

Michigan News

State Happenings Succinctly Told by Our Special Correspondents

NEWS OF THE WORLD

A Brief Chronicle of Matters of Importance.

There are said to be more than 20,000 French-Canadians in Lowell, Mass., and sixty per cent. of them are employed in the mills.

The writer of the famous poem, "Little Things," beginning, "Little drops of water, little grains of sand," Mrs. Julia A. Fletcher Carney, celebrated her eightieth birthday at her home in Galesburg, Ill., the other day.

It is said that the Minnesota, the new monster freight carrier built for the Pacific trade, draws so much water that she cannot enter any of the greater Asiatic ports except Hong Kong.

The fifteen shell holes in the hull of the flagship of the Spanish Admiral, which was abandoned and sunk in the fight with Admiral Dewey in Manila Bay, bear testimony to the deadly accuracy of the American gunners.

Railways leading into Rome have recently been infested with organized gangs of thieves which, so far, the police have been unable to break up.

At the annual banquet to the Bay City high school seniors at the Bay City boat clubhouse, Miss Ethel Williams, one of the graduates, fell from the dock into the river, but was rescued by Prof. Price, of the high school.

Is it possible to steal your own property? queries the New York Commercial Advertiser. The following case occurred at a club. A man went to an "at home" with an umbrella, which he left in the hall.

For several years it has been customary in Athens to celebrate the anniversary of certain events in the Greek war for independence.

The drought of several weeks in southwestern Michigan was broken by heavy showers. Farmers believe it will save their corn.

The local independent telephone exchange at Dimondale has been purchased by the Citizens Telephone Co., of Grand Rapids.

Quite a large acreage of potatoes and beans will be planted around Brighton, and farmers are figuring out how many old potatoes they can spare on account of the recent big raise in price.

The town of Mars Hill, Me., which is made famous by five families containing sixty-nine children, might more properly be named "M's and P's Hill."

DISCOVERS SMOKELESS FUEL

Dried Soil Makes an Excellent Substitute for Coal. Lycurum Brigham, one of Decatur's heaviest mud land owners, recently took a basketful of soil out of the ground in chunks from the size of a hen's egg to that of a cocoon.

TO DOUBLE OUTPUT OF LOGS

Match Company Installing Lighting System Near Marquette. The Diamond Match company is installing an electric light plant in order that its hotels on the Ontonagon river, near Marquette, can be operated at night.

Asylum is Crowded.

Probate Judge Francis, of Bay City, has announced that he will declare no more persons insane upon application if the present conditions continue.

Boy is Thrifty.

Residing in a temperance town, an enterprising urchin in that village has picked up empty whisky bottles from the streets and alleys, cleaned and disposed of them and with the proceeds has purchased a new saddle and bridle for his pony, and has started in with a small bank account with which to purchase a mate for the nag.

Professor Rescues Pupil.

At the annual banquet to the Bay City high school seniors at the Bay City boat clubhouse, Miss Ethel Williams, one of the graduates, fell from the dock into the river, but was rescued by Prof. Price, of the high school.

Serves Long as Justice.

Comstock township, Kalamazoo county, has a justice of the peace who will have completed his twentieth year as such on the Fourth of July of the current year.

Find Lost Machine.

Last April a machine was loaded in a car at Bay City to be shipped to Lansing. From that day until June 19 it had not been heard of, when a telegram was received that the machine was at Vancouver, B. C., a city on the Pacific coast.

Interurban Line Starts.

The first car to enter Grand Haven over the electric interurban line was No. 13 and it arrived on June 13. The people are too tickled over getting the road after so long a delay, however, to pay much attention to any foolish talk about "unlucky numbers."

Ogemaw County Land for Sale.

The commissioner of the State land office will offer for sale July 30, 86,000 acres of land in Ogemaw county. The lands in Arenac county brought all the way from 75 cents to \$10.85 an acre.

Rain Saves Corn.

The drought of several weeks in southwestern Michigan was broken by heavy showers. Farmers believe it will save their corn.

Phone Merger.

The local independent telephone exchange at Dimondale has been purchased by the Citizens Telephone Co., of Grand Rapids.

Captures Albino Crow.

Mott Reed, of Brighton, has captured a white crow.

Potato Seed is High.

Quite a large acreage of potatoes and beans will be planted around Brighton, and farmers are figuring out how many old potatoes they can spare on account of the recent big raise in price.

Electricity to Replace Steam.

The Grand Trunk railroad is securing estimates for the equipment of the tunnel at Port Huron so that trains can be hauled through it by electric instead of steam power, as at present.

HOSPITAL OF COBBLE STONES

Pontiac Citizens Agree to Furnish Building Material Free of Charge. The Pontiac City Hospital association decided that the hospital will be erected at the corner of Huron and College streets. The building will be built of cobble stones and the members of the association have charged themselves as an especial duty to secure cobble stones for the building.

Sanitary Milk Plant.

Mr. M. Taft, of Chicago, is endeavoring to promote a milk dealers' combination at Port Huron. It is proposed to form a stock company and erect a \$10,000 sterilization plant for the purification of milk before delivery to customers.

Frightens Baggage Agent.

A baggage agent who was living up to his name came near getting what was his name when at Negaunee. He was gleefully throwing baggage around on the platform when there was a report and a bullet sped by his head and buried itself in the wall of the station.

Fine Home for Elks.

The Elks of Bay City have purchased the Eddy block, a three-story brick building, from the Eddy estate for \$25,000, and will transform two upper floors into fine club and lodge quarters.

Bank Creditors Are Paid.

Another dividend of 10 per cent has been declared by the receiver of the defunct Muskegon County Savings Bank of Montague, which closed when H. H. Terwilliger left town "between two days" some eighteen months ago.

Manual Training.

There is a scheme on foot to give manual training to the children of the public schools in Middleville, Hastings and Nashville. The proposition is to engage one expert teacher who shall divide his time each week among the three schools, thus making the expense for each comparatively slight.

Bad Sleeping Place.

Michael McCauley of Pontiac, a machinist who has been in the employ of the Pontiac Spring & Wagon works, laid down by the railroad tracks at the Grand Trunk yards. He evidently slept and the next train that passed crushed his hand so severely that it had to be amputated at the wrist.

City is Inconsistent.

The city of Lansing compelled the telephone companies to put all their wires underground, in order to get the poles off the streets. The wires have all come down, and now the city has purchased the poles from the telephone companies and will string wires of its own on them.

Kentucky Editors.

The Battle Creek business men's association will outdo all previous efforts at entertaining visitors when the Kentucky editorial association arrives there July 24. The association has received notice that the newspaper men will spend five hours in that city.

Interurban Franchises.

The village and township boards in Baraga county have been asked to grant franchises for an electric railway which a Detroit corporation proposes to build connecting Pequaing, Baraga, L'Anse and Keweenaw bay.

Start is Bad.

The new woodenware factory at Copemish is almost completed. This is the third time the plant has been rebuilt, having been burned twice and destroyed by an explosion once.

Grand Haven Army Plans.

Plans have been prepared for the new army to be built by the military company at Grand Haven, and the contract for the erection of the building will be let soon.

Marine City's Chance.

Marine City has a chance to land a glass factory, in return for the subscription of \$25,000 stock. The fact that one or two factories previously secured in a similar manner have proved failures may cause this scheme to fall through, however.

Gets Shingle Mill.

Another industry has been secured by Ontonagon which will give employment to a large number of men and be a good thing for the village. It is a large lumber and shingle mill.

SWINDLES THE OLD SOLDIERS

Impostor Gets Veteran's Money in Return for Alleged Book. An impostor is traveling around the southern part of the state swindling old soldiers. The fellow approaches a veteran, calls him by name and proceeds to tell him that he is securing the personal records of all the surviving soldiers of the rebellion and with the consent of the federal authorities, at this point he produces credentials which are apparently all right.

Fish in Old Haunts.

Both grayling and trout fishing are excellent again in the Michigan woods in the Pigeon river district, since the railroads went into the lumber woods and did away with the logging in the streams. It was to the choking and jamming of the streams and the plowing and tearing up of their beds by the interminable log drives that the apparent annihilation of trout and grayling in their favorite haunts for years was due.

Pigeon Has a Boom.

Just at present the village of Pigeon, Huron county, is undergoing a great clean-up, together with a substantial boom. Since its incorporation six months ago 25,000 feet of cement walks have been laid, eight or ten fine dwelling houses built and other improvements made.

Men Supplant Boys.

The demand for boys to weed sugar beets is proving a good thing for factory employes at Owosso. A number of boys who have been working in factories at seventy-five cents a day have quit and gone to weeding beets for \$1 and \$1.50 a day, and their places have been filled in the factories at \$1.50 a day.

Farmer is Out \$2.

A farmer who had come to Muskegon to market was approached by a stranger who wanted to sell him a fine dog for \$2. The animal really looked like a fine one, so the dicker was made and the stranger disappeared.

Pioneers Have Good Time.

The thirtieth annual meeting of the Ingham County Pioneer society was held at the M. E. church in Mason. There was a large attendance of the early settlers of the county. They had no prepared program, but enjoyed a love feast, telling their experiences in the early days, singing and visiting. A picnic dinner was one of the features.

Carpenters Are Scarce.

It is becoming difficult to secure carpenters in Port Huron. There are not a great many in the city to begin with, and quite a number of what there are are not working at their trade. They are fishing, instead, and say they are able to make as much as \$8 a day at it, so plentiful are the fish in the river this spring.

Shoplifter Pleads Guilty.

After waiving examination in the police court at Grand Rapids to the charge of shoplifting, Bonnie Boles was taken to the superior court, where she entered a plea of guilty. The girl is a morphine fiend and was in such a condition that the drug had to be administered to her in court.

Farmers to Celebrate.

The farmers club of Livingston, Oakland, Washtenaw and Wayne counties will hold a monster picnic at South Lyon on the Fourth and celebrate the nation's birthday in proper style.

War on Dogs.

The Charlotte board of health has decided to make a wholesale raid on the dogs of the city and has not only empowered the police force to kill all dogs not properly muzzled after June 20, but has authorized every citizen to get out his gun and assist.

Domestic Science School Bonds.

At a special meeting held for the purpose Ironwood taxpayers voted to issue bonds in the sum of \$11,000 to erect a building and establish a school of domestic science.

Worse Than Slavery.

Following Judge Speer's presentation to the grand jury at Macon Thursday that peonage existed in the south, the revelations in Alabama tend to sustain his position. The law itself creates peonage. There is nothing like it on the pages of the statute books of any other state in the union. It is medieval in conception and its existence today in Alabama presents an anomaly that is difficult to understand.

More of the Scandal.

The grand jury which has been investigating postal affairs on Monday returned an indictment against August W. Machen, Diller B. Groff, Samuel A. Groff, Geo. E. Lorenz and Martha J. Lorenz, the two latter being residents of Toledo, O. The specific charge is conspiracy to defraud the government.

The Caesar's Danger.

The attempt to assassinate the czar of Russia, made known Saturday, revealed to all Europe the danger in sharing the ruler of Russia stands of sharing the fate of King Alexander of Serbia and of his own ancestor, Czar Paul, who was murdered more than a century ago.

A New Policy Now.

President Roosevelt has inaugurated a new policy as to the manner of giving to the public the developments in the postoffice investigation. Hereafter nothing will be given to the newspapers by the officials conducting the investigation except when an arrest has actually been consummated.

Must Make No Delay.

President Roosevelt spoke very plainly to District Attorney Beach and Assistant District Attorney Taggart Thursday concerning the leisurely manner in which the postoffice fraud cases now pending before them are being conducted.

Another Let Out.

As a result of alleged indiscretion in matters pertaining to the award of contracts for printing the money order forms of the government, James T. Metcalf, for many years superintendent of the money order system of the postoffice department, today was removed from office by the postmaster-general. A full investigation of the case will be made later.

C. Endicott Allen, a young Harvard graduate, has been asleep with brief intervals for four weeks at the Monmouth hospital, Long Branch.

Herman C. Pitton, a member of this year's graduating class of the Stanton high school, made a record for himself by walking 10 miles a day to and from school and was neither absent nor tardy during the entire year.

D. H. Ploss, of Watkins, N. Y., while in the Soldiers' home at Dayton, O., purchased a pin cushion from a comrade. He had been using it for two years, and has just discovered that it contained \$1,100 bills, neatly folded up.

Over 50 years ago L. D. Halstead, of Goldwater, had a harness stolen. This morning he received this letter: "No signature: 'A good many years ago I took a harness out of your barn this is to pay for it.' In the letter were two \$20 bills.

THE MONTH TRAGEDY.

William McCrow, former bartender for August Braun, was almost instantly killed by the latter at the Month hotel, 14 miles southeast of Jackson, Saturday night. Thursday, McCrow, who was about 30 years old, came from Detroit after a spree, and finding that a man had been engaged in his place was very angry.

Saturday, however, he slept at the hotel, and in the course of the night well diggers asleep in a room adjoining were awakened by the sound of smashing furniture in McCrow's room. Knowing that he had both a rifle and a shotgun, and fearing for his life, they quickly left the hotel after calling Braun. The latter hastily dressed, and with his wife and baby fled to the home of Constable Freymuth, whom they were trying to arouse by rapping on the door when McCrow appeared on the scene.

The Law Defective.

What may prove a fatal defect has been discovered in the act amending the pure food laws, and it is possible the raise in salaries the bill was passed to permit, may not be had. The title says the act is to amend, among others, Section 2, while the body of the bill says it is Section 12.

Scattering Smallpox.

William Burkett, station agent for the Big Four at Summitville, Ind., came to Benton Harbor to visit his wife yesterday while suffering from a well-developed case of smallpox. His wife and family and several neighbors were exposed before they knew what it was.

