

**WHOLE NUMBER 748**

Those who will persist in closing their eyes against the conclusive recommendation of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, will have a long and bitter fight with their troubles. If not aided earlier by fatal termination. Read what "L. R. Beall of Beall, Miss. has to say: "Last fall my wife had every symptom of consumption. She took Dr. King's New Discovery after everything else had failed. Improvement came at once and four bottles entirely cured her." Guaranteed by Glaser & Bimson, Druggists. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.



## 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. Thirty French-Canadians are physicians and six are lawyers. The leading shop keeper of the town is a French-Canadian. He employs 150 people.**

**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. She wrote the poem in 1845, when she was a teacher in a school in Boston, and her purpose was to persuade her scholars of the value of little things.**

**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 extraordinarily deep waters of Puget Sound make it easy to load her to her full capacity at the terminal points of the Northern Pacific railways, but her usefulness will be much impaired if she cannot enter the shallower bays and estuaries of Japan and China.**

**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. The eighty skeletons that were exposed to view when the hull was floated gave ghastly proof of the fruitless bravery of the beaten foe and the horror of naval combats in the floating steel fortresses that are now sent forth to maintain the prowess of the nations upon the sea, remarks the Philadelphia Record.**

**Railways leading into Rome have recently been infested with organized gangs of thieves which, so far, the police have been unable to break up. It is known that there are Americans, Englishmen and Frenchmen, as well as Italians in the gangs. They aim at handbags and satchels, and their principal time of operation is when the traveler is bidding good-by to his friends at the station, or the unsuspecting tourist has his attention called to some interesting point of scenery by one of the gang, while another removes whatever baggage there may be in sight. The other day an American lady and her daughter, whose names, however, have not been made public, were robbed in this way, losing with one satchel a jewel case containing \$50,000 lire worth of jewelry.**

**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. When he came down to go away his umbrella had gone before him. Four days later he went to his club and saw in the rack an umbrella which was so exactly like his that he took it up to examine it. Now the handle of his own umbrella was a peculiar one to start with, but in addition the silver top had come off and he had fixed it on temporarily by stuffing in a piece of paper. He tried the knob of the club umbrella and found that it was fixed on with a piece of paper—surely a not common arrangement. He then assumed that it was his and carried it off. Now the question is: Did he steal that umbrella or merely recover it?**

**For several years it has been customary in Athens to celebrate the anniversary of certain events in the Greek war for independence. For more than twenty-five years no veteran has been present. On the recent anniversary of Maniotis, a veteran appeared leaning on a cane. His name is Colonel Mavroyeni. He was born in the island of Peros January 29, 1798. He was just terminating his medical studies in Paris when the war for independence broke out. He immediately proceeded to Greece and took part in several battles. To-day he is able to read and write without spectacles, and, aside from infrequent attacks of rheumatism, which merely cause him to employ a cane, he is said to possess the agility of a man of twenty. A sister of Mavroyeni died the other day at the age of 115. He has a firm conviction that he will live just as long.**

**The town of Mars Hill, Me., which is made famous by five families containing sixty-nine children, might more likely be named Mr. and Mrs. Hill.**

## DISCOVERS SMOKELESS FUEL

**Dried Soil Makes an Excellent Substitute for Coal.**  
Lycum Brigham, one of Decatur's heaviest muck 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 coconut. When dried it became hard and something of the consistency of soapstone. He tested it in his cook stove for fuel and found that it made a hot, steady fire and no smoke. Mr. Brigham has one hundred acres of this material; it comes up to within six or eight inches of the surface and is six or eight feet in depth. He will experiment with it this summer.

## 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 nights. Lights will be strung along the island up to the logging camp. The innovation will mean a considerable increase in the company's working nights, and consequently it will require additional train service to haul the logs to the sawmills at Green Bay. About sixty cars are being loaded daily, and this output will be doubled with the night shift at work.

