

The Chelsea Standard.

VOL. XII. NO. 32

A CHELSEA PAPER FOR CHELSEA PEOPLE.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1900.

WHOLE NUMBER 603

SHOES.

Women's Gloria Shoes, all styles \$3.50.

Composite Shoes, all styles, \$3.00.

Men's Governor Shoes, all styles, \$4.00.

We have just opened our fall stock of women's "Buttercup" Shoes, all styles, \$2.50. These shoes are made on the same style lasts and of the same materials as our \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes, only not quite so fine. We have tried smaller lots of these the last two seasons and we can honestly recommend these shoes to our customers for a good medium priced shoe, as good wearers, and they have the style of the finer goods. We have them in soft soles, heavy soles and box calf for wet weather. This "Box Calf" heavy sole shoe is the best shoe we ever saw for a miss or young lady's school shoe.

SPECIAL.

We have a small lot of women's Cotton Covert Skirts that we bought cheap and are going to close out THIS WEEK.

Plain skirt of best cotton covert for 70c.

Braided cotton covert skirts, were, in the season \$1.75, now 98c.

\$2.50 Skirts, now \$1.50.

Women's Wrappers, to close out balance of light weight cloths, light and dark colors, regular \$1.00 garments for 70c.

H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co.

Agents for Butterick's Patterns and Publications

FRUIT JARS.

Pint Jars with covers and rubbers 60c dozen

Quart Jars with covers and rubbers 70c dozen

Two Quart Jars with covers and rubbers 80c dozen

Thick Elastic Rubbers at 5c dozen

--AT THE--

BANK DRUG STORE

Our entire stock of

LAMPS

--AT--

Reduced Prices.

We are making room for our new stock of Lamps. This is your opportunity.

Imitation Cut Glass Water Sets. Large Pitcher and 6 Glasses to Match for

36 CENTS.

Imitation Cut Glass Berry Sets. Large Berry Dish and 6 Small Ones to Match for

24 CENTS.

Reduced Prices on

Decorated Plates

AT THE

BANK DRUG STORE

CHELSEA TELEPHONE NUMBER 8

DEATH AND DESOLATION.

Furious Hurricane and Tidal Wave Cause Havoc on the Gulf Coast.

CITY OF GALVESTON, TEX., SUFFERS.

Many Other Towns Ruined—Loss of Life Estimated at Between 1,500 and 5,000—Nearly \$50,000,000 Worth of Property Destroyed—Details of the Disaster.

Dallas, Tex., Sept. 11.—From the latest reports which are considered reliable the disaster at Galveston and along the coast has not been exaggerated. The waters of the gulf and bay met, covering the island to a depth of six to twelve feet. During this sudden flood a most terrible storm was raging, the wind blowing about 80 miles per hour. Many of the dead have been uncovered; others are still under the debris; others carried out to sea. It is not possible to give, at this time, a reliable report as to the number of deaths. From estimates made by reliable persons who have just come from Galveston, it is believed that no less than 1,500, and possibly as many as 5,000, people were destroyed. Of course, the wounded and broken are numerous. The damage to property is most shocking.

Some of the best public buildings and private establishments were wrecked. Thousands of homes were swept entirely away. It is quite safe to set this down as one of the greatest disasters that has ever visited the United States. The loss of property is irreparable; the loss of life is appalling.

A Prompt Response.

Gov. Sayers appealed to President McKinley for aid. This appeal was met with a prompt response from the president, who stated that 10,000 tents and 50,000 rations had been ordered to Galveston. Gov. Sayers also addressed an appeal to each municipality in the state, asking for prompt assistance in caring for the sufferers. Telegrams of inquiry and sympathy have been pouring in from every state in the union, and in almost every instance substantial relief has been offered.

The stricken city is in imminent danger of a water famine, and strenuous efforts are making here to supply the sufferers. Relief trains are being organized and will leave here at an early hour to-day.

Reports from the interior confirm the loss of life and destruction of property reported in these dispatches Sunday night.

A Resume.

Some figures showing the appalling nature of the disaster are given below:

Total property loss... \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000
Dead at Galveston (estimated)... 1,000 to 5,000
Following is the estimated number of dead at other places:

| | |
|------------------------|---|
| Dickinson | 1 |
| Texas City Junction | 1 |
| Richmond | 1 |
| Booth | 1 |
| Hensley | 1 |
| Letitia | 1 |
| East Bernard | 1 |
| Houston | 1 |
| Virginia Point | 1 |
| Morgan's Point | 1 |
| Brazoria | 1 |
| Fulshear | 1 |
| Rosenberg | 1 |
| Angleton | 1 |
| Oyster Creek | 1 |
| Sabine Pass | 1 |
| Texas City | 1 |
| Brookshire | 1 |
| Seabrooke | 1 |
| La Porte | 1 |
| Alvin | 1 |
| Southwest Pass | 1 |
| G. C. & S. F. R. wreck | 1 |

In the following places no deaths are reported to have occurred, but the property loss is heavy: Hockley, Waller, Hearne, Cypress, Hempstead, La Marque, Genoa, Clear Creek, Webster, Eagle Lake.

Soldiers Perish.

A special to the News from San Antonio, Tex., says: At military headquarters, department of Texas, the information is that 120 men stationed at Fort San Jacinto, Galveston, only 15 escaped. Further information is that the captain in command is among the victims. Lieut. Col. C. S. Roberts, adjutant general department of Texas, is in Galveston on a tour of inspection. It is not known if he is among the small number at the fort who escaped.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION.

Story of the Storm in Galveston by an Eye-Witness.

Houston, Tex., Sept. 11.—Richard Spill ne, a well-known Galveston newspaper man who reached Houston Monday after a terrible experience, gives the following account of the disaster at Galveston:

"The wreck of Galveston was brought about by a tempest so terrible that no words can adequately describe its intensity and by a flood which turned the city into a raging sea. The weather bureau records show that the wind attained a velocity of 84 miles an hour when the measuring instrument blew away, so it is impossible to tell what was the maximum. The storm began at two o'clock Saturday morning. Previous to that a great storm had been raging in the gulf and the tide was very high. The wind at first came from the north and was in direct opposition to the force from the gulf. While the storm in the gulf piled the water upon the beach side of the city, the north wind piled the water from the bay on to the bay part of the city.

Residents Alarmed.

"About noon it became evident that the city was going to be visited with disaster.

SECTION OF TEXAS DEVASTATED BY THE HURRICANE.



Hundreds of residences along the beach front were hurriedly abandoned, the families fleeing to dwellings in higher portions of the city. Every home was opened to the refugees, black or white. The winds were rising constantly and it rained in torrents. The wind was so fierce that the rain cut like a knife.

The City Submerged.

"By five o'clock the waters of the gulf and bay met, and by dark the entire city was submerged. The flooding of the electric light plant and the gas plants left the city in darkness. To go upon the streets was to court death. The wind was then at cyclonic velocity, roofs, chimneys, portions of buildings, telegraph poles and walls were falling and the noise of the winds and the crashing of the buildings were terrifying in the extreme. The wind and waters rose steadily from dark until 1:45 o'clock Sunday morning. During all this time the people of Galveston were like rats in traps. The highest portion of the city was four to five feet under water, while in the great majority of cases the streets were submerged to a depth of ten feet. To leave a house was to drown. To remain was to court death in the wreckage.

A Night of Agony.

"Such a night of agony has seldom been equalled. Without apparent reason the waters suddenly began to subside at 1:45 a. m. Within 20 minutes they had gone down two feet and before daylight the streets were practically freed of the flood waters. In the meantime the wind had veered to the southeast. Very few if any buildings escaped injury. There is hardly a habitable dry house in the city. When the people who had escaped death went out at daylight to view the work of the tempest and the floods they saw the most horrible sights imaginable. In the three blocks from Avenue N to Avenue P, in Tremont street, I saw eight bodies. Four corpses were in one yard.

"The whole of the business front for three blocks in from the gulf was stripped of every vestige of habitation, the dwellings, the great bathing establishments, the Olympia and every structure having been either carried out to sea or its ruins piled in a pyramid far into the town, according to the vagaries of the tempest.

Great Buildings Wrecked.

"The first hurried glance over the city showed that the largest structures, supposed to be the most substantially built, suffered the greatest. The orphan's home, Twenty-first street and Avenue M, fell like a house of cards. How many dead children and refugees are in the ruins could not be ascertained. Of the sick in St. Mary's infirmary, together with the attendants, only eight are understood to have been saved. The old woman's home on Rosenberg avenue, collapsed. The Rosenberg school house is a mass of wreckage. The Ball high school is but an empty shell, crushed and broken. Every church in the city, with possibly one or two exceptions, is in ruins.

"At the forts nearly all the soldiers are reported dead, they having been in temporary quarters, which gave them no protection against the tempest or the flood.

Shipping Damaged.

"Eight ocean steamers were torn from their moorings and stranded in the bay. The Kendall Castle was carried over the flats from the Thirty-third street wharf to Texas City, and lies in the wreckage of the Inman pier. The Norwegian steamer Gyller is stranded between Texas City and Virginia Point. An ocean liner was swirled around through the West bay, crashed through the bay bridges and is now lying in eight feet of water near the wreckage of the railroad bridges. The steamship Taunton was carried across Pelican Point and is stranded about ten miles up East bay. The Mallory steamer Alamo was torn from her wharf and dashed upon Pelican Point. Down the channel to the jetties two other ocean steamships lie grounded. Some schooners, barges and smaller craft are strewn bottom side up along the slips of the piers. The tug Louise, of the Houston Direct Navigation company, is also a wreck.

Gen. Wheeler Retired.

Chicago, Sept. 11.—Gen. Joseph Wheeler is placed on the retired list, having reached the age of 64, the war department's service limit.

Express Sympathy.

London, Sept. 11.—All the morning papers contain editorials expressing sympathy with the United States in the Galveston disaster.

Fatal Explosion.

Bowling Green, O., Sept. 7.—By the explosion of a threshing engine boiler near here two men were killed and several injured.

Eastern Star Officers.

At the annual meeting of Olive Chapter, O. E. S., last week the following officers were elected:

W. M.—Mrs. H. S. Holmes.
W. P.—R. B. Waltrous.
A. M.—Mrs. R. B. Waltrous.
Secretary—Mrs. R. S. Armstrong.
Treasurer—Mrs. G. H. Mitchell.
Conductress—Mrs. S. G. Bush.
Associate Conductress—Miss Mabel Gillam.

The Chapter is in a flourishing condition, has increased in membership a goodly number during the past year.

A COURSE OF ENTERTAINMENTS

THE EPWORTH LEAGUE PRESENTS
A FINE LIST.

There Will be Ten Numbers—The Price of Admission for the Entire Course Will be One Dollar.

The course of entertainments given under the auspices of the Epworth League last winter was such a success that the society has decided to present another course the coming season.

This year there will be ten numbers, but the price will remain the same as of last year, \$1 for the entire course. The arrangements have all been made and the names of the companies and the dates are given below:

October 26th, The Ernest Gamble Concert Co.

November 13th, Hon. G. A. Gearhart, lecturer.

December 17, Spillman Riggs, humorous lecturer, solo whistler and musical impersonator.

January 23, The Stephenson String Quartet, assisted by Wallace Bruce Ambary, reader.

January 11th, The Ottumwa Male Quartette Co., and Miss Addie Chase Smith, reciter.

February 18th, Dr. A. A. Willits, the dispenser of sunshine.

February 26th, The Parker Concert Co.

March 6th, Edward H. Frye, monologist.

March 13th, Lovett's Boston Stars.

April 1st, Durno-Emmett Combination. Durno, the mysterious, Emmett the king of entertainers, and Kimbrough, the musical marvel.

MCKINLEY ACCEPTS.

The President's Letter Discusses Many Topics of Great Importance.

Washington, Sept. 11.—President McKinley's formal letter of acceptance published Monday reviews at length the principal issues raised in the present campaign. Special attention is given the free silver and imperialism issues. The first part of the document deals with free silver, which is called, if not the paramount, the "immediate" issue of the campaign, since the democratic platform calls for "the immediate restoration of the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the present ratio of 16 to 1." Thus, the writer argues, the main issue of 1896 is revived.

The president replies to the plans for a Philippine protectorate, asserting that such a plan would be full of dangers, and says "a military support of authority not our own is the very essence of militarism." He defends the Philippine policy of the administration, asserting that the present situation is one which has been forced upon the nation, and declares for a policy to establish in the islands "a government suitable to the wants and conditions of the inhabitants and to prepare them for self-government."

Attention is called to the progress made in restoring order in Cuba, while the Porto Rican tariff bill is upheld and defended. On the subject of trusts the president advocates penal and prohibitory legislation against combinations which suppress natural and ordinary competition.

Looking Higher.

Lady (interviewing parlor maid)—I'm afraid you're too good looking. You see, I have grown-up sons, and young men are so thoughtless and given to flirting.

Swell Parlor Maid (loftily)—You need not worry yourself about that madam; I have higher aspirations than your sons. I am engaged to a professional cricketer, and one of the best!—T. B. B.

NEWEST, CHEAPEST AND BEST.

By this we mean our Wall Paper stock. We have just received 4,000 Rolls of Wall Paper which we intend to close out this Fall, if prices have anything to do with it. Look at our window display this week and see how cheap you can paper your home. Every pattern is marked in plain figures.

Now is Your Time to Buy

Kirkoline 5c package

Kirkoline large package only 20c

Try our 25c Coffee. It is a winner.

Ask for a sample of our Compadre Chop Teas; and they will do the rest.

Pure Cider Vinegar 18c gallon

Now is the time for Celery Seed, White Mustard, Curry Powder, Turmeric and Spices of all kinds. Remember we carry the best, and at the lowest prices

Geo. McDonald's cider saver 25c package

Pint fruit jars only 60c dozen

Quart fruit jars only 70c dozen

½ gallon fruit jars only 80c dozen

Thick elastic can rubbers 5c dozen

Yours for Something New.

Fenn & Vogel.

Highest Market Price for Eggs.



We have an overstock in

Top Buggies, Surries and Farm Wagons,

and to move them quickly we have cut the price.

Corn Harvesters at very low prices.

Special prices on

FURNITURE for September.

W. J. KNAPP.

If you want to keep cool eat

Ralston's Whole Wheat Bread

at 5c per loaf made by

J. G. EARE

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. Murdock, 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—Scene selected is of two mysterious shots fired at corner of Broadway and near Knickerbocker bank. Man had been seen running from bank with valise, and arrested. Man said he stole valise from bank steps and was shot at. Valise contained nothing of interest.

CHAPTER IV—Sturgis secures appointment with Dunlap, chief of bureau, to have 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) would be killed 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, when dragged, 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 been taken with some fair sinner 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 have 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. Sprague in bookkeeper's desk always two empty cartridges.

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

CHAPTER XI—Reporter has now completed diagram showing movements of Arbogast and Chatham and has before him 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 the 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. She, in mistake, allows 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 give up confession as soon as he has escaped.

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

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 declares: "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.

CHAPTER XVI—Sturgis traces Chatham's movements as far as Dr. Thurston's house. Doctor had just developed a chemical ray photograph showing position of bullet in accountant's forearm.

CHAPTER XVII—Reporter now goes to vicinity of Manhattan Chemical office. Detectives report Chatham to have twice entered the place, but not seen to have come out either time. Murdock's house is on next street directly behind chemical concern. Here Sturgis gains admission, and overhears Chatham's excited voice threatening "to give the whole thing away."

