





VICINITY  
NOTES....NEWSY ITEMS GATHERED BY  
STANDARD CORRESPONDENTS

## FREEDOM.

Rev. Lemster has closed his school on account of scarlet fever.

Miss Clara Solt who is sick with erysipelas is slowly recovering.

Miss Mary Dieterle who has been sick is reported somewhat better.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Kress drove to Chelsea last Saturday to visit friends.

German school began at St. John's church last week with Rev. J. B. Meister teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. George Nordman and family of Lima visited with Mr. P. Guinan over Sunday.

Mr. George Schiller and sister, Mrs. Fred Schumacher drove over from Ann Arbor last Sunday to visit their mother, Mrs. J. Schiller.

## SYLVAN.

Earl Updike entered high school at Chelsea Monday.

Rev. and Mrs. Marsh called on Sylvan friends Saturday.

Clyde Franklin of Anderson spent Sunday in this vicinity.

Mrs. Howard Ann Arbor is the guest of Mrs. Mary Merker.

School has been closed on account of several cases of scarlet fever.

Lyman West who has been spending the summer at Williamston returned home Sunday.

Mrs. John Cushman formerly a resident of this place died of consumption at her home in Delray.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Conklin have returned from Battle Creek where they have been visiting friends and attended the state Sunday school convention.

## BOYCE'S CORNERS.

Elmer Jacox is keeping bachelor's hall at present.

John Young is laying the foundation for a new house.

S. Backus of Webster is visiting relatives in this vicinity.

Mrs. Anna Boyce spent Tuesday with her father at Stockbridge.

Ralph Gorton has moved into Jas. Berry's house near Stockbridge.

Spencer Boyce and A. M. Sherman spent a couple of days in White Oak.

A. M. Sherman of Vermontville is spending a few days with relatives here.

Miss Lillie Parks is spending some time with relatives in North Waterloo.

Mrs. Cook and son James are spending a few days with friends near Jackson.

Sunday-school will be held in the church at 11 o'clock instead of at 1:30 as formerly.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Shepard of Unadilla visited in this vicinity Sunday and Monday.

## LIMA.

Dandelions in full bloom are quite conspicuous now along the highways.

Mrs. Charles Spencer of De Mott, Indiana is visiting her father John Wheelock.

Frank Leach says that he likes geese but thinks \$3 is rather expensive for one lone goose.

The social at Jay Easton's last Friday evening was well attended and a very enjoyable time was had by all.

Don't miss the opportunity to procure a good fat turkey for Thanksgiving. There are raffles nearly every night in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Newton and son, Ray, of Jackson, and Mr. and Mrs. Welk Sumner of Chelsea spent Sunday at George Perry's.

Miss Lillie Broes is now arranging for a Christmas entertainment to be given by her scholars at the school house in the Brown district.

Mrs. Frank Guerin and children arrived last week and will soon settle in Chelsea where her husband is employed at the Glazier stove works.

There was quite a crowd at the raffle held at the home of Jacob Barris on Tuesday evening. Results—20 ducks, 16 geese and 10 turkeys were disposed of to the lucky ones.

## SHARON.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wolfert of Franchich visited C. J. Heeschwerdt and family Sunday.

Lewis Rhoades is on the sick list.

Ben Huesman visited friends in Lodi Sunday.

Bert Rose is spending the week in Detroit.

M. Keeler was a Chelsea visitor Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gust Kuhl have a little daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fish visited in Fishville Sunday.

Mrs. Joe Davidter is in Ann Arbor at the hospital this week.

Louis Hayes of Ann Arbor visited friends in Sharon Sunday and Monday.

Mrs. Clark and daughters of Waterloo visited at Alfred C. Smyth's last week.

Miss Sarah Lawrence of Fowlerville is the guest of L. B. Lawrence and family.

Mort Hendershott of Manchester gave a phonograph concert at the Rowe Corner's school house Friday evening.

A number of ladies and gentlemen spent a very pleasant day with Mr. and Mrs. Mrs. William Uphaus Saturday.

The German church at Rowe's Corners has had a new stone wall built in the basement and the furnace remodeled the past week.

## NORTH LAKE.

E. W. Daniels is painting his barn.

W. H. Glenn is nursing a sprained ankle.

Miss Rose Glenn is visiting friends at Ann Arbor.

Miss Bernice Allyn is sewing for Mrs. John Schultz.

Fred Schultz finished threshing for the season Monday.

Rev. and Mrs. Whitfield of Plainfield called on friends here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Noah visited Mr. and Mrs. S. Leach Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fowler of New York state are visiting relatives in this vicinity.

There was a sad misunderstanding about hiring a school teacher in this district.

Miss Lettie Wiley of Marion has been engaged to teach the winter term of school.

The new Dexter town hall was christened last week Wednesday by a social hop, given in the interest of the school taught by Mr. Mianer.

People thought that they heard wedding bells last Saturday, but it was the friends going to the anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. George Marshall's wedding.

The anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. George Marshall last Saturday was attended by a host of friends, all of whom report a royal good time. They left a beautiful chair as a memento of the occasion.

John F. Schultz met with quite a painful accident last Saturday while threshing beans at William Stevenson's. While oiling a shaft he passed his right arm through the belt, and his sleeve was caught drawing his hand in in such a manner as to terribly mangle the middle fingers.

## FRANCISCO.

Miss Laura Kaiser spent Sunday at home.

Chris Frey left last week to work at Jackson.

Lewis Kilmer and wife have moved to Chelsea.

John Daily has moved into the Fred Wolf house.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Horning spent Sunday at Waterloo.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kalmbach spent a few days at Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Musbach spent Sunday at Grass Lake.

Mrs. J. J. Musbach and son, Henry spent Thursday at Jackson.

William Kruse is spending some time at home and Waterloo.

Miss Nancy Berry is spending some time with her sister at Sharon.

Anson Croman spent last week with Mason, Leslie and Munith friends.

The Epworth League of the German M. E. church held their annual meeting Thursday evening, November 16th.

Miss Minnie Killmer is seriously ill.

Mr. and Mrs. John Alber spent Sunday with P. Riemenschneider.

Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Main have moved into the Eisenbiser house.

Several from here attended the cake walk at Grass Lake Thursday night.

The chicken pie social which was held at James Rowe's was well attended.

Born, to Rev. and Mrs. Katterhenry on Sunday, November 12th, a daughter.

T. Drislane shipped a nice lot of turkeys Wednesday last from this place.

Floyd Schweinfurth, Fred Brosamle and Albert Waltz spent Sunday at home.

Mrs. N. Schweinfurth and two daughters of Jackson are visiting relatives here.

Quarterly meeting was held at the German M. E. church Sunday. Rev. Kern was present.

The fragrant scent of orange blossoms will probably fill the air this coming Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Notten of Jackson were the guests of Henry Notten Saturday and Sunday.

R. Hoppe, who has been at Chelsea for the past year, will move back on his farm north of here.

Mr. add Miss Scherer, who have been spending some time with their brother here, returned home Monday last.

Mrs. John O'Donnel of Jackson spent Wednesday and Thursday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Rowe.

A surprise party was held Tuesday night at the home of Chris Weber for his daughter, Mrs. Hoppe. A fine time was reported by all.

ADVERTISED TOO SOON.

The Meteor Show Will be Pulled Off Next Year Says an Astronomer.

The shower of Leonids will not occur this season. The brilliant spectacle has been announced one year too soon.

This announcement has just been made by Dr. P. J. See, one of the most advanced astronomers in the government's service.

Dr. See stated with great positiveness that the meteoric display, which has been a mere splutter this year, will be repeated at about this date in November next year with a brilliancy quite equal.

If not superior, to any of the tri-century displays with which the modern world has been startled.

"Astronomical calculations have not erred as to the periodicity of the Leonids," said Dr. See, "but the generally accepted conclusion as to the time it takes the Leonids to pass the earth's orbit has been wrong. After the most careful observations, made with the best instruments in the service of the government, and after the most unerring calculations in strict conformity as to astronomical laws, I am thoroughly convinced that the period of passage is two years instead of one year, as heretofore believed."

Real Estate Transfers.

George Hurrell et al to Charles F Stabler, Ann Arbor, \$90.90

Jacob A Polhemus to Susan R Davis, Ann Arbor, 51

Henry Whipple to George Nelson, Salem, 750

Henry Richards and wife to Arthur L. Wilkinson, Ann Arbor, 3,750

James Roach to Peter S Galligan, Northfield, 100

Austin A Buckelen and wife to Joseph Brown, Webster, 3,400

John R Smith to Garriet O Smith, Ypsilanti, 50

Amelia Schiappecasse to Mary Ratti, Ann Arbor, 700

Henry P Glover and wife to Arthur Brown, Ann Arbor, 450

Leonard Gruner and wife to Arthur Brown, Ann Arbor, 900

Hoerner C Still and wife to William E Ward and wife, Milan, 300

William E Ward and wife to James D Turner, York, 25

S E Smith by ex to Adam Schlee, Ann Arbor, 900

Ella V Hill to Mary A Day, Ann Arbor, 100

William E Pickard and wife to John Wood, Ann Arbor, 100

James J Roberts and wife to Edgar M Nichols and wife, Webster, 590

Jane Haight to Thomas W Barnes, York, 850

Edward C Howard and wife to Lochlin Hoover, Augusta, 25

Edith A Clark to Eugene Smith, Ann Arbor, 1

Eugene Smith to James F Clark, Ann Arbor, 1

James F Clark to Eugene S Gilmore, Ann Arbor, 1,200

Irving J Hammond to Mary Hammond, Lima, 500

John G Zahn and wife to M Fred Lambarth, Lodi, 1,800

Bridget O'Connor to Frank Monaghan, Ann Arbor, 100.

Persons who mail items for publication in The Standard should sign their names to them, so that we may know the source of our information.

## MR. CORSAN'S MISTAKE.

A man and a girl sat alone in one end of the parlor car. They were strangers.

The girl was delving in a big Sunday paper, among the advertisements. Corsan, the man, watched her idly and Whatwas, shetyethownoted - : ad noted how pretty she was. What advertisement would she be seeking?

"You are hunting for a notice?" Corsan queried, in a carefully indifferent manner, as one who makes conversation. The girl got away from the subject.

"It's so difficult to get good servants," she explained, with a good deal of unnecessary color in her face, unnecessary, that is, from a purely explanatory point of view, but entirely excusable from an artistic standpoint.

"How odd it seems to be up at this hour of the morning," he commented. "It is really only 7 o'clock now." He wondered within himself if he dared suggest breakfasting together. The girl had not the air unapproachable if her manners were good.

"Saucy," said the girl, brilliantly. Corsan hoped this was not the gauge of her mental acumen.

"Will you have a cup of coffee brought in here?" he asked deferentially. "You see it is only 9:30 when we get into New York, in ample time for breakfast."

This delicate relegation of her social position among those luxurious ones of the earth who have coffee early and breakfast late awoke a marked accession of friendliness in the girl. She acquiesced gratefully to his suggestion.

"It's the same wretched business—canned entrees, tinned soups, poor cheese—from Maine to Texas," said Corsan in disgust, throwing down the card. "Do let me get you something from the dinner car?"

The girl shook her head prettily and several curls tumbled around her temples. "Perhaps," she suggested, with a glance that was wholly daring, "if we ate breakfast together it would not taste so badly."

The man's hair inwardly stood on end. He cast his fine unobtrusiveness to the rushing winds.

"If you are good enough to allow me to join you," he replied eagerly, "it will be a feast."

"What part of town do you live in?" Corsan ventured when the time seemed ripe.

"On Sixty-seventh street," she said absently. "Manter."

There was a leap of astonished delight in Corsan's heart. The exterior of that mansion had been gazed curiously at by half the city. He had dreamed of the interior as one of the joys for him when he should rise thus far in the social scale. Was this a hope that he saw before him? O, to clutch it!

"This has been good of you," he said earnestly. "I shall remember this breakfast as long as I live."

"So shall I," smiled the girl, with another startling bit of friendliness, "and I hope—the man held his breath—that you will let me thank you again some other time."

Here was a straw. The man rose at it, holding as a brave man should.

"If I might call upon you," he began quickly, "not for thanks. Indeed, I am head over ears in your debt. But—but—well, I should like in time to come, if I am worthy, to be your friend."

"The porter ought to take the table away," she said, moving across to Corsan's seat.

He followed her. "Crude!" he murmured, taking his bag out of the way. Then the girl curved her lips in a delicious smile.

"Come," she said softly, "come tonight."

That night a new hansom drove furiously up-town and along Sixty-seventh street. The turnout was smart to a degree—gray corduroy lining, coachman with dark green coat, brass buttons, silk hat. The horse stepped out calmly under a white leather collar.

It was some time before the butler came back with Corsan's card.

"The young woman doesn't live 'ere now," he said, solemnly.

"Not live here!" gasped Corsan. "Why, it was only this morning she invited me to come. What the—"

"See 'ere, young man," explained the butler, patronizingly, "it's this way. Miss Jenkins, she overstepped her leave, thinking, you understand, that the family wouldn't be back till next week. They arrove back unexpected, and when they calls for Polly the upper 'ousemaid, where was Polly? If you seed 'er this mornin' you know that she weren't skylarkin 'ere anyways. So when she walks in today as gay as you please, out she goes again, without 'er wages. Good ev—"

But the coupe had already borne off an infuriated man in a dress suit and a Lord Chumley overcoat. It was three or four hours later before he smiled.

