

The Chelsea Standard.

VOL. XI. NO. 45.

A CHELSEA PAPER FOR CHELSEA PEOPLE.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1899.

WHOLE NUMBER 565

LAST CALL FOR CHRISTMAS GOODS!

Can we help you in making your selections for Christmas? Our stock of Christmas goods is very complete.

Can you use anything in the following line of goods for Christmas?

DRESS PATTERNS.

Silk Waist Patterns, Cotton Wash Goods for Waists or Dresses. Aprons, (white or colored), Towels, Table Damasks, Napkins, Fancy Perfumes, Soaps, Fancy Hair Combs, Slippers for men or women.

Fur Collars, Fur Collerettes, Bows.

Children's Fur Sets, Baby Jackets, Baby Shoes, Shoes for men, boys, women, misses or children, Gloves and mittens of all kinds for every one, Umbrellas for men and women.

Men's Suits and Overcoats.

Men's Ties, (specially nice 50c tie for 25c bought after the Krokic fire), Men's Fancy Shirts, Men's Mufflers. Handkerchiefs for men, women and children.

Look through our store if in doubt about your selection.

H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co.

Butterick's patterns for December now on sale.

CHELSEA TELEPHONE NO. 13

CARPETS.

CHILDREN'S STORY BOOKS

5, 10, 15, 20, 25 CENTS

We are showing a fine line this year at the

BANK DRUG STORE

you can have your choice of about

150 FINELY BOUND BOOKS

at 25 and 35 cents. Standard works.

What would make a better gift than some article from our line of

STERLING SILVER NOVELTIES

Over 100 articles at 35 cent.

Lowney's and Schraft's Finest Candies.

Navel Oranges 20c dozen.

Best Mixed Nuts 13c pound.

Remember we always pay the

Highest Market Price for Eggs

either for cash or trade at the Bank Drug Store.

A Merry Christmas to all.

GLAZIER & STIMSON.

CHELSEA TELEPHONE NUMBER 8

HOW THEY WILL OBSERVE CHRISTMAS

THE CHURCHES ARE MAKING EXTENSIVE PREPARATIONS.

Pleasing Programs Have Been Arranged for This Occasion.

The great Feast of Christmas, or the Nativity of Christ, will be observed at St. Mary's church, Chelsea, next Monday with befitting pomp and solemnity. The church and sanctuary will be decorated with holly and laurel and palms, and, with the recent decorations and the elegant candelabra will make a pretty picture.

High mass will be celebrated at 5 a. m. during which the excellent choir of St. Mary's church will sing Bailey's beautiful mass in D. A low mass will follow at 8 a. m., during which the junior choir will sing some special Christmas anthems. A second high mass will be celebrated at 10:30 a. m., during which Lambillotte's Exultant Mass will be sung with Gloria from Farmer. At the offertory, Mr. Burg and the choir will sing the ever beautiful Venite Adoremus. Rev. Father Casimis, O. M. Cap. of Detroit will assist the pastor, the Rev. William P. Considine next Sunday and on Christmas. Appropriate sermons will be preached at each mass. In the evening at 7:30 o'clock the Gregorian Vespers will be sung with Lambillotte's Alma Redemptoris, and Mo-

their Christmas exercises at the usual Sunday-school hour Sunday.

At the Baptist church Sunday morning Pastor Stiles will preach from a theme appropriate for Christmas time.

For Monday evening the Sunday school has made preparation for a "Merry Christmas." A program entitled "Yule Tide," consisting of special music for choir and school, also recitations will be given. The old fashioned kitchen with fire place will remind us of the earlier days. At the close of the other exercises there will be presented "A Visit from St. Nicholas," arranged as a "Children's Christmas Pantomime." Characters—Granny Kringle, Mother Merry Santa Claus.

All are cordially invited to be present and will receive a merry welcome.

IT DIDN'T WORK.

Finley B. Whitaker Secured a Tax Title but It Didn't Work.

In the case of Finley B. Whitaker vs. Loren Babcock Monday, Judge Kinne directed a verdict in favor of the defendant. The plaintiff had secured a tax title on lands of the defendant and sought to get possession of them by an action in ejectment. The defense was that the taxes in Sylvan for the year in which the tax title was given were illegal, for the reason that the taxes were \$500 more than the township was authorized to raise. Judge Kinne substantiated the defense.

All of which goes to show that the man who monkeys with tax titles doesn't always have a cinch.

Thomas L. Leach.

Thomas Leonard Leach was born in Suffolk, England, 1812, and died,

THE FIRST RULE OF GOOD COOKERY.



zart's Magnificat. After the vespers there will be a solemn reception of members into the church sodalities.

The services will conclude with benediction of the blessed sacrament, during which Wiegand's devotional "O Salutaris," will be sung as a trio by Messrs. Burg and Eisenman, and Miss Hattie Burg, followed by Beale's "Tantum Ergo." After the benediction the entire congregation will sing the grand hymn of Thanksgiving, "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name." The collection at all the services will be a Christmas offering to the pastor of the church. Our citizens are cordially invited to these services.

The Christmas exercises at the Congregational church, Sunday morning, will be as follows:

Organ Voluntary.

Invocation.

Gloria In Excelsis.

Responsive Reading.

Anthem—Be Merciful Unto Me.

Reading of Scripture, Luke 2:1-20.

Hymn—Hark; The Herald Angels Ding.

Prayer.

Anthem—O, Sing to God.

Offertory.

Sermon—The Preparation of the World for Christianity, Gal. 4:4, Isaiah 9:6-7.

Invocation.

Nunc Dimittis.

Benediction.

The beautiful bass solos in Sydenham's "Be Merciful Unto Me" will be sung by Floyd Ward.

In the evening the Sunday-school will have charge of the service. The choir will sing "While Shepherds Watch their Flocks by Night," by W. Best, and Berthold Tour's anthem, "Sing, O Heavens." Miss Nellie Lowry will preside at the organ. All will be cordially welcome and are specially invited to attend both these Christmas services.

The Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school has made arrangements to hold

Friday, December 15, 1899. When thirteen years of age he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and worked at the trade until of age. He then came to America, locating at Toronto, Canada, then to Buffalo, where he followed his trade for several years.

He came to Chelsea in 1853, of which place he has been a resident until the time of his death.

In February, 1899, he lost his wife, he leaves a family of seven boys and two girls. Thomas, Rebecca, Dennis, Walter, Alvin, Margaret, Springfield, George and Robert. He was a member of the First Episcopal church of England.

The funeral was held from the Congregational church, Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, Rev. C. S. Jones conducting the services, and interment took place at Oak Grove cemetery.

Lima Farmers' Club.

On Wednesday, December 6th, the Lima Farmers' Club was organized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Luick.

The following officers were elected:

President—A. Guerin

First Vice Pres.—J. J. Wood

Second Vice Pres.—Mrs. H. Lewick

Third Vice Pres.—Mrs. W. McLaren

Sec. and Treas.—O. D. Luick.

The club will meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leander Easton, Wednesday, January 3d. The following program will be carried out:

Music—Orie Wood and Mrs. Luick

Music Mrs. Fannie Ward and Mrs. Luick

Reading—Mrs. Jay Easton

Recitation—Mrs. Otto Luick

Question, "Resolved, That the right of suffrage should be granted to women;"

led by Mrs. W. McLaren.

Song—Arl Guerin

Grange Meeting.

LaFayette Grange will meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Wilson,

Thursday, January 10th, at 10 o'clock a. m. The following will be the program:

Music,

Home Life—National Lecturer's

Bulletin, Discussion, Mrs. E. B. Freer

What are the Three Functions

of Government?.....H. A. Wilson

What are the Essential Duties of

the Government?.....O. C. Burkhardt

What are the Non-Essential

Functions of Government?.....T. Baldwin

Government Action Justified

Horace Baldwin.

Government Action Objection-

able.....Geo. Boynton

What is Communism?.....G. T. English

Select Reading.....Mrs. H. Baldwin

Critic's Report.....F. H. Sweetland

The following officers were elected at

the last meeting for the year 1900:

Master—O. C. Burkhardt.

Overseer—F. H. Sweetland.

Lecturer—Mrs. G. T. English.

Steward—Charles Morse.

Assistant Steward—Geo. T. English.

Chaplain—Truman Baldwin.

Treasurer—Thomas Fletcher.

Secretary—Mrs. H. A. Wilson.

Gate Keeper—Elmer Dean.

Pomona—Mrs. O. C. Burkhardt.

Flora—Mrs. F. H. Sweetland.

Ceres—Mrs. E. B. Freer.

L. A. Steward—Mrs. S. Winslow.

DRAINS COME HIGH.

Report of Fees Due County Drain Commissioner for Work Performed.

The county drain commissioner has filed a report of fees due him on county drains, as follows:

Swan creek and Harris drain of

Augusta.....\$ 99 75

Polyen drain.....24 75

McCart drain of Augusta.....95 25

John Wagner drain of Salem.....75 00

Wood outlet drain of Pittsfield.....129 00

Pierce drain.....84 75

Joslyn lake drain.....76 50

Clark's lake drain.....63 00

\$648 00

And the real work of constructing these drains is yet to hear from.

K. O. T. M. Officers.

The annual meeting of Chelsea Tent, No. 281, K. O. T. M., was held Friday evening and the following officers were elected:

Commander—H. Lighthall

Lieut. Com.—J. Bacon

Record Keeper—W. H. Heselachwerdt

Finance Keeper—D. H. Wurster

Chaplain—S. D. Laird

Physician—Dr. S. G. Bush

Sergeant—J. Hummel

Master at Arms—James Brown

1st M. of G.—G. A. Young

2nd M. of G.—E. L. Williams

Sentinel—E. A. Williams

Picket—A. J. Congdon.

Real Estate Transfers.

J T Sullivan and wife to F & M Bank,

Ann Arbor, \$1,000.

Olivia B Hall to Oscar A Freeman and

wife, Ann Arbor, 150

Oscar A Freeman et al to Alonzo E

Kenaston, Ann Arbor, 500

Huron V B & S Assn to Christian Lar-

mee, Ann Arbor, 650

Roswell Goodell to Cella E Goodell,

Ann Arbor, 1

Jos J Frederick and wife to Chas A

Perkins, Ann Arbor, 900

Homer H Boyd and wife to Wm E Sal-

isbury and wife, Sylvan, 200

John C Goodrich and wife to Jannett J

Smith, Ypsilanti, 1

Augusta Richard to Fred G Schleicher,

Ann Arbor, 200

Christian Seyfried to Emil C Miller et

al, Ann Arbor, 500

Noah W Cheever to Chas K McGee et

al, Ann Arbor, 2,600

Anna W Sleanor to Thomas Wilkinson,

Dexter, 1,200

Eliza J Burnham to Estella C Warner

et al, York, 400

The Best Christmas Gift of All.

In choosing a Christmas gift for a friend what can afford more pleasant or lasting pleasure than a subscription to The Youth's Companion? The delight with which it is welcomed on Christmas morning is renewed every week in the year. The charm of it is disclosed little by little as the months run their course. There is no household in which it will not prove an aspiration.

Those who wish to present a year's subscription to a friend may also have the beautiful new Companion calendar for 1900 sent with it. This calendar is a reproduction in twelve color printings of three exquisite designs by a celebrated American artist, a member of the American Water-Color Society. In addition to this all the issues of The Companion for the remaining weeks of 1899 are sent free from the time subscription is received for the new volume.

Illustrated announcement number containing a full prospectus of the volume for 1900 sent free to any address. The Youth's Companion, 303 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

You are Always Welcome



You will never find us too busy to be pleasant and you never find the goods to be otherwise than represented.

Fancy Celluloid Boxes.
Finest Line of Perfumes
Fancy Perfume Atomizers.
Purses, Brushes, Combs, etc.
Fine Line of Pocket Knives.
Razors and Razor Strops

Up-to-date Stationery.

Confectionery Department.

We always carry a fine line of Candies, such as chocolate covered nutmeats, Cognac brandies, pine apple fritters, candied cherries, Barcelona almonds, coconut biscuits, etc., etc. Remember we have a reputation on this line of goods.

THE HIGHEST

Market Price for Eggs

AT THE

NEW DRUG STORE

GIVE US A CHANCE.

FENN & VOGEL.

LOGS WANTED

Black Walnut Logs, straight grain, free from all defects, length 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 feet, 18 to 48 inches in diameter, for which I will pay from \$22 to \$70 per thousand.

Second Growth Hickory, \$15 per thousand and for clear white stock.

White Oak, \$15 per thousand.

White Ash \$12 per thousand.

Red Oak I will make the price according to quality.

All logs to be delivered at the M. C. track in Chelsea. For full information call on me at The Standard office.

D. SHELL.

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.

DEWEY white wash, and wash white

you can

HAVANA thing washed at the Chel-

sea Steam Laundry. The

MAINE point is quality and the

MERRITT of our work is such; peo-

ple go

MILES to patronize us. Our prices

are not

HOBSON'S choice, but standard

rate which are not

CERVERA high as some people

think and we want to

C-U-B-A customer of ours.

The Chelsea Steam Laundry.

FOR SALE.

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

News of the Neighborhood

Gathered by The Standard's
Wideawake Correspondents.

WATERLOO.

L. G. Gorton of Detroit is spending a few days relatives here.

Geo. Beeman and family are visiting at Stockbridge and Bunker Hill this week.

Mrs. Strauss went to Detroit. Monday to spend the winter with her daughter there.

Morris Bott, the township treasurer collected taxes at Waterloo Tuesday. He will be here again January 2d.

The United Brethren Sunday-school will have a Christmas tree and entertainment in the church Saturday evening.

SHARON.

Last week Aldert Widmayer lost a valuable horse.

Edward Coleman of Iron Creek visited at Edward Corwin's last week.

The Ladies Aid meeting at Mrs. Lambert Gieske's last Thursday was quite well attended.

Edward Renau will leave for San Francisco, Cal., this week, where he will make his future home.

The young people enjoyed a party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pierce last Friday evening.

While Miss Lila Keeler was returning from the missionary meeting at William Mount's, Wednesday, her horse became unmanageable and ran away throwing her out. She was bruised and scratched but not severely injured.

LIMA.

Affairs at the "Idle Hour" seems to have taken on a different phase lately and what the outcome may be seems a mystery.

Mrs. George Bareis and daughters, Amanda and Carrie after an extended visit with relatives in Washington, D. C. returned home Thursday.

The address given by Judge Newkirk before the Epworth League last Sunday evening on the Boer side of the Transvaal question, was the most eloquent and entertaining one ever given before the League. The church was crowded, and the audience listened attentively to the words that fell from the speaker's lips and settled so deeply into every heart as they melted in sympathy for the poor persecuted and downtrodden humanity in darkest Africa. It is to be hoped that Joseph Chamberlain, Cecil Rhodes and the aristocracy of Great Britain may have to bite the dust for their inhumanity to man.

FRANCISCO.

Miss Lyda Killmer has been on the sick list.

Mr. Nickle of Allegan is visiting at R. Kruse's.

Miss Elizabeth Locher is visiting her brother at DeWitt.

Miss Martha Riemen Schneider spent a few days at Chelsea.

Mr. and Mrs. John Alber spent Sunday with P. Riemen Schneider.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Killmer of Chelsea spent Sunday in this vicinity.

There will be Christmas exercises at the German M. E. church Christmas evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Guthrie and daughter, Mabel, spent Sunday with C. Weber.

Frank Young, who has been living in the Hiser house has moved to Sylvan Centre.

Harry Richards and wife have moved into the Hiser house on South Main street.

John Broesamle, who has been at Akron, Ohio, for a few months has returned home.

Messrs. John and Will Heselschwerdt of Sharon were seen in this neighborhood Monday.

Messrs. Guy Baldwin and Adolph Seckrist of Waterloo spent Saturday with Harry Bethum.

There were only thirty out to the social at M. Hatt's last Wednesday, on account of the bad weather.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Riemen Schneider and children of Chelsea were the guests of William Riemen Schneider.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Young, who have been spending some time with her father returned to her home at Williamston.

NORTH LAKE.

Miss Alice Reilly is home for the holidays.

Geo. Webb lost a good work horse with colic last Sunday.

Prof. E. L. Glenn sports a new buckboard buggy of his own make.

There will be a Christmas tree and exercises at the Dexter town hall.

Miss Mary Whallan's school closes on Friday next with a literary program.

Christmas tree and program at the German M. E. church Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Glenn spent a few days last week with relatives at Dansville.

Miss Rose Glenn spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Springfield Leach.

There will be a Christmas tree and exercises at the German M. E. church four miles from here next Sunday evening.

John Ray had a husking bee last week; but the weather was against him: cold and grim. Attendance small.

Miss Wiley, teacher here, was called to Commerce last Friday to the sick bed of her sister, who was reported dangerously ill.

Hr. and Mrs. W. H. Glenn returned Sunday evening from visiting their son, Emory Glenn, who is ill with a general break-down of health. He was better when they left him; and they expect him soon to recover.

Rev. Palmer of the North Lake charge spent one week ago last Sunday at the dedication of the Leoni M. E. church where he used to preach, reports a very enjoyable time. He mentioned particularly his joy at seeing the "Beulah Home," of Leoni, under the management of Herman Lee Swift, so well represented on the front seats. We are also glad to note that Mr. Herman Lee Swift was with us last Sunday evening and told us about the "Beulah Home" and gave us an opportunity to help him along in the good cause by way of the dime books.

