

# The Chelsea Standard.

OL. XVI. NO. 22.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1904.

WHOLE NUMBER 802

## CHELSEA SAVINGS BANK,

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN.

Oldest and Strongest Bank in Western Washtenaw County.

Capital and Surplus, - \$90,000.00  
Guarantee Fund, - - - \$150,000.00  
Total Resources, - \$500,000.00

Money to Loan on Good Approved Security.

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

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

We draw Drafts payable in Gold in any City in the World.

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

PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN TO ALL BUSINESS ENTRUSTED TO US.

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

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

Boxes to rent from \$1.00 to \$5.00 per year.

Your Business Solicited,

### DIRECTORS.

J. KNAPP, F. P. GLAZIER, JOHN W. SCHENK,  
W. PALMER, WM. P. SCHENK, ADAM EPPLER,  
D. HINDELANG, HENRY I. STIMSON, FRED WEDEMEYER

### OFFICERS.

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

## WARM WEATHER

should send you direct to the

## SODA FOUNTAIN

AT THE

## BANK DRUG STORE

where they make a specialty of taking care of overheated people. . . . .

While you are sitting there "cooling off" notice the fine line of

### FRESH CHOCOLATES

and other fine line of candies that they carry.

Warranted Tooth Brushes.

See our line of 25c Hair Brushes.

THE NEW PERFUMES.

See our line of

### KODAK SUPPLIES.

Films—all sizes. Eastman Dry Plates.

Bronnie Kodaks 98c.

Developing Powders 5c each.

Card Mounts 5 and 10c dozen.

Lowest Prices on Kodaks

AT THE

## BANK DRUG STORE.

CHELSEA TELEPHONE NUMBER 8

Highest Market Price for Eggs.

## QUIET FOURTH OF JULY.

### BALL GAMES THE FEATURE OF DAY.

Not a Single Accident Reported—A Goodly Number of the Residents Had Private Display of Fireworks in the Evening.

The Fourth in Chelsea this year was a comparatively quiet day. Of course the small boy with firecrackers was in evidence everywhere, and the larger ones amused themselves with revolvers and blank cartridges. During the morning and until the rain in the afternoon there was a high wind that kept the air filled with dust, and had a fire broke out the fire-fighters of this place would have had the time of their lives to get it under control. There was two good games of ball at the park, between the Plymouth and Chelsea teams and both the forenoon and afternoon game had a good sized audience of "Fans" who enjoy the great American game, and at both sessions the visiting and home teams played good ball from started to finish. The rain storm in the afternoon delayed the game for a time and to a degree dampened the enthusiasm of some of the attendants.

Many of the families about town had displays of fireworks that helped to show the citizens that the spirit of the day was not forgotten, and the best of all there was not a single accident reported.

#### AT CAVANAUGH LAKE.

The resorters that usually frequent this lake were on hand as is their custom, and many of them entertained friends. In the evening there was a fine display of fireworks.

#### AT NORTH LAKE.

There were some fifty who came from Detroit and nearby towns to the resort known as Glenn's Grove, and all had come prepared for the day and enjoyed the various sports. In the evening the usual fireworks program was carried out.

#### ABOUT THE COUNTY.

Ypsilanti had at least two serious Fourth of July accidents. Sunday night two boys, Chas. Dushiber and George Meyers, decided to spend the night in a tent back of the Meyers' boy's house, so that they could get up early to celebrate the day of independence. Unknown to their parents they had secreted a small cannon in the tent and the first thing heard in the morning was when this was fired off and followed by the screams of the boys who, it was found, had both received bad injuries. The Dushiber boy in the leg and the Meyers boy having a badly lacerated hand, his thumb being blown off.

The most serious accident reported in Ann Arbor the Fourth was that which happened to Fred Graupner, aged 15 years. While he was holding a toy cannon it exploded, tearing a large hole in the fleshy part of his leg. It is not thought that amputation will be necessary. Architect Herman Pipp was also the victim of a serious accident, his hand being injured severely by the explosion of a giant firecracker. There was a heavy wind in the afternoon and the flagstaff on the court house was blown down.

#### REAR-END COLLISION.

Three Seriously and Twenty-two More or Less Injured on the Jackson & Battle Creek Electric Line.

Three badly injured and twenty-two slightly injured is the result of a rear-end collision of cars upon the electric line of the Jackson-Battle Creek Traction Co. near Marshall at 10:25 Friday forenoon. One of the worst injured is A. L. Spitzer, of Toledo, vice president of the road, who was a passenger upon the rear car. Fred Kelly, of Albion, the motorman, was thought to be fatally hurt, but late advices from Marshall were to the effect that he would recover.

Both cars were running east, but the red car which was ahead had a broken motor and had lost time until it was running upon the time of the limited following. The limited crashed into the "red" local car upon a curve and in a hollow. The cars were telescoped as far as the third seats, but neither of the cars left the track.

The officers of the road have instituted investigation to determine just where the blame for the regrettable accident rests. Either the first car was late in sending out a flagman or the brakes did not work upon the limited car.

#### FIRST COMMUNION SERVICES.

Impressive and Beautiful Church Ceremony Held at the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Sunday Morning.

The reception of Holy Communion for the first time by a class of 50 boys and

girls at the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, last Sunday, July 3, was an impressive and beautiful ceremony. The church was crowded with a devout congregation. The altars were handsomely decorated and the music was devotional and inspiring. The pastor, Rev. Father Considine, officiated and preached a most touching and eloquent sermon.

Just before receiving the Holy Sacrament the children renewed their baptismal vows. The pastor is to be heartily congratulated for the admirable manner in which the children were trained. They performed their part perfectly. This was the ninth class prepared by the devoted pastor during his successful administration of parish affairs, and in no detail of parish work is he more zealous than in the care and supervision of the children of the parish.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Foley will administer the Sacrament of Confirmation tonight (Thursday) at 7 p. m.

#### RESIDENCE BURNED SUNDAY.

Fred Wolff's House in Sylvan Totally Destroyed by Fire at an Early Hour Sunday Morning—Small Insurance.

Between 9 and 10 o'clock Sunday morning the home of Fred Wolff, who resides in Sylvan township near what is known as the Sylvan crossing, was entirely consumed by fire. About 9 o'clock two young men, sons of George Heselshwerdt and R. J. West, were driving past the place and discovered that the roof was burning, and on going to the house to give the alarm, found the family at the breakfast table in total ignorance of the fate that awaited their home.

The neighbors began to gather as soon as the alarm was given, but their assistance was of very little avail as the fire had gained such headway before it was discovered, but they were able to save a portion of the household goods. Mr. Wolff carried an insurance of \$500, but his loss will exceed this amount, and will be a hard one for him to bear. As to just how the fire started it is hard to state, but it probably caught from the chimney.

#### LOUIS L. CONK.

In the death of Louis L. Conk another of the veterans of the civil war has answered the final roll call. Mr. Conk was stricken with apoplexy Wednesday of last week and died Friday, July 1. He was born January 1838, at Toms River, New Jersey. In 1862 he joined the army and witnessed many of the incidents of the civil war. For a number of years he has been sightless, caused from the service he was engaged in during the rebellion.

For the past 32 years he has been a resident of Chelsea, and for 31 years a member of the First Baptist church of this place. The obsequies were conducted by his pastor, Rev. P. M. McKay, from the family residence on Summit street, Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The deceased leaves a wife, one son and three daughters who have the sympathy of a host of friends in this sad hour of affliction.

#### A MENAGERIE OF NAMES.

A story is told of a Cherokee woman who has married six times, and has never got out of the animal line. When she was a girl she was known as Miss Mollie Panther. She married an Indian named Coon, and when that gentleman was transferred to the happy hunting grounds she soon became Mrs. Fox. The Fox did not last always, and when he entered the last chase the widow married a mild, placid man named Mule, who never had any kick coming till he harnessed up to draw his load across the Great Divide. After a period of mourning the widow again entered the realms of matrimonial bliss and became Mrs. Wolf; and when his scalp went to the Great Father, along with his corporeal remains, she became the wife of a man named Tiger, and when Mr. Tiger changed his stripes of a pretty white robe in the Great Beyond she selected another husband of the name of Rabbit.—Ex.

#### NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of School District No. 3, fractional of the townships of Sylvan and Lima, for the election of one Trustee and for the transaction of such other business as may lawfully come before it will be held at the town hall on Monday, the 11th day of July, at 7:30 o'clock p. m.

Dated this 5th day of July, 1904.

W. J. KNAPP, Secretary.

#### DOMESTIC TROUBLES.

It is exceptional to find a family where there are no domestic ruptures occasionally, but these can be lessened by having Dr. King's New Life Pills around. Much trouble they save by their great work in stomach and liver troubles. They not only relieve you, but cure. 35c, at Glazier & Stimson drug store.

## PLAYED GREAT BASEBALL

### BIG CROWD OF FANS PRESENT.

Two Fine Games the Fourth—Fans Wild With Enthusiasm—Visiting and Home Teams Fought for Every Score.

Two of the largest crowds that the Junior Stars have ever played before, witnessed the games at the ball park on Monday. The Stars and Plymouth Juniors split even on two exciting games of baseball here on that day.

In the morning game the Junior Stars pitcher, Jones, outpitched his opponent, Washmund, and should have won his game, but for some timely and costly errors on the part of the Stars infield. The Stars scored seven hits off Washmund, while the Juniors only hit Jones for five safe ones, and Jones struck out 11 men to six for Washmund. The score: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 R H E  
Plymouth . . . 0 1 0 0 2 1 0 0 3—7 5 8  
Junior Stars 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2 7 9  
Batteries—Washmund and Reichel; Jones and Reynolds.

The afternoon game was the best exhibition of base ball that the people of Chelsea have ever seen on the local grounds. It was baseball from the first inning until the last man was out in the tenth; the score being a tie in the ninth, necessitating an extra inning. The Chelsea team played rings around their rivals at the bat and in the field, but a few errors at critical times allowed the Plymouths to tie it up, and then they fell before the fine pitching of McCain in the next three innings, while in each inning the Stars had men on bases, but were unable to force any around to the plate until the tenth when Wood gave Reynolds, Chelsea's new catcher, a base on balls and he promptly stole second, taking third on a hit by Jones and scoring when Miller hit to pitcher. Although Miller made the second out, nobody cared as Reynolds had scored the winning run amidst the greatest excitement ever witnessed on the Chelsea grounds.

Chandler Rogers played right field in the morning game, and put up a fine game at third base in the afternoon. The other features were the catching of Reynolds, the pitching of McCain and the good playing of the entire team of the Stars.

The game was stopped by rain in the sixth inning with the score 3 to 2 in Plymouth's favor and after 30 minutes wait the game was resumed and in the absence of Dorr Rogers, who had left during the rain with boy (?) friends, Manager McLaren batted in his place and put a high fly to Armstrong on third who muffed it and McCain scored. The score: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 R H E  
Stars . . . 0 0 0 1 0 1 1 0 0 1 4 10 6  
Juniors . . . 0 2 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 3 8 5  
Batteries—McCain and Reynolds; Wood and Baker.

#### WILL GOST ELECTRIC ROAD \$520

Through a blunder in the construction at the Michigan avenue separation of grades in Detroit the D. Y. A. A. & J. will have to put new trolley stands on all their cars or in some other way make the stands lower.

When the room for the electric cars was determined President Hawks, of the D. Y. A. A. & J. stated that there should be more than fourteen feet of room under the steam road bridges in order to let the Ann Arbor cars under. It was finally decided to make the head room exactly fourteen feet, but now that the work is completed it is found that through a blunder the distance from the ground to the bridges is only thirteen feet ten inches.

It is a question of getting another approach to Detroit or shortening the trolley stands, so the D. Y. A. A. & J. have chosen the latter alternative. The old cars are lower than the new ones, and can be made to pass under the steam bridges by placing the trolley stands directly on the roof, but in the case of the new cars it will be necessary to put in new stands. The expense will be about \$20 per car, and the company have twenty-six cars in operation making a total of \$520.

#### A VERY CLOSE CALL.

"I stuck to my engine, although every joint ached and every nerve was racked with pain," writes C. W. Bellamy, a locomotive fireman, of Burlington, Iowa. "I was weak and pale, without any appetite and all run down. As I was about to give up, I got a bottle of Electric Bitters, and after taking it, I felt as well as I ever did in my life." Weak, sickly, run down people always gain new life, strength and vigor from their use. Try them. Satisfaction guaranteed by Glazier & Stimson. Price 50 cents.

A little life may be sacrificed to an hour's delay. Cholera infantum, dysentery, diarrhoea come suddenly. Only safe plan is to have Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry always on hand.

## DON'T FORGET QUALITY AND PRICE

To Get a Bargain it is Necessary to Keep an Eye on Quality, the Other on Price.

MARKED DOWN PRICES DON'T ALWAYS MAKE THE VALUES.

The Price on the Ticket does not Establish a Bargain.

If you get Value Received for Your Money the Value must be in the Goods you buy.

If you are not a clothing judge have some one go with you who is. Look at other places before coming here. We want you to compare the old shelf worn clothing offered by some dealers at perhaps a slight reduction from war-time prices, with the new up-to-date clothing shown here and sold on a basis of present time values. Look at the goods; Look at the style; look at the fit; compare fairly and then decide where you will buy.

## OUR CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

has no competitor in Chelsea. The right goods at right prices and our guarantee back of every garment swells the sales here.

It is music in which there is harmony. If in need of a new suit, come here and buy a new suit. Don't hand over your money for an old out of date one.

### THINK OF IT.

You can choose here from hundreds of new stylish men's suits at from \$5.00 to \$12.00.

Boy's long pant suits at from \$3.50 to \$7.50.

Boy's knee pant suits at from \$1.50 to \$4.50.

Better fitting suits; better wearing suits, than you were ever offered at the prices we ask.

COME AND LOOK.

## W. P. SCHENK & COMPANY

See our advertisement on local page.

We have a full line of Cultivators for Working Corn and Beans at very low prices.

Refrigerators, Lawn Mowers, Screen Doors and Ice Cream Freezers.

Special prices on BUGGIES and ROAD WAGONS for June.

FURNITURE and HAMMOCKS our Specialties for June.

W. J. KNAPP.

## JEWELRY.

Saving your money. When you put your cash into good jewelry it's just like saving it. You always have that which is worth what it cost. The prettiest things are here.

A. E. WINANS, JEWELER.

Repairing of all kinds a specialty.

Sheet Music and periodicals in stock.

## CENTRAL MEAT MARKET.

CHOICE LARD.

SMOKED HAMS.

FINE BACON

Every cut of meats in our shop is prime and prices the lowest. Try us.

ADAM EPPLER.

Phone 41, Free delivery.

Take The Chelsea Standard



## A WIND-CALL.

Dust thou art, and unto dust,  
Playfellow, return thou must;  
Languishing death it is to stay  
In the prison-house of clay—  
Bricks of Egypt, year by year  
Waiting up a sepulchre.

Better far the soul to free  
From its close captivity,  
And with us, thy comrades, go  
Wherever we list to blow.  
Comel for soon again to dust,  
Playfellow, return thou must.  
—John B. Tabb, in the Atlantic.

## The "Get Off Here" Mine

By George M. Forsythe

THE pilgrim who came to Australia forty years ago from Europe to show the oldtimers how to prospect for gold got the "glad hand" all around. The diggers were pleased to know him, and they tried to keep in touch with him while he remained in the country. There wasn't so much fun lying around loose that they could afford to miss any of it. The pilgrim ran up against experience good and hard, and by the time he had acquired a little wisdom the oldtimers were perfectly willing to stop laughing long enough to catch their breath.

This information is mine to give away. I bought it and paid for it. Forty years ago I had the gold fever. As a man can't do much gold discovering in a month's vacation, I decided to test my theories in Ballarat district, as being within two days' journey of Melbourne, my home.

I didn't lose any time after reaching Ballarat. Opportunities were going to waste all around me, I felt sure. In my opinion the diggers who were looking for gold in certain geological formations were off on the wrong scent. I'll just get into the country where gold is found, I said to myself, and go to digging in any old place. It's as likely to be in one spot as another.

As I have said, I didn't waste much time in Ballarat. I rustled around and bought a good looking pony, a pack horse, some picks, a shovel, a T-ent and a camping outfit.

Twenty miles from Ballarat I met a prospector, who advised me to go round by way of Yellow Creek. A couple of fellows had struck it rich over there, he said, and it was a promising locality. Going down from the divide into Yellow Creek the flank cinch of my saddle annoyed the pony. I'm not much of a rider, and so I failed to discover it until it had irritated him beyond endurance. A backing pony should never be admitted to the companionship of a respectable prospector. When I recovered consciousness the pony was out of sight, but the pack horse was grazing peacefully beside me. I was sorry to lose the saddle, but I conceived a sudden and violent dislike to the pony, and if ever I had seen him again I fear that I should have been unkind to him.

The pack horse and I went down the creek to water, and there I made camp. It was rather lonely, and the mosquitoes were so plentiful that I did not sleep much. I'm rather superstitious, too, and it struck me after a time that the pony had deposited me (with unnecessary violence, to be sure) in a mass of rock that it might be worth my while to investigate. I couldn't be sure that fate had not purposely landed me there, and that my bruises were not necessary to make me keep the place in mind.

Next morning I went back to that spot and made an examination. Sure enough—it was an outcropping of quartz—a sort of conglomerate of porphyry, silica and decomposed granite. It didn't look to be of much value, but I started on it with a pick and shovel. When I knocked off for lunch I was so tired I could hardly walk, but as I knew that my time was limited I crawled back to the "mine" in the afternoon and resumed work. At about 3 o'clock I chanced to look up and saw a man sitting on the sandhill watching me. I feared that he might be looking for a chance to jump the claim, so I called him down for a parley.

"What are you doing?" was his first question, as he squatted on the edge of the hole I had made.

"Gold digging," I said briefly.

"P-haw! So you are," said he. "Living around here?" I asked.

"Just over the hill," he replied.

"Gold digging?"

"No. Just pottering around. Prospecting a little just now and then."

"Any claim jumpers around here?"

"Haven't seen any. Haven't laid out a claim, have you?"

"No; I haven't measured it off yet. Waiting to see if it's worth while. Good country here, they tell me."

"Yes; country's a lot better than them that's in it."

Next day I decided to measure off and stake my claim, and so I stepped off 1500 feet in one direction and 600 in the other, and put up posts at each corner of the parallelogram. I also wrote out my location notice and tacked it against a tree that stood conveniently near the discovery hole. Then I braved easier. That made the claim mine according to law. All I had to do was to file a record of the claim with the clerk of the Minister of Mines at Ballarat. In respect to the manner of its discovery I named the mine the "Get Off Here."

That afternoon I turned up a piece of rotten quartz that was speckled with free gold. There was no mistaking the value of the rock. It was rich. Usually I am self-contained, but that piece of quartz was too much for my nerves. I just jumped up and down and shouted. Then I heard some one else shout in reply, and my acquaintance of the day before strolled leisurely down the hill.

"Struck it?" he asked. It appeared

to me that he was trying to appear unconcerned, and I pulled myself together and imitated him.

"Yes, I've turned up some pretty nice rock," I said, and I showed it to him. I expected to see him go up in the air as I had done, but instead he squatted comfortably on the edge of the discovery, held the rock in his mouth, blew upon it, rubbed it upon his sleeve, spat upon it, tasted it, and finally got out his knife and whittled at a pinhead of gold. Then he handed it back to me.

"That's good stuff," he said.

"Think I'll run 100 ounces to the ton?" I asked.

"Better than that," he replied, "I'll go 800."

Then he proceeded to give me some advice. No need to go any deeper, he said. What I ought to do was to uncover the lead to the same depth for forty or fifty feet either side of me to find how long the chute of ore was. That would enable me to fix its value. I was grateful to him for his advice, and offered him a half interest on the spot if he would turn in and help me.

"Haven't time," he said, calmly.

"But your throwing away a fortune," I persisted. "Go halves with me."

"Couldn't think of it," he said, coolly.

"See you later." Then he strolled off over the hill. He came again next day and directed me how to proceed. In fact, he rather ordered than urged that I should dig along the lead and open it up as he had suggested the day before. I supposed that he had changed his mind and was going to accept my proffer of a partnership. So I said to him, after he had been bossing the work for a couple of hours:

"Turn in and take at this digging and give me a chance to rest."

"Can't do it," he said; "I'm too busy."

It occurred to me after he had gone that for a busy man he had spent the best part of the day dodging labor. I thought that he had some constitutional objection to hard work, and let it go at that.

It was easy to see now why so many of those poor diggers never amounted to anything. And then I was thankful that he hadn't accepted my proposition to go halves. On its present showing the "Get Off Here" would sell for £10,000 at least. In the first flush of success I would have been giving him half of that sum. It wasn't comforting to reflect that my interests had been guarded by his density rather than by my own wisdom. When he came around as usual the next afternoon I was less civil to him. And when he had examined the rock I was getting out and tested some of it I waited for his opinion without asking for it.

"It isn't as good as the other," he said, after a time. "You haven't got to the end of the chute on this side here. Get to work on the other end."

"That's pay rock, all right," I said.

"And just remember this, will you? I work at any end of this claim that I choose to. You've refused a half interest, and that lets you out."

I expected that this display of temper would drive him away, but I was mistaken.

I couldn't sleep that night for the press of business that came upon me. There was a house I intended to build in Park Lane. There was the troublesome question of safe investments at good interest to be considered. There would be the stamp mill that would have to be put up on the "Get Off Here." There would be bullion to be sent to the mint, and a hundred and one matters to attend to. Next morning I telegraphed my resignation to my employer in Melbourne. I didn't ride the pack horse back to the "Get Off Here." I bought another pony—a gentle one this time—and arrived without accident. Hurrying up to the claim I found my quondam acquaintance waiting for me, and handed him the assayer's certificate. He looked it over and said: "Good!"

"You should have got in on this when the chance offered," I remarked. "It's too late now."

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "What are you going to do now?"

"I've brought down a tape line this time, and I'm going over my lines and make sure the measurements are correct," I replied. "Then I'm going in to record, get a surveyor, prove up and patent."

"I wouldn't go to all that trouble if I were you," he said.

"Why not?" I demanded.

"Great Scott! It's hot here in the sun. Come over to my shanty and let me advise you," was his reply.

It was the first time he had invited me to call.

I climbed the hill with him, and on the other side saw a comfortable log cabin.

"That's my shanty," he said. "I'm Fred Fisher. What's your name?"

I told him. We had been on intimate terms for several days, and yet this was our formal introduction.

"Well, what do you advise?" I asked, when we were comfortably seated in the cool of his cabin.

"Why," he drawled, "first of all, I'd advise you to look that over." He

handed me a patent issued by the Victorian Government to Fred Fisher and John Fisher on the Glenelg gold mining claim, "situate on Yellow Creek, in the neighborhood of Ballarat, Colony of Victoria," etc.

"That's just the sort of paper I require," I said, as I gave it back to him. "Well?"

"Next I'll advise you to take a look out of that back window."

I did so. The view disclosed the mouth of the tunnel running into the hill. "That's the Glenelg, I suppose?" was my remark.

"It is," said Mr. Fisher, "and it runs straight through the hill. The end line is just down by your camp. You used one of my corner posts to picket your packhorse to."

I was stunned. "Do you mean—?" I managed to get out, and he nodded.

I wrote to my employer, asking him to advance me the money to get home on.—New York News.

### Canada's Greatest Dome.

The largest dome of the Gustavino type in the world is being completed on the new building of the Bank of Montreal, in St. James' street. So careful were the directors in awarding the contract that they stipulated the importation of Spanish laborers especially for the job. The dome is the first of its kind to be built in Canada. Its inside diameter is seventy-one and a half feet. There is no steel construction to support the arched roof, the tile in use being hand-burned terra cotta an inch thick laid in cement. The entire area of the bank's superstructure will be about 8000 square feet. The skylight in the top will be 100 feet from the main floor of the rotunda, which is approached by a passageway thirty-four feet wide and thirty-five feet high. The building is planned to be one of the finest banks in the world.—New York Times.

