

The Chelsea Standard.

VOL. XII. NO. 35.

A CHELSEA PAPER FOR CHELSEA PEOPLE.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1900.

WHOLE NUMBER 607

Forty-two Pieces of New Fall

DRESS GOODS

Just Placed on Sale.

These we bought very early and the cloths and designs are very choice. The prices we make on these goods will cause them to move out very quickly. Black and colored Cheviots—all worsted goods—sponged and shrunk—real value \$1.25 and \$1.39 yard.

OUR PRICE 88c Yard

Black and Brown Mixtures and Grey Mixtures; Home Spun Cloths; just right for suit; very heavy; 4 yards makes a full suit; 58 inches wide; sponged and shrunk; \$1.25 yard.

Broad Cloths and Venetians; very handsome and superior quality; extra fine texture and high finish; sold every where for \$1.75 yard, OUR PRICE \$1.25.

CREPONS.—Handsome imported Mohair, Wool and Silk Crepons; very rich finish; great variety of new small and medium designs; nothing nicer for the new fall dress skirts or gown.

Our Price 75c, 98c, \$1.50 to \$2.50.

NEW FURS, NEW COATS, NEW CAPES, NEW SUITS, NEW JACKETS FOR CHILDREN.

MEN'S SUITS AND OVERCOATS.

Black and Blue Serge or Fancy Cheviots, Cassimeres and Worsted Suits in New Fall Patterns. Overcoats of Tan, Coverts, Black Meltons and Oxford Mixtures. The very latest cuts; best tailoring and lining at

\$10.00.

H. S. HOLMES MERCANTILE CO.

Agents for Butterick's Patterns and Publications

NEW LAMPS!

Our line of New Lamps must be seen to be appreciated. They are all bright floral decorations and fitted with large center draft burners. The price on them is their greatest attraction.

FLOWER POTS.

This is the season for flower pots. We are selling them with saucers as follows:

Small size 3 cents.

Medium size 4 cents.

Large size 8 cents.

NEW JARDINIERS—All Styles, All Sizes.

We have pretty Jardinieres at 10c, 25c, 50c and \$1.00.

Notice the display of

WALL PAPER

in our store and don't overlook the prices.

Kitchen Papers 3-12c roll.

Bedroom Papers 4 and 5c roll

Heavy Parlor Papers 7 and 9c roll

Granites 4c roll

--AT--

STIMSON'S DRUG STORE.

CHELSEA TELEPHONE NUMBER 8

SWEEP BY TERRIFIC WIND

The Minnesota Village of Biwabik Visited by a Tornado That Does Great Damage.

AN ENTIRE FAMILY INSTANTLY KILLED.

Deaths as Far as Known Number Nine—Property Loss Estimated at \$100,000—Many of the Buildings Destroyed Were Occupied by Miners—Heavy Rain Floods the Mines.

Biwabik, Minn., Oct. 8.—The tornado which raged in this vicinity Saturday evening was the most violent ever experienced hereabouts. The storm cut a pathway 150 feet in width through the northwestern corner of this town, completely wrecking the buildings struck. The shafthouses and buildings of three mines which stood in the path of the storm were reduced to kindling wood. The property loss is estimated at from \$75,000 to \$100,000 and the known fatalities number nine, with a score or more injured—some severely, others only slightly. The storm swept in a northwesterly direction after leaving here and struck a little Finnish settlement near Pike lake, where a number of buildings were wrecked, in one of which an entire family, consisting of husband, wife and four children, were instantly killed. So far their names have not been obtained. It is believed that when the more remote districts are heard from further casualties may be reported.

The Victims.

The list of those killed and injured, so far as learned, follows:

Killed.—Mr. and Mrs. Marowitz, William Hilstrom, family of six near Pike lake, names not known.

Severely Injured.—Andrew Anderson, a locomotive fireman, severely scalded, will recover; F. Murray, locomotive engineer, severely scalded and otherwise injured, will recover; Andrew Debbs, laborer, severe scalp wound, will recover; John Morrison, foot badly crushed. About 25 others were more or less severely cut and bruised.

The house in which the Marowitz family lived was completely wrecked and the body of Mrs. Marowitz was found fully 400 feet away, every bone in her body broken and her clothing completely stripped off. The body of her husband was found Sunday in the debris of their home, horribly mutilated. William Hilstrom was struck on the head by a falling tree and his skull crushed. He afterwards died at the hospital.

Engine Blown from Track.

The engine house of the Duluth, Mesaba & Northern railroad was completely wrecked and a number of locomotives and cars were shifted from the tracks and pounded into scrap iron. The engine on which Murray and Anderson were when the storm broke was blown from the track and the men were pinned beneath it and horribly burned by the escaping steam. Other men at work near them had narrow escapes. Several cars blown from the D. M. & N. tracks were found in Duluth mine pit, hundreds of feet away. Many of the buildings destroyed were owned by the mining companies and tenanted by their employees. The duration of the tornado was less than five minutes, but it was preceded by an unusually severe thunder and rainstorm, and the heavy rain has flooded many of the open pit mines and they will be unable to operate for some time.

Iowa Crops.

Des Moines, Ia., Oct. 9.—The official preliminary estimate of the crop yields of Iowa for the current year show: Corn, area, 8,618,660 acres, average, 41 bushels to the acre, total product, 353,365,060 bushels, which is greater by 18,000,000 than ever before harvested in the state. The total of all cereals will be 531,349,020 bushels, which is 10,000,000 in excess of any previous year, and 131,000,000 above the average yearly output the past ten years.

Deaths in the Alps.

Vienna, Oct. 6.—The summer season's death roll in the Austrian Alps amounts to 53, all caused by slips in climbing. Of these 17 were Germans, 16 Austrians, 15 Swiss, four English and one Dutch. There were four women among the number, two German and two English.

New Trial Granted.

Dubuque, Ia., Oct. 4.—The state supreme court has granted a new trial to John McGarry, convicted two years ago and sentenced to life imprisonment for the murder of Attorney W. O. Lavake. The crime was one of the most sensational ever committed in the northwest.

Mailing a Magazine.

Eighteen men, aided by the fastest mailing appliances, are kept on a rush every month, getting The Ladies' Home Journal off to its subscribers. The first shipments are started about the middle of each month, and from that time until the twenty-fifth the magazines pour out of the Journal's publishing office by the two-horse-draw load. On the twenty-fifth of each month every Journal has reached its destination, and work in the



mailing department slackens for a few days. Some idea of the tremendous size of the Journal's subscription list may be gained when it is known that forty tons of mailing type are required to set up the names of subscribers. There are three quarters of a ton of each numeral, and it requires twenty thousand galleys to accommodate the subscribers' names in type. This stock would equip six or eight large daily newspapers. As many as sixty-five compositors are employed setting the names of Journal subscribers in type—printers enough to set the type for the biggest metropolitan daily newspaper. The expenses for postage paid by the Journal approximate \$75,000 a year.

SCHOOL REPORT.

Names of Pupils Who Have Not Been Absent nor Tardy.

Superintendent's report for the month ending September 28, 1900:

Total number enrolled.....373
Total number transferred.....0
Number of re-entries.....4
Total number belonging at date.....364
Number of non resident pupils.....41
Number of pupils not absent or tardy 214
Percentage of attendance.....97
W. W. GIFFORD, Supt.

HIGH SCHOOL.

Mabel Bacon Howard Armstrong
Zoe BeGole Gus BeGole
Helen Burg Claude Burkhardt
Mamie Clark Arthur Easterle
Margaret Conway Jacob Forner
Helen Eder Carl Plowe
Lela Geddes Chandler Rogers
Vera Glazier Warren Spaulding
Louise Hieber Minnie Hieber
Alice Helm Enid Holmes
Cora Nickerson Bert Steinbach
Emily Seibach Cora Stedman
Mudge Young Nellie Walsh
Amy Whalan
MAY E. CRECH, Teacher.

NINTH GRADE.

George Bacon Vera Comstock
Ray Cook Lenora Curtis
John Fletcher Mary Eder
Harry Foster Agnes Farrell
Leland Foster Emma Forner
Leon Kempf Viola Lemmon
Wirt McLaren Mary Murray
Carl Kaimbach Daisy Potter
Carl Monks Mamie Snyder
Arthur Raffrey Mildred Stephens
Herbert Schenk Anna Walworth
Rollin Schenk Jennie Winslow
Harry Stedman Alta Skidmore
FLORENCE N. BACHMAN, Teacher.

EIGHTH GRADE.

Paul Bacon Cora Burkhardt
Lee Chandler Leone Gieske
J. Heselschwerdt Lilla Schmidt
Mina Steger Harry Taylor
Kent Walworth Elmer Winans
OLIVE R. ROGERS, Teacher.

SEVENTH GRADE.

Grace Bacon Florence Atkinson
Ruth Barich Jennie Geddes
Winnalee Comstock Myrta Hafner
Genevieve Hummel F. Heselschwerdt
Jennie Ives Bessie Kempf
May McGuinness Mabel Raffrey
Hazel Speer Emma Koch
Paul Hirth Homer Lighthall
Albert Steinbach Clarence Schauffele
Leroy Wilsey Roy Williams
Arthur Young
MAMIE E. FLETCHER, Teacher.

SIXTH GRADE.

Ruth Bacon Mildred Atkinson
Ethel Burkhardt John Faber
Edna Glazier Bernice Hoag

Edna Keolbing Anna Mullen
Ray Snyder Fred Taylor
ANNA M. BEISSEL, Teacher.

FIFTH GRADE.

Emma Beeler Marguerite Eder
Mabel Eisenman John Eisenman
Hazel Hummel Roy Ives
Clara Koch Mary Lambrecht
Margretta Martin Helen McGuinness
Meryl Prudden Harold Pierce
Roy Quinn Edna Raffrey
Mary Spinnagle Florence Schauffele
Cora Schmidt Lynn Stedman
ELIZABETH DEPEW, Teacher.

FOURTH GRADE.

Dorothy Bacon Albert Bates
Edith Bates Marguerite Eppler
Reuben Foster Amelia Hummel
Florence Joffler Willie Hafner
Harlow Lemmon Cella Mullen
Elsa Moroney Clara Osterle
Eva Osterle Donald Roedel
Leon Shaver Arthur Stapish
A. Spinnagle V. Schwikerath
L. Schwikerath Estella Weber
Myrta Young Harold Spaulding
Walter Spaulding Nina Belle Wurster
M. A. VAN TYNE, Teacher.

THIRD GRADE.

Arthur Avery Raymond Stapish
Cystil Barnes Ellis Schulz
V. Britenbach May Steigelmair
Norbert Foster Nina Schnaitman
Ralph Gieske Harry Schussler
Margaret Hoag Sydney Schenk
Nada Hoffman Beulah Turner
John Hummel Phebe TurnBull
Mary Koch Cleon Wolff
Mary Kolb Edna Wackenhut
Lloyd Merker Peter Weick
George McClain Ernest Kuhl
Ruth Raffrey Victor Hale
Herbert Klemenscheider
CLARA B. HEMENS, Teacher.

SECOND GRADE.

Carl Chandler Paul Maroney
Alfa N Davis Roy Schlieferstein
Winifred Eder Esther Schenk
Frances Eder Henry Schwikerath
Neta Belle Fuller Larue Shaver
Agnes Gorman Meryl Shaver
Bertilla Hindelang Leo Weick
Lloyd Hoffman Jennie Walker
George Kaercher Carl Lambrecht
Iva Lehman
MARIE BACON, Teacher.

FIRST GRADE.

Charlie Carpenter Aleda Merker
Norbert Eisenman Una Stieglemaler
Regina Eder Mary Schwikerath
Lewis Eppler Lizzie Schwikerath
Lloyd Hathaway Carl Turner
Mabel Hummel George TurnBull
C. Heselschwerdt George Wackenhut
Olga Hoffman Theo. Wedemeyer
Elaine Jackson Howard Beckwith
Willie Kolb Gladys Beckwith
Paul Kuhl Amanda Koch
Celia Kolb Olive Kaercher
Alwina Lambert Artina Lambert
BEATRICE BACON, Teacher.

There will be an entire new registration again this year, before the regular election. This means that every voter will have to register again, whether he is now registered or not. The law, which requires a re-registration every ten years is responsible for it, and if you want to cast a vote—and every man ought to vote—you will have to see a member of the board and leave your name.—Local Republican.

Making Friends

with all kinds of pocketbooks these days.

Our low prices always made us Friends as well as customers.

But our present Fall reductions in WALL Paper are bringing customers more numerous and their friendship seems of a more friendly nature.

The reason? Here you are:

Brown blanks, pretty designs 3½c roll

Good gilt patterns from 4c to 15c roll

Borders 18 inches wide 2½ to 10c yard

Finest Satin Embossed 17½c roll

Nearly 100 Designs to select from, and no old stock. If you need Wall Paper we can do you good.

Pure Cider Vinegar 18c gallon

Finest Spices, at lowest prices

Tumeric, curry powder, celery seed, mustard seed, mixed spices, coriander and everything you could wish, for those mixed pickles.

We are CORKERS when you need them for the different sized catnip bottles.

Yours for Something New.

Fenn & Vogel.

Highest Market Price for Eggs.



Stoves! Stoves!