It was then that he remembered how the young woman had blushing remarked that it was so difficult to get good servants.—Exchange.

On the Safe Side.

Sandy Spikes—"Say, Billy, what yer stoppin' off at such a hustlin' town as dis fer? Somebody'll tink yer lookin' fer work next."

Billy Colgate—"Dat's jest what I'm doin', Sandy; lookin' fer work."

Sandy Spikes—"W-what?"

Billy Colgate—"Yep! lookin' fer work so I'll know where it is an' won't run agin it when I'm off me guard."

Wanted Another.

Amy—How did you come to marry your second husband?

Sallie—My first one died.—Brooklyn Life.

## Farrell's Talk on Footwear.

## A WORD ABOUT RUBBERS.

Perhaps you are not aware that of the 100 or more different brands of Rubbers only two or three are acknowledged to be first-class. Out of these two or three our experience have enabled us to select the

## CANDEE RUBBERS

as the best line of Rubbers manufactured in the world. You are therefore as sure of finding at our store not only the very style you want but the very best quality and at the lowest price.

JOHN FARRELL'S PURE FOOD STORE.

## WE ARE NOT

One of those something for nothing places to get

## GROCERIES.

But we will sell you the best goods at the lowest figure at

## J. S. CUMMINGS.

A Dollar Saved is

THE MIGHT  
OF RIGHT  
PRICES

A Dollar Earned

## A Snap for Snap Hunters.

Never were better Bargains offered you. Low prices the best talkers. Our object is to save you money, and to our policy, we offer you bargains that will save you a dollar. You get the value; all we want is the business.

Call and see goods.

J. Geo. Webster, Merchant Tailor

We can furnish you with a grade of

## TELEPHONE SERVICE

that you will appreciate,  
and we can do it

## At a Remarkably Low Rate.

The following Towns are free to Chelsea Telephone subscribers:

Cavanaugh Lake,	Waterloo,
Trist,	Gregory,
Unadilla,	Stockbridge,
Grass Lake,	Francisco,

And the residences of 50 Farmers.

The following named persons are now using this Company's service:

Babcock L residence	4 Chelsea Mfg Co
22 Chelsea Savings Bank	6 Chelsea Steam Laundry
14 Freeman L T	1 Glazier Stove Co
8 Glazier & Stimson	5 Kempf & McKune
Kempf & Co	24 Hoover O T residence
10 Holmes H S residence	13 Holmes H S Mer Co
16 Leach Frank residence	18 Palmer & Avery office
21 Power House	27 Standard Office
20 Snyder R A residence	12 Schenck W P & Co
9 Staffan Furniture Co	15 Staffan Frank residence
30 Schmidt Dr H W office	2 rings, residence 3 rings
25 Watson J D residence	11 Wood H L & Co
Wood J P residence	3 Wilkinson A W res
17 McLaren D C res	Shaver E E gallery
Glazier F P residence	Hoag E G residence
Sweetland F H res	

A solicitor will call upon request.

## The Chelsea Telephone Co.

This Exchange is now connected with the New State Telephone Co.'s system.

Best  
Corn  
Fed  
Beef!

That's the only kind we keep. We take particular pride in all of our

## MEATS,

but more especially in that of our Beef. Order a nice Roast. Sausages of all kinds, Hams and Bacon, Lard, Veal, Mutton, Pork, Dried Beef, Turkeys, Chickens, Geese, Ducks, etc., always in stock.

## ADAM EPPLER,

THE BUTCHER.



## NEW MEAT MARKET

We have opened an up-to-date meat market, and we shall keep constantly in stock a full supply of

## Fresh and Salt Meats,

Hams and Bacon,  
BEEF, VEAL AND MUTTON  
LARD AND SAUSAGES.

We solicit a portion of your patronage and shall aim to keep a market second none.

## CHAS. SCHAFER.

Klein Building, Main Street.

## Notice to Hunters

To the Hunters and Trappers of Chelsea and Vicinity:

We the undersigned forbid all hunting, trapping or trespassing on our farms.

Geo. T. English, Hiram Pierce,  
Geo. Taylor, Frank Sweetland,  
Truman Baldwin, Thomas Wilkinson,  
John Strahlé, Jacob Miller,  
M. J. Noyes, Alvin Baldwin,  
Peter Easterle, G. V. Clark,  
N. Pierce, G. Hutzler,  
Perry Dewey, Howard Everett,  
E. W. Boyden, E. J. Raymond,  
J. B. Dean

It is unlawful for any person or persons to hunt for game with any firearms, dogs or otherwise on any enclosed lands or premises of another in any county of this state without the consent of the owner or lessee of such lands or premises. A person violating this law is deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and may be fined not less than five or more than twenty dollars and costs, and in default of payment of the fine and costs may be imprisoned in the county jail not less than five nor more than thirty days.

## OUR BILL OF FARE.

Lunches, Oysters,  
Pork and Beans.

Salt Rising Bread  
Confectionery.

A full line of Fresh Baked goods always on hand.

## J. G. EARL.

Next to Hoag & Holmes.

You never know what form of blood poison will follow constipation. Keep the liver clean by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers and you will avoid trouble. They are famous little Early Risers and you will avoid trouble. They are famous little pills for constipation and liver and bowel troubles. Glazier & Stimson.

## Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.  
It 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 their results of imperfect digestion. Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

Glazier & Stimson.

## 50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

## PATENTS

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Scientific American.  
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$5 a year, four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. Munn & Co., 361 Broadway, New York.

## The Madness of Private Ortheris

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

Oh! Where would I be when my front was dyed?  
Oh! Where would I be when the bullets fly?  
Oh! Where would I be when I come to die?  
Why?  
Somewhere anigh my chum.  
If I'm liquor, 'e'll give me some;  
If I'm dyin', 'e'll 'old my 'ead,  
An 'e'll write 'em 'ome when I'm dead.  
Gawd send us a trusty chum!  
—Barrack Room Ballad.

My friends Mulvaney and Ortheris had gone on a shooting expedition for one day. Learoyd was still in hospital, recovering from fever picked up in Burma. They sent me an invitation to join them and were genuinely pained when I brought beer—almost enough beer to satisfy two privates of the line—and me.

"'Twasn't for that we bid you welkum, sorr," said Mulvaney sulkily. "Twas for the pleasure av your company."

Ortheris came to the rescue. "Well, 'e won't be none the worse for bringin liquor with 'im. We ain't a file o' dooks. We're bloomin' Tommies, ye cantanbrish Hishman, an 'ere's your very good 'ealth!"

We shot all the forenoon and killed two pariah dogs, four green parrots, sitting, one kite by the burning ghaut, one snake flying, one mud turtle and eight crows. Game was plentiful. Then we sat down to tiffin—"bull mate an bran bread," Mulvaney called it—by the side of the river and took pot shots at the crocodiles in the intervals of cutting up the food with our only pocket-knife. Then we drank up all the beer and threw the bottles into the water and fired at them. After that, we eased belts and stretched ourselves on the warm sand and smoked. We were too lazy to continue shooting.

Ortheris heaved a big sigh as he lay on his stomach with his head between his fists. Then he swore quietly into the blue sky.

"F'what's that for?" said Mulvaney. "Have you not drunk enough?"

"Tott'nim Court road, an gal I fancied there. Wot's the good o' sodgerin'?"

"Orther's, me son," said Mulvaney hastily. "'tis more than likely you've got trouble in your inside with the beer. I feel that way meself when my liver gets rusty."

Ortheris went on slowly, not heeding the interruption:

"I'm a Tommy—a bloomin, eight-anna, dog stealin Tommy, with a number instead of a decent name. Wot's the good o' me? If I 'ad 'a staid at 'ome, I might 'a married that gal an 'ere, a little shorp in the 'ammersmith igh—"S. Orther's, Practic-al Taxi-dermist." With a stuff' fox, like they 'as in the Haylesbury dairies, in the wonder, an a little case of blue an yaller glass heyes, an a little wife to call 'Shorpi' 'Shorpi' when the doorbell rung. As it his, I'm on'y a Tommy—a bloomin, Gawd forsaken, beer swillin Tommy. 'Rest on your harms—'versed. Stan' at—'hease; 'shun. 'Verse—'harm. Right an lef'—tarrn. Slow—march. 'Alt' front. Rest on your harms—'versed. With blank cartridge—load. An that's the end o' me." He was quoting fragments from funeral parties' orders.

"Stop ut!" shouted Mulvaney. "Whin you've fired into nothin as often as me, over a better man than yourself, you will not make a mock av thin orders. 'Tis worse than whistlin the dead march in barracks. An you full as a tick, an the sun cool, an all an all I take shame for you. You're no better than a pagin—you an your firn parties an your glass heyes. Won't you stop ut, sorr?"

What could I do? Could I tell Ortheris anything that he did not know of the pleasures of his life? I was not a chaplain nor a subaltern, and Ortheris had a right to speak as he thought fit. "Let him run, Mulvaney," I said. "It's the beer."

"No! 'Tien't the beer," said Mulvaney. "I know f'what's comin. He's tuk this way now an ag'in, an ut's bad—'ut's bad—for I'm fond av the bhoys."

Indeed, Mulvaney seemed needlessly anxious, but I knew that he looked after Ortheris in a fatherly way.

"Let me talk, let me talk," said Ortheris dreamily. "D'you stop your parit screamin o' a 'ot day, when the cago is a cookin 'is pore little pink toes off, Mulvaney?"

"Pink toes! D'you mane to say you've pink toes under your billswallows, you blandanderin'—Mulvaney gathered himself together for a terrific denunciation—"schoolmistress! Pink toes! How much Bass wud the label did that ravin child drink?"

"'Tain't Bass," said Ortheris. "It's a bitter beer nor that. It's 'omesickness!"

"Hark to him! An he's goin home in the Sherapis in the inside av four months!"

"I don't care. It's all one to me. 'Ow d'you know I ain't 'fraid o' dyin 'fore I gets my papers?" He recommenced, in a singsong voice, the funeral orders.

I had never seen this side of Ortheris' character before, but evidently Mulvaney had and attached serious importance to it. While Ortheris babbled, with his head on his arms, Mulvaney whispered to me:

"He's always tuk this way whin he's been checked overmuch by the childer they make sarjints nowadays—that an havin nothin to do. I can't make ut out anyways."

"Well, what does it matter? Let him talk himself through."

Ortheris began singing a parody of "The Ramrod Corps," full of cheerful illusions to battle, murder and sudden death. He looked out across the river as he sang, and his face was quite strange to me. Mulvaney caught me by the elbow to insure attention.

"Matter! Ut matters everything! 'Tis some sort av fit that's on him. I've seen ut. 'Twill hold him all this night, an in the middle av ut he'll out av his

not an go rakin in the rack for his 'countermanta. Thin he'll come over to me an say: 'I'm goin to Bombay. Answer for me in the mornin.' Thin me an him will fight as we've done before—him to go an me to hold him—an so we'll both come on the books for disturbin in barracks. I've belted him, an I've bruk his head, an I've talked to him, but 'tis no manner av use whin the fit's on him. He's as good a bhoys as ever stepped whin his mind's clear. I know f'what's comin, though, this night in barracks. Lord send he doesn't loose off whin I rise for to knock him down. 'Tis that that's in my mind day an night."

This put the case in a much less pleasant light and fully accounted for Mulvaney's anxiety. He seemed to be trying to coax Ortheris out of the "fit," for he shouted down the bank where the boy was lying:

"Listen, now, you wid the 'pore pink toes' an the glass eyes! Did you shwin the Irawadi at night, behin' me, as a bhoys shud, or were you hidin under a bed, as you was at Ahmed Kheyl?"

This was at once a gross insult and a direct lie, and Mulvaney meant it to bring on a fight. But Ortheris seemed shut up in some sort of trance. He answered slowly, without a sign of irritation, in the same cadenced voice as he had used for his firing party orders:

"Hi swum the Irawadi in the night, as you know, for to take the town of Lungtungpen, nakid an without fear. Hand where I was at Ahmed Kheyl you know, an four bloomin pathans know too. But that was summat to do, an I didn't think o' dyin. Now I'm sick to go 'ome—go 'ome—go 'ome! No, I ain't mammy sick, because my uncle brung me up, but I'm sick for London again: sick for the sounds o' 'er, an the sights o' 'er, an the stinks o' 'er—orange peel an hasphalte an gas comin in over Vaux'all bridge; sick for the rail goin down to Box'ill, with your gal on your knee an a new clay pipe in your face. That, an the Stran' lights where you knows ev'ry one, an the copper that takes you up is a old friend that tuk you up before, when you was a little, smitchy boy lyin loose 'tween the Temple an the dark harches. No bloomin guard mountin, no bloomin rotten stone, nor khaki, an yourself your own master, with a gal to take an see the humaners practicin a hookin dead corpses out o' the Serpentine o' Sundays. An I lef' all that for to serve the widder beyond the seas where there ain't no women an there ain't no liquor worth 'avin, an there ain't nothin to see, nor do, nor say, nor feel, nor think. Lord love you, Stanley Orther's, but you're a bigger bloomin fool than the rest o' the reg'ment an Mulvaney wired together! There's the widder sister at 'ome with a gold crown'd on 'er 'ead, an 'ere an H. Stanley Orther's, the widder's property, a roffin fool!"

