

# The Chelsea Standard.

VOL. XII. NO. 15.

A CHELSEA PAPER FOR CHELSEA PEOPLE.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1900.

WHOLE NUMBER 589

## We Have Just Marked Down all Odd Portiers AND Odd Curtains

(You will find some rare Bargains this  
Week among the following items)

8 Odd Tapestry Curtains, heavy, with or without fringe, regular price \$2.50 to \$3.25 each, now \$1.95 each.

3 Odd Tapestry Curtains were \$2.00 now \$1.40

3 Odd Chenille Curtains were \$1.50 each now \$1.00.

All Odd Lace Curtains at just 1-2 regular price

## Two Special Values.

2 pieces Colored Stripe Dotted Swiss Curtain Muslin, regular 25c goods now 18c yard.

1 piece Printed Madras Curtain Muslin, regular price 17c now 12 1-2c yard.

## CARPETS.

3 pieces heavy all-wool 2 ply, extra super Carpet, regular 65c quality, odd patterns, now 47 1-2c.

New Fancy Green Matting.

Nice White Enamelled Curtain Poles, 4 feet long 19c.

## SHOES.

Women's Walking Shoes, sizes 2 1-2 to 4 only, odd styles, were \$1.50 to \$2.00, now 75 and 98 cents.

Women's Easy Turned Sole Shoes, sizes 2 1/2 to 4 1/2 only. Just right for this weather, were \$3.00 and \$3.50, now \$1.00 to \$1.95.

Some rare Bargains in Children's Shoes at 98c and \$1.25.

## H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co.

Agents for Butterick's Patterns and Publications

## IT IS SURPRISING

What an improvement a small investment in

## WALL PAPER

will make in any house. Come down to the

## BANK DRUG STORE

and let us show you our large stock. You are interested in buying goods at the

LOWEST PRICES OF COURSE.

Ingrains,

Stylish Parlor Papers,

Dainty Bedroom Patterns,

Hall and Dining Room Designs,

Dark Kitchen Papers.

Let us show you our RICH BLEND BORDERS at moderate prices.

Dainty Blue and Brown Stripes for Bedrooms

Remnants at 4 cents Single Roll.

## STIMSON'S DRUG STORE.

CHELSEA TELEPHONE NUMBER 8

## Our Brave Re- membrance



A peace that's calm and holy now invests the battle hill,  
And where the steel tip'd legions fought the multitudes are still;  
Columbia lays her fairest wreaths upon her dearest shrine,  
And eloquence is heard where sleep the heroes of the line,  
For a Nation stands uncovered in the sunshine and the shade,  
And Summer sheds her blossoms where the soldier's couch is made.

No more along the rivers stand the marshaled sons of Mars,  
No longer gleam the bivouac fires beneath the watchful stars;  
The bluebird woos his sweetheart where the cannons thundered forth,  
Where marched the men of Southland 'gainst the gallants of the North;  
The kiss of love has blotted out the blood upon the sword,  
And bloodless are the ripples of the well-contested ford;

The wreath of love is lying where it fell from gentle hand,  
And not a hero has been missed in all this grateful land;  
'Neath the laurel and the cedar, 'neath the roses white and red,  
Reclined beneath the skies of May, sleep on the Nation's dead;  
And till time is no longer, once a year our land will strew  
Her blessed and beautiful blossoms on the dead who sleep in blue.  
T. C. HARBAUGH.

Decoration Day Exercises.  
The following will be the order of exercises, Decoration Day, at 2 o'clock at the town hall:

Music, Chelsea Band  
Reading of Orders  
Vocal Music  
Prayer  
Vocal Music  
Address  
Vocal Music  
Benediction

The procession will then form on Middle street in the following order to march to the cemetery where the graves will be decorated, and Grand Army services performed at the Soldier's Monument:

Marshal  
Band  
K. O. T. M.  
Speakers



## Decoration Day

And not a star is missing in the Banner of the Free  
That waves with pride and beauty on the land and on the sea.

They sleep beneath the blossoms in the home-land of the pine,  
They camp where seeks the southern bee the nectar of the vine;  
They hear no more the bugle blast so piercing and so shrill,  
No more they charge the grim redoubt, no more they take the hill;  
But 'neath the lily's robes of white and 'neath the blood-red rose,  
Together sleep the men who once in battle met as foes;  
No more the challenge shakes the air, no more the battle yell,  
But where they stood an angel stands and whispers: "All is well!"

I look adown the village street, with martial step and slow,  
With tributes of May's sweetest bloom I see the columns go;  
They're not the men that long ago with youthful ardor stood  
On Round Top's red and rocky crest, in Chickamauga's wood;  
'Tis but the marching remnant of the phalanxes of old  
That fought beneath Old Glory's stars and loved each sacred fold;  
To-day they crown their comrades with the laurel-invested wreath,  
And stand in memory again upon the fields of death.

The hero lives forever, and again this sacred day  
Columbia comes with stately tread her sweetest debt to pay;  
She knows no missing soldier boys, no matter where they be,  
Deep in the darkened thicket's heart, or 'neath the surging sea;  
Her hands are full of flowers and her heart with love o'erflows,  
And, standing by her loyal dead, she knows no hate nor foe;  
For 'neath the fairest flag that floats to-day before the sun  
She thinks of blood that mingles 'neath the grass of Arlington.

'Tis o'er! I see the columns wheel and back again they come,  
Our lovely banner spreads its folds before the eager drum.

Dewey Guards  
W. R. C.  
Flower Wagon  
Carriages

Every one invited to contribute flowers for Decoration Day. Please deliver them at town hall, Wednesday morning, May 30th, at 9 o'clock a. m. where a committee will be ready to take care of them.

Mrs. Hannah M. Lighthall.

The funeral of Hannah M., wife of Hiram Lighthall, was held on Saturday morning. Mrs. Lighthall's death occurred Wednesday afternoon, May 16, 1900, after a long and painful illness.

She leaves a family of six children, four sons and two daughters, and a large number of relatives, in Saline, Detroit and other parts of the state many of whom were present at the obsequies.

The services were conducted by Rev. G. S. Jones at the Congregational church, which was filled with friends of the departed. Short services at the house preceded those held at the church.

The active pall bearers were Messrs. Fred Roedel, C. M. Stephens, Geo. A. BeGole, John B. Cole, Wm. Bacon and C. W. Maroney. Six ladies of Columbian High, No. 284, consisting of Mesdames Henry Heeselschwerdt, G. W. Turnbull, W. B. Sumner, Fred Wedemeyer, Ed. Chandler and S. R. Cole, acted as honorary pall-bearers and carried some of the many beautiful flowers. The floral offerings were unusually numerous and beautiful.

The L. O. T. M. attended the obsequies in a body as a token of love for their departed sister, and were also the donors of several beautiful floral pieces.

Mrs. Lighthall was born in Saline in 1850, her maiden name being Hannah M. North. She was married to Hiram Lighthall in 1872, and since 1877 has been a resident of this village. She was a woman of splendid character and well beloved by all who knew her.

## Resolutions.

In view of the loss, we, as members of Columbian High, No. 284, have sustained by the death of our dear sister, Hannah M. Lighthall and of the still heavier loss sustained by those who were nearest and dearest to her, be it,

Resolved; That it is but a just tribute to the memory of the departed, that we bow in submission to Him who doeth all things, for He hath said, Well done, good and faithful servant; come to the place your Divine Lord has prepared for you.

Resolved; That we tender our sympathies to her bereaved family and relatives; and as a mark of respect for her memory, our charter be draped for thirty days, and these resolutions be published in the papers and, also, a copy sent to the family.

M. ELLA DRISLANE,  
HENRIETTA M. GLAZIER,  
BERTHA C. STEPHENS.

## Pen Picture of William Judson.

State Affairs: William Judson, the Washtenaw county politician, is likely to be an important factor in the determination of the next republican gubernatorial nominee in this state. Many eyes are turned in his direction, at present, for this reason; and also because of the desperate manner in which the game of politics is played in Washtenaw, between Judson and his enemies in his own party.

William Judson as a political leader of men is unique. He has no gifts as an orator, and probably never made a speech in a convention in his life more than two sentences long. In personal appearance he is not particularly impressive except in repose. He listens with a dignified air that predicates a profound and mature judgment. He talks little at any time. When angry, which happens rather frequently when things are not going his way, he stutters and speaks confusedly. Judson's strong point is his management of his political forces. In approaching either friend or foe at the outset of a skirmish, he is urbane and friendly in the extreme. This does not prevent his riding rough-shod over his enemies when the opportunity arrives, and in the heat of victory he dearly loves to rub salt in the wounds he has made. One of his enemies recently, after being rolled in the mire, remarked that Judson's political methods were those of a cattle drover, that he lashed his adherents into line with blows and profanity.

This is not true. The blows are for those who are not his adherents. Judson is purring and confidential to his friends. He goes to a man and tells him what is wanted, and how to do it, and there is something about his manner that convinces that man that the fate of nations in some way hangs on his acceding to that request. Then Judson has the reputation of being liberal to his adherents in the matter of campaign expenses. He is a great spender, and though he asks for plenty of money, it is known that very little ever clings to his own pockets. And he is remarkably successful in getting appointments for his supporters.

Judson is a natural leader of men. He is far from being an educated man, but he possesses great natural shrewdness. He is firmly persuaded that there is but one virtue in politics, and that is to win; and only one vice vice, and that is to be beaten. He never depends upon winging a convention by persuasion after it has once assembled. His idea is always to have the votes necessary to win right in hand, and then vote them. Votes, and votes only, count with him, and his political activity begins and ends with that idea. Moreover he plays the game of politics 365 days in the year, and there are no off years with him. It is no dilettanti politics either, it is the practical work of a veteran in vote getting. His weakness, if he has any, is in torturing his enemies after beating them. He always poses as the champion of the plain people.

## SCHOOL NOTES.

The eleventh grade is reading "Hamlet."  
The school will close June 26 for the present school year.

Miss Edith Bacon visited the High School Friday morning.

The top spinning craze has struck the scholars of the High School.

Senior examination began Monday and after they have finished the Seniors will have to report once a day but their work will be through for the remainder of this semester.

Thousands of Unknown Dead.  
One of the largest national cemeteries in this country is located at Salisbury, N. C. There are 11,000 unknown dead in the cemetery, which is kept in splendid repair by the government.

## Say! Good People

HAVE YOU SEEN THAT

## New Box Stationery

at the New Drug Store, in all the latest tints and sizes. The next time you come into our store ask to see it.

Some very fine boxes for commencement. Also a fine line of books suitable for commencement gifts.

Sterling silver souvenir spoons, latest designs, also purses, brushes, sterling novelties.

## FISHING TACKLE.

We can supply you with anything in the Fishing Tackle line, minnow buckets, tackle boxes, jointed rods, lines, P. & S. ball bearing bucktail bass gang, reels, bobbers, sinkers. When you go fishing, remember we always carry the latest tackle.

## FLAGS! FLAGS!

Large, 40x64 inch flags, only 40c. We can supply you with any size at never-before-heard-of prices. Decorate your homes and show your patriotism on Decoration Day.

Always Something New at

## Fenn & Vogel's DRUG STORE.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD

COOL SMOKE

CALL FOR

Spots, Columbia, Sports, Copperfield, or Arrows.

Best 5c Cigars on the Market

MANUFACTURED BY

F. B. SCHUSSLER, Chelsea.

## TOP BUGGIES.

We have for sale several hand made Top Buggies as good as can be made and guaranteed for not only six months or one year, but for a length of time that the purchaser will be satisfied that they are HAND MADE and made in Chelsea where they can call and see them any way they wish for. Any style of Buggy made to order. Can furnish them with any style of trimmings either in broad cloth, velvet and mohair plush, moquette or silk face, no union cloth used unless on cheap jobs. When in need of a good hand made Top Buggy or Steel Skein Wagon call at the

Chelsea Wagon and Buggy Works

where you will find them just as they are represented.

A. G. FAIST, Manager.

For  
Fresh  
Compressed  
Yeast  
Go to  
Earl's  
Bakery.

## E. W. DANIELS, NORTH LAKE'S AUCTIONEER

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whither they journeyed Amy Lawrence, too, must go, said they; and, glad of opportunity to see the land of perennial bloom and sunshine, and wearied with long, long months of labor in the service of the Red Cross, the girl had willingly accepted their invitation. Coaled and provisioned, the transport had pushed on for the seven-day run for San Francisco; but the recovering of his long-lost son and the soft, reposeful atmosphere of the lovely yet isolated island group had so benefited Mr. Prime that in family council it had been decided wise for them to spend a week or ten days longer at the Royal Hawaiian; and the boys had found no difficulty in "holding over" for the Sedgwick, that following swift upon the heels of their own ship. Five joyous days had they together, and this, the fifth, had been spent in sightseeing beyond the lofty Pali of the northward side. The "O. & O." liner was coming in from Yokohama even as they drove away; and as they sat at dinner on the open lanai, long hours later, it had been mentioned by their host that the Sedgwick, too, had reached the harbor during the afternoon, and that army people were passengers on both liner and transport. Billy Gray, for one, began to wish that dinner was over. He was eager to get the latest news from the Philippines, and the Sedgwick left Manila full a week behind their slower craft.

"Did you hear who came with her?" he somewhat eagerly asked, "or on the Doric?" he continued, with less enthusiasm.

"I did not," was the answer—"that is, on the Sedgwick;" and the gentleman halted lamely and glanced furtively and appealingly at his wife. There was that embarrassing, interrogative silence that makes one feel the futility of concealment. It was Miss Lawrence who quickly came to his relief and dispelled the strain on the situation.

"I should fancy very few army people would choose that roundabout way from Manila when they can come direct by transport, and have the ship to themselves."

"Well, yes; certainly, certainly," answered the helpless master of the house, dodging now the warning and reproach in the eyes of his wiser mate at the other end of the table. The crack of a coachman's whip and the swift beat of trotting hoofs on the gravelled road in front could be heard as he faltered on. The gleam of cab lights came floating through the northward shrubbery. "Except, of course, when they happen to be—er—already, well, you know, at Hong-Kong or Nagasaki," he lamely concluded.

There was an instant hurried glance exchanged between Gray and Prime. Then up spoke in silvery tone their hostess:

"Other officers, you know, are ordered home. We have just heard to-day that Col. Frost comes very soon. His health seems quite shattered. I believe you knew of them—slightly—that is to say, Miss Prime, did you not?" But even with her words she cast an anxious glance along the dim reach of the lanai, for the pit-a-pat of footfalls, the swish of feminine draperies were distinctly heard. Two dainty, white-robed forms came floating into view, and, with changing color, their hostess suddenly arose and stepped forward to meet them. Just one second of silence intervened, then, a grace and gladness, smiles and cordiality, both her little hands outstretched, Mrs. Frank Garrison came dancing into their midst, her sister more timidly following.

"Dear Mrs. Marsden, how perfectly"—kiss, "delicious! Yes, this is the baby sister I've raved to you about. We go right on with the Doric; but I had to bring her out with me that you might have just one glance at her. What! Mr. Prime! Why, what could be more charming than to find you here? And Gov' too—you wicked boy! What wouldn't I do to you for never telling me you were in Manila? And Mildred!"—kiss, "dear—despite a palpable dodge and heightened color on the part of the half-dazed recipient. "And you, too, Miss Lawrence?" Both hands, but no kiss—one hand calmly accepted. "Ah, then I know how happy you are, Mr. Willie Gray!" beaming arched smiles upon that flushed and flustered young officer. Then, turning again to twine a jeweled arm about the slim waist of their hostess, to whom she clung as though defying any effort to dislodge, yet pleading for protection. "Who on earth could have foretold that we of all people should have met out here—of all places? How long did you say you had been out here? A week? And of course, dear Mrs. Marsden has done everything to make it lovely for you. I should have died without her." And so the swift play of words went on, the rapid fire of her fluent tongue covering the movement of her allies and drowning all possibility of reply. It was an odd and trying moment. Mrs. Marsden, well knowing, as who in Honolulu did not, of Mrs. Frank's devotion to the young lieutenant, barely six months ago, was striving to welcome the shrinking little scare-faced thing that blindly and helplessly had drifted in the elder sister's wake. The introductions that followed, after the American fashion, were as perfunctory as well-bred women can permit. The greetings were almost solemn, smileless, and, on part of Nita, fluttering to the verge of a faint; and nothing but Witchie's

plucky and persistent support, and the light flow of airy chat and laughter, carried her through the ordeal. The two young soldiers stood stiffly back, red-faced and black-browed; the father, pallid and cold, could hardly force himself to unbend, yet his lips mumbled the name "Mrs. Frost," as he bowed at presentation; Miss Prime stood erect and trembling; Miss Lawrence, with brave eyes but heightened color. To leave at once was impossible; to remain was more than embarrassment. Most gallantly did they battle, Mrs. Marsden and Mrs. Frank, to lift the wet blanket from the group and relieve the strain. Reward came to crown their efforts in strange, unlooked-for fashion. Hoofs, wheels and flashing lights were again at the entrance gate, even as Mrs. Frank, sparkling with animation, distributing her gay good humor over the silent semicircle, suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, if I'd only known you were here, I could have provided the one thing to make our reunion complete! If I were not going on at daybreak I should do it yet." Then hoofs and wheels and lights had come to a stop at the front of the house, and in measured, martial tread a man's footsteps were heard upon the lanai. Then, all of a sudden, with a cry of joy, Witchie burst in again: "Should do it?—I shall do it! Said I not I was the fairy queen? Behold me summon my subjects from the ends of the obedient earth!" And, waving her parasol as she would a wand, gayly pirouetting as she had that night in the tent at old Camp Merritt, she danced forward: "Sound ye the trumpets, slaves! Hail to the chief! See the conquering hero comes! Enter Brevet Brig. Gen. Stanley Armstrong!—though his arm is anything but strong."

Bowing gravely to the sprite in front of him, vaguely to the group in the shaded light at the edge of the lanai, and joyously to the little hostess, as almost hysterically she sprang forward and clasped his hands, the colonel of the Primeval Dudes stood revealed before them.

"Col. Armstrong! How—when did you get here? What does this mean? Is your arm quite well again? Why didn't you let us know you were coming?" were the questions rained upon him by Mrs. Marsden, immediately followed by the somewhat illogical statement that she was actually breathless with surprise.

