

THE CHELSEA HERALD, Established 1871
THE CHELSEA STANDARD, Established 1899

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1910.

VOLUME 39. NO. 29

VINOL

The Modern Tonic Reconstructor.

Contains the two most world-famed tonics—the medicinal, strengthening, body-building elements of COD LIVER OIL and TONIC IRON. Vinol contains no oil, and is by far the BEST strengthening TONIC obtainable. We return your money without question if VINOL does not accomplish all we claim for it.

Grocery Department

FOR SATURDAY ONLY

8 Bars Acme Soap and 1 packages of Snow Boy Washing Powder for 25 cents, with one dollar or more order cash purchases (sugar excepted.)

HENRY H. FENN COMPANY

CHELSEA ROLLER MILLS

WE ARE SELLING:

Shelled Corn, per bushel.....	\$ 70
Clear Oats and Corn ground, per ton.....	28.00
Spring Wheat Bran, per ton.....	25.00
Winter Wheat Bran, per ton.....	27.00
Middlings, per ton.....	28.00
Oats, per bushel.....	.50

Don't forget we make the Good Flour.
Grinding of all kinds and Corn Cob Crushing.

Wm. Bacon-Holmes Co.

OLEOMARGARINE

Swift's Premium looks like butter, tastes like butter, more healthy than butter, better than butter, cheaper than butter.

JNO. FARRELL.

JEWELRY.

A complete line of Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, Spectacles, etc. A new lot of Set Rings at a bargain. See our line of Silverware you purchase.

A. E. WINANS & SON, Jewelers.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

HOLMES & WALKER

Having Purchased the
5c and 10c stock of
Frank J. Moore

We wish to close out the entire stock. So as to move it quickly we will on Saturday, February 26, offer all the 5c goods at 4c each and all the 10c goods at 8c each. Come early and get the bargains.

Monday, February 28

We will move our hardware to this building and open up an up-to-date hardware and furniture store

HOLMES & WALKER

WE WILL ALWAYS TREAT YOU RIGHT.

Amendment to Constitution.

A proposed amendment to Article VIII, Section 12 of the Constitution will be submitted to the electors at the election to be held on Monday, April 4, 1910, as follows:

"No county shall incur any indebtedness which shall increase its total debt beyond three per cent of its assessed valuation, except counties having an assessed valuation of five million dollars or less, which counties may increase their total debt to five per cent of their assessed valuation."

The effect of the proposed amendment is to give counties, having an assessed valuation of five million dollars or less, the right to increase their total debt to five per cent of the total assessed valuation.

Must Assume Own Risk.

Members of the Washtenaw Mutual Fire Insurance Company, who use acetylene gas in their homes, must first receive an endorsement upon their policy by one of the directors before the insurance can be collected under the policy in case of damage by fire. In event there is an explosion the owner of the outfit must assume his own risk.

This decision was reached at a recent meeting of the board of directors of the insurance company. It was also provided that every policy holder desiring to use this method of lighting, must pay the expense connected with the inspection by one of the directors of the organization.

The following losses were also allowed:

Mrs. Rebekah Richardson, Ypsilanti, damage to house and personal property, \$66.72.
S. J. Keuhl, Superior, damage to house, \$6.25.
F. J. Slabaugh, damage to house and contents, \$33.16.
Nathan Dibble, Saline, damage to house, \$3.

Report of Jail Inspectors.

The semi-annual report of the jail inspectors was filed with County Clerk Miller last week. The report covers the last six months and shows that during that time total of 232 prisoners were confined in the jail for the following offenses:

Drunk 108; drunk and tipsy, 2; disorderly, 10; vagrants, 64; assault and battery, 7; assault with attempt to commit rape, 1; adultery, 1; burglary, 2; bastardy, 2; contempt, 1; embezzlement, 1; forgery, 1; false pretenses, 2; indecent language, 1; insane, 4; jumping board bill, 7; jumping on train, 1; larceny, 13; illicit cohabitation, 2; non-support, 2; neglect of children, 1; peddling without license, 1; removing mortgaged property, 1; rape, 4; running away from home, 3; suspect, 1.

Of these, there were eight females, two charged with being disorderly, one with false pretenses, two insane, one larceny, one illicit cohabitation and one running away from home.

The inspectors report that the water closets are of poor construction and in bad condition, and they recommend the placing of new water closets in all parts of the jail proper of approved construction. This report is signed by Emory E. Leland, judge of probate, John W. Breining, Michael Staebler, Henry O'Neil, superintendent of the poor and W. K. Childs, county agent.

Students Feed Squirrels.

Students have banded themselves into a society for the relief of squirrels, and fully half the students one meets—and this is especially true to the male students—have a small bag of hickory nuts some place about their coats. The squirrels of Ann Arbor are improvident little beggars—true they steal at the nuts the enterprising grocer leaves uncovered in baskets in front of their stores in the fall—but Mr. Squirrel does not hide them away as does his far-seeing brother who still lives on the farm, in some hollow tree trunk, but instead he buries them in the ground, forgetting all about the snow and the ice that will cover them, and through which he is unable to dig. And so, along about now, the little beggars are so hungry and lank, they beg of the passers-by the nut that shall constitute them a full meal. They get so tame and so hungry they will climb up to one's shoulder and work to get the nut out from between one's teeth. Attention of the students was called to the condition of the squirrels on the campus and one downtown firm sent at once a bushel of hickory nuts to be distributed by the students to the campus squirrels. And so the squirrels' fast is broken—and for a time it matters nothing to them if the season is Lent, and a term to be kept by strict refusal to live on the fat of the land.

FARMERS' CLUB WENT TO ANN ARBOR FRIDAY

THEY WERE ENTERTAINED BY MR. AND MRS. GEO. BLAICH.

Last Saturday nearly forty of the members of the Western Washtenaw Farmers' Club took the 10:10 electric car and went to Ann Arbor where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Blaich, formerly of this place.

After a short time spent in a social way, the tables were taken possession of by a hungry bunch all of whom did ample justice to the splendid menu.

After dinner, N. W. Laird, president of the Club, called the assembly to order, and after the calling of the roll and the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting, Miss Jennie Reid of Ann Arbor favored the company with a beautifully rendered solo.

Alderman Manwaring of Ann Arbor was called upon and gave an interesting account of a trip he took through the west last fall.

Mrs. N. C. Reeves of Ann Arbor was then called upon and pleased all with two vocal solos.

Hon. W. W. Wedemeyer gave an account of a trip to Alaska that he made last summer, which was most interesting and gave all an insight into that vast country about which the most of us know so little.

The March meeting of the Club will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Burkhart.

Lincoln Postal Cards.

Saturday was the birthday anniversary of Abraham Lincoln, in honor of which the United States government will issue a series of Lincoln post cards, as it has already issued Lincoln pennies.

The portrait adopted for the postal cards is not the same head that is stamped on the penny, however. An entirely new bust was selected, this photograph being from the bronze bas relief made by Pickette. The photograph of the bust is the property of L. G. Muller, of the Lincoln Fellowship association of New York. The picture has been accepted by the government as the original from which the postal card etchings will be made.

Real Estate Transfers.

John Geddes and wife to Albert E. Winans, Chelsea, \$300.
William J. Knapp to Albert E. Winans and wife, Chelsea, \$1.
Charles H. Kempf, et al., to John Geddes, Chelsea, \$100.
Albert E. Winans and wife to Geo. P. Smith, Chelsea, \$1.
Elmer E. Smith, et al., to William J. Knapp, Chelsea, \$1.
George P. Smith to Albert E. Winans and wife, Chelsea, \$1.
C. W. Wagner and wife to George Ward, Sylvan, \$1.
Frances M. Kress to Mary Eder, Chelsea, \$1.
Frank Marshall, et al., to Clarence H. Heresman, Sharon, \$2,500.
Mary Eder to William F. Kress and wife, Chelsea, \$1.

Cost Four Billions.

The United States government has paid out in pensions since the foundation of the republic, nearly four billion dollars; to be exact, \$3,913,082,513.73. These figures are from a recent statement prepared by the commissioner of pensions for use of the house committee on appropriations. On account of the revolution there have been paid in pensions \$70,000,000; veterans of the war of 1812 have received \$45,757,369; while those serving in the Indian war have received \$9,995,909. In the war with Mexico there were veterans who received in pensions \$42,492,784. The civil war has proved the most costly to the government in the way of pensions. The report shows that \$3,086,401,840 had been paid out to veterans and their widows and orphans up to June 1 last.

On June 30, 1909, there were on the pension rolls in the United States 941,000 pensioners, who were receiving \$100,993,044. But pension money is not confined to the United States alone, but it appears that there are 17 pensioners living in China, who receive \$2,908. In Algeria one pensioner resides who is receiving help from Uncle Sam to the extent of \$144 a year.

In Michigan it appears, there are 39,793 pensioners on the rolls, who receive \$7,072,848 from the government.

Mrs. Lydia K. Hollis.

Mrs. Lydia K. Hollis died at her home on South street on the morning of Wednesday, February 23, 1910, after an illness of several weeks duration. Mrs. Hollis was born near Lisbon, Ohio, August 3, 1842, and was married to J. H. Hollis September 14, 1865. They lived at Salem, Ohio, until 1876, when they came to Michigan. For the past eighteen years, Mrs. Hollis has been a resident of Chelsea, where she has been prominent both in church and social circles. Mrs. Hollis was of a cheerful nature and made friends of all with whom she came in contact, and will be greatly missed.

She is survived by her husband and one daughter, Mrs. L. T. Freeman, who have the sympathy of the entire community in their bereavement. The funeral will be held from her late home on Friday afternoon, at 1:30 o'clock.

Frederick Oesterle.

Frederick Oesterle was born July 12, 1845, in Roeth, Wuerthenberg, Germany, and died at his residence in Sylvan, Saturday, February 19, 1910. He was united in marriage with Miss Kathren Lehman in 1865, and eight children were born to them, six sons and two daughters, all of whom are living but one son, Andrew. He is survived by the widow, the children, three brothers and one sister. The funeral was held from his late home and St. Paul's church Tuesday morning, Rev. A. A. Schoen officiating. Interment at Oak Grove cemetery.

Tenth Anniversary Banquet.

The tenth anniversary banquet celebrating the dedication of the Methodist church at this place, will be held at the church Friday evening at 6:30 o'clock. The following is the program for the evening:

Invocation.....Rev. M. Lee Grant
Toastmaster.....Rev. Dunning Idle
Toasts—"Standards of Measurement".....Rev. E. C. Dewey
Toasts—"Johnny on the Spot".....Rev. D. S. Shaw
Music.....Mrs. Dewey
Reading—"Watchin' the Spar-kin".....Mrs. Dewey
Toasts—"Expecting the Church".....Rev. Walter Fruit
The following menu will be served:
Escalloped Oysters Cold Boiled Ham
Potato Salad
Olives Sweet Pickles
Fruit Salad
Hot Rolls Butter
Ice Cream
White Cake Dark Cake
Tea Coffee
Salted Peanuts

Institute Officers.

At the farmers' institute for Washtenaw county held at Ypsilanti last week Chairman George Preston of the nominating committee presented the names of President J. E. Warner of Ypsilanti and Secretary Mrs. Helen Kelly of Ypsilanti for re-election, which was carried enthusiastically. The vice presidents are: Ann Arbor, J. M. Braun; Augusta, John K. Campbell; Bridgewater, G. F. Feldkamp; Dexter, W. F. Morrison; Freedom, Charles Scharer; Lima, Otto Luick; Lodi, Simon Kress; Lyndon, John Clark; Manchester, F. E. Spafard; Northfield, Claude Leland; Pittsfield, W. Housel; Saline, Delos Townsend; Scio, C. W. Tubbs; Sharon, Frank Hall; Sylvan, Herman Kruse; Superior, George Preston; Webster, Clay Alexander; York, Theo. Josenhans; Ypsilanti, Joseph Glasson.

To Print Own Postal Cards.

An innovation was instituted recently by the government, when, for the first time in the history of the country, Uncle Sam began the printing of his own postal cards. The work is done at the government printing office.

Until all of the new presses are installed, the issue will be approximately 1,500,000 a day; afterwards it will aggregate 3,500,000 a day. As soon as the special equipment for printing has been established a new card, to be known as the index, or library card, will be issued.

This card will be of an excellent quality of paper and of attractive designs. The paper used will not be quite so heavy as that used in the present card, but it will be more flexible and will take ink much better than the old yellow card.

Staggered Skeptics.

That a clean, nice, fragrant compound like Bucklen's Arnica Salve will instantly relieve a bad burn, cut, scald, wound or plica, staggers skeptics. But great cures prove it's a wonderful healer of the worst sores, ulcers, boils, felons, eczema, skin eruptions, as also chapped hands, sprains and corns. Try it. 25c at L. T. Freeman Co., H. H. Fenn Co. and L. P. Vogel.

The New Wall Papers ARE HERE.

We are prepared to show you the BRIGHTEST, CLEANEST, NEWEST STOCK OF WALL PAPER EVER SHOWN IN CHELSEA. We have selected the best designs and colorings from the leading manufacturers of this country. Our stock comes from such firms as Robt. Graves & Co., Becker, Smith & Page, The Glenhill Wall Paper Co., S. A. Maxwell & Co., and other equally well known makers.

The Designs and Colorings

this year are more beautiful than ever before. There is nothing that will go so far toward refurbishing and beautifying the home (for the money expended) as artistic and harmonious wall hangings.

Perhaps the Home Looks Dingy

and smoky; try as you will you cannot make things look bright and cherry with the broom and dust cloth.

The Remedy is New Wall Paper.