CHAPTER XVIII—Sturgis has come to get rear view of chemical office, but gives as his reason desire for interview with chemist regarding recent experiments. Murdock asks reporter into laboratory, but Sturgis remembers engagement and excuses himself.

CHAPTER XIX—Meeting Sprague outside the two go for warrants and police to search chemical concern. Arriving, Sturgis with skeleton key opens two doors, then leaving police and detectives he and Sprague descend to cellar, follow an underground passage and come to Murdock's laboratory. Here is found a vat from which reporter carefully fishes out a bit of lead which appears to be a flattened bullet.

CHAPTER XX—Sturgis finds vat contains fluid that dissolves bone as well as flesh. The bullet just found shows how Chatham had been killed. He then meets end. Murdock coming from above discovers the men. Sturgis fires, but he retreats in safety.

CHAPTER XXI

THE DEATH CHAMBER.

Before the men had gone many steps a grating sound reached their ears from the direction of the sky-light. They looked up and saw sliding steel shutters slowly and ponderously close, like grim jaws; and suddenly they felt themselves cut off from the outside world.

Sturgis, taking up his lighted candle, made his way to the door of the subterranean passage and tried in vain to open it; the heavy iron bolt remained immovable in its socket. Inch by inch he scrutinized the door with growing anxiety. At last he abandoned the search and returned in the direction of the square chamber.

"That explains why he wanted to shut me in here when I was in his office," he muttered under his breath. "What is the matter?" asked Sprague.

"We are caught like rats in a trap," replied Sturgis. Then with feeling he added: "I do not know how this will end, old man. I have bungled, and I fear the game is lost. If our lives are the forfeit, you will owe your death to my stupidity."

Sprague looked at his friend, as if surprised to hear him apparently abandon the fight.

"Don't worry about me," he said, kindly; "I came here of my own free will. But," he added, as a vision of Agnes Murdock flashed upon his mind, "I have no intention to die just yet, if I can help it. Are we not both able-bodied men and armed? What can one man do against two?"

"It is not an open fight," said Sturgis, "but I am glad to see your spirit. I do not give up; but I want you to realize that we are in a critical situation, with the odds enormously against us."

"Why, what can Murdock do?"

"Perhaps what he did to Chatham. It will probably not be long before we discover what that was."

"But there must be some way of opening that door from the inside," said Sprague.

"There evidently is none," replied Sturgis; "he probably controls these doors from the outside by electrical connection."

The men were back in the square chamber. Sturgis eyes were roving restlessly over the walls, ceiling and floor in search of a loophole of escape.

"There is no chance to reach the skylight without a ladder; and even if we could reach it, we should be no further advanced, as it would be impossible to make any impression on the steel shutters. That leaves the register and the speaking tube. While I examine the register, suppose you try the tube. If it connects with the Manhattan Chemical company's office, there is a bare chance that we may attract the attention of the detectives whom we left there."

"As we were saying, Mr. Sturgis—" The words came in Murdock's mocking tones.

Sturgis quickly held the lighted candle above his head and peered in the direction whence came the sound. A panel of the door at the head of the stairs had been pushed up, revealing a small opening, covered by a strong and closely woven wire netting.

"As we were saying, 'murder will out!' Nevertheless, it is sometimes easier to weld a chain, even of circumstantial evidence, than it is to predict who will be bound in it."

Sturgis and Sprague stood in the glimmering light of the candle, silently watching the glowing eyes behind the screen.

"Mr. Sturgis, you are a clever man," continued Murdock, "an uncommonly clever man. I frankly admit that I had underrated your ability. But then we are all fallible, after all. I made my share of blunders, as you seem to have discovered; but you will doubtless now concede that your own course has not been entirely free from errors. And now that we have reached the conclusion of this interesting game, I have the honor to announce: 'Mate in one move.' Perhaps you are surprised that I should take the trouble to explain the situation to you so clearly. I do so in recognition of your superior intelligence. I see in you a peer. If matters could have been so arranged, I should have been proud to work in harmony with such a man as you; and indeed, when a short time ago I invited you to my laboratory, it was my intention to offer you a compromise which I hoped I might be able to persuade you to accept. I felt that you would prove an ally who could be trusted. But, alas, that is impossible now, on account of your friend's presence. With all due respect to Mr. Sprague, as an amiable man of the world and a prince of good fellows, it may be said that he is not one of us. Much to my sorrow, therefore, I am left no alternative to the course I am about to adopt. The fault, if anybody's, is your own, after all, Mr. Sprague. There is a homely but expressive adage concerning the danger of 'monkeying' with a buzz saw. Why, my dear friend, did you 'monkey' with Mr. Sturgis' buzz saw, instead of sticking to your palette and maulstick?"

"But I fear I am growing garrulous, gentlemen. If I had time, I should like to explain to Mr. Sturgis the details of some of the more important, and in my humble opinion, more brilliant schemes of which I have been the author—the promoter; for I dislike to be judged by the bungling operations which have so nearly caused me to lose this latest little game. But this cannot be. I shall have to continue to confide to the pages of my journal, as I have done for years, the interesting events of, I may say, a somewhat remarkable career, which I hope will some day, after my death, find their way in print to public favor. My dream has always been that some such man as Mr. Sturgis might ultimately edit these memoirs; but, alas, the fondest of human dreams are seldom destined to be realized."

"Now, then, gentlemen, before finally parting with you, I wish to honorably carry out the terms of my wager with Mr. Sturgis. I concede the fact that, to all intents and purposes, he

has won the bet, and I authorize you, Mr. Sprague, as stakeholder, to pay him the amount I deposited with you. As I have already suggested, he has made some perhaps excusable mistakes; but, then, as he himself stated the other night, 'a detective has a lifetime in which to correct a blunder.' A lifetime! It is not in accordance with Mr. Sturgis' usual practice to use so vague a term. A lifetime is not necessarily a very long time, Mr. Sturgis."

During this tirade Sturgis and Sprague had remained standing with their eyes fixed upon the gleaming carbuncles which peered at them from behind the grated peephole at the top of the stairs. The artist seemed to realize that the fight was lost. His attitude was that of a brave man accepting, with calm despair, an unpleasant but inevitable doom. The reporter had drawn his revolver at the first sound of Murdock's voice, but had immediately returned it to his pocket upon realizing that the chemist was protected by a bullet-proof grating. Now, pale and collected, he remained inscrutable. It was impossible, even for the sharp eyes of Murdock, to determine whether he was at last resigned to his fate, or whether his active mind was still on the alert for a loophole of escape.

The bit of candle which he held in his hand had burned so low that at last he was unable to hold it without risk of burning his fingers. Whereupon he coolly set it down upon the stone floor, where presently the wick fell over into a pool of molten paraffine, and the flame sputtered noisily, sending fitful gleams through the darkness.

"Well," continued Murdock's voice, "it is at any rate a great satisfaction to play a game with an adversary worthy of one's steel. You have played well, Mr. Sturgis. I think you would have won modestly; and you are losing as I would myself have lost, had our positions been reversed. Good-bye."

The gleaming eyes disappeared from the grating and the sliding panel closed with a metallic click.

"Now, then," said Sturgis to his companion, "the last chance lies in the speaking tube. But first help me move this box."

"What do you want to do with the box?" asked Sprague, who, however, did as he was bid.

"It may help us to gain a little time. Put it down here."

Sturgis struck a match and pointed out the spot.

"On the hot-air register?"

"On what looks like a hot-air register. Did you ever see a hot-air register with no apparent means of shutting off the heat?"

Sprague, who stood almost over the register, suddenly threw back his head and gasped for breath.

"You have discovered the secret of this death trap," said Sturgis, observing him.

"Gosh!" spluttered the artist. "Yes, he is going to asphyxiate us. Now, quick, to the speaking tube! The box will somewhat retard the rush of gas, but at the best, it is only a question of minutes before the air becomes so charged as to render respiration impossible."

Sprague rushed to the speaking-tube and whistled long and loud, after which he placed his ear to the mouth-piece.

"I hear some one walking," he suddenly exclaimed.

The two men listened in breathless silence for an answering call.

"Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you?"

The words came in Murdock's voice. Sprague's eyes met those of the reporter and saw that the last faint glimmer of hope was gone. In that swift and silent interchange of thought there was resignation to the inevitable doom and the final farewell of two brave hearts.

The spluttering candle gave its last flicker and went out, leaving the prisoners in utter darkness.

The room was rapidly filling with gas and they were beginning to feel its effects.

"We can at least complete our task before we die," said Sturgis, with grim determination.

"Our task?"

"Yes, and insure Murdock's conviction for our murder."

"What chance is there that anyone will ever discover our bodies, since they are destined for Murdock's oblivion tank?"

"Give me your hand," Sturgis replied; "there is a box of matches. I place it here between us, within easy reach. I want to write a few words to the superintendent of police to explain matters. By that time there will be enough gas in the room to produce a terrific explosion, when we strike a match. We can thus succeed in wrecking this place and calling attention to it. If I should succumb before you do, do not fail to light the match."

While he was speaking the reporter had taken from his pocket a pad and a pencil and had begun to write as rapidly as he could in the darkness.

Sprague's head was beginning to swim and his ears were ringing, but the thought of Agnes Murdock was uppermost in his mind.

"An explosion!" he exclaimed; "no, no; that must not be. What of Agnes? She may be hurt?"

Sturgis continued writing: "It is the only chance there is of bringing Murdock to justice," he said, firmly.

"But Agnes is innocent of his crimes," urged the artist, in a thick voice. "His tongue clove to his palate; he felt his consciousness ebbing."

"Why should he suffer? I am going, old man—I cannot hold out any longer—Promise me that you—that you will not—strike—the match—"

He staggered and fell against the reporter, who caught him in his arms. His own senses were reeling.

"Promise—" pleaded the half-conscious man.

"I promise," answered Sturgis, after an instant's hesitation. It struck a chill to his heart to see his friend dying in the prime of youth, strength and happiness.

Suddenly a thought flashed upon him. "Brace up, old fellow. All is not yet over. The speaking-tube leads to fresh air. Here, put your lips to it and breathe through your mouth."

The artist heard the words and made an effort to obey these directions.



TOTTERED AND REELED.

tions. With Sturgis' assistance he managed to place his lips to the mouth-piece of the speaking-tube. A few whiffs of comparatively fresh air sent the sluggish blood coursing through his veins and gave him a new hold on life. With renewed vigor came the animal instinct to fight to the last for existence.

As the shadows of death which had been closing in upon him receded, he became conscious of Sturgis' voice beating upon his ears in broken and scarcely audible tones.

"It is—the last chance—Stick—to the tube—When he comes—surprise him—your revolver—shoot—before—"

The reporter was clinging unsteadily to his friend's shoulder. Sprague suddenly realized that Sturgis in his turn was succumbing to the effects of the gas. He sprang back in time to catch the staggering man in his arms.

"Selfish brute that I am!" he exclaimed. "Here; it is your turn to breathe!" And he pushed the reporter toward the tube.

"No, no," said Sturgis, struggling faintly; "it cannot be both—and you—have—everything—to live for."

But the artist was now the stronger, and he succeeded in forcing his friend to inhale enough fresh air to restore his departing consciousness.

At length Sturgis, with returning strength, was about to renew the generous struggle with Sprague, when suddenly the place was ablaze with the glow of an electric light.

"He wants to see if his work is done," whispered Sturgis, to his companion. Then, observing that Sturgis was again on the verge of asphyxiation, he continued hurriedly:

"Fill up your lungs with air, quick!—quick, I tell you. Now drop and feign death. Do as I do."

Suiting the action to the word, Sturgis threw himself upon the stone floor, face downward, and lay motionless, his right hand grasping a revolver coiled beneath his body. Sprague, after a short breathing spell at the tube, followed his companion's example.

After a short interval there came a metallic click, which Sturgis recognized as the sound made by the opening of the slide in the panel of the door at the head of the stairs.

A moment—which seemed an eternity of suspense—followed, during which the prisoners felt, without being able to see, the cold gleam of the steeple eyes of Murdock at the grating.

Would he enter? Would he suspect the ruse? Would the two men retain their grasp of consciousness and their strength long enough to make a last fight for life?

These thoughts crowded upon the reporter's brain as he lay simulating death and making a desperate effort to control his reeling senses.

If Murdock were coming he would have to shut off the gas and ventilate the room. What was he waiting for?

"Come in!"

The words were Murdock's—as he turned away from the grating and closed the sliding panel.

"An interruption which probably means death to us," whispered Sturgis to his companion; "take another breath of fresh air, old fellow; we must hold out a little longer."

Sprague, however, lay motionless and unresponsive. The reporter shook him violently and turned him over upon his back. The artist's body was limp and inert; his eyes half closed; his face livid.

The reporter himself felt sick and faint. But, with a mighty effort, he succeeded in raising his friend in his arms, and dragging him toward the speaking-tube. There, of a sudden, his strength failed him. His head swam; his muscles relaxed; he felt Sprague's limp form slip from his grasp, tottered, reeled, threw his arms wildly about him for support, and fell, as the last elusive ray of consciousness was slipping away from him.

TO BE CONTINUED

The emergency bags sent by a church society to Kansas soldiers in the Philippines contained among the necessities a box of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the well known cure for piles, injuries and skin diseases. The ladies took care to obtain the original DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve knowing that all the counterfeiters are worthless. Glazier & Stinson.

Subscribe for The Standard.

But through all this talk of legal warfare the minister remains calm.

MR. DIXON'S PRAYER.

In Answer to It a Brewery Was Struck by Lightning.

And Now the Company Is Suing the Eloquent Minister, While the Latter Has Been Nominated for Congress.

"Oh, Lord God of Hosts, who controls the earth and the winds and the storms and the thunder and the lightning," fervently prayed Rev. E. E. Dixon, of Stroudsburg, Pa., at a meeting of the W. C. T. U., "put thy blighting curse upon the brewery now being built in our midst; utterly mill-dew the building from cellar to roof, confound its projectors and builders, and, O God, cast down the lightning of thy wrath on the brewery and doom it. And thine shall be the glory forever. Amen."

Some time later a bolt of lightning shot from the sky, struck the roof of the brewery and tore out the elevator shaft.

And because of the prayer and its apparent answer, Stroudsburg has received the greatest excitement of its whole existence, the telegraph has scattered intelligence of the phenomenon all over the western continent, the man who offered the supplication has received a nomination for congress, and throughout the northeastern section of Pennsylvania there is much talk of the probable attempt of the brewery corporation trying to hold the minister legally responsible for asking and obtaining interference from Providence with its legitimately commercial enterprise.

It is doubtful if, since the Bible enjoined prayer, a supplication to the Almighty ever had more peculiar results laid at its door.

And should the threat to institute legal steps against Rev. Mr. Dixon be carried out, the queerest lawsuit in the history of the world will have been instituted.

It is a long story, this, that has to do with the new brewery at Stroudsburg, which, by reason of a prayer, has received more free advertising than any other similar incipient undertaking in the country to-day.

The history of the case goes back to March of 1899.

Until that year the good citizens of the peaceful yet thriving town of Stroudsburg never knew what a brewery looked like, except by descriptions. But at that term of license court a corporation, composed of men of Stroudsburg, Scranton and Wilkes-Barre, made application for a license to erect and maintain a brewery within the county of Monroe and the corporate limits of its county seat, Stroudsburg.

The people of the village were unwilling to have this go on, and they had meetings of the various churches and the W. C. T. U. to determine what to do to prevent the nuisance. And at one of their meetings Rev. Mr. Dixon made the prayer that made the town famous.

