

# The Chelsea Standard.

VOL. XIV. NO. 40.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1902.

WHOLE NUMBER 716

## CHELSEA SAVINGS BANK,

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN.

The Oldest and Strongest Bank in Western Washtenaw County.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION SEPT. 15, 1902

Capital, \$60,000.00

Surplus and Profits, \$20,146.62

Guarantee Fund, \$140,000.00

Deposits, \$320,434.20

Total Resources, \$400,580.82

Pay 3 per cent on savings deposits.  
Money to loan on good approved securities.

We will move into our new home in the Glazier Memorial Bank Building about November 20th.

### DIRECTORS.

W. J. KNAPP, F. P. GLAZIER, JOHN W. SCHENK,  
G. W. PALMER, WM. P. SCHENK, ADAM EPPLER,  
V. D. HINDELANG, FRED WEDEMEYER.

### OFFICERS

F. P. GLAZIER, President. W. J. KNAPP, Vice President.  
THEO. E. WOOD, Cashier. D. W. GREENLEAF, Assistant Cashier.  
A. K. STIMSON, Auditor.

## THE GROWING POPULARITY

--OF--

## CUT GLASS.

The manufacture of Cut Glass is an art, and one which has been developed to a wonderful degree during the past few years, especially in America. A decade ago cut glass was almost all imported, today the dealers handle the American product almost exclusively.

### American Cut Glass

In color, weight, and finish is unsurpassed, and it has a brilliancy, sharpness and scintillating brightness which cannot be excelled.

Recognizing the growing demands for Cut Glass we have bought a fine line which we are now

### Displaying in our Show Window.

Cut glass salt and pepper, sterling tops 75c per pair.

Large cut glass tankard \$2.75.

Heavy cut glass water bottle, brilliant chrysaline effect, \$2.75

Large cut glass napple, beautiful star design \$2.95.

6 inch cut glass dish \$2.95.

Deep cut glass olive dish \$2.95.

Cut glass bon bon \$2.95.

Beautiful, artistic, flawless. At the

## Bank Drug Store

CHESAIA TELEPHONE NUMBER 8

## STRICKEN BY CHEESE POISON

Mrs. J. Gartmann and Children Suffered From Effects of Tyrotoxin.

Times: Dr. Theo. Klingmann was called to Freedom late Monday night to attend a family which was stricken with tyrotoxin.

On Monday Mrs. Jacob Gartmann purchased some cheese in Chelsea. She and her two children, aged 3 and 6 years, partook of the same and during the evening became violently sick. All three suffered intense agony and Dr. Klingmann was summoned.

As soon as he arrived he discovered that the cause was something which had been eaten. With the aid of a pump he took the poisonous cheese from their stomachs and administered relief medicines.

The dealer in Chelsea was notified and he immediately notified all who had purchased from the cheese. No other cases were reported.

Today Dr. Klingmann says that his patients in Freedom are getting along nicely. "But," he added, "it was a narrow escape for them."

### A Manly Letter.

Washtenaw Times: The Hon. Frank P. Glazier, senator elect from the tenth district, has already proved that he is the proper man for the place. In a most manly and courageous letter he told the readers of the Times yesterday that he proposed to stand by the interests of the University and work for the very people who by their votes in the University wards had indicated that they did not work or vote for him. He has settled the "University" question at the very beginning and showed at the first moment how utterly false and misleading was the position taken by the Argus when one of its editors dragged the University into politics by stating that William Judson threatened the University and claimed that he controlled the vote of the state legislature on this matter. The statement of Senator Glazier has nailed the Argus' "fake" and that publication was compelled yesterday to acknowledge his position in the matter and give him credit for his action. Senator Glazier has heaped coals of fire upon the voters of the University section of the city, by showing to them that he can be more loyal to his Alma Mater than the faculty has seen fit to be to an honored and capable alumnus of the institution. The Argus should hide its head in shame. It dragged the University into politics, failed in attempts to snatch victory from the act and now has been given public evidence by Senator Glazier that its attacks were unwarranted and untrue.

### Was 116 Years of Age.

Johnathan McGee, the old colored man who passed for 116 years of age, died at Ypsilanti Saturday last week, of old age after a gradual decline in strength for the past month. McGee related that he was 116 years of age, and many people believed him, while it was universally considered that he was probably at least 100. Whenever he was speaking from experience or from tales he heard in his youth he was full of interesting reminiscences of the closing years of the eighteenth century and the opening decades of the nineteenth. The old man was wont to tell of seeing Washington on several occasions and he professed to have been on speaking terms with several other noted men of Washington's time.

McGee astonished his friends and acquaintances two years ago by taking unto himself a wife—a widow who had passed the 60 year mark, but the old couple could not agree, and by mutual agreement they separated six months after the marriage.

### Irving Storms.

One of the best known and most highly respected citizens of this community was called to the higher life when Irving Storms of Lima, died Friday, October 31, 1902. Mr. Storms suffered a shock of apoplexy about fifteen months ago and since that time has been steadily failing in health. He obtained some benefit from a trip to northern Michigan during the summer where he spent some time with his children at Ludington-on-the-Lake. Hoping that another change would prove helpful, Mr. Storms went, three weeks before his death, to the home of his son at Des Moines, Iowa. His physical forces were not strong enough to rally, however, and he died only three weeks after reaching Des Moines.

Irving Storms was born in Hamilton, Canada, August 4, 1825. He served three years in the War of the Rebellion rising to the rank of first lieutenant. He was wounded both at the Battle of Gettysburg and at the Battle of Malvern Hill and spent some time in Libby Prison. In the hardships of army life, were sown the seeds of disease which never left him. Though ever ambitious, active and patient, Mr. Storms was never, after his return from war, a well man. His life was

one of unusual uprightness and integrity. Impurity never touched him in thought or deed. He was a life-long member of the Methodist Episcopal church and in his residence in various places including Chelsea, Ann Arbor, and Lima he served his church in many positions of official prominence and influence. His daily life was characterized by a true Christian spirit. He was a man who walked with God.

Mr. Storms' chiefest affection was centered in his home, his highest ambition was for his children. Of these one, Walter, died in infancy, the other three, Rev. A. B. Storms of Des Moines, Iowa, Jeanette B. Storms of Madison, Wisconsin, and Mrs. Fannie Storms Ward, who was with her father in his home at Lima, were present when he was laid to rest beside his wife, who died nine years ago, in Oak Grove cemetery, at Chelsea. The funeral services were held in the Lima M. E. church, Rev. McIntosh of Dexter conducting the services and Rev. Dr. Ninde of Ann Arbor, a personal friend of the family, assisting.

### The Market.

The market today is as follows: Wheat red or white 68 cents; rye 46 cents; oats 28 cents; corn 25 cents; barley 90 to 95 per hundred; beans \$1.80 to \$2.00 for crop of 1901, and for crop of 1902 \$1.80 to \$2.00 for 60 pounds; clover seed June \$5.50, alfalfa \$6.50; apples 15 cents bushel; potatoes 85 cents; beef cattle 3 to 4 1/2 cents; veal calves 5 to 5 1/2 cents; live hogs \$5.50; sheep 2 1/2 to 3 cents; lambs 4 to 5 cents; chickens 7 cents; fowls 6 cents; eggs 20 cents; butter 18 cents; drying apples 10 cents bushel; cabbage 80 to 40 cents per dozen; onions 85 to 45 cents.

### Spafford-West.

Belleuve Gazette: A delightfully informal wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Spafford Monday evening, when their daughter, Fern Elia, was united in the bonds of holy wedlock to Mr. Emery West, in the presence of immediate relatives and a few invited guests. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. P. Smallidge, under a beautiful floral horse shoe, suspended from a canopy of smilax and chrysanthemums.

After congratulations had been extended, the newly wedded pair and their guests sat down to an elaborate wedding supper.

The presents included a large amount of silverware, cut glass, china, table linen and a generous purse from the bride's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. West will reside in Riverside, California, where the groom has secured a lucrative position.

### Where the Money Goes.

The following is the manner in which the primary school money is apportioned in Washtenaw county:

TOWN	CHILDREN	AMOUNT
Ann Arbor.....	209	\$438.09
Ann Arbor city.....	3,197	6,713.70
Augusta.....	565	1,186.50
Bridgewater.....	288	594.30
Dexter.....	186	390.60
Freedom.....	418	877.80
Lima.....	277	581.70
Lodi.....	325	682.50
Lyndon.....	223	468.90
Manchester.....	614	1,289.40
Northfield.....	277	581.70
Pittsfield.....	252	529.20
Salem.....	281	485.10
Saline.....	549	1,152.90
Silo.....	532	1,109.20
Sharon.....	295	593.60
Superior.....	308	646.80
Sylvan.....	651	1,367.10
Webster.....	193	382.80
York.....	621	1,304.10
Ypsilanti.....	237	497.70
Ypsilanti City.....	1,810	3,801.00
Total.....	12,288	\$25,099.80

### SCHOOL REPORT.

Names of Pupils Who Have Not Been Absent for Thirty Days.

Superintendent's report for the month ending October 24, 1902:

Total number enrolled.....	381
Total number transferred.....	2
Number of re-entries.....	14
Total number belonging at date.....	370
Number of non-resident pupils.....	36
Number of pupils not absent or tardy 188	
Percentage of attendance.....	96

W. W. GIFFORD, Supt.

### HIGH SCHOOL.

Howard Boyd	Austin Keenan
Josephine Bacon	Carl Kalmbach
Helen Burg	Wirt McLaren
Eddie Cooper	Guy McNamara
Grace Collins	Daisy Potter
Mabel Dealy	Chandler Rogers
Emma Forner	Rollin Schenk
Lella Geddes	Herbert Schenk
Leone Gleke	Harry Stedman
Erna Hunter	Blanche Stephens
J. Heeslewerdt	Anna Walworth
Howard Holmes	Nellie Walsh
Eliza Zinke	

EDITH ESTELLE SHAW, Teacher.

### NINTH GRADE.

Ruth Barth	Edna Rancelman
Mildred Daniels	Hazel Speer
Jennie Geddes	Bertha Wilson
Genevieve Hummel	Helen Wilson
F. Heeslewerdt	Ann Eliza Wortley

May McGuiness  
Blanche Wortley  
Helen Miller  
Earl Beeman  
Mabel Rastrey  
Rudolph Knapp  
Velma Richards  
Kent Walworth  
Katie Riemenschneider  
FLORENCE N. BACHMAN, Teacher.

EIGHTH GRADE.  
Ruth Bacon  
Julia Kalmbach  
Agnes Murphy  
Edmund Robinson  
Bertha Turner  
Albert Steinbach  
Edna Jones

CLARA B. HEMMEL, Teacher.

SEVENTH GRADE.  
Ethel Burkhardt  
Alice Chandler  
Harlan Depew  
Margurite Eder  
Nina Greening  
Mabel Guthrie  
Hazel Hummel  
Nina Hunter  
Clara Koch  
Anna Loeffler  
Ethel Moran  
Harold Pierce  
Lucy Sawyer  
Lewis Schantz  
Florence Schaafels  
Cora Schmidt  
Mary Sprague  
Lynn Stedman  
Bessie Swarthout  
STELLA L. MILLER, Teacher.

SIXTH GRADE.  
Bessie Allen  
Elsie Hoppe  
Myrta Young  
Adeline Spingrue  
V. Schwickerath  
Rena Roedel  
Don Roedel  
Agatha Kelly  
Mildred Cook  
Max Kelly  
Mary Cory  
Winifred Bacon  
Claire Hoover  
Heuben Foster  
Algeron Palmer  
Ray Franklin  
Reynolds Bacon  
MARIE L. MCGUINNESS, Teacher.

FIFTH GRADE.  
Edith Bates  
Margretha Eppler  
Marjorie Freeman  
Cora Feldcamp  
Harlow Lemmon  
Paul Martin  
Mabella Norton  
Ruth Atfrey  
Ella Stieglemaier  
Lena Schwickerath  
Ellie Schultz  
Leon Shaver  
Sidney Schenk  
Beulah Turner  
Cleon Wolf  
Ethel Wright  
Elizabeth Depew, Teacher.

FOURTH GRADE.  
Arthur Avery  
Fannie Emmett  
Winifred Eder  
Afa N Davis  
Nada Hoffman  
Lloyd Hoffman  
John Hummel  
Ruth Lewick  
Arthur Murphy  
H. Riemenschneider  
E. Riemenschneider  
Roy Schieferstein  
George Walworth  
Jennie Walker  
Laura Welhoff  
Blaine Barth  
Edna Wackenhut  
Norbert Foster  
MARY A. VANTYNE, Teacher.

THIRD GRADE.  
Edith Beeler  
LaRue Shaver  
Carl Chandler  
Meryl Shaver  
Ella L. Davis  
Una Stieglemaier  
Russell Emmett  
Henry Schwickerath  
June Fuller  
Luella Schieferstein  
Lloyd Hathaway  
Esther Schenk  
Mabel Hummel  
Norma Turnbull  
Walter Hummel  
Olga Hoffman  
C. Heeslewerdt  
Elsie Jackson  
Jennie Jones  
Willie Kolb  
Charles Kelly  
Paul Kuhl  
George Kaercher  
Blanche Miller  
Fred Merchant  
Aleda Merker  
Phyllis Rastrey  
FLORENCE A. MARTIN, Teacher.

SECOND GRADE.  
Gladys Beckwith  
Margaret Burg  
Lewis Eppler  
Roland Kalmbach  
Olive Kaercher  
Leta Lehman  
Ina Limpert  
Pearl Maier  
Edna Maroney  
Eva Matthews  
E. Schwickerath  
W. Riemenschneider  
M. Schwickerath  
Winifred Staph  
Margaret Vogel  
George Wackenhut  
Marie Wackenhut  
Alta Williams  
Theodore Wedemeyer  
FLORENCE CASTER, Teacher.

FIRST GRADE.  
Esther Chandler  
Lewis Eder  
Hollis Freeman  
Eddie Friermuth  
Hazen Fuller  
Clarence Grant  
Ella Ruth Hunter  
Beatrice Hunter  
Lloyd Kalmbach  
Harold Kaercher  
Alice Lehman  
Agnes Lehman  
Hazen Leech  
Leon Mohrlok  
Rollo Schnaitman  
Viola Schnaitman  
Nina Schussler  
Ralph C Miller  
Earle Schumacher  
Grace Schenk  
FRANCES C. NOYES, Teacher.

The Bank Drug Store begins already to take on a holiday appearance. New goods are constantly being opened. They are displaying a fine new line of cut glass. You can buy a large piece, elegant cutting, for \$2.95. They are showing the finest line of silverware they have ever carried. A large number of low and medium price pieces. Don't think of buying a lamp without looking at their line. You will be surprised at how nice a piece of china you can buy at the Bank Drug Store for 10 cents.

