

The Chelsea Standard.

A CHELSEA PAPER FOR CHELSEA PEOPLE.

OL. XII. NO. 27.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1900.

WHOLE NUMBER 599

WE'RE READY FOR

CALL BUSINESS

We have opened new Goods
all the Departments in our
store.

NEW CLOTHING, Well Made, Proper Styles, Stylish Materials.

We feel proud of the workmanship. Our men's clothing is as well made as
tailors can make clothes.

DRESS GOODS.

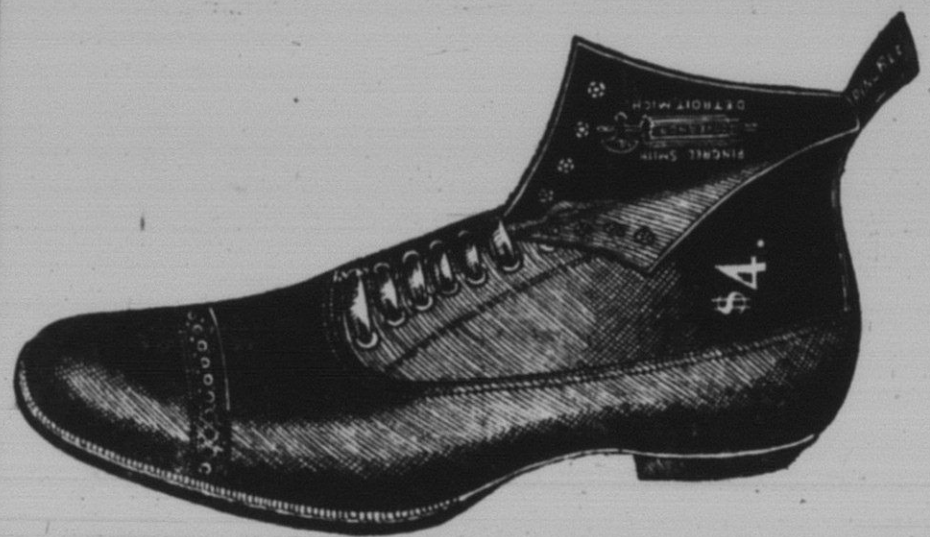
We are showing a great many new materials in this department. We recom-
mend Folwell Bros., absolutely shrunken cloths and have a good line of this make
goods bought direct from the makers.

All the new ideas in Dress Trimmings shown at our Trimming counter.

New Patterns and Designs in French Flannels for waists and sacks.

New Drapery Cloths and Portiers.

PINGREE SHOES. ALWAYS DEPENDABLE.



They last longer than most folks care to wear one pair of Shoes.

We now have all sizes and widths in women's "Composites" at \$3.00.

Women's "Glorias" at \$3.50.

Men's "Governor" shoes at \$4.00.

Ask to see the women's Calf Skin shoes for winter at \$3.00.

H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co.

Agents for Butterick's Patterns and Publications

WATER SET SALE

AT THE

BANK DRUG STORE

SEE OUR SOUTH SHOW WINDOW.

We offer you while they last a handsome
glass water set, cut diamond pattern, consist-
ing of a large frosted half gallon pitcher and
six tumblers to match

FOR 36 CENTS.

FRUIT JARS.

Cheap Jars are liable to be very expensive in
the end. We are selling nothing but the best
at these prices:

Pint Jars with caps and rubbers 60c dozen.

Quart Jars with caps and rubbers 70c dozen.

Two-Quart Jars with caps and rubbers 80c doz.

Heavy Elastic Rubbers 5c dozen.

Try Royal Tiger Japan Tea, 1-2 pound sealed
packages, at 25c per package.

We are selling 6 cans of sardines in oil for 25c.

Finest White Clover Honey 12 1-2c pound.

Our 25 and 30c Brooms cannot be matched in
Chelsea for the money.

We pay the Highest Market Price for Eggs.

STIMSON'S DRUG STORE.

CHELSEA TELEPHONE NUMBER 8

CHINA BEGS FOR PEACE.

Appeals to United States to Treat
with Li Hung Chang for Ces-
sation of Hostilities.

THE REQUEST IS MET BY A REFUSAL.

Will Only Discuss Cessation of War
When Legations Are Safe Under
Guard of American Soldiers—Con-
gratulations He Can Hold Out Until
Relief Comes.

Washington, Aug. 13.—Sunday night
Secretary Adee, by direction of Presi-
dent McKinley, presented to Minister
Wu for transmission to his government
the reply of the United States to the im-
perial edict appointing Li Hung Chang
envoy to negotiate with the powers for a
cessation of hostilities. The text of
the reply will not be made public be-
fore to-day. In effect, however, it is a
reiteration of the demands previously
made by the United States upon China,
coupled with a vigorous intimation
that no negotiations will be entered in-
to until the Chinese government shall
have complied with those demands.

Demands Reiterated.

This government, inspired by a de-
termination to effect the rescue of the
legations besieged in Peking, takes
advantage in its reply to the edict to
reiterate the demands previously
made upon China. These demands
first were made by the president on
July 23, and subsequently were re-
iterated substantially by Acting Secretary
Adee by direction of the president.
The demands for the protection of the
ministers, for free communication be-
tween them and their respective gov-
ernments, and for the restoration of
order in China form the keynote of the
memorandum forwarded to the imperi-
al government by the president Sun-
day. The iteration and reiteration of
the demands must, it is thought, make
it perfectly clear to the Chinese gov-
ernment that no negotiations will be
entered upon until a square-toed com-
pliance with them has been made.
Should the demands be acceded to,
there will be no obstacles, it is believed,
in the way of a settlement of other
questions which have arisen out of the
pending troubles.

Relief of Only.

During the day only one dispatch
that was made public reached any of
the government departments from
China. A belated message from Min-
ister Conger was transmitted to the
war department by Gen. Chaffee. It
expressed simply his ability to "hold
on" until Gen. Chaffee should come to
his relief. All the power of this gov-
ernment will be exerted to get that re-
lief to him and the other imprisoned
legations at the earliest possible mo-
ment.

Will Not Protest.

Washington, Aug. 13.—Minister Wu
laid before the state department an
appeal from Li Hung Chang and other
viceroys of the southern provinces ask-
ing the United States government to
exercise its friendly offices to deter
Great Britain and the other powers
from landing troops at Shanghai. The
viceroys represent that the landing of
troops might incite an anti-foreign
uprising. They assert that reports
already affected the natives, many of
whom are leaving the city; also that
business is becoming demoralized. The
United States, however, will not pro-
test against the landing of British
troops at Shanghai, nor will it lay the
request of the Chinese viceroys before
the powers.

Near the Gates.

Washington, Aug. 14.—A dispatch
from Gen. Chaffee announces that the
allied armies were half-way from
Tientsin to Peking last Thursday.
His dispatch indicates that the troops
have covered 40 miles in five days.
If they have continued at that rate
they must now be near the gates of
Peking.

Jumped from a Moving Train.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Aug. 10.—Thurs-
day morning near Anniston, Ala., W.
T. Turner, wife and three-months-old
baby, jumped off a Southern railway
passenger train running at the rate of
40 miles an hour. Turner was killed,
and the wife and baby are thought to
be fatally injured. They had never
been on a train before, and when the
engine blew for the station where they
were going they deliberately walked
to the platform and jumped off.

Makes a New Record.

Bremen, Aug. 14.—The North Ger-
man Lloyd steamer Kaiser Wilhelm
der Grosse, Capt. Engelbart, which
sailed from New York August 7 for
Bremen, has made the record passage
of any steamer sailing from Sandy
Hook to Chebourg, covering 3,184
knots in five days, 19 hours and 44
minutes. Her average speed was 22.79
knots per hour.

Well-Known Journalist Dead.

Keokuk, Ia., Aug. 13.—Samuel M.
Clark, editor of the Gate City for 30
years, died here Saturday. He was a
member of the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-
fifth congresses from the First Iowa
district, United States commissioner of

TIENTSIN TO PEKING.



Section of the Map in Use in the War Department in Washington. The
Distance from Tientsin to Peking is 79 Miles.

education to the Paris exposition of
1889. He was a native Iowan, born in
1842.

Deadly Heat.

Chicago, Aug. 11.—Forty-seven
deaths, 131 prostrations and six per-
sons driven insane by heat is the re-
cord of one week of the hottest weather
Chicago has ever known.

Fifty Drowned.

Paris, Aug. 13.—The French torpedo
boat Framee was sunk in a collision
during naval maneuvers off Cape St.
Vincent and 50 men were drowned.

A WICKED STATE.

On May 1 There Were 3,386 People in
Michigan Prisons.

A total of 3,386 persons were confined
in the various penal and reformatory
institutions of Michigan on the first day
of May last, according to figures col-
lected by Labor Commissioner Cox. The
above total is made up of 2,988 males
and 398 females. The native born pop-
ulation far exceeds the foreign born, the
figures being 2,539 and 847 respectively.
The prisoners are classified as to offenses
as follows: Crimes against life, 285;
crimes involving virtue, 407; involving
property, 1,547; involving good govern-
ment, 875; involving morality, 357.
There were 15 insane persons in the jails
of the state on the date of the canvass.
The prisoners are divided among the
different institutions as follows: Jack-
son prison, 766; state house of correction
and reformatory at Ionia, 408; branch
prison at Marquette, 203; Detroit house
of correction, 423; industrial school, 630;
Adrian industrial home for girls, 305, in
county jails, 552; city prisons, 69; village
lock ups, 30.

Make it a Banner County.

Argus: Officers of the Washtenaw
County Sunday School association are
holding a conference today with officers
of township associations, at the city Y.
M. C. A. Rooms. Most of the township
associations are represented. A picnic
dinner was enjoyed during the noon
hour. E. M. Field of Green Oak, presi-
dent of the Livingston county association,
is also present.

To make Washtenaw county a banner
county, thirteen township conventions
must be held before November 13, and
four towns must be organized. It was
decided to do it.

About \$75 will be required to bring
up finances for the year. It was decid-
ed to have every Sunday school in the
county which has not sent an offering to
the county treasurer this year, asked to
send such an offering as they think
themselves able, not less than one Sun-
day's regular offering.

The county secretary was instructed to
buy 100 manuals for distribution to
the county workers.

St. Mary's Picnic.

A grand picnic will be given at Cay-
nough Lake on Tuesday, August 21st by
St. Mary's church, Chelsea for the ben-
efit of the church. The Chelsea band
has been engaged and will render sweet
music. Vocal and instrumental music
will be given by Messrs. Burg, Eisenman,
Dauill and Martin Conway, and Miss
Estella Conlan. Eloquent addresses will
be delivered by the Rev. Dr. Reilly, the
Hon. H. C. Smith of Adrian, and the
Hon. Charles Townsend of Jackson.
Dennis Donohue, of Detroit, the famous
war correspondent with the army in
Cuba, will give one of his characteristic
talks. Some novel and interesting games
will be contested for, and the ladies will
serve a fine dinner. Ice cream, lemon-
ade, soft drinks and cigars will be in
abundance. The different committees are

working hard to make the picnic a suc-
cess. All our citizens are cordially in-
vited, and they may feel assured that
they will be royally treated. This
picnic is given every year by St. Mary's
church and are very pleasant and suc-
cessful affairs, and the one this year promises
to be the best ever given. Hon. James
S. Gorman will be president of the day,
and Miss Mary Clark will be the accom-
panist. Conveyances will leave the
church between 9 and 10 on the morn-
ing of the picnic.

Jackson's Banner Race Meeting.

Each day brings new entries for the
meeting of the Jackson County Driving
Club at Jackson, and a better field of
horses will be seen at that time than has
ever before raced on a Jackson track.
Much time and money have been spent
on the details of the program and it is
hoped the attendance will be as large as
it has been at other race meetings in
Michigan, reaching 4,000 and over in a
single day. As has been said, Tuesday
will be Maccabee Day, ladies being ad-
mitted free on this day and teams free
during the day. The attractions will be:
Free-for-all pace... Maccabee purse \$300
2:10 trot... purse 300
2:28 purse... purse 300

Inasmuch as the railroads have re-
duced the fare and agreed to advertise
the races along the line, Wednesday has
been named Railroad Men's Day. The
races are as follows:

2:35 trot... purse \$300
2:21 pace... M. C. R. R. purse 500
2:35 trot... purse 300

In recognition of the generosity of Jack-
son citizens, Thursday has been set aside
as Merchants' and Manufacturers' Day,
and while the purse is not so large as the
M. and M. at Detroit, there is little doubt
but what a better field of horses and bet-
ter racing will be seen here than was seen
in Detroit for the \$10,000 stake. The
races will be the following:

2:35 pace... purse \$300
2:23 trot... M. and M. purse 500
2:17 pace... purse 300

Friday, August 24, will be known as
Breeders' Day and already many owners
of fine stallions have indicated their will-
ingness to exhibit their horses on that
day. The attractions will be:

2:30 trot... purse \$300
2:14 pace... purse 300
Free for all trot. The Bennett purse 500

The Bennett purse has been so named
in honor of the late J. E. Bennett, who
for so many years took such an active
interest in the horses and horsemen of
Michigan. The following gentlemen will
act as judges: C. H. Hodges of Battle
Creek; L. W. Webb of Mason; Robert
Lake of Jackson.

A Santiago Incident.

In an address to the school children
at Hyde Park, Mass., the other day,
Admiral Sampson related the follow-
ing: "One incident which comes to
mind happened as our ships were in
the vicinity of Santiago, after the
sinking of the Spanish ships. We
were about seven miles west of San-
tiago, when we observed a Spanish
sailor swimming nearly five miles
from shore, having probably jumped
overboard from one of the ships. Al-
though it seemed cruel, we could not
stop our ship to pick him up, but as
our vessel swept along one of the
gunners grabbed the desk which we
had been using for our Sunday service
and threw it near the Spaniard, and
shouted to him to cling to it and
he would be saved. Whether the
man got ashore or not we never knew,
but the incident shows how quick
our men were to try to save the lives
of those who had been fighting
against us."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Just a Reminder

We wish those who are not in the habit
of visiting our store, to know what lines
we carry, and also, that they are marked in
plain figures, and at the lowest price pos-
sible for high grade goods.

Over 70 Stirling Silver Souv-
enir Spoons ranging in price
from 75c to \$1.50. They
are beauties.

A full line of Hollow and Flat Ware
quadruple silver plated.

A full line of 1847 Rodgers Bros. flat ware

Sterling Silver Novelties of all description

Keen Kutter Scissors, Shears, Razors and
Pocket Knives.

The largest line of Fancy Box Paper.
Up-to-date in weight, size and color.

Brushes, Combs, Toilet Articles, Toilet
Soaps, Perfumes, Patent Medicines, and
we aim to carry one of the finest and
purest lines of Drugs obtainable.

Some of the best family receipts in the
world, such as pomades, liniments,
lotions, etc., etc.

A full line of High Grade
Groceries at lowest prices.

Teas, Coffees and Spices a Specialty.

A complete line of WALL PAPER in all
the latest designs. In papering that
house of yours be sure you see our line
and get our prices before you buy.

Yours for Something New.

Fenn & Vogel.

Highest Market
Price for Eggs.

All Styles and Sizes for
Every Kind of Food.



We are offering Special Bargains on our
entire line of

Top Buggies, Surries,

Road and Farm Wagons.

Low prices to close during the month
of August.

W. J. KNAPP.

If you want to keep
cool eat

Ralston's Whole Wheat Bread

at 5c per loaf made by

J. G. EARL

We have fresh warm
peanuts always on
hand at bottom price

E. W. DANIELS,

NORTH LAKE'S
AUCTIONEER

Satisfaction Guaranteed. No
charge for Auction Bills.
Postoffice address, Chelsea, Michigan.