Come in and let us show you what we have; how to treat the hanging of the different kinds and styles; ask to see our books of helpful hints about the decoration of the home.

PRICES THE LOWEST AT THE

Rexall Store.

L. T. FREEMAN COMPANY.

GET THE HABIT

Habit is repeated action. You act upon a good suggestion and you are certain to acquire good habits. Saving is a habit. It follows suggestion and action. The saving habit is easier to form than any of the wasteful habits. You must "get the habit." The Farmers & Merchants Bank will help you.

Farmers & Merchants Bank

FRED H. BELSER'S

ONE-PRICE STORE

STOVES

It is the policy of this store to sell only reliable merchandise—goods that have INTRINSIC value and that best meet the requirements of our customers. In selecting our stock we have carefully discriminated to this end.

RANGES

General HARDWARE and FURNITURE

Implements, Wagons, Buggies and Harness

FRED. H. BELSER

The Chelsea Standard

O. T. HOOVER, Publisher. CHELSEA, MICHIGAN

HER VIEWS ON MERE MAN

Actress Firmly of Opinion That Members of the Male Sex Need to Be Looked After.

"Babies—all you men are mere babies. You all have to be taken care of. That's what we women are for. We will let you do all the voting for us, for you'll vote the way we tell you, anyhow. Do I believe in votes for women? Emphatically no."

THE "WET" AND "DRY" CAMPAIGN IS ON

QUEER WORK IS CHARGED IN JACKSON COUNTY TO GET "DRY" VOTES.

SECOND BATTLE IS HOT JUST NOW AND GROWING STILL WARMER.

Claim Colonization and That Legal Votes Were Prevented at Last Election.

The expense of the methods adopted by Supt. Geo. W. Morrow, of the Michigan Anti-Saloon league, in his management of the Jackson county local option campaign, has created a sensation. All the bitterness that marked the local option campaign, which was won by the "drys" by only 64 votes, has been stirred up afresh and there are charges and counter charges.

The "dry" leaders are alleging that Morrow's private detectives have been dealing with both sides and have laid a scheme to trap the "wets." The "dry" leaders, however, cannot explain Morrow's letter asking E. J. Brower to ship "dry" voters into Jackson county.

The "wets" assert that not only did the Anti-Saloon league try to colonize illegal voters in Jackson county, but also actually did prevent bona fide Jackson voters from returning to Jackson to exercise their franchise.

"Nearly 100 properly qualified and registered voters of Jackson were working in Flint at the time of the local option election last spring," said Ald. Stephen H. Carroll. "The Buick automobile factory was formerly located in Jackson and a few months prior to the election the Buick plant was moved to Flint and a number of the best workmen were taken to Flint, but their families remained in Jackson. They were, therefore, bona fide voters in Jackson county."

"The wets" secured the names of a number of these voters and requested them to come back to their home towns to vote. They all agreed to do so.

"A few days before the election an employe of the Anti-Saloon league went to Flint and interviewed these men. What methods he used to induce them to remain away from their home town and refrain from casting their ballots can best be explained.

"Some of the voters came back despite the methods used to persuade them to stay away, and while they were challenged by the Anti-Saloon league workers in the polling booths, not one of them was denied the right to vote, because each was able to demonstrate conclusively that he was a bona fide voter in Jackson county."

Prosecuting Attorney Van Zile, of Wayne county, has followed closely all developments in the controversy of the "Wets" vs. the "Drys" and relative to the letter which Superintendent George W. Morrow, of the Anti-Saloon league admits having written to E. J. Brower, of Grand Rapids, inquiring whether he could make up a trade whereby a hundred or two hundred men of Grand Rapids or Detroit could be rounded up for colonization in Jackson, he says:

"There is no reason for any judicial interference.

"No crime has been committed.

"There was no overt act by Superintendent Morrow."

Detroit's Gin Mills. Proceedings that may cut 1,000 saloons from the number now operating in Detroit have been begun by the Anti-Saloon league. Thursday a petition was filed in the supreme court to force Attorney General Bird to begin proceedings against the Detroit council to annul the licenses to over 1,400 present holders on the ground that under the Warner-Cramton law the licenses are illegally held. In Detroit last April there were 1,588 saloons. The population of Detroit under the last census was 285,704.

State Fair Date Is Made Later. It having been found that the holding of the annual state fair in Detroit during the week starting Sept. 5 would conflict with other big fairs held at that time, the business committee of the local organization met Monday and decided to postpone the opening until Sept. 19. It was also figured that the later date would be better for the exhibition of Michigan crops, which are not in the best of shape so early in the month. The fair directors will at once start to make an effort to increase the present fund issue from \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000 to cover the cost of erecting new administration, agriculture and automobile buildings. Eighteen of the 23 directors voted in favor of holding the fair during the week of Sept. 19 to 24.

Work Cure Does Wonders. The work cure is being tried successfully by one experimenter in cases of nervous troubles and mental ailments. Hard work is not exactly a universal panacea, but it is about the best all around remedy for human ills which has ever been discovered. It also ranks high as a preventative. People who have hard work to do have little time for indulgence in the luxury of nerves. Nature found out the remedy long ago. Science is a little late in the day in applying it.

Obligations. "So you are a bill collector," said the person who is careless about debts.

"I am."

"Well, you shouldn't be short or discourteous. If it weren't for people like me you'd have been out of a job long ago."

Muckrakers. "I've given up trying to prevent the country from going to the dogs."

"So have I. I figure that I can bear the calamity if I see rest can."

STATE BRIEFS.

Nina, the 2-year-old daughter of E. J. Carr, of Owosso, is seriously ill as the result of drinking kerosene, which the little one had mistaken for water.

The next legislature will be asked to provide authority under which state officers may handle a railroad property in case it ever becomes necessary again to attach a road for the taxes due.

E. C. Warriner, superintendent of Saginaw schools, has made public a plan by which 2,000 pupils of the public schools will be taught to swim in the Burt Manual Training school pond.

Ionia has a second automobile factory in eight which will manufacture a new kind of machine. John R. Bible, of Ionia, and a Detroit man whose name is not given out, will head the company.

Game Warden Pierce has announced the appointment of Philip J. Hogan, of Negaunee, as deputy state fish, game and forestry warden, to take the place of William Harrington, resigned.

Executive Clerk Fred Quigley has stated that the indeterminate sentence papers of Frank P. Glazier, filed by Judge West, at Lansing, are incomplete, and that they will be returned for more details.

Official announcement was made Friday from the weather bureau that there is now more snow on the ground in the upper peninsula than at any time since 1904. It lacks but an inch of being two feet.

A G. R. & I. snow plow went off the track at Traverse City, struck an icy crossing, lifted into the air and landed in a snow bank without overturning. The engine was buried in a drift. No one was hurt.

Albin Johnson, Harry Warner and Charles Triger, three young men of Muskegon, nearly lost their lives when the ice boat which they were sailing plunged into an opening in Muskegon lake Thursday.

Congressman McMorran, of Port Huron, has started suits against nine insurance companies for \$11,000, claiming that this amount is due him because of the loss by fire of the McMorran Pea Mills building.

Struck by a speeding train and hurled a considerable distance, James Chambers, of Marshall, escaped with bruises. The horse was hurt and the rig was demolished. Chambers was found unconscious by a neighbor.

Cleveland H. Bandholtz, of Grand Rapids, son of Gen. Bandholtz, who is now serving as head of the Philippine consular, passed the West Point examination recently and will examine the post by President Taft.

The Michigan Central railroad is planning to build an extension from its Bay City line to some point on the St. Clair river. It is expected an extension will be built from Lenox to Rochester and Utica via Mt. Clemens.

The board of control of the burned Michigan Masonic home is considering removing the home from Grand Rapids to Battle Creek or some other point. The sanitarium is on sale at Battle Creek and this may be purchased.

Alexander Kiveia, employed by the Quincy Mining Co., at Houghton, was instantly killed Friday by being run over by a ship in shaft No. 7. The body was cut in two and carried 20 feet up the shaft when it dropped 150 feet to the bottom of the shaft.

A controversy over the discharge of a cabinetmaker at the Oriel Cabinet Co. may result in a wholesale furniture strike at Grand Rapids. The employees' association has upheld the Oriel company and serious complications threaten to tie up the industry.

Mrs. F. W. Joslin, Sr., has an interesting exhibit in one of the store windows of Big Rapids which shows the superiority of Big Rapids lemons over California lemons. This lemon, the size of grape fruit, was grown on a tree owned by Mrs. Joslin, and is exhibited with several of the largest California obtainable, which look very small in comparison.

Although Lenten services are being held in the local Catholic and Episcopal churches, Epistolary society salutes are whirling in a giddy, giddy manner. Gay parties are being held at the Normal Saturday evening the Lincoln club gave a big banquet. Normal sororities are entertaining in a lavish manner, and staid matrons have caught the gay infectious ways of the society "buffs," and thimble and postcard parties are all the rage.

Clinton and Allen Glassburn, brothers, of Cadillac, aged respectively 22 and 19, were sentenced to life imprisonment at Jackson prison for the murder of Herman Schauffa Jan. 24. Sheriff Evans testified at the trial that the brothers confessed that they entered Schauffa's cabin on the pretext of getting a drink of water and that the younger brother felled the victim with a hammer while the older man assisted with a crosscut saw. Their motive was robbery, but they obtained only \$1.20 when they rifled Schauffa's pockets.

State Labor Commissioner "Dick" Fletcher, who is also a county road commissioner of Bay county and an alderman of Bay City, is up against the dire necessity of resigning one of the latter offices. Under the city charter the senior alderman of each ward is a member of the board of supervisors, and "Dick" becomes the senior member next April. The act creating the board of county road commissioners declares specifically that no member of the board of supervisors shall be a member of the commission.

The Northport branch of the G. R. & I. was sealed up by two wrecks last week. A big snowplow and engine went into the ditch Friday at Helmsforth's crossing, less than a half mile from where the first wreck occurred early in the week. There had been no train to Northport since Monday.

Justice Levi R. Robbins, of Port Huron, at the age of 86 years, has been taken to the St. Clair county infirmary, where he will, in all probability, spend the remainder of his life. Several years ago he was reputed to be worth more than \$50,000, but he lost his fortune in litigation, his one-time friends say.

15 BEEF KINGS ARE INDICTED

ARMOUR, SWIFT, MORRIS AND OTHERS ACCUSED OF PRICE PLOT.

FOOD KEPT IN COLD STORAGE 7 YEARS, IS TESTIMONY OF NEW YORK INQUIRY.

Senator Benjamin R. Tillman, of South Carolina, Suffers a Stroke of Paralysis at Washington—He May Possibly Recover.

Indictments against 15 directors of the National Packing Co., otherwise known as the "beef trust," as individuals, were returned by the grand jury of Hudson county, New Jersey.

The beef magnates are charged with conspiring to raise prices by keeping food in cold storage for protracted periods, seven years being given in evidence as the time during which quantities of edibles were held.

The indicted trust magnates are: J. Ogden Armour, L. E. Swift, Edward Morris, E. F. Swift, Ira N. Morris, Arthur Meeker, Edward Tilden, T. J. Connors, L. A. Carlton, T. E. Wilson, C. H. Swift, L. H. Heyman, Samuel McRoberts, F. A. Fowler, A. W. Armour.

The voting of these indictments is believed to be the forerunner of the finding of more true bills by the Jersey grand jury.

The finding of the true bills was the sequel to the evidence of Dr. George E. McLaughlin, a Jersey City bacteriologist, who testified that bacteria developed in meat that had been taken from cold storage and treated to a freshening-up process. Experiments had proved to his satisfaction, he declared, that meat treated in this way was menacing to the public health.

One of the officers of the Merchants Refrigerating Co., a cold storage concern of Jersey City, brought before the grand jury a turkey that he said had been in cold storage for seven years. It was still, he maintained, a perfectly good turkey, and he would be glad to have a chance to eat it himself. This was by way of refuting the ideas advanced by Dr. McLaughlin.

It was proved that the accused directors met and agreed to keep things in storage until such time as prices were at the point where it would be most profitable to release them.

The National Packing Co. was incorporated in New Jersey on March 18, 1903, and it owns the capital stocks of the following companies engaged in the business of packing meat products: The Fowler Packing Co., the St. Louis Dressed Beef & Provision Co., the Fowler Canadian Co. (Ltd.), Fowler Bros. (Ltd.), of Liverpool, the Omaha Packing Co., the Hammond Co., the G. H. Hammond Co., the Anglo-American Provision Co., the United Dressed Beef Co. Its capital stock was \$15,000,000.

SEN. TILLMAN MAY LIVE But Probably Can Never Make Another Speech.

Senator Benjamin R. Tillman of South Carolina, is critically ill with paralysis and aphasia at Washington. While his case continues to be extremely grave, his chances for recovery are said by the attending physicians to be better than ever. This gleam of hope, born of the fact that

Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for 48-page Illustrated Eye Book Free. They will advise you if you have any eye trouble and tell you the proper application of the Murine Eye Remedies in your Special Case. Your Druggist will tell you that Murine Relieves Sore Eyes, Strengthens Weak Eyes, Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain, and sells for 50c. Try It in Your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids and Granulation.

There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Outward appearances are often misleading. One can't always tell what is in a man and a mince pie by their looks.

Distemper In all its forms, among all ages of horses and dogs, cured and others in the same stable prevented from having the disease with Spohn's Distemper Cure. Every bottle guaranteed. Over 500,000 bottles sold last year. \$3.00 and \$1.00. Good drugists, or send to manufacturers, Agents wanted. Write for free book. Spohn Med. Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

The Unterrified Improver. First Angel.—What is the rumpus in the seventh heaven?