SYLVAN.

Miss Clara Icheldinger has returned from Detroit.

Howard Fisk bought a fine jersey cow last week.

W. Eisenbier spent part of last week at Howell.

Charles and Bessie Young spent Saturday at Webster.

Matt and Herman Forner are Jackson visitors this week.

T. G. Wortley and daughter, Maud are still unable to be out.

Miss Lizzie Heselschwerdt visited friends in Chelsea last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Barker of Lake Odessa are visiting at C. Gage's.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Kern spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mensing.

Eddie Fisk attended the party at E. Gentner's last Wednesday evening.

James Dann and Miss Mary Liebeck spent part of last week at Henrietta.

We are sorry to learn that C. T. Conklin is not improving very rapidly.

Miss Eva Main and James Cavanaugh called at L. Main's last Thursday.

Miss Delia Fisk and Miss Iva Wood spent Saturday at J. J. Wood's of Lima.

Mrs. M. Hewitt is spending this week with her daughter, Mrs. C. D. McMahon.

Frank Young is again a citizen of this place, having moved into the Franklin house.

Milo Updike and Mrs. Robinson were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Nelson Dancer Sunday.

The Sylvan Christian Union will give their Christmas entertainment Sunday evening, December 24th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Lemm, Mr. and Mrs. T. Lehman and Miss Carrie Schenk spent Friday at T. G. Wortley's.

Bert West has left the hospital at Ann Arbor and after spending a few days with relatives at this place will go to Williamston.

Foxes seems to be scarce in this vicinity judging from the woe begone expression on the faces of the seven men who returned Saturday evening—tired and hungry without having so much as caught a glimpse of Mr. Fox.

The inhabitants of the Center were astonished on Wednesday morning, to find that the dam had gone out during the night and left the mill pond nearly as dry as the desert of Sahara. The boys picked up a number of good sized fish on the flats on that day.

County and Vicinity

The veterinary surgeons are still saying "your another" to each other in regard to the disease that killed the sheep at Manchester last summer.

The number of pieces of mail matter handled by James O. Raymond, carrier of rural route No. 1, for the month of November, was 4,989, an increase of 514 pieces over the preceding month.—Grass Lake News.

We learn that the merchants of this village are thinking of petitioning the council to have an ordinance passed prohibiting people from spitting upon the sidewalks. Many places have such laws and it is a good thing from a sanitary standpoint.—Manchester Enterprise.

Henry Murray has sued the city for \$1,000 alleged damages to his meadow because of the raising of the water in the lake to partially its natural level. A special meeting of the village council will be held Monday evening to take steps to resist the complainant's assumptions. Citizens interested will be welcome to attend.—Grass Lake News.

Henry DePue, of the Saline road, has the most unique mail box in preparation for free rural delivery. It is a portion of a knotty trunk of a tree. It will be set upright and the lid, cut out of the natural bark of the tree, can be lifted so that the mail matter can be inserted. To all outward appearances it will simply be the stump of a tree.—Argus.

A Lima farmer laid down a package of merchandise beside a package containing a couple of thousand cigars in Ernest Elasser's window, one day last week. When he went home he picked up the wrong package by mistake. You may bet there was some lively hustling around until Ernest found out who that merchandise belonged to.—Dexter Leader.

Dundee is to have the biggest beet sugar factory in the state. A temporary organization with a capital of \$50,000, which is later to be increased to \$1,500,000, was effected at a meeting held there Tuesday. The active work of making contracts with farmers for next year's growing of beets will now be pushed. E. C. Post of Monroe, is secretary and general manager.

One of our bibulous inclined citizens got on a little "toot" a few weeks ago and left home without letting his wife know where he was going. His faithful spouse sold a couple of rockers and started out to find him. While she was gone the husband returned home and he sold a porker and started out to find his wife. They found each other and all is peace and quietude once more.—Milan Leader.

William Smitherman is going to have strawberry short cake for Christmas dinner. He has some fine berries growing from his garden. A short time ago he noticed blossoms on the vines and dug some of them up and planted them in a deep box and put them in his bay window. They now have on them some nice berries. It is quite a curiosity to see them this time of the year.—Stockbridge Sun.

It is stated that J. Wallace Page of the Page fence works at Adrian, may be called to testify before the national industrial commission, in regard to the steel wire trust. He could tell a good story of how the trust first tried to buy him out and when he refused, then attempted to crush his industry, but owing to his indomitable spirit utterly failed. Page is probably the first man in the country who has proved too much for a heartless trust.—Tumecseh News.

Dr. W. B. rimsdale, dean of the homeopathic department, opened a small Indian mound on a bluff overlooking the Huron river. He found four feet under the surface, under a bed of burned clay, a skeleton of an Indian evidently buried in a sitting posture. In front of the skeleton there were two earthen pots containing implements of various kinds. The skull and cross bones were in good state of preservation. The teeth were particularly good, but much worn. Among the implements were a copper needle, a barbed fish spear made out of a moose antler; perforated tablets, probably for neck ornaments; flint drills, arrow heads, large and small, bone needles and ornaments. There were also a lot of American, common beaver teeth among the articles.—Ann Arbor Argus.

LED INTO ANOTHER TRAP.

Gen. Buller Meets with a Serious Reverse in Trying to Cross the Tugela River.

BOERS RAIN BULLETS ON THE BRITISH.

England Is Aroused and Sends Field Marshal Roberts and Gen. Kitchener to the Front—Enormous Losses Reported—Latest News from the Scene of Strife.

London, Dec. 16.—Gen. Buller, in a dispatch to the war office, tells of a serious reverse near Colenso while attempting to cross the Tugela river, which is looked upon as the worst event that has transpired in the South African campaign. The British troops were again led into a trap. Unable to withstand the furious raining of bullets from Boer rifles, the British were forced to retreat, and besides heavy losses in killed and wounded, 11 big guns were left behind.

Going to the Front. London, Dec. 18.—England is aroused indeed. All her reserves, a strong force of yeomanry, other mounted volunteers, all her available colonial troops, and a strong division of militia are ordered to the seat of war. Field Marshal Lord Roberts will go as commander-in-chief, and Gen. Lord Kitchener, of Khartoum fame, will accompany him as second in command. These startling orders have been issued by the war office. They mean that almost the whole strength of the British empire will be flung into South Africa.

Enormous Losses. London, Dec. 18.—Gen. Buller reports that his casualties in the Tugela river battle reached a total of 1,097, and Methuen's revised list makes his losses at Magersfontein 963. The British losses in killed, prisoners and missing throughout the campaign now reach the enormous total of 7,360.

The Foreign Press. London, Dec. 18.—The foreign press regards Great Britain's crisis as grave, possibly portending a dissolution of the empire. The Parisian press is gleeful, Austrian sympathetic and German unusually reserved. There is little talk of interference or of an attempt to take advantage of the situation.

Crossed the River. London, Dec. 19.—The Daily Mail hears from a hitherto reliable correspondent that Gen. Buller, after a stiff fight, crossed the Tugela river. The correspondent also states that Gen. Methuen's communications are cut.

More Killed Reported. London, Dec. 19.—The war office has posted a revised list of the casualties in the battle of Magersfontein, giving 51 additional killed.

Heavy Cost of the War. London, Dec. 19.—The Daily Chronicle's financial article, which is written by A. J. Wilson, a leading authority, says: "The expenditure for the war considerably exceeds £2,000,000 per week, and as the treasury cannot hope to sell its bills on the market under five per cent, it is evident that the government must soon come upon the market for money."

From Modder River. The latest news from Modder river is dated December 16. Gen. Methuen's position was then unchanged. The British were constructing a number of redoubts for the protection of the camp. The Boers could be seen improving their trenches. On Saturday afternoon they blew up the railway culverts two miles north of the British camp.

A brief report that the British were shelled out of Vaal Kop by the Boers and that they had returned to Arundel is all the news in reference to the area where Gens. Gatacre and French are operating.

Death of Lieut. Brumby. Washington, Dec. 18.—Lieut. Thomas M. Brumby, flag lieutenant to Admiral Dewey during the Manila campaign, who has been ill with typhoid fever for several weeks, died at Garfield hospital shortly after six o'clock Sunday evening.

Pleads Guilty. Osceola, Ia., Dec. 16.—Mrs. Julia Crosby was called for trial Friday on the charge of murdering her husband, Nicholas Crosby, at their home at Woodbine by shooting him. She pleaded guilty. The shooting resulted from family differences and the case attracted wide attention. She will be sentenced, it is understood, to 20 years' imprisonment.

Noted Engineer Dead. Montreal, Dec. 18.—Walter Shanly, a well-known civil engineer, died Sunday at his home in this city, aged 80 years. He constructed the Hoosac mountain tunnel and was general manager of the Grand Trunk for four years. He was associated with the development of the St. Lawrence canal system.

A Novel Plan. Baltimore, Md., Dec. 15.—The union reform party has decided not to hold a national convention next year to name candidates for president and vice president, but will select their candidates by a direct mail vote of party members.

Nine Sailors Lost. Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Dec. 18.—Whaleback barge 115, which has been missing on Lake Superior since Wednesday last, was on Sunday given up for lost, with her crew of nine men.

The Wheat Crop. Washington, Dec. 16.—The statistician of the department of agriculture reports the wheat crop of the United States for 1899 at 547,300,000 bushels, or 12.3 bushels per acre.

THE SANDERSON TRIAL.

A Verdict in the Sensational Case at Marshall Is Expected This Week.

Marshall, Dec. 18.—It is expected that the present week will see a verdict returned in the trial of Mrs. Marie Sanderson, charged with the murder of her aged husband by placing ground glass in his porridge. Marie Robertson, former maid of Mrs. Sanderson, and the chief hope of the prosecution, had sufficiently recovered to be able to appear in court Saturday, and her redirect examination was continued. She was shown a spicemill and declared it was similar to the one she had seen in the cellar at Sanderson home. Further attempt was made to impeach the testimony and character of Miss Robertson. The defense then proceeded with its case. Three residents from Baraboo, Wis., Mrs. Sanderson's former home, testified that they had known the defendant in that city and that she bore a good reputation.

The prosecution closed its case, reserving the right to call three witnesses on unimportant points. In opening for the defense Attorney Crosby asserted that the prosecution had developed a very weak case. Dr. Wattles, of Battle Creek, who attended Mr. Sanderson in his last illness, was the first witness called. He testified that he found Sanderson suffering from apoplectic paralysis. He had prescribed for him previously for bowel troubles. Dr. Wattles said he saw evidences of affection between Mrs. Sanderson and her husband. She sat on the bedside holding and fondling his hand while he drew her hand to his lips and kissed it. The bed was clean and comfortable. Marshall, Mich., Dec. 19.—But for the restraining influence of Judge Smith, F. F. Stevenson, a chemist of Detroit, would have eaten glass on the witness stand in the Sanderson case Monday. Mr. Stevenson testified he had fed three dogs ground and powdered glass and ate it himself. He asserted that the glass had not hurt the dogs. Examination of their stomachs and intestines failed to show any laceration.

HOLD A MASS MEETING.

Boer Sympathizers Engage in an Enthusiastic Gathering at Grand Rapids.

Grand Rapids, Dec. 19.—One of the largest and most wildly enthusiastic meetings ever held here took place in the Auditorium Monday night under the auspices of the United American Transvaal league, recently organized here. Though a cold drizzling rain had been falling since four o'clock, the great hall, the largest in the state, was completely packed by eight o'clock, about one-fourth of the audience being ladies. The hall was decorated with the flags of the nations represented in the audience, the stars and stripes predominating, but there was a profusion of Holland, German, Irish, Polish and French colors and the flags of the Transvaal Republic and Orange Free State were given prominent positions. The programme was unique, speakers having been selected from the various nationalities and each speaker was preceded by national anthems rendered by musical organizations of his nationality and in his native tongue. The music worked up the patriotic spirit of the audience to a high pitch, and as each nationality seemed to put forth extra efforts to applaud all others, the general effect is difficult to describe. The speeches all expressed sympathy, admiration and hope of victory for the Afrikaners, and most of them denounced England bitterly. Mayor Perry presided, and although he tried to hurry matters the meeting did not close until after midnight. Resolutions were adopted denouncing England, expressing sympathy and hope of victory for the Boers, and asking President McKinley to offer the good offices of the United States in their behalf. The national ode of the Transvaal Republic was sung again and again, many parties of Hollanders continuing the singing on the streets while on their way home.

Will Is Read.

Manistee, Dec. 18.—John Canfield's will has been made public. It bears date of July 20, 1891. The family residence and stable, with all their contents, and \$300,000 to the widow absolutely. Four-sevenths of the residue also goes to the widow, with power of management and disposal, and on her death to her three children, Frank W., Charles J., and Daisie B. Eddy, or to their heirs. After giving each of the six children \$50,000 out of the remaining three-sevenths, the rest of it is divided equally between his daughters, Nellie C. Canfield, Carrie M. Thurston and Ida C. Frost.

Mill Burned.

Ithaca, Dec. 18.—At about two o'clock Sunday morning fire was discovered in the boiler room of the Ithaca Milling company. In spite of all that could be done the mill burned and will be a total loss. The elevator, a structure which cost \$12,000, separated from the mill only by a brick wall, was saved with slight damage. The loss on the mill will be in the neighborhood of \$20,000; insurance less than \$10,000.

New Publication.

Lansing, Dec. 18.—The Michigan Sentinel will be the name of the new democratic monthly state organ to appear this week. There are to be 20 directors. The concern will be capitalized at \$10,000 at ten dollars a share. The paper is to proceed on the assumption that the national administration has formed a secret alliance with Great Britain, and that such a course should be vigorously denounced.

Boom for Bliss Started.

Saginaw, Dec. 15.—At a meeting of prominent republicans of Saginaw county held here Thursday the candidacy of Col. A. T. Bliss for governor was formally launched.

TRUE AS GOSPEL.

Never Saw a Deadhead in His Life Who Wasn't a Kicker.

Fate, with wonted levity, had thrown the sour and taciturn plan into the company of the talkative citizen in the railway car.

"That was quite an interesting game of football, wasn't it?" said the latter, as he shoved the newspaper into the inside pocket of his fur-trimmed overcoat.

"I never read about football," was the solemn reply. "How true it is," he added, almost tearfully, "that this world is but a fleeting show."

"Of course. That's one way of looking at it. I've felt that way about myself. But let me ask you something. Are you putting in your money and hustling around to make this world any better?"

"What's the use?"

"Well, you'll excuse me for questioning you, but you referred to the world as a fleeting show. I'm a theatrical manager, and I'm interested in anything in the show line. Now, I notice that you ain't in any hurry to get out of this world, are you?"

"No, I can't say that I am. The instinct of self-destruction—"

"That's all right. You didn't say anything to get into this fleeting show, did you?"

"Certainly not."

"There you are. There's the old, old story right in a nutshell. I never in my life saw a deadhead who wasn't a kicker."—Columbian.

William's Luck.

Here is a good story of a man called William, who is engaged as a window-cleaner at a certain big hotel in London.

One morning William, instead of doing his work, was amusing himself by reading the paper, and, as bad luck would have it, the manager looked in. "What's this?" he said. William was dumfounded. "Pick up your things and go," said the manager.

So poor William went to the office, drew the money which was owing to him, and then went upstairs and put on his Sunday clothes. Coming down, he went to say "good-by" to some of the other servants, and there he happened to run across the manager, who did not recognize him in his best coat.

"Do you want a job?" asked the manager.

"Yes, sir," said William.

"Can you clean windows?"

"Yes, sir."

"You look like a handy sort of chap. I only gave the last man 22s. but I'll give you 25s."

"Thank you, sir," said William; and in half an hour he was back in the same old room—cleaning the window this time, and not reading the paper.—Tid-Bits.

Where Oysters Are Scarce.

The Man with the Freckles on His Nose glanced carelessly over the morning paper which the Man with the Barbed Wire beard had thoughtfully subscribed for.

"Will you—"

The landlady spoke his name with infinite sweetness, for she fondly hoped he would pay his board after supper.

"—have some oyster stew?"

The Man with the Freckles on his Nose tilted back his chair in defiance of the laws of etiquette and gravitation.

"No, thank you—"

A far-away look came into his eyes. "I'm not thirsty."

It was a matter of conjecture whether it was emotion or stage fright that caused the Man with the Yellow Walkers to sneeze so violently that he upset a salt cellar.—Boston Journal.

Something Like a Ride.

"Where to, sir?"

"China."

(But he only meant the china and glass department, and Aunt Martha says them 'ere stores do give her shocks.)—Ally Sloper.

Umbrella Diplomacy.

A man with an umbrella was walking in the rain; an umbrellaless friend joined him and shared the protection.

The umbrella owner noticed that now as he was getting only half protection, as the rain and the drippings from the umbrella as well fell on one shoulder.

Seeing another friend without an umbrella he invited him in out of the wet, saying: "There is plenty of room for three." By this new arrangement he now had complete protection, as he now had to move the umbrella to the position he carried it when he was using it alone, and a friend on either side protected him from the rain while receiving the drippings from the umbrella.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Cheerful Woman.

Yes, her hat was certainly lovely, though it had cost but eighteen dollars and thirteen cents; quite as lovely as that Smith woman's, which had cost nearly a hundred. "But the Smiths are able to own a more conspicuous pew in church than we are," faltered her husband. "Well, they can't come in any later than we can," she exclaimed, radiantly.—Detroit Journal.

