

The Chelsea Standard.

VOL. XV. NO. 16.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1903.

WHOLE NUMBER 744

CHELSEA SAVINGS BANK,

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN.

The Oldest and Strongest Bank in Western Washtenaw County.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION FEB. 6, 1903

Capital, \$60,000.00

Surplus and Profits, \$21,394.28

Guarantee Fund, \$140,000.00

Deposits, \$353,586.24

Total Resources, \$434,980.45

We are now located in our new home in the Glazier Memorial Bank Building.

This Bank is under State control, has abundant capital and a large surplus fund and does a general banking business.

Makes loans on mortgage and other good approved securities.

Pays Interest on Time Deposits.

Draws Drafts payable in Gold anywhere in the United States or Europe.

Makes collections at reasonable rates in any banking town in the country.

Gives prompt attention to all business entrusted to us.

Deposits in the Savings Department draw three per cent. interest which is paid or credited to account on January 1st or July 1st.

Safety Deposit vaults of the best modern construction. Absolutely Fire and Burglar Proof.

Boxes to rent from \$1.00 to \$5.00 per year.
Your Business Solicited.

DIRECTORS.

W. J. KNAPP, F. P. GLAZIER, JOHN W. SCHENK,
G. W. PALMER, W. P. SCHENK, ADAM EPLER,
V. D. HINDELANG, HENRY I. STIMSON, FRED WEDEMEYER.

OFFICERS.

F. P. GLAZIER, President. W. J. KNAPP, Vice President.
THEO. E. WOOD, Cashier. V. G. GLAZIER, Assistant Cashier.
A. K. STIMSON, Auditor. PAUL G. SCHABLER, Accountant.

WALL DECORATING

is always quite a problem, but it is easily solved when you can select your paper hangings from the large, up-to-date line at the BANK DRUG STORE. They aim to carry a large line of

Pretty Medium-Priced Paper.

Kitchen and Bedroom Patterns at 2 1/2 cents to 4 cents per single roll.

Dining-room Papers 5 cents to 8 cents per single roll.

Parlor Patterns 8 cents to 15 cents per single roll.

We show all sample decorations where you can easily look through our line in a few minutes. We are always glad to show you our line whether you wish to buy or not.

CONVENIENT AND LOW PRICED.

That always describes our

GROCERY DEPARTMENT

at the BANK DRUG STORE. You are always sure that you are buying at the lowest prices when you buy there.

Unsurpassed Coffees.

20 pounds cane granulated sugar \$1.00.

Always the lowest prices on canned goods.

Highest Price for Eggs at the

BANK DRUG STORE.

CHELSEA TELEPHONE NUMBER 8

TO HONOR LIVING AND DEAD

The Memory of Our Soldier's Sacrifice Must and Shall Be Preserved.

Stories of The Days of War Retold for Standard Readers.

The Standard in this issue has been to some pains to present features calculated to further and keep alive the sentiment of the coming Memorial Day. The Grand Army on that day will allow nothing to detract from their efforts to honor their fallen comrades and it is hoped that all loyal citizens will join with them in this spirit. Let us honor the living as well as the memory of the dead.

At the town hall Saturday let all gather to listen to Rev. William Considine who will deliver the address and as much as possible make it a day in which we shall take account of the quality and worth of our patriotism.

The special articles of a reminiscent order that are printed this week are all the true experiences of those who lived through the terrors of the Great War. Let them be read that all may realize something of the spirit of sacrifice of that time.

AMERICA'S GREATEST CLASSIC.

Lincoln's Speech Delivered at Gettysburg November 19, 1863.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

An effort was made to print letters of greeting to the local post G. A. R., from some of our honored and respected men of the state, but unfortunately the effort was not timed as it should have been, and those requested to send short letters did not have requisite time to comply. However, Gen. Alger and Gov. Bliss salute their Chelsea comrades through The Standard and Congressman Charles E. Townsend offers the following tribute:

The Grandest Army.

The Grand Army of the Republic was truly the grandest army that ever marshalled, marched and fought. It preserved the Union, purified the constitution, defined and established the powers of the republic. It came forth from the nation's homes, performed its Divine duty and returned home again, there to complete the demonstration of the fact that a republic's safety lies most securely in the control of her people who can fight for principle, if need be, and then solve in peace the problems of democracy.

The Civil War soldier was a patriot. No anarchist ever wore the blue. The soldier cared for the nation when in danger. The nation should now honor, defend and care for him in every hour of his need.

Life's morning having faded to a memory and the shadows of night now coming on apace, may the members of the Grand Army when "taps" are sounded, wrap the drapery of their couch about them and lie down to pleasant dreams, and thus to sleep until he who brought them through the perils of war shall sound the Reveille to wake them to the glorious honors and awards which await their noble service.

CHAS. E. TOWNSEND.

INTO BATTLE SMOKE.

Capt. Negus Tells About Going Into His First Big Fight.

Another phase, and the most strenuous, of the great war was going into battle. Capt. Ed. Negus when asked if he remembered his first fight answered, "Yes, sir! I was at the first Bull Run and the second and all through down to Appomattox. The first fight? Why, yes, as I say it was at Bull Run. The night before that battle we camped at Centerville. I can't remember that anyone expressed any great anxiety that night or that there was anyone singing 'Just Before the Battle Mother' or anything of that kind. Those were the days when all the boys were afraid there wouldn't be fighting enough to go round.

"The next morning we were roused by reveille before dawn and it may be that as the possibilities of the firing line began to be realized some may have felt the early morning coolness more than usual. You know Napoleon said something about early morning courage being the rarest kind. Perhaps more would have shivered had they known what was coming.

"As the day advanced we were moving westward down the pike toward Manassas. When within some miles of there we turned off a by-road and followed a general northwesterly direction and soon we began to hear firing. We were marching in column of fours and soon a rebel battery, stationed on a height, sighted our colors which were borne at about the center of the column and soon a shell came plunging in and killed the color sergeant and others. That was for me the first carnage of the war.

"Soon after four men were detailed from each company to take axes and act as pioneers, as they are called, and to advance through the woods cutting

away the brush and obstructions the enemy had placed there. This we did and all the time we could hear the firing off to our right.

"When the way had been cleared our regiment came through the woods and we found ourselves away on the west flank of the enemy. It was then that we formed for our first charge. The rebels were above us on a rise of ground and up we went at them. But they were ready for us and over the fellows went all about me. New men couldn't stand that and away they broke and ran. Fortunately there was a ravine close by and into this our regiment hurried. In this shelter we reformed but it didn't do much good. The solid shot went plugging over and the bullets whizzed and went clipping through the twigs above.

"It was about this time that the general demoralization set in and then the army began to melt away. The confusion of a routed, terror-stricken army in full retreat beggars description. "But if I was a party in the first great defeat I was also in the finish and was one of the best to ride through the lines of the beaten rebel army at Appomattox as it lay defeated between the forces of Grant and Sheridan.

"I was carrying dispatches from headquarters back to Sheridan, having the night before circled 40 miles to the right of Lee's line. On returning, to make the distance shorter, I was given a pass for myself and men through the rebel forces which had just surrendered.

"As we passed along the pike we found company after company and regiment after regiment lying still and stiff by the roadside and extending back on either side into the fields, their arms stacked, colors folded and lying across from one stack of arms to another.

"And so this was the last of a powerful army that for four long years had given us a mighty struggle."

Asleep in The Tents of Green

Roll of Honor of Chelsea's Deceased Brave Men in this War.

Allyn, O. N. 20th Mich. Infy
Brooks, Wm. B. 20th Mich. Infy
Brook, Homer 20th Mich. Infy
Hecker, Calvin 20th Mich. Infy
Breed, Reuben 4th Mich. Cav
Bravender, William 20th Mich. Infy
Boyce, Jerome B. 20th Mich. Infy
Boeman, C. W. 20th Mich. Infy
Covert, S. S. 20th Mich. Infy
Campbell, M. M. 1st Mich. Cav
Canfield, Henry 10th Mich. Cav
Clark, Daniel 4th Mich. Infy
Cram, A. D. 20th Mich. Infy
Campbell, Wm. A. 20th Mich. Infy
Congdon, Eliza 24th Mich. Infy
Congdon, Arthur S. Navy
Coy, Edward 20th Mich. Infy
Dowd, M. B. 20th Mich. Infy
Durand, David 20th Mich. Infy
Dorr, Delos C. 20th Mich. Infy
Downe, Wm. 1st Mich. Infy
Ewing, George 20th Mich. Infy
Essig, John 20th Mich. Infy
Franklin, Henry B. 20th Mich. Infy
Ferguson, J. Verne 20th Mich. Cav
Frazier, J. H. 20th Mich. Cav
Freer, George B. 10th Mich. Cav
Fallen, Michael 2nd Mich. Cav
Franklin, Henry 24th Mich. Infy
Gilbert, Edwin H. 4th Mich. Infy
Gates, Hamilton 10th Mich. Cav
Guthrie, Jack 10th Mich. Cav
Gruner, George 20th Mich. Infy
Gorton, A. 20th Mich. Infy
Guerin, Oscar B. 21st N. Y. Cav
Gilbert, Henry E. 20th Mich. Infy
Gates, Henry 1st Mich. E. & M
Harrington, Sidney D. 20th Mich. Infy
Hartigan, Martin 17th Mich. Infy
Hathaway, George 20th Mich. Infy
Hurd, D. C. 20th Mich. Infy
Hicks, Uriah 10th Mich. Cav
Hinkley, U. H. 10th Mich. Cav
Hartigan, Jr., M. 4th Mich. Cav
Hudler, Jas. M. Jewett, Wm.
Johnson, Kirk O. 4th Mich. Infy
Loveland, Wm. 20th Mich. Infy
Lown, Chas. 1st Mich. Cav
Long, Daniel 7th Mich. Infy
Lehman, John 1st Mich. Infy
Moran, Wm. 1st Mich. Infy
Moran Thos. 1st Mich. Infy
Myers, John 20th Mich. Infy
Nolten, Wm. 1st Mich. Infy
Negus, Chas. 20th Mich. Infy
O'Neil, Thos. 20th Mich. Infy
Pioree, Henry 1st Mich. Cav
Pioree, Pardon 20th Mich. Infy
Prosser, John 20th Mich. Infy
Purchase, George 10th Mich. Infy
Palmer, Henry C. 13th Mich. Battery
Palmer, Mark 1st Mich. E. & M
Rothfus, Jacob 20th Mich. Infy
Sweet, Elias 20th Mich. Infy
Summer, George 20th Mich. Infy
Shower, Gilbert 20th Mich. Infy
Smith, John 20th Mich. Infy
Smith, Carl 20th Mich. Infy
Seeny, William 20th Mich. Infy
Stockwell, Charles 20th Mich. Infy
Storms, Melvin 24th Mich. Infy
Smith, Dewitt C. 1st Mich. Cav
Stinson, Thos. J. 13th Mich. Infy
Snow, Charles D. 20th Mich. Infy
Sparks, L. F. 20th Mich. Infy
Smith, George 20th Mich. Infy
Stephenson, Perry 20th Mich. Infy
Swartout, Theodore 1st Mich. Infy
Sawyer, Charles 1st Mich. Infy
Storms, Irving 20th Mich. Infy
Tichenor, William 20th Mich. Infy
Tucker, J. G. 20th Mich. Infy
Turnbull, Thos. 20th Mich. Infy
Turnbull, J. D. 11th Mich. Infy
Turnbull George W. 1st Mich. Infy
Wheaton, James H. 4th Mich. Infy
White, Alton 24th Mich. Infy
Wheelhouse, Demian 20th Mich. Infy
West, John 20th Mich. Infy
Warner, William H. 20th Mich. Infy
William, Edward 4th Mich. Infy
William, Smith 20th Mich. Infy
Ward, Calvin 20th Mich. Infy
Wallace, J. 20th Mich. Infy
Widmayer, J. S. 20th Mich. Infy
Wright, George E. 2nd Ohio Infy
Walsh, David 1st Mich. Infy
Welburn, Thos. 20 Mich. Infy
Yocum, Joseph 20th Mich. Infy
Yocum, Mahor Unknown

THE TWENTIETH MICHIGAN.

The Gallant Record of the Regiment in Which Were Many Chelsea Men.

By reference to the roll of honored dead buried in this vicinity, it will be noted that by far the greater number were members of the Twentieth Infantry. This regiment was about one-half composed of Washtenaw men and a brief history of the regiment is here appended.

The Twentieth Regiment left Jackson for Washington, D. C. September 1, 1862, with 1,012 men on the roll. They first smelled smoke and heard the roar of battle at the Battle of Antietam.

Continued on fourth page.

SUMMER UNDERWEAR

Most complete assortment ever shown in Chelsea.

Ladies Summer Vests at 5c, 10c, 15c, 18c, 20c, 25c, 39c and 45c.

Ladies Union Suits at 50c, 90c, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

Misses Summer Vests 5c, 10c and 15c.

Children's Flat Gauze Underwear at 19c and 25c. Made up any style garment. Long sleeve, short sleeve or no sleeve vests. Full length or knee pant.

Mens Summer Underwear, separate garments, shirts or drawers, at 25c, 39c and 45c.

We have positively the greatest values at the above prices we have ever shown. Don't buy Summer Underwear until you have looked here.

THOMPSON'S GLOVE FITTING CORSET.



Is simple in design and construction. It has become the favorite of the ladies of America.

No one perfected article of dress ever gained so wide a popularity so quickly. Why?

Thompson's Glove Fitting Corset

is the acme of corset perfection creating in the form the beautiful curving lines so necessary to elegant style and fashionable gowning. The fit is perfect; for it is automatic, or self-adjusting, yielding so easily to every movement, that the wearer is unconscious of any feeling or constraint.

We have exclusive sale for Chelsea.

W. P. SCHENK & COMPANY

See our advertisement on local page.

We have a complete stock of

Hammocks, Screens, Doors,

Refrigerators and Ice Cream Freezers at the right prices. Our

FURNITURE

stock is well assorted and we offer bargains in everything. Our

Buggy and Harness Sale

is well worth your while to investigate.

W. J. KNAPP.

A RUNAWAY BICYCLE.