Second Angel.—A moral uplifter has broken through the roof trying to find an eighth heaven.

An Idle Threat. Son.—No, sir, father, I absolutely refuse to go to work.

Father.—Careful, boy; don't you make such idle threats to me.

IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND ANYTHING better for sore throats, backaches or stitches than Perry's Peppermint Cure. Get the large size. It is the cheapest. At all druggists, 50c, 10c and 5c bottles.

It is easy to offend people who have no use for you.

How often do you eat this food?

A short time ago there appeared in the columns of one of the prominent magazines an article on building brain and muscle by the proper selection of the foods you eat.

A good many people were surprised to find oatmeal placed at the top of the list of foods recommended; but if the article had appeared in an English or Scotch paper every reader would have expected to see first place given to good oatmeal.

As a matter of fact Great Britain and Europe come to us for tremendous quantities of Quaker Oats because it represents to them perfect food, being the richest in flavor and best in cleanliness and purity, of all oatmeals.

Americans should eat more Quaker Oats; the results would soon show themselves in improved conditions of health and strength.

KNOW HER STYLE.



Suitor.—But, you haven't asked me yet whether or not I can make a living for your daughter.

Father.—Never mind, Henry; if you marry her she'll see to that.

KEEP BABY'S SKIN CLEAR

Few parents realize how many esthetic lives have been embittered and social and business success prevented by serious skin affections which so often result from the neglect of minor eruptions in infancy and childhood. With but a little care and the use of the proper emollients, baby's skin and hair may be preserved, purified and beautified, minor eruptions prevented from becoming chronic and torturing, disfiguring rashes, itchings, irritations and chaffings dispelled.

To this end, nothing is so pure, so sweet, so speedily effective as the constant use of Cuticura Soap, assisted, when necessary, by Cuticura Ointment. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole proprietors, Boston, for their free 32-page Cuticura Book telling all about the care and treatment of the skin.

Two Votes. The first time I ran for the general assembly one of the prominent citizens of my community told me that he was going to vote against me because when I was a shaver I threw a rotten apple at his horse. Another prominent citizen told me that he was going to vote for me because when I was a shaver I put a rotten egg in a buggy cushion belonging to the woman he worked for and he had never liked the woman. Think of it! And yet such stuff has thrown the scales where thrones have been at stake.—From a speech at Norwich by former Gov. George P. McLean of Connecticut.

Does He Love Anybody? Von Moltke had some few human failings. He loved his wife devotedly, but conquered his alma mater, Denmark, even after she had educated him for the military service out of her poor, stingy pocket. But Kitchener is a machine man only. He loves neither man nor woman. His spear has never known a brother, as its sharp point has heven assunder the bodies and souls of the sons of women.—Boston Post.

Comparison Shunned. "You didn't cry at all at the matinee."

"No," answered the reposeful girl; "I couldn't think of such a thing."

"But the young woman with you wept copiously."

"Of course. Her lace handkerchiefs are ever so much more elegant than mine."—Washington Star.

Free to Our Readers. Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for 48-page Illustrated Eye Book Free. They will advise you if you have any eye trouble and tell you the proper application of the Murine Eye Remedies in your Special Case. Your Druggist will tell you that Murine Relieves Sore Eyes, Strengthens Weak Eyes, Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain, and sells for 50c. Try It in Your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids and Granulation.

There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Outward appearances are often misleading. One can't always tell what is in a man and a mince pie by their looks.

Distemper In all its forms, among all ages of horses and dogs, cured and others in the same stable prevented from having the disease with Spohn's Distemper Cure. Every bottle guaranteed. Over 500,000 bottles sold last year. \$3.00 and \$1.00. Good drugists, or send to manufacturers, Agents wanted. Write for free book. Spohn Med. Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

The Unterrified Improver. First Angel.—What is the rumpus in the seventh heaven?

Second Angel.—A moral uplifter has broken through the roof trying to find an eighth heaven.

An Idle Threat. Son.—No, sir, father, I absolutely refuse to go to work.

Father.—Careful, boy; don't you make such idle threats to me.

IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND ANYTHING better for sore throats, backaches or stitches than Perry's Peppermint Cure. Get the large size. It is the cheapest. At all druggists, 50c, 10c and 5c bottles.

It is easy to offend people who have no use for you.

SEN. SMITH OPERATED ON

Undergoes Successful Operation and is Recovering.

Senator William Alden Smith, of Michigan, underwent a surgical operation for appendicitis at the Homeopathic hospital at Washington.

Dr. Louis Barth, the senator's family physician, called from Grand Rapids, assisted by Dr. T. L. MacDonald, a noted Washington surgeon, performed the operation.

The surgeons were amazed, when an exploratory incision had been made, to find that the senator was in a much more alarming condition than they had supposed.

The attack of appendicitis had advanced to the stage where peritonitis might have supervened at any moment and caused a fatal termination to the senator's illness.

Senator Smith was on the operating table for nearly an hour, about double the time allowed for an appendicitis operation, but this was due to the unexpectedly serious state in which the patient's internal organs were found.

Prior to using the knife the surgeons spent at least 20 minutes in bringing Senator Smith under the influence of chloroform, his strong constitution rendering him less susceptible to the influence of the anaesthetic than is generally the case.

Unless unforeseen complications arise, Senator William Alden Smith, of Michigan, will walk out of the Homeopathic hospital a well man, was the prediction made Sunday by Dr. T. L. MacDonald, who has been placed in charge of the case.

So favorable were all symptoms that Dr. Louis Barth, of Grand Rapids, who performed the operation on the senator, left for home. Dr. MacDonald stated that the senator shows no signs of weakening. His heart and general physical condition have responded to treatment, and there does not seem to be any indication of complications resulting.

Cleveland Has Three-Cent Fares. Three-cent street car fares went into effect Friday night, marking the end of the traction war begun by Tom L. Johnson in 1901.

The three-cent fare is to be continued eight months, the Taylor grant, approved Thursday, providing for a test for that period.

If the rate of fare fails to show a 6 per cent profit in eight months, a higher fare may be charged. The maximum is four cents, however, during the life of the grant, which is 25 years.

The eight-year war has cost the stockholders of the street car company a paper loss of \$40 on a share of \$100 par value. Yesterday the price jumped on the exchange from 93 to 96.

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. Watson* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

These Knowing Children. "Come here, Mamee, dear. Look at this beautiful Misty girl. Isn't she lovely? I don't think Misty ever drew a more charming figure!"

"Do you think, papa, that this is the model that used to sit on Mr. Misty's knee?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Make \$500 in Gold. Read the magnificent offer by the John A. Salzer Seed Co. in another part of this paper. Get your wits to work and capture the \$500.00, and at the same time secure a supply of the most reliable seeds on earth. The company is one of the largest in the country, and thoroughly responsible.

A Benefactor. "Are you doing anything for others?" asked the philanthropist.

"Sure," answered Mr. Crosslots, "I make a garden every year for the benefit of my neighbors' chickens."

DRUNKENNESS IS unworthy when you can have it removed without anybody's knowledge. Acme simple home-treatment will do the work. Write E. Fortin, Dickey Bldg., Chicago, Ill, for free trial.

Correct. Johnny.—What is an ocean?

Johnny.—A body of water necessitating battleships.—New York Sun.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALM is the old reliable cough remedy. Found in every drug store and in practically every home. For sale by all druggists, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 bottles.

Commonplace though it may appear, this doing of one's duty embodies the highest ideal of life.—Smiles.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. It cures colds, coughs, croup, whooping cough, and all other ailments. Write for free trial. E. W. GROV'S signature on each box, 25c.

Landlords and tenants can never see through the same spectacles.

The family tree of a bunko man must be a slippery elm.

WHEN YOUR BACK ACHES SUSPECT THE KIDNEYS.

Backache is kidney ache, in most cases. The kidneys ache and throb with dull pain because there is inflammation within. You can't be rid of the ache until you cure this cause—the kidneys.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys. G. S. Warren, 1517 No. 7th St., Boise, Idaho, says: "An injury to my back years ago left me lame. I had to use a cane, and it hurt me terribly to stoop or lift. The kidney secretions passed too frequently. For five years since I was cured by Doan's Kidney Pills, I have had no return of the trouble."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A CAUTIOUS HUSBAND.

Mrs. Henpeck—John, what's your honest opinion of my new hat?

Mr. Henpeck—Don't ask me, Mary. You know you're much bigger and stronger than I am!

Coffroth Wins Race, London to Frisco. James W. Coffroth, fight promoter, won his bet of \$2,000 made with a member of the National Sporting club of London that he could reach San Francisco in ten days from London. Coffroth had a margin of two hours and forty minutes.

Coffroth, according to agreement, sent a telegram to Eugene Corri, with whom he had the wager. When he arrived at the Oakland pier he was welcomed by a large delegation that cheered him as he stepped from his car.

The time made by Coffroth is the fastest ever made from London to San Francisco over the Atlantic and across the continent. He made the trip in nine days, five hours and five minutes.

The journey from Omaha to San Francisco was made on the famous San Francisco "Overland Limited" of the Union Pacific-Southern Pacific, and is simply another victory for Safety, Service, Speed via the old Overland Route.

Not Actually Necessary. The lawyer proceeded to examine the witness.

"Pardon the question, Mrs. Chucksley," he said, "but your answer constitutes a part of the record. How old are you?"

"Why, you ought to know, Mr. Sharpe," she answered; "my birthday is the same as yours, only I was born ten years later than you were."

"Ah, yes, I remember. Well, it isn't important, anyhow. Go ahead, Mrs. Chucksley, and tell the jury what you know about this case."

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The family tree of a bunko man must be a slippery elm.

COURAGE THAT WAS BULLET-PROOF

By EDWARD B. CLARK
COPYRIGHT BY W.A. PATTERSON

SOME of the veteran non-commissioned officers of the army have twice as many stories up their sleeves as they have service stripes on them. An old sergeant who has been doing duty at Fort Myer recalls occasionally to his comrades with a warmth of admiration and sympathy in his voice the devotion to duty of Hans Mueller, who years ago was a trumpeter in the Third cavalry.

Hans was more or less of a butt for the jokes of the men of his troop. He took all kinds of jibes with a good nature that was as perfect as it was stolid. The trumpeter knew more about music than he did about muskets. When for awhile he tried what the other men called straight soldiering he was continually getting tangled up with his equipments and on several occasions at skirmish drill he came within an ace of shooting himself. His comrades told Hans that as long as he confined his efforts to killing himself they would offer no strenuous objection, but that if he got real careless and shot the head off some one else he must look out for trouble. As a matter of fact, he did one day come pretty close to putting a bullet through the heart of Sergeant Peter Nelson, who forthwith thrashed Hans in an approved style. Capt. Roberts called Hans "gross" and said that he must stick to his trumpet.

The edict of his chief made Hans feel badly. He blew the whole scale of calls, from reveille through fatigue, recall and drill to taps, but his soul wasn't in his music. Down deep in Hans' soul there came a thought that somehow he was not like other men. The smartness of appearance which



THERE FOR FIVE MINUTES THEY EXCHANGED SHOTS WITH THE REDS



TYPICAL MEMBERS OF THE UTE TRIBE

characterized Sergeant Nelson, Corporal Brady and a score of privates he knew could never be his. There was lacking in his makeup that something which gives dash to a soldier. Hans used to fall over his feet in a most unilitary way and his hands were never in their proper places. There was one thing, however, that could be said of him—he always tried to obey orders implicitly. He generally blundered a number of times while making the attempt, but the intent was right and that covers a multitude of sins much more serious in nature than mere blunders.

The Third cavalry was in the Wyoming country in the Elk Horn creek region. There had been a good deal of trouble with the Nez Perces and L. troop had been kept on the jump most of the time for a month. L. troop was Hans' outfit. There had been one constant succession of scoutings. It had been necessary to send small squads in half a dozen different directions at one and the same time. The trumpeter had been forced to stay with the main body, which was not a very big main body at that, at all times. He had been in everything in which the troop was engaged, but the idea of sending Hans out on a reconnaissance where coolness and the subtlety of the devil were necessary for safety was the last thing that ever entered the head of the troop commander.

One day, however, one of the coldest days of the second winter month, it became necessary to send a scouting party to investigate the rumor of the approach of a band of savages. Now it happened that the whole band was fagged out, and this in a nutshell is the reason why Hans Mueller found himself for the first time in his life in a position of acute responsibility. He was ordered by Capt. Roberts to proceed with Sergeant Nelson and two privates northwest until something was "felt" or until the sergeant was satisfied that a wrong report had been turned into the camp.

When the little body set out the fatigue of the individual members of the troop showed that it was not so to speak, strong enough to keep these same individuals from giving Hans a send-off. Hans had a carbine and a revolver. His trumpet was hanging up on a peg. One of the bystanders said to the sergeant in command, "Look out for Hans if you happen to get in a scrimmage. The first thing you know he'll forget himself and he'll try to blow retreat" on his carbine. You may lose one man if Hans puts his mouth to the wrong end of the barrel.

Then they said a few other things to Hans. He was

half as bad, perhaps, as the troopers make out, but I tell you honestly that I'm kind of afraid of you when it comes to a pinch. Do the best you can and don't run. As a matter of fact I think Jim Crosby was pipe-dreaming when he brought the rumor of reds in this vicinity into camp, but you may have a chance to see trouble, and if you do, please stick."

That was a pretty tough thing to have to say to a soldier with Uncle Sam's uniform on his back. Stick! Mueller's face went almost white until realization that the true significance of that admonition was that the sergeant had a pretty strong fear in his heart that this trumpeter tooter was a coward. Stick! He would show them if he was only given a chance.