Not So Proud.

Father—James, you know I disapprove very much of your fighting, but I can not help feeling proud of you for whipping such a big boy as that. What did you whip him for?

Son (indignantly)—Why, he said I looked like you.—Harlem Life.



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.

Ladies sewing chairs, tea chairs, children's chairs at popular prices at Staffan's.

BAR-BEN

THE GREAT RESTORATIVE.

Bar-Ben is the greatest known restorative. It cures solid flesh, muscle and strength. It cures 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 retain their normal powers, and the sufferer is quickly made conscious of direct benefit. One box will work wonders, six should effect a cure. 50 cts. A BOX; 6 boxes, \$2.50. For sale by druggists everywhere, or mailed, sealed, receipt of price. Address DR. HARTON AND BENSON, 161 Bar-Ben Block, Cleveland, O.

Large Pictures with 6 inch frames for 98c at Staffan's

A complete line of sideboards at prices you can afford. Staffan.

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Skates, all sizes, styles and make at Staffan's

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 other results of imperfect digestion.
Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

Glazier & Stimson.

Music cabinets, combination bookcases, ladies desks, just the right thing for Christmas gifts at Staffan's.

Doll cabs, hand sleds, hobby horses, express carts, wheelbarrows, air guns, etc., at Staffan's.

ARE SPLIT INTO BANDS.

Filipino People Realize That the Insurrectionary Movement Has Gone to Pieces.

REBELS SHOULD BE CLASSED AS BANDITS

Maj. March Abandons Pursuit of Aguinaldo—Lawton Starts Out to Capture San Mateo—Gen. Young Says American Prisoners Are Now with Our Troops.

Washington, Dec. 16.—Information has been received from Gen. Otis which indicates that the Filipino people realize that the insurrectionary movement has gone to pieces, and are anxious that drastic measures be adopted to bring about normal conditions in the Philippines. Gen. Otis said in his dispatch that he had received a communication from prominent Filipinos saying that the remnants of Aguinaldo's army had divided into small bands for the purpose of committing murder and robbery, and suggesting that they be classed as bandits and given the extreme punishment meted out to such desperados.

Recruits for Manila.
Washington, Dec. 16.—The war department has arranged to send about a thousand recruits to Manila to fill the regiments which are running short on account of death, disease and discharge.

Pursuit Abandoned.
Manila, Dec. 18.—Maj. Peyton C. March, of the Thirty-third infantry, has abandoned his pursuit of Aguinaldo, and has reached Baguio, in the heart of the Grand Cordillera, where the range is 10,000 feet high, and where food is scarce and travel almost impossible.

Aguinaldo in Disguise.
Manila, Dec. 18.—The following dispatch, dated December 15, has been received from a correspondent at Laoag, province of North Ilocos:
"Natives at Manilong, province of North Ilocos, report that Aguinaldo, in disguise and accompanied by several of his generals, left Manilong last Saturday, with 500 men, going in the direction of Salsona, from which point he intended to proceed to Cabaugan, province of Cagayan.
"An insurgent major, claiming to be in command of 100 Filipinos, who have been guarding 23 American prisoners at Cabaugan, surrendered. He wrote his captives to deliver the prisoners to Gen. Young.
"Gen. Young's command is now divided into six or seven parties, which are operating in the mountains about Laoag. Several parties are hunting for Gen. Tino.
"Maj. Swigert, with a detachment of the Third cavalry, had an engagement with 150 insurgents near Dingras. Two Americans were killed and two wounded. Several Filipinos were killed.
"Capt. McCalla, of the United States cruiser Newark, has occupied Claveria and Pantelona. The Filipinos surrendered 1,000 rifles."

Brooklyn Wins Race.
Washington, Dec. 18.—The Brooklyn arrived at Manila Saturday, winning easily the long race from this country which she had been running with the New Orleans. The New Orleans sailed from Singapore Saturday for Manila, so that she is about four days behind the Brooklyn.

Lawton Leaves Manila.
Manila, Dec. 19.—Gen. Lawton has started from Manila with the Eleventh cavalry, under Col. Lockett, and battalions of the Twenty-ninth and Twentieth infantry, under Lieut. Col. Sargent, to capture San Mateo, where Gen. Young has 300 insurgents. Gen. Grant has nearly cleared Zamboanga province. He discovered hidden in Subig bay a steamer, the Don Francisco, of 180 tons, fully equipped and loaded. She is supposed to be the vessel Aguinaldo was keeping ready for his escape. Capt. Layson, of the Thirty-second regiment, has routed an insurgent band in Zamboanga province, killing several officers. Maj. Smith, with three companies of the Seventeenth, surrounded and captured another band of guerrillas which were terrorizing a large section north. The troops killed several of the band. Gen. Hughes has captured insurgent strongholds at Leapiz and Romblon, the navy cooperating. One man was killed and one wounded. The insurgents in the island of Panay are apparently suppressed.

American Prisoners Safe.
Manila, Dec. 19.—9:20 a. m.—It is officially announced that Gen. Young reports that he believes the American prisoners, including Lieut. Gilmore, are now in the hands of the United States troops. Lieut. Col. Howse and Maj. Hunter have been operating with small commands in North Ilocos province, and it is supposed that one of these has effected the release of the Americans. The report has not yet been verified.

Captives Arrive.
Manila, Dec. 19.—Gen. Pena, of the Spanish army, 60 Spanish officers and 600 men, who had been held captive by the Filipinos, and Gen. Concepcion, the rebel leader, and his staff, who were recently captured by the Americans, have arrived on the transport Uranus.

Will Help the Banks.
Washington, Dec. 19.—The secretary of the treasury has decided to increase the deposit of cash in national bank depositories to the sum of \$30,000,000 and possibly \$40,000,000 on the banks depositing with the government United States bonds as security.

Sentenced to Death.
Galesburg, Ill., Dec. 18.—Charles Lindwall was convicted of the murder of Peter Bollenbach here. The jury returned a verdict imposing the death penalty.

Death of a Noted Shot.
Beloit, Wis., Dec. 16.—John A. Rubie, famous as a trap and wing shot, who has participated in all great shotgun contests of the country, died Friday.

SPECIAL SESSION BEGUN.

Michigan Legislature Assembles at Call of Governor—Amendment of Constitution Wanted.

Lansing, Dec. 18.—The Michigan legislature met in special session at noon in response to the call of Gov. Pingree. The governor's object is to secure passage of a joint resolution providing for submission to the people at the general election next November of an amendment to the state constitution placing railways upon the same basis for taxation as all other property. At present the railroads pay specific taxes upon gross earnings.

Interest in the special session is increased by the fact that the grand jury, which has returned indictments alleging bribery against some of the legislators, is still in session here. Speaker Adams, of the house of representatives, who is one of the indicted men, presided Monday as usual.

The message of Gov. Pingree was read Monday afternoon before the joint session of the two houses. It urged passage of the proposed joint resolution, so as to permit enactment of laws by the next legislature for equal taxation of all property at its true cash value. Said the governor:

"The inequality of our system of taxation is so great that immediate steps should be taken to remedy it." The question involved had for years been exhaustively discussed and was therefore no longer properly open for debate, but called for energetic action.

Gov. Pingree referred to the history of the Atkinson railway taxation act, which was declared unconstitutional by the state supreme court, and recalled the fact that a joint resolution of similar purport to the one now proposed passed the house during the regular session, but died in the senate committee. He called particular attention to a clause in the '98 platform of Michigan Republicans which commended the Pingree administration for its efforts in the direction of equal taxation and favored immediate legislation for taxing railroad, telephone, and express properties upon their true value. The message urged that the matter be considered only as a matter of principle.

The governor submitted a table showing the comparative value of railroad property in the states which most nearly resemble Michigan in population and development and stating the value at which Michigan railroad property would be assessed if worth as much per mile as such property in the other states mentioned, viz: Indiana, Minnesota, Ohio and Wisconsin. His deduction from this was that Michigan railroad property based on such values would pay several times the amount of revenue to the state which they now do. The governor concluded by saying: "It is well for you to remember that there are only three states in the union in which railroads pay specific taxation upon the gross earnings."

The senate adjourned shortly after the joint convention, after unanimously adopting a resolution, offered by Helme (dem.), to waive all legislative privilege and appear before the grand jury if subpoenaed. In the house, the joint resolution amending the constitution along the lines laid down by Gov. Pingree was introduced and referred to the committee on judiciary.

BOODLE SENSATION.

Crooked Dealings Alleged by the Military Board in Obtaining Supplies During War.

Lansing, Mich., Dec. 19.—According to the allegations made here, based on results of grand jury investigations, the military board is alleged to have sold, last July, to the "Illinois Supply Co." of Chicago, for \$10,500, absolutely new clothing, goods and equipments, estimated to have inventoried at \$53,000. It is further alleged that what were alleged to be the same goods were afterwards purchased by the board from the Henderson & Ames Manufacturing Co., of Kalamazoo.

It is alleged to be a fact that the "Illinois Supply Co." was a fake concern, created by persons interested with the Kalamazoo company for the purposes only of the alleged sale. It is stated that at the meeting at which the board decided to sell these goods a resolution was adopted, authorizing the quartermaster general to purchase an equipment of precisely the same class of goods, and that this was done at a cost of over \$60,000.

Gov. Pingree was subpoenaed by the grand jury last week, but it appeared from his testimony that knowledge of the character of this transaction had been withheld from the governor.

A Fatal Fall.
Muskegon, Dec. 18.—While at work with two of his brothers, on the new paper mill building, George Erwin, a bricklayer, aged 25 years, stepped on a plank in the scaffold from which the supports had been removed, and fell to the basement, 35 feet below. In his descent he struck an iron beam, crushing his skull and breaking one of his arms. He died within ten minutes.

Diamond Mine in Michigan.
Sault Ste. Marie, Dec. 17.—It is reported that a diamond field has been found in the wilds between Michipicoten and Port Arthur. The precise location is kept secret. The discovery was made last summer by an expert from Kimberley, who made an exploring tour. A formation was found precisely similar to that of the Kimberley field.

Killed by the Cars.
Grand Rapids, Dec. 18.—Christian Unger, 77 years old, lost his life while attempting to drive his team and wagon across the track at Burton avenue in front of an incoming Michigan Central freight train. He was instantly killed and his lumber wagon smashed to kindling wood, while the horses escaped unhurt.

Coal in Eaton County.
Charlotte, Dec. 18.—A syndicate of Battle Creek capitalists has discovered a vein of coal in the western portion of this (Eaton) county that gives promise of an unlimited supply. An agent of the syndicate has already secured leases for 12,000 acres of land.

Is a Candidate.
Lansing, Dec. 18.—Before leaving on the late train for Chicago Saturday night Secretary of State Stearns formally announced his candidacy for the republican nomination for governor.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

OFFICIAL.

Chelsea, Mich., Nov. 27, 1899.

Pursuant to the call of the President board met in special session.

Meeting called to order by the President. Roll called by the Clerk.

Present, Geo. P. Staffan, President, and Trustees McKune, Avery, Vogel, Bachman and Twamley.

Absent—Trustee Schenk.

State of Michigan, County of Washtenaw, Village of Chelsea, ss. To J. Edward McKune, Harry H. Avery, Henry Twamley, James Bachman, Israel Vogel, and John Schenk, trustees of the Village of Chelsea.

Please to take notice, that I hereby appoint a special meeting of the common council of said village, to be held in the council rooms this day at the hour of eight (8) o'clock p. m., for the purpose of amending ordinance No. 12, of the general ordinances of said Village of Chelsea, and for the transaction of such other legal business as may come before the council. Dated, Nov. 27, 1899.

Geo. P. STAFFAN, President.

State of Michigan, County of Washtenaw, Village of Chelsea, ss. Edward Moore, marshal of said village, being duly sworn deposes and says, that on the 27th day of November, A. D. 1899, before the hour of eight o'clock p. m. of said day, he served a true copy of the within appointment of a special meeting of the council of said village, upon all the persons therein named, by delivering personally a true copy of the same to the following named persons, viz: J. Edward McKune, Henry H. Avery, Israel Vogel and John Schenk; and by leaving at the dwelling house of the following named persons, James Bachman and Henry Twamley, a true copy of the same with the wife of James Bachman, Jeanette Bachman, and the wife of Henry Twamley Mrs. H. Twamley, at the same time informing said person with whom copies were left the nature of the notice; the said notices were all served at least six hours prior to said hour of eight o'clock p. m. of said day, to-wit: Six hours and ten minutes prior to said hour of eight o'clock p. m.

EDWARD MOORE,

Marshal of the Village of Chelsea.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 27th day of November, A. D. 1899.

BERT B. TURNBULL, Notary Public.

Moved by McKune seconded by Twamley and resolved that section ten of ordinance No. 12, of the general ordinances of the Village of Chelsea be amended by adding to said section the words following to wit:

Provided however that the council may grant permission to construct one story buildings or lean-to annexed to brick buildings now constructed by requiring that the same shall be covered on roof and sides with metal or other fireproof material so that said section of ordinance No. 12, as amended shall read as follows:

Sec. 2 It shall not be lawful for any person or persons to construct or erect within the "fire limits district" hereby established any wooden building or frame house, store, shop or other building, or to remove any wooden or frame house, store, shop or other buildings to any lot or place within said fire limits district, and any buildings erected within said fire limits district shall be constructed of brick or stone, with walls not less than one foot in thickness, and the roof to be made of slate, metal or gravel. Provided however that the council may grant permission to construct one story buildings or lean-to annexed to brick buildings now constructed by requiring that the same shall be covered on roof and sides with metal or other fire proof material.

Yeas—Vogel, McKune, Avery, Twamley and Bachman. Nays—none. Carried.

Moved by Avery seconded by Bachman that this council grant George P. Staffan permission to go on and finish building now in construction to be used for storage purposes only without artificial heat.

Yeas—Vogel, McKune, Avery, Bachman and Twamley. Nays—None. Carried.

On motion board adjourned.

W. H. HEISELCHWERT,

Village Clerk.

Chelsea, Mich., December 13, 1899.

Board met in regular session.

Meeting called to order by the president.

Roll called by the clerk.

Present—George P. Staffan, president and Trustees Schenk, Vogel, McKune, Bachman. Absent—Avery and Twamley. Minutes read and approved.

Moved and supported that the several bills be allowed and orders drawn for amounts. Carried.

E. Moore 1/2 month salary	\$ 15.00
Glazier Stove Co. supplies	1.31
Michigan Telephone Co.	15
Standard Oil Co.	25.66
Ed Helmerich	25.32
David Alber 1/2 month salary	20.00
Guy Lighthall 1/2 month salary	30.00
J. E. McKune 1 month salary	30.00
B. Steinbach 3 days	5.00
E. Beech 2 days	5.00
W. Moore 5 days	2.75
Charles Kalmbach 18 hours	2.75
C. Updegrave 1 day	1.25
Ed Moore 1/2 month	15.00
John Ricketts unloading coal	7.50
Tom W. Mingay printing	9.96
J. B. Heisel damage to lot and crops	25.00
James Walker & Son supplies	74
The Talamancan Co belt clinic	6.00
National Carbon Co.	22.25
George C. Wetherbee coil of rope	13.37
Total	\$ 237.46

On motion board adjourned.

W. H. HEISELCHWERT,

Village Clerk.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

"Awful anxiety was felt for the widow of the brave General Burnham of Machias, Me., when the doctors said she could not live till morning," writes Mrs. S. H. Lincoln, who attended her that fearful night. "All thought she must soon die from pneumonia, but she begged for Dr. King's New Discovery, saying it had more than once saved her life, and had cured her of consumption. After three small doses she slept easily all night, and its further use completely cured her." This marvelous medicine is guaranteed to cure all throat, chest and lung diseases. Only 50 cents and \$1.00 Trial bottles free at Glazier & Stimson's drug store.

Mr. J. Sheer, Sedalia, Mo., saved his child's life by One Minute Cough Cure. Doctors had given her up to die with croup. It's an infallible cure for coughs, colds, grippe, pneumonia, bronchitis and throat and lung troubles. Relieves at once. Glazier & Stimson.

MORE ATHEISM.



"No! I don't believe in the catechism, Miss Flooter; for though I honor my father and mother, yet my days are not a bit longer in the land. I'm still put to bed at seven o'clock!"—Ally Sloper.

"I was nearly dead with dyspepsia, tried doctors, visited mineral springs, and grew worse. I used Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. That cured me." It digests what you eat. Cures indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn and all forms of dyspepsia. Glazier & Stimson.

SPAIN'S GREATEST NEED.

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

De Witt's Little Early Risers purify the blood, clean the liver, invigorate the system. Famous little pills for constipation and liver troubles. Glazier & Stimson.

J. B. Clark, Peoria, Ill., says, "Surgeons wanted to operate on men for piles, but I cured them with DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve." It is infallible for piles and skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. Glazier & Stimson.

PROSPECTIVE PUNISHMENT.



Kind Old Lady—What are you crying for?
Boy—For nuffin'.
Kind Old Lady—Well, then why do you cry?
Boy—Cos I'm goin' to git sumthin'—Golden Days.

A FRIGHTFUL BLUNDER.

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

DOES IT PAY TO BUY CHEAP?