"Shall I answer in their order?" said he, smiling down at her flushed and joyous face. "By the Sedgwick. This afternoon. That I wished to see you. Doing quite well. Because I didn't know myself until two days before we sailed." Then, as he stood peering beyond her, she would have turned him to her other guests had not Mrs. Garrison made instant and impulsive rush upon him.

"As fairy queen or fairy godmother I claim first speech," she gayly cried. "What tidings of my liege lord, and where is hers, my fairy sister's?" she demanded, waving in front of him her filmy parasol and pirouetting with almost girlish grace.

"Capt. Garrison was looking fairly well the day I sailed," he answered, briefly, "and Col. Frost left for Hong-Kong only a few hours before in hopes, as we understand, of finding Mrs. Frost at Yokohama. Permit me," he added, with grave courtesy, "I have but little time, as I transfer to the Doric tonight."

A shade spread over the radiant face one instant, but was as quickly swept away. "And I have not met your guests," he finished, turning to Mrs. Marsden as he spoke and quietly passing Mrs. Garrison in so doing. The next moment he was shaking hands with the entire party, coming last of all to Amy Lawrence.

"They told me of your being here," he said, looking straight into her clear, beautiful eyes; "and I thought I might find you at Mrs. Marsden's. She was our best friend when we were in Honolulu. They told me, too, that you desired to go by the Doric, but feared she would be crowded," he continued, turning to Mr. Prime. "There is one vacant stateroom now. Its occupants have decided to stay over and visit the islands. There will be, I think, another." And drawing a letter from an inner pocket he calmly turned to Nita, now shrinking almost fearfully behind her sister. "The colonel gave this to me to hand to you, Mrs. Frost, on the chance of your being here. He will arrive by next week's steamer, and pardon me, it is something I think you should see, at once, as a change in your plans may be necessary."

It was vain for Margaret to interpose. The letter was safely lodged in her sister's hands, and with so significant a message that it had to be opened and read without delay. Gayly excusing herself, and with a low reverence and comprehensive smile to the assembled party, she ushered her sister into the long parlor, and the curtain fell behind them. There followed a few minutes of brisk conference upon the lanai, the Marsdens pleading against, the father and daughter for, immediate return to the hotel, there to claim the vacated rooms aboard the steamer. In the eager discussion, pro and con, both young soldiers joined; both saying "go," and promising to follow by the Sedgwick. In this family council, despite the vivid interest Armstrong felt in the result, neither Amy Lawrence nor himself took any part. Side by side at the snowy railing over the breaking sea they stood almost silent listeners. Suddenly there came from the front again the sound of hoofs and wheels, loud and distinct at the start, then rapidly dying away with the increasing distance. Miss Lawrence turned and looked inquiringly into the eyes she well knew were fixed upon her. Mrs. Marsden hesitated one moment, then stepped across the lanai, peered into the parlor and entered. It was a minute before she returned, and in that minute the decisive vote was cast, the carriage ordered.

"Oh, I ought to have known how it would be if I left you a moment!" she cried, despairingly, on her reappearance.

ance, a little folded paper in her hand. "But at least you must stay half an hour. We can telephone direct to the dock and secure the staterooms, if you must go on the Doric. Yes," she continued, lowering her voice, "they are not going farther until Col. Frost comes. Mrs. Garrison explains that her sister was really too ill and too weak to come out here, but she thought the drive might do her good. She thought best to slip quietly away with her, and bid me say good night to you all."

So, when next day the Doric sailed, four new names appeared upon the passenger list, and the last men down the stage, already "trembling on the rise," were two young fellows in white uniform, who turned as they sprang to the dock and waved their jaunty caps. "Join you in ten days at 'Frisco!'" shouted the shorter of the two, gazing upward and backward at the quartette on the promenade deck. "Oh! beg a thousand pardons," he added, hastily, as he bumped against some stender object, and, wheeling about to pick up a flimsy white fan, he found himself face to face with Witchie Garrison, kerchief waving, beaming, smiling, throwing kisses innumerable to the party he had so lately left. The hot blood rushed to his forehead, an angry light to his eyes, as she nodded, blithely, forbearingly, forgivingly at him. "Dear boy," she cried, in her clear, penetrating treble, "how could you be expected to see anyone after leaving—her?" But Gov's arm was linked in his at the very instant and led him glowering away, leaving her close to the edge of the crowded dock, smiling sweetness, blessing and bliss upon a silent and unresponsive group, and waving kerchief and kisses to them until, far from shore, the Doric headed out to sea.

They were nearing home again. Day and night for nearly a week the good ship had borne them steadily onward over a sea of deepest blue, calm and unruffled as the light that shone in Amy's eyes. Hours of each twenty-four Armstrong had been the constant companion, at first of the trio, then of the two—for Mr. Prime had found a kindred spirit in a veteran merchant homeward bound from China—then of one alone; for Miss Prime had found another interest and favor in the eyes of a young tourist paying his first visit to our shores, and so it happened that before the voyage, all too brief, was half over Amy Lawrence and Armstrong walked the spacious deck for hours alone or sat in sheltered nooks, gazing out upon the sea. The soft summer breezes of the first few days had given place to keener, chillier air. The fog ahead told of the close proximity of the Farallones. Heavier wraps had replaced the soft fabrics of the Hawaiian saunterings. But warmth and gladness, coupled with a strange, new shyness in his presence, were glowing in her fresh young heart. One day she had said to him: "You have not told me how you came to leave there—just now," and it was a moment before he answered.

"That was the surgeons' doing. They sent me back from the front because the wound I did not properly heal, and then ordered a sea voyage until it did; but I turn back at once from San Francisco."

She was silent a few seconds. This was unlooked-for and unwelcome news. "I thought," she said, "at least Gov. heard Mr. Frank say it would be four months before you could use that arm." She plucked at the fringe of the heavy shawl he had wrapped about her as she reclined in the low steamer chair; but the white lids veiled her eyes.

"Possibly," answered Armstrong; "but, you see, I do not have to use it much at any time. I'm all right otherwise, and there will soon be need of me."

"More campaigning?" she anxiously inquired, her eyes one moment uplifted.

"Probably. Those fellows have no idea of quitting."

Another interval of silence. The long, lazy, rolling swell of the Pacific had



"You have not told me how you came to leave there."

changed during the day to an abrupt and tumultuous upheaval that tossed the Doric like a cork and made locomotion a problem. The rising wind and sea sent the spray whirling from her bows, and Mildred's young man, casting about for a dry corner, had deposited his fair charge on a bench along the forward deck house and was scouting up and down for seamer chairs. Armstrong had drawn his close to that in which Miss Lawrence reclined, her knitted steamer cap pulled well forward over her brow. His feet were braced against a stanchion. His eyes were intent upon her sweet face. He had no thought for other men, even those in similar plight. His gaze, though unhampered by the high peak of his forage cap, comprehended nothing beyond the rounded outline of that soft cheek. Her eyes, well hidden by her shrouding "Tam," saw the searching son of Albion and told her his need. The best of women will find excuse for interruption at such moments when sure of the devotion of the man who sits with a fateful question quivering on his lips; and even when she longs to hear those very words, will find means to defer them as a kitten dallies with a captured mouse or a child

saves to the very last the sweetest morsel of her birthday cake. Not ten minutes before, when Hon. Bertie Shafter had started impulsively toward the vacant chair by Armstrong's side, a firm hand detained him, and Miss Prime had hastily interposed. "Not on any account!" said she, imperiously. "Can't you see?" And Mr. Shafter, adjusting his monocle, had gazed long and fixedly and then, transferring his gaze to her, had said:

"Eh—eh—yes. It's not ours, I suppose you mean."

But now Amy Lawrence was beckoning, and he made a rush for the rail, then worked his way aft, hand over hand. Every movable on deck was taking a sudden slant to starboard, and the sea went hissing by almost on level with the deck as next she spoke. "Surely a soldier needs both arms in battle, and you—Oh, certainly, Mr. Shafter, take that chair," she added. Armstrong glanced up suddenly.

"Oh! that you, Shafter? Yes; take it by all means."

Anything, thought he, rather than that they should come here. The young Briton stepped easily past between them and the rail—behind there was no room—and, swinging the long, awkwardly modeled fabric to his broad shoulder, started back just as a huge wave heaved suddenly under the counter, heeled the steamer far over to port, threw him off his balance, and, his foot catching at the bottom of her chair, hurled him, head and all, straight at Amy's reclining form. One instant, and even her uplifted hands could not have saved her face; but in that instant Armstrong had darted in, caught the stumbling Briton on one arm, and the full force of the shooting chair crashing upon the other, already pierced by Filipino lead.

When, a moment later, she emerged, safe and unscathed, from the confused heap of men and furniture, it was to cut off instantly the stammer and stammer of poor Shafter's apologies, to bid him go instantly for the ship's doctor, and, with face the color of death, to turn quickly to Armstrong. The blow had burst open the half-healed wound, and the blood was streaming to the deck.

Both liner and transport turned back without Stanley Armstrong, Doric and Sedgwick sailed unheeded, for the highest surgical authority of the department of California had renounced him to quarters at the Palace and forbidden his return to duty with an unhealed wound. He was sitting up again, somewhat pallid and not too strong, but with every promise, said the "medico," of complete recovery within two months. But not a month would Armstrong wait. The Puebla was to start within the week, and he had made up his mind: "Go," said he, "I must."

They had been sitting about him, the night this opinion was announced, in the parlor of the suite of rooms the Primes had taken. Billy Gray had gone with his father to the club, Shafter had been hanging about in the agonies of an Englishman's first love. Gov disappeared a moment and came back with tickets for the Columbia, bidding Mildred get her hat and gloves at once, and whispering to Shafter that he had a seat for him. As the little mantel clock struck eight Amy Lawrence, lifting up her eyes from the book she was trying hard to believe she meant to read, saw that Armstrong was rising from his easy chair, and, springing to his side, laying her white hand on his arm, she faltered: "Oh, please! You know the stipulation was that you were not to stir."

But then her heart began to flutter uncontrollably. The blood went surging to her brows, for all of a sudden, as through impulse irresistible, her hand was seized in his—in both of his, in fact—and the deep voice that had pleaded at her behalf for the cause of Billy Gray was now, in impetuous flow of words that fell upon her ears like some strain of thrilling music, pleading at last his own. Ever since that day in the radiant sunshine of the park she had learned to look up to him as a tower of strength, a man of mark among his fellows, a man to be honored and obeyed. Ever since that night at the Palace, when she saw his glowing eyes fixed intently upon her, and knew that he was following her every move, she had begun to realize the depth of his interest in her. Ever since that day when the China slipped from her moorings, with Witchie Garrison singling him out for lavish farewell favors, she had wondered why it so annoyed and stung her. Ever since that day she read the list of killed and wounded in the first fierce battling with the "insurrectos" she knew it was the sight of his name, not Billy Gray's, that made her for the moment faint and dizzy and taught her the need of greater self-control. Ever since that moonlit night upon the Marsdens' lanai, when her heart leaped at the sudden sound of his voice, she had realized what his coming meant to her, and ever since that breezy day upon the broad Pacific, with the sailors' song of Land, hoi ringing from the bows, and he, her wounded soldier, had sprung toward her from the crash of Shafter's hapless stumble, and the deck was stained with the precious blood from that soldier's reopened wound, shed for her—for who so revered him—she had longed to hear him say the words that alone could unlock the gates of maidenly reserve and let her tell him—tell him with glad and grateful heart that the love he bore her was answered by her own. Hovering over him only one minute, her lips half parted, her eyes still veiled, her heart throbbing loud and fast, with sudden movement she threw herself upon her knees at the side of the low chair, and her burning face, ever so lightly, was buried in the dark blue sleeve above that blessed wound.

#### THE END.

Where Washing is Costly.  
Dawson City laundries charge 50 cents for each article washed.

## ONE CENT PER YEAR.

Paid by Uncle Sam for Mail Service Up in Wisconsin.

Cheapest Government Official on Record—He Travels Daily from Dodgeville to Mineral Point for One Penny a Year.

Iowa county, Wisconsin, lays claim to having the lowest-salaried official in the employ of the United States government. The government hires Frank Lynch for one cent a year to carry the mail between Dodgeville, Wis., the county seat of Iowa county, and Mineral Point, nine miles distant.

It is the law that such employees shall be paid quarterly, but Lincoln, although he has been carrying the mails regularly since last July, has as yet received no quarters of a cent or checks for those amounts. The young man is not looking for any remittances on his salary until next July, when he expects a check for a whole cent. It is supposed this will be the smallest check ever issued by the government and efforts have already been made to secure possession of it. The mail carrier has received several offers of \$15 or \$20 for the check, but he has so far warily avoided any definite entanglements.

Both Dodgeville and Mineral Point have railroads, but there is none between the two towns. The trip from one place to the other by rail is so roundabout that it is out of the question, so passengers and mail are driven across country. Whoever has the contract for carrying the mail feels he is certain of all the passenger trade, for no one has yet had the courage to compete for passenger business with the United States mail carrier. For this reason the transfer of the mail is deemed a valuable privilege.

Every four years the post office department invites bids and lets out new contracts to lowest bidders for transfer of mail sack. Last year there was the liveliest competition ever known for the Dodgeville-Mineral Point contract.



MAIL RIG OF FRANK LYNCH.  
(For Driving It He Receives One Cent per Year, and No More.)

tract. Several different men signified their intention of going into the contest and the "talk" was kept up until each bidder knew he would have to go pretty low to get the prize. The man who then held the contract had been receiving about \$40 per year for carrying the mail. It is said that when the bids for the new contract were opened in Washington it was found that the three lowest offers for carrying the mail per year were one cent, 39 cents and \$1.50. Frank Lynch, being the one cent bidder, was awarded the contract for four years.

In summer time, says the Chicago Chronicle, there is nothing of special interest about the trip from Dodgeville to Mineral Point. A so-called stage, which is at least a first cousin to a spring wagon, is the conveyance used, and the journey is made with comfort and on a pleasant day with pleasure, for the rolling, hilly country of southwestern Wisconsin is especially attractive in the summer.

But in the winter time the presence or absence of snow generally determines the comfort or discomfort of the trip. When there is sleighing the mail carrier takes his passengers across country as snug as a bug in a rug. On a pair of bobs he has a long-bodied boxed-in affair which looks more like a freight car than anything else. In the center of this box is stove and about the sides are seats for the passengers, who enter by a little door in the rear of the car. A rousing fire is kept going in the little stove and the trip is made without the least discomfort.

But when there is no snow on the ground this nine-mile trip is quite a different proposition. The old spring wagon-stage, with a few lap robes, is brought into service. Curtains are hung all around as a supposed protection against the Wisconsin blasts, but it takes more than oleoth curtains to resist the penetrating qualities of the cold up there. A skin coat and nothing but a skin coat will keep out the cold. When the thermometer is below zero and there is no snow on the ground that trip of nine miles can only be taken with suffering, as many a traveler can testify.

#### Profit on Shin-Plaster Money.

Probably the greatest profit ever enjoyed by the government as the result of the destruction of money was in connection with the fractional currency or shin-plasters issued during the civil war. The total amount issued was \$368,724,079, of which \$6,880,558 has never been presented for redemption. A large amount has been preserved as curios by collectors, and occasionally even now it is offered for redemption.

#### Waiters Opposed to Tips.

Resolutions were adopted at a congress of German waiters held at Berlin requesting the public not to give "tips."

#### Post Office Named for Buller.

Canadian postal authorities have named a post office in North Victoria county after Gen. Buller.

## FARM FOR SALE

AT A BARGAIN.

The well known Peachblow Stock farm located 5 miles from the village of Midland, Midland county, Michigan, and lying on the Tittabawassee river, composed of 270 acres, 240 of which is under cultivation and 30 acres of oak, beech and maple timber.

#### SOIL

The soil is a rich black loam with a clay sub-soil, the surface is slightly rolling enough so as to afford natural drainage to the river, all clear of stumps, all fences in good repair, but cross fences do not amount to much. However, they place them in good condition, or make allowance for same.

#### BUILDINGS

Grain Barn 48x96 basement  
Horse Barn 48x50  
Hay Barn 36x48  
Granary 24x40  
Hog House 24x32  
Tool House 20x30  
Two Stables 18x50  
House 30x40. L. 20x30  
All in good repair and painted.

#### SMALL ORCHARD OF VARIOUS FRUITS

As a producer of grains and the raising of stock this farm is second to none in the state, but on account of the richness and composition of the soil is especially adapted to the beet industry which is its infancy in this locality, but which from experience furnished by outside sources in connection with personal observation justifies me in believing that the beet industry will prove successful beyond anticipation, the product will have to be hauled but ½ mile to a siding from which there is a 25c rate to factory.

#### PRICE

\$12,300 for the 270 acres which is \$45.00 per acre. This is a bargain which may seem to be appreciated, as the farm cost the original owners about \$20,000.

#### TITLE

Perfect title and property clear of encumbrance.

#### TERMS

\$5,000 cash, balance on time which can be paid to suit purchaser, or might take small farm in Washtenaw county as part of consideration.  
Here is a chance for some energetic and enterprising farmer to acquire a home on a very reasonable figure, and one that he can well afford to feel proud of.

Address,

W. Clark Westfall,

R 513, 145 La Salle St.

Chicago, Ill.

"DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the finest pills I ever used." D. J. Moore, Millbrook, Ala. They quickly cure all liver and bowel troubles—Glazier & Stimson.

#### REWARD

We, the undersigned druggists offer reward of 50 cents to any person who purchases of us, two 25 cent boxes of Baxter's Mandrake Bitters Tablets, 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. Price 25 cents for either tablets or liquid. We will also refund the money on one package of either if it fails to give satisfaction. Fenn & Vogt, Glazier & Stimson.

#### QUESTION ANSWERED.

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

#### "After suffering from piles for fifteen years I was cured by using two boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve," writes J. Baxter, North Brook, N. C. It healed everything. Beware of counterfeits—Glazier & Stimson.

#### The Griswold House

DETROIT.

Rates, \$2, \$2.50, \$3 per Day.

Cor. Grand River & Griswold Sts.



## WORK DONE IN CONGRESS

Measures of Importance Passed and Others Are Discussed by the National Assembly.