His voice rose at the end of the sentence, and he wound up with a six shot Anglo-Vernacular oath. Mulvaney said nothing, but looked at me as if he expected that I could bring peace to poor Ortheris' troubled brain.

I remembered once at Rawal Pindi having seen a man, nearly mad with drink, sobbed by being made a fool of. Some regiments may know what I mean. I hoped that we might shake off Ortheris in the same way, though he was perfectly sober, so I said:

"What's the use of grousing there and speaking against the widow?"

"I didn't!" said Ortheris. "S'elp me Gawd, I never said a word ag'in 'er, an I wouldn't—not if I was to desert this minute!"

Here was my opening. "Well, you meant to, anyhow. What's the use of cracking on for nothing? Would you slip it now if you got the chance?"

"On'y try me!" said Ortheris, jumping to his feet as if he had been stung. Mulvaney jumped too. "F'what are you goin to do?" said he.

"Help Ortheris down to Bombay or Karachi, whichever he likes. You can report that he separated from you before tiffin and left his gun on the bank here!"

"I'm to report that—am I?" said Mulvaney slowly. "Very well! If Orther's manes to desert now an will desert now, an you, sorr, who have been a friend to me an to him, will help him to ut, I, Terence Mulvaney, on my oath, which I've never bruk yet, will report as you say. But"—here he stepped up to Ortheris and shook the stock of the fowling piece in his face—"your fists help you, Stanley Orther's, if ever I come across you ag'in!"

"I don't care!" said Ortheris. "I'm sick o' this dorg's life. Give me a chanst. Don't play with me. Le' me go!"

"Strip," said I, "and change with me and then I'll tell you what to do."

I hoped that the absurdity of this would check Ortheris, but he had kicked off his ammunition boots and got rid of his tunic almost before I had loosed my shirt collar. Mulvaney gripped me by the arm.

"The fit's on him; the fit's workin on him still. By my honor an sowl, we shall be necessary to a desertion yet: only 28 days, as you say, sorr, or 56, but think av the shame—the black shame to him an me!" I had never seen Mulvaney so excited.

But Ortheris was quite calm, and, as soon as he had exchanged clothes with me and I stood up, a private of the line, he said shortly: "Now! Come on. What nex? D'you mane fair. What must I do to get out o' this 'ere hell?"

I told him that if he would wait for two or three hours near the river I would ride into the station and come back with 100 rupees. He would, with that money in his pocket, walk to the nearest side station on the line, about five miles away, and would there take a first class ticket for Karachi. Knowing that he had no money on him when he went out shooting, his regiment would not immediately wire to the reports, but would hunt for him in the native villages near the river. Further, no one would think of seeking a deserter in a first class carriage. At Karachi he

was to buy white clothes and ship, if he could, on a cargo steamer.

Here he broke in. If I helped him to Karachi, he would arrange all the rest. Then I ordered him to wait where he was until it was dark enough for me to ride into the station without my dress being noticed. Now, God in his wisdom has made the heart of the British soldier, who is very often an unlicked ruffian, as soft as the heart of a little child in order that he may believe in and follow his officers into tight and nasty places. He does not so readily come to believe in a "civilian," but when he does he believes implicitly and like a dog. I had had the honor of the friendship of Private Ortheris, at intervals, for more than three years, and we had dealt with each other as man by man. Consequently he considered that all my words were true and not spoken lightly.

Mulvaney and I left him in the high grass near the river bank and went away, still keeping to the high grass, toward my horse. The shirt scratched me horribly.

We waited nearly two hours for the dusk to fall and allow me to ride off. We spoke of Ortheris in whispers and strained our ears to catch any sound from the spot where we had left him. But we heard nothing except the wind in the plume grass.

"I've bruk his head," said Mulvaney earnestly, "time an ag'in. I've nearly kilt him wid the belt, an yet I can't knock him fits out av his soft head. No! An he's not soft, for he's reasonable, an likely by natur'. F'what is ut? Is ut his breedin which is nothin, or his edukashin which he never got? You that think you know things, answer me that."

But I found no answer. I was wondering how long Ortheris, on the bank of the river, would hold out and whether I should be forced to help him to desert, as I had given my word.

Just as the dusk shut down and, with a very heavy heart, I was beginning to saddle up my horse we heard wild shouts from the river.

The devils had departed from Private Stanley Ortheris, No. 23,639, B company. The loneliness, the dusk and the waiting had driven them out as I had hoped. We set off the double at and found him plunging about wildly through the grass, with his coat off—my coat off, I mean. He was calling for us like a madman.

When we reached him, he was dripping with perspiration and trembling like a startled horse. We had great difficulty in soothing him. He complained that he was in civilian kit and wanted to tear my clothes off his body. I ordered him to strip, and we made a second exchange as quickly as possible.

The rasp of his own "grayback" shirt and the squeak of his boots seemed to bring him to himself. He put his hands before his eyes and said:

"Wot was it? I ain't mad, I ain't sunstrook, an I've bin an gone an said, an bin an gone an done . . . Wot 'ave I bin an done!"

"F'what have you done?" said Mulvaney. "You've disgraced yourself—though that's no matter. You've disgraced B comp'ny, an, worst av all, you've disgraced me—a me that taught you how for to walk abroad like a man whin you was a dirty little, fish backed little, whimperin little recruit—as you are now, Stanley Orther's!"

Ortheris said nothing for awhile. Then he unslung his belt, heavy with the badges of half a dozen regiments that his own had-lain with, and handed it over to Mulvaney.

"I'm too little for to mill you, Mulvaney," said he, "an you've strook me before, but you can take an cut me in two with this 'ere if you like."

Mulvaney turned to me. "Lave me talk to him, sorr," said Mulvaney.

I left, and on my way home thought a good deal over Ortheris a particular and my friend Private Thomas Atkins—whom I love—in general.

But I could not come to any conclusion of any kind whatever.

The Puzzle.

The guest who had registered as hailing from Ballard, Tex., was poring over a local paper at the National hotel on Saturday night, when he suddenly started up with a grunt and inquired: "Say, do they pull people for playing poker in this town? I see here where three men were fined for a quiet game."

He was informed that such was the law.

"That's funny," said he. "Why, our town is wide open."

No one denied this, and the Texan carefully chewed for a time and then resumed:

"Why, funny game, last one I saw in Ballard. Cow puncher, a Chinese, an a doctor were at jackpots. Chinese held four queens, cow puncher held a gun, and the doctor got \$4."

"How was that?" asked a lounge.

"Acted as coroner," said the Texan. "But who raked in the pot?" eagerly inquired the questioner.

"I did," said the Texan. "I'm sherriff."

And as no one seemed to desire further information he strolled out to the door and yawned.—Washington Times.

LADIES NOTICE.

If you are a depositor in the Chelsea Savings Bank, the oldest, largest and strongest bank, please call for a very beautiful souvenir now ready. If you are not already a depositor in the Chelsea Savings Bank why not become one so that your money may not only be safe but draw interest and that you too, may be entitled to the lovely work of art, ornamental and useful whenever issued hereafter? Three per cent interest is allowed on sums of one dollar or more.

Ladies' and children's accounts kept strictly confidential, and payable as wanted. W. J. Knapp, president, Geo. F. Glazier, cashier, T. E. Wood, asst. cashier, D. Greenleaf, accountant, Mr. A. K. Stimson, special accountant.

## HE HAD A FIT.

Just a Telegram and Not Heart Disease, as Employees Feared.

The merchant uttered a sharp exclamation and sank back in his chair. A telegram fell from his shaking hand. His eyes were wide, his face white, and beads of perspiration stood on his brow. The men in the outer office whispered among themselves. "Touch of heart disease?" asked one.

"No; the old man can't take up a note," said another. "I've heard rumors of that kind. We fellows will have to look for another place."

"Get to work—he's coming to again."

The merchant wiped his brow, fetched a despairing sigh, picked up the paper from the floor, frowned and stamped his foot, as if to summon all his resolution, placed the telegram on his desk, and forced himself to read the bitter message. This was it:

"Dearest James: Please send the waist for my grosgrain suit at once. You will remember the one, as it has revers on the fromage and chain stitched biases on the back. It is in the lower trunk in the cupboard beside the back room, under your winter overcoat. If not there, it must be in the sealed box on the third shelf in the front room cupboard. If you don't find it there, it must be somewhere else. The trunk keys are in second wardrobe drawer, unless they were put in the chiffonier; and I think the keys are in a vase on one of the mantels. Puck the waist so as not to wrinkle it; and, oh! James, please do not swear! Your loving wife!"—Tid-Bits.

Not Such a High Fall.



"Pat fell off a 60-foot ladder today." "Shure, and, did he hurt himself much?" "No. 'Twas the bottom round."—Boston Herald.

A Practical Poem.

What's the use Of tying a poet down to conventional rules And spoiling His good ideas By rhyme and meter which knock All the soul out of them? Why can't he write Just as he Blame pleases, and if He wants To write a nice long line like this one, regardless of the laws of versification, the quantity of syllables, accent, rhythm, stanzas, strophes, and measure, Or else a little bit of a short line, like This, Why not? —James Albert Wales, in New York Sun.

His Finish.

Cattison—I don't know what to do with that boy of mine. He is weak, vacillating, apparently without any mind of his own, and ready to do what any one else tells him.

Hatterson—Never mind, old man. That boy may be president of the States some day.—Life.

His Pace.

Swellguy—You say you will guarantee this horse to trot in 2:40? Horse Dealer—Yes, sir.

Swellguy—You mean a mile in 2:40? Horse Dealer—Well, didn't mention any distance, sir, but he'll go as far as he can in 2:40.—Ohio State Journal.

Advantageous.

Mrs. Brooks—There is a big advantage in having a nurse-girl who is good looking.

Mrs. Rivers—How do you mean? Mrs. Brooks—The park policeman doesn't say anything when the children get on the grass.—Answers.

Unused to Liberty.

"Have you any idea what you are talking about?"

"I don't believe I have. You see my wife's away, and it is such a blessed privilege to talk all I want to that I don't wonder I get things mixed."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

They All Saw It.

"Now, gentlemen," said the summer hotel proprietor, "I want every man who saw the sea serpent to step up and have a drink." The reporter counted fourteen.—Puck.

He Went.

Twedewick—It is not good for man to be alone.

May (bored)—Then hadn't you better go home to your mother?—Answers.

It Might.

Ella—Do you think that joy ever kills?

Stella—I think it would be dangerous for you to have a proposal.—Tid-Bits.

Possibly So.

It is said that a burned child dreads the fire. Probably that's why the newly-married man tries to avoid his old flames.—Tid-Bits.

## QUESTION ANSWERED.

Yes, August Flower still has the largest sale of any medicine in the civilized world. Your mother's and grandmother's never thought of using anything else for indigestion or biliousness. Doctors were scarce, and they seldom heard of appendicitis, nervous prostration or heart failure, etc. They used August Flower to clean out the system and stop fermentation of undigested food, regulate the action of the liver, stimulate the nervous and organic action of the system, and that is all they took when feeling dull and bad with headaches and other aches. You only need a few doses of Green's August Flower, in liquid form, to make you satisfied there is nothing serious the matter with you. Sample bottles at Glazier & Stimson.

George Noland, Rockland, O., says, "My wife had piles forty years. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured her. It is the best salve in America." It heals everything and cures all skin diseases. Glazier & Stimson.

## THOROUGHbred POLAND CHINA HOGS



FOR SALE.

Inquire at Fair View Farm.

G. T. ENGLISH, Prop.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD COOL SMOKE

CALL FOR

Our Standard, Columbia, Copperfield, Sport, or Arrows.

Best 5c Cigars on the Market

MANUFACTURED BY

F. B. SCHUSSLER, Chelsea.

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AUCTIONEER

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Terms Reasonable.

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THE GREAT

RESTORATIVE.

Bar-Ben is the greatest known

nerve tonic and blood purifier.

It creates solid flesh, muscle and strength, clears the brain, makes the blood pure and rich, and causes a general feeling of health, power 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. 50 cts. A BOX; 61 cts. \$2.50. For sale by druggists everywhere, or mailed, sealed, on receipt of price. Address DR. BARTON AND BENSON, 461 Bar-Ben Bldg., Cleveland, O.

For sale by FENN & VOGEL, drugs



**THE CHELSEA STANDARD**

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

BY O. T. HOOVER.

Terms:—\$1.00 per year; 6 months, 50 cents; 3 months, 25 cents.  
Advertising rates reasonable and made known on application.  
Entered at the postoffice at Chelsea, Mich., as second-class matter.

General Otis has doubtless been pleased to observe that all the British war news from South Africa is carefully censored.

Chicago contractors and architects have begun a fight to break up all existing labor unions. A rather big contract, that.

When the Kentucky politicians stop bluffing and begin shooting will be time enough for other men to take to the woods.

There is a suspicion that some Kentuckians have mistaken powder flasks for the other kind of flasks and have wet their powder.

Those who enjoy studying out complicated puzzles should try to keep track of the revolutions and counter-revolutions in Venezuela.

The rumor of an impending war between Russia and Japan hangs on with persistency worthy of fact, notwithstanding official denials.

If Tom Reed gets along in the New York flat into which he has moved his family, it will be a joke on the writers of the diminutive flat jokes.

If Congressman-elect Roberts, of Utah, is not already convinced that the fight against him is a determined one, he will be soon after Congress assemblies.