### Public School Nurses.

The experiment in the public schools of employing a nurse whose duty it was to go from school to school treating incipient ailments has proven so successful that twelve more have been appointed. A troublesome cough or cold is taken by her and "nipped in the bud." If "Mose" Lovinsky gets his grimy paw out when trying to sharpen his lead pencil, or "Micky" Donovan gets a black eye as the result of a difference of opinion with "Johnny" Smith, the wounds of war come directly under the tender ministrations of this Red Cross healer. The child of to-day may expect a longer lease of life than his father who was so unfortunate as to be born fifty years too soon.—New York Herald.

### Formic Acid of Ants.

Henri de Parville, in an article in the Journal des Debats, calls attention to the experiment of a Dr. Clement, of Lyons, who has been investigating the allergic properties of formic acid, a secretion of ants. Eight or ten drops of the acid taken three or four times a day had a marked effect in stimulating muscular activity which, according to Dr. Clement, might be continued for a long time without resultant fatigue. "That tired feeling" also disappears under the influence of the acid. It is not stated whether the after effects of the acid are good, bad or negative.—Medical Journal.

### The Friendship of Youth.

Two boys brought up together sometimes remain fast friends for life, but not so commonly as one might suppose. "I thought you had a little friend with you to-day, Tommy," said a lady to a child who was walking about alone and disconsolate. "I have a little friend, but I hate him," was the reply; and the words contain a whole essay of comment upon the value of friendship founded solely upon propinquity.—Spectator.

### Leaves Money For Cat.

In 1891 an old woman left to the British Lifeboat Institution the sum of £2000 to be paid on the death of a favorite kitten which had survived her and which was to be provided for with the interest. In 1902 the cat disappeared and the courts have now decided to assume its death and let the institution have the money, on giving it a bond to provide for the cat in case it should come back.

### Deer's Khaki Uniforms.

Major Jameson said in the British Parliament that the sudden resort to khaki uniforms was a "senseless craze." Because the Boers wore khaki and slouch hats the whole army was clapped into the similar costume. If the Zulus had beaten it, the army would have gone about in feathers and paint. Three streaks of paint and an ostrich feather would have been the uniform of a field marshal.

### Savage African Potentate.

Chaka, a great African chief, trained a powerful army which was famous in war. If a regiment was beaten it was slaughtered on its return to the king's palace. If any man lost his weapon in war he was killed for cowardice. If the chief wanted to see what kind of weapons were most successful he would order a sharp fight with them in which real lives would be lost.

### Cannot Speak English.

In Wales there are about 500,000 people who cannot speak English. Welsh being their only language; in Scotland there are 40,000 persons who can speak nothing but Gaelic; and in Ireland there are 32,000 who can express themselves only in the Irish tongue.

### Appendicitis Is Contagious.

Dr. C. C. Sheldon, one of the leading physicians of Wisconsin, maintains that appendicitis is contagious.

## HISTORIC HOUSES IN WASHINGTON.

Historic Washington will soon be only a memory. One after another the historic buildings of this town, which have housed men entitled to at least a small niche in the hall of fame, are being torn down. The next big square of ground whose buildings are to be razed was where no less a personage than the brilliant and combative Henry Clay held his peace, for in this block was his home during his long and brilliant career as a representative in Congress, then as a senator, again as representative, and yet again senator.

government in order to build the new committee rooms for the United States senate, to correspond with the opposite side of the capitol, where the committee rooms of the house are being built. This block has a curious mixture of old and modern architecture, and has not so many houses of great interest, having been less built up than the other side in early days. Those houses which are of historic interest, however, are fully a century old, and in one or two cases there is no record of when they were built. By all odds the most interesting

formerly called No. 225 "home." It was known many times as a fashionable boarding house, which attracted statesmen of all styles and kinds. Somewhere in the early eighties, it was the first Washington home of Dr. John Witherspoon Scott, father of the first Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, who died within a month after his daughter, in the White House.

After the death of William Brent, No. 225 became the property of his daughter Virginia, who had married Robert S. Chilton of the state department. Mr. Chilton was, after his mar-



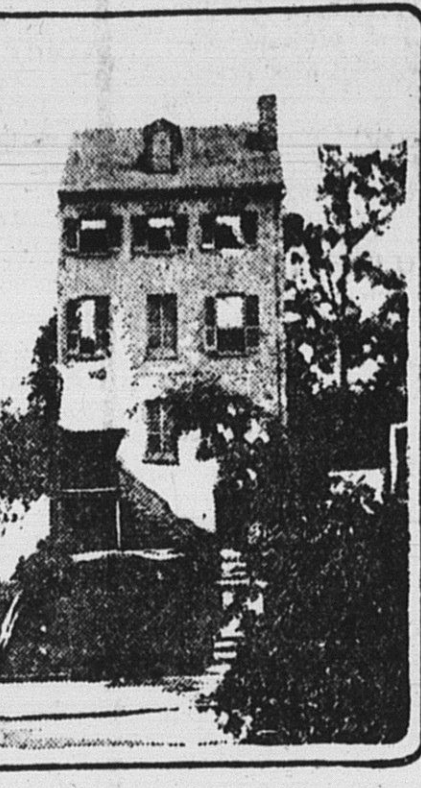
HOUSES OF THE GRANGERS AND JUDGE CRANCH.

Here also was the former home of the distinguished son-in-law of President John Adams, Judge Cranch of the supreme court, who came from Massachusetts, and it was here that the president and his wife, Abigail Adams, made many visits to their daughter. Next door to them lived Francis Granger of Suffolk, Conn., postmaster general in the cabinet of President William Henry Harrison, and in the same house his distinguished father had lived before him. Gideon Granger of Suffolk, postmaster general from 1801 to 1814, under Presidents Jefferson and Madison.

This block of houses, which is north of the capitol, bounded by Delaware avenue, B, C and First streets, has been condemned by the

of these is the house which is known as the Chilton house, No. 225 Delaware avenue. It is a tall, yellowish gray brick house, perched upon the top of a high bank like a bald eagle on a rock, the grading of the street long after it was built having left it high and dry, and the owners having to add a basement, and afterward terrace their front yard.

The house was built in 1809 on the level of the street, by William Brent, formerly of Virginia, at that time clerk of the supreme court. His own stately mansion was beside this "new house," this latter having been put up for renting purposes. It was in this house that Henry Clay, lived in Washington. And he is not the only personage known in history who



THE CHILTON HOUSE.

riage, sent to Goderich, Canada, as our commercial agent and remained there for thirty years. From the time of William Brent's death the house was known as the Chilton house and on their return from Canada Mr. and Mrs. Chilton again took possession of it, expecting to end their days there.

The house is more quaint and ancient looking on the inside than on the outside. The hall is wide and roomy, according to the fashion of the day and the magnificent idea of hospitality, and the drawing rooms are large, square rooms, with broad window sills and high mantels. The doors are finished with massive, shining brass locks, screwed upon the inner side, and finished by a huge brass key with a ring at the end.

### Traveler Robin Hood.

W. S. Reed, M. D., tells the story of a robin who took possession of a passenger coach which had been left for several weeks unused at East Thompson, on the Southbridge branch of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad. The robin built her nest on the framework of the trucks under the body of the car. The bird had been seen around the car by different employees of the road, without their suspecting the presence of the nest until the car was coupled on and hauled to Southbridge. The mother followed the train, and on its arrival brooded and fed her young, which were just hatched. She followed the train back on its return trip to East Thompson, where she again fed and housed the young birds. On the second trip of the train, in the afternoon, the bird again followed her young to Southbridge and back to East Thompson, where the car was sidetracked and given into possession of the robin, free until her family were grown. The distance traveled by the bird in the two round trips was 86 miles.—Christian Register.

### Hot Water Remedy.

A worn out woman who retires at night or lies down for a few minutes' rest at noonday with a feeling that sleep is impossible should try the hot water remedy, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. Simply bathe the face and temples, the wrists and cords of

the neck, in water as hot as can be borne. For a daytime nap the dress should be loosened at the throat and waist, or, better still, the clothes should be removed entirely, just as when retiring for the night. A glass of hot water with a little sugar and a few drops of lemon juice is a favorite drink of French women, and is an excellent sleep producer. Eau sucree, as it is called, takes the place in France often occupied by tea here.

### A Double Demise.

"Wull! Wull!" ejaculated McLubberty, in the midst of his perusal of a newspaper which he had carelessly picked up. "Bedad! Poor Duffy is dead again! An' it seems to hove happened in the same way as ut did prayvously—he has been blown up by a prematore blast. Oi shud hov thought that wance wud hove been enough to satisfy him; but thin, he always was wan av thim fellers that never know their own molnds."

"Phwat are yez tarkin' about?" asked Mrs. McLubberty, in some surprise. "Duffy dead again? Is ut crazy yez are?"

"Divil a bit. Oi de be readin' ut roight here in th' paper, an'—"

"Let me look at that dockymint. Phwy, yez blunderhead, this is a two-year-old paper that Oi laid out to spread on the shill!"

"Is thot so? Well, ut relaves me molnd. Oi was sorry to tink av such bad luck happenin' to poor Duffy."

### Why Japs Admire the Carp.

The carp, which plays so prominent a part in Japanese decorations, is also the principal dish at a high-class Japanese dinner. It is deemed to be the dish above all others upon which young men who desire a martial career should be fed, as its eaters are supposed to imbibe the courage of the fish.

It is the bravest of all the Japanese fish, and the only one that can swim up a waterfall. Yet when finally caught it will lie perfectly still while waiting to be killed. These qualities of bravery, strength and resignation are much desired by Japanese young men, and happy is the family on whose table the carp appears at frequent intervals.

### New Fad of Wealthy Women.

The prevalence of the companion or private secretary, who now seems indispensable to women of fashion in New York, is emphasized by the sight of the parties leaving daily for Newport from the Grand Central station. In every one of these groups there is the woman companion, who, in charge of the maids, seems to exact from them the same deference they show to their mistress. The place of this woman companion is that of a friendly equal who stands between her employer and the rest of the world, and she appears to enjoy most of the pleasures of wealth, with none of its responsibilities.

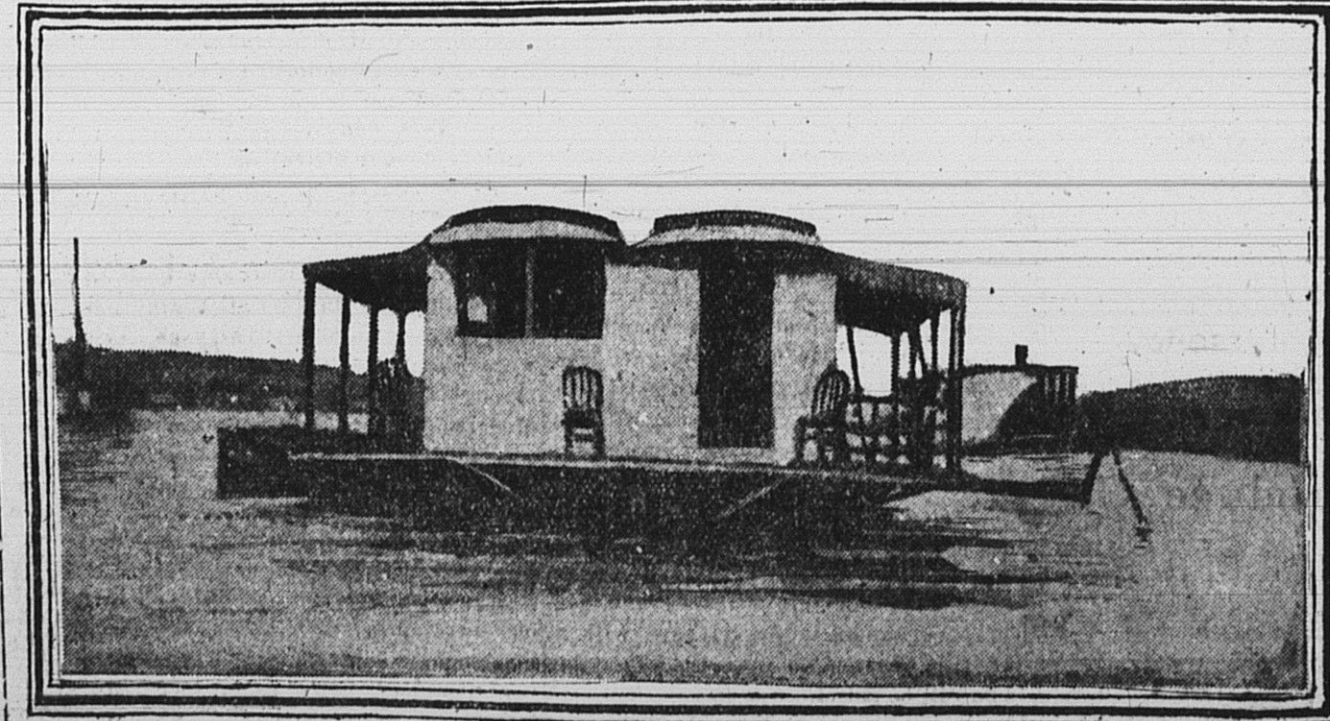
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## NOVEL STYLE OF HOUSE BOAT.



HOUSE BOAT MADE OF STREET CARS.

A fad for living in houseboats, has attacked residents of Southern California. A pioneer in acquiring a home on the water is J. J. Jenkins, formerly of Pittsburg.

Mr. Jenkins created a novel houseboat, the demand for which has been so great that it is impossible for the inventor to keep up with it. He decided to build for himself a houseboat on the bay at San Pedro, and in casting about for material saw some abandoned cable cars, relics of the

days before the residents of Los Angeles were whizzed about on electric cars. Lumber is high in Southern California, and labor is even higher, so Mr. Jenkins decided to convert these old cars into houseboats.

Two cars were placed upon caulked float and converted into the costliest sea homes. All around is a veranda. Across the end of the cars is a tiny kitchen, equipped with a stove, a sink and other conveniences. The remainder of the cars can be thrown into one

room or separated into dining room, parlor, sitting room and bedroom, in which latter is a comfortable bed that folds up in the wall.

The dweller in the household on San Pedro bay has many advantages. He can go out on the veranda in the morning, throw a line out and in a short time have a good mess of fish; or he can row ashore and gather clams. He is never bothered by the heat and the bay serves for a huge bathtub.

Triplets Pass Four-Score.  
Triplets 80 years old celebrated their birthday recently in Hillsdale, parish of Upham, near Moncton, N. B. The three have lived in the same place all their lives. They are Richard, James and Deborah De Bow, the children of William De Bow. A number of relatives and friends waited upon the triplets and presented to them a purse of money. The triplets are all in good health and appear to have a good chance of reaching the century mark.

Lincoln's Passes Not Honored.  
Lincoln's humor got him out of trying situations and tempered his refusal of favors, as happened during the civil war when a gentleman asked him for a pass through the federal lines to Richmond. "I should be happy to oblige you," said Lincoln, "if my passes were respected. But the fact is, within the last two years I have given passes to Richmond to 250,000 men, and not one has got there yet."

It was All Off.  
An old bachelor who was very bald fell in love with a pretty widow, whose late husband's name was Robin. One evening the bachelor dropped in to have a cup of tea with the widow. After tea was over she commenced to sing "Robin Adair." The bachelor picked up his hat and said: "Madame, even if your husband did have hair, it's no fault of mine that I haven't." Then he fled.—Exchange.

Don't Miss Seeing Hlavatha.  
The great Indian play at Lake Orion July 1 to 7. It is the chance of a lifetime. See announcement in this paper.

How Webster Missed Being President.  
The campaign of 1840 had a dramatic and unexpected sequel. Thursday, before the meeting of the Whig convention, sought out Webster and urged him to take second place on the ticket with Harrison, but the suggestion was rejected with scorn. An acceptance of Weed's advice would have made Webster president in little more than a year.

What Did He Mean?  
A Scottish singer named Wilson was being trained for professional singing. One day he sang a love song with exquisite quality of voice, but with insufficient passion and expression. His teacher told him he must put more feeling into it and sing as if he were really in love. "Eh, man," he replied, "hoo can I do that and me a married man?"

Preserving Cadavers.  
In recent European experiments corpses have been kept for a certain time in a bath of chloride of calcium heated to 123 degrees, then taken out and steeped for twenty-four hours in a cold solution of sulphate of sodium. The bodies are transformed into perfect mummies, which may be kept indefinitely.

High Animal Life.  
A teacher having explained at length about the three kingdoms then asked if anyone in the class could tell her what the highest degree of animal life was. A bright-eyed little girl raised her hand and answered: "The highest degree of animal life is a giraffe."

Russian Wit.  
A Moscow journal prints a letter from a Russian soldier at Port Arthur in which the following sentence occurs: "We have given all our guns names. One of them we call Togo, because it makes so much noise, but hasn't hit anything yet."

Tin Deposits in Burma.  
In the province of lower Burma, India, near the Siamese frontier, tin deposits have recently been discovered and valuable coal fields located. The tin ore is said to be of as high a quality as that mined in the Straits settlements.

Late Criminal Defense.  
A new defense was sprung lately in an English criminal trial. It was pleaded on behalf of the defendant that he had once received an electrical shock of 2,000 volts, and that it had impaired his mind.

Lightning Kills Four Boys.  
Chester, Pa., dispatch: Four boys standing under a cherry tree on a farm near Felton, which they were guarding from pilferers, were killed by a stroke of lightning.

Park Island, Lake Orion, July 1 to 7.—3 and 8 P. M.

HIAWATHA

By 20 Native Ojibways in full Tribal Dress: Canoes, Indian Songs, etc. SHAM BATTLE after play in evening. Religious Service in Indian, Sunday.

SPECIAL RATES.  
M. C. and D. U. Ry to Orion.

Admission, Adults, 15c; Children, 10c.

GAMES AND FIREWORKS ON THE 4th.

Special Industrial Schools.  
Saxony has seven special industrial schools founded for the sole purpose of training locksmiths and blacksmiths.

Nigerian Meal.  
Water and a handful of dates or flour suffice the Nigerian native for his one daily meal.

Daily Papers in Holland.  
Holland to-day has 250 daily papers. There was only five in 1840.



# DARKEST RUSSIA

BY H. GRATTAN DONNELLY.

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## CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Then lend me your greatcoat. I shall be less liable to be questioned by any of the gendarmes when they recognize an officer's coat. Then rest here, and I swear to you that in less than forty minutes I shall return here with Olga.

Alexis thought a moment. Then, taking up his coat, he handed it to Ivan, who, quickly assuming the garment, said: "Rest here, and trust me. I will keep my word. Should any one enter in my absence, say you are my friend and await me."

Then as he was going he suddenly stopped.

Taking his overcoat, he said: "You are tired from your journey and exhausted, no doubt, by your experience to-night. Rest here, and throw this over you. You will wait my return."

"I will wait your return."

He glanced up the steps as Ivan departed, saw the door close and heard a key turn in the outer lock; then rapidly departing footsteps till they were lost in the distance, and then there was profound silence.

Ivan had started on his mission, and Alexis was alone.

## CHAPTER X.

Caught in the Trap.

It was only after he had sat a minute or two, amid silence so profound that he could have heard his heart beat, that Alexis Nazimoff began to reason with himself. "What if this were a trap?"

The idea no sooner occurred than it was dismissed. No one had induced him to visit the place. His coming had been entirely of his own volition, and could not have been anticipated. Besides, there could be no possible mistake about Ivan's amazement when he had revealed his name, and there was something in the manner of the man, despite his excitement, that forbade the idea of treachery.

Then he thought of Lida.

She here with her evident refinement and highly wrought nature—here, in this dark, gloomy, forbidding place—in the cellar-like apartment of a house in the lower quarter of the town. What did it mean? And she was still here!

Alexis looked around, this time with more eager interest.

There was apparently no door except the one at the top of the steps. It puzzled him. Had Lida gone in the interim between the time when he had seen her enter and his own arrival? Then he remembered that Ivan had not, after all, admitted that his sister was in the place.

"Well," was his silent conclusion, "there is nothing for it but to wait his return. I must be patient."

When a man gets into a frame of mind when he says he must be patient, the most natural thing in the world to enable him to endure patience with a comparatively cheerful equanimity is a cigar. To his amazement he found that his cigar case was in his greatcoat pocket.

Suddenly his eyes rested on Ivan's coat. In Russia all men are smokers, and Alexis felt the chances of finding a cigar were strongly in his favor. He lifted the cloak, and as he did so uttered an exclamation of pleasure.

There was a cigar case sure enough.

Alexis withdrew it from the pocket, and as he sat down he tossed the coat back on the table. As he did

so, from a small receptacle or pocket case, something fell with a jingle to the floor.

Alexis picked it up.

A Red Rouble!

He lighted the cigar, and then, after a whiff or two, he gazed curiously at the coin.

A Red Rouble—painted—dyed? Alexis turned it over in his hand. "A singular thing," he thought, "to have a silver piece so stained. What does it mean? What could be the ob-

ject of this? He had been sitting there examining the coin for perhaps a minute when the silence was broken. He would hardly tell how or by what. But so slight as it was to be heard, but unmistakably a sound.

Alexis rose to his feet. An undeclared feeling of danger of some sort, he knew not what, took possession of him. He listened, with every nerve strained to its utmost. There was silence again. He tried to shake the unpleasant impression of some

unseen danger and thought that his imagination had deceived him.

Hark! There was the sound again. That was no rat. The sound came from within the apparently solid walls. Noiselessly as he could he went on tiptoe and placed his ear to the wall, and then waited with bated breath.

What was that?

"Good God!" he exclaimed, in a whisper to himself, as a murmur of voices reached his ear, "there are people within this wall!"

Even as he made the discovery a sound came from the opposite side. He was there in an instant, his ear again pressed to the wall.

The same murmur reached him.

"By heaven, the place is alive with people," he exclaimed. "What does it mean?"

A grating sound, different from any he had yet heard, reached him.

He felt that something, he knew not what, was about to take place—that the danger, if danger it was, was at hand. The place, its appearance, the mysterious noises—all boded deadly peril of some kind.

He was in a den of criminals.

"Trapped!" he thought, "caught, by heaven, like a rat in a trap!"

Alexis Nazimoff was a brave man—none braver. But the bravest man may be unnerved by the presence of an unseen danger—of a danger that is felt, not confronted. He was accustomed to think quickly, and to act impulsively. Hastily thrusting the cigar case into the open front of his coat, he quickly but softly moved to where Ivan's coat was lying on the table.

To take the coat and move to the long bench that stood alongside the wall was the work of a couple of seconds, and in as many more he had lain down, pulled Ivan's coat over him, and was apparently asleep!

But he had so arranged the coat that while it covered his head he could see anything that transpired on the opposite side of the room—the side on which he had heard the sound for the second time.

Softly and silently as a shadow the solid wall seemed to move!

Every panel was a revolving door which turned noiselessly on its axis, and from every door entered as silently as a specter an occupant of the mysterious recesses beyond. A rush of air and the movement of softly treading feet convinced Alexis that exactly the same movement was being executed simultaneously behind his back.

Such was the fact.

Then to the amazement of Alexis he realized that the apartment of which he had been the sole occupant a moment before was now tenanted by a score of people.

He lay perfectly still—astonished, spellbound.

Suddenly the silence was broken.

"All is well," said Oraminsky. "Whoever it was, there could have been no danger, since we did not hear the signal."

"For the signal to come out," some one said, in a growing voice; "it is the first time we broke the rules."

"I have suspended the rules," said Oraminsky, with grim irony, "with-out breaking them." Just what he meant nobody seemed to understand.

