

# The Chelsea Standard

CHELSEA HERALD, Established 1871  
CHELSEA STANDARD, Established 1889

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## HOLMES & WALKER

WE TREAT YOU RIGHT.

### Mrs. John Clark.

The many friends of Mrs. John Clark, of Lyndon, were greatly shocked to learn of her death at the home of her sister, Mrs. C. A. Sortor, of Detroit, Friday, November 6, 1908.

Mary E. Cunningham was born in Sandusky, Ohio, November 19, 1856, and was a daughter of James and Johannes Cunningham. She was united in marriage with John Clark, May 9, 1877. To this union five sons, Dr. T. I. Clark, of Jackson; Herbert A. Clark, of Chicago; Cecil, James and Joseph, and two daughters, Irene and Gertrude Clark, and one daughter Marie, who died in 1888 at the age of 16 months, were born.

She was a member of the L. C. B. A. who attended the funeral in a body.

She is survived by her husband, seven children, her mother, Mrs. James Cunningham, of Hobart, Ind., two brothers, and four sisters, who have the sympathy of a host of friends in their sad affliction.

The deceased was a member of the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, of Chelsea, and the obsequies were held in that edifice Monday morning. The services being conducted by her pastor, Rev. Fr. Considine, who blessed the body and delivered a fine sermon, and Rev. Fr. J. C. Herr, of Toledo, a cousin of the deceased, celebrated requiem high mass. The services being attended by a large number of the friends and neighbors of the departed. Interment Mt. Olivet cemetery, Chelsea.

The out-of-town relatives who attended the funeral were as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Sortor, of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. John Cunningham, of Jackson, M. L. Cunningham, of Duluth, Misses Carrie and Agnes Cunningham and Mrs. Johanna Cunningham, of Hobart, Ind., Mrs. Katherine Herr, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Howard, of Toledo, William Howard, Wm. Farrell, Miss Kate Farrell and Miss Mary Healey, of Sandusky, Ohio, Mrs. Pierce Cassidy, Mrs. James Lyman and Mr. and John Crowley, of Jackson, Mrs. J. Farnum, of Pinekey, Mrs. Elizabeth Donahue, of Ypsilanti, Miss Kate Gorman, of Detroit.

### Choral Union Concert.

Next Tuesday evening, November 17th, lovers of that soulful instrument, the cello, will enjoy a rare treat in the engagement of Anatole Bronstein, cellist for the second number of the Choral Union series at University hall, Ann Arbor.

Mr. Bronstein is a musician who possesses true musical discernment and the ability to interpret the composer's intention in the most natural and striking manner. He is a Russian by birth, and at an early age entered the Conservatory at Odessa from which he graduated with honors. In 1906 he came to America and was made solo cellist of the New York Symphony Orchestra. During the past summer Mr. Bronstein has been in Europe where he has appeared at many of the leading music centers.

At this concert Mr. Bronstein will be assisted during part of the program by Albert Lockwood, pianist, and Samuel Pierson Lockwood, violinist, in some trios.

About fifty of the residents of this place attended the opening concert of the series; being the engagement of Marcella Sembrich, soprano, and University hall was crowded.

The two first parts parts of the program consisted of songs by German composers, comprising the whole range of musical literature and conveying all the joy, suffering and pain experienced by the heart. One did not have to understand either music or German to feel what was taking place. Complimentary to Isadore Luckstone, the pianist, a common-place number called "A Love Symphony," of which he was the composer, was encored in the latter part of the program.

While Sembrich's breath notes are not as clear as a dozen years ago, nor as clear as those of Patti in color or emotional singing, she excels Patti, and was never better than at the present time.

Sembrich wore a light blue creation in the nature of a director's gown that was a peach, however, the sheath skirt portion was eliminated, but Sembrich handled it in such a manner that the omission was not noticeable. The caricaturists have maligned the director, if this is a specimen, for it afforded a treat for the sense of sight which, taken in connection with the emotions brought into being by the concert itself, was pleasing.

### Attention, Maccabees.

The Sir Knights will give a Tramp Social and dance at the Maccabee hall Wednesday evening, November 18, which the Lady Maccabees and their escorts are cordially invited to attend. There will be good music and arrangements have been made for a good lunch hand-out at the back door. Would be pleased to have all those that wish, come disguised. Remember the date, and come and have a good time as us Maccabees always do. Admission free. COMMITTEE.

### DRYS SEE VICTORY

Believe That Local Option Will Carry In Spring.

Ann Arbor News: Local option adherents are insisting that when the question comes up at the 1909 spring election, those desiring to close up the saloons will win the day by a majority of at least 400 votes. They base their claims upon the assertion that the recent vote on prosecuting attorneys was a trial of strength between the "wets" and the "drys," Storm, the man standing for local option and no saloons, winning the contest by about 450 majority.

Hard work is now being done to complete the petitions asking the board of supervisors to submit the saloon question to popular vote at the spring election and it is expected that the petition all over the county will be ready for filing with the county clerk within the next two weeks. The petitions will be submitted to the supervisors at the January session, which opens January 4.

Local workers hear encouraging reports from outside of the city and also present some interesting figures from some of Ann Arbor's wards. With a trifle over 600 voters in the seventh ward there is one petition there which has 367 signers and there are two other petitions being circulated in the ward in addition. In the sixth ward one petition has 167 signers and in the fourth ward there are about a hundred names on one petition.

### Kruse-McKenzie Wedding.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Kruse, of Sylvan, was the scene of a very pretty wedding Wednesday evening, November 4, 1908, when about fifty friends and relatives assembled to witness the marriage of their daughter, W. Lena to Mr. D. Burt McKenzie, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel McKenzie, of Stockbridge. While the assembled guests were awaiting the appearance of the bride party they were pleasantly entertained by Theodore G. Riemschneider, who sang "O promise me."

Promptly at six o'clock the contracting parties took their places beneath a beautiful arch, tastefully decorated with a profusion of smilax, to the strains of Lohengrin's wedding march played by Miss Adah Schenk. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. E. Beal, pastor of the German M. E. church. Miss Katherine W. Riemschneider, a niece of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, Howard E. Marshall being best man. The bride was daintily gowned in a beautiful white dress and carried a shower bouquet of white chrysanthemums tied with white ribbon. The bridesmaid was also appropriately dressed, wearing a deep cream gown and carried a bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums.

Immediately following congratulations the guests sat down to a dainty two course luncheon served by several of the bride's most intimate girl friends. The happy couple left amid a shower of rice on the 9:00 o'clock car for Ontario, Canada. They were the recipients of many beautiful as well as useful presents showing the high esteem in which they are held by their friends and relatives.

