many of the pas-
sengers themselves, the wonder is not
that there are some accidents, but
rather that there are not more. The
average woman invariably gets off a
car the wrong way and if there is the



The Wrong Way The Right Way

slightest movement of the car when
she steps to their ound the reversing
of the momentum is almost certain to
be followed by unpleasant conse-
quences. The accompanying cut rep-
resents the right way and the wrong
way to get off a car. If the right way
is always observed, an ordinary person
can step from a car when it is moving
quite rapidly and not be thrown to
the ground. But if the other way is
tried there is little hope of escaping
injury.

When Senator Quay Was a Boy.

You have probably seen a great deal
in the papers lately about former
United States Senator Matthew Stan-
ley Quay, or perhaps you have heard
your father talking about him. Here
is a story they tell about the Senator
when he was a boy, which partakes a
good deal more of politics than gen-
erality. Coming home from a trip, the
father of Senator Quay called him in-
to the room, and said that he had
brought home with him two presents.
One was for Matthew and one was for
his sister, and he was going to give
him his choice. Then he showed him
a little red Bible and a thin sword,
and asked him which he wanted? Mat-
thew promptly said that he wanted the
Bible. His father was very much
pleased, but also astonished, and asked
him why he had made such a choice.
Matthew truthfully answered: "Why,
I knew that sister would not want the
sword, and if I took the Bible, then I
would have them both."

DEPARTMENT STORE.

THE COUNTRY STORE WAS THE
ORIGINAL.

One of the Ancient Kind Where Every-
thing Can be Purchased—It is the Name
To-day as of Old—There Farmers and
Sailors Bought Everything.

Kate Kip's description of a depart-
ment store is not much overdrawn, and
it is amusing to every one who is fa-
miliar with these modern Pandora
boxes, in which it is alleged one may
purchase everything from a paper of
pins to a pulpit. This institution had
a close parallel in the country "gen-
eral" store in which I spent my boy-
hood days. Many men of my day
and generation will recognize the de-
scription as true to life. My father's
"department" store was also the gen-
eral post office and the town telegraph
station. The other departments were
many and small, and could not be
strictly classified and separated. For
instance, paint and hardware were
handled over one little counter back
in a dark corner of the store. Sugar,
crackers, spices, tobacco, periodicals,
telegrams and the morning's mail, con-
fectionery, bread, shot and gunpowder,
soap and washing soda, occupied the
east of the store. Dry goods, boots
and shoes, nails, screws, paints and
oils, crockery, kerosene, rope and
twine, clam-rake handles and wooden-
ware occupied the west side. These
were the principal divisions. On our
grocery counter was a glass show-case
for cigars, and on the dry goods coun-
ter a case for notions. In a convenient
place on a third counter was an old-
fashioned cheese case, which furnished
many free samples of cream cheese to
the lounging clammers, fishermen and
farmers, who regarded the store some-
thing in the light of a Bishop Potter
club room. At the rear of the room
was a drug department inclosed in
glass doors, where we supplied all
proprietary and patent medicines and
drugs. This contained a complete
stock of soothing syrup, cordials and
porous plasters, and in fact everything
but a prescription counter. Once some
advertising matter for a certain "Ger-
man syrup" cough medicine fell into
the hands of a neighboring German
cobbler. He thought he would like to
try some German syrup on his buck-
wheat cakes, so came in with a pall
and asked for "hulluf a gallon" and
was much disappointed at finding it to
be cough medicine. The space in the
middle of the store was pretty well
filled with barrels of apples and pota-
toes, smoked meats, hoes, shovels and
unpacked boxes of soap and dry goods.

The scope of the store was the more
remarkable because we supplied many
sailing vessels as well as the resident
fishermen and farmers with groceries
and other commodities. A back room
contained a large stock of flour and
feed, and the cellar was used for stor-
ing and retailing lard, butter, mol-
asses, vinegar and salt pork and fish.
A fair specimen order for ship's stores
might begin with sugar, salt, tobacco
and spices, and wind up with a coil of
rope or marline and a gallon of elder
with a few articles of ready-made
clothing and tarpaulins or rubber
goods included.