## 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. There has been a rush of insanity cases, and Judge Francis has received word from Pontiac that there is no more room in that institution. There is no provision of any kind for the care of insane people in Bay county, although over a year ago the county voted to spend \$5,000 for a detention hospital.**

## 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. It stands the blind tiger men in hand to reward the lad for keeping the evidence of unlawfulness cleaned up.**

## Professor Rescues Pupils.

**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. She suffered from the shock and was unable to take her part in the program.**

## 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. The same township has a constable now serving his twenty-sixth term. Each of the above is more than 80 years of age.**

## 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. It will soon be sent to Lansing.**

## 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. One woman donated a load to be delivered and another woman donated a whole pile of the hard heads. Members of the association are directed to fill the buggies or carriages with cobblestones whenever they are out driving and to leave them on their return at the hospital site.

## 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. If a sufficient number of dealers can be interested in the scheme the project will be started without delay. All dealers would deliver their stock to the sanitary plant, which would serve the purpose of a central supply point.**

## Frightens Baggage Agent.

**A baggage agent who was living up to his name came near getting what was coming to him 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. The explosion set on fire the contents of the trunk containing the revolver, and the other four cartridges in the "gun" exploded.**

## 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. The Elks Building Co., Ltd., originally intended to erect a block. The lodge will rent from the company, which is composed exclusively of Elks.**

## 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. This dividend will give the creditors the full amount of their claims, 90 per cent having already been paid.**

## 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 Piquemung, Baraga, L'Anse and Keweenaw bay.**

## Start is Bad.

**The new woodenware factory at Compehish 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 Armory Plans.

**Plans have been prepared for the new armory 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 by and with the consent of the federal authorities. At this point he produces credentials which are apparently all right. The information, when completed, is to be deposited in the congressional library and be published in book form. At this juncture the fellow begins to reach out for a piece of money. He says the government will publish the book and put it out to the old soldiers at \$2.50, a payment of \$1 to be made down and the remainder with the delivery of the book. That is all there is to it. The old soldier gives him his dollar and all he gets in return is a pleasant look and "I know you will like the book."

## 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. The lumbermen found that they could get their logs to the mills quicker, safer and cheaper by building railroads into the woods, and consequently, most of the streams have been abandoned to the possession of their native fish again.**

## 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. A carriage factory is under way, which will employ forty men and will be a great help to the village. Another general store is greatly needed.**

## 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. Not that the men are willingly paid that price—but they prefer to work in the fields, and some one must work in the factories.**

## 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 farmer was made and the stranger disappeared. The farmer was leading the dog away when another man appeared, claimed the dog and proved his ownership, and the farmer had to give it up. Now he is gunning for that stranger who got his \$2.**

## Pioneers Have Good Time.

**The thirteenth 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.**

## Twenty-One Indicted.

**Twenty-one men have thus far been indicted for participation in the crime of peonage in Alabama. Twenty of this number have been arrested and released on bail. District Attorney Reese has subdivided the indicted men according to the parts they played in connection with the enslaving of negroes. Five of them are land owners. Four are justices of the peace, who sent their officers to the hideous business of faking court proceedings for the purpose of enabling the land owners to obtain slaves. Six are constables, who secured the counties of Coosa and Tallapoosa for stray negroes. Every unfortunate black man and woman passing through the towns to which they are accredited would be seized upon by them, arrested and taken before one of the four justices of the peace named. They were the agents of the land owners. They had a perpetual commission to obtain peons for Pace, Turner and the Cosbys.**

**The remaining six indicted men are known in the records of District Attorney Reese's office as "guards" and "beaters," the latter appellation being given to them because they are the ones who generally wielded the gin strap or buggy trace on the backs of unfortunate slaves.**

## 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 indictment is based on sec. 5440 of the revised statutes, which provides a penalty of \$10,000 or two years' imprisonment, or both, in the discretion of the court.**

**Postmaster-General Payne himself is under fire. The effort to drive him out of the cabinet is being renewed with redoubled energy. Many newspapers are in a hue and cry for Payne's head. They call on him to resign; they urge President Roosevelt to dismiss him. Evidently they have in mind the fate of Alger. It will be remembered that Alger was offered up in sacrifice by President McKinley to appease the newspapers which demanded a victim. At the present time President Roosevelt stands squarely behind his postmaster-general. He says he is all right and that it is absurd to talk of letting him go. Though not denying that Payne has made mistakes, he says they were trivial errors, of the head and not of the heart, and have no important bearing on the question at issue.**