All the ladies should certainly go and see the Globe Cabinet. Up stairs, next door to the Chelsea Telephone office.

They make it their principal business at the Bank Drug Store to please and serve you in every way they can. Look at their new line of cut glass.

300 story books for girls and boys at the Bank Drug Store.

## BUSINESS BOOMING!

There is a well beaten path that leads directly to the store of FENN & VOGEL, DRUGGISTS and GROCERS. Through of people traverse it day by day. Showing that we are strengthening the friendly business relation between the store and public, without which there can be no success. We want you to keep coming. We want you to tell your friends and neighbors about our store. Confidence once established between us, the rest is easy.

### WE ARE SELLING

The best 25c coffee in Chelsea  
Try our 20c coffee  
Have you used our 50c tea?  
20 lbs finest granulated sugar \$1.00  
1 gallon palls syrup at 40c  
1 quart bottles maple syrup 25c  
7 pounds best rolled oats 25c  
3 cans corn 25c  
Jello 10c package

Nice large oranges 25c dozen  
Nice large waxey lemons 25c dozen  
Finest mixed nuts 15c pound  
Orange peel, lemon peel and candied citron 25c pound  
Henkle's bread flour 55c sack  
Finest new Sair dates 10c pound  
Finest new cleaned currants 10c lb  
Fresh roasted peanuts 10c pound

Yours for what is right,

FENN & VOGEL

## SILVERWARE.

WEDDING PRESENTS—Are hard to select. If you have a good stock of

Rogers Bros., "1847" Silverware

to select from, a timely suggestion from an experienced Jeweler—and the price is all right—it's not so hard after all.

A complete line of high-grade optical goods. Eyes tested free.

FRED KANTLEHNER,

JEWELER AND OPTICION.

Repairing of all kinds a specialty.

## FASHIONABLE MILLINERY!

Our parlors are filled with all the newest effects in

Pattern, Trimmed and Street Hats

Feathers, Ribbons, Silks, Veilings, etc. In fact, our late purchases are the finest we have ever shown.

Call and examine this fine stock.

MILLER SISTERS

## WORTH THE PRICE.

Your savings are well invested when you buy reliable Jewelry. It wears and gives pleasure for years and is always worth the price.

A. E. WINANS.

Repairing of all kinds neatly and promptly done.

SHOES. Built to fit the feet, yet combining style with blissful comfort are the kind you will always get at FARRELL'S.

GROCERIES. Staples at close-cut prices that reduce living expenses to the lowest terms. Remember, we are never undersold by anyone. Try us.

JOHN FARRELL.

PURE FOOD STORE

Pure Lard Rendered

HOME-MADE

LARD

AT

121-2 CENTS

This is not old stock, but strictly pure and fresh. I have on hand about 4,000 pounds in stock that I will sell at the above price.

Every pound warranted as represented.

ADAM EPPLER.



OUR LANGUAGE.

Now, were... caught in a slough.  
Do you suppose he'd cut up rough—  
Or through the mire stoutly plough?  
And 'scape, nor even cast a slough?  
Another thing; suppose, although  
He pushed his way most bravely through,  
Do you suppose he'd have a slough?  
In case a sudden tempest blough?

Then take a man who would at eight  
Go hence to some ideal height—  
He could not take a lowly flight—  
The last express had gone that night!  
His indignation knows no bound!  
Heart-faint, do you suppose he'd aound?  
Or do you think he'd work up grounds  
On which to have the railroad pound?

Now, take a lamb led to the slaughter—  
Has he the least excuse for laughter?  
Or should he sob, as good lambs ought,  
And think him on the long hereabout?  
And should a starving person plead  
Or go to battle for his bread?  
Or mutter, when you strike a lead,  
What portion of the ore is lead?

Alas! from this theme I must tear,  
The you may shed a bitter tear,  
And let the muse pall-bearers bear  
The tattered remnants to the rear.  
From what I've said no lesson pours  
To useful make your idle hours;  
In fact, the subject only bours—  
This wondrous spellbinding of ours!

—Baltimore News.

## Cecil Thorne's Masterpiece.

### THE ROMANCE OF A PAINTING.

NINETTE'S eyes bespoke an approaching storm. "A fair woman again," she muttered half audibly as she gathered up the cards impatiently, to throw for the last time which should decide if she were right to doubt Cecil's loyalty. Fearing to learn the worst, yet determined to know the truth at any cost, Ninette, the dark-eyed artist's model, spread out the fortune-telling cards on the pedestal before her, while she awaited the coming of Cecil Thorne, master of the studio and of her heart.

"Ah! This is better"—with a smile of satisfaction—"why, here is good luck again! Perhaps, after all, Cecil is true. If I could only understand their language! But he never speaks to her in French. Courage, Ninette! the last card tells your story. Is it a fair lady or a dark girl who is loved by Cecil? Dieu!"

The "fair lady's card" had turned again, and Ninette burst into a fresh deluge of tears just as the false Cecil swung open the studio door, and, without observing the crouching figure of Ninette began to whistle a merry air.

"How can you whistle when I am so miserable?" said Ninette between her sobs.

"Why, bless my soul, Ninette, I never saw you!"

"You have no eyes for me. You would have seen another if she had been here."

"Another would not have kept so silent, perhaps—and tears, too! Now this is very tiresome, when I have had such a turn of good luck. Listen, Ninette, and dry your tears. My picture—"

"Of me?"

"No, no—the great one, 'The Dawn' will be exhibited. Then if luck comes our way, as is sure to happen, we can be—"

Cecil drew Ninette to him in affectionate embrace, too elated with his own hope of prosperity to question further the cause of tears. Ninette's doubts vanished somewhat as the tender avowals of love fell from the lips of her lover. She could not believe him quite false, and yet—why did he not exhibit her portrait in the Salon? Could not "Dawn" have black hair as well as golden? and surely the fair lady was not otherwise more beautiful than she.

Cecil interrupted the unpleasant reverie with, "Ninette, do you know I believe my love for you has made me a better painter! Monsieur de Thales was here this morning and said the warm and soul of 'The Dawn' were extraordinary."

The announcement that love for her had aided him in putting war and soul into the eyes of another woman was not very comforting to Ninette, and she dashed out of the studio, and shut herself in her own little chamber, which was on the ground floor.

"The little vixen!" laughed Cecil. "I suppose old Gretha gave her a bad breakfast this morning. She had not seem properly pleased with the possibility of our being soon—Ah, Julia! I am glad you have come. The picture is nearly finished—and such good news! De Thales was here this morning, and was delighted. Why do you look at the door—are you afraid of ghosts following you in?"

"No, Cecil, but do you know I have a strange feeling of fear sometimes when I see Ninette! She peered at me to-day as I came up the stairs, and her black eyes looked like those of a tigress. Cecil, that girl is dangerous! I hope she isn't too fond of you; you know that is easily possible with these French creatures of impulse."

"Oh, that is just like you women," replied lightly that excellent judge of feminine emotion—"always suspicious of another woman's love. Well, I can tell you one thing, Julia, Ninette's love is less dangerous than her hate, although I should not like to trifle with either. But I who so thoroughly understand Ninette, shall take care that no danger attends her love for me."

Ninette had crept from her chamber and was listening at the keyhole of the studio with hot breath and angry eyes. How tender his voice! Almost the only English word that Ninette knew was "dear," and she heard him apply it to Julia—the fair-haired. She felt she could burst with jealous passion, but at this moment she heard familiar voices on the steps and several comrades stood before her.

It will do you good. Good morning, gentlemen; good-by, Cecil—Ninette! The last was an exclamation, not a greeting.

Ninette was glaring from her dark eyes, and Julia involuntarily shuddered as she lifted her rich silken gown and swept down the stairs.

"Oh, if I knew how to speak French I would let that little French demon know she must not stare at me so insolently. Poor Ninette! I hope her love for Cecil will not interfere with his work, but I am the last person in the world who ought to blame her for loving him."

Careless and free as are only the pleasure-loving English artists who alternate the study of art with that of "La Vie" in the Eden of both, Cecil Thorne and his companions made the cafes in the Latin Quarter of Paris ring with their merriment until a late hour, when Cecil returned to his lodging, intoxicated with the thought of the morrow. He spent a half hour or so in his studio, and after making a few final arrangements started for his little bedroom. As he passed the door of Ninette's apartments he wondered if she slept. Then, at a sudden recollection of his hopes, and all they meant to him, he broke into a merry whistle, and mounted light-heartedly to his own door. His burst of merriment was the last straw.

"To-morrow," she thought, "I will not forget that I have helped you to put warmth and soul into her eyes! You think you shall find fame to-morrow, and that the fair-haired, cold-hearted English girl will help you to rejoice; but you do not know Ninette!"

Springing from her couch she felt for matches, but could find none. "No matter," she said, "I know the easel well. Have I not watched him bending over it as though he loved the canvas itself? Dieu! you should have exhibited Ninette." Noiselessly, vindictively, she groped her way along the dark passage into the studio. Not even a moonbeam to assist her feet over the cold stone floor. "Ha—the easel!" she gave a little cry of pain as her tender foot came in contact with the sharp edge. Then, seizing a wet brush, with delicious joy she drew it again and again across the picture, smearing beyond recognition every corner of the canvas. "There!" she said, as she threw down the brush and started to leave the studio. "There! Mademoiselle Yellow Hair—I hate golden hair—at least, I should hate it if Cecil had not golden hair."

The thought of Cecil's fair hair, which she had so often covered with ardent kisses, recalled her to a moment of sudden remorse. What had she done? She who pretended to love Cecil had destroyed the result of a whole half year's toil and his hope of fortune, and perhaps—yes, that selfish "perhaps," swept over her with overwhelming force, and the little criminal crept back to her chamber, threw herself upon her couch, and there remained till her restless slumber was disturbed by the sound of Cecil's footsteps entering the studio.

She awoke with a start. He was walking toward the easel. She dared not go to him; she would wait till the first outbreak of his passion had passed. For a long time there was absolute silence in the studio. At last, unable longer to bear the suspense, she timidly opened the studio door and looked in. All trace of the defiant insolence which made her so bewitching had vanished, and she paused submissively, awaiting the volley of reproach which she felt she so richly deserved. Instead of this, Cecil smiled at beholding her and advanced to meet her, and she felt half afraid.

"Ah, there you are, ma chérie. Come and see what some villainous hand has done."

"No, no," answered Ninette, still questioning his sanity. "I cannot look upon it. Oh, Cecil, you have driven me mad with jealousy!"

"Jealousy, ma chérie? What on earth are you talking about? Do you not believe that I love you fondly—devotedly?"

"Stop! You called her 'dear,' Cecil, answer me this—do you love the fair Julia who sits for 'The Dawn'?"

"Love her—of course I do—but not as I love you."

"There, you confess! I will not share your love with her. I was sorry I did it, but now I am glad—glad! You would be famous with her portrait and she would be glad with you. Is it not so—you dare not deny it!"

"Why, Ninette, how strangely you talk! Would she not be an unnatural woman not to be glad of her brother's success?"

"Brother?" almost shrieked Ninette. "Brother? She is your sister, Cecil!"

"My dear child, do you mean to tell me you have not known that?"

knows it, and you have never spoken of this before."

"No, I could not bear to speak of her, and I heard nothing of your talk—I do not understand your English talk. And now—oh, Cecil! Cecil! the picture—the villainous hand—"

"Oh, yes! to be sure! I nearly forgot the picture with your wild talk. I say, Ninette, what a good thing 'The Dawn' had been removed from the easel!"

Ninette burst into a loud laugh. "Removed? Say it again, Cecil! It was removed, and it was not her picture that I—Oh, what would you have done?"

Then the painter realized for the first time what she had intended to do.

"You little vixen!" he said seriously: "did you do it, and did you mean to spoil 'The Dawn'? Ah, black indeed would have been the dawn for me, my little madcap! I came in late last night and packed up 'The Dawn' to send away, and set this head on the easel the last thing before leaving the studio. Ah, Ninette, you are really too bad!"

But she was not listening. She knew how to make her peace with him.—New York News.

**The Beginning of Ostrich Farms.**  
Fifty years ago the domestication of the ostrich was an idea scouted by most of the zoologists who had given time and thought to the subject. Their young, it was believed, could not be raised in a state of captivity. The great demand for ostrich feathers was then met by hunting and killing wild birds, and there were indications that the species would soon become extinct. But, in the early sixties, a French scientist named Gosse issued a pamphlet in which he argued that the domestication of the ostrich was feasible and practicable, and not long afterward a brood of ostriches was reared in the city of Algiers. Gosse's pamphlet and news of the experiment in Algiers became familiar to two farmers in Cape Colony, who determined to undertake the domestication of ostriches in South Africa. Beginning with two birds, which they caught and placed in an enclosure, in a twelvemonth they had a brood of eighty, which marked the birth of a new industry which has played a potential part in the development and commerce of a vast region. Large tracts of land in South Africa, which could not be profitably used for any other purpose, are now devoted to this business, and feathers to the value of \$6,000,000, from nearly 400,000 domesticated birds, are now annually sent abroad from Cape Colony.—Success.

#### Cat Leaps Four Stories.

A cat named Troubles, possessed by Francis Kane, a political worker in the Eighth Ward, has made numerous friends. One morning Troubles was purring on the window sill of the fourth floor of its home when it observed Kane on the sidewalk below. Espying its master, the feline uttered a faint "meow" and made the awful leap. Somersault after somersault it turned until it landed on terra firma. The hard asphalt pavement was too much for the kitten's feet, and its right foreleg was broken at the knee. When Kane noticed what had happened to his pet he couldn't conceive that the cat had made the frightful leap. He hurriedly ascended the stairs to ascertain if any of his servants had been cruel enough to throw the cat out of the window. Upon learning that the cat had made the jump he carefully conveyed it to the Jefferson Hospital, where the feline had its broken limb put in splints. Since then the cat has been carefully nursed and fondled.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

#### A Baby Bird Ten Feet From Tip to Tip.

George L. Stillwell, who has just returned from a trip to Santa Barbara County, has brought back with him a young bird of the giant condor family, the largest species of birds in existence. The bird was captured after a most thrilling and dangerous experience. Stillwell and a companion scaled a lofty crag and engaged in a battle with the mother bird. The parent bird measured fifteen feet from tip to tip of its wings, and both men suffered many bruises. The young bird has never learned to fly, and its wings are not yet strong enough to bear the weight of its body. It measures ten feet from tip to tip and is developing well in captivity.

The parent of this bird is the only one of the species known to exist in the State. Its home is one of the wildest spots in Santa Barbara County, a crag in the heart of the mountains, fifty-six miles east of Santa Maria and midway between Bakersfield and Santa Barbara.—San Francisco Chronicle.