Sturgis Wager

A DETECTIVE STORY

BY EDGAR MORETTE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Scene of story is in New York city. Time, early evening, last day of year. Cable train collides with cab, throwing to ground cabman and passenger also seated outside. Latter disappears; then, inside the cab, body of man shot dead is discovered. Sturgis, reporter, examines cab and surroundings.

CHAPTER II.—Later that evening, at stag dinner party, Sturgis, in impromptu discussion, maintains reliability of circumstantial evidence. Dr. Murdoch, famous chemist, wagers in reply \$5,000 to \$100 that from any daily paper he can select an unsolvable riddle. Sturgis takes bet.

CHAPTER III.—Case selected is of two mysterious shots fired that afternoon in or near Knickerbocker bank. Man had been seen running from bank with valise, and arrested. Afton said he stole valise from bank steps and was shot at. Valise contained nothing of interest.

CHAPTER IV.—Sturgis secures appointment with Dunlap, president of bank, to visit scene of shooting early next morning. Then induces his friend Dr. Thurston to come to his rooms while he arranges data of the two strange cases.

CHAPTER V.—From observations made thus far and inductive reasoning thereon reporter has concluded: (1) dead man in cab was bookkeeper about 50 years old receiving good salary; (2) wound caused by bullet fired at close quarters; (3) might have shot himself; (4) shooting had not occurred in cab; (5) right arm broken by heavy instrument; and (6) cabman was drugged, and young man who escaped involved in some way in crime. Cab mystery also noted as possible sequel to bank mystery.

CHAPTER VI.—Sturgis calls for Sprague, artist friend, to get his company during investigation at bank, but artist has appointment with some fair sister whose portrait he is making.

CHAPTER VII.—Agnes Murdock (in charge of her father's household since her mother's death) finds her father in his study. She, in reply to a question concerning attentions of a Thomas Chatham, shows her dislike of the persistent suitor. Her father intimates she shall not be further bothered.

CHAPTER VIII.—Miss Murdock's final sitting for portrait induces artist to ask privilege of calling at her home, which she readily grants. Bellboy brings note for Agnes. This is read with evident annoyance, and she drops it. It remains forgotten when she leaves studio.

CHAPTER IX.—Promptly at time agreed Dunlap meets Sturgis. Reporter begins long and careful examination in bank. Revolver in bookkeeper's desk shows two empty cartridges.

CHAPTER X.—Examination completed. Sturgis questions banker regarding reliability of Arbogast, head bookkeeper, then announces Arbogast to be a defaulter with Chatham, accountant who has frequently examined condition of books, as accomplice. Message Arbogast sent Chatham deciphered from marks on a blotter.

CHAPTER XI.—Reporter has now completed diagram showing movements of Arbogast and Chatham and one other whose identity is as yet completely veiled. Arbogast at last moment had found a note which caused him to suspect his accomplice. He fired wounding him in hand and was about to fire again when unknown conspirator rushed in and struck his arm. This action resulted in turning weapon and making Arbogast shoot himself. Dunlap is incredulous, but verifies story in part by later identifying body of Arbogast at morgue.

CHAPTER XII.—Banker calls upon Mrs. Arbogast. While with her she receives letter written by her husband telling of defection and expected flight. He has by mistake allowed a depositor to overdraw account Chatham has discovered mistake, and for fear of losing position Arbogast allows himself to be used by Chatham and Mr. Seymour. By false entries Seymour has drawn \$250,000. Change in method of book keeping was about to expose the matter. Arbogast tells his wife to keep confession as soon as he has seen Chapin.

CHAPTER XIII.—The afternoon of crime Chatham had occasion to use telephone. Sturgis learns he had been connected with the Manhattan Chemical company, a mysterious concern not known to commercial agencies. At office of chemical concern Sturgis places detective.

CHAPTER XIV.—Sprague next morning finds letter Miss Murdock had dropped in his studio, and decides to return it in person.

CHAPTER XV.—He reaches her home, and is announced just in time to interfere with implied threat of Chatham, who has forced his attentions upon Agnes, and with dangerous looking paper knife in hand has declared: "If I don't marry you, no one ever shall." After Chatham leaves, Agnes gives way to hysterical weeping, but is soon comforted by her now accepted lover, Sprague.

THE ROENTGEN RAYS

"I tell you, Sturgis, it is a wonderful discovery. I don't know what applications may ultimately be made of it in other branches of science, but I am convinced that it is bound to cause a revolution in surgical diagnosis," said Dr. Thurston, enthusiastically.

"Yes," replied Sturgis, "I have no doubt that Roentgen's rays will be of great assistance to the surgeon in the examination of fractures and in the location of foreign bodies which cannot be reached by the probe."

"As a proof of that, I must show you a beautiful photograph which I have just made. After leaving you on New Year's morning, I found a patient asleep in my office. He had been waiting several hours. It was the usual case of a pistol in the hands of a fool friend, who did not know it was loaded; and of course with the usual result—a bullet wound in my patient."

Sturgis was listening in an absent-minded way while his friend spoke.

"The wound was not severe; no bones broken. The bullet had entered the palm of the left hand and had passed up into the forearm."

A sudden light came into the reporter's eyes; but he maintained his listless attitude.

"Well, sir, probe as I would, I was unable to locate that bullet. At last I concluded to try the Roentgen rays, and here is the result. It is as pretty a shadow photograph as I have yet seen."

So saying, Dr. Thurston handed the reporter a photograph, which the latter studied carefully in silence.

"Notice how clearly you can see the peculiar shape into which the bullet has been flattened," said the physician.

"Yes," replied Sturgis, "I was observing that. Have you a duplicate of this that you can spare?"

"Yes; keep that one if you wish."

"Thank you; I am very glad to have

it. Did you succeed in extracting the bullet?"

"I have not tried yet. I had to develop the photograph first."

"Of course. When do you expect the red-haired young man to return?"

"He promised to come back yesterday, but he failed to do so," replied Dr. Thurston. Then, suddenly:

"But who said anything about his being young or red-haired?"



HIS FINGERS CLOSED NERVOUSLY ON THE HANDLE.

"Not you, certainly, old man," replied Sturgis, smiling. "Don't worry; you have not voluntarily betrayed any professional secret. But, for all that, your patient is wanted by the police."

He was bound to fall into their hands before long. The only effect of this discovery will be to hasten the denouement. I had traced him to your house, and I knew how he was wounded; so that I recognized him as soon as you mentioned his case."

"Who is he?" asked Thurston. "I am sure I have seen him somewhere before, but I cannot remember where."

Whereupon the reporter related the story of Chatham's connection with the Knickerbocker bank case.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE QUARRY.

Half an hour later Sturgis was walking briskly down Broadway, with his usual air of absent-minded concentration. Presently he turned into a side street and at once slackened his pace. He now sauntered along like a loungeur at a loss how to kill a long, idle day. The show window of a bric-a-brac shop arrested his attention. He stopped to examine its contents.

A little farther up the street was a liquor saloon, outside of which stood a group of boisterous young rowdies. An older man, evidently in his cups, was seated on an adjoining stoop, where, with maudlin gravity, he seemed to be communing with himself.

On the opposite side of the way stood a low, dilapidated brick house. A painted sign over the windows of the ground floor bore the name: "MANHATTAN CHEMICAL CO."

The drunken man rose unsteadily to his feet and approached Sturgis with outstretched hand.

"Say, Jimmy, get over ter his nibs strikin' de bloke fur a nickel ter give med'ine fur his sick mudder!" exclaimed one of the young ruffians.

The wretched-looking individual thus designated seemed hardly able to stand as he steadied himself against an iron railing; but the eyes he turned upon Sturgis were bright with intelligence and the words he spoke were uttered in a low, firm voice:

"He's been here—been here twice."

"Twice?" echoed Sturgis, surprised.

"Where is he now?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"No, sir; but I guess Conklin does."

This is how it was. It was my watch yesterday afternoon, when Chatham came the first time. He went into the Manhattan company's place, through the basement at a quarter after five. So I just settled myself out here and waited. Well, I waited and waited, but there wasn't any sign of Chatham, and when Flinzer came along to relieve me at ten o'clock Chatham hadn't come out yet. Flinzer he spotted the place until six this morning, and then Conklin took his turn again until two o'clock, when I came on for my watch. Just as Conklin was telling me how things stood, who should come down the street but Chatham himself, large as life."

"Down the street?" exclaimed Sturgis.

"Yes, sir. And up he goes, as if nothing had happened, and into the Manhattan Chemical company's place again."

"He had put up the back-door game on you," said the reporter.

"Yes, sir; just what I said to Conklin. So, quick as a wink, I sent him around the block to keep his eye peeled on the next street, and I waited here. And here I've been ever since. If Conklin isn't on the block above, it must be because Chatham has made tracks again, and he after him."

"I'll go and find out," said Sturgis.

"Has anyone else called at the Man-

hattan Chemical company's office since you have been on watch?"

"No, sir; but a couple of hours ago an express wagon came along and delivered a long wooden box; might have been chemicals for the wholesale department, for it was lowered to the cellar by the hoist in the arwayway. The blond young man receipted for the box."

"Very well, Shradly. Hang on a little while longer, and I shall have you relieved just as soon as I possibly can."

So saying, the reporter, who had been pretending to look through his pockets for a coin, ostentatiously slipped a nickel into the outstretched palm before him. The light seemed to die out of the sharp eyes of the detective, and it was the miserable drunkard who staggered back to his place on the stoop next to the station, unmindful of the gibes of the young rowdies congregated there.

Sturgis walked up to the next street, where he found a second detective on duty.

"Anything new, Conklin?" he asked.

"No, sir; he's been lying low; looks like he knew he was spotted this time."

"Good. Stay here until I can notify the police that we have run down the quarry. It will be necessary to obtain a search warrant for the Manhattan Chemical company's place. In the meantime, if Chatham should attempt to make tracks, hang on to him like his shadow and send back word here as soon as you can."

"All right, sir."

Sturgis, after leaving Conklin, walked along the street which the detective was watching and carefully inspected every house on the block. Almost all were huge office buildings; but here and there an old-fashioned brownstone front stood out conspicuously against the broad expanse of brick walls and iron columns. Half-way down the street one of these old houses stood well back from the street line behind a small garden. The reporter stood near this and read the numbers on the adjoining buildings.

"This is directly back of the Manhattan Chemical company's office," he mused. "I wonder who lives here. It looks like a respectable place enough. One could obtain a good view of the rear of the Manhattan Chemical company's office from the back windows. H'm—"

He stood thoughtfully considering what pretext he could use to gain admission to the house, when suddenly he became aware of the presence of a man who had approached with noiseless steps.

"Ah, is that you, Mr. Sturgis?" said the calm, sardonic voice of Dr. Murdoch.

The reporter started inwardly, but gave no outward sign of surprise.

"Were you about to do me the honor of calling?" continued the chemist.

"Yes," said Sturgis, deliberately; "I was about to seek an interview with you. Can you spare a few minutes?"

"Who is it that asks for the interview?" inquired Murdoch, with quiet sarcasm. "Is it Mr. Sturgis, gentleman; Mr. Sturgis, reporter, or —"

Sturgis met a cold gleam from Murdoch's inscrutable eyes.

"Or Mr. Sturgis, the famous detective?" continued the chemist with an imperceptible sneer.

"I represent the Tempest," replied the reporter, quietly.

Murdoch glanced carelessly up and down the street. There was no one in sight.

"Oh! very well," he said, taking out his latchkey and leading the way to the house; "come into my study and let me hear what I can do for the Tempest."

On entering the house Murdoch motioned Sturgis to the door leading from the hall into the drawing-room.

"If you will step into the parlor for a few minutes, I shall be with you directly," said he.

Sturgis nodded acquiescence, and while Murdoch walked toward his study, which was at the extreme rear of the hall, the reporter opened the door, for although the room was rather dark, his quick eye caught a passing glimpse of a feminine head cozily nestled upon a distinctly masculine shoulder, the owner of which had his back turned to him. Bachelors cynic though he was, Sturgis had not the heart to interrupt so interesting a situation; and, as the couple were so absorbed that they had not noticed the intrusion upon their tete-a-tete, he discreetly retreated and softly closed the door.

By this time Murdoch had passed into his study, so that Sturgis found himself alone in the hall. He was glad of a short respite during which he might collect his thoughts; for, having been taken by surprise, he had not had time to select a plausible topic for the interview which he had solicited from Murdoch. Not knowing that the house was that of the chemist, his sole object had been to gain admittance, so that he might be able to observe the Manhattan Chemical company's offices from the rear, and if possible to ascertain how Chatham had managed to give the detectives the slip the first time he appeared to them.

Now that he was in the house the reporter was confronted with the necessity of explaining his presence there without betraying his true purpose. This would not have been a difficult matter had the inmates of the house been total strangers; but he felt that it would be by no means so easy to offer an explanation which would be satisfactory to a man of Murdoch's keen perception. And Murdoch was the last person to whom he would have confided the true reason of his visit; not only because the chemist, as his opponent in the wager

concerning the Knickerbocker bank mystery, was interested in thwarting rather than in aiding his investigation, but chiefly because he felt a strong instinctive distrust of the man.

As these thoughts were passing through the reporter's mind, he slowly paced the long hall, back and forth, with his hands behind his back. In so doing, he passed a door which was slightly ajar and caught a glimpse of long rows of bookshelves loaded with beautifully bound editions. The place was evidently the library. It occurred to him that a library is a public room and that he would be more comfortable in there than in the hall.

He pushed open the door and looked in. The room was empty. He entered.

The library occupied a space between the parlor and the rear room into which Murdoch had entered, and it was separated from each of these rooms by folding-doors over which hung heavy portieres.

Sturgis was a lover of books; his interest was at once aroused in the collection before him. It was admirably selected from the standpoint of a philosopher and a man of science. Every department of history, of philosophy and of science had its section in which the volumes were classified and arranged with intelligent care. But curiously enough, poetry and art were but meagerly represented.

One section specially attracted Sturgis' attention. It was devoted entirely to the history of crime in all its phases and in all ages. Criminal statistics, criminal jurisprudence and the psychology of crime, as well as the biographies of all the noted criminals of ancient and modern times, were completely represented. Almost the only works of fiction in the collection were in this section, and included every book imaginable concerning criminals and their deeds. Many rare and curious volumes were there—some of them so rare that they could be found in only a few of the great libraries of the world.

Here Sturgis was in his element. He had himself collected a valuable library on the subjects kindred to his profession; but here were books many of which none but a Croesus could ever hope to own. He was soon absorbed in an examination of some rare volumes which he had often longed to possess.

While thus engaged he became aware of the murmur of voices from the rear room. As the words spoken could not be distinguished, he paid no special attention to them; but, instinctively, he noted that one of the voices flowed in the calm, even tones so characteristic of Murdoch's speech, while the other, whose timbre and modulations were unknown to him, betrayed the repressed excitement of the speaker.

It soon became evident that Murdoch's interlocutor was fast losing control of himself; for he gradually pitched his voice in a higher key, until occasional words began to reach Sturgis' ears. The reporter was not the man to wantonly play the part of eavesdropper; therefore, although the isolated words which reached him brought no connected sense, he judged that it was time to move out of earshot of the conversation to which he was becoming an involuntary listener.

Replacing upon its shelf the book which he had been examining, he started toward the hall door. As he did so, he heard the now thoroughly excited individual exclaim in loud tones:

"I don't care a damn for the money. I only went into the scheme because you promised she'd have me; and, by God, if I don't get her, I'll give the whole cursed thing away."

Sturgis, who had reached the hall door, picked up his detective's cap at these words. But in another second he heard the knobs of the folding doors rattle, as though some one had placed his hands upon them.

Quick as thought he opened the door and glided out into the hallway. He had not time to pull the door quite to behind him when the folding doors opened and he heard Murdoch say in his calm, frigid tones:

"Perhaps you have done that already with your dulcet voice."

Had Murdoch seen him? The reporter asked himself the question. Probably not; for he heard the folding doors close once more.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HIS TEETH THOUGH FALSE.