ONAWAY IS TO ORGANIZE A DRIVING CLUB AND BUILD A RACE TRACK.

The Hancock council has granted a franchise to a company which will install a gas plant in the city.

MI. PLEASANT IS TO HAVE A NEW BANK

At July 1 to be known as the Ibbell City State Bank.

TAWAS CITY MAY LOSE ITS BIG EXPANDING WORKS UNLESS THE FARMERS THEREABOUTS WILL RAISE MORE POTATOES.

A canvass of the vehicle factories at Flint shows that the present season is one of the most active in the history of the industry for this time of the year.

The sanitarium which was destroyed by fire at Reed City some months ago will not be rebuilt there, the town people having refused to offer any inducement in the shape of a cash bonus.

Two veins of coal have been discovered in Merritt township, Bay Co., at a mean depth of 118 feet. The first vein is two and one-half feet thick and the second from five to six feet. The discovery was made while drilling for water.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Detroit, Mich.—Choice steers, \$17.50 @ \$19.00; good to choice butcher steers, 1,000 to 1,200 pounds, \$16.50 @ \$17.50; light to good butcher steers and calves, 700 to 900 pounds, \$15.50 @ \$17.00; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$12.50 @ \$13.50; mixed butchers' cows, \$11.50 @ \$12.50; mixed butchers' bulls, \$11.50 @ \$12.50; common feeders, \$11.50 @ \$12.50; light stockers, \$12.50 @ \$13.50; veal calves, \$14.50 @ \$15.50; fair to good butchers' pigs, 6.00; pig, \$5.50 @ \$6.50; light Yorkers, \$5.00 @ \$6.00; rough, \$4.50 @ \$5.50; stags, \$3.00 @ \$4.00.

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS.

Peter, the first of the dynasty of the Karageorgevitchs, is now king of Serbia by grace of the army and a joint session of the senate and skuptina.

Fr. Chidwick, chaplain of the ill-fated Maine at the time of the explosion in Havana harbor, has resigned from the navy to take up parish duties in New York.

The flood at Heppner, Ore., came with such suddenness that the inhabitants were unable to seek places of safety, and were carried down to death by the awful rush of water.

Mrs. James Hammond, of Mabel, buried her husband on Saturday, and on Sunday the house in which he and she had lived for more than 40 years burned to the ground with most of its contents.

Gen. John B. Gordon, commander of the United Confederate Veterans, has asked the police to locate his son, Capt. Frank Gordon, who wandered from home in a highly overwrought nervous condition.

Former Lieut.-Gov. John A. Lee testified before the St. Louis grand jury Tuesday that he had been offered \$1,000 a month to place himself beyond the reach of the grand jury until after the boodie investigation shall be ended.

The bodies of A. L. Carr and Clarence Benjamin, who were drowned in Muskegon lake on the evening of Memorial day with Dr. Benjamin, father of Clarence, and son-in-law of Mr. Carr, have been recovered as well as that of the doctor.

A honeymoon in the White House is the prospect of Sherman Bell, rough rider, personal friend of President Roosevelt and adjutant-general of Colorado, who married Miss Effie Carter at Colorado Springs. President Roosevelt in a telegram of congratulation sent a special invitation.

Mrs. Sarah Howell was given a verdict of \$4,192 against the Lansing Street Railway Co., for injuries received in a runaway car last November.

Thomas Young was burned to death and Maj. C. H. Servin, president of the company, seriously hurt in the destruction of the Arkansas City mills, which caused a loss of over \$100,000.

A Binghamton lawyer named C. H. Wales has brought suit against John Mitchell, the United Mine Workers' president, for \$200,000, alleging that he furnished for the mine workers the plan that resulted in the settlement of the great strike last year.

U. S. Grant as a candidate for the vice-presidency is being boomed by the papers of his own city, San Diego, Cal. Secretary Moody has ordered the courtmartial of Assistant Paymaster Philip W. Delano, charged with embezzlement of \$1,300.

Three million dollars is to be the sum represented in the buildings and land for the secondary schools of the University of Chicago.

Miss Dorothy McVane, daughter of the professor of history at Harvard university, is determined to go on the stage in connection with the efforts of the theatre to dislodge the

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF.

It's well enough, for you and me,
To play in our own company,
And lead the honors they have won;
But we will never write our name
On the immortal scroll of fame.
Through anything that they have done.
—The Journalist.

THE LAUNDRY ON FLOOR THREE.

By JOHN H. BATTERY.

EVER is it easy for a self-respecting man to come back to his "home town" broken in spirits and finances. Yet that is what Raoul Delisle did, though he was young, well nurtured and within the memory of his old neighbors. It was a dark, rainy night in May when he alighted in the old, familiar station. He saw an acquaintance of his old days hurrying across the area. The man owed him \$10. In his own pocket was forty cents. But his clothes were threadbare, faded and ill-fitting and he could not bring himself to accost his debtor. Raoul was tired and hungry. He had come West from Buffalo in day coaches with few opportunities and small means to satisfy his hunger.

He knew exactly the way to his old home, but as he wandered thither he realized that the growing traffic of the town had encroached upon what once was the most aristocratic section. As he trudged along in the narrow shelter of the houses, he remembered the very owners he had turned, riding in the cab which bore him upon his first "start" for Germany. Those had been noble, radiant, halcyon days, when he bade good-bye to his father and friends and set out for a tour of Europe and a course of study at Leipzig. There was no reason why he should go to the old home. His father was dead, his family scattered and poor. It had all happened like a devastating storm of the prairies while he was crossing the sea. Even the funeral had occurred before he reached New York. Ten years had passed since he had learned that he was an orphan, a pauper, an outcast of fortune.

Raoul was a very commonplace man. He had done the best he knew, and was quite sure that it was very bad. After a decade of precarious adventure in a dozen trades he was now so poor that the anticipation of breakfast was almost as remote and fantastical as his boyish dreams of heaven. He went into a cheap cafe near the depot and bought a meal of bacon and eggs, with had coffee and faded lettuce as tokens of the prodigality of the menu. When he came out the rain was falling in cold, smiling sheets, though it was May. He turned up his coat collar and edged along by the walls toward the old house. Ten years make a mighty change in the average American city. Raoul found outbuilt, one-story store fronts in some of the old mansions where the elite of the older day had lived and triumphed. The old corner church, whose chime of bells was yet fresh in his memory, had been transformed into a barroom, with wine parlor and a gayety where once had been sanctuary and auditorium. Yards which he remembered as green, breathing spots of his boyhood, were black and slimy with the grime of smoke and moisture.

He recalled with a bitter smile the words he had told his cousin Marguerite in Lelpale of the glories, the freedom, the opportunity, the republicanism of his home. Of what fields there were for her young genius as a musician; of what hope there was for her un-German yearning for personal recognition. "How lucky," thought he, "that she had sense enough to forget my invitation to visit us—to visit the Delisles—and know at first hand the splendor which I then thought to be real."

He slunk down the street, bending his thin face from the slanting rain. He began to wonder where he would pass the night. The wind blew keen and chill against his tattered front. His heart, warm yet with the unbidden memory of Marguerite, his yellow-haired cousin of the far land, was not next door.

"I shall pass by the old home," he thought. And then he looked into the gray, rain-swept lot where he had played marbles and down his kite when a boy. There was frost in the whipping wind which swept across it, and Raoul, alert now, and yet oblivious of the years, hastened along till he stood in the wet shadows of the old home—the home that had been his father's and might have been his own. The old iron paling that had separated his narrow lawn from the sidewalk was battered and rusty. He looked up at the foggy walls and felt the twang of his heart when he saw that some of his blank, unlighted windows were broken. He dodged into the shelter of his squalid doorway and tried to picture the last day of its activity—the day when they bore away his bankrupt, broken-hearted father. The flare of kerosene lamps at the lunch counter next door distracted him. A dismal, sloping figure crossed the street yelling "Crawfish!" Some slatternly women, with shawls on their heads, speaking in raucous voices and laughing boisterously, ran across the lighted crossing.

"What a lucky thing for Marguerite," he was thinking, "nicky that she stayed at home with her cheese-making and her corn-milking." And then he thought of the tawny-haired girl, with the big, blue eyes and the yearning lips who had listened to his stories of America, and the night came down colder and colder. Till Raoul fingered the two all-gold coins in his wet pocket and wondered what he should do for shelter. A gust of drenching wet wind drove him against the door. He turned it and entered. The sound of his first foot-fall echoed among the empty spaces. The smell of moldering wall paper and dank soot stifled him. But the air was dry. No rain fell upon him.

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"I am at home," he said, smiling sardonically at the whim. He went to the newell post, which had been the goal of a thousand swift descents along the banister in the days of his curls and knickerbockers. Like the floors, the sills, the walls and the stairs, it was deep beneath the rust and dust of disuse and neglect. The window at the first landing was broken, the rain swept in and the wind howled like a Miserere, but he went up and remembered the days he had witnessed the circus parade from that vantage. Dark as it was, he wandered up and back into the old nursery. To the room that had been his mother's. To the library, where his father, in stern but yielding aloofness, had written his journal of the war; to the third story—the guest chambers, where once old Casper Wildfield, the father of Marguerite, had been a guest of honor.

The dust rose in the dark as he tramped alone through the unseasoned scenes of his youth, but he went from room to room, tired, heart-worn, but glad that there was a roof above him and that he might at last lie down even in the dirt and debris of the home that he had known first and best.

When he stamped and stumbled up the narrow stairway that led to the attic, a pungent, wet and soapy smell struck his nostrils. When he came to the top he was in the old playroom, memorable chiefly for the swing that had once hung from the rafters. But some wet, woolen fabric smote him in the face. He struck a match and saw across the dim room the ghostly outlines of garments draped from a clothesline.

"Humph!" he muttered. "There must be a squatter here." And then he saw, glowing from under the door of the old lumber-room, a red, dull light. He tiptoed across the creaking floor and rapped.

"Wilkommen," said a sweet voice, as the door swung broad and the flood of yellow light from the open room almost blinded him.

But when he saw again, there was Marguerite, her sleeves rolled up, her face thinner, but just as beautiful as of old, standing smiling before him.

"I'm Raoul," he began, "Raoul Delisle, Miss Wildfield. I—"

But she had her arms around him, saying: "We did not wait too long, cousin. Mamma, here he is at last. Look Mutter, here is Raoul. What did I tell you?"

And then he was at home.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Deluded Gold-Seekers.

"I didn't take out any gold to speak of while in the Klondyke, and yet, despite the hardships I underwent in that region, my stay there was not without its pleasing features," said Mr. Peter Taylor at the Arlington. "Looking back on my Klondyke experience, I have no cause for regret.

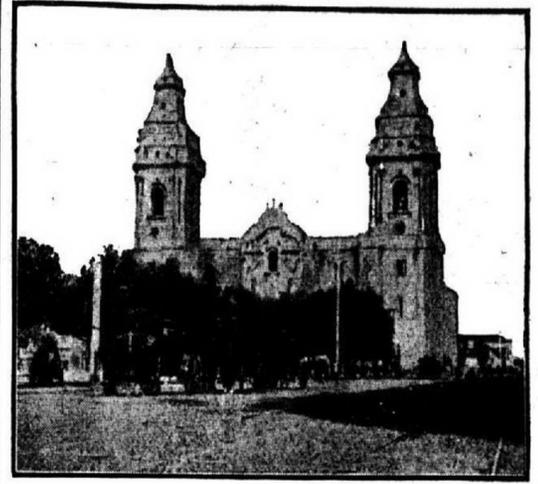
"I got up there pretty early in the summer of 1898, and found that hundreds had preceded me. It didn't take me long to rid myself of the delusion that I would strike it rich, for I soon saw that not more than one man in 500 stood any chance of getting gold. But all the same I prospected with all the ardor of my soul and spared no effort to win the shining stuff. The excitement of hunting for gold is a fascinating thing and it will cause even timid men to brave almost any perils.

**CITY FOUNDED BY PIZARRO
FALLEN ON EVIL TIMES**

Once Gorgeous Capital of Peru No Longer the Royal "City of Gold"—High-Sounding Name Conferred Upon It by Carlos V. of Spain.

(Special Correspondence.)

Pizarro, the ex-wineherd, must have been rather hard up for names when he dubbed his Peruvian capital La Ciudad de Los Tres Reyes, the "City of the Three Kings." It came about in this way: After he had subdued one of the royal brothers who claimed the Inca throne and treacherously strangled the other, he found little difficulty in conquering Cuzco, the splendid "City of Gold," which was at that time the capital of Peru. As soon as he and his few European followers, a band of drunken adventurers whom Spain was glad to be rid of, had glutted themselves with the vast treasures of that place, they marched westward, not so much in search of new worlds to conquer as to find a more convenient spot in which to enjoy their ill-gotten gains. They did



Front of Cathedral.

booters of the South Seas and the Spanish main.

These things all belong to the distant past, but no less interesting are the events of the last half-century, even of the present decade. Earthquakes have repeatedly shaken this city from center to circumference, and the innumerable wars and revolutions have drenched its streets with blood. By and by the silver veins of Salcedo ran dry, and the sands of Carabaya were no longer washed for gold, and the world had discovered that away up north were two new states—California and Nevada—which could supply more silver every year than Pasco and Potosi and all the other mines of New Spain put together. The conquered Indians could no longer be parceled out to the favorites of power under the abominable law of La Mica, nor the negroes be compelled to pay to the rich the tribute of unrequited labor.