Oraminsky, resuming his authoritative tone, put an end to the silence by directing the people to resume their work. "Now that Ivan has gone we can run off the remaining copies of his proclamation. Kirshkin, start the press!"

The man thus addressed went to the wall, and touched a concealed spring, a section of the solid structure revolved and a clumsy hand-press of an old type was run on noiseless rollers into the room.

"Go ahead with that bomb," directed Oraminsky, addressing two of the men. "You, Orloff, to another—go ahead with the wires. You, Palet, see to the tunnel—quick, to work, all of you. There is no time to lose. Let us work to-night! Our task will be complete, and then, one touch to the wire and Russia will be free from the tyrant."

Alexis never moved. He understood it all now.

The press began running, and as the first impression of the work was taken off Oraminsky held up his hand—the signal for silence.

"Here, brothers, listen to this," he said, as he took up the paper, and, speaking in low tones, read as follows:

"Alexander the Tyrant is Dead!"

"Rise Russia!"

"Death to the Oppressors!"

"To Arms, Free Russians, to Arms!"

"Long Live the People!"

"We will have a thousand copies of that posted throughout St. Petersburg," said Oraminsky, "and then—the Revolution! That would stir the sluggish blood of the moderates—even of such a kindergarten revolutionist as Ivan Barosky."

"Read it to Ivan," said Kirshkin.

"Ivan is gone," said two or three.

"Not so," was the reply of the printer, Kirshkin, as he caught sight of the recumbent figure.

"There lies Ivan fast asleep!" and he pointed as he spoke.

"Fool!" muttered Oraminsky, "he has no right to sleep at such a time as this. Wake him up, Hersy!"

Alexis drew a deep breath.

The moment had come.

It was a question now of life or death.

Hersy—a woman of the people, dark and gullen—sprang to his side.

"Wake up, Ivan Barosky! wake up! We have just finished a letter of invitation."

"To the funeral of the czar," said Kirshkin, whereupon there was a laugh.

"And printed in red, too—red will be the fashionable color in St. Petersburg," said another.

"Because the czar will wear it and set the fashion for all."

"Come, come," said Hersy, "wake up!" and as she spoke she grasped the coat and pulled it from the recumbent form.

"Ah!" with a scream of astonished rage as she discovered the stranger, Hersy pointed one finger at Alexis—"a spy!"

Quickly springing to his feet Alexis drew his sword.

"Down with him!" "Kill him!"

"His life!" were some of the exclamations which fell on the ears of Alexis, as pale and resolute, with no evidence of fear in the steady eye, he gazed at the faces of the now blood-thirsty crew before him.

"Well, dogs of the gutter," at length he said, as for a moment they stood at bay, held back by his undaunted front, "what seek you? My life? Take it when you can!"

And now with knives drawn, with such weapons as came to hand—a hammer, chisels, an ax—they began

to close in upon him with murder in their eyes.

But none, not even Oraminsky himself, felt like leading the assault, and being the first to feel the thrust of the naked blade which Alexis held with the grip of iron and the masterful ease of the perfect swordsman.

"But a scratch and we have him," said Oraminsky. "Rush on him in a body!"

But nobody rushed. Nobody was itching for a scratch.

Kirshkin at the first moment had left his press, and as Alexis drew his sword he had crept up the room behind the others and on all fours had gone under the stairs and around to the rear of the dauntless swordsman, who, with certain death staring him in the face, kept a bold front to his would-be murderers.

Oraminsky had seen Kirshkin's motion and had at once divined his intention. He made a threatening movement forward with a bar of iron as a weapon. Alexis made a pass as he came within reaching distance, but the weapon never reached Oraminsky, for at that moment Kirshkin, with a suppressed yell of triumph, sprang upon the back of the young soldier. There was an instant rush, and a moment later, bound and helpless, Alexis Nazimoff was at the mercy of Oraminsky and his companions.

As Alexis was borne back by the weight of numbers, and in spite of his gallant struggle against such overpowering odds, there fell from his pocket a bundle of letters, and these he was but an instant's work for Oraminsky to grasp. He fairly shouted, despite his habitual caution, as he read the superscription.

(To be continued.)

A Youngster With Ideas.

Myron, the singer, has a little daughter named Marie, a pretty, curly-haired child with plenty of spirit. For the last six or seven weeks she has studied her catechism diligently, and on a recent Sunday was confirmed. Just as she was about to start for the church a friend wanted to know if her father had been asked to sing during the ceremony. A dismayed expression swept across the child's face. "I shan't ask him," she said, "and I hope nobody else does. We'll all be badly enough frightened by the bishop, without having papa around to scare everybody with his roaring."

Some one told the same youngster that if she wasn't clean of heart the bishop would pour a barrel of oil over her. As she was to wear a pretty dress and was not a little proud of the fact, she said, "I hope nobody tells that to mamma. I'll have to wear an old dress if they do."

Better Record Book.

The clerk in charge of a fairery class, held by the county council at Preston, England, gave a stalwart blacksmith a notebook and pencil.

"What's this 'ere book for?" asked the man.

"To take notes," replied the clerk. "Notes? What sort o' notes?"

"Why, anything the lecturer says that you think important and want to remember you make a note of it in the book."

The Lancashireman looked scornful.

"Oh!" said he. "Anything I want to remember I must make a note of in this 'ere book, must I? Then won't you think my blooming yed's for?"

—Cornhill Magazine.



**TICKLE GRASS**  
BY BYRON WILLIAMS

Joy in Your Heart.  
Just hum a tune as ye plugger along:  
Joy in yer heart as ye carol yer song!  
Bobs only jiggle de load on yer back!  
Doan help ter lighten de weight o' yer pack!

No sense ter pine er be downcast 'ith woe;  
All folks got theys own ga'den ter hoe!  
Roll up yo eyes at de heavens o' blue—  
This am de glory fer me and fer you!

Suggestive.

On our way downtown this morning we saw a doctor's sign. It read:

Phil Graves, M. D.

Now what do you think of that?

Traveling broadens the mind, educates it from exclusiveness and egotism, and fills it with a storehouse of knowledge. Travel wipes out false imagination, gives reality and provides one with ever-ready and entertaining manners. Who would not travel? Where are you going the Fourth?

Testifying in her suit for breach of promise a fair Kansas plaintiff said of the cruel defendant's first kiss: "When he kissed me for the first time he said it was the sweetest kiss he ever had. It took him about an hour to kiss me." Mercy! but there was a lot of fight in him, wasn't there?

In Detroit, says a local paper, the fire plugs have been painted red. In New York city roans and bays still predominate, but there's sixty-four white horses on the force and they call for red hair accessories. Otherwise Detroit leads!

Prominent church members of Harrisburg, Pa., claim to have seen a garter snake five feet long carrying a butcher's carving knife between its teeth and traveling at high speed. Going to carve out a name for itself, probably.

The Summer Vacation.

Beside the billowed lake they sit—  
Or'head the glories of the skies—  
Or, screened from view, as boarders pass,  
They read love's answer in the eyes!

He holds her hand in warm caress.  
The color surges in her cheeks—  
Her gown is wrinkled in a mess  
Beneath his arm, which waistward seeks!

The sun sinks lowly to its bed.  
The world is all a golden hue!  
Upon his shoulder rests his head—  
And oh! her eyes are blue and true!

Ah! gladsome, joyous country days,  
When willing Love the landlord pays!

Indiana society belles are making their own gowns, and Pittsburgh society women are baking bread. Now, if Illinois girls will begin to sew on buttons, we know of several susceptible bachelors who may be hoodwinked!

Ideas on Verse.

"Don't be afraid of making me angry by telling me your candid opinion of my verse, old fellow. Criticism doesn't make any difference with me."

"I know that, my dear boy, but the trouble is that it doesn't make any difference with your verses, either."

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Resignation a Jewel.

Impatience relieves no ill; on the contrary, it is a sharp additional pang added to all the rest. But resignation soothes and lightens all we suffer by showing the gain there is behind.

—Fenelon.

TAKING A CHANCE.

Bath tubs are being imported from Germany. What's the reason? Is not the American make slippery enough?

The funny paragrapher was trying to think up a few thoughtful thoughts while enjoying a fifteen-cent course dinner, when suddenly the fluffy-haired waitress dropped a load of dishes. Hastily yanking his notebook from an inside pocket the funny paragrapher wrote as follows: "A waitress may not know a club from a spade, but she can easily raise the device by dropping a tray."

A couple who were nigh on to four-score years of age were wedded in an up-state town recently, and the editor of the local paper headed his account of the event: "A Romantic Affair."

When he looked at the paper after the edition had all been mailed he packed up his grip and left for parts unknown. The compositor had made it "A Rheumatic Affair."

The shades of night were falling fast as through a Russian village passed. A youth who bore 'mid snow and ice, A banner with the strange device, "Tscheroffitchskivotch."

And that's the end of the poem, because the Japs got him before he reached the second stanza.

A Kansas editor died while building the morning fire. This should be a warning to despotic wives whose husbands edit newspapers. They should be more thoughtful of us, brethren, for there are only a few of us left.

Slotts City (Mo.)—Sunbeam: Inspired by a peach tree in bloom in the front yard a Pee Dee young woman wrote a poem on "Spring" Monday. That night her father went out and chopped down the tree.

It was a Michigan editor who received this notice: "Notice, I like Pickle's won't pay no de de con-teracted by mi wife, Mary Pickins. She has quit me cold an I ain't makin a bizness of supportin kin' wimen!"

## MISSED LAST YEAR'S TRIP.

Miner Had Good Reason for Not Being Spotless.

Sir William Butler, an English soldier of distinction, said recently in giving testimony before a British commission in regard to militia service: "Warwickshire men miners and that class of people, like to get to the sea for ten days if they can possibly afford it—they will spend their own money to do it. They all bathe. I have a very long seacoast and we have a number of miners who really enjoy being out with their regiment of garrison artillery near the sea. They go to the sea because they fire over the sea and the bathing parade is as valuable, if not more so, than the drill; it freshens the men up and cleanses them. An officer told me last summer that when they were bathing there was one fellow with a very black skin, and he heard a man say to him 'Jack, you are pretty dirty.' 'Yes,' he said, 'I was not out at last year's training.'"

To Make Soap From Tree.

An enterprise in Algeria is to manufacture natural soap on a large scale from a tree known as "Sapindus utilis." This plant, which has long been known in Japan, China and India, bears a fruit of about the size of a horse chestnut, smooth and round. The color varies from a yellowish green to brown. The inner part is of a dark color and has an oily kernel. The tree bears fruit in its sixth year and yields from 55 to 220 pounds of fruit, which can easily be harvested.

IF YOU USE BALL BLUE.

Get Red Cross Ball Blue, the best Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

Influence of Light and Darkness.

A biological laboratory was established in the catacombs, near Paris, in 1896, for the purpose of observing the influence of light and darkness upon different animals. In crustaceans the gray pigment gradually disappears, the eye is modified in its form, and the organs of smell, touch and taste increase until they are tripled in size. Fish in the dark lose their color and grow but half as large as they would in the light.

Something of a Bird.

The possibilities of the English language are never better shown than when some western musical critic lays himself out in judgment upon one of Mr. Corried's operatic stars. Mme. Sembrich recently sang in San Francisco, and a newspaper critic of much distinction pronounced her "the peerless canary of colorature."—New York Tribune.

Children and Their Clothes.

If you have money, dress your children; but if you do not wish them to be regarded with dislike and contempt, teach them to forget that they are wearing fine clothes. Carefully impress on them that to make comparisons between their own garments and those of children less richly clad is to stamp themselves ill bred. Girls are worse than boys in this respect.

Periods of Children's Growth.

Dr. Leslie Mackenzie says in regard to the growth of boys that the first acceleration of height after infancy comes near the end of the first seven years; the second, about the years of 9 to 10, and the third, from 13 to 15. With girls the rate of increase is somewhat more uniform. Growth begins to slow down at the age of 12, and by the age of 17 it has sunk to less than one inch a year.

Johnny Not Such a Fool.

"When I have occasion to punish my son," said the austere man, "I always tell him that it hurts me more than it does him." "I don't," replied the plain, practical citizen; "Johnny may be a little headstrong and disobedient, but he has too much sense to believe anything like that."—Washington Star.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

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

We will give one hundred dollars for any case of Deafness caused by catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Sent for circulars free.

Sold by Druggists. F. J. CLEMENTS & CO., Toledo, O. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

From the body of one guilty deed a thousand thoughts of remorse and haunting thoughts proceed. Wordsworth.

What we want to believe we believe; what we don't want to believe we regard as foolishness.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitch*.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have.—Hazlitt.

It is twice as easy to fool yourself as it is to fool other people.

World's Fair Accommodations.

Reliable and reasonable accommodations; ad-joins World's Fair grounds on the south side, with private gate; direct from Union Station by Market street car. Write for reservations. Grand View Hotel, St. Louis, Mo.

Never Judge a man's character by the high standing of his silk hat.

FITS permanently cured. No more nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$3.00 trial bottle and treatment. Dr. J. C. Kline, Ltd., 283 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Heart-searching is a good cure for the habit of censoring.

YELLOW CLOTHES ARE UNSIGHTLY.

Keep them white with Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers sell large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

Japanese and Germans have the same average brain weight.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. ENDISLEY, Ventnor, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Extremes men; that's why art is long and the artist short.

## Last Utterance Was His Undoing.

Max von Pettenkofer, who has been called the founder of scientific hygiene, and, next to Humboldt, the most popular of all German naturalists, lost a fortune in umbrellas, seldom bringing back what he had taken away. Once, however, he made a trip as far as England, and was very proud of having actually succeeded in bringing back his umbrella to Germany. At Augsburg he stopped on business, but sent a telegram reading: "At 6 o'clock I return with my umbrella." He did return at 6 o'clock, but as he entered his house in Munich he saw to his dismay that he had no umbrella. He had left it at the telegraph station.

## Scientific Rubber Production.

The production of rubber from the Ficus Elastica in Upper Burma, Assam, and the Netherlands, is being rapidly increased. The seed of the Ficus Elastica, when the tree grows naturally in the forest, germinates almost invariably in the forks of trees thirty to forty feet above the surface of the ground, and the young trees grow in consequence for some six to ten years as epiphytes, after which the aerial roots reach the ground, and increase in size until some of them reach a girth of from four to six feet. It frequently happens that the trees on which the rubber seedling first germinates is killed by the more vigorous growing Ficus Elastica.

## Are Chocolates While Condemned.

"During the trial the murderer Hoggart preserved the greatest composure. While his lordship addressed him, he leaned back on the seat in a careless attitude, at the same time eating confections, and when called on to attend to the sentence, he stood erect and heard it unmoved. This misguided youth will afford a sad example of the want of education, as we learned from his declaration that he cannot write."—The Scotsman, June 7, 1891.

## It Pays to Read Newspapers.

Cox, Wis., July 4.—Frank M. Russell of this place, had Kidney Disease so bad that he could not walk. He tried Doctors' treatment and many different remedies, but was getting worse. He was very low.

He read in a newspaper how Dodd's Kidney Pills were curing cases of Kidney Trouble, Bright's Disease, and Rheumatism, and thought he would try them. He took two boxes, and now he is quite well. He says:

"I can now work all day, and not feel tired. Before using Dodd's Kidney Pills, I couldn't walk across the floor."

Mr. Russell's is the most wonderful case ever known in Chippewa County. This new remedy—Dodd's Kidney Pills—is making some miraculous cures in Wisconsin.

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**STIVERS & KALMBACH**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW  
General Law practice in all courts. No-  
day fee in the office. Phone 68.  
Office in Kempf Bank Block.  
CHELSEA, MICH.

**LAW OFFICE.**  
East Middle street, Chelsea, Mich.

**MCCOLGAN,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
He calls promptly attend to. Office,  
Harrison-Turnbull block. Phone  
114, 3 rings office, 2 rings house.  
CHELSEA, MICHIGAN.

**STAFFAN & SON.**  
**FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS.**  
ESTABLISHED 40 YEARS.  
CHELSEA, MICHIGAN.  
Chelsea Telephone No. 9.

**A. MAPES & CO.,**  
**FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS.**  
FINE FURNISHINGS.  
Calls answered promptly night or day.  
Chelsea Telephone No. 6.  
CHELSEA, MICHIGAN.

**H. W. SCHMIDT,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
Office hours: 10 to 12 forenoon; 2 to 4 afternoon;  
7 to 9 evening.  
Night and Day calls answered promptly.  
Chelsea Telephone No. 30, 3 rings for office, 3  
rings for residence.  
CHELSEA, MICH.

**TURNBULL & WITHERELL,**  
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B. B. Turnbull. H. D. Witherell.  
CHELSEA, MICH.

**B. B. Holmes, pres.** O. H. Kempf, vice pres.  
J. A. Palmer, cashier. Geo. A. Bedole, asst. cashier.  
No. 35.

**THE KEMP COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK**  
CAPITAL \$50,000.  
Commercial and Savings Departments. Money  
to loan on first-class security.  
Directors: Reuben Kempf, H. S. Holmes, C. H.  
Kempf, R. S. Armstrong, C. Klein,  
Geo. A. Bedole, Ed. Vogel.

**S. G. BUSH**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
Formerly resident physician U. of M.  
Hospital.  
Office in Hatch block. Residence on  
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**A. L. STEGER,**  
DENTIST.  
Office in Kempf Commercial & Savings  
Bank Building.  
CHELSEA, MICHIGAN

**ERNEST E. WEBER,**  
**TONSorial PARLORS**  
Shaving, hair cutting, shampooing, etc.,  
executed in first-class style. Razors  
honed.  
Shop in the Boyd block, Main street.

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

**OLIVE LODGE NO. 155, F. & A. M.**  
Regular meetings of Olive Lodge,  
No. 155, F. & A. M. for 1904.  
Jan. 26, March 1, March 29, April  
26, May 24, June 21, July 26, Aug. 23,  
Sept. 20, Oct. 18, Nov. 22. Annual  
meeting and election of officers Dec. 20.  
C. W. MARONEY, Sec.

**Chelsea Camp, No. 7338, Modern Woodmen**  
of America. Meetings on the first Sat-  
urday and third Monday of each month.

**EYES SCIENTIFICALLY TESTED.**  
  
**GEORGE HALLER, sr.,**  
GRADUATE OPTICIAN.  
It does not necessarily mean that you must  
be along in years to wear glasses, but working  
by artificial light, etc., causes poor eye sight  
in over one-half the people. Only the latest  
improved instruments used in testing.  
**HALLER'S JEWELRY STORE,**  
ANN ARBOR, MICH.

**E. W. DANIELS,**  
NORTH LAKE'S  
**AUCTIONEER.**  
Satisfaction Guaranteed. No  
charge for Auction Bills.  
Postoffice address, r. f. d. 2, Gregory, Mich.

**Geo. H. Foster**  
**AUCTIONEER**  
Satisfaction Guaranteed.  
Terms Reasonable.  
Headquarters at G. H. Foster & Co's

**Family Washings.**  
We can handle a few more Family  
Washings. Our prices are low. Ask  
about it.

**The Chelsea Steam Laundry.**  
Baths.  
The pill that will fill the bill,  
Without a gripe.  
To cleanse the liver, without a quiver,  
Take one at night.  
DeWitt's Little Early Risers are small,  
easy to take, easy and gentle in effect,  
yet they are so certain in results that no  
one who uses them is disappointed. For  
quick relief from biliousness, sick head-  
ache, torpid liver, jaundice, dizziness  
and all troubles arising from an inac-  
tive, sluggish liver, Early Risers are un-  
equalled. Sold by Glazier & Stimson.

**England's Gold Supply.**  
England receives every month about  
\$5,000,000 worth of new gold from Africa,  
and about \$7,000,000 worth from Aus-  
tralia.  
Subscribe for the Standard.

**Try Standard Warts.**

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## A PRETTY INDIAN LEGEND.

Old Cottonwood Tree Tells a Little  
White Boy of the Birth of  
the Oxyed Daisy.

On the western prairies, far from  
others of its kind, stands an old cot-  
tonwood tree, where it has stood for  
decades—found there first by the Sioux,  
but never molested. Under its branches  
Ogalalas and Brules have met many  
times to plan for the chase or streak  
their faces with carmine.

Near the old tree a little village has  
sprung up, peopled, in part, with  
bright-faced boys and girls, who guard  
the ancient landmark as carefully as  
did the red men.

Up into the branches climbed one  
day a little dark-haired boy, with eyes  
large and round.

"I wish you'd tell me a story," said  
the little boy to the old tree, for they  
were fast friends.

The old tree loved the little boy and  
this is the story it told:

"I see you hold in your hand a bunch  
of oxyed daisies," it began. "They  
remind me of their birth, which hap-  
pened here on the plains many years  
ago. I am very old, you know; just  
how old not even the red men can tell.  
But under my shade these wild chil-  
dren of the west used to gather and  
hold councils of war and smoke the  
pipe of peace. I was always glad when  
they smoked the pipe of peace, because  
there was to be no war, but I shudder-  
ed when they painted their faces and  
dipped their arrows in new-made poi-  
son, for I knew the wall of the wound-  
ed would be brought to my ears by  
the winds.

"One summer there was a great camp  
of Ogalalas around the range of sand



A COUNCIL OF WAR.

dunes back of you. They were a peace-  
able and happy lot until one day the  
medicine man warned them they must  
go out to fight the Arapahoes, or all  
the wild game would be killed or  
driven away from the hunting grounds.

"All that night the south wind  
brought me sounds of bustle and hur-  
ry, and next morning, just at break of  
day, I looked out and saw the warriors  
going away. The moaning of the  
squaws, the wails of the children and  
the howls of the dogs foretold grief.

"Half the day passed and then little  
Wau-nee, the favorite son of the chief,  
was missed. He had followed his father.  
Again the moaning and wailing  
was resumed, for it was feared little  
Wau-nee would never come back alive.

"Next day there was a terrible bat-  
tle and many Indians were slain, but  
the Ogalalas had been victorious. And  
yet, at what a cost, for among the  
others, found with his face to the foe  
and a tiny bow in his hand, lay the  
pride of the chief—Wau-nee.

"Carefully the body was lifted and  
brought back to camp, where for three  
days and three nights he and the others  
were mourned. Even the old chief  
shed tears, perhaps the first in his life,  
and in his Indian tongue vowed that  
up from the heart of the little boy  
should spring a flower which would  
spread all over the west and prove to  
the Arapahoes that the race of the  
Ogalalas was immortal.

"Then they buried the little Indian  
boy, digging a deep grave by my side,  
and over the mound they heaped rocks  
brought from the banks of the Raw-  
hide, leagues away.

"Summer passed, fall waned and the  
plains were covered with a mantle of  
snow. Under the snow slept the little  
red boy. Then spring came and the  
south wind melted the snow, I watched  
and one day saw a green leaf coming  
out of the little red boy's grave. Day  
by day it grew, and then I saw a bud  
forming, and I was so pleased that I  
dampened the grave with dew. Another  
day passed and the bud opened, and  
the first wild oxyed daisy had its birth.

"Still another season passed and  
spring came and the little oxyed dai-  
sies scattered farther and farther from  
the little red boy's grave. They crept  
up hill and down dale—far out on  
the plain, and now you can find them  
growing everywhere, but, as the old  
chief said they would, they all  
sprang from the heart of the little red  
boy."—Eugene O. Mayfield, in Chicago  
Record-Herald.

**England's Gold Supply.**  
England receives every month about  
\$5,000,000 worth of new gold from Africa,  
and about \$7,000,000 worth from Aus-  
tralia.  
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## COW AND PIG WERE CHUMS.

An Odd Animal Friendship Which  
Led to All Sorts of Trouble  
and Mischiefs.