A cheap remedy for coughs and colds is all right, but you want something that will relieve and cure the more severe and dangerous results of throat and lung troubles. What shall you do? Go to a warmer and more regular climate? Yes, if possible; if not possible for you, then in either case take the only remedy that has been introduced in all civilized countries with success in severe throat and lung troubles, "Boschee's German Syrup." It not only heals and stimulates the tissues to destroy the germ disease, but allays inflammation, causes easy expectoration, gives a good night's rest, and cures the patient. Try one bottle. Recommended many years by all druggists in the world. Sample bottles at Glazier & Stimson.

Miss Annie E. Gunning, Tyre, Mich., says, "I suffered a long time from dyspepsia; lost flesh and became very weak. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure completely cured me." It digests what you eat and cures all forms of stomach trouble. It never fails to give immediate relief. Glazier & Stimson.



Good Cheer Presides at our tables. Those who have not all the comforts of home where they live should breakfast, dine and sup at the

CANRIGHT & HAMILTON RESTAURANT

at all times, but especially during the Holiday season. Excellent food and plenty of it, well cooked and daintily served, is the order of things here. Popular prices.

Elegant line of Fancy and Dining Chairs at Staffan's.

Morris Chairs at Staffan's.

WHAT, HAVE YOU NOT ANY TEETH?

You can eat EARL'S CONFECTORY and BAKED GOODS without them.

Give us a call for CHRISTMAS GOODS.

J. G. EARL.

Next to Hoag & Holmes.

Staffan has presents that are lasting and suitable. Come and look.



The Highest Standard

of quality known to many consumers of MEAT AND POULTRY

falls far short of that established here. We buy young, fresh, prime flesh only—and sell that kind only. Rich in nutritive juices, and possessing the exquisite flavor found in the flesh of well fed animals. Our MEATS are the delight of epicures.

Highest Market Price Paid for Hides and Tallow.

ADAM EPPLER.

Leather Rockers and Reception Chairs at Staffan's.

"One Minute Cough Cure is the best remedy I ever used for coughs and colds. It is unequalled for whooping cough. Children all like it," writes H. N. Williams, Gentryville, Ind. Never fails. It is the only harmless remedy that gives immediate results. Cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, croup, pneumonia, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Its early use prevents consumption. Glazier & Stimson.

In dining tables we are showing the Victor Folding Leaf, and several other styles in all of the latest finishes and at prices that will astonish you at Staffan's.

It takes but a minute to overcome tickling in the throat and to stop cough by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. This remedy quickly cures all forms of throat and lung troubles. Harmless and pleasant to take. It prevents consumption. A famous specific for grippe and its after effects. Glazier & Stimson.

Magnificent stock of upholstered goods that make very desirable presents for Christmas at Staffan's.

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 C. 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.

CHRISTMAS.

Once more has the year rolled around, and the merry Christmas time is again with us.

Nineteen hundred years ago in old Judea, the herald angels sang sweetly the heavenly song of "Peace on earth, good will to men," and since that time the chorus has been swelling until now the story of the birth of the Savior has reached every land and every clime, and the teachings of the lowly Nazarene are permeating the whole world and with them comes a better feeling between men, and better understandings of each other.

Christmas (Christ and mass) commemorates the anniversary of the Savior's birth, its institution being attributed to Pope Telesphorus who died A. D. 198. It was at the first a movable festival day, and so continued until the 4th century, when Pope Julius ordered an investigation, resulting in a careful examination of the tables of the calendars in the archives of Rome, and notwithstanding some of the fathers questioned the authenticity of the proof, the 25th of December was the day fixed upon, such decision being uniformly accepted.

The exact time, however, is not of such importance, but the fact of a Savior's birth is of importance to each and every one of us. It would be well for all of us to heed His teachings, and one of them, especially, is very applicable to this season, "It is better to give than to receive." How much greater will be our enjoyment of our Christmas time, if it is coupled with the thought that we have brought some ray of gladness to the home of someone less fortunate than ourselves.

Governor Plagie's "military push" is in disgrace, and the Governor has asked for the resignation of White, Marsh and Case. The grand jury is doing a good work, and if there are any more rascals that need looking after, The Standard hopes that they will hunt them out. This last blow is a staggerer to the Governor, who has placed implicit confidence in these men, turning down abler men at their dictation.

It is Weasilius' turn to laugh, now. It is a long road that has no turn.

The Market.

There seems to have been no material changes in the markets for the past week. Our local shippers offer today the following prices for the various articles mentioned: Wheat is worth 66 cents for red or white; oats 25 cents; rye 52 cents. The rye and barley crops have been all disposed of in this vicinity and none is being offered by the farmers at present. Corn in the ear 18 to 20 cents. Beans show a slight advance over last week, they are worth \$1.60 at present; clover seed \$4.00; hay \$8.50 to \$9.00 per ton; straw \$2.50 to \$3.00 per ton; potatoes 30 cents; apples 50 to 75 cents; onions 30 cents for small lots; bran is selling at the car for \$15.00 per ton; popcorn 50 cents; hickory nuts 75 cents to \$1.00; live cattle 2½ to 4½ cents; dressed beef 6 cents; live hogs \$3.60; veal calves 5 cents; dressed veal 7 cents; sheep 2½ to 4 cents; spring lambs 4 cents; lard 6 cents; tallow 3½ cents; hides, green 7 to 8 cents; pelts 25 cents to \$1.00; chickens, fowls, ducks and geese 6 cents; turkeys 7½ cents; butter 16 cents; eggs 17 cents.

Real Estate Transfers.

Sarah Dickerson to Richard Padot, Augusta, 525.
Franklin Schairer to Jacob Stierle, Lima, 4,250 p.
Reinhart Wagner by heirs to Elizabeth Wagner, Salem, 1.
Elizabeth Wagner to Charles E. Gallegan et al Salem, 125.
Warren E. Walker et al to John and Christian Koch, Ann Arbor, 200.

Here's a new conundrum that is going the rounds: What character is there in the Bible who possesses no name, who suffered death in a different form from any inflicted before or since that time, a portion of whose shroud is in every household, and the cause of whose death has been made famous by a modern author? Answer: Lot's wife. She possesses no name; no one else met death through being turned into a pillar of salt; salt is used in every household, and Edward Bellamy wrote "Looking Backward."

Labor Commissioner Cox has tabulated interesting statistics from the several penal institutions of the state including state prisons, county jails, city prisons and village lockups. It is shown that on May 1 there were 3,603 inmates in all these institutions, of which number 3,190 or 88 per cent were males and 413, or 12 per cent females. The native born were 73 per cent. The number who were imprisoned for crime against life was 285, or 8 per cent; those for crime against virtue, 308, or 9 per cent; those for crime against good government, 1,444, or 40 per cent, and those for crimes against property 1,566, or 43 per cent.

Personal Mention

H. L. Wood spent Monday at Detroit. Chas. Steinbach spent Tuesday at Detroit.

Timothy McKune spent Monday in Ann Arbor.

Miss Ida Schumacher spent Sunday at Ann Arbor.

Mrs. F. E. Richards has been sick the past week.

F. P. Glazier has been spending this week at Chicago.

Miss Agnes McKune of Detroit will spend Christmas at home.

Mrs. R. A. Snyder and two sons were Ann Arbor visitors Tuesday.

Mrs. Marx of Buffalo, N. Y., is the guest of Mrs. C. E. Hindelang.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Ischeldinger are spending this week at Preston, Ont.

Friends from Waterloo were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Richards last week.

Geo. S. Snyder of Detroit was the guest of his sister, Mrs. A. Burkhart, Sunday.

Miss Alice Gorman will leave for New York after New Years to work at her chosen profession.

George Runciman and family of Lyndon, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Richards this week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Clark and daughter, Myra, left for Denver, Col., Tuesday morning, where they will spend about a month with relatives.

William Wheeler, Jr., Eugene Heatley, John P. Miller, Louis and Archie Staphis are home from Assumption college, Sandwich for the holidays.

The Misses Alice Savage, Edith Gorman, Anna M. McKune, Nelle Noyes and Ethel Bacon came today from St. Joseph's Academy, Adrian, for the Christmas vacation.

Miss Mary Dunn of Detroit, the charming vocalist, is expected as a guest at St. Mary's rectory Christmas week, and will sing at the Catholic carnival. Miss Dunn will be accompanied by her sister, Miss Rose Dunn and Professor VanReybroeck, both of Detroit.

The Black Sheep.

Lynching usually takes place in agricultural districts, where homes are more or less isolated, and therefore peculiarly exposed to the sort of depredations for which Judge Lynch metes out his swiftest and most direct punishment. The southern states being almost wholly agricultural, white families are most frequently found surrounded by those of the black race. The latter are, as a rule, trustworthy, or at worst harmless; but among them are a certain number of depraved creatures sure to accept every opportunity to do evil. They are the black sheep of a dark flock. And just here is the place to note one of the cardinal faults of the southern negroes—they rarely fail to harbor black criminals, no matter how heinous their acts. A fugitive reeking with the blood of murder, and of outrage infinitely worse, finds sympathetic asylum in every cabin he comes to. It is the race blindly justifying itself against its superior enemy, the white man.

Before the negroes were freed there were very few heinous crimes booked against them in the south; since the close of the war the one supremely exasperating outrage has become more and more frequent; and as lynching certainly follows, mob executions have multiplied apace. Other crimes, sometimes not very terrible ones, have, however, called for Judge Lynch's swift punishment. A negro who obstructed a railroad and caused disaster and death was cooked upon a stove—a heathenish vengeance for a heathenish act; but in Indiana some white men were hanged because they were suspected of stealing and other minor felonies.—Lippincott's.

Myriads of Dead Fish.

Thousands, seemingly millions, of carp are imprisoned in a closed slough on Union Island. It is a sight worth going miles to see. The fish were deposited in the slough during the high water, and when the river went down they were all left on the wrong side of the levee. The slough is about 30 feet wide, averaging three feet in depth and fully a half mile long. The fish are so thick in the place that they can hardly swim about. They swim on the surface in such numbers that they could be thrown out on the bank in a scoop shovel by the wagon load.

The water is rapidly evaporating under the torrid sun, which plays upon the island, and the carp are growing bigger. It is only a matter of a few weeks when they will be left in the open, dead and decaying. Some of the fish have reached a large size, nearly 20 inches in length.

Eventually the fish will be left baking in the sun and a stench will arise that will call for heroic measures. The dead fish make an excellent fertilizer, and this is probably the use to which they will be put.

The slough might be opened and the fish turned back into the river, but the opportunity to destroy so many of the river pests is not one to be passed by the people. The carp is valueless as a table fish, and they destroy many of the more desirable inhabitants of the rivers and channels.

BECAUSE HE LOVED HER SO

Harold Manninger's mother was one of the sweetest little women imaginable, and one could but wonder why she was able to exercise so little influence over her cherished son. Not that he was lacking in filial affection or respect and esteem. But he failed to carry out his parent's desire to devote plenty of time to study, to equip himself thoroughly to battle with life's difficult problems.

Time and again had he been reprimanded, in as gentle a manner as possible, in this respect, but with a display of endearing affection he laughed his mother's fears away, and then the matter would be dropped for the time being.

Tutors had been engaged, but left in disgust, having accomplished nothing in the way of instilling learning in young Harold's head, which was filled with much natural intelligence, if he would but exert sufficient energy to do a little earnest studying.

As a last resort Mrs. Manninger decided to try an experiment, having thought out a clever idea, which seemed just suited to this particular case, and caused her many a laugh in the privacy of her apartments.

Some time after this, Harold, who was now nearing his twentieth year, was informed that his mother had made up her mind to engage as companion a young lady by the name of Ethel Grey, the daughter of an old friend of hers, who until now had devoted her spare time to teaching, as she was in straitened circumstances, and was eager to accept this new position as less arduous and more agreeable and lucrative.

Harold expressed his delight by saying: "Oh, mother, how jolly! Now I can borrow Miss Grey occasionally, so she can help amuse me, for I am tired of doing that for myself."

To which Mrs. Manninger replied: "Oh, fie, one would think she is coming here for your sole benefit, you spoiled boy," at the same time winking slyly at Mr. Manninger, who shared her secret.

Shortly after Miss Grey had been installed in her new position, Harold was found to be much more studious, and inquiry of the former, who had become acquainted with the facts in the case, proved her a fine ally, as she had positively refused to accompany Harold anywhere or devote any time at all to him unless he was willing that they study together, and finally, in self-defense, he agreed to her plans.

To Mr. and Mrs. Manninger's great joy the change in their son was soon apparent to all who met him frequently, and much commented upon, so that when Harold approached them a year later they were well prepared and eager for the glad tidings he had in store for them, which came about in this way.

Miss Grey, or rather Ethel, as Harold now took pleasure in calling her, said to him one day, as had been agreed upon by the trio: "I shall soon be far away; your mother no longer needs me, and as you are competent to enter college now, you, also, have no further use for my services, which have been solicited elsewhere, and though I regret exceedingly to leave you all, who have been such good and true friends to me, that is my only course."

Vehemently Harold had interrupted Ethel several times, but had been repulsed until she had had her say, when he exclaimed impatiently: "Ethel, dear, can you imagine for a moment that I would let you go? You, little one, who have accomplished so much in teaching me the past year? I desire to have you take me as a pupil all your life. While learning invaluable lessons through your kind indulgence, I have succeeded in learning those of love also, than which no sweeter task exists; and now, sweetheart, tell me, do I plead in vain and now that you have aroused the noblest impulses within me, that were apparently dormant, would you run away without completing your duty?" A drooping of Ethel's golden head was the sole answer, and none other was needed, as looking into the eyes, now uplifted gently, her lover read his answer there.

Entering their beautiful home, Harold went to his mother's boudoir, and taking Ethel's hand in his, exclaimed eagerly: "Oh, mother, dear, I have learned much from this dear little girl, of which I know you approve and have noticed with pleasure, but one lesson have I learned more thoroughly than all others, and that is the meaning of the verb to love. I now only ask my loved one's consent to our marriage, which I feel I have already."

"My dear boy," exclaimed Mrs. Manninger, "Both Ethel and you have received our blessing weeks ago, when we noticed with the greatest delight your fondness for one another, and the successful termination of our experiments; for an explanation of which I refer you to our charming Ethel."

The latter so well divulged the secret, and in so sweet and humorous a manner, that Harold was completely won over to the victorious side and appreciated the laugh at his own expense more than all the others, as he had also been victorious in winning so dainty a prize as Miss Grey.—Boston Post.

Genius.

"How is it Wilkins over there looks so cool when everything else is sweating?"

"Ah, Wilkins is smart. Do you see those old papers he is reading? Well, they contain the account of February's blizzard. Every time Wilkins begins to feel the least bit warm he reads about the twenty some below zero and shivers. His scheme is cooler than fans and cheaper than ice."

BLESSING RACE HORSES.

A Curious Custom in Vogue at an Old Tuscan Town.

A famous race takes place every year at the old Tuscan town Siena. The course is an irregular oval lying along the steep hillside and as the curves often degenerate into corners and parts of the course are paved, accidents are to be expected, says the New York Telegraph. Siena is divided for municipal purposes into "wards" and each ward enters a horse the evening before the race. The horse and his jockey are escorted with great ceremony to the church of the ward, where the two are solemnly blessed by the priests. If the animal happens to be a mare she wears a white cap during the ceremony of blessing. The men ride bareback and each carries a blunt dagger, with which it is permissible to attack other jockeys or horses.

Use of the weapon is practically confined to the start, when those who know they have no chance of winning devote themselves to the congenial work of attacking any horse that has, which is painful for the favorite, unless he succeeds in jumping away with the lead the moment the rope used as "starting gate" is lowered. Intense jealousy seems to be the most conspicuous feeling about the race; when the winning jockey slips off his horse at the post he is immediately surrounded by a body of gendarmes, who escort him away lest the people of the defeated wards should try to kill him.

In the evening the winner and jockey are escorted to the ward church to be blessed again. With this odor of sanctity about it the Siena race should be free from lust of gain and fairly run at least. Sad to say this is far from being the case; the jockeys are, according to the defeated, "doubly or trebly dyed traitors, who have sold themselves over and over again to pull and impede in this or that interest. The only element of uncertainty in the race, which is said to be "arranged" by the ward authorities beforehand, is the dishonesty of the jockey, who, if bribed not to win, sometimes pockets the money and gives way to the temptation to catch the judge's eye and lets his horse out.

Pride Got a Bad Fall.

He was an adjutant, resplendent in the golden plumage of his flock. He dripped gold. His straps glistened and the stripes on his trousers were as pure as the driven snow.

He had taken an hour and a half to point his beard and festoon his mustache, and then another hour to work up his dignity to the proper pitch.

By that time he was ready to go to the theater.

He was to meet Mrs. Green and Miss Green and her cousin from New York, Miss Clay, in the foyer. Mrs. Green had the seats and they were all together.

As he walked down the street to the play-house he almost tipped backward with dignity. A little boy wondered if he had broken a suspender, and therefore stood so marvelously straight. But he hadn't. It was just the dignity of an adjutant, born of the beautiful blue and the gold draps.

He reached the theater, and, giving himself a "hilt" backward even further, strolled into the lobby.

There he stood, as radiantly beautiful as a bird of paradise. His dignity actually stuck out all over him.

He eyed his friends out on the walk and his race brightened. Just as he made a move to go to them a near-sighted old lady poked a coupon in his face and said: "Usher, will you tell me which side of the house these seats are on?"

And his friends, coming up just then, heard the question and saw the look on the adjutant's face. He has never recovered.