On Monday, April 23, 1900, at three p. m., there appeared the harbingers of a thunder storm. The town saw them and fled to shelter, while, driven furiously onward as if pursued by a revengeful spirit, the clouds swept from mountain to valley and hung over the spot where the brewery stands. And then there were rolls of thunder and suddenly from the midst of the black masses a bolt of fire shot forth.

Just one streak of lightning and the clouds and the thunder and the storm vanished as quickly as they had come, leaving a sky as clear as that which must have greeted the first man and the first woman in the Garden of Eden.

Half an hour later every soul in the town of Stroudsburg had heard that the brewery had been struck by lightning, that Contractor Shiffer and one of his workmen had been stunned and the two sons of Rev. Mr. Custard had been knocked from a ladder by the force of the heavenly fire.

There are hundreds of persons in Stroudsburg who firmly believe that the minister's prayer had much to do with bringing down the lightning. Such seems to be the unanimous belief of the prohibitionists of the Eighth congressional district, for they have nominated Rev. Mr. Dixon as their candidate for congress—and they had never even thought of him as a possible candidate before his prayer had received its apparent answer.

And close on the heels of this nomination to congress has come a rumor which will not down that the brewery corporation is going to try to hold Rev. Mr. Dixon legally responsible for stirring up Providence against its undertaking.

But through all this talk of legal warfare the minister remains calm.

THE MINISTER PRAYED.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW. ss. Notice is hereby given, that by order of the Probate Court for said County of Washtenaw, made on the 7th day of August, A. D. 1900, six months from said date were allowed for creditors to present

Make Known Your Wants

14
You Want

A Girl
a Situation
or a Salesman?

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

To sell a house and lot,
to buy a house and lot,
to sell a horse,
to buy a horse,
or to loan money?

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 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

NATIONAL PARTY TICKET.

Senator Caffery, of Louisiana, Nom-
inated for President at the Con-
vention in New York.

A. M. HOWE NAMED FOR VICE PRESIDENT

Platform Declares the Aims and Pur-
poses—National Union Reform
Party Selects Candidates by Refer-
endum—State Tickets Named in
New York and Minnesota.

New York, Sept. 6.—The national
party—the official name of the third
party—met in convention Wednesday
in Carnegie hall, this city, and nomi-
nated candidates for president and
vice president of the United States.
A platform was adopted and a title
and emblem chosen. These are the
candidates:

For president, Donaldson Caffery, of
Louisiana.

For vice president, Archibald Mur-
ray Howe, of Cambridge, Mass.

There were no other candidates for
the positions and the nominations
were received with hearty applause.

The Platform.

The platform adopted says:
"We, citizens of the United States of
America, assembled for the purpose of
defending the wise and conservative prin-
ciples which underlie our government, thus
declare our aims and purposes:

"We find the country threatened with al-
ternative perils. On one hand is a public
opinion misled by organized forces of com-
mercialism that have perverted a war in-
tended by the people to be a war of hu-



DONELSON CAFFERY.

manity into a war of conquest. On the
other hand is a public opinion swayed by
demagogic appeals to factional and class
passions; the most fatal diseases of a re-
public. We believe that either of these in-
fluences, if unchecked, would ultimately
compromise the downfall of our country, but
we also believe that neither represents the
sober conviction of our countrymen.

"Convinced that the extension of the
jurisdiction of the United States for the
purpose of holding foreign people as col-
onial dependencies is an innovation dan-
gerous to our liberties and repugnant to
the principles upon which our government
is founded, we pledge our efforts through
all constitutional means—

"First, to procure the renunciation of all
imperial or colonial pretensions with re-
gard to foreign countries claimed to have
been acquired through or in consequence
of military or naval operations of the last
two years.

"Second, we further pledge our efforts to
secure a single gold standard and a sound
banking system.

"Third, to secure a public service based
on merit only.

"Fourth, to secure the abolition of all
corrupting special privileges, whether un-
der the guise of subsidies, bounties, un-
deserved pensions or trust-breeding tariffs."

It was decided that the party be
known as the national party and that
its emblem be the statue of liberty on
the capitol dome at Washington.

Still Another Ticket.

Springfield, O., Sept. 6.—Seth Ellis,
of Ohio, for president and Samuel T.
Nicholson, of Pennsylvania, for vice
president are the nominees of the na-
tional union reform party, chosen by
referendum. The result of the ballot-
ing was announced Wednesday by R. S.
Thompson, of this city, chairman of
the national committee. The count of
the vote was completed at Baltimore,
where A. G. Eichelberger, chairman of
the canvassing board, had charge of
the work. Ellis received 1,621 votes;
Nicholson, 24; all others, 28. Thirty
states and territories participated in
the balloting.

NEW YORK REPUBLICANS.

B. B. Odell, of Newburg, Is Named for
Governor.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Sept. 6.—
In state convention yesterday the re-



HON. B. B. ODELL, JR.

publicans nominated the following
ticket:

For governor, B. B. Odell, Jr., of Or-
ange.

For lieutenant governor, Timothy L.
Woodruff, of Kings.

Secretary of state, John T. McDonough,
of Albany.

Comptroller, William J. Morgan, of
Erie.

State treasurer, John P. Jaekel, of
Cayuga.

Attorney general, John C. Davies, of
Onondaga.

State engineer, Edward A. Bond, of
Jefferson.

FUSION IN MINNESOTA.

Democrats and Populists Agree on
State Ticket.

St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 7.—The demo-
cratic convention in this city and the
people's party convention in Min-
neapolis on Thursday worked in com-
plete harmony, the former conceding

to the latter the nominations for
lieutenant governor and two of the
three railroad commissioners. The
ticket is as follows:

For governor, John Lind; lieutenant gov-
ernor, T. J. Meighan; secretary of state, M.
E. Noy; state treasurer, H. C. Koerner; at-
torney general, Robert C. Saunders; rail-
road commissioners, R. M. Ringdahl and T.
J. Knox for four years, S. M. Owen for two
years; chief justice, Frank C. Brooks; as-
sociate justice, J. C. Nethaway; elector at
large, Dr. Rudolph Schiffmann; elector at
large, M. R. Prendergast.

DEATH CLAIMS HIM.

Hon. Arthur Sewall Passes Away at
His Summer Home at Small-
point, Maine.

Bath, Me., Sept. 6.—Mr. Sewall died
at 8:30 a. m. Wednesday at his sum-
mer home, Smallpoint, about 12 miles



HON. ARTHUR SEWALL.

from this city, of apoplexy, the stroke
having been sustained last Sunday.
He was 64 years of age.

[Arthur Sewall was born in Bath in No-
vember, 1835. His father, W. D. Sewall,
for years was prominent as a shipbuilder
and the son fitted himself for the same
trade.]

Upon the death of his brother, Edward
Sewall, the firm of Arthur Sewall &
Company was formed, and the corpora-
tion now controls one of the largest of
American sailing fleets.

For many years he was the Maine rep-
resentative on the democratic national
committee, and in 1896 he was made the
choice of his party for vice president.

Mr. Sewall is survived by two sons,
Harold M. Sewall, who was stationed by
the government at Hawaii, and William
D. Sewall, who is in business in Bath.]

VERMONT REPUBLICANS.

Elect Their State Ticket by a Large
Plurality and Have a Big Ma-
jority in Legislature.

White River Junction, Vt., Sept. 6.—
The republicans of Vermont elected
their state and congressional tickets
Tuesday by a plurality of at least 32-
250, and a majority over all of 31,000.
If the towns yet to be heard from give



WILLIAM W. STICKNEY.

a vote corresponding relatively to the
vote of the towns reporting Wednesday
the figures mentioned will be about
right. The state senate is solidly re-
publican, and the republican repre-
sentation in the general assembly will
be substantially 200 out of a member-
ship of 246.

THE ELECTION IN MAINE.

Returns Show a Republican Plurality
in the State of About
33,000.

Portland, Me., Sept. 11.—The repub-
licans elected their state ticket Mon-
day by a plurality of over 33,000. The vote
was almost as large as four years ago,
and the returns up to 11:30 p. m., compared
with 1896, showed republican losses of
about ten per cent, and a democratic
gain of about 18 per cent. The result
must be in a great measure gratifying
to both parties. To the republicans
because they polled almost as large a
vote as in 1896, and to the democrats
because of the heavy gains over that
year.

Congressman Amos L. Allen, Charles
E. Littlefield, Edwin C. Burleigh and
Charles Boutelle are reelected by ma-
jorities ranging from 6,000 to 10,000.
In all but one of the 16 counties the
republicans elected their county tick-
ets. The legislature is about the same
as at present.

May Return More Indictments.

Frankfort, Ky., Sept. 11.—The fall
term of the circuit court began here
Monday. The grand jury as a result
of developments in the trial of Caleb
Powers, is expected to return additional
indictments in the Goebel killing.
The city is full of witnesses who are
to testify in the case of James How-
ard, who is charged with being the
man who fired the shot. Efforts are
being made for bail for others indicted.

Lynched.

Montgomery, Ala., Sept. 11.—Zed
Floyd, a negro, was taken from jail at
Wetumpka late Sunday night and
hanged. Floyd had entered the sleeping
room of two young women, and when
discovered jumped from a window.

A Bank Robbed.

Chicago, Sept. 11.—The Citizens'
bank of Evanston was robbed of \$3,000
during the noon hour, while the cash-
ier was talking to a stranger in front
of the building.

PEACH CROP ENORMOUS.

Prices Have Gone So Low That Grow-
ers Have Stopped Gathering
the Fruit.

St. Joseph, Sept. 8.—The peach crop
this year is something unheard of. By
the middle of next week it will have
been harvested and growers will be
wealthier by several hundred dollars
each than on any preceding year. Dur-
ing the last ten years the nature of the
fruit produced in this belt has changed.
The farmers' ten years ago went in
more for small fruits and melons. The
peach craze struck them and in the last
ten years it is estimated that 5,000,000
peach trees have been planted in this
immediate vicinity. These trees are
just beginning to bear nicely and as
nearly all of them matured this year
there is consequently an immense
crop. Although the fruit has all been
of a good size and grade, the immense
output has so cheapened the price that
most farmers have stopped picking as
the Chicago market pays only five
cents a basket. Some of the growers
say they will convert their peach or-
chards into melon and potato patches
for next year.

INSANE WOMAN'S DEED.

Supposedly Harmless, She Becomes
Majinal and Strangles Wardmaid
to Death with Strips of Skirt.

Detroit, Sept. 8.—Lulu Turbenning,
an insane woman, confined in the
Wayne county asylum, on Friday gar-
roted another female inmate, a ward-
maid, named Rebecca Tiernan, caus-
ing her instant death. The murder-
ess tore a portion of her clothing into
strips and then looped it around her
victim's neck, choking her to death
almost instantly. The tragedy was dis-
covered by a nurse making her rounds,
and the murderess was still pulling the
cord when discovered. The murderess,
Lulu Turbenning, is 25 years old and
has been in the asylum for six years.
She is suffering from chronic mania,
but was considered a most harmless
inmate. The coroner was notified and
a thorough investigation of the matter
will be made. Lulu Turbenning will
likely be sent to the asylum for the
criminal insane at Ionia. She refuses
to talk about her deed.

CLOSED ITS DOORS.

The Private Banking Concern of A.
Ives & Sons, in Detroit, to Go
Into Liquidation.

Detroit, Sept. 11.—The oldest bank
in Detroit closed its doors Monday
noon. The bank was that of A. Ives
& Sons, and the written notice posted
on the front door merely said: "We
have decided to go into liquidation."
The first intimation of trouble came
several months ago, when Ives & Sons
withdrew from the clearing-house as-
sociation in the matter of weekly
statements. Ives & Sons had been
members of the clearing house since
the day it was organized, but being
private bankers they objected strenu-
ously to the idea of giving weekly
statements, and the statements they
furnished not being what were de-
sired they finally drew out after a
mix-up with the clearing house com-
mittee and decided to go it alone.

Drowned.

Algonac, Sept. 8.—An accident oc-
curred here which resulted in the
death of one man and the narrow es-
cape of another. It seems that Albert
Sharrow and his son-in-law, Alex
Pierce, who are well-known to all
Flats resorters through their coming
down and delivering groceries and
provisions, were returning home and
tied up to the steamer Idlewild. Just
as the steamer was coming into Al-
gonac a small boat crossed her bows
in order to avoid running down this
boat, the steamer backed. The other
boat was upset and Mr. Sharrow was
drowned.

Boys Get Into Trouble.

Otsego, Sept. 7.—It appears that the
boys who got into trouble over break-
ing some insulators were throwing at
a bird and it is said their damage to
the insulators was not intentional.
Franklin Coburn told the story of his
connection with the affair, but some of
the other boys denied it. The Coburn
boy appears to have had no intention
of doing wrong. He told his story be-
fore a justice, but was not arrested.

Burned by Crude Creosote.

Plainwell, Sept. 7.—Fred Carpenter
was seriously burned on the face Tues-
day evening by crude creosote. Mr.
Carpenter was preparing it on an al-
cohol lamp to relieve the asthma from
which he is suffering. He accidentally
overturned the dish and the hot creosote
covered his face, entering one eye.
Mrs. Carpenter was slightly burned on
the face and hands.

Poisoned by Eating Toadstools.

Holland, Sept. 7.—The family of A.
Brayman were made very ill by eat-
ing freely of toadstools which they
mistook for mushrooms. The hus-
band, wife and one son were in a cri-
tical condition, but will recover.

Lost His Life.

Grand Rapids, Sept. 6.—While swim-
ming in the power canal near Bridge
street Edward and Stanley Olszewski,
aged eight and ten years, were drawn
under by a current and Edward was
drowned.

Seventy-Five Couples Wed.

St. Joseph, Sept. 10.—Seventy-five
bridal couples were married at the
Needham residence Sunday. The
names of 40 couples were withheld
from publication upon request.

Boys Charged with Theft.

Mason, Sept. 7.—Three young lads,
William Oliver, Frank Ingram and Ray
Brown, have been arrested, charged
with stealing baseball bats from Man-
ager Clark, of the K. of P. ball team.

STATE GOSSIP.

Interesting Bits of Information from
Many Localities in Mich-
igan.

The next state band tournament will
be held at Lansing.

Four Mormon elders are seeking
converts in Kalamazoo.

Battle Creek has voted to spend \$30,-
000 on new schoolhouses.

The soldiers' monument will be un-
veiled in Battle Creek Saturday, Octo-
ber 2.

The principal streets of St. Joseph
will be given over to the carnival on
September 19, 20 and 21.

A deaf and dumb school has been
started at Menominee, as a branch of
the local public school system.

Dryden is shipping so much produce
these days that an extra freight train
is sent there each day to take care of
the supply.

The post office at West Holt is to be
discontinued, and so is star route
number 37,746, the mail to be deliv-
ered at Holt.

William A. Florence, a farmer, com-
mitted suicide near Constantine, by
shooting himself through the head.
He was despondent.

C. E. Bray, professor of history at
the Central Michigan normal school,
has been called to a similar position at
the Milwaukee normal.

A good roads congress will prob-
ably be held at Traverse City the first
week in October, similar to the one
recently held at Saginaw.

Imlay City claims to be one of the
biggest hay shipping points in eastern
Michigan, many car loads being
shipped from there each week.

The post office at South Lake Linden,
in the copper country, was broken into
recently and \$600 in stamps and all of
the money order blanks on hand taken.