We are selling Stoves at a smaller profit this season than ever before. We have Coal Stoves, Wood Heaters, Oil Heaters, Cast and Steel Ranges. Several Second Hand Heaters cheap. Remember we sell the Genuine Round Oak.

Special prices on

FURNITURE

for October.

W. J. KNAPP.

If you want to keep cool eat

Ralston's Whole Wheat Bread

at 5c per loaf made by

J. G. EARL

We have fresh arm peanuts always on hand at bottom rice

E. W. DANIELS,

NORTH LAKE

AUCTIONEER

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



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CHAPTER II.

Promotion was rapid in the cavalry in those days, so soon after the war. Indians contributed largely to the general move, but there were other causes, too. Dean had served little over a year as second lieutenant in a troop doing duty along the lower Platte, when vacancies occurring gave him speedy and unlooked-for lift. He had met Mr. Folsom only once. The veteran trader had embarked much of his capital in business at Gate City, beyond the Rockies, but officers from Fort Emory, close to the new frontier town, occasionally told him he had won a staunch friend in that solid citizen.

"You ought to get transferred to Emory," they said. "Here's the band, half a dozen pretty girls, hops twice a week, hunts and picnics all through the spring and summer in the mountains, fishing and libitum, and lots of fun all the year around." But Dean's ears were oddly deaf. A classmate let fall the observation that it was because of a New York girl who had jilted him that Dean had forsaken society and stuck to a troop in the field; but men who knew and served with the young fellow found him an enthusiast in his profession, passionately fond of cavalry life in the open, a bold rider, a keen shot and a born hunter. Up with the dawn and after day, in saddle long hours, scouting the divides and ridges, stalking antelope and black-tail deer, chasing buffalo, he lived a life that hardened every muscle, bronzed the skin, cleared the eye and brain and gave to even monotonous existence a "verve" and zest the dailiness in those old-time garrisons never knew.

All the long summer of the year after his graduation, from mid-April until November, he never once slept beneath a wooden roof, and more often than not the sky was his only canopy. That summer, too, Jessie spent at home, Pappoose with her most of the time, and one year more would finish them at the reliable old Ohio school. By that time Folsom's handsome new home would be in readiness to receive his daughter at Gate City. By that time, too, Marshall might hope to have a leave and come in to Illinois to welcome his sister and gladden his mother's eyes. But until then, the boy had said to himself, he'd stick to the field, and the troop that had the roughest work to do was the one that suited him, and so it had happened that by the second spring of his service in the regiment no subaltern was held in higher esteem by senior officers or regarded with more envy by the lazy ones among the juniors than the young graduate, for those, too, were days in which graduates were few and far between, except in higher grades. Twice had he ridden in the dead of winter the devious trail through the Medicine Bow range to Frayne. Once already had he been sent the long march to and from the Big Horn, and when certain officers were ordered to locate the site of the new post at Warrior Gap, Brooks' troop, as has been said, went along as escort and Brooks caught mountain fever in the hills, or some such ailment, and made the horse trip in the ambulance, leaving the active command of "C" troop to his subaltern.

With the selection of the site Dean had nothing to do. Silently he looked on as the quartermaster, the engineer and a staff officer from Omaha paced off certain lines, took shots with their instruments at neighboring waters of the fork. Two companies of infantry, sent down from further posts along the northern slopes of the range, had stacked their arms and pitched their "dog tents," and vigilant vedettes and sentries peered over every commanding height and ridge to secure the invaders against surprise. Invaders they certainly were from the Indian point of view, for this was Indian Story Land, the most prized, the most beautiful, the most prolific in fish and game in all the continent; never had the red man clung with such tenacity to any section of his hunting grounds as did the northern Sioux to this, the north and northeast watershed of the Big Horn range. Old Indian fighters among the men shook their heads when the quartermaster selected a level bench as the site on which to begin the stockade that was to inclose the officers' quarters and the barracks, storehouse and magazine, and ominously they glanced at one another and then at the pine-skirted ridge that rose sharp and sudden, against the sky, not 400 yards away, dominating the site entirely.

"I shouldn't like the job of clearing away the gang of Indians that might seize that ridge," said Dean, when later asked by the engineer what he thought of it, and Dean had twice by that time been called upon to help "hustle" Indians out of threatening positions, and knew whereof he spoke.

"I shouldn't worry over things you're never likely to have to do," said the quartermaster, with sarcastic emphasis, and he was a man who never yet had had to face a foe in the field, and Dean said nothing more, but felt right well he had no friend in Maj. Burleigh.

They left the infantry there to guard the site and protect the gang of woodchoppers set to work at once, then

turned their faces homeward. They had spent four days and nights at the Gap, and the more the youngster saw of the rotund quartermaster, the less he cared to cultivate him. A portly, heavily built man was he, some 40 years of age, a widower, whose children were at their mother's old home in the far east, a business man with a keen eye for opportunities and investments, a fellow who was reputed to have stock in a dozen mines and kindred enterprises, a knowing hand who drove fast horses and owned quite a stable, a sharp hand who played a thriving game of poker and had no compunctions as to winning. Officers at Emory were fighting shy of him. He played too big a game for their small pay and pockets, and the men with whom he took his pleasure were big contractors or well-known "sports" and gamblers, who in those days thronged the frontier towns and most men did them homage. But on this trip Burleigh had no big gamblers along and missed his evening game, and, once arrived at camp along the Fork, he had "roped in" some of the infantry officers, but Brooks and the engineer declined to play, and so had Dean from the very start.

"All true cavalymen ought to be able to take a hand at poker," sneered Burleigh, at the first night's camp, for here was a pigeon really worth the plucking, thought he. Dean's life in the field had been so simple and inexpensive that he had saved much of his slender pay; but, what Burleigh did not know, he had sent much of it home to mother and Jess.

"I know several men who would have been the better for leaving it alone," responded Dean, very quietly. They rubbed each other the wrong way from the very start, and this was bad for the boy, for in those days, when army morals were less looked after than they are now, men of Burleigh's stamp, with the means to entertain and the station to enable them to do it, had often the ear of officers from headquarters, and more things were told at such times to generals and colonels about their young men than the victims ever suspected. Burleigh was a man of position and influence, and knew it. Dean was a youngster without either, and did not realize it. He had made an enemy of the quartermaster on the trip and could not but know it. Yet, conscious that he had said nothing that was wrong, he felt no disquiet.

And now, homeward bound, he was jogging contentedly along at the



Dean saw a confused mass.

head of the troop. Scouts and flankers signaled "all clear." Not a hostile Indian had they seen since leaving the Gap. The ambulances with a little squad of troopers had hung on a few moments at the noon camp, hitching slowly and leisurely that their passengers might longer enjoy their post prandial siesta in the last shade they should see until they reached Cantonment Reno, a long day's ride. Presently the lively mule teams would come along the winding trail at a spanking trot. Then the troop would open out to right and left and let them take the lead, giving the dust in exchange, and once more the rapid march would begin. It was four p. m. when the shadows of the mules' ears and heads came jerking into view beside them, and, guiding his horse to the right, Dean loosed rein and prepared to trot by the open doorway of the stout, black-covered wagon. The young engineer oficer, sitting on the front seat, nodded cordially to the cavalymen. He had known and liked him at the Point. He had sympathized with him in the vague difference with the quartermaster. He had listened to sneering things Burleigh was telling the aide-camp about young line-men in general and Dean in particular, stocking the staff officer with opinions which he hoped and intended should reach the department commander's ears. The engineer disbelieved, but was in no position to disprove. His station was at Omaha, far from the scene of cavalry exploits in fort or field. Burleigh's office and depot were in this new, crowded, bustling frontier town, filled with temptation to men so far removed from the influences of home and civilization, and Burleigh doubtless saw and knew much to warrant his generalities. But he knew no wrong of Dean, for that young soldier, as has been said, had spent all but a few mid-winter months at hard, vigorous work in the field, had been to Gate City and

Fort Emory only twice, and then under orders that called for prompt return to Fetterman. Any man with an eye for human nature could see at a glance, as Dean saw, that both the aid and his big friend, the quartermaster, had been exchanging comments at the boy's expense. He had shouted a cheery salutation to the engineer in answer to his friendly nod, then turned in saddle and looked squarely at the two on the back seat, and the constraint in their manner, the almost-sullen look in their faces, told the story without words.

It nettled Dean—frank, outspoken, straightforward as he had always been. He hated any species of back-biting, and he had heard of Burleigh as an adept in the art, and a man to be feared. Signaling to his sergeant to keep the column opened out, as the prairie was almost level now on every side, he rode swiftly on, revolving in his mind how to meet and checkmate Burleigh's insidious moves, for instinctively he felt he was already at work. The general in command in those days was not a field soldier by any means. His office was far away at the banks of the Missouri, and all he knew of what was actually going on in his department he derived from official written reports; much that was neither official nor reliable he learned from officers of Burleigh's stamp, and Dean had never yet set eyes on him. In the engineer he felt he had a friend on whom he could rely, and he determined to seek his counsel at the campfire that very night, meantime to hold his peace.

They were trotting through a shallow depression at the moment, the two spring wagons guarded and escorted by some 30 dusty, hardy-looking troopers. In the second, the yellow ambulance, Brooks was stretched at length, taking it easy, an attendant jogging alongside. Behind them came a third, a big quartermaster's wagon, drawn by six mules and loaded with tentage and rations. Out some 300 yards to the right and left rode little squads as flankers. Out beyond them, further still, often cut off from view by low waves of prairie, were individual troopers, riding as lookouts, while far to the front, full 600 yards, three or four others, spreading over the front on each side of the twisting trail, moved rapidly from crest to crest, always carefully scanning the country ahead before riding up to the summit. And now, as Dean's eyes turned from his charges to look along the sky line to the east, he saw sudden sign of excitement and commotion at the front. A sergeant, riding with two troopers midway between him and those foremost scouts, was eagerly signaling to him with his broad-brimmed hat. Three of the black dots along the gently rising slope far ahead had leaped from their mounts and were slowly crawling forward, while one of them, his horse turned adrift and contentedly nibbling at the buffalo grass, was surely signaling that there was mischief ahead.

In an instant the lieutenant was galloping out to the front, cautioning the driver to come on slowly. Presently he overhauled the sergeant and bade him follow, and together the four men darted up on the gradual incline until within ten yards of where the leaders' horses were placidly grazing. There they threw themselves from saddle; one of the men took the reins of the four horses, while Dean and the other two, unslinging carbine and crouching low, went hurriedly on up the slope until they came within a few yards of the nearest scout.

"Indians!" he called to them, as soon as they were within earshot. "But they don't seem to be on lookout for us at all. They're fooling with some buffalo over here."

Crawling to the crest, leaving his hat behind, Dean peered over into the swale beyond, and this was what he saw: Half a mile away to the east the low, concave sweep of the prairie was cut by the jagged banks and curves of a watercourse which drained the melting snows in earlier spring. Along the further bank a dozen buffalo were placidly grazing, unconscious of the fact that in the shallow, dry ravine itself half a dozen young Indians—Sioux, apparently—were lurking, awaiting the nearer coming of the herd, whose leaders, at least, were gradually approaching the edge. Away down to the northeast, toward the distant Powder river, the shallow stream bed trended, and, following the pointing finger of the scout who crawled to his side, Dean gazed and saw a confused mass of slowly moving objects, betrayed by miles by the light cloud of dust that hovered over them, covering many an acre of the prairie, stretching away down the vale. Even before he could unsling his field glass and gaze, his plaincraft told him what was slowly, steadily approaching, as though to cross his front—an Indian village, a big one, on the move to the mountains, bound perhaps for the famous race course of the Sioux, a grand amphitheater in the southern hills.

And even as they gazed, two tiny jets of flame and smoke shot from the ravine edge there below them, and before the dull reports could reach their ears the foremost bison dropped on his knees and then rolled over on the sod; and then came the order, at sound of which, back among the halted troopers, every carbine leaped from its socket.

CHAPTER III.

Down along the building railway in the valley of the Platte there had been two years of frequent encounter with small bands of Indians. Down along the Smoky Hill, in Kansas, the Cheyennes were ever giving trouble. Even around Laramie and Frayne, on the

North Platte, settlers and soldiers had been murdered, as well as one or two officers, caught alone out hunting, and the Indians were, of course, the perpetrators. Nevertheless, it had been the policy of the leaders of the Northern Sioux to avoid any meeting in force and to deny the complicity of their people in the crimes committed. Supply trains to Reno, Kearney and C. F. Smith, the Big Horn posts of the Bozeman trail, went to and fro with guards of only moderate size. Officers had taken their wives and children to these far-away stations. The stockades were filled with soldiers' families. Big bands of Indians roamed the lovely valleys of the Piney, the Tongue and Rosebud, near at hand, and rode into full view of the wary sentries at the stockades, yet made no hostile demonstration. Officers and men went far up the rocky canyons of the hills in search of fish or game, and came back unmolested. Escorts reported that they sometimes marched all day long side by side with hunting bands of Sioux, a mile away; and often little parties, squaws and boys and young men, would ride confidently over and beg for sugar, coffee, hardtack—anything, and ride off with their plunder in the best of spirits and with all apparent good feeling. And yet the great war chief of the Brules—Sintogaliska—Spotted Tail, the white man's friend, gave solemn warning not to trust the Ogallallas. "Red Cloud's heart is bad," he said. "He and his people are moving from the reservations to the mountains. They mean trouble." Old traders like Folsom heard and heeded, and Folsom himself hastened to Fort Frayne the very week that Burleigh and his escort left for Warrior Gap. Visiting at the ranch of his son in a beautiful nook behind the Medicine Bow mountains, the veteran trader heard tidings from an Indian

brave that filled him with apprehension, and he hurried to the fort.