He hasn't even been to call on the Greens since that night, and Miss Clay goes home tomorrow.—Detroit Free Press.

Thomson's Sore Thumb.

It was a mangled thumb, Mr. Thomson often said to his friends, that made him president of the Pennsylvania railroad. This is the way he told the story:

"I entered the Altoona shops of the Pennsylvania company when a boy of 17, beginning with a laborer's work and gradually working up in the mechanical line. In doing some work one day my thumb was caught in a machine and crushed. It was a serious matter to me. A mechanic with a useless thumb is badly handicapped. I was afraid the career I had mapped out might be ended."

"I was told to lay off for three or four weeks, went down to Philadelphia, and naturally drifted to the Pennsylvania road's place on South Fourth street. They were doing repair work to some cars when I happened along, and, being fresh from the shops, I was able to offer some suggestions, which pleased the general manager. He was talking to me, when another man came along who listened to what we said. He asked me who and what I was. He asked me how I spelled my name, and I said 'without a P.' It seemed he knew my great-uncle, J. Edgar Thomson, one of the former presidents of the road, well. A few minutes later he left, and when I started to go the general manager told me the man who had been questioning me wanted to see me in his office. Then for the first time I learned the stranger was Col. Thomas A. Scott, president of the road."

It was the talk that the young mechanic had that afternoon with Col. Scott which resulted in his being removed from the Altoona shops to a position in the office of the company.—New York World.

Not Likely.

Jones—Do you think the tramp problem will ever be solved?
Brown—Not if the tramp has to work it out.—Puck.

The Closing of This Year is Near at Hand.

Do you realize that another year has nearly been added to the world's history and what glorious achievements have been made in the arts, sciences and labor saving machinery? Think about it! At the same time I will call your attention to the fine line of

HORSE BLANKETS

of all kinds ranging in price from \$1.50 a pair to \$12.00.

Fur, Plush and Wool Robes

at rock bottom prices. I will exchange a limited amount of Blankets and Robes for good second growth oak wood. Do you ask is leather as high as it was? Well, I should say so, and still going higher, but I bought heavy before the present advance, therefore I will sell you for a short time at the old price.

DOUBLE AND SINGLE HARNESS

Come and inspect my No. 1 \$10.00 nickel and Davis hard rubber trimmed harness.

PIANOS AND ORGANS

Do I keep them? Come and see. Also, small instruments of all kinds on hand. Strings for all instruments. The latest in Songs and Instrumental Music at ONE HALF PRICE. Also, Books, Folios and 10 cent Music at ONE HALF PRICE until after the Holidays. Come and see me before buying.

C. STEINBACH.

GATHERING OPIUM.

Immense Amount of It Grown and Improved Way of Packing.

There is a revolution in opium packing in India which it is calculated will save the growers \$5,000,000 a year. Formerly, on taking the opium from the cultivators, it used to be placed in earthenware jars, and these jars were packed with straw into wicker baskets. This antiquated method will, however, be seen no more, for the jar system is being replaced by packing the opium in cloth and gunny bags. It has undergone a preliminary test of two years in one sub-agency and is now being given a crucial test by being tried side by side with the jar plan, half the opium of this season being packed in jars and half in bags. There is little doubt, however, as to the final opinion.

The advantages are obvious: first, no breakages can occur and there is much less lost by the amount of opium sticking or adhering to the sides. In the later case it is estimated that one pound per jar is saved; while about 5 per cent is lost in breakages, or about four pounds per jar. There is, therefore, a saving of about five pounds per jar, and as each sub-agency sends about 30,000 jars the saving amounts to 150,000 pounds. A chest of opium weighing 125 pounds sells for 1,000 rupees at least, so that the saving in one sub-agency alone comes to 1,200,000 rupees, which at the present rate of exchange may be taken to be equal to \$400,000. There are five sub-agencies in Bengal, and probably the same number in the northwestern provinces, which gives a total of \$4,000,000, to which if is added the saving in several layers in a railway truck, instead of only one layer of jars, we get nearly \$5,000,000.

The refreshment stalls for the hundreds of cultivators who bring in their produce are interesting. Their simple wants are easily satisfied, and the greater part of the refreshment provided consists of a mixture of parched barley and grain ground to powder, mixed with a little coarse sugar. These small farmers live on very little and make a great deal of money on their opium.

Aether Waves.

From the purely scientific view, however, the phenomena of wireless telegraphy are most marvelous. They show us that this remarkable medium, as aether, which encompasses us about on every side, penetrating the densest as well as the rarest forms of matter and filling the whole celestial space, is in a state of endless disturbance, crossed and recrossed by waves of infinite variety. In his address on the "Six gateways of Knowledge," Lord Kelvin has called attention to the "vast gap between 400 vibrations per second, the sound of a rather high tenor voice, and 400,000,000,000,000 per second, the number of vibrations corresponding to dull red light, and therefore the lowest rate in the spectrum. But now that Hertz has given us aether waves millions of miles long, how enormously has this range been widened? Within this range there is room for 2 senses in place of five, each equal in range to those we have at present. And if each should reveal to us as much as does the eye, what an amazing wealth of knowledge would be ours. Indeed, Lodge has suggested an electrical theory of vision based on coherent action. But why may not these Hertzian waves have been already utilized by our organism? We are told that the day that Gen. Gordon was killed at Khartoum the people in the streets and bazaars of Cairo knew of it, though the distance in a direct line is 1,000 miles and no telegraph connects these cities. And a British officer in Afghanistan narrates that information of the intended movement of troops during the war at distances 50 or 100 miles away was known to the natives at these points almost immediately, although no signaling of any sort could be detected. What worlds of possible sensation lie all about us in these aether waves, and when these are fully recognized, with what tremendous capabilities will the human race be endowed! In the eloquent words of Tyndall: "The air about us may be full of heaven's hal-lujahs, while we may hear only the feeble whisper of our own prayers."—Lippincott's.

Charles Steinbach has just received a fine lot of small musical instruments such as violin, guitars, mandolins, bar, toy drums, whistles and other novelties. His music rolls are of his own manufacture. Call and see them.

Found—Gold pen holder. Call on D. N. Rogers.

Rev. F. E. Wright has resigned the pastorate of the Stockbridge Baptist church, and moved to Flint.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS

I will be at Chelsea Savings Bank, Saturday, December 30, 1899, for receiving taxes.

JOHN W. SCHULTZ,
Treasurer Dexter Township.

THAT THROBBING HEADACHE

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

NOTICE

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on two 25 cent bottles or boxes of Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, if it fails to cure constipation biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, loss of appetite, sour stomach, dyspepsia, liver complaint, or any of the diseases for which it is recommended. It is highly recommended as a tonic and blood purifier. Sold liquid in bottles, and tablets in boxes. Price 25 cents for either. One package of either guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Fenn & Vogel and Glazier & Stinson.

Three fine Thoroughbred Plymouth Rock cockerel for sale. Storm & Ward, Lima, Mich.

TO ELECTRIC LIGHT CONSUMERS

You are requested to pay your electric light bills before January 1st, otherwise the service will be discontinued at that time.

By order Village Board.

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.

Mrs. R. Churchill, Berlin, Vt., says: "Our baby was covered with running sores. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured her." A specific for piles and skin diseases. Beware of worthless counterfeits. Glazier & Stinson.

Subscribe for The Standard.

Each Package of PUTNAM'S FADELESS DYE colors more goods than any other dye and colors them better too. Sold by Fenn & Vogel.

Couches and Davenport at Staffan's.

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A Free Trip to Paris!

Available persons of a mechanical or inventive mind desiring a trip to the Paris Exposition, with good salary and expenses, will send their resumes to The PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md.



Visits The Big Store.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

WE ALL BUY THEM.

If there is ever a time when one wants the Right kind of Goods, it certainly is at Christmas time, when Selecting articles suitable for Presents.

If there is ever a time when a Dollar seems altogether too small it is at Christmas time.



NO TIME TO LOSE

Make Your Selections Early.

IT IS A TIME WHEN WE ALL WANT MORE FOR OUR MONEY THAN AT ANY OTHER TIME.

The Big Store is filled from top to bottom with the choicest of everything ordinarily found in Department Stores

PRESENTS FOR MEN.

PRESENTS FOR WOMEN.

PRESENTS FOR CHILDREN.

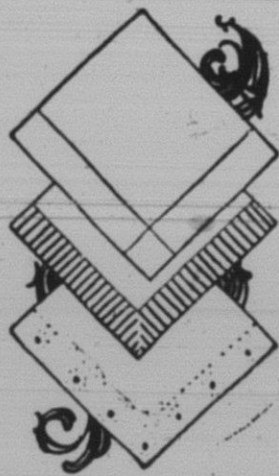
A look through our Store will convince anyone that the Goods are New and up-to-date.

DRY GOODS.

In our Dry Goods and Notion Departments you will find New Dress Goods and Silks for Waists.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

Handkerchiefs at 3 cents. Fancy border, plain border and initial handkerchiefs at 5c, 10c, 12c, 15c, 18c, 20c, 25c, 35c and 50c. Larger assortment and better handkerchiefs for the money than we have ever shown.



COLLARETTES.

Fur Collarettes at \$2.50, \$3.50, \$5.00, \$7.50, \$10.00, \$12.50, \$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00 and \$25.00. Fur Collars at from \$2.50 to \$6.00. Fur Muffs all all prices.



UMBRELLAS.

Large assortment of New Umbrellas at 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$4.50.

GLOVES.

Mittens, Gloves, Hosiery and an endless variety of Fancy Notions.

SUITS AND JACKETS.

Ladies Suits, Jackets, Capes, Shawls, Misses and Children's Jackets. Stylish garments at prices you can afford to pay.



CARPETS.

On our 2nd floor you will find Rugs, Carpets, Carpet Sweepers, Draperies, Curtains, Blankets, Plush Robes and Fur Robes.



CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS.

Ladies should visit our Clothing Department as no where else in Chelsea will be shown so large an assortment of presents suitable for men and boys. Men's Suits, Ulsters, Overcoats, Fur Overcoats. Boy's Suits, Overcoats, Reefers, Ulsters. Hats, Caps, Gloves, Mittens, Neckwear, Neck Scarfs, Fancy Shirts.

SHOES.

NEW SHOES.

Men's Stylish Slippers at 65c, 75c, 90c and \$1.25.

NEW CHRISTMAS SLIPPERS.

WOMEN'S SHOES.

BOY'S SLIPPERS.

CHILDREN'S SHOES.

Women's Nobby Slippers at 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

MEN'S SHOES.

Hundreds of Articles that cannot be Mentioned in this Advertisement.

Our Store will be open every Evening during this Week.

COME AND LOOK.

W. P. SCHENK & COMPANY.

Notes of the Week

Gathered for The Standard's Readers

Merry Christmas to all Standard readers.

Michael Schenk has purchased an Erd piano.

L. T. Freeman has placed a number of fine new show cases in his store.

The Methodists "will receive" New Year's night and give an oyster supper.

The republican national convention will be held at Philadelphia, June 19, 1900.

There were fifty deaths in Washtenaw county during November, of which two occurred in Chelsea.

D. Shell has a carload of black walnut logs here, ready for shipment for Europe, and will soon have more ready within a short time.

A renewal of the Mission will be given in St. Mary's church by the eloquent Redemptorist Fathers, Hogan and Hennessy on Sunday, January 14, 1900.

Bert Tripp of Jackson, the young man who put the slate roof on the new M. E. church, met his death at Lansing last week Wednesday by falling from a scaffold.

On Friday M. J. Noyes bought a herd of seven thoroughbred durham cattle from Chas. Samp of Lima. These animals were all raised by Mr. Samp on the farm of H. S. Holmes.

Clarence Maroney has made the beautiful and artistic pedestals, on which the new statues in St. Mary's church will be placed. The blessing and unveiling will be performed next Sunday evening.

The M. C. R. R. offers a rate of one and one-third fare for round trip to holiday travelers. Tickets for sale on December 23, 24, 25, December 31, and January 1, good to return not later than January 2d.

The members of Olive Chapter, O. E. S., will give an oyster supper December 30th, at the town hall. Supper will be served from 5:30 to 8:30. Price 25 cents, at 9:30 a genuine cake walk will commence. All Masons and their friends will be cordially welcomed.

Washtenaw county dentists have formed an organization.

J. S. Cummings has traded residences with Miss Ella Freer and will soon move into his new acquisition.

The Michigan Telephone Co. has a gang of men here stringing wires and putting in several telephones.

The beautiful doll on the L. C. B. A. booth will be given to the most popular little girl in St. Mary's parish.

Lawrence Shanahan, of Lyndon, who is in his 97th year, is very ill. He is the oldest member of St. Mary's parish.

Any person having magazines or papers they would like to send to the Michigan lumbermen, please bring to Mrs. J. C. Taylor's as soon as convenient.

On Congdon street there are three old ladies whose combined ages make a total of 260 years. They are Mrs. Crowell, Mrs. Krum and Mrs. Savage.

Under a new ruling of the pension office all pensioners living in a certain district for two quarters will receive their next pension from the office in whose district they reside.

A most handsome Christmas crib, specially imported, will be placed in the sanctuary of St. Mary's church next Sunday. There are eighteen figures in the group, and, with the stable, which is five feet high, it will be a beautiful and impressive representation of the birth of Christ.

The lecture at the opera house Saturday evening, the third number in the People's Popular Course, by C. H. Fraser, on "The World's Tomorrow, or a Dream of Destiny," was a most excellent one, and was very enthusiastically received by the audience.

Last Sunday morning a young farmer just south of the village after breakfast hitched up his team to the sleigh, went to the woods and began drawing wood to his house, along towards noon he came into town to do some trading and finding the stores closed, asked a bystander why they were closed, when told it was Sunday he exclaimed that he thought it was Saturday.

The eclipse of the moon Saturday evening was visible by spells when the clouds rolled away.

Mrs. H. Beeton is working for the H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co. during the rush of holiday shoppers.

Martin Breitenbach, who was dangerously ill, is better. His sister, Ella, came from Detroit last Tuesday to attend him.

Columbian Hive, No. 284, L. O. T. M., is making arrangements to hold a measuring social at K. O. T. M. hall Friday evening, January 6th. Each person who comes is to pay three cents for each foot of their height and one cent for each odd inch. Everyone is invited.

Janitor Otley, of the University library, is an Englishman by birth and by sentiment. As soon as he gets five dollars he buys an English sovereign. He feels safer when his savings are in English gold.—Ann Arbor Courier. He ought to be fired and sent back to England where he could get all his pay in English money, but where he would not get so much of it.

The Bay View Reading Circle gave a Christmas entertainment at the home of Mrs. D. C. McLaren on Monday evening, December 18. The program consisted of readings from Dickens Christmas Carols, interspersed with music. At the close of the exercises, refreshments were served, and a social time followed. The company dispersed, having enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

The editor may read the proof of a newspaper four times and pass repeatedly over the same error without seeing it. All newspaper men will tell you so. But just as soon as the press is started and the paper is printed in its complete shape, there stands that error out in front of you so big that you can't see anything else. It is a strange fact. And this is the reason that it is so easy to edit a paper.

The Catholic carnival promises to be a great success. It will be given at the opera house on Wednesday and Thursday, December 27 and 28. An elegant supper will be served each evening from 5 o'clock on. A fine display of fancy and useful articles will be made. The booths will be especially attractive. The live-stock, headed by the two fine Jersey heifers, will be an interesting feature of the bazaar. Articles will be sold cheap, and all kinds of vegetables, etc., will be for sale. Every one who attends, will have an opportunity to get a five dollar gold piece. A special and strictly musical program will be given each night. Admission will be 25 and 15 cents, which includes supper. The ladies and gentlemen cordially invite their friends to attend the festival.

The Knights of Pythias gave a very enjoyable smoker at their hall last evening.

Beulah Home at Leon is incorporated and remains where it is. Now, let the heathens rage!—Grass Lake News.

The new furnace has been placed in position in the Baptist church, and will be used for the first time next Sunday.

There are fourteen people from Washtenaw county employed in the different government departments at Washington.

Cong. Henry C. Smith was appointed to places on four committees by Speaker Henderson. There are two of them which are of the first rate. This is a record for a new member. The committees are: Railways and canals, pensions, accounts, enrolled bills.

The Detroit Journal's Washington correspondent says: Congressman Henry C. Smith of Adrian made his maiden speech in the house last night, and is one of the few men who talked on the currency question who did not hold his speech for revision. He talked very easily and clearly, and had the house in laughter about half the time with his pat stories in the way of illustration. He was one of the happy hits of the evening session.

Tuesday evening, about 8 o'clock, a few of the friends, about thirty, of Mr. T. E. Wood called on him at his home and disturbed his usual quiet and peaceful repose for a few hours. The occasion of this was a remark some friend made that if Theodore Wood should be alive forty-five years from December 19, he would be one hundred years old. However he received the noisy crowd in a very hospitable manner and passed around his birthday cake just like a "little man."

The Willis Correspondent of the Ypsilanti wrote up a wedding which occurred recently as follows: The love-lit wedding took place at the Kimball House, Tuesday of last week. Father Kennedy, of Ypsilanti, officiated. In that brief moment two hearts were made one to walk life's gilded corridor together amid scenic views responsive to calls from within that heralds the divine blessing that matrimonial bliss suggests. Mated thus, Thomas O'Brien and Mrs. Molly Kimball left Willis for a trip to the highlands of Hillsdale, where ministering spirits awaited them to join in the rehearsal of that song where love's young dream is free from hostile powers in lovely bowers of the beautiful yet to be.