Terminated with an ugly out on the leg of J. B. Orner, Franklin Grove, Ill. It developed a stubborn ulcer unyielding to doctors and remedies for four years. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured. It's just as good for burns, scalds, skin eruptions and piles. 25c at Glazier & Stinson's Drug Store.

Strength of an Eagle.

An eagle having a weight of 16 pounds can carry away a lamb weighing 60 pounds. To do this it must develop about two horse-power and must put a strain of more than 1,100 pounds on the muscles of the wings. This leads one to think that "birds are stronger than mathematics."—Nash.

Give the children Bocky Mountain Tea, this month, makes them strong, makes them eat, sleep and grow. Good for the whole family. A spring tonic that makes sick people well. 35 cents. Glazier & Stinson.

Maud—Last night Jack told me that he wouldn't marry the best girl living, unless—what—unless she took Rocky Mountain Tea. Sensible fellow. 35 cents. Glazier & Stinson.

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 Cakes and bread. Please give me a call.

WILLIAM CASPARY.

"MEMORIAL DAY."



The Children's Gift

He was a veteran of the Civil War, a brave and fearless soldier, and his grandchildren knew that such another grandfather had never lived. Every sunny day you could see him in his wheel chair or limping painfully alone. Tod and Tucker tried to help on one side, and Marthy and Emmy on the other. It troubled them not a little that grandfather, who was the bravest of the brave and the truest gentleman on the whole earth, should wear clothes that were shiny and frayed and had been worn for many, many years. For themselves they did not care; they had never done anything to merit fine clothes.

But grandfather had done so much, had been so faithful and brave and true, and he should be clad in fine raiment, it seemed to them. By hard work they had managed to gather enough nickels and dimes together to buy the wheel chair from a second-hand furniture man. It wasn't good enough for grandfather, but it was the very best they could do.

It was all Mrs. Monroe, the children's mother, and grandfather's only daughter, could do to keep the four little bodies from suffering from the cold. She worked hard and long, but she never complained—not even when father left her suddenly to go to the beautiful country where we shall all meet some day when we are called away.

His four grandchildren were not the old man's only admirers by any means. He was always the center of an interested group of boys and girls, who listened with rapt attention to his wonderful tales of the war. The policemen all knew and shook hands with him, the firemen always touched their caps to him, and the car conductors smiled at him as they dashed by. Grandfather thought it was only common politeness, for he greeted everyone because he had joy in his heart. If his body was warped and bent.

Grandfather had been shot in trying to carry an important message through the lines—he was the only one who volunteered to carry the message, for it was a terribly dangerous undertaking.

What did it matter now, that he had fallen then? Was it not just as brave a deed, as though he had been successful? He was the only man in the regiment brave enough to undertake it. The Monroe children knew that if one is brave and does one's very best, failure is as honorable as success.

Margie Morris lived around the corner from the Monroes, in a much finer house, and her dresses were soft and pretty and not at all like those Marthy and Emmy wore.

"Please dress me plainer, mother," she said more than once. "You see, I feel very gaudy beside Marthy and Emmy and the rest, and I wouldn't like them to feel I'm better dressed."

Margie need not have worried about her clothes, however, for the Monroe children did not care, although they admired the dainty things she wore. It was grandfather they cared about—and Margie had no grandfather, so they gave her a share in theirs. If grandfather only had fine new clothes and comforts like other old men they would be happy indeed.

"Marthy," said one of the newcomers in the neighborhood one day, "why don't your grandfather wear his soldier cap 'stead of that shabby old felt hat?"

Marthy looked at Tod, Tod looked at Tucker and Tucker looked at Emmy. Then Emmy answered bravely: "It's because his soldier cap is moth-eaten."

"Then why don't you buy him a new other hat?" persisted the newcomer. "I should think you'd be ashamed of him."

Emmy and Tod and Tucker and Marthy had tears in their eyes by this time, when Margie cried suddenly to the newcomers:

"I can beat you to the next corner!" and off they started.

"I think it was just cruel, I do!" declared Margie at supper that night. "They're just as poor as can be, and every cent has to buy food, and their dear old grandfather won't let them buy anything for him. I do wish I could help them."

"I doubt if they would accept charity," said her mother.

"Indeed they wouldn't," said Margie. Big sister Mabel spoke up: "Didn't he ever get a pension?" she said.

"What is that?" asked Margie.

"It's money paid yearly by the government to those who are disabled in its service," explained Mabel.

The next day Margie asked Marthy about it.

"We tried to once," said Marthy, "but grandfather always said his family thought more of him than the government did, for the pension was never given him."

"Mabel says he ought to have one," said Margie thoughtfully. "Oh, Marthy—I have an idea, and if you'll promise not to tell till it's time I'll let you help."

"Cross my heart," said Marthy solemnly. "I'll only tell grandfather."

"But he's the most important one," cried Margie. "You must keep it a great secret."

Marthy agreed, and later two flushed faces bent over a sheet of paper, upon which Marthy was writing at Margie's dictation.

Nothing wonderful happened for a long time, though the two little girls had many talks over their "secret."

All the spring Margie and Marthy acted very mysteriously, but not a word of explanation would they make. On Decoration Day Tod and Tucker, Marthy and Emmy brushed grandfather's shabby suit, helped him to his wheel chair, and started off in the morning to the cemetery. Grandfather had never missed this yearly trip to honor the memory of his dead comrades, many of whom had gone to the beautiful country. He would salute beside the graves of the officers in whose regiment he served with tears in his brave old eyes; and then he would tell of their hardihood and valor. This day Margie joined the ranks, and other boys and girls, too, till there was quite a procession. Each grave was visited, and each name was read to grandfather, who remembered every man perfectly.

As grandfather's chair was turned towards home a shout in the woods attracted the attention of the little cavalade, and there was Margie's sister Mabel running toward them and waving something high in the air.

Margie and Marthy looked at each other and gasped.

"A letter for the captain," called sister Mabel, holding out a long envelope with an official seal.

Grandfather was too surprised for words, and his eyes were too dim to see.

"Let Margie open it," whispered Marthy in his ear. "It was her idea."

So grandfather asked Margie to open it; and open it she did right there in the cemetery, among the graves of many of the brave soldiers. And what was it? A document that told of a pension for grandfather! And that meant enough money to keep him clothed and comfortable all the rest of his life.

"And Margie got it!" cried Marthy, anxious to give her friend all the glory. "She wrote to the President herself, and he answered her letter, grandfather; isn't it beautiful?"

Grandfather's eyes were dim with tears of joy. Slowly he rose from his wheel chair, and standing erect on his crippled feet, he saluted little Margie in the stately way that he saluted his general's grave.

What cheering there was, and what a happy cavalcade danced home, each in turn pushing grandfather's chair.

Margie never forgot that day, and her most valued possession is a beautiful letter from the President himself, thanking her for her interest in one of the country's heroes.

ALASKA A GREAT COUNTRY.

People of the Rest of the United States Do Not Understand Its Extent.

The present collector of customs at Sitka, Alaska, Lieut. D. H. Jarvis, formerly in the revenue cutter service, has recently been in Washington conferring with treasury officials. He says: "The only trouble with Alaska is that the people of the United States do not know what a country it is. A campaign of education in the United States would add to the population of Alaska by many thousands and would soon make it one of the great countries of the world. The possibilities of the territory are beyond comprehension. Leaving out mining—for everybody knows that Alaska is rich in gold and silver—the future of the territory will be a brilliant one of commerce, cattle-raising and agriculture and fishing. There is the greatest ignorance about Alaska. Why, some of the rich islands of the territory are larger than several of the small states of the United States. There is a coast line to Alaska of 25,000 miles.

"The people in the States associate Alaska with seals and icebergs, and whenever Alaska is mentioned that is about the first and only thing that comes to the mind, unless it is something remote about gold discoveries. All winter at Sitka the thermometer never went below 8 degrees above zero. I believe the weather reached that point a number of times the last winter in Washington. There are 2,000 miles of coast in southern Alaska where the temperature is never below 8 degrees above zero and where it is as mild in the dead of winter as in half of the United States. Just think of that!

"The grass in spring and summer grows temptingly green and cattle and sheep grow fat and contented. As to vegetables, there is hardly a place in Alaska where they will not attain splendid growth. Of course the interior of Alaska, far back from the coast, is cold and the summer short, but there are hundreds and thousands of the most fertile valleys in the interior where vegetables will grow easily. Sitka is no further north than Glasgow, Edinburgh or Copenhagen, and its climate is more temperate than any of them."

SVENGALI OF MODERN LIFE.

Story of Depravity That Is Sent Us from Russia.

A story from Russia that may soon be expected to make its exaggerated appearance in the American "yellow" concerns a young woman of good family who was hypnotized by her husband with the idea of having her commit suicide so that he might receive the money for which her life was insured. At the time of her marriage, about a year ago, Mme. Waslevsky was a lively young woman, buoyant with health and spirits, and she and her husband, supposed to be a wealthy private gentleman living on an inherited income, went for a year's travel. At the end of that time the young bride returned so changed in appearance and health from causes so obscure that the physicians decided to try to discover the trouble. The patient resisted for a time, but finally yielded to the doctors' influence and told her story. From this it appeared that her husband had insured her life the day after their wedding, and had a clause inserted in the policy providing that in the case of her suicide he would receive the insurance money.

Waslevsky then proceeded to hypnotize his wife, and while she was in the trances to influence her gradually to commit suicide. The scheme had to be carried out slowly, as the policy did not come into force until a year after it was signed.

Waslevsky has escaped arrest by flight, and turns out to be a penniless adventurer. Mme. Waslevsky has filed a petition for divorce.

Buttercups.

I wandered here forgetful, gay,
Until I found a glade of gold,
From fields made-kindled after cold,
Recalled me to that other May.

And you were with me, down a way
Roofed low by branches tender-green;
The sun smiled through with gracious
mild,
And, Mids, like, made gift of gray.

There hangs an old by a brook,
So like another which we spanned,
When through the field our steps we took
With childish chatter, hand in hand.

Our arms with buttercups we heaped,
You wore them in your gown, your
hair;
Our senses in spring joys were steeped—
It cannot be you did not care!

I deemed the past, so passing sweet,
Forgot, and I grown blithe and glad;
These flowers a-bloom beneath my feet
Have thrilled me with May memories
old.

—Carrie Jordan in Philadelphia Ledger.

The Railways of Mexico.

The important and increasing business of the Mexican railways is shown by comparing their international traffic during four months of last year with the same interval in the preceding year. The increase in exports by rail to the United States was from \$5,296,763 to \$7,699,484 and of imports from \$10,722,566 to \$12,588,707.

Tao Coy.

If the automobilists would only confine their attention to brewery wagons and sprinkling carts they might be forgiven. But their modest coyness keeps them aloof from anything more weighty than a runabout or a carriage driven by a lady.—Ohio State Journal.

Not Quite Landed.

Edith—Is it true that you are engaged to Jack?
Mayme—Yes; but you are not to mention it. I'm not quite sure that Jack knows it as yet.

VISIT TO ANCIENT AND HISTORIC PLACES IN INDIA

Correspondent Sends Eulogistic Description of Trip to Jaipur—Ride on State Elephant One of the Best of the Experiences—Beautiful Old-Time Palaces.

(Special Correspondence.)

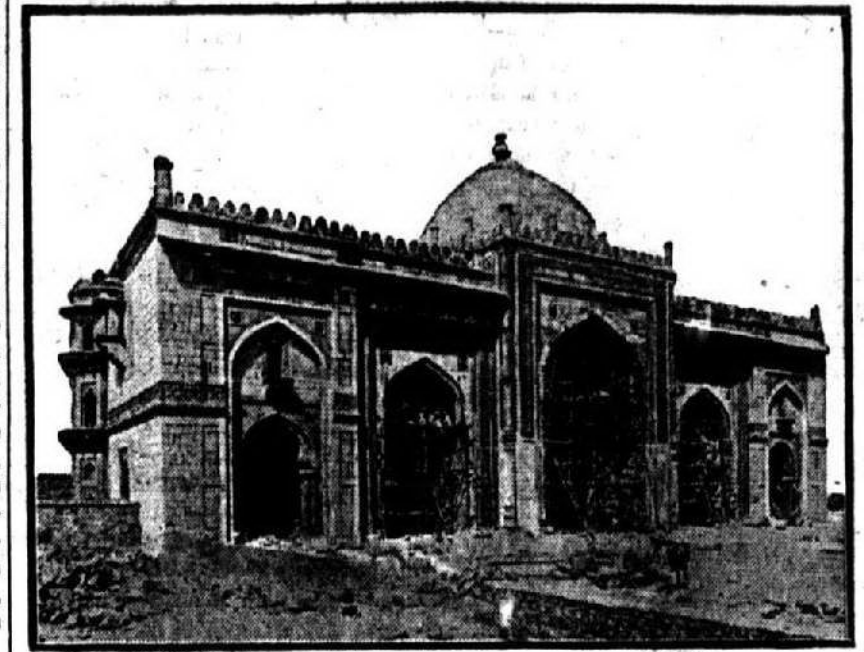
There are towns native in India, towns architectural, and towns comfortable, but there is one town only which combines the three, and it is Jaipur, close to the ancient city of Delhi.

One's most vivid mental pictures of a city of the East and its inhabitants pale before the reality of Jaipur and, as one drives through the broad and beautifully clean streets, one can pick out at every corner or house door, a character from the "Arabian Nights." We reached the comfortable and picturesque hotel Kaiser-Hind at half-past three in the morning, after a drive of ten minutes through the darkness, and found it to be a low stucco house built around three sides of an open court, which was full of potted plants, all the lower rooms windowless and opening on the court, or its wings, but with three upper rooms, which we

slide and gently waving his trunk. Of course he was made to kneel in order that we might mount him, and, of course, he grunted as he did so, and we mounted a ladder and climbed over into the howdah, clinging on for dear life as he slowly and ponderously rose.

The town of Amber, dating from the second century, still nestles in its charming gorge in the hills, with the lake at its feet, and it is protected by the ancient wall which girdles the surrounding hills, its watch towers in ruin, but its old fort on the highest hill of all, in perfect preservation, many times restored, I dare say.