"Is it true," he asked, "that the government means to establish a post at Warrior Gap? Is it true that Maj. Burleigh has gone thither?" And when told that it was, and that only Capt. Brooks' troop had gone as an escort, Folsom's agitation was extreme. "Colonel," said he to the post commander, "solemnly I have tried to warn the general of the danger of that move. I have told him that all the northern tribes are leaguering now, that they have determined to keep to themselves the Big Horn country and the valleys to the north. It will take 5,000 men to hold those three posts against the Sioux, and you've barely got 500. I warn you that any attempt to start another post up there will bring Red Cloud and all his people to the spot. Their scouts are watching like hawks even now. Iron Spear came to me at my son's ranch last night and told me not ten warriors were left at the reservation. They are all gone, and the war dances are on in every valley from the Black Hills to the Powder. For heaven's sake, send half your garrison up to Reno after Brooks. You are safe here. They won't molest you south of the Platte, at least not now. All they ask is that you build no more forts in the Big Horn."

But the colonel could not act without authority. Telegraph there was none then. What Folsom said was of sufficient importance to warrant his hurrying off a courier to Laramie, fully 100 miles southeast, and ordering a troop to scout across the wild wastes to the north, while Folsom himself, unable to master his anxiety, decided to accompany the command sent out toward Cantonment Reno. He long had had influence with the Ogallallas. Even now Red Cloud might listen if he could but find him. The matter was of such urgency he could not refrain. And so with the gray troop of the cavalry, setting forth within an hour of his coming, rode the old trader whom the Indians had so long sworn by, and he started none too soon.

Reno was some 90 miles away, and not until late the next evening did the grays reach the lonely post. Not a sign of hostile Indian had been seen or heard, said the officer in command. Small bands of hunters were out toward Pumpkin Butte two days before. Yes, Ogallallas—and a scouting party, working down the valley of the Powder, had met no band at all, though trails were numerous. They were now patrolling toward the Big Horn. Perhaps there'd be a courier in to-morrow. Better get a good night's rest meantime, he said. But all the same he doubled his guards and ordered extra vigilance, for all men knew John Folsom, and when Folsom was anxious on the Indian question it was time to look alive. Daybreak came without a sign, but Folsom could not rest. The grays had no authority to go beyond Reno, but such was his anxiety that it was decided to hold the troop at the cantonment for a day or two. Meantime, despite his years, Folsom decided to push on for the Gap. All efforts to dissuade him were in vain. With him rode Baptiste, a half-breed Frenchman, whose mother was an Ogallalla squaw, and "Bat" had served him many a year. Their canteens were filled, their saddle-pouches packed. They led along an extra mule, with camp equipage, and shook hands gravely with the officers ere they rode away. "All depends," said Folsom, "on whether Red Cloud is hereabouts in person. If he is and I can get his ear I can probably save off trouble long enough to get those people at the Gap back to Kearney, or over here. They're goners if they attempt to stay there and build that post. If you don't have word from us in two days, send for all the troops the government can raise. It will take every mother's son they've got to whip the Sioux when once they're leagued together."

"But our men have the new breech-loaders now, Mr. Folsom," said the officers. "The Indians have only old percussion-cap rifles, and not too many of them."

"But there are 20 warriors to every

soldier," was the answer, "and all are fighting men."

They watched the pair until they disappeared far to the west. All day long the lookouts searched the horizon. All that night the sentries listened for hoofbeats on the Bozeman road, but only the weird chorus of the coyotes woke the echoes of the dark prairie. Dawn of the second day came, and, unable to bear suspense, the major sent a little party, mounted on their fleetest horses, to scour the prairie at least halfway to the foothills of the Big Horn, and just at daylight they came back—three at least—galloping like mad, their mounts a mass of foam. Folsom's dread was well founded. Red Cloud, with heaven only knows how many warriors, had camped on Crazy Woman's Fork within the past three days, and gone on up stream. He might have met and fought the troops sent out three days before. He must have met the troops dispatched to Warrior Gap.

And this last, at least, he had done. For a few seconds after the fall of the buffalo bull, the watchers on the distant ridge lay still, except that Dean, turning slightly, called to the orderly trumpeter, who had come trotting out after the troop commander, and was now halted and afoot some 20 yards down the slope. "Go back, Bryan," he ordered: "Halt the ambulances. Notify Capt. Brooks that there are lots of Indians ahead, and have the sergeant deploy the men at once." Then he turned back and with his field glass studied the party along the ravine.

"They can't have seen us, can they, lieutenant?" muttered the trooper nearest him.

But Dean's young face was grave and clouded. Certainly the Indians acted as though they were totally unaware of the presence of troops, but



Disdainfully turned their backs.

the more he thought the more he knew that no big body of Sioux would be traveling across country at so critical a time (country, too, that was conquered as this was from their enemies, the Crows), without vigilant scouts afar out on front and flank. The more he thought the more he knew that even as early as three o'clock those keen-eyed fellows must have sighted his little column, conspicuous as it was because of its wagons. Beyond question, he told himself, the chief of the band or village so steadily approaching from the northeast had full information of their presence, and was coming confidently ahead. What had he to fear? Even though the blood of settlers and soldiers might still be red upon the hands of his braves, even though fresh scalps might be dangling at this moment from their shields, what mattered it? Did he not know that the safeguard of the Indian bureau spread like the wing of a protecting angel over him and his people, forbidding troops to molest or open fire unless they themselves were attacked? Did he not laugh in his ragged shirt sleeve at the policy of the white fool who would permit the red enemy to ride boldly up to his soldiers, count their numbers, inspect their array, satisfy himself as to their armament and readiness, then calculate the chances, and, if he thought the force too strong, ride on his way with only a significant gesture in parting insult? If, on the contrary, he found it weak, then he could turn loose his braves, surround, massacre and scalp, and swear before the commissioners sent out to investigate next moon that he and his people knew nothing about the matter—nothing, at least, that they could be induced to tell.

One moment more Dean watched and waited. Two of the Indians in the ravine were busily reloading their rifles. Two others were aiming over the bank, for, with the strange stupidity of their kind, the other buffalo, even when startled by the shot, had never sought safety in flight, but were now sniffing the odor of blood on the tainted air and slowly, wonderingly drawing near the stricken leader as though to ask what ailed him. Obedient and docile the Indian ponies stood with drooping heads, hidden under the shelter of the steep banks. Nearer and nearer came the big black animals, bulky, stupid, fatuous; the foremost lowered a huge head to sniff at the blood oozing from the shoulder of the dying bull, then two more shots puffed out from the ravine, the huge head tossed suddenly in air, and the ungainly brute started and staggered, whirled about and darted a few yards away, then plunged on its knees, and the next moment, startled at some sight the soldier watchers could not see, the black band was seized with sudden panic and darted like mad into the depths of the watercourse, disappeared one moment from sight, then, suddenly reappearing, came laboring up the hither side, straight for the crest on which they lay, a dozen black, bounding, panting beasts thundering over the ground, followed by half a dozen darting Indian ponies, each with his lithe rider scurrying in pursuit. "Out of the way, men! Don't fire!" shouted Dean. And, scrambling back toward their horses, the lieutenant

and his men drew away from the front of the charging herd, invisible as yet to the halted troop and to the occupants of the ambulance, whose eager heads could be seen poked out at the side doors of the leading vehicle, as though watching for the cause of the sudden halt.

And then a thing happened that at least one man saw and fortunately remembered later. Bryan, the trumpeter, with jabbing heels and flapping arms, was tearing back toward the troop at the moment at the top speed of his gray charger, already so near that he was shouting to the sergeant in the lead. By this time, too, that veteran trooper, with the quick sense of duty that seemed to inspire the wartime sergeant, had jumped his little column "front into line" to meet the unseen danger; so that now, with carbines advanced, some thirty blue jackets were aligned in the loose fighting order of the prairies in front of the foremost wagon. The sight of the distant officer and men tumbling hurriedly to one side, out of the way presumably of some swiftly-coming peril, acted like magic on the line. Carbines were quickly brought to ready, the gun locks crackling in chorus as the horses pranced and snorted. But it had a varying effect on the occupants of the leading wagon. The shout of "Indians" from Bryan's lips, the sight of scurry on the ridge ahead brought the engineer and aide-camp springing out, rifle in hand, to take their manly part in the coming fray. It should have brought Maj. Burleigh too, but that appropriately named non-combatant never showed outside. An instant more and to the sound of rising thunder, before the astonished eyes of the cavalry line there burst into view, full tear for safety, the unceasing, yet marvellously swift-running leaders of the little herd. The whole drove came flying across the sky line and down the gentle slope, heading well around to the left of the line of troopers, while sticking to their flanks like red nettles half a dozen warriors rode like the wind on their nimble ponies, crackling away with revolver or rifle in savage joy in the glorious sport. Too much for Burleigh's nerve was the combination of sounds, thunder of hoofs and sputter of shots, for when a cheer of sympathetic delight went up from the soldier line at the sight of the chase, and the young engineer sprang to the door of the ambulance to help the major out, he found him a limp and ghastly heap, quivering with terror in the bottom of the wagon, looking for all the world as if he were trying to crawl under the seat.

TO BE CONTINUED

Dangerous Voyage.

Deep-water sailors are apt to view with contempt the seamen who go on coastwise ships, but these longshoremen are often skillful, and certainly they are exposed to many dangers. A New York exchange describes the voyage of the schooner William Bell from Charlestown, S. C., to New London, Conn.

It foundered at sea in a furious gale, and the captain and five men went down with it. Two seamen, named Lownd and Robinson, kept themselves afloat and found refuge on the roof of the cabin, which had become detached.

To this the two men clung until the hurricane had spent its fury. On this narrow raft they spent five days and nights, without food or drink and with very little rest, as the waves frequently swept over them.

Robinson twice slipped into the water, but each time was rescued by Lownd. In their hunger they ate part of their leather sea-boots, and when picked up by a passing schooner they were on the verge of delirium; but they were rescued in time, and soon recovered.

Liken His Flats Occupied.

"It rather surprised me," said a flat-dweller, "to learn that the janitor would prefer to have all the flats in the building occupied. I should have thought that the more empty apartments there were, and so the fewer the people whose wants he would have to look after the less his work; but the reverse of this is the case, and really it's very simple. Flats that are unoccupied he has to look after and keep in order so that they may be of slightly appearance to people who come to look at them with a view to renting. The flats occupied are, of course, cared for by the people who live in them; and the work of looking after the empty flats would be. Hence aside from any personal pride in seeing the building under his care fully occupied, the janitor likes to see it so because in that condition it means less work for him."—N. Y. Sun.

Revolt of Peasants.

Reports from Bulgaria represent the recent agrarian riots in the Rustchuk district as a veritable peasants' revolt, aggravated by the fact that the troops, men and officers—at any rate, in some places—fraternized with the rioters, with whom, as peasants' sons themselves, they heartily sympathized. The cause of the disturbance was the new tithe law. By this measure, which was hoped would add 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 francs yearly to the revenue, the land tax, payable in money, was replaced, as regards cereals, by a tithe from threshed corn. For the last two years the harvests have been failures, but the land tax was nevertheless exacted, or charged against the landholders as a first mortgage. Many of the peasantry, therefore found themselves destitute.—N. Y. Post.

Wives Resemble Ivy.

Good wives resemble ivy, because the greater the ruin the tighter they cling. Bad wives also resemble ivy, because the tighter they cling the greater the ruin. —Chicago Daily News.

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CONVENTION IS CALLED.

President Mitchell Issues Summons for Delegates to Meet Friday at Scranton.

SESSIONS WILL PROBABLY BE SECRET.

Will Be Presided Over by Mitchell—Feeling of Relief at Prospect of Early Settlement of Miners' Strike—Considered That the Miners Have Achieved a Great Victory.

Philadelphia, Oct. 9.—President Mitchell issued his call Monday for the much-talked-of miners' convention to consider the operators' offer of a ten per cent. increase in wages. The convention will be held at Scranton, and will open on Friday next. Representation in the convention will be on the basis of one delegate with one vote for each 100 persons on strike. It is the general expectation that the decision of the convention will be to accept the increase and return to work.

Quietness prevailed throughout the anthracite regions Monday, the call for the convention being generally accepted as a signal for cessation of hostilities all around. There were many expressions of satisfaction by miners and operators and by merchants and others in the mining section over the prospects of an early settlement of the troubles. Monday completed the third week since the strike officially went into effect.

An Important Step.

Hazleton, Pa., Oct. 9.—The issuing of the call by President Mitchell, of the United Mine Workers of America, for a joint convention of the anthracite miners, to be held at Scranton, beginning next Friday, for the purpose of deciding whether to accept or to reject the ten per cent. net increase in wages offered by the operators, is a long stride in the direction of bringing the great coal miners' strike to a close. Genuine satisfaction was expressed by both miners and persons not directly connected with the coal industry that the contest is approaching an end. Business throughout the entire anthracite coal field is practically at a standstill, and it will take some time before normal conditions will again prevail.