Sergeant Peter Nelson was an old and tried campaigner, indeed, but that day he had made a mistake. He led his three men straight into an ambush. There was a score of painted Nez Perces straight across their way. The Indians had very little cover, but they used it so artfully that the old sergeant had actually thought that the bit of embankment and the few scattered bowlders did not offer cover enough to conceal a jack rabbit.

The first intimation of the Indians' presence was a volley. Sergeant Nelson went to the ground with a wound in his side. One of the privates, shot through the shoulder and leg, fell with him. The two men crawled behind a couple of rocks and secured temporary shelter. At the savage volley Hans Mueller's heart went to his throat. With the other private, who, like Hans, was unhurt, he fell back about 40 yards and went behind an adequate cover. There for five minutes they exchanged shots with the reds, who, in accordance with Indian custom, would not charge across the open, but depended rather upon being able to pick off the soldiers and then go forward without danger and take the scalps. Hans Mueller found that he could use his carbine. His heart went down in his throat. He looked around him and went that there was some chance of holding the savages off for hours. Out beyond he saw his two stricken comrades. They were not dead. He knew that because he saw them move and occasionally weakly raise themselves and send a shot in the direction of the red foe. Then he handed his carbine to his comrade and here. "You may need these," with it his belt and ammunition. "Then he jumped over he said, "if those fellows hit me." Then he shambled the rock in front of him and with his long, shambling, ungainly stride he made for the side of Sergeant Nelson. The Indians pumped at him. The balls whizzed by his

head, cut his clothes in three places and spat spitefully at his feet. Telling Nelson to grab his carbine, Mueller raised the sergeant in his arms and made for back cover. He dropped the sergeant under the shadow of the rock and then stood on his feet.

"Where are you going, Mueller?" said Sergeant Nelson.

"I'm going after Dodds," said Mueller, and he cleared the little rock to the front once more.

"God bless you, Mueller," was what he heard above the crackling of the rifles to his front. He reached the side of the wounded Dodds, raised him and started back with him across the strip of hell. Twice he staggered, as volleys rang out, but he reached the side of his comrades and placed Dodds between Nelson and the unwounded trooper.

Then Hans Mueller fell dead.

Relief came to the surviving cavalryman. The two wounded lived. In the little cemetery at a post in the far northwest there is a headstone which is inscribed: "Hans Mueller, Trumpeter and Soldier. His courage was bullet proof."

There passed through the gates of Fort Myer the other day a man with coal black face and snow-white hair. His bearing was military to a degree, notwithstanding the fact that he limped painfully. His shoulders were thrown back and his head erect and carried with a probably conscious air of pride. The limp in the gait, however, was so marked that an observer, if he gave the subject any thought at all, would know that this negro would never run a step in his life.

The name of the Fort Myer visitor was and is Henry Johnson, one time of Troop K, Ninth United States cavalry. If certain of the soldier officers and enlisted men of the colored outfit of Uncle Sam had known that the thought that this limping ex-soldier would never run again had entered into an onlooker's mind, he probably would have said: "No, Johnson never will run again, but if he could have kept up the gait that he once showed these 100-yard sprinting records that we hear so much of in this day of sports would be headed by another and the name of the holder would be Henry Johnson."

There isn't the slightest doubt among cavalry officers who have long memories that the world's champion sprinter was lost to track fame when Henry Johnson, colored trooper went lame 25 years ago.

In the month of November, 1879, a band of Ute Indians surrounded a small command of United States regulars, composed for the greater part of Troop K, Ninth colored cavalry. There was for a while the heaviest kind of fighting, and at close quarters. Finally the reds retreated a little way, but still held their cordon of braves intact. The temporary withdrawal for a short distance did not give the troops a breathing spell, for they set to work at once to entrench. They succeeded, with their horses and impediments and by a vigorous use of the shovel, in forming and in throwing up a fairly strong defense bulwark. After this had been done small parties, under cover of the rifles of their comrades, went out to a considerable distance from the entrenchment and there dug rifle pits at intervals in a circle about the inner and stronger defense.

Into these well-covered rifle pits guards were dropped with a plentiful supply of ammunition and such little water and provender as could be spared. There was one man in each pit. They were absolutely protected from the front and they were put there to perform the usual useful duty expected where troops are thus besieged. Unless the Utes actually succeeded in getting into these pits, the men there were safer than were those behind the extemporized fortification in the center. After the pickets had been placed in the pits and the fatigue and posting parties had returned to the central point of defense, the Indians drew in. The red circle was drawn closer and closer and the bullets from the Ute rifles tore through the frail parts of the barricade and soldier after soldier was killed or wounded.



TOOK A COURSE LIKE THE FLIGHT OF A SNIPE

Three times the Indians were driven off, only to return again. They had lost heavily, but seemed to be roused to a maddened pitch that made them heedless of caution. For the fourth time they were sent hurtling backward and then there came the awful necessity of sending instructions to the men in the outlying pits.

The captain commanding was just about to give over all idea of attempting messenger communication because of the deadly nature of the errand, when Private Henry Johnson came up to him, saluted, and said that he would like to volunteer to make the round of the guards.

"You can't do it, Johnson," said his commanding officer. "It's death."

"Yes, I can, sir; I'm a sprinter. When they shoots at me running sideways 'round the ring they can't do nothing but cut daylight behind my back. I've beat everything in the regiment running and I beat everything in my state before I listed."

The result of this dialogue and some thought on the captain's part was that a moment afterward a blue-clad figure was darting in zigzag lines straight away from the barricade toward the first rifle pit. How that negro did run, notwithstanding the fact that he took a course like the flight of a snipe when it is first flushed. He simply tore. He had not gone 30 yards before a hundred feathered heads were seen raised and the faces below showing doubtless in sheer amazement at the sight of that flying figure. Then rise after rifle spoke visiously, but Johnson, the sprinter, sped on. He reached the first pit unscathed and fell into it by the side of the guard. There he stayed long enough to "breathe" himself and to turn over his orders.

No one thought in the strain of that awful time to "hold a watch" on the sprinter. There never has been a doubt since that the world's records before and after were smashed. There were eight of the guard pits, and the race between each was but a repetition of the last, the Indians popping away all the while at the devoted messenger. Johnson left the seventh pit and started for the eighth. His pace showed no sign of abating. Some of the Indians, in following the circling course of the black, had closed in from left to right along the circumference of their own circle in order to mark the messenger's course more perfectly with their sights and shots. The result was a concentration of fire and Johnson, while speeding like a scared jack rabbit, suddenly stumbled and went to earth. He was up again like a flash and on he passed, but his step was lagging a little now. Once more he went down, then up again and once more haltingly and slowly for ten yards, then down again with his face in the sand, and then on for ten yards more, this time on his hands and knees, and then he rolled into the last rifle pit.

Everyone knows of the outcome of the Milk River Ute campaign. How the beleaguered men were relieved and of the march that was necessary to relieve them. Before those men, almost dying of thirst, would one of them go from the barracks to the sparkling river, they went in a mass to rifle pit eight and there picked up Johnson and carried him to the water. Henry Johnson, colored private of Troop K, had only three holes in him, but his sprinting days have been over for a quarter of a century. It is because the soldiers who saw Johnson run forgot to hold a watch on him that another man now claims the world's sprinting record.

THE JOYS OF OTHER DAYS

Writer's Memory Goes Back to Delights of Which the Present Generation Knows Little.

We cheerfully admit that the furnace and the hard coal base burner add a whole lot of modern comfort, but after all they have their drawbacks. For instance, you can't very well pop corn in either a furnace or a base burner. It took those old-fashioned stoves, in which we used to burn a two-foot length of hickory wood, for that sort of thing. When the wood had burned down to glowing coals, we'd open the front door, rake the coals down in front and proceed to pop corn. When we get rich we are going to have one of those old-fashioned stoves put up in our room, with a lot of two-foot seasoned hickory in the basement, and every now and then we are going to start a fire in that stove, get a good bed of coals, and then pop a dishpan full of corn, just as a reminder of old days. Of course, we'll eat the popcorn, not as a reminder of old days, but because we are awfully fond of popcorn.—Yll M. Maupin, in The Commoner.

A CHEERFUL PROSPECT.



"Well, young man, what do you think of my daughter?"
"Rather thin."
"That will improve; at her age I was like that."

A Thought Reader.

"So you are studying telepathy?"
"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "my object in life has been to find what people are thinking and then say it first. Any reliable system would simplify my labors immensely."
—Exchange.

No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.—Jeremy Taylor.

THE STORY OF THE PEANUT SHELLS.

As everyone knows, C. W. Post of Battle Creek, Michigan, is not only a maker of breakfast foods, but he is a strong individual who believes that the trades-unions are a menace to the liberty of the country.

Believing this, and being a "natural-born" scrapper for the right, as he sees it, Post, for several years' past, has been engaged in a ceaseless warfare against "The Labor Trust," as he likes to call it.

Not being able to secure free and untrammelled expression of his opinions on this subject through the regular reading pages of the newspapers he has bought advertising space for this purpose, just as he is accustomed to for the telling of his Postum "story," and he has thus spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in denouncing trades-unionism.

As a result of Post's activities the people now know a whole lot about these organizations: how they are honeycombed with graft, how they obstruct the development of legitimate business, curtail labor's output, hold up manufacturers, graft upon their own membership, a d rob the public. Naturally Post is hated by the trades-unionists, and intensely.

He employs no union labor, so they can not call out his men, and he defies their efforts at boycotting his products. The latest means of "getting" Post is the widespread publication of the story that a car which was recently wrecked in transmission was found to be loaded with empty peanut shells, which were being shipped from the south to Post's establishment at Battle Creek.

This canard probably originated with President John Fitzgerald of the Chicago Federation of Labor, who, it is said, stated it publicly, as truth.

Post came back and gives Fitzgerald the lie direct. He denounces Fitzgerald's statement as a deliberate falsehood, an underhanded and cowardly attempt to injure his business, having not the slightest basis in fact. As such an effort it must be regarded. It is significant that this statement about "the peanut shells" is being given wide newspaper publicity. In the "patent inside" of an eastern country paper I find it, and the inference naturally is that labor-unionites are insidiously spreading this lie.

An institution (or a man) which will resort to moral intimidation and to physical force, that will destroy machinery and burn buildings, that will maim and kill if necessary to effect its ends, naturally would not hesitate to spread falsehood for the same purposes.

We admire Post. While we have no enmity toward labor unions, so long as they are conducted in an honest, "live-and-let-live" kind of a way, we have had enough of the tarred end of the stick to sympathize thoroughly with what he is trying to do. He deserves support. A man like Post can not be killed, even with lies. They are a boomerang, every time. Again, we know, for hasn't this weapon, every weapon that could be thought of, been used (and not simply by labor unions) to put us out of business, too?

I am going to drink two cups of Postum every morning from this time on, and put myself on a diet of Grape-Nuts. Bully for Post!—Editorial in The American Journal of Clinical Medicine.

The Chelsea Standard

An independent local newspaper published every Thursday afternoon from its office in the building first door south of the Chelsea House, Main street, Chelsea, Michigan.

O. T. HOOVER.

Terms—\$1.00 per year; six months, fifty cents; three months, twenty-five cents. To foreign countries \$1.50 per year. Advertising rates reasonable and made known on application.

Entered as second-class matter, March 5, 1908, at the postoffice at Chelsea, Michigan, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Wm. Kress spent Sunday in Ann Arbor. Florence Eisele, of Albion, was home Sunday. Frank Adair was a Jackson visitor Sunday. John Weber was a Detroit visitor Sunday. A. A. Hall, of Stockbridge, was in town Tuesday. C. Lehman, of Detroit, was a Chelsea visitor Tuesday. Miss Caroline Laird was in Lansing Saturday and Sunday. Miss Fanny Lancaster was an Ann Arbor visitor Tuesday. Frank Miller, of Union City, was a Chelsea visitor Tuesday. Mrs. James Speer is visiting her sons in Detroit this week. Dr. A. L. Steger and Ed. Keusch were Jackson visitors Sunday. John Larmee, of Jackson, visited Chelsea relatives Wednesday. Thos. Heatley, of the U. of M., spent Sunday with his mother. Mrs. Jas. Geddes and daughter Jennie spent Saturday in Detroit. Mrs. G. J. Crowell and daughter Nina spent Sunday at Grass Lake. Mr. and Mrs. A. Miles, of Dexter visited relatives in Chelsea Sunday. Miss Mayme McKernan is spending this week with her sister in Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Nordman, of Jackson, visited relatives here Tuesday. Mesdames Hiram and Cone Light-hall visited relatives in Dexter Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Kress, of Manchester, are visiting at the home of their son here. Michael Wurster and son, of Manchester, spent the first of the week here. Arthur Raffrey, of Jackson, spent Monday with his parents of this place. Misses Fanny Lancaster and Portia Moorhaus were Jackson visitors Saturday. Mrs. Stephen Clark, of Detroit, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. F. H. Belsler. Miss Irene Glatzel, of Albion, spent the past week at the home of J. J. Raffrey. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lehman, of Grass Lake, visited relatives here Tuesday. Miss Pauline Schoen spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Geo. Reinhold of Freedom. Howard Davis, of Battle Creek, was the guest of his uncle, Geo. S. Davis, Wednesday. Miss Ora Gilbert and niece, Ruth Hulce, were guests of Lansing relatives Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Barth and daughter, of Ann Arbor, were visitors here Tuesday. Miss Amanda Belsler, of Ann Arbor, was the guest of her brother, F. H. Belsler, Tuesday. Miss Mary Kurfess, of Jackson, was the guest of Mrs. H. M. Taylor the first of the week. Mrs. J. R. Gates has returned from the east, where she has been spending several months. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stanton, of Milan, were guests of friends here Tuesday and Wednesday. Miss Emma Freeman, of Ann Arbor, was the guest of her brother, Frank Freeman, here Tuesday. Mrs. Jacob Forner and daughter Mary, of Jackson, spent Sunday at the home of Jacob Hummel. Wm. J. Knapp and son Rudolph left for the west Wednesday, where they will spend several months. Miss Henrietta Wurster, of Ann Arbor, was the guest of Miss Helene Steinbach the first of the week. Mrs. Wm. Beaubin, of Ann Arbor, was a guest at the home of Richard Trouten last Friday and Saturday. Mrs. Peter Lehman, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Lehman and son, of Ann Arbor, spent Tuesday with relatives here.