#### An Expert Talks on Tips.

The "Colored Waiters' Chestfield" is a book on the duties and responsibilities of waiters. The author is John B. Goins, an old-time Chicago waiter. "A waiter should never place himself in the position of expectancy in the matter of receiving a tip," says Goins, "and should avoid approaching a guest if he sees him in the act of drawing change from his pocket. A waiter should never pose as an object of pity with a view to securing a tip. If he deserves a tip, he should let the guest feel within himself that he deserves it. Should a waiter receive a tip previous to waiting on the guest, he should leave it lying on the table and then do his level best to earn it. A waiter should never make any demonstration of gratitude when receiving a tip beyond a polite acknowledgment."—New York World.

#### Cheap Ships.

The United Kingdom builds her war vessels both more cheaply and more rapidly than any other country in the world, according to the Scottish-American.

## Ships Cast on the Rocks.

Eye-Witness Describes Fearful Scene Off Coast of Africa—Those on Shore Powerless to Aid the Doomed Mariners.

(Special Correspondence.)

As an instance of what nature can do in the way of punishment when she gets a chance, the residents along the strip of beach facing Port Elizabeth, South Africa, were confronted Sept. 2 with a shore strewn with the wreckage of upward of twenty-nine sailing vessels. The loss in property amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars. The loss of life can as yet be only estimated; but the life-saving crew is patrolling the beach looking for the bodies of about 100 sailors who, when their fingers became so numb that they could no longer cling to the rigging, were washed overboard, while scores of persons who looked on from the shore were powerless to give assistance.

All this destruction was wrought within twenty hours. The tragic story of it will become historic in the annals of the sea. Big gales, destructive alike to life and property, are no strangers to Algoa Bay. It has ever been a danger spot to ship owners and underwriters. In the great gales of 1859, of 1869, of 1888, everything hereabouts was threatened with destruction. But all three of them sink into insignificance when compared with the hurricane that broke over the coast on the night of Sept. 2, and which was just beginning to abate as this letter was sealed for the mails.

There were thirty-two ships at anchor in the harbor, under a leaden sky, when the approach of a veritable tidal wave from the open sea gave the first warning of what was coming. A signal of distress from a gun on one of the ships attracted the attention of the coast guard and others on shore. In less time than it takes to write it five large ships had dragged their anchors and were being swept resistless toward the treacherous coast. Some of the smaller craft headed for the jetty, and reached it in safety. The larger vessels made an effort to get onto the open sea, but were swept back again, as though they were so many empty barrels. It seemed a manifest impossibility for anything

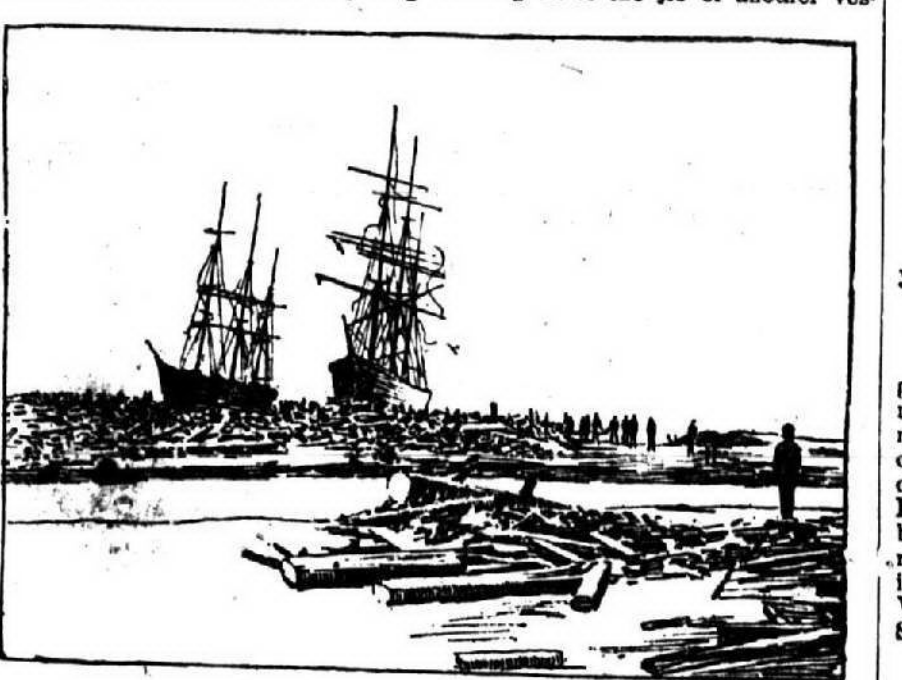
barques, lighters and everything else—fashing together and shattering on the rocks in dreadful confusion. From all of them men and women were washed overboard. Some were thrown high on the beach by the sheer force of the sea. When they were taken care of they huddled together in fearful groups on the beach, looking for the missing. Of the usual pitiful sights indispensable to such tragedies no detail was lacking. About twenty small boats were put off from the helpless ships, all loaded almost to the water's edge, but less than one dozen



Wreckage of Scores of Ships.

of them reached the shore without an upset. Many persons clung to floating spars for hours before they were rescued in a half-conscious condition. One huge wave sent to instant death a ship's captain, with his wife and two children, who were trying to fight their way to safety in a boat.

While the life savers were trying to rescue six men clinging to the rigging of a stranded ship, their attention was called to a man and a woman holding on to the jib of another ves-



TWO OF THE WRECKED SHIPS.

sel to withstand the fury of the gale.

One after another, hour after hour, the ships came ashore and went to pieces. Huge waves swept them from stem to stern, and burst in terrible cascades over their broken timbers. The crews clung to the dismantled rigging, and vainly besought the men who were watching the gale from the shore to come to their assistance.

Little could be done to aid them. On the beach chaos reigned supreme. Past experience has proved of little profit in providing an adequate life guard for such a dangerous coast as this. The boats are antiquated. When the gale was in its fury they were hauled high and dry on the beach, as useless as so many washbuds. It is difficult to blame men for not volunteering to go out with the life guards in them, for to do so looks like suicide. The rocket apparatus fell down

in a literal foam of angry sea. An effort was made to save them. When their rescue seemed almost assured two men who had been washed away from another ship clutched at a chain hanging from the jib. The weight of all four of them was too much. Something gave way and four more victims were added to the list of the dead.

A thin rope was drawn out to another vessel so that the crew could haul a heavier one after it. The man who happened to catch it jumped into the sea and asked to be hauled ashore. Those whom he had left behind shouted at him in despair. While tossing about in the sea he lost his hold on the line. Six brave fellows, among them an African, thought they could save him. He was so near shore, in a twinkling all of them were lost, and the man who had tried to save himself at the expense of his companions sank to rise no more.

It is known at this writing that four of the vessels that went ashore were British, six were German, five Norwegian, two Italian and one Swedish. They represent an aggregate of more than 15,000 tons. The names of some of the wrecked vessels are the Clara, a British steamer of 139 tons; the Gabrielle, a British schooner of 78 tons; the Thekla, a German barque of 238 tons; the Content, a Norwegian barque of 522 tons; the Sayre, a British barque of 684 tons; the Oakworth, a British ship of 1022 tons; the Agostino Rombo, an Italian barque of 807 tons; the Arnold, a German vessel of 800 tons; the Nautilus, a German barque of 678 tons; the Coriolanus, a German barque of 978 tons; the Emanuel, a German barque of 1147 tons; the Cavalleri Russo, an Italian ship of 1529 tons.

Many of the sailors rescued from the sea have died from exhaustion in the hospital. There will be a public funeral in the town hall for the victims who perished in the disaster, and efforts will be made to communicate with their relatives and friends in their native countries.

**A Youthful Nimrod.**  
Senator Proctor of Vermont has presented a photograph of his grandson taken with a wild boar slain by the boy to President Roosevelt. The boar was killed by the 13-year-old Proctor in Corbin park, which the President visited this summer.

Birds that fly low are no game for sportsmen.



A nervous, irritable mother, often on the verge of hysteria, is unfit to care for children; it ruins a child's disposition and reacts upon herself. The trouble between children and their mothers too often is due to the fact that the mother has some female weakness, and she is entirely unfit to bear the strain upon her nerves that governing a child involves; it is impossible for her to do anything calmly. She cannot help it, as her condition is due to suffering and shattered nerves caused by some derangement of the uterine system with backache, headache, and all kinds of pain, and she is on the verge of nervous prostration.

When a mother finds that she cannot be calm and quiet with her children, she may be sure that her condition needs attention, and she cannot do better than to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This medicine will build up her system, strengthen her nerves, and enable her to calmly handle a disobedient child without a scene. The children will soon realize the difference, and seeing their mother quiet, will themselves become quiet.

### Mrs. May Brown, of Chicago, Ill., says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—'Honor to whom honor is due,' and you deserve both the thanks and honor of the mothers of America whom you have so blessedly helped and benefited. I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when I would feel run-down, nervous and irritable, or have any of the aches and pains which but few women escape, and I have found that it relieved me at once and gave me new strength. Several ladies, members of our Literary Union, speak in the highest praise of your Vegetable Compound, as they have been cured from serious female troubles. One lady, who thought she must submit to an operation, was cured without using anything in the world but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash. You have hosts of friends in Chicago, and if you come to visit our city we would delight to do you honor. Gratefully yours,—MRS. MAY BROWN, 57 Grant Place, Chicago, Ill.

### How Mrs. Pinkham Helped Mrs. McKinny.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to write and let you know the good you and your Vegetable Compound are doing. I had been sick ever since my first baby was born, and at the birth of my second, my doctor, as well as myself thought I should never live through it. After that menstruation never came regular, and when it came I suffered terribly. I also had womb and ovarian trouble. A friend of my husband's advised him to get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me. At first I had no faith in it, but now nothing could induce me to be without it. Menstruation has become regular, and I feel like a new woman. Your medicine is a God-send to suffering women. I hope this letter will lead others to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Yours truly, MRS. MILDRED MCKINNY, 28 Pearl St., San Francisco, Cal." (March 16, 1901).

#### FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN.

If there is anything in your case about which you would like special advice, write freely to Mrs. Pinkham. Address—Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and her advice is always helpful.

**\$5000** FORFEIT If we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

## For Bruises and Sprains

### MEXICAN Mustang Liniment

For MAN OR BEAST

## WA-HOO BLOOD AND NERVE TONIC

A POSITIVE KIDNEY AND BLADDER CURE, in fact Never Fails in any Catarrhal Troubles. This Preparation contains the following ingredients: Sarsaparilla, Prickly Ash, Yellow Dock, WA-HOO, Rhubarb, Wild Cherry, Sassafras, Mandarin and Bismuth.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER BOTTLE—IF YOUR DRUGGIST HASN'T IT WRITE US. MANUFACTURED BY WA-HOO REMEDY CO., DETROIT, MICH.

If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live—Arthur Hays Sulzberger.

You don't have to be posted on the date of her birth to know when a girl's young!

"Little Colds" neglected—thousands of lives sacrificed every year. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures little colds—cures big colds too, down to the very verge of consumption.

Half the people in the world are too optimistic and the other half are not pessimistic enough. While there are freights of duty no vessel needs ballast of care.

**Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold**  
Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

Of course, a kiss in time doesn't save nine. If such were the case the average girl would gladly wait awhile.

**FITS** permanently cured. No other nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Sold for \$1.00 per bottle and treated. Dr. J. C. Kline, M.D., 283 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

How innocent and sweet a cross baby looks when it is asleep!

Mrs. Austin's famous Pancake flour is in town—fresh and delicious as ever.

### Best in the World.

No other medicine has such a record of cures of colds, coughs, croup, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, pneumonia, and even consumption, or has such hosts of friends. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

There ought to be a law against whining. Never let art delude you into believing that Cupid represents the naked truth.

### HAMLIN WIZARD OIL

#### EARACHE

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT

### OPIUM

MORPHINE AND COCAINE diseases treated at home without pain and without loss of time. Pay on installment—\$1.00 will be paid for any case! Consultative. For particulars write Dr. H. J. KERR, 211 Monroe St., Toledo, Ohio.

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That's the amount you can save by trading with us regularly. Send 10c in coin or stamps for our 110-page catalog, containing descriptions of everything you can buy. Write TODAY.

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## THE CHELSEA STANDARD

An independent local newspaper published every Thursday afternoon from its office in the basement of the Turf Club at 1000 Broadway, Chelsea, Mich.

## BY C. T. HOOVER.

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

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

Chelsea Phone No. 55. Don't be afraid to call us up.

## PERSONAL.

J. J. Rafferty was a Jackson visitor Friday.

Chas. Tichenor was a Jackson visitor Saturday.

Geo. P. Staffan was an Ann Arbor visitor Tuesday.

Mrs. Mary Winans is visiting her son, William, at Lansing.

Geo. W. Millspaugh spent Sunday with friends in Ann Arbor.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Sweetland spent Sunday at Ann Arbor.

Michael Graham of Jackson was a Chelsea visitor Sunday.

William Zink of St. Louis was the guest of his parents Sunday.

Misses Marjorie Freeman and Beale Allen spent Saturday at Ann Arbor.

Miss Louise Spley of Cadillac is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. F. Hepfer.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Cook of Gregory are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. Cook.

Miss Margaret Dealy is spending some time with her aunt, Mrs. Cavanaugh of Manchester.

Harvey Spiegelberg, who is attending the Ferris Institute at Big Rapids, spent Sunday at this place.

Miss Angeline Dealy, who has been spending the past two weeks at Detroit and Ecorse, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. T. English left Wednesday for Lansing where they will attend the sessions of the National Grange.

Miss Nellie Stocking, Mrs. Geo. W. Millspaugh and Mrs. N. W. Laird were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Reilly of Ann Arbor Saturday.

Dr. Thomas Holmes attended the funeral of Prof. Kedzie at Lansing, Monday.

Prof. Kedzie was a classmate of Dr. Holmes at Oberlin College for six years.

## Cure for Cigarette Habit.

The other day a wise New England mother suddenly came upon her son and, a youth of tender years, and discovered he was indulging in a cigarette.

"My boy," she said, "if you must smoke, why not be manly and smoke a cigar? Come with me." And she led him into the house and bestowed upon him a large, black fumer, and brought him a light, and sat down by him while he enjoyed the fragrant weed.

She was with him, too, when his lower lip began to tremble and his eyes to grow yellow, and a wave of chalky whiteness overspread his face.

"Nice cigar, isn't it?" she said in her pleasant way. "So soothing and restful and enjoyable. Don't you find it so?"

The boy couldn't steady his voice sufficiently to reply, but he forced himself to take another puff, and when his hand with the cigar in it dropped he gave the smoldering thing a glance that expressed nothing but the deepest loathing.

"I always like the looks of these nice, large cigars," said his mother. "They seem so—"

"P-p-please d-d-don't mother," gasped the boy. "I-I think I'm g-g-going to d-die!"

And 20 minutes later he promised in a broken voice that he would never again attempt to smoke until she told him he was old enough to begin.—Exchange.