Will Probably Accept.

It is believed the convention will not be a long one, as it is expected the strikers will almost unanimously accept the advance in wages. There is, however, a possibility that by the introduction of a proposition to abolish the sliding scale and another to have the operators agree to a yearly wage contract the termination of the strike might be somewhat delayed. None of the operators who could be seen here would have anything to say in regard to the convention call. Most of them preferred to wait and see what action the convention will take.

Troops Go Home.

Shenandoah, Pa., Oct. 9.—Battery C, of Phoenixville, departed for home Monday. Reports received at strikers' headquarters from the Panther Creek valley indicate that the mine workers there are not satisfied with the concessions made by the Lehigh Coal & Navigation company. All the collieries, however, are reported to be working.

Forty Killed.

St. Petersburg, Oct. 9.—Five thousand pilgrims assembled at St. Nikander monastery, in the Porkhoff district, for a religious festival. During the night one of the upper floors collapsed and many of those sleeping there fell upon those below. A panic was caused by a false alarm of fire and four men and 36 women were crushed to death, many others being seriously injured.

Democratic Clubs.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 5.—The National Association of Democratic clubs in session here was addressed by William J. Bryan, Adlai Stevenson and others, and W. R. Hearst was reelected president of the association. The resolutions commend the Kansas City platform and denounce the administration of President McKinley.

Post Office Statistics.

Washington, Oct. 8.—The balance sheet of the post office department just completed shows the following condition for the past year: Expenditures, \$107,249,298; revenue, \$102,354,579; excess of expenditures, \$4,894,718. This is about \$1,500,000 less than the deficit for the preceding fiscal year.

Aged Publisher Dead.

New York, Oct. 9.—Andrew C. Armstrong, one of the founders of Scribner's Monthly and one of the oldest publishers in this city, died at his country home at Stamford, Conn., Monday night after a long illness, from a complication of disorders. He was 71 years old.

Every Record Broken.

Brookton, Mass., Oct. 6.—Harry Elkes Friday broke every trieycle record from two miles to the hour, with ordinary pace. The hour record is 39 miles, 1,045 yards; previous record by Chase at Paris, 38 miles, 464 yards.

Noted Barrister Dead.

Baraboo, Wis., Oct. 6.—Judge Stephen Barlow, aged 82 years, died Thursday. Judge Barlow was well known throughout the state, having served in the assembly and senate and being twice elected attorney general.

Struck by Lightning.

Fort Dodge, Ia., Oct. 4.—A. H. Wilson, a traveling man in the employ of the E. D. Clagg Wool and Hide company, was struck by lightning at six o'clock Wednesday evening during an electrical storm and instantly killed.

A BANDIT SLAIN.

A Plucky Express Messenger Interferes with a Train Robbery in Iowa.

Council Bluffs, Ia., Oct. 4.—Two masked men, evidently experts, held up and attempted to rob the express cars on the Kansas City passenger train on the Kansas City, St. Joe & Council Bluffs railroad three miles south of this city, at 11 o'clock Wednesday night. They cut off the engine and express cars and forced the engineer to pull half a mile down the track. Then, while one man guarded the train crew, the other forced the engineer to blow open the express car door with dynamite. Express Messenger Baxter jumped, hid himself in the weeds, and a moment later shot and killed the robber who was guarding the engine. The other made his escape.

St. Joseph, Mo., Oct. 8.—The Burlington railway sent to Express Messenger Charles E. Baxter, of Kansas City, a letter of commendation for his courageous act in frustrating a train robbery near Council Bluffs, Ia., by killing one of the robbers. The letter also contained a draft for \$500 as further evidence of appreciation. The dead robber has been identified from a photograph as Albert H. Poone, of Topeka, Kan.

VENGEANCE OF A MOB.

A Negro Banned at the Stake in an Alabama Town for Attempted Assault on White Woman.

Wetumpka, Ala., Oct. 3.—Winfield Townsend, alias Floyd, a negro, was burned at the stake in the little town of Eclectic, 15 miles from this place, a half hour after midnight yesterday morning. The negro's crime was an attempted assault on Mrs. Lonnie Harrington, whose husband set fire to the fuel which reduced Townsend's body to ashes.

Townsend, before being bound, confessed the crime and said he was also implicated with Alex. Floyd, who was hanged two weeks ago for an attempted assault on Miss Kate Pearson. He said he and Floyd had planned for other crimes of like character.

Damage by Floods.

St. Louis, Oct. 8.—Telegraphic advices from Tampico, Mex., state that the Panuco and Tames rivers, which empty into the gulf at that place, are on one of the biggest rises in their history, and great damage has been wrought by the floods. In the populated and cultivated valleys above there, at one point near Chila station, on the line of the Mexican Central railroad, the Tames river is over 50 miles wide and has swept to destruction hundreds of houses occupied by Mexican farmers and laborers. Many cases of drowning are reported.

Asks for Aid.

Galveston, Tex., Oct. 8.—Miss Clara Barton, president of the National Red Cross society, has issued a statement to the manufacturers and business men of this country in which she appeals to them for aid in the way of material to be used in the building of homes for those who lost their all in the recent storm. The number of the homeless class is estimated at 8,000. Winter is approaching, and substantial shelter must be had at once for these people.

Withdraws His Offer.

New York, Oct. 6.—Charles Broadway Roush has withdrawn his offer of \$1,000,000 for the restoration of his eyesight. "No further tests shall be made," said Mr. Roush. "I withdraw my offer of \$1,000,000 for a cure. It is decreed I shall remain forever blind. All tests have proved futile, and not one has given me the slightest relief. I will pass the remainder of my days in patience."

Kills Daughter and Self.

Milwaukee, Oct. 4.—An Evening Wisconsin special from Two Rivers, Wis., says: Mrs. Valentine Roullier committed suicide by drowning, taking with her her two-year-old daughter. The bodies were recovered. The cause of the deed is attributed to constant worrying because her husband intended to take up farming, to which she had a decided aversion.

Census Figures.

Washington, Oct. 9.—The census bureau has announced officially that the population of the state of Delaware was 184,735 in 1900, as against 168,493 in 1900. This is an increase of 16,242, or 9.6 per cent. The population of the District of Columbia is 278,718, as against 230,392 ten years ago; an increase of 48,326, or 20.9 per cent.

Corner Stone Laid.

Jerusalem, Oct. 8.—Sunday the bishop of Jerusalem, in the name of the pope, and in the presence of the German consul and 500 German pilgrims, laid the corner stone of the church which is to be erected on Mount Zion, on the site Abdul Hamid presented to Emperor William on the occasion of the latter's visit to the Holy Land.

Paid for Loss of an Eye.

Racine, Wis., Oct. 8.—Dr. Robert A. Kitts, of this city, who was injured on a street car about a year ago and had an eye torn from the socket, made a settlement with an insurance company for \$3,000. Altogether he has received \$18,000 for the loss of the eye.

Will Prepare Home for Kruger.

Lorenzo Marques, Oct. 8.—Mr. Kruger's grandson, Eloff, will sail on October 10 to prepare a residence in Brussels for the former president of the Transvaal. The latter will sail on the Dutch cruiser Gelderland a few days later.

First Telegram.

Seattle, Wash., Oct. 4.—The first telegram from Skagway to Seattle, marking an epoch in the history of business between Alaska and the outside world, has been received here.

PUTS FORTH NEW SCHEME

France in Note to Powers Outlines Plan of Settlement of Chinese Question.

ENGLAND FOLLOWS LEAD OF AMERICA.

Has Instructed Her Minister in China to Begin Negotiations at Once with Chinese Officials—Germany Has Submitted a Modified Note Which Meets with Approval.

Paris, Oct. 6.—The following official note was issued Friday afternoon:

"The foreign minister has instructed the representatives of France to sound the powers whose troops are cooperating with ours in the extreme east regarding the adoption of a common programme for the negotiations with China. Our representatives acquired themselves of this mission and left with the various foreign ministers a copy of the following note:

"In sending their forces to China the powers proposed, first of all, to deliver their legations. Thanks to their union and the valor of their troops this aim has been attained. It is now a question of securing from the Chinese government, which has given Prince Ching and Li Hung Chang full powers to negotiate and treat in its name, suitable reparation for the past and serious guarantees for the future. Penetrated with the spirit which inspired the previous declarations of the different governments, the government of the republic believes it sums up their real sentiments in the following points, which it submits as a basis for negotiations to be entered upon immediately after the usual verification of the powers:

"First, the punishment of the principal culprits who will be designated by the representatives of the powers at Peking. "Second, the maintenance of the prohibition of the import of arms. "Third, equitable indemnities to states, societies and individuals. "Fourth, the formation of a permanent guard for Peking legations. "Fifth, the dismantlement of the fortifications.

"Sixth, military occupation of two or three points on the road from Tientsin to Peking, which would thus be always open to the legations wishing to go to the sea or to forces proceeding to Peking from the sea.

Presented collectively by the representatives of the powers, supported by the presence of the international troops, it appears impossible to the government of the republic that these conditions, which are so legitimate, would not be accepted by the Chinese government at an early date."

The Latest French Note.

Washington, Oct. 6.—The latest French note is a distinct movement toward the initiation of negotiations for a settlement while this question of punishments is still pending. It is probable that exchanges will take place with the French note as the basis while the ministers at Peking are at work under their instructions upon the subject of punishments, but even though some advance is made with the French note, it is not likely, in the judgment of officials here, that all of the complex questions involved therein can be agreed upon by the powers before Mr. Conger and the other ministers are ready to report upon their branch of the case.

Russia Assents.

Berlin, Oct. 6.—The following dispatch from St. Petersburg has been semi-officially issued here: "The Russian government assents to the proposals in Count Von Buelow's note of October 1. M. De Giers, the Russian minister at Peking, has been instructed in that sense."

Follows America's Lead.

Washington, Oct. 6.—The British government has followed in the footsteps of the United States in the Chinese negotiations. It has authorized Sir Claude MacDonald, the British minister at Peking, to enter into relations with the Chinese officials, just as our government did in the case of Minister Conger. It has left to its minister discretionary power to pass upon the sufficiency of the credentials of Li Hung Chang, Prince Ching and the other Chinese envoys.

Says He Is to Blame.

Peking, Oct. 8.—Emperor Kwang-Tsu admits he is to blame for the Boxer uprising, but he says it was the fault of his advisers, and he orders Prince Tuan and others punished. Eight thousand Chinese troops forced the Germans to retire from a fight near Tientsin.

Change of Capital.

Washington, Oct. 9.—The effort to induce the Chinese imperial court to return to Peking has failed, after a week's persistent effort on the part of the powers. News to that effect was brought to the state department yesterday by the Chinese minister, who said that the emperor of China and dowager had removed to Singan Fu, a fortified town in Shensi province, alleging scarcity of food in Shansi being the reason. German papers regard the move as evidence that the Chinese court is anti-foreign as ever, and as putting peace negotiations on a farcical level.

Disposition of Allied Troops.

Peking, Oct. 9.—Gen. Yamaguchi will re-aim 10,000 Japanese troops, 2,000 of them at Peking and others at Taku and along the line of communications. Eight thousand Germans will pass the winter in Peking, and 1,500 Russians. The number of British troops who will be retained has not yet been decided. Sir Alfred Gaselee will probably keep a brigade for six months. Count Von Waldersee's headquarters will be in the buildings in the imperial pleasure grounds outside the Purple city.

Has Big Debts.

St. Paul, Minn., Oct. 8.—M. B. Curtis, "Sam'l of Posen," the actor, filed a petition in bankruptcy here, with liabilities of \$117,000, assets \$25.

Roberts to Leave South Africa.

London, Oct. 8.—Lord Roberts, the Daily News announces, will leave South Africa during the last week of October.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Gossip of a Newswy Nature Gathered from Many Points in the State.

The churches and schools at Bridge-man have been closed on account of diphtheria in the village.

The annual convention of the Y. W. C. A. of Michigan will be held at Albion college October 19 to 21.

J. B. Nottingham, a market gardener living near Adrian, is enjoying a fair second crop of strawberries.

Robert Kreuket, of Port Huron, is one of the members of Capt. Shafer's company reported killed or captured in the Philippines.

The Pere Marquette new short line road to Stanton will probably be constructed after potatoes on the right of way are harvested.

There is said to be more rye planted in Oakland county this fall than ever before. Failure of the wheat crop for two successive years is the cause.

John Smith, of Copenish, was killed by a falling tree while working with a construction gang on the Long Lake branch of the Manistee & Northeastern railroad.

The Western Hay Fever association will make its headquarters in Marquette for the season of 1901 and is considering the providing of permanent headquarters in that city.

While visiting a friend Emma Harwood, a young woman of Elk Rapids, swallowed strychnine and died shortly afterward in great agony. No cause for her rash act is known.

Mrs. William Hospital, an old widow lady living east of New Boston, was burned to death at her home caused by her clothing being ignited from an overturned kerosene lamp.

Dowagiac has the promise of a cement factory to be built just north of the city limits in the spring at a cost of a quarter of a million of dollars and to employ several hundred hands.

Katie Hutchinson, a Grand Rapids colored girl, aged 21 years, took strychnine with suicidal intent, and died in a hospital. She gave no reason for her action, and none is known.