Notice.

The last day for receiving taxes for 1909, will be February 28, I will be at Staffan & Sons office in the Merkle & Staffan block every day until that date.

J. E. MCKUNE, treasurer.

CORRESPONDENCE.

STOCKBRIDGE.

The best judges expect this county to go dry next time its tried. Mrs. Lyman, one mile west of town, died Saturday morning. The M. E. church social was held at Mrs. Wright's Wednesday of this week. A little boy by the name of Malco died here Tuesday morning after some days of illness. E. L. Glenn on Monday went to North Lake to bring a load of goods for the writer lately settled here. Mr. and Mrs. George Marshall, of Unadilla, made a call on her aunt, Mrs. W. H. Glenn, on Monday last. About a carload a day of oak lumber sawed near here is shipped from this place, and has been all winter. Already there have been over two months of fine sleighing about here and a great amount of howling has been done. Jay Glenn has quit the Dancer store where he has been over a year and gone to Gregory on a short visit to old friends. June Sales fell Wednesday on the side walk, causing a scalp wound which made him unconscious for a while. He is getting along alright. The Hon. H. Wirt Newkirk is billed to discuss local option at the hall here on Monday evening. He will be well received here where he is well thought of. Casper Glenn took a load of girls out to a party at Rev. Ostrander's on Friday evening last and came out with no perceptible injury. The girls report a good time. Andrew Richmond, an old resident here, died on Friday last. His son has a carriage and implement store here. A large company of relatives attended the funeral. Mr. Richmond was an old resident and highly respected.

SHARON NEWS.

Harold Riggs spent Friday in Jackson. Mrs. Samuel Heschelwerdt is suffering from blood poison in her arm. Rex Dorr, of Grass Lake, spent Tuesday at the home of his parents here. Chris. Bauer and wife, of west Manchester, spent Sunday at D. Alvord's. Mr. and Mrs. Otis Cooper, of Grass Lake, visited the latter's parents Sunday. Geo. Clark spent part of the week with Herman Brause of Manchester township. H. J. Reno and wife spent Tuesday at the home of Henry Mellenkamp at Norvell. Mrs. Purl Cooper returned home Monday after a visit of several days with her cousin, Mrs. John Erlenbush, of Tecumseh. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Currier, of Chelsea, will move onto Mrs. G. Beutler's farm in the spring. Miss Freda Traub, of Manchester, was the guest of her cousin, Miss Olga Wolfe, from Friday until Monday. The social held at the home of Theodore Koebbe Friday evening for the benefit of the Irwin school was largely attended. There was a large representation from Grass Lake. A very enjoyable time was had by all and the receipts were \$35. Everett Baker died Thursday, February 17, and the funeral was held Sunday at the Sharon Center church, Rev. Smith of Manchester officiating. He was nearly twelve years of age. He made a manful fight against the disease which cost him his life, submitting to two operations, but all in vain. The bereaved parents have the sympathy of all.

LIMA CENTER NEWS.

Miss Helen Wilson, of Milan, spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Wilson. Walter McLaren, of Jackson, was the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. McLaren Sunday. Mrs. H. A. Wilson spent Friday in Ann Arbor. Miss Iva Wood visited Ann Arbor Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Mason Whipple spent Saturday in Jackson. Struck a Rich Mine. S. W. Bends, of Coal City, Ala., says he struck a perfect mine of health in Dr. King's New Life Pills for they cured him of liver and kidney trouble after 12 years of suffering. They are the best pills on earth for constipation, malaria, headache, dyspepsia, debility. 25c at L. T. Freeman Co., H. H. Fenn Co. and L. P. Vogel.

FRANCISCO NOTES.

Lewis Lambert, of Ann Arbor, called on old friends here Tuesday. Ashley Holden and wife, of Chelsea, were guests of H. Harvey and family Sunday. A sleighload of young people from Mt. Hope attended services here in the evening. Herman Fahner and wife, of Lima, were guests of Floyd Schweinfurth and wife Sunday. Henry Lehman was called to the death bed of his brother-in-law, Fred Oesterle in Sylvan Saturday night. Rev. Wuerful, of Ann Arbor, assisted Rev. Beal with the quarterly service here Sunday. The Leoni pastor was also here in the evening. Matthew Lehman and wife, of Stockbridge, and Joseph Wals, wife and daughter, of Roots Station, spent Sunday at the home of Henry Lehman. Waterloo Doings. Martin Strauss has been on the sick list but is better at present. Ed. Cooper and Charles Runciman went to Jackson on business Thursday. Wm. Pollen had to go home Sunday so the saw mill is not running this week. The Waterloo band played at the skating rink at Stockbridge Tuesday evening. Charles Vicary reports having let about 200 acres for raising seeds for D. N. Ferry & Co. George Rentschler will dry the seeds in his evaporator.

SYLVAN HAPPENINGS.

John Jensen and family have moved on his father's farm. Miss Bertha Zahn, of Freedom, and Eugene Heller, of Dexter, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gottlieb Heller. Mrs. Clark Hines, of Bridgeport, Conn., was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Henry Bertke, Monday and Tuesday.

CATHEDRAL GOING TO RUIN

Magnificent Structure at Messina Rapidly Being Destroyed by the Elements.

The cathedral of Messina, which was greatly damaged by the great earthquake, has been neglected to such an extent that its ruins are in a worse state at present than they were immediately after the disaster. Thus the traces of the Romanesque and Gothic periods of the original building, which fires and earthquakes had spared, have now disappeared. Many of the choir stalls designed by Giorgio Veneziano in 1540, and considered excellent specimens of artistic wood carving and inlaid work, have been irrevocably damaged from exposure to the sun and rain, as tarpaulin to cover them was only provided six months after the earthquake. The magnificent ciborium of gilt bronze and different colored marbles on the high altar is covered by ordinary sheets, which do not afford a sufficient protection against the weather; besides it weighs on the ceiling of the crypt, which is flooded with every rain and threatens to collapse.

Deputy Nava, who represents the province of Messina in parliament, says that \$12,000 is needed to repair the cathedral provisionally and save the artistic treasures it contains, but although \$20,000,000 has so far been spent in building wooden houses and clearing the streets of the ruined city the cathedral has been entirely forgotten, despite the fact that it is one of the most important churches in Sicily and state property.

Sign Language

An English ethnologist has discovered that deaf-mutes are frequently able to understand the signs used instead of words by many savage tribes. Thus in Berlin he found that deaf-mute children understood, without previous instruction, the signs employed, according to Sir Richard Burton, by the Arapahoe Indians for such words as mother, sister, yes, no, truth, lie food, thinking, seeing, trade, day. This fact, together with others of a similar nature, indicating a striking identity in the sign language used in widely separated parts of the earth, have led to the suggestion that mankind may originally have had a "natural language" of signs, common to all races.

Debt Kills Independence.

How many men are to-day antipating their earnings, pledging their salaries, and are thus under the necessity of dragging after them a load of debts and obligations which seriously affects their action as free and independent men.

Nothing lowers a man in self-respect like placing himself at the mercy of tradesmen. Running into debt is not only slavery of the worst kind, but it is hard for a man who is in debt to be truthful, for while he is framing excuses for postponing payment he is apt to contrive falsehoods. Many a man has dated his decline from the day on which he first borrowed money. —Exchange.

TO LOOK AND KEEP WELL

Pleasant Use of Water, Internally and Externally, is One Recommendation Made.

What would you do to keep well and look well? Cultivate a belief in water. It is hard to get too much of it, either externally or internally. Every woman who values her digestion and her complexion should drink at least six glasses of cold water a day. If desired, the glass taken before retiring and first thing in the morning may be hot, with a pinch of salt in it. Have appointed hours for this water drinking and take it at those times. In the morning, just as you leave the bed, and the last thing before entering it at night, a half hour before each meal and in the middle of the morning and afternoon will divide the periods nicely. At first it may seem a great nuisance to drink water by rule, but soon it will become a habit that you will get almost unconsciously without disturbing your routine for more than a minute. If you have trained maids they should be instructed to bring the water at the appointed hours. Equally important to the water-drinking habit is that of taking a cold shower or dashing one's self with cold water after the daily hot bath. This not only prevents taking cold, but acts as a tonic to the skin, stirs up the circulation and adds color to lips and cheeks and brightness to the eyes. This, too, is hard at first, but the system soon gets accustomed to the shock and is benefited by it.

HAD STUDIED HIS BUSINESS

Organ Grinder Knew the Tunes That Were Likely to Appeal to His Hearers.

"Make the right kind of sentimental appeal to a city man," said the cynic, "and separating him from his coin becomes a snap. 'A man with a gurdy-gurdy came down our street the other day. He wasn't playing any of the popular tunes. He's got a repertoire that included some of the good old songs—'In the Gloaming,' 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' etc.—the kind that one hears only too seldom in Philadelphia. The burdy-gurdy murdered them in a shocking way, but they touched the heart-strings of the listeners, all right. Windows were thrown up in every direction, and he got quite a shower of pennies and nickels. He must have gathered in at least a dollar on that one block. 'When he moved on I could not resist running down to the corner after him. 'Say, why do you play those tunes?' I asked him. 'Do you really have the good taste to prefer them to 'Gee, I Wish I Had a Girl?' 'He looked me over in a contemptuous sort of way. 'Naw,' he answered, 'I tink dey're on de blink. But dey seem to make the guys around here loosen up. See?'"

Mules and Kindness.

"In the fifteen years that I have been connected with societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals in this and other cities I never have received a complaint alleging cruelty to a mule," said the humane looking man. "That immunity of mules from harsh treatment is an interesting question. Why are they immune? Does nobody beat them? Does nobody underfeed them? If not, why not? Does a mule show such a decided ability for taking care of himself that his owner is afraid to abuse him? Or do men beat mules and escape punishment because the persons who witness the beating think it is only a mule and not worth bothering about? What is the explanation of that phase of the mule question, anyhow?"—New York Press.

Cat's Sense of Locality.

A kitten about six months old was taken to a house a few miles distant from its birthplace, confined in a room and tenderly cared for during a week, and then set at liberty. It was supposed to have become habituated to its new surroundings, but it returned to its old home on the day of its release.

The sense of locality and direction was exhibited still more strikingly by an old tom-cat, which was stolen and carried a distance of twenty miles, confined in a bag. The cat was imprisoned, but made its escape, and in a few days reappeared in a pitiable state at the home of its former master, which was separated from that of the thief by a high wooded cliff.—Scientific American.

Short, and to the Point.

One of the shortest speeches recorded in forensic annals is that of Taunton, afterward a judge. Charles Phillips, an Irish orator, had made a flowery speech in an assault case. Taunton, who was for the defendant, said in reply: "My friend's eloquent complaint amounts, in plain English, to this: That his client has received a good, sound horsewhipping; and my defense is as short—that he richly deserved it."

The Needle's Revenge.

"It's a habit in the south to sit on the bed and sew," said the southern woman, living in New York. "They make sitting rooms of their bedrooms down there, you know. Yes. 'Well, I had recovered from the habit, but yesterday I sat on by little bed before I made it up and mended my petticoat, but never again. 'I made up the needle in the bed afterward and 'way in the night it rose up and stabbed me.'"

Our Tenth Great Sale of Notions and Remnants. Ends Wednesday Evening, March 2nd. This is the Final Clean-up Sale of Remnants and Odd Lots from all Departments. Remnants of Silks, Remnants of Dress Goods, Remnants of Linens, Remnants of Cotton Goods. All Cloaks and Furs at Half Price. REMNANT PRICES on Lace Curtains, Underwear, Blankets and Comforts. NOTIONS. See our tables of Notions. All arranged in separate lots at each price as advertised. Regular 5c Items for 1c and 2c. Regular 10c Items for 4c and 8c. All Remnants are measured and priced so customers can easily make their selections. You cannot afford to miss this sale as it means a saving of money to you. Remember none of these notions will be sold at these prices after sale closes. H. S. HOLMES MERCANTILE COMPANY

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. PATENTS. TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS & C. Scientific American. MUNN & Co 361 Broadway, New York. Chicago and Return In 5 Minutes. HAVE you considered the quickness of telephone journeys and their trifling cost to you, the superior service over the Bell lines, and that every town on the map may be almost instantly brought within speaking distance? Only those who USE THE BELL have a universal telephone system at their command. Michigan State Telephone Company.

Settle the Fence Question Right. There's only one satisfactory way to settle the fence question. And that way is to get the best fence—that fence is built to stand for many seasons. Pay a reasonable price and get the worth of your money. Peerless Wire Fence Co., Ltd. ADRIAN, Michigan.

A Split Infinitive

By Mary F. Leonard

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"I must deplore—" began Prof. Wentworth, removing his glasses. "You have no idea how funny you look without them." Interpolated his companion; whereupon he hastily replaced them, for nothing could have been farther from his wish at the moment than to appear funny. However, as he looked them over his ears he reflected that Miss Sherman probably meant odd. He had noted with disapproval her careless manner of speech.