An evidence of the great number of deer hunters abroad is furnished at the secretary of state's office, where clerks of the northern counties are applying for more blanks for deer licenses, although a larger number was originally issued than was sold last year. In some of the lower counties also, the supplies of blanks have been exhausted.

Words Made from 1,000 Bits of Steel. The Japanese are the manufacturers of a wonderful sword. The blades of these sabers are made from magnetic iron ore. The steel is produced in small, very thin sheets and the workman begins by fixing one of them to the end of an iron rod which serves as a handle.

This is soldered onto the small sheets until the mass has a length of about eight inches, a width of about two inches and a thickness of a little more than a quarter of an inch. This bar is brought to a white heat, doubled on itself and hammered until it is down to its original dimensions. This process is repeated five times. Four similar bars are then soldered together, doubled upon themselves, resoldered and heated, the operation being repeated five times. This process makes the superposed layers so thin that a saber contains at least 1,000 sheets of metal.

Witty Remark Pleased Crowd. Charles Burley, the abolitionist, in the midst of an antislavery speech was struck by a decayed egg full in the face. Pausing to wipe away the contents of the missile, he said calmly: "I have always contended that pro-slavery arguments were very unsound."

The crowd roared and there was no longer a doubt.

Too late for last week.

Fred Boettner of Saline spent Sunday with friends here.

German school opened Monday, November 3rd in St. John's church. Rev. Julius Reichert will conduct it.

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## NORTH LAKE.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wood of Mt. Pleasant are visiting relatives at this place.

Alex. Gilbert and David Schultz are now working in the stove works at Chelsea.

Wm. Arnold and Mr. Rogers of Detroit spent Wednesday and Thursday at the home of E. W. Daniels.

A few of the relatives of Mrs. Wm. Wood gathered at her home Wednesday, November 12th, it being her seventieth birthday.

The L. A. E. will give a social at the home of E. W. Daniels Friday evening, November 28th. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

## FRANCISCO.

Mrs. Miller of Bay City is the guest of M. Schenk and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Harr of Jackson are the guests of Mrs. C. Notten.

Henry Phelps and family of Sylvan Center have moved into the John Horning house.

Miss Anna Benter of Jackson was the guest of P. Schweinfurth and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Muebach have been spending a few days of the past week at Root's Station.

Mrs. Thress Taylor returned Saturday to her home in Jackson after spending several months with relatives at this place.

## SHARON.

Bert Teeples had the misfortune to lose a horse last week.

Mrs. H. J. Lenois is afflicted with severe fever on her right hand.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. O'Neil of Lima spent Sunday with his parents.

Miss Esther Reno of Jackson has been spending a few days at home.

Mrs. C. B. Case took her husband's place at the North Sharon school house Sunday.

Miss Julia Frey of N. rell, who is attending school at Manchester, visited in town over Sunday.

The concert at J. R. Lemm's Friday evening by Misses Knight and Hunter of Albion was fine and greatly enjoyed by all.

George A. Lehman closed a successful term of school last Friday in district No. 9 and is having a week's vacation before beginning his winter term.

## SYLVAN.

Mrs. C. B. Ward is seriously ill.

James Beckwith was a Jackson visitor Friday.

Miss Kate Osterie is spending this week at home.

E. A. Ward was a Jackson visitor one day last week.

Mrs. D. Helm spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. John Row.

Mrs. Jas. Young spent part of last week at Michigan Centre.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Forner, sr., entertained relatives from Jackson Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Merkel entertained company from Marshall last week.

Mrs. Albert Burgess spent part of last week at Parma with her brother, Fred Loree.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Fisk spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Fisk.

Mr. and Mrs. John Schabille and daughters of Saline were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Heeschelwerdt Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles West, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman West and Charles Salisbury of Locke spent the first of the week with Mr. and Mrs. R. J. West.

## FREEDOM.

Mr. and Mrs. John Reno were Jackson visitors the first of the week.

Mr. Stein of Adrian was the guest of Rev. Julius Reichert over Sunday.

Gofried Eiseeman was the guest of Miss Bertha Meyer of Lima Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Widmayer and family of Sharon spent Sunday with friends here.

The Ladies' Aid Society of St. John's church met at the home of A. H. Kuhl Wednesday.

Mrs. Henry Meyer of Lima, who has been spending the past week with her daughter, Mrs. Will Eschelbach returned to her home Sunday.

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Ernest, the little son of Matt Schabille is on the sick list.

Ben Huehl and Will Kries of Chelsea called on friends here Tuesday.

A. N. Breitenwischer of Ann Arbor spent Sunday with his parents here.

Christ Grau, who had the misfortune to fall from a ladder last Saturday is slowly improving.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Burkhardt of Chelsea and Mr. and Mrs. J. Stabler of Solo spent Sunday at John G. Feldkamp's.

Mr. and Mrs. John Raushenberger and daughters, Laura and Edna of Manchester, were the guests Fred Breitenwischer and family Sunday.

Worth of Some London Property. Land at \$2,618,600 an acre does not frequently come into the market, even in London, but a few years ago, when the freehold of 54 Cheapside was sold, the sum it realized was at the above rate per acre; that is to say, a piece of ground that could be covered by an ordinary penny postage stamp realized 6s. 11½d., not at all a bad price for a paltry five-sixths of a square inch of real estate to attain. Judging from the ground rents secured on 10 Cornhill, which five or six years ago realized £42,500, that is to say, at the rate of practically £5 a square foot, or £2,452,023 per acre, there are many other delectable spots in the city worth their area in beaten gold, but it is wonderful how prices fall away when the site has not got a frontage on a main thoroughfare. Twenty-two pounds for a piece of ground measuring 12 inches by 12 inches would doubtless be a price that would tempt even an Irish landlord to part with his property.—Good News.

It was the most obstinate mule in the lot and refused to enter the car of a train held up at a little wayside station in Tennessee.

Threats, cajolery and blows were alike useless. The mule refused to budge, and the slant of his ears told those of the passengers who were familiar with mule-talk that where he was he intended to stay. Then the aged African who was trying to load him in said, in honeyed tones:

"Whuffo! yo' behave dis way befo' all dese strange people? Why, you fool mule, doan' yo' know dat dese people will jes' believe dat yo' neber done travelled befo' in all yo' life?"

The long ears lost their aggressive slant, and the beast went sedately up the inclined plank with the air of a man entering a drawing-room car for the first time and determined not to betray the fact.—N. Y. Tribune.

Regulating a Clock. It is not, of course, possible to seize hold of the hands of a clock and push them backward or forward a tenth or a twentieth part of a second, which is about the limit of error that is allowed at the Greenwich observatory, so another method is devised. Near the pendulum a magnet is fixed. If it is found that the pendulum is going too fast or too slow, a current of electricity is switched on, and the little magnet begins to pull at the metal as it swings to and fro. It only retards or accelerates the motion by an infinitesimal fraction of a second each time, but it keeps the operation up, and in a few thousand swings the tenth or twentieth part of the almost invisible error is corrected, thus making the clock "keep step" at the proper instant of time.—London News.

An Enterprising Merchant. A merchant of Havre, France, has issued the following circular: "To every person who buys of me a parcel containing one kilogram of coffee and one-quarter of a kilogram of tea—all of the best quality and costing eight francs, which is much below the ordinary trade price—I will forward gratis eight francs' worth of books, pamphlets, drawings, etc., which he will be able to distribute or keep himself for his own library. From this day's date anyone, in sipping his tea or coffee, may be able to say of himself that he is helping, without opening his purse, without spending a penny, in the work of disseminating anti-clerical ideas."—N. Y. Tribune.

"Wooden Russia." This name, says the consul at St. Petersburg, is familiarly applied to the vast forest areas of Russia in Europe, which cover 464,548,000 acres, or 38 per cent. of the entire area of the country. Yet some fear is felt that the country may be deforested through the carelessness of private owners, and the government is considering steps for the protection of the forests. In Russia houses built of any other material than wood are almost unknown outside the cities, and wood constitutes the principal fuel.—Youths' Companion.

Rules of Umbrella Flirtation. "Juliet," of Cheltenham, writes: "Kindly publish the umbrella flirtation." Here it is:

Carrying umbrella over shoulder—I wish to catch your eye.

Carrying umbrella horizontally under arm—I would make an impression on you.

Lending umbrella—I love you.

Returning umbrella after borrowing it—I am foolish.—Stray Stories.

Slavery in German Africa. The Reichsanzeiger publishes a decree with regard to slavery in the Cameroons and Togoland, whereby children born of domestic slaves become half free and the children of half free men become free. The sale of slaves is voluntary or otherwise, but the exchange of slaves is forbidden.—London News.

## Europe's Tom Thumb State.

The tiniest thing in the way of independent European states is San Marino. Its rival to the claim of diminutiveness is Monaco, but this is a republic snugly tucked away among the eastern spurs of the Apennines. It is only 33 miles square and has a population fewer than 9,000. But it is a dignified and prosperous little community, and no less proud of its independence. It has just been celebrating its sixteenth century and has jubilated right royally over its anniversary. San Marino is embraced within the area of Italy, but though it acknowledges the king of Italy as its friend and protector it strictly maintains its independence.—London Black and White.

No Chance for a Substitute. A middle-aged prosperous-looking man entered a Chicago furniture store the other day and said he wanted to look at some feather beds.

"Good gracious," said the clerk, who was waiting on him, "we haven't any feather beds in stock. Nobody uses them any more. Can't I sell you a nice hair mattress?"

"Nope. Got to have a feather bed. My wife wants it to sit on' during thunderstorms. The one she's been using is all worn out."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Red Wine King Edward's Tiptoe. For many years King Edward has not touched champagne, which was at one time his favorite beverage, and which he made so fashionable. He now drinks nothing but red wine, of which he has great quantities at Marlborough house and Sandringham, and of which he is considered the finest judge in England.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Terrible Truth. Editor—I'm sorry we have room for your story, for it has so good points. You certainly have a imagination.

Author (with a sigh)—Not as vivid as it once was. There was a time when I imagined I could sell my stories.—Chicago Daily News.

Test of a Torpedo Boat. A torpedo boat is being got ready at Portsmouth, England, to run at full speed for 100 miles in the open sea. This is the most severe test to which a torpedo boat has ever been subjected, and in the first of a series of tests inaugurated by the admiralty with a view to finding a remedy for alleged defects.

That on the second day of October, 1902, I found upon my farm one yearling heifer, color red, with white legs behind. That I do not know who is the owner thereof, and that the said heifer is now on my farm in said Township of Sylvan.

Dated this 10 day of November, 1902.

HECTOR E. COOPER, Francisco, Mich.

Merrimen's All-Night Workers makes morning movements easy.

The Chelsea Roller Mills

WILL PAY

Wheat old 73c

Wheat new, good 83c

Oats 23c

Corn 55c

Buckwheat 60c

AND SELL

Feed, per hundred 1.20

Rye feed, per hundred 1.10

Meal, per hundred 1.35

Middlings, per hundred 1.10

" " ton 20.00

Brn, per hundred 1.00

" " ton 18.00

Brn 16 5 ton lots 20.00

Screenings 1.00

We want all the Buckwheat within 25 miles of Chelsea and will pay a little above the market.

We give a flour bin after to our customers and retail the flour TO YOU AT WHOLESALE PRICE.

Merchant Milling & Cereal Co.

E. W. Grover

This signature is on every box of the genuine

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets

the remedy that cures a cold in one day

PLANTS!

Carnation plants, winter bloomers, extra good, 10c apiece. Primroses, all colors, 10c, 3 for 35c.

Ferns and cut carnations. Orders should be in early.

ELVIRA CLARK, Florist.

We will send you the penny, i. e., a sample free.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,

409 Pearl St., N. Y.

5c. and 10c. all druggists.

When the butter won't come put a penny in the churn," is an old time dairy proverb. It often seems to work though no one has ever told why.

When mothers are worried because the children do not gain strength and flesh we say give them Scott's Emulsion.

It is like the penny in the milk because it works and because there is something astonishing about it.

Scott's Emulsion is simply a milk of pure cod liver oil with some hypophosphites especially prepared for delicate stomachs.

Children take to it naturally because they like the taste and the remedy takes just as naturally to the children because it is so perfectly adapted to their wants.

For all weak and pale and thin children Scott's Emulsion is the most satisfactory treatment.

We will send you the penny, i. e., a sample free.

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Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,



# AT FREEMAN'S

You find all the new things to eat as well as the finest quality of staples.

New layer figs, tender, plump and sweet.

Crystallized ginger root for preserves, candy, flavoring.

Cocktail cherries for fruit salad and punch.

Glaced pineapple and cherries.

Fresh pecan meats, walnut meats, almond meats for fruit salads and home-made confections.

New raisins, new currants, new dates, new citron, oranges and lemons, new apricots, nicest you ever saw.

Famous Santa Clara prunes which are the very choicest grown.

Large bottles catsup, new goods, just in, 10c bottle.

Sweet pickles, sour pickles, and sweet mixed pickles all new, fresh and crisp.

Imported limburger cheese.

New Holland, large fat mackerel. No. 1 white-fish.

Large package pancake flour 10c

Pure maple syrup.

Choice picnic hams 12c pound.

Salt pork 10c pound.

We sell the best OYSTERS packed. Selects 30c, Standards 25c can. Solid pack.

CRACKERS! We never sell poor ones, ours are fresh, crisp and satisfactory.

TEAS AND COFFEES are a study with us. We never let an opportunity go by to better the quality. We keep trying. The result is we are selling more good teas and coffees than ever before. Coffee at 11c, 13c, 15c, 20c, and 25c per pound.

Look at our center draft metal lamps at \$1.35 each. We think you'll like one.

Don't forget that we sell Crockery cheap.

## FREEMAN'S.

## Local Happenings

Otto Weaver is now employed at Fenn & Vogel's.

The C. E. Fair will be held Wednesday, December 10th.

Jacob Shaver is seriously ill at home, Middle street, west.

Nomination of officers for the K. O. T. M. will occur Friday evening, November 21st.

A. C. Watson has been appointed postmaster at Unadilla, vice Geo. Stowe, resigned.

Capt. E. L. Negus has had his house on Hayes street painted and decorated, the past week.

Born, on Tuesday, November 4, 1902, to Mr. and Mrs. Julius F. Zeiss of Detroit, a son.

The L. and V. Farmers' Club will meet with Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Wood, Thursday, November 20th.

Perry Haner has purchased a residence on North street, and is having an addition built thereto.

Don't forget the concert to be given by the Men's Club of the Congregational church, tomorrow evening.

Governor Bliss has issued a proclamation designating Thursday, November 27th, as Thanksgiving Day.

Lafayette Grange will meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Simon Winslow, November 19, 1902 at 10 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cross have returned to Chelsea to make their home after spending some time in Grass Lake.