The peppermint industry in Muske-
gon county seems to be dying out.
There are but five stills in operation
in Moorland township this year,
where not very long ago there were
over 20.

Mrs. Anderson, a Mears woman who
wandered away from home some ten
days ago, has been found dead in a
swamp near the village. She had evi-
dently lost her way and perished of
hunger and exhaustion.

From present indications the yield
of sugar beets in the Saginaw valley
this year will exceed that of last sea-
son, the weather having in the main
been very favorable to their growth.
Cabbages will also be an immense
crop.

The veterans of the Fourth Michigan
cavalry, a part of which regiment cap-
tured Jefferson Davis at the close of
the war, will hold their annual reunion
at Lansing on September 19, the thir-
ty-seventh anniversary of the battle of
Chickamauga.

Within the next two weeks the gen-
eral passenger office of the Pere Mar-
quette railroad will be removed from
Grand Rapids to Detroit, and thus the
last of the general offices, all of which
were formerly located there, will be
lost to the valley city.

Twenty-two years ago a Mrs. Daniels
deserted her husband and six children.
The children were adopted by different
persons in the state. Miss Emma Dan-
iels, of Maple Rapids, went to Saginaw
recently and met her sister, Mrs. Wil-
liam Stange, for the first time since
they were separated.

Twenty tons of Saginaw coal were
recently sent to Pittsburgh for a test.
The report says: "We are prepared to
say that the coal is suitable for use in
glass producers for the manufacture of
glass and iron, and that it compares
very favorably with the coal used in
western Pennsylvania."

Rev. William G. Hubbard, of Phila-
delphia, the new superintendent of the
anti-saloon league, has established
himself in Lansing and his principal
business during the next eight or ten
months will be to watch the legisla-
ture to see that no laws are passed
tending to encourage the liquor traffic.

The quality of the peach crop in
Mason county was never better than
this year and growers are getting
good returns for their fruit. The
fruit men find that comparatively
few orchards were killed by the se-
vere cold spell of winter before last,
and many now regret having cut
down trees which at that time they
supposed were killed.

Tried a Queer Process.

Menominee, Sept. 7.—Caris Ouelette,
aged 47, allowed himself to be buried
in wet sand as a cure for rheumatism.
He assisted his wife in digging the hole,
and then took off his clothing and was
covered to the chin. The police inter-
fered at the urgent request of neigh-
bors and took the man from his prema-
ture grave. They were met with re-
sistance on the part of both the man
and his wife. Ouelette is in a helpless
condition as a result of the exposure.

Rural Free Delivery.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 8.—Rural
free delivery service has been ordered
established September 15 at Howell,
Livingston county, Mich. Length of
route, 4 1/2 miles; area covered, 78
square miles; population served, 1,200;
number of houses on route, 281; car-
riers, John E. Kirk and Tauman B.
Dean.

Lost His Hay Crop.

Highland Station, Sept. 7.—The barn
on the farm of Mrs. George W. Mills,
of Detroit, one mile north and one mile
west of here, was partially destroyed
by fire. William Hutchins, who rents
the farm, lost his year's crop of hay and
draw. The loss is covered by insur-
ance in the Monitor.

Bitten by a Pet Dog.

Lansing, Sept. 7.—Alice Boughner,
14 years of age, was bitten by a pet
dog. The animal, which may have been
afflicted with rabies, was killed.

WILL NOT GO BACK.

Traveling Man's Impressions of a
Hot Day in Washington.

Don't Go to the National Capital in
Summer, He Says, Unless You
Want to Boil Over with
Righteous Indignation.

"Speaking of warm babies, hot stuff
and other tropical subjects," remarked
the man who travels, to a New York
Sun reporter, "did any of you unfor-
tunate ever go up against Washington,
D. C., when there was an area of high
pressure frolicking around the Poto-
mac flats and contiguous territory?
Don't unless you've got a date with an
ice cream freezer in a cold storage
warehouse."

"I struck the town one day the last
hot spell, dropped off a train in the
morning and catching another the
same day in the evening, and I'm a
salamander if I ever felt anything like
it. You've heard of Tophet and Aitah
and Gehenna and Brimstoneville and a
few more winners of any kind of a
heat, haven't you? Well, put 'em all in
the field, and give 'em all the start you
want, and I'll bet ten to one that Wash-
ington will beat the bunch out of the
top of the thermometer, hands down. It
was extremely hot as early as eight
o'clock in the morning, with a nasty,
heavy unbearable kind of air shutting
off all the breeze, and the wide street-
ways of asphalt had begun to shimmer
and grow soft under the sun. I could
see the quivering of the heat rising
from the scorching tar and the ever-
lasting restlessness of it brought the
perspiration to my very eyeballs."

"By 11 o'clock it was very much hot-
ter and the pavements were so soft that
my heels stuck into them and my feet
dragged over the superheated surface.
By noon I was forced to put up my um-
brella, and was immediately compelled
to put it down again. Did you ever put
up a sun umbrella in Washington? No?
Then don't. The direct sun is bad
enough, but it is cold custard to the
heat from the pavement that is caught



AN AUGUST DAY IN WASHINGTON.

by the umbrella spread over it and
dashed back into your face and all over
your seething person. By Jove, I
thought I had run my head up into
an old-fashioned garret next to a tin
roof, and I shut that umbrella up with
a snap that almost broke one of its
ribs. I believe it would have broken it,
only the rib was so hot that I could
have twisted it into a spiral spring for
a \$27 mattress.

"By three o'clock it was simply
blamed hot, and when I said so every-
body agreed with me."

"At this hottest hour of the day I
was compelled to go out on the street,
and, so help me Bob Ridley, there was
not one other person visible so far as
the eye could reach, and only two
vehicles. You see, they knew better,
and I didn't, and couldn't have helped
myself anyhow. Down on Pennsylva-
nia avenue it was nearly as lonesome
and a good deal hotter, because the
avenue is 100 feet wide, and, in the lan-
guage of Shakespeare, imagination
drops her wings and refuses to soar in
the useless fight for words to express
how infernally hot a section of asphalt
100 feet wide by a mile and a quarter
long can get when exposed all day in
Washington to a summer sun. People
have talked to me about Rome being
hot in summer. Compared with Wash-
ington it is a mouthful of ice cream to
a dose of boiling soup. I rode along for
half a mile in a street car and I did not
see a woman in the whole distance. If
you know anything about women and
stores and shopping and streets you
ought to be able to approximate, from
her entire absence, how hot the town was.
The stores were open, because
that's what they were there for, but
the clerks were inert masses, incapable
of action. They hung around on stools
and counters like a lot of wilted dish-
rags, and they had to decline to show
fine goods for fear of injuring them
with the perspiration that trickled
from their fingers."

"Hot? Well, I should melt and run
down. By cripes, do you know that a
band which would dare to play 'There'll
Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-
Night' during one of those hot spells
would only be saved from lynching be-
cause the outraged people were so ex-
hausted they could not vent their right-
eous indignation upon it?"

A Narrow Escape.

John Steif, an oiler in the Locust
Gap colliery, near Shamokin, Pa., was
leaning over a pair of rolls, when the
bottom of his overalls was caught by
the shafting. He was being rapidly
drawn around a swiftly revolving
shaft, when he unbuttoned his trou-
sers, which were jerked from his legs
in a jiffy. Holding to a crossbeam,
he called for help. A man rushed to
the engine-room and gave the alarm,
whereupon the engine was stopped,
just as Steif had given up hope of be-
ing saved.

THE CHELSEA STANDARD

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

BY C. T. HOOVER.

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

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

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

PERSONAL.

S. C. Stimson spent Monday at Detroit. Fred Johnson spent Tuesday at Ann Arbor. Ward Morton was an Ann Arbor visitor Tuesday. Miss Stella Conlan went to Ann Arbor Tuesday. Dan Conway was a Manchester visitor Saturday. Geo. P. Glazier was a Stockbridge visitor Monday.

Orrin Riemenschneider is spending this week at Detroit. Mrs. Helen Martin spent the past week at Traverse City. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Watson spent Monday at Ann Arbor.

Dr. John Lee of Dexter was a Chelsea visitor Wednesday.

Carl Bagge of Detroit is visiting his uncle Chris Bagge.

Furman Penn of Detroit visited his father here this week.

Mrs. Georgia Hepburn of Detroit is visiting her sons here.

Miss June Fuller is visiting her grandmother at Battle Creek.

Miss Nina Crowell spent Friday and Saturday in Grass Lake.

Mrs. H. C. Boyd of Sylvan spent Sunday with her son Merritt.

Fred Schnallman of Ann Arbor was a Chelsea visitor this week.

Miss Rose Scully of Bad Axe was the guest of Miss Leora Laird.

Miss Bertha Keusch is spending this week with Munnth friends.

Miss Jeanette Storms left the first of the week for Madison, Wis.

Geo. VanHusen of Detroit spent part of this week with his father here.

J. P. Wood is attending the Bean Buyers convention at Detroit today.

Gus. Eliele of Ann Arbor was the guest of his parents here Sunday.

Mrs. C. Spinnagle was called to Toledo Saturday by the death of a cousin.

Mrs. Fannie Wines and daughter Emma, left for Olivet Wednesday.

Miss Ella Morton spent several days of this week at Detroit and Ann Arbor.

Mrs. H. M. Long of Pittsburg, Pa., is visiting her sister, Mrs. S. A. Barlow.

Misses Myra Clark and Norma Purchase are spending this week in Detroit.

Ernest Peck of Detroit was the guest of B. B. TurnBull the first of the week.

Fred Everett of Seattle, Wash., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jay Everett.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Steger were called to Toledo Saturday by the death of a relative.

Rev. W. P. Considine spent Tuesday in Jackson, and is spending today in Detroit.

The Misses Minnie and Bertha Schumacher are visiting in Ann Arbor and Detroit.

Miss Lynda Durfee of Plymouth is the guest of her cousin, Miss Nina Crowell.

Miss Rebecca Bollinger of Jackson is the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. L. Keusch this week.

Chauncey Staffan of Ann Arbor spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Staffan.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Steger were called to Toledo Saturday by the death of Mrs. Jacob Steger.

Miss Nellie Bacon left for Evansville, Wis., where she has accepted a position in the schools.

Miss Edith Congdon will spend her vacation with relatives at Ann Arbor, Detroit and Saline.

Mrs. M. E. Breining of Willis was the guest of her nephew, Morgan Emmett, Tuesday.

Mrs. Blanche Wood and Miss Kate Hooker are in Detroit, at the wholesale millinery houses.

H. V. Heistly of Lyndon returned home Monday after spending some time with friends near Adrian.

Mrs. Edna Martin and daughter Nellie left on Monday for Adrian where they will make their home.

Mrs. F. J. McNaney and children of East Grand Forks, Minn., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Keusch and son, Archie, and Miss Rebecca Bollinger spent Sunday with Ypsilanti friends.

Mrs. D. C. McLaren of this place and Mrs. Dr. Chase of Dexter are spending this week with friends at Stockbridge.

Miss Bag, s, who has been the guest of Mrs. J. R. Gates for some time, will return to Brooklyn Monday. Miss Ella Morton, who is going to New York, will accompany her.

Miss Mary Haab returned Monday from the east where she has been selecting her fall and winter stock of millinery.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Kanouse of Co-hoctah were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Chapman several days of this week.

Hon. James S. Gorman attended the state convention of the U. M. B. A. at Mt. Clemens last week as the representative of the local branch.

Revs. J. I. Nickerson and Geo. B. Marsh are in Pontiac this week attending the annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal church.

Laird-Stiles Wedding.

A very pretty wedding occurred Wednesday evening, September 12, 1900, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Laird, when their daughter, Leora Jean, was united in marriage to Rev. F. A. Stiles of this place. The house was beautifully decorated with ferns and golden rod, blended so nicely with their colors, gold and white. The table was also decorated with their colors and smilax.

The maid of honor was Miss Rose Scully of Bad Axe, and the ushers were Misses Georgella Relly and Francis Wallace. Only the immediate families of the bride and groom were present.

The happy couple left amid showers of rice for the parsonage, which is to be their future home, taking with them many tokens of remembrance. Rev. O. E. Hall of Kingsley, a former classmate of the groom, officiated.

Democratic County Ticket.

The democrats of Washtenaw county nominated the following ticket at their county convention at Ann Arbor yesterday:

For Judge of Probate—W. L. Watkins of Manchester.

For Clerk—Philip Blum of Ann Arbor.

For Sheriff—John Gillen of Saline.

For Register of Deeds—Clifford Huston of Ypsilanti.

For Prosecuting Attorney—John Duffy of Ann Arbor.

For Treasurer—Geo. Mann of Lodl.

For Circuit Court Commissioners—Wm. Murry of Ann Arbor and Frank Jocelyn of Ypsilanti.

For Coroners—B. F. Watts of Ann Arbor and C. F. Kapp of Manchester.

For Surveyor—Dorsey Hoppe of Sylvan.

LYNDON.

The following were elected delegates to the democratic representative convention, to be held at Ann Arbor, September 29th: Geo. B. Goodwin, Matt Hinkard, Chas. Stapish and E. McCrow.

At the democratic caucus at the town hall, Lyndon, Saturday evening, September 8th, the following were elected delegates to the democratic county convention: A. J. Boyce, Geo. Runciman, John Clark and Orson Beeman.

People who burn the Lamp of Reason need Rocky Mountain Tea. Greatest reason producer known. 35c. Ask your druggist.

SYLVAN.

Rev. Geo. B. Marsh preached his farewell sermon last Sunday.

Mrs. Edward Hammond of Jackson called on friends here last week.

These will be preaching services at the Christian Union church next Sunday.

Herman Dancer returned to Jackson Sunday after spending some time with his parents here.

Miss Amanda Merker of Detroit spent one day last week with her mother, Mrs. Mary Merker.

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.

SHARON.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Conklin of Sylvan visited in town Sunday.

Miss Agnes Obersmith began her school near Clinton this week.

Paul Schaible is teaching in the district known as the Jerusalem school in Lima.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Raymond of Grass Lake visited at A. Holden's on Sunday.

James Kellam has been engaged to teach the coming year in the Alber district.

The social at A. H. Kuhl's last Friday was quite largely attended and the some of \$60 was taken in.

We learn that Fred Bruestle has bought W. Dresselhaus' interest in the threshing rig, and is now the sole owner of the rig.

School has begun in district No. 4 with Miss Lois Kellam as teacher. At the annual school meeting Ralph Boyden was elected as director.

Rev. Bradley held communion service at the Irwin school house last Sunday, it being his last Sunday before going to the annual conference.

Miss Grace Dorr was received into the church.

Mr. and Mrs. George Obersmith visited in Grass Lake Saturday and Sunday and in Manchester on Monday.

When you are born the Creator starts you going and you go a long time, if you grease the main-spring of life with Rocky Mountain Tea. Great lubricator. Ask your druggist.

WATERLOO.

Mrs. Celia Dean returned home Saturday.

O. Gorton was a Jackson visitor Monday.

George Emmons spent Friday in Jackson.

Martin Howe of Chicago is visiting his mother here.

Bert Archenbronn is spending this week in Bay City.

Mrs. Nettie Foster started her apple evaporator Saturday.

Mrs. Spencer Boyce had the misfortune to break her arm Monday.

Geo. Archenbronn will begin running his cider mill next Tuesday.

Miss Florence Collins is teaching the fall term of school in the village.

Michael Strauss of Detroit spent the past week with his mother and brother here.

Mr. Broadhead and his mother of Decatur, are the guests of Rev. and Mrs. Broadhead.