"You began to say something, professor; I did not intend to interrupt," Miss Sherman added after a considerable pause, as she shifted her fluffy white parasol from one shoulder to the other.

"I beg your pardon, I am very absent-minded—I do not recall—" he hesitated, wondering how long it had been since he last spoke.

"I'll excuse you upon one condition. You must tell me what you were thinking about; you looked as solemn as an owl."

The professor blushed like a girl under the scrutiny of those mischievous blue eyes, in whose sight he felt sure he must appear a sort of lightning-change artist. "It was your use of the word funny. I was reflecting that you perhaps meant odd," he replied.

"I have noticed that you reflect too much," said Miss Sherman severely. "It makes me feel as if I were being dissected."

This was so like his own sensation the professor was surprised. "I am far from presuming to criticize," he said; "you remember you insisted."

Miss Sherman again shifted her becoming background and gazed out upon the lake. "How did you like 'Across the Storm'?" she asked. "I believe that is what we were discussing."

"I have to confess that a story of that kind is not in my line, yet I do not deny its merits,—a certain spright-



"MY DEAR MISS SHERMAN," HE EXCLAIMED, "I HOPE NOTHING IS THE MATTER."

ness, and some not unworthy characterization—but as regards style one must deplore the colloquialisms, and among other things, the frequent use of the split infinitive.

"It may be true, but for all that it is a delightful love story. It is quite clear to me, Professor, that you have never been in love," she looked at him archly over her shoulder.

"I must beg to know upon what you found that conclusion," he answered, moving nearer.

"On this same habit of reflection. Now all you find in this story is split infinitives. At most it is to you an ungrammatical romance."

"And you?—I am to draw the inference?"

She laughed. "No, it is not necessary you should draw any."

It would be unjust to Miss Sherman's penetration to suppose she did not know what was coming when some minutes later Prof. Wentworth, in language as clear and concise as he was master of, made her an offer of marriage, but she was surprised at herself that she did not find it more amusing. She upon whose word a multi-millionaire and a novelist of wide fame, not to mention certain lesser lights, were at this moment hanging in eager suspense.

The professor might be killed, but he was earnest and manly, and she felt a strange reluctance to wound him. "It wouldn't do at all," she told him. "We have been very good friends this summer, and you have perhaps found me entertaining; but after a while that would wear off. You would begin to—to see nothing but the split infinitives. I should shock you in various ways, and you would bore me, and we'd both be miserable. I am dreadfully sorry, but—"

He accepted her decision quietly, but she remembered long afterwards how white he looked.

Professor Wentworth was delivering a course of lectures on Philology at the summer school across the lake from the home of his college friend, Arthur Sherman. Mr. Sherman's pretty wife and no less attractive sister made their cottage the center of social life on the lakeside, and in accepting their cordial invitations, the professor had found himself in an un-

APPEALED ON HIS RECORD

Happenings of the Past That Convinced Squire of the Merits of the Plaintiff.

Miss Lydia Conley, a Wyandotte girl, is the only Indian woman lawyer in the world. At Kansas City, agent a recent Indian case that she conducted, she told an interesting legal story.

"So I put my man on the stand," she said. "That, if your case is a just one, is always the thing to do. You know the story of the Kansas land claimant?"

"Well, out here, many years ago, a man brought suit before the squire to recover some land that had been outrageously filched from him. His case was a good one, but the other side had doctored its witnesses—had even doctored the plaintiff's witnesses, too—and up to the time when he took the stand himself not a jot or tittle of testimony in his favor had been recorded.

"He, as soon as he was sworn, turned to the justice and said: 'Squire, I brought this suit, and yet the evidence excepting my own, is all against me. Now, I don't accuse anyone of lying, squire, but these witnesses are the most mistaken lot of fellows I ever saw. You know me, squire. Two years ago you sold me a boss for sound that was as blind as a bat. I made the deal and stuck to it, and this is the first time I have mentioned it. When you used to buy my grain, squire, you stood on the scales when the empty wagon was weighed, but I never said a word. Now, do you think I am the kind of a man to kick up a rumpus and sue a fellow unless he has done me a real wrong? Why, squire, if you'll recall that sheep speculation you and me—'

"But at this point the squire, very red in the face, hastily decided the case in the plaintiff's favor."

"What puzzles the senator?" Statesman Wants to Know Why Cats Discriminated Against Cross-Eyed Brother.

A senator came into the cloakroom in a rather pensive mood and stood silent for some minutes—thoughtfully smoking. It was supposed that some problem of legislation lay heavy on his mind, until he broke the silence, without even a prelude:

"I have been bothered with rats and it makes me nervous because I have been reading so much about the bubonic plague. We had six cats in the house, but suddenly five left, leaving a lonesome Tabby. I tried a ball of yarn on him. Every time he jumped after that ball he struck wide of the mark. Then I caught him, looked closer at him and, behold, the cat was cross-eyed!"

"What puzzles me now is to decide whether or not there is an aristocracy of cat life into which a crooked-eyed cat cannot come. He was evidently an outcast and a pariah with his kind, for he carefully kept his corner all the time the other cats were around. Now, the rats left with the cats, and what I want to know is whether there is not some feeling of cat to among rats as well as cats in refusing to even associate with a cross-eyed cat. No bubonic plague, gentlemen, with cross-eyed cats available. It's in the old Hindu Hoodoo book."—National Magazine.

Scion of the "Old Elm." It has been decided that the elm tree growing within an enclosure in Boston common is not a scion of the "old elm," as practically every one had supposed.

The committee appointed to investigate consisted of William C. Bates, Thomas W. Silloway and Charles F. Read and their finding is that the present elm was brought from a nursery in Dorchester and planted on the site of the "old elm" tree by City Forester John Galvin. However, they find that there is a real scion of the old tree that grew from the foot of the original elm and was set out about fifty-three feet from it and is in a flourishing condition. Another scion is growing near the Soldiers' monument. This tree was propagated from a cutting by Thomas S. Adams, an old-time policeman, and it was transplanted during the administration of Mayor Hart.—Boston Transcript.

Better Even Than Eels. Many African tribes—count snake flesh among the delicacies, and John Ward says that with the Australian natives "a dish of snakes is a much esteemed luxury." Many kinds of birds eat snakes. Pigs are particularly fond of them, as also are some deer; but in the old days it was understood that deer only ate snakes in summer, for which reason their venison was at that time poisonous, a sagacious fiction which it was doubtless well to make widely known in times when there was abundant temptation to deer stealing and regulations concerning closed seasons would have been treated with indifferent respect.

Pig Loose in Ballroom. Somewhat of a sensation was caused at Stamford, Conn., at an assembly dance given by Stamford's exclusive social set, when a little pig was led into the ballroom by two young men and turned loose. The pig ran squealing about, and some of the ladies climbed on chairs, presumably thinking of rats. When they discovered that it was just a harmless little pig they joined in the chase about the ballroom floor.

The scared little porker was finally captured and taken out of doors. The prank was enjoyed by everyone.

The young man in the pretty gown and displaying the becoming style of coiffure surveyed with some perplexity the young man who supposedly called on her because he wanted to gaze into her eyes and listen to her well-modulated voice. He was doing neither, however.

Ever since his arrival he had been burrowing in a heap of back numbers of a magazine popularly deemed attractive only to feminine intellects.

"For goodness' sake, Albert," she broke forth at last, "what on earth causes you to be so fascinated by those magazines? What's the trouble?"

"I was just looking at the pictures," explained the young man, earnestly. "They print such splendid views of houses sometimes. I was hunting them up."

"Houses!" cried the young woman. "I didn't know you were interested in architecture!"

"Oh," said the young man, "I'm not just an architect. But I was trying to see if any one had any really clever ideas, you know, as to plans. Sometimes another fellow will come out with exactly the thing you have in mind and can't just figure out your self."

"But why are you so interested in houses?" demanded the young woman, a little bored.

"Well, you see," said the young man, "I've had a lot for a good long time out in a suburb and I rather thought maybe I'd put up a house on it. You can always—er—rent a house, you know. It seems to me like a good way to invest money. Doesn't it to you?"

"Why, I suppose so," said the young woman, disinterestedly. "I don't know much about those things when you come right down to it—investments, I mean."

"Well, you'd know about a house, wouldn't you?" asked the young man, anxiously. "Whether it was right—and all that—things a man would never think about. You see, if I put one up I don't want it to be a failure. You could sort of advise me, couldn't you?"

The young woman wrinkled her brow delicately and strove to appear polite. It was difficult because she was a little resentful that he had not noticed the gown she had put on especially for his benefit.

"Goodness!" she cried. "My advice isn't worth anything! How could I tell?"

"Couldn't you tell from the plans?" inquired the young man.

"Those things always make my head ache," protested the young woman. "Like railway timetables and propositions in geometry, I can't make any sense out of them! Why don't you buy bonds or stocks or something like that? Then you won't have to bother. Isn't there always an awful lot of trouble about owning houses?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the young man, a trifle gloomily. "I'd rather build a house than buy bonds. I—er—oh, I can make a lot more out of it! This seems to be a nice house—look here!"

"Ye-es," said the young woman after glancing at the plan. "But isn't it awfully small? Only six rooms!"

"That isn't so terribly little!" protested the young man. "There's lots more room in a six-room house than a six-room flat, for example. Still, I don't like that hall. I like a good-sized hall that looks inviting when you come in—don't you?"

"I don't see," said the young woman a bit irritably, "why you should bother much about whether it's inviting or not when you're going to rent it. People rent anything. What do you care?"

The young man looked still more gloomy. "Oh, I like to have things right," he said. "Do you think the bungalow style is more convenient or is the side preferable to one right in front where everybody can break in on you when you're in the hammock, reading?"

"Mercy! I don't know!" cried the young woman. "Please talk to me and put down those old magazines!"

The young man discarded the literature. "There's nothing in them anyhow," he said. "That is, nothing I like any better than my own plan. You see, I've been sort of figuring it out in odd moments and have drawn up one of my own." He drew a carefully folded paper from his pocket and spread it out on the table. "It's like this—can't you take this chair where I can explain it to you?"

The young woman came over to the table with the air of a polite martyr. "Oh, yes," she said after a little scrutiny, "that's very nice, I'm sure. Yes, I'd build it if I were you. I didn't know you had a lot."

"You don't seem interested in my house," said the young man in an injured tone.

"Why, yes, I am," declared the young woman, wandering away to the other side of the room.

"I had kind of hoped you would be," went on the young man slowly, fingering his pencil nervously, "because—well, you see, Adele, I've been hoping for so long now, that some time when I asked you—you'd say yes—and the little house was to be—ours, you know!"

There was a little rush and the young woman stood beside him. "Why didn't you know—I didn't understand—give me those plans! Why, it's a perfectly beautiful house!"

IT MADE A DIFFERENCE

The young woman in the pretty gown and displaying the becoming style of coiffure surveyed with some perplexity the young man who supposedly called on her because he wanted to gaze into her eyes and listen to her well-modulated voice. He was doing neither, however.

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"Goodness!" she cried. "My advice isn't worth anything! How could I tell?"

"Couldn't you tell from the plans?" inquired the young man.

"Those things always make my head ache," protested the young woman. "Like railway timetables and propositions in geometry, I can't make any sense out of them! Why don't you buy bonds or stocks or something like that? Then you won't have to bother. Isn't there always an awful lot of trouble about owning houses?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the young man, a trifle gloomily. "I'd rather build a house than buy bonds. I—er—oh, I can make a lot more out of it! This seems to be a nice house—look here!"

"Ye-es," said the young woman after glancing at the plan. "But isn't it awfully small? Only six rooms!"

"That isn't so terribly little!" protested the young man. "There's lots more room in a six-room house than a six-room flat, for example. Still, I don't like that hall. I like a good-sized hall that looks inviting when you come in—don't you?"

"I don't see," said the young woman a bit irritably, "why you should bother much about whether it's inviting or not when you're going to rent it. People rent anything. What do you care?"

The young man looked still more gloomy. "Oh, I like to have things right," he said. "Do you think the bungalow style is more convenient or is the side preferable to one right in front where everybody can break in on you when you're in the hammock, reading?"

"Mercy! I don't know!" cried the young woman. "Please talk to me and put down those old magazines!"

The young man discarded the literature. "There's nothing in them anyhow," he said. "That is, nothing I like any better than my own plan. You see, I've been sort of figuring it out in odd moments and have drawn up one of my own." He drew a carefully folded paper from his pocket and spread it out on the table. "It's like this—can't you take this chair where I can explain it to you?"

The young woman came over to the table with the air of a polite martyr. "Oh, yes," she said after a little scrutiny, "that's very nice, I'm sure. Yes, I'd build it if I were you. I didn't know you had a lot."

"You don't seem interested in my house," said the young man in an injured tone.

"Why, yes, I am," declared the young woman, wandering away to the other side of the room.

"I had kind of hoped you would be," went on the young man slowly, fingering his pencil nervously, "because—well, you see, Adele, I've been hoping for so long now, that some time when I asked you—you'd say yes—and the little house was to be—ours, you know!"

There was a little rush and the young woman stood beside him. "Why didn't you know—I didn't understand—give me those plans! Why, it's a perfectly beautiful house!"

FERRER BEFORE THE COURT
An Eye-Witness Describes Bearing of the Doomed Man in Presence of His Judges.

"The whole thing was stage managed like a drama and its end was not less certain and foreseen, says Percival Gibbon in McClure's in writing of the Ferrer trial.