The bride is widely known in this vicinity being an active member of the German M. E. church, the Grange, and especially the Epworth League. Mr. McKenzie also stands high in social circles. After their extended Canadian trip they will be at home to their many friends at Stockbridge.

### Elsie Janis.

Charles Dillingham will present Elsie Janis at the new Whitney theatre, Ann Arbor, Monday, November 16th, in Geo. Ade's latest novelty "The Fair Co-Ed" written by George Ade and Gustav Eiders.

Miss Janis is today the youngest star on the American stage, being only eighteen years of age, but she has gained her present position through sheer hard work and ability, as well as through her charms of manner. In this new vehicle which is said to be full of the spirit of youth, she is as unaffected and girlish as one could imagine.

George Ade has written a play that is distinct from the ordinary musical comedy, for "The Fair Co-Ed" is in reality a college play with music, and as such could be played without the music. Some of the situations are extremely ingenious, and the book is full of the peculiarly entertaining humor that has made Mr. Ade rank as one of the greatest of American wits. Gustav Eiders' music is said to be as fine as anything he wrote for "The Prince of Pilsen," "Woodland" or his other successes.

The orchestra will be largely augmented for the entertainment there. Prices 50, 75, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00.

"My child was burned terribly about the face, neck and chest. I applied Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The pain ceased and the child sank into a restful sleep."—Mrs. Nancy M. Hanson, Hamburg, N. Y.

### Appeared For Hearing.

Referee in Bankruptcy Harlow P. Davock was in Chelsea last Thursday, at which time F. P. Glazier appeared before him and gave his testimony in the bankruptcy case.

This was the first time since he became a bankrupt that Mr. Glazier had appeared for open examination by his creditors. He was on the stand for six hours, with only an hour's intermission for dinner.

Matters on which the criminal proceeding now pending against Glazier in the Ingham county court is based were not touched on by agreement with attorneys for the bankrupt, but he was grilled numerically as to the disposition of the hundreds of thousands of dollars which he handled personally in the last years before the failure. He was nervous at the start, but not more so than the average man who might be a bankrupt, under like circumstances.

The first question asked by Attorney Oxtoby in the morning session was long and intricate. When an answer was demanded tears came to the eyes of the witness, he fidgeted in his chair and seemed unable to grasp the meaning. Mrs. Glazier, who all through the examination sat close behind her husband, rose and placed her hand on his shoulder whispering to him the while, Glazier seemed to calm down immediately, and when Attorney Oxtoby changed the form of his question for greater clearness he answered intelligently.

As the examination progressed Glazier seemed to gain confidence and in the afternoon, lounging comfortably on the huge sofa, the witness showed little sign of nervousness or fatigue.

### David Rockwell.

David Rockwell, whose death occurred at his home in Lima, Saturday evening, October 31, 1908, was born in Sidneyham, Canada, August 11, 1847. He came to Michigan with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Rockwell, when five years of age, and has resided in this state ever since, most of the time on a farm south of Chelsea.

During the early part of his life he displayed extraordinary ambition, energy and devotion, never thinking there any obstacle which he could not surmount, but later his health failed him, and day by day, month by month, the many friends, among whom he had been for so many years a familiar figure, perceived his former strength and energy gradually waning, until four years ago he became almost a helpless invalid. Yet through the long period of impaired health and sorrow, he continued to display the remarkable courage and buoyant spirit characteristic of his younger days, never complaining, but ever hopeful of a return of health and happiness. He was always a believer in the Christian religion, later in life he became a member of the Christian church, and a highly respected citizen in the community in which he lived.

He is survived by a widow, two daughters, Mrs. R. G. Maloney, of Ithaca, and Miss Millicent Rockwell, of Detroit, four sons, Allen P., of Grand Rapids, Jay D., of Detroit, Arthur L., of Ithaca, and David G., of Detroit, a mother, who, with an undying devotion comforted and cared for him during the latter part of his life, two sisters, Mrs. S. H. Hough, of Comstock, and Mrs. Irving Hammond, of Lima. The funeral was held at his home in Lima, Wednesday, November 4, where a large circle of relatives and sympathizing friends attested by a wealth of flowers and tears, their love and respect for him who was a devoted father, loving husband and respected citizen. His body lies in Vermont cemetery, by the side of that of his daughter, Myrtle, who died in infancy. A. R.

### Sylvan Receives \$1,212.18.

The following is the apportionment of the primary money in Washtenaw county. The amount is \$1.78 per capita:

CHILDREN, AMOUNT.	
Ann Arbor town.....	190 338 20
Ann Arbor city.....	5,326 5,920 28
Augusta.....	446 793 88
Bridgewater.....	283 508 74
Dexter.....	168 286 58
Freedom.....	360 640 80
Lima.....	230 409 40
Lodi.....	269 478 82
Lyndon.....	172 306 16
Manchester.....	562 1,000 36
Northfield.....	267 475 26
Pittsfield.....	240 462 80
Salem.....	224 398 72
Saline.....	485 863 30
Sci.....	491 873 98
Superior.....	240 443 22
Sylvan.....	681 1,212 18
Webster.....	140 249 20
York.....	644 1,146 32
Ypsilanti.....	210 373 80
Ypsilanti city.....	1,555 2,767 90
Total.....	11,496 \$20,450 42

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"Risen From the Ashes," a four-act comedy-drama at the Sylvan Theater Monday night. Ask merchants for free tickets.

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Teddy Bears, at 17c, 38c and up.  
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Popular Copyright Books, new stock each 50c.  
Celluloid Combs 8 inch 25c values 2 for 25c.  
All \$1.50 New Copyright Books \$1.18.  
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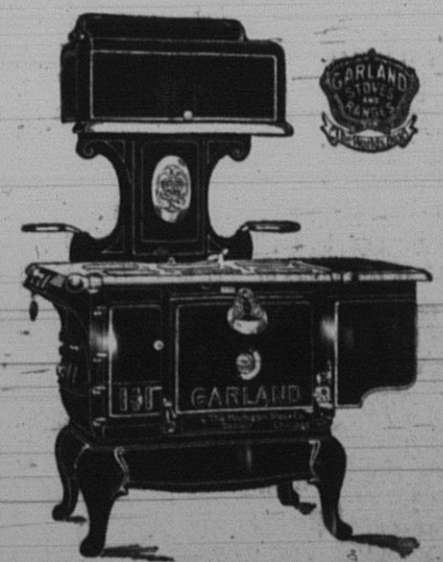
Our guaranteed Cough Cure, large bottle 25c.  
Dr. King's New Discovery, New Life Pills, Bucklen's American Salve and Electric Bitters always in stock.  
Beef, Iron and Wine, Best, pint 50c.  
Guaranteed Irid Corn Cure, package 10c.  
Absorbent Cotton, pound 35c.  
Best Lump Borax, pound 10c.  
Cough Plasters for sore lungs, 25c.  
Red Cross Plasters warm the back and cure the ache. Fresh ones, 25c.  
25c Egg Shampoo, 2 packages for 25c.  
Peroxide 4 ounces 15c.  
Best Ground Flaxseed, 4 pounds for 25c.  
Best Ground Oil Cake, 124 pounds 25c.  
Glauber Salts, 10 pounds for 25c.  
Sulphur, 8 pounds for 25c.  
Tobacco Dust, 6 pounds 25c.  
Saltpetre, 1 pound 15c.  
Best Spirits Niter, pint 60c.  
Best Witch Hazel, pint 20c.