Yet the profligate city of the Three Kings flourished more gayly and luxuriantly, if possible, than ever; for a richer fountain of wealth had been opened than any of the older sources, in the guano islands, scattered all along the arid coast—those rocky and forbidden haunts of seals and sea birds which were the terror of the early mariner. For half a century they poured into the lap of Lima a more than Danaean shower of gold. Then came darker days of cruel warfare and bitter poverty, after a sister republic had stripped the country of everything available; and though starvation stared them in the face the descendants of the haughty grandees had no idea of the dignity of labor.

Then Carlos V. of Spain sent over not only his benediction and congratulations, but added some complimentary words to its already ponderous title, making it "The Most Noble and Most Royal City of the Three Kings"—so it appears in the original charter. But that was altogether too long a title for every-day use and so the easy-going Spaniards fell into the habit of calling it "The City of Rimac," the latter being the name of the valley in which it stands and also of the river that runs through it.

One walks about the streets of Lima as in a dream, oppressed by a multi-



Municipal Palace.

tude of historical reminiscences that crowd upon the memory. Here a long line of viceroys ruled with almost independent power, not only over the territory that now constitutes the republic of Peru, but also the vast provinces of Chile, La Plata and New Granada, including the modern divisions of Ecuador and Bolivia.

AND THE LAWYER SUBSIDED.

Newspaper Man Won His Tilt with Bumptious Lawyer.

A Philadelphia newspaper writer, being a witness in a neighboring county recently, was harried by a bumptious county lawyer, who asked:

"So you are a writer, are you? Well, sir, with what great paper or magazine are you connected?"

"With none," was the modest reply.

"Then why do you call yourself a writer? What do you write—novels, scientific works, histories, or what?"

"I write anything and everything that occurs to me as likely to be worth reading or to sell, whether it is worth reading or not."

"Well, then, for whom or for what do you write? You say you are not connected with any paper or magazine."

"Yes, sir. I so stated. I am an unattached writer, for the general market."

"Just so. You write anything that occurs to you. Well, now, do you ever write up the proceedings of courts?"

"I have done so occasionally."

"Can you state to the judge and jury what particular kind of a court proceeding you would deem worthy of your pen?"

"Yes. If I saw a young lawyer treating a respectable witness in a very rude and disrespectful manner and making an ass of himself generally I should think that possibly worth writing up."

The court and jury smiled audibly. The judge took the witness in hand for a moment.

"How much do you think a scene like this, for instance, ought to bring, if it were well written up?"

"It would depend upon the actors. If the lawyer were a person of any note or character, possibly \$5 or \$10."

"What would you expect to receive, should you write the facts of this particular instance?"

"About 75 cents, your honor."

Counsel for the defense had no more questions to ask.

COME FROM SMALL PLACES

Politicians of Highest Ability Not Raised in the Cities.

It is an interesting fact that politicians of the highest ability are often produced by the struggles forced upon them from the restricted environment of a country town, says the Portland Oregonian. Platt, of New York, lives at Owego, Quay at Beaver, Gorman at Laurel. When one reflects upon the acumen necessary to offset the disadvantages of a small local delegation in State and district conventions, it becomes apparent how much credit these powerful bosses deserve for raising up and maintaining themselves in the face of opposition from rivals situated in the great cities of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Other eminent Senators whose homes are outside the metropolis of their states are Spooner, of Madison; Proctor, of Proctor; Elkins, of Elkins; Morgan of Selma; Teller, of Central City; Platt, of Meriden, Conn.; Dooliver, of Fort Dodge; Blackburn, of Versailles; Hale, of Ellaville; Bacon, of Worcester; Nelson, of Alexandria; Cockrell, of Warrensburg; Depew, of Peekskill; Daniel, of Lynchburg. There is hardly a great city of the country with a representative of any prominence in the Senate. Philadelphia and St. Louis have men there of inferior powers and a few places like Omaha, Detroit, Milwaukee and Portland have one. Indianapolis has both the Indiana Senators, and Ohio's seats are divided between Cincinnati and Cleveland.

Wrought into Gold.

I saw a smile—a poor man 'twas given, And he was old. The sun broke forth; I saw that smile in heaven Wrought into gold. Gold of such juster never was vouchsafed to us; It made the very light of day more luminous.

I saw a tolling woman, sinking down Posture and cold, A soft hand covered her—the humble gown. Wrought into gold. Grew straight imperishable and will be shown To smiling angels gathered round the judgment throne.

Wrought into gold! We that pass down life's hours So carelessly, Might make the dusty way a path of flowers If we would try. Then every gentle deed we've done or kind word given, Wrought into gold, would make us wondrous rich in heaven.

—Anonymous.

Pessimistic View.

"This paper," remarked Mrs. Growells, "says that half the people begin into the world die before they reach the age of 16."

"I guess that's right," rejoined Growells, "and I know a number of others that would not be missed very much."

Use Steam in Fishing.

Fishing in the mouth of the Susquehanna in the spring is done with nets operated from floats by steam engines. The record catch is 1,000 barrels of herring and shad at one haul.

Speed of Eskimo Dogs.

Eskimo dogs have been driven forty-five miles over ice in five hours. A picked team of these dogs once traveled six miles in twenty-eight minutes.

Used Bogus Labels.

A Milwaukee (Wis.) tobaccoist has been fined \$35 and costs for using the union label on cigars not made by union labor.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

The Music Cure.

"I observe," said the cheerful boarder, "that they are trying to cure the sick trees in Boston commons with music."

"Popular music, I suppose," said the boarder who puns.

"I wonder how yew would like it," growled the cynical boarder.

"I know I'd soon be sycamore," murmured the cheerful boarder as he reached for the butter, and there the subject was dropped.

Keeping in Practice.

"Do you know this Gov. Pennypacker of Pennsylvania?"

"No, I don't. Why?"

"I thought mobby you did. He has just muzzled the state press, and I didn't know but what I'd like to have him come around and see if something can't be done with my mother-in-law."

Considerable.

"Yes. If I saw a young lawyer treating a respectable witness in a very rude and disrespectful manner and making an ass of himself generally I should think that possibly worth writing up."

The court and jury smiled audibly. The judge took the witness in hand for a moment.

"How much do you think a scene like this, for instance, ought to bring, if it were well written up?"

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DECKLED OR PLAIN.

A Question of Interest to Lovers of Books—Lovers of the Artists in Books.

There are people of taste who still remain as strongly antipathetic to deckle edges in fine bound books as they do to deckle edges in tall collars, says the San Francisco Argonaut. They are continually putting the question to booksellers, "Why don't publishers finish books while they are about it, and not leave them all ragged?" And the booksellers are continually saying in weary voices—or perhaps condescendingly—"It's the style." The anti-deckle edge people have, however, at least one able champion. The New York Times says roundly that rough edges in bound books are a nuisance, and it defends its characterization with cogency. Originally the edges of books were left rough so that if rebound the leaves might be trimmed without making the page margin too narrow. In France, practically all books are issued in paper covers and rough edges, and the purchaser is supposed to have them bound according to his individual taste. In such a case the rough edges and wide margins are necessary and proper. But are they so here, as in this country, books are issued in permanent binding and are very rarely rebound? A rough edge is certainly a dust-catcher, as everybody knows who handles such books. To cut the pages requires a certain amount of labor, which, in large libraries, can ill be spared. If the rough edge is to make the reader think the paper is handmade, then it is in most cases a deliberate misrepresentation. However, the publishers probably know their business, and are convinced that the generalty of people want their fine books with rough edges. And until the majority of book buyers cease to clamor for deckle edges, deckle edges we shall probably have.

WISE WORDS.

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.—Cicero.

There are more men emboldened by study than by Nature.—Cicero.

An extreme rigor is sure to arm everything against it.—Burke.

Every man is a volume, if you know how to read him.—Channing.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions—they hold him.—Bishop Butler.

Never suffer the prejudice of the eye to determine the heart.—Zimmerman.

Great trials seem to be a necessary preparation for great duties.—E. Thomson.

We are immoderately fond of warming ourselves; and we do not think, or care, what the fire is composed of.—Lander.

Regard yourself as superior to the evils which surround you. Learn to dominate your environment, to rise above depressing influences. Look for the bright side of things, not the dark and gloomy side.—Success.

Whatever it be which the great Providence prepares for us, it must be something large and generous, and in the great style of His works. The future must be up to the style of our faculties—of memory, of hope, of imagination, of reason.—Emerson.

"I think as my land thinks," said a land owner; a saying full of meaning, that we may apply every day. Some, in fact, think like their land, others like their shops, others like their hammers, and others like their empty purses aspiring to be filled.—Joubert.

Knowledge is mental food, and is exactly to the spirit what food is to the body. It may be mixed and disguised by art until it becomes unwholesome; it may be refined, sweetened and made palatable until it has lost all its power of nourishment; and even of its best kind it may be eaten to surfeiting and minister to disease and death.—Ruskin.

Germanstown's Extra Policeman.

If youthful tendencies count for anything there is a boy in Germanstown who should one day be a captain of the mounted police or an officer in the cavalry. He is about thirteen years old and is the owner of a pretty and speedy pony. Every morning before breakfast he goes for a ride which is by no means the ordinary canter in search of an appetite. He has his regular rounds and has given himself specific duties which he performs just as though he were a member of the police force. He comes into Germanstown by way of Upsal street. Some distance out he meets a mounted officer going to his post. There is a dignified salute on each side, a short parley, another salute and the two gallop away in true military fashion. At the corner of Upsal street and Germanstown avenue the boy meets two officers returning from their rounds. They salute and gallop to Washington lane, where they salute again and part. Here the boy dismounts and waits for the patrolman to report at the box. The same military form is gone through with and after a few moments' conversation the boy gallops home to breakfast.—Philadelphia Press.

Tigers and Fallacies.

The great success of the Duke of Connaught in his tiger shoot will more than ever convince the world that India is so thickly infested with the striped beast of prey that the traveler takes his life in his hand when he ventures to this land of danger. Many people think that tigers and cobras are the inevitable business of a visit to India, with a dash of smallpox or cholera thrown in to keep the traveler from feeling dull.—Calcutta Journal.

Coroner's Inquest.

'At a coroner's inquest on the case of a suicide held recently the foreman returned this remarkable verdict: "The jury are all of one mind—temporarily insane."—London Telegraph.



Deacon Kindleigh—So poor Brother Littleton left all he had to the Children's Home. Did he have much? Sister Sourleigh—Eight boys and three girls.

Bridget Was Ashamed.

Mistress (angrily)—Bridget, I find that you wore one of my evening gowns at the ball last evening. It's the worst piece of impudence I ever heard of. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!

Bridget (meekly)—Oh wus, mum; Oh wus, and me young man said as if I iver wore such a frock in public agin he'd break our engagement.

Talking Shop.

Dolly—So Simpkins, the cashier of the bank, proposed to you last night?

Polly—Yes; and I promised to marry him.

"Did he ask your father's permission?"

"Yes; he said he would ask papa to indorse my promissory note."

In After Years.

Mrs. Whoopem—There was a time when I was actually proud of the powerful voice you put into your college yell; but now I wish it had been only a whisper.

Whoopem—Why do you say that, my dear?

Mrs. Whoopem—Because the baby has inherited the aforesaid yell; that's why.

The Whole Thing.

Tommy—Let's play theater.

Elsie—All right. I'll be the boss.

Tommy—No, I will. The manager has to be a man.

Elsie—Oh! you can be the manager. "I'll be what they call the "bella donna."

Good One.



Gazer (an astronomer)—Can you suggest a suitable inscription for my new telescope?

Boozer (a drinker)—Sure. How would "Here's looking at you" do?

The Deacon's Opinion.

"Yes, suh," said the old colored brother, "dat boy is so fond of tradin' dat I v'ly believes dat ef he was in heaven, on day let him come back fer a holiday, he'd sell his return ticket on trust ter bein' blowed back by a hurricane!"

A Stagger.

Wigwag—Was it a stag affair?

Guzler—Worse than that; it was stagger.

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

PERSONAL MENTION.