Subscribe for The Standard.



WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

OUR VENERABLE FRIEND, MR. SANTA CLAUS

WAS A GENERIOUS BUYER

at our store and as a result of his selections we anticipate a merry Christmas for all our customers. We are nearing the end of a successful and prosperous year's business and we are going to make the last days of the year 1899 the best of all.

WE OFFER:

Fine bulk Oysters at 25c quart.
Standard Oysters, solid pack at 23c can.
Select Oysters, solid pack at 28c can.
3 quarts fancy Cape Cod Cranberries for 25c
Large ripe sweet Navel Oranges 2 for 5c
Good ripe sweet Navel Oranges 25c dozen.
Fancy Mixed Nuts 15c pound.
Fancy California Walnuts 15c pound.

CANDIES! CANDIES!

The largest stock. Most varied assortment. Choicest quality and lowest prices, all go to make our Candy Department the most popular place in Chelsea to buy Candies.

DON'T FORGET OUR FAMOUS COFFEES
FREEMAN'S

CHELSEA TELEPHONE NO. 14

Merry Christmas To All.



SANTA CLAUS AT GRIMM'S RANCH.

A Story for Christmas.



THOUSAND pardons, but could the senior change give for two gold pieces of \$20?"

John Wells jerked his newly-arrived horses to a standstill and glared his annoyance at the heavily-bearded Mexican boy, with doffed sombrero, had suddenly confronted him at a point where the

the Menardville road extricated itself from the scattered jacks of Fort McKavett and headed out for the open prairie. It was early morning of the 24th of December, 1895.

Wells had freshly risen from an unappetizing and indigestible breakfast of grease-sodden tortillas and rancid bacon; had quarreled with the hotel keeper over his extortionate charges for the last night's lodging; was hungry; angry with the sharp sleet that came drifting against his face from the northeast; angry with the "infernal luck" that doomed him to wander over the wild prairies of southwestern Texas while the rest of mankind were happily preparing for the holiday festivities; angry at the abominable cabbage-leaf cigar which refused to yield him solace from his woes; angry with the world at large—and just at that moment—with the disreputable looking "Greaser" before him in particular.

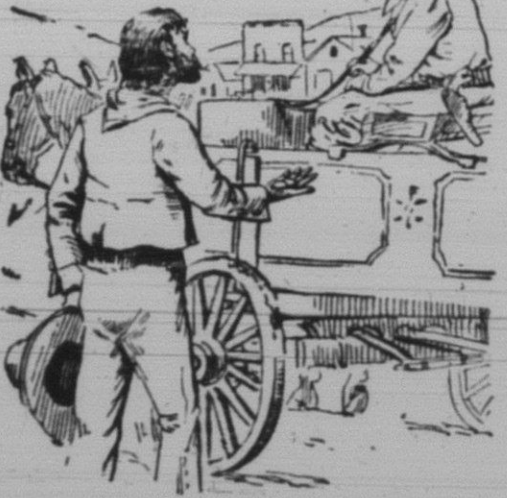
"Two gold pieces of \$20," he growled. "Where are they? Are they counterfeit? How did you come by them?"

The Mexican gravely held them forth in his dirty palm for inspection. "They are gold, senior. They were given me by the American, Senior Black—who sends the meat of goats across the seas in cans. The money is the price of 40 goats that I drove from the Rio Concho."

Wells regarded the Mexican with a searching gaze of suspicion. "I know Col. Bill Black, and his gold is good. But I think I know you, too. You were in the hotel just now when I paid my bill, and I think I saw you last night at the store where I bought those cursed cigars. I believe you want to learn if I have money, so you can relieve me of it farther out on the plains."

The object of Wells' distrust threw his arms aloft in humble deprecation. "The Sacred Mother knows!"

"Never mind that nonsense," exclaimed Wells, roughly. "I'm no baby, and I'll take



"THEY ARE GOLD, SENIOR."

chances on you and all the Greasers in McKavett. I'll give you silver for your gold; and here in this sack is more money—white and yellow—that you may have for the taking. Don't be afraid of the guns—they are never loaded—but sail in as soon as you can raise your crowd and overtake me."

The Mexican made no reply to this bland bit of encouragement, but his snaky eyes gleamed evilly from their covert of steel-gray brows, as they rested upon the plump buckskin pouch nestled between the butts of a heavy shotgun and a winchester rifle. He was profuse in his thanks for the American's kindness, but Wells' only response was a short grunt as he once more drew the blankets closely around him and chirruped to his not-over-willing team.

It was a long drive to Menardville, and a longer one to the nearest railway station, the point for which Wells was now heading. Ever since the middle of November he had been driving here and there among the scattered ranches, on a collecting trip for his employers, a prominent firm of San Antonio merchants; and he was more than anxious to get back to civilization once more. He had been successful in his mission and had remitted several large sums by express; but

his collections had been heavy during the last few days, and at least \$3,000, in bills and coin, were stowed away in his pockets and in the buckskin bag at his feet. It was a large sum of money and he naturally felt the responsibility its possession involved. John Wells was by no means a coward, but he was perfectly acquainted with the chances of acquiring one-tenth the amount he carried would be sufficient to prompt many of the latter to murder. He had been particularly struck with the villainous face and suspicious demeanor of the goat-herder, and the uneasiness aroused by the little incident of the morning hung over him during the entire day.

Without making his usual noonday halt, he drove steadily on, occasionally glancing back over the dim trail, in momentary expectation of finding himself pursued. However, evening came without anything having transpired to increase his alarm, and an hour before darkness closed down upon the bleak plains he drew rein before the door of a lone ranch and, without the useless preliminary of applying for accommodations, began divesting his tired horse of the harness.

As he unhooked the tugs of the off horse, a towheaded urchin of eight or nine years came strolling up from the near-by corral, crept into the buggy seat and drew the blankets over his head until only his boyish face and sparkling eyes were visible. "What's your name, mister?" he asked, with childlike directness.

"Jack Wells. What's yours?"

"Hank Grimm. I'm only Little Hank. Old Hank is my gran'paw, and he owns this ranch. The Mexicans call this 'Osa Botas Ranch,' 'cause gran'paw gives the 'two-boots' brand. Say, mister, do you know who I thought you mought be when you driv' up?"

"Couldn't guess."

"I thought mebbe it was Santa Claus, but then I allow he's got more whiskers'n you have. Still, he mought have shaved."

Wells admitted that Santa Claus might, by way of a change, conclude to make his annual trip with a beard of three weeks' growth, or even a smoothly-shaven face. Further than that he couldn't, under the circumstances, blame Little Hank for looking upon all strangers with an eye of suspicion; but he thought the chances of popping his gaze on Santa Claus by daylight were extremely small. Several millions of boys, in different parts of the world, had been keeping their eyes open for years without avail, and there had come to be a popular belief that the jolly fellow with the reindeer traveled principally in the dark.

"That's the way he hit this ranch last Christmas, and I reckon he left it till about the last ranch on his rounds," remarked the boy. "He didn't leave me a thing that I wanted—nuthin' but a little tin wagon and a pound of candy. Say, mister, d'ye reckon Santa Claus ever handles winchesters?"

The appearance of the elder Hank Grimm spared Wells the necessity of answering this difficult query. The owner of the "Two Boot Ranch" was a man well advanced in years, and possessed of a sturdy, erect figure, square-cut features and sky-blue eyes, that told at once of German ancestry and of past service in the armies of the old world or the new. He welcomed the traveler heartily, directed him how to dispose of his horses for the night, and then abruptly turned away and entered the house. Little Hank remained behind and, in his quaint, boyish way, superintended Wells' every movement.

A covey of quail that had been foraging in the vicinity of the crib flushed at their approach and settled in the prairie grass a short distance away. Little Hank clamored to have one of them killed for his Christmas breakfast, and to please him, on their return to the buggy, Wells slipped a couple of bird loads in his Parker, and, when the covey rose again, grassed three plump beauties with a hasty double shot. The boy was in perfect ecstasies over his success.

"That's better'n you could do with a winchester," he remarked, in a tone denoting that he considered this the height of possible praise. "Gran'paw says a shotgun is no good; but I reckon it depends a heap on who shoots it. I never seed but one before, and it wasn't worth shucks. It be-longed to a man from Arkansas, and he couldn't hit the broadside of a mule."

The traveler's effects were soon transferred to the living room of the ranch, where he was introduced to the ranchman's aged wife, and found that the only occupants of the place were themselves and their precocious grandson. Grimm was a German of the old school, with true Teutonic ideas of comfort, and it seemed that unusual preparations for the evening meal had been made in honor of his visitors. All in the way of food that the ranch could offer was on the table, and, surmounting the array of snowy biscuits, ham and eggs, juicy steak and canned fruit, stood a group of ancient glass decanters, their contents shining in a gradation of colors from deep red to straw yellow.

Little Hank seemed to look upon his share of the feast as an especial treat, and after it was disposed of his tongue ran more glibly

than ever. At length his grandpaw suspended for a moment a morsel of beef half raised to his mouth, and uttered a word of reproof. "Henry, my boy, it is not right that the children should talk and the grown ones listen. Remember, you should be very good to-night. They say that Santa Claus to bad boys is not kind."

"But see," retorted the lad, quickly. "I was good before and what did he bring me? Nothing. I wanted a winchester and he brought me a tin wagon."

"The child would be a man before his time," put in his grandmother. "He talks of nothing but guns; and if he had them he would kill us all, and himself in the bargain."

"I would be a brave soldier—like my father," said the boy, his eyes filling with tears.

"And be killed by the Indians, as was he," responded the old ranchman. "My child, the Grimms have been soldiers since the earliest days. I have fought, in my time, with brave men to lead me on to battle, and I tell you there is nothing in soldiering—nothing but hard work and slavery and bloodshed and death. It is a dog's life; nothing more."

Later in the night, when Wells and Little Hank were snugly stowed away in the latter's bed, the question of Santa Claus and the "winchester" came up again, but no lengthy discussion followed.

It must have been sometime after midnight when Wells was partially aroused by the knowledge that some one was moving in the room, and called out to know who it might be.

"Nobody but me—Hank Grimm. Not gran'paw, but the little one. You know—"

But that was quite enough for the somnolent gentleman from San Antonio. If the sentence was finished he failed to hear its conclusion. Sometime afterwards, however, he was aroused again; and this time so thoroughly that he heard and understood the words that awoke him. They evidently came from the "living room" into which his apartment opened, and were uttered at the top of Little Hank's childish treble.

"That now, Santa Claus. I've got you this time, and either that winchester comes or I down your meat-house. No tin wagons for me this Christmas."

There was a fierce curse grittingly muttered; the sharp crack of a pistol; and then—boom! boom!—two thunderous reports almost as one, shaking the adobe walls of the ranch to their foundations. A dense volume of smoke rolled into the sleeping room, but Wells charged through it with ready rifle, reaching the outer apartment just as old Grimm entered from another door light in hand.

Little Hank lay beneath the huge table, groaning dismally and rubbing his shoulder. Otherwise the room was unoccupied; but a window near the door was open, and on the



"I'VE GOT YOU THIS TIME, SANTA CLAUS."

hard dirt floor lay a freshly discharged pistol and a Mexican sombrero.

"It is robbers that have been here," exclaimed the ranchman. "It is Mexican robbers, and they have shot my boy!"

Wells dived beneath the table, brought forth the injured lad and placed him tenderly in a chair; but he at once struggled to his feet. "Turn loose the dog, gran'paw, or he will get away. It's Santa Claus, and I'm blamed if he didn't miss me with his pistol right slap in my face. I never knowed afore that Santa Claus was an Arkansas man."

Wells turned from the excited boy and approached the open window. Below it, and directly to the right, the whitewashed walls were torn and disfigured with shot, and there were great splashes and dark, trickling streams of something like red paint shining in the light of the lamp.

He turned to the old German; his features pale but collected.

"You will not need the dog," said he. "The man who tumbled through that window is lying where he fell—and I think I will recognize him when I see him."

Wells was right in both his surmises. In "layin' fer Santa Claus" Little Hank had taken a step that no midnight marauder could have foreseen. In forcing an entry to Grimm's ranch, the Mexican goat-herder, who had trailed Wells all the way from McKavett, had gone directly to his death. He lay outside the window, as he had fallen when the bulk of two loads of buckshot had struck him, and when Little Hank gazed into his dead face, its pallor more ghastly still in the lamplight, he screamed and staggered back, covering his eyes with trembling hands.

"I don't want to be a soldier," he sobbed. "I never want to kill another man as long as I live."

But his sturdy old granddam—descended, no doubt, from a long line of warlike Teutons—took him in her strong arms consolingly.

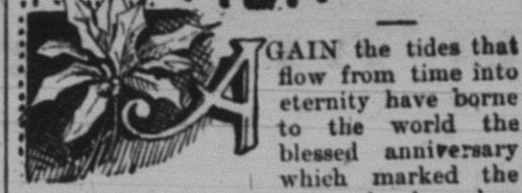
"But this man was a robber, my dear. Killing was his deserts, for he came to murder us all in our sleep. You saved our lives, and now would you turn coward and make us ashamed?"

"It was not a brave deed," growled old Grimm. "The boy thought to shoot Santa Claus and killed a lazy thief of a Mexican instead. It was a bull's-eye on the wrong target and no honor is won. Still, I am glad it has happened, for it may frighten his babyish mind from this folly about soldier-life and guns."

And so Kris Kringle did not visit that night, and Little Hank had to wait for his rifle—but not, as it chanced, so very long, after all. Arriving without farther incident at his destination, Wells first care was to visit the different gunstores of San Antonio upon an errand the nature of which can be easily guessed. On New Year's Eve the McKavett stage halted at Grimm's ranch to deliver a package, and a few minutes later the heart of the younger Hank was beating high with elation. Snugly packed in a neat box lay two guns—a tiny winchester and a light breech-loading shotgun. It was a present fit for a king, and a costlier one than Jack Wells' slim purse could have stood unaided; but his employers had been told how their thousands were saved and graciously donated two per cent. of the entire amount towards rewarding the principal actor in that Christmas Eve tragedy at the "Two Boot Ranch."

—D. BARNES.

PEACE ON EARTH. GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN.



GAIN the tides that flow from time into eternity have borne to the world the blessed anniversary which marked the dawn of hope for humanity, the day when man saw the ultimate victory over death and the triumph of the immortal over the mortal. Through the darkness the watchers underneath the midnight skies saw the rising of a glorious star, and its light is still shining upon the world to be a beacon amid the storm, to lead generations yet unborn to the humble manger sanctified by infinite love and compassion, and made holy by the birth of a hope that should lift the lowliest man to the divine heights where he could look unafraid upon the face of his God.

"Peace on earth, good-will to men," sang the heavenly hosts, and the war-vexed world thrilled to the anthem, for in it was heard the thanksgiving of the slave, whose chains were to be made light by the love of the Christ, whose stripes were to be soothed by the hand that touched the leper and cleansed him of his foulness, whose shame was made glorious by a brotherhood with the carpenter's Son of Nazareth, who came to preach the Gospel to the poor. "Peace on earth," the Christmas bells to-day ring out the message that was flung to the winds of night by the angel voices on the plains of Bethlehem, and from the uttermost ends of the earth men come to bow down and offer their gifts of frankincense and myrrh, the incense of grateful and loving faith, at the feet of the infant Jesus who was "born King of the Jews," but who reigns Lord of the earth, proclaiming now, as in the hour when He took upon Himself the likeness of man, that good-will that endureth from generation to generation, and that pities the shortcomings and failures of men with a boundless tenderness.

What bring ye, who come to-day to look upon the holy mystery of the Christ-birth, as an offering acceptable to the Saviour of men; what treasure that shall not perish; what incense that shall be of goodly savor? No longer do men don armor of proof, and buckling on their swords bid farewell to home and friends, seeking far-away lands that they may slay the heathen who believe not in Him, and rescue from impious hands the scepter in which His mortal part lay a few brief hours. Christ has revealed Himself as the Saviour of those who know Him not, the lover of peace and the hater of war. "The captains and the kings depart," the stillness of death hushes the shouting of the multitude, the laurel withers upon the brow of the conqueror, the gold rusts in the coffer of the miser. What are honor, renown, riches, as a sacrifice to the King who had nowhere to lay His head, to the conqueror who vanquished death, to the Creator of the world and the fullness thereof?

Oh ye who seek the Christ that ye may bow down and worship Him, remember: "Still stands the ancient sacrifice: A humble and a contrite heart."

If Christ be truly born unto your souls, let your lives proclaim the message that the bells ring out this Christmas day. The adoration which strengthens your soul anew for the conflict of life should be like a glorious flower, shedding its perfume on the winds that sweep around the world, a purifying influence and a beauty which even the most careless eye can see. Gather up some wandering ray from the star shining over the manger, and bear it into the dark places of the earth, that it may light some soul in the midnight of despair, and lead it to the source of immortal radiance. Catch some wandering tone of the angelic song, and repeat the strain above the pillow where Pain wards off the tender hand of Sleep, where Regret sounds the dirge over wasted hours, where Sorrow moans in some haunted chamber, and the ghosts of lost days wait vainly for the sweet sin that left such deep and stinging wounds. He who bore the griefs of men years over the wandering sheep, and you who have seen His face, who have read the tender message of His love, who have trodden with Him the road from Bethlehem to Calvary, remember on this Christmas day that again He is born unto you and unto the world. You are the messengers who are to bear abroad the peace and good-will that the Heavenly choir proclaimed on that first Christmas night, you are to interpret the meaning of God become Man, you are to vindicate the martyrdom that bought the highest good with incarnate Virtue, for "unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

—LOU V. CHAPIN.