"They brought Ferrer in and placed him at the bar of the court, with a sentry beside him; and the spectators rustled and fidgeted to see him close at hand. Under their curious eyes the doomed man shrank and was uneasy. People saw him with astonishment. He had the manner and all the outward look of an elderly clerk or a country schoolmaster, of anything subordinate and plodding and uninspired. He was middle-aged and of the middle stature, with a round, dull face and a short, pointed gray beard. There was nothing to distinguish him from thousands of men in Spain today in whom the national character of reserve and incuriousness are exaggerated to a sort of atrophy of the faculties. He showed no trace of that fervency and power that had made him the enemy of the government and sustained him through years of war against the bureaucracy and clericalism in Catalonia. It was only when at some turn in the proceedings he looked up quickly that people were able to see that the eyes in the patient face were steady and of a peculiar brightness.

"A military court does not pronounce sentence at the end of the case, and when Ferrer was taken out from court no word of death had been spoken. But he knew and the others knew that he went forth doomed."

FAR FROM LAND SHE RULED
Tomb of Cleopatra, Egypt's Famous Queen, Is Declared to Be in Paris, France.

Mark Antony's "Serpent of Old Nile" lies buried in Paris, a stone's throw from the Stock Exchange. An anonymous writer makes this strange revelation and vouches for the truth of it. Every student who has read in the Bibliotheque Nationale knows the melancholy little old bit of garden, shut in on three sides by the buildings of the library, and on the fourth by railings along the Rue Vivienne, which is accessible to none save the keeper of the printed books, and in which he has most probably never set foot. There, it seems, are buried the remains of Cleopatra, and they have lain there these forty years. Under a glass case in the cabinet of medals of the Bibliotheque Nationale is an Egyptian sarcophagus, and Egyptologists are positive that the inscriptions upon it prove it to have contained the body of Cleopatra.

The sarcophagus was brought from EGYPT to Paris over forty years ago by a French savant, who placed it in the National Library. After some months it was found impossible to preserve the mummy which it contained and the question arose as to what should be done with the remains of the queen of Egypt. It was at last decided to bury her quietly, without pomp or publicity, in the old bit of garden inclosed in the building, where she was accordingly laid secretly in the earth 40 years ago.

The Best Hour of Life.
Is when you do some great deed or discover some wonderful fact. This hour came to J. R. Pitt, of Rocky Mt., N. C. when he was suffering intensely, as he says, "from the worst cold I ever had, I then proved to my great satisfaction, what a wonderful cough and cold cure Dr. King's New Discovery is. For, after taking one bottle, I was entirely cured. You can't say anything too good of a medicine like that." Its the surest and best remedy for diseased lungs, hemorrhages, lagrippe, asthma, hay fever, any throat or lung trouble, 50c. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by L. T. Freeman Co., H. H. Fenn Co. and L. P. Vogel.

To Eat or Not to Eat
IS A QUESTION EASILY SETTLED WHEN YOU BUY YOUR MEAT OF US
Our meats are justly famous for their freshness and tender and juicy qualities. All kinds of sausage, also smoked meats.
OUR STEAM KETTLE RENDERED LARD HAS NO EQUAL. TRY A PAIL OR CAN.
ADAM EPPER

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Not at Your Expense—But Mine

The reason is—I want you to know how good and how different the Fox Typewriter is. That's why I'll send a Fox Typewriter to your office absolutely at my expense, preparing all charges.

Give it every hard test you can think of—compare it with any and every other machine.

Maybe you've had typewriter troubles.

I spent years perfecting my invention so as to avoid every flaw and weak point in other typewriters. And I did avoid them all.

That's why the Fox, with the Hardest Trust competition, is making good every where with keen-thinking business men—and selling all over the civilized world.

It is one typewriter that is absolutely right in those vital parts—the typebar and hanger.

On the Fox, the bearing is wide and the bar is heavy. That means no wearing down—perfect alignment for years and years.

You can buy two carriages—different lengths—and change them at will. You write with two colors on the Fox and you do not have to touch the ribbon from the time it goes on until it is worn out.

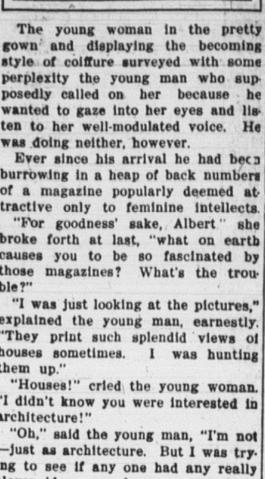
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POSTAL HOTEL CO.
FRED POSTAL, Pres. M. A. SHAW, Manager.
\$50,000 now being expended in Remodeling, Furnishing and Decorating

WE WILL HAVE:
Two hundred rooms, all with baths
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Six Private Dining Rooms for Clubs and After Theater Parties
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Our facilities for high class service are exceptional, and similar to the best hotels of New York
Business now going on as usual.

Club Breakfast, 25 Cents and up
Luncheon, 50 Cents
Table d'Hotel Dinner, 75 Cents
Also Service a la Carte

Rates (European) \$1.00 to \$3.00 Per Day

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Whether Clothes Fit Well Or Not
That's Where We Excel

Poorly made clothes always look cheap, while those well made have an elegant appearance. The clothes we make are put together thoroughly. Let us make your new Suit and it will look better at the end of the season than do the ready-made affairs the first time they are put on.

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RAFTREY, The Tailor.

CHICKEN FEED

As this is the season of the year when Eggs are worth looking after and your Hens must be fed to produce the best results Don't overlook the fact that we are headquarters of all

EGG PRODUCING MATERIALS
Oyster Shells, Mica Grit, Ground Bone, Beef Scrap, Beef Meal Scratch Feed and Charcoal.

Gold Medal Flour at 85c per sack
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To Eat or Not to Eat

IS A QUESTION EASILY SETTLED WHEN YOU BUY YOUR MEAT OF US
Our meats are justly famous for their freshness and tender and juicy qualities. All kinds of sausage, also smoked meats.
OUR STEAM KETTLE RENDERED LARD HAS NO EQUAL. TRY A PAIL OR CAN.
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SPRING CLOTHES FOR MEN AND BOYS.



The young man who knows how to dress is sure to appreciate the smart, natty effects he finds in every Suit of our Spring Clothes.

They're made with all the style kinks of the season and have the snap and "go" that gives distinction. Prices that will please you.

CALL AND EXAMINE THE NEW GOODS.

DANCER BROTHERS.

CLOTHING FOR THE MAN WHO CARES.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mrs. F. H. Belser has been seriously ill for the past week.

Charles Currier has moved to the G. Beutler farm in Sharon.

Born, on Friday, February 18th, to Mr. and Mrs. Homer C. Millen, a son.

Born, on Friday, February 18, 1910, to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Freeman, a son.

Arthur Young has moved onto the farm of Mrs. T. Taylor in Lima township.

The Royal Entertainers met at the home of Mrs. A. E. Winans this afternoon.

B. H. Glenn was in Detroit on Tuesday where he purchased a span of horses.

There will be no school Friday on account of the teachers' institute at Ann Arbor.

Miss Helen Burg is in Jackson where she has accepted a position in the store of Glasgow Bros.

George Mast, sr., had the misfortune to fall Wednesday afternoon striking in such a manner as to break his right leg.

John Klose has just completed a large job of logging on his farm in Sharon, and expects a sawmill to commence operations soon.

F. E. Gunlock, factory accountant for the past fifteen months at the Stove Works, leaves March 1st to accept a similar position in Detroit.

There will be a special meeting of Olive Lodge, No. 156 F. & A. M., Tuesday evening, March 1st, for the purpose of conferring the first degree.

Rural Mail Carrier Foster is taking a few days off from his labors, as the result of a too close intimacy with an ax that he was using Wednesday afternoon.

Otto J. Weber, son of John Weber, of Sylvan, sailed from New York Wednesday for Panama, where he will enter the Canal Zone Fire Department.

About twenty members of Chelsea Lodge, Knights of Pythias, attended the district meeting of the order at Jackson Monday evening. All report a good time.

Fritz Kreiser, violinist, announced to appear on the Choral Union series, at Ann Arbor, March 1, will not appear until three weeks later, March 22, on account of illness.

Miss Fannie Emmett's birthday was celebrated by a number of her friends at the home of Miss Dorothy McEldowney, Saturday evening, at a George Washington party.

Holmes & Walker have purchased the bazaar stock of Frank Moore in the Klein building, and have taken possession of the same. They will put in an entire new stock of hardware and furniture and will occupy the whole building.

The January and February birthday party of the L. O. T. M. M. will be held at Maccabee hall Tuesday, March 1st. All Lady Maccabees, their husbands or escorts are invited to spend the evening. Scrub lunch to be served at 6 o'clock standard time. Bring plate, cup, spoon and fork for two.

The Five Hundred Club spent Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. Clara Staphish north of Chelsea. The event was gotten up in honor of Mrs. J. D. Watson, who was a former member of the Club before going to Detroit to reside. The evening was spent in social games and was most pleasant.

The horse attached to a cutter in which the son and daughter of Eugene Smith of Cavanaugh Lake were riding, ran away in the village Wednesday morning, throwing the young people out and badly wrecking the cutter. The occupants escaped serious injury. The horse ran to the barn where it stays while the boy and girl are in school and was easily captured.

The exercises commemorative of Washington's birthday held at St. Mary's hall, Tuesday evening were well attended, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the hall being full. The program consisted of patriotic tableaux, songs and recitations, and concluded with a debate on "Which was the greater statesman, Washington or Lincoln," participated in by eighteen pupils of the school. The judges decided that the Lincolnites had a little the best of the debate, although the markings of the two sides taken as a whole were remarkably close.

Dr. O. G. Wood, of Hart, spent Sunday with Mrs. Wood, who has been at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herry Luick, for several weeks.

On Saturday last, Wirt McLaren received a buff orpington cockerel from Marcellus, which received the fourth prize at the Chicago poultry show in December.

Geo. Wilson, who has been in Lansing, returned to Chelsea last week, and is now at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wilson, seriously ill with typhoid fever.

Miss Dorothy Dancer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Dancer, celebrated her fifth birthday Tuesday. She entertained a number of her friends and all enjoyed a most pleasant time.

John Jensen has moved on his father's farm about two miles south of Chelsea. J. J. Baldwin, who has been on the farm for several years, has moved to the farm of Mrs. James Runciman.

The Empire Theatre Co. which was billed to show at the Sylvan all of this week, did not look very good to Manager McLaren, and he canceled the dates, and the house has been dark all of the week.

The Baptist church of this place has extended a call to Rev. Frank Blanchard of Norvell, and he will take the pastorate April 1st. Mr. Blanchard occupied the pulpit of the church here Sunday and pleased all of his hearers with his discourse.

Patrick Moran, supervisor of Whitehall, township, Mich., died on Friday, February 18th. He was a former resident of Chelsea, and a sister, Mrs. P. Schwickerath, died here some time ago. He leaves a wife, two sons and three daughters. The funeral was held Wednesday.

The Ladies' Bridge Whist Club gave a three course dinner at the Chelsea House in honor of Mrs. F. P. Moulton, of Hartford, Conn., sister of Mrs. L. T. Wilcox, and Mrs. F. Alsdorf, of Lansing, mother of Mrs. H. L. Stanton. The table decorations were small flags and red, white and blue carnations. The afternoon was spent at the home of Mrs. C. E. Whitaker.

The Epworth League of the Methodist church elected the following officers last week Wednesday: President, Chas. Fulford; 1st vice president, J. O'Mara; 2nd vice president, Esther Riemenschneider; 3rd vice president, Dorothy McEldowney; 4th vice president, Josephine Bacon; secretary, John Fletcher; treasurer, Lyle Runciman; pianist, Grace Fletcher; chorister, Hazel Speer.

Charles P. Buss, a life-long resident of Freedom, died Monday morning, February 21st, aged 69 years. Mr. Buss has been ill for a long time with chronic bronchitis with asthma. He was an active member of Zion church, Rogers Corners, being one of the deacons and will be greatly missed in the society. He leaves three sons, Edward, Benjamin and Otto, and one daughter Louise. The funeral services were held from Zion church this morning, Rev. Henry Lemster officiating.

Church Circles.

ST. PAUL'S.

Rev. A. A. Schoen, Pastor.
Services at the usual hour next Sunday.

BAPTIST.

Prof. S. B. Laird of Ypsilanti will preach at the usual hour next Sunday morning.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. M. L. Grant, Pastor.

"Salvation by Faith" will be the theme at the combined service Sunday at 10 a. m. This is the second of a series on the Main Points of Christianity.

"The Ideal Wife" will be considered at the evening service at 7 p. m. This is one of the series on Home. Special music by the choir.

Young People's meeting at 6:15 p. m.
Bible study class Thursday at 7:15 p. m. with Mrs. L. T. Wilcox.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

Rev. Dunning Idle, Pastor.

Class meeting at 9 a. m.
Morning worship and Bible school at 10 a. m. Subject, "Washington."
Junior League at 3 p. m.
Epworth League at 6:15 p. m., led by Chas. Fulford.

Evening worship at 7 p. m. Subject, "How Does the Cross Save?" This is the second sermon in the "Great Questions" series Mr. Idle is preaching Sunday evenings. The remaining topics are:

March 6th. "What is the Unpardonable Sin?"
March 13th. "How is the Bible Inspired?"
March 20th. "What is the Greatest Calamity?"
March 27th. "Did Jesus Christ Rise from the Dead?"
Prayer service Thursday evening at 7:15 o'clock.

One-Half Off

All Ladies' Cloth Coats

Now on hand will be closed out at just half the regular retail prices.