We wound our slow way up the hillside, through the beautiful arch of the palace wall and on up into a large court, where under an enormous poplar tree the monster kneel, the ladder was produced and we clambered down it. After presenting the elephant with a



Mosque of Dinpanah, Delhi.

at once appropriated, opening on the roof, beautifully large and bright and carpeted with a very pretty red and blue Agra carpet. Under the arches of the court stood a white swathed figure holding a very large and very feebly lighted lantern, who, after much parleying and interpreting was persuaded to show us to the palatial upper rooms, his idea evidently being that the hotel must be filled from the ground up, and in twenty minutes or less we were reclining on our own feather mattresses under our own sheets and blankets and rugs, and on the road to the land of dreams. We got up so late the next morning that chota hari—early tea, with fruit and toast—was neglected and were quite ready for a 9 o'clock breakfast of fried fish, chops and boiled potatoes, coffee and marmalade or fruit.

We found that a notice had already come for us from the Minister of State, that the Maharajah, having been informed of our arrival, placed at our disposal a state elephant, which would meet us at eleven o'clock that same day at the foot of the hills on which lay the old royal town of Amber. We made all possible haste and started forth in the dreadfully uncomfortable hotel carriage, which was swung very high off the ground, with leather-covered cushions which sloped down toward the front, and skirting the town, toward which our eyes turned eagerly; took a drive nearly an hour to the Amber hills. The road was good, as we have found all the roads in India, but dusty, even though it was the winter season, for the most part under nim, poplar or banyan trees, or a very graceful species of acacia tree, all of which seemed to be filled with large monkeys having long, silver-gray hair. We were greatly interested in their antics, for they seemed of a very lively temperament, and were greatly amused at the length of their jumps, especially when one huge creature leaped entirely across the road, from one tree to another, just in front of the carriage. Some of them were

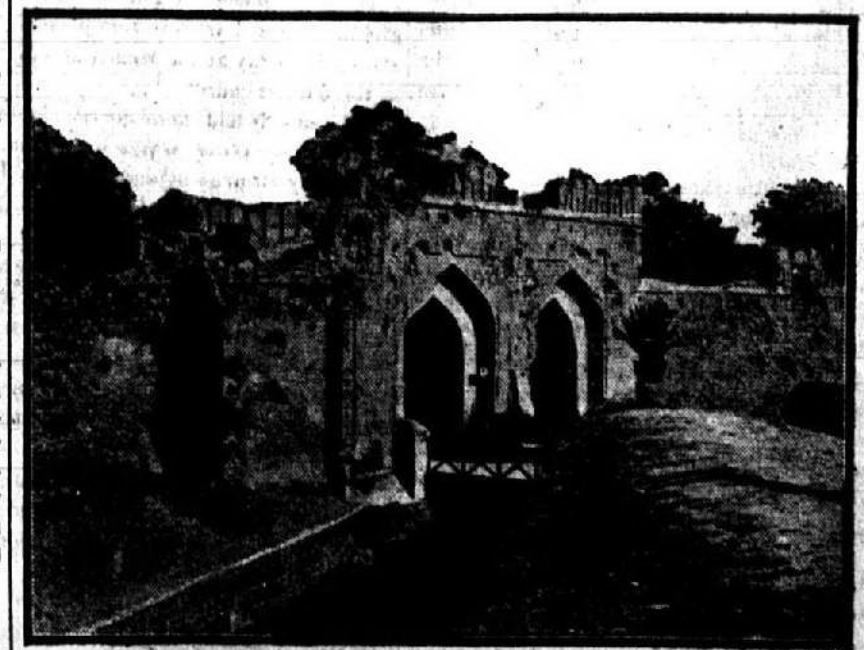
few biscuits and some pieces of sugar, which he received with evident pleasure, we were taken up a noble flight of marble stairs past the place where we were told a goat is sacrificed each morning to the terrible Kall, the wife of the god Shiva the Destroyer, in place of human sacrifice of former days, through the small and dainty rooms of the ladies of the harem, and even to their marble bath; out on to a flat roof from which we had a lovely view over the valley across the lake and even beyond the "encircling hills," and finally into a small court, where, by a fountain surrounded by palms, lemons and many different ferns, we sat down to rest, and, if I must confess it, eat our lunch. It is a lovely palace, with its screens of pierced marble, its goons of sandal wood inlaid with ivory arches and columns of carved alabaster and latticed galleries, and it lies silent in the brilliant sunshine except for the patter now and again of a barefooted native coming to exhibit some sort of a deformity and get bakshesh. One forgives it the few rooms inlaid in the detestable mirror mosaic, and tries not to think of the stain kid, but goes softly forth with the rustle of the palm leaves and the bubbling of the fountain in one's ears, and the maze of delicate columns and lacy marble screens filling one's sight.

An Old Manuscript.

The earliest extant manuscript of the Hebrew Old Testament is a copy of the Pentateuch, now in the British Museum and assigned to the ninth century, and the earliest manuscript bearing a precise date is a copy of the prophets, at St. Petersburg, dated A. D. 916, while the majority of the manuscripts belong to much later periods.

Largest Insect in the World.

The stick insect of Borneo is the largest insect known. Specimens thirteen inches in length have been captured. The insect exactly resembles a piece of rough stick, and when resting



The Cashmere Gate, Delhi.

as tame that the sals standing at our backs had to utter ear-piercing shrieks before they felt compelled to get out of our way.

As we drew near the foot of the hills we beheld with great delight, our state elephant, a huge creature covered all over with a scarlet cloth and having on his back an open howdah covered with red, which appeared to us like a low red box. The enormous creature was swinging restlessly from side to

Killed His Tormentor.

Francis Thill, of Six Mile Creek, was arrested Tuesday evening, charged with the murder of Frederick Marker, of New Haven township. Thill is 31 years old; the victim 22. The crime is the result of much persecution of the old man on the part of half a dozen young men. Thill lives in a miserable shack, which he has occupied since 1893. It consists of, but one room, which serves all his purposes, and stands near the bank of the Shawansee river, six miles north of this city, and on a main traveled road. Thill's story is that the young man, with others, forced him to admit them at 11 o'clock Monday night, when they proceeded to annoy him, and being intoxicated became abusive. To defend himself he struck Marker on the head with a club. Marker was hastily picked up and driven to his home, two miles away. He regained consciousness and was apparently better until Sunday morning, when he failed rapidly. It was found that trephining was necessary, and the operation was performed. However, Marker continued to sink and died Tuesday.

Reunion of the Thirty-first.

Every member of the Thirty-first Michigan Infantry in attendance upon the annual reunion of the regiment in Lansing was distinguished by the red bandana handkerchief necktie which he wore. The reunion was an enjoyable success in every respect. The members turned out well, it being estimated that 400 soldiers of the regiment were here. By far the largest number came from Jackson, Adrian, Ann Arbor and Mason, although the three Detroit companies and the company from Monroe were well represented. Every company had its members in the line.

Ranching in Michigan.

The Alpena Ranch Co., incorporated with \$20,000 capital by a number of men at Cass City, filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state to-day. The company proposes to purchase lands from the state, ditch, fence and reclaim unproductive tracts, buy and sell lands and raise stock and farm products. The company was brought into existence by reason of the prospect that northern Michigan lands will become valuable for farming, the bargain sales of the state being an additional inducement.

CONDENSED NEWS.

A 35,000 barrel tank of oil was struck by lightning and burned near Findlay, O. The storm blew down many derricks in the oil field.

Hartwell Stafford, who shot Stillman Bishop at Boston for an alleged insult to Miss Etta MacLean, has rounded out the romance by marrying the girl.

Wholesale forgery of naturalization papers was the scheme of a gang of Italians in New York, three of whom have been arrested. It is said they sold fully 1,000 certificates at \$5 to \$100 each.

An autopsy performed on the body of Iona Mason, a 13-year-old Cleveland girl who it was supposed had committed suicide on Monday by drinking carbolic acid, showed that her death was due to a ruptured heart, a cause, according to the coroner, rare enough to be remarkable.

AMUSEMENTS IN DETROIT.

Week Ending May 30.
DETROIT OPERA HOUSE—Grand Opera in *Eugene Onegin*.—Saturday and Sunday at 7:30.
LUTHER THEATRE—Pike Theatre Co.—*Miss Hobbs*.—Summer Prices, 25c and 50c.
WHITNEY THEATRE—The Pedlar's Claim.—Mat. 10c, 15c and 25c; Eve. 10c, 15c and 25c.
THEATRE DE LA VILLE—*Yvonne*.—Mat. 10c, 15c and 25c; Eve. 10c, 15c and 25c.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Detroit—Cattle—Choice steers, \$4.50; 4.50; good to choice butcher steers, 1.50 to 1.20; cows, \$4.75; light to good butcher steers and heifers, 70c to 80c; cows, \$2.75; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$3.50; canners, \$1.50; common bulls, \$3.50; good shippers' bulls, \$3.50; common feeders, \$1.50; good well-bred feeders, \$2.75; light butchers, \$3.50; sheep—Best lambs, \$3.75; light Yorkers, \$3.75; roughs, \$3.75; 2.50; stage, one-third off. Sheep—Best lambs, \$3.75; light Yorkers, \$3.75; roughs, \$3.75; 2.50; stage, one-third off. Sheep—Best lambs, \$3.75; light Yorkers, \$3.75; roughs, \$3.75; 2.50; stage, one-third off.

East Buffalo—Cattle—Practically none on sale Tuesday; range of prices about same as at Saturday. Hogs—Mediums, \$4.50; heavy, \$4.50; 4.50; Yorkers, \$4.50; pigs, \$4.50; 4.50; roughs, \$4.50; stage, \$4.50. Sheep—Best lambs, \$3.75; light Yorkers, \$3.75; roughs, \$3.75; 2.50; stage, one-third off. Sheep—Best lambs, \$3.75; light Yorkers, \$3.75; roughs, \$3.75; 2.50; stage, one-third off.

Chicago—Cattle—Good to prime steers, \$4.50; poor to medium, \$4.50; stockers and feeders, \$3.50; cows, \$4.50; heifers, \$4.50; canners, \$1.50; bulls, \$3.50; calves, \$3.50; Texas fed steers, \$4.50. Hogs—Mixed and butchers, \$4.50; good to choice heavy, \$4.50; rough heavy, \$4.50; light, \$4.50; bulk of sales, \$4.50. Sheep—Choice wethers, \$4.50; fair to choice mixed, \$4.50; native 1-bm \$4.50.

Grain.
Detroit—Wheat—No. 1 white, 75c; No. 2 red, 60c; No. 3 white, 70c; No. 4 red, 60c; No. 5 white, 70c; No. 6 red, 60c; No. 7 white, 70c; No. 8 red, 60c; No. 9 white, 70c; No. 10 red, 60c; No. 11 white, 70c; No. 12 red, 60c; No. 13 white, 70c; No. 14 red, 60c; No. 15 white, 70c; No. 16 red, 60c; No. 17 white, 70c; No. 18 red, 60c; No. 19 white, 70c; No. 20 red, 60c; No. 21 white, 70c; No. 22 red, 60c; No. 23 white, 70c; No. 24 red, 60c; No. 25 white, 70c; No. 26 red, 60c; No. 27 white, 70c; No. 28 red, 60c; No. 29 white, 70c; No. 30 red, 60c; No. 31 white, 70c; No. 32 red, 60c; No. 33 white, 70c; No. 34 red, 60c; No. 35 white, 70c; No. 36 red, 60c; No. 37 white, 70c; No. 38 red, 60c; No. 39 white, 70c; No. 40 red, 60c; No. 41 white, 70c; No. 42 red, 60c; No. 43 white, 70c; No. 44 red, 60c; No. 45 white, 70c; No. 46 red, 60c; No. 47 white, 70c; No. 48 red, 60c; No. 49 white, 70c; No. 50 red, 60c; No. 51 white, 70c; No. 52 red, 60c; No. 53 white, 70c; No. 54 red, 60c; No. 55 white, 70c; No. 56 red, 60c; 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THE TWENTIETH MICHIGAN.

Continued from first page.

battle as reserves at the terrible battle of Fredericksburg. That was the extent of fighting for that year but they suffered much from sickness in camp at Falmouth. In the spring of '63 the regiment was moved west to Kentucky, where it was that soon after they came in contact with Morgan's Raiders and suffered a severe loss. The fight lasted two days, only a portion of the regiment being engaged on the first, but the day following the entire regiment participated with a loss of 29 men.

The regiment next went to re-enforce Grant before Vicksburg, and after the surrender of that place it went into the interior of the state, where it suffered a great deal from sickness.

The next active service was at the siege of Knoxville. Then came one of their hardest marches to Blain's Cross Roads on which they suffered many privations and terrible hardships.

The regiment at this time rejoined the Army of the Potomac and immediately plunged into the awful battle of the Wilderness under the leadership of Grant. As the winter of '64-'65 came upon them they were in the trenches before Petersburg within 200 yards of the enemy, and at the first approach of spring headed an assault which cost a considerable loss but effected much toward the final result at Appomattox.

When the evacuation of Petersburg was forced they entered that city. From there they were ordered to Alexandria via City Point. Here they remained until ordered to Washington where they participated in the grand review of the army of the Potomac.

The regiment was mustered out of service on the 30th of May, thirty eight years previous to the coming Saturday when the survivors honor their comrades gone before. On the 9th of June the regiment was paid off and disbanded at Jackson and the brave soldiers once more became the simple citizen of our town and county.

The regiment participated in 30 battles and skirmishes and the result of its camps, marches, campaigns and battles was 102 killed of wounds or in action, 125 of disease, 371 wounded in action and four taken prisoners, making a total of 602 grievously effected out of the gallant 1,012 that left Jackson so proudly. The above sacrifice was stupendous but it is possible that there are some today who will hold it very lightly. Would that every loyal citizen should do his best that their deeds may be held in sacred remembrance.

THE NEWS OF BATTLE.

How These at Home Anxiously Watched News From Loved Ones.

At home when the news came—with this for a subject couldn't you tell something about those days of anxious experiences in the sixties for The Standard's readers? was the question put to a woman known locally but who doesn't care to have her name mentioned.