The testing of sugar beets has begun at the Rochester factory, and the results thus far indicate that the percentage of sugar in the beets this year is larger than last, averaging about 15 per cent.

Rural free delivery service is to be established at Fennville, Allegan county, on the 15th inst., with E. Denvelles as carrier. The route is 24½ miles long, covers 35 square miles and will serve 945 people.

James Volin, employed in logging wood for the Wisconsin Land and Lumber company at Hermansville, was struck by a limb from a falling tree and killed. He was a single man and resided at Menominee.

The Portland Observer says that farmers in that vicinity are having a harder time this year to get all the farm help they need to take care of crops than they ever experienced before. As a result all of them are behind in their work.

The Michigan Poultry Fanciers' association will hold a big show in Battle Creek the first week in December, and it is likely that the recently-organized association of Belgian hare raisers will hold their first annual show at the same time and place.

Frank Phiscator, the gold miner, is on his way from the Yukon river to Baroda. He is said to have cleaned up \$300,000 on his last trip to the Klondike. Phiscator was born near Baroda 40 years ago, and was a poor young man when the Alaskan gold fever seized him. His first trip netted him close to \$500,000. He was one of the first men from the United States to visit the new gold country.

Post Office Plundered.

Nashville, Oct. 6.—The post office here was looted by burglars Tuesday morning about three o'clock. They blew open the safe and got \$243 in cash, but no stamps. There were three of the gang and they came and left in a buggy with one horse. Officers were hot on their trail inside of an hour after the job was done, and before noon two of them were captured in Assyria township, nine miles south of here, after a running fight in which the officers and fugitives exhausted their ammunition without damage except that one of the officers' horses was shot twice. The pair were taken to Hastings jail. The third escaped with the rig.

Charged with Forgery.

Flint, Oct. 5.—Eugene Mudge is in jail awaiting trial upon a charge of forgery. It is alleged that he forged the names of some men to a bond and then filed the bogus bond in the probate court so he could draw \$500 insurance money left by his wife to her children. Mudge drew the money and married another woman. Two of the little children have been sent to the state school at Coldwater because they have no one to care for them now.

Aid for Galveston.

Saginaw, Oct. 6.—The relief committee which was appointed to take care of subscriptions for the Galveston sufferers, has finished its labors. The total amount of cash subscription was \$1,626.96, all of which has been forwarded to John Sealy, treasurer of the relief committee at Galveston, Tex. In addition to the cash subscriptions, were donations of merchandise and clothing to the amount of \$75.

Fire at Ironwood.

Ironwood, Oct. 7.—Fire Friday night caused by a lamp explosion destroyed the machine shops, electrical lighting and air compressor plants of the Oliver Iron Mining company, entailing a heavy loss.

IN EXTRA SESSION.

Gov. Pingree Issues a Call for the Legislature to Assemble—Objects of the Meeting.

Lansing, Oct. 6.—Gov. Pingree sprung a surprise on Michigan Friday by again calling the legislature in extra session, the meeting to open next Wednesday. The stated object is to secure legislation on his pet project of reformation in the methods of taxing railroad property. At the last regular session of the legislature a bill in accordance with the governor's ideas—taxation upon valuation instead of gross earnings—was passed, but it was found to be unconstitutional. The legislature at the same time refused to submit to the people a constitutional amendment providing for the direct system of taxation upon corporate property. At the special session held less than a year ago the constitutional amendment again failed of submission. This is now the third time the present legislature has been confronted with the same proposition.

The proclamation, a copy of which was sent by Secretary of State Stearns to each member of the legislature by registered mail to-night, mentions the questions of special charter repeal and of submitting to the people at the coming election a proposed constitutional amendment which will authorize the legislature to enact laws under which the property of railroad, telegraph, telephone, and express companies will be taxed on its real value, instead of requiring these companies to pay specific taxes as now.

The expense of an extra session, the proclamation says, is trivial compared with the benefits to be derived from a proper solution of the question, and the people are entitled to know that their servants who are charged with the duty of solving the problem are faithful to their interests.

Partial success in the way of securing equal taxation is said to have been gained through the enactment at the last regular session of the present legislature of the law creating the state tax commission, which has this year placed on the assessment rolls \$360,000,000 of property which has heretofore wholly escaped taxation, and this has made universal the demand for the passage of laws that will place all property upon the assessment rolls at its true cash value.

The governor says that action should no longer be delayed, especially in view of the fact that all political parties and all state and legislative candidates are pledged to bring about the change he advocates, and it is evident that at no time can such a full expression of the wishes of the people be secured as at a presidential election.

Expressions from members of the legislature who have been heard from are not in favor of the session. On the contrary the governor's action is vigorously condemned. Particularly is this so when the expense of the extra session is considered. In view of the fact that the new legislature will meet within three months, this additional burden upon the taxpayers is held by the governor's critics to be entirely unnecessary and inexcusable. These critics point to the fact that both the democratic and republican platforms this year contain a declaration in favor of the submission of the amendment desired by Gov. Pingree. They say the legislators soon to be elected will no doubt carry out the party pledges, while those now in office have not been pledged to the programme outlined. It is contended, therefore, that there is every reason why the governor should not have convened the legislature at this time.

WINTER APPLES INJURED.

Michigan Growers Fear That Entire Crop May Be Ruined by Recent Hot Weather.

Benton Harbor, Oct. 8.—With midsummer weather prevailing in this vicinity for the last ten days it is now feared the entire crop of winter apples in the large apple districts east of this city will be ruined by being forced to ripen upon trees by the unseasonable weather. Apple growers reported that hundreds of bushels will be ripe in one week and this portion of the crop will be a total loss, as the winter varieties of apples are worthless on the market and it will be fully five weeks before they can be quartered for the winter trade.

End of a Noted Trial.

Tawas City, Oct. 8.—The suit of N. J. Foley vs. Andrew W. Comstock et al., of Alpena, for damages for cutting and piling lumber, has been decided. Suit was commenced in Alpena county, where a verdict was rendered Foley for \$8,000. The case was appealed to the supreme court and a new trial ordered, with a change of venue to Iosco county, as the Alpena circuit judge was interested in the case. Trial commenced September 19 and a verdict was rendered for \$6,700 in favor of plaintiff after the jury had been out all night.

Michigan Central May Yield.

Lansing, Oct. 9.—It is possible that the legislature at its special session will have a proposition from the Michigan Central Railroad company, embodying the terms on which it will surrender its special charter and incorporate under the general railroad law. At its last regular session the legislature appointed a commission of state officers to negotiate with the company, and President Ledyard recently told the commission that if a special session was called he would endeavor to submit his ultimatum.

Franchise Granted.

Holly, Oct. 8.—The council granted a franchise to the Egyptian Portland Cement company to build an electric road nine miles long to connect its two factories to be built near Holly and Fenton. It must be built within one year.

THE CHELSEA STANDARD

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

BY O. T. HOOVER.

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

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

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

SYLVAN.

Frank Young is on the sick list.

Mr. Hoelinger of this place is very ill at present.

Mrs. Gilbert of Clair, is visiting her son, Fred Gilbert of the place.

Born, Thursday, October 4th, to Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Fisk a daughter.

Jas. Seely of Big Rapids visited his aunt, Mrs. S. Tyndal the last of the week.

Fred Wolf is again visited by sickness, his little son, Irwin is very ill, it is feared with typhoid fever.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Kalmbach of this place was buried Tuesday in Maple Grove cemetery.

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.

NORTH LAKE.

Mrs. Healy's mother, after visiting with her over a month has returned home to Sandusky, O.

The young child of Matthew Zuber died on Monday last. The funeral takes place from the German church in Dexter.

Mr. Palmer, who has been preaching at the North Lake church, has been appointed to a charge six miles south of Adrian.

E. W. Daniels reports a good sale for Shropshire rams, he has still 15 good ones which he is ready to dispose of at a reasonable price.

We have had a continuance of beautiful weather, without frost, giving the farmers an excellent chance to get their work done. Beans are not quite all gathered yet. Corn husking is being pushed along now, as wheat seedling is about all done.

It brings to the little ones that priceless gift of healthy flesh, solid bone and muscle. That's what Rocky Mountain Tea does. 35c. Ask your Druggist.

WATERLOO.

Mrs. Strauss is on the sick list.

Rev. C. E. Broadhead goes to conference this week.

L. G. Gorton and son, Guy, of Detroit spent Sunday at O. Gorton's.

Miss Sarah Gorton visited friends in Dexter and Ann Arbor last week.

Mrs. John Howlett spent the first of the week in Ann Arbor with her son, Bert.

Nearly every voter in this town believes in 16 to 1, at least, that would be the general impression from the number who are trying to get \$64.00 for \$4.00.

An alleged game warden was through here a short time ago and tried to bunco some of the boys out of \$10.00. The boys were not quite as fresh as he expected to find them.

FRANCISCO.

Martin Keeler is slowly failing.

Miss Edna Notten of Waterloo spent Sunday here.

Mrs. Wm. Horning of Sharon spent Monday here.

Mrs. Frank Berry is spending some time at Lansing.

Herman Kalmbach of South Lyons is spending some time here.

Herman Hayes of Sylvan was the guest of Miss Eva Main Sunday.

Ed Riemenschneider of Chelsea was the guest of his father here Sunday.

Mrs. Garrie Plowe of Vernon attended the Kalmbach funeral Tuesday.

Anson Croman of Munith spent a few days of last week with friends here.

Henry Ortbring and sister, Addie of Sharon visited their grandmother here Sunday.

Theo. Riemenschneider was the guest Sunday of Miss Della Waltz of North Waterloo.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Musbach spent a few days of this week at Munith and Stockbridge.

Mrs. Mary Schroeder and daughter, May of New York who have been spending some time with relatives here returned home Wednesday.

Dr. Titus Duncan.

Saginaw Courier-Herald: The death of Dr. Titus Duncan, which was expected at any time during the past week, occurred Thursday morning, October 4, shortly after 4 o'clock, at his residence, 1420 Genesee avenue, after a long and painful illness. Dr. Duncan was one of the best known citizens of this part of Michigan, and had a very large acquaintanceship throughout the state, being loved and esteemed by all who knew him. He was born in the state of Maryland, October 18, 1834, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Duncan. When Titus was 8 years old, the family removed to Ohio, where they lived for a short time before taking up residence at Gregory, then known as Unadilla, in Livingston county. There the father followed farming and the son went to school, subsequently entering Ann Arbor, graduating in the 50's, from the Michigan University medical department. After graduating he took up the practice of his profession at the Marine hospital, Detroit.

When the civil war broke out Dr. Duncan entered the service of his country, enlisting May 1, 1861, as hospital steward, in the First Michigan infantry, for three months. It was then generally supposed the war would be of short duration, hence the short term of service. Dr. Duncan being mustered out August 2, 1861, and taking up residence in Saginaw. He re-enlisted July 29, 1864, as surgeon in the twenty-ninth Michigan Infantry, but was forced through ill health to resign on March 19, 1865, receiving an honorable discharge. Dr. Duncan was one of the many who came out of the war with ruined health, and though he worked hard at his profession, he never fully recovered his health.

After resuming the practice of his profession in Saginaw, Dr. Duncan married Miss Mary Hartsuff, of Gregory, a sister of General Hartsuff of Port Huron. While his first wife was alive, Dr. Duncan was engaged in manufacturing salt at Bay City, in the years 1869 and 1870. In 1882 the first Mrs. Duncan died, and on October 15, 1891, the doctor married Miss Alberta Crane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin S. Crane, of the south side, who survives him. Other surviving relatives are his brother, David A. Duncan, of Duluth, and two sisters, and Mrs. H. M. Lane, of North Dakota. Of societies, Dr. Duncan was a member of the G. A. R., the Loyal Legion, and the Knights of Honor.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable to all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Washtenaw Fair Officers.

The election of the Washtenaw Fair Association was held last week and resulted in the choice of the following:

President—C. L. Yost.
Vice President—A. Reule.
Secretary—F. B. Braun.
Treasurer—F. H. Belser.
Board of managers—E. F. Mills, Wm. Campbell, Fred Schmid, Henry Richards, A. C. Schumacher, B. D. Kelly, Foster Brown, A. R. Graves, F. Stoll, Dan. W. Nanery, E. T. Walker, O. C. Burkhardt, C. A. Morris, Jacob J. Reichert, W. E. Boyden, Geo. Phelps, Herman Rayer, F. J. Fletcher, H. J. McMichael, Chas. Gauntlett, Wm. Clements, G. L. Hoyt, E. E. Leland.

Geo. H. Foster has just finished a flowing well for Dennis Spaulding, which is ninety-three feet deep, twenty-nine of which are in solid rock. Also one for Charles Buss, 102 feet in depth, forty-eight feet in rock. This makes four flowing wells that he has put down during the past few weeks, averaging eighty feet each. He has put down twenty-five flowing wells within eight miles of Chelsea.

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.

It is well to know that DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve will heal a burn and stop the pain at once. It will cure eczema and skin diseases and ugly wounds and sores. It is a certain cure for piles. Counterfeits may be offered you. See that you get the original DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Glazier & Stimson.

Do you want all the news of the day, if so, take the

Detroit Free Press for the morning news

The Chicago News for the mid-day news

To-Day the new Detroit Penny Paper for the evening news.

WIRT McLAREN, AGENT.