For the benefit of our foreign readers it may be mentioned that "the Count in Kentucky," so often spoken of in the newspapers, is not a titled foreigner.

The only sure way for the United States to keep the "open door" in China is to be always prepared to open it by force, if any government desires to close it.

Three hundred and eighty-two thousand dollars is the amount asked by Admiral Dewey and his men for the destruction of the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay.

One peculiarity of the election returns is that politicians of all parties can always find encouragement in them, no matter how jaggedly they appear to others.

If the talk of shipbuilding trust materializes, Congress can easily head off its attempt to control the construction of our warships by providing for their construction in Uncle Sam's navy yards.

There is to be another trust conference held in Chicago in January. Somebody will be charging the railroads and the Chicago hotels with arranging these affairs if they are held so close together.

What has the Czar of Russia done with all the gold he was said to possess several years ago, when he offered to loan the United States several hundred millions without security? He is now said to be trying to negotiate a loan in Germany.

Wherever there is fighting you will find Americans. An American commands a Boer regiment, and an American lieutenant of a British regiment, who was a great grand-son of General Zachary Taylor, was killed in one of the Boer attacks on Kimberly.

According to General Ludlow, 80 per cent of the Cubans are illiterate, the land owners haven't the money to start industries on a large scale, and it will be a long time before the Cubans are fitted for self government. That is a gloomy picture, but General Ludlow, as military governor of the city of Havana, has had ample opportunity to know the facts.

There appeared in the society columns of a Washington paper a few days ago a paragraph stating that, as Admiral Dewey was at the head of the navy and as Vice President Hobart was not to be in Washington this winter, the Admiral and Mrs. Dewey would take social and official rank next to the President and Mrs. McKinley. As a matter of fact, there are about 40 men in Washington who outrank the Admiral of the navy in this official social way, and their wives and the members of their families go with them.

It would strike The Standard that Dr. Alvord, a member of the new state medical board, was easily bluffed by Dr. Nancrede of Ann Arbor, who refused to show his diploma when he was registering under the new law. He was given his certificate just the same, but if Dr. Alvord had any sand at all he would not have granted it. The law was passed to protect not only the people at large, but the honorable physicians as well, and Dr. Nancrede would have shown himself a great deal more of a gentleman had he complied with the provisions of the law.

**LYNDON TAXPAYERS.**

I will be at Lyndon town house every Friday and at the Chelsea Savings Bank every Saturday until January 10th, for the purpose of receiving taxes.

HOWARD CANFIELD,  
Treasurer.

**Personal Mention**

Ben. Haab spent Friday at Detroit.  
J. J. Raftrey spent Tuesday at Pinkney.

Frank Fenn was a Jackson visitor Tuesday.

B. F. Hurley of Detroit is the guest of Henry Speer.

Miss Edith Noyes spent a part of the week in Adrian.

Erlas Kresge of Ann Arbor spent Friday at this place.

Elmer Mellencamp left for Kansas Tuesday morning.

H. I. Stimson spent several days of last week at Coldwater.

Miss Celia Barnes of Detroit visited friends first of week.

Mr. Walter Kelso returned to his home in Detroit Wednesday.

Mrs. C. S. Walker spent Sunday with her husband at Union City.

O. F. Gould of Attica, N. Y., was the guest of J. B. Cole over Sunday.

H. D. Prettyman of Ann Arbor was the guest of R. A. Snyder Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ackerson of Manchester called on friends Tuesday.

Miss Ella Day of Dexter is spending this week with Mrs. D. C. McLaren.

Mrs. A. E. Winans and son, Elmer, spent the first of the week at Stockbridge.

Mrs. Helen Smith is visiting at Stockbridge and Root's Station this week.

Mrs. Susan A. Schickler of Toledo was the guest of her son, Herman, last week.

Claude S. Martin who has been traveling through the south, has returned home.

Mr. Willis and Mrs. W. Osborne of Jackson are the guests of Mrs. W. P. Schenk.

School Commissioner Lister is putting in this week visiting the schools in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. McLaren entertained Judge and Mrs. H. Wirt Newkirk Tuesday.

Mrs. Jacob Slimmer returned from Caro last week, accompanied by her sister-in-law.

Mr. and Mr. James McNally of Lorain, Ohio, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Irwin.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Winans of Lansing spent several days of the past week with relatives here.

Mrs. Helen Martin, who has been spending some time in the west, has returned to this place.

Nelson Howell of Eaton Rapids was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Watson the first of the week.

Mr. Conrad Lehman and Miss Tillie Gierbach were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lehman of Waterloo Sunday.

W. L. Keusch of Anderson has purchased the harness business of Mrs. C. T. Tomlinson, and will continue the business.

The new Catholic church at Ann Arbor will be dedicated next Sunday, November 26.

The Western Washtenaw Union Farmers' club held its November meeting with Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Spaulding November 16th. Questions discussed: "The club as a school for the farmer," also, "What is true living?" The president and wife, Mr. and Mrs. N. Cook, were elected delegates to the state association to be held in Lansing, December 12, 13. The annual meeting will be held with Mr. and Mrs. Herman Fletcher, December 21.

**TO LIMA TAXPAYERS.**

I will be at Lima town hall every Friday during December, Wednesday, December 27th, at Dexter, Thursday, December 28th, at Jerusalem, and Saturday, December 30th, at Chelsea, for the purpose of collecting taxes.

JOHN FINKBEINER,  
Treasurer, Lima Township.

Farm for Sale—Ninety two acres situated about 3½ miles west of Dexter. 80 acres improved land; good buildings. Inquire on the premises for address H. K. Sedgwick, Dexter, Mich. 43

For Sale—A wholesale or retail, a quantity of baled hay and straw. Leave orders with W. I. Wood. 44

Get your stoves repaired at the Miller Foundry.

All stove castings made on short notice at the Miller Foundry.

Wanted—A competent girl for general housework. Apply at Dr. McColgan.

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.

We refund 10c for every package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYE that fails to give satisfaction. Monroe Drug Co., Unionville, Mo. Sold by Fenn & Vogel

There is more to be Thankful for on this coming

**Thanksgiving Day**

Than there has ever been before. Everybody is busy if he wants to be and his business pays if he has a mind to make it pay.

**IT WILL PAY YOU**

to buy your THANKSGIVING DINNER SUPPLIES of us. We have the capacity to satisfy the wants of everybody in the line of good things to eat at the lowest price when you consider quality.

**WE OFFER:**

Fresh Select Oysters direct from Baltimore at 30 cents a quart.

Baltimore Standards at 23 cents a can.

Baltimore Selects at 28 cents a can.

4 pounds Vail & Crane best crackers for 25 cent.

**Makepeace brand Cape Cod Cranberries 10c qt**

**Nice Fresh Sage; in the Leaf and Ground.**

Our SPICES are all absolutely the very finest grade that money will buy. ask any one who has ever tried our ground Penang Shot Pepper, Ceylon Cinnamon, Amblyna Cloves and their recommend will send you to us for SPICES.

We will fill your order for a fancy corn fed Turkey, Chicken or Duck and guarantee to please you.

**VEGETABLES.**

Fresh Crisp Celery, Cabbage and Lettuce.  
Fancy Yellow Rutta Baggas.  
Hubbard Squash.  
Jersey Sweet Potatoes.

**FRUITS.**

Choice Florida Oranges 30c dozen.  
Fancy Malaga Grapes.  
Fancy Steele's Red Apples.  
Fancy Spy Apples.  
Bananas, Dates, Figs, etc.

**Fancy New Mixed Nuts 15 cents pound,**

**Walnut Meats, Pecan Meats, and Valencia Shelled Almonds 45 cents pound.**

Fresh Salted Peanuts. Bulk Olives. Finest Bottled Olives and Pickles.  
Heinz's Sweet Gherkins 8 cents dozen. Heinz's Sour Pickles 5 cents dozen.

**CANDIES.**

Choice Cream Bon Bons 15 cents pound.  
Choice Cream Chocolates 15 cents pound.  
Candied Cherries and Pine Apple.  
Lowney's Chocolate and Frappie.  
Seeded Rasins.  
Orange, Lemon and Citron 25 cents pound.

**COFFEES.**

Standard Mocha and Java 25c

Fancy Combination 20c

Fancy Golden Rio 15c

Choice Rio 12c

Jamo Coffee 35c

A cup of Coffee made from any of our Leading Brands will greatly add to the completeness of your Thanksgiving Dinner.

**You Have No Excuse to Offer**

your guests a poor cup of coffee when you have now an opportunity of buying the famous

**A. I. C. HIGH GRADE COFFEES**

which are noted for their strength, flavor and money value.

**YOUR MONEY BACK** if they are not the best Coffee Values you ever received.

**FLOUR**

for baking; we have the finest grades at the lowest prices.

No difference what you may want to eat, fresh meat excepted

**FREEMAN'S**

IS THE PLACE.

CHELSEA TELEPHONE NO. 14.

LaGrippe, with its after effects, annually destroys thousands of people. It may be quickly cured by One Minute Cough Cure, the only remedy that produces immediate results in coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, pneumonia and throat and lung troubles. It will prevent consumption. Glazier & Stimson.

If you want ice cream for Thanksgiving leave your order at Earl's not later than Wednesday morning. The same quality of cream will be furnished as was used at the Maccabee banquet.

Old stoves made new at the Miller Foundry.

"I wouldn't be without DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve for any consideration," writes Thomas B. Rhodes, Centerfield, O. Infallible for piles, cuts, burns and skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. Glazier & Stimson.

**LOGS WANTED**

Walnut, White Ash, Second Growth Hickory and White Wood.

Must be straight grained, clear of knots for which I will pay the highest market price to be delivered at Chelsea.

D. SHELL.

**Bakery and Restaurant**

Having purchased the Bakery and Restaurant business of E. V. Barker, we are prepared to supply the public with

**LUNCHEONS and MEALS at all hours.**

Oysters any way you want them.

Fresh Bread every day.

Choice Cakes, Pies, etc., always in stock.

We know we can please you. Give us a call and be convinced.

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**Elegant Millinery**

NEWEST NOVELTIES.

If it's style you want, we have it; if it's quality, here you will find everything the best of its kind; if it's price, our policy is too well known hereabouts to need further emphasis.

Call and examine our line of New Winter Goods.

**MILLER SISTERS.**

**BARGAINS AT STAFFAN'S**

JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS SALE

**STOVES.**

The Celebrated **PENINSULARS.**



Just Arrived

New Line of

**SCREENS**

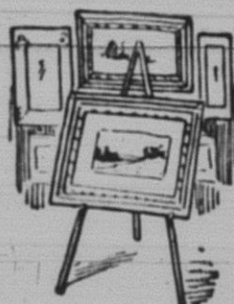
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**EASELS**

FROM

**75 CENTS**

UP.

**BEDROOM SUITS**

Elm.....\$9.50  
Ash.....\$11.50  
Oak.....\$14.50

**SIDEBOARDS**

Oak.....\$8.50  
Oak.....\$10.50  
Oak.....\$15.00  
Oak.....\$19.00  
Oak.....\$25.00

**Dining Chairs.**

6 Elm for.....\$2.40  
6 Ash for.....\$3.95  
6 Golden Oak for.....\$5.00  
6 Golden Oak for.....\$6.00

**Tinware.**

Pie Plates.....4c  
Cake Pans.....4c  
Copper Bottom Boilers at.....\$1.00  
Everything at Reduced Prices.

**STEEL GOODS**

Skillets.....14c  
Spiders.....39c  
Coal Hods.....24c  
Everything else in this line at low prices.

**FINE LINE OF**

**GUNS, SHELLS,**

**CLEANING RODS,**

Anything you want in the Gun line.

Smokeless Shells 55c box.

**SKATES,****SLEDs,****DOLL CABS,****HOBBY HORSES,****WAGONS, ETC.****ALL GOODS****WARRANTED**

Prices, the Lowest on Record.

Call and be Convinced

We have in our employe an expert stove man to repair, blacken and set up stoves.

**STAFFAN FURNITURE & UNDERTAKING CO**

The Best Glass Front. Main Street South. Chelsea Phone No 9

**J. J. RAFTREY****Glass Block Tailoring Parlors**

Grand opening of Fall and Winter

**WOOLENS!**

The latest Domestic and Imported goods for

**Suits, Top Coats and Odd Trousers**

at the right price. All kinds of silks and woollens cleaned and repaired by the latest improved methods.

Ladies' Jackets Made and Remodded.

J. J. RAFTREY, Glass Block Tailoring Parlors.

**Felt Hats and Sailors**

AND ALL FELT SHAPES AT

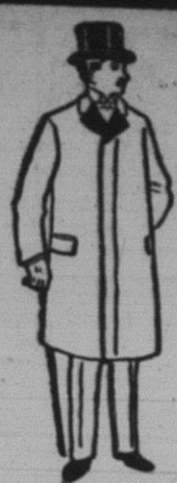
**GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.**

New Line of Winter Goods just received.

**MARY HAAB.**

New Staffan Block.





# LOOK THIS WAY

While we introduce to you a few of our many clothing bargains.

Last week we advertised on this spot of The Standard 200 pairs of men's odd pants to be placed on sale Saturday, November 18th at \$1.00. Nearly all of them were sold in one day.

We pay for this space in order that you may know where to look for BARGAINS.

Along with the balance of the \$1.00 Pants we will close out a lot of Odd Pants left from suits "where only coat and vest were sold" at about one-half their actual value.