## SUMMARY OF THE DAILY PROCEEDINGS.

Senate Passes the Post Office Appropriation Bill and Agrees to Conference Reports — House Agrees to Convict Labor Measure — Other Business Transacted.

Washington, May 16.—The senate yesterday devoted the time to consideration of the bill providing for civil service in the country's new island possessions. The resignation of Mr. Clark, of Montana, was received.

Washington, May 17.—Bills were passed in the senate yesterday to give ex-soldiers preference in civil service appointments; granting a pension of \$100 per month to the widow of Gen. Lawton, and for the erection of a public building at East St. Louis, Ill. The committee on inter-oceanic canals reported recommending the Nicaraguan route. The administration of affairs in Cuba by agents of the United States was discussed.

Washington, May 18.—The post office appropriation bill was considered in the senate yesterday and a resolution was adopted for information as to how many Filipinos have been killed and wounded since the beginning of hostilities, and also how many have been captured and are now in our possession.

Washington, May 19.—Nearly the entire time in the senate yesterday was devoted to the pneumatic tube system service in the post office appropriation bill. The war department reported that Cuban revenue receipts are nearly twice the island's expenditures.

Washington, May 21.—The post office appropriation bill was further discussed in the senate on Saturday, and the conference report on the fortification bill was agreed to.

Washington, May 22.—President McKinley sent to the senate yesterday correspondence showing that Gen. Otis did not refuse to accept proposals for peace from Aguinaldo. The post office appropriation bill and a bill to create the southern division of the southern district of Iowa for judicial purposes were passed. A resolution extending to the Boer envoys privileges of the floor was laid on the table by a vote of 30 to 21.

House.  
Washington, May 16.—The last of the general appropriation bills—the military academy bill—was sent to the senate yesterday by the house. An amendment to the federal constitution which puts the control of the trusts in the hands of congress was reported as follows:

"Section 1. All powers conferred by this article shall extend to the several states, the territories, the District of Columbia, and all territory under the sovereignty and subject to the jurisdiction of the United States.

"Sec. 2. Congress shall have power to define, regulate, control, prohibit or dissolve trusts, monopolies or combinations, whether existing in the form of a corporation or otherwise. The several states may continue to exercise such power in any manner not in conflict with the laws of the United States.

"Sec. 3. Congress shall have power to enforce the provisions of this article by appropriate legislation."

Washington, May 17.—The Alaska code bill was considered in the house yesterday and the senate bill to incorporate the American National Red Cross was passed.

Washington, May 18.—In the house yesterday a special river and harbor bill carrying \$400,000 for surveys and emergency work was passed and the Alaska code bill was further considered.

Washington, May 19.—The house devoted the time yesterday to the consideration of war claims bills and favorably acted upon a bill to appropriate \$200,000 to pay ex-confederate soldiers for horses and other property taken from them in violation of the terms of Lee's surrender.

Washington, May 21.—In the house on Saturday a resolution was adopted accepting the statue of Gen. Grant, presented by the Grand Army of the Republic to the nation, and it was unveiled in the great rotunda of the capitol.

Washington, May 22.—Bills were passed in the house yesterday to extend the eight-hour law to all laborers employed on government work; to make convict-made goods subject to laws of the state to which shipped, and to admit the publications of state agricultural departments to the mails as second-class matter.

Kentucky Republicans.  
Louisville, Ky., May 18.—The republican state convention met here Thursday afternoon and after a session of nine hours, with two hours' intermission, elected four delegates to the national convention, four alternates and two presidential electors; endorsed the administration of President McKinley; condemned the state of affairs in Kentucky as chargeable to the democratic party, and instructed its delegates to vote for McKinley for president and W. O. Bradley, of Kentucky, for vice president.

Destroyed by Fire.  
Hartford City, Ind., May 19.—The strawboard and paper box factory of the Utility Paper company, covering five acres, was burned Friday night. Loss, over \$100,000. The 150 horsepower gas engine exploded and spread the flames rapidly.

Rate Agreed On.  
Washington, May 18.—All railroads have agreed to a rate of one fare for the round trip for the republican convention at Philadelphia.

## EQUAL SUFFRAGISTS.

State Association to Ask the Legislature to Grant Many Privileges to Women.

Detroit, May 19.—The Michigan Equal Suffrage association elected as president, Mrs. Emily B. Ketchum, of Grand Rapids; vice president, Mrs. Clara B. Arthur, Detroit; recording secretary, Miss Edith Hall, Flat Rock; treasurer, Mrs. Martha E. Root, Bay City; auditors, Mrs. Frances Ostrander, East Saginaw; Mrs. Margaret Huckins, West Bay City; member national executive board, Mrs. Lenor Shaker Bliss, Saginaw. The legislative committee was directed to memorialize the legislature to provide presidential suffrage to the women of Michigan and prepare to urge before every session until passed a bill to exempt all women from the payment of taxes of every kind on which the law does not qualify them as men are qualified to vote for officers who levy, collect or expend funds raised by taxation.

## Will Camp at Lake Gogunc.

Battle Creek, Mich., May 21.—The Sons of Veterans, Michigan division, encampment will be held at Lake Gogunc June 18 to 22. Capt. Carl A. Wagner says that he wrote to the quartermaster general of the state for the loan of 60 rifles and equipments for use of company L during the encampment, and received a reply from Quartermaster General Atkinson that it could probably be done with the consent of Gov. Pingree in case the national guard receive their arms and equipment by that time. It is the expectation to make this a school of instruction in drill and camp work as much as possible.

## May Be a Candidate.

Chicago, May 21.—Hazen S. Pingree, governor of Michigan, was at the Auditorium hotel last week. He said:

"If the republicans of Michigan nominate D. M. Ferry for governor I shall become an independent candidate. Mr. Ferry openly declares that he favors the taxation of railroad property on the basis of its earnings, instead of its value. There is \$300,000,000 worth of railroad property in Michigan. I have fought the Ferry idea for years. I was elected in opposition to it and the people stood by me. I will finish the fight, and I think the people will continue to back me up. However, I do not believe that Mr. Ferry will be nominated. John C. Stearns, present secretary of state, will probably be the man."

## Bank Failure.

Pentwater, Mich., May 22.—The banking house of Nielsen & Co. failed to open its doors, and the circuit court has been asked to appoint H. H. Bunney, a brother-in-law of Mr. Neilson and one of the heaviest depositors, as receiver. A degelation of depositors went before the court and protested against Mr. Bunney's appointment. The liabilities are unofficially estimated at \$75,000 to \$100,000. It is impossible at this time to form an estimate of the assets.

## Will Get Its Money.

Ann Arbor, May 21.—In the circuit court a decree was issued admitting to probate the will of the late Adah Z. Treadwell, one of the provisions of which devised to the university the sum of \$2,000 for a free bed at the hospital. Dr. Forest Trent, the relative who opposed the terms of the will, was heard, as were other witnesses. The university will now get its money.

## Railroad Taxation Increased.

Lansing, May 19.—Railroad Commissioner Chase S. Osborn has filed with the auditor general the annual computation of railroad taxes which must be paid by the railroad companies on or before July 1. The list shows a big increase over the taxes of 1899, when the total taxes were \$1,087,616.89, the amount of taxes levied for this year being \$1,240,845.27. The per cent. of increase is 16.69.

## Work Resumed.

Ludington, May 22.—The Pere Marquette Railroad freight-handlers, who have been out on strike for the past three weeks, returned to work Monday on the terms offered them by the company. In addition to losing their strike the men were compelled to renounce their allegiance to the American Federation of Labor in order to return to work.

## Widow Given \$4,000.

Negaunee, May 21.—The T. C. & N. W. Railway company made a settlement with the widow of S. O. Green, who was one of the victims of the Ford river collision in March last, paying her \$4,000 as a relinquishment of all claims against the company. This is the largest sum paid any of the claimants.

## Dies of Paralysis.

Niles, May 18.—Mrs. Margaret Hosfeld, an old resident of this city, residing in the German settlement, was found dead in bed, the cause of her death being paralysis. She was 72 years old and the mother of 11 children, three of whom survive her and are residents of this city.

## Mother and Son Drowned.

Mount Pleasant, May 22.—Mrs. John Kelter and her four-year-old son were drowned by the upsetting of a sailboat at Coldwater lake Sunday. The boat was new and was on a trial trip with 14 passengers. All were thrown into the water, but the other 12 were rescued.

## Lost Their Nets.

Grand Haven, May 19.—Deputy Game Warden Brewster has pulled up a lot of nets which he found in Grand river and destroyed them. They were valued at \$200 and belonged to Grand Haven fishermen.

## Rural Free Delivery.

Washington, D. C., May 19.—Rural free delivery will be established June 4 at Monroe. William Looe has been appointed carrier.

## GRANT STATUE UNVEILED.

Presented by G. A. R. to the Nation and Placed in National Capitol.

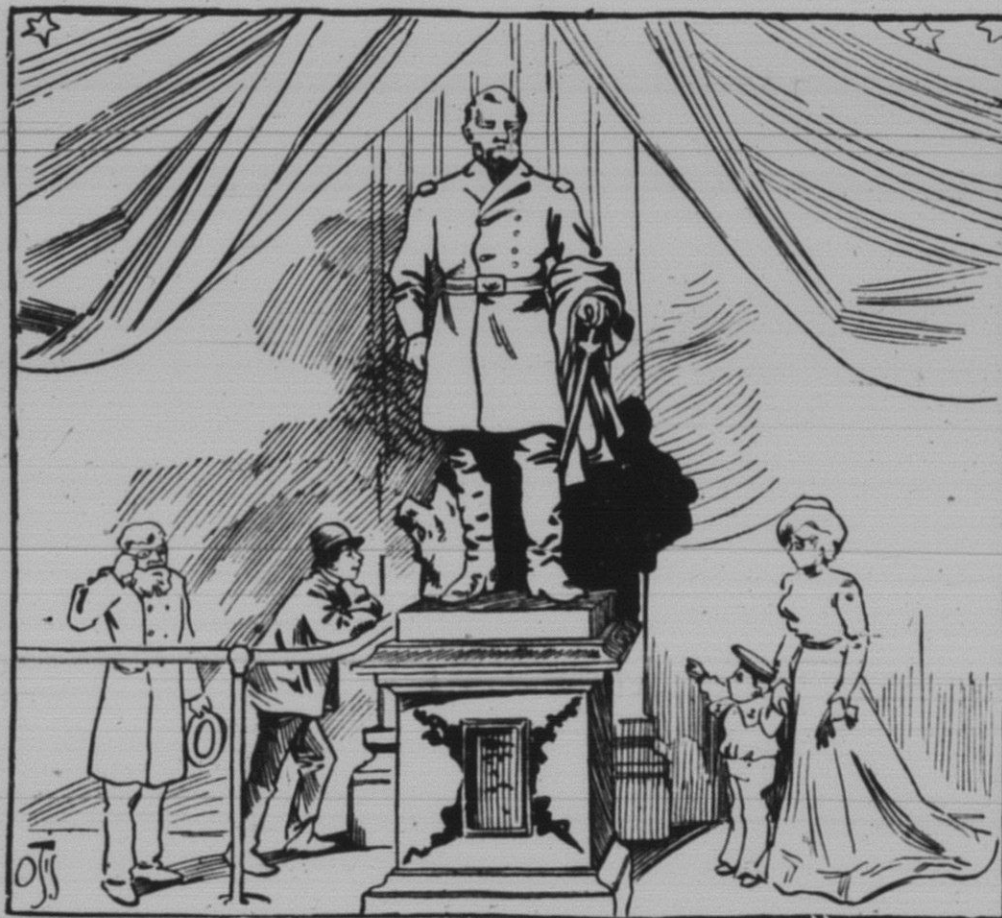
## CUT IN MARBLE AND IS OF HEROIC SIZE.

Ceremonies Take Place in the Presence of Mrs. Grant, Her Daughter and Officers of the Grand Army.—The Proceedings in the House Were Profoundly Impressive.

Washington, May 21.—The statue of Gen. Grant, presented by the Grand Army of the Republic to the nation, was unveiled in the great rotunda of the capitol Saturday, and elaborate ceremonies commemorative of the event were held in the hall of representatives in the presence of a vast concourse of people, who included the widow, daughter and descendants of the hero of Appomattox, hundreds of his comrades in arms, the officers and committee of the G. A. R. and many persons distinguished in military, political and social circles. The statue of the preeminent chief of the union forces in the civil war represents the contributions of thousands of his comrades of the G. A. R., none of whom was allowed to subscribe more than 15 cents, and is the result of a movement started shortly after Gen. Grant's death at McGregor, in July, 1889. It is the work of Franklin Simmons, an American sculptor.

The unveiling took place shortly before noon in the presence of Mrs.

## NEW STATUE OF GEN. GRANT.



The bronze statue of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, here illustrated, was unveiled in the rotunda of the national capitol at Washington Saturday. It is one of four thus honored. To the left of Grant stands the bronze representation of Thomas Jefferson. To the right is that of Alexander Hamilton, while nearly in front, but on the opposite side of the rotunda, is the statue of Abraham Lincoln. Gen. Grant's statue will face the great bronze doors of the main entrance, and will be the first object to greet visitors to the nation's capitol.

Grant, Mrs. Sartoris, Miss Sartoris, the officers of the G. A. R., Speaker Henderson and Senator Frye, president pro tem of the senate.

The fact of the unveiling was kept secret and only a few outsiders witnessed it. There were no ceremonies. Miss Sartoris, attired in white, drew the lanyard that uncovered the statue. Mrs. Grant inspected it critically and smiled her approval. The party then repaired to the hall of the house, where the ceremonies took place.

The ceremonies in the house were profoundly impressive. They consisted of addresses by Messrs. McCleary (Minn.), Grosvenor (O.), Richardson (Tenn.), Warner (Ill.), Linney (N. C.), Gardner (Mich.), Brosius (Penn.) and Dooliver (Ia.).

## Grizzled Veterans Present.

The gallery opposite the speaker's rostrum had been reserved for the members of the G. A. R., and was crowded with grizzled veterans come to pay tribute to their loved commander. In the area in front of the speaker's desk sat the officers of the grand army and the committee appointed by the grand army encampment at Philadelphia, who had been granted the privilege of the floor for the occasion by a special resolution of the house.

In the gallery reserved for Mrs. Grant and her family were Mrs. Grant, her daughter, Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris, Lieut. Sartoris, Miss Sartoris and Miss Grant, a daughter of Col. Fred Grant.

After the speaker had announced the order of the day, Mr. McCleary, of Minnesota, chairman of the committee on library, sent to the clerk's desk and had read the letter addressed to the speaker presenting the statue of Gen. Grant to the nation.

## Resolution of Acceptance.

Mr. McCleary then offered the following resolution: "Resolved, by the house (the senate concurring) that the thanks of congress be given to the Grand Army of the Republic for the statue of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant." "Resolved, That the statue be accepted and placed in the capitol, and that a copy of these resolutions, signed by the presiding officers of the house of representatives and the senate, be forwarded to the chairman of the committee of the Grand Army of the Republic on the Grant memorial."

The eloquent eulogies of Gen. Grant, which followed, were listened to attentively, and several times wrung round after round of applause from floor and galleries.

## Inaugurated.

Baton Rouge, La., May 22.—Gov. Elect W. W. Head was inaugurated in the state capitol Monday.

## URGED TO HOLD OUT.

Proclamation Circulated in Manila as a Warning to the Filipinos Not to Surrender.

Manila, May 19.—A proclamation, purporting to have been issued by Aguinaldo and dated May 4, from Iloilo island, one of the Philippine group, east of Luzon, is circulating in Manila. It says the commission appointed by President McKinley was not to surrender their arms at the instigation of the commission.

Manila, May 19.—In various fights the Americans have killed 364 Filipinos.

Manila, May 21.—Five hundred insurgents, half of whom were armed with rifles, ambushed 80 scouts of the Fortieth volunteer infantry in the hills near Agusan, in the northern part of Mindanao. The Americans routed the natives, killing 51. The American casualties were two killed and three wounded.

Manila, May 22.—Gen. Bell has suspended Gen. Otis' order for the organization of municipal governments in southern Luzon because the troops are inadequate to enforce American authority over the Filipinos.

## HAS NOT SUED FOR PEACE.

No Truth in the Report That Kruger Had Proposed Terms to End the War.

London, May 22.—There is no truth in the report that President Kruger has sued for peace and no communication from him on the subject is expected in the immediate future.

The official confirmation of the relief of Mafeking does away with the

## STATE GOSSIP.

An Interesting Budget of Information Gathered from Many Localities in Michigan.

The Charlotte Foundry company is moving its plant to Ypsilanti.

The anti-saloon league is working up local option sentiment in Hillsdale county.

Eaton county pioneers will hold their annual reunion and picnic at Charlotte on June 12.

Wheat in Michigan has shown an improvement during the last week, but is still very poor.

The two-year-old son of Orla Shreve, living near Columbiaville, choked to death on a piece of apple.

Wheat and oats look fairly good throughout northern Michigan since the late rains and warm weather.

The total assessment of Grand Rapids has been raised from \$27,000,000 to \$40,000,000, and the tax rate has been reduced to 1½ per cent.

The Grand Rapids, Belding & Saginaw railroad is to be purchased by the Pere Marquette and made a permanent part of their system.

A new electric lighting and power company has been organized at Plainwell, its capital being \$20,000. This and the old company are to consolidate.

Huckleberries and other fruits in northern Michigan have not been injured by the heavy frosts of the past two weeks, and a large crop is expected.

The annual meeting of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical society will be held in the senate chamber, Lansing, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 5 and 6, 1900.

Great preparations are being made at Battle Creek for the annual encampment of the Michigan division of the Sons of Veterans, which will be held at Gogunc Lake June 19 to 22.

W. H. Meeham, of Battle Creek, a civil engineer in the employ of the Grand Trunk railroad, fell under a freight train at Davison and received injuries which caused his death.

The catalogue of the University of Michigan, just issued, shows that 3,447 students are in attendance, including all departments. Of this number 2,009 are reported as residents of the state.

The summer meeting of the State Horticultural society is to be held at Newaygo on June 26 and 27, and the fruit growers of Newaygo county are already making preparations for the event.