According to the Stockbridge Brief, surveyors are at work looking over the ground from Chelsea to Lansing for an electric line.

Frank C. Andrews, the bank wrecker, passed through this place last night on his way to Jackson, where he is booked to spend some time.

Dr. William Dawe, chancellor of Albion College, will occupy the pulpit of the Methodist church next Sunday, both morning and evening.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Louise Eiseaman and Mr. William Eiseaman of Freedom, which will occur Thursday, November 20th.

Workmen are engaged in installing the heating apparatus at the new bank building. The electricians have nearly completed their work on the same building.

Margaret Conway, who taught a successful term of school in the McIntee district this fall, has the contract to teach the winter and spring term in the same district.

The first number of the Peoples' Popular Course was given last evening, at which time a large audience greeted Eugene V. Debs, who gave a very interesting address.

The Michigan Central has a gang of men at work here putting up the steel frame on which to place the water tank, which is to take the place of the one burned last spring.

McGee & Norton will take charge of the Chelsea Flouring Mills, Monday and the greater part of the mill products will be handled by the Merchant Milling Co. of Battle Creek.

The Chelsea Band was out last Thursday evening and serenaded Senator-elect Glasier. Afterwards the boys about town had a mammoth bonfire at the intersection of Main and Middle streets.

The prison board of control Tuesday afternoon appointed Rev. Frank McAlpine of Charlotte to succeed Rev. J. F. Orwick as chaplain, and Dr. Geo. Pray of Ann Arbor, prison physician to succeed Dr. W. A. Gibson.

The W. W. Union Farmers' Club will meet with O. C. Burkhardt, Thursday, November 20th. On this occasion the gentlemen are expected to furnish the eatables and do all the work, and the ladies are looking forward to a great treat.

The annual gross cost of the complete rural free delivery service throughout the United States will approximate \$24,000,000 according to the annual report of First Assistant Postmaster General Wynne. The remaining 700,000 square miles not now covered will require the employment of 25,000 or 27,000 additional carriers. After this extension is completed the annual rate of increase in appropriations is expected will not exceed 3 or 5 per cent, the rate maintained in other branches of the postal service.

John Kaimbach has had his residence on Middle street, west repainted.

Rev. C. S. Jones will give another of the series of sermons on the Home, Sunday night at the Congregational church. The special music will be a solo by Miss L. Anna Bacon and a duet by Mrs. L. T. Freeman and Floyd Ward. Everyone invited.

The great Egyptian spectacle, "A Prince of Egypt," will be presented soon under the auspices of the Epworth League and the choir of the Methodist church. The play is the story of Joseph and has proven very interesting wherever it has been presented. The exact dates will be given later.

R. L. Gates of San Francisco has sent the Standard a copy of Chinese paper. It is of considerable interest as a curiosity, but as we are a little rusty on our Chinese—not having patronized a Chinese laundryman for several years—we are unable to give our readers any of the interesting news contained therein.

In what respects will the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, to be held in St. Louis a year from next spring, be an improvement on the great World's Fair at Chicago? This is a question which is of interest to every American. The progress in invention and science has been wonderful. The advance in the comprehension of harmonious architecture has been no less so. New methods have been devised for entertaining visitors of all classes. Ex-Senator John M. Thurston contributes an interesting and splendidly illustrated article, touching on all the subjects, to the November Cosmopolitan.

A very pleasant wedding was celebrated at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Speer in Chelsea, on Tuesday evening, November 11, 1902, it being the marriage of their daughter, Lulu Edith, to Mr. John Larmee of Washington, D. C. Mr. Larmee has been in the military service for the past ten years and expects to reenlist. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Carter in the presence of numerous friends and relatives of the family. A number of useful presents were left with the happy couple. After partaking of refreshments the company departed to their homes, some in Chelsea, some to Grass Lake, some to Jackson and some to Battle Creek.

To do justice to the December number of the Delineator, which for beauty and utility touches the highest mark, it would be necessary to print the entire list of contents. It is sufficient to state that in it the best modern writers and artists are generously represented. The book contains over 200 pages, with 34 full-page illustrations, of which 20 are in two or more colors. The magnitude of this December number, for which 728 tons of paper and six tons of ink have been used may be understood from the fact that 81 presses running 14 hours a day, have been required to print it; the binding alone of the edition of 915,000 copies representing over 20,000,000 sections which had to be gathered individually by human hands.

The big bridge for the electric road in Albion is nearly completed. It will, however, take about three weeks yet to do the riveting and painting of the steel work. It is an imposing structure, spanning the Kalamazoo river, one street, the tracks of two railroads, and considerable intervening space. A 135-foot span over the Michigan Central and Lake Shore tracks was difficult of construction for the reason that the tracks must not be obstructed. The total length of the bridge is about 700 feet. At its greatest elevation it is 85 feet. The structure was built and erected by the American Steel & Bridge Co., the gang of skilled bridge builders having come to Albion from Sault Ste. Marie, where for two years they have been employed in building bridges over the new 800 water power canal, and installing the power plant. Jackson Citizen.

Yesterday afternoon in the county register of deeds' office was filed a mortgage covering the Jackson & Battle Creek Traction Co., which is the electric railway property between this city and Battle Creek. The mortgage is given to the State and Savings Co. of Cleveland, O., and is in the sum of \$1,200,000. It is given to secure an issuance of bonds of a like amount and in denominations of \$1,000. The bonds are payable in 1923 and draw interest at the rate of 5 per cent. The bonds are also payable on any interest date at a premium of 3 per cent. Before the filing of this mortgage a former mortgage in the sum of \$750,000, running to the Morton Trust Co. of New York city, was discharged. A mortgage of \$350,000 given by the Jackson & Albion Co. to the Investment Trust Co. of Philadelphia, is still on record and not discharged.—Jackson Citizen.

Try The Standard's Want Column.



## LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR GARMENTS

ASK TO SEE THEM.

We are anxious to show you the latest out, and the best for the money you have ever seen shown anywhere.

Ladies' Monte Carlo Coats at \$7.50, \$8.50, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00.

Ladies' regular 27-inch Coats at \$5.00, \$7.50, \$10.00, and \$12.00. Colors: Black, Tan, Castor, etc.

Ladies' 42-inch Coats at \$8.50, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00, and \$18.00. All colors.

You can get the noblest and swellest up-to-date Garments made right here, and you don't pay the fancy prices asked in the larger places.

We have the staple garments, and we are receiving the new novelty creations from week to week as fast as brought out by the manufacturers.

We Know We Save You Money.

Our purchases are made from the largest manufacturers, in large quantities. Why shouldn't we have the best that's going?

Our expenses are fully 25 per cent less than they would be in Detroit, Ann Arbor or Jackson. We make our selling price correspondingly less. You get the benefit. We are bound to do the volume of business by making lower prices than other dealers.

Ladies' Suits, Ladies' Odd Skirts, Ladies' Waists, made up stylish from stylish fabrics.

You will know more about the style, quality, price, etc., if you come and see them.



## CHILDREN'S LONG COATS.

All new this season's garments. The latest and best style Coats ever made for children's wear.

Prices, \$2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 and 7.00.

COME AND LOOK.

## W. P. SCHENK & COMPANY

F. P. GLAZIER, President. O. C. BURKHART, 1st Vice Pres.  
WM. P. SCHENK, Treasurer. F. H. SWEETLAND, 2d Vice Pres.  
JOHN W. SCHENK, Secretary.

## Chelsea Lumber & Produce Co.

DEALERS IN

Lumber, Builders' Supplies, Tile,  
Grain, Wool, Seeds, Beans,  
Apples, Onions,

And Everything in the Produce Line.

Get our prices--we will save you money.

Yours for square dealing and honest weights.

## Chelsea Lumber & Produce Co.

Office, corner Main street and M. C. R. R.

## TENDER MEATS.

An appetite for good things to eat is born in one. If that appetite is not cared for, nothing will taste right. We supply the best the market affords in

Beef, Pork, Lamb, Smoked and Salt Meats,

Sausages of every kind, Spring Chickens, etc. Try us with your next order.

'Phone 61.

JOHN G. ADRIAN.

## Heating Stoves

Coal and wood. Full line of air tight at very low prices. Our stock of

STEEL RANGES

was never more complete and prices right.

When in need of any article in the

FURNITURE

give us a call; we offer bargains all along the line.

W. J. KNAPP.



EVEN IF

You had a

NECK

As long as this

follow and had

SORE

THROAT

ALL THE WAY

DOWN

Tonsiline

WOULD QUICKLY

CURE IT.

Tonsiline is the greatest throat remedy on earth. Tonsiline cures sore throat of all kinds very quickly and is a positive, never-failing and speedy cure for Sore Throat, Hoarseness and Quinsy. A small bottle of Tonsiline lasts longer than most any one of SORE THROAT. 25 and 50 cents at all drug stores. THE TONLINE CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

## WILLIAM CASPARY,

Chelsea's favorite Baker has again located at the old stand on Middle street, and will have in stock a choice line of

Breads, Cakes, Macaroons,  
Loaf Cake, Lady Fingers,  
Ginger Snaps, and Pies.

All of my own baking and made of the best materials.

LUNCHES SERVED.

A full line of home-made Candles on hand. Please give me a call.

WILLIAM CASPARY.

Subscribe for The Standard.

## Bear, Deer, Foxes, Quail, Partridge, Squirrels

and other game are easily killed, and in large quantities, with Guns and Ammunition bought of us.

## PLUMBERS.

We have a first-class plumber and solicit a share of your patronage.

Tubular Well Driving and Repairing promptly attended to.

## GEO. H. FOSTER & CO.

## Grand Opening of Fall and Winter Goods



An extra large stock of fall and winter suitings, overcoatings and odd trousers, and those fall and winter warm medicated vests, and an extra large invoice of woollens, making our stock plenty to select from.

Agents for the celebrated dyes, dry and

Ladies' Jackets made and remodeled.

All work guaranteed.

GLASS BLOCK TAIL

J. J. RA

'Phone 37.

There is a new style in hats. It is a soft, low, round hat, with a wide brim, and a small crown. It is made of felt, and is very stylish. It is the latest in hats, and is very popular. It is a new style, and is very different from the old style. It is a new style, and is very different from the old style. It is a new style, and is very different from the old style.



Another eye has been put out by a golf ball. To golf players: Mind your eye.

The sultan of Turkey has written a book, they say, on hypocrisy. Expert testimony.

There are any number of young men who start out to get rich by buying lottery tickets.

A volcano has broken out in the Mexican state of Tabasco. A hot time is anticipated.

A lady of 40 has asked \$75,000 for damaged affections. What would she have demanded at 20?

The scent of the moth ball betrays the man who pretends his fall overcoat is just from the tailor.

Nearly every country town now has its carnival queen, and she is generally all right if her picture tells the truth.

The proposed United States of Europe might be the means of driving William Waldorf Astor into exile again.

Dr. Newell Dwight Hollis advocates devoting 30 minutes each day to laughter. We'll try it after we secure some hard coal.

A Kirkville, Mo., farmer owns a mule that is 34 years old. How did he happen to let the British remount agents get past?

The cable reports that the sultan has resolved to reduce his harem expenses. Suppose the inmates form a union and strike?

Over in Australia sheep are selling for a shilling a head. The Australians had better watch out the meat trust will be getting after them.

As betwixt a blushing bride chewing spruce gum and a blushing bridegroom chewing tobacco, give us the sweet boon of single blessedness.

Nearly all of the new plays are first tried in Washington. It is figured that whatever a department clerk will stand for is good for a long run elsewhere.

It appears that certain members of the South Omaha school board have been selling their votes for \$3 apiece. That's almost as slow as working for a living.

The king of Siam has a very small standing army, less than 12,000 men. When he wants to attract attention to something numerous he points to the royal harem.

Prof. Howerth if Chicago, says no woman should allow a man to call her "his." He has reference to the custom existing before he entered his professional den.

The National Household Economics convention should take note of the fact that a Chicago woman has just vanquished a thief by using a feather duster as a weapon.

It is still pretty hard to get grouchy old men who don't like the boys their daughters have selected as future husbands to agree that arbitration is a good thing in all cases.

Complaint is entered against the rector of an Episcopal church in New York that he sleeps too much. That is trenching upon the privileges of the parishioners in the pews.

Austria is trying to legislate a settlement of the language question, but to a non-linguist it would seem that peace and the Polish tongue were pretty nearly incompatible.

The Castellanes are having more trouble over their debts. Ah, why will these tradesmen who belong to the canaille insist on vulgarly trying to get what is coming to them?

One of Hayti's revolutions has been taken aboard the United States cruiser Cincinnati and will be landed on some other island. This may be good for Hayti, but what about the other islands?

A herd of from 40 to 50 buffaloes is ranging in one of the most inaccessible regions of Colorado. We had missed some of the members of the order of late and didn't know where they were.

This is the royal month for diseases that the patent medicines can cure and the cereal foods prevent. It is also the season when the doctors can devote their energies to the collection of old accounts.

When a man fusses he usually fusses.

They are not always optimists that smile together.

Moral suasion and a whip will make a man do 'most anything.'

Death occasionally discards his smile for an up-to-date reaper.

There is a possibility that Baer's "divine right" will get a severe jolt.

Since Gentleman Jim knows the lady he won't stand for being counted out.

## FROM ALL OVER MICHIGAN

### Burial of Rabson.

Mrs. Charles S. Rabson, of Saginaw, will take the body of her late husband to Comox, Vancouver, where the interment will take place in the same burial plot in which his parents were buried. Rabson was the gold mine owner who came to Saginaw last September and was united in marriage with Phoebe Grant Stephens, a relative of Gen. Grant, and within 30 hours went insane, terrorized the neighborhood and jumped into the Saginaw river, the body being recovered a week later. Since that time the body is as well preserved as when taken from the water. Mrs. Rabson was so overcome by her experience with the demented man that she has since been in a serious condition with nervous prostration.

### Jumped to Death.

A foolhardy action on the part of Edward Storms, a Crystal Falls miner employed at the Bristol mine, resulted in his tragic death. With a group of men Storms was standing near the shaft on the third level, waiting for the ascending cage that was to take them to the surface to dinner. The young miner was anxious to board the car on its first trip, and, thinking he could get a better opportunity from the opposite side of the shaft, he attempted to jump across the opening. The shaft is only a few feet wide, but Storms failed to land safely and fell over backward to the bottom, a distance of about 100 feet. He landed on his head and was killed instantly.

### She Had a Good Time.

Because of fondness for his sweetheart, and his desire to give her a good time beyond his means, Albert Burgess, a collector for a Grand Rapids company, was arrested Thursday on a charge of embezzling \$30 of the company's funds. Burgess is only 18 years of age, and of good family. In court he said he did not take the money with fraudulent intent. He said he was in need of money, and having an engagement with his girl which he desired to fill, he "borrowed" the money, fully intending to pay it back. He stated that his sweetheart was given a good time.