Fine all-wool worsted pants at from \$2.50 to \$3.50

Fine all-wool cassimere pants at from \$2.00 to \$3.00.



## A FEW OF NEXT SATURDAY'S BARGAINS

Men's regular \$7.50 Chinchilla, Black and Oxford Irish Frieze Ulsters at \$5.00.

Men's Black and Blue Beaver Overcoats at \$6.50

Men's strictly all-wool Beaver Overcoats at \$8.50.

Men's Good Heavy all-wool Suits at \$6.75.

Boys' all-wool Long Pant suits at \$5.00.

Boys' all-wool Knee Pant Suits at \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50 and \$3.00.

COME AND LOOK.

W. P. SCHENK & COMPANY.

CHELSEA TELEPHONE NO 12

## LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Born, on Friday, November 17, 1899, to Mr. and Mrs. William Schatz, a son.

There were fifty two deaths in Washtenaw county during the month of October.

Born, on Wednesday, November 22, 1899, to Mr. and Mrs. Claude Monroe, a son.

Miss Lena Foster entertained a number of young ladies at her home on South Main street Wednesday afternoon.

On Thursday evening of last week a Catholic Literary Club was organized at the home of Mrs. C. E. Whittaker.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Snyder were called to Fosters to attend the funeral of a niece of Mrs. Snyder on Saturday.

The second number of the lecture course will be given Friday evening, when Lovett's Boston Stars will appear.

About thirty friends of Mr. and Mrs. W. U. Patterson gave them a pleasant surprise Tuesday evening. All reported a good time.

A sidewalk has been put down along the south side of the Turn Bull and Wilkinson block and Jacob Staffan's property on Park street.

The many friends here of Fred Freeman of Manchester, will be pleased to learn of his recovery from his recent serious illness.

A new time card was issued by the Michigan Central Sunday. There were no changes made affecting trains which stop at this place.

Thanksgiving services will be held at the Congregational church next Thursday at 10:30 a. m. Rev. F. A. Stiles will deliver the sermon.

The Standard will be issued on Wednesday next week, in order that the force can properly observe Thanksgiving. Correspondents will please take notice of this fact and get their items in early.

Martin McKune, an old and respected resident of this place died at his home on North Main street, Wednesday morning, November 22, 1899, aged 78 years. The funeral will be held at St. Mary's church at 10 o'clock Friday morning.

Sam Guerin, who was so badly scalded a number of weeks ago, is once more able to be about the streets and greet his friends.

Leon Kempf has been going about on crutches for the past week. He jumped over a fence and landed in such a manner as to sprain his ankle.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Hoppe, who have made their home in Chelsea for the past year, have moved back to their farm in the western part of the township.

Large audiences were present at each presentation of the Passion Play at St. Mary's church Friday and Saturday, and all were well pleased with the entertainment.

Dr. G. W. Palmer is making arrangements to turn the land on east Middle street which he recently purchased, into a skating park. This will be good news to Chelsea's lovers of skating, as the facilities for this exhilarating sport in this vicinity are very scarce.

George P. Glazier of Chelsea was in the village last Wednesday. He informs us that in the spring a new bank building will be built just east of the Tyler building. It will be one story high and built expressly for a bank and constructed on a fire and burglar proof plan.—Stockbridge Sun.

The county relief commission consisting of the prosecuting attorney, probate judge, county clerk and county treasurer have authorized the payment of the following bills presented by soldiers in the Spanish-American war: Sanford C. Rose \$45, Floyd A. Wilson \$125.52, Eugene Freer \$95, C. M. Williams \$40, William D. Cressy \$94.50, Willis D. Johnson, \$127.50.

The Warren Featherbone Co., of Three Oaks, Mich., have sent The Standard a copy of its leaflet, "Quills and Feathers." It is estimated that a large percentage of both the quills and feathers of turkeys which would otherwise net the grower or market man a nice profit, absolutely go to waste because many people throughout the interior towns and country districts do not know how to grade and sort them for sale. The plan of the Warren Featherbone Co. for buying the whole fleece as it comes from the turkey is new.

The Juniors will give a social at the town hall, Wednesday evening, November 29th. A fine program will be rendered and refreshments will be served. Admission 15 cents.

Henry Gorton & Son have purchased the grocery stock of H. L. Wood & Co., and have moved it to Waterloo. H. L. Wood & Co. will continue the seed, flour and feed portion of the business.

LaFayette grange will meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. Winslow Thursday, December 7th, at 10 o'clock a. m. Election of officers will take place at the beginning of the afternoon session. Each member is requested to bring a question for the question box. Subject for discussion: Resolved, that we gain more knowledge in nature life from reading than from observation.

It should be the business of the secretary of every organization to give the local paper the names of newly elected officers as soon as the election takes place. The reason a paper publishes notices of some societies and none of others, is simply because some secretaries are alive to the interests of their societies while others are not.

Our local buyers are paying 64 cents for wheat red, 64 cents for wheat white. Oats, new 25 cents, oats, old 30 cents. Rye 50 cents. Barley 85 to 90 cents. Cloverseed \$3@4.00. Corn 40 to 45 cents. Straw \$2.50 @ 3 per ton. Hay \$8.50 to \$9.00. Beans \$1.50. Apples 40@75 cents. Potatoes 30 cents. Onions small lots 30 cents. Pop corn 40@50 cents. Hickory nuts \$1. Beef, live 2 @ 4 cents, dressed, 5 @ 7 cents. Hogs, live \$3.50, dressed, \$4.25. Veal, live 5 cents, dressed, 7 cents. Sheep 2 to 3 cents. Lambs 4 to 5 cents. Chickens 5 cents. Fowls, 4 cents. Ducks, 5 cents. Turkey 9 cents. Geese 5 cents. Eggs 16 cents. Butter 16 cents.

The Spanish mortar taken from Morro Castle, Santiago de Cuba, and obtained through the good offices of Governor Pingree, for a class memorial by the class of 1899 will soon be fittingly mounted near its present position at the base of the campus flag staff at Ann Arbor. Specifications for this purpose have been prepared by Professor M. E. Cooley of the engineering department of the university. If his plans are followed the old cannon will present much the same appearance as when it was used to fire upon the United States battleships during the recent war with Spain. The foundation will be of concrete, eleven feet in length, approached by two steps, and of such height that the top of the mortar will be about five feet above the ground. The mortar will point upward at an angle of about forty-five degrees.

The street commissioner has been doing a good job on Main street this week. He has cut down the hill that was in the center of the street, and which has been such a nuisance for years.

Mrs. Wm. Stevenson, who tried to break the will of her father, Richard Webb, and who failed to succeed, will be allowed \$108.90 for her witness fees and expenses of the trial. Judge Newkirk so ordered it Tuesday. An attempt was made to have her attorney's fees allowed also, but Judge Newkirk could not see it in that light.

An amusing incident occurred in Judge Chester's court Saturday, says the Adrian Times. A gentleman of German descent was suing for a divorce from his wife, who had left him some years ago. In answer to an inquiry from an attorney as to his nationality, he replied, "I was a German." "And what nationality was your wife?" queried the attorney. "Och, she was a Metnodist," came the response, and the laugh which followed disturbed occupants on the lower floor of the building.

Hon. Andrew J. Sawyer is just completing his fortieth year in the actual practice of his profession. For some time past his son has been associated with him in the work and is doing much to relieve his father from the multifarious duties of his enormous practice, but Mr. Sawyer's active mentality and robust constitution will not soon allow him to leave his profession. That he has still a score of useful years before him his many friends here and elsewhere fully believe and sincerely hope.—Ann Arbor Courier.

The County Teachers' Association, County Reading Circle and the County Officers' Association have formed a combine, not a trust, however, and have divided the county into three sections for the betterment of each. Manchester and vicinity will constitute one district or section, Ypsilanti and vicinity another, and Dexter and Chelsea a third. Each of these districts will hold three meetings during the year, with a union meeting at Ann Arbor in January and another at Ypsilanti in May. The meetings for next month are as follows: Manchester, December 2, Prof. S. B. Laird, conductor; Dexter, December 9, Prof. C. T. Grawn, conductor; Ypsilanti, December 16, Prof. C. O. Hoyt conductor. Teachers are asked to prepare themselves on the first 101 pages of Halleck's Physiology and the first 96 pages of Seeley's History of education. The books may be obtained of Superintendent Evan Esesery, of Manchester; Superintendent A. D. DeWitt, of Dexter, Miss May Creech, of Chelsea, or Commissioner W. N. Lister. They cost \$2.

## OUR DOIN'S

OR--STILL MORE ABOUT

## THE C. E. FAIR!

We told you that we would serve supper each night of the Fair down at the Opera House.

DECEMBER 12-13

The first night it will be an Oyster Supper, the second—a Chicken Pie Supper.

Then about those pretty booths. They are to be filled with many useful and ornamental articles made by the ladies, or solicited from business houses. Just such thing as you will wish to purchase for Christmas gifts or to use in your homes. Then too, we shall sell them at "marked down" or "bargain counter" prices so that every one can afford to purchase. However, don't misunderstand us when we say "marked down" prices—for we expect to make a fair margin or profit. As we have already told you, we are in this fair business for a good time and incidentally to make some money. Our explanations are

To be Continued.

THE PRESS COM.

George Klink came into town Monday with a bad gash in his right wrist, as the result of attempting to drive a stake into his wood rack with an ax. The implement slipped and turned with the above result.

Michael Graham, who two years since disposed of his property in Jackson, removing to his farm near Chelsea, has purchased for \$1,500 the Harry Marriott place, 509 W. Trail street, and will at once take possession of the property. Mr. and Mrs. Graham will be welcomed back to Jackson by their many friends.—Jackson Citizen.

Report of school in district No. 5, Lyndon, for the month of November. Attending every day, Millie Wallace, Belle M. Call, Inez Collins, Vincent and Anna Young, Ernest Pickell, Frances and Spencer Boyce. Standing, 95. Madge Young, 90. Ethel Skidmore, Grace Collins, Belle Belle McCall, James Young, Callista Boyce, 85. Millie Wallace, Ernest Pickell, Floyd Boyce, 80. Vincent Young, Callista Boyce, McCall, Ethel Skidmore, James Young have not misspelled a word in written spelling during the month, Millie Wallace missing but one. Promoted from second to third grade, Anna Young, Inez Collins, Spencer Boyce, Margie Goodwin. Mrs. Lucy Stephens.

Secretary Mills, of the County Farmers' Institute Association, is in receipt of a letter from Prof. Smith, stating that the dates arranged for the Round Up Farmers' Institute have been approved. This settles it that the event is booked to come off in Ann Arbor February 23-26 and March 1 and 2. Prof. Smith also writes that he is in receipt of a letter from Secretary of Agriculture Wilson saying that he would try and be present in person, "but dared not promise so far ahead. If he is unable to do this, he will send someone direct from his department at Washington to represent him.

The Maccabees dedicated their new hall Tuesday evening with a banquet. About 250 people were present and partook of the bounties which had been prepared by the ladies. H. Lighthill officiated as toastmaster, and J. W. Speer, W. N. Lister, P. J. Lehman, Judge H. Wirt Newkirk and Revs. C. S. Jones and J. I. Nickerson addressed the assemblage. Music was furnished by an orchestra composed of Messrs. A. M. Freer, J. F. Shaver, K. Otto Steinbach, Mrs. Blanche Wood and Miss Helene Steinbach, and a male quartette composed of Messrs. George and Floyd Ward, Louis Burg and J. A. Eisenman.

Subscribe for The Standard.







# SHIPPING INDUSTRIES

AMERICA SHARED GENERAL PROSPERITY OF THE COUNTRY.

MORE SATISFACTORY CONDITIONS THAN FORMER YEARS.

TOTAL TONNAGE IS THE LARGEST SINCE 1865.

Washington, Nov. 20.—The annual report of Mr. Chamberlain, the commissioner of navigation, shows that American shipping industries shared in the general prosperity of the country during the past fiscal year. The returns disclose more satisfactory conditions than those of any former year in the bureau's history. The total documented tonnage on June 30, 1898, comprised 22,728 vessels, of 4,804,238 gross tons, which is our largest since 1865. The tonnage operating under our coasting laws, 21,397 vessels of 4,015,902 gross tons, is the largest in our history and greater than the coasting tonnage of any other nation. Our steam tonnage, 2,470,011 tons, for the first time exceeds the tonnage of all other craft. In the rest of the world steam tonnage eleven years ago exceeded our tonnage. Our tonnage registered for foreign trade remains small, and last year American vessels carried a fraction less than 9 per cent of our exports and imports, the smallest percentage in our history.

Based on Bureau Veritas returns, the world's sea-going sail tonnage in the past quarter of a century has decreased from 14,185,836 tons to 8,693,769 tons, a decrease of 40 per cent. The decrease in the United States has been at average rate. World's sea-going tonnage in the same period increased from 4,328,193 tons to 18,887,132 tons, or 336 per cent. The increase of the United States has been only 68 per cent, and the increase of American steam tonnage registered for foreign trade on the Atlantic and gulf coasts has been only 38 per cent. The developments of Alaska within the past few years has caused a rapid increase in Pacific coast tonnage. Within the past 20 years the United States in sea-going steam tonnage has dropped from the second place, next to Great Britain, to the fourth position, below Germany and France, and if steamships in foreign trade alone are considered, below Norway and Spain, and only slightly ahead of Japan.