A lady who has a large estate in  
Brookline, Mass., tells an amusing story  
of an odd friendship between two ani-  
mals that lived on the place. The cow  
had been a resident for over two years  
when a pig was added to the stable.  
Piggy was put for a few weeks in quar-  
ters beside the cow. In May the cow was  
staked out in the field to feed on grass.

Contrary to her previous custom, she  
seemed very uneasy, feeding a little and  
then uttering a series of mournful bel-  
lows, like a cow deprived of her calf.

The pig in the stable, too, kept up a  
series of shrill squeals.

Disturbed by the noise, the lady sent  
for the stableman, to ask what was the  
trouble.

"Sure, ma'am, I dunno," said he. "The  
cow do seem most unhappy. An the pig,  
too."

"Put the cow back in the stable," the  
lady said. "I cannot endure such noise."

This was done, and quiet prevailed for  
the rest of that day. The following  
morning the cow was again turned out.  
The lamentations began again. Again  
was the cow returned to the stable, and  
silence reigned. The third day the  
stableman quieted the tumult by putting  
piggy out in the field, too. Both animals  
fed in peace and quiet. And since the  
pig did good to the orchard rather than  
harm by his rooting, he was allowed the  
freedom of the field with the cow.

If the pig got a few rods away from his  
friend he would throw up his snout and  
sneal his loudest, and then scamper  
back to her as fast as his legs would  
carry him. When they slept the pig lay  
beside the cow. Their affection was mu-  
tual.

The friendship continued in this wise  
until spring, when the cow had a calf.  
She had then small interest in her  
friend, the pig, and he, poor creature,  
was consumed with jealousy. He rooted  
the boards of his pen so persistently that  
he broke it down and got in with the  
cow. Then he rooted and bit the calf  
viciously. The maternal wrath of the  
cow was roused, and there was trouble  
in the stable. The cow was hooking and  
trampling, and the pig was rooting and  
biting cow and calf indiscriminately.

The stableman went to the rescue. He  
drove the pig back into his own quarters  
and repaired the pen. Piggy snulked for  
two days, refusing to eat, and then he  
apparently recovered his spirits and ac-  
cepted the new conditions. At times  
during the summer, however, he turned  
jealous and rooted viciously at the divid-  
ing boards and squealed forth his hurt  
feelings.

Whether the cow and pig would have  
resumed their former friendly relations  
cannot be told, for the luckless porker,  
being now in good condition, went the  
way of his kind.—Youth's Companion.

**BEET LOOKS LIKE A BIRD.**

Vegetable Freak Found in California  
Bears Fairly Good Resemblance  
to an Owl.

Out in California they grow vegeta-  
bles which frequently bear a remark-  
able resemblance to birds and beasts.  
Some time ago we published a picture  
of a mammoth beet which had curious-  
ly enough assumed the form of an  
eagle, including beak, eyes and even

**BEET LOOKS LIKE A BIRD.**

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# NEWSY NUGGETS

## FROM

### NEARBY NEIGHBORS

## TRAFFIC FALLING OFF.

On account of the general falling off  
in traffic, a great number of Pere Mar-  
quette firemen and engineers are being  
laid off.

## HAS INCREASED IN POPULATION.

The indications are that the census  
now being taken, will give the popula-  
tion of Tecumseh village at over 2,600.  
Tecumseh News.

## FESTIVAL OF EAGLES.

Jackson city council has granted the  
streets of the city to the order of Eagles  
for the holding of a midsummer festival  
week beginning August 1.

## CHANCE TO GET A WIFE.

Morenci has 105 widows and 20 widow-  
ers, besides a score or more of old maids  
and bachelors. And among the latter  
class is the Observer editor.—Ex.

## DEPOSITS OF OCHRE.

T. W. Baatwright of Superior has dis-  
covered in Superior, Wayne county, ex-  
tensive ochre deposits, which will open  
up a new field for that section of Mich-  
igan.

## WENT TO THE RIGHT TOWN.

The women who lectured in Adrian  
the other night and said "There are no  
good husbands except dead ones" came  
to the right place to secure "dead ones."  
—Free Press.

## PATRIOTIC JACKSON COUNTY.

New flags of handsome dimensions  
have been provided for all the front of  
fices at the county building, and will be  
displayed hereafter on all appropriate  
occasions.—Jackson Patriot.

## FOUND OLD DIARY.

In sorting over goods saved from his  
burning dwelling, J. B. Kingley found a  
diary written by his father when he  
lived on the farm in Sharon over 60  
years ago.—Manchester Enterprise.

## TO BUILD NEW TEMPLE.

The Elks of Ann Arbor voted Wed-  
nesday evening to purchase a strip 44  
feet wide from the Kapp property on  
Main street for a site for their proposed  
temple. The purchase price is to be  
\$3,200.

## SPEAKING OF HOGS.

When a country hog goes to the large  
packing house at four and one-half  
cents a pound and comes back breakfast  
bacon at twenty-five cents a pound, he  
is not the only hog in the transaction.—  
Reading Hustler.

## TO BE SOLD.

The lands and property of the Zenith  
Portland Cement Co., situated in the  
village of Grass Lake will be sold at  
public auction at the court house in the  
city of Jackson at 12 o'clock noon on  
Wednesday, the 17th day of August.

## MACABEE DAY.

They have decided to celebrate Maca-  
bee Day here in Manchester, Thursday,  
July 21. A committee of arrangements  
has been selected and they will put up  
the biggest line of sports ever seen  
along the pike.—Manchester Enterprise.

## MUST BE SLACK HOUSEKEEPERS.

The board of health met Tuesday  
evening of last week and decided to  
serve notice on about one hundred  
householders to clean up their premises.  
They also talked over the need of brick  
paving in the alleys back of the Con-  
gress street stores.—Ypsilantiian.

## WILL MODERNIZE CHURCH.

At a meeting of the Baptist church  
members Sunday it was decided to en-  
large and modernize that edifice (the  
First) at an early date and \$7,270 was  
pledged towards the estimated cost of  
\$15,000. The church was built in 1872  
at a cost of \$75,000.—Jackson Evening  
Star.

## NEW SCHOOL BUILDING.

Architect Allen has the plans for the  
new Jackson high school building  
nearly completed, and submitted them  
at a meeting of the school board, held  
Friday evening. As the old buildings  
have been removed from the site, opera-  
tions will probably be soon begun.—  
Patriot.

## PASSED THE EXAMINATION.

Walter B. Redman, who with several  
others from this place took the civil  
service examination in Detroit this  
spring, has just received word that he  
passed with a percentage of 91, and is  
quite certain of receiving an appoint-  
ment in the mail service as clerk soon.  
—Milan Leader.

## ANOTHER HELLO CO.

The Norvell & Manchester Telephone  
company has filed articles of associa-  
tion with the county clerk in the sum  
of \$75. The existence of the company  
is named at thirty years. The stock is  
divided into fifteen shares at the par  
value of \$5 each. The directors of the  
company are: G. B. Holladay, D. E.  
Palmer, C. P. Bancroft, W. B. Lowery,  
William Hoag.—Jackson Patriot.

**SAVED FROM TERRIBLE DEATH.**  
The family of Mrs. M. L. Bobbly of  
Bargerton, Tenn., saw her dying and  
were powerless to save her. The most  
skilful physicians and every remedy  
used, failed, while consumption was  
slowly but surely taking her life. In  
this terrible hour Dr. King's New Dis-  
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## DYSPEPSIA CURE

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The \$1.00 bottle contains 2 1/2 times the trial size, which sells for 50 cents.  
PREPARED ONLY AT THE LABORATORY OF  
E. C. DeWITT & COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.  
GLAZIER & STIMSON.

## STATE MILLERS WILL MEET.

Secretary H. E. Hooker, of the Mich-  
igan Millers' association, has the program  
arranged for the semi-annual meeting  
to be held in Jackson July 12. The  
meeting will be of special importance  
in view of the poor wheat prospects. The  
program includes the discussion of  
many subjects including excessive  
switching and demurrage charges of  
railroads.

## EDITORS TO HAVE OUTING.

The Michigan Press Association jaunts  
for the summer will conclude with a  
meeting of the newspaper men of three  
states—Michigan, Ohio and Indiana at  
Frankfort, Saturday and Sunday, July  
9 and 10. The members of the Eastern  
Michigan Press Club and Women's  
Press Association are invited, also Mich-  
igan newspaper men who are not mem-  
bers of any association.

## PERSIST IN USING WATER.

The trouble of the board of public  
works of Ypsilanti is growing worse  
every day. It seems that in spite of



Cheer up! The Texas yield of watermelons will very soon be 3,000,000 a day.

Perhaps some day the marriage ceremony will read: "Till death or divorce do you part."

An automobile race in which no lives are lost is almost too tame to be designated as "sport."

Two pests possibly might be abated if the gypsy moth and the boll weevil could be turned loose on each other.

Half continues to furnish substantial ground for the theory that it is in for a spanking one of these fine days.

Imprisonment having become a tame story, our war correspondents are now getting themselves shot as spies—almost.

With 100,000 more men than women in Canada, the necessity for reciprocity with the United States needs no further argument.

It is not true that the college motto is: Cast your honorary degrees upon the waters, and legacies shall return to you after many days.

Three hundred more people have been hurt in toy pistol accidents. Sacrifices on the altar of foolishness never cease for a lack of victims.

It is easy enough to understand how such an office as that of Governor General of Finland might have to do considerable searching for the man.

Begin now to look in the New England papers for little items about unfortunates more or less seriously injured by falling out of cherry trees.

The name of Betsy Ross, who made the model of the United States flag, is a good deal better known than the names of thousands who have died for it.

It might be well also to teach everybody that nobody need drown who keeps his arms under water and his legs working as though he were going upstairs.

Some scientist has discovered that the burning of incense will keep away mosquitoes. Most men will, however, cling to the idea that tobacco smoke is just as good.

If the long-expected event now imminent in the imperial family at St. Petersburg gives the czar a son, he will have good reason to believe his luck has changed.

Venezuela has a new constitution. Those South American "republics" feel that they are falling behind the fashion unless they get a new constitution every year.

The straw vote promises to be unusually heavy this year. And the fool that rocks the boat will be found among those who vote early and as often as the hat is passed.

It appears from Col. William F. Cody's autobiography, just published, that he killed an Indian at the tender age of eleven, and thus laid the foundation for his future career.

Perhaps the cut-rate immigrants who are turned back have no reason to complain. Twice across the Atlantic for less than \$10 is cheaper than staying at home, and the trip is, restful.

Nearly every day it is reported that a new bull movement is started in Wall street. But the Wall street bull has become a critter that merely looks around and then walks back and lies down.

Mrs. Frances Crane Lillie may be right in the opinion she expresses that girls should be put into boys' clothing, but she is likely to have discouraging experiences if she ever tries to do it.

Again has come the season of the year that reminds us of the old maid who hired a boy to pick her cherries for her and stipulated that he should whistle briskly all the time that he was up the tree.

A New York physician has a plan to make electricity take the place of whisky. That is entirely practical up to the next morning. The old-fashioned convivalists will miss the headache and the "dark brown taste."

We hope that Dr. Cook of the Agricultural department, who has started from Guatemala with several colonies of fierce red ants to fight the boll weevil, has them safely caged. Otherwise he may have a memorable voyage.

The pallbearers at the funeral of Laurence Hutton were six men who had been his dependents in life—a coachman, two hack drivers, a gardener and two farm hands. At the funerals of most authors this would not be possible.

Robert Treat Paine of Brooklyn has just married a beautiful and accomplished girl against all sorts of parental opposition. It will be remembered that Mr. Paine's ancestor of the same name put his John Hancock on the declaration of Independence.

## THE MICHIGAN NEWS

Showing What's Doing In All Sections of the State

## BEET SUGAR.

A Merger of Companies With \$6,250,000 Involved.

Eight beet sugar corporations are combined with a central board of control, for the purpose of more economically operating a number of plants which are all practically owned by the same interests.

A report from Saginaw that such organization had been perfected is confirmed in Detroit. The plants now working under the agreement made a few days ago at Saginaw are: The Alma Sugar Co., capital, \$650,000; Saginaw Sugar Co., capital, \$750,000; Valley Sugar Co., capital, \$650,000; Bay City-Michigan Sugar Co., capital, \$1,000,000; Tawas Sugar Co., capital, \$750,000; Sebawing Sugar Co., capital, \$650,000; Sanilac Sugar Co., capital, \$800,000; Peninsula Sugar Co., capital, \$1,000,000; total capitalization, \$6,250,000.

Under the agreement each of these companies elects one representative to the central board, which will control all the plants. The chairman and general counsel of the board is Charles E. Warren, of the legal firm of Shaw, Warren, Cady & Ogden, Detroit. Members of the board are: Gilbert W. Lee, Detroit, president of the Peninsula Sugar Co.; Wm. H. Wallace, Sebawing; W. L. Churchill, Bay City; Chas. Bewick, Detroit; Thos. A. Harvey, Saginaw; Frank D. Ewen, Saginaw; Fred R. Hathaway, Alma; G. S. Scranton, Crowsell, Mr. Hathaway was elected secretary and will be the officer directly carrying out the board's decisions and policies.

The representatives of the various plants are all men who have been connected with the beet sugar industry from the beginning and are thoroughly identified with it in their respective localities. They have become members of the central board to secure greater economies in operation and uniformity in management, and it is claimed that both the stockholders and the public at large will be benefited by harmonious action.

## SEVEN MILLIONS.

The State's Suit Against the Michigan Central.

The suit of the state of Michigan against the Michigan Central railway to collect back taxes which the state claims are due because of the alleged false statements of the road for many years regarding its actual condition, capital, net earnings, etc., will be started in the Ingham county circuit court within a few days, Otto Kirchner and Thomas E. Barkworth, who are associated with Attorney General Blair in the case, are putting the finishing touches on the papers. The principal of the state's claim amounts to \$4,050,000 and the interest will bring the amount up to \$7,000,000. This is \$1,000,000 more than the Michigan Central claims as damages against the state by reason of the repeal of its special charter.

It is said the only defense the railroad has is the statute of limitations and the statute of limitations will not help a railroad which has wilfully withheld information. The reports of the company are alleged to be deceptions since 1854.

## General Hartsuff Dead.

Gen. William Hartsuff, one of Port Huron's leading citizens, and identified with her development for nearly half a century, is dead. He had been suffering with diabetes for some months, and lately his condition became aggravated by gangrene setting in as a result of an injury to one of his toes. Gen. William Hartsuff was a native of New York state, having been born January 16, 1835, and came to Michigan with his parents when he was 7 years of age. He was educated in the common schools of this state and at Leona college, which was later changed to Adrian college. He came to Port Huron in the spring of 1857 and engaged in teaching. On the breaking out of the civil war he resigned his position as teacher and raised a company of volunteers which was mustered in as Company E, Tenth Michigan Volunteer Infantry, with himself as captain. Capt. Hartsuff was at once sent to the front and was with Gen. Sherman during his campaign to Atlanta, and participated in battles of Franklin and Nashville. He was promoted to lieutenant-colonel and made inspector-general of the Twenty-third army corps; afterward promoted inspector-general of the Army of the Ohio. He remained in the service until the close of the war.

## It Was Better So.

"I wish Effie was here!" were the last words of Willette Alvord, the aged father of Effie Alvord, the girl who was shot by Charles A. Swayze, before he leaped from the Chamber of Commerce in Detroit. Mr. Alvord died in Traverse City Monday in ignorance of the tragedy in which his daughter was a central figure. He was 79 years old and leaves five sons and two daughters. It was on the day of the Detroit affair that the old man called for Effie and then he went into a delirium from which he never recovered.

## Katie Ludwig Acquitted.

In the midst of the most dramatic scene ever witnessed in a Branch county court and after a legal contest lasting 13 days at Coldwater, Katie Ludwig, the young Polish girl charged with the murder of her husband, to whom she had been married not quite three weeks, was declared not guilty.

Ground has been broken inside the limits of West Bay City for a new coal mine.

About 200 dentists are attending the forty-eighth annual state convention at Lansing.

## D. &amp; M. Wins the Fight.

After the Michigan Central railroad had secured a further injunction against the D. & M. railroad restraining the latter from crossing the Michigan Central spur track from the main line to the Cheboygan Paper Co.'s plant, and from invading the street in front of the Michigan Central's property north of Court street, representatives of the interested parties held a conference at Detroit and settled all differences. Under the agreement the D. & M. is to be permitted to continue its tracks through the city.

The D. & M. will run its first through train to Cheboygan next Sunday, and the event will be fittingly observed at this end of the route.

Shippers expect the benefit of cut rates between the rival roads north of Bay City.

## MICHIGAN NEWS IN BRIEF.

Marlette has a smallpox scare of small proportions.

A slight frost visited Standish Sunday night, but did no great injury. Overcasts came in handy.

Grand Traverse county farmers are complaining of dry weather which is destroying the crop of hay.

The Wolverine coal mines will be equipped with an underground electric railroad to displace mules in hauling cars.

Arthur L. Spooner, of Saint Ste. Marie, a railway mail clerk, shot himself in the head. If he recovers he will be blind.

A woman lectured in Adrian the other night and said, "There are no good husbands except dead ones." Poor old girl.

Seth Willcutt, a farm hand, was found dead in bed at the home of W. H. Orter, of Charlotte, where he was employed.

Adj. Gen. Brown has issued orders announcing that the annual practice cruise of the Michigan state naval brigade will commence August 6.

After wandering in darkness for ten months, the citizens of Buchanan are rejoicing over the new electric lights which have just been turned on.

Dr. W. L. McBeth, a well-known physician, of Galesburg, was seriously injured by falling down the steep stairway from the loft of his barn.

The Bay City & Caro Electric Railway Co. will not get a franchise from Bay City until the identity of the backers and stockholders is made known.

School teachers are reported scarce in Berrien county and the commission-ers accounts for it by the low salaries paid, and suggests that the number of small schools be decreased.

After fighting through the supreme court a defective sidewalk damage case, which James Hunter offered to settle for \$150, the council of Owosso has been ordered to pay \$2,000.

Munising papers announce the founding of a new town near Skandia, Mich. A chair factory and saw mill and several dwellings have been erected on the line of the Marquette & Southeastern railway.

One of the oldest landmarks in Ionia county was destroyed last week when an old blacksmith shop which had been standing on the banks of Looking Glass river for over fifty years collapsed in a storm.

Arthur Vitlan was caught in a pulley shaft at Calumet and whirled around at terrible speed, his body being mangled to pulp. He was 21 years old and supported his father, who some years ago, lost his eyes in a mine.

At the annual meeting of the grand lodge of the Union Temple of Honor at Calumet, William Luch, of Ironwood, was elected grand governor of the grand lodge, and James T. Ashton, of Calumet, grand worthy templar of the state order.

John Brown, the Kalkaska farmer, has again blockaded the tracks of the Pere Marquette and demands pay for the right of way, which he claims he owns now. Brown has built a house squarely across the tracks and has effected a complete blockade.

The Fourth of July celebration in Sonoma will have a twofold significance this year and the town will do its best. The occasion for the surprise enthusiasm is the birth of a child in the town, an event which hasn't been duplicated for the past eight years.

Supervisor Stokette, of the state census bureau, gives out the information that the population of Grand Rapids will not exceed 95,000. This city has been claiming 100,000 for several years, and it was expected that this census would go away over the mark.

Presumably while crazed by domestic troubles, Former County Road Commissioner Isaac Engle fired several shots at his wife at the Pilar farm. Only one shot took effect, however, striking her in the left side of the head. It is feared the wound will prove fatal.

When the steamer North Land was nearing McGulpin's Point, in the straits of Mackinaw, a man who had been leaning against a gate which evidently was not securely fastened, was seen by a passenger to fall overboard. A boat was lowered and for over an hour an attempt was made to find the body, but without success. The man was a restaurant waiter named John McGarry.

For nearly a month past fire has been breaking out in the pentagon of the low land near the northern outskirts of Kalamazoo, and the efforts of land owners in that vicinity to extinguish the flames were unavailing.

The fire started from a bonfire which lighted the underlying inflammable layer of earth. The city fire department is now trying to stop the burning of the valuable celery land.

Safelowers operated on the First State Savings bank of Breckenridge Monday night after midnight. The safe was badly wrecked, but the felons were unsuccessful in the attempt to reach the valuables.

## IN FULL RETREAT.

Kuropatkin Hurrying North to Avoid the Jap Armies.

A dispatch received in St. Petersburg Tuesday evening from Gen. Kuropatkin, states that he has decided not to give battle to the Japanese at Tait-Kiao, and is in full retreat toward Hail-Cheng, which will probably be evacuated and the battle fought on the road toward Liao Yang.

The general staff thinks Kuropatkin is likely to try conclusions along a line parallel with the railroad between Hail-Cheng and Liao Yang. Probably several days will be required to maneuver the large forces engaged into their new fighting positions.

A dispatch from Lieut. Gen. Sakharoff reported that a Japanese division of infantry with mountain guns made its way through mountain defiles and turned his right, taking up position in the Mao Tien pass, which it still holds. That the Japanese movement was resisted is shown by a list of casualties reported by Sakharoff, and which includes six officers and 26 men killed and many wounded. The outposts of the two armies are in touch all along the line, and when the real battle takes place it will be one of the greatest of modern days, for over 300,000 men will take part in it on both sides.

Gen. Kuropatkin wired early Tuesday:

"The Japanese attacked our forces occupying Mo-Tien, Fen-Shui and Ta Passes June 28. Our infantry and cavalry retreated, persuaded that the advancing divisions of the Japanese army which were operating against each of our detachments. In the attack on Ta Pass the Japanese guards, besides other regiments, participated. The Japanese made a frontal and flank attack in considerable force on both sides of this position. The Japanese troops occupied Fen-Shui and Mo-Tien Passes during the morning of June 27.

"Our forces which retreated from Fen-Shui Pass were attacked by small detachments of Japanese. They were, however, easily repulsed.

"After pushing back our advance guard during the evening of June 26 from Vandapudze (on the Sin-Yen-Hai-Cheng road), to Ta Pass the Japanese continued their advance against our position in a defile. For some time the attack of the Japanese infantry brigade was repelled. Three battalions were engaged in the frontal attack. But being menaced by other troops engaged in a flanking movement our forces retreated.

"Reconnoitering parties report that one portion of the southern Japanese army is moving northward with the intention of joining Gen. Kuropatkin's force.

"At noon today our cavalry was hotly engaged near Neu-Yu-Chen.

"All the reports of the last few days state that the forces of Japanese arrayed against our Manchuria army consist of eight or nine infantry divisions and several brigades of reserves, which also occupy positions in the fighting line."

Hot Battle On.

A decisive battle was reported to be in progress Friday afternoon between Russian and Port Arthur squadrons and the Japanese fleet in the roadstead between Port Arthur and Chee Foo.

The Japanese have won another bloody land battle near Port Arthur, forcing the Russian to withdraw from Guin San Shan, the Japanese losing 1,000 men in passing over a mine which the Russians successfully exploded.

Gen. Kuropatkin is reported to be hemmed in, the Japanese controlling the passes through which he must retreat to reach Liao Yang.

Capture Port Arthur Defenses.

It is unofficially reported that the Chik Wan Shan, Chit An Shan and So Che Shan forts, southeast of and part of the Port Arthur defenses, were captured on Sunday after an all day fight, beginning with an artillery duel. So Che Shan, it is added, was first captured and the other forts fell soon afterwards. The Russians retreated west, leaving 40 dead. The number of wounded has not been ascertained. The Japanese force consisted of all branches of the service.

Blames Officers for Disaster.