One Man Who Retains the Masticators That Nature Gave Him.

Four or five traveling men around the hotel had been talking about teeth, when one of them got up and, saying "good night" went off to bed, says the Washington Star.

"Did you notice what fine teeth that party had?" said the man from St. Louis. "He won't acknowledge they are false, or rather he insists they are his own, and yet he doesn't quite tell the truth. My brother is a dentist in Kansas City, and this man lives there, and my brother does his work for him. Not that he tells me anything, but merely as an incident, for everybody who knows the man knows the circumstances."

"His teeth are his own and at the same time they are false. You don't understand, so I'll explain. He always had unusually fine teeth, but about five years ago they showed signs of Riggs' disease, an infection which causes the gums to recede from the roots, leaving them exposed some distance down from the enameled surface. In aggravated cases, or where the person is very sensitive, the disease is very painful, and it is almost practically impossible to relieve it. A sure way is

practically impossible, for the gums will not grow back again.

"This man was of the sensitive kind, and, although physicians and dentists tried their skill on him, they could do nothing and he suffered so that at last he told my brother to extract every tooth in his mouth and put false ones in for him. As nothing else could be done, my brother followed instructions and pulled every tooth. They were all in perfect condition and as my brother looked them over, regretting that his patient was forced to give them up, a novel idea occurred to him, which he at once told the other man, who agreed to it willingly. This was that instead of taking artificial teeth, as was the usual custom, these same teeth be used exactly as if they were artificial."

"My brother, who is a first-class dentist, was more than ordinarily careful on this job, and when he had mounted the teeth in a plate measured to a hair's breadth and slipped them into the patient's mouth they fitted as if they had grown there, as it were, and now there isn't one man in a thousand that can tell they are false—if, indeed, false they are. At the same time there isn't any more Riggs' disease to trouble him."

In Training.

"My son," said his father, solemnly, "when you see a boy always loafing about the street corners, what place in life do you suppose he is fitting himself for?"

"To be a policeman."—Stray Stories.

You will never find any other pills so prompt and so pleasant as DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Glazier & Stimson.

Pussy in Spectacles.

A pet Maltese cat belonging to an English woman has been successfully provided with spectacles to counteract failing eyesight. A picture of a mouse was used by the oculist to test the cat's eyes.—N. Y. World.

Millions will be spent in politics this year. We can't keep the campaign going without money any more than we can keep the body vigorous without food. Dyspeptics used to starve themselves. Now Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and allows you to eat all the good food you want. It radically cures stomach troubles. Glazier & Stimson.

Locating the Obstacle.

Magazine Editor—What do you mean by offering me this stuff and calling it poetry? There isn't a gleam of sense in it from beginning to end. Poet (eyeing the editor closely)—H'm; irritability, high; poetical discernment, low. Say, you need a rest.—Indianapolis Journal.

The wolf in the fable put on sheep's clothing because if he traveled on his own reputation he couldn't accomplish his purpose. Counterfeiters of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve couldn't sell their worthless salves on their merits, so they put them in boxes and wrappers like DeWitt's. Look out for them. Take only DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cures piles and all skin diseases. Glazier & Stimson.

Equals the Rest of the World.

Examination of freight traffic statistics of the principal countries of the world shows that the freight traffic of the United States equals that of all the rest of the world combined. Every year a ton of freight for every one of the 77,000,000 inhabitants of the United States is hauled 1,341 miles.—Chicago Chronicle.

Chinese are dangerous enemies, for they are treacherous. That's why all counterfeiters of DeWitt's Witch Hazel are dangerous. They look like DeWitt's, but instead of the all-healing witch hazel they all contain ingredients liable to irritate the skin and cause blood poisoning. For piles, injuries and skin diseases use the original and genuine DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Glazier & Stimson.

Too Far Gone.

Mrs. Rambo (on the inside of the front door)—Ahsalom, you have been drinking again!

Mr. Rambo (on the outside)—No, m'dear, I—

"Say 'prompt payments' patiently pursued produce prosperity."

"Prompt payments patiently pursued produce prosperity."

"Ahsalom, you can go up to your room by way of the back door."—Tit-Bits.

In India, the land of famine, thousands die because they cannot obtain food. In America, the land of plenty many suffer and die because they cannot digest the food they eat. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat. It instantly relieves and radically cures all stomach troubles. Glazier & Stimson.

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 Olive M. Conklin, late of said county deceased, hereby give notice that on or before the 24th day of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, to-wit: Monday, the 24th day of October, 1900, at the Court House in the Village of Chelsea, in said County, I will receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated, July 27th, 1900.

THOMAS SHARR, M. J. NOYER, Commissioners.

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 Nathan Pierce, late of said county deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date are allowed, by order of said Probate Court, for creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the office of G. W. Turnbull in the Village of Chelsea, in said County, on Saturday the 27th day of October, 1900, and on Monday the 28th day of January, 1901 next, at ten o'clock a. m. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

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Dated, July 27th, 19

Make Known Your Wants

If You Want

A Girl
A Situation
or a Salesman?

To rent a house,
to rent a room,
or rent a farm?

To buy a second hand Carriage,
to buy second-hand Furniture?

To find anything lost,
to find the owner of anything?

To save money,
to make money,
to go into business?

To sell a business,
to make a name,
or "any old thing"

Advertise
in

THE CHELSEA STANDARD

The cost is but small com-
pared with the re-
sults obtained.

Try It.

Others have, and have
found what they wanted

CRIME WAS DUE TO LOVE

Express Messenger Lane Was Killed
by Charles Ferrell, Who Lacked
Funds for Wedding.

MURDERER CAPTURED AND CONFESSES.

He Was Found at the Home of His
Sweetheart in Columbus, O.—Was
to Have Soon Been Married—Gave
Stolen Money to His Financier—Most
of It Recovered.

Columbus, O., Aug. 13.—Charles R. H. Ferrell, a former employee of the Adams Express company, was arrested Sunday afternoon in this city, and has confessed to the killing of Messenger Charles Lane and the robbery of the way safe of the Adams Express company on the Pennsylvania east-bound train which arrived in this city at mid-night Friday. One thousand dollars of the money which he had stolen was recovered.

A Prospective Bridegroom.
Ferrell was to have been married Thursday next to Miss Lillian Costlow, the beautiful young daughter of Patrick Costlow, an engineer on the Pennsylvania lines. He had been discharged from the employ of the Adams Express company about three weeks ago, and had not since been able to secure employment. He confessed that the motive of the robbery was to secure money, of which he felt in great need on account of his approaching marriage. The money recovered he had given to Miss Costlow to keep for him, saying that it was money he had saved from his earnings. He was at the home of his affianced and in her company when placed under arrest. When taken into custody he assumed a nonchalant demeanor, but when he found that he could no longer deceive the officers, he made a full confession. After his statement had been taken by Chief of Police Tyler and he was led to a cell in the police station, he was in a state of nervous collapse, and orders were given that he be watched closely to prevent him doing himself bodily injury. His age is 22.

Money Recovered.
As soon as it was learned that Ferrell had given the money to his sweetheart Inspector Barron went to the house and secured it. The young lady was utterly prostrated by the disclosures. She had not suspected Ferrell of wrongdoing for an instant, and the news was a terrible shock to her and her parents, who had regarded Ferrell as a model young man. The young lady had never doubted his story that the money which he placed in her keeping had been earned and saved by him as he stated. It is believed that all the cash taken by Ferrell, except about \$150 which he had spent, has been recovered. The amount in the hands of the police is \$1,065.31.

FEARS TO YIELD.

Aguinaldo Dares Not Take Advantage
of Amnesty Offer Because of a
Guerrilla Order.

Washington, Aug. 14.—Copies of Manila papers received at the war department contain a letter purporting to be from a personal friend of Aguinaldo which states that the Filipino chief does not take advantage of the amnesty proclamation because some time ago he gave orders to his followers to break up in guerrilla bands. The amnesty orders excepts those who violated the laws of war and it states that Aguinaldo fears that he would be in the excepted class should he undertake to surrender under the amnesty proclamation. The latter is dated at Blue-No-Bato, which is said to be the present provisional headquarters of Aguinaldo. It states, however, that Aguinaldo never stays more than one night in a place and only a few hours in any one location. He allows no one to come near him, except his most intimate personal friends.

Two Killed.

Milwaukee, Aug. 14.—A Journal report from Janesville, Wis., says the Janesville-Milwaukee passenger train on the Milwaukee road while pulling out of Janesville Friday afternoon collided with a switch engine. Burt Schlatter, engineer, of Janesville, and Gus A. Bonbrath, fireman, both on the passenger train, were killed.

Took Poison Together.

Clinton, Mo., Aug. 14.—Farmer Jones and Bonnie Turner, two young people living near Coal, about 12 miles east of Clinton, took poison and died because they were too poor to marry. A note to Jones' mother was found asking that they be buried in the same grave. The request was regarded.

Sisters Drowned.

Necedah, Wis., Aug. 14.—Sadie and Libby Laak, aged nine and four years, were drowned in the river here Monday. They were playing on a raft and fell off in the water, four feet deep.

Face Destitution.

San Francisco, Aug. 10.—Charles D. Lane, a well-known miner who has returned to this city from Cape Nome, says 10,000 people at Nome are facing absolute destitution.

Great Jurist Dies.

London, Aug. 11.—Baron Russell of Killowen, lord chief justice of England, died yesterday morning, aged 68 years. Lord Russell suffered from gastric catarrh.

Tragedy in Iowa.

Preston, Ia., Aug. 10.—Mrs. Mary E. Seales, recently out of an asylum, killed her two-year-old daughter and herself with poison at her home here.

WISCONSIN REPUBLICANS.

Met at Milwaukee to Nominate State
Ticket—La Follette for
Governor.

Milwaukee, Aug. 9.—The following ticket was nominated by acclamation at the republican state convention Wednesday:
Governor, Robert M. La Follette, Madison; lieutenant governor, Jesse Stone, Watertown; secretary of state, William H. Froehlich, Jackson; state treasurer, James O. Davidson, Soldiers Grove; attorney general, Emmett R. Hicks, Oshkosh; state superintendent, Lorenzo D. Harvey, Milwaukee; railroad commissioner, Graham L. Rice, West Superior; insurance commissioner, Emil Giljohann, Milwaukee.
In part the platform is as follows:
"The republicans of Wisconsin in convention assembled heartily endorse the republican platform adopted at Philadelphia.



EX-CONGRESSMAN ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE.
(Republican Nominee for Governor of Wisconsin.)

and pledge their enthusiastic support to the republican candidates for president and vice president.

"We endorse the national administration of William McKinley, and the work of our able senators and representatives in congress."

Other planks endorse the present state administration, the establishment of a tax commission by the last legislature, also legislation on the pass and lobby questions. Legislation prohibiting combinations and trusts that destroy competition, restrain trade and create monopolies is advocated, and better highways are favored.

The primary election plank reads as follows:
"The great reformation effected in our general elections through the Australian ballot inspired us with confidence to apply the same method in making nominations, so that every voter may exercise his sovereign right of choice by direct vote without the intervention or interference of any political agency. We therefore demand that caucuses and conventions for the nomination of candidates for office be abolished by legislative enactment, and that all candidates for state, legislative, congressional and county officers be nominated at primary elections on the same day by direct vote under the Australian ballot."

Gen. George E. Bryant, of Madison, was elected chairman of the new state central committee.

TWO ROBBERS KILLED.

Men Who Looted a Union Pacific
Train Stain on a Ranch by
Sheriff's posse.

Goodland, N. M., Aug. 11.—The two men who held up a Union Pacific train near Hugo, Col., last Sunday morning, killing W. J. Fay, a passenger, and plundering the passengers, were killed Friday by a sheriff's posse at the Bartholomew ranch, three miles east of this place. The robbers were located in a house on a ranch Friday morning and the posse lined up and cut off escape. After a fusillade between the robbers and the posse, in which J. Briggs and George Cullins, deputies, were shot, one of the robbers jumped from a window and sought to escape, but was shot to death. The posse then lay siege to the house in which the remaining robber stood guard with a Winchester, and finally succeeded in setting fire to the building, which was destroyed, with its occupants. The robbers have not been identified.

Was Once Governor.

Napoleon, O., Aug. 13.—Robert Kingston Scott died here at the age of 76 years. Scott served with distinction in the war of the rebellion, being mustered out in '65 as a major general. During the reconstruction period he was appointed military governor of South Carolina, and later served two terms as civil governor, being elected by the people. In '76 he returned to Napoleon to live.

Ex-Diplomat Dead.

New York, Aug. 14.—Phillips H. Morgan, former United States minister to Mexico, died in this city Monday as a result of cancer, aged 73 years. Mr. Morgan was born in Baton Rouge, La., and was prominent socially and politically in Louisiana for many years. During recent years he has been engaged in the practice of law in New York city.

Monument to Ingersoll.

Peoria, Ill., Aug. 13.—The Ingersoll Memorial association has decided that the monument to be erected in memory of the great agnostic shall be a bronze statue of heroic size on a granite base. Although not much publicity has yet been given to the work, contributions continue to come in in encouraging volume.

Harrison's Claim Denied.

Washington, Aug. 14.—The comptroller of the currency has decided adversely the claim of Maj. Russell B. Harrison for the difference between his pay as major and colonel under Section 7 of the act of April 26, 1898, while serving as provost marshal from August 3, 1898, to April 7, 1899, amounting to \$677.

Thirteen Hurt.

Tennille, Ga., Aug. 14.—The southern train from Augusta was wrecked here Monday afternoon and 13 people were badly hurt.

Bank Falls.

Kingfisher, Col., Aug. 14.—The bank here closed its doors, with liabilities of \$61,000; assets, \$51,000.

PLOT TO TAKE ROBERTS.

Boers at Pretoria Form Plan to
Shoot All British Officers
in the City.

WAS TO BE CARRIED OUT LAST TUESDAY

The Conspiracy Involves a Number
of the Townspeople Who Are in
Communication with the Enemy—
President Kruger Says Report
That He Would Surrender Is False.

Pretoria, Aug. 9.—A Boer commando consisting of 500 men, with two guns, is reported to have again appeared at Pyramid hill, eight miles north of Pretoria. Scouts have been seen close to the British outposts at night.

Made Their Escape.

London, Aug. 10.—Gen. De Wet, the Boer commander, who, according to the English correspondents, was certain to be captured by the British, who had thrown an unbreakable cordon around him, has succeeded in crossing the Vaal river, and, according to the report, a large part of his force have made good their escape and reached Buffel's Hoek.

Plot Discovered.

London, Aug. 10.—The Daily News has the following dispatch from Pretoria, dated August 9: "A plot to shoot all the British officers and to make Lord Roberts a prisoner has been opportunely discovered. Ten of the ringleaders were arrested and are now in jail."

Conspiracy Against British.

Pretoria, Aug. 11.—The plot to make a prisoner of Lord Roberts and shoot all the British officers discovered Thursday included a number of the townspeople who were in communication with the enemy. It was arranged that the capture and killing should take place on the evening of Tuesday last.

Intense indignation prevails throughout the British army and the general opinion is that the leniency of the British invited such a conspiracy.

Will Not Surrender.

London, Aug. 11.—According to the Lorenzo Marques correspondent of the Daily Express, President Kruger, in the course of an interview, said that the report that he intended to surrender was without foundation. He declared that the war would last a long time yet.

Boers Win a Battle.

"A Boer bulletin," continues the correspondent, "announces a big battle between Lydenburg and Middleburg, in which the British had 500 killed and wounded. It also announces the recapture by the burghers of Heilbron, De Villiersdorp and Frankfort."

Attempts Fail.