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Successor to W. J. Knapp.







# CAPTAIN LINDEN'S MOUNTAIN MYSTERY

By GEORGE BARTON

## How Famous Detective Unearthed Great Quantity of Loot Guided by the Crook He Outwitted—All Guilty Ones Receive the Penalty, Through Work of Clever Sleuth—Overcomes All Obstacles.

On the night of October 19, 1879, Paymaster McClure and his body guard, Hugh Flanagan, employees of Charles McFadden, a railroad contractor, were waylaid in the Luzerne mountains, just outside of Wilkesbarre, Pa., robbed, and foully murdered.

The two men left Wilkesbarre in a one-horse buggy and arranged their journey so that they might reach Miner's Mills in time to pay off the Italian laborers who were working on the railroad near that place. They had \$12,000 in a leather satchel which was fastened to the bottom of the carriage with a couple of straps. The thought of personal danger never entered the minds of either of the men. They knew every foot of the ground, and, moreover, were acquainted with nearly every man, woman and child within a radius of five miles.

Their coming to Miner's Mills was always the occasion of much joy among the Italian laborers and their wives and children. In fact, McClure and Flanagan were looked on as miniature editions of Santa Claus, except that instead of coming once a year, they made their welcome visits twice a month. They were as punctual as the clock itself, and the workmen knew to the minute when to expect the paymaster and his assistant. As a consequence, when they failed to appear at the usual time on October 20, the people were very much disturbed.

A general alarm was sent out and a delegation of men started for the mountains. Some of the most prominent citizens of Luzerne county headed the searching party. They knew that the paymaster and his assistant carried a large sum of money and they were also aware that certain parts of the mountain were as lawless as the most uncivilized section of the United States. Little wonder that they were filled with gloomy forebodings. They had not gone far before their worst fears were realized. The horse belonging to McClure and Flanagan lay dead in the road. The animal had been wounded and evidently suffered great agony before it died, for it lay there weltering in its own blood. Some yards further up the road they came to the broken shafts of a carriage.

They continued their search, nervously themselves for the shock that was still to come. It came only too soon. The dead body of Paymaster McClure was found dangling from the bar of the buggy, where it had been caught and hung suspended for hours. An examination proved that the dead man had been shot in the back in four distinct places. It was as if a volley had been fired from ambush. The horror of the affair was increased five minutes later when Flanagan was found, face down, prostrate in the road, lifeless. He evidently had been shot and fallen from the wagon.

The inquest demonstrated nothing of value. The funeral of the murdered men, which took place from Miner's Mills, was largely attended. All of the Italians who worked on the railroad were present. One of these was Michael Rizzolo. He seemed to be very much affected, and, pulling out his handkerchief, wept bitterly. He cried out:

"My goodness, who could have done this awful crime? I will have to help to run down the murderers, and when we get them we will string them up without mercy."

Within 24 hours Rizzolo was arrested, charged with the murder of McClure and Flanagan.

But, unfortunately, the arrest was made solely on suspicion. There was not a shred of evidence on which to hold the man—unless it was the fact that he lived in a shanty on the mountain-side. The expected happened. The employer, the murdered men, determined that the assassin should not go free, if a plentiful expenditure and the employment of the best detective skill in America could prevent it.

Other men believe him guilty of a crime. No one knew this better than Robert J. Linden.

His assistant, Capt. E. J. Dougherty, said:

"Shall we arrest Rizzolo?" "No; we must get either a confession or sufficient evidence for a conviction."

At this critical stage of the game the local authorities who had heard of the movements of Linden and his assistants, re-arrested Rizzolo. Linden was not given to profanity, but some of the things he said on that occasion were unprintable. He foresaw a trial and an acquittal—a fiasco, a miscarriage of justice. He went to Thomas Quigley of Miner's Mills.

"Mr. Quigley, you want the mountain mystery solved?" "Surely."

"Then go bail for Mike Rizzolo." Quigley went Rizzolo's bail in the sum of \$2,000, and the Italian was released from custody. He was delighted. To his mind he had been tried and virtually acquitted of the crime.

ark, N. J., but eventually drifted to Wilkesbarre, where he secured employment with the railroad contractors.

Two days after Rizzolo was discharged from custody he went to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where he started a commissary department for the benefit of his fellow Italians who were employed by Mr. McFadden, who had a railroad contract in that section of New York. Mike still had a passion for making money quick. His prospects looked good.

But all the while Linden had two employees at the elbow of Mike Rizzolo. Both of these fellows were Italians. One pretended to be half-witted and managed to be in the company of Mike all the while. He not only worked with him, but he ate and slept with him. Rizzolo on his part not only gave the man his confidence by day, but he poured his incoherent dreams into his willing ear by night. Detailed reports were sent to Linden with religious regularity.

A few weeks after the crime Rizzolo's sister was married and he made her a present of \$600. A month later he presented his brother-in-law with \$1,000 to set him up in the bakery business. Also, at sundry times he displayed great rolls of greenbacks, which were certainly not the profits of his business in Poughkeepsie. Finally, about the 24th of January, Rizzolo made elaborate plans for a trip to Italy. He arranged to sail on the 20th of January. Linden resolved that the Italian should never leave America. He had ample evidence. He resolved to arrest him at once. So he laid a trap to entice Mike to Philadelphia, thus bringing him within the jurisdiction of the court.

The Italian responded. As he alighted from the train, Linden came forward to meet him. Rizzolo was somewhat taken aback at the sight of the detective, but his nerve did not desert him.

"What do you want?" "I want you to help me out on a little case I'm interested in," was the significant response.

They drove down to the Philadelphia office of the Pinkerton agency. Linden immediately escorted his man into his private office.

"Wait here," he said, "I'll be back in a minute."

Linden's purpose. The Italian looked about him nervously. His glare rested upon a large portrait of Allan Pinkerton, the founder of the agency. The eyes of the veteran detective looked down on the murderer accusingly—at least he thought so. He turned around and was greeted with the motto of the agency, "We Never Sleep."