### The Amendment Goes.

Those interested in the constitutional amendment authorizing the legislature to incorporate the indeterminate sentence system into some of the laws against crime bear no returns but that are favorable.

Some have believed that the amendment might stand a poor show, on the theory that it would require a majority of all votes cast at the election to carry it. The Supreme Court has declared, however, that a majority of all votes on the subject of an amendment is all that is necessary for its adoption.

### Deer License to a Woman.

The first deer license issued in Charlevoix county to a woman in years was issued by County Clerk Meech to Mrs. L. H. McIntosh of Charlevoix, who goes this fall with her husband to the headwaters of the Tanguishman river in the upper peninsula for the deer hunting season. Mr. McIntosh is an old deer hunter who has slain many deer, and bear as well, and it is more than likely that Mrs. McIntosh will kill a deer before they return.

### Wants Woodford.

William Simons, of Rust township, has asked for a warrant for the arrest of a Mr. Woodford, of Kentucky. Woodford claimed Simons killed a deer on Turtle Lake reserve and sent for him and demanded an apology. Simons did not apologize and Woodford is alleged to have attacked him with a rifle, striking him with the point of the barrel in the abdomen, knocking him down and then kicking him. Simons is under the doctor's care and in a critical condition.

### Wants to Return.

John Park has surrendered to the officers of Perry, Okla., claiming to be a parolee prisoner from the Michigan state penitentiary and asking them to inform the authorities of his location. Telegrams were sent to Michigan and his story was found to be true. He says he grew tired of being a fugitive and preferred to return to serve out his sentence, getting homesick to see his wife and children.

### Break the Record.

The Iron ore men of the Lake Superior region are looking for a record-breaking business during the coming year, and judging from indications the ore sent out will exceed the shipments of any year in the past. It is the prediction of some mining men that the figures will exceed 30,000,000 tons, but a conservative estimate and one that will fall short, if anything, is 28,000,000.

The plant of the Heinz Pickle Co. at Saginaw will close down in a few days. About 20,000 barrels of kraut were turned out. Tomatoes were a failure. About 100 hands are employed, and when the active season closes, all will be discharged except those who are kept at work the year round.

The Cuban children brought to this country destined for a home in California have been ordered deported by the New York board of inquiry.

An Eaton county farmer is making an experiment of feeding cattle with the tops which are cut from the sugar beets at harvest and have heretofore been allowed to rot in the fields. Farmers have paid little attention to the disposal of the beet tops, except to use them as fertilizer. If this experiment proves the success that is anticipated, beet growers will have one more source of revenue from the sugar beet.

Thomas Bain, 70, of Sugarbridge, is dead. He was a civil war veteran and a member of the G. A. R. He leaves a widow and two children, Frank Bain of Jackson and Mrs. B. Rowe of Ypsilanti.

### THE HUNTING SEASON.

Opening Day Furnishes Seven Fatalities Among Hunters.

Six fatalities marked the opening day of the hunting season in this state. The dead are:

GEORGE MILLARD, aged 40, drowned.

ALEX. SEARS, aged 16, drowned.

ANTHONY MONSIEUR, aged 18, drowned.

MATTHEW COLE, Standish, killed.

JOHN ALCOTT, aged 14, killed.

HENRY BROMM, aged 23, drowned.

Millard, Sears and Monsieur, all of Alpena, were drowned in Whitefish bay Sunday morning by the capsizing of their sailboat. They tried to swim ashore from a sand bar, and sank, exhausted.

Millard leaves a widow and one child. The others were single.

Cole, the Standish man, was accidentally shot by John Lawrence. Both men are farmers. The gun charge tore Cole's right leg. The member was amputated, but Cole died from loss of blood. He leaves a widow and three small children.

Henry Bromm, the Mt. Clemens boy, was drowned in Lake St. Clair Sunday afternoon while trying to pick up decoy ducks. He had been married seven months.

Alcott, the Three Rivers boy killed while hunting, was accidentally shot through the head by Percy Bunn, aged 12. They were hunting quail three miles from their home town.

Near Greenville W. H. Reed was shot in both legs while hunting.

Cespar Baum, a laborer, aged 25 years, living on the Defer road near Milk river, Grosse Pointe, was drowned in Lake St. Clair. He was out duck hunting in a light skiff used for that purpose, and was seen by his companions in another boat, to stand and lose his balance.

### His Money Gone.

Henry Henzle, the farmer who came to Detroit from Maple Grove, Mich., some four weeks ago to deposit in a local bank a draft for \$900, which he received in part payment of \$1,100 for a farm, is now spending the last few dollars of his roll. He called on Lieut. Sadler at police headquarters Monday morning and received \$150, all that was left of the original draft. With the \$150 Henry said he was going to open a store in Royal Oak, Mich. He appeared to have been on a protracted spree, and Lieut. Sadler is of the opinion that the balance of his cash will fall into the hands of saloonists, gamblers or thieves.

### His Shocking Death.

Wm. E. Fagg, aged 24, a clerk in the Tri-Mountain mine office at Painesdale, started by the Copper Range railroad to see his promised bride, Miss Helen Houghens, of Houghton. As the train neared the town he jumped, thinking he could reach her home quicker than by going to the depot and walking back. He fell and rolled under the cars, and was decapitated. The shock was a terrible one to the young lady, and she is in a critical condition.

### The School Funds.

The sum of \$1,530,791.20 has been apportioned among the counties of the state by State Superintendent of Public Instruction Fall. It is the largest sum ever distributed by the department among the schools of the state, a fact which is due to the increased specific taxes collected, and placed to the credit of the primary school fund. The apportionment is at the rate of \$2.10 per capita.

Lawrence Pattison, a prominent farmer of Pokagon and a resident of that township for fifty years, is dead as a result of injuries received in a runaway.

The Battle Creek police have received two Kentucky bloodhounds for tracking criminals. These are the first ones ever employed in this section of the state for that purpose.

The residence of C. E. Snider, near Mattawan, burned with all its contents, including nearly \$200 in money. The fire was caused by Mrs. Snider dropping a lighted lamp.

In an address to the students of the U. of M. Frederick W. Job, chairman of the Illinois state board of arbitration, declared that he believed that unionism was at its height at present, and that the near future must see its decline.

The authorities of the Agricultural College are arranging to make numerous exhibits during the coming season of the national grange. Every department of the college will be represented in the exhibit, which will also include cereals and fruits of all kinds.

The squirrel season is open, but the light kill proves that the nimble little tree dwellers are rapidly disappearing. The felling of the forests in sections where squirrels were once abundant has deprived them of their favorite nesting places and they have sought other localities to become the easy victims of the shotgun.

The state board of corrections and charities has disapproved items aggregating \$405,000 contained in requisitions of the boards of various state institutions for appropriations for buildings and other special purposes. This is about one-third the entire sum asked for. The corrections board will report recommendations to the next legislature.

The scaffolding gave way on the new village hall at Alma. George Stevens and Thomas Willis fell a distance of 23 feet. Stevens was hurt about the head and his left wrist was fractured. Willis's right shoulder was broken and he was injured about the head. Stevens is single. His home is at Alma. Willis is married and his home is at Wheeler.

Two workmen engaged in wheeling gravel on a trestle on the copper range road extension near Lake Linden, by collapse of the structure, were precipitated 30 feet to the ground with wreckage. Both were shaken up and bruised, but not seriously injured.

### STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Lansing and Flint have secured shipments of hard coal.

Lake Linden proposes to have a municipal lighting plant and water works system.

Three Rivers is trying to secure the forge and grinder factory now located at Marcellus.

The cement factory at Newaygo had to suspend operations last week because of inability to secure coal.

Holland voters decided on Tuesday that they did not want a \$50,000 municipal gas plant.

Game Warden Morse reports that deer are plentiful in the northern counties, also hunters.

Reuben B. Lazare, formerly janitor in the state capital, was found dead at his farm two miles south of Lansing.

Owosso will spend \$30,000 for paving, the proposition to bond for that amount having been carried on Tuesday.

Irving Street, of Owosso, receives from the Wisconsin Central railroad \$1,375 for injuries sustained in an accident.

A report is current that a rich vein of soft coal had been discovered in Livonia township, 15 miles northwest from Detroit.

Owing to disputes relative to tax equalization an attempt will be made to have Grand Rapids set off as a separate county.

Mrs. Geo. Fowler, for 30 years a resident of Watertown township, is dead. Mrs. Fowler had suffered from cancer for five years.

Johannesburg, in Otsego county, is only a new town, but it is to have a \$10,000 hotel. The building is already in course of construction.

As a result of the forced resignation of Chief of Police Greenfield, of Kalamazoo, the entire force may be discharged and new men engaged.

Judge West has decided that the charges against County Clerk Woodworth are not sufficiently specific to warrant removal of that official.

While in Detroit recently, Prof. Taft found on Woodward avenue and Fort street many trees that are badly infected with the dreaded San Jose scale.

Rolla Monroe, of near Portland, has been arrested on a charge of criminal assault on a 14-year-old Easton girl. Sheriff Moon is the complaining witness.

Frederick W. Lankenau, formerly superintendent of the West Bay City public schools, who was stricken with paralysis last Saturday, died Tuesday night.

The Buell farm home, formerly located near Leoni, Jackson Co., has been removed to Bay Spring, in Emmet county. The institution is a home for orphan boys.

While digging a city sewer in Adrian this morning, about 11 feet deep, the sand caved in and crushed Fred Salzwedel, a workman, killing him instantly. He leaves a family.

Chas. Creag, who claims to hail from Detroit, was found in Bush & Cole's saloon, Lansing, with a quantity of the firm's cigars in his possession. Entrance had been gained through the front door.

James J. Campbell, superintendent of the Menominee Water Works Co., shot a large wild cat a few miles north of the city Monday afternoon. This is the first wild cat that has been killed around there for some time.

A smooth individual is working the thumb of Michigan, by visiting each town and getting out a year book for one of the churches, the merchants to bear the expense by advertising therein.

Victor Plummer, the young man taken to Emergency hospital, in Detroit, a month ago, suffering with melancholia and an overdose of laudanum, has gone to Chicago to start life anew. He has secured employment with an uncle.

A peculiar feature of the suicide of George Copenhagen, a farmer ten miles northwest of Inlay City, recently, is the fact that his father took his own life in the same manner—with a razor—in the same house fifteen years previously.

William Green, of Austin, Oakland county, recently cut down a bee tree on his farm that yielded 110 pounds of honey. The tree was a large black oak that stood out in a field, and it was lined with honey for a depth of eight feet.

In a speech to the students Graham Pope, a prominent resident of Houghton, offered a piece of property suitable for a building or if that was not satisfactory he would give them his check for \$1,000. R. D. Goodell also pledged \$1,000.

The funeral of Thomas Southworth, aged 85, was held at Ovid yesterday. For over 20 years Mr. Southworth had been sexton of the cemetery and had prepared a vault for himself. He was the husband of the Mrs. Southworth who was burned to death in her home last winter.

In addition to a recent large acreage of state tax lands which have become subject to purchase, Auditor General Powers has just deeded 18,512 acres in Roscommon county, 1,240 in Missaukee and 40 in Wexford county, which will be placed on the market by Land Commissioner Wilkey.

An Adrian teamster lost a twenty-pound can of hoarhound drops from his dray, and when he discovered his loss he hustled back over the route he had taken. He found the can in front of a public school building, but it was useless time when he had passed there the first time, and the kids had emptied the can.

Second crop strawberries and raspberries are common this fall, but it has remained for a Newaygo county man to find wild violets blooming in the woods near his home.

A severe earthquake shock has been felt at Guardia in the province of Belra and at other places in Portugal. There has been serious loss of life and many houses have been destroyed.

Troops have been ordered out at Anisnton, Ala., to protect Jason Bacon, a negro, who is in jail on the charge of assaulting Mrs. John Williams. Mrs. Williams is in a semi-conscious condition. A mob of 400 surrounded the jail, threatening lynching.

## THE NEWS OF THE WORLD

### IT IS HORRIBLE.

The Latest High Life English Scandal Becomes Public.

It is impossible to ignore the startling evidence of degeneracy in high places which is the talk of all London. It is a case blacker and more extensive than the Cleveland street scandal of 15 years ago and involves names of wider than English reputation.

No less than 30 persons have already been identified with this infamous coterie. They are nearly all men of advanced years, wealthy, and members of aristocratic families.

The only public action taken in the case so far is the conviction of two men at the Norwich assizes. Bernard Fraser, a son of Gen. Fraser, a member of the Bachelors and other secret clubs, pleaded guilty on several counts, and was sentenced to 10 years at penal servitude. Arthur Thorold, a nephew of the late Bishop Thorold, a tutor at Eton, made the same plea, and was sentenced to five years.

Fraser's case, the judge said, was the worst of which he had ever heard. While moving in high society he had been leading a double life and debauching others.

One of England's renowned clergymen was summoned one evening to Richmond, which is London's most aristocratic suburb, to the bedside of a dying girl. He was conducted by the back way of a large mansion, which was apparently dark, and was situated on extensive grounds. The girl told a terrible story, the details of which have not been disclosed. The girl died before he left.

He refused to accompany an attendant to the room where he descended, but went through the front rooms, where he found an orgy going on. Many men were being entertained by very young girls. Fully 20 men servants in gorgeous livery were scattered about.

He paid no attention to these people at first, but presently he saw a drunken, decrepit man of at least 70 years of age speak to a mere child. The girl shrank away. The master of the establishment, who has since been identified as a certain French vicomte, signaled to a footman, who seized the girl and carried her from the room. The young woman screamed and struggled violently.

Thereupon the clergyman stepped up to the manager, and asked him what he meant by such brutality, and what was the meaning of the whole conduct of the house. The reverend narrator continues his story thus:

"I have never seen such amazement as was depicted on the faces of all those present, and I am firmly convinced that I owe my life to the presence of two individuals, who, if they are depraved, are at least men; but each, I regret to say, is a member of one of the houses of parliament. I left the house, not only with the girl mentioned, but with two of her companions, who, rushing up to me, claimed my protection."

### Boston Has a Murder Fiend.

Alan C. Mason, a prominent club man of Boston, a Harvard graduate and a member of the piano manufacturing establishment of the Mason & Hamlin Co., was arrested here to-day on suspicion of being connected with the murder of Miss Clara A. Morton in Waverly.

It is also suspected that Mason was responsible for various murders and murderous assaults committed during the last few weeks in Cambridge and its vicinity, and ascribed to "Jack, the Sluggard."

Mason is 39 years of age. His arrest was made at his home in Boston by state officers. It is said by the police that Mason has been insane, and that at one time he was an inmate of the McLean asylum at Waverly, from which he was released about a year ago.

A Baby as Baggage.