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.

LIMA.

John Edwards is preparing to build a new house.

Miss Estella Miller is teaching the Centre school.

Mrs. Wm. Stocking is spending some time at Grand Rapids.

Mrs. Ed. Beach has not been quite so well as usual the past week.

Miss Ida Kensch of Chelsea will teach the school in district No. 3.

Several of our democratic friends attended the county convention at Ann Arbor Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Strieter were called to Scio, Sunday by the serious illness of their grandson, Roy Strieter. At the present writing he is reported as being somewhat better.

What's bothering the farmers now most of anything is to cut their corn. Help is scarce, the weather extremely hot and an immense crop with fully one third of the stalks lying flat on the ground, making the work a slow and tedious job.

Last week while assisting Charles Paul to adjust a bearing on the engine, John Brown had the misfortune to get his left hand badly crushed. The engine for some reason started, catching his hand between a large key in the piston rod and the cylinder. It broke two bones in the hand and badly lacerated the flesh. Dr. Palmer dressed the wound which is doing as well as could be expected, but will no doubt lay him up for some time.

Loved by the people, hated by its would-be rivals; the foe of disease, the friend of humanity—Rocky Mountain Tea, made by the Madison Medicine Co. Ask your druggist.

FREEDOM.

Mrs. Henry Kuhl sr. is very ill.

A number of people from Roger's Corners attended the mission services at Bethel church last Sunday.

Why is Ed. Kuhl wearing such a broad smile? We know. On account of the arrival of a ten pound son.

Does the Baby Thrive

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

Scott's Emulsion

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

Should be taken in summer as well as winter.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

Among those who attended the Democratic convention at Ann Arbor on Wednesday were Ed. Kuhl and Fred Eschelbach.

The people of St. John's church at Roger's Corners will hold their annual missionary services on Sunday, September 16.

Mr. and Mrs. John Grau had their little son christened last Sunday, whence it received the name of Henry Godfrey. A namesake of its grandfather.

Nearly every week we find chronicled some accident or one narrowly averted by unmanageable horses coming in contact with the street car on Main street. Ever since the arrival of the street cars there has been talk of opening up a back street as a continuation of Adams street (west of the Methodist parsonage) across the back ends of Mrs. Chaffee's and L. C. Hough's property to the railroad track. Mr. Starkweather signifies his willingness to meet them from Oak street at any time. In fact he says the street is already laid out to the railroad. Now, the question is asked, why don't the council take some steps to carry out this project?—Plymouth Mail.

The Army in India.

In India the military programme for the year includes the rearmament of the native army and volunteers with the magazine rifle, rearmament of mounted batteries and the reorganization of horse, field and mountain batteries. Military factories are to be improved and apparatus provided for the making of lyddite. Experiments will be made with war balloons, and the ambulance and hospital services will be improved.—Baltimore American.

E. W. Grove

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

MICHIGAN CENTRAL EXCURSIONS

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.

Order Eastern Star, Grand Chapter, Port Huron, October 10 and 11. One fare for round trip.

Large sun spots, astronomers say, caused the extreme heat this summer, and doctors declare nearly all the prostrations were induced by disorders of the stomach. Good health follows good digestion. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat. If you have indigestion or dyspepsia it will quickly relieve and permanently cure you. Glazier & Stimson.

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

PROBATE ORDER.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Tuesday, the 28th day of August in the year one thousand nine hundred.

Present, H. Wirt Newkirk, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Richard McLean, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition duly verified, of George McLean praying that the administration of said estate may be granted to Jas. L. Gilbert or some other suitable person.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Wednesday, the 5th day of September next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs-at-law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, and show cause if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Chelsea Standard, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

H. WIRT NEWKIRK, Judge of Probate.

P. J. LEPPAN, Probate Register.

JUST FOR

THE FUN OF IT

WHILE THEY LAST

12 bars good laundry soap 25c

I. C. Baking Powder 1c per oz.

Lyndon cheese 12½c pound

Flour 55¢ 65c per sack

Teas and Coffees,

Gasoline and Kerosene. None better. Prices right.

J. S. CUMMINGS.

Chelsea Savings Bank

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

Oldest and Strongest Bank in Western Washtenaw.

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

German Empire Government 3-2 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 3½ 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 2½ to 3 per cent after deducting taxes.

This Bank pays 3 per cent interest on moneys deposited with it according to its rules.

DIRECTORS:

Wm. J. Knapp, President, Thomas S. Sears, Vice President, Herman M. Woods, John R. Gates, Wm. P. Schenk, James L. Babcock, Geo. W. Palmer, M. D., Victor D. Hindelang, Geo. T. Glazier, Cashier.

Theo. E. Wood, asst. Cashier. D. W. Greenleaf, Teller. A. K. Stimson, Auditor.

BOTTOM PRICES

ON

FURNITURE

DURING

SEPTEMBER.

We are making some Low Prices on

Spike and Spring Tooth Harrows,

DISK HARROWS,

FARMERS' FAVORITE GRAIN DRILL,

RUBBEROID ROOFING,

STEEL RANGES.

HOAG & HOLMES.

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.

WANT COLUMN

RENTS, REAL ESTATE, FOUND, LOST, WANTED, ETC.

Advertisements under this head will be printed for 15 cents for the first insertion and 10 cents for each subsequent insertion.

FOR SALE CHEAP.—More than cheap. Good 8 foot steel Decorah windmill with 40 foot wood derrick, 25 barrel galvanized iron tank in derrick. Can be seen at C. H. Kempf's residence.

H. Lighthall.

FOR SALE.—Quantity of old corn. Inquire of W. K. Guerin.

FOR SALE.—Second-hand buggy, in good condition. J. D. Watson.

FOR SALE.—New milch cow. Inquire of G. T. English.

NEW FALL

MILLINERY.

We are now showing all the latest and newest designs in FELT HATS and Novelties in the Millinery line. Call and see our new stock.

ELLA CRAIG-FOSTER.

Over Webster's Tailor Shop.

To prevent consumption quickly cure throat and lung troubles with One Minute Cough Cure. Glazier & Stimson.

PAY UP

All persons who are indebted to me, will please call at my Butcher Shop and pay their accounts before September 29, 1900. All accounts on my books not paid by that date will be placed in the hands of a collector.

ADAM EPPLER.

This is an urgent appeal to all who are indebted to The Standard to call and settle. We need the money. Please.

Subscribe for The Standard.

Notes of the Week

Miss Nen Wilkinson is quite ill with rheumatism.

Charles Leach has moved to Paw Paw where he will make his home.

S. Hirth is having an addition built to his residence on Orchard street.

Edmund Whipple was initiated into the first degree in Masonry Tuesday evening.

Work has been commenced upon J. Geo. Webster's new residence on Park street.

Wirt McLaren now rides a chainless Crescent bicycle, the only one in the village.

Hon. J. D. Turnbull, a brother of Geo. W. Turnbull, died at his home in Alpena Monday.

Miss Margaret Nickerson will sing a solo at the M. E. conference at Pontiac tomorrow.

E. A. Williams, who purchased the Canfield residence on Park street, is remodeling the same.

S. A. Mapes has purchased a new Bates & Edmonds gasoline engine to be used in the laundry.

Miss Mattie Stimson gave a very enjoyable tea party Monday afternoon in honor of her guest, Miss Field.

Merchants who cash checks for smooth-tongued strangers have no right to poke fun at the purchasers of gold bricks.

The Western Washtenaw Farmers' Club will meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sweetland September 20th, 1900.

Married, on Wednesday, September 5, 1900, at Chicago, Miss Edith Drury, formerly of this place, and Mr. William E. Hughes.

President McKinley took his thumb off the political pulse the first of the week long enough to attend the wedding of his niece.

The Kempf Commercial & Savings Bank has been connected with the Chelsea Telephone Co.'s exchange. Their number is 19.

The Chelsea Manufacturing Co. has moved into its new building, which is one of the finest factory buildings that can be found in the state.

Henry Howard, who has been in the clothing department of H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co. for some time, has severed his connection with that firm.

The Manchester Enterprise started on its thirty-fourth year last week. The Enterprise is an excellent paper and deserves the success that it has attained.

Joseph Eisele, Jr., will enter the Pontifical College Josephinum at Columbus, Ohio, next Thursday as an ecclesiastical student. His father will accompany him on his trip.

The banns of matrimony between Michael Schanz, Jr., and Miss Bertha Spencer, both of Lima, were published last Sunday in St. Mary's church. The wedding will occur in two weeks.

Miss Ella Barber is now employed as bookkeeper by the H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co. P. A. Gerard, who has been employed there for a number of years in that capacity, is now in the clothing department.

The village is having a cement crosswalk laid on Main street near the Chelsea Steam Laundry. Those cement crosswalks are all right and The Standard hopes to see the time when all the crossings in the village will be made of that material.

About 150 from this place went to Jackson Friday to greet Governor Roosevelt. They took the Chelsea Band with them in order to properly impress the people of that city with the fact that the right kind of enthusiasm can always be found here.

The committee in charge of raising the \$100 necessary to get the special train bearing the prohibition nominees for president and vice president to stop at Ann Arbor October 10th, have secured the amount and the train will stop there one hour on that date.

The ladies of the Congregational church will hold their annual thank offering meeting in the church parlors, Wednesday evening, September 19th. Supper will be served from five until half past seven, after which an entertaining program will be given. A very cordial invitation is extended to everybody.

The Christian Endeavor society will give a social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Holmes, Friday evening, September 21st.

The Chelsea Telephone Co. received a carload of poles Saturday, to be used on the line which will be built south and east of town.

Democratic congressional candidate Loennecker has named Walter Mack of Ann Arbor as a member of his congressional committee.

Ann Arbor's police force has recovered sixty out of sixty-four bicycles which have been reported as stolen this year. A pretty good showing.

A large number of the members of the K. O. T. M. and L. O. T. M. from this place attended the great Maccabee blow-out at Jackson yesterday.

The prohibitionists of Washtenaw county will hold a mass convention in room fourteen of the Savings Bank block at Ann Arbor, Saturday, September 15th, for the purpose of nominating a county ticket.

Rev. A. B. Storms of Madison, Wis., has been extended a call from the official board of the M. E. church at Ann Arbor to act as their pastor. The reverend gentleman is well known here and is a son of Irving Storms of Lima. Word was received from him that he had accepted a call elsewhere.

J. S. Gorman, H. Lighthall, Geo. Beckwith, J. E. McKune, G. P. Staffan, Frank Leach, Wm. Schatz, J. P. Foster, Geo. Boynton, F. H. Sweetland, W. R. Lehman, Chas. Whitaker and Bert Taylor were elected delegates from Sylvan to attend the democratic county convention at Ann Arbor yesterday.

The Washtenaw Republican will make its first appearance at Ann Arbor Saturday. Alvick Pearson will be its editor. Ann Arbor should hail this enterprise with delight, as since the newspaper combine down there, all the English papers are printed in one office and the same matter is used in all of them.

It is unlawful to kill or destroy, or attempt to kill or destroy in any manner any robin, night hawk, whip-poor-will, finch, thrush, lark, swallow, yellow bird, blue bird, brown thrasher, cat bird, wren, martin, oriole, sea gull, wood pecker, bobolink, or any other song or insectivorous bird except blue jay, English sparrow and butcher bird.

At the democratic caucus Saturday afternoon the following delegates were appointed to attend the legislative convention to be held at Ann Arbor Saturday, September 29th: Henry Gorton, Jas. Taylor, H. Lighthall, J. S. Gorman, D. Shell, Chas. Whitaker, Herman Schallbe, Geo. Boynton, John Weber, Peter Merkle, Jos. Heim, Lewis Emmer and Jos. Sibley.

Congressman Henry C. Smith says the story, as printed in the Grass Lake News, in regard to his being glued to a chair is all true with the exception that he did not make a speech at the place mentioned and had never been there. He admits he is perfectly willing to be glued to a chair, but it will be in the house of congress, instead of a little school house.

S. W. Burchfield of Ann Arbor is anxious over the safety of his parents, who a short time ago made their home in the immediate vicinity of Galveston. He has received no word from them since the storm, and is fearful that they were caught in the terrible devastation. The elder Burchfield is well known to many of our citizens, and all will wait anxiously for news from him.

The remains of Mrs. Andrew Allison were brought to this place Tuesday from Brooklyn, N. Y., where she went after the death of Mr. Allison a few months ago. Mrs. Allison has been in feeble health for a long time, and while at the home of her niece in Brooklyn fell down stairs and sustained a fracture of her hip. She continued to grow worse until Sunday, September 9th, she passed away, aged 75 years. Mrs. Allison was a native of Scotland, and was united in marriage with Mr. Allison in April, 1850. She had been a resident of Chelsea since 1871, coming here from Grass Lake. The funeral services were held Wednesday morning from the Congregational church, Rev. C. S. Jones officiating. Her remains were laid to rest by the side of her husband in Oak Grove cemetery.

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.

The Ladies' Research Club will meet with Mrs. A. R. Welch Monday evening.

Nine of Chelsea's citizens attended the sixtieth anniversary of the Bethel church in Freedom Sunday.

There will be a Masonic school of instruction for Washtenaw county at this place in the near future.

According to the crop report issued by Secretary of State Stearns, the wheat crop in Michigan will average about seven bushels to the acre.

The ladies of the Methodist Episcopal church are making arrangements to hold their harvest home festival soon. Further notice will be given.

The members of the German Ladies' Society of Chelsea extend their thanks to Mrs. D. Wacker for the enjoyable time that they had at her residence Friday, September 7th. The afternoon will never be forgotten.

The local banks have made out their reports for the commissioner of the banking departments of their condition at the close of business, September 5th. These reports show the large sum of \$507,167.25 as being on deposit with them.

Olive Chapter, O. E. S., will entertain their sisters and brothers of Manchester Friday evening. Supper will be served in the town hall at 6 o'clock to which all members of the order are invited. The ladies are requested to take their refreshments to the hall as early in the afternoon as possible.

Geo. W. Beckwith of Chelsea was elected a member of the democratic county committee at Ann Arbor yesterday. E. A. Nordman of Lima, M. McGuire of Dexter, Geo. Runciman of Lyndon, Ashley Parks of Sharon and Michael Alber of Freedom were also elected members of the committee.

The Texas gale struck this place Tuesday afternoon and raged a good share of the night. The wind traveled at a terrific pace and many of the fruit trees have been stripped and the damage will be quite heavy. There was very little rain in this section, but the clouds of dust were almost blinding and found their way into every corner and crevice.

A dispatch from northern Michigan says a new terror of courtship has been developed. A young woman for some days had been suffering from a supposed attack of pleurisy. When a doctor was called in he found that one of her ribs was fractured. After much questioning the girl blushing admitted that her fiancé had inflicted the injury while giving her the usual tender embrace before parting on his last visit.

Take up the fat man's burden, go soak your shirt in sweat, and seek in vain for a cooling breeze with the face all streaming wet; go try and find some shady spot where you can sit and stew, and have some snoozers spring this gag: "Is it hot enough for you?" Take up the fat man's burden, a hundred in the shade! Two hundred pounds of avoirdupois to soak in lemonade. Oh, for an hour in Klondike! Oh, for the Arctic snow! Ring off your balmy breezlets, and let the blizzard blow.

A participant of the "farmers' picnic" remarks the changed conditions of the crowds who attend. A few years ago it was a veritable "farmers' picnic," with a few "townspeople" mixed in. Now it's loads of "town" people, and a few farmers, except the speakers of the day, who are always glad they were born farmers, but who have some way, drifted in to doing some other small jobs (like being governor, for instance), to eke out a living. Why is it, can any one explain?—Argus.