He was very uneasy now. Linden re-entered the room carrying a legal-looking document in his hand. It was a warrant for the arrest of the Italian. Linden looked very solemn.

"Michael Rizzolo, stand up!" The suspect arose, curious and fearful.

"What is it?" he cried. Linden put his broad hand on the man's shoulder.

"I arrest you for the murder of McClure and Flanagan."

Rizzolo sank to the floor a shapeless heap of crushed humanity. It was some moments before he recovered his nerve. When he did so, the detective said:

"You are not compelled to tell me anything. You can keep quiet if you wish."

"Oh, no," he cried, "I must confess. I can't keep quiet any longer!" And there in that little room, in passionate words, he poured forth the story of the atrocious double murder on the Luzerne mountains.

"It was greed for gold," said Mike, "that was at the bottom of it all. The scheme to waylay and murder McClure and Flanagan was first concocted on Sunday, September 2. Giuseppe Bevenino and Vincenzo Villella and I thought what a good time we could have in Italy if we could get this money. We talked it over for a long time, and finally concluded to carry out the scheme. We scoured the woods thoroughly to find a good place to conceal our firearms and the money in case we succeeded. After looking about for more than two weeks we finally located a place that suited our purpose. Then I bought a rifle at a store in Wilkesbarre, and we were ready. On the morning of Friday, October 19, I saw McClure go away from the works. I followed him to Miner's Mills. Villella and Bevenino did not come to Miner's Mills that morning but remained in the woods. After leaving Miner's Mills, I passed McClure on the road."

"What did McClure say to you?"

"He said 'Hello, Mike!'" "What did you say?"

"I said 'Hello,' and nodded my head."

"Then what followed?"

"As soon as McClure and Flanagan passed me in the carriage I quickened my pace, but they naturally paid no attention to me. We were now close to where the two other men were in ambush, and I began to get a little nervous."

"Who fired the first shot?" "Bevenino. He did the principal shooting. He was an expert shot. He was on the right side of the road going up."

"Who was shot first?" "McClure."

"Who fired the next shot?" "Bevenino."

"Where are these men now?" "They are both in Italy. They left three weeks after the murder."

"How far up the road was Villella from Bevenino?" "About 50 yards."

"When did you shoot?"

"I shot from the rear. I fired four shots altogether at the men in the carriage. After McClure and Flanagan had been shot the horse started on a dead run. Villella got frightened and ran through the woods to the shanty, where he deserted us without warning. At one time it looked as if the horse was going to get away and we thought we had only killed the men for nothing. Bevenino was foot-footed, however, and he chased the horse at a break-neck speed. He finally caught up and grabbed him by the rein. He then shot him in the head. Then we cut the strap that held the satchel fast to the carriage, and hurried to the woods to the hiding place. The money was buried as well as the weapons, and I arrived at my shanty a little before 12 o'clock. You know the rest, how I was suspected, and how I was followed to Poughkeepsie. The trouble came when we quarreled over the division of the spoils. The other two men were so anxious to get back to Italy that we took several trips to the woods and dug up part of the money until now nothing remains there but the silver money and the weapons that were used to commit the murder."

Linden determined to test Rizzolo's story at once. The Italian told him precisely where the money and the rifles were buried. Linden started for Wilkesbarre at once, accompanied by the self-confessed murderer. They reached Wilkesbarre at eight o'clock in the evening. It was too late then to get a train to Laurel Hill, where the money was hidden. The night was dark and stormy, but the detective resolved to pursue his search in spite of all obstacles. He made up his mind to walk to Laurel Hill rather than risk being followed. He was accompanied by one of his detectives and the prisoner, who was not handcuffed. When they reached the first house on the side of the mountain he borrowed a miner's lamp and then began the journey over the mountains. Seven miles from Wilkesbarre and two miles from the scene of the murder, at Laurel Run creek, they found the various articles just where Mike said they had been hidden. He was their guide from the beginning to the end. He knew every inch of the country, which was wild beyond the wildest stretches of the imagination. The rifle was found as well as the silver money. They were hidden beneath a heavy rock. The money was in a large bag, and wrapped in the paper packages just as it came from the bank. The satchel in which the money was carried by McClure and Flanagan was found in another place, buried about a foot deep between two rocks. All of the things were buried in such a way that they could be reached readily by the removal of a lot of leaves that were strewn over them.

Linden directed that each article should be put back exactly where it had been found, except the coin, which he put in a satchel and took back to Wilkesbarre with him. Irony of fate—Mike Rizzolo was the messenger who carried the satchel containing the coin which was to be used as evidence to send him to the gallows. It was very heavy. There was \$291.50 in dimes, five-cent pieces and pennies. They walked over the railroad track back to Laurel Run, which was reached shortly after midnight. Through the kindness of a telegraph operator at Laurel Run they were furnished with an engine which took them back to Wilkesbarre.

Little more remains to be said. Rizzolo was tried, convicted and executed. Requisitions were issued for his accomplices, but through some flaw in international law they could not be honored. Later, however, through the activity of the government, both received long terms in an Italian prison. Those who were best acquainted with Capt. Linden's achievements in the great mountain mystery declare that it was as keen and artistic a specimen of detective work as has been developed in any country in modern times.

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)



POURED FORTH THE STORY OF THE ATROCIOUS DOUBLE MURDER

## END OF PET DETESTATION.

New Yorker Finally Rid of the Displeased High Hat.

There is a certain man in New York whose pet detestation is a high hat. In his journey through life he has acquired many dislikes, some prejudices, and a few hatreds—but his feeling toward a high hat goes far beyond the limits implied by the mild word "hatred."

However, family influences were brought to bear on him when he had reached the proper milestone in his life, and these influences were so strong and insistent that eventually the man in question purchased a high hat; what is more, he actually donned it.

But his hatred abated not a jot. In fact, it grew. He used to open his hatbox and eye the hat viciously, murderously. But thoughts of what the family would say if he should adopt violent measures always deterred him, and every time he shut the box again, leaving the thing unharmed, and vented his rage in profanity.

Once he and his family went to live at a hotel in the country. And one night, with appalling suddenness, that hotel caught fire.

Fortunately, everybody in it was able to get out in safety. The young man of the hat, after counting heads, and seeing that his people were out of danger, decided to dash into the burning building once more—there was still a bit of time—in order to see whether he might rescue a few more things from his room. In the excitement attendant on the discovery of the fire the hotel guests had been obliged to look to their personal safety, without thinking overmuch of that of their belongings.

Well, the young man, plunging gallantly through flame and smoke, reached his room. There, the first thing which caught his eye was the high hat.

With a look of diabolical glee he regarded it for a few seconds. Then, with an exclamation of delight—he kicked it into the innermost part of the room, into crackling flame and eddying smoke, far from all possible means of escape.