The inquiry conducted by Coroner Berry and a jury into the Gen. Sloum disaster has been concluded, and after nearly four hours' deliberation a verdict was rendered in which the directors of the Knickerbocker Steamboat Co.; the captain of the Sloum; Capt. Pease, the commodore of the company's fleet, and others were held criminally responsible. Warrants were issued for their arrest. The charge in each case was manslaughter in the second degree. Bail was fixed by the coroner in amounts varying from \$1,000 to \$5,000.

Twenty-Two Russians Drowned.

While experimenting with a converted torpedo boat which was intended for a submarine, twenty-two sailors were drowned at the Baltic works.

Four officers and thirty men were on board when the signal was given to submerge the boat without first properly closing the manhole.

CONDENSED NEWS.

"Eljah III." Dowle has purchased land near Port Monticomey, N. Y., to build a second Zion city. The place is not far from New York city.

Among the recipients of honorary degrees at Yale were: Doctor of law, Don Cayetano Arellano, chief justice of the Philippine islands; master of arts, Pardo de Tavera, senior Filipino member Philippine commission.

The forcing of a man's heart from his body was a peculiar feature of a railroad accident in Cleveland.

Christopher Freese, an ex-councilman, was the victim, being struck by a train while crossing the tracks. His wife, who was with him, was also killed.

There is a movement among certain Illinois Democrats to prevent former Controller Eckels representing the twelfth district as a delegate at the St. Louis convention, on the ground that he is more of a Republican than a Democrat, that his election was secured by fraud, etc. Eckels is strongly antagonistic to Hearst.

## Republican State Convention.

FRED M. WARNER NOMINATED ON THE FIRST BALLOT.

The Primary Reform Resolution of the Grand Rapids Convention Reaffirmed.

The Republican state convention held in Detroit on Thursday was more than ordinarily attended; in fact, it was a sort of banner attendance. Congressman Hamilton was the temporary chairman, and made a powerful address from the party standpoint.

The credentials committee labored on one contest, which was in the Wayne delegation, and it resulted in the seating of Gen. H. M. Duffield, the contestant.

At the afternoon session the real business was done. Under the guidance of Congressman S. Oliver Young of the twelfth district, the direct voting proposition was the first coming to battle of the two party factions.

By a vote of 10 to 2, the committee on resolutions refused to recommend the submission of the primary reform question to a vote of the people of Michigan at the next spring election.

The platform as adopted contains this reference to primary elections:

"We believe that the selection of candidates for public office should be protected from improper control and taint of corruption, and should be so conducted as the judgment and will of the people in their respective counties and election districts may demand and direct. To that end, we reaffirm the action of the Republican state convention at Grand Rapids, May 19, 1904, in favor of primary reform, where changes from the existing caucus and convention system are desired.

"We further believe it wise and desirable that all caucuses and primaries relating to the selection of delegates to state conventions should be held upon the same day. And recommend to the incoming legislature the adoption of such a law, with proper details for its satisfactory enforcement."

Hon. William Alden Smith and Senator Simons, of Detroit, opposed the plank, and offered the following substitute:

Resolved, That the voters of this state be given the right by legislative enactment to nominate their party candidates for governor by direct vote.

Both gentlemen advocated the amendment, which was strenuously opposed by the Hon. Perry A. Powers and others, and then overwhelmingly defeated. The oratory over the roll called settled it, then came the nominations, resulting in the selection of these candidates:

For governor—Fred M. Warner, of Oakland county.

For lieutenant-governor—Alex. Maitland, of Marquette county.

For state treasurer—Frank P. Glazier, of Washtenaw county.

For secretary of state—George A. Prescott, of Tawas city.

For auditor-general—Dr. J. B. Bradley, of Eaton county.

For attorney-general—Charles A. Blair, of Jackson.

For superintendent of public instruction—Patrick Kelley, of Wayne.

For land commissioner—W. H. Rose, of Clinton.

When Mr. Warner came upon the platform after the nomination was made, with Mr. Warren and Mr. Horton, the great audience received them with a salvo of applause that shook the roof. Mr. Warner, in accepting the nomination, said:

"Fellow Citizens—I am deeply grateful to you and the Republicans of Michigan for the high honor you have conferred on me today. I cannot but

realize the great responsibility that will devolve on me if elected to the high office of governor of the state.

"In accepting the nomination I here pledge my fidelity to the best interests of the state and of the party. The principles of that party were taught me along with the alphabet by the best father a man ever had.

"I have always maintained that every man should have the right to express his views fairly and squarely on every question. This I have always done and always shall do. To my many friends who have always supported me in the past and to my new friends who have become interested with me in the cause of pure primaries I return my heartfelt thanks. I am truly grateful to them all.

"I thank you, all the independent papers of the state for their loyal support and for the Republicans and the press of the state that have honestly differed with me I have only the highest respect and regard. As for the question of primary elections, after it has had a fair and candid consideration, the policy arrived at, I sincerely believe, will be right.

"Regarding the other candidates, all I can say is that if one of them had been selected instead of myself, he would have had my hearty and loyal support. We have a great campaign before us, and I shall make my fight on the principle of our devotion to the party of this state and to the national ticket headed by Mr. Roosevelt. If elected, my only endeavor will be to serve the whole state. In no other way can I show my appreciation of your kindness to me today than by doing my plain duty."

Hoover Warren followed with a neat speech, full of wit and dry humor, which showed that so far as he was concerned, the situation was accepted with becoming grace.

"It is all right," said he. "Personally I can say that the best thing possible has happened to me, and I presume that you took this way of showing your interest in me. I am a Republican and I promise the ticket my hearty support. I am somewhat of a fighter, but believe in fighting from the inside, and when it is all over I am still a member of the Republican party. I admit I have strong convictions. Many of you have. We respect each other for them. I intend to stick to mine."

Somebody called for a song, but Mr. Warren said that though during the last 20 years it had been his duty to sing at funerals many times, he drew the line at singing at his own.

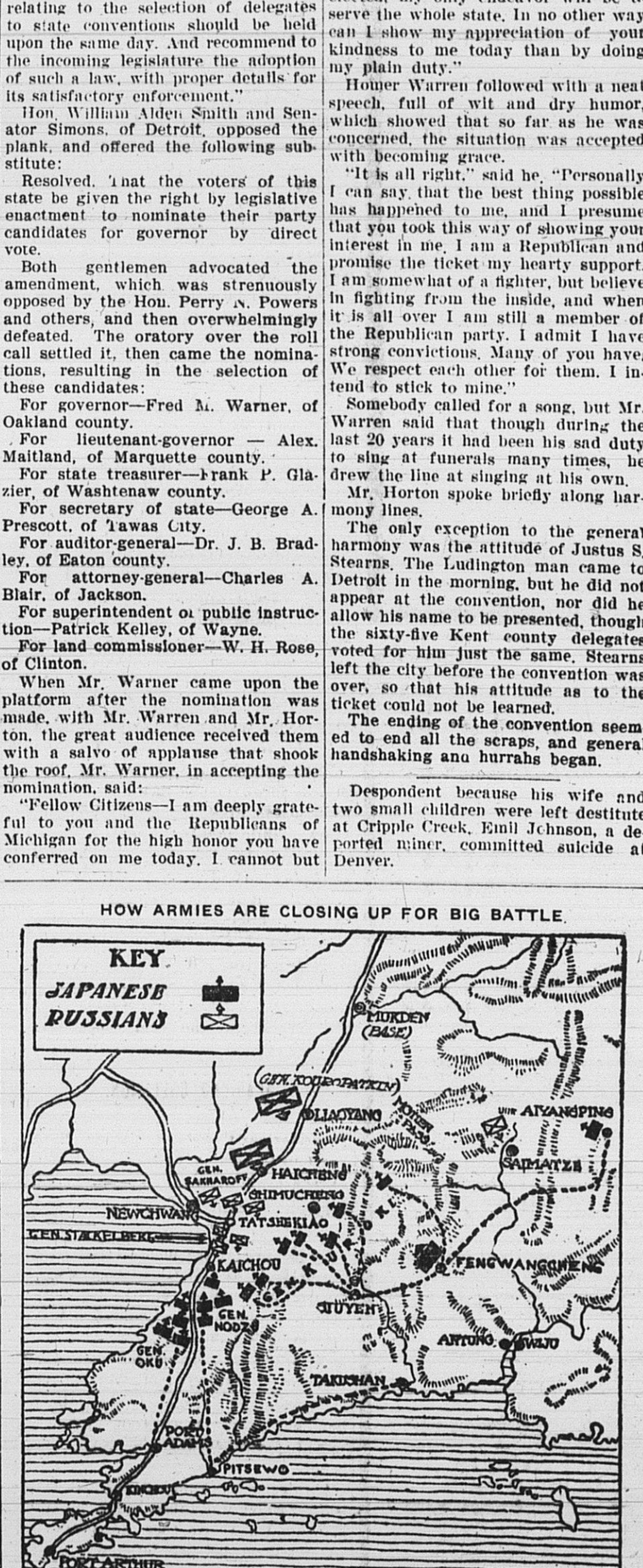
Mr. Horton spoke briefly along harmony lines.

The only exception to the general harmony was the attitude of Justus S. Stearns. The Ludington man came to Detroit in the morning, but he did not appear at the convention, nor did he allow his name to be presented, though the sixty-five Kent county delegates voted for him just the same. Stearns left the city before the convention was over, so that his attitude as to the ticket could not be learned.

The ending of the convention seemed to end all the scraps, and general handshaking and hurrahs began.

Despondent because his wife and two small children were left destitute at Cripple Creek, Emil Johnson, a deported miner, committed suicide at Denver.

HOW ARMIES ARE CLOSING UP FOR BIG BATTLE.



The map shows the location of the Japanese and Russian armies at last reports.

Marw Twain has sailed from Naples for New York with the casket containing the body of his wife, which is to be buried at Elmira, N. Y.

Of the 362 applicants who took the examination for admission to the naval academy, 190 have passed. The new class will probably number 200.

When 100 laborers had cleared the sand out of the immense conduit at Kingston, Jamaica, orders were given to turn on a little water to wash out the big pipe. Some one turned it on full force and in the mad struggle to escape 33 of the laborers were drowned.

CONDENSED.

The 26 Missouri votes in the Democratic convention will be instructed for Senator Cockrell.

Former U. S. Senator John L. Mitchell, of Wisconsin, is dead in Milwaukee, after a lingering illness.

The house of Hoo Hoo and its thirty black cats on the World's Fair grounds were destroyed by fire Thursday night.

The anti-Wolcott faction of the Colorado Republicans have captured the state central committee there and ousted the Wolcott chairman, D. B. Farley.

## THE COLLISION.

Three Fatally and Twenty Seriously Injured.

A disastrous wreck occurred on the Jackson & Battle Creek electric road, two miles and a half west of Marshall Friday noon. Three are probably fatally injured and 20 badly hurt.

A. L. Spitzer, of Toledo, vice-president of the Jackson & Battle Creek Traction Co., both legs broken and injured internally.

G. T. Kelley, of Albion, motorman of limited car, hurt internally and both legs broken.

Edmund E. Wilson, clerk of the Battle Creek sanitarium, right leg broken; Nettie Tread, of Battle Creek, side hurt; Mrs. H. H. Smith, cut and leg sprained; George A. O'Keefe, of Marshall, head cut, side bruised; Mrs. E. E. Page, of Marshall, arm bruised.

A. A. Wilbur, of Battle Creek, fractured arm and shoulder hurt; Ed. Abray, of Highland, Cal., arm and hand cut; Worth McLane, of Stockton, Cal., leg and foot hurt; child of L. D. Snyder, of Jackson, badly cut; E. D. Wrightman, of Battle Creek, cut and hurt slightly; Mrs. Jonas Hulscher, of Battle Creek, badly bruised; A. C. Miller, of Chicago, breast and shoulder bruised; E. L. Richmond, of Battle Creek, right leg sprained; Carl De Grush, leg and hand bruised; C. H. Frisbie, of Jackson, president Kalamazoo Valley Electric Co., head badly cut.

J. C. Robinson, of Chicago, hand badly cut by glass; Richard Mull, of Battle Creek, cut and bruised on leg and body; J. A. Hall, of Battle Creek, badly bruised; Conductor A. A. Welch, of Albion, knee hurt; M. F. Runberg, New York City, face cut; W. H. Patterson Jr., of Jackson, about head and nose.

There were 40 passengers on the limited, of whom over half were injured. The passengers and crew of the stranded local car had been warned in time to escape.

AMUSEMENTS IN DETROIT.

Week Ending July 9.

TEMPLE THEATRE AND WONDERLAND—Afternoon 2:15, 10c to 25c; Evening 8:15, 10c to 25c.

AVENUE THEATRE—Marjette Stock Co.—After







## THE CHELSEA STANDARD

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

BY G. C. STIMSON.

Subscription—\$1.00 per year; 6 months, 50 cents; 3 months, 25 cents.

Advertising rates reasonable and made known on application.

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

## "UNDER THE OAKS" CELEBRATION

Fiftieth Anniversary of the Formation of the Republican Party Commemorated Yesterday at Jackson.

Probably the greatest celebration that was ever held in the city of Jackson took place there yesterday. The occasion being the 50th anniversary of the formation of the republican party "Under the Oaks" of that city in what is known as Loomis park. Located somewhat near the scene of where the organization was perfected.

It is estimated that the city had over 30,000 visitors from various sections of the United States, among whom could be seen many venerable men who cast their vote for John C. Fremont, the first president nominee of the party.

At the park where the addresses were delivered nature had formed a natural amphitheatre and the Fremonters were comfortably seated in a position that all could hear easily the different speakers. The principal address of the day was delivered by Secretary of State John Hay, who thought not a Fremont voter was the private secretary of President Lincoln. Senator Fairbanks of Indiana, the nominee for vice president on the ticket this year with President Roosevelt, Speaker Canon, Gov. Bliss, Senators Burrows and Alger, Attorney Gen. Chas. Blair and many other prominent men of the state were present and delivered addresses. Mayor Todd of Jackson, who by the way is a democrat, made the welcoming address in a very able manner on strictly non-partisan lines. Hon. Jas. O'Donnell, made a very concise statement of the formation of the party.

Upon the platform was seated the majority of the nominees of the Detroit convention of last week and a host of leading men in the party.

For about two hours at the Hotel Otsego, Gov. Bliss, Secretary of State Hay, Senators Fairbank, Burrows, and Alger and Speaker Canon stood in line for a reception and gave a hearty hand shake to all who passed by them.

Chelsea was not behind in furnishing visitors, two hundred left on the morning train accompanied by the Chelsea band and almost every westward bound electric car during the day carried many of her citizens to the scene.

## ADDITIONAL LOCAL EVENTS.

Michael Kearney, a former well known Ann Arbor resident, died at Racine, Wis., recently at the age of 90 years. He was one of the early settlers and in 1838 helped clear the ground and cut the timber on the campus.

Monday, John Raftery and Leonard Beissel went to Gregory to take in the celebration. Among the list of sports for the day, was a fat men's race and another of ancient times known as tug-of-war. Mr. Raftery being an athlete of considerable note, concluded he would renew his youthful day and take a hand in the two games. His side won the tug-of-war honors and in the fat men's race John captured the first prize.

Every child should be taught to recognize at sight and to name every tree, bush and shrub in the neighborhood where it lives. To grow up in ignorance of the things of nature, as many are allowed to do, is a misfortune that deprives life of half its joys. Children should also be taught to know and name all the local birds and learn their habits, peculiarities, time of arrival and length of stay and all other particulars. This much of botany and ornithology may be acquired easily by every girl and boy by the time they are ten years old.

The Michigan Central at Ypsilanti has nearly completed its new water tank, located north and east of the old one, on higher ground and much higher, though smaller around than the old one, in order to get more pressure. Some of the residents of Short Oak street, who live in the shadow of the new tank, became alarmed lest the tank should burst and drown out the children who might happen to be playing in the yard below, and started a petition for the removal of the tank, but the movement did not make much headway as the danger was considered too remote. Ypsilanti.

Negotiations have been closed and papers signed for the joint operation of the Detroit, Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor & Jackson line with the Jackson city lines and the branches to Wolf Lake and Grass Lake. This will obviate the building of a second line between Jackson and Detroit by the New York interests owning the Jackson Consolidated Traction Co. and bring about harmonious relations and economical management for the two systems, which will not lose their corporate identity, the arrangement being a pool, or community of interest scheme, instead of a consolidation.

## PERSONAL MENTION.

Nelson Jones was in Adrian last week.

Thos. McKone was in Jackson Sunday.

J. D. Colton and wife were Monday in Unadilla.

Leo Wade visited friends in Pinckney last Monday.

E. G. Hoag of Ann Arbor was in Chelsea Tuesday.

Frank Fenn of Marshall was home over Sunday.

P. A. Girard is the guest of his mother Mrs. Mary Girard.

Thos. Wheeler of Dextertownship was in Detroit Sunday.

Henry Mullen of Detroit was a Chelsea visitor Monday.

C. E. Clark of Ypsilanti was a Chelsea visitor Saturday.

Rev. Father Reilly of Detroit was a visitor here Tuesday.

Miss Helen Wade of Lima spent last Sunday at Wolf Lake.

Milo Shaver and family spent the Fourth at Long Lake.

Emmer Fenn of Ann Arbor was a Chelsea visitor Monday.

Mrs. J. C. Taylor and son Harry were Detroit visitors Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Benton returned from their trip Tuesday.

A. R. Congdon of Ypsilanti was a Chelsea visitor Monday.

Jas. Owen of Nebraska is the guest of his sister, Mrs. M. Whipple.

A. K. Kneel of Lansing is the guest of friends here this week.

Robert Leach and family are visiting Jackson relatives this week.

Wm. Rheinfrank and wife spent the Fourth with Detroit relatives.

Mrs. Jennie McClain of Detroit is the guest of Mrs. James Richards.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Johnson of Detroit spent the first of the week here.

Elmer Smith and wife of Detroit are visiting relatives here this week.

Chandler Rogers of Detroit spent part of the past week with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Flieger of Bay City were Chelsea visitors Tuesday.

Adolph Eisen of Detroit was the guest of friends here the first of the week.

Dwight Miller of Battle Creek spent Sunday and Monday with his parents.

Mrs. Kingsley of Toledo is visiting at the home of her brother, Charles Fish.

Misses Frances and Irene McIntee of Lyndon are visiting in Detroit this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Miles of Dexter visited H. Lighthall and wife Monday.

Henry Steinbach and family of Dexter were guests of their parents here Monday.

Miss Mary Stimson of Lansing was the guest of her mother the first of the week.

Charles Foren and wife of Detroit were the guests of relatives here last week.

Mrs. C. Decker of Plymouth is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. James McLaren.

Austin Yocum and wife of Manchester spent the Fourth with Chelsea friends.

Mrs. J. S. Gorman and daughter, Agnes spent the Fourth with Dundee relatives.

Frank Beckwith and family of Bay City are guests at the home of Mrs. R. D. Gates.

Judge Harriman of Ann Arbor was a guest at the home of Chas. Fish one day last week.

Mrs. E. Congdon visited at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Peter Forner the past week.

Mrs. W. I. Whitaker and children of Durand are the guests of relatives in this vicinity.

Messames John and George Turner of Toledo spent Sunday with Mrs. John Wade of Lima.

Gilbert Gay and family of Stockbridge visited at the home of Jay Everett the first of the week.

Master Herbert Jacobus of Ann Arbor spent the Fourth with Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Dean of Sylvan.

F. G. Nelson and family were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Irwin the first of the week.

Charles Carpenter and family of Albin spent the first of the week with E. J. Cooke of North Lake.

B. J. Howlett and wife of Ann Arbor were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Howlett over the Fourth.

Joseph Doherty and mother are spending a few days with Eugene McIntee and family of Lyndon.

S. B. Tichenor and family of Lansing were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. Tichenor the first of the week.

M. F. Cross and wife of Charlotte were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Richards Saturday and Sunday.

Herman Foster of the circulation department of the Detroit Journal spent the Fourth at the home of his parents.

Misses Flora and Millie Hepler of Cadillac are spending this week with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hepler.

O. B. Taylor and wife and George Barrows of Detroit were guests of Mr.

and Mrs. J. Taylor several days of the past week.

Misses Blanche Jewett of Mason and Wirt Ives and wife of Unadilla were guests at the home of Homer Ives the first of the week.

Harry Keusch, John Upson, Fred Chase and Stephen Browne spent part of last week at Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and Aron New York.

## SYLVAN.

Miss Adeline Scouten is spending some time at Manchester.

Willie Kolb of Chelsea has been the guest of M. Merker and wife.

James Beckwith and wife are entertaining their grandson of Chelsea.

The Laubengayer family visited at the home of John Mohrlock Sunday.

Mrs. C. Frey and son Walter and Miss Agnes Schaible of Manchester were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hayes Saturday and Sunday.

## SHARON.

Miss Alta Lemm who has been on the sick list is better.

J. E. Irwin and family have been entertaining company the past week.

Clarence Hewes has been the guest of his sister, Mrs. Brinknell of St. Johns.

The social held at the home of A. L. Holden Friday evening was well attended.

The Epworth League held their business meeting at A. L. Holden's Thursday evening.

Milton Heschelwerdt left last week for St. Ignace, Mich., where he has accepted a position in a bank.

## WATERLOO.

Wm. Kruse and family spent Sunday with Mrs. Dean.

John and Nellie Gordon are spending this week in Toledo.

Mrs. Wood of Marshall is the guest of Rev. and Mrs. Griffin.

Harry Hubbard and sons of Detroit are visiting relatives here.

L. G. Gorton of Detroit visited relatives here the first of the week.

J. F. Armstrong and family spent the Fourth with relatives in Danville.

B. J. Howlett and wife of Ann Arbor spent the Fourth at John Howlett's.

George Proctor and wife of Stockbridge spent Sunday at O. Beeman's.

Miss Lizzie Hammock of Chelsea attended the Rowe picnic at Clear Lake Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Munroe of Jackson were guests of George Beeman and family Sunday.

The Ladies Aid Society of U. B. church will give a lawn social at the parsonage, Tuesday evening, ice cream will be served.

## FRANCISCO.

E. Notten now rides in a new buggy. Hay has just nicely begun in this vicinity.

J. J. Musbach was stricken with apoplexy Monday morning.

The social held at the German M. E. parsonage was largely attended.

Miss Verna Hawley of Lima spent a few days at the home of Fred Notten.

George Towers, wife, daughter and Milo Hatt spent the Fourth at Hastings.

Elert Notten went to Manchester Monday with the Sharon band of which he is a teacher.

Miss Carrie Riemenschneider who has been spending some time at DeWitt and White Oak has returned home.

The Misses Heinlagers and Rev. Boxstoller of Detroit were guests of Rev. and Mrs. H. Lenz several days last week.

The Musbach family held their picnic at Clear Lake July 4th. A large crowd was present consisting of other relatives and all had a good time.

## RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, by the hand of an all wise Providence our Sister Mrs. Mary Swarthout has been removed from our midst; and,

Whereas, we as members of Columbia Hive No. 284, remember her as an active and worthy member as long as her health would permit her to attend.

Resolved, that the members of this order extend words of sympathy and consolation to the daughters in the loss of a dear mother; and,

Resolved, that we drape our charter in mourning for a period of thirty days, and that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes.

MRS. MINERVA L. DAVIS,  
MRS. MYRTA MILLSAUGH,  
MRS. JULIA SWEETLAND,  
Committee.

Diphtheria relieved in twenty minutes. Almost miraculous. Dr. Thomas Electric Oil. At any drug store.

**High Prices for Farm Help**

makes it necessary for farmers in order to harvest one of the best paying crops to purchase the genuine Patent Miller Bean Harvester. It does the work of several men and don't make any fuss. Never fails to give good satisfaction. Manufactured only by the Le Roy Plow Company, Le Roy, New York. For sale by W. J. Knapp, Chelsea.

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.

## THE WOODS' CITIZENS

A FOREST IS MORE THAN A COLLECTION OF TREES.