Some very beautiful articles for use in divine worship were recently given to St. Mary's church. An elegant ostensorium of solid silver, and gold plating with precious stones is the gift of the late John Stapish. A solid silver missal stand with a splendid Roman missal, and a magnificent solid brass crucifix with the figure of the Savior in solid silver were also given to this church. These articles were manufactured by the celebrated Feeley Company of Providence, R. I., and are beautiful in design and workmanship.

Chelsea local buyers are paying the following prices, today for the articles quoted. Wheat red or white 70 cents; oats 20 cents; rye 47 cents; beans \$1.35; clover seed is selling at \$6.00 per bushel from the warehouse and timothy seed at \$2.00; wool 15 to 20 cents; beef cattle 2½ to 4½ cents; dressed beef 5 to 7 cents; veal calves 5 to 6½ cents; dressed veal 7 cents; sheep 2 to 4 cents; lambs 4 to 5 cents; live hogs 4 to 5 cents; dressed hogs 6 cents; chickens 8 cents; fowls 7½ cents; ducks and geese 6 cents; lard 8 cents; tallow 2½ cents; green hides 5 cents; pelts 25 to 75 cents; butter 15 cents; eggs 11 cents; potatoes 20 cents; onions 25 cents; pears 25 cents; apples per bushel 20 cents; and per barrel 75 cents; tomatoes 20 cents; cabbage 20 cents per dozen; drying apples 15 to 18 cents hundred; peaches 50 cents to \$1.00; hay \$7 to \$8 per ton; wheat straw \$4 per ton for good bright stock.

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY.

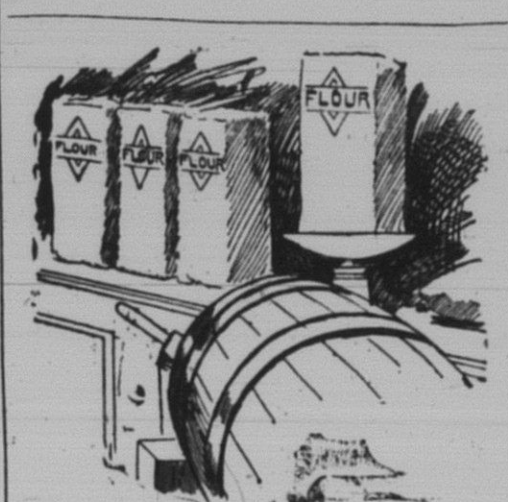
as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Warren Lewis, a prominent farmer of Milan township, has lost fifteen of his best Guernsey cows, which were shot by the state veterinarian on account of having a disease that was contagious.

Cured of Chronic Diarrhoea After Thirty Years of Suffering.

"I suffered for thirty years with diarrhoea and thought I was past being cured," says John S. Halloway, of French Camp, Miss. "I had spent so much time and money and suffered so much that I had given up all hopes of recovery. I was so feeble from the effects of the diarrhoea that I could do no kind of labor, could not even travel, but by accident I was permitted to find a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and after taking several bottles I am entirely cured of that trouble. I am so pleased with the result that I am anxious that it be in reach of all who suffer as I have." For sale by all druggists.

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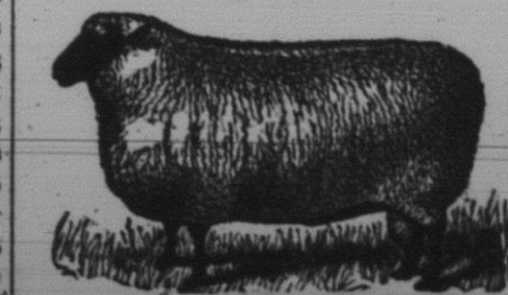
Choice Golden Rio Coffee at 15c pound
Choice Blended Santos Coffee at 20c lb.
Standard Mocha and Java Coffee at 25c lb.
Royal Mocha and Java Coffee at 35c lb.
Jamo Coffee at 35c pound.
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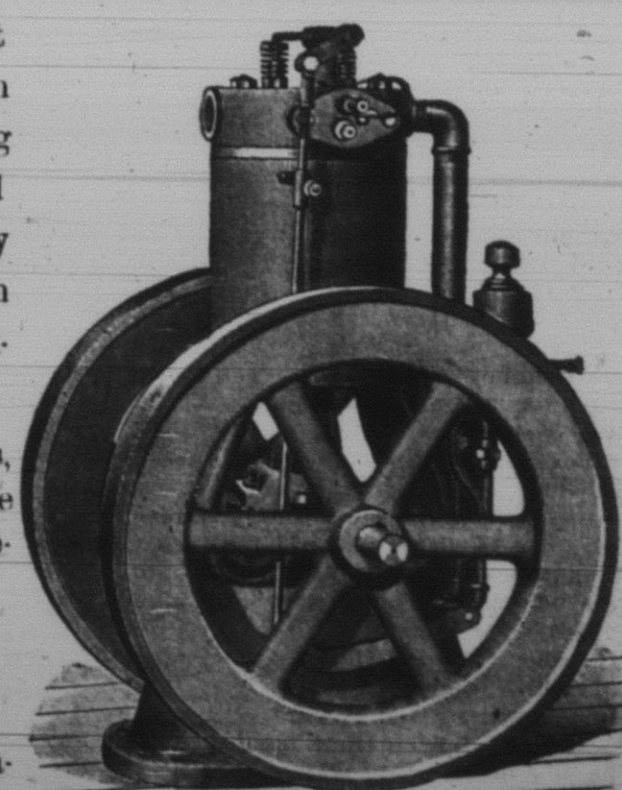
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Sleeves and Jackets of the Fall Season in Paris

Both Are Unusually Beautiful and Are Shown in Infinite Variety

ONE of the oldest of the Paris homes of fashion has closed its doors. The Magasins du Louvre is no more. Within the walls of the old store many trousseaus for famous brides have been purchased and made, and in years now long since past none patronized it better than did the Americans. The French are a fickle people, even more so than are the Americans, and when other and more modern stores opened their doors close by the famous old establishment they forsook the place that had helped to make the styles of the world for the more elaborate and more modern new stores.

It was only a commercial failure that closed the doors of the old shop. Such things happen the world over every day, and as a rule are thought of but little, but the failure of the Magasins du Louvre came as a shock to Parisians and foreigners alike, and, strange as it may seem, the French people who dropped the old place so rapidly a few years ago are now blaming their American guests for their failure to continue their patronage and so keep the old store open.

The fact is, as I have said before, the American women are not patronizing the French shops as much as they did but a few years ago. Even this exposition year, and a year when prosperity is supposed to be the rule in the states, there has been comparatively little money left with the

the great feature of rivalry between the various couturiers this season.

But to turn from sleeves to jackets, of which there is as great a variety as either sleeves or gowns. Some of the new models are beautiful conceptions of the tailor's art. And now for a few descriptions and pictures of some of the prettiest that I have seen so far.

One of these, and to me the prettiest, is in a blue faced cloth and has a white satin Medici collar and wide pointed revers and also large turn-back cuffs of the satin. These are all richly embroidered in a floral design with silk floss.

One of the new Bernhart jackets that promise to be decidedly popular is of a vivid red faced cloth. It fits the figure snugly with a short back and a long pointed front. A turn-back collar and square revers of white faced cloth. These are handsomely appliqued with a vivid red cloth stitched with white silk.

A very charming jacket that is less elaborate is of black velvet and has a high Medici collar, stitched with white silk, and an applique of white cut velvet. This trimming covers the scalloped revers with a white stitching down the front and around the scalloped edge.

A double breasted jacket, of which a few are being shown, is of fawn cloth. It extends just to the waist in the back and has a spade front. A



FOUR VARIETIES OF THE PARISIAN FALL JACKET.

Parisian modistes and shops of fashion by the American visitors. The great number of American women who have visited the exposition may, as a rule, have taken home with them a souvenir gown, but there are but few of them who have purchased anything like elaborate wardrobes for the fall and winter in Paris, even though the Parisian shops have been unusually early in displaying their fall and winter models.

The American woman loves to shop, whether she buys or not, and the stores have been well filled with them. They have admired the heavier garments of the coming seasons, and with the same breath that they have expressed their admiration for these garments they have exclaimed at the terrific heat, and then passed on to buy their wardrobes at home when they reach there.

More than anything else that has caught the popular fancy in the fall and winter garments has been the variety in sleeves, and they have proven the strongest temptation to American women to buy. These elaborate fancy sleeves have been promised for a long time past, and they are gazed at with an eagerness born of expectation. Of these is a sleeve of shingles, although the rest of the gown may be without such ornamentation. The extreme of this idea is a sleeve of black cloth with each shingle edged with a line of gold cord. The bodice is fitted, double breasted, turning away to show a chemise of white lingerie. Small gold buttons in two rows of clusters are the only trimming on the bodice, and the plain skirt has only a cluster of plaits behind. This simple suit is decidedly new, for the main point of interest lies in the sleeves. There is nothing which so gives the hallmark to a costume as the sleeves, and yet with sleeves so limited in size there is considerable difficulty in making them prettily important. Sleeves are to be

diekie and high collar, covered with embroidery, with deep pointed revers covered with the same.

SADIE MERRITT.

THE DEVIL OF THE HINDOOS.

Only Pleasure Which He Feels Is When the Altar Is Drenched with Blood.

Siva is typical both of destruction and of reproduction. But the latter attribute was doubtless a later addition to the sum of his qualities, says the Westminster Review. The original conception of this deity was that of a power delighting in destruction, in the achievement of physical evil and wrong, and in hurling death and devastation upon the people and their land. He is represented in the sacred book of the Hindus as "the terrible destroyer"—"the one who delights in the destruction of men." But in all this there is no whisper as yet of any moral qualities of evil. The conception is entirely one of physical power, used with the utmost malevolence and injustice against men. Along with his principal wife, who is variously called Devi, Durga, Kali, and Kali, he is portrayed as the incarnation of physical evil, wrong, injustice, or misfortune. In the "Puranas" Siva is described as wandering about surrounded by ghosts and goblins, inebriated, naked, and with disheveled hair, covered with the ashes of a funeral pile, ornamented with human skulls and bones, sometimes laughing, and sometimes crying. Devil, his consort, is represented with a hideous and a terrible countenance streaming with blood, encircled with snakes, hung round with skulls and human heads, and in all respects resembling a "Fury" rather than a goddess. The only pleasure which Siva and Devi feel is when their altars are drenched with blood, which, of course, could not be shed without the destruction of some form of life.



TOUCHES OF BATTLE.

Men Who Laughed When Bullets Hit Them—The Work of a Torpedo—A Fly Crawl.

Capt. Ruthven W. Houghton, 523 West Fourteenth avenue, has just received a pension of \$30 per month for services valiantly performed. He is a striking old gentleman of about 60, of massive frame, and clear, youthful face, and to an admiring youthful friend who congratulated him on his good fortune he drifted back immediately into reminiscences of the war, which he told with an inimitable grace and humor, says the Denver Post.

Capt. Houghton was brought up in Haverhill, Mass., and enlisted with the Third New Hampshire as first sergeant of a company on July 27, 1861, and served with the Army of the South under Sherman till October, 1864, when sickness forced him to leave the service. In the action at Seceessionville, S. C., on June 12, 1862, many of the officers of the regiment were killed, and Mr. Houghton was promoted to second lieutenant. He fought at Port Royal in 1861, and at Bermuda Hundred, Drury's Bluff, and Deep Run in Virginia in 1864, but the engagement he loves to tell about was the series of battles beginning at Morris Island on July 10, 1863, and ending with the assault of Fort Wagner on September 7 of the same year.

"We were under fire every day for these two months, you understand," he said. "But see here now," as his modesty began to battle with his recollections, "you don't want me to tell you about this. There are plenty of other people. Did I see Col. Shaw, of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, killed? Yes, I did. There was a fine officer, now. And let me tell you, too, those colored troops of his were about as fine fellows as there were in the army. I remember that charge as if it were only yesterday.

"We lay there on the sand hills in our intrenchments all day," he continued, as his face lit up with a smile of humor and recollection. "We had been under fire from Forts Wagner, Moultrie, Sumpter and countless batteries hidden in the sand. Out in the harbor a whole line of federal monitors and gunboats had been battering away at the secess all day, but they were in sand batteries, and the shots didn't do much harm.

"Just at sunset—it was the 18th of July, if I remember rightly—Gen. Strong rode up, and, passing between the platoons said quietly: 'Boys, I want you to take that fort, and I don't want you to fire a shot. Use your bayonets.' And we didn't. We marched up to within 20 yards of the fort, under a perfect rain of shot. Alvin Libbey, our adjutant general, rode directly up to the breastworks and was shot in two by a grapeshot, and pulled into the fort.

"Whole companies were cut to pieces, especially among Shaw's colored troops, who never flinched. But we couldn't get any further. Strong ordered Col. Jackson to take his men back to the intrenchments. Just as he gave the order a round shot took away the breast of Col. Jackson's coat, and at the same time Gen. Strong put his hand to his leg. 'Are you hit?' asked Jackson. 'Not much, I guess,' laughed Strong.

"I was standing close at the time, and you can't imagine the strangeness of hearing two men laughing about being hit with all that racket around them. Most of the events of battle one doesn't remember, but that is as clear a picture to me as the moon-



"ARE YOU HIT?" ASKED JACKSON.

tains yonder. Gen. Strong died from his wound less than a fortnight later, while on his way home."

Capt. Houghton himself received three wounds during his service, two of which were scratches and the other a wound in the forehead which left a large but almost imperceptible scar. He had to be persuaded to talk about himself and wouldn't say anything about his wound for some time.

Finally he related how he, then a first lieutenant, was sent on the night of August 31 to make a reconnaissance of Fort Wagner, where the confederates were suspected of making a sally.

"It was awfully dark. We crawled out over the intrenchments, one at a time, across the sand, making for a little ditch right under their walls. I was in front and had told the men to follow, when I heard a shot. I looked around, a bit dazed, but couldn't see any of the boys. I guessed they must be coming, though, so I went into the ditch. I waited two or three minutes, but nobody came. Then Cor-

poreal Bigsbee crawled in, looking queer, though it was so dark I could scarcely see him. 'Where are the boys?' I whispered. He looked up at me, shook his head and said nothing. I asked him twice more and then fearing we were discovered, I crawled back to the intrenchments. "On the way I ran across the body of one of the boys and a big hole. That shot I heard was a torpedo. I must have passed directly over it myself, but didn't happen to hit the cap.

"Well, we were up all that night, and next day as I was pretty well tired, I lay down on a tarpaulin on a little slope inside our lines. The boys fixed a blanket to keep the sun off, and I guess I must have gone to sleep, though there was a fearful racket, too. Anyway, the next thing I knew I was lying down at the foot of that sand hill, and Charles A. White, my second lieutenant, was standing over me tying up my head. I felt something moving up here over my eye, and thought it was a fly, and when I put up my hand to brush it away it was blood. My arm was all shot full of powder, too, though I didn't know it at the time. The whole thing didn't amount to much, though the doctors tell me that is what fixed me as I am now," for the captain has in recent years become a paralytic, and moves with much difficulty.

PLEASURE BEFORE BUSINESS.

An Incident That Called Forth a Reversal of the Axiom by General Palmer.