## 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, then the details as fully as they can be at the time will be made known. Mr. Roosevelt will, however, keep a close watch on the inquiry. He goes to Oyster Bay for the summer next Saturday, but before leaving Washington hopes to be in a position where he can issue a statement telling what he has accomplished, and what he aims to accomplish toward the cleansing of the postal service. He had this partly in view the other day when he instructed United States District Attorney Beach to expedite matters in his office relating to the postal frauds.**

## 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. A private report from Pittsburgh says that Abner McKinley, brother of the late president, is being "sweated" by postoffice inspectors at his home at Somerset, Pa., near Pittsburgh. There is neither denial nor confirmation of the report in Washington. It is learned on unquestioned authority that the grand jury has voted to return indictments against August W. Machen, Diller B. Groff, Samuel A. Groff, George E. Lorenz and Mrs. Lorenz, the two latter being residents of Toledo, O. The specific charge, it is understood, will be conspiracy to defraud the government.**

## 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. Even ammonia fails to awaken him. He is the victim of neurasthenia.**

**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 placushion from a comrade. He had been using it for two years, and has just discovered that it contained 15 \$100 bills, neatly folded up. The man from whom the placushion was bought is dead and leaves no relatives.**

**Over 50 years ago L. D. Halstead, of Goldwater, had a harness stolen. This morning he received this letter, with 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.**

## Worse Than Slavery.

**Following Judge Speer's presentment to the grand jury at Macon Thursday that peonage existed in the south 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. Every Alabama lawyer of standing will tell you frankly that the purpose of it is to enable the owners of plantations to retain the services of their negro hands who may be unfortunate enough to have committed a misdemeanor. Pace, the Cosbys, the Turners, the Dixons and others, who figure in the disclosures before the Montgomery grand jury, perverted the law by bribing justices and constables to get up false prosecutions and trials. It is more horrible because the slave drivers, relieved of a sense of responsibility for the well-being of human property, treat their victims with barbarous cruelty. They keep them confined in filthy stockades, work them in iron and, as in the case of Sarah Sealey, do not hesitate to beat them to death when they believe they are stubborn.**

## Cleaning Up Heppner.

**Advices from the scene of destruction in Heppner, Oregon, state that three hundred bodies have been found and many believe the work is only half begun. Women take charge of the bodies as they are borne out of the wreckage by the men. Forms of women frequently come to light bereft of all clothing. The bodies are borne to Roberts hall to be washed and dressed by women, shrouded in coarse white clothes, and laid in rough wood boxes. There is no time for ceremony. The doors are covered with the half diluted mud that drips from the victims, but the living patter through it or sweep it out when it gets too deep. The rough boxes go to the cemeteries, many at a time, piled high on the wagons. Medicines are not needed here nor are physicians nor nurses. The town must be cleaned to escape pestilence. It must have more men to help in cleaning and provisions to feed the workers. Many families are entirely destitute, all their worldly goods having been carried away.**

## The Czar's Danger.

**The attempt to assassinate the czar of Russia, made known Saturday, revealed to all Europe the danger in sharing the rule of Russia stands of the father of King Alexander of Serbia and of his own ancestor, Czar Paul, who was murdered more than a century ago. An effort was made to hush up the affair, because of the highly nervous condition of the czar since the Belgrade royal massacre. Nothing has yet been made public, however, as to the identity of the would-be assassin. The most amazing report yet received, however, is that the czarina shares in the general condemnation of her husband's weakness, and would view without great regret his assassination. The amiability of the czarina's character has long been known in Europe and the report is not generally credited. Apparently the attempt on the czar's life has been kept a profound secret from Nicholas himself.**

## TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS.

**Peter, the first of the dynasty of the Karageorgieviches, is now king of Serbia by grace of the army and a joint session of the senate and skuptchina. 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 Birmingham 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.**