Then, diabolical glee still illumining his features, he emerged a happy man.

## Again the Hair.

The man's hair, at 47, was so thick and dark that it gave him an abnormal and coarse look—the look somehow of the proprietor of a swindling sideshow. He was, however, a millionaire banker.

"All this talk about the hair turning gray if you go bareheaded is false," he said, "except in the case of those who don't use brilliantine. Since I was a boy of 18, when my hair got very thin, I have gone bareheaded all summer long by a hair specialist's advice. To that I impute my excellent crop."

"Of course, my hair, dried by the sun and wind, would have turned gray if I hadn't oiled it with brilliantine daily. I oiled and brushed it till it shone like satin. That combination—hair oiled daily to the sun and oiled daily with brilliantine—positively assures a thatch that will last out the lifetime. And this treatment staves off rather than brings on grayness."

## Special Train to Carry a Wreath.

Carelessness on the part of some court official recently rendered necessary the sending of a special train from Budapest to Vienna to carry a laurel wreath for the tomb of the murdered Empress Elizabeth. It is the custom every year to make up on the empress' estate at Godollo, in Hungary, a gigantic laurel wreath to be laid on the empress' coffin in the vaults of the Capuchin church on the eve of the anniversary of her assassination. This year when the official in charge of the wreath arrived in Budapest he found that the wreath had not been put in the carriage. To go back for it was to lose the train, and as it was imperative that the wreath should be laid in the imperial vaults that evening, the court chamberlain ordered a special train to carry the wreath over the 163 miles between the Hungarian and Austrian capitals.

## Too Luxurious.

August Belmont, in the smoke-room of the liner that brought him back to America—it was an English liner, and these boats have "smoke" instead of "smoking" rooms—told, one afternoon, many interesting things about London.

Mr. Belmont described the street near Tottenham Court Road, where second-hand clothes are sold.

"A discussion I overheard in that street," he said, "will give you some idea of the prices that prevail."

"I say," said a young man, "what price these 'ere'?"

"And he held up before the dealer a pair of plaid trousers."

"I can let you have 'em, my son, for sixpence," the dealer answered.

"The other threw the trousers back into the barrow."

"Garn!" he said; "I don't want a pair for Sundays. I want 'em for workin' in."

## One on the Judge.

"Here you are," said the judge to the colored prisoner, "complainin' that you can't get along with one wife, and yet Solomon had hundreds of 'em."

"Yes, yer honor," was the reply, "but you must rickallect dat de last testimony he give in wuz dat dey wuz all vanity an' vexation of spirit!"—Atlanta Constitution.

## EXCELLENT WEATHER AND MAGNIFICENT CROPS

REPORTS FROM WESTERN CANADA ARE VERY ENCOURAGING.

A correspondent writes the Winnipeg (Man.) Free Press: "The Pincher Creek district, (Southern Alberta), the original home of fall wheat, where it has been grown without failure, dry seasons and wet, for about 25 years, is excelling itself this year. The yield and quality are both phenomenal, as has been the weather for its harvesting. Forty bushels is a common yield, and many fields go up to 50, 60 and over, and most of it No. 1 Northern. Even last year, which was less favorable, similar yields were in some cases obtained, but owing to the season the quality was not so good. It is probably safe to say that the average yield from the Old Man's River to the boundary will be 47 or 48 bushels per acre, and mostly No. 1 Northern. One man has just made a net profit from his crop of \$19.55 per acre, or little less than the selling price of land. Land here is too cheap at present, when a crop or two will pay for it, and a failure almost unknown. Nor is the district dependent on wheat, all other crops do well, also stock and dairying, and there is a large market at the doors in the mining towns up the Crow's Nest Pass, and in British Columbia, for the abundant hay of the district, and poultry—peck, and garden truck. Coal is near and cheap. Jim Hill has an eye on its advantages, and has invested here, and is bringing the Great Northern Railroad soon, when other lines will follow."

The wheat, oat and barley crop in other parts of Western Canada show splendid yields and will make the farmers of that country (and many of them are Americans) rich. The Canadian Government Agent for this district advises us that he will be pleased to give information to all who desire it about the new land regulations by which a settler may now secure 160 acres in addition to his 160 homestead acres, at \$3.00 an acre, and also how to reach these lands into which railways are being extended. It might be interesting to read what is said of that country by the Editor of the Marshall (Minn.) News-Messenger, who made a trip through portions of it in July, 1908. "Passing through more than three thousand miles of Western Canada's agricultural lands, touring the northern and southern farming belts of the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, with numerous drives through the great grain fields, we were made to realize not only the magnificence of the crops, but the magnitude, in measures, of the vast territory opening, and to be opened to farming immigration. There are hundreds of thousands of farmers there, and millions of acres under cultivation, but there is room for millions more, and other millions of acreage available. We could see in Western Canada in soil, product, topography or climate, little that is different from Minnesota, and with meeting at every point many business men and farmers who went there from this state, it was difficult to realize one was beyond the boundary of the country."

## A RUNNER-UP.



Mr. Asker—Do you find your new auto a good climber, Harry?

Harry—Well, it's not a speed marvel when it comes to running up hills, but say, old man, you just ought to see it run up a bill.

## By the Hurricane Route.

"He's long wanted to leave the country," says a Billville exchange, "but he never could afford the railroad fare, but just as he had given up—all hope a hurricane came along and gave him and his house free transportation. It was providential and he pulled through at last."—Atlanta Constitution.

## Dainty Bits of Sentiment.

A fine bit of sentiment from Editor Howe of the Atchison Globe: "Treat the faith your friends have in you as carefully as you would handle a dainty silk parasol in a violent wind and rain storm."

## The General Demand

of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative remedy of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt in action.

In supplying that demand with its excellent combination of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the California Fig Syrup Co. proceeds along ethical lines and relies on the merits of the laxative for its remarkable success.

That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the Well-Informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.



## The Chelsea Standard.

An independent local newspaper published every Thursday afternoon from its office in the Standard building, Chelsea, Michigan.

BY O. T. HOOVER.

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

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## CHURCH CIRCLES

## ST. PAUL'S.

Rev. A. A. Schoen, Pastor.

Regular services at the usual hour next Sunday morning.

The Young People's Society will meet at 7:30 p. m.

## BAPTIST

Rev. G. A. Chittenden, Pastor.

Public worship at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 11:15 a. m.

B. Y. P. U. at 6 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 p. m.

Come and welcome.

## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

The Christian Science Society will meet in the G. A. R. hall at the usual hour next Sunday, November 15, 1908. Subject, "Mortals And Immortals." Golden Text, "For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh."

## CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. M. L. Grant, Pastor.

"A Vision From The Mountain Top" will be the morning subject next Sunday.

"The Healing Wonders of Christ, Can They Be Duplicated Today?" is the evening topic. Some of the new testament miracles will be discussed in the light of modern science.

## METHODIST EPISCOPAL

Rev. D. H. Glass, Pastor.

Prayer meeting this (Thursday) evening. Topic, "What The Prayer Meeting Is To The Church." Chorus rehearsal at eight o'clock.

Title of Sunday morning sermon, "Soul Travel Plus Sole Travel." Evening sermon, "Did Jesus Arise From The Dead?" The plan of uniting the Sunday morning sermon with the Sunday school is giving the utmost satisfaction and is attracting attention in other places. The pastor has been asked to speak of the plan at the State Sunday School Convention Thursday. Visitors from other churches speak of it in the highest terms. All adults and children are requested to come at ten o'clock and remain to the close of the service which is eleven-thirty o'clock.

Junior League meeting at 2:30 p. m. and Epworth League at 6 p. m. Leader Miss Nellie Hall.

## SALEM GERMAN M. E. CHURCH,

NEAR FRANKFORD.

Rev. J. E. Béal, Pastor.

The morning worship will take place at the usual hour. The Epworth League Devotional meeting at 7:30 will be led by Miss Mabel Notten. The topic is, "Soul—Winning a Glorious Service." English preaching will follow this meeting.

The illustrated lecture by Rev. B. F. Beal of Detroit which has been postponed indefinitely will be given in the evening of Wednesday, November 18. The subject of the lecture is, "The Deaconess Work, Its Origin, History, and Present Extent." A well selected set of slides will be exhibited giving various scenes and views illustrating the nature of the work. At the same time a donation for the Bethesda Hospital and Deaconess Home of Cincinnati an institution of our church, will be received. Vegetables and fruits of various kinds and articles useful in such an institution are acceptable for this donation. No admission will be charged, only a free-will offering will be taken to cover the necessary expenses. The donations are to be brought to the parsonage. Do not miss this lecture. It will instruct you of what great importance the deaconess work is. The time is 7:30. Come.

## Farmers' Club.

The November meeting of the Western Washtenaw Union Farmers' Club will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Davidson, on Friday, November 20th. The following is the program:

Roll Call. Current events. Music. The ideal sheep for the farmer, by Wm. H. Laird. Paper by H. Everett. Question box. Select reading, Mrs. G. Gage. Is it profitable for a farmer to breed blooded stock? J. F. Waltrous.

Hives, eczema, itch or salt rheum sets you crazy. Can't bear the touch of your clothing. Doan's Ointment cures the most obstinate cases. Why suffer. All druggists sell it.

## PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. L. Bagge was in Detroit Wednesday.

Mrs. J. S. Gorman spent Tuesday in Detroit.

Dr. J. T. Woods was a Detroit visitor Tuesday.

Mrs. T. McKune visited in Jackson Tuesday.

Theodore Wedemeyer spent Monday in Ann Arbor.

Miss Nellie Stocking spent Saturday in Ann Arbor.

B. C. Pratt, of Toledo, was a Chelsea visitor Friday.

O. C. Burkhardt was an Ann Arbor visitor Friday.

Walter Kantlehner was a Jackson visitor Tuesday.

Miss Vera Comstock is visiting relatives in Pontiac.

Matthew Jensen was an Ann Arbor visitor Saturday.

Miss Mary Haab was in Detroit on business Tuesday.

John Kalmbach was a Stockbridge visitor Wednesday.

Mrs. Mary Winans is visiting her son William, in Lansing.

Byron Whitaker, of Dexter, spent Monday in Chelsea.

Albert Watson, of Unadilla, was a Chelsea visitor Tuesday.

Miss Mamie Heatley, of Toledo, was a Chelsea visitor Monday.

Wm. Rehfuß, of Manchester, was a Chelsea visitor Monday.

Messrs. G. P. Staffan and C. Lehman were in Detroit Tuesday.

Mrs. F. H. Belser is spending today and Friday in Ann Arbor.

Miss Mabel McGuinness was in Detroit the first of the week.

Julius Streiter and Paul Bacon were Ann Arbor visitors Tuesday.

Very Rev. Dean Savage, of Detroit, spent Wednesday in Chelsea.

Mrs. T. McNamara and daughter spent Tuesday evening in Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Ernest Dancer and daughter Eleanor, were Detroit visitors Tuesday.

Mrs. C. Lehman and Miss Pauline Girbach were Jackson visitors Tuesday.

Miss Cora Foster, of Ann Arbor, spent the first of the week with relatives here.

Misses Margaret Dealy and Nellie Walsh are spending this week in Detroit.

Miss Genevieve Hummel was a guest of friends in Lansing the first of the week.

Mrs. H. S. Holmes and son Howard will leave next Wednesday for California.

Fred Belser, of Detroit, spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Belser.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Staffan, of Ann Arbor, were guests of his parents here Sunday.

Rev. Father Taylor, of Ann Arbor, was the guest of Father Considine Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Holmes, of Ann Arbor, spent Friday with Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Holmes.

Rev. M. L. Grant is attending the State Sunday School convention in Detroit this week.

Mrs. Daniel McLaughlin is spending this week at the home of her sister, Mrs. Chas. Forner, of Detroit.

Peter Weick, of Detroit, spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Weick.

Miss Ricka Kalmbach Mrs. Charles Riemenschneider and Miss Ada Schenk are spending a few days in Lansing.

Paul Bacon and Howard Holmes and Misses Jennie Geddes and Mabel White were Dexter visitors Friday evening.

Rev. Fathers Considine and Horr went to Dexter Monday to visit Monsignor De Bever and Rev. Father Ryan.

Miss Leona Belser, who is a teacher in the schools at Holland, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Belser.

—L. J. Miller, who has been spending several weeks with his parents in Lyndon, returned to his home in Chicago Sunday.

Mrs. James Cunningham, of Detroit, and Katherine Herr, of Toledo, are guests at the home of John Clark, of Lyndon.

Rev. Charles Herr, of Toledo, who was the guest of Father Considine Sunday and Monday, returned home Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. August Mensing and Mrs. Wm. Wolf attended the funeral of their uncle, Mr. F. Hoffman, in Detroit last week.

Rev. E. J. McCormick, of the Cathedral, Detroit, was a guest at St. Mary's rectory Wednesday, and visited his sister, Mary Frederika at St. Mary's Convent.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Belser entertained Mrs. Fred Hatzel and Mrs. Edward Hatzel, of Pittsfield, Mrs. Philip Zwergel, of Niles, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Sheetz, of New Washington, Ohio, and Mrs. Dr. Belser and son, of Ann Arbor, Wednesday.