Active preparations are already in progress to entertain the old soldiers at the annual reunion of the Northern Michigan Soldiers' and Sailors' association at Standish in August.

The village council at Newberry has refused to renew the contract with the company which owns the waterworks there, and it is probable that a municipal plant may be installed to furnish the villagers with water.

It is said that the Pabst Brewing company of Milwaukee is considering the advisability of spending \$10,000 for a floating saloon to anchor a mile off shore at St. Joseph, thus evading the license tax. A ferry would operate between it and the shore.

Attorney General Oren is in Washington to argue an appeal from the auditor to the comptroller of the treasury department, concerning the rejection of certain portions of the first installment of Michigan's war claim filed a year or more ago.

There are 100 new buildings now in course of erection at Onaway, and many more will be built before the close of this season. The Outlook expects that the 2,500 mark will be reached by the population of the village before the end of the year.

The franchises for the Battle Creek-Coldwater electric railroad through all the townships between the two cities have been secured, and all that now remains before work will be started is to secure the right of way through Union City and into the terminal points.

The reunion of the Saginaw Valley Naval Reserves will be held June 28, the second anniversary of the battle of San Juan. It was decided to have a parade in Saginaw during the morning of the reunion. Then the reserve will come to Bay City for another parade, this to be followed by a cruise on the bay.

David Cornwell and Milton D. Owen, of Allegan, have been granted a franchise for an electric street railway to be constructed northward from Allegan along the Monterey road and in Monterey and Salem to a point of junction with an electric road which will be built from Grand Rapids to Holland this summer.

The attorney for Former Superintendent A. O. Hyde, of Calhoun county, have made a motion for the quashing of the information against Mr. Hyde on the false pretense charge. If it is denied a continuance will be asked until the September term of court. The same procedure will be taken when the embezzlement case is called.

## Age and Youth Wed.

Allegan, May 19.—Justice Hicks performed a very peculiar marriage here. The contracting parties were W. H. S. Banks, of Lee township, a veteran of the war of the rebellion, and an officer, aged 82 years, while the bride is but 18. They were married about a year ago in a small town in Wisconsin, but as her parents had not given their consent an attorney advised that they be remarried.

## Will Stop at Niles.

Niles, May 21.—Preparations are now in progress for the reception of Admiral Dewey, who will be in Niles for a short time on his way to Three Oaks, the first week in June.

## NOT YET SETTLED.

Agreement in the St. Louis Street Railway Troubles Has Not Been Reached.

St. Louis, May 18.—Negotiations to settle the strike came to an abrupt end at the conference Thursday afternoon between the Transit company, the strikers and the committee of business men. It now seems a fight to a finish, as neither party to the strike will recede from the vital point involved in reference to the discharge of the non-union men who took the places of the strikers. The demand that they be reinstated in their former places and the nonunion employees be given a back seat on the waiting list. This proposition the company refuses to consider.

St. Louis, May 19.—Rioting broke out afresh in every portion of the city yesterday and the police records show that many persons were hurt, two of them fatally, as a result of the struggle between the striking street railway employees and their employers. The number of wounded during the day is seven.

St. Louis, May 21.—Judge Elmer B. Adams, of the United States circuit court, enjoined the striking street railway men from in any way interfering with the operation of the mail cars on the lines operated by the transit company.

St. Louis, May 22.—One person was killed and four were shot yesterday during strike riots on the St. Louis Transit company's street railway.

## DEWEY'S CANDIDACY.

His Wife Now Said to Oppose It, But the Admiral Has Not Yet Abandoned the Idea.

New York, May 18.—A dispatch from Washington to the World says: Intimate friends of Mrs. Dewey assert that she has materially changed her political views since she and the admiral started on their western and southern trip. Since her return she has said she hopes that her husband will reconsider his intention to enter public life.

"I would not have him president," she said Thursday to an intimate friend, "even if it were in my power. I feel that the strain would prove disastrous to his health, and it would certainly interfere with the happiness which we are now enjoying."

The admiral, however, does not seem to agree with his wife entirely. Preparations for stirring events are in progress at Beauvoir. It is expected that news of importance will soon be announced—either his withdrawal from the candidacy or the statement of the political creed by which he hopes to win converts to his cause.

## ISSUES AN OUSTER.

Gov. Clark of Montana Revokes the Appointment of Clark as Senator and Names Successor.

Butte, Mont., May 19.—Gov. Smith on Friday sent dispatches from here to Senator W. A. Clark, Senator Chandler, chairman of the committee on privileges and elections, and Senator Frye, president of the senate, saying he had disregarded and revoked the action of Lieut. Gov. Spriggs in naming Mr. Clark to succeed to the vacancy caused by his own resignation; and saying he had named Martin Maginnis, of Helena, to fill the vacancy. The governor gives as his reasons his opinion that the appointment of Mr. Clark by the lieutenant governor was tainted by collusion and fraud. The dispatches are practically the same, that of Mr. Clark reading:

"I have this day disregarded and revoked your appointment as United States senator, made by Gov. Spriggs on the 15th inst., as being tainted with collusion and fraud, and have this day appointed Hon. Martin Maginnis United States senator to fill the vacancy caused by your resignation."

## THE NATIONAL GAME.

Tables Showing the Standing of the Clubs of Leading Organizations Up to Date.

The following tables show the standing of the clubs in the leading baseball organizations. National league:			
Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Philadelphia	16	7	.686
Brooklyn	15	9	.625
Chicago	15	11	.577
St. Louis	12	11	.522
Pittsburgh	12	12	.500
Cincinnati	10	13	.435
New York	7	16	.304
Boston	6	16	.268
American league:			
Indianapolis	17	6	.738
Milwaukee	15	9	.625
Chicago	15	11	.577
Cleveland	12	11	.522
Minneapolis	13	16	.448
Kansas City	11	16	.407
Buffalo	9	14	.391
Detroit	8	17	.320

## Four Children Perish.

Nashville, Tenn., May 22.—Four children of Thomas Brady were burned to death Sunday night in their home, ten miles from the city, the house having caught fire during the absence of their parents at church. Mr. and Mrs. Brady returned home just in time to witness the falling in of the house. The children, two boys and two girls, ranged in years from five to thirteen.

## The Presbyterians.

St. Louis, May 18.—The Presbyterian general assembly, the lawmaking body of that church, began its one hundred and twelfth annual meeting in this city yesterday. Rev. Charles A. Dickey, D. D., of Philadelphia, being elected moderator. Rev. William A. Echols, of Middleport, O., dropped dead during the opening session.

## Ship Sinks and 140 Drown.

Victoria, B. C., May 22.—The steamer Kinshu, which left Yokohama May 7, brings the latest advice of a catastrophe on the Chinese coast in which 140 lives were lost. A Chinese steamer was wrecked, the disaster being due to the overcrowding of the vessel.



## THE CHELSEA STANDARD

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

BY O. T. HOOVER.

Terms:—\$1.00 per year; 6 months, 50 cents; 3 months, 25 cents.  
Advertising rates reasonable and made known on application.

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

## FREEDOM.

J. Collier from Tecumseh is in this vicinity tuning pianos.

Gus and Louis Breitenwischer spent Sunday with Bridgewater friends.

Henry Kleinsmith and family of Delhi spent Sunday with Gus Aherns and family.

Misses Ida and Esther Kuhl of Manchester spent part of last week with their brother, Ed.

A joke was played on one of our young men Sunday night. When he was ready to start for home he found his buggy minus two wheels and he had an all night job finding them.

## SYLVAN.

Miss Lena Gilbert of Chelsea spent Sunday at this place.

The Sylvan Christian Union will hold a Rally Day next Sunday.

Miss Bessie Young of Jackson is spending this week in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cooper of Lima spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. Dancer.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Stephenson of Anderson are spending this week in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Wight of Detroit spent the first of the week with Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Ward.

## WATERLOO.

Mrs. Sarah Beeman returned home last week.

Mrs. John Hubbard is spending this week in Stockbridge.

Mrs. Celia Dean has gone to Ohio for a few weeks visit.

There will be an eighth grade examination held in the school house Saturday May 26.

Mrs. Don Beeman and daughter of Valley City, N. D., are visiting Mrs. Beeman's parents here.

Henry Gorton moved to Chelsea, Tuesday where he has purchased a residence on Summit street.

## SHARON.

Misses Susie Dorr and Olga Wolfe visited at Reuben Kappler's Saturday. The many friends of George Fish will be glad to learn that he is improving.

Miss Lillie Schaible of Freedom is spending the summer with her grandmother, Mrs. Brustle.

Jacob Schumacher and Ed. Wolfe of Bridgewater and Wm. Wolfe of Francisco spent Sunday at H. Wolfe's.

Rev. N. P. Brown accompanied by his wife and daughter, drove over from Springport and visited at C. G. Lehman's, last week.

## LIMA.

We need rain.

Corn planting will soon be out of date.

The prospects for a good hay crop are now very promising.

Miss Ida Schible of Sylvan is spending this week at John Heller's.

Many farmers in this locality have sown rape for sheep and hog pasture.

It is with regret that we are obliged to chronicle the death of Mrs. Horace Baldwin who died at her home in Sylvan Sunday, May 20, 1900. She was a resident of Lima nearly all her life time, and was well known and highly respected throughout the township. Her many friends here deeply sympathize with the bereaved husband and children.

## UNADILLA.

Mrs. F. D. Watson spent several days with Durand friends.

Mrs. Fannie Hill of Gratiot county is visiting at Addo Hill's at present.

Miss Vesta Nott of Stockbridge spent the latter part of last week at E. C. May's.

Dogs killed several sheep on the farm of Homer G. Ives Tuesday night of this week.

Clarence Bullis and Miss Edith Reid of Plainfield spent Sunday with Mrs. Maude Bullis.

The Misses Norah Durkee and Maggie Birnie of Anderson spent the first of the week with Mrs. Nancy May.

May 23, 1900, at the residence of Mrs. Nancy May, occurred the marriage of her only daughter, Josie, to Edward Cramer of Anderson.

The Unadilla Farmers' Club met Saturday, May 19th at the home of Wm. Sales. A good time was reported by all.

Geo. E. May returned home from Grand Rapids, Thursday where he has been working in the furniture factory for the past 10 months.

## FRANCISCO.

Mrs. Nora Notten is spending some time at Jackson.

Theodore Riemenschneider spent Sunday at Sharon.

Misses Edna and Mabel Notten spent Sunday at Hastings.

Miss Dora Notten of Grass Lake spent Sunday at home.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Kaiser and family spent Sunday at Waterloo.

Delbert Hammond of Grass Lake spent Monday at this place.

R. Hoppe began drawing milk to the Chelsea creamery Tuesday.

Miss Ella May Schweinfurth spent Sunday at Sylvan with her sister.

John Weber and Mr. Gage of Grass Lake spent Sunday with C. Weber.

George Goodband has stopped drawing milk to the Grass Lake creamery.

Mrs. A. Lee of Ann Arbor spent a portion of this week with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Musbach spent Saturday and Sunday at Root's Station.

Rev. P. Weurfel of Detroit spent a few days of last week with friends here.

Mrs. Geo. Ortbring and family spent Saturday with relatives south of Chelsea.

Will Wolff and Miss Reno of Sharon attended services at the German M. E. church Sunday evening.

Mrs. Geo. Klump and children and Mrs. William Horning spent Friday with Miss Nancy Berry.

## County and Vicinity

Luther James of Dexter has received an appointment in the Auditor General's office at Lansing.

The work on the new school house at Milan is progressing very finely the masons have commenced on the brick work.

Constable Ross of Ypsilanti has issued an order that there shall be no more top spinning on the streets of the business portions of that city.

The Ann Arbor Elks expect to hold an initiation of the largest class in the history of the lodge on Wednesday evening of the first week in June.

Those who have been boat riding up the river are telling how beautiful the scenery is and how lovely the woods are, resplendent with wild flowers, crab apple blossoms, etc. It is far more beautiful in its natural state than the most costly city park.—Manchester Enterprise.

Four of our young men received a lesson Monday which they will remember for some time. They hired a team and surrey of C. L. Clark Sunday for a short drive. They did not get home until Monday at four a. m., and Mr. Clark looked over the team and carriage and said it would cost them ten dollars. Of course they paid.—Milan Leader.

An old couple had seats on the main floor at the May Festival last evening and furnished considerable amusement for the people sitting near them. They were disgusted, "and by gosh," said the old man, "we'll sell our tickets and stay hum. Look there; she comes out to have the people yell at her and then goes back, for a minute only to return again." The old man was loud and was the center of attraction for a while.—Ann Arbor Argus.

Many who take pleasure in a lawn are complaining of the prevalence of dandelions, and one patriot is anxious to have an ordinance passed declaring them a nuisance, and making it a capital offense for any one to allow them to mature their seeds. In two years they can be exterminated, provided everybody joins the crusade against them and clips the flower whenever it shows its head. Still, dandelions are good for greens.—Ypsilanti.

Yesterday a sample fiend was distributing samples of some kind of a laxative pill about the city. He threw a sample package down at the Bogardus residence, where little Alma, the two-year old child of Mr. and Mrs. George Bogardus, was playing. The little one thinking probably that the pills were candy, proceeded to eat them. They nearly killed her. The practice of throwing such samples about in such a careless way is dangerous and should be stopped if there is any way to do it.—Ann Arbor Argus.

## COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

## OFFICIAL.

Chelsea, Mich., May 9, 1900.

Board met in regular session. Meeting called to order by the President.

Roll called by the Clerk.

Present, Wm. Bacon, President, and Trustees Twamley, Bachman, Burkhardt, and J. Bacon. Absent, Avery and Snyder.

Minutes of April 23 and 28 read and approved.

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

C. Steinbach, valves..... \$ 25

H. Lighthall, making tape..... 70 50

E. H. Chandler, draying..... 13 10

G. Martin, 5 days 2½ hours..... 6 57

C. Fenn, 5 days 3½ hours..... 6 69

Sam Mohrlock, 4 days 2½ hours..... 5 32

W. Sumner, 3 days 7½ hours..... 4 68

Thos. Jackson, 3 days 7½ hours..... 4 68

C. Currier, 3 days 2½ hours..... 4 07

M. Reynolds, 1 day 2½ hours..... 1 57

B. Steinbach, 3 days 7½ hours, team..... 9 38

M. Mohrlock, 3 days 7½ hours, team..... 9 38

M. Keelan, 1 day 2½ hours, team..... 3 13

Floyd Vanlifter, 5 days..... 6 65

Glazier Stove Co., material..... 1 11

G. Martin, 4 days..... 5 00

C. Fenn, 3 days..... 3 75

Sam Mohrlock, ½ day..... 63

Sam Guerin, 3 days..... 3 75

W. Sumner, 3 days..... 3 75

C. Updegrave, 2½ days..... 3 13

B. Steinbach, 3 days with team..... 7 50

E. Beach, 1½ days with team..... 3 75

M. Mohrlock, 1½ days with team..... 3 75

Moved by Burkhardt, seconded by Bacon, that the bid of Tom W. Mingay be laid on the table until next meeting. Carried.

Side and crosswalk committee report the following walks to be repaired and that the marshal be instructed to notify the parties of the same:

Norton & Clark..... Mrs. Wunder, bakery building.

Martin McKune..... Mrs. John Seuter

James Ackerson..... Theo. Swarthout

D. W. Maroney..... Henry Hagen

J. W. Speer..... John Conaty

Mrs. Wm. Martin..... Wm. Merker

J. A. Palmer..... Chas. Chandler

Israel Vogel..... Mrs. Jos. Durand

C. M. Stephens..... Mrs. F. Davidson

J. J. Raftery..... Mrs. Chas. Canfield

John Cook, west side..... Jay Everett

Mrs. Ed. Hindelang..... M. J. Emmett

Henry Speer..... J. S. Cummings

Report accepted by the council.

On motion board adjourned.

W. H. Heselschwerdt, Village Clerk.

Chelsea, Mich., May 16, 1900.

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, Wm. Bacon, president, and trustees Avery, Twamley, Bachman, Burkhardt, Snyder and J. Bacon.

Moved by Avery, seconded by Snyder, that we do not grant the Chelsea Manufacturing Co. permission to place a cesspool in the street.

Yeas—Avery, Twamley, Bachman, Burkhardt, Snyder and J. Bacon. Nays—None. Carried.

Moved by Burkhardt, seconded by Snyder, that the bond of John Parker with Wm. I. Wood and Frank Staffan as sureties be accepted, and that the financial statement of Frank Staffan be filed with the bond.

Yeas—Avery, Twamley, Bachman, Burkhardt and Snyder. Nays—J. Bacon. Carried.

Moved by Snyder, seconded by Twamley, that the minutes stand approved as read. Carried.

Board adjourned.

Wm. Bacon, President.

W. H. Heselschwerdt, Clerk.

## RARE INVESTMENT.

Offered by a Company Owning a Mexican Plantation.

Dr. H. H. Avery of this place has become interested in a new enterprise, a plantation at Chiapas, Mexico. The following from the Waterloo, Iowa, Daily reporter of May 4th tells something concerning the enterprise:

"W. W. Wyant was on exhibition some products of the Iowa-Mexican plantation at Chiapas, Mexico, in which he is interested together with a number of other Iowa people. The plantation is primarily a rubber and coffee plantation and the land where these crops are grown is particularly productive. Coffee and rubber trees are being planted on the plantation as rapidly as it is cleared. The clearing of the large tract of land owned by the syndicate is also of profit to the investors as the lumber taken there from is very valuable. The various assortments of woods are exhibited by Mr. Wyant and have been polished to show the grain of the wood.

Among the other exhibits are sheets of rubber taken from a tree in the wild state, chocolate beans, etc. The Waterloo shareholders in the syndicate are very enthusiastic over their Mexican investment."

Dr. Avery is the local representative of the company.

## No Chance for "Sitters."

Young man, did you know that nine-tenths of the fellows who find time to sit around the hotels during the day and early evening, before they reach the age of twenty, are sure to be found at the same occupation during the remainder of their lives? Don't believe it, eh? Well, my young friend, you agree upon this: "Men looking for a man to take a responsible position never go downtown and wait patiently at the hotel until they find a 'sitter' and then offer him the place." And you may think that being an adept at playing billiards, or boasting



Our fee returned if we fail. Any one sending sketch and description of any invention will promptly receive our opinion free concerning the patentability of same. "How to Obtain a Patent" sent upon request. Patents secured through us advertised for sale at our expense.