Carefully tucked into a new "telescope" bag and dressed in expensive clothing, a baby only a few days old, was found at the Dearborn station, Chicago, in a pile of baggage taken from a Monon train. No claimant appearing for the baggage, it was opened and a handsome baby, sound asleep, was discovered.

The trainmen think the child was put aboard at a nearby Indiana station, as it had not been crying and showed no evidence of having been drugged. A small hole had been cut in the bag to admit air. The infant was taken to St. Vincent's orphanage.

### Good Soldiers, Good Citizens.

Gen. Wade, who commands the United States troops in the southern Philippines, in his annual report pays a high tribute to the conduct of the troops there. He says there have been practically no complaints from the civil authorities or individuals of the conduct of the soldiers. The general says:

"It is cause for sincere congratulation that from a state of war and military rule, the troops have, almost at a day's notice, given up all authority and settled down with so little friction, under civil rule, among people of an alien and inferior race."

Rev. Burchard Villiger, of St. Joseph's college, Philadelphia, is fatally ill. Fr. Villiger is the oldest and one of the most prominent Jesuits in the United States.

A wagon containing 12 persons was run into by a street car at St. Louis, Mo., Sunday. Eight persons were injured, one of them probably fatally. A crowd collected and some one cried "Lynch the car crew." Instantly a rush was made for the conductor and motorman. Policemen rescued them by threatening to use their revolvers.

Prince Chakrabongse, brother of the crown prince of Siam, who with the latter has been touring the United States, sailed for Russia. He is a member of the czar's body guard and, as he is on a leave of absence, his early return is necessary.

### The Ghouls' Work.

Rufus Cantrell and John McEndree, leaders of the Indianapolis gangs of ghouls, pointed out between 30 and 40 graves, which they said were robbed by them. The ghouls were taken to the Ebenezer and Anderson cemeteries for the purpose. The detectives wanted the names of other bodies stolen in order that other warrants might be sworn out. At the Anderson cemetery they told the detectives that about 40 graves in the plague were empty. Cantrell pointed out the graves of a woman and her daughter as among those he had robbed. Cantrell said he stole the body of the woman by agreement with her husband and paid him half of the \$30 which a prominent local physician paid for the body. The daughter died a short time afterward and Cantrell said he was at the grave the night after the funeral and stole the body.

### He Did Not Die.

After having been pronounced dead for six or seven minutes, Howard Smith, of Connersport, Pa., aged 5 years, suddenly regained the functions of life. While running through a dark room with a brass curtain rod in his mouth he bumped against a door, the tube cutting his throat. Three surgeons were called and it was hurriedly decided to close the cut by putting in a number of stitches, and the child, who had just eaten a big meal, was given chloroform. In a few minutes the heart ceased to beat, the limbs commenced to stiffen, when suddenly one of the physicians who had started to work on the supposed corpse by artificial respiration was surprised to see life reappearing. For fully six minutes the child's heart had ceased to beat.

### Thirteen Killed.

Another victim of the fireworks explosion in New York on the evening of election day died Thursday. He was Wm. D. Drake, a bookkeeper. The total number of deaths from the accident is now 13.

The coroner has held John Craig in \$10,000 on a charge of manslaughter in the first degree. Mr. Craig, it is alleged, was in charge of the explosives at the time of the accident. All the other prisoners were discharged.

The coroner said there were seven bombs. An attempt to shoot off the first failed, he said, but it detonated and thus caused the explosion of the other bombs. Craig said the first bomb was properly exploded and he thought an explosion of gases must have caused the accident. There were 10 bombs and four mortars, weighing 150 pounds each, he said.

### Wm. Redmond Jailed.

Wm. Redmond was arrested on his arrival at Kingston and taken to Kilmainham jail.

Redmond, several months ago, made a speech at Wexford, which was said to be incendiary. He was ordered by the court of the king's bench to give bail for \$1,000 for his future good behavior. This he refused to do and the court sentenced him to six months' imprisonment.

### CONDENSED NEWS.

Certain wealthy men of New York city are considering the plan of erecting a temple of labor for the use of the labor unions of that city.

Madeleine G. Wallace, the first blind and deaf woman ever admitted to the cloister of a Roman Catholic order, has taken her final vows as a sister of St. Dominic at the convent in Newark, N. J.

The crown prince of Siam was welcomed to Kansas City, Mo., Sunday by a native of Siam, Nai Lung, a student at the Atchison, Kans., college. He presented the prince with a bouquet of pink chrysanthemums.

Papers found on the body of a man apparently murdered and thrown into the Hudson river at Newburg, N. Y., have led the coroner to believe that the victim's name is Bernard Murphy. The papers indicated that he had been a member of the army and had resided formerly at Greenwich, S. C.

What is regarded as a strong clue to a game of robbers presumed to have held up the express car of a Burlington train last August was the discovery in a sawmill near Wabash, Ind., of a package of 20 long express envelopes, which were stamped to show that they had contained nearly \$20,000.

While the steamer Luxor was loading at San Benito, in the southern part of Mexico, a black cloud appeared in the sky, growing larger and larger until the whole heavens were overcast. It became dark as night and fine ashes commenced falling. The steamer put to sea at full speed. The ashes followed the vessel for 300 miles. It is supposed the ashes came from the eruption of Santo Maria in Guatemala.

Thomas H. Williams, Jr., president of the California Jockey Club, and Truxtton Beale, formerly United States minister to Persia, have been held for trial in San Francisco for an alleged assault with intent to kill, on Frederick Marriott, editor of the News Letter, last September. Their bonds were fixed at \$10,000 each. The cause of the shooting was an article reflecting on Miss Marie Oze, a society girl. Her engagement to Beale has since been announced.

G. W. Lane, a leading figure among the homesteaders of Oklahoma who have been fighting the cattlemen, was called to his door and shot dead. A prominent cattlemen named John Joy has been arrested, charged with complicity in the crime. Mrs. Lane, the murdered man's wife, was also brought in by the officers.

Joseph Farrow and Marion Dunfought with pistols in the streets at Grandin, Mo., Thursday. Both are dead. The immediate cause of the duel was a difference over election matters, but bad blood had existed between the two men for several years.

### Found Them Dead.

Rev. Wm. G. Rabe, pastor of German Baptist church, of Omaha, Neb., and Miss Augusta Busch, a young woman living in that neighborhood, were found dead early Wednesday in the room in the rear of the church auditorium. The two bodies were turned on, but not buried, and a prominent minister.

Miss Busch was about 23 years of age and was missionary pastor of church. She came some months from the



# Religious Notes

FROM OVER THE HILLS.

The voices are calling to me, to me!  
The voices are calling to me, to me!  
The voices are calling to me, to me!  
The voices are calling to me, to me!

The voices are calling to me, to me!  
The voices are calling to me, to me!  
The voices are calling to me, to me!  
The voices are calling to me, to me!

## ALONE WITH GOD.

In the days of hurry and bustle we



Minister of the Sunday School

These last days, is running fast. We live in what is called the "age of progress," and, you know, we must keep pace with the times. So the world says. But this spirit of the world has not confined itself to the world. It is, alas! to be found among the saints of God, and what is the result? The result is, no time to be alone with God, and this is immediately followed by no inclination to be alone with God.

## PROMISE VS. PRACTICE.

The church is full of people who are willing to do something for the Master tomorrow. Only give them an opportunity and they will promise to do almost anything that we may suggest.

some worthy cause with your money? Then do it today. Shame upon any intelligent man or woman who can rest content by simply promising to do their duty at some time in the future, while today, with all its grand possibilities and all its weight of responsibility, is allowed to pass away unimproved.

## WHAT HABIT MAY DO.

Habit has its place in the spiritual life no less than has inspiration. No race comes to perfection in any character until it becomes as unconditioned as is breathing or walking, and to that we attain by the constant repetition which forms the habit of right action. The child's first efforts at walking are clumsy and even painful. By repeated use its limbs acquire the firmness and the capacity of response to the will, which ceases to be wonderful to us. The girl's first efforts to find her way among the keys of the piano, and to fit the action of her hands to the note on the page before her, are troublesome and painful. But with practice the power to play music at sight will come.

## THE ABUNDANT LIFE.

Christ said, "I am come that ye might have life." Life is back of hope, back of believing, back of hoping, back of everything. Ezekiel in his vision of the "River of Life" understood life; he knew what it meant; at first a little stream to the ankles, then, as he went further on, it came to the knees, and then to the waist, and finally a wide, mighty river. That is life. Do you know what life is? No; neither does anybody else. Life is indefinable; life is an ultimate; life is God; life is effective; life is power. Adjustment to the things around you—correspondence to environment—that is life. The plodding man does not live. He goes out in the morning and hears

## TO CONQUER SIN.

Our besetting sins are peculiarly humiliating. They cling to us so firmly after we have determined to rid of them, they reveal their power so often after we have supposed them conquered and abandoned, they assail us so unexpectedly, and often beguile us so easily, that we sometimes doubt whether we really have any power of self-control remaining or any trustworthy loyalty to God and duty. Besetting sins are to be conquered, however, like any other, by prayer and faith and courage and sturdy resistance, by cherishing holy thoughts and cultivating holy aims, by avoiding circumstances involving temptation, by choosing ennobling companions, by studying how to live in constant communion with the Holy Spirit. When the heart is consciously and gladly surrendered to Him, our severest besetting temptations can find little or no opportunity of access.

## A YOUNG SOUL.

How deplorable! A young soul without wonder, without reverence, without tenderness, without inspiration; without a tender heart, and deep indifference; standing on the threshold of a new life, with a smile, without uncovered head, or bended knees, or breathless listening! Is that

A good many inventors plainly show that they are related to necessity.

# The Klondyke Gold Mystery.

By JOHN R. MUSICK.  
Author of "Mysterious Mr. Howard," "The Dark Stranger," "Charlie Allendale's Double," "Erie."

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## CHAPTER XVIII. The Lost Found.

While the stirring events just narrated were transpiring in the grotto two men but a few miles below the valley were making their way along the trail made in the snow by old Ben Holton and the Indians.

"Can you follow it, Glum?" asked the young man, who was Clarence Berry.

"Yes, I kin follow it," he answered. The two travelers followed the trail until they came to where a portion of the tracks led up the stream, and some went across the river. Here Glum Ralston called a halt. He stood looking at the foot-prints in the snow and shook his great shaggy old head like one in doubt.

"Well, I want to tell ye I'm a mite wool-gathered," the old man growled, as he gazed at the foot-prints. "It's my opinion that we'll find the camp on the other side."

"I see a light!" exclaimed Clarence. Glum Ralston turned his eyes in the direction indicated and said:

"Yes; now I see it—now I don't."

"It seems moving about."

"There is some one in the valley."

They could not only see a light, but figures moving about, and Clarence added:

"Glum, let us go over there first."

"Well," come on," the old ex-sailor grunted, and they started over the frozen river. When nearly across they discovered people running about in great excitement and loud cries, mingled with which was the shriek of a female voice. Then came the report of a gun, followed by two or three more in quick succession.

"Ho! Clarence, git a move on ye—there's a fight over there!" cried Glum Ralston, and the two increased their speed to a run.

They preceded Clarence Berry and Glum Ralston to the little camp and explain the cause of excitement.

When Lackland left to send reinforcements to kill or capture the old man from the mountain, whom he was quick to perceive was inimical to his interests, he little dreamed they would be coming to meet him.

The old man of the mountains, or hermit, as we have known him, watched Lackland across the river, but did not see him meet Cummins. Knowing it would be some hours before he would return, he did not consider haste necessary.

"We will be gone, my dear child, before that man returns," he said, in a kind, fatherly way, that won the heart of the girl.

"What do you propose?" she asked eagerly.

"Across this frozen river, the ice of which will bear your weight, as I have tested it myself, we will find a deep, dark cavern. Now, we will cross the river and I leave you there."

"Why leave me there? Why not take me on to Paul?" she asked.

"Because you would be a hindrance to my rescuing him. No, no! You must consent to stay in the cavern or we will have to abandon the project of rescuing Paul."

"I will—I will do anything."

They began the search for capsules, lozenges and buttons of compressed and desiccated food, which took up little space and the weight trifling in comparison to the original food.

All this took time, and there came one delay after another, until hours had glided by before they were ready to depart. At last everything was ready.

"Now, my dear child, we are ready to go. I hope you won't find this journey too much for your strength."

"Don't consider that for a moment."

"Hark! I hear footsteps approaching!"

"Some one comes!" she gasped, turning deathly pale.

The men approaching the house were Lackland, with Cummins, Allen, Padgett and Ambrose. They had seized pine knot torches and were creeping stealthily toward the tent. The keen eye of the hermit had seen them and he hastily formed a little barricade, behind which he crouched, a revolver in each hand.

"Ho, there!" called the hermit captain. "Don't advance too near until you explain what your mission is!"

"My mission is to get to my tent," interposed Lackland. "Who are you who presumes to take our camp from us?"

"Keep off!"

One of the men behind Ned fired at the old captain and the bullet grazed the top of his cap.

"You got him!" shouted Ned. "We've got him this time!" and struck a blow at his head with his knotted stick. The stick fell on the old runner and there came a blind flash, a stunning report from the door of the tent. Ned staggered back and fell to the earth. For a moment his companions were appalled. Tom Ambrose fired two shots at his captain, but the bullet was excited at the death of his companion, and aimed high.

"The hour of vengeance has come!" an awful voice shouted from the tent, and another report shook the air, and Tom Ambrose sank, a bullet in his brain.

This unexpected resistance appalled and unnerved Lackland and his com-

panions, who beat a hasty retreat toward the river. They were nearly to the river bank when two men, leaping from the ice, ran toward them, crying:

"Hold! What does this mean? Lackland, you here?"

"Clarence Berry! I'm undone!"

Then, followed by his men, he ran up the stream, instead of across it.

"Let us follow them," said Clarence. "No, let's go to the tent. There's been bloodshed there!"

They ran to the camp now deserted by the Indians and Esquimaux. Two men lay where they had fallen, the snow crimson with their blood. An old man came from the tent, holding a pale, trembling girl by the hand.

Clarence snatched up a burning brand that had fallen from the hand of some fugitive, and at a glance cried:

"Laura—Laura Kean!"

His shout was drowned by a roar from Glum Ralston.

"My captain, oh, my captain, found at last!" and in a moment those grizzled men, lost to each other a score of years, were clasped in each other's arms.

## CHAPTER XIX. Conclusion.

The reunion of the sea captain and the faithful sailor was mild compared to a reunion that quickly followed.

Another party was coming across the ice. The long, Arctic night was spent and the opening door of dawn was filling all the eastern heavens with glory, when Paul, Kate, old Ben and their faithful canine friend sprang from the ice and hurried up the hill to the narrow valley, where the camp was.