It Has Its Inhabitants Who Are Quite as Interesting in Their Way as Those of a City—How to Study Them.

A forest is sometimes described as a collection of trees, and the description is about as enlightening as the statement that a city is a collection of buildings. Like the city, the forest has a vast population, without which it would be as uninteresting as a city without its citizens. We admire beautiful buildings, for themselves, but more interesting to some of us at least are the lives and works of the creatures which inhabit the buildings and trees respectively. When I enter a forest in winter or summer, I am always aware that I am not alone, though the air be so still that one might hear the growing of the trees. I know that I am watched by many eyes, and that, at every footfall, scores of ears are at all times on the alert.

If you go into the woods in the early spring, you may at first be under the impression that there is little life about you. But sit down awhile, and wait in some spot where your figure will not be too conspicuous, and you will probably see some of the creatures whose work you temporarily interrupted. First of all, perhaps, you will hear a faint, crisp drumming sound—the sound made by a wood mouse, when he drums with one fore foot on a dry leaf, and after a short interval, you will probably hear the answering "br-r-r-r" of another mouse. Then, if you are quiet, you will see the dainty form of the creature itself, with its tawny upper parts, white belly and feet, its large black eyes, its well-shaped, translucent ears, its trembling whiskers, and its long, silky tail, the latter held carefully off the ground in a graceful curve. Out from the shadow of a bunch of withered leaves he skips, leaps lightly over the ground to a wild cherry tree, where he searches for and eventually finds a cherry stone. A simple matter, this hunting for and finding of a meal; and yet to the mouse it was business—very important business, since it must be attended to faithfully every day if he would avoid hunger or even starvation.

Next, perhaps you will be aware that a red squirrel is peering out at you



THE RED SQUIRREL.

from a knot-hole in an old tree. Keep still, and when he goes out to dine, perhaps he will betray the whereabouts of some store of nuts gathered months ago. And these little hoards, how many busy days they represent—days at the end of which even the wily legs must have ached. I sometimes wonder if, at the end of autumn, the squirrels and other creatures which have been laying up food for the winter, feel any satisfaction, akin to that which is felt by farmers when their crops are all garnered. And I wonder if, when the stores of a red squirrel are discovered and eaten up by a pig, the owner does not have a feeling somewhat similar to that experienced by a thrifty man whose savings are stolen by a burglar.

And, perhaps close to you on the ground, a pellet of matter far may betray the presence of some large owl; probably the barred owl which lives in a hollow high up in the very tree against which you lean. He, too, has much business in the wood, and his business is with the mice, the squirrels, the rabbits and the grouse—with any living creature which he can kill. He is an actor of many roles, this great owl with the big round head, and the dark-brown half-human eyes. Now he is the midnight hunter, coursing the startled rabbit through the forest glades. Now he is a poacher, killing grouse within the boundaries of some game preserve; and next night behold him as the farmer's ally, exterminating rats and mice and moles. At one hour he is a murderer, slaying perhaps a mother squirrel, whose babies will slowly starve to death in their nest; at the next he is an angel of mercy, ending as with lightning the sufferings of some trapped or wounded creature, which otherwise might linger in agony for days.

Yes, there is always important business going forward in the forest and the better it is understood the more important it seems. There are beavers felling trees, making dams, flooding acres of land, and building houses superior to those of certain tribes of men. There are porcupines stripping and killing a hundred trees apiece per annum; woodchucks and chipmunks excavating long, winding subterranean tunnels, muskrats diving for mussels and the roots of water plants, and mink and otters fishing in the streams and ponds. All the year round, and at all hours of the day and night, there are citizens of the forest city plying their trades, earning their "bread," and doing their part toward the carrying out of "the beautiful plan."

## DOG KILLED BIG WILDCAT.

New Hampshire Foxhound Encountered a Fierce Opponent and Came Out Victorious.

In a fight between a foxhound and a wildcat, the betting man would be inclined to place his money on the latter, and feel that the percentage in favor of his winning would be great enough to satisfy any reasonable man looking for a gamble.

Nevertheless, a good, husky wildcat was put to the bad by a foxhound in Charlestown, N. H., a few days ago, which shows that it is no "clinch" to bet on the wildcat. No one saw the fight in which the wildcat, in this particular instance, came out second best, but the results were very much in evidence.

William Swan, proprietor of the Eagle hotel, in Charlestown, recently went out on the hills, east of the village, to see if he could start a fox. His dog Sport had not been running long before he gave tongue, and, as Mr. Swan thought, was in hot chase after a fox.

In the course of 15 or 20 minutes Mr. Swan got sight of the dog and the animal he was chasing, but at too great a distance to take a shot at it. It was near enough, however, for him to see that it was no fox the dog was following. It looked formidable enough, too, to make the hunter think it would be well for him to fix himself with ammu-



SPORT AND HIS MASTER.

nition different from that which he used to shoot foxes.

He went to where he had left his horse, droye to the hotel, got satisfactory ammunition, and was half way out to the hills again when he met the dog, limping home.

Despite his lameness, Sport apparently was quite willing to go back again, and piloted Mr. Swan to where he, only a short time before, had had a very strenuous and interesting time.

There was a dead wildcat in the middle of a plot of ground 20 feet square. All around the space were evidences that there had been "something doing." The light brush was broken, and, scattered about indiscriminately, was a lot of hair and numerous bloodstains. That was all. Sport could not tell how things happened to be that way, but he seemed to be pretty well satisfied with his own part in the mix-up, and the way he had come out of it.

He had been bitten in the right fore leg at the first joint, and his nose and ears were scratched somewhat, but there were no very serious injuries.

The wildcat's back had been broken, and one of its shoulders was lacerated. It weighed 20 pounds, and certainly looked as if it might have been able to put up a fight.

Killing domestic cats is a mere pastime for this dog Sport, and perhaps, in his experience in this line, he picked up a few points that were of use to him in his fight with the wild one.

Except a temporary lameness, he suffered no ill effects from the encounter, and Mr. Swan is afraid that he is likely to get a "swelled head" and worry the pet cats in the neighborhood more than ever.—Boston Globe.

## THE MARKETS.

Chelsea buyers offer today, the following prices:

Wheat, red or white.....	\$95 to 1.00
Oats .....	45
Rye .....	45
Beans .....	1 25
Clover seed .....	6 00
Live Beef Cattle.....	2 1/2 to 4 1/2
Veal Calves.....	3 1/2 to 4 1/2
Live Hogs.....	4 to 4 50
Lambs.....	3 to 05
Chickens, spring.....	07
Fowls.....	07
Potatoes.....	71
Onions.....	80
Butter.....	12
Eggs.....	14

Mary had a little lad  
Whose face was fair to see,  
Because each night he had a drink  
Of Rocky Mountain Tea. Glazier & Stimson.

We like best to call  
**SCOTT'S EMULSION**  
a food because it stands so emphatically for perfect nutrition. And yet in the matter of restoring appetite, of giving new strength to the tissues, especially to the nerves, its action is that of a medicine.

Send for free sample.  
SCOTT'S EMULSION Co.,  
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.  
Sole and \$1.00; all druggists.

**WONDERFUL NERVE.**  
Is displayed by many a man enduring pains of accidental cuts, wounds, bruises, burns, scalds, sore feet or stiff joints. But there's no need for it. Bucklen's Arnica Salve will kill the pain and cure the trouble. It's the best salve on earth for piles, too. 25c, at Glazier & Stimson druggist.

**GLAZIER & STIMSON.**  
Ask the readers of this paper who are suffering with indigestion or dyspepsia to call on them at once and get a bottle of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. If you knew the value of this remedy as we know it, you would not suffer another day. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is a thorough digestant and tissue-building tonic as well. It is endorsed personally by hundreds of people whom it has cured of indigestion, dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart and stomach troubles generally. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat. It is pleasant, palatable and strengthening. Sold by Glazier & Stimson.

When you read The Standard's ads you are always sure of bargains.

## WANT COLUMN

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

LOST—Pair gold filled spectacles lost Thursday. Finder please return to Myron Grant and get reward.

FOR SALE—New milch cow and calf. Inquire of Jacob Koch near Walter Dancer's farm Lima.

FOR SALE—Three good second hand single buggies, a surrey, a harness and a horse. A. G. Faisel.

WANTED—Lady help at Raftery's tailor shop, Chelsea.

HAVING sold out my thrashing outfit I have for sale a splendid pair of work horses. One pair weighing 2400 and the other pair weighing 2500. The purchaser can have his choice of either pair to suit himself. For further information of the horses inquire of O. C. Burkhart. B. Steinbach.

NOTICE—480 acres of land either for sale, rent on shares or for cash rental. Situated 4 1/2 miles north of Chelsea. Inquire of J. S. Gorman.

**BE FIRST**  
and you're last to be sorry.

**ARE YOU READY?**  
We Are Ready Now.  
To make your  
**Suit, Overcoat  
and Trousers.**

Best line to select from.

**WEBSTER**  
THE TAILOR

**SHREDDED WHEAT**  
The standard All-day cereal. Served with milk or cream or in combination with fruits, preserves and vegetables.

**SHREDDED WHEAT**  
WITH BERRIES

**BISCUIT and TRISCUIT**  
Be sure and try them

WITH ANY DRINK

**TRISCUIT**  
"The New Cracker"  
Used as bread, toast, crackers or wafers. Make TRISCUIT your daily bread.  
COOK BOOK FREE  
The Natural Food Co.  
Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Try Standard Wanta.

**HARNESS.**

We are now in a position at the Steinbach Store on Middle street, west to offer exceptional bargains in

**Heavy Team, Light Double and Single Harnesses.**

Also special attention will be given to REPAIR WORK of all kinds.

Bring in your repair jobs. We are prepared to do it promptly and all prices the lowest.

**W. J. KNAPP.**

**LET'S TAKE THE MEASURE**

Of your boy for that new suit. He'll be better satisfied with it, if we make it, than if you purchase a ready-made one. You are well aware of the superiority of made-to-order clothing. Why not be as careful about the fit of your boy's suit as your own. We'll guarantee a perfect fit for him if intrusted with your order. The cloth will be the best of selected material, and cut in the latest of style.

High grade tailoring for the boy is part of our business. We charge fair prices for such work, too.

**J. J. RAFTREY & SONS,**  
WORKERS OF MEN'S CLOTHING.

'Phone 87.



THE CHELSEA STANDARD.  
CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY.  
COMIC

JULY 7, 1924.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY WITH MAJOR OZONE

THESE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE THINGS THAT HAPPENED TO HIM.

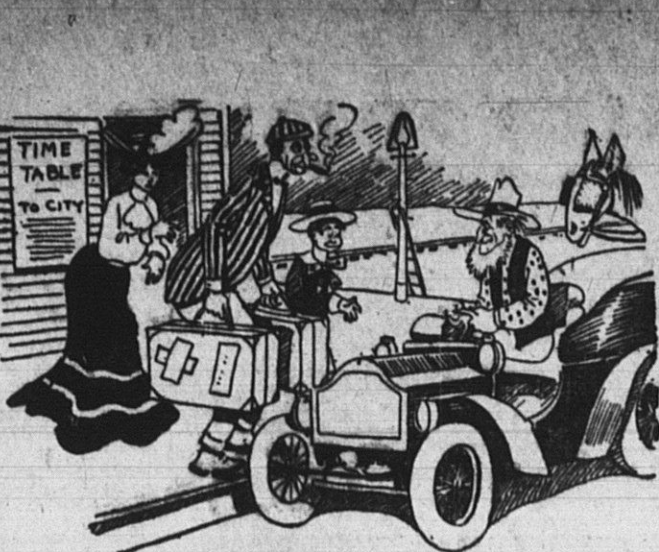




CAN'T LET HER ALONE.



Mrs. Gunner—"This household paper says that moths can be killed with cigar smoke. Don't you think it cruel?"  
Mr. Gunner—"I should say so, if it was the smoke from the cigars you buy for me."



Mrs. Citychap (aside)—"Take his offer, Edward. A man with an auto like that must keep a fine boarding house!"



"And just think, he charges only \$6 a week! Why, how grand!"



Mr. Hardscrabble—"Here's yer machine, doc, an' I'm much obliged fur the loan of her."

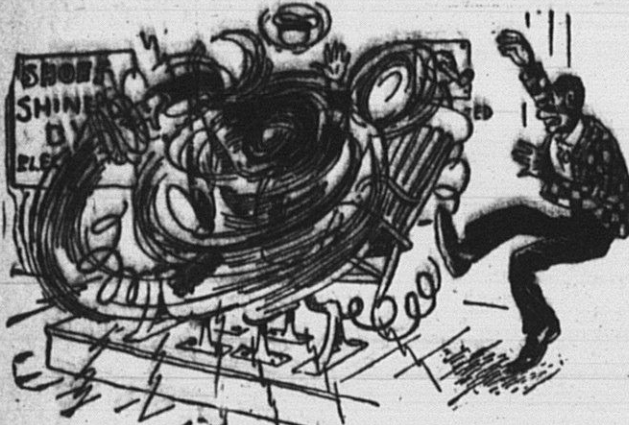


"An' here we are, right at the old homestead! Now, jus' make yerselves happy an' comfortable."

MERITED A DISCOUNT.



Mr. Johnson—"Yes, sah, dey goes by 'lectricity. I'll turn de switch now, an'—"



"Show you how it wuks!"



"Say, boss, I'll only charge yo' half price foh dat shine."

PROSTRATION.



First Bootblack—"Wot's de matter, Jimmy? Yer looks played out."  
Second Bootblack—"Played out! I tink I am! Jus' bin givin' two cops a shine."

HIS TROUBLES.



Chubby—"Yes, that's faithful Fido, the dearest dog!"  
Miss Nearlywon—"Ah, indeed! Fido, good old Fido!"



"Help! Choke him! Drown him!"



OBLIGING.



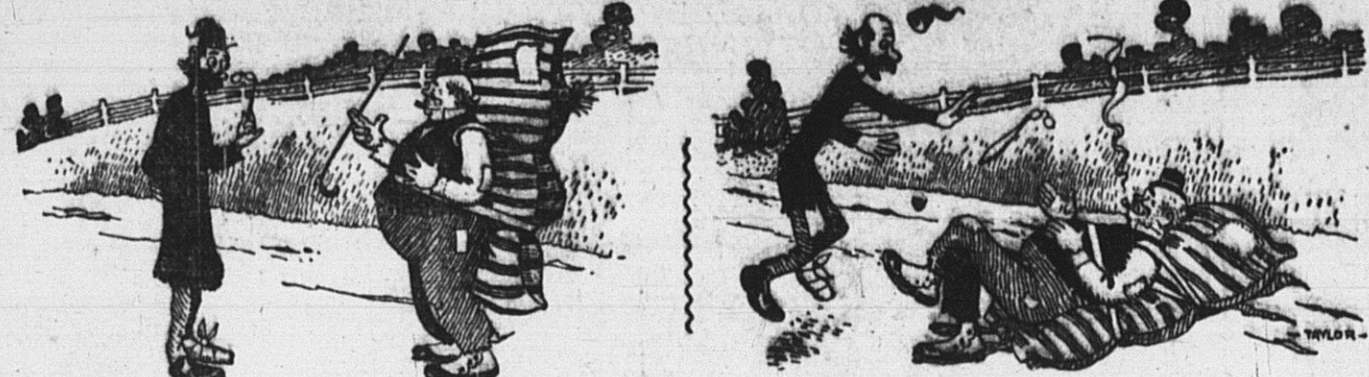
Stiggs—"Say, Stiggs, will you lend me your lawn mower for an hour or so?"  
Stiggs—"I can't do it, old man, but if you like you may keep that snow shovel a while longer that you borrowed last January."

NOT HOPELESS.



Officer—"Are you lost, sonny?"  
Tommy—"Naw, I ain't lost. I know where I am all right, only I don't know where I live."

EASY.

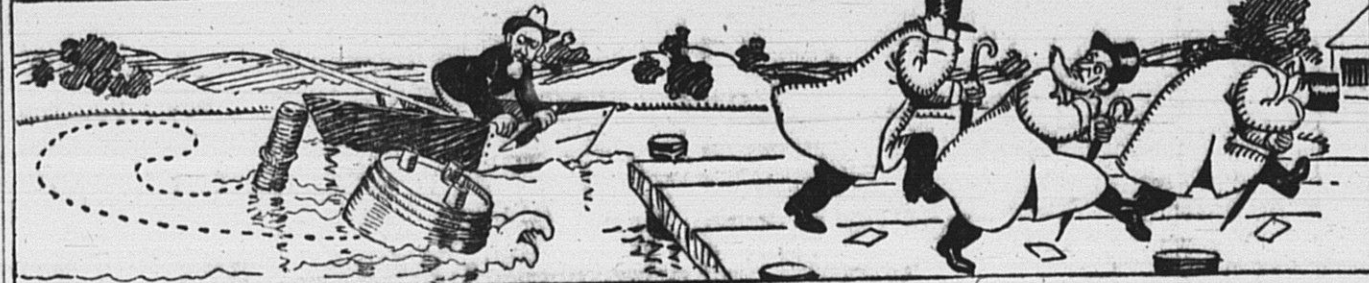


Dragged Dawson—"Pawdon me, friend, but wot yer got dat big feller tick tied on yer back fer?"  
Tired Tonga—"Oh, so I don't have to hunt for a soft spot when I feel like—"

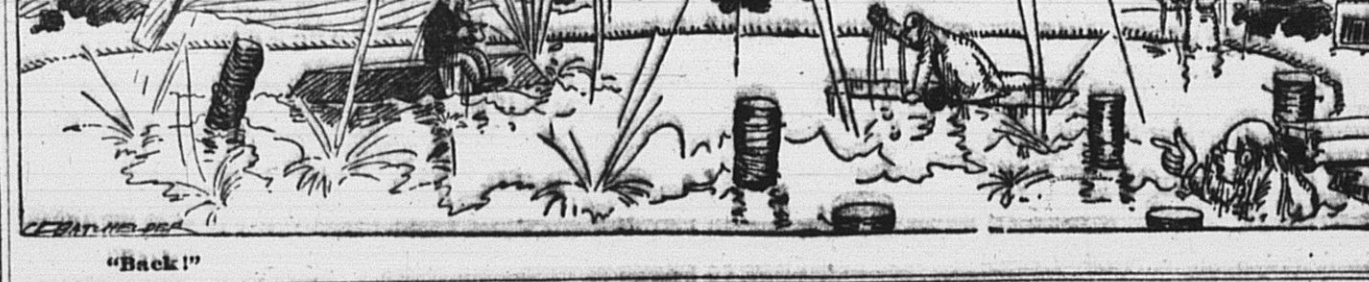
ANOTHER HOWLING SUCCESS.



Prof. Rhomboid—"And now, gentlemen, I will demonstrate the superiority of my floating mine. Other mines drift off to sea and become a menace to navigation, but—"



"This one comes—"



"Back!"

SAME OLD ILLUSION.



Mr. Tallgrass—"Waal, ain't that little Eva jes' sweet! Say, Jinnie, we'll git her to come over an' play with you to-morrow."

But they didn't.

A FATHER'S TROUBLES.



Isabel—"There, I've salted that milk and the thieving tramp who takes it will think—"



"He—"



"To—"



"Poisoned!"

QUICK CHANGE.



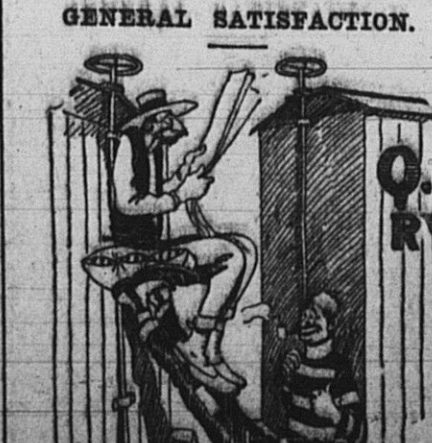
Manager—"One of the young men out at the stage door says he has an attachment for you."



Tramp—"Is there any chance for work in this line?"



Mrs. Ooze—"It's a literary"



Striped Simpson—"Hope yer don't mind us uppe' here, Bill."

POPULAR DAY.



May—"Sunday seems to be a favorite day for automobilists." Mayne—"Of course; there are so many people to run over, you know."

KNOW HIS WAY.



Conductor—"Hi there! Why are you turning that seat over?"  
Uncle Josh—"Well, this fellow says we are goin' west an' I want ter go east, by grass!"

PERFECTLY COMPETENT.



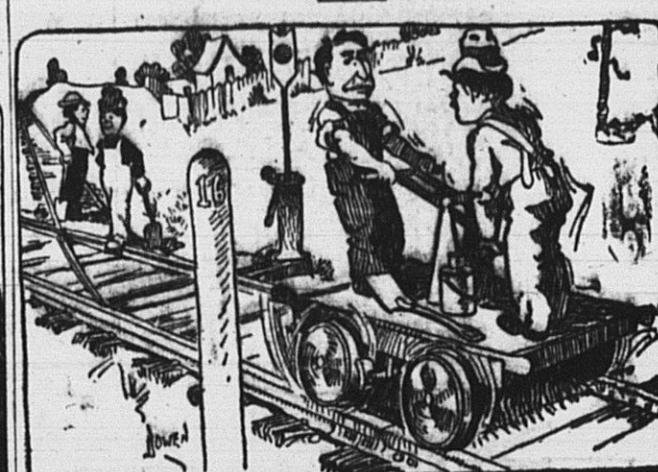
Guide—"How 'bout that dawg o' yours? Be he well trained?"  
Algie—"Oh, my, yes, my good man! Why, he can sit up and speak and beg for sugar and do just lots o' things!"

CONFIDENTIAL.



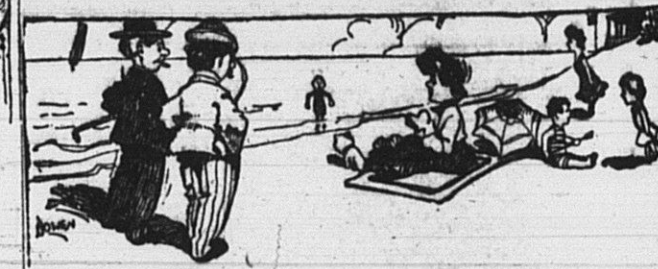
Soubrette—"Say, Whooper, the manager has cut out my best song. How can I get even?"  
Comedian—"Marry him."

INSINUATION.



Section Boss—"Somebody on this car ain't doin' any pumpin'!"  
O'Hara—"If I thought ye meant me I'd quit me job."

MISTAKE SOMEWHERE.



Jinks—"Who is the lady with the expression of unuttered woe?"  
Blinks—"Unuttered? Great Scott, man, that's a woman!"

A POINTER.



Sherlock Jones—"That man is Buildingsloans, our new neighbor, and his wife is going to give a reception this evening."  
Mrs. Jones—"Why, how can you tell?"  
Sherlock Jones—"He's carrying home a lot of new rolls for his graphophone."

MERELY A BLUFF AFTER ALL.



Beaty Stranger—"Whoop! I have come up here to chastise the wretch who wrote that item about me! I demand to see him immediately!"



Did you wish to see me, sir?





# THE BATTLE OF LOVES

By HAROLD OHLSON

SUSANNAH knew him to be a bad man. Her mother had told her so, and, of course, her mother would know. He never had entered the church, and he was a painter. Susannah's mother into the light of day, her mother would be more truly observed than a man devoted to his art, worshipping it as a beautiful (the village church had been lately "restored") and caring for the place.

"A pleasant fellow, but, perhaps, prone to selfishness, his philosophy seemed to be that of Eastern gardens. 'Life is as it is, and relatively unimportant; let us get through it as easily and pleasantly as possible.' Not a noble philosophy, nor, for true, but excellently comfortable."