W. T. Glaque was in Yassar Monday. Dr. S. G. Bush was Friday in Detroit. Dr. A. L. Steger was in Detroit Sunday. George W. Millsap was in Detroit Friday. Mr. Theodore Wood visited Francisco friends Sunday. Jim Speer and daughter Satie were in Jackson Sunday. Boy Covill of Galesburg was a Chelsea visitor Friday. Mr. and Mrs. John McKernan were in Jackson Sunday. Miss Satie Speer visited relatives in Battle Creek Friday. Miss Nellie McKernan of Detroit spent Sunday at this place. George Speer of Battle Creek spent Monday evening here. Miss Laura Clarke of Ypsilanti is the guest of relatives here. Misses Enid Holmes and Mabel Bacon were in Olivet last week. Mr. and Mrs. C. Haines visited their parents in Dundee Sunday. Miss Emma Mast of Ann Arbor is visiting her parents this week. Mr. and Mrs. J. Hoover are visiting friends in Detroit this week. Henry Speer is spending the summer with relatives in Battle Creek. Mrs. J. Quirk and son of Detroit visited Mrs. M. Hindelang Sunday. Miss Dora Harrington of Detroit is the guest of Miss Florence Bachman. John P. Miller of Detroit returned home Wednesday for his vacation. Harvey Spiegelberg of Monroe spent part of last week with his parents. Mr. and Mrs. F. Eisele of Evanston Ill. are the guests of their parents here. Mrs. W. Blach and children of Cleveland Ohio are guests of relatives here. Misses Mabel and Helen McGuiness were in Detroit several days of this week. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Pickell of Detroit were the guests of relatives here Sunday. Mrs. F. E. Wines and daughter Emma of Olivet are the guests of relatives here. Arthur Judson of Ann Arbor was a Chelsea visitor several days of the past week. Mrs. E. Hammond was called to Jackson Saturday on account of her brother's illness. Mr. and Mrs. John Steb and son Edwin of Ann Arbor spent Sunday with Mrs. G. Babch. D. Duncan McLaren of Lima was the guest of his cousin Wirt McLaren the past week. Milo Hunter spent Saturday and Sunday in Ypsilanti with his daughter Mrs. C. E. Clarke. John Hummel took his father Jacob to Detroit Saturday to see the Ringling Bros. circus. Mrs. F. McNamara and daughter Eva of Jackson spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. G. Martin. Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Lillibridge of Detroit spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. F. McMillen of Lima. Mrs. A. J. Clark and daughter of Grass Lake spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Kilmer. Rev. Mr. Stiles attended the dedication of the new Congregational church at Wyandotte Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Chase of Manchester attended the Brooks Hughes wedding Wednesday. Miss Lettie Wackenhut who has been teaching at Wayne the past year is spending her vacation at home. Mrs. E. A. Seife and daughter Clara of Jackson were guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Richards over Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. John R. Gates left Tuesday afternoon for the East, when they will spend some time with relatives. Mrs. George Schlee and Mrs. Fred Schlee and daughter of Ann Arbor visited the Misses Girschbach Saturday and Sunday. Mrs. F. H. Angell of Cincinnati, Ohio visited at the home of her father, F. E. Richards a few days of last week. Mr. Angell also made a short call on Monday at the same place. The Michigan State Agricultural College is year by year becoming of more value to the farmers of the state. Their bulletins which they issue from time to time set forth in a very readable form much valuable information. The bulletin for April has just come from the press and is a valuable contribution from the botanical department dealing with Michigan mushrooms. This is a topic in which anyone may well be interested but concerning which there is a surprising lack of knowledge at present. For a nice, neat, nobby suit go to the Chelsea Dry Goods & Shoe Co.

YOUR NEIGHBOR'S DOINGS
AS SEEN BY
The Standard's Correspondents.

SEARCH. Mrs. Wm. Monks was a Jackson visitor Wednesday last. Mr. and Mrs. George Gage of Alma visited at Clarence Gage's Sunday. JERUSALEM. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kilen spent Sunday with C. Kilen and family. Miss Adelaide Datzel of Ann Arbor spent Sunday with Miss Ida Dettling. Mrs. J. Mullbach and daughter of Ann Arbor spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. M. Koch. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schanz and son of Ann Arbor spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Schanz. The Jerusalem base ball team went to Francisco Sunday afternoon to play with the Francisco team. Score 4 to 14 in favor of Francisco. EAST LYNDON. Miss Veva Young entertained company Sunday. C. D. Lane was on our streets early Sunday morning. Roy Palmer is at home helping his father till the soil. Miss Sylvia Hadley entertained company Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Wm. Glenn and daughter Rosa called on friends in this vicinity last Friday. Miss Bernice Birch has returned home after a weeks visit with friends and relatives in Bunker Hill. Several of the campers at Brewing lake became disgusted with the weather and returned to their home Saturday. SYLVAN. Mrs. Bush who has been on the sick list is now on the gain. Mr. Schellie of Wayne was the guest of Edward Fisk Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Foster of Grass Lake were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Waltz Wednesday. Mrs. Joseph Helm and Mrs. Scouten and daughters, Adeline and Fannie were in Jackson Friday. Mr. Lammers and family and Edward Dull and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Simon Weber. Mrs. James Riggs who has been visiting at Wm. Eisenbeiter's returned to her home in Detroit Friday. Mrs. John Mohrlock jr. and Miss Laubengayer visited their parents Mr. and Mrs. C. Laubengayer Friday. UNADILLA. Frank May and wife were in Stockbridge Friday. Wm. Smith and daughter were in Chelsea Saturday. Grace Collins spent Sunday with her cousin, Rose Harris. Mrs. Z. A. Hartenf and daughter Mabel were in Chelsea Friday. Frank Marshall and family visited his mother, Mrs. Ellen Marshall, Sunday. Mrs. Nancy May spent Sunday with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Durkee at Anderson, who is very sick. Mrs. Allie Holmes of Stockbridge spent the last of the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Palmer. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Godley and Mr. and Mrs. Claud Clements of White Oak are spending a few days at Bruen lake. Miss Kate Barnum who has taught for the past year in Unadilla has gone to Adrian to teach. She will be greatly missed by her scholars. A. C. Watson is making preparations for his usual Fourth of July celebrations; he says it will be larger than here to fore and wants everybody to come. FRANCISCO. Mrs. Bertie Ortring is seriously ill. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Musbach were in Jackson Wednesday. Carl Mensing of Chelsea was the guest of his brother Fred Sunday. Mrs. F. Getner and daughter of Lima are visiting Mrs. Fred Mensing. Mr. and Mrs. P. Schweinfurth spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Whitaker. Mrs. C. T. Conkila of Chelsea visited her grandson several days of the past week. The ball game between Lima and Francisco Sunday was 4 to 14 in favor of Francisco. Ione, William, John and Emory Lehman of Waterloo passed a few days in this vicinity. Mr. and Mrs. Shelly of Grass Lake was the guest of their mother Mrs. C. Hurst Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Brosamle of Chelsea passed Sunday with their mother Mrs. Brosamle. Mrs. H. H. Lammers and children spent part of last week with Mrs. S. Weaver of Chelsea. Mrs. Tiff returned to her home in Leslie Monday after spending several weeks with relatives here. Mrs. M. Koster entertained Mrs. Mary Caspron and Mrs. Ernest Capron of Grass Lake one day last week. Mrs. E. J. Musbach and children of Munnich were the guests of her parents a few days of the past week. Mr. and Mrs. E. Riemschneider and family and Wm. Riemschneider of Chelsea were the guests of their father here Sunday. Children's day exercises will be held at the German M. E. church Sunday evening, June 28th. Every body cordially invited to attend.

John Riemschneider of California is visiting relatives here and conducted services at the German M. E. church Sunday and will also officiate the coming Sunday. Cora and Will Velta returned to their home at Woodland, Barry county after spending the past three weeks with their grandparents Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Musbach. Notice Village Taxes are now due and can be paid to me at any time from now till August 10 1903. Fred Roedel, Village Treasurer.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS. (OFFICIAL)

Chelsea, Mich., June 17, 1903. Board met in regular session. Meeting called to order by W. J. Knapp, president pro tem. Roll called by the clerk. There being no quorum present it was moved, and supported that this meeting stand adjourned until tomorrow night, June 18, 1903, at eight (8) o'clock. Carried. W. H. HERSCHBERG, Clerk. Chelsea, Mich., June 18, 1903. Pursuant to regular adjourned meeting of June 17, 1903, board met in regular session. Meeting called to order by W. J. Knapp, President pro tem. Roll called by the clerk. Present—W. J. Knapp, Burkhardt, Schenk, McKune and W. R. Lehman. Absent—F. P. Glazier, President. Minutes approved. Moved by W. P. Schenk, seconded by Lehman, that the assessment roll be accepted and approved and that the assessor be instructed to spread (1 1/2) one and one fourth per cent on all real and personal property as appears upon the assessment roll for 1903. Total of roll \$870,065.00. Yeas—Burkhardt, Schenk, McKune, Lehman, Knapp, Nays—None. Carried. Moved by Burkhardt, seconded by McKune, that the Village Attorney be authorized to look after the case of Daniel Corey vs. the Village of Chelsea. Carried. Moved by Lehman, seconded by Burkhardt, that the petition of Mrs. Johnson by John Kalmbach, attorney, be referred to the finance committee. Carried. (ORDINANCE NO. 30.) An ordinance relating to riding of bicycles on sidewalks. The Village of Chelsea ordains. Section 1—Any person or persons who shall ride bicycles on any sidewalk in the Village of Chelsea, Washtenaw county, State of Michigan, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor. Section 2—Any person who shall ride a bicycle at a greater rate of speed than 15 miles per hour shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor. Section 3—Whoever shall be tried before any justice of the peace having jurisdiction of the office and found guilty of any of the misdemeanors mentioned in this ordinance shall be fined not to exceed twenty-five dollars or ten days imprisonment in the county jail or both such fines and imprisonment in the discretion of the court for the first offence and not less than five dollars or more than fifty dollars or thirty days imprisonment in the county jail or both such fines and imprisonment for each offence. Section 4—It shall be duty of the marshal to forthwith arrest all persons who shall be violating any section of this ordinance and take them before some justice of the peace within said village and there make complaint against them and further deal with them as justice, the requirements of this ordinance and the law made and provided for such cases may require; provided, that nothing in this section shall prevent any person from making complaint and causing prosecution to be commenced on account of such misdemeanors. Section 5—All ordinances or parts of ordinances inconsistent with this ordinance are hereby repealed. Section 6—This ordinance shall take effect and be in full force from and after twenty days after its passage. Approved June 18, 1903. Order of the Village Council W. J. KNAPP, President pro tem W. H. HERSCHBERG, Clerk. Moved by Lehman, seconded by McKune that ordinance No. 30 be accepted and adopted as read by the clerk. Yeas—Schenk, McKune, Lehman, Knapp, Nays—O. C. Burkhardt. Carried. Moved by Lehman, seconded by Burkhardt that the bills of Edgar Alexander and the Chelsea Telephone company be referred to finance committee. Carried. Moved by McKune, seconded by Burkhardt that the following bills be allowed as read and orders drawn on treasurer for amount. Carried. J. A. Roe & Co., pipe and fittings for pumps \$720 91 Standard Oil Co., 1 barrel oil 9 74 R. Williamson & Co., supplies 29 31 Electric Supply & Engineering Co., meters 35 00 D. L. Bates & Co., field coils 5 00 Michigan Electric Co., supplies 14 73 Niagara Chemical Co., boiler compound 36 32 Milo Shaver, 10 days at \$40 18 34 E. McCarter, 5 days at \$40 6 67 G. C. Stimson, printing 5 21 E. H. Chandler, fire at C. W. Maroney's 4 50 Bauer Gas Fixture Works supplies 28 26 American Lino Oil Co., belt dressing 3 50 Geo. H. Foster & Co., 9 taps and supplies 92 65 Chelsea Telephone Co., 17 40 and 45 feet poles 100 00 Oblo & Michigan Coal Co., 1 car coal 33 17 The Postoria Lamp Co., 2 doz. globes 3 56 E. J. Corbett, coal 359 68 J. F. Maier 1/2 month salary 35 00 D. Alber 1/2 month salary 20 00 C. Lighthall 1/2 month salary 20 00 J. M. Woods 1/2 month salary 20 00

B Parker 1 month salary 30 00 H. McKune, work with team 29 83 G. H. Martin, 190 1/2 hours work 17 53 John Ross, 117 hours work 1 80 E. G. Updegrave, 13 hours work 1 80 M. Maier, 88 hours work 10 30 C. Hagden, 21 hours work 3 15 Milo Shaver, 110 hours work 16 50 J. F. Maier, expense to Detroit and postage 5 91 J. F. Maier, 1 month salary 35 00 C. Lighthall, 1 month salary 20 00 J. M. Woods, 1 month salary 20 00 D. Alber, 1 month salary 20 00 Moved by Lehman seconded by Schenk, that the petition of Frank Leach and others relative to placing an arc lamp at Kelley's corner be referred to the electric light committee. Carried. Moved by Burkhardt seconded by McKune, that the President pro tem be instructed to appoint a special committee of 8 to investigate the demand of an increase of wages, of the employees of the electric light plant. Carried. The President pro tem appointed the following as the special committee: F. P. Glazier, O. C. Burkhardt and W. P. Schenk. On motion board adjourned. W. H. HERSCHBERG, Clerk. A FRIGHTENED HORSE. Running like mad down the street dumping the occupants, or a hundred other accidents, are every day occurrences. It behooves everybody to have a reliable salve handy and there's none as good as Bucklin's Arnica Salve. Burns, cuts, sores, eczema and piles disappear quickly under its soothing effect. 25c, at Glazier & Stimson's Drug Store.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Kempf Commercial & Savings Bank

At Chelsea, Michigan, at the close of business, June 9th, 1903, as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department. RESOURCES. Loans and discounts \$ 70,499.01 Bonds, mortgages, securities 268,073.52 Premiums paid on bonds 400.42 Overdrafts 2,781.47 Banking house 7,500.00 Furniture and fixtures 1,890.00 Due from other banks and bankers 18,200.00 U. S. bonds 5,500.00 Due from banks in reserve cities 36,002.19 U. S. and national bank currency 7,464.00 Gold coin 9,127.50 Silver coin 2,181.85 Nickels and cents 187.31 60,462.85 Checks, cash items internal revenue account 451.48 Total \$433,168.75 LIABILITIES. Capital stock paid in \$ 40,000.00 Surplus 5,500.00 Undivided profits, net 5,927.77 Dividends unpaid 64.00 Commercial deposits 56,187.65 Certificates of deposit 17,942.25 Savings deposits 281,147.30 Savings certificates 20,399.58 378,740.98 Total \$430,168.75 State of Michigan, County of Washtenaw, ss. I, J. A. Palmer, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. JOHN A. PALMER, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of June, 1903. GEO. A. B. GOLE, Notary Public. Correct—Attest: C. H. Kempf, H. S. Holmes, Edward Vogel, Directors.