London, Aug. 13.—In a dispatch to the war office, dated Pretoria, August 11, Gen. Roberts reports that Gen. De la Rey, since capturing the Elands river garrison, has made four attempts to attack Gen. De Wet, but Gen. Smith-Dorrien prevented him in each attempt. The Boers seem to be very active in the whole district northwest of the Klerksdorp and Krugersdorp railway.

Location Changed.

London, Aug. 14.—A dispatch says that Lord Roberts has been proclaimed the new seat of the Transvaal government.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

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

The standing of the leading baseball clubs is shown in the following table.

Clubs	Won	Lost	Per cent.
Brooklyn	55	32	.625
Pittsburgh	49	32	.558
Philadelphia	47	31	.554
Chicago	46	45	.506
Boston	43	47	.477
St. Louis	39	49	.441
Cincinnati	40	47	.453
New York	35	49	.417
American league:			
Chicago	57	28	.690
Milwaukee	55	27	.673
Detroit	54	27	.667
Indianapolis	50	45	.526
Cleveland	48	48	.500
Kansas City	48	54	.469
Buffalo	43	59	.420
Minneapolis	42	59	.415

Funeral of King Humbert.

Rome, Aug. 10.—The funeral of King Humbert yesterday was a most imposing spectacle. King Victor Emmanuel followed immediately behind the coffin. Former Queen Margherita and a number of princesses awaited the cortege at the Pantheon, where the remains were interred and where rest the remains of Humbert's father, King Victor Emmanuel II.

Tragedy in Iowa.

Des Moines, Ia., Aug. 14.—Monday morning about two o'clock William I. Tuttle murdered his wife, then killed himself. The parties lived in Chariton. Domestic trouble is the supposed cause.

Caused Heavy Loss.

Marinette, Wis., Aug. 10.—A fire, which started from a spark in the lumber yard of the Polska Industrial company at Crivitz Thursday afternoon caused a loss of \$150,000.

Fire Losses.

New York, Aug. 9.—The fire losses in the United States and Canada in the first seven months of this year amount to \$116,908,000, against \$77,126,150 in the same time in 1899.

Through a Bridge.

Mound City, Ill., Aug. 14.—A train went through a bridge near here and Nim Whalen, a brakeman, was killed and three other men were fatally injured.

REAP A BENEFIT.

Tax Commission Says Farmers and
Home Owners Pay Less Taxes
This Year.

Lansing, Aug. 11.—The state tax commission declares that the farmer-owner and small home owner will pay less taxes this year by \$5,600,000 than the year before. In upholding its claims the statement is made that the personal property assessed valuation is more than doubled. Figures are given from the returns of 35 counties showing that while realty in townships has been increased in assessed value only 18½ per cent., personal property has been increased 122 per cent. In Shiawassee and Allegan counties it is shown that there is great relief to the land-owners in this year's taxes. In Detroit an instance is given to show that the small home-owner will pay less taxes, though the city raises \$250,000 more taxes this year than in 1899. The commissioner challenges any citizen to show where the farmer or small home-owner is not benefited by the tax commission's work. Every citizen is asked to look over his assessment rolls.

A STRANGE SIGHT.

Residents of St. Clair Flats Are
Frightened by a Huge
Waterspout.

Detroit, Aug. 13.—A waterspout, which increased in size during the 15 minutes, it was in view on Lake St. Clair, from a mere thread until it looked to be 150 feet in diameter, frightened the residents of the St. Clair flats Sunday afternoon. At about 5:30 o'clock, a cloud in the shape of an inverted pyramid was seen slowly to descend, about five miles from the flats, until its point touched the water. It gradually became so large that great quantities of spray, where the whirling wind struck the surface of the bay, could be distinctly seen from the flats with the naked eye, while a continuous stream of foaming water, forming the center of the waterspout, was visible ascending directly into the clouds, only to be dropped again in the form of spray when out of the influence of the spiral whirlwind.

FIXED THE DATE.

A Man in Benton Harbor Sets the
Hour of His Death—Prediction
Comes True.

St. Joseph, Mich., Aug. 12.—Three weeks ago Henry E. Shaver announced that he would die August 10, at 10:30 o'clock at night. He died Friday night at the hour and minute he had predicted at his residence in Benton Harbor. Mr. Shaver came here from Lake City, Ia., nine months ago and engaged in the ice business here and at Benton Harbor. Shortly after his arrival he was stricken with grip and continued to grow weaker. After he had made his prediction he noted the passing of the days anxiously, and frequently reiterated the statement that he would die at the hour mentioned. He leaves a widow and son, living in Oregon, and a daughter living at Rockwell City, Ia.

Michigan's Criminals.

Lansing, Aug. 14.—Labor Commissioner Cox has issued a classified table showing the number of inmates in the state penal reformatory institutions May 1, 1900. They foot up a total of 3,386, of whom 2,988 were men and 398 women. The native born were 2,539; foreign born, 847, and only 285 of the whole number involved life. The number is swelled by adding the 630 inmates of the industrial school for boys at Lansing, and the 305 at the industrial home for girls at Adrian. Altogether it is not considered a bad showing for a great commonwealth.

Forest Fires.

Bay City, Aug. 13.—Reports from the north are to the effect that fires have been sweeping over the country and destroying property. From Hale to Rose City, on the Detroit & Mackinac road, there was one stretch of flames. Whittemore was surrounded by fire. Prescott was in danger. At both places mills were shut down and men were out fighting the fire. The property loss was large.

East Tawas, Aug. 13.—The forest fires which have been very threatening in this vicinity were all extinguished by Saturday's heavy rainfall.

Charged with Embezzlement.

Allegan, Aug. 10.—Horace V. Street was arrested here charged with embezzlement. The arrest was made by order of the council, who instructed the marshal to make the complaint. Mr. Street was found \$400 short in his accounts as water commissioner, but recently paid the same. He refused to pay the cost of the investigation, \$100 additional, and this is the result of his refusal.

Were Not Citizens.

Lansing, Aug. 12.—The state board of veterinary examiners at the meeting held here last week was compelled to refuse certificates to several persons because they were not citizens of the United States, the new veterinary law providing that an alien cannot be licensed. Certificates were refused on the authority of the attorney general.

Died in Cuba.

Albion, Aug. 10.—A letter was received here from Capt. Phister, company G, First United States infantry, announcing the death of Corp. William Fisher, of this city, from yellow fever, at Pinar del Rio, Cuba, July 25.

Drowned in Crooked Lake.

Baldwin, Aug. 10.—Ned Knevels, the only son of J. H. Knevels, of Chase, was drowned while swimming in Crooked Lake Thursday morning. Young Knevels was 21 years old and highly respected.

STATE GOSSIP.

Peter Noret, one of the oldest citizens of Hart, committed suicide at Mears by taking carbolic acid.

While despondent over domestic troubles F. W. Kinsman, a photographer of Sparta, shot and killed himself.

The silver grays of Livingston county will get together at Howell on August 25 for their annual reunion and picnic.

Alonzo H. Tuttle, of the University of Michigan, was elected an instructor on American history in the Ohio State university.

C. D. Webster, of Bay City, has been appointed manual training teacher at the Puyallup Indian school, Washington.

Rev. M. E. Hayne, of Bloomingdale, has accepted a call to the First Baptist church at Salem, and has removed to the latter place.

The crop of red raspberries in Midland county this year was unusually large, and near Coleman thousands of quarts of the delicious fruit went to waste.

November next is the date set for the projected Oxford, Lapeer & North Branch electric railway to start, although the citizens are somewhat skeptical.

The land office in Marquette has just received 43 cancellations of homestead filings on public domain in the upper peninsula and the northern part of lower Michigan.

The pickle crop around Bloomingdale is the farmer's best crop. The new pickle factory in the village is doing a good business and the farmers are highly pleased with it.

R. J. Graham, of Belleville, Ont., has decided to locate a fruit and vegetable evaporating plant at North Branch, and the work of putting up the building for it has already begun.

Flushing, Genesee county, will have rural free delivery after the 15th inst. Length of route, 24½ miles; area covered, 35 square miles; population served, 964; number of houses on route, 215.

That portion of the Lansing, St. Johns & St. Louis electric railway between Alma and St. Louis is to be built this fall. Work will begin this week. The rest of the road will not be constructed before next summer.

The immense peach crop this year is resulting in low prices. A Globeville man sent a shipment of early peaches to Chicago and received only two cents per basket for them after paying all the expenses of shipping.

The large barns and residence of William McCann, three miles south of Allegan, together with household goods, farm implements, the season's crops and some live stock, were destroyed by fire Thursday morning; insurance, \$2,000.

The annual picnic of the odd fellows of southern Michigan, northern Indiana and northern Ohio was held at Baw Beese park, near Hillsdale, August 8, with a large attendance. John B. Whitney, of Hillsdale, was elected president for the ensuing year.

The unusually wet season has driven the deadly rattlesnake out of the marshes onto high ground around Tekonsha and they are reported more numerous than they have been before in years. One of the reptiles, measuring three feet in length, was killed in front of the Exchange bank there.

Sues Depot Companies.

Lansing, Aug. 12.—A few years ago the railroad commissioner commenced a suit against the depot companies to determine several disputed questions in regard to their taxes, and was successful in having his contentions upheld by the supreme court. Notwithstanding the decisions of the court, however, the companies have continued to pay taxes on the basis contended for by themselves, and they now remain charged with a portion of the taxes assessed for the past three years. Railroad Commissioner Charles S. Osborn has decided to have no more temporizing and will ask to have suit commenced against the companies to recover the taxes.

Flames on a Farm.

Saginaw, Aug. 10.—At noon Thursday fire caught in a large barn on the farm of D. A. McDonald, known as the Hoyt farm, three miles northeast of the city, and the barns were totally destroyed together with 13 horses, 350 tons of baled hay, and a large quantity of farm implements. The barns cost \$2,300 two years ago. The loss aggregates \$10,000. Some of the horses were gotten out but were so horribly burned that they shortly died. The fire caught from a thrasher. The property was partially insured.

Charles Clark Bowen Dead.

Detroit, Aug. 10.—Charles Clark Bowen, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Detroit, died at his home, aged 69 years. Mr. Bowen was secretary and a large stockholder in the great seed firm of D. M. Ferry & Co., treasurer of the Santa Fe, Phoenix & Prescott railroad and a trustee of Kalamazoo college and Chicago university.

Michigan Crops.

Lansing, Aug. 10.—The 1900 wheat crop, says the monthly crop report issued by the secretary of state, is according to present indications, poorer than that of 1899. The total yield of the state is estimated at 10,000,000 bushels and the average yield per acre is seven bushels.

Passed Away.

Detroit, Aug. 10.—Charles Clark Bowen, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Detroit, died at his home Thursday morning, aged 69. He was secretary and a large stockholder in D. M. Ferry & Co. and a trustee of Kalamazoo college and Chicago university.

THE CHELSEA STANDARD

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

BY O. T. HOOVER.

Terms:—\$1.00 per year; 5 months, 50 cents; 3 months, 25 cents. Advertising rates reasonable and made known on application.

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

Chelsea Phone No. 50. Don't be afraid to call us up.

SYLVAN.

Quite a number from here attended German Day at Jackson last Thursday.

Mrs. James Seely of Big Rapids spent the first of the week with Mr. and Mrs. S. Tyndal.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Beckwith and daughter, Myrtle, of Detroit spent the first of the week with James Beckwith and family.

Master Carl Wright returned to his home at Ypsilanti Saturday after spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. J. Nelson Dancer.

LIMA.

John Strieter spent Sunday at home.

George and Conrad Schanz spent Saturday and Sunday at Detroit.

Albert Schenk and Miss Lydia Heller took in the excursion to Detroit Saturday.

An unusual occurrence for the time of year; the nice rain we had Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Wheelock were Detroit and Pontiac visitors part of last week.

Did you notice that pleasant smile on the farmers' faces Monday morning when they started the plow?

Prepare to enlarge your corn cribs, if Jack Frost will delay his visits, as we hope he will. You will need more space than for several years.

FREEDOM.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Nordman of Lima spent Sunday at P. Guinan's.

Miss Martha Hinderer of Lima is visiting her uncle, Henry Lutz.

Hazel and Mary Nordman of Lima spent Saturday with Miss Emma Breitenwischer.

Charles Walz and Gus. Breitenwischer visited friends in Ann Arbor and Detroit last Saturday and Sunday.

John Schafer and family who have been visiting friends in Freedom for some time returned to their home in Ida.

Miss Cora Reno who has been spending her summer vacation at home returned to Jackson Monday to resume her duties.

A. H. Breitenwischer, who is attending Ferris Institute at Big Rapids, came home last Saturday to spend a three weeks vacation with his parents.

Stops the Cough and works off the Cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price 25 cents.

WATERLOO.

Frederick Artz, sr., has moved to Munith.

Mrs. Ward is spending some time with Mrs. W. Beeman.

Mrs. Rockwell of Ann Arbor is the guest of Mrs. S. A. Collins.

Mrs. Mary Finch is very ill, with but slight hopes of her recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Leek and daughter Inez, are Lansing visitors today.

Quite a number from here attended the farmers' picnic at Pleasant Lake today.

J. L. Hubbard and family spent the last of the week with relatives in Stockbridge.

Geo. Brail of Albion lectured on prohibition at the M. E. church Tuesday evening.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moeckle, Wednesday evening, August 8, 1900. The parties were their daughter Bada, and William Artz, both of Waterloo. Mr. and Mrs. Artz will make their home at the old Artz homestead.

SHARON.

Miss Clara Reno visited at Grass Lake last week.

Miss Esther C. Reno has returned to her work in Jackson.

A number from here attended the Mission Festival at Manchester Sunday.

Miss Maude Dorr was the guest of her friend, Miss Moore at Grass Lake the latter part of last week.

Miss Pauline Reno visited her friend, Miss Smith at Iren Creek part of last week.

The W. H. M. S. met with Mrs. M. E. Keeler on Wednesday afternoon of this week.

C. G. Lehman had twenty-three sheep killed by lightning during the storm last Saturday evening. The school house in the Dorr district was also damaged somewhat.

The North Sharon Sunday-school will hold a basket picnic in Dorr's woods on Thursday, August 23d. Ice cream will be for sale. Neighboring Sunday-schools are invited.

NORTH LAKE.

Mildred, daughter of E. W. Daniels, North Lake's popular auctioneer, is now full recovered from the attack of illness from which she has suffered for two weeks past.

Rainy and cloudy weather is quite a novelty during August in this section. It is a great benefit in many ways, young clover, beans, corn, potatoes, etc. are doing well, and it is favorable to plowing.

The thrashing machines have been busy in this neighborhood during the past week, and the farmers' wheat is finding its way into the granaries. The yield is poor, though some have fared better than others.

R. C. Glenn has parted with some of his guests, and others have taken their places. Mr. Glenn is an excellent host, making good use of his opportunities, and his lake resort has become deservedly popular.

The regular meeting of North Lake Grange was held Wednesday evening, 15th. The members thereof had every reason to congratulate each other on the great success of their picnic held on the 7th. It brought the people together, and showed what a little organization could accomplish. Several new members have been admitted. This Grange is now in a flourishing condition both socially and financially. The efforts of its members have been amply rewarded as a very fine cash balance is now in the hands of the treasurer. They return their hearty thanks to all who contributed in any way to make the picnic a success. "In Union is strength," "United we stand, divided we fall." Farmers know this as well as anybody, then why do they not act accordingly. Away with petty jealousies, idle carping, and petty fault finding, let us be men, doing good in our day and generation.

Perfect womanhood depends on perfect health. Nature's rarest gift of physical beauty comes to all who use Rocky Mountain Tea. 35c.—Ask your druggist.

FRANCISCO.

Geo. Fausser is on the sick list.

Mrs. C. Notten is on the sick list.

Mrs. J. Goodrich spent last week relatives here.

Mrs. John Miller, who has been quite ill, is recovering.

Miss Minnie Killmer is spending a few weeks at Grass Lake.