The report reviews briefly the legislation of other nations in behalf of their merchant shipping, showing that last year European nations and Japan expended \$26,000,000 to promote it in various forms, while the United States spent only \$908,211. On their steamship lines to China and Japan foreign nations expended about \$5,000,000, while for the same purpose the United States expended less than \$400,000. The establishment of two or more fast American steamship lines on the Pacific coast to connect with Asia will furnish the capitals of western Europe with closer mail and passenger connections by from three to five days than is now possible by heavily subsidized British, German and French steamship lines through the Suez canal.

## ENERGETIC MEASURES.

England Afraid of a Combination of Hostile Powers.

Quebec, Nov. 20.—Apparently apprehensive of advantages being taken of her war with the Boers, England is adopting energetic measures to avoid being taken unawares in any move that may be made in the Pacific as the result of a possible combination of two or more hostile powers against her interests in that quarter of the globe.

A strong detachment of marines, whose sailing from England was not announced, has just arrived at Halifax en route to Esquimaux, British Columbia, the strongest British stronghold and naval base on the Pacific ocean. The fortifications at Esquimaux are also undergoing considerable strengthening and enlargement, and a large number of heavy ordnance guns have recently been shipped across the continent to be mounted at that fortress.

The majority of the recently landed marines are still at Halifax, the apparent intention of the authorities being to move them across the continent in small batches, so as to avoid undue public notice.

The reason for the present strengthening of Esquimaux lies, it is understood, in the possibility that Russia may seize the opportunity of the Boer war to attack England in the east.

## Wheat for Europe.

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 20.—The Journal says: Alfred Dutton, who is at the head of a grain firm with houses at Mannheim and Dulsburg, Germany, has just closed deals with several local grain firms, involving a purchase of several hundred thousand dollars' worth of southwestern wheat, and has left for Galveston, where he will make arrangements for the shipment of the grain to Europe.

"The failure, or the partial failure, of the Russian wheat crop," said Mr. Dutton in an interview, "is responsible for my visit to Kansas City. The quality of the Russian wheat is so poor this year that we do not care to use it."

## Gov. Bradley Watched.

Lexington, Ky., Nov. 20.—Gov. W. O. Bradley and Adj.-Gen. Daniel Collier conferred here Sunday with Col. R. D. Williams, of the Second Kentucky Regiment, and the latter returned with them to Frankfort. None would talk. Republican leaders professing to be close to the governor, but having no announcement from him personally, say that if the vote of Louisville is thrown out Gov. Bradley will refuse to recognize Goebel as his successor and will maintain his position even if forced to use the militia. The governor's movements are closely watched from all sides.

## RETALIATORY WAR.

Michigan and Wisconsin Commissioners Differ on Premium Tax.

Lansing, Mich., Nov. 22.—There has never been any affection frittered away between the Michigan insurance department and that of the state of Wisconsin since a disagreement which occurred about a year ago, and the two departments are now likely to have another retaliatory war in regard to the taxes upon fire insurance premiums. Wisconsin has for several years taxed the Michigan companies 5 per cent upon the premiums received in that state—2 per cent being a fire department tax. Insurance Commissioner Stevens has been trying to secure a reduction of the tax to 3 per cent, by requesting that the Michigan companies be allowed to deduct the fire department tax from the retaliatory tax, according to the custom in New York and Illinois.

Commissioner Giljohann, of Wisconsin, refuses to do this upon the grounds that the fire department tax of Wisconsin is not a state tax and also that it is levied against the agents and not the companies, and, therefore, the Michigan retaliatory law cannot apply to this kind of a law. However, the Michigan commissioner has again urged the matter upon the Wisconsin department, quoting a decision of the Wisconsin Supreme Court that the tax is a tax levied by the state and also deciding that it is a tax against the companies and not the agents.

The offer of the Michigan department seems to be a fair one, as there are only about \$45,000 of premiums collected by Michigan companies in Wisconsin, while there are nearly \$200,000 of premiums collected in Michigan by Wisconsin companies.

## OFFICIAL MISCONDUCT.

Rosecommon County Supervisors Will be Investigated.

Lansing, Mich., Nov. 22.—Charges against four supervisors of Rosecommon county for willful neglect of duty and official misconduct have been filed with Gov. Pingree, who signed an order for an investigation, which will be conducted before the judge of Probate or Circuit Court commissioner of Rosecommon county. The supervisors against whom charges have been made are Asher J. Lartve, of Marquette township; Edward Nelson, of Rosecommon; Richard Foote, of Nestor; and John Laughray, of St. Helens.

Several weeks ago the prosecuting attorney of Rosecommon county brought the charges to the attention of the attorney-general, who sent Secretary Twiss, of the tax commission, to make an investigation. It was discovered that the supervisors had been in the habit of undervaluing the property of residents, while the property of non-residents was placed on the tax rolls at a very high figure.

## Michigan Pensions.

Washington, Nov. 22.—Michigan pensions were granted Tuesday as follows: Original—Henry C. Burgess, Burdickville, \$6; Alonzo Chaffee, Allegan, \$8; Increase—Geo. W. Day, West Branch, \$14 to \$17; Jas. H. Martin, Allegan, \$8 to \$17; Sidney R. Wolcott, Mullan, \$8 to \$10; Addison A. Udell, Three Rivers, \$9 to \$12.75. Widows—Marady V. Stanton, Soldiers' Home, \$8; Cynthia Hayes, Unionville, \$8; Mary A. Vanhorn, Mt. Pleasant, \$8.

## Favorable Symptoms Noted.

Nebraska City, Neb., Nov. 22.—While physically not much changed, Senator Hayward's mental condition has grown decidedly worse—so much so that his physician is fearful of an inflammation of the lesion in the brain. The senator seems to be improving very slowly, if at all. His right arm seems to be completely dead, the sensory nerves and muscles being alike useless. It is hard for even the physician to say whether the patient's condition is or is not growing better from day to day. Favorable symptoms are noted, but those not so encouraging are also manifest.

## Five Bullets in His Body.

Taunton, Mass., Nov. 22.—Joseph F. McMahon was shot and probably fatally wounded while asleep at his home here. John Gallagher, McMahon's brother-in-law, it is alleged, did the shooting. The occupants of the house heard five shots fired. Five bullets entered McMahon's body. Several women in nearby rooms, awakened by the sound of the shots, rushed into McMahon's room, where they saw Gallagher standing with a smoking pistol in his hands. The women seized him, but he freed himself and fled. No one seems to know what led to the shooting.

## Heiress to a Large Fortune.

St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 22.—A Stevens Point, Wis., special to the Pioneer Press says: Miss Hattie Smith, the 18-year-old daughter of a retired farmer, Thomas Smith, has been chosen as heiress to \$1,000,000. Miss Smith's granduncle, Richard Smith, a wealthy business man of Glasgow, Scotland, has signed a contract to settle \$1,000,000 on Miss Smith when she arrives at 21, in consideration of her going to Glasgow to live with the old gentleman and his wife. She will go to Glasgow in August. Her uncle is 92 years old.

## Yaquis to Surrender.

Ortiz, Mex., November 22.—A delegation of Yaqui Indian squaws has arrived here on the way to Guaymas. They are the bearers of a message to the chiefs of the tribes to Prasil from Diaz, which they expect to forward through the military officer in command at Guaymas. In this message the Indians offer to lay down their arms, provided the conditions existing when the recent outbreak occurred are restored. This means that the land awarded to the Indians under the original treaty of peace be given back to them.

## Treasury Statement.

Washington, Nov. 22.—Tuesday's statement of the condition of the treasury shows: Available cash balance, \$294,050,765; gold reserve, \$246,026,969.

## SENTENCE COMMUTED.

Albert Kimmerer, a Life Convict, To Be Released in 1901.

Lansing, Mich., November 18.—Gov. Pingree has commuted the sentence of Albert Kimmerer, a life convict in the Jackson prison, to fifteen years' imprisonment. The prisoner will be released July 11, 1901.

Excellent reasons were given by the advisory board for the commutation of sentence. Kimmerer was convicted of the crime of murder in the first degree in Genesee county, and was sentenced by Judge Newton, November 25, 1890, to Jackson, for life. He was 25 years of age at the time of his sentence, and had previously borne a good name. The crime for which he was convicted was the drowning of an infant—his illegitimate child. The mother of the infant, accompanied by Kimmerer, drove to the river near Flint, and he held the horse while the guilty mother threw the child into the stream. The two were tried jointly, Kimmerer being convicted while the woman was acquitted. Ten of the jurors who sat in the case, the prosecuting attorney, Judge Newton and a large number of Flint's most prominent citizens petitioned the board of pardons to recommend a commutation of sentence.

## GEN. KING AT ANN ARBOR.

Paid a Glowing Tribute to the Citizen Soldier.

Ann Arbor, Mich., November 18.—Gen. Charles King, the well-known author and army man, lectured before the students' lecture association Friday night on the subject, "With the Volunteers at Manila." His lecture consisted largely of reminiscences, but he took occasion to pay a glowing tribute to the citizen soldier. "When they reached San Francisco," said he, "they were the quietest lot of soldiers ever seen, but in six months they were equal in training and bearing to the regulars. Old army men that I am I count as the most valuable experience of my varied career my service with the volunteers at Manila."

He maintained most strenuously that the Filipinos fired the first shot in the war and that the Nebraska regiment did not open fire. He also took occasion to deny the charge that Americans desecrated the churches in the islands.

## Big Fire at Bay City.

Bay City, Mich., Nov. 18.—Jonathan Boyce's sawmill and salt block in Essexville, at the mouth of the Saginaw river, were wholly consumed by fire Friday evening. The wind, blowing lightly from the southwest, carried the flames along over a space of 2,000 feet, wiping out the entire plant, including trams, docks and 500,000 feet of lumber. The planing mill to the south escaped. Fire started in the mill, but the origin is a mystery. The mill was not in operation, having been shut down for want of logs. Essexville being without fire protection, the blaze could not be stopped until it burned itself out. A steamer from Bay City kept the flames from the planing mill.

## Violating the Law.

Iron Mountain, Mich., November 18.—Fifty-two non-resident deer hunting licenses have been issued in this county, mostly to Ohio and Indiana men. There are, however, not fewer than 200 non-resident hunters in the woods hereabouts. These men claim to be hunting birds, but are in reality killing deer for the market. Only the headquarters are taken, the remainder being thrown away. Never were there so many gross violations of the law, headlighting, running deer with dogs and snares. No attempt is being made by the state authorities to enforce the laws, no deputies having been sent to this territory, and many deer are being unlawfully killed.

## Michigan Pensions.

Washington, Nov. 18.—Increase—George Plude, Alpena, \$24 to \$30; William S. Huntington, Bancroft, \$12; Washington Radde, Charlotte, \$17; Henry McDonald, Olivet, \$14 to \$17. Reissue—Lewis H. Barnes, Cloverdale, \$6; Julius P. King, Battle Creek, \$17; John Morhart, Reed City, \$50. Widows—Sarah Jane Gallup, Ypsilanti, \$8.

## FROM WAR TAX.

Policies of Fraternal Organizations Are Exempt.

Washington, November 18.—Commissioner Wilson, of the internal revenue bureau, has rendered an important decision in which he held, in effect that the policies of life insurance companies which are exempt from taxation under the war revenue tax are only such fraternal societies or orders, beneficiary societies or orders, farmers' purely local co-operative companies or associations, and employees' relief associations operated on the lodge system or co-operative plan, and that the exemption does not apply to the policies of life insurance companies per se, although they may have features of mutuality. A further restriction imposed by the law on life insurance companies is that they shall be "conducted for profit." The commissioner says in part:

"I am of the opinion that it was the intention of congress to exempt from taxation policies of life insurance issued by fraternal societies or orders, and beneficiary societies or orders which are operated on plans similar to the lodge or ritualistic form. "It surely cannot be said that a mutual life insurance company is a fraternal society or order; nor can it be said that a mutual life insurance company is a beneficiary society or order, although fraternal and beneficiary societies may be mutual."

## Englishmen Honored.

London, November 18.—Sir Richard Webster, the British attorney-general, has been made a baronet in recognition of his work on the Venezuelan arbitration commission. Sir Robert T. Reid, of counsel for Great Britain, has been made a knight grand cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

## Mister Good Times.

Mister Good Times meet me; I'll be glad to see you— You long time on de way.

"Des walk right in, en welcome (Dat des de word I say.) Des hang 'em up at dat—like dat, En make 'em bed, en stay!"

I hears de dimes a-jinglin'— De dollars dance away; I fills my pocket ter de brim, En takes dat holiday!

But w'en de sun wuz settin', En da'k a-comin' on, I look for Mister Good Times, But Mister Good Times gone!

He only lef' dis message: (Dat des de way he do!) "You des can't stan' no good times— You tridin' slinner—you!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

## HER GALLANT CAVALIER.

"I think him the embodiment of chivalry and gallantry," said Ethel Hunt enthusiastically.

She was a dark-cheeked, diamond-eyed girl of 18, with braids of blue-black hair coiled around the back of her small, Greek-shaped head, and a color as rich and velvety as the side of a July peach.

"Humph!" said Aunt Sara. "I've heard girls talk so before, and it generally ended in one thing."

"For shame! Aunt Sara," cried Ethel, coloring up to her eyelashes. "I only mean, of course, that he is an agreeable companion."