At Chelsea, Michigan, at the close of business, June 9th, 1903, as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department. RESOURCES. Loans and discounts \$167,605.44 Bonds, mortgages, securities 245,086.92 Premiums paid on bonds 140.00 Overdrafts 4.61 Banking house 30,000.00 Furniture and fixtures 9,585.34 Other real estate 4,000.00 U. S. bonds 2,000.00 Due from banks in reserve cities 41,252.37 Excess for clearing house 5,147.26 U. S. and national bank currency 5,815.00 Gold coin 8,685.00 Silver coin 1,184.00 Nickels and cents 388.41 63,972.04 Checks, cash items, internal revenue account 28.86 Total \$510,423.21 LIABILITIES. Capital stock paid in \$ 60,000.00 Surplus fund 15,000.00 Undivided profits, net 12,059.57 Commercial deposits 66,631.47 Certificates of deposit 53,114.13 Savings deposits 171,605.82 Savings certificates 132,012.22 423,363.54 Total \$510,423.21 State of Michigan, County of Washtenaw, ss. I, Theo. E. Wood, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. THEO. E. WOOD, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of June 1903. A. K. STIMSON, Notary Public. Correct—Attest: FRANK P. GLAZIER, W. M. J. KNAPP, W. P. SCHENK, Directors.

Great Slaughter Sale AT The Chelsea Dry Goods & Shoe Co. For the next 30 days, commencing June 27th and continuing until July 27th, everything in the line of SUMMER GOODS MUST BE SOLD such as lawns, batiste, domestics, swiss mulls, oxford chevots, madras cloth and percales. A nice line of READY-TO-WEAR GARMENTS in white, and in order to make them move we have cut the prices down to cost and some below cost. Don't fail to take advantage of this sale as we assure you we will save you money. Cut prices will prevail on all summer merchandise during this sale.

ART IN CLOCKS. It will be worth your while to stop in at my store, when in the neighborhood, merely to see the latest artistic creations in clock cases. You will admire several sumptuous examples in Onyx, and some Bronze types that are superb; while in clocks that we can sell at \$5.50 are some imitations of black marble, in Ebonyed wood, that are strikingly beautiful, there are novelties in Porcelain at prices that seem impossible. If you will inspect these beautiful goods, we promise not to make a suggestion of a sale; for the clocks themselves will be arguing eloquently in that direction. Please Stop and Think for One Moment. Are all your Clocks doing as well as they should? It will cost you nothing to let us inspect them. We never find imaginary faults, nor make unnecessary repairs. F. KANTLEHNER.

HARNESS. 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.

2-BIG DAYS "ONCE AGAIN, THE EAGLE WILL SCREAM." A monster old-fashioned CELEBRATION AT YPSILANTI. FUN--FROLIC--FIREWORKS. It is up to you, to have the time of your life. Grand Illuminated Union Parade, Friday eve., July 3d. Representing Detroit, Jackson, Owasso, Ann Arbor, Ypsilanti and surrounding towns. Hundreds of men in line, presenting the greatest spectacle ever witnessed in Southern Michigan. 3-BRASS BANDS-3 Music all the time--DAY AND NIGHT. 4-BALLOON ASCENSIONS-4 Sports of all kinds--BOTH DAYS. FREESTREET ATTRACTIONS Concluding with a monstrous display of FIREWORKS Saturday evening, July 4th. Everybody is invited to attend the greatest celebration ever held in this part of Michigan. Excursions on all Railroads and Electric Lines.

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 dyers, dry and steam cleaners. Ladies' Jackets made and remodeled. All work guaranteed. GLASS BLOCK TAILORING PARLORS. J. J. RAFTREY Proprietor. Phone 37.

WANT COLUMN 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. LUNCHESES SERVED. A full line of home-made Canned and Band. Please give me a call. WILLIAM CASPARY. Are you thin? Would you like to get fat and plump? Tried "laughing," "wonder" work--now take Rocky Mountain "W" will do the business. 35 cents. Glazier & Stimson. Merzimen's All-Night Workers make morning movements easy.

Hump Back SCOTT'S EMULSION won't make a hump back straight, neither will it make a short leg long, but it feeds soft bones and heals diseased bone and is among the few genuine means of recovery in rickets and bone consumption. SCOTT'S BOWNE, Chelsea, Mich. 409-415 Pearl Street, New York. 50c and \$1.00 all druggists.

WE ARE CUTTING

THE BEST CHEESE

FINEST ELSIE FULL CREAM

BON PARK CREAM CHEESE

WISCONSIN BRICK CREAM

ALL AT THE LOWEST PRICES

Freeman Bros.

F. P. GLAZIER, President. O. C. BURKHART, 1st Vice Pres.
W. M. 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.

WE SELL

FIRST-CLASS MEATS

as cheap as other dealers charge for second and third class meats. Every ounce of meat guaranteed to be strictly prime.

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.



19763

SMOKE THE BEST CIGAR.

Schueler'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.

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, Noons.

Two-steps—Dixie Girl, Hiawatha, Dolores and Mississippi Bubble, My Dream Lady and Polka Dot, Solo, Sunrise in Georgia, Cordella.

E. E. WINANS.

Try The Standard and get all the local news.

LOCAL EVENTS

OF THE PAST WEEK FOR THE STANDARD'S READERS.

Born, Wednesday, to Mr. and Mrs. Lou Wright, a girl.

Chas. Staphis is having an extensive addition built to his residence in Lyndon.

Remember the fish supper at the M. E. church on Friday evening of this week.

The Schwikorath Bros. have just about finished a fine residence for E. L. Alexander on Summit street, west.

John Liebeck has moved into his new house and Henry Moran has moved into the one made vacant by Mr. Liebeck.

M. L. Raymond, supervisor of Sharon, has bought the residence properly in Grass Lake of the late George Lord.

The stores will be open until eleven o'clock Friday evening, preceding the Fourth, and remain closed all next day.

The Ladies' Guild of the Congregational church will give a social in the church parlors on the evening of July 8.

J. A. Maroney has just completed a fine barn 30x46 feet in dimensions, with a self-supporting roof for John Finkbeiner of Lima.

The Michigan Central will run a Detroit excursion Sunday. The train leaves at 8:48 a. m. and the fare will be 85 cents for the round trip.

A Mr. Price of Battle Creek has placed a saw mill on the timber lot of Mrs. Frank Everett of Sharon and expects to commence sawing next Monday.

Dr. Caster will deliver a sermon to the children at the M. E. church next Sunday morning. Every child in Chelsea is especially invited to be present.

Last week the Chelsea Telephone company met and declared its usual semi-annual dividend of \$1.00 per share. This dividend will be payable July 10th.

Rev. C. S. Jones was in Wyandotte Sunday evening where he delivered the address at the dedicatory exercises of the new Congregational church at that place.

Married, Sunday, June 14, 1903 at the M. E. parsonage in this village, Miss Catherine Eva Gregg and Mr. William C. Star, both of Jackson, Rev. E. E. Caster officiating.

Mrs. Clara Staphis is having built on her farm just north of this village a barn 30x70. The frame was raised yesterday an old fashioned barn raising at which a hundred or more both worked and feasted.

The A. O. U. W. lodges of southern Michigan are preparing for a great time at Wolf Lake July 29th. There will be a picnic and a general social time. It is expected that twenty or thirty lodges will be represented.

On the 25th day of May Landlord Boyd of the Boyd house had the first brick laid for the third story of his addition to the hotel and on the 25th day of June he received his first money for the use of rooms in the new part.

The report of those neither absent nor tardy for the past month was a fine showing. Lack of space prevents its being published this week. The name of Lloyd Hoffman is noted as being neither absent nor tardy for the entire year.

Tuesday noon there were numerous loads of lumber in sight on Main street. It was being drawn to the farm of Martin Koch, in Jerusalem, where he is to erect a barn to replace the one destroyed by lightning about four weeks ago.

The recital given Tuesday evening by the pupils of Miss Mamie Clark at Woodmen hall was repeated with numbers rendered to the satisfaction and enjoyment of those present. All those participating did credit to themselves and teacher.

Now that it has become known that German Day is not to be held in Chelsea a movement is on foot to have sports day held here some time about August 1st. There would likely be a number of ball games and track and field events as well.

B. H. Glenn suffered a severe accident last Thursday afternoon while loading wheat into cars at the M. C. freight house. A large push cart is used to convey the wheat to the cars and while loaded with about 1400 pounds of wheat the handles of the cart were wrenched from the hands of Mr. Glenn and the handles flew up striking him under the chin. The hurt was a serious one as may be well supposed. Several bones of the sufferer's face was broken and he was pretty effectually put out of business for a time at least. Dr. Schmidt was called and attended the injured man. The fractures were pronounced serious but no serious results are anticipated as the injured man is steadily improving.

DO YOU ENJOY WHAT YOU EAT?

If you don't your food does not do you much good. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is the remedy that every one should take when there is any thing wrong with the stomach. There is no way to maintain the health and strength of mind and body except by nourishment. There is no way to nourish except through the stomach. The stomach must be kept healthy, pure and sweet or the strength will let down and disease will set up. No appetite, loss of strength, nervousness, headache, constipation, bad breath, sour risings, rifting, indigestion, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles are quickly cured by the use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. Sold by Glazier & Stimson.

BREAKFAST IN BOSTON.

"What kind of breakfast food have you?" Inquired the New Yorker in the Boston hotel.
"We have pumpkin, custard, apple and meringue pie," replied the waiter, carefully adjusting his glasses.—Yonkers Statesman.

KODOL GIVES STRENGTH

By enabling the digestive organs to digest, assimilate and transform all of the wholesome food that may be eaten into the kind of blood that nourishes the nerves, feeds the tissues, hardens the muscles and recuperates the organs of the entire body. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure cures indigestion, dyspepsia, catarrh of the stomach and all stomach disorders. Sold by Glazier & Stimson.

Jacob and William Schultz have purchased the grocery stock of L. T. Freeman in Ann Arbor. Both members of the new firm have been popular and successful salesmen in Chelsea and they will undoubtedly turn their experience to good account in their business venture.

A tall man with a sanctimonious mien, a long coat, a collection of topical songs and his aunt to help sing them and about five gallons of tape worms long enough for a bell rope to a freight train has been on our streets the past two nights looking with the aid of two gasoline jacks for dollars.

Friday evening Miss Mabel Brooks, who was married Wednesday to Tom Hughes, was given a granite "shower" by her club friends, assisted by some others, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Watson. A fine collection of useful articles were bestowed on the bride-elect and the occasion was an enjoyable social one as well.

The employees of the stove works will have about ten days in which to celebrate the glorious Fourth this year. The factory will be shut down from Monday June 29 to Thursday, July 9. During this time the boilers at the power house will receive a thorough cleaning and overhauling and be put in good shape for the fall and winter campaign.

Something of a miniature educational congress is in session at the Babcock cottage at Cavanaugh this week. Eight teachers are there for an outing. They answer to roll call as follows: Dora Harrington, Florence Davis, Grace Atkinson, Phea Pretty (we don't doubt it), Wilma Everest and Mrs. J. H. McKain, all of Detroit, and Florence Bachman and Florence Martin of Chelsea.

The lad Melvin Beeler whose serious illness was announced in The Standard a week ago died that evening. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Beeler, born in Sylvan June 18, 1890 and was consequently 12 years and 8 months old. The funeral services were from the Congregational church, Rev. C. S. Jones officiating. Seven of the young friends of the deceased acted as pall bearers.

At a meeting of the German Workingmen's Society held this week it was unanimously voted not to hold the German Day celebration in Chelsea. After carefully going over the situation it was found that there was no suitable place for the celebration and Sec. Isreal Vogel was instructed to notify the society throughout the county. Perhaps the celebration will be held at Ann Arbor.

Prof. W. W. Gifford was Saturday given a testimonial of appreciation by the boys of the High school Athletic Association. The presentation occurred at the ball field and the game was stopped while the presentation was made. The souvenir was a large silver spoon suitably engraved. Prof. Gifford responded and wished the boys a continuation of the good fortune that had attended their efforts while he was with them.

Last Saturday evening Doctor Steger entered the field as a promoter and floated enough stock to purchase a paper balloon. So much hot air was wasted in the effort that a resort was had to burning alcohol to produce the necessary adhesion. The balloon rose majestically and high; but some of the stockholders claim that unauthorized by the directors Doc took the surplus from the sale of stock and blew it for ice cream. The company will pass its dividends.

The teachers of the country are to have a big national convention at Boston this summer and the Michigan Central is very politely putting them next to the information they will be in need of. This unique advertising is a quaint booklet printed in antique type and preserving the style of diction in vogue two centuries ago in New England. Any school man that cares enough about the book to write O. W. Ruggles of Chicago and send him a miniature steel engraving of George Washington done in red ink can secure one of the booklets.

The Assyrians, told of in the reader, who came down like a wolf on the fold, wasn't a circumstance to the dog that came out of the stairway that leads up to Knapp's furniture department yesterday. The dog had the regulation glassy eye and froth enough at the mouth to compete with a soda fountain. Whether the dog was mad, or poisoned is hard to say. He ran down through Main street to the railroad yard where somebody, armed with lots of nerve and orders from the village authorities, slew the dog and Adam Kalmbach was forthwith in the market for a new pup. The deceased was his dog.

The June meeting of the Western Wahtenaw Union Farmer's club met with Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Froer on the 18th. Although the clouds were dark and rain threatened there was a good attendance. The June meeting is called "Childrens day," and the little folks gave a very nice entertainment consisting of recitations, singing and instrumental music. The selections were fine and well rendered. Ice cream was served in abundance and all departed for their homes feeling they had enjoyed the last meeting of the season to the full extent. The club will now take a vacation through the summer months and meet again Oct. 18th with Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Lowry.

OXFORDS



SUMMER
OPENING
ANNOUNCEMENT



In all our long experience we never saw more perfect men than the new

They are dainty, elegant and perfect fitting.

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

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.

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

FREE. FREE. FREE.