Patents taken out through us receive special notice, without charge, in THE PATENT RECORD, an illustrated and widely circulated journal, consulted by Manufacturers and Investors. Send for sample copy FREE. Address,

**VICTOR J. EVANS & CO.**  
(Patent Attorneys)  
Evans Building, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Thirty minutes is all the time required to dye with PUTNAM'S FADELESS DYES. Sold by Fenn & Vogel.

that you drink occasionally, will help you; but after many years of business experience we never had a young man apply for a position whose former employer said, among things in his recommendation, that "he was a good billiard player, hotel sifter and moderate drinker." True this is a fast age; but, our young friend, just look about you; take the boys in your class in school and find who are holding responsible positions. You are certain to find that the fellows you termed as "easy" are marching along while you are yet "one of the boys, see." And some day you will be on the road, counting ties, perhaps.—Ex.

On Saturdays Burkhardt will serve pineapple ice.

## BEWARE OF A COUGH.

A cough is not a disease but a symptom. Consumption and bronchitis, which are the most dangerous and fatal diseases have for their first indication a persistent cough and if properly treated as soon as this cough appears are easily cured. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has proven wonderfully successful, and gained its wide reputation and extensive sale by its success in curing the diseases which cause coughing. If it is not beneficial it will not cost you a cent. For sale by all druggists.

## MICHIGAN CENTRAL EXCURSIONS.

National Prohibition Convention, at Chicago, June 27-28. One fare for round trip.

B. Y. P. U. of America, Cincinnati, July 12-15. One fare for round trip.

"I had stomach trouble twenty years and gave up hope of being cured till I began to use Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It has done me so much good I call it the savior of my life," writes W. R. Wilkinson, Albany, Tenn. It digests what you eat.—Glazier & Stimson.

W. S. Musser, Millheim, Pa., saved the life of his little girl by giving her One Minute Cough Cure when she was dying from croup. It is the only harmless remedy that gives immediate results. It quickly cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, grippe, asthma, and all throat and lung troubles.—Glazier & Stimson.

For Sale—Top buggy and harness. Inquire of Philip Broesamle. 12tf

## One on the Judge.

A story is told of a judge who could not control his temper and so could not control other people. One day there was unusual disorder in the courtroom, and at last the judge could endure it no longer. "It is impossible to allow this persistent contempt of court to go on," he exclaimed, "and I shall be forced to go to the extreme length of taking the one step that will stop it!" There was a long silence; then one of the leading counsel rose and with just a trace of a smile, inquired: "If it please your honor, on what date will your resignation take effect?"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## Does the Baby Thrive

If not, something must be wrong with its food. If the mother's milk doesn't nourish it, she needs SCOTT'S EMULSION. It supplies the elements of fat required for the baby. If baby is not nourished by its artificial food, then it requires

## Scott's Emulsion

Half a teaspoonful three or four times a day, in its bottle will have the desired effect. It seems to have a magical effect upon babies and children. A fifty-cent bottle will prove the truth of our statements.

Should be taken in summer as well as winter.

See and get all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

## CLOSING OUT SALE OF BICYCLES! AND SUNDRIES.

If you want a WHEEL or anything in the WHEEL LINE you can buy it

## At Cost for the Next 10 Days.

New Elgin Timer \$15.50 was \$25.00 GUARANTEED TIRES

Featherstone \$21.00 was \$30.00.

Columbia \$30.00 was \$50.00

LaCiede Racer \$30.00 was \$50.00

Also Tribune, Phoenix, Eldridge and other Leading Makes.

MUST BE CLOSED OUT.

## STAFFAN'S.

## JUST RECEIVED

A New lot of high grade pianos; Regent, Hamilton, and Newman Bros. Three of the Finest Toned Pianos that money can buy. Elegant cases and Perfect Action. Come and try them at any time.

## BUGGIES AND ROAD WAGONS

We have our storeroom full of Carriages, Buggies, Surreys, Platform and Road Wagons, etc. We furnish complete outfits with Harness, Whips, Dusters and Foot Mats at greatly reduced prices.

We invite comparison with any other line in the county.

## C. STEINBACH.

Standard Sewing Machines.

## Every Gentleman Should Wear a Fancy Vest.

No other feature of the wardrobe adds so much to one's appearance. Fancy vests break the monotony of that sameness which is apparent if you wear one suit an entire season. All the correct shadings and prices consistent with good material and first-class workmanship.

J. GEO. WEBSTER.

Merchant Tailor.

## FARRELL'S

## GROCERIES.

Fresh Groceries cheap.

We are the center for buying pure.

PURE

FOOD

STORE.

## SHOES.

Our shoe stock contains all of the latest styles in lasts and leather and our price is the cheapest when you take into consideration the superior goods we are offering.

JOHN FARRELL.

TELEPHONE NO. 7.

## USE THE CELEBRATED

## Sweet Loma

FINE CUT TOBACCO.

NEW SCOTTEN TOBACCO CO. (Against the Trust.)

If troubled with rheumatism, give Chamberlain's Pain-Balm a trial. It will not cost you a cent if it does no good. One application will relieve the pain. It also cures sprains and bruises in one-third the time required by any other treatment. Cuts, burns, frostbites, quinsy, pains in the side and chest, glandular and other swellings are quickly cured by applying it. Every bottle warranted. Price 25 and 50 cents. All Druggists.

J. C. Kennedy, Roanoke, Tenn., says: "I cannot say too much for DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. One box of it cured what the doctors called an incurable ulcer on my jaw." Cures piles and all skin diseases. Look out for worthless imitations.—Glazier & Stimson.

For Sale—Three lots on VanBuren street. Lots 12, 16 and 18, on the north side, or will trade for personal property. Inquire of Homer Boyd, Sylvan. 15

The easiest and most effective method of purifying the blood and invigorating the system is to take DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for cleansing the liver and bowels.—Glazier & Stimson.

Rooms to rent—Inquire of Mrs. B. Keenan.

## Beautiful Spring Millinery

I am showing a fine line of all the latest effects and novelties in Millinery. Would be pleased to have you call and inspect them.

Ella Craig Foster





## GOOD JUDGMENT

Is required when selecting a fine Sideboard, Bookcase or Bedroom Suits, but that judgement has already been exercised. When we put in our line of

## SPRING STYLES

and only remains for you to take your choice. Come in NOW, look at our stock, take a little time to think over and when house cleaning is done, you will have your selection made. Prices always right.

W. J. KNAPP.



## CURIOUS

why some people will continue buying where prices are highest because they think high prices and high quality necessarily go together.

## OUR MEATS

are sold at the lowest figures consistent with prime quality. Their excellent flavor, tenderness and richness is appreciated by those who have tested meats in all parts of the globe.

Highest Market Price Paid for Hides and Tallow.

ADAM EPPLER.

CHELSEA TELEPHONE NO. 4

## GARDEN SEEDS.

## GRASS SEEDS.

## CHOICE SEEDS.

## Seeds That Will Grow.

Farmers and Gardeners will do well to look over our stock of Field and Garden Seeds before buying elsewhere. Our stock is new, fresh, well selected and true to name, and large to supply every demand.

H. L. WOOD &amp; CO.

Japanese Napkins

AT THE

## Standard Office



## ARE YOU SATISFIED?

That is a question always answered in the affirmative by those who dine at

The Carlight Bros. Restaurant.

Can hardly be otherwise, because everything is done to please our patrons.

## LOCAL BREVITIES.

A new roof is being put on the north side of the foundry building at the Stove Works.

The next regular meeting of the L. C. B. A. will be held Wednesday evening June 6th.

Henry Gorton has moved from Waterloo into the residence he recently purchased of Geo. W. Beckwith.

The parties who took the license tag off the collar on Adam Eppler's dog had better return it as they are known.

Olive Chapter, O. E. S., has accepted an invitation from the Grass Lake Chapter to visit them Tuesday evening, June 5th.

Railroad Commissioner Osborn has filed the annual computation of railroad taxes. The Michigan Central system pays \$230,772.63.

The Kempf Commercial & Savings Bank has had the office rearranged—this makes a decided improvement in the interior of the bank.

The L. C. B. A. ladies wish to thank the public for the success of the ice cream social Saturday evening, May 19th. Thirteen dollars were realized from the social.

The cotton from the trees around Dr. McColgan's residence has been blowing around in fine shape, and our citizens have been treated to a fine imitation of a snow storm.

Rev. Francis E. Klauer, rector of the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer, Detroit, will officiate and preach in St. Mary's church, Chelsea, on the feast of the Pentecost, Sunday, June 3d.

The flower festival given by the ladies of the M. E. church is in full bloom at J. S. Cummings' store. They have plants and flowers of every kind, size and color for sale, and everyone is invited to come and buy.

Special services will be held in St. Mary's church on Thursday, May 31st, at 8 o'clock p. m., in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Junior choir will sing, the Rosary will be recited, and benediction will be given.

The B. Y. P. U. will hold a lawn, box social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pierce, Tuesday evening, May 29. Ice cream will be had on hand for sale. A very pleasant time is expected. All are cordially invited to attend.

Divine services will be held in Grass Lake on Tuesday, May 29th, at 9 a. m., by Rev. William P. Considine, at the residence of Timothy Merriam on Main street. The Catholics of Grass Lake and vicinity and all others interested are cordially invited to these services.

Commander R. R. Pealer of the Michigan G. A. R. has issued a written request to the presidents and faculties of the several institutions of learning in Michigan. He asks that the athletic and sporting clubs be kept at home on Memorial Day so as not to detract from the real significance of Decoration Day.

Chelsea buyers are paying 60 cents for red or white wheat. Oats 25 cents; beans \$1.80; beef cattle 2½ to 4½ cents; dressed beef 5 to 7 cents; veal calves 4½ to 5 cents; dressed veal 6 to 7 cents; live hogs 4 to 5 cents; dressed hogs 6 cents; sheep 2 to 5 cents; potatoes 25 cents; butter 13 cents; eggs 10 cents.

The members of the Research Club gathered at the home of the president, Mrs. J. D. Watson, Tuesday evening, and had a very enjoyable social time. Ice cream and cake were served. The ladies presented Mrs. Watson with a beautiful picture as a slight return for the interest she has taken in the society and the work she has done for it.

The government has helped out the University to the extent of \$600 or \$800 per year. Formerly it cost the University 8 cents to send out its catalogues. By an order from the postoffice department, the University can now send them out for one cent each. Private parties will have to pay at the rate of one cent for four ounces, however.

The annual calendar of the University of Michigan for the college year 1899-1900 is ready for distribution. It is a volume of 382 pages giving the facts regarding the year's work, requirements for admission to the several departments, the faculties, the courses offered and the students registered. Copies may be had by addressing Secretary James H. Wade, Ann Arbor, or anyone wishing to examine a copy of the calendar can do so at The Standard office.

Wirt McLaren had a narrow escape from death Saturday. He was riding on a drag, and the driver in turning the rig around turned too short which threw Wirt on the whiffletrees and pole and right at the horses' heads. He hung on and the team ran down across the railroad track and in front of the Stove Works office, before he was able to get loose and drop down, and allow the drag to pass over him. He escaped with a few bruises, but the sight was such that men turned their backs expecting that he would surely be killed.

Miss Ione Wood entertained the members of L. O. E. M. Tuesday evening.

The Ladies' Research Club will meet with Mrs. A. R. Welch Monday evening. Special business will come before the meeting.

The common council decided at a special meeting Friday evening to purchase the residence and lot of James Harrington, south of the electric light and water works station. The move is a good one, as room for storage was badly needed. The price paid was \$850.

## PERSONAL.

C. J. Downer is a Paw Paw visitor this week.

Archie Stapish has returned from Big Rapids.

Tommie Wilkinson left for Detroit Monday.

W. Lehman and family spent Sunday Jackson.

Rev. Wm. P. Considine spent Monday in Detroit.

Chas. Foster of Clinton spent the past week here.

M. J. Lehman of Ann Arbor spent Saturday here.

Miss Anna Lighthall returned to Detroit Tuesday.

Miss Mabel Gillam spent Sunday at Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beeson spent Sunday at Homer.

Miss Edith Boyd spent Friday at Ann Arbor and Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Warner are visiting their son in Detroit.

Mrs. Geo. A. BeGole and children spent Sunday at Ann Arbor.

Miss Bailey of Manchester is the guest of Mrs. L. T. Freeman.

Miss Nellie Bacon spent Sunday with her sister in Coldwater.

Germane Foster of Grass Lake was a Chelsea visitor Sunday.

Mrs. G. A. Robertson of Battle Creek is visiting friends here.

Mrs. A. R. Hunter spent the first of the week at Ann Arbor.

Jas. Curlett of Dexter was the guest of Miss Anna Miller Sunday.

Mrs. A. W. Ames of Ann Arbor is the guest of Mrs. A. N. Morton.

Hon. W. W. Wedemeyer of Ann Arbor spent Saturday in this village.

Mr. and Mrs. Clara Stapish and children spent the past week at Anderson, Ind.

Chas. H. Kaiser of Detroit is spending a few days with Chelsea friends.

Byron Wight of Detroit is visiting his old acquaintances here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Watson spent several days of the past week at Durand.

Miss M. Miles of Dexter was the guest of Miss Linna Lighthall over Sunday.

Mr. Myers, with Dean & Co. of Ann Arbor was a Strandard caller on Friday.

Miss Flora Atkinson was the guest of Miss Wacker the latter part of last week.

Saxe C. Stimson and sister Matie left for Washington, D. C., Monday morning.

Mrs. Warren Cashman spent a few days of last week with friends in Mason.

Miss Nettie Dowling of Grass Lake spent a few days of this week with friends here.

Rev. Father Considine contemplates a trip to New York City during the month of June.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Blaich of Ann Arbor are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Wood.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Mapes and daughter, and Miss Gladys Mapes spent Sunday at Plainfield.

S. N. Newkirk of Ann Arbor spent several days of this week with his daughter, Mrs. D. C. McLaren.

Rev. C. S. Jones went to Charlotte Tuesday, where Mrs. Jones and children have been spending several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Kutt and Mr. and Mrs. F. Waidelich of Munith were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Glenn Sunday.

Christopher Swick of Lockport, N. Y., spent Sunday his nephew, G. V. Clark. Mr. Swick is 88 years of age, is entirely blind and travels alone.

I. H. LaFetra of Santiago, Chile, was the guest of Mrs. Mary Winans Friday. Mr. LaFetra is connected with the English schools in that country, and is well acquainted with C. S. Winans of Iquique, Chile.

Mrs. Caroline Baldwin.

Caroline Peirce was born in Manchester, Ontario county, New York, May 29, 1831. She moved with her parents to Michigan in 1838. Was united in marriage to Horace Baldwin in 1860. Mrs. Baldwin died Sunday morning, May 20, 1900. The funeral services were held at the Congregational church, in this village, Tuesday afternoon, the pastor, Rev. C. S. Jones, officiating. The church was filled by the many friends and neighbors who gathered there to pay their respects to her memory. She united with the Congregational church of this place in 1859 and was an active member of the W. C. T. U. so long as the condition of her health would permit her so doing. Mrs. Baldwin took much interest in the social work of the Western Washington Union Farmers' Club and LaFayette Grange, both of which has sustained a great loss in her death. The

deceased was the mother of three children, two of whom are still living: Frank H. of Hopkinton, Iowa, and Alvin D. of this place, besides the husband, there is living one brother, Nathan Pierce, and two sisters, Mrs. Julia Bowen and Mrs. Cynthia Terry. Mr. Baldwin and his family have the sympathy of the entire community in this their sad bereavement.

## Kather Strange.

Stockbridge Sun: Ed. Rank of Eaton Rapids has been renovating feathers in this village this week. Although Mr. Rank was raised in Eaton county he spent 12 years in Dakota, and when there was a near neighbor of our fellow townsman, E. G. Pierce, and Benjamin Graham now of Ellendale, Dakota. Mr. Rank spent Sunday with Mr. Pierce and his family, three miles northeast of the village. Mr. Rank was asked if he was related to the well known family of Ranks in Francisco. He answered yes; and then told us that a few years ago he was renovating feathers at Chelsea, and on calling at the post-office for mail was asked what relation he was to the Ranks there. This was the first time that he knew of such a family, but was informed that two brothers, old residents, lived but a few miles in the country. Sunday he drove out to their homes, and was surprised and gratified to discover that they were his father's own brothers. His father ran away from Germany when a youth of 16, to avoid military service, and settled in Brookfield, Eaton county. He lost all trace of his relatives in the old country, and it appears his two brothers had become emigrants to America, and had by fortune settled only a few miles from their long-lost brother where they had resided for almost half century without knowing of it until this little incident accidentally brought them together.

## Card of Thanks.

The relatives of the late Mrs. Horace Baldwin wish to take this opportunity to express their thanks for the many kind words and thoughtful deeds during their recent affliction and especially to those who furnished flowers and music and to the neighbors do we feel grateful.

The undersigned wish to extend their heartfelt thanks to the friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted them during their recent affliction.

H. Lighthall and Children.

## PUBLIC NOTICE.

The Board of Review for the village of Chelsea will meet at the town hall Monday and Tuesday, May 28th and 29th

For Sale—A bay horse eight years old, suitable for a family driving horse. Inquire at Standard office.



## FROM EVERYWHERE

north, south, east and west we obtain

## Fine Groceries

The corners of the earth are searched and the best of everything brought here to satisfy our customers.

Our goods are not only of superior quality but are sold at very low prices.

## This Week We Offer:

Choice Tennessee Strawberries at home grown prices

Large Hothouse Cucumbers at 10c each.

Fresh Crisp Home-grown Asparagus at 5 cents a bunch

Fancy Grand Rapids Head Lettuce at 18 cents a pound

3 bunches green onions for 5 cents

2 bunches radishes for 5 cents

Large Ripe Bananas 25 cents dozen

Medium size Bananas 20 cents

Fancy Mediterranean Sweet Oranges at 25 cents per dozen

Extra Large Ripe Juicy Pineapples at 20 cents each

Jackson Gem and Chelsea Flour at 50 cents a sack

Pillsbury's Best and Roller King Flour at 60 cents a sack

Choice White Potatoes at 40c a bushel

The Right Place

Freeman's

Chelsea Telephone No. 14.