## The Month Tragedy.

**William McCrow, former bartender for August Braun, was almost instantly killed by the latter at the Munih 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 their lives, 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.**

**"I am going to kill you," he shouted at Braun, "and kill your wife, too." Braun, without hesitating a moment swung an iron bar which he had placed up on the way and McCrow was down with the threat on his lips, dying a few minutes later.**

**Braun has not yet been placed in jail, the officials merely accepting his personal promise to be present at the inquest Wednesday. His offer to give bonds was refused. He will undoubtedly be exonerated.**

## 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. As the provision covered is that authorizing the auditor-general to raise \$25,000 annually for maintaining the department, it is thought the error invalidates the law.**

## 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. The disease had been nearly stamped out after many months. Burkett said that half the town of Summitville was broken out just as he was, but the people didn't know it was smallpox.**

## STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

**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.**

**Mr. Pleasant is to have a new bank about July 1 to be known as the Libella County State Bank.**

**Tawas City may lose its big exporting 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 116 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, Cattle.—Choice steers, \$15.00; good to choice butcher stock, 1,000 to 1,200 pounds, \$14.00; light 4,500; stock butchers, \$13.00; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$12.00; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$11.00; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$10.00; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$9.00; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$8.00; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$7.00; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$6.00; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$5.00; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$4.00; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$3.00; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$2.00; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$1.00; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.50; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.25; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.10; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.05; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.02; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.01; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.005; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.002; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.001; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.0005; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.0002; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.0001; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.00005; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.00002; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.00001; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.000005; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.000002; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.000001; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.0000005; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.0000002; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.0000001; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.00000005; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.00000002; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.00000001; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.000000005; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.000000002; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.000000001; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.0000000005; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.0000000002; mixed butchers' fat cows, \$0.0000000**



EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF.  
It's well enough, for you and me,  
To play in our own company;  
And lead the honors day 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 with 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 were forty cents. But his clothes were threadbare, faded and ill-fitting and he could not bring himself to accept 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 stories he had told his cousin Marguerite in Leipzig 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 set down.

"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 whirling 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 own. The old iron paling that had separated the narrow lawn from the sidewalk was battered and rusty. He looked up at the foggy walls and felt the tweak of pity at his heart when he saw that some of its blank, unlighted windows were broken. He dodged into the shelter of its 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 woman, with shawls on their heads, speaking in raucous voices and laughing hysterically, ran across the lighted crossing.

"What a lucky thing for Marguerite," he was thinking, "lucky 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 dimes in his wet pocket and wondered what he should do for shelter. A gust of drenching wet wind drove him against the door. His hand rested upon the knob. 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 soil stifled him. But the air was dry. No rain fell upon him.

"I am at home," he said, smiling sardonically at the whim. He went to the new 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 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 Witfield, the father of Marguerite, had been a guest of honor.

The dust rose in the dark as he tramped alone through the unseen 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 Witfield. I—"

"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 Klondike, 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 Klondike 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 peril."