Reaching a Decision.

When a case has been submitted to the supreme court, the justices are furnished with a printed copy of the record and of each brief filed, and are expected to study them at their homes before the case is taken up for consideration. The importance of the case and the intricacy of the points involved often extend the discussion over several days, and sometimes months. The discussion being concluded the chief justice calls the roll, and each justice who has heard the argument votes his opinion. Then the chief justice assigns someone, generally the justice who has taken the most interest in the subject, to prepare the opinion, which is privately printed and handed to the other members of the court for criticism. After examination they return it to the author with such comments as occur to them. The author often adopts their suggestions, or they may become the subject of another conference, and are sustained or overruled as the majority may determine. The opinion is then reprinted and read from the bench by its author on the following Monday.—Chicago Record.

Enameling the Skin.

Enameling the skin is an art. One famous actress was known to have worn an enameled neck, which was said to have been made of celluloid. The new enamel of vegetable wax, tinted with aniline dyes, is far superior to celluloid. On a recent festive occasion at Cape May a man of 40, who had married a girl half his age, astonished his new acquaintances by the beauty of his complexion. The texture of the skin was as soft as satin. He experienced no inconvenience, except that he could not smile. Laughing was practicable, because he laughed with his mouth wide open; but the enamel restrained all facial expression, save with the eyes and lips. This enamel is made of a vegetable wax gathered from a Chinese tree. It is spread upon the face and worked in with a roller made of soft rubber. The enamel face may be washed with soap and water with impunity, the color being only removed by an application of alcohol.—Philadelphia Record.

Fun for the Court.

A prolix and pompous Missouri lawyer defending an ebony negro, was selecting a jury of white men. He had asked numberless needless questions, when the judge said: "Come, now, Mr. C., you will be examining the jurors' teeth next. Hurry along. Let's get through with this nonsense." "Well," said the lawyer, "just one more general question. Are any of you in any way related to the defendant at the bar?" Another Missouri attorney, in a divorce suit, set up in the wife's cross bill the fact that the husband "undertook to poison her without just cause."—Case and Comment.

When Brocius Speaks in Whispers. Marriott Brocius, congressman from the Tenth district of Pennsylvania, has a voice that is famous.

Not long ago a member of the house was passing out of the front door of the capitol with a friend when they heard a crash behind them as of distant thunder.

"What was that noise?" inquired the friend.

"I don't know," replied the congressman, "unless it was Brocius whispering."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

A Regiment Misled.

Records of the war office provide many examples of the temporary disappearance of regiments abroad. They have disappeared from the war office annals, and it has taken weeks of telegraphing before their exact position has been located. The other day, however, a complete regiment disappeared from view in this country. The war office knew that it was somewhere between Bristol and Colchester, but whereabouts they were at a complete loss to know. Wires were sent to every possible position before they ultimately discovered it at some unexpected spot.—Sheffield Telegraph.

Fish Are Great Gluttons.

Fish are great gluttons. That is probably the reason why fine-looking bait tempt so many of them to destruction. A single blue fish has been known to kill and devour ten cod each as big as himself in rapid succession. Birds are also blessed with fine appetites. The robin can easily devour two-thirds of his weight in earth worms in a day, and the ordinary pigeon can get away with his own weight in grain between sunrise and sunset and then go to sleep hungry.

IT HAPPENED IN A DRUG STORE.

"One day last winter a lady came to my drug store and asked for a brand of cough medicine that I did not have in stock," says Mr. C. R. Grandin, the popular druggist of Ontario, N. Y. "She was disappointed and wanted to know what cough preparation I could recommend. I said to her that I could freely recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and that she could take a bottle of the remedy and after giving it a fair trial if she did not find it worth the money to bring back the bottle and I would refund the price paid. In the course of a day or two the lady came back in company with a friend in need of a cough medicine and advised her to buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I consider that a very good recommendation for the remedy." It is for sale by all druggists.

No other pills can equal DeWitt's Little Early Risers for promptness, certainty and efficiency. Glazier & Stimson.

Pay the Printer.

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.

TO RENT—Residence. Inquire of Jacob Hummel.

FOR SALE—15 Shropshire Rams. Inquire of Ed. Daniels, North Lake.

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

NOTICE—To Hunters and Trappers. I forbid all persons hunting or trapping on my farm. G. T. English.

SEED WHEAT FOR SALE.—We have a quantity of first-class red clawson wheat, perfectly clean, which we offer at 90 cents a bushel, or will exchange for new wheat.

Watson-Welch Grain & Coal Co.

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

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.

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.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD

COOL SMOKE

CALL FOR

Spots, Columbia, Sports, Copperfield, or Arrows.

Best 5c Cigars on the Market

MANUFACTURED BY

F. B. SCHUSSLER, Chelsea

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

This is the season when mothers are alarmed on account of croup. It is quickly cured by One Minute Cough Cure, which children like to take. Glazier & Stimson.



From Start to Finish

The flavor of our meats is excellent. All is the flesh of young stock and possesses that juiciness, tenderness, and delicious taste which is entirely absent in meat from older animals. Orders will be appreciated and filled promptly.

Beef, Veal, Pork, Lamb and Mutton,

at the lowest prices consistent with the highest quality.

Fresh Oysters and Poultry.

ADAM EPPLER.

Pattern, Trimmed and Felt Hats

Correct in Style, if you have our judgment as to what's the right style of Hats. We are showing all the recognized shapes and colorings for this season's wear. Also, the finest line of Millinery novelties to be found anywhere.

Examine our New Millinery Goods.

MILLER SISTERS.

STOVES. STOVES.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

JEWEL

AND

Peninsular Base Burners,

OAK STOVES,

Air Tight and Soft Coal Stoves,

STEEL RANGES,

STOVE BOARDS, COAL HODS,

OIL CLOTHS,

WASHING MACHINES.

Buggies and Harness,

To Close out Cheap.

HOAG & HOLMES.

BUGGIES! BUGGIES! BUGGIES!

SURREYS! SURREYS!

ROAD WAGONS!

Do you need one? If so you will make no mistake by coming and looking over my stock. I find that for the close of the season I have a very large stock on hand which I am bound to reduce. Now is your opportunity to secure a GENUINE BARGAIN.

HORSE BLANKETS.

I have the finest stock of Woolen Horse Blankets ever shown in Chelsea. Why not buy early, and get the best selection?

A full line of trunks, hand bags, telescopes, etc. If you are in need of anything, look my stock over before you buy. I can save you money on these goods.

C. STEINBACH.

Standard Sewing Machines.

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.

NEWEST NOVELTIES.

SPECIAL SALE

OF LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S

TRIMMED HATS

From \$1.00 to \$2.00. This sale will occur on

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

and will be continued until further notice.

MARY HAAB.

SWELLEST TRIMMINGS.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE STANDARD.

Notes of the Week

Geo. P. Glazier has commenced work on a new residence on South street.

Miss Rose Oesterle is quite ill with typhoid fever.

Miss Minnie Vogel entertained a few friends Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Hoover have moved into their new home on Congdon street.

Dr. and Mrs. S. G. Bush have moved into the Watson residence on South street.

Lumber was drawn from Chelsea Tuesday for the new school house at Jerusalem.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. P. Staffan are moving into the Yocum residence on South street.

Look out for the third annual C. E. fair to be given at the opera house, December 6 and 7.

Married, on Friday, October 5, 1900, Miss Clara Hutzler to Mr. Ed. Williams, both of this place.

The Juniors will give a social and dance at the town hall Friday evening. Everybody invited.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Zinner of Lyndon died Monday morning, October 8th.

Married, on Tuesday, October 9, 1900, Miss Linna Lighthall of this place, to Mr. Archie Miles of Dexter.

The 20th Michigan Infantry will hold their thirty-fifth annual reunion at Ypsilanti, Thursday, October 18th.

C. M. Stephens will start a corn husker and shredder next Saturday afternoon, October 13th on the farm of E. Spaulding.

A large number of the faithful are in Ann Arbor today to greet Wm. J. Bryan. They took the Chelsea Band along with them.

Treasurer Belser of the County Fair association, says that the gate receipts this year were just \$9.45 more than they were last year.

Theodore Wedemeyer's farm house burned Tuesday morning. The cause of the fire is unknown, as there was no one living in the house.

Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Cook have moved from the farm in Sylvan to the home of Mr. Cook's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Cook on Jefferson street.

The Ladies' Society of the German St. Pauls church are going to hold a supper in the Staffan block on Saturday of next week. Everybody invited.

The German St. Andrews congregation of Dexter held annual meeting Monday. W. Benz and Fred. Strahle were elected as officers, the latter re-elected, his term having expired.

Ellie Haner, who ran away from the home of Harrison Haynes, near Grass Lake, was found at this place Monday, and returned to Adrian. She said that she had no grievance, but wanted to be free.

The contract for the changes in the Baptist church has been let to C. W. Maroney. The changes proposed will modernize the building and make it a beautiful and convenient place of worship.

District No. 10, Sylvan, for the month ending October 5. Attending every day. Edmund, Mary, and Ida Ross, Maud and Mabel Kalmbach, Lena Forner, Amanda Gross, Celia and Kate Keelan. Standing 90, Kate Keelan, Lena Forner; 85, Amanda Gross; 80, Maud Kalmbach. Mrs. L. A. Stephens.

Don't forget the reserve seat sale of the People's Popular Course at the opera house October 20 at 8 p. m. Season tickets must be presented in order to reserve seats, and not more than six seats will be sold to one person on that evening. This is to insure every one an equal chance.

Columbian Hive, L. O. T. M., entertained their sisters from Grass Lake and Dexter Tuesday afternoon and evening. Supper was served in the Staffan store at 6 o'clock. After supper a meeting was held in the lodge room, after which a fine program was rendered. Ice cream and cake were served at the close. Everything passed off pleasantly and the occasion was a very enjoyable one.

Your blood goes through your body with jumps and bounds, carrying warmth and active life to every part of your body, if you take Rocky Mountain Tea. Ask your Druggist.

Every member of Chelsea Camp of M. W. A. is requested to be present at the next regular meeting, October 15th, to consider the propriety of renting and furnishing a new hall.

Mr. Burieligh Whitaker and Miss Linna Notten, both well known young people of Sylvan, were married Saturday, October 6, 1900, in the parsonage of Mizpah Union church of Detroit by Rev. Carl G. Zeldner.

The Sisterhood of the Congregational church of Chelsea met Friday evening, October 5, 1900, at the home of Mamie Drislane and elected the following officers: president, Marie Bacon; vice president, Mamie Drislane; secretary, Minnie Schumacher, assistant secretary, Mary Wunder, treasurer, Mabel Brooks. The following executive committee was appointed by the president: Bertha Schumacher, Ione Wood, Bess Winans.

Articles of incorporation were filed yesterday, for the Chelsea Portland Cement Co., Ltd., a new concern organized, as the name suggests, to manufacture Portland cement. The capital stock is divided among five Detroit shareholders, as follows: James D. Butterfield, \$280,000; Merle B. Moon, \$280,000; Daniel J. Smith, \$90,000; Lewis G. Gorton, \$200,000; John L. Steels, \$150,000. The five shareholders constitute the board of managers, and Mr. Butterfield has been elected chairman, Mr. Moon, secretary, and Mr. Smith, treasurer. The business office will be in Detroit.

As the winter season approaches passenger train firemen on the Michigan Central are being pulled off and put to running on extra freights, says the Jackson Patriot, in view of being set up as engineers. During the past week extra engineers, who have been firing during the less busy season, have been put ahead at running. They are Edward Crowley, Dan Crowley, Jacob Heimer and Frank Riley. Some ten firemen have recently taken the examination for engineers. They are: Perry Palmer, John Howland, Charles Lang, West Dick, Thomas Griffith, Wm. McPhillips, Thomas Cary, Alonzo Sargent and Duncan McFarland.

D. E. Beach of Lima was elected chairman of the board of supervisors at the meeting of the board Tuesday. Mr. Beach in accepting the office advised dispatch in the business of the session, so Supervisor Whitaker of Scio immediately suggested that the board hustle and get to the dinner at the county house at 11:30 instead of at 12 o'clock as usual. Mr. Harriman said that it did not do the taxpayers any good to spend \$125 on that event, and moved that a committee of three be appointed to visit the county house and make a report and have it printed in the proceedings. Mr. Bacon supported it. This did not suit some of the members who like to get a chance at a square meal, and the motion was lost by a vote of fifteen to eleven.

The Chelsea shippers are paying the following prices for the various articles named: red or white wheat 71 cents; oats 22 cents; rye 48 cents; barley 90 cents per hundred; beans \$1.40; clover seed is retailing at \$6.00 and timothy seed at \$2.25; hay \$7 to \$8 per ton; good bright wheat straw \$4; chickens and fowls 6 cents; ducks 5 cents; there is no demand for geese or turkeys at present; beef cattle 2½ to 4½ cents; dressed beef 5 to 7 cents; veal 5 to 5½ cents; dressed veal 7 cents; sheep 2 to 3 cents; lambs 4 to 4½ cents; live hogs 5 cents; dressed hogs 6 cents; lard 8 cents; tallow 3 cents; green hides 7 cents; pelts 25 to 75 cents; potatoes 20 cents; apples 20 to 25 cents bushel, per barrel 75 cents; drying apples 18 to 20 cents per hundred; butter 16 cents; eggs 14 cents.