## W. P. Schenk &amp; Company.

Exceptionally Fine Bargains.



For Every Age and Every Size.

We Have Good Clothing

And No Other Sort.

The Buttons Don't Come Off.

The Linings Don't Rip.

They Hold Their Shape.

They Fit Like Custom Clothes.

WE would like to have every man who is in the market for a SUIT to see the nice selection of SPRING and SUMMER SUITS we shall place on Sale



Saturday, May 29th.

New Stripe Suits,

New Check Suits,

Latest and Nobbiest

Styles out for this

season's wear and we

will sell them at not

one cent over regu-

lar WHOLESALE PRICE.

Ask to see the New Suits.

Price marked in Plain Fig-

ures. Look them over care-

fully and judge for your-

self as to VALUE.

## W. P. SCHENK &amp; COMPANY.

Chelsea Telephone No. 12

## HAVE MOVED.

On May 1st we moved our stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc., from our old location to the Sherry store, and would be pleased to meet all our friends and patrons at the new location.

A. E. WINANS, THE JEWELER

Fine Repairing a Specialty.

## Spring Millinery

Bright Hats for bright days. The top notch of elegance is in our spring hats and all of the newest novelties we are showing.

Call and see our bright new Millinery.

MILLER SISTERS.

## ICE CREAM.

Beginning with today we shall be prepared to furnish ICE CREAM IN ONE GALLON PACKERS and will deliver it to your home in time for dinner. Our Parlors will be opened in the morning at 10 o'clock and remain open for the remainder of the day and all orders left there will receive prompt attention.

BURKHART'S ICE CREAM PARLORS.



## SHATTERING of a DREAM

## A Decoration Day Tragedy

DECORATION DAY was hot that year, and the roses, lilies and lilacs drooped in the sun almost as soon as they were laid upon the graves. Stout women mopped their faces constantly, and the children were inclined to be fractious. The celebration had, however, been a great success, and no one was in a hurry to leave the cemetery.

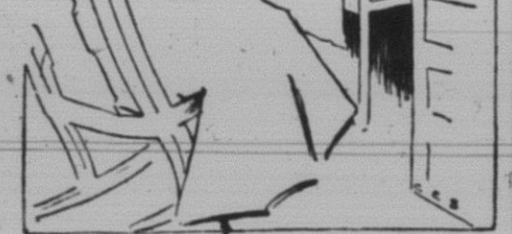
A lean, fresh-faced elderly woman stood at the entrance to a well-kept lot and looked lovingly at the mounds of flowers which almost hid two of the mounds in it. She looked up as some one paused behind her.

"Walk in and set down on the bench, do," she said, hospitably. "The sun is trying when a body isn't over young."

"It is," gasped the other woman. She was untwisting the bonnet strings which clasped her motherly throat. "You live here, don't you?"

"Yes, I've lived here always." The hostess had moved the green watering pot and sat down beside her guest. "If I live with my brother's widow, now, he died last year. Father was killed at Antietam; I have a beautiful piece in the paper about him."

The stranger made a clucking sound with her tongue in the roof of her mouth. "This



"I NURSED A SOLDIER FROM HERE ONCE."

is the first time I was ever here," she said. "I often laid out to come, but the children kept me too busy. Now, my youngest daughter is married, and I told my husband I was going to see the world, and he could stay at home, if he chose. He came, too," she added, cheerfully. "Are you a widow?"

The face of her hostess flushed. "I'm not—not married. I was only a slip of a girl when the war broke out—just past 17. There was a soldier boy—"

The other woman nodded. "He was killed? Well, he died for his country; that's one comfort."

"Yes, he was killed. I know he was killed. Some said—other things; but it wasn't for me to doubt him. A man that used to know him came back from Nashville last year and declared he'd seen him; of course, I knew better, if others didn't."

"Of course you did. And if you were engaged to him, you'd—"

"We weren't to say engaged, but I knew and he knew. I gave him a spray of heliotrope the night before he went away. He was crazy to go, and I was a soldier's daughter." She turned her head away with a sharp click of her throat. There was a long pause.

"I nursed a soldier from here once," the other woman said, at last. "He talked so much about the place I reckon that's why I wanted so much to see it. He was so bad we didn't know how it would be with him, when he came to us. It was just at the close of the war, and he wanted to get well and go marry a girl he'd met in Tennessee. Somehow, though, when he was out of his head, he'd often call for another girl—'Sue,' her name was; the other girl's name—"

"What was his name?" The voice sounded as if the throat which uttered it was dry.

"His name was Fisher—Ed Fisher, and he—"

"And he died! Died there among strangers?"

"No; he got well and married the girl in Tennessee. They came to see us on their wedding trip, and—Mercy, what's the matter?"

The hostess had fallen back, livid, in her seat; she was gasping for breath and her eyes were fixed despairingly on the stranger's face.

"Oh, I didn't know—I didn't know, my dear. Maybe now his name wasn't Fisher, after all—I've a poor memory for names. Don't take on so, my dear, don't!"

But there was no reply. The little, lean figure in black crouched there, a blot on the brilliant sunshine, with the cherished dream of a lifetime shattered in a moment.

## CONQUEROR and CONQUERED.

Have you noticed how gentle the man who wore the conquering blue is when he meets the one who donned the conquered gray? The victor has no sneer for the vanquished. The late war with Spain, which saw the sons of the brothers who had once been enemies stand shoulder to shoulder in the face of a common foe, has but cemented anew the friendship which began in 1865, and each successive Decoration day will see it closer yet. The man who was right can well afford to clasp the hand of the one who acknowledges that he was wrong in the past by giving up his son to fight for the grand old flag.

## THE GOOD OLD WAR SONGS.

The late war with Spain has aroused a fresh fervor of patriotism in the length and breadth of our country, but it has given us no new songs which will take the place of the old ones. Forever fresh in the hearts of us all will remain "Marching Through Georgia." We will sing it a long time after "A Hot Time" has been relegated to the lumber room of the mind. That song has made its mark upon our land. The heroes of the sixties marched through the valley of death into Georgia, but they marched also into the undying love of their countrymen; surely that was a worthy compensation for all

## MAKING THE DAY COMPLETE.

There will be old soldiers at the Decoration day ceremonies this year who may never be with us again; there will be children present for the first time, too. Then let us make the day a tender memory to be forgotten one for the child, a never-to-be-forgotten one for the old soldier leaves behind. The early-inked lesson of patriotism will never be effaced, and a few words of appreciation to the veteran will mean more than will the handsomest wreath laid on his coffin when for him the last bugle call has sounded.

## BENEATH the PINES

## A Story for Decoration Day

By Maj. A. F. GRANT.

BERTIE held the letter long in her hands and, looking out across the rich landscape that spread from the little home near the river, sat in silence till the shadows seemed to lengthen and the arrows of the dying day fell no longer on the sword.

As she folded the strange missive, which had come to her from the south, she looked up at a portrait hanging on the wall, a portrait which on the morrow would again wear a wreath which her fair hands would fashion, and for a moment something glistened, pearl-like, in her blue eyes.

The last sounds of the final battle had died away a few years previous, and the scars of war, while they still remained unhealed, were fast vanishing beneath the reunited love of a great people.

Not far from the young girl's home the armies had pressed the grass and the roar of conflict had shaken the stately hills. She had gone often to the little ford where she knew her father fought; she had stood there seeing, vision-like, the long lines of blue as they strove to hold the ford against the gray, only to be beaten back and vanquished. From that day no tidings had been written opposite his name and, though missing on the rolls, he was ever present to her in a hopeful daughter's memory.

And now this strange letter had come like a bird from southland, a letter written in an unfamiliar hand, and of itself a mystery.

Again and again she had read:

"Dear Miss Parker: I have in my possession a sword which I picked up on the battlefield after the brave defense of Gordon's Ford. The hilt of the weapon bears the name of Capt. John Parker, company A, 4th O. V. I. I remember burying an officer after the fight, and everything indicates that the sword belongs to him. For some time I have been trying to trace his family, but without avail, till lately, and I am now confident that I have discovered a portion of it, at least, in you. Strange to say, I find that you have moved to the vicinity of the fight at the ford, and, as we buried some of our brave enemies near the battlefield, I am confident that I can find the exact spot. The war has not been over long, but we are fast becoming, under God, a reunited people; and, if you will permit, I will return the sword which I believe was bravely worn by your father, and I ask you to meet me at ten o'clock on the 30th at the ford and by the big rock, if it still remains there. With the greatest respect,

ORVILLE LANE, Late C. S. A."

Bert had shown the letter to her invalid mother, who had read it with tears and in grateful silence.

"If we could but find his grave so that we could strew it with flowers," said the widow, "I would be ready to depart in peace."

"He says he can locate it, mother. At any rate, we can crown papa's sword and that would be a relief."

"Yes, yes. You will go down to the ford to-morrow, child?"

"I will be there."

The girl went to the window and looked at the dying sun. It was gilding the pines of Virginia with its last light a mournful good-bye to the day.

"I'm going out, mother," she said, glancing at the thin figure in the roller chair across the room. "I'll be back soon."

In another moment the young girl had quitted the house and was on her way toward the river. The ford was a favorite spot to her; it was redolent with memories

too sacred to express, for she had believed that there her father had fought his last battle, and now the letter from the south had confirmed it.

The ripples of the river laughed, as it seemed, on their way to the distant sea, and a night bird was singing its last song among the pines that lined the bank. Bert stopped beside the large rock mentioned in the southern letter and leaned gently against it. She looked down the woody aisles, soon to be crowned with darkness, and suddenly started.

The outlines of a figure seemed moving among the pines. Bert leaned eagerly forward and watched the apparition as it appeared to stoop now and then at the foot of the hoary trees and inspect the ground. More than once there had come to her stories about the victims of the battle at the ford haunting the scene of their last conflict; but the girl, who was not superstitious, had not been frightened by them.

With a courage inherited from her soldier parent she moved toward the figure in the forest, but all at once it vanished, nor again rewarded her eager and breathless watchfulness.

To her mother the girl said nothing about the apparition among the trees, and that night she saw it again in her dreams, standing by the big rock, she had watched it in the last gleams of day.

Bright and beautiful broke the dawn of Memorial day.

Early Bert led her mother to the portrait on the wall and steadied her feeble arms as she crowned with a wreath the manly picture of her beloved. The sun came in at the window and, falling on the soldier's countenance, seemed to crown it with a halo of matchless splendor and grace.

"You will not forget the hour, child," said Mrs. Parker. "You will be punctual. The big rock at the ford, he said, did he not?"

"At the big stone at ten," was the reply, as the young maiden turned from the window with a smile. "I wonder how he came to ferret us out and why the enemy should care to return papa's sword?"

It is peace now, you must remember. The grass is growing in the cannon ruts and the daisies hide the scars of battle."

It was almost ten when Bert, simply but amply dressed for the occasion, kissed the occupant of the chair and betook herself to the ford. From far away came sounds of music, and she knew that in the nearest town they were gathering for the sacred and patriotic services of the day.

In a short time the fair girl stood beside the famous stone. Around her all was still, and the river ran beneath the pines singing, as it seemed to her, a dirge for the brave of the land.

"He does not come, and I know not in which direction to look for him," thought Bert, as she swept the landscape. "He might have come to Shirley and got some one to drive him over; or he may alight at Luray Station and, as he has been a soldier, tramp it to the ford."

As no one came, Bert fell to gathering the flowers that peeped in profusion above the sod, and then, seating herself on a mossy stone, she twined as fair a wreath as ever decked a soldier's grave.

It must be past the hour. Could it be that the letter had been written to deceive her, that some one, heedless of the wounds such a missive would make, had indicted it to make hearts bleed afresh? She would

not believe it, and instantly put the unworthy thought aside.

Orville Lane was not that sort of person. True, she had never seen him; he had been her father's foe; they had met in battle, and the confederate had conquered. Why his letter, if he wanted to wring anew the hearts of a soldier's family?

When Bert looked up after finishing the wreath, she caught sight of a figure where she had seen the one the night previous. Moving among the pines a short distance away was a man who seemed to be looking for a certain spot.

Bert unconsciously drew back and watched him.

She could see whenever he straightened up that he had the bearing of a soldier, and that he was still young, as if he had entered the army when but a mere boy.



SHE SAW HIM LEAN TOWARD A TREE.

She could see whenever he straightened up that he had the bearing of a soldier, and that he was still young, as if he had entered the army when but a mere boy.

She saw him lean eagerly toward a tree and fix his eyes on a certain spot in the bark.

For several minutes he stood thus, running his hands over the surface, as if confirming by this means the evidence of sight. When he straightened again he turned his face squarely toward the ford.

Bert saw that he carried in his hand something wrapped in a dark fabric, and it seemed to her that he carried it reverently, as a hero would carry a fabled and sacred banner.

The soldier's child met the stranger face to face as he rounded the big rock, and the next moment, with doffed hat, he was bowing to her. Bert felt a flush suffuse her cheek in his presence, and his voice recalled her to the present.

"Miss Parker, is it not?" said the young man, for young he was, despite the fact that he had followed the fortunes of the confederacy through four years of varying war.

"I am Miss Bert Parker, only child of the late Capt. John Parker, of company A, 4th Ohio. I am the person to whom a letter signed 'Orville Lane' was addressed—"

"And I am the writer," interrupted the young man.

Bert stood silent in his presence; she felt that she was to have revealed to her the fate of her father, and by the "enemy" who had come up from southland for that purpose.

"This is one of the proudest yet saddest moments of my life," continued the young soldier. "Your father's last resting place need be a mystery no longer. I came down here last evening hoping to locate it, but the shadows of the pines prevented. It is all plain now. The cross I cut in the pine underneath which we buried Capt. Parker after the gallant defense of the ford is visible yet, and if you will come with me, Miss Parker—"

Bert started forward with a light cry which she could not suppress.

At last! She thought of the sacredness of the day; she looked down at the wreath in her hands, and then glanced up at her companion.

"You were his enemy, then," she said, suddenly disengaging one hand, which she thrust forward.

"We are friends now," was the quick answer. "It is reunion beneath the battle pines. It is here!"

They had halted beneath the one of the pine kings of the wood, and the young confederate was pointing to a certain spot where a wood anemone lifted her head to the cones.

Bert knelt down and placed her wreath where there seemed to be the semblance of a mound, and in another moment, across the mingled emerald and bloom, lay a sword.

"Though he cannot wear the blade he did not disgrace it, shall lie upon his bosom," said the confederate. "There is no north, no south; there is one country, thank heaven!"

Bert Parker heard these words as in a dream, and when she looked up a man with folded arms stood beside her, looking down at the wedding sword and chaplet.

Slowly and almost speechless, two persons went up the well-known path leading from the ford to the house among the pines. The mother saw placed in her lap her hero's sword; she looked at the handsome couple standing over her, and her heart thrilled with the prophecy of new love.

The day waned; the sword hung beside the portrait on the wall; the pines away gently in the twilight breeze, and two young people at the ford looked into each other's eyes and read therein the page of love and peace.

Bert's romance had just begun, and year by year it ripened more and more, as two little children each Memorial day bore to the grave beneath the pines a sword which they placed thereon, watched by their parents, one the soldier of the confederacy and the other the union captain's darling.

## Mrs. FRASER'S TRIUMPH

## Story of a Monument Fund.

LD Mrs. Fraser came out of the house, closed and locked the door, then hid the key under the mat on the front porch. This done, she stood a moment irresolute, and finally went slowly around the side of the house to look once more that the pantry window was locked. Della at the gate watched her a little impatiently: "Do come now, grandma," she called. "You have tried all the doors and windows twice already—and there's nobody coming to steal things, anyhow. Everybody has gone to the hotel to see the procession start. Do hurry up; we'll be awfully late, and I do want to see Mary Ellen Whitecraft in her new white dress. Don't you think Mary Ellen is a little short to be Columbia, grandma?"

"Maybe so," Mrs. Fraser's voice was absent; she was buttoning her gloves as she walked. "It's six years since I went to the Decoration day ceremonies, Della. The last time was the day when Mrs. Mason said to Becky Doolittle that she'd think I'd sort of hesitate to put myself at the head of the monument begging committee when Robert was only a lieutenant and her husband was a captain. Becky was mad, I can tell you."

"She came and told you, anyhow, grandma. Oh-h, did you see Tom Granger on that splendid big horse? He's so little that he looked lonesome!"

"I resigned that day," went on Mrs. Fraser, "and I wouldn't take my resignation back, either, though Maj. Talbot wanted me to. I needn't apologize if Robert was only a lieutenant; he was good enough to die fighting for his flag."

"Well, they haven't got the monument yet, grandma," Della said, soothingly. "People don't like Mrs. Mason, and Miss Becky says they need \$500 yet for the monument, and they only wish they had some excuse for asking Mrs. Mason to resign from the committee, for they won't get it while she's at the head of it."

"Well, she won't resign. I've known Al-mira Mason for 40 years and I never yet knew her to give up anything she's set her heart on. Mercy, how hot the sun is; it never used to be so hot and sticky on Decoration day."

"It isn't really hot now, grandma. Couldn't you walk a little faster. I have that piece to recite at the cemetery, you know, and I don't want to be late and have to hurry—it takes my breath!" She began for the seventeenth time to go over the lines of the poem in her mind, though she already knew it so well.

"I don't know why I came to-day," Mrs. Fraser said, complainingly. "I've always waited until the day after Decoration and gone out to the cemetery with my flowers—it kind of pleased me to think that Robert had them fresh when the others were faded. I just believe I'll go back now, the cat might get in at the attic window and eat Dicky."

"I shut the attic window," said Della, promptly.

"Then the house'll be too close. Why, here comes Becky Doolittle fairly running! I hope the house hasn't caught fire, or anything like that. What on earth is the matter now, Becky?"

"Mrs. Mason," gasped Becky; "haven't you heard?"

"She isn't dead, and me just running her down!"

"Dead, indeed!" Miss Becky tossed her head. "She's married—at her age, too! Before I'd do such a thing!"

"Married! Who to?"

"To Albert Lamb; that's who. She came in to tell me, and I says: 'Well, then, Mrs."