## Turkey Is King.

Thanksgiving is coming. Whether you are going to eat turkey, duck, goose, chicken, rabbit, etc., for your Thanksgiving dinner you welcome the advent of the season. In the next issue of the Standard will appear an interesting, instructive, humorous feature story under the above heading. It is written by Will P. Shafter. 5,000,000 turks must die.

Turkey is the official Thanksgiving feast bird. Five million of them have already been or will be decapitated so that you may give true American thanks. Mr. Shafter tells that fact in his article, which, to say the least, is brilliant. He makes figures laugh and playfully reproaches the United States government for not having a statistics bureau on casualties from Thanksgiving overeating. Read this paper's next issue.

You won't regret the time it takes to peruse this feature story. If it were not good we wouldn't print it. Handsomely illustrated with photographs of the turkey in every stage of preparation.

## Miss Robson In "Vera, The Medium"

An attraction that should recommend itself to local theatregoers is Miss Eleanor Robson in Richard Harding Davis' play on spiritualism, "Vera, The Medium," which is scheduled for the new Whitney theatre, Ann Arbor next Thursday, November 19.

There are but few of our actresses who possess the unusual capabilities of this young woman, and practically none of those who rival her in capability possess her added advantage of extreme youth. As usual, Miss Robson has a very competent company playing in her support, H. B. Warner once more occupying his place as leading man. Her play this season is as pretensions as anything she has yet endeavored, barring, of course, her performance of Juliet in the famous all-star company. While the theme of the play is spiritualism, as surances are given that it is not a hard and dry didactic composition, but the natural interest that attaches itself to this theme is enhanced by a vitally dramatic plot, thrilling situations, and a fund of human comedy and pathos. A mechanical effect is promised for the third act, that is warranted to send thrills of mystic apprehension crawling down the spectator's spine. Just what the story of the play may be, as yet a profound secret, the producers not wishing to spoil the effect of several startling surprises. Whatever it may be, one may put reasonable reliance in the ability of Richard Harding Davis, the author, Miss Eleanor Robson, the star, and Liebler & Company, the managers, to supply something that will rank among the things well worth while.

Prices 50, 75, \$1.00 \$1.50 and \$2.00. Seat sale Monday, November 16, at 10 o'clock a. m. at the box office.

## Resolutions.

Whereas, God in his infinite wisdom has removed from our midst our esteemed sister and secretary, Mrs. Mary E. Clark, be it

Resolved, that the removal of our worthy sister leaves a vacancy and shadow of gloom, that will be felt by every member of Eureka Grange.

Resolved, that we as members of Eureka Grange express our heartfelt sympathies to our afflicted brother and his family in their great loss, and we trust they will recognize the doings of a kind Heavenly Father.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the records of the Grange, and a copy be sent to the family of our worst sister.

## MEMBERS OF EUREKA GRANGE.

## Cards of Thanks.

We wish to thank the choir, Elder Caster and the kind friends for their sympathy in the time of our sorrow.

Mrs. MARY ROCKWELL, Mrs. FANNIE HUGH, Mrs. MARY HAMMOND.

We wish to express our sincere thanks to all who so kindly aided us in our recent bereavement and for the beautiful flowers.

MISSES WINTERS, MR. AND MRS. E. MORRISSEY, MR. AND MRS. A. FOSTER, MR. AND MRS. E. COWLES, EDWARD WINTERS, JAMES WINTERS, JOSEPH WINTERS.

Whereas, God in his infinite wisdom has removed from our midst our loyal companion, Ernest L. Pickell, be it

Resolved, that the removal of this bright, young life from our midst, leaves a vacancy and a shadow of gloom that will be deeply felt by all, and will prove a serious loss to his parents.

Resolved, that with the expression of our deepest sympathy for the heartbroken father and mother, we trust they may withal recognize the doings of a kind Heavenly Father. Therefore be it

Resolved, that our charter be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days, and a copy of these resolutions be placed on the records of our Arbor, and printed in the Chelsea Standard, also a copy forwarded to his parents.

A. C. PALMER, FRANK MAY, Committee, Unadilla, Arbor, Ancient Order of Gleaners.

Ask your merchants for free Henderson Stock Co. tickets for Sylvan Theater Monday night.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## SUGAR LOAF LAKE.

Wm. Bott spent Monday in Jackson.

Mrs. L. Guinan spent Sunday in Adrian.

M. J. Dealy is recovering from an attack of neuralgia.

Mrs. Runciman is moving to her new home in Chelsea this week.

Leo Guinan went to Adrian Friday returning Tuesday with a load of sheep.

George Beeman and family spent Sunday at the home of Elert Musbach near Munith.

The best beans in this vicinity were raised by Mrs. Agnes Runciman, yielding 22 bushels to the acre.

John Lehman returned to his home Monday after working the summer for his uncle, G. W. Beeman.

## SYLVAN HAPPENINGS.

Miss Vera Baldwin entertained company Sunday.

Chas. and Chris. Prenting left Monday for Montana for the winter.

Misses Helen and Blanche Miller spent a few days of the past week at Albion.

Miss Grace Falkner is the guest of her sister Mrs. H. Hoffman near Dexter.

Miss Grace Faulkner is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Henry Hoffman, of Dexter.

Barney Bertke and son Clarence of Freedom, spent Saturday with relatives here.

Herman Bertke and wife were guests of their son Henry and wife the past week.

Geo. Koebbe and John Bertke and family, of Freedom, were recent guests of H. Bertke and wife.

## LIMA CENTER NEWS.

Mrs. A. Strieter was in Ann Arbor Sunday.

Arl Guerin is spending this week at Potage Lake.

Miss Estella Guerin is spending this week in Detroit.

The Farmers' club met at Lewis Yaeger's, Wednesday.

Mrs. John Steinbech and children were Ann Arbor visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Nugger and children, of Ann Arbor, visited here Sunday.

Miss Eva Bareis, of Detroit, spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. George English and Otto Luick and family spent Sunday at the home of Jay Wood.

About fifty couples attended the masquerade party last Friday night.

Albert Detling and Miss Martha Lucht received the award for the prettiest costumes, Estella Guerin represented Topsy and received the award for the most comical costume.

Herman Grobe received the gentlemen's award for the most comical costume.

## NORTH LAKE NEWS.

P. W. Watts called here Sunday afternoon.

Wm. Burkhardt is at his home for a few days now.

F. A. Glenn spent Friday and Saturday in Detroit.

E. Gordon is soon to start going to school in Chelsea.

The band meets twice a week and are making the small notes hustle.

Lavern Webb will go to Detroit Monday where he has a job for the winter months.

Apples are about all gathered and the corn is fast losing its ears, an average crop is reported.