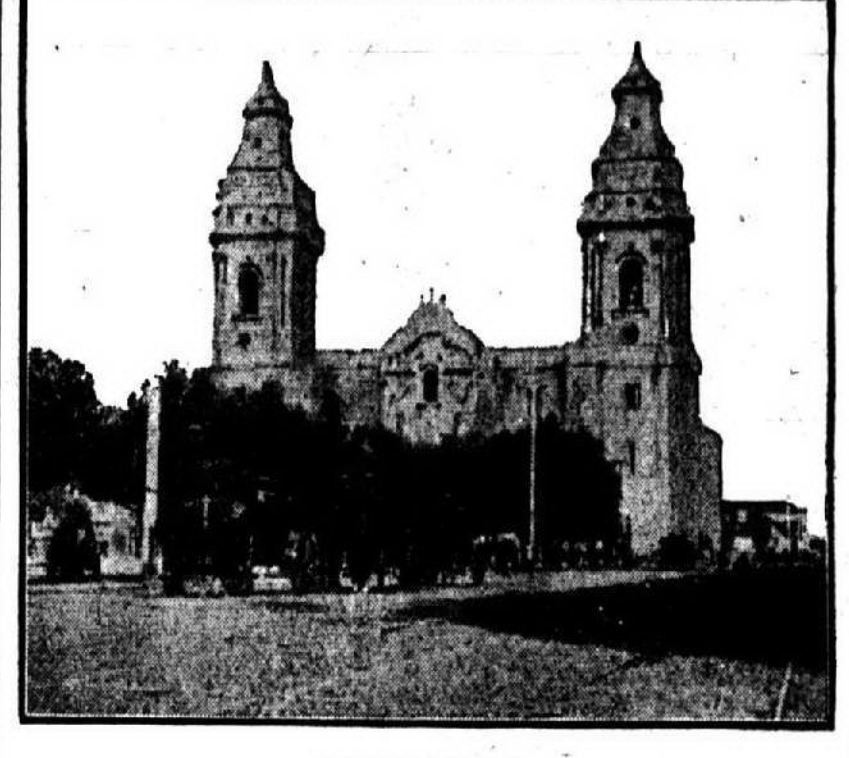
"I went over dangerous trails, braved the rapids and swift currents of the Yukon, defied the cold and lived on a bean diet for months, and still the life didn't seem half bad as long as there was any hope of making a strike. When finally all hope of that vanished, it occurred to me that beans three times a day snatched of monotony, and I made a break for beefsteaks and civilization."—Washington Post.

# 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-awineherd, must have been rather hard up for names when he dubbed his Peruvian capital La Ciudad de Los Tres Reyes, "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 blotted 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.

not relish being surrounded on all sides by Indians who, although subdued, outnumbered them 100 to 1; but preferred to be within sight of the sea, the broad highway that led toward home.

This emerald valley of Rimac, with a river running through it, the ocean on one side and the towering Andes on the other, combined all the advantages they sought. So here they established the second Spanish city in South America, which soon grew to be one of the proudest and most luxurious capitals of those profligate days and continued to be the seat of a corrupt viceregal court for three centuries. It happened that Pizarro designated its site on Jan. 6, 1535 (old style), the day of the festival of the epiphany, or the manifestation of our Savior to the magi, who in King James' version of the new testament are called the wise men from the east, but are known in all the old Spanish traditions as the "Three Kings." Hence he made a tremendous celebration of that feast of the epiphany and christened his capital accordingly.

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 everyday 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; Dewey, 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 toiling 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—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 born 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 a 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 mebbly 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.



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 were 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'd ever 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, sah," 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 harricane!"

# A Stagger.

Wigwag—Was it a stag affair?

Guzzler—Worse than that; it was stagger.

# DECKLED OR PLAIN?

A Question of Interest to Lovers of Books—Lovers of the Artistic 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 antideckle 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 generality 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.

# German town's Extra Policemen.

If youthful tendencies count for anything there is a boy in Germantown 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 Germantown 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 Germantown 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.



## THE CHELSEA STANDARD

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

BY G. O. STIMSON.

Terms:—\$1.00 per year; 5 months, 50 cents; 3 months, 25 cents.

Advertising rates reasonable and made known on application.

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

## PERSONAL MENTION.

W. T. Glague was in Ypsilanti 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 Steh and son Edwin of Ann Arbor spent Sunday with Mrs. Girbach.

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, where they will spend some time with relatives.

Mrs. George Schlee and Mrs. Fred Schlee and daughter of Ann Arbor visited the Misses Girbach 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 Hatzel 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 week's 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. Eisenberger's returned to her home in Detroit Friday.

Mrs. John Mohrloch 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 to 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 celebration; he says it will be larger than here to fore and wants everybody to come.

## FRANCISCO.

Mrs. Bertie Orthling 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. Conklin 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 Lansing Monday after spending several weeks with relatives here.

Mrs. M. Keeler entertained Mrs. Mary Capron and Mrs. Ernest Capron of Grass Lake one day last week.

Mrs. E. J. Musbach and children of Month 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 Reidian 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.

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 (13) 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 offense 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 offense 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 offense.