Mason—excuse me, Mrs. Lamb—I suppose you'll give up the committee now. As Mr. Lamb was only a private; it wouldn't do for you to be the head of the committee, when Mrs. Fraser's husband was a lieutenant."

"Yes, I did just that!"

"Well, I never!" gasped Mrs. Fraser. "Walk on, Della! I'll follow. What did Al-mira Mason say to that?"

"She said a good deal. Miss Becky smiled at the recollection. "She handed in her resignation, though, and it was accepted before the ink was dry. You've been elected to the chairmanship of the committee, and I'm to notify you."

She was pinning a red, white and blue badge to Mrs. Fraser's dress as she spoke. Before that lady had recovered her presence of mind, Maj. Talbot was bowing before her.

"Good-day, ma'am," he said; "a word with you, if you please. It is well known in this town that you started the monument fund, and you are the one to complete it. On behalf of the members of the committee who had the last bean bake and grand rally in charge, I have the honor to present a check for \$500, which will complete the fund commenced so long ago. May I hand you to your carriage, ma'am?"

As the procession started, with the band playing "Marching Through Georgia" and the boys cheering, tears were raining down Mrs. Fraser's cheeks, but she was the happiest woman in line, not excepting the wife of the young orator of the day.

ELISA ARMSTRONG.

Friendship That Never Fades. No matter how many friends the old soldier may have the old comrade comes closer than the rest. Between them there is a bond of sympathy never to be broken; the bond of perils shared together and triumphs which were common to them both. When they meet the conversation never jags; there is always the never-forgotten jest; the endless discussion of the orders given and obeyed so long ago; the low-toned allusion to the man who fell, fighting between them. No wonder that the forgotten listener to their talks sits entranced at hearing events which have passed into undying history rehearsed by actors in the story.

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"Yes, I did just that!"

"Well, I never!" gasped Mrs. Fraser. "Walk on, Della! I'll follow. What did Al-mira Mason say to that?"

"She said a good deal. Miss Becky smiled at the recollection. "She handed in her resignation, though, and it was accepted before the ink was dry. You've been elected to the chairmanship of the committee, and I'm to notify you."

## Decoration Day

## What It Means and Teaches.



MORE than one generation has passed away since Grant and Lee met at Appomattox. Heroes of the civil war, who then were beardless youths, if now among the living, have the wrinkles and gray hairs inseparable from advancing age. Yet the day set apart for commemoration of the matchless deeds of the participants in that long struggle becomes fresher and more radiant with each receding year.

Decoration day has been imbued with youth immortal. It can grow old never. It is a reminder of principles holy as reverence for Divinity, for they are lofty emanations from God Himself. It is a reminder to duty, than which angels or men can find no grander impulse to action. The war was a contest for the perpetuation of the union established by the fathers and confirmed by the patriots of Saratoga and Yorktown. The day recalls the promptness with which the patriots answered the call to arms, the victories which they won.

A day this for the living as well as the dead. Whether the soldiers of 1861-5 died in battle, or in hospital, or in years since the strife was over, or they now live in the flesh, it is the day of all who fought, a day for all who marched under the flag while shot and shell flew fast about them.

A day it is, too, for the living of the land—childhood, youth and maturity, and for the living of the generations that may come. It is the day in which to prove that this country is grateful ever, and that they who offer their lives in her defense shall be held in everlasting recollection. It is the day of all the living for emphasizing the lesson that love for country is closely akin to love for God, and that where one loves, one must be ready to suffer and die, if needs be, for the object of love.

All who are living should learn, too, to appreciate the matchless greatness of a country and the pricelessness of a union, the preservation of which cost a million of lives and more than four billions of treasure. And they may appreciate, too, the ever-increasing development and prosperity of the nation since the sword was turned into a plowshare and the spear into a pruning hook.

The day is fraught with countless lessons. Spectres from the past tell of the horrors of war—the bitterness of hate, the pain of suffering, the anguish of bereavement, the cries of the wounded, the groans of the dying, the tears of orphanage and the aching heart of widowhood. Because of its terrors, the day warns against eager desire for war; yet it declares that, if come it must, the offense must rest with him through whom it cometh. The nation's war is a righteous war, and the sons of the republic must be ready to do their part when the alarm is sounded.

Yet sweeter comes the note, taken up and sounded all the land over, that time and kindness serve to mend hearts that were broken, to banish bitterness that was as gall, and to remove the hate that did eat as a canker. The men who fought amid flame and smoke—those divided into two parties, each feeling itself to be right, and meeting with saber strokes and bayonet thrusts; men who fought to kill and who called up bitter memories to feed the fires of hate; these have learned to change hate into love and to gather together under a common flag, the proud emblem of a mighty united nation.

This is why Decoration day grows brighter and more radiant with the years. It has broadened from a sectional into a national day. Since its inception, the blue and the gray, responsive to a nation's call, have fought under the same flag for maintenance of national honor. The bitter memories have gone; only those that are glad remain. It is the nation's day—day of all the people, precious for its teachings and destined to become more glorified with advancing evidence of the lasting blessings growing out of a union, one and inseparable.

WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

VORTEX IN THE AIR.

The Cause of Dust Whirls and Showers of Queer Things Which Descend from the Sky.

Vortex motion in the atmosphere, though seldom obtrusively patent in England, must certainly be reckoned with, and all ascending currents, from whatever cause, appear of this nature. Dust whirls in spring and twisting columns of dry leaves or hay in summer and autumn are evidences of the existence of such upward currents. But the aeronaut can detect them on a larger scale, and penetrating sometimes far aloft. This, says the National Review, is only what might be expected from statistics relating to such phenomena where they occur in greater earnest in other parts of the globe.

It is classical history how dust showers have arisen on the west coast of Africa and descended again on vessels far out on the Atlantic; how Scotland has been visited by a storm of pumice debris which was supposed to have had its origin in Vesuvius; how showers of fish or of frogs have descended from the sky, having been swept into lofty regions entangled in the bosom of a whirlwind sufficient to bear them whither it listed. The dust of Krakatau, committed to the lofty winds by the force of its own eruption in 1883, traveled over the globe in outward courses almost without limit before settling to earth weeks or months, or, possibly, years, afterward.

She Apologizes.

Waitress—You are sure you don't want anything more, gentlemen? Customer—Haven't we said so already?

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure; but I can't help



## Some Attractive Costumes for the Young Misses

Some Very Pretty Things for the Late Spring and the Early Summer Wear

WHEN the springtime brings thoughts of new gowns to the mamma, the dresses for the daughters must not be entirely forgotten. The fact is, however, that there are but few daughters who are not sufficiently interested in the absorbing subject of fashionable styles to keep mothers well advised as to the needs of their wardrobes.

For the girls and young misses at all times simplicity is the rule for their dresses, and never more so than this season. The fads and furbelows of the gowns for the grown-ups are decidedly out of place on the dresses of the young misses. Youth is enough of a charm not to need all the little frills of the fashionable season, but fashion does decree that the girls should have the choicest of materials. To get a good idea of what the dresses of our girls should be for the summer and late spring months I visited one of the large stores a few days ago and inspected the juvenile and misses' departments. There I saw everything that the young heart could desire for all ages from the wee baby to the miss of 16 or 17 summers.

The wee garments for king or queen baby were fascinating enough, and they reached a climax in the costly loveliness of a christening robe of soft-rich silk, which was a positive marvel of silken embroidery, where marguerites twined in and out of a trelliswork design, and where, too, there were tucked frills of muslin as

This is a coat and skirt costume of pale fawn cloth, with the skirt encircled by plaits closely stitched until within a few inches of the hem. The sacque-backed coat is also strapped and stitched in the most approved mode of the moment, and for wear with it there is that hat of pure white fancy straw interwoven with



A LIGHT BROWN SILKEN AND WOOL MOHAIR.

string-colored straw, the crown tied in with a band and bow of broad blue moire ribbon, and the broad plaited brim caught up at the left side with one of the many loops of the bow.

Then to continue in the growth of years there is a beautiful coat of that pale shade of pinkish fawn, and this smartly cut garment is not only made notable by a very novel arrangement of stitched strappings fastened where they cross with little silken buttons, but by a collar and double revers of openwork embroidery and ivory white satin.

Another charming dress that I saw for a miss of about the same age is a street suit of silken and woolen mohair of light weight in a beautiful shade of brown. The skirt of this is made perfectly plain, with two box plaits in the back. It has a nobby little double-breasted jacket with strapped seams on each side of the front and on the sleeves. A wide collar, with fancy pointed revers bordered with a dark brown braid in a scroll design, and a fancy silken braid around the collar and revers.

For a girl some two years younger there is shown a dress for afternoon



A CHARMING LITTLE JACKET.

wear of bright red silk poplin made with a tunic overskirt, with small scallops all around, piped with white velvet baby ribbon. The bodice of this is made with a pointed yoke of lovely all-over lace; a deep bertha of the lace falling over an under bertha of the goods, with narrow black velvet ribbon run through the lace at the shoulders. A narrow girle of the silk poplin at the waist line, and plain sleeves finished at the wrist in scallops and piped with white baby ribbon.

Then there is still another for a girl of 16 or 17. It is a garden party dress of white foulard patterned with black and two shades of blue, the softly hanging skirt arranged in box plaits all around, and the pinaflore bodice introducing some very pretty lace, and gatherings of satin baby ribbon as a trimming.

A girlish toilette for informal evening affairs that I thought pretty is of red crepe de chine, trimmed with silk embroidery. The skirt of this is made with a double box plait at the back, widening gradually towards the bottom. The silken embroidery is just above the hem. It has a round yoke bodice with a full white silk front edged on each side with the silken embroidery. A crushed girle of red velvet, and small puffs of crepe de chine for sleeves.

SARAH M. DAVIDSON.

Moles and Bats Can See. Despite popular belief, moles and bats are not blind. Moles' eyes are minute in order to save pain when burrowing under the earth.

## WAS A HOLY TERROR.

Western Bill Famed as the Very Worst of All Bad Men.

Reformed Train Robber, Who Still Is Something of a Liar, Tells Some Tales Calculated to Make the Hair Stand on End.

"Yes, sir," said the Reformed One to a Chicago Inter Ocean man, "the very worst man in the whole world was 'Western Bill,' the terror of the Parson's gulch. His real name was Thomas Smith, and he was less like a desperado than any other man I ever saw outside of a book on the Wild West.

"He was about four feet six, with long, blond hair and a mild eye, with a voice into him more like a woman's than any woman's I ever come across. He always wore white kid gloves, an' boots with tassels, an' most generally, when he was out for gore, he dressed in a swaller-tail. If the Tuxedo coat had been invented before that man died, he'd wore one for informal affairs. He was a stickler for etiquette, was Western Bill.

"He could do some things I never saw anyone else do. He could shoot behind him with just as much certainty as he could shoot in front of him. He was d-e-a-d-l-y. I seen him once when seven of his enemies attacked him from behind. He didn't move for it seemed to me a long time. Then he flashed round, his revolver spoke six times, and six of the men just dropped in their tracks and lay still, each of 'em shot through the brain, via the left eye. The seventh man come on, knowing that Bill's gun were empty!

"Well, what did Bill do? He squirted vichy from a syphon at the last man, and sent him running out of the place like all possessed. That was Bill—humorous, you see, and ready for a joke. And then he said to me, regretfully: 'An' I weren't dressed to receive company.' For he were in his pajamas, having got out of bed to drink with me. He were particular, was Bill, except with friends.

"I know other men, a dozen or so, has been credited with inventing the



BILL AND THE KID.

hold-up single-handed of a stage. But it were Western Bill who invented it really. He began it thus. The stage from Parson's gulch were coming downhill not far from the gulch with ten passengers and about \$1,000,000 in dust in the box. Bill ran uphill toward it, put his hands on the heads of the leaders, and swung himself onto the pole, right between the wheel horses. Then he ran along the pole to the driver, made him come down, and then at leisure, drove the coach to a quiet place, and went through the passengers. He told me afterward he got about \$1,500,000 that haul. There were a reputed millionaire aboard, but Bill got only \$10,000 out of him, and his reputation fell at once.

"Next day, the same trick were done to a stage 200 miles away! Bill again! How that man could travel.

"Well, by and by, stage robbing degenerated and Bill began to rob trains. He was the original lone train robber. P'raps you've heard of him. He signaled a train one night, and when it stopped, he just up, and while pretending to speak to the engineer, he lifted one driving wheel off the track quite carelessly like, and put it on the ground. 'Course, that just prevented the train from going on, and Bill went through it at his leisure. He took in a right good sum that night, he told me.

"Now, you'll never guess what Bill did with his ill-gotten gains. He founded an asylum for retired stage-robbers, and another one for old ladies, and a third one for orphaned children of desperadoes. It was pretty to see him in the intervals of his exciting life, walking among the children in his home, or paying attention to some dear old lady—'Lor' bless you, it brings the tears to my eyes now when I think of it.

"Well, well! It had to be! 'Twas his love for children that brought him down at last. And yet it was unintentional on the part of the child that did it, and Bill recognized that fact. One day he drove up to his home to see a child that had been ill with the grip. He were in full dress, so I knew he were busy, and he admitted he had a job on; but he were never too busy to see his friends. So he saw the little kid, and made him proud by giving him a little six-shooter and a flask. He had one fault, had Bill, if it were a fault; he couldn't forget the shop. Well, the kid were tickled to death, and insisted that Bill should eat a piece of some candy the whole push had been a-making. Bill consented, but it killed him. He choked to death on it. His last words were: 'It's better as it is.'

"Poor bill! He were undoubtedly the very worst bad man ever known in the west."

## SURPRISED THE CLERK.

Real Estate Man with a Ministerial Look Creates Consternation in a Chicago Hat Store.

Speaking of a well-known club man, the Chicago Tribune says that his friends assert that he missed his vocation when he went into the real estate business. He looks like a large and amiable minister, and for reasons known only to himself he carries out the delusion by dressing entirely in black. His business rivals says that the benevolent and ministerial smile which he assiduously cultivates has been the chief means of closing a num-



"I LIKE THE HAT, PERSONALLY."

ber of big deals, and the Commuters' Club club acknowledges him the best player in its membership.

The other day he went downtown and went into a big State street hat store to buy a new silk hat. A wise clerk, one of those who is able to read human nature at a glance, came to wait on him.

"A silk hat? Certainly," said the clerk, taking in the ministerial appearance of his customer. "Now, here is the style which most of the ministers are buying this spring. It seems to be popular with all our leading clergymen."

The man from the western suburb smiled his slow, ministerial smile. He put on the hat and stood before the glass for a moment. Then he turned again to the clerk.

"I like that hat, personally," he said, "but I'm afraid my congregation would think it was the devil of a note to see me flash a deer like that. They'd tell me I looked like a four flush in a jackpot and hurt my feelings in all sorts of ways. When we preachers buy glad rags you know we always have to think how the congregation will like them. Can't you show me something else?"

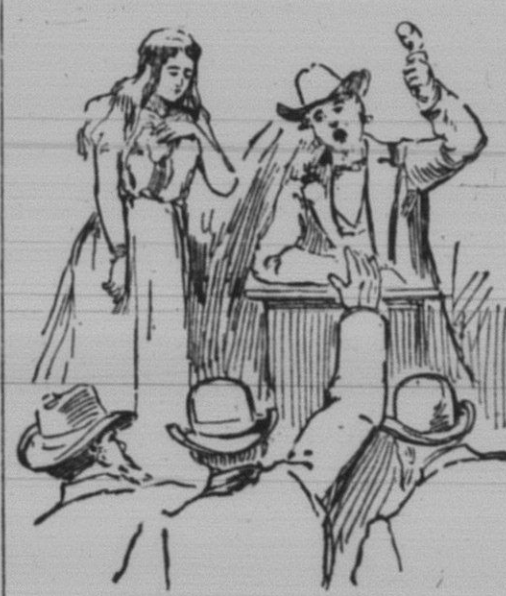
But the clerk told the manager he felt suddenly faint, and asked to be excused for a few minutes. Since that time he has been slow to jump at conclusions.

## WOMAN AT AUCTION.

Man Claiming to Be Her Husband Accepts the Highest Bid Which Was \$40.

Galveston, Tex., is shocked and humiliated over the fact that the other night a white woman was sold like a slave in a resort in the western part of the city. The man claiming to be the husband of the woman led her sobbing into the room, she meanwhile piteously appealing not to be sold. She was placed on a stand and an ex-bartender acted as auctioneer. The first bid was ten dollars, and the bidding was quite spirited until it reached \$40. This bid was accepted and a bill of sale was made out, the husband coolly pocketing the coin, less the auctioneer's commission.

The purchaser, when he went to take possession of his human chattel, was



READY FOR THE SALE.

piteously appealed to by the woman, who said she did not want to be taken by him, but he was obdurate, and after she had a short talk with him she seemed resigned to her situation. She is said to be a foreigner and speaks but little English.

The police are investigating the matter, and as soon as the identity of all the parties to the transaction is established beyond a doubt they will be arrested and vigorously prosecuted. The police have discovered that the practice has been operated to some extent, the transactions being confined to a certain organization.

## Everyone Tired But Riley.

When James Whitcomb Riley and "Bill" Nye traveled together giving a joint entertainment the humorist had great fun with the poet. Once, in introducing Riley and himself to the audience, Nye remarked: "I will appear first, and speak until I get tired; then Mr. Riley will succeed me and read from his own works until you get tired."

## Rapid Automobile Trip.

An automobile recently covered the distance from Coventry to London, 92 miles, in four hours, this being an average of 23 miles an hour.

## PROBATE ORDER.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, s. s. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Friday, the 20th day of April in the year one thousand nine hundred.

Present, H. Wirt Newkirk, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of John Jones deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Catharine Jones et al., praying that the administration of said estate may be granted to Caroline Schiller or some other suitable person.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 24th day of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of the said petition, and that all persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted: And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Chelsea Standard, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

Dated, April, 27th, 1900.

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

## COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Henry J. Manning, late of said county deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date are allowed, by order of said Probate Court, for Creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, at the office of G. W. Turnbull in the Village of Chelsea, in said County, on Friday the 27th day of July and on Saturday the 27th day of October next, at ten o'clock a. m. of each said day, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated, April, 27th, 1900.