His desire was to live at peace with his mother. He certainly with all women—and this he succeeded. Quarreling and hard words were necessary to fit contemplation of the beautiful and interfering with the act of painting it on canvas, which was a vigorous phrase may be used in connection with his nature—was his rule.

For the rest, he was big and well-built, with perfect health and an intense, small, certainly, yet enough to allow him to stand aside from that fight for the world upon millions of souls who, moved inconspicuously on this planet without much as a "by their leave," are content to be thankful that, by continuing their life may live.

Susannah resided with her parents in a small, square, halled and quaint-looking, perched on a wooded hill overlooking the village in the valley. The gate of the house, a path ran up the hill, winding among the trees, and, at the bottom, creeping under the gate, was a small stream. The gate to the house, a path ran up the hill, winding among the trees, and, at the bottom, creeping under the gate, was a small stream.

On her return the stile was unoccupied, but she observed the wicked painter bearing stool and easel, trudging up a distant hill.

"I'm sure he is a gentleman," she reflected. "Mother doesn't know anything about him."

And Herresford, painting on his hill, thought a good deal of Susannah, so charming a picture in her dainty frock and big hat, and smiled as he remembered the stile and that terrible cough. And the morning was so beautiful, with the sunlight flooding the grassy hills and deep hollows filled with trees, with the warm, soft air bearing the scent of the earth and the life-giving breath of countless trees. Surely a morning on which it was good to live, and, better still, to love.

"In fact, it is almost a necessity to be in love in such weather," reflected Herresford.

In the course of the week following he met Susannah many times; golden moments granted by happy chance. Although that young lady knew her parents would not allow him to see her in her home yet it must be admitted that she catered into the acquaintance with huge delight.

Here was an artist, and therefore, of course, penniless and romantic and certainly handsome. Here, too, were meetings clandestine, all friendship being strongly opposed—indeed, absolutely forbidden—by parental authority. What more could a girl want? Certainly a glorious week.

At the end of the progress of affairs may be gathered from a letter that Herresford wrote to his friend, Felix.

"I have finished two sketches and fallen in love. The most glorious creature, Felix, and hang your grimmings! You could never paint her. Parents strongly opposed to me; they don't like my trade. But weather perfect and lady kind. Altogether a charming time."

At which Felix growled and went on with his masterpiece, "Orpheus Seeking Eurydice in Hades." (Although he had chosen the subject he was wont to sigh at the folly of such journeying for a woman, only brightening at the thought that Orpheus, a married man, knew exactly where to look for his wife. A misogynist, this Felix, with long legs and a long face, called by his friends "The Gravel-gider.")

Throwing the letter aside he pondered how he could have his friend. But the thought came that perhaps his friend wanted to be lost, and so he put the matter aside and went on painting flames and shadowy figures writhing in torment with huge enjoyment.

But this was not to be the end of it for him. A fortnight later came another communication from his friend in the country, short and to the point, as when every word must be paid for. "Better world if all our words cost a penny," reflected Felix. "The factum: 'Want your advice. Can you come here today?'"

Felix made up his mind he could not leave his work, that he hated trains, that, steeped in fancies of the grim under world, the country would not appeal to him—in short, that he wouldn't go. Two hours later he had started, having had his good at work.

"I've been hard at work," said Herresford as they drove from the station. "Rural scenes—mornings, cow being driven down the road; evening, cow being driven up the road. None of your Venuses, that people stare at in the shop window, but don't like to ask for inside. O, yes, I've been very busy."

"So I gathered from your letter," remarked his friend.

"Old fellow, she's the most charming. If our friendship is to continue," interrupted Felix, "you had better save it all for after dinner. My feelings are more under control at that time; at the least, I shall be sleepy."

It was in the cool of the evening that Felix, having been carefully fed, felt able to approach the subject of his friend's state of mind.

"Well, what's the matter?" he inquired. "Gone crazy over a woman again?"

"I'm in earnest this time."

"Well, there's always a cure—marriage. Very sudden, isn't it?"

"Like an earthquake," sighed the lover.

"And the lady?"

"O, the prettiest, daintiest, most delightful—"

"Push along," urged Felix. "How does she feel about it?"

"I dare to think that I'm the luckiest fellow alive, and that another earthquake has happened there."

"These seismic disturbances—"

"Of course, I'm poor," broke in Herresford impatiently. "But there's my aunt, you know."

"No aunt is immortal," remarked Felix, cheerfully.

"Dear old soul! I hope she'll try to break me of my bad habits for many years yet. Of course, I couldn't dwell on her too much with Susannah's father."

"You've seen her father?"

"I called yesterday evening; but what do you think he wants me to do?"

"Go to the north pole, or drown yourself," suggested his friend.

"Not a bit of it. He said that there was no doubt I had made his daughter fond of me—think of her telling him that, Felix!"

"O, I'm thinking," quoth Felix moodily.

"But he could not allow her to marry an artist. He seems to have some absurd prejudice against our profession. He's stuffed full of models and the Latin quarter and Bohemianism, and thinks a painter is always a dissipated, good-for-nothing. He's read about 'em. The circulating libraries are the curse of the nation. Felix."

"Show him your morning and evening cow," suggested Felix.

"Well, I've made up my mind to do what he wants."

"I knew you must have made up your mind or you wouldn't have dragged me here to give you advice. But what does the old fool want?"

"He insists that I shall give up painting and has offered me a position in his business. Then, if I get on all right, he'll let me be engaged. He's taken a lot of persuading, but it's all right now."

"You call it all right?" asked Felix slowly.

"It's rather hard, of course," said Herresford. "There's nothing worth doing in all the world but making pictures. But I can paint for amusement."

Felix grunted in huge disdain.

"Perhaps if I had been more successful I should find it harder still. But I don't make much headway. Now it won't matter if I can't sell my pictures."

"In a year you won't paint any. You'll add up figures, not draw them. There will be no interest taken in them, and an artist must have sympathy. He breathes it."

"I shall keep my old friends."

"Not for long. You'll get new ones, of commercial tastes, chosen by your employer—big pardon, father-in-law."

"You're not encouraging."

"When people ask for advice they always mean encouragement. Why did you send for me?"

"Well, it's a serious step—"

"It's a horrible trouble."

Felix pulled savagely at his pipe. He was butting his head against a stone wall and knew it. He fancied he had been brought there not to give his opinion of the matter, but in order that Herresford might bring his own arguments into the light of day, so that they would gain substance. He would argue with another to convince himself. But it was, at least, a sign that his conviction needed stimulating.

"I'm sorry you don't think I'm doing right," said Herresford.

"I'm glad I'm not such a fool as to think so," retorted Felix.

Herresford threw away his cigarette and walked to the door. But Felix caught him as he opened it.

"Perhaps you don't understand your feelings, Jack," said he.

Herresford's smile was never far away. "You will one day," he said.

"May I be protected," quoth Felix piously as the door shut.

Herresford walked quickly down the moonlit road until he reached the stile; then he vanished in the dark shadow of the trees. At the top of the hill path was the gate of the house. Who could doubt Susannah waited there? Certainly not Felix, left to the companionship of his pipe.

For more than an hour he smoked thoughtfully, ill at ease, for he was fond of the young artist and believed he could do great things. Then, in the glory of the full moon, came Herresford back along the road. Susannah had him still faster in the tolls; a very riot of splendid love was in him.

"What's the dabbling paint about to love, Felix? When did it ever make me so happy as I feel now? She's wonderful—she's magnificent! I would give up anything in the world—"

"O, go to bed!" said Felix crossly.

Perhaps in all the ages never dawned a more beautiful morning than Felix waking early the next day, observed from his bedroom window. Early as it was, he could see Herresford busy with pencil and sketchbook.

"The man's an artist, and yet he means to give it all up for this mis-summer madness. It's only a passing fancy for the girl—and what will happen when it passes?" reflected Felix, gloomily, thrusting his long legs into his trousers.

"Nothing but a miracle can save him, and then only I to work it. If I were Balaam's ass—but I'm not. Well, not Balaam's, for certain."

And Felix, his head deep in a basin of water, mourned for his lost friend.

Presently, Herresford entered the inn-garden and began to stride up and down between the rose trees, deep in thought. Evidently the battle of love still raged in him, however, victory might have seemed to rest with Susannah and a commercial life on the evening before.

But the night is not the morning, Felix, watching him, brightened a little. The decision, he knew, must be made that day. If he chose his new love, it would be a grave offense to Susannah to seem to hesitate.

It was not until summoned to breakfast that Herresford joined his friend, who contented himself with remarking on the weather and drawing attention to a letter that lay on the table. Presently, deep in a newspaper, he heard Herresford whistle and swear softly and pleasantly. Then the letter was thrown at him.

"Read that!" cried Herresford, cracking an egg as one who says, "Here is my enemy—see how I crush him!"

Felix read that an eminent collector and connoisseur had noticed one of Herresford's pictures and wished to buy it, besides desiring an interview with the artist and hinting at a commission.

"My fortune's made!" cried Herresford.

"Isn't it a few days too late?" asked Felix, quietly.

Herresford made no reply; he had picked up the letter and was reading it again. His face was alight with pleasure and pride. Dispirited with want of success, he might have abandoned what he knew to be his life's work, but now—

"I must go to town at once," he said.

"There is a train in an hour," said Felix. "We can catch that."

He would give Herresford no chance to see Susannah again.

But chance intervened; for, as the train was on the point of starting, they saw her standing by the gate of the level crossing. Immediately Herresford thrust his head out of the window, while Felix muttered curses on the tardy train. Susannah, seeing Herresford, hurried on to the platform, but, at last, the train was moving.

"Must go to town—important business—only heard an hour ago!" cried Herresford. And then, wavering at the last, added, "Coming back to-morrow."

But he never came back—Sketch.

# THE TRAGEDY OF HEARTS

BY CHARLES E. LEWIS.

"I'm an actor—but many's the time I've wished from my heart I could claim almost any other profession. The boys in the company I'm connected with insist that the scenes recorded here be put in black ink and filed away in the archives of the club in New York—which, by the way, isn't 'The Players,' nor yet the 'Club'—but a club nevertheless. They say it's a tragedy of hearts, built on dramatic lines, with a touch of comedy thrown in, but I call it 'Just a Pitty.'"

Mabel's father hadn't been a millionaire, but everybody knew that Mr. Vandewater was worth a cool million, and Mabel pandered to his every whim, had not been allowed to consider our engaged girl, she had graduated from a seminary she was attending, and was not to think of marriage till I had reached one complete season as a stage man. If that ever came to pass, understood there was a check of good proportions waiting for us, but that's where there were no more.

After thought my stock rose above the mark in the estimation of Mabel's father, and from the conditions imposed, prospects were not particularly favorable for a boom.

My first engagement to play "leads" came at the head of a fairly good company appearing in a dramatization of the novel. I had taken a run to Providence to say good-bye to Mabel, before coming out on the road, and we decided that everything worth living for seemed to be within reach. Mr. Vandewater bareheaded my outstretched hand with a grip of his cold fingers, gave me a word of encouragement. A long, last embrace, some tears, and a wave of the hand from Mabel, and I was off to earn reputation and a bride.

The very tale is new till it's told, all the night has happened yesterday instead of three years ago, for it is wonderfully vivid in my recollection.

"The Empire" was the leading theater of the largest cities of Mississippi, and had opened a week's engagement, and were settled ourselves for a comfortable rest after a siege of one-night stands. Playing all the big cities of the South, Mabel had somewhat worn out the novelty of my new position, though I still held a lofty opinion of my own worth. I was as conscious of my own leading woman and number one status as she, in the honors.

The middle of the first act my leading woman was standing in a dignified attitude for a considerable time when she called her "dear" and

came conscious of some unusual attraction out in front. You can't see more than a half dozen rows from the stage with the footlights turned up full, but I quickly located the attraction in the right hand box. I honestly think I forgot all about "cues," though I did have presence of mind enough to prevent the audience from noticing anything amiss.

Seated in the box, well to the front, and attired in an elaborate evening costume, was a girl possibly 22. Eyes were blue, blonde hair made into a thick, wavy pompadour, and a little nose with a tendency to tip up a little, singled this girl out of a collection I had seen that extended from coast to coast. I am not a believer in affinities, but it seemed to me at first glance that I had known her always. Even this might not have caused more than passing attention on my part, but each time I looked her way her eyes were fastened on me intently, whether I was actively engaged in the action of the play for the moment or not.

On Tuesday evening I was surprised to notice the same girl in the same box watching me closely, and this at once dispelled any doubts that I was the object of her gaze. Between the acts I applied my eye assiduously to the "peep-hole" of the curtain, but not to my knowledge had I ever seen her before.

The climax of the play, at the end of the third act, brought forth a storm of applause from the entire house, numerous gifts of flowers for the leading lady, and a very handsome bouquet of American Beauty roses were passed over the footlights for me. As I hurried away to my dressing room, I connected these flowers in some vague way with the lady in the box, though apparently there were no means of identification of the giver. I tossed the flowers over to my dresser, and as he caught them a tiny white envelope fluttered to the floor. It contained a card and this inscription:

I shall be in Public Square to-morrow at 11. Would like to have a few words with you if convenient.

D. M.

A feeling of disappointment swept over me. While I was overjoyed at the possibility of the writer being the occupant of the box I had noticed, I was half sorry that she (if she it was) had stooped to such unconventional methods.

The clock on the postoffice was striking 12 o'clock the next day as I crossed the street leading to one of the better impromptu entrances for such a modest little party. Threading one of the many crowded walks I saw none other than the young lady who had occupied the box at the theater at the two previous performances. What was still wondering if this could be coincidence, she gave me a

"I am sure," she went on, after her greeting, "you must think very badly of me for making such an appointment as this. Being a firm believer in the old adage, 'the end justifies the means,' and as it is no ordinary circumstances which has prompted me to take this course, I can assure you that before many days it will all be very plain to you, and I shall stand in a very different light from that in which I must appear at present."

I said something reassuring, of course; I don't know just what; and the conversation drifted to general topics without further reference to the object of our meeting. I found her ideas and mine much alike. She was unmistakably refined, and her embarrassment was proof of the unusual nature of the present incident. I admit I was more deeply impressed every moment I spent in her society.

A certain little girl up in Providence kept coming into my mind, but I resolved to see this through, then sit down quietly and sift this affair to the bottom. In fact, I was in that condition described by some one as "miserably happy," when one wonders if it's worth while thinking at all.

We walked for perhaps half an hour, and before we parted I had learned that her name was Dorothy Morton, that she lived at "Oak Lawn," a mile or more out the Jackson boulevard, and that she was to meet her mother and the carriage some where in the shopping district. I had also expressed the hope to see her at the theater in the evening. "I won't promise," she said, with a smile that reassured me, but perhaps. And I want to tell you how glad I am that you came in response to my note. I hardly know what I should have done, had you not—but you did—and it's all right—and you've made me a very happy girl."

I don't think I played to more than one person that night (though the house was packed), unless you count the old-fashioned, elderly lady who occupied the box with Miss Morton. She wore a lace cap, had snowy-white hair, arranged in little puffs of either side of a jovial face, and was, with her merry laugh and evident good nature, a very lovable old lady. I am sure I got equally as great a share of Miss Morton's attention as on previous occasions, although the elderly lady did not share in the monopoly in the least.

The letters I received from Mabel, for the first time since I had known her, hurt me. They were loving, encouraging epistles, full of hopes for the future, and expressions of trust—and that's the part that hurt. She had every confidence in the world in me, and I knew I hadn't deserved an atom—for I could not deny, although I was ashamed to admit it to myself—that I had suffered a stroke of love

it not been that I knew your company would soon leave, and I—I—now I'm not going to say another word. It makes me feel as if I were making a confession—and I don't think you ought to ask me."

She sat down on a rustic seat at the edge of the walk, and I thought I saw something glitter on her cheek, very like a tear. She turned away a little, as I sat beside her, and I could not swear but my eyes had played me false.

"Then if you don't think I ought to ask you, I won't—but I'm going to tell you a very silly little story; and I want you to give me your opinion and advice; it may help far more than you think. We haven't much time—I'll be very brief."

"Once there was a man a long ways from his home; a very lonesome kind of man, of a good enough sort, but not a bit good at saying what he had in his mind—under some circumstances. This lonesome man met a dear, sweet little girl, and loved her. He knew it was love as soon as he saw her—but he didn't dare hope that she would care for him. But something was said on both sides—not much, you know—but then the man was worse off than ever, because he was afraid he would offend the little girl if he asked her what he wanted to know most of all. But he just had to make her know some way—even though he felt almost sure he was wrong, because he loved this little girl he had found, and he wanted her for himself, for always, and couldn't bear to think what it would mean to him if he was mistaken. That little girl is—you, Miss Morton—and the man is me. What are you going to say to the man—Dorothy?"

There wasn't any question about the tears this time. She was sobbing before I had half finished the silly story, but when I took one of her hands in mine, she did not attempt to withdraw it.

Wheels crunching on the gravel driveway warned us that I had overstayed my time. We rose at the sound, and started back to the house.

"You aren't going to let me go without some message for the lonesome man of the story are you—Dorothy?"

She had wiped away her tears, and was herself again.

"I'm going to think very hard for the lonesome man you've told me about, and I'll tell you all about it Saturday. If you'll come to tea, I'll try and be as good to him as I can—but I mustn't promise anything—except to think for him. The carriage is waiting for you—I'm afraid you're late. Don't look in the box to-morrow, remember, the little girl of the story is going to think awfully hard for the lonesome man. Good-by till Saturday."

passed like a dream—and like a dream came to an end at last.

I walked out toward Oak Lawn on Saturday, too early for tea, and stopped every now and then to wonder what was in store for me. I pictured Dorothy walking among the trees; again the rustic bench—and my fate.

The grounds were deserted. Even the house showed no signs of life. I quickened my steps and touched the bell. Arthur, answering the summons, invited me in and announced my arrival to Mrs. Morton.

In almost the same breath with her greeting she told me of Dorothy's departure on a visit of some days to relatives in the country.

It was more than a shock.

I was so completely unnerved I scarcely heard Mrs. Morton. I felt like telling her everything—taking her into my confidence—asking her advice and help. I nearly crazed me to have that fearful weight on my mind, unable to unburden myself to any one.

Mrs. Morton thought Dorothy had left something with Arthur to be delivered to me that evening at the theater, and would ask about it. She returned shortly with a package. I took my leave some way—how, I don't know, and tore open the wrapper. Two letters were enclosed, one with seal broken, addressed to Dorothy, the other bore my name—and was unopened. The following are faithful copies, and they tell their own story:

Providence, R. I., Nov. 2, 1901.

My Dearest Dot: Papa has at last given his consent for my marriage with "Jack" at the end of this season, his first as a leading man, so you see I am not to be a spinster, after all. "Jack's" company reaches your city on the 10th of this month, and I am going to ask you to do the greatest of favors—a friendship could prompt. You may shrink from it at first as dishonorable, but you can't know how anxious I am to know beyond question that "Jack" is proof against the charms of every other woman. Perhaps it's only a whim—a girl's fancy—maybe jealous; but humor me in any event.

Get acquainted with him some way—any way; make an impression on him, if possible—he doesn't know you, so there's nothing to fear on that score.

Let me know, dear, all he says and does. Write me in detail, and remember that I am counting on that love and constancy pledged during our years together under the guiding hand of our alma mater.

ing letter will make plain the meaning of the card and flowers. That's the way it started. God knows I'm sorry it ever started. It's the old story of playing with fire—with the inevitable consequences. I cannot accept this love I have won. I will not prove false to the trust Mabel has reposed in me. Of course, I can never see you again. If you knew how I love you, you could appreciate what it costs to pen these lines—my first and my last to you.

In only one respect am I going to fall short of Mabel's demands: I can't tell her what she wants to know. You do that, dear, somebody must—I can't. Forget if you can, when you come to our city again, that Dorothy Morton ever occupied that box night after night—flirt she will not again—though in doing so once she won and lost the only sweetheart she will ever have.

Goodby, darling. Surely I can be forgiven that little word when I am sacrificing so much. And, remember, you will always have, even if honor makes it count for nothing, all the love, now and always, of

DOROTHY MORTON.

That's all: I could not find it in my heart to do the telling, either. One of my best friends in the company did it for me. I suppose he must have told the boys about it, for they heard it somewhere, and wanted the facts preserved as a memorial of the time when, instead of being happily married, I grew to be the morose, unsocial member of a company of as good men and women as ever trod a board behind a footlight.