R. G. Woods of Jackson and Frank Carpenter of Kalamazoo, two of the oldest employees of the Michigan Central railway, have been honorably discharged with a pension for life. They were both conductors, and well known to the traveling public. Mr. Wood is 72 years old and has been connected with the road since October 1860, and has never had a serious accident occur to his train. Mr. Carpenter began service in 1862, and is three years younger than Mr. Woods. Both are in good physical condition and were gratefully surprised upon receiving the pension. It should be understood that the employees of the road are not assessed for this retirement fund, as is the case with the Pennsylvania system, but the company goes down into its exchequer for it. There are corporations with souls, and the Michigan Central is one of them.

You little knew when first we met That some day you would be That lucky fellow I would let, Pay for my Rocky Mountain Tea. Ask your Druggist.

PERSONAL.

John Bagge of Detroit is visiting here Mrs. T. McKune is visiting in Detroit. Phil Steger was an Ann Arbor visitor Sunday.

A. R. Welch and family are visiting in Chicago.

Dan Conway was a Gregory visitor Monday.

Orley Wood was a Stockbridge visitor Saturday.

Miss Rose Conway spent Sunday at Ann Arbor.

R. P. Chase was an Ann Arbor visitor Wednesday.

Mrs. C. S. Jones is spending this week at Charlotte.

Miss Ella Sillmer was an Ann Arbor visitor Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Brooks are spending a few days at Detroit.

Mrs. Ed. King of Jackson is visiting Mrs. F. J. McNeney.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Gilbert are spending this week at Leslie.

Mrs. G. J. Crowell is the guest of her mother at Grass Lake.

The Rev. W. P. Considine was a Detroit visitor Wednesday.

Miss Eva Lulck was the guest of Ann Arbor friends last week.

Mrs. Geo. Ward has been spending the past week at Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gorton are visiting friends at Stockbridge.

C. W. Maroney and sister, Miss Nellie, spent Wednesday at Detroit.

Miss Nettie Dowling of Grass Lake was a Chelsea visitor Monday.

J. G. Sayles of Plainfield spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Mape.

Miss Katherine Haarer returned Saturday from her visit to Owosso.

Mrs. Brooks of Marshall spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Foster.

Supervisor Bacon is in Ann Arbor attending the board of supervisors.

Fred Tomlinson left Monday for Tawas City where he will visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Yocum of Manchester spent the first of the week here.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Cook of Gregory spent several days of this week here.

Mrs. Chas. Martin of Dexter was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Wurster.

Mrs. Paul Christman of Chicago visited friends and relatives here the last of the week.

Mrs. J. Jedele and daughter, Gertrude, of Dexter visited Chelsea friends last week.

Mrs. H. Pellett of Jackson is visiting her sister Mrs. J. H. Runciman this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Martin and son, Leo, of Webster are visiting Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Wurster.

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Thoughts

wander when the brain is tired. Overwork, nervous irritation, worry and mental strain exhaust the brain forces and diminish their thought power. Feed the brain, strengthen the nerves and build up new vigor, vitality and mental power. The greatest of all brain foods and nerve tonics is Dr. Miles' Nervine.

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Dr. Miles' Nervine

feeds and nourishes the brain and nerves, overcomes irritation, and brings sweet, refreshing sleep.

Sold by druggists on guarantee. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Newspapers have stock in trade to sell. That stock is largely composed of advertising space, and from that stock they are constantly donating to every good cause in the city and vicinity where they are published. Sometimes the promoters of enterprises which expect to be fully reported in the press, furnish tickets for use of the reporters, and sometimes they dictate many notices to be inserted and then forget that courtesies extended deserve courtesies in return. In either case the papers go right on in the same old way, gladly donating of their space to every good cause, throwing nicely worded bouquets at those who have courtesy for them, and doing the best they can for the other people—but amidst it all, not one in a hundred of those who are favored by the papers ever take the trouble to even say "thank you."—Washtenaw Times.

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are daily arriving at our store; every evening we unpack and mark a lot of new goods.

Thrifty housekeepers take to our GOODS AND PRICES as naturally as a duck to water.

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Standard Mocha and Java coffee 25c lb
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Fancy amber Honey 13c pound
3 pound sack self-rising pancake flour 10c sack

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Schilling's Best Baking Powder better than any other, 45c pound.

Pint tumblers Baking-Powder 10c each

New Canned Goods.

New crop cream sweet corn 10c can

New crop early June peas 10c, 13c and 15c per can

New pack Maryland tomatoes

Thistle brand pie pumpkin 10c can

Cape Cod cranberries 3 quarts for 25c

Fancy Jersey sweet potatoes 7 lbs 25c

Large ripe bananas 20c dozen

New York state concord grapes 15c basket

Rice pop corn 1 year old, warranted to pop, 3½c per pound

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THE SUBSTITUTE.

One Who Forgot Himself When It Came to a Bit of Hot Fighting.

"When substitutes arrived at the front," said the colonel, in the Chicago Inter Ocean, "they were unmercifully hazed and badgered by the veterans, who had entered the service without any inducement in the way of bounties, and who scorned the idea of a man fighting for money. It was assumed that all substitutes were of one pattern, were men who had declined to enlist as a matter of patriotism, and who entered the service only when large bounties were offered. Many of the veterans believed that the word substitute was synonymous with the bounty-jumper and coward, and acted accordingly. But in truth many old soldiers, who had seen years of service, and many high-spirited young fellows who could not leave aged parents without support, became substitutes, and were none the worse for the bounty paid.

"Our regiment, after a service of 39 months, was mustered out at Newport barracks in the summer of 1864. The men declined to reenlist as an organization because they were tired of fighting, and wanted a rest, and they scattered to their homes in different states. Before snow fell more than half of them were again in the service, many of them returning to old regiments as recruits or substitutes. In all such cases the recruit, so strong was the feeling against substitutes, concealed his reenlistment from his old comrades, and in not a few cases the veteran played the part of a raw recruit so as to dissociate the new service from the old.

"One of our old company returned home to find his family in distress and the farm mortgaged. After trying to stem the tide of misfortune, and after trying vainly to borrow money, he sold himself, as he put it, for \$2,000, and went to one of the new regiments at the front as a substitute. He pretended to know nothing of drill or soldier duty, and played the part of a stupid but well-meaning clodhopper. He bore all the jokes and persecutions with cheerful patience and made friends with other substitutes. He never forgot himself except when it came to battle, and then the change was not noticed at first. But one day, when the regiment was hard pressed, the soldier spirits asserted itself and carried the old veteran beyond the self-imposed limitations of a substitute.

"When the break came he turned as he would have turned in his old regiment and ran to the colors. There he met the sergeant, who had drilled him, and the captain who had treated him contemptuously, and others who had laughed at his stupidity. Before this the men of his company had not believed that he could fire a gun effectively. Now they saw that he was familiar with all the tactical work of a resourceful man making desperate resistance. They saw that he knew what to do and how to do it, and at the end of an hour, in which the fragments of the regiment had the hardest fight in their experience as soldiers, the so-called substitute



RAN TO THE COLORS.

stood smiling at their hysterical rejoicing over the fact that they had done their duty. The captain next day made the veteran tell his story, and while the old vet carried the nickname of 'Sub.' to the end of his second term of service, no man in the ranks of the regiment had more considerate treatment from officers and men than he.

"In another case four brothers enlisted in three different regiments. The two older ones went first at the beginning of the war. The one next in order went in the second year. The fourth enlisted in the third year. This left at home two young fellows under 18, who could not be spared, but early in 1865 they brought their father \$3,000 in money and asked him to hire men in their places, and away they went to the war. These two boys would have fared hard as substitutes had not the story of the family gone before them to the regiment to which they were assigned, and had not the rank and reputation of their brothers, long in service, opened the way to the hearts of soldiers fighting in front. But they were, in their fateful few months' service, substitutes. At the same time they were as gallant as ever carried rifles."

An Unpleasant Contrast.

He—I believe I'll go to church with you this morning, Clara.
She—Indeed you won't; you're got your new suit, and mine hasn't come home yet.—Indianapolis Journal.

AN ARMY MYSTERY.

How Men Used to Disappear from the Confederate Army and Where They Went.

"Speaking of army mysteries," said the captain, in the Chicago Inter Ocean, "I know of one that still remains a mystery so far as the public are concerned. After Pemberton's surrender at Vicksburg his army, 31,000 strong, was sent into a parole camp near Black river, ten miles from the city. Pemberton was in command, and his idea was to hold the paroled men together in camp, drill them, keep up their discipline, so that when they were exchanged they would be ready for immediate service in the confederate army. But in a few days hundreds of men disappeared from the camp. In two weeks the deserters were numbered by the thousands, and Pemberton appealed to Grant for guards, complaining that the union soldiers were enticing his men from camp and assisting them to get away.

"The truth was that the union men on guard at Vicksburg heard, through the people of the city, that fully one-half of Pemberton's men were very much dissatisfied, and that in their talk with their friends in Vicksburg they had said that if they could get across the Mississippi river they would go



GIVING THEM INFORMATION.

so far into the northwest that no confederate officer would ever find them. The boys of the union regiments reasoned that every paroled prisoner who escaped was so much gain to the union cause, and it was soon understood in the parole camp that if the Johnnies wanted to emigrate the Yanks could give them information as to boats and provisions.

"A squad of confederates would escape from the parole camp, would prow around the country between the camp and Vicksburg, would come across a squad of our boys in charge of a boat, and they would be taken across the river. Neither Gen. Grant nor any of his subordinate officers knew anything of this, and they were at a loss to explain how it was that Pemberton's command dwindled down finally to about 4,000 men. Some people in the north, among them Gen. Halleck, believed that the men had escaped by Pemberton's connivance and had returned to the confederate service, in violation of their parole. But the truth is that most of them went into the northwest territories, and that they were given a good send-off by the union troops. Years afterward I met scores of these men in Montana, Idaho and Utah, some of them employed in the mines, others successful in general business, and not a few of them in service as cowboys and muledrivers on the plains.

"As evidence that the officers of the union army knew little of the facts as to the disappearance of men from Pemberton's camp no definite mention is made of the camp in any of the official reports. Gen. Grant speaks of 700 of Pemberton's men who refused to be paroled and were sent north as prisoners, and of the deserters from Pemberton's force, but no one seems to have had information as to the part played by the union troops as emigrant agents for the northwest territories. There was the best of feeling between the men who surrendered at Vicksburg, and the men who captured them, and there were many long talks as to the future. Some of our boys were familiar with conditions in the northwest, and the confederates, knowing that they could not return home without being subject to arrest or return to service, acted on the advice of western men, burned their bridges behind them, went beyond the range of confederate influence, and never returned south."

He Was a Good Soldier.

The present governor of Wisconsin, says a writer in Success, Maj. Edward Scofield, was a printer in Pennsylvania. When the war came he pocketed his "rule," laid aside his "stick," said good-by to the "case" and enlisted as a private. He was so good a soldier that he won and received early promotion. In one of the Wilderness battles, in 1864, he was commanding his regiment, and was dangerously wounded and taken prisoner. When he was exchanged and returned to his command he was mustered as a major and a little later was commissioned as lieutenant colonel. After the war he went to Wisconsin and engaged in lumbering. He was twice elected to the state senate, and in 1896 succeeded Upham as governor, being reelected in 1898.

Malvern Hill.

The union and confederate troops engaged in a severe battle on this hill on July 1, 1862, resulting in the defeat of the confederates. The hill is located about 11 miles from Richmond, Va., and one mile from the James river.

A Serious Obstacle.

Crolius—What is there between you and that heiress?
Burgess (sadly)—Her father.—Town Topics.

THE WINSTON BABY.

Saved from a Terrible Fate by Its Sensible Grandparents.

The Old Folks Didn't Believe in the New Book Science of Rearing Children and Knocked Out a Lot of Silly Rules.

The Winston baby is being brought up according to the newest ideas in child study. Mrs. Winston is young but firm, and she says that her child is to have all the advantages of the new science. The baby has been bathed, fed and put to sleep on schedule time. No friends have been allowed to kiss or fondle it, says the Chicago News, and the plan was working beautifully until Mrs. Winston's father and mother came to visit her.

The visit was paid primarily to see the new grandchild. As soon as they entered the house Mr. and Mrs. Cudbright demanded the baby. Mrs. Winston raised her eyebrows. "Baby is just being fed," she said. "You must wait until 2:30."

Her father had heard of her system, but he laughed and said: "Oh, break through the rules for once and bring her down."

"If you don't, I'll go over the house till I find her," the grandmother said, firmly. Winston smiled.

So the baby was brought down to see them, although this was a direct infraction of rule 16. It is a beautiful baby, and its grandparents started toward it with cries of rapture.

"Oo little sweet Tootsey—come to oor grammurver," said Mrs. Cudbright. "We don't talk baby talk—it is against rule 27," Mrs. Winston said. "It is irrational to expect a child to learn to speak correctly when you talk gibberish to it."

Meanwhile the grandfather had taken the baby from the reluctant arms of the nurse. Mrs. Winston turned to him. "Father, I don't allow anybody but the nurse and myself to hold



"OO LITTLE SWEET TOOTSEY!"

baby. It makes him nervous and it is against rule 9."