Her mind's eye went back retrospectively, and, forgetful of the present, the one questioned lived over again in memory of that which is still almost real because of its vividness.

"Yes," she answered, "I well recall the night the news came that my brother was either killed or wounded. It is still very plain to me. I can hardly understand how some can forget it all so easily. I was a very small girl but the terror of that night is still with me.

"We were living on a farm near Adrian, and our home was in a log house, which was a common occurrence in those days. My father, I think, was as interested in the war as anyone in our neighborhood and he took a number of papers, more than anyone near us, but we did not have a daily because it was so difficult to get it to us. However, there was a means for giving our news in those days. At Adrian, and I suppose it was so in other places, when there had been a big battle the cannon would be fired. The day my brother was wounded, just at evening, the cannon began to boom from a distance. I can see father yet as he walked anxiously up and down our yard at twilight, thinking to stop some traveler that might have news. There was a pall of fear upon us all, and mother, I remember, stayed in doors very quietly.

"Night came down and we went to bed. Being so young I went soon to sleep, but even to this day I can see the low sloping roof above my bed and the little window under the eaves.

"That fear was upon me as I realized from the fact that, child as I was, I awoke at the first sound in the night and I found myself shivering with fear as I heard my brother-in-law, who lived in Jackson and had driven rapidly to our place, calling out of the night: 'Father, father,' he called, 'there has been a big battle today and by the news in tonight's paper we fear Thomas has been wounded. There is a name very like his'.

"All of the foregoing I heard as plainly

as plain could be. I heard father undo the door fastenings and then the low conversation below. Then they came for me. Father, it was decided, should take the train at the nearest station, which was miles away, and mother and I were to drive him over. It seems to me I can feel the cold night air of that drive upon me even yet. And as I look back I can realize now how brave mother must have been for I do not remember that she showed her great fear except by her quietness.

"Then after father went away there was the long, long wait before we heard from him, and then it was to the effect that he could not find my brother. There were long anxious days of searching through the hospitals of St. Louis, and then by merest chance my father found my brother. Then followed the discouraging letters that perhaps he could never be brought home, and through it all, mother with an agonized heart appeared brave. Oh! I suppose it is natural to want a holiday and sports and pastimes on Memorial Day by those who know nothing of the anguish of those days, and perhaps they that take part in them are just as good patriots, but to those that know the sorrow of those days gaiety seems like desecration.

"After a long, long heart rending delay father brought my brother home. I shall never forget the sight of that wagon as it came over the hill looking down upon our house. Mother for the first time in all her trying experience sat down and cried. She sat in a low rocking chair with her apron thrown over her head slowly swaying to and fro and crying softly to herself. But when Thomas was brought in her tears were dried and she went bravely to work at a task that lasted several months.

"Yes, such is a brief paragraph as war writes itself locally, and saddening as our trial was it could not be compared with the desolation wrought in other homes; but all of it was so terrible, so terrifying that I hope the memory of the sacrifice of those days may not be entirely lost."

As the lady who told the above story for The Standard and its readers the writer thought that here, in this simple story, was written the true meaning of war as it seldom is in books and histories.

FACING THE ISSUE.

An Old Veteran Tells of the Way He Came to Join the Army.

"How did we go about it to enlist? How did we happen to, and how did we feel?" repeated the man thus questioned when interrogated for the benefit of The Standard's readers. "Why say, son, it wasn't any trouble, much to speak of, to get into the army in those days. Some went because of a sense of duty, others enlisted under excitement, some went because their chums did and still others thought it one big harvest time of glory. And then, too, some were drafted.

"In my case," he went on, "it was war meetings. Never heard of them did you? There isn't anything said about them in books that I can find. I'll have to tell you about it and you can fix it up for the paper to suit yourself.

"The war had been going nearly two years when I fell in line. Might, perhaps, have gone before but wasn't old enough. Was only 17 when I did go. Now these war meetings I was going to mention. They were something like a political meeting but none that you ever saw or ever will would be a match for those meetings back in the sixties.

"I was living on a farm just outside a little village, in those days, and when there was to be a war meeting the folks would come driving into town 'fore I had the milking done. The night I enlisted the meeting was to be held at the little Presbyterian church. There was a lot of big guns present and the colonel who was organizing the regiment was there, too.

"Gosh! I wish you could have looked down on that little burg that night. Everyone had flags out, a life and drum corps was whooping 'er up and the Home Guards were marching to and fro throwing out their chests and stopping high.

"And then there in the church. All the best singers in town were banded in a mass band of the speakers and how they did sing. I can hear those tunes yet: 'Brave boys are they, gone at their country's call'; 'Rebels at home go home go hide your faces'; John Brown's body and Star Spangled Banner and all those old times. There were a lot more such songs in those days.

"And by mustard! when the singing and speech making was over that night, then came the climax. The colonel called for volunteers. First one fellow and then another would stand up and go forward and sign. Every time a new one would put his name down the crowd would cheer and when it would die away one could hear in every part of the house women crying and taking on. Say, if anything in this world would get on a fellow's nerves those meetings would.

I remember distinctly when the meeting was most out the colonel shouted that if there were any present who wanted to enlist but hadn't, to come to the depot, that they would be given a chance there. It was then that I made up my mind to go.

Down there at the station you can bet the excitement didn't lag any. There was whooping and hurrahing and, with

a hand that would hardly write, I was so excited, I put my name down. Being mustered in, life in camp and off for the front are all phases of that time mentioned in books, but it seems to me that the story of the war meetings has never been told as it deserves.

ORDER OF THE DAY.

The Program of Exercises and Order of March to be Observed Saturday.

The order of exercises on Memorial Day will be as follows: Commencing at the town hall at 2 o'clock the program as below will be given, after which the march to the cemetery will begin.

Music, Chelsea Band.
Reading of Orders.
Vocal Music, Male Quartette.
Prayer, Rev. C. S. Jones.
Vocal Music, Quartette.
Address, Rev. Fr. Considine.
Vocal Music, Quartette.
Benediction, Rev. Albert Schoen.
After the exercises at the hall the procession, under command of Marshal John Palmer will form on Middle street, in the following order, and march to the cemetery where the grave will be decorated, and the Grand Army services performed at the Soldier's Monument.

Marchal.
Band.
K. O. T. M. M.
G. A. R.
Speakers.
W. R. C.
Flower Wagon.
Carriages.

Everyone is invited to contribute flowers for Memorial Day. Those desiring to do so are requested to leave them at the town hall Saturday morning, May 30th, at nine o'clock where a committee will be ready to care for them.

CLARA HEMENS.

One of Chelsea's Popular Teachers Dies After a Terrible Illness.

Miss Clara Belle Hemens, whose fight for life was watched by so many sympathizing friends, died Friday, May 22nd.

For days hope lingered that she would overcome her terrible malady, but the chances at all times were very meager and the end came not unexpectedly.

Miss Hemens at the time when she was forced to leave her work was about completing her fifth year as a teacher in the Chelsea schools; and having remained here so long and with satisfaction to all she was therefore much respected and loved.

She was born in Jackson, November 18, 1868. Unfortunately domestic surroundings, the worst being the effectual loss of her mother through insanity, early forced upon her the trying realities of life.

She early began teaching, her first school being the Schenk school west of Sylvan.

As a teacher she rose to a high rank and Mr. Gifford, superintendent of our schools, speaks of her abilities in the highest terms.

Her sickness was of a very unusual order and is described as a cerebral abscess in the report of her death to the state. Aside from any technical medical description it may be said that abscesses formed between the outer and inner bones of the skull where the two layers of bone are more widely separated above the eyes. One abscess made itself apparent and was relieved, but the other did not and came finally to result in blood poisoning. It is said to be an unusual case in medical annals.

The funeral was held Monday from the Congregational church, Rev. C. S. Jones officiating. After the services the body was placed aboard the 2:30 west bound express and taken to South Lyon, the home of her uncle, Sylvanus Hemans, for interment.

SPLENDID DEVELOPMENTS.

Miss Grace Gates Demonstrates to Local Friends Her Accomplishment in Vocal Music.

The fine success of a former Chelsea girl in the vocal art was very pleasingly attested Sunday at the Memorial service at the Baptist church.

Reference is had here to the singing of Miss Grace Gates, which was so much enjoyed by all present and enthusiastically commented on by those competent to judge.

Miss Gates voice is said to have always been possessed of sweetness and now that it has been thoroughly trained it has lost nothing of its former quality thereby, but is rather enhanced in that respect and now entirely within her easy control.

In her training, too, she has acquired none of the mannerisms so common among trained singers, and her very best efforts are attended with no visible effort.

Her voice now has a good range, is sweet and musical and is possessed of a dramatic quality that makes it appeal wonderfully well to her hearers.

Card of Thanks.

The relatives of the late Miss Clara B. Hemans wish hereby to extend their sincere thanks to all who in any way ministered to her comfort during her illness, also for attentions paid after her death and at the funeral. They wish particularly to thank Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Gorman for their many kindnesses and for opening their home at the time of the funeral.

Try Standard gratis.

PERSONAL.

Wm. Kelly was in Detroit Sunday.
Dr. A. L. Steger was in Detroit Friday.
Miss Edith Boyd was in Battle Creek Sunday.

Mrs. M. Staffan was in Ann Arbor Tuesday.
Miss Anna Mast visited Jackson friends Tuesday.

Emil Mast spent Sunday with friends in Toledo.
Henry Speer was in Grass Lake part of last week.

Miss Anna Zukke is the guest of Jackson friends.
Wm. Hauser of Saline spent Sunday with friends here.

Miss Vera Glazler was Saturday and Sunday in Detroit.
Herbert Coe of Ann Arbor was a Chelsea visitor Sunday.

Will Martin of Ann Arbor spent Sunday with friends here.
Edward Burlingame of Byron is the guest of relatives here.

Dr. A. L. Steger attended the ball game at Detroit Monday.
Miss Mary Kelly is spending this week with Detroit relatives.

Dr. A. L. Steger took in the circus at Ann Arbor Tuesday evening.
Dr. A. L. Steger spent Sunday with Jackson friends at Wolf Lake.

Mrs. Dewey of Jackson was the guest of Mrs. Wm. Arnold Thursday.
Mrs. E. Foster of Grass Lake was the guest of her parents Sunday.

Miss I. Fenner and children of Cadillac are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. Everett.
Miss Lillie Bross of Dexter was the guest of the Misses Wackenhut Sunday.

Miss Eva Etsler of Bay City spent the past week with her brother George Etsler.
Mrs. G. E. Hathaway accompanied by her children went to Detroit Tuesday.

Julius Lorentzen and Adolph Eisen of Detroit were Chelsea visitors Sunday.
E. A. Williams and family are visiting relatives in Weberville this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Godeler of Dexter visited Mr. and Mrs. W. Rheinfank Sunday.
Philip Schumacher of Ann Arbor was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Grdies Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Yocum of Marchest were the guests of friends here Sunday.
Mrs. Fred Welch and daughter Ruth are visiting at the home of her parents in Adrian.

Mrs. C. Congdon and daughter, Mrs. Peter Forner spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gleske.
Misses Gertrude Hogan and Frances Bailey of Bridgewater were the guests of Miss Linna Mills Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Zinke of Dexter were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. Zinke of Sharon Sunday.
Emil Kantlehner of Detroit was the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kantlehner the past week.

Adam Ritz and John Lucas of Ann Arbor, Mr. and Mrs. Aliza Ritz and daughter of Danaville Ill. and Mrs. Earl Gardner of Grand Rapids were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Hafner of Sylvan the past week.

Like Father, Like Son.
"Look at the way baby's working his mouth," exclaimed Mrs. Newman. "Now," he proposed to put his foot in it."

"H'm," replied her husband, grumpily. "Hereditary. That's what I did when I proposed.—Philadelphia Press.

Economy Surely.
Husband—You are not economical. Wife—Well, if you don't call a woman economical who saves her wedding dress for a possible second marriage I'd like to know what you think economy is.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

SHYLOCK

Shylock was the man who wanted a pound of human flesh. There are many Shylocks now, the convalescent, the consumptive, the sickly child, the pale young woman, all want human flesh and they can get it—take Scott's Emulsion.

Scott's Emulsion is flesh and blood, bone and muscle. It feeds the nerves, strengthens the digestive organs and they feed the whole body.

For nearly thirty years Scott's Emulsion has been the great giver of human flesh.

We will send you a couple of ounces free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 605-615 Pearl Street, New York. Get and know all druggists.

Oh, the Serpent!
The girl with the bean order, simpering silyly, said to Number 29: "Everybody's looking at us." Number 29 tossed her locks out of her eyes with that impatient gesture peculiar to petulant natures. Haughty and proud under the unmistakable admiration of every hash-douring clerk in the restaurant, she glared scornfully into the far-away realms of space beyond the pie counter.

"What do I care for men?" she retorted. "The whole bunch is gay deceivers."

"Why, Magi!"
"Dat's right. 'Tother night I met a feller at de Arlon's ball. He was nice to me. I give him six dances. Den he pulled out his watch, an' dere was a photograph of two kids in de lid!"—Newark Evening News.

Strongest Jail.
Graham county jail, at Clifton, Ariz., is the strongest jail in the world. It comprises four large apartments hewn from the solid quartz rock of a hillside. The entrance is through a box-like vestibule built of heavy masonry and equipped with three sets of steel gates. Some of the most desperate criminals on the southwest border have been confined in the Clifton jail, and so solid and heavy are the barriers that no one there has ever attempted to escape.—N. Y. Sun.

WANT COLUMN

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

NOW is the time to get your bee supplies and if bees are needed order them this month. J. W. Graham, Chelsea, Mich. Res. Wilkinson street—Boland crossing. Beeswax wanted.

HIGHEST market price paid for rye, delivered at the bean house. J. P. Wood & Co. 84tf

Popular & Tuneful Music

The following well selected songs, waltzes and two-steps at

25 cents a Copy.

Songs—Mona, Hiawatha, I Want a Man Like Romeo and Under the Bamboo Tree, To-night.

Waltzes—Under the Rose, Lazarre, Viola, My Dream Lady and Polka Dot.