Rev. Katterhenry attended quarterly meeting at Holt Sunday.

Algernon Richards is sick with inflammation of the stomach.

Miss Dora Schmittman of Ann Arbor is the guest of Miss Lina Notten.

Little Harold Main of Sylvan spent last week with his grandmother here.

Miss Maud Wortley of Chelsea was the guest of Miss Lina Notten Saturday.

Mrs. Minnie Perkey, who has been spending some time at Marshall, has returned home.

Miss Carrie Schweinfurth, who has been at home ill for some time, has returned to Chelsea again.

Misses Mary Seeger, and Lydia Killmer, and Henry Killmer and Eddie Seeger spent Sunday at Grass Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kalmbach of South Lyon and Misses Snyder of Pennsylvania are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. Kalmbach.

Henry Kilmer left for Colorado Monday. He will visit his brothers in Denver before returning to Leadville where he is employed in a gold and silver mine.

Two young fellows gave the officers a lively chase at Ann Arbor Monday night. They were trying to pawn a valuable gold watch. An officer appeared on the scene and one of them ran. Both were landed in jail and their pockets were found well filled with small jewelry. They gave their names as Thomas White and Herman Shepherd. The watch was engraved with a monogram of "P. F. F." The case number is 835,713. The movement number is 8,411,837. The officers think they have an important capture.

FRESH FROM BORNEO.

The Guricoola is a Curious Addition to Philadelphia's Zoo—Lives Largely in Trees.

A missionary in Borneo has just sent a guricoola to the Philadelphia zoo. The little creature is one of the queerest creations in the animal kingdom, and just how to classify it is the problem. At first glance it greatly resembles a monkey, but many radical differences are soon apparent. The guricoola lives largely in trees, and it feeds on small birds. In this respect it differs from the monkey tribe, while another and very apparent difference is its snakelike tail, which is fully eight feet long. This remarkable appendage, when not used in assisting its owner to travel, is carried in a neat, nauticallike coil. When the animal wants to climb a tree it shoots the coil out, larlet fashion, catches the nearest limb, and shins up its own tail with amazing rapidity. Once among the branches, another cast is made, and up goes the guricoola like a spider climbing his thread. So deft is the creature at lassoing that the tallest trees are ascended in a jiffy, and the absence of noise in the operation makes it easy to take the feathered tribe unaware. Ancient scientific writers have casually mentioned the creature in their works, but owing to the inaccessibility of the region whence they come, and the rapidity of the animal's movements, a study of the species has not much enriched natural history. The animal now in the zoo at Philadelphia is the first known specimen in captivity.

GENIUS AMONG COLORED MEN

William Dean Howells Pays a Well Merited Tribute to Several Notable Negroes.

It appears William Dean Howells has come to occupy a position of patron saint of the negro in his artistic endeavors, and to be, as it were, a "discoverer" of the colored man struggling toward artistic achievement, as was Dr. Robertson Nicol, of the "Kall" yard" novelist some years ago, says the New Orleans Picayune. He has recently found much to commend in Charles W. Chestnutt, the author of "The Wife of His Youth," and "The Conjure Woman," and speaking of Mr. Chestnutt and of the "colored people," who are almost or quite as white as the palest Caucasian (and Mr. Chestnutt is one of these), he has recently said:

"They need not be ashamed of the race from which they have sprung and whose shame they share, for in many of the arts it has already been shown, during a single generation of freedom, gifts which slavery apparently only obscured. With Mr. Booker Washington, the first American orator of our time, fresh upon the time of Frederick Douglass, and with Mr. Dunbar among the trust of our poets; with Mr. Lewis, a black American out of the only three Americans from whom the French government ever bought a picture, Mr. Chestnutt may well be willing to own his color."

LIVE SNAKE FOR WAIST BELT.

The Peculiar Experience of a Young Woman on a Maryland Farm.

A singular but well-authenticated snake story comes from Pleasant Valley, Md., the principal actors in which were the snake and Miss Cora Legore, a domestic employed by Frederick G. Yingling, a well-known farmer residing near that place.

Miss Legore went to the barn to milk the cows, as was her customary duty. She did not return as promptly as usual, and, becoming uneasy after a time, Mrs. Yingling sent some one to the barn to look for her. She was found lying in a dead faint in a cow stall, and upon being revived appeared dazed and frightened. Finally she became sufficiently composed to tell the cause of her unconsciousness. She said that while milking she felt something moving about her clothing, but supposed it was a cat, until she felt a constriction about her waist, and she found herself looking into the eyes of a snake which had wrapped itself about her and reared its head in front of her face. She was too much frightened to notice what sort of a serpent was thus confronting her, but, striking at it with her hand, fainted away. When she was found the snake had disappeared.

SCORCHERS NOT COMMON.

Reckless Riders of Bicycles on Crowded Thoroughfares Are Now Seldom Seen.

Along with the decline of the bicycle, or rather the wearing off of the craze for the wheel while the people take to it seriously as a means of locomotion, has come an absence of the scorcher. The reckless hoodlum who, astride of a wheel, went at break-neck pace along the crowded Sunday streets, knocking down men and women and frightening children, is now seldom seen.

Four years ago it was a common thing for a creature of this sort, and it was not always a man, either, to be the cause of several mishaps in a single day. Whether it was the exhilaration of being on a wheel or whether it was some subtle poison in the gum they chewed, these people ran amuck frequently, and it was not uncommon for as many as 50 to face the police judge Monday morning in answer to any charge from mayhem to murder. But only a small proportion was ever arrested. A far greater number got away to do damage elsewhere.

SNAKES IN THE BOAT.

One Brave Girl Took On Her Waist and, Using It as a Holder, Ousted the Reptile.

Lake Minnetonka has not been the theater of a sea serpent yarn for several years, but the Minneapolis Tribune states a snake story that is worth telling, if only to chronicle the bravery of Florence Fouch, daughter of John H. Fouch.

The other day a neighbor of the Fouch family went out with the two daughters of Mr. Fouch for a row upon the lake. When they embarked they took no particular notice of the condition of the boat. It had been moored next to the shore, in a little bay, in



SEIZED THE WRITHING THINGS.

the shade of dense trees, but as it had been in use a short time before, there was no suspicion of anything wrong.

After the little party had been out a short time, rowing against a lively breeze, there glided out from beneath one of the end seats in the boat four slimy reptiles, a quartette of snakes that for size and ugliness are seldom seen in Hennepin county. The woman and girls screamed, the oars were dropped, and there were three persons sitting tailor fashion on three boat seats in a twinkling. There was no one holding the oars, and the boat was drifting, and altogether terror began to fill the souls of those three people, so awkwardly situated. They became more and more frightened, and there was danger that in their terror there might be an accident.

Finally, in a spirit of determination, Florence Fouch took off her waist and wrapping it about her arm and hand, she seized the writhing thing and, one at a time, tossed them into the lake. There they rolled over, showing the slimy whites of their bellies, then disappeared. The oars were secured, and the little party hastened back to shore, glad to be once more where they could feel solid earth beneath their feet, and where they could run when they saw a snake.

Municipal Dividends. Staufenberg, in Darmstadt, owns a large tract of forest land which yields enough revenue to pay all municipal expenses, and in addition every citizen gets a "dividend" of five dollars a year and free fuel. The revenues derived from the public estate pay for the town hall, school, water supply, municipal bakehouses, etc.—City Government.

Chinese Windows.

A Chinese window is a quaint subterfuge for obscuring the light of day. It is an intricate pattern of woodwork in straight lines, with pieces of glass stuck on the surface and filled up with strong, yellowish paper. Its principal use is in sealing up an apartment against any intrusion of fresh air by normal ventilation.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mission Dolores.

About three miles from San Francisco, Cal., is an interesting old Spanish mission and church, founded by Jesuit missionaries upward of 100 years ago. In order to preserve it the church has been partly inclosed with wood.—N. Y. World.

The Real Grievance.

"Hard work doesn't kill," said the abrupt man, who had been asked for a dime.

"Worse'n that," replied the tramp. "It makes a feller orful tired."—Philadelphia North American.

He Thinks It Is Easy.

When a man admires a woman, he wonders that all other women are not like her; it seems so easy for a woman to be amiable, patient and agreeable.—Athenian Globe.

Remarkable.

It is remarkable how quickly one notices a squeak in another fellow's bicycle, and how slow we are to lubricate our own.—Indianapolis News.

Impossible, He Thought.

The Sweet Thing—Are they happily married? The Savage Bachelor—No, they're married.—N. Y. World.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

SCROFULA

thin blood, weak lungs and paleness. You have them in hot weather as well as in cold. SCOTT'S EMULSION cures them in summer as in winter. It is creamy looking and pleasant tasting.

50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

H. S. HOLMES, PRESIDENT. C. H. KEMPF, VICE PRESIDENT. J. A. PALMER, CASHIER. GEO. A. BEGOLZ, ASST. CASHIER.

—NO. 203—

The Kempf Commercial & Savings Bank

CAPITAL \$40,000. SURPLUS \$2,000.

Directors: Reuben Kempf, H. S. Holmes, C. H. Kempf, C. Klein, R. S. Armstrong.

Statement at the close of Business August 14, 1900.

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts	\$ 58,676 73
Bonds, mortgages and securities	165,980 05
Premiums paid on bond	398 75
Overdrafts	49 80
Banking house	8,000 00
Furniture and fixtures	2,000 00
Due from other banks and bankers	11,806 23
Due from banks in reserve cities	\$31,788 83
U. S. and state bonds	4,500 00
U. S. and Nat'l Bank Curcy	4,577 00
Gold coin	5,195 00
Silver coin	2,427 55
Nickels and cents	114 04
Checks, cash items, internal rev. acct.	347 81
Total	\$295,861 79

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in	\$ 40,000 00
Surplus	2,000 00
Undivided profits, net	3,358 46
Dividends unpaid	17 50
Commercial deposits	40,621 45
Certificates of deposit	10,840 30
Savings deposits	182,678 33
Savings certificates	16,345 75
Total	\$295,861 79

State of Michigan, County of Washtenaw, ss.

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

JOHN A. PALMER, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of August, 1900.

GEO. A. BEGOLZ, Notary Public.

Collections receive personal attention of an officer of the Bank, are carefully made and promptly accounted for.

Small savings of Children received and interest paid. Their accounts respectfully solicited.

Money to loan in large or small amounts on approved notes or real estate security.

A GOOD GASOLINE ENGINE

Is the best and most economical power on earth. For pumping water, sawing wood, grinding feed or any other work on the farm they can not be excelled.

For printing offices, laundries and bicycle shops they are unequaled.

We Make Them.

Write for our catalogue and prices.

Bates & Edmonds Motor Co.,

BOX 2033, Lansing, Michigan.

No Need to Guess the Time

If you carry one of WINAN'S WATCHES. Many people are handicapped in their journey through this vale of tears by carrying any old thing for a time piece, and often being just too late to "get there." Some unkindly say that they carry the watch just to show the chain. Be that as it may, we want you all to know that nowhere else can you find such good values in watches of all sizes, grades and makes, as we have at \$4.00 and upwards. Everything fully guaranteed.

A. E. WINANS, THE JEWELER

Fine Repairing a Specialty. See our line of Clocks.

A MINISTER'S GOOD WORK.

"I had a severe attack of bilious colic, got a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, took two doses and was entirely cured," says Rev. A. A. Power, of Emporia, Kan. "My neighbor across the street was sick for over a week, had two or three bottles of medicine from the doctor. He used them for three or four days without relief, then called in another doctor who treated him for some days and gave him no relief, so discharged him. I went over to see him the next morning. He said his bowels were in a terrible fix, that they had been running off so long that it was almost bloody flux. I asked him if he had tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and he said, 'No.' I went home and brought him my bottle and gave him one dose; told him to take another dose in fifteen or twenty minutes if he did not find relief, but he took no more and was entirely cured." For sale by all druggists.

It will surprise you to experience the benefit obtained by using the dainty and famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Glazier & Stimson.

Mothers endorse it, children like it, old folks use it. We refer to One Minute Cough Cure. It will quickly cure all throat and lung troubles. Glazier & Stimson.

Peptorene Tablets cleanse and improve the blood, curing all eruptions of the skin. 25 cts. per box.

Subscribe for The Standard.

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 Isaac M. Whitaker late of said county deceased, hereby give notice that all persons having claims against said estate, or that they will meet at the office of U. V. Turnbull in the Village of Chelsea, in said county, on Tuesday the 13th day of February 1901 next, at ten o'clock a. m. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated, August 13th, 1900.

JOHN SCHENK, RICHARD ALEXANDER, Commissioners.

WELLS! WELLS!

J. Alber and Chas. Young have purchased the well outfit of Frank Shaler of Grass Lake and we are now prepared to put down new Wells or repair the old one on the shortest possible notice.

Give us a call.

JACOB ALBER, CHAS. YOUNG.

CHELSEA, MICH. Leave orders at Hoag & Holmes.

You assume no risk when you buy Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. All druggists will refund your money if you are not satisfied after using it. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy in use for bowel complaints and the only one that never fails. It is pleasant, safe and reliable. Sold by all druggists.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Thomas Wilkinson has purchased J. Hummel's milk route.

J. Alber and Chas. Young have purchased a well driving outfit.

Fine new oak pews will soon be placed in St. Mary's church, Chelsea.

A number of people from here took in the excursion to Lansing today.

Wirt McLaren is now agent for the Detroit Free Press at this place.

C. T. Conklin is remodeling his residence, corner East and Summit street.

Mrs. Harry Beedon has gone to Homer, where she has purchased a millinery store.

Friday night dogs killed and mangled thirty-five valuable sheep for John Wade of Lima.

Dr. G. W. Palmer recently purchased the vacant lot owned by Geo. Eder on Park street.

The services in the German church will be held in the afternoon, on Sunday, August 19th.

Married, on Wednesday, August 15th at Ann Arbor, Miss Lola Allyn and Mr. Samuel Schultz of Unadilla.

LaFayette Grange will meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Burkhardt Thursday evening, August 23d.

Miss Beatrice Bacon entertained Saturday evening in honor of Miss Bowman and Miss Swable of Greenville, O.

Mrs. Osmia Cooper Richards, formerly of this place, died suddenly, Tuesday, August 7th, at her home in Missouri.

Chas. Tichenor is bragging over having a pear tree which has ten large pears on one limb within a space of nine inches.

Married, on Wednesday, August 8, 1900, Miss Bertha Schneider to Mr. Wm. Finkbeiner, Rev. Geo. B. Marsh officiating.

Miss Nina Howlett has resigned her position as teacher in the Chelsea schools. The vacancy has not been filled as yet.

Yesterday was the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, a holy day in the Catholic church. Appropriate services were held at St. Mary's.

A number of the relatives of Horace Baldwin gathered at his home Thursday evening last to assist him in celebrating his sixty eighth birthday. All report a very pleasant time.

At the Epworth League business meeting Monday evening the following were chosen delegates to the convention at Saline: Cora Nickerson, Saxe Stimson, J. S. Cummings and Lillian Gerard.

Mrs. Mary Jewett Telford will lecture in the Congregational church, Sunday evening, August 19, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. Her subject will be "A Christian Citizen of this Republic."

Mrs. F. G. Fuller was agreeably surprised last Friday evening when the serenading by the band announced the arrival of friends and neighbors who had come to help in the celebration of her birthday.

The Epworth leaguers of Ann Arbor, Delbi, Chelsea, Manchester, Hudson, Clinton, Adrian, Monroe, Ypsilanti and other towns, will hold a convention at Saline, beginning Aug. 21. About 225 delegates are expected.

The Sisterhood of the First Congregational church will give a musical, Tuesday evening, August 28th. They have secured the assistance of the most talented people of the town. It will be a rare treat, and the admission is only ten cents.

Deputy Great Commander Noble Ashley of Detroit will meet with Chelsea Tent No. 281, K. O. T. M., at the regular review, Friday evening, August 17th, to talk over the matter of using the old ritual. It is hoped that there will be a good attendance.