The farmers bought everything, in-
cluding grain and feed, for in that part
of the country, which was on an arm
of the Atlantic ocean along the New
Jersey coast, they raised very little
grain, most of them raising truck and
produce for the New York market.
They came from a radius of perhaps
ten miles to ship their vegetables and
fruit to market on a little steamboat
which was described on her time-
cards as being large and commodious.
She called once a day at high water.
The trucks and fruit wagons would ex-
tend in several directions, sometimes
for half a mile from the wharf, and
from many of these we had orders to
be put up, which were called for after
the farm produce had been placed
aboard the steamer, which had a con-
siderable carrying capacity for her
size.

The departments of our store were
not all confined to the store building.
We always had for sale good Jersey
blue cord-wood, baled hay, coal by
the carload, and usually one or two
breeds of choice pigs. The store was
always brightly lighted at night, and
some remarkable men were among our
so-called loungers. One man, a Scotch-
man, was much admired for his ready
wit and his prosperity for practical
joking. He would sit and hold a man
in conversation and at the same time
by tying a dinner pail to the rear end
of the man's dog, then protest his in-
nocence of having touched the canine.
This was only one specimen of the
horseplay we might expect for an even-
ing's entertainment. A little after
lamp-light one of the star boarders,
usually a thrifty Norwegian clam dig-
ger of intelligence, would begin and
read laboriously all the news of inter-
est in the New York papers. After
this was over and the news had been
discussed, we might be entertained by
one of the clammers telling of his last
trip to the "city" to sell clams, of his
narrow escape from William Bunco, or
of an evening spent in the then notori-
ous Bowery, to which the stay-at-
homes would listen in open-eyed won-
der.

This little market place was the
centre of local political thought and
discussion, and owing to its telegraphic
connection with the metropolis, we
were in touch with the outside world.
In later years the post office and tele-
graph station were removed, and with
them the centre of trade, and the busy
store has now passed into history.—
Springfield Republican.

The Hindoes Rebelled

Because they did not like the cloak of English
rule. It does not fit them.
If they had one of

WEBSTER'S SUMMER SUITS

they would be perfectly contented for the fit can-
not be excelled and the style makes any man feel
good natured with himself.

Give me your order

for your summer suit.

J. Geo. Webster, Merchant Tailor.

HOT WEATHER GOODS.

We have a full stock of

HAMMOCKS,

Folding chairs, croquet sets.

We are sole agents for the

PLYMOUTH BINDER TWINE!

Best twine on earth at bottom prices.

HOAG & HOLMES.

Rakes and Cultivators at closing out prices.

UP-TO-DATE.

That's what people want now days, and that's just what you
get at C. STEINBACH'S; everything of the best quality and at prices
that defy competition. How can that be? You ask. I will tell you
why I can sell cheaper than others. I buy in large quantities and for
cash and do not make my good customers pay for the poor ones. That
tells the story.

HARNESS DEPARTMENT.

I carry the largest stock of heavy and light, double and single
harness of any one in the county made of oak leather and the best of
workmanship. Nets, whips, dusters, curry combs and brushes I have
a great variety. Trunks, telescopes and valises a good assortment.
Axle grease and oils of the best. Harness oil, machine and burning
oils of the finest quality.

BUGGY DEPARTMENT.

I carry a complete line of all kinds of Buggies, surreys, road and
spring wagons, extra shafts, poles, repair for buggies and tops.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

Do you want a Piano or organ, or any other instrument? If so
then call on me before purchasing and I will assure you fair treatment
and a bargain if you buy of me. I keep on hand a large assortment
of sheet music and books, also strings for all instruments.

C. Steinbach.

FRUIT JARS.

CAN COVERS AND RUBBERS.

We have them and at rock bottom prices.

FRUITS.—Leave your orders with us for fruits and
berries for canning. All orders promptly filled.

J. S. CUMMINGS.

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BEEF, VEAL AND MUTTON

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