We will give away with every sack of our flour this coupon; save 52 of them and send them to us and get a Flour Bin and Sifter, which retails for \$3.00, free of charge. Our Flour is guaranteed to equal any Flour made and to give perfect satisfaction.

MERCHANT MILLING Co.
Chelsea, Michigan.

WEBSTER

THE TAILOR

Can show you the finest line of

SPRING SUITINGS

in town. Call and look them over.

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

JOHN FARRELL.
PURE FOOD STORE

THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

(Copyright, 1900, by Amelia E. Barr)

CHAPTER XV.

"Hush! Love is Here!"
On the morning that Hyde called for America, Cornelia received the letter he had written her on the discovery of Rem's dishonorable conduct. So much love, so much joy, sent to her in the secret foldings of a sheet of paper! In a hurry of delight and expectation she opened it, and her beaming eyes ran all over the joyful words it brought her—sweet fluttering pages, that his breath had moved, and his face been aware of. How he would have rejoiced to see her pressing them to her bosom, at some word of fonder memory or desire.

In the afternoon, when the shopping for the day had been accomplished, Cornelia went to Capt. Jacobs, to play with him the game of backgammon which had become an almost daily duty, and to which the captain attached a great importance. "I owe your daughter as much as I owe you, sir," he would say to Doctor Moran, "and I owe both of you a bigger debt than I can clear myself of."

This afternoon he looked at his victor with a wondering speculation. There was something in her face and manner and voice he had never before seen or heard, and madame—who watched every expression of her husband—was easily led to the same observation. She observed Cornelia closely, and her gay laugh especially revealed some change. It was like the burst of bird song in early spring and she followed the happy girl to the front door and called her back when she had gone down the steps, and said, as she looked earnestly in her face:

"You have heard from Joris Hyde? I know you have!" and Cornelia nodded her head, and blushed and smiled, and ran away from further question. When she reached home she found Madame Van Heemskirk sitting with her mother, and the sweet old lady rose to meet her, and said before Cornelia could utter a word:

"Come to me, Cornelia. This morning a letter we have had from my Joris, and sorry am I that I did these so much wrong."

"Madame, I have long forgotten it, and there was a mistake all round," answered Cornelia cheerfully. "That is so—and yet I mistake first of all. Joris is misfortune; even to be happy, it is not wise to hurry. Listen now! Joris has written to his grandfather, and also to me, and very busy will be keep us both. His grandfather is to look after the stables, and to buy more horses, and to hire serving men of all kinds. And a long letter also I have from my daughter Katherine, and she tells me to make her duty to thee my duty. That is my pleasure also, and I have been talking with thy mother about the house. Now I shall go there, and a very pleasant home I shall make it."

Then Cornelia kissed madame, and afterwards removed her bonnet, and madame looked at her smiling. For nearly a week Cornelia was too busy to take Arenta into her consideration. She did not care to tell her about Rem's cruel and dishonorable

conduct. She seized and read it, and then without a word, or a moment's hesitation threw it into the fire.

Rem blustered and fumed, and she stood smiling defiantly at him. "You are like all criminals," she said, "you must keep something to accuse yourself with. I love you too well to permit you to carry that bit of paper about you. It has worked you harm enough. What are you going to do? Is Miss Damer's refusal quite final?" "Quite. It was even scornful." "Plenty of nice girls in Boston." "I cannot go back to Boston." "Why then?" "Because Mary's cousin has told the whole affair."

"Nonsense!" "She has. I know it. Men, whom I had been friendly with, got out of my way; women excused themselves at their homes, and did not see me on the streets. I have no doubt all Boston is talking of the affair."

"Go away as soon as you can. I don't want to know where you go just yet. New York is impossible, and Boston is impossible. Father says go to the frontier, I say go South. And I would tell women alone—they are beyond you—go in for politics."

That day Rem lingered with his sister, seeing no one else; and in the evening shadows he slipped quietly away. He felt that his business efforts for two years were forfeited, and that he had the world to begin over again. Without a friend to wish him a Godspeed the wretched man went on board the Southern packet, and in her dim lonely cabin sat silent and despondent, while she fought her way through swaying curtains of rain to the open sea.

This sudden destruction of all her hopes for her brother distressed Arenta. Her own marriage had been a most unfortunate one, but its misfortunes had the importance of national tragedy. Rem's matrimonial failure had not one redeeming quality; it was altogether a shameful and well-deserved retribution.

But the heart of her anger was Cornelia—"but for that girl," Rem would have married Mary Damer, and his home in Boston might have been full of opportunities for her, as well as a desirable change when she wearied of New York.

When Cornelia entered the Van Arents parlor Arenta was already there. She looked offended, and hardly spoke to her old friend, but Cornelia was prepared for some exhibition of anger. She had not been to see Arenta for a whole week, and she did not doubt she had been well aware of something unusual in progress. But that Rem had accused himself did not occur to her; therefore she was hardly prepared for the passionate accusations with which Arenta assailed her.

"I think," she said, "you have behaved disgracefully to poor Rem! You would not have him yourself, and yet you prevent another girl—whom he loves far better than he ever loved you—from marrying him. He has gone away out of the world," he says, and indeed I should not wonder if he kills himself. It is most certain you have done all you can to drive him to it."

"Arenta! I have no idea what you mean. I have not seen Rem, nor written to Rem, for more than two years." "Very likely, but you have written about him. You wrote to Miss Damer and told her Rem purposely kept a letter, which you had sent to Lord Hyde."

"I did not write to Miss Damer. I do not know the lady. But Rem did keep a letter that belonged to Lord Hyde."

Then anger gave falsehood the bit and she answered, "Rem did not keep any letter that belonged to Lord Hyde. Prove that he did so, before you accuse him. You cannot."

"I unfortunately directed Lord Hyde's letter to Rem, and Rem's letter to Lord Hyde. Rem knew that he had Lord Hyde's letter, and he should have taken it at once to him."

"Lord Hyde had Rem's letter; he ought to have taken it at once to Rem."

"There was not a word in Rem's letter to identify it as belonging to him." "Then you ought to be ashamed to write love letters that would do for any man that received them. A poor hand you must be to blunder over two love letters. I have had eight and ten at once to answer, and I never failed to distinguish each, and while rivers run into the sea I never shall misdirect my love letters. Very clever is Lord Hyde to excuse himself by throwing the blame on poor Rem. Very mean indeed to accuse him to the girl he was going to marry."

"Arenta, I have the most firm conviction of Rem's guilt, and the greatest concern for his disappointment. I assure you I have."

"Kindly reserve your concerns, Miss Moran, till Rem Van Arents asks for it. As for his guilt, there is no guilt in question. Even supposing that Rem did keep Lord Hyde's letter, what then? All things are fair in love and war. Willie Nicholas told me last night that he would keep a hundred letters, if he thought he could win me by doing so. Any man of sense would."

"All I blame Rem for is—"

"All I blame Rem for is, that he asked you to marry him. So much for

that! I hope if he meddles with women again, he will seek an all-round common-sense Dutch girl, who will know how to direct her letters—or else be content with one lover."

"Arenta, I shall go now. I have given you an opportunity to be rude and unkind. You cannot expect me to do that again."

Arenta watched Cornelia across the street, and then turned to the mirror and wound her ringlets over her fingers. "I don't care," she muttered. "It was her fault to begin with. She tempted Rem, and he fell. Men always fall when women tempt them; it is their nature to. I am going to stand by Rem, right or wrong."

To such thoughts she was raging when Peter Van Arents came home to dinner, and she could not restrain herself. He listened for a minute or two, and then struck the table no gentle blow.

"In my house, Arenta," he said, "I will have no such words. What you think, you think; but such thoughts must be shut close in your mind. In keeping that letter, I say Rem behaved like a scoundrel; he was cruel, and he was a coward. Because he is my son I will not excuse him. No indeed! For that very reason, the more angry am I at such a deed. Now

When I went out to live with his people, the young brave had passed his eighth winter, and was a straight, manly little fellow. I noticed him at once among the band of small Pueblo boys, as he was quite different from them in build and looks. He had all the characteristics of the nomad or roving Indian, while his Pueblo playmates were like their own peace-loving tribe. He was reserved and dignified, with a quick temper, which he controlled in a way quite beyond his years, although sometimes it would flare up, as it did one day when he heard the click of my camera as I took a snapshot at a group of boys among whom he was standing. He had a dread of the camera, and it made him very angry. We were too good friends to quarrel, but he felt he must punish some one, so, like a flash, he jumped on the nearest boy, whom he sent rolling on the ground in no time. But, with all his pride and temper, he was a generous boy.

My interest in him was no greater than his in me, and we soon became very good friends. He would follow me on long tramps when I was out with my gun, and he took great delight in picking up the game, always stealing up and planting one of his tiny arrows in the bird or beast, and then rushing in and seizing it, in true warrior style. Our hunts were silent, as neither understood the other's language; but he comprehended every motion I made, and there was a bond of sympathy between us—the love of nature—that made our trips very pleasant. This small brave had a knowledge of nature that would put to shame most civilized boys of twice his years. Many times he took the lead, and seldom failed to find what he was after.

Sometimes we would take our ponies across the river, and ride up into the canyons, spending the day wandering about the little parks, or climbing to the almost inaccessible prehistoric stone villages on top of the mesas, there to hunt for stone arrow-tips, axes and other remains of the old Pueblos. His eyes were very keen, and many were the additions he made to my collection. All the time the spirit of the hunter was uppermost in him; no animal was too small to attract his attention, and then the craft of his hunting ancestors would come forth. He would glide upon the game with the stealth of a cat, and more than once he came strutting back with a bird or little cottontail tied to his belt.

The little Ute was a leading spirit among the more docile Pueblo boys, whom he ruled like a little chief, and many were the forays he led against stray dogs from another village. Even in the adult dances his small figure, dressed in regular dance costume, would be seen bobbing up and down in perfect time to the beat of a drum.

During the hot, dry summer weather the people slept on their roofs, and with the first streak of light in the east the Pueblo was astir. Down in the plaza, the children would be playing at their various games, many of them with little brothers or sisters strapped to their backs. Among them, leading in some heroic sport, I would always see my miniature chieftain.

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The boat was decked over except in the middle, where there was an opening four feet square above the cockpit, in which the party slept and did their eating and drinking. This cockpit has a room nearly as wide as the boat and some ten feet long. Its flooring was six feet below the opening.

Fishing was good, which is to say that every man in the party inside of an hour hung a tarpon or two and let it get away, which is the usual course of events. Finally, a member of the party got a strike, reeled the barb into his foeman as deeply as a strong arm and wrist could send it, and the fun began. All the others reeled in to get their tackle out of the way and watch the fight.

This tarpon was possessed of a devil. It took out 200 feet of silk in its initial rush, and the moment it felt the drag went a yard into the air. They saw that it was more than five feet long and the man who was playing it—or being played with—said that it weighed a ton.

The war, with ups and downs, lasted for more than an hour. Thrice the fish was reeled within five feet of the boat and each time broke away. King, who is excitable, had most of the hour danced from stem to stern, shouting advice, expostulation, encouragement and anathemas.

When the tarpon was brought in for the fourth time it seemed utterly exhausted. It came heavily within a yard of the taffrail and its head was raised six inches from the water.

The lord high executioner of the band lifted his gaff to deal the fatal blow. With a mighty bound the fish rose from the water and crashed upon the deck. It was near the cockpit and not a foot from King.

With a lightning sweep of the tail it struck him across the knees, knocked him backward into the cockpit and fell after him, landing across his legs. Then in the semi-darkness of the little cabin ensued a combat that would have used up fifty pages of Victor Hugo's best work. It was Titanic.

The men above could see little, but they could hear the thud of blows, which fell like hail, the mighty thumps of falls, the rasping of heavy bodies on the plankings, snorts, grunts, gasps and ejaculations.

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SAVED DOG AT COST OF LIFE.
With grief according to its kind, a faithful dog mourned when its master, Waverly Moore, was buried recently at Richmond, Va. Moore sacrificed his life for the dog. Until the casket was removed the dog kept vigil and then ran to the spot where Moore was killed by a train.

Moore was a machinist and lived with his wife and mother at No. 1225 West Marshall street. When he left his work in the Seaboard Air Line shops his little dog was there as usual to accompany him home. Moore was wearing after his day's work and was walking along the main tracks over which the fast trains pass, when the Southern express approached from behind.

Neither Moore nor his dumb companion heard the express until it was upon them. A shrill whistle was the first warning, and it came too late. Moore glanced around and saw that the engine was almost upon him. He was apparently unmindful of himself in the presence of the sudden danger.

The dog was trembling from terror a few paces in front of him. Moore made a mighty effort, and bending forward grasped the dog and threw it clear of the track. The next instant the express train struck him and buried his lifeless body high in the air. But the dog was saved.

Two tramps witnessed the tragedy. They say that Moore could probably have saved himself had he not overlooked his own danger and turned to the dog.

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Pluck and Adventure.

A MINIATURE CHIEFTAIN.

ONCE upon a time, away out in Mexico, in one of the old pueblos on the Rio Grande, there was a young warrior born among tillers of the soil. His father had been left at the pueblo by a wandering band of Utes because he was too sick to travel. Upon his recovery, he liked the life, and determined to cast his lot with the Pueblo tribe. A council of the governor and his twelve sub-chiefs was held, he was received into the tribe, and a small piece of land apportioned out to him. The Ute married a Pueblo maiden, and their first son was named Agya (Star)—the little warrior mentioned at the beginning of this story.

Agya's first exploits had been with a couple of bear cubs that he used as playfellows, and frequent were the rough and tumble fights he had had with them.