The Bachelor. He admits with a smile that is mocking, That Christmas no longer consoles; He hasn't a single stocking; That isn't full of holes.

—Judge.

AN AWFUL DEATH.

By sending to his lady fair A Christmas box of gloves. But ah, relentless, cruel fate, The maiden is not smitten. And, as she must reciprocate, She gives that youth the mitten.

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

A TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT.

Now doth the callow youth prepare To show his madly loves, By sending to his lady fair A Christmas box of gloves. But ah, relentless, cruel fate, The maiden is not smitten. And, as she must reciprocate, She gives that youth the mitten.

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

A Fair Exchange. Now doth the callow youth prepare To show his madly loves, By sending to his lady fair A Christmas box of gloves. But ah, relentless, cruel fate, The maiden is not smitten. And, as she must reciprocate, She gives that youth the mitten.

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A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE.

How a Rejected Suitor Got Even with His Successful Rival.



O MY cousin Robert has written that he is sending a little Christmas surprise," said Mrs. Meekmild, for the tenth time. "I felt sure that if he could once be induced to visit our happy little home he would forget that I—ah—treated him rather unkindly in eloping with you on the very day which was to have seen me his bride. To be sure, I left a note saying that I felt I could never have made him perfectly happy. Had he been a magnanimous person, he would have been satisfied with such a handsome apology—but he was not."

"Not at all," sighed her husband, "he was most inconsiderate. He—"

"However, a woman's tact has bridged the difficulty, as usual. I flatter myself that I did a clever and original thing in naming one of the twins for him. Who would be so



THE LID WAS OFF THE BOX AT LAST.

apt to appreciate such a compliment as a rich old bachelor, I'd like to know?"

"No one, I'm sure. But he thawed as soon as he had seen our six little cherubs. How he laughed when little Josiah rode on my back and playfully kicked me in the eye!"

"And how merry he was when Ariadne spilled milk on my best dress. What a pleasure it must have been to witness such felicity. To be sure, I am sorry that he happened to hear your remarks when my dressmaker's bill came in, but—"

"And I had rather that he had been of earshot when you told me your honest opinion of a man who could not match embroidery silks better than I, after he had been married ten years. However, this is mere detail. I remember his rage when he found that I had married his little fairy, as he called you. Odd, isn't it, that he has forgiven me now that you weigh twice as much?"

"Humph, I may weigh a few pounds more, but my hair is intact, and that is more than—"

"And now he is sending us a Christmas box. I wonder what it contains? The children will be up at daylight to find out. Well, prosperity will not change us!"

"Never. Even though I am able to dress as well as our own hired girl, I shall not insist that you write it Xmas, instead of Christmas, nor shall I call it appendicitis when little Rufus has eaten too much pie. Personally, I expect tickets to Europe."

"Tickets to Europe, and I such a poor sailor that the sight of a marine in water colors gives me seasickness! Nonsense, he has sent us the deed to a ranch in Texas."

"A ranch—and I so afraid of cattle! How mean of you to think of such a thing. I'll never live on a ranch!"

"And I shall certainly not go to Europe!"

"I shall, and I'll never speak to you again. There!"

"Even your voice would not reach from Europe to Texas. But here is the expressman, and you'll see that I was right."

"That I was, dear. What a huge box! I'm glad that he forgave us just at Christmas when he need not check his generosity. That trip to Europe—"

"Texas, you mean!" The lid was off the box at last, and a silence fell upon them, as the gifts were opened. When the last one lay before them, they flung themselves despairingly into each other's arms.

"The villain said he had forgiven us!" she cried.

"He can afford to—he is avenged!" he growled.

For the box contained: One music box, which played only rag time; one drum, a fife, three horns, a toy piano, six packages of dynamite crackers, one Chinese gun, a toy pistol and a card, on which was written: "With Cousin Robert's best wishes for a very merry Christmas!"

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A CHRISTMAS COMEDY.

Rather Exciting, But All Concerned Are Expected to Recover.



ELL, how did Christmas go off at your house?" Mrs. Talk-much asked, after she had told Mrs. Spilkins exactly how much each of her own gifts had cost and what she had exchanged them for afterwards.

"Oh, pretty well. Yes, isn't it odd that it only smells after all the jets are turned off? I never used to smell gas until after I was married, but now, I—"

"Smell it every night? So do I. Mr. Spilkins said he'd get up and hang the stockings, said he could wake at any moment he chose. It seemed a pity that he never chooses to wake at the regular hour for getting up, but I said nothing—at least very little. Ethel wasn't sleepy and wanted to hang them, but her father said she'd be thinking of young Fizzleton and forget to notice whether the children were asleep or not. Why, she makes enough noise after he leaves at night to wake the dead!"

"Yes, the worst thing about Love's young dream is the fact that it forgets that other people need sleep!"

"M'h'm. Well, I knew I'd have to hang those stockings, so when it was time I crept down to get them. We had left them on the dining table, where they were gone!"

"Meow, burglars!"

"I knew that and flew upstairs. As I reached the head of the stairs, I heard some one creeping along the hall. In a second I was in the bedroom, with the door locked, but Mr. Spilkins wasn't there!"

"Gracious, had they—"

"Then came the most awful groans from the yard below and I knew that they had killed him and thrown him out of the window! I remembered then that I had borrowed his best necktie, the day before, with out remembering to ask his consent, and now I was a lone widow, who could never ask forgiveness for the ink I had spilled on it! I flew to the window, calling: 'Police! Murder!' Then, I heard some one trying my door!"

"The burglars, of course. Oh, you poor heroine!"

"Yes, and then came awful screams from Ethel, her voice sounding as it does when her little brother brings a mouse into the room. Seizing my umbrella, I went to her rescue. In the hall I ran into the arms of a man and must have fainted, for the next thing I knew Mr. Spilkins was telling Ethel to burn the ostrich feathers on my new bonnet and see if that would not bring me to!"

"It did, I'm sure! But I thought Mr. Spilkins was murdered—"

"Well, he wasn't. He had gotten the stockings and hung them, when he heard me call for the police and—"

"But the groans and Ethel's screams?"

"The groaning noise was young Mr. Fizzleton, singing a serenade of Christmas hymns under her window. She slept through that, being roused by her father rattling at my door, and thinking I was murdered!"

"Gracious! I hope that was the end of it!"

"It wasn't. The police came and seeing young Fizzleton in the yard, they brought him in to be identified as the burglar! It took half an hour to induce them to let him go, and then they were still suspicious. While we were there engaged, the children woke up and ate all the candy in their stockings. I spent the rest of the night between ministering to them and comforting Ethel, who feared that Mr. Fizzleton would blame her for his sufferings. Yes, I said, we hope exciting Christmas, but, as I said, we hope to be fully recovered from its effects in a week or two."

—ELISA ARMSTRONG.

Between the Lines. My dear Miss Bonds, your eyes pray lift (If this don't win her I am lost!) And deign to view my humble gift; (I hate to think about its cost!) May it find favor in your sight. (And bring about the end I seek!) (Although its value is but slight. (I'll have to fast at least a week!)

—N. Y. World.

Quickly Answered. Hojak—I often see the Christmas goose mentioned in Christmas stories. What is the Christmas goose?

Tomdick—The Christmas goose is the man who spends more money for presents than he can afford.—Judge.

A Query. The question comes on each Christmas morn To interrupt men's gentler mirth; "How can the blowing of a horn Assist in bringing peace to earth?"—Washington Star.

All It Would Hold. Dog-Faced Boy—Did yer get yer stocking full of good things Christmas?

Living Skeleton—Yes, indeed.

Dog-Faced Boy—What'd yer get? Living Skeleton—A cigarette.—Town Topics.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

Kemp Commercial & Savings Bank

at Chelsea, Michigan,

At the Close of Business Dec. 2d, 1899.

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts	\$ 61,181.89
Stocks, bonds & mortgages	143,587.05
Overdrafts	45.04
Banking house	8,000.00
Furniture and fixtures	2,000.00
Due from banks in reserve cities	38,738.64
Due from other banks and bankers	26,837.42
Revenue stamps	106.36
Checks and cash items	124.64
Nickels and cents	166.64
Gold coin	3,720.00
Silver coin	1,583.00
U. S. and state bonds	4,500.00
U. S. and National Bank Notes	6,036.00
Total	\$296,576.68

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in	\$ 40,000.00
Surplus	500.00
Undivided profits less current expenses, interest and taxes paid	1,675.71
Commercial deposits subject to check	55,197.33
Commercial certificates of deposit	13,325.18
Savings deposits	170,370.52
Savings certificates of deposit	15,507.94
Total	\$296,576.68

State of Michigan, County of Wash-

ing, ss.

I, J. A. Palmer, cashier of the above

named bank, do solemnly swear that

the above statement is true to the best

of my knowledge and belief.

JOHN A. PALMER, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me

this 6th day of Dec. 1899.

GEO. A. BEGOLLE, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

H. S. Holmes,

C. Klein,

C. H. Kempf,

Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

Chelsea Savings Bank.

at Chelsea, Michigan,

At the close of Business, Dec. 2d, 1899.

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts	\$102,566.51
Stocks, bonds, mortgages, etc.	147,729.75
Revenue stamps	439.41
Banking house	3,800.00
Furniture and fixtures	3,618.97
Due from banks in reserve cities	10,175.00
Due from banks in reserve cities	53,201.10
Exchanges for clearing house	56.53
Checks and cash items	1,497.65
Nickels and cents	263.89
Gold coin	3,425.00
Silver coin	1,089.25
U. S. and National Bank Notes	6,217.00
Total	\$334,080.06

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in	\$ 60,000.00
Surplus fund	7,173.00
Undivided profits less current expenses, interest and taxes paid	5,494.31
Dividends unpaid	266.00
Commercial deposits subject to check	46,503.94
Commercial certificates of deposit	86,379.62
Savings deposits	33,813.37
Savings certificates of deposit	94,449.82
Total	\$334,080.06

State of Michigan, County of Wash-

ing, ss.

I, Wm. J. Knapp, president of the

above named bank, do solemnly swear

that the above statement is true to the

best of my knowledge and belief.

WM. J. KNAPP, President.

Subscribed and sworn to before me

this 6th day of Dec. 1899.

THOS. E. WOOD, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

THOS. S. SEARS,

W. P. SCHENK,

GEO. W. PALMER,

Directors.

Total Loans

Deposits

Cash and Exchange

250,296.36

261,146.75

65,750.43

Stands in solid mahog-

any, mahogany finish,

golden oak and jardiniere

stands always make very

acceptable presents. Staff-

an.

HARNESS

I have recently purchased the Har-

ness business conducted by the Tomlin-

son estate and will continue the business

of the old stand and have added to the stock

new and complete line of

Harness, Robes, Blankets,

Whips, Brushes, Curry

Combs, Harness Oils,

and in fact everything that is kept in a

first class Harness Shop.

Repairing of all kinds

Done on Short Notice.

Give me a call and inspect my goods.

W. L. KEUSCH.

Couches and Daven-

ports at Staffan's.

THE NATIONAL CONGRESS.

Work Being Done by Our Law-

Makers at Fifty-Sixth Annual

Session in Washington.

DAILY SUMMARY OF THE PROCEEDINGS.

Resolution Introduced in the Senate

to Change Presidential and Con-

gressional Terms—Important Meas-

ures Presented in the House and

Debate on the Currency Bill.

Washington, Dec. 13.—A bill was in-

troduced in the senate yesterday by

Senator Cullom for the amendment of

the law creating the interstate com-

merce commission. Senator Pettig-

rew introduced a resolution asking

for information as to whether Admiral

Dewey ever recognized the self-styled

Philippine republic. The nomination

of Leonard Wood to be major general

of volunteers was confirmed.

Washington, Dec. 14.—Senator Gal-

linger (N. H.) introduced a bill in the

senate yesterday for the codification

of the pension laws by a joint com-

mission of jurists and members of the

G. A. R. A bill to establish tele-

graphic communication between the

United States and Hawaii and the

Philippines was introduced by Senator

Lodge (Mass.).

Washington, Dec. 15.—In the senate

yesterday Senator Pettigrew's resolu-

tion inquiring if Americans had recog-

nized Filipino insurgents was tabled.

The house resolution for a Christmas

holiday adjournment on the 20th of De-

cember until the 3d of January was

agreed to.

Washington, Dec. 16.—In the senate

yesterday the new list of committee

members was agreed to. Numerous

private pension bills were introduced,

making the number of such bills at the

present session over 1,600. Adjourned

to Monday.

Washington, Dec. 19.—Senator Till-

man (S. C.) and Senator Bacon (Ga.)

introduced resolutions in the senate

yesterday opposing retention of the

Philippines by the United States.

Numerous petitions expressing sym-

pathy with the South African repub-

lics in their war with Great Britain

were presented by Senator Mason (Ill.).

House.

Washington, Dec. 13.—Little was

done in the house yesterday aside

from the debate on the currency bill.

The features of the debate were the

speeches of Mr. Grosvenor (O.), for

the bill, and of Mr. Cochran (Mo.)

and Mr. Newlands (Nev.) against it.

Washington, Dec. 14.—The house

yesterday adopted a resolution pro-

viding for a holiday recess from

Wednesday, December 20, to Wednes-

day, January 3, and continued the de-

bate on the currency bill.

Washington, Dec. 15.—Mr. Williams

(Miss.) introduced a joint resolution

in the house yesterday which declares

the intention and purpose to recognize

the independence of the Philippines and

withdraw our land and sea forces, pro-

vided the independent government agrees

to refund the \$20,000,000 paid by the

United States to Spain. Bills were in-

troduced to admit Arizona to state-

hood; to give two months' extra pay to

those serving in the war with Spain,

without limitations of present law; to

extend the homestead law to the Phil-

ippines so that soldiers serving in the

war with Spain or the Philippines shall

have the benefit of homestead settle-

ment in the Philippines. The currency

bill was further discussed.

Washington, Dec. 16.—Bills were in-

troduced in the house yesterday pro-

viding a system of government for Ala-

ska; authorizing the president to ap-

point as cadets at the Naval academy the

cadets temporarily appointed during

the Spanish war; giving to all Mexican

war veterans who have reached the

age of 70 years and their widows of the

same age pensions of \$30 a month. The

debate on the currency bill was ended

and a vote will be taken Monday.

Washington, Dec. 18.—In the house

on Saturday Mr. Sulzer (N. Y.) intro-

duced a joint resolution declaring that

a state of war exists in South Africa,

and according belligerent rights to the

Transvaal government.

Washington, Dec. 19.—The currency

bill was passed in the house yesterday

by a vote of 190 to 150. It had the

united support of every republican

and of 11 democrats. The speaker

announced the standing committees.

Wants Officers Surrendered.

Austin, Tex., Dec. 19.—Gov. Sayers

has appealed to President McKinley for

the surrender of Lieut. Ruberton and

all noncommissioned officers at Fort

Ringgold, charged with rioting, etc.,

which took place there recently. Com-

mander McKibben has declined to sur-

render these men to the civil authori-

ties, and Gov. Sayers carried the mat-

ter direct to the president, asking for

the surrender of the men.

Boston Bank Closes.

Boston, Dec. 18.—The failure of the

John P. Squire company, of Cam-

bridge, the largest pork packers in

New England, for \$3,000,000, caused

the Broadway national bank in this

city to close its doors.

Four Killed.

Lewiston, Idaho, Dec. 18.—Engi-

neers Bain and Ogden and Fireman

Bradshaw and Brakeman Budge were

killed in a railway wreck near here.

Abolish Hazing.

West Point, N. Y., Dec. 19.—The

cadets at the United States military

academy, without a dissenting vote,

have decided to abolish hazing.

Joins the G. A. R.

Palmyra, N. Y., Dec. 19.—Admiral

Sampson was mustered into James A.

Garfield post, 193, G. A. R., Monday

night.

SANTA CLAUS' HEADQUARTERS.

Christmas is almost here and we invite young and old to come and buy Presents suitable for all.

Bazaar Department.

In our Bazaar Department we have:

Celluloid Toilet Cases,
Collar and Cuff Boxes,
Handkerchief Boxes,
Necktie Boxes,
Sterling Silver Novelties,
Ebonized Goods, Medalions,
Fancy China and Glassware, Lamps,
Toys of every description, Dolls, Candles,
Tree Ornaments, Books,
Shoo Flys, Hand Sleds, Carts.

FURNITURE DEPARTMENT.

Combination Bookcases, Music Cabinets,
Fancy Rockers in all grades of coverings,
Easels, Ladies' Desks,
Some very low prices on Bedroom Suits and
Dining Chairs.
Sewing Machines, Chiffoniers, Sideboards.
Upholstered Furniture in Parlor Suits.

HARDWARE DEPARTMENT

Fancy Tea and Coffee Pots.
Carving sets, shears, skates, pocket cutlery.
What would be nicer than a Steel Range or
nice Heating Stove for your wife?
Rogers knives and forks. Plated ware.

WE ARE SHOWING THE

FINEST LINE OF CANDIES

from the cheapest to the best, also Oranges and Nuts.

HOAG & HOLMES.