Section 4.—It shall be duty of the marshal to forthwith arrest all persons who shall see 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 19, 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 13 34

E. McCarter, 5 days at \$40 6 67

G. C. Stinson, printing 5 21

E. H. Chandler, fire at C W Maroney's 4 50

Bauer Gas Fixture Works supplies 28 28

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

Oblio & Michigan Coal Co., 1 car coal 33 17

The Fostoria Lamp Co., 2 doz. globes 3 56

E. J. Corbett, coal 359 58

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

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E. J. Corbett, coal 359 58

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 20 00

G. H. Martin, 190 1/2 hours work 20 00

John Ross, 117 hours work 17 53

E. G. Updegrave, 19 hours work 1 80

M. Maier, 88 hours work 10 30

C. Hagedorn, 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 in-

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..... \$193,168.75

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in..... \$ 40,000.00

Surplus..... 5,500.00

Undivided profits, net..... 5,927.77

Dividends unpaid 61.00

Commercial deposits..... 56,187.65

Certificates of deposit..... 17,942.25

Savings deposits 284,147.30

Savings certificates..... 20,899.58 378,740.98

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. BeGole, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

C. H. Kempf,  
H. S. Holmes,  
Edward Vogel,  
Directors.

structed 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 & Stinson's Drug Store.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION  
OF THE  
Chelsea 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..... \$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..... 132,012.22 423,363.64

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. Stinson, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

FRANK P. GLAZIER,  
WM. J. KNAPP,  
W. P. SCHENK,  
Directors.

## 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, Owasco, 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.

## 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 cheviots, 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 \$5.00 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



# 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.  
WM. P. SCHENK, Treasurer. F. H. SWEETLAND, 2d Vice Pres.  
JOHN W. SCHENK, Secretary.

## Chelsea Lumber & Produce Co.

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

See our Fence Posts before you buy.

Get our prices--we will save you money.

Yours for square dealing and honest weights.

## Chelsea Lumber & Produce Co.

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

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.



## 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, Noona.

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. Stapish 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 Schwikeroth 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, preceeding 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 35 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 Stapish 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 Woodman hall was replete 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.

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. Israel 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 adflation. 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 Washtenaw 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.



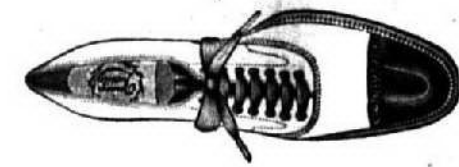
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FOR MEN.

WATER

\$2.00.

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TIP AND TAP.

NO MORE, NO LESS.

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Can show you the finest line of

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

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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 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 that 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 this so much wrong."

"Madame, I have long forgotten it, and there was a mistake all round," answered Cornelia cheerfully.

"That is so—and thy 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 he 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, and she was afraid the shrewd little Marquise would divine some change, and get the secret out of her.

After a week had elapsed Cornelia went over one morning to see her friend. But by this time Arenta knew everything. Her brother Rem had been with her and confessed all to his sister. She heard the story with indignation, but contrived to feel that somehow that Rem was not so much to blame as Cornelia, and other people.

"You art right served," she said to her brother, "for meddling with foreigners, and especially for mixing your love affairs up with an English girl. Proud, haughty creatures all of them! And you are a very fool to tell any woman such a crime. Yes, it is a crime. I won't say less. That girl over the way nearly died, and you would have let her die. It was a shame. I don't love Cornelia—but it was a shame."

"The letter was addressed to me, Arenta!"

"Fiddlesticks! You knew it was not yours. You knew it was Hyde's. Where is it now?"

She asked the question in her usual dominant way, and Rem did not feel able to resist it. He opened his pocket-book and from a receptacle in it, took

the fateful letter. 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 him, 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 concern, 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 Nicholls 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 them. 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 snap-shot 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 in 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 the neighbors. 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.

One evening, as the shadows lengthened and the wind subsided, I went around behind a sandstone butte that stood up from the plain like an old castle, and climbed on top, where I could, unobserved, watch the maneuvers of these miniature warriors. Upon reaching the summit I saw the band sneaking along through the sage-brush, crouching, and keeping a sharp look-out for an imaginary enemy. In the lead was Agya. He made a motion with his hand, and the boys disappeared like a flock of young quail.