"Speaking of rain," said the colonel, relates the Chicago Inter Ocean, "most of the Army of the Cumberland have good reason to remember the campaign in 1863 against Tullahoma. Our division, Palmer's, moved forward in splendid condition, and ready, we thought, for anything that could turn up, but we were not ready for the continuous rain that came upon us. It rained day and night, made the roads like mortar beds, filled the streams so that we could not cross them, washed away bridges and flooded whole districts. One day our regiment stopped in front of a house with a wide, comfortable porch. While we sat there in the rain Gen. Palmer rode up and took



"PLEASURE BEFORE BUSINESS."

a seat on the porch, sheltered from the rain.

"It was soon noised about that the command had been halted while the engineers reported as to whether the stream in front was fordable, or, as the boys put it, whether it was more than chin deep. A cavalryman galloped back from the front, rode up to the porch, threw the reins of his horse to an orderly, and started up the steps with his saber clanking, when a young lady standing in the door sprang forward, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. This unexpected greeting caused the company standing near to cheer, and there were shouts of 'Pass it around; don't keep a good thing all to yourself.' Gen. Palmer turned and, taking in the scene, said, grimly: 'Pleasure before business. When you get through, young man, will you report to me?'

"The cavalryman turned embarrassed, saluted and reported that the stream in front was not fordable, and that the water would not probably run out for four hours. 'And you are glad of it, I suppose,' said the general. 'I don't understand this way of doing business, but you probably do; but I want to say one thing, the next time you carry a message attend to business before pleasure.' While the general waited on the porch our regiment marched off and went into camp in what the boys called a goose pasture. When the men learned that the young lady who had given the cavalryman such a hearty greeting was simply a sweetheart of his at Murfreesboro they lost interest in the case. They had hoped that she was some southern girl who had met him previous to the war.

Farthest North Civil War Fights.

During the last term of the Schuyler county court a discussion arose among the attorneys one evening as to the location of the most northern battle of the civil war. Several of the United States histories refer to Lee's attack on Meade at Gettysburg as the scene of the most northern battle. There was a skirmish at Lancaster in November, 1861, and a regular pitched battle at Athens, in Clarke county, Mo., in which several were killed on both sides. The latter fight occurred the first Monday in August of that year. Both of these points are 60 or 70 miles north of Gettysburg, and were close to the Iowa line. In all three of these northern battles of the war the federals were victorious.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

No Alternative.

"That's a terrible noise in the nursery, Mollie," said the mistress. "What's the matter? Can't you keep the baby quiet?" "Shure, ma'am," replied Mollie, "I can't keep him quiet unless I let him make a noise."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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| 32 Knapp W J | Store | 39 Wood J P | Residence |
| 44 Kempf Wilbur | Residence | 71 Watson Mrs F D | Residence |
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THE GREAT FAMINE.

IN INDIA there are, speaking generally, but two rainy seasons—the one in early summer and the other in the autumn. In the present case there was scarce any rain in the summer of 1899; virtually none in the autumn. The temperature also must be considered. The average temperature of the more densely populated portions of the famine district is hardly less than 80 degrees, as contrasted with New York state, with its less than 50 degrees; Virginia, with its 58 degrees, and the extreme south of Florida with its 72 degrees. When the rains fail in India, the strong sun takes all moisture from the rainless ground. Verdure disappears; cattle die; the famished people per-

VICTIMS OF FAMINE.

are gathered, but also, doubtless, even afterward. Clothing and shelter are needed, and tens of thousands of orphaned and deserted children must be cared for.

The great civil and national agency of famine relief is the New York Committee of One Hundred, William E. Dodge, chairman, and Brown Bros. & Co., 59 Wall street, New York, treasurers. This committee, with which similar committees throughout the country co-operate, has received over \$200,000. Contributions are enlisted weekly, without expense, to the American Indian Famine Relief Committee at Bombay, United States Consul William T. Fee, chairman, and the veteran missionary administrator, Robert A. Hume, executive secretary. The New York committee will send illustrated literature, without charge, to all who will co-operate in its work. Correspondence should be addressed to L. T. Chamberlain, 73 Bible House, New York.

This paper gladly opens its columns for the receipt and acknowledgment of gifts to be forwarded either to the New York committee or to some co-operating committee. From 2 to 5 cents a day will save a life. Six cents a day will give food and clothing and shelter. In such a work all can have a share.

DISTRIBUTING AMERICA'S BOUNTY.

MACHINERY AND TRANSPORTATION BUILDING, PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

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Copyright, 1900, by the Pan-American Exposition Co.

This big structure is 500 by 350 feet, with a central court 100 by 175 feet. Its type of architecture is the Spanish renaissance, modified to suit the conditions of the Exposition. The roofs are laid with red tile and the cemented walls are brilliant with color. The colors are to be reds and yellows in light tints. The facades will present an arched effect, with broad, overhanging eaves, in imitation of the old mission buildings in California and Mexico. The Central Court will be a veritable tropical garden, with a long, narrow pool, containing interesting specimens of aquatic life, and will have seats, where the weary visitor may rest a moment. The Exposition is to be held in Buffalo in 1901 from May 1 to Nov. 1.

DISTANCE STATISTICS.

The Nice Young Man and the Grumpy Old Chap Mingle in a Mathematical Matter.

"Did you ever think," said a nice young man who was trying to sell typewriting machines, relates the New York Sun, "how far a typewriter's fingers travel—one of those pretty typewriters, you know, whose fingers are like fairy touches? No? Well, here are the figures: Say she writes 40 words a minute, which is slow enough, her fingers cover half an inch for each key she strikes, and averaging 25 letters to the word this will give 20 inch inches to the minute, or 6,000 to the hour. Now say she works six hours a day uninterruptedly, which is more than she ever does, her fingers go through 3,600 feet of space each day, and for 26 working days of the month they travel a little less than 15 miles, or let us say, even 15 miles a month. That is pretty fair traveling for those with dainty fingers, isn't it?"

"Huh," grumbled a grumpy old chap, "that's nothing. Did you ever notice the pink and white peachblow jaw of Heaven's best gift to man? No? Well, observe, if you please the distance it travels in a month. Allowing three-quarters of an inch for each word spoken, and 150 words to the minute, which I make thus small in order to be fair to the ladies, for a man will talk 200 words a minute on the floor of the house of representatives, her jaw will pass through 112 inches per minute,

that is 6,720 inches, or 560 feet per hour. Allowing now eight hours for sleep, there are 18 hours when she talks, which gives 11,088 feet, about two miles per day, and she talks every day in the month, or 30 times two miles, which is 60 miles that pink and white vision of peachblow loveliness swings through every month in the year, and a little more when the month happens to have 31 days in it. Now my little jug of frankincense and myrrh, what have you got to say about the dainty fingers of your flying phantom?"

SQUELCHED BY WIDOW'S PIG.

The Montana Statesman Got Mixed Up in a Story Intended to Hurt David B. Hill.

Myron Haskins, of Philadelphia, has been relating a few reminiscences of past national conventions, and in that connection was reminded of a funny anecdote in which Martin Maginnis, former delegate in congress from Montana, was concerned. Just prior to the democratic convention of 1888, which nominated Cleveland and Thurman, David B. Hill, then governor of New York, was supposed to have presidential aspirations. In order to squelch them Hill's enemies started a story to the effect that he had been a prime mover in a scheme to extract money for campaign purposes from the laborers on the new aqueduct by means of a raffle for a pig, which was held at the home of a Widow Maginnis. When the convention met "the

Widow Maginnis' pig" was a phrase in everyone's mouth. Gen. "Pat" Collins, of Boston, was chairman of the convention, and in its early hours a member of the Montana delegation, which had an obscure position, climbed up on his chair and secured recognition. Collins did not know him personally, and naturally asked him to state his name. "Maginnis" was the answer, followed by a deafening roar. It was too pat, and though he struggled manfully, Martin Maginnis was unable to make that speech. His voice was drowned by inquiries as to what had become of the pig.

On the Maine coast last season 4,000,000 lobsters were captured. This exceeds the entire catch of all the rest of the Atlantic coast, from New Hampshire to Florida.

The shipping of monazite from Brazil to Europe has almost been discontinued, owing to the very low price paid. The cheapness of the sand is one of the causes of the inexpensiveness of the German mantles.

Contracts for the dismantling and razing of the Paris exposition buildings have been signed, and the job has been given to a Chicago firm which tore down the buildings after the Columbian exposition, and also those at the Omaha exposition. The contract for the work was signed the day the Paris exposition opened. Lumber is very dear in France, and there will be 75,000,000 feet available after the close of the exposition.

Two Peaceful Things of Which the People of Kentucky Feel Proud.

Within a half mile of Gethsemane is an old brick house, which is without doubt the oldest brick house in Kentucky. It was erected in 1788 by Capt. Samuel Pottinger, says the Boston Transcript. Capt. Pottinger came from Maryland and built the above-mentioned house where it now stands, near what was known then as Pottinger's fork. The lumber for the interior is made of solid walnut, worked up by hand. The doors and frames are made of solid walnut and are very heavy. The locks, nails and hinges came from Virginia and were made by hand and brought on horseback over the old Wilderness road. The plastering was mixed with buffalo hair. The old house is still in the possession of the Pottinger family and it stands just as it did over a hundred years ago, without any change whatever.

But few persons are aware of the fact that near Balltown is a path which was the old buffalo track leading from Louisville to Nashville and was the old trail followed by the first pioneers into the unbroken wilds of Kentucky. This old trail was used as a road to Louisville until the building of the turnpike. The old trail is now a rough, unused path.

Test for a Swiss Guide.

The examinations for the guide's diploma have just been held at Chamounix. Each candidate has to produce certificates stating that he has made ten ascents recognized as "dangerous." These include Mont Blanc, the complete tour of Mont Blanc, the Col du Geant, the Buet with the descent to Six, the Jardin and five others chosen by the candidate himself.

Theaters in India.

In India the native theaters are all free. The curtain rolls up at nine o'clock at night, and never comes down until five the next morning. It usually requires seven nights to present a drama. People generally take their beds with them and go to sleep between the acts. The favorite play in India is the presentation of the exploits of some god.

TWO MR. JUDSONS.

And the Young Lady Came Near Throwing Her Arms Around the Wrong One.

"We were expecting daily a dear friend of my mother's from New York, Mr. Judson, a Presbyterian clergyman," said a Second avenue girl, in the Detroit Free Press. "Of course we were delighted when, one morning, the maid announced that Mr. Judson, of New York, was in the parlor. Mother was not yet attired to receive company, so she facetiously said to Minnie, the maid, 'Tell Mr. Judson that the one he most wishes to see will be down directly,' meaning me.

"Minnie returned and said that when she gave the message Mr. Judson had said: 'How?' and when she repeated it he had looked alarmed. I dare say he thought he had entered a private lunatic asylum.

"Then I went down to the parlor and was about to throw my arms around his neck. I just stopped in time to see that our caller was a strange man, young, too. Of course, there was but one thing to do—blush. I promptly did so.

"Said this new Mr. Judson: 'Evidently you thought it was some one you knew?'

"I admitted that such was the case.

"I am introducing a work on Japanese art," said the wretch.

"Then I was angry. 'Sir, we already have a hundred books, bought on the monthly payment plan. I would not subscribe for this one if it was ten cents a year.'

"Well, he said, good-naturedly, a hundred is quite a number, so I suppose you will have to worry along without Japanese art. Good-morning."

A NOTABLE CHARIVARI.

Exact Make-Up of the Extraordinary Orchestra Given by Peignot.

You read occasionally of a charivari given in honor of a newly wedded couple whose marriage is regarded as incongruous, or is for some reason unpopular, says the Musical Record. At the "skimmington," described in Thomas Hardy's "The Mayor of Casterbridge," the music was furnished by "cleavers, kits, crows, humstrums, serpents, ram's horns and other historical kind of music." But Gabriel Peignot, in his "Histoire Morale, Civile Politique, et Littéraire du Charivari, depuis son origine vers le ive siècle," gives the exact make-up of an orchestra for such celebrations in a town of from 15,000 to 20,000 inhabitants: Twelve copper kettles, ten saucepans, four big boilers, three dripping pans, 12 shovels and 12 tongues, 12 dish covers for cymbals, six frying pans and pipkins, four warming pans, eight basins, six watering pots, ten hand bells and mule bells, four strings of bells, two tambourines, one gong, one or two empty casks, three cornets a bouquins, three big hunting horns, three little trumpets, four clarinets (badly keyed), two oboes (ditto), two whistles (these will be enough), one musette, four wretched violins to scrape, two hurdy-gurdies, one marine trumpet (if you can find one), four rattles, ten screeching voices, eight howling voices, three sucking pigs, four dogs, to be well whipped.

"This is all that is necessary," adds Peignot; "I can assure you that when all this is vigorously set a-going at the same time, the ear will experience all desirable joys."

OLD HOUSE; AN OLDER TRAIL.

Two Peaceful Things of Which the People of Kentucky Feel Proud.

Within a half mile of Gethsemane is an old brick house, which is without doubt the oldest brick house in Kentucky. It was erected in 1788 by Capt. Samuel Pottinger, says the Boston Transcript. Capt. Pottinger came from Maryland and built the above-mentioned house where it now stands, near what was known then as Pottinger's fork. The lumber for the interior is made of solid walnut, worked up by hand. The doors and frames are made of solid walnut and are very heavy. The locks, nails and hinges came from Virginia and were made by hand and brought on horseback over the old Wilderness road. The plastering was mixed with buffalo hair. The old house is still in the possession of the Pottinger family and it stands just as it did over a hundred years ago, without any change whatever.

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Avery's waiting in his office, don't ye no,
An' yer yer teeth from aakin'
An' yer pocket-book from breakin'
Dry yer eyes an' take life easy ez ye go.

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No. 156, F. & A. M. for 1900.
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May 5, June 12, July 10, Aug. 7,
Sept. 4, Oct. 2, Nov. 6. Annual
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No. 36—Atlantic Express 7:15 a. m.
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TRAINS WEST:
No. 3—Express and Mail 9:15 a. m.
No. 13—Grand Rapids 6:20 p. m.
No. 7—Chicago Express 10:20 p. m.
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County and Vicinity

Ann Arbor has purchased seven
Abbott voting machines.
A. A. Hall of Stockbridge declines to
accept a renomination as representa-
tive.
Dusty Clark's horse became fright-
ened at the band Thursday afternoon
and sunk to the ground dead.—Nalene
Observer.

J. Sturm, who refused re-election
as a trustee of Saline public schools,
thinks he has reached his majority. He
has served in the position for 21 years.

Arrangements are about completed
with the Ann Arbor R. R. company
whereby the tunnel at Howell will be
graded down and sodded, and three
new iron bridges will be placed at the
street crossings. This will be both an
improvement in appearance and safety.

'Tis said that a Reading girl had her
corset torn off by a stroke of lightning
and was uninjured but a young man
who had called to borrow a book, had
his right arm shattered and a piece of
corset steel blown in his liver. He
said he didn't know she was loaded.—
Jonesville Gazette.

Wm. E. Kelly of Milan was killed
about 8 o'clock Monday night. He
and a friend were racing horses on
their way to town. He lost control of
his horse and could not turn a corner.
The wheels of his car caught in the
crosswalk in front of C. H. Wilson's
house and he was thrown out and the
horse kicked him, crushing his skull.

Three years ago, in making some
changes at the residence, W. W. Worden
built a new chimney, leaving the
old one unused. Recently it was dis-
covered that a great swarm of honey
bees had taken possession of the old
chimney and found a foothold in a
spot where the chimney had a slight
projection. Mr. Worden is puzzled as
to how valuable a mixture of soot and
honey may be.—Ypsilantian.