Paul led the party, with Kate close behind. The first object he recognized was his faithful old friend, who had long mourned him as dead—Glum Ralston. The meeting can be better imagined than described. He was told that Laura was inside with Clarence and the long-lost captain, who was making desperate efforts to explain something which had befuddled everybody, and Paul tumbled head first into the tent, the worst befuddled of any one, and embraced Laura and Clarence, and for several moments the only rational being in the party was the faithful unknown dog, who sat on his haunches and panted.

It was fully an hour before everybody inside and everybody outside were at all themselves. Paul afterward had a dim recollection of hearing a voice very much like Glum Ralston's roar:

"Ain't you Kate Willis, my Kate?" and then he heard a voice which sounded very much like Kate crying:

"Ain't you Jack Ralston, my sailor boy?"

Then there was a collision, explosion, and the hub-bub increased.

At last, when all had time to recover, Kate and Jack, as she still called him, entered the tent, she declaring she would never permit him to leave her again. Jack explaining that he was staying in Alaska in compliance with an order from his captain to the effect that he was to never leave until he returned.

"And he has returned," said Jack. "He has come back and is here now; and Kate, I am ready to go."

The man whom we have known as the hermit captain said:

"My friends, this is the happiest day I ever knew. But one person more is necessary to make the reunion complete, and my cup of happiness run over. I want to ask some questions, and then make some explanations. First, is your name Paul Miller?"

"Yes, sir," Paul answered.

"Who was your father, and where is he?"

"My father was Captain Joseph Miller, who was lost before I can remember in Alaska or some of the islands of the Bering Sea."

"Do you know the name of the ship he last sailed in, and from what port?"

"Mother told me he sailed from San Francisco in a sailing schooner called the Eleanor."

"Jack—Jack! Have you been with him all these months and not know this?"

Glum Ralston leaped to his feet with a startled yell and cried:

"Crack-lash! A Miller—son of my captain! Why, by the name of Neptune, didn't ye tell me ye had some other name Crack-lash?"

Paul was dumfounded. He had heard a hint that the hermit was his father, but the old man had so stubbornly denied it that he had concluded it must be false.

"Why did you deny I was your son when those men threatened to hang me?" Paul asked.

"My boy, I knew it then as well as now, but to acknowledge you to be my son was to be your own doom. They'd hang ye then for sure, or tortured us both."

"What was ye goin' to hang Crack-lash for?" asked Jack Ralston.

"Because I wouldn't tell where I'd cached a fortune in gold I got from the Alaskan mines. So long as they didn't know he was my son they could not force the secret from me that way."

"Well, cap'n, you played your part very fine, an' now that we have outwitted 'em, an' all goin' home soon, can you find the place where the gold is cached?"

"If I had a certain walrus hide I could. It is the one my son took from the cave."

"I gave it to you, Glum."

"And I've got it safe at camp."

In the midst of their rejoicing Paul did not forget the poor wretch who was lying in the cavern mangled and torn by the dog. Clarence and two Indians went and brought Morris to the camp, where Kate carefully

dressed his wounds. He was the only man living save Belcher, who had robbed Paul, and told them where the treasure could be found, also making a full confession of his crime, admitting that Lackland had hired them to detain Paul in Alaska until he, Lackland, should win a certain lady's hand and heart.

The second day after the startling incidents narrated above the little camp was broken, all the dog sleds secured and porters, packers and Esquimaux set out for the Klondyke. Providence favored them, for there was no snow fall during their march.

At the Klondyke Ethel Berry gave them a reception in her shanty. Her amazement was unbounded to learn that Laura was in Alaska, and still, stranger of all, Paul had found a father who had been dead twenty years.

Kate went to Dawson City and established her laundry, though Jack tried hard to dissuade her. She said until she was Jack's wife she would support herself, and as there was no priest or parson on the Klondyke she saw no chance to marry until they left. Kate did a big business that winter, and as soon as the spring of 1897 came and the pass was open our friends went to Juneau and took a ship for San Francisco.

Paul had not only recovered his gold, but much more, which he took out that winter, while his father recovered his gold. Jack Ralston was worth seventy-five thousand dollars, while Clarence Berry and his sweet, brave little wife were rich several times over.

It was several months before the real fate of Lackland and his companions was known. After their failure to abduct Laura Kean the three men dared not return to the land of civilization, but went to Sheep Camp.

One morning, while the camp was still buried in sleep, there came a peculiar rumbling sound from the southwest side of the mountain, and, like an avalanche, the great glacier came rumbling, thundering down, burying tents and shanties and men beneath it. Some fled and a few escaped, but when the debris had cleared away several were missing. Buried deep under the landslide were Lackland, Cummins, Allen, Morris and Belcher.

Some one had gone on to Fresno and broke the news to Mrs. Miller by degrees. She could at first hardly believe her son alive, and it was still more difficult to believe the husband, whom she had for twenty years thought dead alive. When she was told that she would see them that very day, she swooned for joy.

She was at the depot when the train came in and Captain Miller, shaven and shorn, and dressed in the garb of civilization, looking twenty years younger than when a wanderer in the Klondyke, stepped from the train to receive his fainting wife in his strong arms.

There was a wedding—of course there was. No story would be complete without a wedding, and in this there were two, for Jack Ralston would insist on being married to his faithful Kate on the same day Laura and Paul were wedded.

Clarence and Ethel Berry, who contributed so much to bring about the happiness of their friends, were present, and declared they never enjoyed but one other event more—that was their own wedding, of course. As these young people are wealthy beyond their fondest dreams, as they have tasted the bitter cup of poverty, and take delight in making others happy, it is safe to predict that their millions will not be squandered in frivolity, but the world will be better by their having lived, toiled and suffered.

May they live long to enjoy the golden riches taken from the treasure house of the Ice King on the Klondyke.

## The End.

## THOUGHT IT WAS PIGS.

Young Girl's Apt Description of Champion Snorer's Efforts.

Mr. J. has a great and growing reputation for snoring—his intimate friends say he is in a class all by himself and cannot be matched.

A few summers ago, while J. and his wife were on a driving trip, they stopped overnight at a hotel in Sullivan county, says the New York Tribune. The hotel was a frame building, the bedrooms were divided by thin board partitions, and the acoustic properties were so good that any sound much louder than a whisper in one room could be distinctly heard in the room adjoining.

Shortly after J. and his wife were shown to their room another party, consisting of a mother and two young daughters, arrived and were put in the room adjoining that of the Js.

That night, J., being very tired, slept soundly and his wife snored nobly sustained his reputation as a sound producer.

The next morning, while they were seated at breakfast, the new arrivals or the night before were ushered into the dining room and were given seats at the same table, opposite J. and his wife.

The younger daughter was of a very talkative disposition, and after giving her views on things in general suddenly broke out with:

"Oh mamma! this place is just like the real country—every time I woke up last night I could hear the pigs."

J. and his wife resumed their driving trip immediately after breakfast.

In His Father's Place.

Benham—I believe our boy is going to be the fool of the family.

Mrs. Benham—It's quite probable; it's very likely that he will outlive you.

## TEN MEN AND A SAFE.

How Life Insurance Records Are Guarded in America.

In the sub-basement of one of our big life insurance companies is a safe so large that a theatrical company might perform therein. There are three doors, the combinations of those locks are controlled by ten men. Each man, a high official of the company, is an integral part of the integral whole. In instance: Five men are required to open the outer door, each knowing a fifth part of the entire combination and no more. A having set the gatlings in his combination, is followed in turn by B, C, D and E, when the bolt may be moved. In the same manner the second door is opened by three men in combination, and the third by two, in the latter case each being in combination with one or more of the other eight on the outer and second doors. The safe is regarded as safe.—New York Press.

## PENS MENTIONED IN BIBLE.

Various References Made to Implements of Writing.

The earliest references to pens (says "Great Thoughts") are probably those in the Bible, and are to be found in Judges v. 14, 1 Kings xxi. 8, Job xix. 24, and Isaiah viii. 1. But these chiefly refer to the iron stylus which cut out the characters in the tablets of limestone or soapstone. There is a reference to pen and ink in the third Epistle of John xiii. 5, which was written about A. D. 85, and as pens made in brass and silver were used in the Greek and Roman Empires at that time, it is probable that a metallic pen or reed was alluded to. In the Far East, and perhaps in Egypt, the camel's hair pencil was substituted for metal implements, but the quills of geese and crows were discovered to be more useful than either the reed or brush, and were introduced, it is enough, about A. D. 56.

## Borgia's Later Years.

In the National Library of Florence an Italian historian has found a document which contains many interesting and hitherto unknown facts in regard to the latter years of the famous Lucrezia Borgia.

According to it, she took the veil and joined the congregation of the "Brothers and Sisters of Penitence," which is better known under the name of "Tertiaries of the Order of St. Francis." She received the veil from the vicar-general, Ludovico de la Torre, and Giovanni Gonzaga wrote to her uncle that during the last ten years of her life she wore a penitential shirt. She died in 1518 and was buried in the robes of her order.—New York Herald.

## Darwin's Coffin.

At a public house near Bromley, in Kent, England, a second-hand coffin forms an attraction and has a curious history. In it the body of Charles Darwin is said to have been placed for two days before his burial in Westminster abbey was decided upon, when a new shell was provided. The coffin was made by the village carpenter, who frequently made cases and boxes for Darwin's collections. One day the carpenter complained of sickness and asked Darwin for a job. He was told that he could make a coffin and the order was carried out, a name plate being affixed after Darwin's death.

## Future Newspaper.

What will the newspaper of the future be like? Mr. Victor Murdoch, addressing the Kansas Editorial association, declared that within forty years the daily newspaper in large cities would be issued in a series of editions, each being devoted to one kind of news. In each city there would be only one paper, and a single corporation would control the papers everywhere. Political information would be given mainly in the form of authentic interviews with public men; but the paper as a whole would have no political bias.—London Express.

## De Wet Insists on Title.

Gen. De Wet, the sturdy Boer leader, carried his independence with him to London and showed it in marked fashion during his interview with Colonial Secretary Chamberlain. The latter addressed him as "Mr. De Wet," whereupon the warrior from South Africa corrected him by saying "Gen. De Wet." Almost immediately afterward Chamberlain repeated the "Mr." and De Wet said sternly, "General or nothing." Then the suave Chamberlain followed Lord Kitchener's example and recognized the military status of his visitor.

## Publisher's Secrets Divulged.

Baron Tauchnitz, the German publisher, has made an interesting confession. When the suggestion was made to him that his terms to writers might be improved upon he answered by showing that the circulation of books published by him is much smaller than is generally supposed. A sale of 3,000 copies is fair and 5,000 is very good, while a circulation of 10,000 has been obtained only in six cases out of 800 in the last ten years.

## Neighborhood Amenities.

Some time ago Perry Belmont built an addition to his mansion at Fifth avenue and Forty-seventh street, thereby shutting off a desirable view from the house of Mrs. Gobin, a wealthy neighbor. Mrs. Gobin now proposes to build a "fence" eighteen feet high in such a way as to obstruct Mr. Belmont's vision. The lady agent strenuously denies that anything in the nature of a "spite fence" is intended, but as the effect will be the same Mr. Belmont is hardly consoled by the assurance.

## ALMOST A MIRACLE.

Case No. 49,763.—Mrs. M. Isted, of 1207 Strand street, Galveston, Tex., who is proprietor of a boarding house at that address, numbering among her boarders a dozen medical students, says: "I caught cold during the flood of September, 1900, and it settled in my kidneys. Despite the fact that I tried all kinds of medicines and was under the care of physicians, the excruciating twinges and dull aching across the small of my back refused to leave, and trouble with the kidney secretions began to set in. From then, ordinary Anglo-Saxon fails to describe the annoyance and suffering I endured. The fearful pain through my body, loss of appetite, loss of sleep, consequent loss of energy, and, finally, indication of complete dissolution compelled me, from sheer agony and pain, to either lie on the floor and scream, or forced me into spasms. On such occasions my husband called in a physician, whose morphine treatment relieved me temporarily. I grew weaker and thinner, and so run down physically that nothing was left but skin and bone. All my friends, acquaintances and neighbors knew about my critical condition, and on one occasion I was reported dead and they came to see my corpse. At last the doctors attending me held a consultation and agreed that if I did not undergo an operation I could not live. Preparations were made, a room selected at the city hospital, and they even went so far as to have the carriage brought to the door to carry me there. I don't know why, but something told me not to go, and I absolutely refused. Now I want the reader to grasp every word of the following: A friend of ours, a Mr. McGaund, knowing that my kidneys were the real cause of the entire trouble, brought a box of Doan's Kidney Pills to the house, and requested me to give them a trial. I had taken so much medicine that I was more than discouraged, and had little, if any, faith in any preparation. However, I reasoned if they did not do me good they could not possibly make me worse, so I began the treatment. After the third dose, I felt something dash across me like a flash of lightning, and from that moment I began to improve. The pain in my back and kidneys positively disappeared, the kidney secretions became free and natural. At present I rest and sleep well, my appetite is good, my weight has increased from 118 to 155 pounds, and my flesh is firm and solid. My friends actually marvel at the change in my appearance. Words cannot express my own feelings. I am not putting it too strongly when I say I am satisfied that had it not been for Doan's Kidney Pills, taken when they were, I would have been either lying in the Lake View Cemetery, or an invalid for the balance of my life. I will be only too pleased to give minute particulars of my case to any one calling on me, not, of course, out of idle curiosity, but if they really have kidney complaint and want to know what course to pursue to get relief."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Isted will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

## German Deputy Dies.

Berlin cablegram: Liberal Deputy Henry Richert is dead. He was born February 27, 1833, and has been prominently connected with Prussian politics for the past quarter of a century.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

J. J. CHERRY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

## Castles on the Rhine.

It is stated that from the mouth to the source of the Rhine 725 castles, formerly the homes of warlike chiefs, are to be found overlooking the waters.

## WHAT TO SEE IN NEW YORK.

The New York Press on the New Show Places in New York.

What are New York's show places? It would be right hard to enumerate them on short notice. Perhaps the following question and answer may appeal to some: Resident to New Arrival—"Now tell me what you would especially like to see." New Arrival—"Oh, just show me New York." I think that very good. But it is no easy matter to show New York. To our list of show places, whatever they may be, we must add the new waiting room at the Grand Central Station. When strangers go there they cry "Enchanting!" "Grand!" "Palatial!" "Purtest thing I ever saw!" "Finest thing in the world!" "Ain't it splendid!" etc. Mr. Daniels has reason for the new elasticity in his step.—"On the Tip of the Tongue" in the New York Press.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES do not stain the hands or spot the kettle, except green and purple.

True greenness is ability to serve coupled with a meek and quiet spirit.

Years of suffering relieved in a night. Healing pills yield a cure to the most obstinate cases of Doan's Catarrh. Name safe. As any drug store, 50 cents.

The popularity of popular songs seems to be due to their unpopularity.