Commissioner Evans' annual report will show that Michigan had 44,298 citizens on the pension rolls on June 30 last as against 45,170 on the same date one year ago. The total amount paid to Michigan pensioners during the past year aggregated \$6,642,978.

Apples from the farm of Andrew Meade of Ann Arbor town captured the third prize at the Paris exposition. Orrin Pierce of Hudson was selected as the man to make the collection from the different parts of the state and Mr. Meade's happened to be some of the best.

Missionary day was observed in the German Emanuel's church in Manchester, August 12th. There were three meetings. The speakers were, Rev. Papendorf of Casco, and Rev. Albin of Jackson, in the morning; Rev. Koelbling of Chelsea and Rev. L. Haberer of Eden College, St. Louis, Mo., in the afternoon and Rev. Meister of Rogers' Corners in the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Spaulding and family, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Spaulding, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Everett and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Davidson, spent August 9, 10 and 11, attending a reunion of the Spaulding family at Indian Lake, a resort near Dowagiac.

F. Kantlehner is in Detroit this week attending the convention of the National Association of Opticians. He has on exhibition there a fine and delicately adjusted machine for examining the eyes and fitting glasses, which he has recently perfected. It does away entirely with the tiresome and cumbersome method of causing the patient to wear a heavy pair of trial bows. Mr. Kantlehner has applied for a patent on the instrument.

The Washetnaw County Maccabee picnic promises to be a great success. Good speakers, good music and dancing at the Lake House, business meeting at two o'clock in the hall of the Lake House. The program will be rendered at three o'clock in the grove. Remember the date, Thursday, August 23. Mrs. Adelaide Hughes, D. G. C., and D. G. C. Duford will be present, also De Vere Hall, of Bay City, attorney for the order.

This will be a button campaign and manufacturers, advised by party leaders, are making designs of all kinds and sizes. They say there will be more buttons worn than ever before. One order placed in Cincinnati a few days ago, was for 1,000,000 buttons. Some of the buttons are so large that a man's party enthusiasm will have to be pretty warm before he goes out on the street with one hanging on his coat. Watch charms with the candidates' pictures are also out.

A very quiet wedding occurred Tuesday morning at the home of Rev. A. Nicklas when Miss Emma Schallmiller of Chelsea and Julius Ungerer of this city were united in marriage. Miss Schallmiller is an estimable young lady of Chelsea and Mr. Ungerer is one of the popular clerks at Schaller & Millen's dry goods store on Main street. The happy couple will enjoy short wedding tour and be at home after September 1 at 113 Felch street. Their many friends wish them a happy wedded life.—Ann Arbor Argus.

The Chelsea market today is as follows: Wheat 72 cents for red or white; oats 30 cents; rye 45 cents; corn 56 cents; beans \$1.15; clover seed at retail \$6.00, timothy seed \$1.75; wool 15 to 18 cents; beef on foot 2 to 4 cents; dressed beef 5 to 7 1/2 cents; live hogs 3 to 5 cents; dressed hogs 5 to 6 1/2 cents; spring lambs 5 to 6 cents; mutton 4 cents; live veal calves 5 cents; dressed veal 7 cents; spring chickens 8 cents; fowls 6 cents; lard 8 cents; green hides 5 cents; pelts 25 to 75 cents; potatoes 25 cents; cabbage 25 to 30 cts. dozen; apples 25 to 40 cents; eggs 10 cents; butter 14 cents; pears 40; tomatoes 75c.

The following people from out of town were guests at the Townsend-Mellen camp wedding: Mrs. Claud Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Wolinger, Eugene Close, John Lemm, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Mellenkamp and family, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Mellenkamp of Grass Lake; Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Mellenkamp of Jackson; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mellenkamp of Mt. Pleasant; Ed Mellenkamp of Ypsilanti; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Townsend of Mason; Mr. and Mrs. John P. Everett and C. B. Dixon of Ann Arbor; Mrs. Leonard Williams and family of Waterloo; Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Dixon of Dexter; and Mrs. Frank Gordon of Chicago.

J. C. Higgins of Assembly Island was recently the recipient of a gift which he prizes very highly more for its associations than for its intrinsic value, although the latter is by no means a small feature. The gift is a valuable telescope with 3 1/2 inch object glass and full equipments. It was presented to Mr. Higgins by the maker, Mr. Curran White of Chelsea, Mich., who is now 84 years of age, and who made the instrument 25 years ago. The two gentlemen have been intimate friends ever since the war, and we doubt if the instrument could be purchased from its present owner for many times its cash value. It will be mounted at the Higgins residence.—Orion Wave.

It may not be generally known that skim milk or buttermilk readily mixes with kerosene, forming an emulsion which destroys insects without the danger of injury to animals or plants on which they might be that might result from the use of the pure oil or of oil and water. We first learned of this from using this mixture for the scale insect, or mite, which causes scaly legs on fowl. We found that one or two dippings or washings with it would cure the worst case of scaly leg and leave the skin as smooth as when first hatched. We never had occasion to try it for lousy animals, for we never had one, but we do not hesitate to recommend it, and we have lately seen its use advised for ticks on sheep, using a gill of kerosene to one gallon of milk. We did not make our mixture so strong of kerosene—that, but perhaps the larger tick may need a stronger application than an insect so small as to be scarcely visible to the naked eye.—American Cultivator.

Intestinal infection, appendicitis and all affections of the bowels, liver and kidneys—prevented by taking genuine Rocky Mountain Tea, made by Madison Medicine Co.—Ask your druggist.

PERSONAL.

L. T. Freeman is in Detroit today.

Adam Faust was a Detroit visitor Wednesday.

Dr. H. H. Avery spent Sunday at Howell.

Erl Foster was an Island Lake visitor Sunday.

Ora Glenn of Marion is visiting relatives here.

Mrs. W. W. Hough of Detroit is visiting friends here.

S. W. Craig is visiting relatives in Pittsburg, Penn.

Mrs. A. E. Foster of Owosso is spending this week here.

John F. Wurges of Lansing is the guest of Miss Bess Winans.

Miss Norma Purchase of Denver, Col., is visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Snyder are spending this week at Mackinac.

Mrs. Chas. Guerin of West McHenry, Ill., is visiting friends here.

Miss Ada Wurges of Lansing is spending this week with friends here.

Miss Emma Miller of Chicago spent Sunday with Miss Emma Jensen.

Prof. S. L. Wood and wife of Chicago are the guests of Theo. E. Wood.

Messrs. Chambers and Johnson of the U. of M., are the guests of Ben Haab.

John Bagge of Detroit has been spending several days of this week here.

Miss Jessie Merrill of Ann Arbor is spending this week with friends here.

H. I. Stimson of Parma spent several days of this week with his children here.

Mrs. Thomas Holmes is visiting friends at Oberlin, Elyria and Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. J. E. McKune and Miss Keusch returned Saturday from a trip to Niagara Falls.

Mrs. Arthur Tomley of Jackson is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Keusch.

Timothy McKune has returned from his visit with friends in Detroit and Mt. Clemens.

J. Earl Maynard of Lansing is spending this week here, the guest of Miss Mabel Brooks.

Mrs. M. J. Baggs of Brooklyn, N. Y., was the guest of Mrs. J. R. Gates the first of the week.

Rev. T. Graber and family of Francisco were the guests of Rev. and Mrs. L. Koelbling Tuesday.

W. A. Meacham, who has been the guest of Miss M. Skinner has returned to his home in Chicago.

Theodore and Clara Feldkamp of Freedom are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Burkhardt.

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

Mrs. Robert Shaw of Ridgetown, Ont., and Mrs. Thos. Shaw of Ypsilanti, spent a few days of last week with friends here.

Mrs. David Walsh of Lima has been entertaining her nephew, C. S. Hemstreet of Schenectady, N. Y. the past week.

The Rev. W. P. Considine and John P. Miller spent last week at the St. Clair Flats, the guests of Capt. Considine at his summer cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Schnaitman and family have returned from a week's visit with relatives and friends in Mason, Lansing, Williamston and Dansville.

The Misses Amelia, Kate, Margaret and Lena Miller and John P. Miller visited their sister, Sister Ignatius at St. Joseph's Academy, Adrian last week.

Rev. Dr. Reilly of Adrian celebrated the silver jubilee of his ordination Wednesday, Aug. 15. His congregation presented him with an address and a purse.

S. W. Reakes of the Ann Arbor Argus, and who seems to think that the buzz that he hears is caused by a congressional bee, was a visitor in this vicinity the latter part of last week.

The Philippine natives run pell-mell. At the sound of our Yankee yell. But, oh, what a gall they have, maybe, After taking Rocky Mountain Tea.—Ask your Druggist.

Chelsea Savings Bank

Capital and Resources June 1, 1900, \$359,142.39.

Owns and offers in amounts suitable for the investment of small savings or large sums

German Empire Government 3 1-2 per cent Bonds

In 200 mark, 500 mark and 1,000 mark Bonds. Interest payable April 1st and October 1st each year. Interest coupons cashed at CHELSEA SAVINGS BANK. The above investment yields 3 1/2 per cent interest, while the U. S. Bonds yield less than 2 per cent. These Bonds are appreciated by our German friends in view of the obnoxious tax law applying to real estate mortgages, rendering it more and more difficult to place money on farm mortgage loans within the state of Michigan which will pay more than 2 1/2 to 3 per cent after deducting taxes.

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Geo. F. Glaser, Cashier.

James L. Babcock,
Herman M. Woods,
John R. Gates,
Victor D. Hinkelang.

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FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.

A. W. GLEASON,
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

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Sold by druggists 75c. Hall's Family Pill are the best.

What He Wanted.
Barrelton—It will cost me a hundred thousands dollars to be elected senator.
Mrs. Barrelton—As much as that?
Barrelton—Yes; but I'll spend the money. I want the honor!—Puck.

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This signature is on every box of the genuine
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets
the remedy that cures a cold in one day

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come to us for good TEA and COFFEE

Experience has demonstrated to the buying public that our goods are the best.

As a reward for the high quality and low prices of our merchandise we are always supplying the wants of a large list of satisfied customers, who have learned to come to us for genuine quality and low prices. Our

Standard Mocha and Java Coffee.

This is not a high priced Coffee, but is of excellent quality. Not necessary to use large quantities to get a strong cup. The usual allowance will produce satisfactory results. Has a very pleasant aroma. Costs 25c a pound. We also have a very choice Golden Rio at 15c a pound.

When ordering Coffee don't omit to include a supply of our high grade

GROCERIES.

Get a sample of our new crop
50c Japan Tea.

The best baking powder is Schillings
Best at 45c a pound

Choice Alaska salmon at 12 1/2c per can

Pillar Rock and Warren salmon 18c can

Best Elsie cheese 14c pound

Best Lyndon cheese 12c pound

Large clean Raisins 8c pound

4 pounds Vail & Crane crackers for 25c

Java Coffee cakes 10c pound

Fresh graham crackers 10c pound

A complete stock of all the popular Breakfast

Foods at the right prices.

The finest stock of Fruits.

Candies, Nuts, etc., in Chelsea.

FREEMAN'S.

Chelsea Telephone No. 14.

A SURPRISE SALE.

It will be like giving money away

CUTS THAT COUNT.

Everything left in the line of summer goods be closed out during the next TWO WEEKS. We must have the room for fall and winter goods.

100 Ladies' Wrappers, light colors, made up in first-class style, with and without flouncing, from the very best materials. Wrappers that retail everywhere at from 90c to \$1.00 will be closed out at 60 cents.

Shirt Waists—All we have of them are now on sale in three lots at 25c, 50c and 75c.

Wash Goods at Reduced Prices.

Good Prints at 3 1-2 cents yard.

Hundreds of Remnants at prices that talk Odds and Ends in Notion Novelties at money saving prices.



SHOES.

We never sold so many. Not a Shoe in our store can be duplicated elsewhere for the money we ask.

All Oxfords marked way down.

All Tan Shoes at prices to close them out quick.

COME AND LOOK.

W. P. SCHENK & COMPANY.

Chelsea Telephone No. 12

BUGGIES.

We have a large new stock of Buggies which we have marked at the right price. If you want a fancy trimmed Buggy, we have it. Styles to suit the old folks too.

DUSTERS AND FLY NETS.

Now is the time to buy Lap Dusters and Fly Nets. Don't wait until fall.

HARNESS.

Everything in the Harness line with our usual complete assortment.

C. STEINBACH.

Standard Sewing Machines.

CLOSING OUT PRICES

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Ice Cream Freezer,

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Refrigerators, Lawn Mowers, Hose,

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Made only by Madison Tea Co., Madison, Wis. It keeps you well. Our trade mark cut on each package. Price, 35 cents. Never sold in bulk. Accept no substitutes. Ask your druggist.



COL. DREW'S WAR LECTURE.

We'd all been down to Bethel church, a week ago last night, to hear a feller lectur' there upon "A Losin' Fight". You see, we ben a havin' a "course" to help the post. An' it's ben a "losin' fight" fer us, financially, almost.

This man 'at lectured—on the bills—was "Colonel Ellsworth Drew." 'Bout nine year old, I reckon, when the civil war was through. But he fit the war from eend to eend, in a couple of hours, about. An' he would of fout another'n, on'y all the lamps went out.

I never heard a feller that hed everythin' so pat— "Ef here was there," or "then was when," or "this hed jes' ben that;" I hed to lean an' whisper to Whittaker McClure:

"Ef yer Aunt Louise hed ben a man, she'd ben yer uncle, sure!"

Whit, he jest bust out a-laughin' like he does, an' I declare, I thought the feller'd kill himself, a-chokin', then an' there; An' everybody turnin' round to see what we's about, An' all the fellers in the post a-hollerin': "Put him out!"

Why, the lecturer told how Grant had made an awful useless mess, A-slaughterin' men fer nothin' in that awful Wilderness; I jest leanned back an' helt my breath when I saw what a scamp The chances would of ben for Lee, ef Drew had jest ben Grant.

Then he done up "Old Tecumseh;" why, when he got through with him, You couldn't see him edgewise, he was hammered out so slim; Showed up blunder after blunder, an' mistakes in open sight, An' blind bull luck an' accident to set his blunders right.

He sayed they want'n no earthly use—an' showed it, plain as light, In the war a-lastin' seven months beyond the Bull Run fight; An' I thought it was a blessin' fer this union, dear and true, That the "Johnnies" didn't know jest where to look fer Ellsworth Drew.

I've heard a heap, an' read a heap of talk about the war, An' the fellers that want'n in it seems to know it more an' more; An' the fellers that was in it, an' got licked in every fight, Is the ones that shows us how the ones that won was never right.

—Bob Burdette, in Los Angeles Times.

BATTLE OF THE CONSCRIPT.

Not Recorded in War History, But This Veteran Says It Was His Biggest Fight.

When scarred men held the boards in Louisville recently, says the Courier-Journal, one was here who was known to have been a gallant soldier, and who had an unmistakable bullet scar on the left side of his forehead.

"In what battle did you get that wound?"

"The biggest fight I was ever in."

This short sentence meant a great deal, because this soldier had been in some of the greatest battles of the war.

"What fight was it?"

"I call it the battle of the conscript."

"Battle of the conscript? What do you mean?"

"Well, it was toward the end of the war, after the conscript act had been passed, and I was one of a detail to get a certain man in Tennessee who had been conscripted, but who had escaped. We located him at his home, and we proceeded to advance on the house.

"As luck would have it, I was ahead, and was the first man to enter the



FIGHT WITH A CONSCRIPT.

house. My man was lying in bed, and I walked toward him and told him to get up.

"He did so, but as he arose he came up with a revolver. We clinched, and of all the fights I was ever in this beat all. We tussled and we tussled. I found the conscript was the better man, and my only hope was either in holding on or some of our boys coming.