When I went out to live with his people, the young brave had passed his eighth winter, and was a straight, manly little fellow. I noticed him at once among the band of small Pueblo boys, as he was quite different from them in build and looks. He had all the characteristics of the nomad or roving Indian, while his Pueblo playmates were like their own peace-loving tribe. He was reserved and dignified, with a quick temper, which he controlled in a way quite beyond his years, although sometimes it would flare up, as it did one day when he heard the click of my camera as I took a snapshot at a group of boys among whom he was standing. He had a dread of the camera, and it made him very angry. We were too good friends to quarrel, but he felt he must punish some one, so, like a flash, he jumped on the nearest boy, whom he sent rolling on the ground in no time. But, with all his pride and temper, he was a generous boy.

My interest in him was no greater than his in me, and we soon became very good friends. He would follow me on long tramps when I was out with my gun, and he took great delight in picking up the game, always stealing up and planting one of his tiny arrows in the bird or beast, and then rushing in and seizing it, in true warrior style. Our hunts were silent, as neither understood the other's language; but he comprehended every motion I made, and there was a bond of sympathy between us—the love of nature—that made our trips very pleasant. This small brave had a knowledge of nature that would put to shame most civilized boys of twice his years. Many times he took the lead, and seldom failed to find what he was after.

Sometimes we would take our ponies across the river, and ride up into the canyons, spending the day wandering about the little parks, or climbing to the almost inaccessible prehistoric stone villages on top of the mesas, there to hunt for stone arrow-tips, axes and other remains of the old Pueblos. His eyes were very keen, and many were the additions he made to my collection. All the time the spirit of the hunter was uppermost in him; no animal was too small to attract his attention, and then the craft of his hunting ancestors would come forth. He would glide upon the game with the stealth of a cat, and more than once he came strutting back with a bird or little cottontail tied to his belt.

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GROW BEST IN THE NORTH.

These Animals and Plants Attain Their Finest Development.
The interesting fact has lately come to the attention of the government scientists that the frog (the edible variety) attains its greatest and best development, not, as one would imagine, in the semi-tropical swamps of Florida and Louisiana, but in far northern Canada, on the extreme northern limit at which these reptiles are found. This bears out an old and pretty safe rule that both plants and animals attain their best development at the northernmost point of their habitat. Thus the diamond-back terrapin of the Chesapeake brings nearly eight times the price of the diamond-back of Louisiana, and the best oranges are grown, not in tropical Cuba (people of the older generation still remember the coarse-grained, sourish Havana oranges), but in northern Florida, where the trees are frequently cut down by the hard frosts and cold weather.—Washington Post.

AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.
How Crusty Bachelor Broke Up Monotonous Conversation.
The young matron who never brought her children to the table and the old maid who always carried oranges to her room were discussing the difficulties of housekeeping. The bachelor who sat at the foot of the table was making faces over the oatmeal and trying to read the paper. "Well, you know I'd rather keep house," said the young matron, "but John says it is such a bother for me, and you know he is away half of the time." "I know," said the old maid, "but I think it would be so hard for you to raise children in a hotel." "Not if you use the elevator," remarked the bachelor. And then the conversation took a shift.

Woman Animal Executioner.
Mrs. Caroline Scott, of Frankford, Penn., has the reputation of being the greatest lover of animals in that town, yet she kills from 800 to 1,000 animals every year. Mrs. Scott began her gruesome occupation thirty-five years ago, when her interest in dumb animals brought many cases to her attention in which nothing could be done but to put the animal as painlessly as possible to death. The work gradually extended, until now Mrs. Scott is called upon whenever any animal in Frankford is ill with an incurable disease or wounded beyond hope of recovery. She kills them by putting them in a box and filling it with gas.

A Question of Plurals.
Though many grammars give lists of words having irregular formation of plurals, the many kinds of fish or fishes, with arbitrarily formed plurals, are omitted. The need for such a list is shown by quoting a few examples. For instance, people speak of herrings, but never of whittings. Every one writes soles, sprats, lampreys, anchovies, the singular form rarely, if ever, doing for the plural, but no one would write mackerels, cods, salmon or trout. On the other hand considerable uncertainty exists concerning the form of the plural of other kinds. Who shall decide which is correct, turbot or turbots, sturgeon or sturgeons, carp or carps?

Passing of the Mixed Drink.
People are abandoning the mixed drinks that were so popular a few years ago. It is not hard to stretch one's memory to recall the time when John Collins, sherry cobblers, brandy smashes and similar mixed drinks were common; but they are rarely seen now, and even the mint julep is fast losing its popularity. The bartenders say cocktails are being supplanted by straight drinks, and they do not mix one drink now to ten they put up a dozen years ago. Straight drinks and highballs are the most popular ones to-day, but the cause is unexplained.

"Chase Yourself!"
Eighty-seven brokers of the London Stock exchange walked from London to Brighton, a distance of fifty-two miles, and ten of them finished the stunt within ten hours, the winner in nine and one-half hours. Then forty-eight brokers of the Paris bourse walked from Paris to Fontainebleau, a distance of twenty-five and one-half miles, and the winner covered the distance in four hours and forty-five minutes. Here would seem to be a suggestion for our own brokers, who find time hanging so heavily on their hands nowadays. Take a walk.—Boston Herald.

Pretty Accurate Calculation.
Mr. W. T. C. Hasson, a well-known business man of Honolulu, is at the Shoreham. "Two weeks ago in Honolulu I made an engagement with a man to meet him in this city at 8 o'clock to-night," he said at 7 o'clock last night. "I arrived at 6:30 and will be able to dress and have a quarter of an hour to spare. I pride myself on having made my time-table calculations pretty accurately."—Washington Post.

The Earth's "Hot Box."
A negro preacher has discovered the real cause of the recent volcanic disasters. He says: "De earf, my friends, resolves on axels, as we all know. Somefin is needed to keep the axels greased; so when de earf was made, petrolryum was put inside for dat purpose. De Standard Oil company comes along an' strax dat petrolryum by borin' holes in de earf. De earf stick on its axels an' won't go round no more; den dere is a hot box, just as ef de earf was a big railway train—and den, my friend, dere is trouble."

NOT TO BE TRUSTED.

Why Conductor Thought Women Should Not Have Ballot.
How many-sided and how funny is the life lead in a city street car. Not long ago a woman gave the conductor of one of our cars a dollar bill. On receiving the change she counted and recounted it. "This is not right," she called after him. "Ain't it, eh; there's 95 cents. Don't suppose yer wantin' ride free." She made another mental calculation and blushing subsided. As the man reached the rear platform he was heard to grumble: "And them's the things as ways to vote."

New Way to De Time.
Dr. Lillinkajoid, of Butte, Mont., is credited with having adapted hypnosis to a novel purpose. The doctor, having been placed under arrest, tried, fined and sentenced to jail for twenty days for some small infraction of the law, deliberately hypnotized himself, saying he would awaken from his trance at the expiration of twenty days. All efforts to awaken him were unsuccessful till the end of that period. As a mean of "doing" time, or of willing away long intervals, Dr. Lillinkajoid's plan is probably unique.

A Cure for Dropsy.
Sedgwick, Ark., June 22d.—Mr. W. S. Taylor of this place says: "My little boy had Dropsy. Two doctors—the best in this part of the country—told me he would never get better, and to have seen him anyone else would have said they were right. His feet and limbs were swollen so that he could not walk nor put on his shoes. "When the doctors told me he would surely die, I stopped giving him their medicine and began giving him Dodd's Kidney Pills. I gave him three pills a day and at the end of eight days the swelling was all gone, but as I wanted to be sure, I kept on with the pills for some time, gradually reducing the quantity, till finally I stopped altogether. "Dodd's Kidney Pills certainly saved my child's life. Before using them he was a helpless invalid in his mother's arms from morning till night. Now he is a healthy, happy child, running and dancing and singing. I can never express our gratitude. "Dodd's Kidney Pills entirely cured our boy after everybody, doctors and all, had given him up to die."

The gardener who grows cabbage ought to get ahead in the world. The milder virtues may be as masterful as the wilder vice.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes use Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 3 oz. package, 5 cents.

When people make fools of themselves, their second mistake is the belief that no one is noticing it.

So says Mrs. Josie Irwin, of 325 So. College St., Nashville, Tenn., of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Never in the history of medicine has the demand for one particular remedy for female diseases equalled that attained by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and never during the lifetime of this wonderful medicine has the demand for it been so great as it is to-day.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, and throughout the length and breadth of this great continent come the glad tidings of woman's sufferings relieved by it, and thousands upon thousands of letters are pouring in from grateful women saying that it will and positively does cure the worst forms of female complaints.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all women who are puzzled about their health to write her at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Such correspondence is seen by women only, and no charge is made.

AT BED TIME I TAKE A PLEASANT HERB DRINK

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

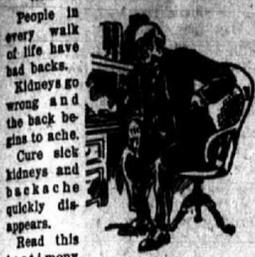
My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called "Lane's Family Medicine."

LANE'S FAMILY MEDICINE

All druggists or mail order stores sell it. Buy it daily. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be justly sold it is made in New York, N.Y.

PISOS CURE FOR

IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE.



People in every walk of life have had backs. Kidneys go wrong and the back begins to ache. Cure sick kidneys and backache quickly disappears. Read this testimony and learn how it can be done.

A. A. Boyce, a farmer living three and a half miles from Trenton, Mo., says: "A severe cold settled in my kidneys and developed so quickly that I was obliged to lay off work on account of the aching in my back and sides. For a time I was unable to walk at all, and every makeshift I tried and all the medicine I took had not the slightest effect. My back continued to grow weaker until I was unfit for anything. Mrs. Boyce noticed Doan's Kidney Pills advertised as a sure cure for just such conditions, and one day when in Trenton she brought a box home from Chas. A. Foster's drug store. I followed the directions carefully when taking them and I must say I was more than surprised and much more gratified to notice the backache disappearing gradually, until it finally stopped."

THE GOAT AND THE PLUG.

DM Darkey Was Satisfied the Animal Could Read.

Three colored men were discussing the intelligence of different animals. One claimed that the dog knew more than all other animals put together. The horse was favored by a second man, but old Peter Jackson said that, "in my opinion de goat am de 'telligentest critter livin'." I kin prove dat de goat kin read. I saw him do it, an' I know it am true. Several days ago I wuz walkin' down street, dressed in mah best suit ob clothes, an' wearin' mah new plug hat. When I got down on de main street I seed a bilboas' on which it said, "Chew Jackson's plug." A goat wuz standin' dar when I passed, an' when I wuz about ten feet away he must hab recognized me, for de next thing I knew I went sailin' out in de mud. When I looked 'roun', dat goat wuz chewin' mah plug hat for all he wuz worth. Gem'men, da is no question in mah mind about de 'telligence ob de goat. He am a wondah."

Had to Pay to Find Out.

At one of the New York theaters they are playing a piece called "A Fool and His Money." A preacher from Wisconsin was visiting Gotham last week and in passing the theater one evening was curious to know if the play conveyed the proverbial lesson suggested by its title. Stepping up to the box office, he inquired regarding the matter. "I think," said the suave party behind the grating, "that the moral of the piece is that the fool can't find out no more. It will cost you \$2 to find out exactly." The preacher murmured "Thank you" and withdrew. He tells the story himself.

Inspecting American Railroads.

J. T. Tatlow, John Wharton, George Banks, F. T. Dale and H. O'Brien, officials of the Lancashire and Yorkshire railway of England, are in this country and will make extended inspection of American railroads. They have been viewing things in several eastern cities and will shortly visit Chicago. They represent the mechanical, freight and passenger departments of the Lancashire and Yorkshire road.

LADIES TO INTRODUCE OUR FINE TOILET ARTICLES WE PUT UP A COMPLETE BOX, CONTAINING ONE JAR ENRICHING SOAP, ONE BOX FINE FACED POWDER AND ONE CREAM TOILET SOAP. SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS UPON RECEIPT OF ONE DOLLAR. ADDRESS BEAUTY TOILET CO., BOX 42, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

The Coming Man.

"Mrs. Frisbie is suing her husband for divorce." "Indeed? What is the trouble?" "Well, she says she tried not to mind when Mr. Frisbie used her curling irons, wore her shirt-waists and borrowed her collar buttons. But when he began to go through her pockets and extract her small change after she was asleep she felt that patience had ceased to be a virtue."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

It may be hard for some people to be poor, but for others it is the easiest thing in the world.

ITS remedy cured. No other preparation has ever done so much for the afflicted. Sent by mail for \$1.00. Trial bottle and treatise sent for 50c. Address: Dr. J. C. Hall, 121 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Industry without knowledge is better than knowledge without industry.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 15c.

When a man gets full it is a good time to take his last measure.

ARE YOUR CLOTHES FADED? Use Red Cross Ball Blue and make them white again. Large 8 oz. package, 5 cents.

No woman should laugh at a "joke" on her husband.

I am sure Place's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago—Mrs. T. W. Ross, 1000 Main Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

The shield of faith will not let the back—Sam's Story.

HAS SPENT FORTUNE TRYING TO FORGET AMERICAN GIRL

Capt. Roper-Curzon Dissipates His Patrimony in Vain Effort to Undo the Chains Forged by Cupid—Now Ready to Begin Life Anew.

Capt. Arthur Eric Paget Roper-Curzon has spent \$300,000 in America in three years trying to forget an American girl. He is a poor man, having dissipated the last penny of his inheritance, and he is now going to begin life anew. He belongs to a family that traces its lineage back to the time of Henry III. The heads of it have been peers of England for 300 years. Arthur Eric Paget Roper-Curzon was a youth of experience when he first met Miss Marguerite Gwynne, although he was only twenty-three. His birth and the allowance given him by a rich and generous father, gave him abundant opportunities. He met his American sweetheart on board a



CAPT. ROPE-CURZON

ship that was cruising on the Mediterranean.