AT MOUNT VERNON.

Centennial Anniversary of the Death
of Washington Observed—The
President Pays Tribute.

Washington, Dec. 15.—Mount Ver-

non was the scene Thursday of the most

unique and impressive ceremony in its

rich and picturesque history. Masons

of high degree from all over the United

States and Canada met at the tomb of

Washington in services commemorat-

ing the one hundredth anniversary of

the death of the greatest American.

President McKinley delivered an elo-

quent tribute to the memory of the

first president, and senators and rep-

resentatives in congress, high officials

of the government and distinguished pri-

vate citizens were participants and

spectators of the solemn service. The

president said in part:

"We have just participated in a service

commemorative of the one hundredth

anniversary of the death of George Wash-

ington. Here at his old home, which he loved

so well, and which the patriotic women

of the country have guarded with loving

hands, exercises are conducted under the

auspices of the great fraternity of Masons,

which a century ago planned and executed

the solemn ceremonial which attended

the Father of His Country to his tomb.

The lodge in which he was initiated and

the one over which he afterwards presided

as worshipful master, accorded positions

of honor at his obsequies, are to-day re-

presented here in token of profound respect

to the memory of their most illustrious

member and beloved brother.

"Masons throughout the United States

testify anew their reverence for the name

of Washington and the inspiring exam-

ple of his life. Distinguished representatives

are here from all the grand lodges of the

country to render the ceremonies as dig-

nified and impressive as possible, and most

cordial greetings have come from across

our borders and from beyond the sea.

"Not alone in this country, but through-

out the world, have Masons taken especial

interest in the observance of this centennial

S. A. MAPES & CO.
FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS.
FINE FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.
Calls answered promptly night or day.
Chelsea Telephone No. 6.
CHELSEA, MICHIGAN.

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

G. BUSH
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Formerly resident physician U. of M. Hospital.
Office in Hatch block. Residence on South street.

R. McCOLGAN.
Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur
Office and residence corner of Main and Park Streets.
Graduate of Philadelphia Polyclinic in diseases of eye, ear, nose and throat.
CHELSEA. MICH.

G. E. HATHAWAY.
GRADUATE IN DENTISTRY.
A reliable LOCAL anesthetic for painless extraction.
GAS ADMINISTERED WHEN DESIRED.

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

JACOB EDER,
TONSorial Parlors
Shaving, hair cutting, shampooing, etc., executed in first-class style. Razors honed.
GIVE ME A TRIAL.
Shop in the Boyd block, Main street.

At Avery's fine new parlors all Dental work you find
With care and skill and beauty successfully combined.
Our crown and bridge work even severest critics please.
But persons so desiring can take their choice of these.
Five kinds of plates we offer—they will attention hold—
Aluminum and rubber, Watt's metal, silver, gold.
Our local anesthetics and nitrous oxide too.
Will put to flight all terror extracting brings to view.
The children at our office receive attention all.
So friends who wish a dentist give Avery a call.

FRANK SHAVER,
Proprietor of The "City" Barber Shop. In the new Babcock Building Main street.
CHELSEA. MICH.

R. P. CARPENTER, W. R. C. NO. 210
meets the Second and Fourth Friday in each month. The Second Friday at 2:30 p. m. The Fourth Friday at 7:30 p. m.
R. M. WILKINSON, Secretary.

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

DO YOU WANT LIFE INSURANCE?
DO YOU WANT FIRE INSURANCE?
I represent "The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York," the largest insurance company in the world. Also, six of the best Fire Insurance Companies. Can carry farm risks. Call and get figures before you place your insurance.
B. B. TURNBULL, Agent.

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

MICHIGAN CENTRAL
"The Niagara Falls Route."
Time Card, taking effect, June 25, 1899.

TRAINS EAST:
No. 8—Detroit Night Express 5:20 a. m.
No. 36—Atlantic Express 7:15 a. m.
No. 12—Grand Rapids 10:40 a. m.
No. 6—Express and Mail 3:15 p. m.
TRAINS WEST:
No. 3—Express and Mail 10:12 a. m.
No. 13—Grand Rapids 6:20 p. m.
No. 7—Chicago Express 10:20 p. m.
W. RUGGLES, Gen. Pass & Ticket Agt.
A. WILLIAMS, Agent.

Geo. H. Foster,
AUCTIONEER
Satisfaction Guaranteed
Terms Reasonable.
Headquarters at Standard Office.

Crocuses.
Spring's harbingers that brave the cold, And bura above the rimy mold With unassuming flame of gold; How hardly ye bloom and thrive, Content, it seems, to be alive, Before the sunny days arrive!
The snowdrop with her shy grace Shows not more sweetly in her place Than crocus, with the April face; Nor mystic almond-blossoms that shed Their tender petals, faintly red, In rosy showers o'er her bed.
And truly where its light is seen, While not a bough is fledged with green, I think the goddesses have been; Whose footsteps on the flowerless grass Print magic blossoms as they pass Outpouring wine of Hippocras.
—Fall Mail Gazette.

BURGLARS TWO.

Last autumn, toward the end of the "Long," Hargreaves and I went down to Lancaster-on-Sea to do some reading.

The season was over, and we found ourselves almost the only visitors in the place—quite the only ones, in fact, at the Park hotel. Consequently we had a choice of rooms, and it was purely accidental that we chose the corner sitting room on the "second-floor front," overlooking the grounds of the hotel and also the People's park.

The western wall of the hotel gardens formed the eastern boundary of the park, and our room was at right angles to the wall. Immediately beneath it, on the park side, was a row of garden seats.

One night Hargreaves and I were luxuriating in a lounge after dinner. The room was in darkness and we were quiet for once—enjoying a smoke and half dozing.

Presently I was aroused by the sound of voices talking outside. The window was open, and I drew aside the curtain and looked out.

Two men occupied the seat just below me, on the park side of the wall—decent-looking fellows, as far as I could tell in the dusk. I looked carelessly at them for a moment, and was about to return to my pipe, when a word or two caught my ear. I leaned forward and listened eagerly.

"Then it's all settled. We sneak up the drive, steal a ladder, and we climb in at the landing window. We shan't be disturbed; old Seaton sleeps at the back of the house; so do the servants."

"Go on."

"Her room is in the front—the first on the left from the landing window. I spotted it the other night when I was strolling up and down."

"Oh, never mind that! Hurry up."

"Well, you know what to do next. Seize the little darling, gag her, lower her down to me—she's a mere feather-weight—follow, and I'll manage the rest."

"Sh-h! Not so loud."

The speaker glanced apprehensively over his shoulder at the hotel.

"You're sure this place is empty?"

"He went on. 'There'll be a pretty how d'ye do if we've been overheard!'"

"Of course it's empty. How funky you are!"

"Well, I don't care about the business. 'Tis infernally risky, and—"

"Oh, come, you can't back out of it now. You understand? Meet me at half-past 11 at the cross-roads half a mile from Seaton hall. Then a tramp, a few minutes' wild excitement, then—Dora and bliss!"

"Catch your hare before you cook it, Tom. It's a far cry from tonight's affair to bliss and Dora."

"Oh, shut up! I'm off."

"So am I."

The two men moved away, and I— I sank back in my chair and gasped.

What could it mean? Did these cold-blooded ruffians really contemplate breaking into a man's house and stealing his daughter under his very nose? It was incredible, impossible; it was—

I roused Hargreaves with a vigorous shake. "Wake up!" I shouted.

"Wake up! Thieves! Burglars! Kidnapers! Miss Seaton, of Seaton Hall!"

"What the deuce are you talking about?" cried Hargreaves, starting up.

"Are you mad?"

I pulled myself together with an effort, and rapidly ran over what I had heard. Carry off a girl in that desperate fashion in these days! Absurd! "Go to sleep again, my dear fellow, and dream some sense!"

This was irritating. If there had been time I should have been annoyed with Hargreaves, but there was not. I assumed a lofty indifference.

"Believe it or not, as you like," I said, "it's true enough. I shall be at Seaton hall at midnight to stop this desperate deed; and if I lose my life in the interests of my fellow-creatures, my blood be on your head!"

This rhetorical display impressed Hargreaves. Seeing which, I followed it up with a hint of ignoring the Lancaster police, and capturing the burglars off our own bat.

Hargreaves was "fetched."

It was beastly—branches of trees stuck into us, prickly shrubs lacerated our faces. We could distinguish nothing but the dim outline of the house, for the mist, which had been gradually increasing, suddenly descended like a thick pall, shrouding everything.

We seemed to have been there for hours (during which my only comfort lay in clutching the blackthorn cudgel and a pocket pistol, to which Hargreaves carried the pair), when suddenly Hargreaves gripped my arm.

I listened. Footsteps were coming stealthily toward us. Nearer and nearer they drew—nearer and nearer. I crouched down behind the shrubs and peered out.

Ah-hal! There they were—the ruffians! Thank goodness—only two of them. They sneaked along on the narrow strip of grass bordering the gravel drive, passed, and disappeared into the darkness.

A few minutes elapsed. Then a lantern's red bull's-eye gleamed out close to the ground. Two figures reared a ladder against the house wall.

One of the men mounted and disappeared. I could hear Hargreaves' breath coming in quick gasps. My teeth chattered.

Now the fellow was at the window again. He clutched something in his arms. Miss Dora Seaton? No—not Miss Dora Seaton—a bundle! A kicking, struggling bundle!

Swiftly, swiftly he descended. The ladder was removed; the red light of the lantern extinguished. We felt the two coming toward us in the darkness. My heart beat up into my throat, my knees shook, but I clutched the blackthorn cudgel.

"Now!" cried Hargreaves.

We sprang out. Each hurled himself on his man, seized him by the throat, and hung on.

The shock of the attack was irresistible. With scarcely a sound, scarcely even a scuffle, we forced the fellow down. Tightening my grip—

"If they struggle," I cried to an imaginary comrade in the darkness; "if they struggle, fire!"

I gagged my man, bound his unresisting hands, turned on the lantern and staggered back in utter amazement.

"Graham!" I cried. "Graham!"

"Dagmore!" ejaculated Hargreaves. "Tom Dagmore! by the powers!"

Hargreaves and I started at one another. The burglars lay and glared at us, gagged and helpless. The mysterious bundle struggled and plunged about our feet. Over all loomed the shadow of the old hall, wrapped in silent darkness.

Then Hargreaves began to laugh. He rolled about the drive in speechless agony, stuffing his handkerchief into his mouth and gurgling. I subsided on the ground in silent convulsions.

No wonder, Graham and Dagmore, undergraduates of All Souls, Oxbridge, breaking into the house of a highly respectable country squire to steal—ah, yes! to steal what?

I jumped up, seized the bundle, and released—a small toy-terrier, with a blue ribbon round its neck, and a gag stuffed into its mouth.

It was inexplicable, it was mysterious. It was the best thing we had been in for months. With a simultaneous impulse we unbound the ruffians. They gazed at each other ruefully, then at us, and once more laughter rendered us all speechless.

"Come out of this," I whispered presently. "We shall have the household down on us."

We crept down the drive. I hardly dared breathe till we were outside the gates.

"Now, then," I said to Graham, "explain."

"Oh, after you, sir," said Graham; "after you!"

"Yes," echoed Dagmore; "what the dickens are you doing in this affair?"

I told them. Having stood what we considered a legitimate amount of chatter, we put a stop to it, and bade them "be away."

"The fact is," said Graham, "Dagmore is in love; it's Miss Dora Seaton."

"Very interesting," I remarked, "but it hardly seemed to account for his stealing her dog."

"Oh," said Graham, "I'm coming to that. Dora walks on Lyncaster pier daily after tea. So does the dog. So for the fortnight we have been down here, have Dagmore and I. Dagmore was smitten with Dora at once, and we have tried every dodge we knew to get an introduction. No go. Fair means failing, we tried foul."

I stared.

"We are due at Oxbridge next week, you know. Dagmore is getting frantic."

"At last we hit on a brilliant idea. Dora is devoted to the dog. It occurred to him how convenient it would be if the little beast would get itself lost or stolen, and we could find and restore it to her. As this did not seem likely to happen, we decided, as you see, to steal it ourselves. Tomorrow there will be a hue and cry all over Lyncaster—posters up, rewards offered, Dora in despair. Dagmore scouring the country for the dog—restoration—introduction—gratitude—bliss!"

"Well, of all the romantic, dare-devil young fools!" I began.

"But," broke in Hargreaves, "how did you know where the dog was kept at night? And how dare you risk its barking and rousing the household?"

"Dagmore's landlady and the cook at Seaton hall exchange weekly tea and muffins. Which answers your first question."

"And the second?"

Graham produced a small phial. "Chemistry," he said, pompously—"chemistry is a most useful study. A few drops of this liquid on a lump of sugar sends a small dog to sleep for six hours on end. The dose takes effect half an hour after administration. This afternoon Dora and the dog walked on the pier as usual. So did Dagmore and I. Dora engaged in amiable converse with an old fisherman, while the little dog ate a lump of sugar lying temptingly under one of the seats. On the road home he probably lay down and slumbered, and has slumbered ever since on the mat at his mistress' door—in my arms on the landing—and awoke to find himself descending a ladder tied up in a blanket with a cloth stuffed into his mouth. There"—Graham finished—"that's the whole show."

Hargreaves and I do not think much of this tale. Mrs. Dora Dagmore says it is the best she knows—London Answers.

THE BILL WAS COUNTERFEIT

HOW THE SMART DRUMMER WAS FOOLED.

He Had Been All Over the Country, but the New York Boys Were Entirely Too Smooth For Him.

"I have been all over this country and in many others," said Harry H. Porter, a Chicago drummer, "but I had to come to New York to get bunked, and then I was as easy as any farmer. I was standing at Broadway and Thirty-fourth street the other night, waiting for a car, when I noticed two fellows, about fifty feet away, who were carrying on an animated discussion. They looked to me like college boys, and appeared to have reached the exhilarating stage of intoxication. Every now and then they would look at me and fall to arguing like a couple of lawyers. Finally they each pulled out a roll of greenbacks and deposited several of them with a bystander, who was, to all appearances, a total stranger to them. The taller of the two boys then approached me and said with a suppressed laugh:

"Now, don't you let on what I am telling you, but if you do as I say we will each make a few dollars as easy as rolling off a log. I just bet my friend over there \$20 that I could borrow a \$5 bill from you. You give me the bill—of course, we couldn't run away if we wanted to—and I'll collect the \$20 and give you \$10 of it. You see, there can't be any 'con' game about this. If there were all you would have to do would be to yell 'cop' and we would be arrested before we could get 25 feet. I just want to give my friend a lesson. He is eternally wanting to bet."

"Well, I always did believe in training young men in the way they should go, and realizing that there was no possibility for the pair to escape, even if they were crooks, I gave the fellow a \$5 bill. He took it with a chuckle, walked over to the stakeholder, returned to me and handed me a \$10 bill, still chuckling at the good joke on his friend. I pocketed the note and began to chuckle a little myself. After awhile I went back to my hotel and was so much amused over the affair that, in my exuberance, I invited the bartender to have a drink. I paid for it with the \$10 note and told the cashier the whole story.

"What do you think about that for easy?" I said.

"Never saw anything like it," replied the cashier. "But you lose. That note's counterfeit!"—New York Tribune.

Tommy Explained.

"I don't see," said Flossie, throwing a torpedo on the ground with a bang, "how they manage to blow up a big ship with one of these things."

"Oh, you girls can't expect to understand such things," said Tommy, in a superior manner. "Of course the torpedoes they use are about 100 times as big, and they use a derrick to lift them and drop them on the ship."—Harper's Bazar.

An Inquiring Disposition.

The celebrated soprano was in the middle of her solo when little Johnny said to his mother, referring to the conductor of the orchestra:

"Why does that man hit at the woman with his stick?"

"He is not hitting at her," replied his mother; "keep quiet."

"Well, then, what is she hollerin' so for?"—Answers.

Their Reason.

Mrs. Walker—I don't see why the doctors all recommend bicycle riding. If it makes people healthier it is a loss to the doctors.

"Mr. Walker—I know, but they calculate that one sound, healthy rider will disable at least five pedestrians per week."—Boston Globe.

No Serious Quarrel.

"How did you and your friend manage to get through a campaign, each taking an active part, without becoming enemies?"

"Oh, there was no occasion for any violent jealousies or personal feeling. We didn't belong to the same party."—Wash. on Star.

Unheard of Negligence.

De Witt—"The Tagalos may court-martial Gen. Luna for cowardice." Greene—"That so?"

De Witt—"Yes; he remained in the rear of his troops while they were gallantly retreating from the enemy."—Cleveland Leader.

Have no End.

Munson—What's the birth rate in the Philippines?

Pecke—I don't know; why?

Munson—I'm trying to figure out how long at the present death rate it will take us to end that revolution.—Philadelphia North American.

Boy's Queer Action.

"Jackie is either ill or in love."

"Why?"

"He went out through the gate a minute ago instead of climbing the fence."—Washington Star.

Amenities.

Mrs. Riley—Are yez on callin' terms wid our new neighbor?

Mrs. Murphy—Av course I am. She called me a thafe, and I called her another.—Tid-Bits.

Our Dent of Snow.

(With apologies to Mr. Kipling.) I'm son-in-law in her mother's house, But master in my own.

—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Good Advice.

The Elephant—I wish I could run faster.
The Camel—Well, get a hump on yourself.—Kansas City Independent.

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