"I kept on wrestling, my chief aim being to hold down that hand with the revolver. The affair was getting monotonous to me, and I was about to quit because the conscript had me beat, when some of the boys rushed in, but not before the conscript wrenched his revolver arm loose and let me have it, and I was floored.

"The bullet struck me glancingly on the side of the head, and after burrowing under the skin for a couple of inches passed out without injuring the skull."

"What became of the conscript?"

"Would you believe that that fellow escaped from camp that night? And the confederacy lost, in my judgment, a good scrapper."

Tender-Hearted.

A St. Louis heiress is so tender-hearted that she can't be induced to strike a match.—Chicago Daily News.

ROUTED BY FLEAS.

Union Soldiers Preferred to Risk the Enemy's Fire to Remaining with the Insects.

"One of my first adventures," said the major, relates the Chicago Inter Ocean, "made a lasting impression on me. Early in the war our regiment started on an expedition to reach the rear of a rebel force stationed about 20 miles from our camp. We crossed a river, went up a narrow little valley, which, during a heavy night's rain became the bed of a stream, came out upon the high table land, moved up a rocky road to the mountains, and, although the rain continued all the next day, we marched and marched until night. We were wet through and through, we had lost nearly all of our provisions, we were tired and footsore, and were ordered into camp in the rain. A half a dozen of us, in looking about the bluffs and cliffs, found a cave which seemed an inviting place of shelter against the pitiless rain. It was at considerable distance from our company, but we decided that we would slip in, have a good sleep and report to the company early in the morning. The stone floor was covered to a comfortable thickness with dried leaves, and I remember to this day how comfortable and cozy it all felt as we crept in and spooned for a good night's rest.

"It must have been midnight when I was awakened by the most intolerable itching I had ever experienced. It seemed to me there were a million

flea bites biting every part of my body. I realized then that we had crept into a bed used by hogs—that we were in a nest of fleas. I decided at once that I would get out, but on stepping to the narrow mouth of the little cave I saw directly in front a large fire, and around it were men not in the dress of union soldiers. By this time all the boys were awake, and all were crazy with the unbearable itching. They were ready to dash out of the cave at all hazards, when I called their attention to the men and the fire.

"We soon decided that our troops had marched away and that the bluffs had been occupied by a rebel outpost. The question was, what we should do. The boys agreed that they could not stand the flea bites more than five minutes. They agreed that they would rather be captured by the Johnnies than stay with the fleas, so it was arranged that we should watch for a favorable opportunity, slip out of the cave and try to pass the rebel outpost in the shadow of the bluffs. Just as we arrived at this decision one of the boys, who had been holding his gun at full cock, brought it down to the floor, and it went off with a terrific report.

"This shot, sounding like a cannon, threw both sides into a panic. Taking advantage of the confusion about the fire, one of our fellows shouted: 'Come on, boys; one company to the right and one company to the left, and we will capture the whole of them.' Out we went with a yell, shooting as we ran, and away ran the rebels. The rain had ceased, but the fleas continued to bite, and after running about two miles in the direction we supposed our regiment had gone we stopped, took off all our clothing and jumped into a raging little mountain stream. We did not put on our clothes until every article had been given a shaking. We found our regiment, and after a march of two days reached our old camp."

Another Semmes and the Kearsarge.

A Mobilian, temporarily living on the southern border of the gulf, relates a curious story connected with the wreck of the old Kearsarge, says the Mobile (Ala.) Register. At the time Admiral Semmes was afloat in those waters, says the story, he had on board the Alabama a seaman who so admired him that, in honor of his chief, he called his son "Admiral Semmes." This child, now a grown man, is a native of one of the Cayman islands, and, like all those islanders, makes his living from the sea, and mostly from wrecked vessels. It is remembered that the United States steamer that sank the Alabama, the Kearsarge, was wrecked on one of the islands, called Roncador Reef. Among the wreckers who went to work on her was this young man. When everything worth saving was taken from the vessel the hull was burned, and Admiral Semmes, the son of the seaman, applied the torch. To say the least, it is an odd coincidence that although the Kearsarge destroyed the Alabama, which was under the command of Admiral Semmes, the Kearsarge was afterward finally destroyed by another Admiral Semmes.

Sheridan's Ransom.

Sheridan's big black horse, Rienzi, which he rode during the last three years of the war, is one of the sights in the military museum on Governor's Island, N. Y. Though the animal died in 1876, its preservation, paid for by Sheridan, is perfect.

COME ON, BOYS!

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"This shot, sounding like a cannon, threw both sides into a panic. Taking advantage of the confusion about the fire, one of our fellows shouted: 'Come on, boys; one company to the right and one company to the left, and we will capture the whole of them.' Out we went with a yell, shooting as we ran, and away ran the rebels. The rain had ceased, but the fleas continued to bite, and after running about two miles in the direction we supposed our regiment had gone we stopped, took off all our clothing and jumped into a raging little mountain stream. We did not put on our clothes until every article had been given a shaking. We found our regiment, and after a march of two days reached our old camp."

Another Semmes and the Kearsarge.

A Mobilian, temporarily living on the southern border of the gulf, relates a curious story connected with the wreck of the old Kearsarge, says the Mobile (Ala.) Register. At the time Admiral Semmes was afloat in those waters, says the story, he had on board the Alabama a seaman who so admired him that, in honor of his chief, he called his son "Admiral Semmes." This child, now a grown man, is a native of one of the Cayman islands, and, like all those islanders, makes his living from the sea, and mostly from wrecked vessels. It is remembered that the United States steamer that sank the Alabama, the Kearsarge, was wrecked on one of the islands, called Roncador Reef. Among the wreckers who went to work on her was this young man. When everything worth saving was taken from the vessel the hull was burned, and Admiral Semmes, the son of the seaman, applied the torch. To say the least, it is an odd coincidence that although the Kearsarge destroyed the Alabama, which was under the command of Admiral Semmes, the Kearsarge was afterward finally destroyed by another Admiral Semmes.

Sheridan's Ransom.

NO TIME.

No time, do we say—for a helpful thought To lighten the burdens of hearts that ache?

No time for encouraging, cheering words, That are healing balm to the hearts that break?

No time, do we say—for a kindly act, For the comfort and sunshine of a song?

No time for the tenderness that is life, As careless and heedless we pass along?

The tender words we neglect to speak, To the hungry hearts we so fondly love, Yet the tenderest words go up to God— And each flower we give will blossom above.

Still we grieve our own by hasty words And acts that in vain we try to forget— Then beautiful things we say of our dead And cover with flowers our vain regret.

Oh, pray, to the living give time each day In some way to gladden the lonely hours

By the touch of a hand, a smile, a word— 'Tis the living who need our kindness and flowers.

—Ruth Reid, in Detroit Free Press.

TATTERS

By Helen Frances Huntington.

(From the Home Journal, New York. Reprinted by Special Permission.)

AN INEXPLICABLE instinct had guided Jimmy through forbidden grounds direct to Ted's library door, where he stood, cap in hand, a decently-clean, solemn-faced boy of 12, with a little grizzly mop of a dog wriggling apologetically at his heels.

"His name's Tatters, an' he kin sit up an' dance an' sing," said Jimmy. Whereupon Tatters "sat up" and peered anxiously through the ragged gun-colored fringe that veiled his bright black eyes. For the rest he was the most dejected, forlorn little creature that ever begged his way through a hard and thankless world.

"What are you two doing here?" Ted demanded, coldly.

"Please, sir, won't you take 'im in?" Jimmy entreated. "The Home's sendin' me to Kansas an' the man what's hired me won't take Tatters. You kin have 'im fer a dollar."

"But I don't want him," Ted answered, heartlessly; at which Tatters dropped his smudgy paws limply and turned to Jimmy, with a look of hopeless appeal which said, as plain as human speech could do: "Why is the hard of every man turned against me?"

"He ate so little you'd never miss it," Jimmy explained, persuasively. "Tatters promised, mutely, to eat still less if Ted would take him, and Ted's heart wasn't proof against that last appeal. He patted the little towheaded head good-naturedly and assured him that he should have abundant food and a roof to shelter him as long as he behaved in a fit and proper manner. I have never owned a dog in my life, he explained, deprecatingly, "but I'll take Tatters and do the best I can for him."

The leave-taking consumed half a minute. It was plain that the dog suffered most acutely; but he had been made to understand that it was all part of the inexplicable fate that had branded him as a vagrant. When the door closed behind Jimmy he ran about from window to window, till he found the one overlooking the avenue where he sat very still, watching the lessening figure of his late master until his breath blurred the pane hopelessly; then he whined softly until Ted he thought himself of his promise and carried him out to be bountifully fed and groomed after the manner befitting his adoption.

Shorn of his long disguise—the grime and soot of plebeian association—he was a handsome dog with a silver-gray coat, a little black dust-brush of a tail, a curly, shapely head, and the kindest eyes ever set in a canine face, deep, midnight black, shot with coppery lights that gave him a look of human intelligence. The longer Ted looked at that winning little face, the longer he wanted to look; it was so wise, so tender, so impressively grave.

"Tatters," said Ted, putting his hand under the silky uplifted chin, "I'm going to be very good to you always, and in return I want you to be very good to some one else. Come, let us go and see her, and you'll know why."

She sat on a couch beside a sunny window, her hands folded idly over an open book, her eyes fixed unseeing on luminous space. Ted affected not to notice the deathlike transparency of the flower-like face; he proceeded cheerfully to introduce Tatters to his new mistress, and Tatters "sat up" very prettily until he was lured by the look in Nadine's eyes to move a step closer and put his paws on her knees.

"What a dear little fellow," she said languidly, taking his face between her thin hands and looking down into his dark, beautiful eyes. "I never thought I should like a dog; but this one looks almost human. Is he really mine? Oh, thank you, Ted." For the first time in many weeks she smiled genuinely, and was interested.

Tatters puzzled his brain sorely about Nadine's inactivity, and after patient endeavor to rouse her, he went to Ted for an explanation. And it seemed so human to tell this faithful little friend what was wearing out his own heart.

"The doctor gave her trouble a long, hard name, Tatters," said he, "and he thinks there's one chance in a hundred that she may be cured; but I know better. She's very young, barely 22, but sorrow has aged her more in a single hour than a whole lifetime of joy could have done. No, she doesn't rightly belong to us, but she came to us long ago when she was a little girl, and there never was a time when I didn't love her more than anyone else in the wide world. She was always

very good and sweet to me and such a happy, bright little girl, until she met Dion. He was a fine fellow, too, but not quite good enough for Nadine. He was very fond of her, and she was happier still until the other woman came. Such a woman, Tatters! as beautiful as an angel—you couldn't blame him if you could see her. Nadine didn't blame him, either, but it broke her heart. They say people sometimes outlive even that trouble, but it isn't true, not with a nature like hers. If you could only help her to forget, just for a little while, Tatters, I'd love you as long as I live."

Tatters kept his charge faithfully, but it was vain to hope for success where human ingenuity had failed. Ted helped evade the dreaded climax by reading all the newspapers carefully before Nadine saw them—to guard against her feeling mention of his return, for which she watched and waited, as a dying man longs to be shriven. She put off the southward flight day by day, and meantime grew weaker, paler and sadder; and Ted and Tatters went about watching her with troubled eyes.

Winter came with a rush of icy air and flurry of snow that sent the frail ones hurrying southward to kinder climes. The others could not well be spared from the busy round of social life, so Ted went with his mother and Nadine. The world lay shrouded in white vestments through which the train plowed a narrow track bearing them farther and farther from their accustomed scenes. Tatters sat in Nadine's window looking wistfully out of the window at the flying panorama of skeleton trees and hedges till the train stopped at a wayside station. Ted took him out for a little walk, and he scudded along the narrow path sniffing the frosty air delightedly, and presently disappeared under the car wheels, to be caught up by someone on the opposite side.

Ted heard a man's coaxing voice say: "Hello, my beauty! Look, Tess, isn't that a perfect little beauty?" The answer was a delighted little feminine exclamation, then a lady stepped out of the coach and confronted him, followed by Dion, who looked very wan and weary beside that radiant vision. Ted looked into her face and forgot everything but the thought that Nadine must not see them. He got possession of Tatters and walked the length of the train and back before he dared to confront Nadine, and the train pulled off with a few preliminary shocks when he swung aboard the smoking car. He sat staring dully before him, until he was recalled to a realization of things tangible by a keen sense of impending danger.

There was a shriek of escaping steam, a sickening crunch of wheels, an explosive crash, then he was seized by some wild force and flung down amid the debris of a wreck. Tatters' doleful little whine recalled Ted's scattered senses. He woke to find himself lying to a poor little roadside hut, where they had carried the dead and wounded. Dion's wife lay not an arm's length from his couch, and beside him sat Nadine unhurt.

"It is not fatal!" Dion asked in a husky whisper.

The doctor moved away very softly, but the dying woman read the bitter truth in his eyes, and shivered with mortal terror.

"Dying!" she cried, incredulously. "Oh, no. It simply isn't possible! It can't be; why should I be chosen when so many others don't care to live? Oh, no, not I! Life is far too sweet to die!"

Tatters whined and thrust his nose close to Ted's face, and he opened his eyes and smiled understandingly, then the clear, tuneful voice broke the deadly silence again. "Dion, if it should be true! I am afraid to die with an unconfessed lie on my soul. It was all my fault that she left you. I wanted you to believe Nadine unfaithful. You'll forgive me, Dion, won't you. It was because I loved you so—and she couldn't have cared one hundredth part as much as I do. You loved her, didn't you, Dion? Yes, I knew, but I tried to forget. If I should die you will marry her. Dion, I love you so that I wish only for your happiness."

"But I will not die, Dion, I will not!" the young voice trailed off in half a sob, then woke again very faint and tremulous, like the echo of distant music. "How dark it has grown!" it murmured. "Have they left us alone at last, Dion? Come closer, I cannot see you."

There was no more sound or motion from the darkened pallet; the long lashes fluttered down and lay like rays of darkness on driven snow, and the childish lips parted in a faint, sweet smile upon which death had set his holy seal as if God had forgiven her guilty soul.

Roses everywhere! Stately bride roses under a fringed canopy of maiden hair fern, long-stemmed beauties, queens of hearts in such lavish confusion that Tatters was obliged to walk very circumspectly through the maze of blossoming stuff to the window where Ted stood with folded hands, breast high, to a rose-bower.

There were white rose petals on the sidewalk leading to the front entry and three little urchins were chattering delightedly over their trophies of an easy conquest.

Tatters found a little bare space on the window and looked out too, but failed to discover anything of signal importance. So he frisked about until Ted roused himself and took the fluffy little head between his palms and smiled with the pathetic cheerfulness of complete renunciation.

"All the fuss and flurry is over at last, Tatters," he said, "and now we've got to take life in hand and make something out of it. We shall be very happy, too—not quite as happy as Nadine and Dion, perhaps; still you have me and I have my work. Nadine? Well, Tatters, she doesn't need either of us now."

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MISS CELESTINE

By Fielding Ridge.

FROM the Acadian hamlet came shouts of children who were turning to advantage the last moments of daylight. I could see their little figures clearly outlined against the horizon as they scampered backwards and forwards in the pasture beyond. Sometimes when a child's mother had patronized the village store in place of weaving her own homespun, a dash of color, a vivid red, was added to the scene.

The sails of the windmill barely stirred in the spring air and I looked, Rongette and Cherry, Moll and Rose came from the milking pen softly tinkling their bells as they passed.

In a little while, I knew, lights would begin to glimmer in the village windows, and smoke would curl up from the low mud chimneys, a pleasing sign of supper to come. Our neighbor across the way would soon gather in her little flock from the troop of merry, shouting children, and I found myself speculating as to how many times the cry of "Angele, Jacques, venez donc," would come shrilly across the pasture, before they would finally yield to parental urging.