Miss Gwynne was very lovely, and she had the breezy charm and freshness, the lively independence and nerve which make American women so attractive to Britishers. Young Roper-Curzon fell head over heels in love with her.

He gained a reluctant consent from Miss Gwynne, but her parents did not look with favor upon the proposed match. The mother especially opposed it. The Gwynnes insisted that Roper-Curzon must gain the consent of his family before he married their daughter.

Curzon hurried to England and straightway sought his father, making a clean breast of the whole affair. "You must not marry beneath your position," cried the elder Roper-Curzon, adding a threat of disinheritance.

So the young man lingered in London. The pleased father increased his allowance and Arthur Eric Roper-Curzon tried to enjoy life in social dissipation.

After more than two years of separation he decided to sacrifice everything and seek her in America, to marry her if he could persuade her to consent. He gathered a small amount of money and started for Canada. He had told his father of his determination, and the old gentleman promptly stopped his allowance.

When the young man reached Toronto it was to find that his sweetheart was married. She had not made a brilliant match from a material or social standpoint, but she was supremely happy.

Capt. Roper-Curzon realized that he must forget in good earnest. He decided to settle in Canada, to become a farmer in the far Northwest.

He enrolled as a student in the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph. He learned how to rake and hoe and plow. He milked cows, fed hogs and performed the other work required on a farm.

He wrote to his father, saying that he would not marry Miss Gwynne. He did not think it necessary to explain the reason. Also he told what he was

doing. The father was immensely pleased. He forwarded handsome remittances and advised his son to keep at work on a farm. And Capt. Roper-Curzon followed his parent's advice for a time.

Before he had finished his first six months in the farm-school his father died. Then, in the language of one of his friends, "Roper-Curzon dropped the rake and reached for the roll; the fireworks commenced immediately."

His share of the estate was little less than \$300,000.

While waiting for the estate to be settled up Capt. Roper-Curzon conceived the idea of taking a party of six friends to the Klondike. His expedition was organized on the most elaborate scale. He engaged an escort of irregular soldiers under command of Sergt. Mortimer, one of Canada's best-known scouts, and now of the Toronto Mounted Rifles.

The Edmonton route of dreadful memory was chosen. The Roper-Curzon party made a sensation along the trail. Everywhere they went he made prodigious gifts of blankets and trinkets to the Indians. Their fame preceded them. The news spread from camp to camp that "the little white god has come," and Roper-Curzon came to be widely known as "The Little White God."

He quickly tired of the rigors and hardships of arctic travel. The outfit was not suited for fast progress in that country. One day Capt. Roper-Curzon said to the others:

"Boys, I'm tired of Indian bucks and squabbling squaws; let's go back where there is something decent to eat and something going on."

Of course they were willing to return. He was paying for the whole show. The head of the party gave their guides pretty much all of the outfit, including four horses, and led his friends to Winnipeg. The Klondike trip cost him something more than \$10,000.

At Winnipeg an idea struck him, and as a result there appeared an advertisement that read like this:

"Any young woman wishing to learn something to her advantage and to secure a pleasant home will communicate with—"

A fictitious name was given, and the answers were to be addressed in care of the newspaper.

In another newspaper an advertisement requested any young man wishing to secure a home on easy terms to write to him.

There was no lack of applicants. The Captain made a selection from among the young women and from the young men. He went to them separately and told them what was in his mind. If they would agree to marry each other ten minutes after they met for the

Matchmaking as a Diversion.

first time they would have a house, furniture and all. The young couple agreed.

He brought them together, had a minister waiting and they were promptly married. He also furnished the bridal dinner.

Then it occurred to him that the pair ought to have a wedding trip, so he took them to Toronto and afterward to Boston. They had everything that money could buy—the finest suites in the best hotels, the most elaborate dinners and carriages at their disposal. They were permitted to buy everything they wanted in the way of clothes.

"That was really a delightful experience," said Capt. Roper-Curzon reminiscingly. "Those people had the jolliest kind of a time. I don't know what it cost me—something more than \$8,000, I believe."

He didn't stay long in the West, but went back to Toronto. He had not succeeded in forgetting his old sweetheart. Melancholy possessed him. He resolved to give a dinner that was in harmony with his state of mind. His famous "dead man's feast" was the result.

The dinner took place on Friday, the 15th of the month, and thirteen covers were laid. There were thirteen courses, thirteen waiters and an orchestra shrouded in black composed of thirteen players.

In the center of the table was a perfect articulated skeleton, which at certain intervals stood up and rattled its bones while the orchestra played a gruesome dirge.

At the stroke of every hour figures dressed as shades passed before the diners, and when midnight tolled a curtain rolled up disclosing a Broken case, while bats fluttered about the room.

This pleasant conceit cost Capt. Roper-Curzon something more than \$1,200.

On Feb. 4 last Capt. Roper-Curzon announced that he was broke. Since then he has been taking a real and cheerful interest in life. At thirty-one he is about to start forth to make his fortune.

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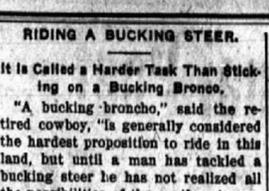
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Clean and Dirty Milk.

From the Farmers' Review: Many dairymen apparently fail to recognize the fact that when milking and caring for milk they are handling human food and that it should be treated as such. In many dairies the milk goes to his task with soiled hands and dust-laden clothing and without so much as brushing the loose dust and dirt from the cow. Under such conditions much filth must of necessity find its way into the milk. No other food is produced in such filthy surroundings as is frequently the case with milk and no other food will absorb odors so readily and become tainted so quickly as will milk. It is, therefore, doubly important that great care be exercised to have milk produced under the most sanitary conditions possible. One can judge something of the amount of filth in milk by the sediment found at the bottom, but only a small part of the contamination is in visible form. Milk sour because of the presence of certain kinds of bacteria, which, acting upon the sugar of the milk, change it into lactic acid. Other organisms cause different changes, some offensive to taste and smell and a few dangerous to health. These bacteria are living organisms, though so extremely minute that 250 of them placed side by side are equal only to the thickness of ordinary writing paper. While thorough straining will remove all visible filth the greater part of it is in solution which, of course, will pass through even the best of strainers. Milk in the udder of a healthy cow is both pure and sterile, and if it could be drawn and handled without contamination would remain sweet and wholesome for an indefinite length of time. However, bacteria accumulate and multiply in such places as mud holes, manure heaps, seams of utensils not thoroughly cleaned, or where animal or vegetable matter not living is exposed to warmth and moisture. They are present in dirt and dust of every description, and because of their great numbers and their wide diffusion no practical method has yet been devised by which milk may be drawn absolutely free from contamination with living germs. Yet they are unnecessarily numerous in milk as ordinarily drawn, because it contains a thousand times more bacteria than that which may be obtained by using extreme care in regard to cleanliness. Hence the necessity for keeping everything about a dairy scrupulously clean, particularly in hot weather when conditions are especially favorable to bacterial growth. Clean milk will not only remain sweet longer, but as everyone knows is a more wholesome food. If it were more fully realized that milk is a food and not simply a commercial commodity it would seem that dairymen would not allow so much filth to get into it.—W. J. Fraser, University of Illinois.

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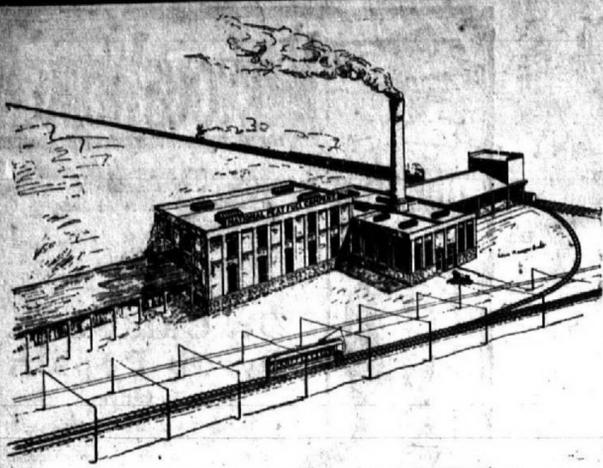
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Our fuel will be largely sold to stockholders in our Company. If you subscribe for stock, you will save in your fuel bills; will be paying yourself dividends and will be securing fully paid, non-assessable stock at

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Our stock will go to par this fall. We own the patents on our machinery. We will have sub-factories at various points all tributary to us. As a stockholder in this Company, you will reap the benefit and share in all sub-companies. Our Company is well officered, has no preferred stock, no salaried officers and every dollar invested by you is spent in your own town. Send for prospectus and subscription blanks.

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AUCTIONEER.
Satisfaction Guaranteed. No charge for Auction Bills.

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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.

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The military band has ordered white duck pants. Won't the boys look swell with blue coats and caps and white pants?—Manchester Enterprise

Chelsea has on hand for future amusement a \$5,000 law suit, caused by a defective sidewalk. What a nuisance those defective sidewalks are.—Saline Observer.

A family at Blissfield was recently blessed with a child, it being the sixteenth one. These parents should be reported to President Roosevelt.—Saline Observer.

Register of Deeds says that there are nearer ten thousand than five thousand papers in his office that never have been called for by the people who let them there for record.

Saturday proved a poor sports day. The Chelsea ball boys came over but the rain prevented much of a game.

Mr. Heying carrier on route 43 thinks he has a snap. There is a generous lady on the route who always has a feast of nice apples in the box waiting for him.

A public office still continues to be a private snip.

All who are in the project of procuring a base ball park are urged to meet at the parlors of the Lake House next Monday evening at 8:30.

good attendance because if there is anything done this season work must begin at once. It is proposed to organize an association and equip a ball park with grand stand, bleachers and all other things required in a first-class park.

This is evidently a case of having been to Chelsea and then going and doing likewise.

The fact that the Presbyterians of Ann Arbor have signed up an all-star choir for next season is likely to cause consternation among other churches of the city.

The gentleman named may be a great organizer and a harmonizer but we will wager he knows enough not to expect to harmonize 14 soloists in one church choir.

All the right of way for the railroad from their works in this village, to the main beds and clay banks south of town also the land for the great works in this village, have been secured and paid for and today the Toledo Portland Cement Co. begins active operations.

It begins to look as if Manchester would soon be crowding up into about the same place in the cement race as Chelsea and Grass Lake.

Thursday, last the Junior Stars played Dexter defeating that team 13 to 7. The game was a listless one and devoid of features, except Raffrey's game at third.

The North Lake team and the stove works team attempted to amuse the spectators before the beginning of the Stars game with the Banners.

There is a prospect of the largest crowd of the season. There is an intense rivalry between these teams. The Plymouths defeated the High school early this season and has also defeated such teams as Ypsilanti, Mich. Military Academy and Eastern High school, Detroit.

The June sun shines on many a fair bride, made doubly lovely by the use of Rocky Mountain Tea. The bride's best friend. 35 cents. Glazier & Stimson.

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Life

Renewed. Left Side Badly Affected. Liable to Paralytic Stroke.

Dr. Miles' Nervine Gave Me New Life.

"This is to certify that I have used Dr. Miles' Remedies quite extensively, especially the Restorative Nervine, which has done wonders for me.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a long time. It is, indeed, a wonderful hair tonic, restoring health to the hair and scalp, and, at the same time, proving a splendid dressing."

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MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route." Time Card, taking effect, June 14, 1903.

TRAINS EAST: No. 8—Detroit Night Express 5:50 a. m. No. 12—G. R. and Kalamazoo 10:40 a. m. No. 2—Mall 3:15 p. m.

TRAINS WEST: No. 11—Mich. and Chicago exp. 6:00 a. m. No. 5—Mall 8:55 a. m. No. 13—G. R. and Kalamazoo 6:20 p. m. No. 37—Pacific Express 11:45 p. m.

No. 11 and 37 stop on signal only let off and take on passengers. O. W. ROGGLINS, Gen. Pass & Ticket Agent. W. T. Glangue, Agent.

D. Y. A. A. & J. RAILWAY TIME CARD TAKING EFFECT JULY 6, 1903.

On and after this date cars will leave Jackson going east at 4:45 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 6:45 p. m.

On and after this date cars will leave Jackson going west at 7:50 p. m. and every hour thereafter until 11:50 p. m.

On and after this date cars will leave Jackson going west at 7:50 p. m. and every hour thereafter until 11:50 p. m.

Ayer's

Do you like your thin, rough, short hair? Of course you don't. Do you like thick, heavy, smooth hair? Of course you do. Then why

Hair Vigor

not be pleased? Ayer's Hair Vigor makes beautiful heads of hair, that's the whole story. Sold for 60 cents.

Weak Hair

Weak Hair. No appetite, loss of strength, nervousness, headache, constipation, bad breath, general debility, sour risings, and catarrh of the stomach are all due to indigestion.

Kodol Digests What You Eat. Bottles only, \$1.00. Size holding 2 1/2 times the trial size, which sells for 50 cents.

"YOUR MONEY IS NO GOOD"

and will be refunded to you if after using half a bottle of THE FAMOUS

MATT J. JOHNSON'S 6088

RHEUMATISM and BLOOD CURE you are not satisfied with results. This is our guarantee, which goes with every bottle.

DON'T BE FOOLED

ROCKY MOUNTAIN Tea. Made only by Matt Johnson, Chelsea, Mich.

WE LAUNDER

Lace Curtains to look like new at reasonable prices and guaranteed work. The Chelsea Steam Laundry.