Two-steps—Dixie Girl, Hiawatha, Dolores and Mississippi Bubble.

E. E. WINANS.

PLOWS!

To the Farmers' of Washtenaw county:

We are here to do business with you. Our PLOWS are sold on their merits. If you are in need of a PLOW please do not fail to give us a call and we can please you.

Strict attention given to job work in castings of all kinds.

PLOW repairs in stock for all plows

HARRISON & MORAN, CHELSEA PLOW WORKS.

SMOKE THE BEST CIGAR.

Schussler's new brands of cigars

JUNIOR STARS

AND OLD JUD.

They equal any of the best high grade cigars on the market.

MANUFACTURED BY SCHUSSLER BROS.

WEBSTER

THE TAILOR

Can show you the finest line of

SPRING

SUITINGS

In town. Call and look them over.

Chelsea Greenhouse.

Tomatoes, cabbage, cauliflower, peppers at 10c per doz.

Other plants 15c per 100. Be sure and try a few of these tomato plants already in bloom.

A fine line of bedding plants. Cut flowers all the time.

ELIJAH CLARK, Florist, Phone connection Chelsea, Mich.

STRAW HATS.

1903 Styles Straw Hats.

Every Straw Hat in this store is new. This assures the latest correct styles. Another consideration is price. We are anxious to have a comparison of values decide where you shall buy your Straw Hats.

SUMMER UNDERWEAR.

We carry a complete line of underwear in all styles. Children's, Misses and Ladies' Underwear at 5c, 10c, 15c, 20c, 25c and 50c. Men's and Boy's summer underwear in French balbriggan and light wool from 25c to \$1.00 per garment. In all colors.

Eggs taken same as cash.

The Chelsea Dry Goods & Shoe Co.



A WATCH TICKS

141,912,000 times every year; the various wheels revolve 4,730,540 times annually, and yet we often find watches that have been allowed to run four or five years without cleaning or fresh oil. If you have a good watch treat it as you would any other piece of machinery. You give time and every attention the bicycle and gun and carriage—but the watch, so delicate in construction, is left to itself. Does it thrust for oil, run irregular, stop? Why, then, blame the watchmaker? Be fair with your watch. Bring it here and let me examine it. Charges moderate. Work guaranteed.

F. KANTLEHNER.

Summer Millinery.

We have in our show rooms the latest New York creations in

PATTERN HATS AND NOVELTIES

at popular prices. Call and examine them.

MARY HAAB.

HARNESSES.

We offer special inducements in our harness stock at the Steinbach building. This stock must be reduced within the next 30 days and in order to make it move quickly we offer the entire stock at reduced prices. This will include about 12 or 15 sets heavy double harness, 6 or 8 sets light double harness, 18 or 20 fine single harness, harness oils, sweat pads, greases, halters and whips.

BUGGIES AND SURRIES

When in need of a buggy, surry, road wagon or farm wagon please call. We have the price to make it an object to buy of us.

W. J. KNAPP.

SEE RAFTREY FOR THE NEWEST

SUMMER CLOTHING

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

Agents for the celebrated dyes, dry and steam cleaners.

Ladies' Jackets made and remodeled.

All work guaranteed.

GLASS BLOCK TAILORING PARLORS.

J. J. RAFTREY Proprietor.

Phone 37.

Japanese Napkins

Nice new stock just received at

THE STANDARD OFFICE

If you want a live paper subscribe for The Standard.

THIS WEEK AT FREEMAN BROS.

Finest Elsie cheese 15c pound
Fancy red salmon 2 cans 25c
Fancy sour cucumber pickles 8c dozen
Fancy sweet cucumber pickles 10c dozen
Large queen olives 50c quart
Ripe California olives 40c quart
Our Standard brand Mocha and Java coffee at 25c a pound
Japan tea at 30c, 40c and 50c a pound
Jackson Gem flour warranted 60c per sack
All the best fresh fruits and vegetables as soon as they are on the market.
For grocery satisfaction and good things to eat go to

Freeman Bros.

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.

Sell all kinds of roofing. Wiggins B asphalt roofing, Three-ply black diamond prepared roofing, Big B line.
White pine, red and white cedar shingles, brick, tile, lime, cement.
Farmers' market for all kinds of farm produce.

See our Fence Posts before you buy.

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.

SUMMER MILLINERY

We are showing everything new and up-to-date in summer
PATTERN HATS, NOVELTIES
and trimmings at prices that defy competition.
You are cordially invited to call.
MILLER SISTERS.

EXCELLENT MEATS!

THE MOST TENDER THAT MONEY WILL BUY
In the way of Beef, Pork, Veal, Mutton,
Salt and Smoked Meats.
FISH AND OYSTERS.
Try our own Pure Leaf Rendered Lard at 12 1/2c pound. Discount in 50 pound lots.
ADAM EPPLER.
Phone 41. Free delivery.

Our assortment of
Watches, Clocks, Rings, Brooches, Charms, Chains
spectacles of all kinds, gold pens, etc., is complete and prices as low as the lowest. Call and examine our goods.
A. E. WINANS,
JEWELER.
Repairing of all kinds neatly and promptly done on short notice.

Try The Standard and
Get all the local news.

DISASTROUS WRECK.
Carelessness is responsible for many a railway wreck and the same causes are making human wrecks of sufferers from throat and lung troubles. But since the advent of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, even the worst cases can be cured, and hopeless resignation is no longer necessary. Mrs. Lora Craig of Dorchester, Mass., is one of many whose life was saved by Dr. King's New Discovery. This guarantee is guaranteed for all throat and lung diseases. At Glazier & Stimson, Drug Store. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

The latest thing out in
Japanese napkins on sale.

TRAVELERS RAILWAY GUIDE
25 CENTS
16 ADAMS STREET, CHICAGO.
DOESN'T RESPECT OLD AGE.
It is shameful when youth fails to show proper respect for old age, but just the contrary in the case of Dr. King's New Life Pills. They cut off maladies no matter how severe and irrespective of old age. Dyspepsia, jaundice, fever, constipation all yield to this perfect pill. 50c at Glazier & Stimson's Drug Store.

LOCAL EVENTS

OF THE PAST WEEK FOR
THE STANDARD'S READERS.

The Famous Whitney Family Monday June 1st.

There were only 53 deaths in Washtenaw during April.

Miss Lena Foster is now employed as clerk at Freeman Bros. store.

Rev. C. S. Jones delivered an address to Y. M. C. A. at Ann Arbor Sunday.

The best small show traveling today. The Whitney Family Chelsea Monday June 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Larnee who have been spending the past winter here have moved to Jackson.

It is expected a number from Chelsea K. O. T. M. will attend the memorial service at Manchester Sunday.

Miss Margarette Bahmiller who has been several weeks at home returned to the University hospital Wednesday where she will undergo an operation.

At St. Paul's church Sunday-school will be held at 9:30 as is the custom on communion Sunday. The sacrament will be administered after the regular preaching service.

The Maccabees will hold their memorial service Sunday, June 14th. At that time it is expected that an officer of the Great Camp will be present to deliver the address.

There will be a lawn social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Clark of Lyndon, on Tuesday evening, June 2nd for the benefit of Eureka grange. Everybody invited.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Mary M. Schaible to John E. Grossman on the afternoon of June 30th. The wedding will take place at the home of the bride's parents in Sharon.

Mr. Harlan P. Briggs, of Ann Arbor it is announced will sing Sunday evening at the Methodist church. Many of Mr. Briggs local friends will avail themselves of this opportunity to hear him.

There will be an entertainment at the school house of district No. 5 in Sharon Friday evening, June 5th. The children of the district will render a program following which ice cream will be served.

It is rumored that the present foremen of the section gangs, working from Chelsea, will be retired and placed in charge of crossings within the village limits that require to be better guarded.

Prof. D. C. Marion has just closed a very successful school year near Milan and will spend the summer vacation here. He has been engaged for another year in the district adjoining the one he had the past year.

Verne Evans, Otto Heller and Archie Alexander recently went to St. Louis to enlist in the industrial army. Alexander was made a high private but Evans and Heller came back for further training with the home guards.

LaFayette Grange will meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fletcher Saturday, June 6, 1903 at 2 o'clock. Subjects for discussion: "Fodders and forage crops that the every day farmer should grow." "Short cuts in housekeeping."

Married, at Toledo May 19, by the Rev. Fr. Shevereaugh, Mr. Geo. A. Tume and M. a Elizabeth Wade, formerly of Chelsea, but now of that city. After the ceremony the young couple went at once to their home at 1,823, north 14th street.

The ladies of the Bay View Reading Circle will hold their annual banquet at the Chelsea House Monday evening. A fine toast program has been prepared and an excellent menu will be served and a highly enjoyable occasion is anticipated.

Talk about your runaway money! The team of Jacob Klein, of Sharon, became frightened at a threshing machine, while coming into town this week, and when they stopped running fine out of nineteen dozen eggs had been reduced from a cash value to zero.

Monday June 1st is the day the parental ancestor will gather the children and send his way to the show ground and buy peanuts and red lemonade for his young hopefuls and enter into the spirit of his boyhood days. The Whitney are in town on that date.

Tuesday was unmistakably a great day, according to the testimony of many Chelsea people Ann Arbor was the center of the earth and the circus the center of that town, and to prove it they cited the fact that the sky began to arch directly over the center pole. Every man of mature years that had a kid or could borrow one, was seen headed toward Stager's station bent on giving the youngsters a sight at the animals, which is always claimed to be as good as a liberal education. Apparently circus money comes easier than taxes.

Mr. and Mrs. Rodney A. Snyder announce the marriage of their daughter Clara Vee to Mr. Otto Henry Hans of Ann Arbor at the home of the bride on the afternoon of June 9th. Both Miss Snyder and Mr. Hans are well known and very popular in a wide circle of acquaintances and their wedding promises to be a very brilliant affair.

Dr. Orrin Riemenschneider is about to locate in this his home town, for the practice of dentistry. He will occupy the offices heretofore used by Dr. G. E. Hathaway. Dr. Riemenschneider graduated from the University dental school a year ago and most of the time since has been engaged in dental work for the state at Kalamazoo.

In Washtenaw county thirty-seven divorces were granted last year. At the beginning of the year there were sixty-eight cases pending and at the end eighty cases pending. Forty-nine new divorce bills were filed. Not a single divorce was contested and not a single divorce was refused, nor was there a single divorce suit withdrawn.

The Theta Pi young ladies were entertained Tuesday evening by Miss Frances Noyes in honor of Miss Clara V. Snyder whose wedding in June has been announced. Miss Snyder other than receiving the best wishes and congratulations of her club friends was also presented with a cut glass memento as a souvenir of her happy connection with the club.

The executive committee of the Washtenaw County Pioneer Society have made arrangements for holding the annual meeting of the society in Ypsilanti June 10, 1903. A good program will be provided and dinner served. A large attendance is expected. The committee consists of F. A. Graves, president; Robert Campbell, secretary; William Campbell, W. H. Lay, J. M. Chidester, N. C. Carpenter and E. D. Holmes.

A young man by the name of W. H. Woodward, a canvasser in the employ of the Chicago Portrait company, who was at work in this place some weeks ago, disappeared from the Morton house in Dexter Sunday morning three weeks ago, borrowing a razor as he left, and his remains were found Monday morning in an unused house near Dexter. He had undoubtedly committed suicide. The remains were badly decomposed.

The Standard is this week in receipt of the Official Year Book and Directory of St. Mary's Catholic church presented by Rev. William P. Considine, pastor. Besides containing much valuable information for communicants there are splendid half-tone cuts of Rev. Fr. Considine and the church. In it are also printed the names of nearly 650 members of this church. This book should be in the hands of all the friends of the parish.

The lecture and life motion pictures of the celebrated Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau was given Wednesday evening at St. Mary's church. There were fully 600 present and the verdict of all was that the representation was truly wonderful. The pictures were made from an actual performance by the devout peasant actors of Ober-Ammergau and the reverent treatment and impressiveness are carried into the representation.

Rev. Fr. Considine announces, and it is also so printed in the year book just out, that beginning June 1st and continuing until Sept, let the services of the church will be as follows. Sundays—First Mass, 7:30 a. m.; High Mass, 10 a. m.; Baptism, 2:30 p. m.; Vespers and Benediction 7:30 p. m. On week days Low Mass will be at 7:30 a. m. Next Sunday there will be special services it being Pentecost Sunday. The collection that day will be for the Pope.

The program of the district Sunday school convention, at the Lima Methodist church, as printed in last week's Standard, was successfully carried out Wednesday afternoon, although the attendance was considerably effected by the storm. Those in attendance listened to helpful papers and discussions and at the close of the afternoon session were well taken care of by the Epworth League of the Lima church which served a most excellent supper.

The clerks in the various stores are again agitating for the continuance of the present system of closing. That it is desirable for them is undoubtedly true, and everyone concerned for that matter, unless it results disastrously to Chelsea's trade in the long run. This depends almost wholly upon the farmers about Chelsea. If through the summer, when their work is heaviest, they can get into town to do their trading before 8:30 p. m. in all likelihood they will do so, but if they cannot then the clerks and storekeepers must face the fact. The Adrian Press only last week referred to the fact that business in that city has been injured because the farming community could not be accommodated because the stores closed too early. In the instance locally it would be well if the clerks and the farmers would talk the matter over as the latter come in to trade.

Subscribe for The Standard.

OXFORDS



SUMMER
OPENING
ANNOUNCEMENT



In all our long experience we never saw more perfect foot-wear for wo-

men than the new season's OXFORDS.

They are dainty, elegant and perfect fitting.

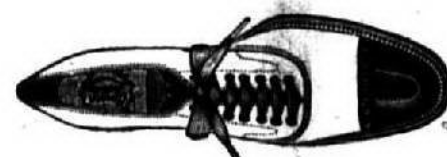
gant and perfect

All the new, correct styles for the season are now here.

styles for the season

We cordially invite your inspection.

Oxfords \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00 and \$2.50.



W. P. SCHENK & COMPANY.

See advertisement on first page.