PHILIP SCHWIKPERTH, AUGUST MENING, Commissioners.

## MORTGAGE SALE.

DEFAULT having been made in the conditions of a mortgage executed by William Covert and Martha A. Covert, his wife, to Reuben Kempf, bearing date the 1st day of December, 1891, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for said County of Michigan, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1892, in liber 79 of mortgages, on page 24, by which the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at this date four hundred and eighty-nine dollars and fifteen cents, and no suit or proceeding at law or in chancery having been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.

Notice is therefore hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and of the statute in such case made and provided, said mortgage will be foreclosed on Monday, the 10th day of July, A. D. 1900, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of that day at the east front door of the Court House, in the City of Ann Arbor, in said County of Washtenaw (said Court House being the place of holding the circuit court of said County of Washtenaw) by sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, of the premises described in said mortgage, which said mortgaged premises are described in said mortgage as follows, viz.: All that certain piece or parcel of land situate and being in the township of Lima, in the County of Washtenaw and State of Michigan, and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at the northeast corner of section twenty-one (21) and running thence south on the section line fourteen chains (14) and six (6) links; thence north seventy-four and a half (74 1/2) degrees west one chain and sixty-three (63) links; thence north one chain and a half (1 1/2) degrees west fourteen chains (14) and fifteen (15) links; thence east on section line five (5) chains and ninety-two (92) links to the place of beginning; excepting and reserving therefrom a piece of land off of the northeast corner twelve (12) rods north and south by eight rods east and west, measuring from the centre of the highway.

Dated April 18, 1900.

REUBEN KEMPF, Mortgagee.

G. W. TURNBULL, Attorney for Mortgagee.

## PROBATE ORDER.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, s. s. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Wednesday, the 16th day of May in the year one thousand nine hundred.

Present, H. Wirt Newkirk, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Frank G. Paul and Roscoe H. Hirth minors.

Simon Hirth the guardian of said wards comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to render his annual account as such guardian.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Wednesday, the 20 day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing such account and that the next of kin of said wards, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, in said County and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed: And it is further ordered, that said guardian give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account and the hearing thereof by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Chelsea Standard, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

Dated April 18, 1900.

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

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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 9:15 a. m.  
No. 18—Grand Rapids 6:20 p. m.  
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## The Yellow Tomatoes

WHEN Dominicus Van Brunt first  
went to the public school in his  
adopted country he had the felicity of  
sitting opposite a little girl with freck-  
les and blue eyes. Her name was Ber-  
tha Manderson, which was a difficult  
name for Dominicus to remember.  
But it was not at all hard for him to  
remember the dear little girl with  
freckles. She wore tiny black tassels  
at the top of her shoes, and white  
aprons, ruffled and tied upon the shoulders  
with large, airy-looking bows, and the  
ends of her smooth braids were  
tied with ribbons of the color of the  
violet and now the color of the rose.  
Dominicus said to himself that in  
Amsterdam he had never known any  
little girl so freckled and so dear.  
"I wish she would look at me,"  
thought little Dominicus Van Brunt.  
But he thought it in Dutch, although  
when he spoke aloud he managed to  
make himself understood in English.  
It must be confessed that little Amer-  
ican children are too egotistical to be  
polite. Thinking as they do that they  
are molded on the right pattern, they  
are inclined to regard all children differ-  
ing from them as curiosities. They  
considered the round faced Dutch boy,  
with his shy ways and deferential man-  
ner to the teacher, a strange little fish  
indeed. And no one in all the school  
was more amused than the dainty  
Bertha, who looked at him covertly out  
of her gray-blue eyes. However, she  
did not laugh at him. So Dominicus,  
who did not know that she was amused,  
and who perceived only her aspect of  
gravity, thought her kinder than the  
rest and was grateful. If only she  
would have spoken to him, or looked  
at him as if she were his friend, he  
would have had nothing more to ask—  
he could even have been patient with  
that terrible English language which  
everyone around him was jabbering.  
He determined to do something to  
call the attention of his freckled  
heart's-own to himself, and one day he  
hurried into the schoolroom the first  
minute the doors were opened and laid  
three pear-shaped yellow tomatoes on  
her desk. The scholars came, saw the  
pretty vegetables and had little trouble  
in deciding from what source the tribu-  
te came. For who else in a fashion-  
able suburb would have yellow to-  
matoes, except the son of the Dutch  
gardener? The school indulged in un-  
restrained giggling, but Bertha, in-  
stead of participating, shot defiance  
from her gray-blue eyes, and, turning  
with an adorable smile toward Domini-  
cus, carefully fitted one of the yellow  
tomatoes into her red mouth, and de-  
voured it in the same spirit in which a  
loyal subject drinks to his king. It  
was evident that Dominicus had been  
right. Bertha was different from the  
others. His happiness stained the  
boy's amiable face scarlet, and while  
the other boys jeered at him a number  
of them felt a distinct pang of jealousy.  
They were quite alive to the extraor-  
dinary favor which had been shown  
him.

From that day on Bertha, the daugh-  
ter of a prosperous lawyer and a little  
maid distinctly conscious of her social  
opportunities, and Dominicus, the son  
of the man who raised garden truck,  
were friends. There came a day when  
Bertha, having reached the proud age  
of ten, gave a birthday party on her  
father's lawn, and insisted on having  
Dominicus among her guests—a fa-  
mous day for Dominicus, in which he  
saw his princess in all the glory of her  
best white frock, with her hair crimped  
down her back, and had the rapture  
of eating cream tarts in her company!  
But there was yet a prouder day in  
which Dominicus was permitted to re-  
turn this social attention, and was al-  
lowed to invite Bertha and three other  
friends to the snowy kitchen of his  
home back of the garden, where the  
mother of Dominicus sang beautiful  
songs to them in a language they could  
not understand, and fed them with  
crullers and grape juice. Bertha  
thought she had never seen any room  
so charming as this kitchen, with its  
racks of blue plates, its shining pans,  
and its illuminated mottoes upon the  
wall.

Bertha was not more than 12 when  
she was sent to a private school, and  
as the years went by she saw people  
of quite a different sort from Domini-  
cus and his father and mother, and  
ought, probably, to have forgotten all  
about them. But it is an undeniable  
fact—though it may have shown some  
evidences of vulgarity in her nature—  
that all the years that she was occu-  
pied with other matters, such as  
boarding school and summer resorts,  
and "coming out," and the gayeties of  
a winter in the city, she remembered  
that curious kitchen, and the people  
who lived in it, and wondered where  
they had gone. For it happened that  
one autumn, after returning from the  
seashore, Bertha had discovered that  
the house back of the garden was  
empty. It had been a sad moment for  
her. She had felt the tears come to  
her eyes as she looked at the untidy  
piece of ground where the exquiste  
garden of Jacob Van Brunt had been;  
and the windows, from which the  
round face of her friend had often  
smiled at her, repulsed her now with  
their bareness.

It happened that in course of time  
Bertha had a notion to go abroad, and,  
having the consciousness of her cer-  
tificate of graduation in her trunk, she  
was in no haste to return to her home.  
So she lingered where she pleased, ar-  
rogantly directing the movements of  
her party, which consisted of a maiden  
aunt and an elderly second cousin.  
With this double chaperonage she was  
allowed to do almost anything she  
pleased.

At length they reached Amsterdam,  
making headquarters for themselves  
there, and planning to go upon many  
excursions through the country. It

was natural enough that, having a lo-  
cal habitation, they should make some  
friends in the city, and so it came about  
that before they had been there long  
they were invited to dinner by an  
American lady, Mrs. Truax, whose hus-  
band was engaged in some mercantile  
enterprise there.

The Truax house was a cosmopolitan  
one, and at it the habitue expected to  
meet all manner of celebrities and hu-  
man curios. Bertha, much elated at  
the prospect, whirled off, accompanied  
by her decorous relatives, arrayed for  
the occasion in the most unbecoming  
of their best silks.

"What dear old frumps they are,"  
Bertha commented to herself. "I think  
the Amsterdam ladies will like them.  
They just suit this background."

They seemed to, indeed, and got on  
better than Bertha, whose youth con-  
demned her to a subordinate place.  
This was not as it was in America,  
Bertha reflected, and permitted herself  
to indulge in a moment of homesick-  
ness, as she sat apart, her glowing  
beauty unnoticed by the middle-aged  
people who were paying their respects  
to her aunt and her second cousin.

"I have delayed for a moment for an-  
other guest," Mrs. Truax said. "I  
wished to present to your niece, Miss  
Manderson," she said, addressing  
Bertha's aunt, "a young man who is  
half an American. Ah, there is the  
bell now!"

The man at the door announced a  
moment later:

"Herr Van Brunt."  
Bertha turned with an anticipation  
which she endeavored to subdue. It  
was not likely that the son of a  
gardener would be at the home of  
Mrs. Truax. But in the young man  
who entered Bertha saw with unmis-  
takable recognition the amiable, soft  
eyes, the round face and high brow,  
and the quiet, kindly manners of her  
old friend, borne with the assurance  
and ease that come of self-confidence.

The hostess managed to whisper to  
Bertha's aunt—and of course Bertha  
overheard:

"This young man has distinguished  
himself in landscape gardening. He  
has just laid out a park for Prince  
Zagnewell, and is much thought of  
both in Holland and Germany. I hear  
that the duke of York is likely to send  
for him for his new place in Scotland."  
Dominicus Van Brunt saluted his  
hostess with a profound bow—how  
well Bertha remembered that quaint  
reverence of manner! He was pre-



HE WAS PRESENTED TO THE GUESTS.  
seated to the guests, and at last was  
led up to Bertha, who suddenly felt  
as if she were in short frocks, with  
freckles on her face and braids down  
her back. He started and flushed, and  
then held out his hand in the good  
American way, regardless of cere-  
mony.

"What, you are acquainted!" cried  
the hostess. They explained. The  
hostess turned in some perplexity to  
the spinster aunt. She wondered if she  
had unintentionally committed an in-  
discretion. But there was no annoy-  
ance in the face of the elder Miss Man-  
derson, and the hostess felt at liberty  
to permit the two young people to go  
down to dinner together.

The conversation at dinner would  
not be particularly interesting to re-  
count. But Bertha remembered every  
word of it. Perhaps Dominicus Van  
Brunt did too—but it has been im-  
possible to secure his confidence. It  
is a certain thing, however, that the  
next day a basket came for the young  
American lady containing a dozen yellow  
tomatoes, dropped like eggs in a  
nest of white daisies. Which was, sur-  
ely, a curious gift!

Now it is undeniable that Bertha  
Manderson found Amsterdam interest-  
ing, yet for some reason best under-  
stood by her sex she remained in it  
but a short time, hastening away to  
other points of interest. It is also  
certain that about the time of her de-  
parture a young landscape gardener  
ran to yews and weeping willows in  
his designs, and accepted with alac-  
rity the opportunity of designing a cem-  
etery for some new American town.  
But he recovered from his gloom when  
there reached him from the shores of  
the Baltic a trinket fashioned of lucent  
amber, shaped like a yellow tomato.  
It occurred to him that he ought also  
to visit the storied beaches of the  
Baltic, and he did so without an hour's  
unnecessary delay.

And the consequence was, as the  
children say when they play the old  
game, that when Miss Bertha Mand-  
erson returned to America she wore for  
an engagement ring a tomato-shaped  
topaz on her third finger.—Chicago  
Tribune.

**Fine Intentions.**  
"I am determined," said the man who  
is proud of his boy, "that this young-  
ster shall acquire correct habits of  
speech."

"The best way to do that is to see  
that he has good examples."  
"Of course. And that's what I'm go-  
ing to do. I don't intend to let him  
say 'don't,' and I ain't going to toler-  
ate the use of that vulgarism 'ain't.'"  
—Washington Star.

## WHY HE WENT TO NEW YORK.

A Lawsuit, Railroad Smash-Up and a  
Broken Ankle Turned the  
Winning Card.

"What prompted you to come to New  
York?" asked a guest of a man suc-  
cessfully engaged in this city, says th  
Sun.

"A railroad accident had a good deal  
to do with it," was the reply. "I had  
been having a series of failures where  
I had been living, and finally the cap-  
sheaf calamity caused me to leave town  
at the very hour when my name was  
called in a justice's court. If I had  
been there I would have been sent to  
jail in an action in trover; for, strange  
as it may seem, there are states in this  
country where that ancient sort of legal  
procedure is yet in force. I had just  
enough money to get to an adjoining  
state, about 100 miles away. Thirty  
minutes before the schedule time of  
the train to cross the state line the  
engineer so manipulated the locomotive  
that it jumped the track. In the  
smash-up of the train my left ankle  
was broken. I hired a team to take me  
across the line into the other state, for  
safety."

"I knew the solicitor of the road  
quite well and wrote him of my mis-  
hap, laying damages at \$500. I told  
him I had a job offered me in New York  
and that I had lost it because I could  
not be there on time, owing to the ac-  
cident on his road. I received a reply  
in which the solicitor offered his sym-  
pathy and also a compromise. The  
latter was a split-the-difference propo-  
sition and immediate payment if I ac-  
cepted. Out of consideration for the  
solicitor's friendship I accepted, and in a  
few days received a check for \$250. I  
had never thought of coming to New  
York to live, but now that I had a little  
pocket money I concluded to try it.  
And the cards have been running my  
way ever since. I think if I only could  
have broken both ankles in that smash-  
up I would be a millionaire to-day."

## DUTCH AND AMERICAN BRICK.

Old-Time Popularity of the Holland  
Article in New York—Ameri-  
can Imitations.

The antiquarians in New York are  
on the lookout for some rare "finds"  
when work is begun upon excavation  
for the great tunnel. The Sun ex-  
plains that in the city hall park ex-  
cavations will bring to light at least  
two varieties of brick, the American  
made brick and a brick which most  
antiquarians of the amateur stamp  
take for an imported Dutch article.  
The reason for the difference is this.  
Originally bricks were brought over  
here from Holland in ballast, and the  
conservative Dutchman of New Am-  
sterdam didn't consider the possibi-  
lities of making his own brick right  
here. In time, however, some enter-  
prising experimentalists decided to  
see what could be done with the ar-  
ticle of clay that underlies various  
parts of Manhattan Island, and the  
results were so gratifying that the  
demand for imported bricks did very  
soon thereafter cease. Still the Dutch  
pattern remained as a standard, and  
the early American output of the kilns  
was thin and pale and slabby. In  
time the New Yorker came to the  
conclusion that a thicker brick would  
better serve the public purposes, and  
made a brick of substantially the same  
dimensions as that of which our mod-  
ern houses are built. The innovation  
was not so quickly brought about,  
but there is a great store of the  
American imitations of the Holland  
brick in hundreds of houses still  
standing, not alone in New York, but  
in Albany and other old cities.

## THE MISSIONARY'S BRONCHOS.

It Took Two Men with a Stout Rope  
to Get the Unruly Beasts  
Started.

"I knew a missionary party in the  
west who has a pair of bronchos, one of  
which could only be started in one  
way; the other, of course, was in entire  
sympathy with and regulated his  
movements by his companion," writes  
Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady in Ladies'  
Home Journal. "Two disinterested  
people who were not going with the  
party would pass the bight of a stout  
rope around the hind fetlocks of the  
recalcitrant animal, and each take an  
end and saw away until you could al-  
most smell the burning hair, when,  
without one word of warning, the  
beasts would bolt, and from that time  
would go all day cheerfully at the liv-  
eliest kind of a trot, provided they were  
not halted for anything. If they were  
stopped the same process would have  
to be gone over again. Moral suasion  
was absolutely and entirely lost on  
those bronchos, yet you could not help  
liking them; they were so mean they  
were actually charming."

**Value of Violet Extract.**  
A pint bottle of "the strongest violet  
extract" was recently advertised  
for sale by the customs authorities at  
Baltimore. It was seized for under-  
valuation. The importers entered it  
as worth \$150. Investigation dis-  
closed that it was valued at \$645 in  
England. With duties which are high  
on "necessaries" of this kind added,  
the upset price at the advertised sale  
will be \$1,200. The product is called  
"Ionone."

**An Island of Black Cats.**  
One of the queerest corners of the  
earth is Chatham island, off the coast  
of Ecuador. The island abounds in  
cats. Every one of them is black. They  
live in the crevices of the lava, near  
the coast, and get a living by catch-  
ing fish and crabs, instead of rats.

**A Brazilian Regulation.**  
In Brazil parents and guardians  
may, before consenting to the mar-  
riage of their charges, require a med-  
ical certificate from the bride or  
bridegroom certifying that he or she  
has been vaccinated.

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## RAFTREY THE TAILOR.

## VIEWS

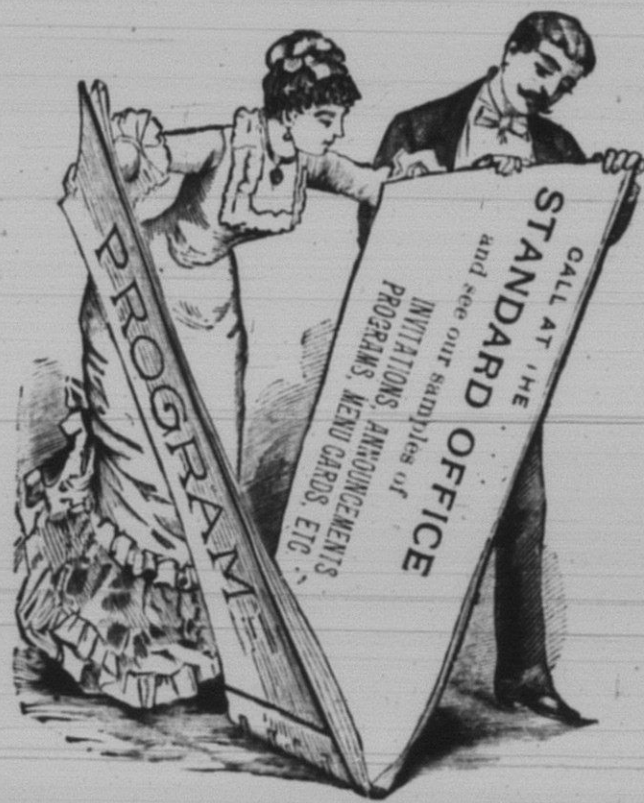
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