She attempted to take the baby from his hold, but he resisted. "Oh, see here, Laura, your mother and I raised eight children, and I guess I know how to hold a baby at my time of life." He tucked the baby into the croch of his arm and walked away, singing "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

His daughter followed him. "Father, I will not allow you to walk the floor with the child. We have never done it. It is against rule 7, and singing to it is against rule 13. What will become of our regimen if you act this way?"

"Oh, blank you regimen, Laura."

Mrs. Cudbright interfered. "Now, don't get mad," she said. "Laura has a right to bring up her own child in her own way. Now you give me that child and I'll sit down on the sofa with it."

"That's against rule 1989," her husband replied, grimly, but he handed over the baby. Mrs. Cudbright had hardly closed her arms about it before she said: "Why, the child is getting the colic! Father, you go to my little satchel and get the peppermint bottle and run into the kitchen and get a mite of hot water and sugar."

Her daughter had been talking in the alcove with her husband, but now she returned at the word peppermint. "Why, Mother Cudbright, would you give that baby peppermint?"

"Of course," the grandmother said, trotting the baby on her knee. "You drank quarts of it before you were a year old."

Mr. Cudbright was delving in the small satchel. "Why, here's paregoric—that's better yet," he said, bringing out a bottle.

"You shan't give the baby that!" Mrs. Winston cried. "And, mother, it's against rule 21 to trot her on your knee. The nurse will take her upstairs. It's better to have a little colic than to give her drugs. I never do it."

Mrs. Cudbright straightened up and Mr. Cudbright set the paregoric bottle down on a marquetry table. "Laura," he said, "you're the most inhuman—"

"Father! Father!" Mrs. Cudbright put in. Mr. Winston looked expectant. "You are the most inhuman and unnatural mother I ever knew. Your mother and I raised eight children—and you were one of them—and they all turned out well but you. Now, if me'n your mother aren't going to be allowed to look at that child or touch her for fear we'll break rule 78,654, we're going to leave Chicago on the next train. Even grandparents have some rights."

Mrs. Winston broke down and wept. She said that if her father and mother would only stay she would suspend the rules until their departure. Winston gave his father-in-law a glance of the most poignant gratitude. Mr. Cudbright took the baby from his wife and hung it over his arm in the old-fashioned way. "Mother," he said, "I guess you'd better show Laura how to mix peppermint and paregoric—it's time she learned."

A Reconsidered Decision.

By Nellie Cravey Gilmore.

(From the Home Magazine, Washington. Reprinted by Special Permission.)

THERE was no doubt in Dorothy's mind that she had made a wise decision. That is, according to a peculiar view of the thing and the smiling approval of a host of poor relations whose proclivities for advice, heretofore, were in ill proportion to the size of their purse.

And though inwardly rebellious, the idea of sacrificing herself on the altar of Mammon seemed to her as interesting as it was odd. But money could do anything! All the pinching little economies that they had been compelled to practice for years would vanish like snow under a noonday sun, and some sense of independence be established. But there is no getting over the bitter fact that other thoughts, and, perhaps, other hopes, had been crushed into the background.

"All that is past and gone, though," Dorothy told herself with a stanch sense of propriety, "and I mustn't allow myself to think too much about it."

She passed her hand, a little wearily, through the brown hair that waved back from her face, and leaned one elbow meditatively on the window sill, thinking of the future she had laid out for herself, and living over, in a hundred ways, the past.

Then she thought of Harry, and looking gloomily for an instant at the clock which sparkled on her finger, she turned it off, slowly, and with a sigh laid it on her lap. No, it had not been an engagement, exactly—but—

There was all the difference in the world now. Had he not, only the night before, after all that had passed between them, entirely ignored her and carried Adelaide Hunt, a bright, shining brunette, to the swellest hop of the season, while she remained at home? That was all. But it was enough. So that when Col. Eggerton, as usual, called around, and, as usual, proposed, she promised, in desperation, a final answer on the morrow.

So that answer—of acceptance—was written and signed with a scrawl, and laid on the library table to be posted. In one day everything had been changed. It did not seem possible, yet as she sat by the low vine-screened window, a soft wind lazily lifting the loose hair on her forehead, each event rose up in lurid distinctness before her mind.

Then a brilliant red flamed over the girl's face, and faded off suddenly, as a tall, athletic young man came quickly up the walk. As Harry Bainbridge stepped on the low veranda, she left her seat by the window, and gave him her hand with a friendliness that ill-betokened any inward agitation.

The shining regard that broke over his face at sight of her, brought the soft color to her cheeks. She smiled—a little uneasily—and drew her hand out of his.

"Will you sit out here?" she said. "It is cool, and pleasant."

He bowed a smiling assent and sank into the empty chair next to hers.

"You did not expect me?" he queried, studying the girl's face critically. She was pretty—very pretty. A tall, slim girl, with regular features, and expressive gray eyes.

"I knew you were here, and I came," he went on. "May I tell you why? I want to ask you—to tell you how much I love you, and to ask you to marry me, if you will."

Dorothy flushed and turned away, a sort of desolation sweeping over her at his words.

"I would rather you would not—not say such things," she returned, nervously, moving away from him.

"But I must," he continued, half smiling and trying to look into her face. "It is my first opportunity to ask you. I did not feel that I had a right to before. But now, I am in a fair position to—"

He paused for one moment to glance at her face, now turned to him, half-frightened, and with an earnestness almost pathetic.

"You must not, you must not, indeed," she choked back a little dry sob. "It has all been a mistake—a wretched mistake," she went on brokenly, her face pale with suppressed feeling.

She was staring past him, vacantly, at the wide green garden, now brilliant with a thousand perfumed blossoms, while, with hands cold and trembling, she took the ring from her lap and reaching toward him suddenly laid the glistening thing on his knee.

He looked at her in a dazed sort of way, the happy light dying out of his face as his fingers closed mechanically over the trinket.

"Why Dorothy—what's the matter? Won't you keep it?"

A look of keen disappointment crossed his features as he looked at her. "I would rather not," she returned, her voice tremulous in spite of herself.

"You see—twisting the end of her sash—"I am going to marry some one else, and—"

"Dorothy!"

He had risen and was leaning against the banister rail, where he could look her directly in the face, and where she, too, could see him. He had grown very pale, and with a deeper throb of pain than any he had yet known, waited in silence for her to say something, but she did not, and he went on, never taking his eyes from her face.

"I came here to ask you to be my wife, feeling and believing that you would give me the right to think of and love you—always. Was I wrong?" he continued, his breath coming quick and dry, "after all that has passed between us—to hope?"

The girl looked up for an instant, but the stern gleam that shot from her companion's eyes caused her to turn away. Suddenly the thing that she had

done rose, gigantic, before her, black with a thousand nameless doubts. She almost faltered; only a strong sense of propriety withheld her, and a stinging memory of the night before sufficed to strengthen her resolution.

"Could you not easily console yourself with Miss Hunt? You seem to admire her very much." She spoke with some bitterness and her face hardened. The girl's heart was making its protest, unconsciously, but surely.

An expression, half of amusement, came into Bainbridge's face, as he caught the strange light in her eyes, but he made no answer, and, in spite of the girl's indifferent shrug, a look of annoyance crossed her face.

A breath of wind, heavy with the fragrance of summer, fluttered the ribbons of her soft gown, as she turned to him, her eyes black with sudden emotion.

"You took her to the hop—did you not?"

"It was by the merest chance," he answered with a gesture that seemed to indicate: "What else was I to do?"

There was silence for a little. Then he looked up suddenly, and said: "I was surprised not to see you there."

Dorothy said nothing, but shaded her eyes from the sun with one small hand and gazed idly at a climbing rose at the other end of the veranda.

He had not asked her to go, and a sort of silly pride forbade her to let him know that no one else had.

"I meant to come here," Bainbridge began, after a pause, "to tell you—everything. I thought perhaps," he went on slowly, "that you would not mind—so much. But I heard—some one told me, that you would be at the dance with Eggerton. That is the reason."

The girl's heart began to beat, and a look of surprise swept the latest resentment from her face.

Something in the man's tone, in the earnestness of his manner, forced his sincerity upon her, and she half relented.

But the die was cast, and there was no going back now. She caught her breath, and the wave of tenderness that overwhelmed her for a minute was quickly crushed down.

Dorothy drew a deep breath. There was a pause. Presently she spoke.

"No one asked me to go to the hop," she said, determined to let him know everything now. "I knew you were there with her, and I thought, of course, you didn't care about me."

Her heart was throbbing painfully, as she went on, unsteadily: "And now since I am going to marry some one else I don't see the use of talking any more about it."

"I suppose not," Bainbridge returned, coldly, reaching for his hat. "Good-by."

The careless tone made her heart sink. She could not let him go like that.

"Harry!"

He turned back.

"Can't we be friends?"

He gazed at her fixedly for a moment and an ominous cloud gathered on his brow.

"No, I think not."

A glimmer of disappointment passed over the girl's face.

"Do you mean," she asked, locking her hands tightly over each other, while a look of hurt surprise appeared on her face, "that we are to be strangers?"

"I mean," he answered, slowly, in a voice in which pain mingled with passion, "that it will be everything, or nothing. I shall always love you, and I cannot pretend to a friendship which I do not feel."

He paused for an instant and looked straight into the girl's eyes. "It is better," he said, calmly, "to be an enemy than a hypocrite."

Something in his voice awed her into silence. The sun had begun to set, and great patches of gold fell on the man's face, now white and determined—a face that brooked no compromise.

Suddenly he came close to her and, stopping, pressed his lips to her white forehead.

She shot a quick glance into his eyes and the warm color died her face scarlet.

"It is for the last time," he said, tremulously, and was gone.

There were tears in the girl's eyes—the white lids quivered, and her lips trembled. Broken down by the violence of her emotions, she turned and hurried into the room, to be alone with her misery.

In a sort of desperation she threw a glance toward the table.

The letter! It had not been posted! Her breath came in quick, sharp gasps.

In the moment that followed, she realized everything and did not hesitate.

The next instant she was back on the veranda, a deeper color in her cheeks, and a radiant light in her eyes.

She cast one sweeping glance at the retreating figure. Bainbridge was almost at the gate, and not 50 feet away, coming directly toward him, handsome and smiling, Adelaide Hunt. "Harry!" Dorothy's voice was clear and firm, and there was a new thrill in it.

He turned, a little coldly, and looked back inquiringly.

"You have forgotten something," he paused for a second, then, under the potent spell of her voice, retraced his steps and followed her into the library.

She went straight up to the table and indicated by a gesture the blue tinted envelope lying there, while the soft color stole into her cheeks.

"Harry!"

She placed one hand tremulously on his arm, and the eyes lifted to his were full of meaning—

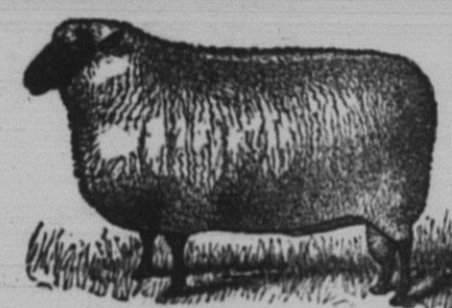
"I might tear it up, you know,"

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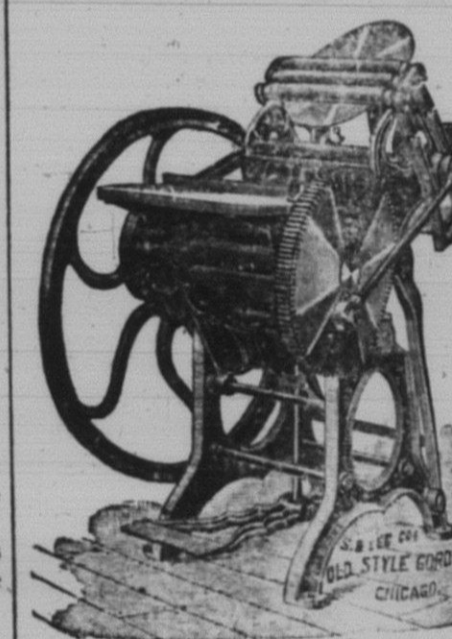
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No. 6—Express and Mail 3:15 p. m.

TRAINS WEST:
No. 3—Express and Mail 9:15 a. m.
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And see the gushas in their home.
Some day.

You will go to Egypt, see the Sphinx.

Some day.

You will climb the Pyramids, methinks.

Some day.

Sail up the vast, mysterious Nile.

Some day.

Shoot at the festive crocodile.

Some day.

And kodak everything the while.

Some day.

To Italy's classic shores you'll hie.

Some day.

See Naples' Bay and refuse to die.

Some day.

Along the tourist's usual groove

Some day.

Entranced, with dreamful eyes, you'll

Some day.

See old Pompeii and climb Vesuv.

Some day.

You'll do old Rome, and the Holy Land.

Some day.

Pick shells on India's coral strand.

Some day.

Explore the islands of the ocean.

Some day.

With naught to stay your locomotion

Some day.

Wherever you may take the notion.

Some day.

Ah, trusting brother, you will find.

Some day.

You've done this only in your mind.

Some day.

But when life's journey's over, and

Some day.

On Jordan's stormy banks you stand,

Some day.

Maybe you'll see the Promised Land.

Some day.

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