Presently I saw the little Ute crawl cautiously through the sage, stop, gaze intently at some object lying in a bunch of grass, and crawl back to his comrades. Soon the little dark figures surrounded the enemy, bows drawn, miniature spears and tomahawks in readiness. Suddenly there were shrill war-whoops and yells. A big dog, rushing out, made for his own village yelping at every jump. He had come to forage upon the enemy's camp, but Agya and his band drove him off. It was a glorious victory for the warriors, and all without the loss of a man.

Such a victory had to be celebrated, and soon they were in the midst of a scalp-dance in exact imitation of their elders, with bunches of long grass tied by several of their number, while the others danced about them. In a short time they were off again, and the last I saw of the valiant leader and his band, they were having a great

buffalo hunt, as they had surrounded an old bleached buffalo skull, which was attacked with great vigor, and, I have no doubt, furnished a goodly supply of imaginary buffalo-meat for the little savage band.—St. Nicholas.

AT GRIPS WITH A TARPON.

William King, of Southern Texas, formerly a District Judge, knows the tarpon pretty well, as a tremendous fighter at the end of a line, a voracious feeder upon smaller fishes and an uncertain adversary until it has been gaffed deeply. He also knows as much about the tarpon as a cat-as-catch-can wrestler and clever two-handed pugilist, as any man alive.

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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 plank, the snorts, grunts, gasps and ejaculations.

The Judge and the tarpon had fought the length of the cabin twice and all around the walls once, when a sailor jumped down with a hatchet and ended the match. There was a good deal of blood and scales everywhere, some of them in King's hair. The fish weighed nearly 120 pounds.

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.

From the time his master was killed the dog remained beside the body. He followed the undertaker's wagon, and was allowed to take his place beside the casket, where he watched until the time of the funeral, when he was taken away from the sad scene.

An Explanation.

The trolley car is not drawn or pushed by the electric current at all, but is lifted again and again by the attraction of magnets for the armature coils of the motor.

## Pluck and Adventure.

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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 snap-shot 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."

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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 in 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 the neighbors. 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.

One evening, as the shadows lengthened and the wind subsided, I went around behind a sandstone butte that stood up from the plain like an old castle, and climbed on top, where I could, unobserved, watch the maneuvers of these miniature warriors. Upon reaching the summit I saw the band sneaking along through the sage-brush, crouching, and keeping a sharp look-out for an imaginary enemy. In the lead was Agya. He made a motion with his hand, and the boys disappeared like a flock of young quail.

Presently I saw the little Ute crawl cautiously through the sage, stop, gaze intently at some object lying in a bunch of grass, and crawl back to his comrades. Soon the little dark figures surrounded the enemy, bows drawn, miniature spears and tomahawks in readiness. Suddenly there were shrill war-whoops and yells. A big dog, rushing out, made for his own village yelping at every jump. He had come to forage upon the enemy's camp, but Agya and his band drove him off. It was a glorious victory for the warriors, and all without the loss of a man.

Such a victory had to be celebrated, and soon they were in the midst of a scalp-dance in exact imitation of their elders, with bunches of long grass tied by several of their number, while the others danced about them. In a short time they were off again, and the last I saw of the valiant leader and his band, they were having a great

buffalo hunt, as they had surrounded an old bleached buffalo skull, which was attacked with great vigor, and, I have no doubt, furnished a goodly supply of imaginary buffalo-meat for the little savage band.—St. Nicholas.

AT GRIPS WITH A TARPON.

William King, of Southern Texas, formerly a District Judge, knows the tarpon pretty well, as a tremendous fighter at the end of a line, a voracious feeder upon smaller fishes and an uncertain adversary until it has been gaffed deeply. He also knows as much about the tarpon as a cat-as-catch-can wrestler and clever two-handed pugilist, as any man alive.

King, who is small and under weight, but pugnacious, gained his knowledge in Aransas Bay. He and a party of friends went after tarpon in a small yachtlife craft that was fast and crank.

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.

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