Now, this Aunt Sara was no spectacular splinter of an uncertain age, nor portly, pillow-shaped widow, with the photograph of her dear departed husband worn, locket-shaped, upon her bosom—but a pretty young woman of four or five and twenty, with bright blue eyes and hair all streaked with golden gleams, who was engaged in the congenial occupation of making up her wedding clothes.

"An agreeable companion—of course," said Aunt Sara. "Look, Ethel, do you think white Maltese lace or French blonde, with a heading of Roman pearls, would be prettiest for this berth?"

Aunt Sara knew when to drop a subject, and when to hold on to it. But while Ethel was stitching the quilting of French blonde on to the white silk dress her young aunt's mind was busy upon the topic she had apparently abandoned.

"The disagreeable fellow," thought Aunt Sara. "He has somehow heard that Ethel has money, and he is determined to win it. If she could only see him in his true light; but I know what a perverse thing a woman's heart is. Just as sure as I attempted to tell her what he really is, she'll make up her mind that he is the finest and least appreciated personage on the face of the earth. And I did so want her to keep her heart whole until Everard Grafton comes to be Charles' groomsmen! Everard Grafton is worthy of a princess!"

And Miss Sara Martell sat and sewed away in absorbed silence, without speaking a word for the unprecedented period of fifteen minutes.

"They say he is perfectly intolerable at home," she said to herself. "Clara Waters was there once and heard him rating his sisters fearfully because the beefsteak for his late break ast was a little overdone. I only wish I could manage it that Ethel should see him in his true light."

She sat and thought a while longer—and suddenly the color bloomed into her cheek, the dimples into her chin. She started up.

"Ethel," she said, "I'm sure you must be tired of sitting over that everlasting stitching. I've got to go over to Susy Morand's to borrow a pattern; it will be just a pleasant walk for us."

"To Miss Morand's?" Ethel was vexed with herself, but she could not help the telltale blood that surged into her cheeks. "Isn't it rather early? Only 9 o'clock!"

"Early? Not a bit. Susy and I are so intimate we don't mind curl papers and calico wrappers. Get your hat and come along, quick."

But, in spite of her exhortations to speed, Sara Martell smiled to herself to perceive that Ethel Hunt lingered long enough in her own room to change her black lace breast-knot for a becoming little butterfly bow of rose-colored ribbon and to rearrange the dainty tendrils of silky black hair that drooped so caressingly over her low, broad forehead.

"She thinks we shall see Julian Morand," she thought to herself. "Well, perhaps we shall. I am putting myself entirely into the hands of Luck and Chance."

But when they reached the Morand mansion, instead of ringing formally at the front door, Miss Martell went around to the back porch, a pretty little entrance, all shaded with honeysuckles and trumpet vines.

"I always go in here," said she nonchalantly, in reply to Ethel's remonstrating glance. "Sue Morand and I are just like sisters."

"Sue Morand," a blooming girl of 18, was in the kitchen, making apple cake. "The pattern? Of course, you shall have it!" she cried. "Just wait a minute until I get it."

"I'll go with you," said Sara. "Ethel, you'll not mind waiting for use here?" "Not in the least," said Ethel. And she sat down by the window, where ivies, trained in bottles of water, were creeping like green jewels across the crystal panes of glass.

"Sue! Sue!" She started at the voice of her preux chevalier of the evening before came roaring down the back stairs. "Confound you all, down there, why aren't my boots blacked? Sue! Mother! Nell! what's become of my breakfast? You must think a man has nothing to do but to lie here and wait all day for you lazy folks to stir around!"

There was no reply as he paused, apparently expecting one. "Mother" was

down in the garden under the big green sun-bonnet, gathering scarlet-cheeked tomatoes for dinner. "Nell" was in the front yard picking red-velvet autumn leaves out of the gold and russet drifts that lay like treasures of precious stones upon the grass.

Sue was shut up among the mysteries of "patterns" innumerable, with Miss Sara Martell. Ethel Hunt sat coloring and half frightened, the sole auditor of Mr. Morand's oburgations.

"I know there's some one down there!" he shouted. "I can hear you breathe and your dress rustle. Just like your ugliness not to answer a fellow! Do you hear, Sue? Black my boots, quick. I'm waiting for them!"

And "bang! bang!" came the useful articles of wear in question down the winding stairway that led into the kitchen.

Poor little Ethel! She half rose up, then sat down again, piteously undecided what to do—and even while she hesitated, with color varying like the red and white of the American flag in a high wind, the door at the foot of the stairs flew open and in stalked Julian Morand, tall and disheveled, with unkempt hair and beard, fretfully curved mouth, and a most unbecoming costume of a soiled Turkish dressing gown, faded pearl-colored nether garments, and stockinged feet, thrust into dirty red morocco slippers.

"I say, you!" he snarled out; "why don't you—"

And then, perceiving to whom he was actually addressing himself, he started back, turning fiery red.

"Miss Hunt!" And, with a downward glance at his toilet, he fairly turned and fled, the skirts of his Turkish dressing gown floating like red and orange meteors behind him. And, mortified and terrified though she was, Ethel Hunt could not resist the temptation to break into a peal of hearty laughter.

This, then, was her ideal among men, her gallant cavalier, her "Sir Lancelot" of fancied perfection, snarling at his mother and sisters like an ill-conditioned bear, flinging old boots down the stairs at them, tumbling out of bed at 9 o'clock in the morning, while his mother split kindling and picked tomatoes out in the vegetable garden! Like some Chinese idol, so fell Mr. Julian Morand off his high pedestal in the estimation of Miss Hunt.

She told it all to Sara Martell when they were safe at home.

"Aunt Sara," she said, "I am thoroughly disenchanted."

Miss Martell shrugged her shoulders and mentally thanked her lucky stars. "I could have told you as much before," said she. "These Adonises are like cheap calico—they will never wash nor wear! Wait until Everard Grafton comes!"

"And who is Everard Grafton?"

"The nicest young fellow in the world—after my betrothed husband."

When Mr. Grafton came he so far justified Aunt Sara's encomiums that Ethel really did like him. And Aunt Sara was willing to leave the rest to fate.—New York Daily News.

## Dewey and Evans.

The deck of a man-of-war is the territory of the nation whose flag she flies from the masthead. "The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it," to quote Jack Bunsby. An anecdote, told in Watterson's "History of the Spanish-American War," shows "the application on it" made by Dewey, while in command of the Pensacola.

While the Pensacola was at Manila in 1897, a number of sailors who had gone ashore on leave became engaged in a street brawl. An alarm was turned in, but the sailors escaped to the ship. The next morning the Spanish captain of the port visited the Pensacola to complain to Captain Dewey of the action of his sailors.

"What can I do?" asked Dewey.

"Why, your men raised a riot on shore, and you can assist me in arresting and punishing them," replied the Spaniard.

Dewey courteously expressed his regret that sailors of the Pensacola should be lawless while on shore leave, but could see no way in which he might assist his visitor in searching out the guilty ones.

The reply of Dewey angered the port captain, and he said peremptorily:

"You certainly can parade your crew before me, in order that the rioters may be identified."

Looking aloft and pointing to the Stars and Stripes waving at the masthead, Dewey made reply:

"The deck of this vessel is United States territory, and I'll parade my men for no foreigners that ever drew breath."

In 1892 Capt. Robley D. Evans' ship, the Baltimore, was lying in the harbor of Valparaiso, and some Chilean revolutionists sought refuge on board. There were three Chilean men-of-war in the harbor. The admiral called on Captain Evans to notify him that if the refugees were not surrendered his three ships would follow the Baltimore out of the harbor and sink her.

Captain Evans ("Fighting Bob") conveyed the warning to his guests and told them to decide for themselves—for his part he was ready to protect them at all hazards. They concluded to remain with him, and Captain Evans so informed the Chilean admiral, adding that as long as they chose to stay he would protect them.

"Very well," replied the admiral; "your ship will be sunk half an hour after you leave the harbor."

"That may be true," said Captain Evans, "but the Baltimore will make you a lot of trouble for half an hour."

He had his way, and kept the refugees.

## KNEW WHAT HE WANTED.

He Wanted the Dressing on a Plate, to Be Sure.

A Chicago inebriate who had never known the choicer luxuries of life intimately was taken in hand by a friend, given a season of liquor cure treatment, and on his return supplied with money for a fresh start in life.

He determined to commence with a hearty dinner. So entering a well-known restaurant he sat down at a table and began to study the bill of fare while the waiter waited for his order.

He scanned the menu long and earnestly, but could see nothing on it with which he was familiar. Suddenly he laid the card face upward on the table, closed his eyes, and jabbed his forefinger down savagely at random on the printed list with the air of a man who had made up his mind.

"There," said he, "give me some of that."

The waiter bent down and examined the line over which the finger rested. He looked puzzled.

"That's Mayonnaise dressing."

"Of course it is. Don't you 'spose I can read? That's what I want. Bring me some of it."

"Certainly, sir. But what do you want it on?"

"What it on, you chump!" shouted the man who refused to be corrected. "A plate, of course! What did you suppose I wanted it on? The table cloth?"—Chicago News.

## An Exchange of Compliments.



Giraffe—You've got a hard cheek. Rhinoceros—And you've got a rubber neck, so shut up.

## An Unhappy Name.

I remember hearing the following story from the late Canon Bardsley, author of "English Names and Surnames." There was once a woman—a "little 'crackey,' I think," said the canon, by way of parenthesis—who had a son whose she had christened "What." Her idea seems to have been that when in after days he was asked his name, and kept saying "what," amusing scenes would follow, which was likely enough, especially if the boy was careful to pronounce the aspirate. Such a scene did, I believe, occur once when he went to school, and was told, as a newcomer, to stand up and furnish certain particulars. "What is your name?" asked the teacher. "What," blurted out the boy, amid the laughter of the class. "What is your name?" asked the master again, with more emphasis. "What," replied the boy. "Your name, sir!" roared the infuriated pedagogue. "What, what?" roared back the terrifiedurchin. The sequel I forget, but I believe it was one of those cases in which the follies of the parents are visited on the children of the first generation.—Notes and Queries.

## Broke Up the Show.

An actor tells of a tragic experience he had recently while playing to an audience in a little town in southern Texas. In one of the scenes of the play, in which he acts the villain, he hides himself in a barrel, that he may listen to a conversation between the hero and heroine, whose future well-being he is trying to destroy. In the town hall there was little if any "property" material. A barrel would do to conceal himself in, so a "hired hand" was sent out to find one. He succeeded. The time came for the actor to do his part. He slipped in the barrel with ease. The man and the woman appeared, and while they were in the midst of an animated conversation there came a howl from the barrel that fairly shook the rafters. This was followed by the cavedropper crawling out with his hands to his face, and he in turn was followed by a swarm of wasps. The wasps got among the stage people and those in the audience, which created so much confusion that the show was broken up.

## That Would Have Been Worse.

"You are convicted of bigamy," remarked the judge, impressively, while the prisoner glanced over his shoulder at three stern-visaged women. "Now," continued the court, "I intend to give you the severest penalty the law allows." Here the prisoner covered his face with his hands and wept. "I shall sentence you to prison for two years. What are you grinning at?" "I thought," smiled the prisoner through his tears, "you was a-going to turn me loose."—Tit-Bits.

## Explaining It Away.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself to come home at this hour in such a condition?" she cried. "Well, m' dear," he explained, apologetically, "I thou' I oughter ha' sumpin' ter show fer th' time I wasted."—Philadelphia North American.

## The Cornfed Philosopher.



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### INSTRUCTIONS

given on Mandolin, Violin, Clarinet and Bass Viol.  
K. OTTO STEINBACH.

**The Thistle Flower.**  
My homely flower that blooms along  
The dry and dusty ways,  
I have a mind to make a song,  
And make it in thy praise;  
For thou art favored of all hearts,  
Humble and outcast as thou art.  
Though never with the plants of grace  
In garden borders set,  
Full often have I seen thy face  
With tender tear-drops wet,  
And seen thy gray and ragged sleeves  
All wringing with them, morns and eves.  
Albeit thou livest in a bush  
Of such unsightly form,  
Thou hast not any need to blush—  
And for that charm I love thee so,  
And not for any outward show.

The iron-weed, so straight and fine,  
Above thy head may rise,  
And all in glossy purple shine;  
But to my partial eyes  
It can not harm thee—thou hast still  
A place no finer flower can fill.  
The fennel, she is courted at  
The porch and side the door—  
Thou hast no lovers, and for that  
I love thee all the more.  
Only the wind and rain to be  
Thy friends, and keep thee company.  
—Alice Cary.

### BACK TO LIGHT AND LOVE.

I.  
The silent stars looked down through a clear, still night upon a host of sleeping men. The brigade had advanced by forced marches, and now lay within two miles of the dervish camp. Tomorrow's dawn would see the assault. Two officers stood together, talking in low whispers, for it was of the utmost importance that the enemy should be taken by surprise, and the orders as to silence were strict.  
"Buck up, old chap; you'll come through all right. And if not, what does it amount to? You've got no women-folk to bother about."  
"No, thank heaven! It is in times like this that one is glad never to have married—like poor old Harcourt."  
"Why poor?"  
"I was thinking of his wife. I shouldn't care to be tied to an ugly woman myself."