Yesterday afternoon as F. W.
Cheshire, a trusted employee of the
Ypsilanti Paper Co., was working in
the planing mill, the fingers of his
right hand were crushed in the ma-
chine. It is thought that at least three
fingers will be lost, and the thumb is
seriously mangled. Seventeen years
ago, Mr. Cheshire lost three fingers of
his left hand in a similar machine. It
was not his regular work to attend to
this machine, but he was helping to
get certain work done. The family
has the sympathy of all.—Ypsilantian.

Last Sunday about 11 o'clock a ter-
rific wind storm swept over Ed.
Miller's farm, five miles northwest of
this village, tearing up trees, prostrat-
ing fences and breaking down corn.
The hurricane was of narrow width
and ran its course in about three miles.
But Mr. Miller is getting used to such
visits. Eight years ago the atmosphere
got excited in that quarter and so play-
ful that it tore off the roof of his barn,
yanked up trees and waltzed in crazy
mood with all movable objects.—Grass
Lake News.

David Cox, while ditching one day
last week, noticed a very tall bird walk-
ing in the ditch not far away. He
called for a gun which was immedi-
ately brought to him, and the bird
was soon killed. It was taken to the
museum at Ann Arbor, where it was
said to be a storkastrum, a species of
stork which is rarely found in the
United States, except in the Gulf of
Mexico. The bird, when standing
erect, measured five feet two inches in
height.—Milan Leader.

Sometime during the month of Aug-
ust in the year 1880, just 20 years ago,
David Woodward and wife of Clinton,
in company with friends in a special
car, went to Chicago to join the con-
clave of Knights Templar in that city,
and on their homeward journey from
the pleasant occasion Mrs. Woodward
discovered, on their arrival at Adrian
that she had lost her valise, which
contained an elegant silk gown valued
at \$50 and many other valuables, one
especially in the shape of a lace tie,
which is exactly the same in style and
make as those on sale at the Free-
Whitely store at the present time,
and at other in the neighborhood brought
to their daughter, Miss Lina, for being
a good housekeeper while they were
away. Imagine her disappointment
then, but her surprise last Saturday
when the long lost valise with con-
tents arrived safe and sound at their
home, it being shipped from the Ma-
sonic order in Toledo, accompanied by
a letter, stating that they had recently
cleaned house and in clearing out their
store room had resurrected the relic
and upon investigation found Mrs.
W.'s card inside, which led to its iden-
tification.—Tecumseh Herald.

THE SUMMER WIND.

The breezes come, the breezes pass,
And up the glen they run, revealed
Against an overflowing field
Of gleaming undulating grass.

Like benedictions on the earth,
Like blessings on the summer day,
They make a soul more glad than any.
And wake a joy more deep than mirth.

The troubles of the town increase;
But here there is no stir nor strife,
And here 'tis good to bring a life
To be persuaded back to peace.

I wis the year contained a day
When none shall suffer, die or weep;
One rest for all upon the steep,
One well for all beside the way.

The town is very tired. Alas!
Its thin smile cannot mask its pain;
And they are rich enough who gain
Cool breezes and a cough of grass.
—J. J. Bell, in Chambers' Journal.

THE WAY OF A CAD

"I DON'T agree with you! I see
no obligation whatsoever. To be
quite frank—"

He paused abruptly. He was actu-
ally blushing; but the faint tinge faded
quickly from his cheeks and left them
unusually pallid.

"Yes," said Lieut. Winston, encour-
agingly and quite unblushingly.

"Oh, I don't know!" stammered the
other man. "Are you really serious?
If so, you must be—pardon me for
saying so—either the most heartless
beggars I ever met or the most ab-
surdly sensitive."

"In other words, a knave or a blith-
ing idiot—eh, Metford, old chap?"
said Winston, cheerily.

"Exactly! I hope it is only a case
of temporary insanity."

Dr. Metford was one of the ablest
of the younger physicians in the West
End of London; but, being also one
of the most stupidly modest of clever
men, his professional income barely
sufficed to pay the rental of his rooms
in Gower street. Some day he may
discover that it is possible to be over-
modest and that inward self-depre-
ciation leads to penury, and then he
will remove to Harley street and begin
to make progress towards affluence.

Winston did not fail to observe the
tinge of color on the doctor's face,
nor its quick disappearance, but he
gave no sign of recognition. Never
before had he seen his old college
chum look half so handsome as when
that fleeting glow of rosy color tinted
the man's cheeks, nor half so pathet-
ically glad as when it vanished.

"She saved my life. I think you will
admit that, doctor? How many wom-
en would have taken the risks that
she took? Would any other woman
in the world have sacrificed herself
as she did?"

"Any number of them!" declared
the doctor, sentimentally, although a
flicking smile upon his face said:
"None of them, bless her!"

"You medical men are utterly
heartless cynics," protested Winston,
shrugging his broad shoulders.

"Utterly," admitted Metford.
"Now, I am so unromantic as to at-
tribute your recovery chiefly to your
cast-iron constitution, a rattling good
physician—must sound by own trumpet
if you won't blow it for me—and
Old Nick's merciful consideration. Your
cup of inquiry is not yet quite
brimful; your liver and all the rest
of you, including your heart, is as
sound as a bell!"

"I know well what I owe to you,
Metford, old chap!" said the convales-
cent in a grateful tone and with an
affectionate grasp of the biceps of
the doctor's nearest arm. "You don't
appear to be aware of it, but you're
a long way the cleverest medicine
man in London, head and shoulders
above all the rest of 'em. If you
weren't such a confoundedly modest
beast—"

"Skittles!" interjected his physi-
cian, in much confusion. "You can't
think how I hate that kind of talk!"
"Nevertheless, I mean it, old chap!
Just you think the matter over seri-
ously! Well, to proceed: My sister
Jess says that Miss Wethered—who,
by the way, comes of tolerably good
stock—was very different from the or-
dinary professional nurse, and that,
during those weeks when my very
valuable life hung on a very slender
thread, she absolutely sacrificed her-
self to save me. My recovery, Jess
says, is due entirely to her devotion.
Not very complimentary to you, eh?"

"Mrs. Trevelyan is modest and
every other grace personified!" de-
clared Dr. Metford. "So far as I could
see, she 'sacrificed' herself almost, if
not quite, as magnificently as—as the
—paid nurse!"

"Be that as it may," persisted Win-
ston. "I have chatted the matter over
very seriously with my sister, and
she says, imprimis, that Mary Weth-
ered is, barring the wings, an angel;
secondly, that the said angel without
wings would make a jewel of a wife,
and thirdly and most troublesomely,
that I shall be the most ungrateful
beast on earth and stupidest old duffer
if I don't straightway let the lady
know I think so. Unfortunately, as
I protested to my sister and have ad-
mitted to you, I can't honestly say
that I am the least bit in love with
Miss Wethered. I like her very much,
you know, and all that sort of thing
—possibly more than I like any other
girl of my acquaintance—and I have
reason to believe that she is not en-
tirely indifferent to me, and that if
I only—"

The doctor's lips curved scornfully,
involuntarily, and a glow of color
that was hardly a blush suffused his
face.

"And Jess tells me," continued the
young officer, imperturbably, "that
I might do a very much worse thing
than marry Mary Wethered. You

know, old chap, I've led a devil of
a life in India and elsewhere! Ter-
rible lot of racketing! We army
men, you know—I so, you see, old fel-
low, I—er—oh—you know—I—well—
er—love is for me a dream of the
joyful past, and not a vision of the
future. Miss Wethered's knowledge
of nursing might be invaluable to
me."

Metford groaned audibly.
"It must not be!" he exclaimed, in-
dignantly. ("Shall not be!" he mut-
tered, inwardly.) "You don't love the
girl, you have admitted it; you are
not half as fond of her as of that
newest pup of yours." ("I would die
to save her half a moment's pain, and
I don't suppose she cares a straw for
me," he reflected, bitterly.) "I feel
like kicking you!"

He looked like kicking likewise.
"Kick me, or thump me, or do what
you will, old chap! My feeling is just
this: I am a worthless sort of fel-
low, have gone the pace, and don't
deserve the love of any woman in
the world—"

"What man ever did?" growled Met-
ford.

"Oh, but you haven't a notion what
a thorough bad lot I've been! Don't
look so unbelieving!" proceeded the
kickworthy convalescent. "I was go-
ing to tell you something that Jess
told me which makes me tolerably
sure that Miss Wethered—but you
would only scoff. I never knew such
a fellow as you, upon my word!"

Metford smiled illegibly.
"The position is a very simple one,"
he said. "Assuming that from what
your sister has been—pardon me for
saying so—unwisely suggesting to
you, Mary—I mean, Miss Wethered—
cares enough for you to marry you,
a worthless and heartless but toler-
ably good-looking chap like you, who,
as you justly remark, don't deserve
the love of any woman, nor, for that
matter, the succession to one of the
oldest and wealthiest baronetcies in
England—"

He paused, his face white and drawn,
lines visible upon it that were not there
when this debate began.

"You haven't any love to offer her.
You don't know what love is. You
merely want to cancel a supposed debt
of gratitude by offering her your looks,
your wealth—everything you have ex-
cept the only thing that a woman like
Mary Wethered hungers for!"

He was becoming eloquent, too elo-
quent, and he perceived it.

"Love will come later," Winston an-
swered, confidently; "gratitude is said
to be akin to love. The girl is not
quite 'my style,' I admit, but I like her
—I really do, old chap! She is passably
good-looking, although, I suppose, one
could hardly call her pretty—"

Metford snorted.

"Sings well—sufficiently well, that is,
for drawing-room purposes. Don't look
so beastly scornful! Of course, you
can't appreciate anything humbler
than Italian opera. She plays the piano
nearly as well as Jess does, talks inter-
estingly, and has, I must say, the
gentlest voice imaginable. Whatever
you may choose to say, you old calculat-
ing cynic, I am more and more inclined
to agree with my sister Jess that if I
return to India without asking the girl
to be my wife I shall be the stupidest,
most ungrateful and most contemptible
beast on earth."

"I warn you," said Metford, warmly,
"that if you pretend love to Miss Weth-
ered and let her pledge herself to you
you will repent yourself within a week,
and the girl will find you out and be the
most miserable woman on God's earth.
You won't listen to my words of wis-
dom, of course; for of all the pig-head-
ed, obstinate mules—"

"A somewhat mixed metaphor!"

laughed Winston, unabashed.
"Mixed metaphor he he! Be a
man and a gentleman! Go away unde-
clared, and if, after you have had six
months to think about it, you feel
something more than gratitude stirring
within your bosom, get six months' leave,
return to England, insert your
head into the matrimonial noose—and
be hanged to you!"

"Beastly old cynic!" declared the
blase lieutenant. "I like your con-
founded impudence talking about love.
Why, I don't believe you possess even
the rudiments of a heart! Damned
good chap, all the same! You shall be
my best man. To-morrow or the next
day I shall indite a hyperbolic epistle to
Miss Mary, asking whether she cares
enough for a fellow to wait for him un-
til he gets his captaincy. 'It may be for
years,' as the song says; but I flatter
myself I am well worth waiting for,
and I don't propose to take the risk of
any other fellow—a cold-blooded chap
like you, for instance—stepping in to
the lists during my absence!"

Metford was speechless with con-
tempt. That Winston should have
proved himself such an unmitigated
cad!

The funny part of it was that Miss
Wethered, who was taking a brief rest
at the seaside, received two letters by
the morrow's mail—one from the "un-
mitigated cad," thanking her "ever so
much" for all her kindness to him dur-
ing his protracted illness; the other
from the "beastly old cynic," the re-
ply to which—it seems almost like
sarcasm to print it—was as follows:

Dear Dr. Metford: I am so glad! How
glad I cannot tell you! I have loved you
ever since the day that I first met you, but
I never dared to hope that I should be
honored with your love. . . . Very sincerely
yours,
MARY WETHERED.

And this is the letter that sister Jess
wrote a day or two thereafter to her
graceless brother:

My Darling Boy: You did it beautifully.
If I were queen, you should be decorated
with a cross for most conspicuous gallan-
try. I know how fond of the girl you had
become, and what it must have cost you
to act as you did. It was very hard work,
wasn't it, poor boy? Mary is overjoyed.
Some day, when she has been married a
year or so, I may let her into part of the
secret of our conspiracy. But "mum's the
word" for the present.
—Chicago Herald.

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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and assortment is large enough to suit all and at prices within
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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 invita-
tion 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.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION —OF THE— Chelsea Savings Bank.

at Chelsea, Michigan
At the close of Business, Sept. 5, 1900
as made to the Commissioner of the
Banking Department.

RESOURCES.
Loans and discounts, \$111,804.21
Bonds, mortgages, securities 167,582.95
Banking house, 4,000.00
Furniture and fixtures, 2,013.00
Other real estate, 2,550.00
Due from banks
In reserve cities 19,191.85
Excess for clear-
ing house, 6,110.91
U. S. and national
bank currency, 4,671.60
Gold coin, 4,535.00
Silver coin, 795.75
Nickels and cents, 303.17 35,910.68
Checks, cash items, inter-
nal revenue account, 697.23
Total, \$324,558.07

LIABILITIES.
Capital stock paid in, \$60,000.00
Surplus fund, 7,887.00
Undivided profits, net, 4,448.95
Dividends unpaid, 456.00
Commercial de-
posits, 34,604.62
Certificates of de-
posit, 76,866.18 111,470.80
Savings deposits, 41,638.92
Savings certifi-
cates, 98,656.40 140,295.32
Total, \$324,558.07

State of Michigan, County of Wash-
tenaw, ss.
I, Geo. P. Glazier, cashier of the
above named bank, do solemnly swear
that the above statement is true to the
best of my knowledge and belief.
GEO. P. GLAZIER, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me
this 12th day of Sep., 1900.
THEO. E. WOOD, Notary Public.
Correct Attest: W. J. KNAPP,
W. P. SCHENK,
GEO. W. PALMER,
Directors.
Total Loans 279,387.16
Deposits 251,766.12
Cash and Exchange 35,910.68

REPORT OF THE CONDITION —OF THE— Kempf Commercial & Savings Bank

at Chelsea, Michigan,
At the Close of Business Sept. 5, 1900.
as made to the Commissioner of the
Banking Department.

RESOURCES.
Loans and discounts, \$61,529.65
Bonds, mortgages, securities 167,230.65
Premiums paid on bonds, 398.75
Overdrafts, 691.47
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 33,641.92
U. S. and state
bonds, 4,500.00
U. S. and national
bank currency, 3,076.00
Gold coin, 5,100.00
Silver coin, 2,566.45
Nickels and cents 107.49 48,991.86
Checks, cash items inter-
nal revenue account, 283.80
Total, \$300,931.21

LIABILITIES.
Capital stock paid in, \$40,000.00
Surplus, 2,000.00
Undivided profits, net, 3,512.58
Dividends unpaid, 17.39
Commercial de-
posits, 40,367.87
Certificates of
deposit, 16,440.30
Savings deposits 182,247.21
Savings certifi-
cates, 16,345.75 255,401.18
Total, \$300,931.21

State of Michigan, County of Wash-
tenaw, 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 12th day of September, 1900.
GEO. A. BEGOLE, Notary Public.
Correct Attest: C. H. Kempf,
H. S. Holmes,
C. Klein,
Directors.

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of Grass Lake and we are now prepared
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