Miss Celestine Lagrange sat opposite to me on the porch. Though conversation languished, it was evident that with her this was not due to a contemplation of the scene. Picturesque it was to me, but to her it was only one of those dull realities which one accepts without thought and to which the idea of beauty does not attach.

As I looked at her, I could scarcely believe that in former years she had been called "la belle Celestine Lagrange," but so it was. My hostess had told me but the evening before that at one time Miss Celestine had been the village belle. It was hard to credit it.

True, her eyes were very large and dark, but their luster was gone and there was nothing left of her beauty. After the manner of "Cajans," as they are called in that part of the world, she had aged early.

The topics which we had in common were few, but Miss Celestine's social call was something of long duration. We had discussed flowers, chickens and vegetable gardens until my brain refused to give me another idea. The shadows began to lengthen, and that chill which marks the approach of night became perceptible. Still Miss Celestine lingered. I could not flatter myself that it was because she had found me overwhelmingly interesting. I was aware that it was a part of her social etiquette (one handed down to her for generations) to pay this protracted call. She would have thought it lacking in courtesy if she had brought her visit to a close sooner.

I knew that after awhile she would rise with the time-worn excuse for not remaining still longer. "Eh bien, je m'en vais pas mais il faut que je m'en aille" (Well, I'm not bored, but I must go).

How often in other days when entertaining "Cajan" visitors had I rejoiced in the fact that I was not forced to confess my own feelings on the subject. It would have been hard to reconcile courtesy and candor!

By chance, in a search for ideas, I mentioned Pointe des Arbres, a thriving Louisiana town which I had visited in my rambles. To my surprise, Miss Celestine suddenly became enthusiastic. She leaned forward and an unexpected color came into her sallow face.

"Ah, that is a place where one might live," she murmured. I remembered Pointe des Arbres as a little town thriving in a business sense, but hopelessly provincial. I recalled how it aped city customs and thus lost the charm it might have possessed had it clung to country ways. The little Acadian hamlet was at least picturesque. I could not say as much for the town of larger growth. Miss Celestine and I evidently regarded it from a different angle of vision.

"Why, what is so nice about Pointe des Arbres?" I asked with real interest.

"There are so many people there," said Miss Celestine, "and there is the levee to walk on, where one sees all one's friends on Sunday afternoons. Then there are balls in the spring of the year—one is not dead like here. Perhaps," she added hesitatingly as though she feared I might think her boastful, "you do not know that my brother Telesphore is a master mechanic in Pointe des Arbres. Yes," she continued, "and he lives in the red house near the postoffice."

I remembered the place as a gaudy little structure with a horrible pretense at style. The flower beds were primly defined by a border of blue and red stakes about six inches high, while two ferocious looking dogs grinned at one from either side of the steps. I had never been inside, but in driving past, I had often wondered if I might not decide with a reasonable certainty that within the parlor hearth rug the counterpart of these dogs might be found in vivid red on a background of blue! But it was evident that to Miss Celestine's mind this house represented all that was beautiful.

"I was never there but once," she said wistfully, "but some day I hope I shall go back for a while. My brother is married and has three children," she said as I showed a becoming interest in the subject, "and my sister-in-law wants me to come and live with her."

"And will you do so?" I asked.

"But no," she replied. "Who would take care of my mother? She is no longer young."

The words were simple, but they conveyed a world of love.

It was a pleasure to her, I could see, to talk of her brother Telesphore and his prosperity. With no intention of boasting, she dwelt with pride on his house that had a hall down the center (this seemed extraordinary to her). More than that, her sister-in-law kept a servant!

When at last I told her "good-by" she had gained an interest for me. I had met just another person with a "Carcassonne."

It was three years later when I next saw Miss Celestine. Her mother was dead and she had come to live with her brother's family.

Although I was only spending a few days in Pointe des Arbres, I intended to look up my old acquaintance, but before I had time to do so I met her one morning as I was on my way to the post office.

She was rolling a baby carriage while two cross-looking children tugged at her skirts and in voluble French demanded her attention. She was just in front of the gaudy little house—the door stood open and I caught a glimpse of the much-talked-of hall, while I mentally decided that Mme. Telesphore had now virtually two servants!

It seemed to me that Miss Celestine looked much older than when I had last seen her and gray threads were beginning to show in her heavy black hair. Her eyes had tired, dark lines beneath them as if she was often weary, but had no time to indulge in moments of repose.

I wondered if her "Carcassonne" had been all that she dreamed it to be, or if the present ever drifted away and in thought she was back again in the little Acadian hamlet tending her flowers and chickens!

As we stood chatting on the brick pavement, a buggy came rattling down the street.

When one tarries awhile in Pointe des Arbres, one catches the spirit of the place and looks with real interest upon the most trivial occurrences. The affairs of one's neighbors there possess an unparalleled importance; thus I turned instinctively to catch a glimpse of the occupants of the buggy.

The man would have attracted attention anywhere. With his deep-set dark eyes and singularly classic features, he seemed a type of the early picturesque Acadian, and I could not help thinking what a magnificent hero of Longfellow's poem "Evangeline" he would have made.

I noticed little about the woman at his side, except that she was of a massive style of good looks and seemed much overdressed.

"Who is that man?" I asked Miss Celestine, seeing that they had exchanged bows.

"That," she said, slowly, "is Achille Rodrigue, and that is his wife with him."

"Achille Rodrigue," I repeated to myself. Why, that was the man I had heard several people discussing but the evening before as I sat on the hotel porch. They seemed to be much impressed by the fact that after 13 years of unswerving devotion to one woman, he had startled everyone by marrying a widow who had long been keenly alive to the worldly advantages of such a match.

No one seemed to know exactly why he and his first love had never married. Some one suggested that the girl had sacrificed herself to the selfishness of her mother, but whatever it was, Achille Rodrigue had shown a constancy which his associates at first regarded with surprise, but afterwards learned to accept as part of his nature.

His marriage lately, therefore, occasioned no small astonishment, and there were many theories advanced on the subject.

Theophile, the blacksmith, who seemed to know Achille Rodrigue better than the others did, asserted loudly that Achille's great, strong heart had been touched by the widow's open devotion to him and that he had married her out of pity, perhaps wishing to bring into some other life the brightness his own lacked.

Apart from the speakers, sitting in the gray dusk on the hotel porch, I listened idly to the bits of conversation which floated to me on the evening air. My thoughts fled from Achille to the girl he had loved in those other days. I wondered what had been her fate, whether she had married some one else, or whether she still remembered. A mere speculation on my part, since I never expected to see either Achille or his first love!

"Yes," I said, recalling myself suddenly and turning to Miss Celestine, "I have heard of Achille Rodrigue before," and all at once I regretted that I had ever inquired about him.

Miss Celestine was leaning down and was lifting the baby from his carriage, arranging and rearranging the pillows at his back.

Her face was so averted that I could scarcely see it, but there had stolen over it an expression which made me feel that I had ruthlessly lifted the curtain from a human soul and disclosed depths which I had no right to see.

Now I understood the glamour which had been cast about the little town. After all, the memories which we treasure most are those which are gilded with a brush of our own romance. She had told me that April afternoon as we sat on the porch together, she hoped she would go back to that enchanted land. Now she had returned—and it seemed to me that since fate deals out her favors only sparingly at best, she is sometimes kinder in withholding altogether than in fulfilling in part.—Detroit Free Press.

County and Vicinity

It is reported that parties near Stockbridge are shooting prairie chickens.

B. F. Burtless of Manchester has been appointed to a clerkship in the tax commissioners' office at Lansing.

A little girl stepped into D. Nisaly's store Monday and as Fred came up to wait on her, she said, "I want some timities that grow on vines, not in cans."—Saline Observer.

It is said the cement company will begin the erection of works here in about six weeks. Probably but little will be done in the way of turning out cement before another year.—Grass Lake News.

The Plymouth Telephone Co. expects to be able to say "hello" to its subscribers by Sept. 1st. The plant will be thoroughly first class, superior 'phones having been purchased by the company.—Plymouth Mail.

An Ann Arbor man who was bothered by thieves stealing small articles from his barn finally got a watchdog, thinking that would abate the nuisance. It didn't, though, for the next time the thieves called they stole the dog.

John Fritz of Saline has commenced an action in trover against Sheriff Gillen and Deputy Sheriff Alber. The officers attached a quantity of liquors on five judgments and sold the same under an execution. Fritz claims damages to the extent of \$500.

The new additions to the Daisy Mang. Co.'s plant will be completed very soon now, and when the proposed new machinery shall be installed, they will have facilities for turning out 1,400 air guns per day certainly a very satisfactory state of things all around.—Plymouth Mail.

It is claimed that Wonderland in Detroit has no exhibition wax work of Frank and George Bailey. The work is said to be a reproduction of the scene in the back room of the shop at the time of the tragedy, showing Frank lying across the box and George upon the floor.—Stockbridge Sun.

Miss Ella Sands of Hillsdale, who is attending the summer school at Ann Arbor, moved her bed close to a window one of the warm nights last week, and then laid down to pleasant dreams. Suddenly she awoke and found that the Sands had slipped through the window and was mingling with the grass below. She was quite severely injured, and will be confined to her bed for some time.

Among the things which the Ann Arbor post office scemes as a result of breaking into the first class list is an automatic cash changer. By a system of keys all that is necessary to get change is to press the proper key and the money drops in the correct amount which the purchaser is entitled to. It was stated that pressing a key is all that is necessary. It should be added that the machine has to be loaded once in a while.—Argus.

It is predicted that the electric railway from Jackson will pass through Michigan Centre and approach Grass Lake via the road that skirts the farm of Grey Tower on the north. This route would leave the territorial road clear and make South street eligible as an avenue for the electric cars in and out of our corporation. It is to be hoped the village authorities will keep the electric cars off of Main street unless our citizens in public assembly shall instruct otherwise.—Grass Lake News.

Loren Oribabia of Cavite, Señores Antaga, of Manila, and Juan Tecson, of Bulacan, arrived at Ann Arbor Sunday night to pursue their studies. They are full blooded Filipinos and are sent by the International Club of Manila, they having won scholarships in competitive examinations. Oribabia is but 11 years old and will take up special work. The other two are 21 years of age and will pursue civil engineering in the university. They were sent here through the influence of Commissioner Dean Worcester.

The subject of pie eating contests advanced to be broached last night in a crowd of young men, and one word led to another until a certain well-known individual made a wager that he could swallow an entire pie in three minutes. The delicacy was procured, a ring formed about the two parties to the bet, and the ambitious gourmand was handed the pastry and commanded to fall to. The task was one of herculean dimensions, but the young eater crammed and thrust with such success that the third mouthful vanquished the last crumb of crust. He was paid the wager without a murmur.—Argus.

EGG PRODUCER will double your crop of eggs. Try it
VERMINE EXTERMINATOR will thrive your egg crop. Try it
CONDITION POWDERS will make your horses and cattle fat. Try it.
PETERMANS CELEBRATED JACKSON BREAD will make you fat. Try it.
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PURE FOOD STORE.
JOHN FARRELL.

Mid Summer Suitings....

We have just what you want.

J. GEO. WEBSTER, Merchant Tailor.

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We are showing a very superior line in both foreign and domestic.

ALL THE NEWEST AND MOST POPULAR WEAVES AND SHADES.

We are showing a very complete line of SPRING WOOLENS and assortment is large enough to suit all and at prices within the reach of everyone. We want to call your attention to the fact that we make all our garments at home, thereby employing a large force of workers; this is no doubt appreciated by all who are interested in the best interests and welfare of Chelsea.

To live well is to DRESS WELL. We extend to you an invitation to call into the finest equipped store of the state and we will show you in quantity and quality one of the largest stocks in the state in Chelsea, or ring up No. 37 and will gladly send you our line of samples embracing our large stock so you can view them at home. We Solicit a call.

Yours for Good Goods and Good Work all
Guaranteed as Represented.

RAFTREY THE TAILOR.

WED IN WHITE STYLE.

Weasel Bear and Earth Eater, Fall-
Blooded Indians, Have a Pom-
pous Marriage Ceremony.

There occurred an event at Fort Yates a few days ago that probably seems incredible to those who do not know about the rapid progress that has been made by the Indians toward civilization during the last few years, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. Weasel Bear, a full-blood Indian maiden, was married to Samuel Earth Eater, who is also a full-blood Indian, with all the display that attends some of the most pompous white weddings. The ceremony took place in the Catholic church in the presence of several hundred Indian spectators and friends of the young couple. The bride wore a beautiful light cream-colored gown, a long veil, and white slippers, and a large bunch of orange blossoms covered her breast, all of which were very becoming to her shapely figure and dignified though gentle bearing. The bridesmaids were dressed in white and carried beautiful bouquets of flowers. The bridegroom was attired in a black suit of the most modern cut.

Swift Bear, the bride's father, counts his cattle by the thousand. In the afternoon of the wedding he killed several fat steers, and, with a quantity of vegetables and fruit, spread a feast for all his friends and visitors. In the evening the bridegroom gave a grand ball in the agency hall.

Early Free Schools in Canada.
Long before school boards were established in England Canadian children were instructed free of cost between the ages of seven and twelve. This education is compulsory.

The Explanation.
Mrs. Dix—When my husband and I quarrel we never allow the children to witness it.

Mrs. Hix—Why, how in the world do you manage it?
"We always send them out of doors, so they can hear nothing."

"Oh! now I understand. I've often wondered why your children were in the street so much."—Illustrated Bits.

Old Stock Sure to Be Exhausted.
Servant—We want some eggs, ma'am.

Mistress—Well, go to Ambrose's shop and get a dozen.

"You forget, ma'am, the last ones we got there was bad."

"That's all right. If he has any at all to-day, they'll be good. The local dramatic society played at the town hall last night."—Stray Stories.

The All Important Question.
Vicar—Have you seriously considered the great question of life, Jane?
Housemaid—Yes, sir, thank you, sir. I've decided to keep company with the gardener.—Tit-Bits.

Chelsea Camp, No. 7338, Modern Woodmen of America. Meetings on the first and third Monday nights of each month.

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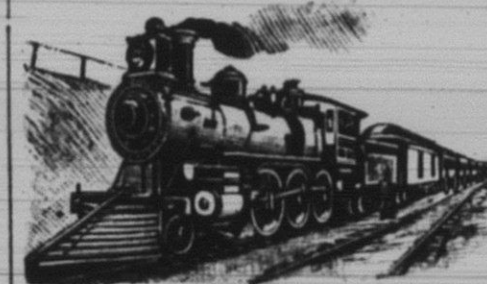
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The quicker you stop a cough or cold the less danger there will be of fatal lung trouble. One Minute Cough Cure is the only harmless remedy that gives immediate results. You will like it. Glazier & Stimson.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL EXCURSIONS



Knights of Pythias Biennial Conclave at Detroit, August 27 to September 1. One fare for the round trip. Sale of tickets August 25 to 28.

National Association of Letter Carriers, Detroit, September 3 to 8. One fare for the round trip.

Michigan Trotting and Racing Circuit race meeting, at Jackson, August 21-24. Rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip.

The M. C. will run an excursion to the Agricultural College at Lansing, Thursday, August 16th. Train leaves Chelsea at 7:22 a. m., returning leaves Lansing at 6 p. m. Fare for round trip \$1.30.

Michigan Trotting and Racing Circuit race meeting at Ypsilanti September 4-7. One and one-third fare for round trip. 34th National Encampment, G. A. R., at Chicago, August 27 to 31. \$4.45 from Chelsea. Dates of sale August 25 to 29.

Commencing August 5th and until otherwise advised, ticket agents are authorized to sell Sunday excursion tickets at one fare for the round trip, no adult rate to be less than 25 cents.

Week-end excursion to Jackson, Grand Rapids and Kalamazoo Saturday, August 18th.

Poptorene Tablets cleanse and improve the blood, curing all eruptions of the skin. 25 cts. per box.