"That's all rot, Hamilton," retorted the other. "I don't believe it matters a row of pins, so long, of course, as she isn't repulsive or underbred."  
"Think so?"  
"Yes. The most unlikely woman sometimes attract most."  
"Well, old chap, I'm precious thankful I've no thoughts of woman to bother me to-night. I shall try for a head to-morrow, even if I have got the route; we've a good chance of being first into the zareba."  
"We will give you a race for it, anyhow. But we'd better try and get a sleep, for this awful heat takes it out of a fellow."

The two went to their separate posts. And as he lay sleepless, the thought came to Hamilton that it was somewhat lonesome to think that no woman's eyes would fill at the news of his death, and he looked upward at the stars above him, wondering where his soul would be to-morrow. The shadow of death lay upon him as, at times, it does upon the bravest soldier; he would fight none the worse for it in the morning.

The sun had risen.  
In the previous short half-hour of dawn the assault had been delivered; the dervish forces had been driven from their intrenchments, and now the black, grinning "Gypys" were fraternizing and triumphing with their laughing and chaffing white comrades.

Backward, across the half-mile of plain, the surgeons were busy. Away to the southward could be heard the sounds of pursuit, as the British Lancers chased the flying Baggara.

A field hospital at the front is not a pleasant place, neither can it be described in cold black and white. War correspondents, as readers of the dailies have no doubt noticed, judiciously avoid more than the merest mention of such places.

There were some ghastly cases, and both surgeons and assistants had been worked hard. But the pressure was over, and at last there was time to attend to the wounds which were not deadly.

"Now, Hamilton, let's see," said Surgeon-Major Murphy, approaching an officer who lay motionless on a stretcher—who had so lain half an hour at least. The doctor looked his patient over, gave a low whistle, and beckoned to one of the orderlies, who at that moment turned his head.  
"Look, see, Dawkins, here's a bad case! He must go back to hospital!"  
"Bad as that, doctor?" asked the motionless man, faintly.

"This so! Now you keep quiet."  
Lieut. Hamilton had been totally blinded by the explosion of a shell in an earthwork as, well in front, he was leading his company. He was sent to the rear—to the hospital—and Sister May was given charge of him.  
He had not much pain, only he was blind. Treatment appeared to have no effect on this; it seemed likely to be a long business. The days began to hang heavily. Then came the old story: "Love in idleness."

II.  
Hospital sisters do not cease to be women when they take up their work. Sister May was just as susceptible to love as though she had been a silly young thing of 18, though, in fact, she was 30 years older. And he? Pity being akin to love, the recipient of pity runs a double risk. Her voice was soft and musical, her touch was soothing, her care of him seemed first motherly, then sisterly, then—  
So it was that by easy stages they drifted into that strange attraction which the world calls "love."  
And her one fear was that some day he might see again. The surgeon said it was just possible, and was advising a consultation with the world-famed Prof. Augenwirts of Graefrath. She prayed against the possibility, for in her own eyes she was plain—nay, ugly past redemption. Yet, though she could not realize it, her too large mouth and prominent teeth, her irregular nose, and all the fancied imperfections of her face mattered little; for her large gray eyes were soft and full of animation, her skin was like velvet, her figure and carriage perfect. But, woman-like, she could only dwell upon her facial defects, and was full of apprehension lest some day his sight should be restored and, seeing her features, he should loathe her.  
Her cousin Kate, a sister nurse, seeing how things tended, chaffed her unmercifully.  
"Now, May, I thought you had long ago sacrificed your life to nursing; and yet the first good-looking young lieutenant—"  
"He will always want nursing, Kate," she faltered, in excuse.  
"Ah! but suppose Dr. Haggerty is right, and his sight comes back; he won't want any nursing then."  
Sister May did not answer.  
A week later Hamilton left the hospital for Graefrath full of hope. The night previous to his departure they came to an indefinite understanding and though she would not give an unqualified answer to his pleadings, she had not the courage to stop him altogether. In recklessness she allowed herself to drink in the sweets of his passionate words; they would at any rate be a life-long remembrance, even though on his return he should cast her off.  
The operation was successful beyond his hopes, and in a few weeks he was rushing back to his love—eyes shaded. It is true, but with the certainty that in a short time his sight would be fully restored.  
"I want to see Miss Johnstone," he said to the orderly at the hospital entrance.  
"Miss Johnstone, sir? Which?"  
"Why, the nurse."  
"Yes, sir; but there's two of them."  
"Well—er—she's very good-looking. I did not know there were two."  
"Oh, yes, sir; there's two. But I know the one you mean now."  
And he was shown into the waiting-room.  
"Gentleman wants me? Who can it be?" Then the door opened. He started forward.  
"My love!" he whispered. "I know you were beautiful. I have come back to claim you."  
Sister Kate drew back, startled. For this man with the shade over his eyes the moment she could not imagine who could be. In that moment he had drawn her to him, and was wildly pouring out his love.  
In that moment also the door again opened, and Sister May, looking in, saw all.  
She faltered, and dropped back, the beating of her heart choking her for the minute.  
"Stop, sir!" said Kate, regaining her senses. "You must be Mr. Hamilton?"  
"Yes," he answered, amazed, releasing her.  
This frivolous little voice was not that of his love. This over-frizzed hair, these shallow eyes were not beautiful at the second glance. What had he done?  
"Are not you Miss Johnstone?"  
"Yes, Kate Johnstone."  
"Kate? And is your sister—?"  
"Cousin."  
"Is she not here?"  
"Yes," said Kate, with a smile. "Stay here. I will fetch her."  
"Why, May, you there?" she whispered, on finding her at the threshold, and wondering if she had seen or heard. "Here is Mr. Hamilton. Come."  
"No, never! I will never see him!" she panted, between her heart beats.  
"Nonsense! He has come back on purpose for you, and his eyes are all right."  
"Yes, and he expects to see a pretty girl like you!" retorted May, bitterly.  
"Look her, May, don't you be a fool! Go in; he is waiting."  
But Hamilton had already grown impatient. The door opened and he saw them both.  
"Here she is," said Kate.  
"Ah!" he said.  
Sister May looked down, trembling.  
"Are you May Johnstone, my dear nurse?" he asked, his voice full of tenderness and love.  
"Yes," she whispered.  
"Kate had disappeared; they were alone."  
"My darling, I have come for you," he said.  
"But—you can see now?"  
She looked up recklessly and their eyes met.  
"Yes, thank God; I can see my love!" Then she surrendered herself.

**British Drum Horses.**  
In the army of Great Britain the bands of cavalry are mounted, and the honorary position in these musical cavalcades is that of the bearer of the kettle-drums. The horse selected for this high position is often piebald, but this particular coloring is not essential to the office; the animal may be pure white. At any rate, his appearance must be consistent with the show-piece he is in the band. His education is severe and persistent, bringing him at last up to that point where his pride and intelligence make him a dignified and graceful bearer of the handsome trappings that surround his high calling. His nerves are severely tried by the booming of the enormous drums he is destined to bear, but in time he becomes as indifferent to the noise as do his brothers to the singing bullets. In the parade his rider has his hands full in the use of the sticks. He controls the steed by means of the reins, which are fastened to the stirrup near the foot. The fame of the drum horse is often won on the field of battle. His duty classes him with the war horse, and in similar lines lies his path to glory and renown. The horse that wins laurels in the battlefield and carries himself with becoming dignity in the parades of peace will sometimes find himself in the line of promotion to the proud position of drum horse in the regimental band—  
**Woman's Home Companion.**

### HIS FIND OF TWO DOLLARS.

"THOUGHT HONESTY TO BE THE BEST POLICY."

The Boston Traveling Man's Experience Leads Him to Doubt the Correctness of the Old Saying.

"Honesty may be the best policy," said the Boston drummer, as he pulled out a hand mirror to see if his necktie had shifted a hair's-breadth from true, "but I don't think I shall practice it any more. I had a little adventure in Buffalo last week which rather set me against honesty. I was going along Main street when I found an old pocketbook containing a \$2 bill. I judged the outfit to belong to some poor person and, in the goodness of my heart, I stepped into a newspaper office and paid 40 cents for an advertisement. Next day I had fifteen callers, about half of them women, and every one declared himself the owner of the lost money."

"But fourteen of them must have lied," was suggested.  
"Yes, the whole fifteen were liars and frauds," replied the drummer. "One woman gave such a minute description of the pocketbook that I felt sure she must be the owner and I handed her \$1.60. She wouldn't take it. She insisted that if I hadn't picked up the money some one else would—some one who would have advertised it for nothing—and she made such a fuss over it that I was glad to throw in the 40 cents and get rid of her. About four hours later the real owner appeared. It was a woman and when satisfied that I had given the money to the wrong party I offered her a dollar. She wouldn't take it. Then I tried the \$1.00 dodge and she threatened to have me arrested. She even had the cheek to say that I ought to include the 40 cents I had paid for the advertising."

"But you gave her back her \$2?"  
"Her \$2 and 50 cents more. When she couldn't get 40 cents for the advertising, she set up a claim of 50 cents for the pocketbook, which wasn't worth a nickel. I got mad and defied her, but when she came back with a lawyer I thought best to pay it. I also gave her 10 cents for street-car fare."

"It's a wonder the lawyer didn't try to get a fee out of you."  
"He not only tried, but he got it. Yes, sir. I felt it best to pay him \$3 to close the case and get it off my hands, but I'm not feeling perfectly safe yet. Next time I go back there they may arrest me for swearing. Honesty is a beautiful attribute, gentlemen—a beautiful attribute, but I have dumped it out of my sample trunks and got through with a side-line."

### The Other End Gone.

An Irishman who served on board a man-of-war in the capacity of a waister was selected by one of the officers to haul in a tow-line of considerable length which was towing over the taffrail.

After dragging in 40 or 50 fathoms, which had put his patience severely to the proof, as well as every muscle of his arms, he muttered to himself:

"Sure, it's as long as today and to-morrow! It's a good week's work for any five in the ship! Bad luck to the arm or the leg it'll leave me at last! What? More of it yet? Och, murder; the say's mighty deep, to be sure!"

After continuing in a similar strain, and conceiving there was little probability of the completion of his labor, he suddenly stopped short, and, addressing the officer of the watch, exclaimed:

"Bad manners to me, sir, if I don't think somebody's cut off the other end of it!"—Spare Moments.

### An Unpleasant Reminder.

Jamie doesn't go to church often, but his mamma took him there last Sunday. Now she wishes she hadn't. He sat demurely enough until the tenor, who indulges in a dreadfully inexcusable ramble, had finished a solo. Then he spoke up.

"Mamma," he asked, in a shrill whisper, "what makes the man's voice shake so?"

"Hush, dear," said mamma, "I don't know."

"But, mamma," the little scamp persisted, in a still louder whisper, "you know when papa's voice shook the other night you said it was beer!"  
And that's why Jamie's church privileges have been so rudely cut off.—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

### Certainly Not Very Warm.

Aunt Hapzibah (at the museum)—Indians' snowshoes. Do you mean to say the Indians ever wear them things on their feet?

Attendant—Certainly, ma'am.  
Aunt Hapzibah—I should think their poor feet would freeze!—The Rival.

### Under a Cloud.

"Have you nothing you can turn your hand to?" asked the man.

"Not just at present," replied the tramp. "You see, I'm one of them bloated capitalists temporarily out of capital."—Philadelphia North American.

### Impressive.

"So ye've got back from New York, Hogan? Phwat struck ye th' most?"  
"Will th' mounted cops made a verry dape-impression on me?"

"Did they?"  
"Yis; put yer hand here on me head; ye kin feel the impression yit."

### Like Hamlet Is Now.

"Wilkins said he acted the part of Hamlet last night as well as if Hamlet had been there acting it himself."

"I believe him."  
"You do?"  
"Yes, there wasn't a bit of life in him."

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A few good second hand heaters at low prices.

## A Wonderful Prophecy Fulfilled

Prof. Buchanan prophesied years ago that the closing century would be fraught with all kinds of calamities. This sphere would be visited by tremendous earthquakes, wars and other wonderful phenomena. It looks as though he predicted the truth. But what I wanted to say is that he said nothing about the mightiest corporations and trusts that would be formed at the close of the century to boost prices of all commodities they control sky high, so that the poor and the laboring class of people can hardly live decent. Now, I am one who has not joined any corporation or trust and do business on the principal of live and live. Therefore if you are in need of any of the following goods it will pay you to come and examine goods and get prices before purchasing. I have a large and magnificent stock of

## HARNESS

of all description and the largest and finest line of Horse Blankets and Robes ever brought to this Village; they were bought last January direct from the factory at the old price consequently I will not allow anyone to undersell me. A splendid line of

### BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES

always on hand, if you need a Buggy don't wait until next season, when material entering into the construction of Vehicles has gone up from 40 to over 100 per cent, you cannot expect to buy as cheap next season. Of course everybody knows that I keep the finest line of machine and harness oils, axle grease and the best of burning oil called Palatine, it not smoke and gives a bright light.

### MUSICAL DEPARTMENT

I keep a fine line of Pianos, Organs and Small Musical Goods. It will pay you to call on me and investigate before purchasing. I keep the world renowned Sewing Machine, THE STANDARD, the world's pride. There are none better.

Give me a call and see my mammoth stock.

## C. Steinbach.

## STOVES!

Stove boards, oil cloth and linoleum,

GUNS AND AMMUNITION

at the right prices

We offer bargains in

## FURNITURE,

Especially on bed room suits, chairs and sideboards.

W. J. KNAPP.