The flower festival under the direction of the Methodist church is being held in the old Chelsea Savings Bank building. The sale of flowers and potted plants has been good but there is still a choice array on hand that would delight anyone to see. Tomorrow is to be known as market day. Baked goods of all kinds will be on sale.

We are again to have an old-time one ring circus. The old reliable Whitney Family, known to every old head and many of the youngsters, will pitch their tents in Chelsea Monday June 1st for two performances. The show this year is said to surpass any previous effort and fully up to the standard of the reputation. No big street parade is given but two fine band concerts daily.

The market today is as follows: Wheat red or white 65 cents; rye 47 cents; oats 34 cents; corn 25 cents; beans \$1.70 for 60 pounds; clover seed June \$7.00; potatoes 25 to 30 cents; beef cattle 21 to 41 cents; veal calves 41 to 5 cents; live hogs \$6.00; dressed hogs 7 cents; sheep 3 to 4 cents; lambs 4 to 5 cents; chickens 9 cents; fowls 9 cents; eggs 14 cents; butter 14 cents; wool 15 to 18 cents; hides dry 7 cents; hides green 5 cents; pelts 75 to \$1.25.

NOT A SICK DAY SINCE.
"I was taken severely sick with kidney trouble. I tried all sorts of medicines, none of which relieved me. One day I saw an ad. of your Electric Bitters and determined to try that. After taking a few doses I felt relieved, and soon thereafter was entirely cured, and have not seen a sick day since. Neighbors of mine have been cured of rheumatism, neuralgia, liver and kidney troubles and general debility." This is what B. F. Bass of Fremont, N. C. writes. Only 50c, at Glazier & Stimson, Druggists.

Dr. Hathaway wishes to announce to patients and patrons that he will continue the practice of Dentistry for the next 90 days or in order to complete all work under way; also will be pleased to do any Dental work for any and all at greatly reduced prices. You may depend upon our work as our reputation is a competent and careful operator is as much at stake as in the past. Office at the old stand over Glazier & Stimson's Drug Store.

FROM A CAT SCRATCH.
On the arm, to the worst sort of a burn, sore or boil, DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is a quick cure. In buying Witch Hazel Salve, be particular to get DeWitt's—this is the salve that heals without leaving a scar. A specific for blind, bleeding, itching and proudding piles. Sold by Glazier & Stimson.
Spring lameness, leg aches, back aches, foot tired, no ambition, no appetite, all run down feeling. Rocky Mountain Tea puts new life into your body; you feel good all over. 35 cents. Glazier & Stimson.

BUCKEYE SHOES

FOR MEN.

WATER **\$2.00.** PROOF

WITH

TIP AND TAP.

NO MORE, NO LESS.

J. S. CUMMINGS.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods and Staple Groceries.

We pay the Highest Market Price for Butter and Eggs

"The Straws Tell Which
Way The Wind Blows."

So does the steady increase of our business the few weeks we have been with you show and prove that we are making a flour second to none.

Remember we use nothing but western wheat and guarantee every pound to please you or your money refunded. Save the coupons in every sack of our flour and get a flour bin and sifter free of charge.

We can place a few more cars of hay at from \$10 to \$11.50 per ton.

MERCHANT MILLING CO.

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-out prices that reduce living expenses to the lowest terms. Remember, we are never undersold by anyone. Try us.

JOHN FARRELL.

PURE FOOD STORE

KILDARE'S RISE FROM THE SLUMS

The February number of "Success" contains the true life story of Owen Kildare, written by himself. Eight years ago he could not read and write. To-day he is the author of a number of short stories and magazine articles which have been published in leading periodicals. His forthcoming book, "My Mamie-Rose," will be published by Lothrop & Company of Boston. For lack of space we are unable to publish the first half of Mr. Kildare's biographical sketch, which describes his childhood, but give the last half, which describes his redemption from the slums of New York.

At the age of seven I stepped from my childhood into the street, where by right I belonged, and began the journey which, through many years in the valley, led me to the most glorious heights.

Most of the years of my life were idly spent in and around the Fourth Ward, where there are plenty of opportunities, but I never felt the stirring impulse of ambition until man's estate was reached.

One day, "Skinny" McCarthy, by ways which would not bear close scrutiny, had secured some money, and the "gang" most genially, helped him to spend it at the bar. When the feast had run its course, we trailed back to our kegs at the curb. I was first, McCarthy following me. I was resuming my seat, when a stifled cry attracted my attention. Turning, I saw McCarthy in collision with a girl, and, as usual, I prepared to laugh at the gay spectacle. Before my facial muscles had time to shape themselves into a grin, the girl looked at McCarthy, at the others, and at me, in a way which said, as plainly as words: "And you are men!"

I could almost believe that I felt the physical sensation of something snapping within me, but I did not stop to explain it to myself. Instead, I rushed toward them, hit my fellow-brute under the ear, and cleared a passage for the young lady.

With the closing of the crowd behind us, poor McCarthy, in his stunned condition, furnishing quite an interesting sight to the silly gapers—the reign of the brute in me was ended and the man born.

As this was my first attempt at playing the chivalric knight, I found it impossible to fit myself to my new role. Somehow impelled, I walked beside the young lady, acknowledging her expressions of gratitude with deep-toned grunts. To explain matters, she told me she was a teacher in one of the near-by schools, and was compelled to pass our "hang-out" every day on her way to and from home. In exchange for her confidence I should have introduced myself, but, alas! a big, hulking oaf knows naught of politeness.

But the bonny little lass was a marvel of tact and diplomacy. She put me on the witness stand and cross-examined me, firing leading questions at me until I was really ashamed at having told her so much about myself. When we arrived at her door, the wise counselor began to sum up, closing with an eloquent appeal to my manhood.

I was not permitted to depart until I had promised to forego some of my habits. I tried to sneeringly laugh at this, but the laugh was rather forced. Instead of returning to the "hang-out," I went to City Hall Square and walked and walked, and began to think. Could it be possible that all my life had been wasted? Did my notoriety, my reputation, amount to nothing? Could I be justly proud of myself? Had I ever done anything of benefit to others, or had I been always selfish and greedy in satisfying my material desires? Did I really have a soul?

That was my mental state for the night and the following day, and, as one cannot do much reflecting in a saloon, I kept away from there. I really do not know what prompted me to it, but I found myself in the neighborhood of the school as the classes were being dismissed. As I saw the little tots clinging to her skirts from very love of her, I seemed to hear a message whispered to me, and I nailed my sailing flag to the mast of purity.

She saw me, and, when she heard of my determination to act thenceforth as her bodyguard, she chided at first, but then laughed and told me I was very kind. I wish you could realize my feelings when she, the first to do so, told me that. Surely the dangers along the journey to her home were trifling and few, but no proud queen in days of sword and lance had more devoted cavalier to fight, die, or live for her. That seemed to be my sole duty. This new feeling of vague happiness had benumbed me, and, though I was then leading a more decent life, I was still aimless and without purpose. However, God does not send angels into the world without purpose.

We had arrived at her door on a beautiful afternoon, and I was on the point of taking leave, when she handed me a card and asked me a question concerning it. My fairy palace of bliss crumbled to pieces. I could not cipher or decipher my own name. What else could I do but sink away to hide myself, my ignorance, my shame, forever? But, before I had taken a step, a little hand grasped my arm, and, then and there, took up its faithful guidance of me, and every

number of my big, ungainly frame thrilled at this waking of a better life. Then the sweet professor, besides her class at school, saddled herself with this unwieldy, husky kindergarten. Never was the alphabet more quickly mastered, and "a-a, cat," and "r-r, rat," were spelled by me in a surprisingly short time. Who would not have learned quickly with such a teacher?

One thing which I can never emphasize sufficiently is the sacrifices that little woman underwent for me from the beginning to the very end. She was the main support of her mother and a young invalid brother. Besides these two, she had only one other relative, an elder brother, in a far western city. They were refined people, and you can imagine what it meant to them to have a big, uncouth fellow intrude into their home circle. I shall never forget the horror-stricken countenance of her mother at my first appearance for my private lesson. It needed no interpreter to read the question of her eyes: "For goodness' sake, where did this come from, and what is it?" But I found a dear little ally in my teacher's brother, whose willing horse I was for many a ride, wild and hazardous, from kitchen to parlor. That first peep into real home life fairly upset me. Since then I have seen many more luxurious places, but none where my heart felt so much at home. Every detail of it was noticed by me—the neatness, the taste of the modest decorations, and I set my jaws and said, "I, too, will have a home, and, perhaps, not only for myself, but—" Ah, but it was too early to dream too far!

To dream of things will never bring them to you, and, as people who had known me had always given me credit for stubborn determination in wicked pursuits, I resolved to apply this determination to a better end. I looked for work—good, honest, hard work. My experience surprised me. Only a few months had passed since my transformation, but it had been noted by men whom I had thought indifferent to my fate. I can say, with the utmost conviction, that, if a man determines without compromise to do right, he will find friends, all willing to help him along, among those he had expected to prove nothing more than mere acquaintances.

I went to work at one of the steamboat piers as a baggageman, sometimes referred to as a "baggage-smasher," at eight dollars a week, a smaller amount than I had often "earned" in one night in the dive. On my first pay day, those eight dollars were recounted by me innumerable times; not because I was dissatisfied with the smallness of the amount, but because I felt good, really good, at having at length earned a week's wages by honest toil. Every one of those bills had its own meaning for me.

Of course, my teacher knew of my employment, and, with my first pay, I bought a little gift for her. It also gave me a pretext for explaining to her my future plans.

Much of her time had been taken up with me, and I owed all of my new life to her endeavor. It would have been an imposition for me to trouble her any longer, especially when I had steady employment and could attend evening schools and study at home in spare hours. I wanted to thank her, and not be quite so conspicuous where, because of social differences, I did not belong.

I said something about coming from the gutter. She would not listen to it. As to coming from the gutter, why, many a coin is dropped there and remains there until some one picks it up, and, by a little polishing, makes it as good as it ever was.

So we went on, elaborating the educational course by hearing lectures here and there, and by reading standard works by the best authors. For the summer months we arranged a series of excursions. On one outing she would be the supreme director and dictator; I, on the next. Candor compels me to confess that my excursions always led us dangerously near to Coney Island, if not quite to it; yet people can enjoy themselves even there, for it is the same old ocean, and the same sea air there as elsewhere, and it only lies with the visitor how to spend a holiday.

On her days, I was always kept in the dark as to our destination until we reached it. It invariably proved to be some quiet country place, and, after depositing the luncheon in a shady spot, the "professor" would trip from flower to flower, from tree to tree, and deliver little sermons on birds, flowers, and minerals. It was the most efficient way to teach me the difference between a pine tree and a rosebush. There never were other days like them, and, surely, there never will be again.

We had then known one another for a long time. I had become capable of reasoning, and I had grave cause for doing so. Was it all for the best? Love is no respecter of persons. It comes to all, rich and poor alike. Will it, then, surprise you to know that constant companionship with my mentor had awakened in me thoughts very foreign to grammar and arithmetic? I loved her; I knew it, but I also felt that that love was destined to be buried unsatisfied.

That is what my reason told me, but in my heart there echoed a stirring hymn of fondest hope. It would not let me rest, and I became a pestering nuisance to my teacher. Many times daily I would ask her the questions, "Why do you undergo this ceaseless labor?—why do you set yourself this gigantic task of trying to make of me a man?"

As in all other matters, in my love-making I was rough and uncouth, and an answer to my question was long

refused. One day I asked it again, and then we understood.

Naturally, this gave me an increased impetus to earn more money, and I put enough zeal into my work to receive several increases in salary. Nevertheless, I often thought it so out of proportion to desire that I doubted if my little lady would consent to marry a chap who was nothing more than a "baggage-smasher." My wise standby thought differently, and called my attention to the fact that a "baggage-smasher" need not always remain one, and that most presidents and heads of noted companies and corporations had begun, as I had, at the bottom of the ladder. I felt better on hearing that, and, in my greediness, imposed on her still further. In spite of my years, it was not until then that I knew what it is to love and to be loved, and, for the first time in my life, I was supremely happy.

Success without thrift is barely possible. My salary was more than ample for my needs, and I had quite a sum in a savings bank. With the aggressiveness of a capitalist, I began to urge matters, and, with the consent of her mother (then my dearest friend), the date of our wedding was set for February.

In January, we were out on one of our usual rambles. It was one of those mild winter evenings which make our climate so uneven. A shower fell, and we were caught in it. We were only a short distance from her home, and she wanted to reach it before the shower should become a downpour. In vain I tried to put my coat over her, the plucky girl only laughing and hurrying the faster. The exposure to the rain easily brought on what was at first considered "just a trifling cold," but the beginning of the end had come.

For weeks she painfully lingered on her bed, and I marveled with awe at the heroic spirit of my little girl. In all her conscious moments she spoke to me with the wisdom of another world, and gave me then her legacy of purest, godliest love. The afternoon sun was low one day when she asked me to lift her to the window. I took into my arms my sweet burden, and we looked in silence on the street beneath us. It was a humble neighborhood, devoid of all picturesqueness. All we saw in the last sheen of the sun's departing rays was a little girl playing with a kitten, but we watched, my beloved one with smiling interest, until she grew tired and returned to her couch. Sitting by her side, still confident, I was lulled by the quiet and the memory of her happy smile, and fell asleep.

Suddenly I was awakened. Her hand was not in mine. Her mother knelt beside the bed. I understood, and all that I had learned was forgotten in an instant. The animal, so long subdued, arose in me with fury. Then I learned to weep tears of anguish, but I laughed at Providence and scorned divinity's solace, until my brain went whirling into madness. With the morning sun came saner, holier thoughts, and from her sacred features a message came to me. I knelt and prayed, "Thy will be done."

Soon after the funeral the mother and the little brother went West to the elder son to make their future home with him. I was ill for some time, but found my position still open for me after regaining my health. I was not quite so strong as I had been, but did not wish to neglect my work, and, overlooking myself, an accident permanently incapacitated me for that kind of employment. I had to submit to an operation,—to be repeated later,—and the expense, with the long, enforced spell of idleness, soon exhausted the remainder of my savings.