Not Many Left

but we have about all sizes in black from 34 to 44, and colors from 32 to 36.

Every Garment

is not only new this season, but the latest of this season's production. If you have been waiting, don't miss this opportunity.

The Price is Nothing

compared with the actual value of these garments. We take the loss now rather than carry them over. We must have the room for Spring Goods.



Here They Go

Ladies' \$10.00 Coats for.....	\$5.00
Ladies' \$13.00 Coats for.....	\$7.50
Ladies' \$20.00 Coats for.....	\$10.00
Ladies' \$25.00 Coats for.....	\$12.50
Ladies' \$30.00 Coats for.....	\$15.00

No description we can give would do these garments justice, come and see them.

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If you contemplate building let us figure on your lumber bill.

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Good bank service is business tonic. It keeps financial matters in a flourishing condition. Each individual who deals with the bank contributes a portion to the ingredients that compose this tonic, and receives his share of the benefit.

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Banks expedite business transactions, supply accurate means to customers in financial matters, offer a safe place for keeping money. Banks keep money in circulation, their system makes possible more work for each dollar.

Bank service is a constant every day tonic to business, and the tonic effects are lasting, they do not wear off. The business of each new day is helped along by bank service.

Among business men, good bank service is accepted as a matter of fact. Men who are brought face to face in actual business with good bank service for the first time appreciate it at once.

Our service must be experienced to be appreciated. We would enjoy giving you the benefits of our service.

The Kempf Commercial & Savings Bank

WANT COLUMN

RENTS, REAL ESTATE, FOUND LOST WANTED ETC.

ROOMS TO RENT—Furnished rooms. Inquire at the Standard office.

FOR SALE—The C. E. Depew residence on west Middle street. For particulars inquire of TurnBull & Witherell, attorneys, Chelsea. 201f

FOR SALE—House and lot on Lincoln street; good well and cistern; fruit trees; chicken house, etc. Albert Eisele, Chelsea. 201f

FOUND—A stray hound. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses. Roy Dillon. 29

WANTED—Second girl for general work. No laundry, no waiting on table. Apply Mrs. Burrows, 1008 Hill St. Ann Arbor. Phone 530.

HAVING purchased a Suffolk Punch Stallion, I offer him for service at my barn on north Main street every Saturday. Terms \$10. W. J. Beutler. 48

FOR SALE—One colt coming 2 years old. Ben B. Kuhl, Sharon. 29

BOATS FOR SALE—I have ten fine, new pleasure row boats for sale. Inquire of L. Tichenor, Chelsea.

FOR SALE—Pure bred buff Orpington roosters, also one black Orpington rooster. Mrs. L. Tichenor.

Princess Theatre

Westerland & Geddes, Props.
CHELSEA, - MICHIGAN.

THURSDAY and FRIDAY
Double Show for - - 5 Cents

SATURDAY
Special Features

"The Holy City"
Great religious masterpiece in two parts—2000 feet. Also some good Comedies.

2—ILLUSTRATED SONGS—2
By Miss Mary Spiranagle

Music by Princess Six-Piece Orchestra.

5 Cents.—Admission—10 Cents.

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We have established a CREAM STATION at CHELSEA, and J. S. Cummings, our representative, will be on hand Wednesday of each week to receive and pay cash for cream.

You can bring your cream and see it weighed, sampled and tested, and receive your cash on the spot. What can be any fairer or more satisfactory?

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WHY is it that Geo. H. Foster & Son have sold more wind-mills and more pumps than any two firms in Washtenaw County? First—Because they are an old established firm. Second—Because they get the first chance for the agencies on Mills and Pumps, and they take the best every time. Then if there is any one else in their territory who wants to sell mills and pumps they have to take what is left. They are known far and near for drilling wells, and if anyone needs repairs for their wells or mills they can telephone to our store and there will be someone ready to attend to it at once. They are not in business one year and out the next, so you can depend on them. As they do nearly all the plumbing that is done in the village and surrounding country, you can depend on the work being done in a first-class manner. GEO. H. FOSTER & SON.

"ELECTRIC" COUGH AND COLD PRESCRIPTION

It gets its unusual name from its rapid and effective action on coughs and colds, frequently curing the worst cold in a day's time and will cure any cough that is curable. It is given out by a prominent doctor. "Get two ounces of Glycerine and half an ounce of Concentrated Pine compound. Then get half a pint of good whiskey and put the other two ingredients into it. Take a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful of this mixture after each meal and at bed time. Shake the bottle well each time." But be sure to get only the genuine Concentrated Pine. Each half ounce bottle comes put up in a tin screw-top case. Any druggist has this on hand or will quickly get it from his wholesale house. Don't use any of the weaker pine preparations.

Meaning of Cemetery. It is not correct to say that "cemetery" means the "city of the dead." The word is from the Greek "Kotmetion," meaning sleeping place, not the place of the dead. There is nothing in the thinking that it was originally intended to convey the idea that the departed were really dead any more than there is in the old Hebrew term for cemetery—"Bethaim"—the house of the living.

Catarh Cannot Be Cured with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous membrane. Hall's Catarh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in the country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the seat of the disease. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarh. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. This is the Family Tonic for constipation.

No Space Goes to Waste. DeWitt—Does your wife follow the fashions closely? Jewitt—I should say so; she has one of those "standing room only" dresses. —Smart Set.

AFTER FOUR YEARS OF MISERY Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Baltimore, Md.—"For four years my life was a misery to me. I suffered from irregularities, terrible dragging sensations, extreme nervousness, and that all gone feeling in my stomach. I had given up hope of ever being well when I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Then I felt as though new life had been given me, and I am recommending it to all my friends."—Mrs. W. S. Ford, 2207 W. Franklin St., Baltimore, Md. The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaints is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has stood the test of years and to-day is more widely and successfully used than any other female remedy. It has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means had failed. If you are suffering from any of these ailments, don't give up hope until you have given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. If you would like special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. She has guided thousands to health, free of charge.

Don't Persecute your Bowels

Cut out catarrhs and irritations. They are banished—unnecessarily. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Fully vegetable. Act gently on the liver, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Careful. Beware of cheap imitations. Headache and indigestion, as millions know. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. GENUINE must bear signature: *W. Wood*

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HEALTH BUREAU STRONGLY URGED

Bill Soon to Be Introduced is Backed by Associations and Physicians.

WOULD SAVE NATION BIG SUM

President Taft and Senator Aldrich Busy with Financial Legislation Plans—Administration Favors Central Bank Scheme.

Washington.—Congress is to be asked before long to pass a bill creating what shall be called a National Bureau of Public Health. It is urged that great associations and thousands of individual physicians are anxious the government shall take cognizance of the necessity for a more adequate system of guarding the health of the American people. Time and again suggestion has been made that there should be a department of health with a chief who would have a place in the president's cabinet. It is not likely that congress for years to come, at any rate, will sanction the creation of such a department of government, but it is likely that a health bureau of some kind before long will be established.

It must not be taken for granted that Uncle Sam does not do anything to look after the health of his nephews and nieces. The Marine hospital service is efficient, and it is aided in its work by the medical corps of the army and navy. The American Health League is petitioning congress to establish a National bureau of health, and it is asking the people to back up its request.

Plea of Health Officers. In a communication recently put out from its New York headquarters, officials of the bureau of health, say:

"Responding to general demands for such a scientific check to the preventable diseases and deaths that are now known to cost the nation \$1,500,000,000 in life and labor each year, officers of this organization are making every effort to have a law speedily made of their recommendation, which was contained in the platform of the three leading parties in the last presidential campaign and which has been advocated by leaders of every political faith since that time. President Taft has just assured representatives of the American Medical Association and American Health League; they declare, that he is heartily in favor of this plan. If the people of every section of the land will declare themselves on this vital question in the next few weeks, it is asserted Uncle Sam soon may be persuaded to give the same attention to the physical welfare of human beings that he now does to that of sheep, cattle, hens and hogs."

The friends of the plan for a health bureau under government control say that the bureau is particularly necessary to warn the people of this country "of the dangers that menace their vitality in the most common walks of everyday life." Then the American Health League says that it is calling attention to drugs as well as diseases. Declaration is made that numerous forms of drug habits are becoming more prevalent everywhere in the United States than people realize. The dangers of cocaine, morphine and opium are pointed out, and it is said that vigorous efforts which are being made to control and minimize their sale ought to have the sanction, the backing and the aid of a government bureau.

While physicians are trying to get government recognition of the need of Federal safeguards for the health of the nation, sociologists are trying to get Uncle Sam to establish what for lack of a better name they call a Laboratory of Criminology. The subcommittee of the committee on judiciary has just reported favorably a bill which appropriated a sum of money for the establishment of such a laboratory or bureau. It is not the intention of the lawmakers, if they pass a bill of this kind, to make the bureau a large affair. What the friends of the measure want is to have appointed three or four specialists in criminology who will make a deep study of the causes of crime with a view of finding out if it is not possible in some way to bring to bear the preventive measures which are so much better than cure measures.

Crime a Disease. Some people go so far as to say that crime in many of its forms is a disease. A great many people admit that crime is frequently committed by circumstances who are the victims of impelled to stances and who are not called real crime by what may be called criminal motives. If congress shall establish a bureau of criminology, the experts will study living conditions of the people, the effect of poverty and liquor drinking on crime, and many other subjects which may shed light upon the main question. The same argument that is used by physicians for the establishment of such a bureau as they want is used by the friends of the other project. They say that if Uncle Sam is willing to spend millions every year through the agricultural department to check the ravages of insect pests, that he ought to be willing to spend a few thousands to check the ravages of crime. In recent years congress has paid more attention to what may be called sociological matters than it ever did before. The study of sociological subjects has

spread all through the land, and congress has felt the effect.

Preparing Financial Measure.

Now that President Taft has sent to congress all of his important recommendations that he has a hope will be enacted into law this winter, he is turning his attention to the question of financial legislation which must occupy the time and minds of the national legislators. Senator Aldrich, who is the chairman of the national monetary commission, is in constant conference with the president over the form which the great financial measure is to take. The president believes that Senator Aldrich, in this matter of reform of the currency, is absolutely sincere and that the Rhode Islander hopes to make constructive financial legislation something like a monument to his legislative memory.

It can be said that the chances are 99 in 100 that it is the intention of the administration, on the advice of the majority of the monetary commission, to recommend to congress next year some plan for a central bank of issue. In all the speeches which Senator Aldrich made in the west and in all the interviews to which he has submitted since congress assembled, he has made no direct statement that he is in favor of a central bank, but it is known that his mind and attention rest upon such an institution as one of the best means, as he views it, to make stable the country's financial system.

Details Not Worked Out. The president has not presented to him a number of different plans for a central bank, but to none of them has he given a final preference, and it can be said without fear of contradiction that Mr. Aldrich himself has not stated definitely just which plan he thinks should be selected for ultimate approval. Mr. Taft wants a central bank, if the country is to have one, which in a measure will be a mean between two extremes.

President Taft has let it be known that it is his earnest desire that legislation intended to give stability to the country's currency shall have attached to it no taint of suspicion of what is generally called Wall street influence. The president is telling his friends that he is confident, from what Senator Aldrich tells him, that the Rhode Islander is no less anxious than he to see to it that Wall street shall in no way be given an entering wedge of influence by means of the legislation when it is finally enacted.

Gift for the Kaiser. The house of representatives has just passed a bill appropriating \$5,000 for a replica of the statue of the Baron von Steuben which is to be erected soon in Lafayette square, Washington. The replica of the statue, if the senate sanctions the house action and the president signs the bill, will be sent to Kaiser Wilhelm and the German people in the name of the people of America as a grateful recognition of the services of von Steuben to the American colonies when they were trying to throw off the yoke of Great Britain.

The movement to present the von Steuben memorial to Germany was initiated by Representative Richard Bartholdt of St. Louis. Mr. Bartholdt was born in Germany, but he has lived in this country a great many years. It is perhaps possible that the St. Louis representative had the German people in mind more than the German emperor when he first thought of a plan to present the von Steuben memorial to the fatherland. Once on a time, if the records are not wrong, Mr. Bartholdt was in Berlin and desiring to pay his respects to the emperor, he requested an audience and described himself as a German-American. It is said that Emperor William remarked, "Germans I know and Americans I do not know." This was the emperor's way of intimating that a man must be one thing or the other, and that he did not like hyphenated nationalities.

Meant as Return Compliment. The gift to Germany will be a sort of return compliment for the gift which Wilhelm made to the United States eight years ago of the statue of Frederick the Great. It was with Frederick the Great's permission that Baron von Steuben or Gen. Steuben, as he came to be known in America, was allowed to come to this country to act as a sort of a drill-master-in-chief of the Continental armies. Germany, it is said, has always felt more or less keenly a regret that Americans should have thought principally about Germany's attitude in the revolutionary war as one made manifest by the dispatch of the Hessian hireling troops to this country to help the cause of the British.

The gift of the statue of Frederick the Great, with marked reference to the relation between Frederick and Gen. Steuben, was intended as an offset to the unpleasantness that is connected with the Hessian hirelings. The statue of Frederick the Great stands in front of the American war college in the city of Washington. When the gift was made, there was a great deal of adverse criticism in America. Congress was urged not to receive the gift because citizens whose criticism was of the extreme and perhaps unthinking kind, declared that we wanted no statues of kings in this country. The gift, however, was received in the spirit in which it was offered.

The statue had not been long in place before an attempt was made to destroy it. At least it was supposed an attempt was made to destroy it for a small-sized bomb was exploded by some unknown person near the base of the statue. The bomb did no damage, but it did create tremendous excitement.



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