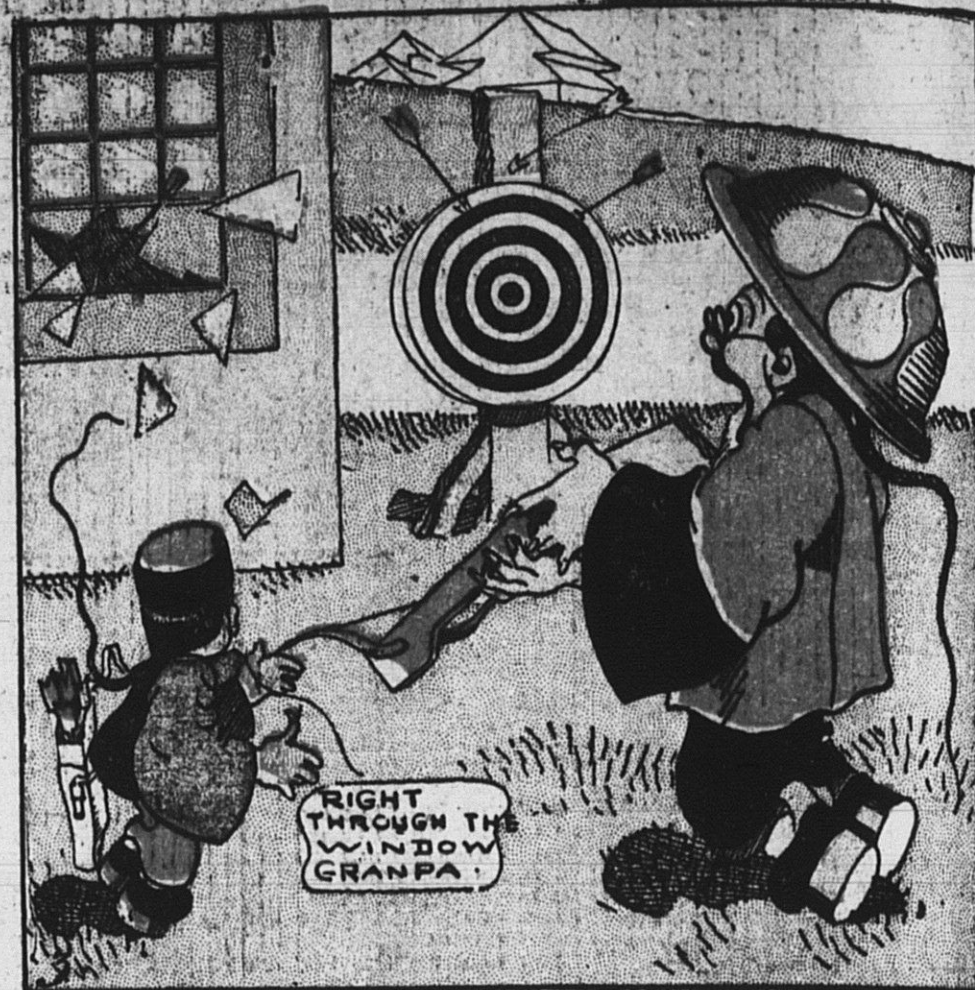
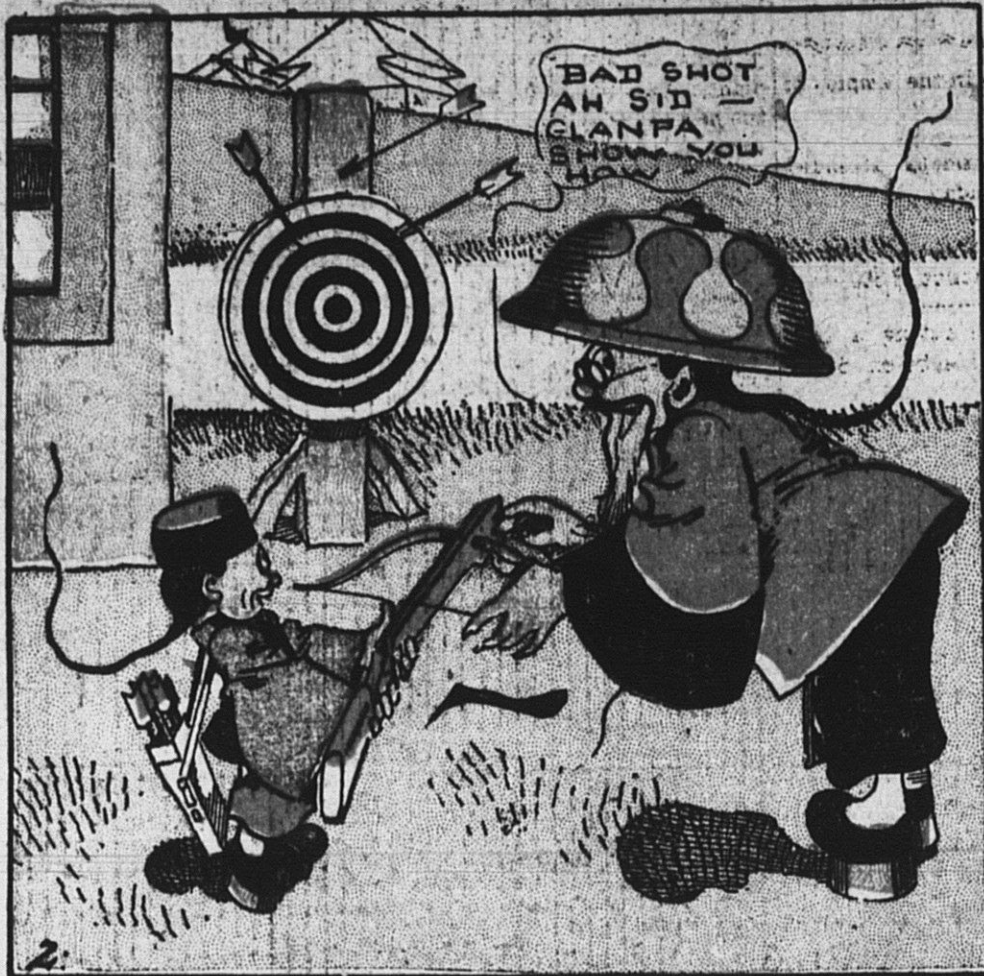
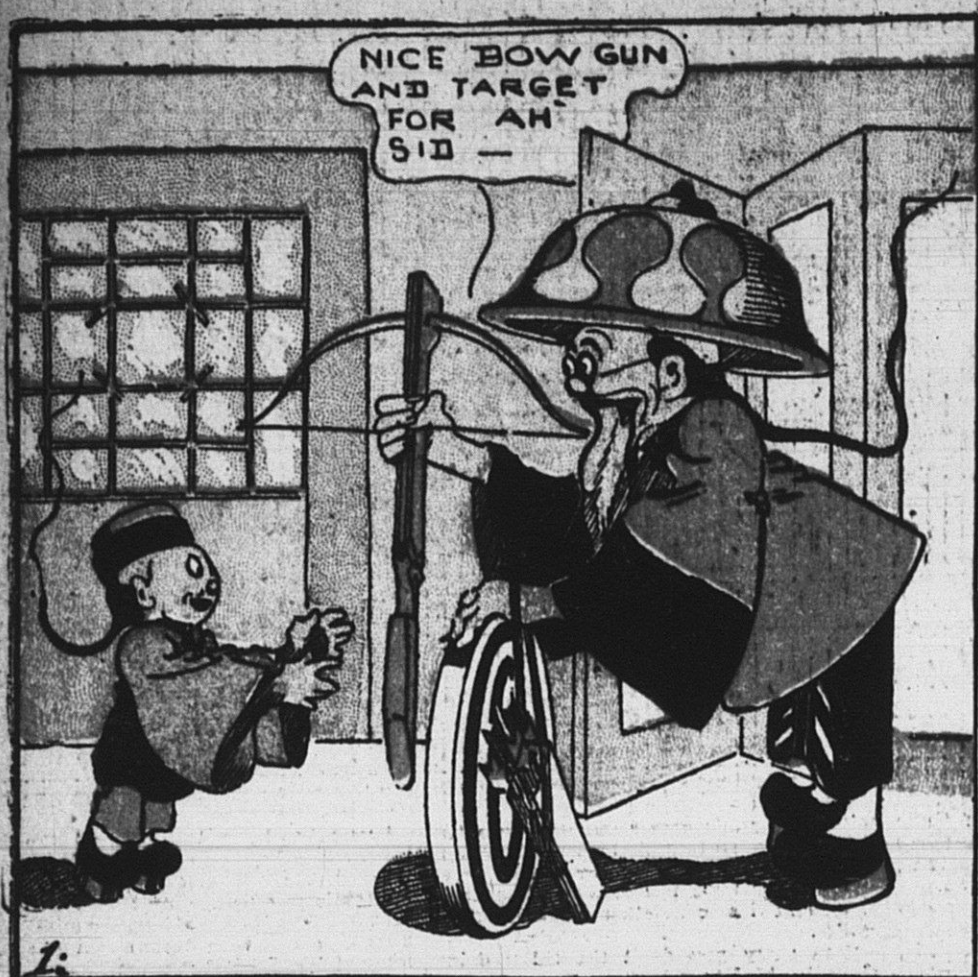
A Hard-Working Actress.

RACE GEORGE has justified the hundred thousand dollars her husband, Manager William A. Brady, spent in proving her worthy of being a star. She has done her part, too, for she has given her whole life to the hardest kind of work. She was born in Brooklyn, and was educated in a convent, which she left to go on the stage, making her debut in "The New Boy." Afterwards she succeeded Odey Tyler in "The Girl I Left Behind Me." She attracted attention in "Barley's Aunt" and in "The Wandering Minstrel." She made a brief excursion into the vaudeville and then returned to farce, making distinct hits in "The Turtle" and "Mile High." When Mr. Brady made her a star in the bargain, starting her first in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," she played very well, but which was a failure. "Her Majesty" increased Miss George's reputation and further depleted Mr. Brady's bank account. "The Southern Belle" was more successful, and then came "Pretty Peggy," in which she has been playing for two seasons, and which has firmly established



# LITTLE AH SID. THE CHINESE KID.

GRANDPA BUYS HIM A BOW GUN AND TEACHES HIM HOW TO USE IT.



## THE EDUCATION OF JERRY BY HIS BIG BROTHERS.





Eat all these with a great big grin,  
And live the life of Sunny Jim.

<b>Watermelons</b> Red, ripe and sweet, each 40c	<b>Carmels</b> The kind that taste right, pound 15c
<b>Pineapples</b> Rich, mellow and juicy, each 10c, 13c, 20c	<b>Marshmallows</b> Fine vanilla flavor, box 10c
<b>Strawberries</b> The best in the market at the lowest price.	<b>Bacon</b> The steak of leam and streak of fat kind, pound 14c
<b>Bananas</b> The large, ripe, yellow kind, a dozen 20c	<b>Pork Loin</b> Very fancy, cooked tender and sweet, pound 30c
Good ones, a dozen 15c	<b>Cooked Ox Tongue</b> Large can 60c
<b>Fancy Lemons</b> A dozen 25c	<b>Salmon</b> Very fine, 2 cans 25c
<b>Coffee</b> Barrington Hall the new steel cut coffee with the tannin bearing chaff re- moved, pound 35c	<b>Sardines</b> Domestic, can 5c
<b>Tea</b> Try our "All T." pound 50c	Imported, can 10c, 13c, 18c
<b>Dairy Butter</b> Always iced and in prime condition, pound 15c	<b>Peanut Butter</b> For toasted bread and crisp crackers, jar 15c
<b>Cheese</b> Fancy full cream, pound 10c	<b>Olives</b> That please epicurian taste, quart 40c
Canoe brand cream, Pkg. 10c	<b>Peaches</b> Large, ripe, yellow fruit, cut in perfect halves, and put up in rich heavy syrup, can 25c
Imperial cream, Pkg. 10c	<b>Rolled Oats</b> Very best, 7 pounds 25c
Brick cream, pound, 15c	<b>Rice</b> Fancy Carolina, 3 pounds 25c
<b>Cherries</b> California red and white, large and fancy table fruit per case \$2.00	Choice broken, 7 pounds 25c
<b>Oranges</b> Fancy Navel and Medium Sweets, the finest in the market, dozen 20c, 30c, 40c	<b>Flour</b> Chelsea Tip Top, sack 65c
<b>Chocolates</b> That melt in your mouth, pound 15c, 20c, 25c	Jackson Gem, sack 70c

In canned goods, bottled goods, picnic, lunch and camping supplies  
we have a large stock of carefully selected goods, which we sell at a very  
reasonable price. Ask for what you want and you will get it here.

## BREAD.

The Genuine Wagner Home-Made, fresh every morning, also Salt-  
rising Rye and Graham bread of the famous WAGNER make.  
Cinnamon Buns, Cut Buns, Lunch Cakes and Fried Cakes 10 cents  
per dozen. (Wagner make.)

## DON'T FORGET

That we are selling 100 dozen Ground Edge Tumblers at 22c dozen.  
Lamp Chimneys, big and little, 5c each.  
Laundry Soap, 13 bars for 25c.  
Ask to see our White and Gold dinner ware, it is up to date and  
will please you. Sold in open stock. You buy what you need and leave  
that you don't want.

## FREEMAN'S

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

## Chelsea Lumber & Produce Co.

## Seed Potatoes.

Early Ohio, Early Sunrise, Early Rose and all  
kinds of Late varieties.

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.

**FILES UPON TOP OF PILES.**  
Upon top of piles of people have  
been, and DeWitt's Witch Hazel  
cures them. There are many dif-  
ferent kinds of piles, but if you get the  
original and original Witch Hazel Salve  
by E. C. DeWitt & Co. of Chicago,  
it is certain. H. A. Tisdale, of  
Boston, S. C. says, "I had piles 20  
years and DeWitt's Salve cured me after  
everything else failed." Sold by Glazier  
and others.

**What's the secret of happy, vigorous  
health? Simply keeping the liver and  
kidneys strong and active. Burdock  
Blood Bitters does it.**

## LOCAL EVENTS

OF THE PAST WEEK FOR  
THE STANDARD'S READERS.

Lee Chandler is now in the employ of  
the Bank Drug Store.

Quite a number from Dexter attended  
the ball game here Monday.

The Summer School of the Normal at  
Ypsilanti has an attendance of 800.

Mrs. Mary Winans is having a new  
porch added to her residence on South  
street.

Arrangements are being perfected for  
a day of sports to be held some time in  
August.

The masons began laying the brick  
for the boilers at the White Portland  
Cement plant Tuesday.

The Michigan Central has a force of  
men at work here whitewashing the  
fence along their tracks.

There will be a Grange picnic rally of  
all the Washtenaw county Granges at Cava-  
naugh Lake about the middle of August.

Harry Shaver who was injured in a  
fall some time ago is able to get up  
town again without the aid of crutches.

Tommy McNamara is having a cement  
curbing placed on the gutter line in  
front of his residence on Middle street  
west.

A. C. Pierce returned from St. Louis,  
Mo., last Sunday, where he had been in  
charge of the Glazier Stove Co.'s exhibit  
at the Exposition.

Village Clerk Heselshwerdt was the  
first man in this place to buy a tax  
receipt from Treasurer Wm. Riemen-  
schneider this year.

The farmers in this vicinity are in the  
midst of haying and all report the crop  
as being about one-half per acre less  
than it was last year.

Thursday night the barns on the farm  
of Sir Geo. Reade, of Dexter township,  
were struck by lightning and burned  
with most of their contents.

The past month was the coldest by  
one-half degree average temperature of  
any June for 34 years, according to a  
statistically inclined gentleman.

Rev. Father Considine was called to  
Pinckney last Monday to assist at the  
funeral of John Devereaux, an old and  
respected resident of that place.

The Standard received the first of this  
week a neat souvenir program of the  
first annual reunion of the "Old Boys  
and Girls" to be held in Pinckney, Aug.  
3-4.

The Epworth League will have an ice  
cream social at the home of Mr. and  
Mrs. Ellis Keenan, on South street,  
Monday evening, July 11. Price 15  
cents.

The First National Bank of Flint, has  
commenced a suit at Ann Arbor against  
the township of Lodi for \$500, the price  
the town was to have paid for a road  
machine.

By the breaking down of a freight  
engine Wednesday morning near the  
cemetery traffic on the Michigan Central  
was badly demoralized for a couple  
of hours.

Married, Thursday evening, June,  
30, 1904, at the residence of Mrs. Thos.  
Wortley, on Middle street west, Miss  
Ella Duncan and Mr. Charles Currier.  
Rev. E. E. Caster officiated.

The Junior Stars, or rather what was  
left of them, were defeated by the O.  
K. Juniors, of Detroit, last Friday, by a  
score of 12 to 6. McCain was not in  
form and was touched up for 10 hits.

C. LeRoy Hill, who has been appointed  
to a position with U. S. Bureau of For-  
estry has been assigned to the Black  
Hills district, South Dakota and will  
leave tonight for Deadwood where he  
will begin his labors.

Gregory celebrated the Fourth in  
great style. They had a program con-  
sisting of two ball games, the usual foot  
races and other games to amuse the  
crowd and in the evening there was a  
fine pyrotechnic display.

Russell McGuinness, who is a member  
of the Junior Stars, was practicing with  
the boys just before the game was called  
Friday, was hit in the left eye with a  
batted ball, and for some time to come  
he will be out of the game.

Samuel Kinne, son of Judge E. D.  
Kinne, died at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Sun-  
day morning, of consumption. The  
Judge returned to his home in Ann  
Arbor Tuesday with the remains. The  
young man was 33 years of age.

The June crop report, issued from  
Lansing, states that the condition of  
the wheat crop in Michigan is 47 per  
cent of an average crop; rye 70  
per cent and other crops fair, and adds that  
the prospects for fruit are very good.

L. H. VanWormer, assistant state  
analyst of the dairy and food depart-  
ment, is in town today looking after  
thing in the grocery line.

Deputy Sheriff Fred Gillen is no  
longer in official life and will take a  
position in the business world. His  
plans are not definitely settled, and for  
the next week or two he will enjoy a  
vacation at Portage lake.

By a fall Tuesday evening, at the  
home of his mother on South street,  
Hon. C. S. Winans threw the radius out  
of joint at the elbow. While no serious  
results are looked for by the physicians  
in charge of the case, the accident will  
lay Mr. Winans up for some time.

Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Caster will on Fri-  
day evening of this week give a re-  
ception at their home to Rev. and Mrs.  
E. Wilbur Caster, of Medina, from 8  
until 10 o'clock, to which all of their  
friends are invited. This will be purely a  
social function, not for revenue.

Rev. J. I. Nickerson has tendered his  
resignation as pastor of the Broad  
street M. E. church, to take effect at  
the close of the year. It's been a long  
time since the church here has had a  
more consistent, earnest, or fearless  
worker, as pastor.—Adrian Press.

Chicken thieves have added a side  
line to their industry, as illustrated a  
few nights ago, when Mrs. James Rich-  
ards, of Railroad street, had several  
fine Plymouth Rock hens taken from her  
hen house, also a quantity of potatoes  
dug and carried away from her garden.

The Michigan National Guard has  
adopted white facing on the officers'  
uniforms to correspond with those of  
the regular army. The light blue fac-  
ings were adopted only a short time ago  
but a change was made by the U. S.  
army, hence the Michigan Guard follows  
suit.

The Baptist Union, with a member-  
ship of 10,000, met in convention at  
Detroit yesterday morning and will  
continue its sessions until Sunday night.  
It is estimated that fully 20,000 young  
people from the United States and  
Canada are present to assist in the  
work.

The Summer School of the University  
is still gaining in numbers and it is ex-  
pected several more will register this  
week. The literary department has  
364 enrolled as against 382 last year,  
but up to date there is an increased at-  
tendance in the medical and law de-  
partments.

Paul Martin, last Friday, who with  
some of his companions was playing  
with firearms, was by the premature  
discharge of one weapon shot in the  
arm. Fortunately for Paul there will be  
no serious results from the wound. The  
young man will carry his arm around  
in a sling for some time.

The last base ball game that will be  
played here for two weeks will be play-  
ed on Saturday of this week between  
the Junior Stars and the Detroit Inde-  
pendents. It will begin at 2:30 and  
will be a hummer as the Detroit team is  
a strong one. McCain and Reynold's  
will be Chelsea's battery.

A resident of this village was over-  
heard to remark that he had two cherry  
trees in his yard loaded with fruit  
but that he did not believe he would be  
able to gather any as there were some  
5,000 robins living in the trees at pre-  
sent, and that the birds gathered the  
cherries as fast as they turned red.

Miss Laura Reilly, daughter of James  
Reilly, of North Lake, who has been an  
inmate of St. Vincent's Asylum, De-  
troit, died at St. Mary's hospital, Wed-  
nesday, June 29, from diphtheria, and  
was buried in Detroit Friday, July 1,  
1904. Laura was nine years of age, and  
was a bright and interesting child.

The scientists say that the silk worm  
is doomed to extinction, silk being now  
made from wood pulp. If silk why may  
not cotton also be made out of wood  
pulp? This, it is true, would upset the  
South's chief industry, but there is a  
satisfaction in reflecting that it would  
put the boll weevil out of business.

Justice J. P. Wood yesterday imposed  
a fine of \$5.72 on George Young and  
Harry West paid \$3.72. The young men  
were charged with throwing stones  
through the windows of the residence  
of Mrs. Merker, Sylvan Center. This  
was the first official act of Justice Wood  
he having assumed his office July 4th.

At the C. E. state convention at Orion  
the past week a Veteran association was  
organized, to include officers and ex-  
officers of state, district, county and  
local unions, also local societies in Mich-  
igan, the object being to preserve the  
interest of those who for various  
reasons withdraw from active leader-  
ship in the work.

The secretary of state is now sending  
out to the census enumerators the war-  
rants for their pay. These warrants  
are drawn on the county treasurers and  
are payable from the funds of the county.  
In many of the counties the boards of  
supervisors did not anticipate the  
expense and it may be that some of the  
enumerators will have to wait for their  
pay.

# JULY CLEARING SALE.

## All Spring and Summer Goods

--- IN ---

## Every Department

Will be mighty scarce here when this sale closes. All Broken Lots,  
Odds and Ends, and Remnants, will be closed out regardless of price.

## GENUINE FROM START TO FINISH.

The goods we offer during this sale are new and up to date. Desira-  
ble merchandise, in every respect, at lower prices than you will find  
quoted at other places.

## Ladies' Ready Made Department.

A deep cut will be made here. All Suits, Skirts, Waists, etc., will  
be reduced from one-fourth to one-half in price.

## Dry Goods Department.

All Summer Dress Goods will be closed out at 5 and 10 cents per  
yard. These are regular 15c to 50c goods. If you want to see them  
come quick.

## Bargains in Shoes and Oxfords.

New, Stylish Footwear at lower prices than you will find anywhere  
else. We have the goods and if you will compare we can prove to your  
entire satisfaction that it pays to buy shoes here.

All Wool Ingrain Carpets at from 50c to 55c per yard.  
Bargains in Ladies' Summer Underwear.

# W. P. SCHENK & COMPANY

**Speed of Warships.**  
Those unfamiliar with the differences  
in the construction of ships made for  
war and peace may wonder that the  
speed of 13.1 knots an hour maintained  
by the Kearsarge is a cause of jubila-  
tion, when passenger steamers make more  
than 20 knots. The passenger ship be-  
ing built for speed is given a length ten  
times her beam measurement, while in  
the floating battery, the proportion is  
but five to one. The "liner" uses 25-  
000 to 37,000 horsepower, while the Kear-  
sarge used but 6,500.

**The Painter's Palette.**  
A well-known landscape painter was  
busy "dashing in" the colors of a sun-  
set. The tints were hurriedly conveyed  
from the palette to canvass, for the artist  
was anxious to catch the effect. A rustic  
standing by observed the operation for  
a little while and then remarked: "Ah,  
you be a-painting two pictures at once.  
That's clever." He paused a moment  
and then blurted out: "I like that pic-  
ture best—the one you've got your  
thumb through!"

**Claim of Russian Dairymen.**  
The Russian departmental report for  
trade and commerce alleges that much  
of the Russian butter reexported to  
England by Danish merchants is  
largely adulterated with oleomargarine  
and passed off as Danish produce.

**Germans in Germany.**  
The latest statistical estimates for  
the German empire place the population  
at 58,549,000. From these figures it ap-  
pears that the population has increased  
1.46 per cent. in the last year.

**Profitable Railroad.**  
The Wild Goose railway, seven miles  
long, from Nome to Anvil creek, earned  
its total first cost within 30 days of its  
opening, and shows increased earnings  
each year.

**To Cook Cauliflower.**  
Boil cauliflower with the head down  
and quite immersed in water. Cooked  
so, it will go onto the table much whiter  
than if exposed to the air while boiling.

**Cleaning Copper Ornaments.**  
To clean copper ornaments, wash in  
very hot soapy water and dry in hot  
cloths. Then rub with a piece of fresh  
rut lemon and polish with clean cloths.

**Cool Pastry Slowly.**  
To remove pastry suddenly from a hot  
oven to a cold pantry will inevitably  
make it heavy. It should be cooled off  
gradually in a warm room.

**Fervority.**  
So remarkably perverse is the nature  
of man, that he despises those that court  
him, and admires whoever will not bend  
before him.—Thucydides.

**Quite Natural.**  
Beattie—How love for Walter is dead.  
Lena—Did it die a natural death?  
"Yes; she had a better offer."—Town  
Topics.

Go to the Bean House for your

## SEED BEANS!

Choice re-cleaned \$1.50 per bushel.  
Choice hand-picked \$1.75 per bushel.  
Fancy Selected hand-picked \$2.00 per bushel.

J. P. WOOD & CO.

## PLANO REPAIRS.

All those in need of repairs call early before the  
rush. Agent for

Light Running Plano Harvesting Machinery,

A FEW HORSE RAKES AT GREATLY  
REDUCED PRICES.

C. G. KAERCHER.

## ROY HAVEN

Sharpens Lawn Mowers, Repairs Gasoline and  
Oil Stoves, Lead Pipe and Cistern Pumps,  
Flashes Chimneys, makes Chimney Tops,  
Lines Ice Boxes, Makes and Hangs Eave  
Troughs and

ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING.

CHELSEA PHONE NO. 95.

## MAJOR OZONE'S FRESH AIR CRUSADE

The was a man named Ozone,  
And fresh air was his fad;  
He talked about it to his friends,  
Until they felt quite sad.

But once he hit upon the plan,  
To give all kids a chance,  
To spend some weeks upon the farm,  
And in the fresh air prance.

The scheme it was a worthy one,  
But never did make good;  
And if you'll read the Funny Sheet,  
You'll see it never could.

(Next week's Comic Supplement will  
furnish laughs for all our readers.)  
Subscribe for the Standard.

## WILLIAM CASPARY,

The baker invites you try his

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

Everything strictly fresh and in first-  
class shape. Give a call.

LUNCHEONS SERVED.

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

WILLIAM CASPARY