I had no fear that I would revert to my former ways of wickedness. I had learned to understand life, felt mind and soul within me, and I wanted to go on, not back; and, besides, there was the legacy of her who had taught me all this.

Some, who will approve of my determination to go on, might disapprove of the method employed. But I had to go to work, and to accept the first chance offered to me, becoming a dish-washer in a downtown lunch room at three dollars a week. It was unsavory work, but it was work, and left me time the evenings and on Sundays to read books so well beloved by me, and then my only companions.

I began then to write, and have been writing ever since for newspapers and magazines. Brilliance, elegance of diction and a choice vocabulary will not be found in my stories, but the truth is there, and that is something.

In that direction now lies my ambition: I want to be a writer with a purpose. I want to tell the plain truth about men and things as I know them and see them every day in the homes in the tenements, in these abodes of friendless, hopeless men, many of whom were once as "good," as respectable, as any of my readers. I want to dedicate my pen, no matter how ungifted, to their service, that others may know, as I know, where fellow beings begin to rail against their God and men, because they deem themselves forgotten. I want, to show that, often, it is their hearts which hunger most, and not their stomachs, and ask you to believe that they, as well as others, can feel hunger and cold, and can also love and despair.

I know there is work in that field for me, and it is my ambition to become successful in it and worthy of it, as a proof that one of God's sweetest daughters has not lived and died in vain.

NOVEL SIGHTS OF THE CAPITAL CITY OF EGYPT

Life There Always a Holiday, and the Place the Mecca of the Pleasure Seeker—Popular Hotel Frequented by the Most Aristocratic of the Tourists.

(Special Correspondence.)

Although it is only a four hours' ride from Alexandria to the Egyptian capital by the Cairo express, and the route lies through the most attractive and fertile part of the Nile delta, a very large number of travelers prefer to go by sea to Port Said, and thence down the Suez canal to Ismailia, taking train at that point for Cairo. This course has much to recommend it, as



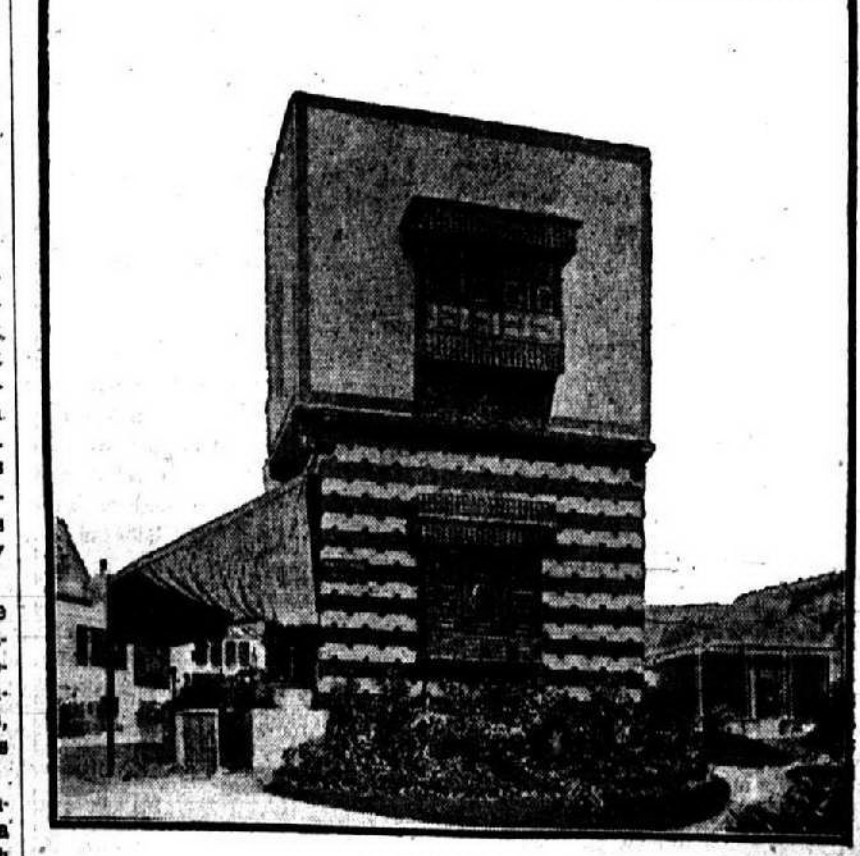
The Citadel.

the sightseer thereby visits Port Said, sees the canal, learns what a desert is like in the ride from Ismailia to Za-zaaziq, and sees a great deal of the delta country from there on to his destination.

Never was a town laid out in so precise a pattern as Ismailia, the little half-way stopping place on the Suez canal. A broad road, lined with trees that look as though they had come out of a child's Noah's ark and then grown up a little, leads up from the landing place on the lake, across the fresh water canal to the Qual Mehmet Ali, a broad avenue, bordered on one side by the canal and on the other by the houses of the principal inhabitants.

Around Ismailia lies the white desert, reclaimed only in this small spot by the ingenuity of man. And when one sees the wonderful luxuriance of the floral and vegetable growth wherever a regular supply of water has been distributed in the desert, it seems an unfortunate thing that all the vast wastes of Africa should not be made to blossom; all their astonishing fertility now lost and hidden by some strange trick of nature.

Cairo is not a holy city, but life there is a holiday and it is the Mecca of the pleasure seeker. Every year the number of fashionable and wealthy people from all over the world who gravitate to the Egyptian capital increases, for Cairo is Trouville, Saratoga, Monte Carlo and the Riviera rolled into one, with no end of special attractions of its own in



Egyptian Cafe.

which the seductions of the East reaches its greatest subtlety.

Officially, the khedive of Egypt and the British government administer the country, but in the city of Cairo King Carnival holds open court the year round, and there is none, excepting a few missionaries, to dispute his sway.

Cairo is a city of so many and such diverse attractions, architectural, historical and social, that the limits of this article prevent any more than a cursory glance at the chief features of interest to strangers.

ITALY TIRED OF HER PAST.

Some of Her Ancient Landmarks Like to be Disappearing Before Long. Italy is tired of a glorious death. Her sons boast of Garibaldi and Marconi, not of Raphael and Julius Caesar. Venetians may well shrug their shoulders when foreigners complain of steamboats in the Grand canal. They are not the grievers when the Campanile falls. The papers and statesman exhort the people to imitate more powerful nations and abandon their idle, pleasure-loving spirit, their love of pageantry, idleness and fireworks, their indifference to education, to sound politics and finance.

The Roman city government is now willing to construct railways alongside the Forum. The old is mixed with the new, industry with art, energy with decay. There is a telephone at the spot where St. Peter is supposed to have been crucified. I saw the king of Italy in an automobile by the ruins in which Christian girls were gored by bulls. His four attendant guards rode bicycles. Trams and buses start from the square in which are Nero's bones, where Luther knelt before his great revolt, by the gate through which an endless line of shadows pass, from guilty Macbeth, doing penance, to so many popes and emperors. The greatest of churches is now lighted by electricity as well as by Michel Angelo's dome and the same new luminary is turned upon the dying gladiator. The Roman glories in his modern stations and ugly civil buildings and cares little for Cicero or Brutus, for the renaissance or the antique world.

Underneath a statue of Garibaldi, on one of the Roman mills, are groups of figures, allegories, in which Europe presides over history and art, America over trade and industry.—Collier's Weekly.

CALLED UP AND CALLED DOWN.

Mean Trick Played by Joker on Prominent Citizen.

A former city official who is well known in many sections of the borough had occasion to attend a concert given in a large hall the other evening. His wife and many friends were among those present. During an intermission every one was somewhat startled to hear a stentorian voice ring out from the gallery.

"Is the Hon. Mr. Blank present?" the voice said.

Slowly and majestically the afore-said erstwhile official rose from his place in a prominent part of the house and faced the gallery in a dignified manner, as suited his station in society.

"I am Mr. Blank," he replied, as he drew his rather stocky figure to its full height.

"Sit down, you lobster!" called the voice, with an emphasis that was as great as it was embarrassing.

The dull thud that was heard immediately after the above sally was only the noise caused by the ex-official's anatomy as it came in contact with his rather hard seat. During the laughter and confusion that followed the ruddy one escaped.—Brooklyn Times.

Place of High Temperatures.

A gentleman visiting Ireland, while being driven about to view the scenery of a certain district, had his attention called by his native driver to "a particularly fine bridge, your honor."

"Very fine," said he. "Has it any name?"

"Yes, your honor. It is called Cromwell's bridge."

After a while they came in sight of it again, from the opposite side, and the gentleman, not recognizing it, asked, "What bridge is that?"

"The same, your honor—Cromwell's bridge."

"Well," said he, "who is this Mr. Cromwell that the bridge is named after? Does he live about here? I'd like to see him."

"No, your honor," replied Pat. "Ye can't see Mr. Cromwell—that is, not just at present. He's living now where he can light his pipe with the tip of his finger."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Look Pleasant.

I pity the man with a troubled brow; I pity the girl with a scowl; I pity the people with frowns on their faces. And I pity the dogs that howl.

I pity the woman who's tied to a man. With children another one bore; I pity her mother who lives in the house, But I pity the children more.

I envy the man who is free from all this. Who's home is a refuge from strife; I envy the woman who is wife of this man, And the children that they bring to life.

A smile is a blessing; a scowl is a curse; A cross word, a wound that won't heal. So bury your trouble, no matter how hard, And look pleasant, however you feel.

One of the Modern Wonders.

When you take into account all the varied forms of healing and the number of people engaged in ministering to minds and bodies diseased isn't it a wonder that anybody can get sick enough to die? Or is it more to be wondered at that anybody is alive?

Depends on the "Atmosphere."

"There is one thing I can never understand," said the patient-looking woman; "and that is why a man who has been sitting with the crowd all afternoon at a baseball game will come home and say that the noise of the children makes him nervous."

Government Claims Monopoly.

The French postal authorities claim that wireless telegraphy comes under the terms of the state monopoly. The authorities at Cherbourg have seized apparatus erected by one of the numerous companies at Cape La Hague.

Bad Luck.

The Guaranteed-Success Instructor looked puzzled. "I hardly understand," he said, at last. "You are young, enterprising, sober, industrious, and yet have not succeeded. Did you start at the bottom of the ladder?"

"Yes," replied the False Alarm in the business world, "but—but—"

"Well, wait!"

"I walked under it before I got my foot on the bottom round."

Throwing up both hands, the instructor shook his head. "We have no means of lifting hoodlums," said he. "We give up your case."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Reformed.

Mrs. Mahoolle-Shure, that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" made a good boy out of me. Mickey.

Mrs. Mahoolle—Oh'm glad to hear that.

Mrs. Mahoolle—Yes, it gave him a tender heart. Phoy, wud yez blave ut, whin he cum out av th' gallery he troid to murder six kids that laffed whin "Little Eva" doied."

The Hour of Death.

The greatest number of deaths take place, not just after midnight, as popularly supposed, but between 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning.

A Sensational Case.

Alston, Mich., May 25th.—Houghton County has never witnessed a more striking medical case than that of Mr. James Culet of this place.

Mr. Culet had spent a small fortune with the best physicians in the county and in addition to this he has tried every medicine he could hear of.

He had a very bad case of Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble, from which he had suffered for twenty years. Nothing he could get seemed to do him any good, and he was gradually growing worse.

He has no Rheumatism now and explains it thus:

"One day I happened to see an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills and decided to try them.

"I made up my mind to give them a good fair trial, as my case was a very bad one and was of over twenty years' standing.

"I used altogether 42 boxes and I can truthfully say that they have driven out every trace of the Rheumatism.

"I feel like a new man, and I can and do most heartily recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills for Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble."

Booth Tarkington, the author-actor of Indianapolis, is very low from typhoid fever.

A recruiting office has been opened at Menominee.

AT BED TIME I TAKE A PLEASANT WHEE DRINK

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

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ASTHMA

HAY FEVER

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BEST FOR YOUR TEETH

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GRADUATE IN DENTISTRY.

Ople, the great artist, when asked "what do you mix with your paint?" quickly replied, "brains sir." We aim to put brains in every piece of work we do. We are having excellent results with our work. In plate work we select such especially adapted to your case. We study your face, your mouth, every point that can possibly be affected by the work in hand.

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Dr. H. H. Avery

You will find only up-to-date methods used, accompanied by the much needed experience that crown and bridge work requires.
Prices as reasonable as first class work can be done.
Office, over Rattrey's Tailor Shop.

OLIVE LODGE NO. 156, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Olive Lodge, No. 156, F. & A. M. for 1903.

Jan. 13, Feb. 10, March 10, April 7, May 5, June 9, July 7, Aug. 4, Sept. 1, Oct. 6, Nov. 3, Annual meeting and election of officers Dec 1 C. W. MARNEY, Sec.

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OSTEOPATHY.

Dr. A. D. Cain, a practitioner of Jackson, Mich., also a graduate of the College of Osteopathy of Kirksville, Mo., and has had 3 years of practical experience, has opened a branch office in Chelsea at Mr. Gorman's residence, and will be here on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays from 7 a. m. to 1 p. m. of each week.

Remember the time and place. Consultation and examination free. Prices reasonable.

Mason Nutwood

will make the season at Wm. Taylor's barn, in Lima township, adjoining the village of Chelsea, on Tuesdays of each week. Terms, \$10 to insure loss.

As E. PHELPS, Prop.

FOREIGN DOINGS

LOCAL INTEREST.

There has been an agent for a picture enlarging company in town lately. Grass Lake News-Norvel Cor.

First class in arithmetic stand up. Small place minus picture agent; how many dollars left in town?

Nick Promenchenkel has moved in to John Krumm's house on Sutton street, formerly occupied by Thos. Mills. Plymouth Mail.

Hello! Plymouth is pushing Chelsea hard, but with Riemschneider we still lead by a letter.

Over 37 per cent of the living women graduates of the University of Michigan are engaged in teaching, about 28 per cent are believed to be keeping house, and 16 per cent practicing medicine. The Ypsilantian.

How sad! This leaves 19 per cent among the wounded and missing and otherwise unaccounted.

It is really too bad that there is not a public place in Manchester where hot baths can be had. Traveling men and even our own citizens, who have not a home of their own, wish to take a bath occasionally. —Manchester Enterprise.

Perfectly useless expense. The traveling man can go to the next town and those that haven't homes of their own will some day find a haven and then the wisher-for-a-bath will be as extinct in Manchester as the dodo.

To effectually and forever destroy a patch of Canada thistles cut close to ground on the second day after the full moon in July and August. Be sure and cut them on both days. They will never grow after that. This has been successfully tried. —Pinekey Dispatch.

If the above brand of magic should run out try this: Zax-Za Pelazah, sachem-mushy, presto-changeo, heraus mit'em. This can be said at any time, no wait for the moon being necessary.

Deputy Sheriff Gillen of Ann Arbor, secured a dollar bill from a well-known grocery store on which is written this message: "This is the last of a \$2,000,000 fortune for which women and dice. With this I get that which will end my troubles forever. Adieu to this world." Mr. Gillen turned it over to City Marshal Kelsey who will keep it as a souvenir. —Saline Observer.

Glad to learn Marshal Kelsey can save a dollar. If similar paragraphs will cause his money to stick he can apply to any news writer in his town. They all traffic in diamond dye blood, fake murders and circus advertising.

General Toby Green, one of Ann Arbor's most respected colored citizens, objects to being classed with General Glazier of Chelsea and General Green of Ypsilanti and Lieutenant Wedemeyer of Ann Arbor. General Glazier, General Green maintains, is being censured by the people of the state for his lack of interest in the legislature, while General Green and Lieutenant Wedemeyer have proved themselves ungrateful to Mr. Juds, the chieftain of the Republican party. The Record unhesitatingly offers an apology to General Green of Ann Arbor. —Ann Arbor Union-Record.

Note the paragraph of glittering generalities. General Toby and his organ appear rather diffident. But let them come forward. This is neither Mississippi nor South Carolina. The black diamond is wanted in the band wagon and the axes will never squeak when Benjamin inspects the grease.

The teacher of physiology in the Weston schools was bearing a lesson one day, and pointing to a diagram of the ear asked "who can tell me the name of this auditory canal?" "It's the Early, teacher," shouted a youngster in reply. He took the "too" path home. —Adrian Press.

The reason the teacher "kicked" on the answer is because the lad should have said Eric canal, should he not, Bro. Stearns? —Chelsea Standard.

Naw. He said Early, just as we wrote it, but the compositor thrust in an "i" and failed to take it out on correcting the proof. That's what raised i with the item, and made us kick. —Adrian Press.

Laying aside any bitterness of the past, and ceasing for the moment to plan any cussedness for the future, let us in the presence of a sorrow, common to every "print-shop," drop a tear for the would be joke spoiled by a typographical error. Bro. Stearns, with sympathy, put 'er thar!

Resolutions.

Again! the angel of death has come in to our chapter and with relentless hands has taken from among us our sister, Mrs. Jane Cook. Another link being thus broken in the fraternal chain which binds us together in charity, truth and loving kindness.

Our hearts are filled with sorrow and our deepest sympathy is extended to the son and family of the departed one. Her presence is missed in our chapter and the sisters and brothers left behind will drop the sympathetic tear.

Griffin Hills all-wise Providence has seen fit to bring sorrow and affliction upon us with a promise of a home beyond the grave where sorrow can never enter. Let us so regulate our lives that when our probationary state is over we shall meet once more in the supreme chapter on high.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the records of the chapter and a copy to be printed in our local papers.

Mrs. Libbie Miller
Mrs. Estella Guering
Thos. E. Wood
Committee.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

(OFFICIAL)
Chelsea, Mich., May 20, 1903.

Board met in regular session.
Meeting called to order by president pro tem. W. J. Knapp.

Roll called by the clerk.

Present, W. J. Knapp, Burkhardt, Schenk, Lehman and McKune.

Absent, F. P. Glazier, president.

Minutes approved.

Moved by Burkhardt, seconded by McKune, that Section 20 of the City Charter, which reads: "No person shall be allowed to use any of the streets of the city for the purpose of holding any public meeting or assembly of more than five persons at any one time, except as provided in the charter." be amended to read: "No person shall be allowed to use any of the streets of the city for the purpose of holding any public meeting or assembly of more than five persons at any one time, except as provided in the charter, and its use for these purposes at any other time of the night or day is strictly prohibited. Carried.

Moved by McKune, seconded by Lehman, that the request of the M. C. R. Co. relative to sewerage be referred to the street committee, and the same to report at the next regular meeting. Carried.

Moved by Lehman, seconded by Burkhardt, that the bills be allowed and orders drawn for same, with the exception of the bill of H. D. Witherell, and Ed. Winter, which should be referred to Finance Committee. Carried.

Moved by McKune, seconded by Burkhardt that the petition of M. A. Shaver and others relative to placing an arc lamp at the corner of Middle and Hayes streets, be granted and the electrician be instructed to place a lamp at the place mentioned as soon as possible. Carried.

BILLS.

Milo Shaver, 46 hours, \$ 6.90

M. Maier, 66 hours, 9.00

J. Embury, 10 hours, 1.50

C. Hagadon, 40 hours, 6.00

Gil. Martin, 60 hours, 9.00

John Ross, 65 hours, 8.25

Hugh McKune, 60 hours, 21.00

C. Steinbach, leather, 80

Manhattan Electric Co., supplies, 17.10

Central Electric Co., supplies, 7.41

Michigan Electric Co., supplies, 17.11

Electric Supply & Engineering Co., supplies, 38.35

Geo. Worthington Co., copper wire, 27.02

Milo Shaver, 45 hours, 6.75

M. Maier, 25 hours, 3.75

Gil. Martin, 60 hours, 9.00

John Ross, 60 hours, 9.00

James Clark, 10 hours, 1.50

H. McKune, 53 1/2 hours, 18.75

Chelsea Lumber & Produce Co., Weaver Coal & Coke Co., coal, 200.50

Electric World, subscription, 3.00

G. C. Stinson, printing, 12.08

Gil. Martin, 58 1/2 hours, 8.48

J. Ross, 39 1/2 hours, 5.98

Hugh McKune, 54 1/2 hours, 19.07

A. Menning, 8 1/2 hours, 1.25

J. F. Maier, expenses to Detroit, 2.08

D. Alber, 1/2 month salary, 90.00

C. Lighthall, 1/2 month salary, 90.00

J. M. Woods, 1/2 month salary, 90.00

E. McCarter, 1/2 month salary, 90.00

J. F. Maier, 1/2 month salary, 90.00

B. Parker, 1 month salary, 90.00

Milo Shaver, 38 hours, 5.70

Gil. Martin, 37 hours, 5.55

Hugh McKune, 6 1/2 days, 22.75

J. Ross, 5 1/2 days, 8.25

Gil. Martin, 6 1/2 days, 9.75

Rob Leach, 7 loads sand, 7.00

The Postoria Lamp Co., lamps, 8.56

M. C. R. Co., freight, 294.38

E. J. Corbett, 359.59

Moved by Burkhardt seconded by Lehman, that the secretary of the water works be instructed to notify all users of water of the change in the time of sprinkling also notify them of the time in which the collections should be made, otherwise the water should be shut off. Carried.

Moved by Lehman, seconded by McKune, that the ordinance committee be instructed to draft an ordinance prohibiting riding bicycles on sidewalks. Carried.

On motion board adjourned.

W. H. HARRISCHWERT, Clerk.

YOUR NEIGHBOR'S DOINGS

AS SEEN BY
The Standard's Correspondents.

EAST LYNDON.

George Marshall was in Gregory last week on business.

Miss Vina Barton entertained company from Stockbridge Sunday.

Jay Hadley and mother visited Sunday with Stephen Hadley and wife.

Miss Nora Reade closed a very successful term of school last Thursday.

Ray Palmer has a handsome new buggy. Who will be the happy girl to get a ride?

James Birch and family entertained company from Bunker Hill Wednesday and Thursday.

Quite a number of people around here attended Bentley's Show at Unadilla Monday night.

UNADILLA.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kleinsmith are entertaining company.

Mrs. Mame Weston called on friends in town the first of the week.

Miss Agnes Hinkley is assisting Mrs. Chas. Hartnuff with her housework.

A number of the Gregory young folks attended church here Sunday evening.

Frank Marshall and family called on his mother Mrs. E. A. Marshall Sunday.

Rev. Howell preached an excellent sermon in the Presbyterian church Sunday.

Pearl Hartnuff who has been suffering with pneumonia is a little better at this writing.

Doctor Dan Bolas and wife were recently in Mansfield, Ohio, where they celebrated their fiftieth anniversary.

Little Vera Hartnuff came near meeting with a serious accident by falling off a wagon. The wheel passed over her but fortunately no bones were broken.

FRANCISCO.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bohne, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Scherer have been a few days at Stockbridge.

Mrs. Martha Keeler and son Reuben visited friends at Ann Arbor last week.

Mrs. H. Capron of Grass Lake called on friends here one day last week.

Mrs. B. C. Whitaker and Miss Ella M. Schweinfurth were in Jackson last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Richards of Chelsea spent Friday and Saturday with their son James.

J. J. Musbach was a few days last week at Waterloo with his daughter.

Mrs. G. H. Beeman.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Schatz and two sons, of Chelsea, were the guests at J. J. Musbach's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bentler and daughter of Jackson, Floyd Schweinfurth of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lehman and family of Waterloo and Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Whitaker were the guests of P. Schweinfurth and family Sunday.

SHARON.

Godfrey Butler lost a valuable cow last week.

Helon, Milton and John Heeselschwerdt visited in Francisco Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Rushton visited her mother, Mrs. A. Obersmith, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Kimball and daughter Neva visited their son and daughter in Cement City over Sunday.

Miss Clara Reno spent Sunday at home accompanied by two of her scholars, Anna Drenthhouse and Georgia Reno.

Miss Carrie Fairchild has closed her school and has gone to Toledo to spend a few days before going to visit her parents in New York.

The North Sharon Epworth League is preparing for a special meeting next Sunday evening to commemorate the anniversary of the society.

During the thunder shower Saturday afternoon the lightning struck the chimney on Ed. Baker's house knocking over two stoves in the house.

Chas. O'Neil, an employee of the Lake Shore railroad, is enjoying a vacation. He visited a few days the first of the week with his brother Harry in Lima.

NORTH LAKE.

Several from here attended the circus at Ann Arbor Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Burkhardt have returned from Powerville.

George Reade and family of Unadilla spent Sunday at George Reade's, Jr.

Miss Emma Pyper of Unadilla is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Samuel Schulz.

Children's Day exercises will be held at the church Sunday evening, June 7.

Mrs. W. H. Gleason visited her daughter Mrs. M. Griffith of Chelsea the first of the week.

Mrs. E. C. Glenn and daughter Lillian of Albion are visiting at the home of R. C. Glenn.

Mrs. E. W. Daniels and daughter, Dorothy attended the Sunday school convention at Lima Wednesday.

Remember the box social to be given

by the baseball team at the home of G. C. Reade next Friday evening.

Mrs. P. J. Johnson and Mrs. Tena Arnold, who have been spending some time here, went to Dexter Tuesday.

Miss Mary Whallan is at home for a short time. Her school near Salina is closed on account of scarlet fever.

STOCKBRIDGE SEE STARS.

The Boys from Ingham County Outplayed by the Local Team. Demonstrated that Team Work Not Individual Excellence Wins.

Last Saturday the baseball team of the Stockbridge high school came to Chelsea to meet the Junior Stars, pretty confident because of their previous five victories that they would lift another scalp. They hunkered mightily for the top half of the Stars because of their growing reputation throughout the state.

But their desire was not to be fulfilled and they were sent back across county empty handed, except that they earned for themselves the reputation of being a sportsman like lot of young fellows who did the best they could and died game.

In the beginning the situation seemed to spell Stockbridge but the steadiness of the Stars prevented any scoring though it looked very much as if it must happen. After the first inning the visitors appeared quite an easy proposition until the fifth inning when they scored five runs because of some errors and effective hitting.

On the part of the Stars they usually kept the ball rolling in some direction and when once the runner reached first his base running ability usually soon placed him on third from whence he was scored by a hit or an error.

In the field the locals easily outpointed the visitors. Anything hit to the infield was as good as out if anywhere within reach. Halfway at third put up a noticeable game which was only marred by dropping a fly when he slipped on sawdust, covering slippery ground.

The game was interesting at many stages and pretty well enjoyed by those present. The score by innings.

Junior Stars 1 2 0 2 1 4 *—14
Stockbridge 0 0 0 5 0 0 1—6

The big attraction in baseball Saturday will be the two games between the Junior Stars and Detroit Juniors. In the Detroit team it is believed that the locals have at last found their match and two games full of heart disease for the local fans may be expected. The Detroit Juniors, it is said will bring 15 players and a brass band. They will come by special car from Detroit.

The middle of next week the Fats and Leans of Chelsea will chase the elusive horseshoe at K. of P. park. A pipe-line is being laid to connect the Manchester brewery and the game will be well lubricated from start to finish. The gate receipts will be for the Junior Stars.

FIRST IN THE RACE.

Young Lad of 13 From Lima (the first to enter Watermelon Growing Contest.

Max Meinhold, the 13 year old son of Frank Meinhold is a boy that believes things can be done and sets about it to accomplish them. His spirit of willingness is worth more to him than hundreds of prizes.

As soon as possible after the announcement of The Standard's watermelon growing contest was announced his blank properly filled out and posted was first received at this office.

But we haven't enough starters yet. Max can't raise all the melons, and we are wondering why we don't hear from more of our young readers. Remember the first prize is five dollars in gold. The contest is still open. All the young people of 16 years and under have to do to enter is to fill out the accompanying coupon and mail it to this office. Remember that "the can who thinks he can."

Max Meinhold is one of that kind, why aren't you?

WATERMELON CONTEST.

Name.....

Age.....

Address.....

Parents Name.....

Cut this out and return to Standard filled out.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to express our sincere thanks and appreciation to our friends for all the kindness shown us during the death of our beloved mother. For the beautiful flowers, and to the choir for their sweet and comforting hymns rendered at the funeral services.

Mr. and Mrs. Nolin H. Cook.