Bee trees have given from 20 to 150 pounds so far this fall. A great many have been taken about here.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Glenn, of Mericourt, N. D., are visiting relatives and friends in Chelsea and vicinity.

The good news reached here that Mrs. Adella Pearce is gaining in health and hopes are entertained for her recovery to complete health.

## LADIES' SUITS.

Ladies' Suits at a great saving in price, and just at the time you can use it, it is our policy not to carry over any goods from one season to the next. They must be sold. We offer any

\$30.00 Suit at	-	-	\$23.50
\$25.00 Suit at	-	-	\$19.50
\$20.00 Suit at	-	-	\$15.50
\$18.00 Suit at	-	-	\$12.50

## Women's Coats.

Every woman with Coat in her mind should come NOW and make her selection, as our stock at this time is more complete than it will be again. We are showing all of the new models, both in blacks and colors.

Prices, \$10 to \$40.

Children's Coat in all cloths and colors. Bearskin Coats in white and colors, with Bonnets and Leggings to match.

## Underwear

For Women and Children. The time for Underwear is at hand and our stock is now complete in kinds and sizes.

Women's Heavy Fleece Lined, 25c  
Women's Heavy Union Suits, 59c  
Children's Heavy Union Suits, 50c  
Boys' Heavy Fleece Lined, 25c  
Children's Heavy Sleeping Garments, 50c

## Ladies Waists.

Just received, another lot of Tailored Waists in white and colors. Prices, \$1.25 to \$3.50.

## Hosiery.

Bny "Cadet" Hosiery for Men, Women and Children. Every pair guaranteed. 25c pair.

## Special For This Week.

(SECOND FLOOR)

Ladies' Muslin Drawers, all sizes, regular 39c kind.....25 Cents  
Ladies' Muslin Corset Covers, lace trimmed, all sizes, regular 39c values.....25 Cents

## H. S. HOLMES MERCANTILE COMPANY

## A GOOD SALARY

is the reward won by the graduates of the Detroit Business University, the largest and best of its kind in the state. Catalogue free. Write R. J. Bennett, C. F. A. Principal.

## WANT COLUMN

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

FOR SALE—Full Blooded Jersey Cow. Inquire of Homer Ives. 14

TURKEYS WANTED by Chelsea Elevator Co. Delivery day Tuesday, November 17. Also chickens and ducks. Highest market price paid. 14

GOOD FARMERS WANTED—Free homes, fine climate and soil—plenty of rain. Write or see F. M. Kilbourn, Roy, New Mexico. 14

The band boys look fine in their new suits.

The North Lake band will give an entertainment and oyster supper Friday evening, November 13. All invited come and have a good time.

The North Lake band played for the Pinckney people Saturday evening, getting many compliments besides money and a chicken pie supper.

James Gilbert, of California, is home caring for his father who is gradually failing. James has a good position in California as head electrician at a big salary. The company presented him with a fine gold watch for faithful services performed by him.

The Philip Cairny Manufacturing Co., Frank L. Davidson, Koch Bros, Evans, Almirall & Co., Chas. F. Well & Co., Manufacturers, Automatic Sprinkler Co., Seth Thomas Clock Co., and Claire Allen have filed with the county clerk papers acknowledging full satisfaction of the amount decrees and costs allowed them in the suit of Quinby N. Evans et al. vs the Glazier Stove Company et al. In addition to this acknowledgement of satisfaction of the decrees, the above parties release and discharge liens held by them against the Glazier Stove Company.—Ann Arbor News

Theater tickets may be obtained free by the asking, of your local merchants, for the Henderson Stock Co. at the Sylvan Theater all next week.

Don't use harsh physics. The reaction weakens the bowels, leads to chronic constipation. Get Doan's Regulator. They operate easily, tone the stomach, cure constipation.

## Farmers &amp; Mechanics Bank

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

Organized in 1883.

## DEPOSITS, \$850,000

Capital paid in	-	-	-	-	\$50,000
Surplus	-	-	-	-	\$50,000
Undivided Profits	-	-	-	-	\$40,000
Additional Stockholders Liability	-	-	-	-	\$50,000

Fifteen per cent of the entire deposits in cash on hand, required by law \$127,500.

The above items, with other cash securities, make our immediately available assets more than 40 per cent of entire deposits, and the

## Very Best kind of Deposit Insurance

Interest paid on time deposits. If you have any money that is earning you nothing, come and see us, or write for particulars. Banking by mail a special feature.

R. KEMPF, President. W. C. STEVENS, Vice Pres.  
H. A. WILLIAMS, Cashier. F. T. STOWE, Asst. Cashier.

## Wanted---Red Wheat

The White Milling Co. is in the market at all times for Wheat, and will pay the highest market price.

## See Us Before You Sell Your RED WHEAT.

We have on hand a good stock of bran and middlings, which we are selling at \$1.25 per hundred.

Flour and Feed Grinding done on short notice. Give us a trial. We can please you.

## WHITE MILLING CO.

## WATCHES, CLOCKS, Rings, Charms and Jewelry of all kinds.

We have a large assortment of Gold Bowed Spectacles and Eye Glasses. Every pair warranted to give satisfaction.

Repairing of all kinds done on short notice.

A. E. WINANS &amp; SON, Jewelers.



## Suit or Overcoat?

### Extreme in Style or of Modest Cut?



We have Fashion's latest suggestions.

The "almost-a-man" young fellow, whether in college or business, at home or abroad, pays more attention to his appearance than all the grown-ups put together.

He demands "swagger" clothes; garments with that distinctly dashing cut that stamps them as being strictly up-to-the-minute, if not a few minutes in advance of the others.

Our Young Men's Clothes are essentially Young Men's Clothes, and are the only ones we know of that meet every requirement the fancies of young men demand.

We show an exceptional assortment of styles in Suits and Overcoats in various grades from

**\$12 to \$30.**

Many fabrics, many patterns and Winter's most attractive colors.

## Furnishing Goods.

We show all of the latest novelties in Fancy and Plain Shirts, Neckwear, Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear, Hats and Caps. Call and examine these lines of goods, they will please you.

## Shoe Department.

In this department we are showing the Nettleton, Thompson Bros., Harold-Bertsch Hard Pan and Dancer Bros. lines. Every pair guaranteed to give satisfaction.

## DANCER BROTHERS.

## CITY MEAT MARKET

Having purchased the City Meat Market of J. G. Adrion we will continue to supply our customers with the best meats obtainable. A full stock of Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Bacon and Sausages of all kinds always on hand.

## DANCER, KENDALL & DOWNER.

JOHN G. ADRION, Manager.

## CHELSEA ELEVATOR CO.

We are offering \$1.15 per hundred for Barley.

The Chelsea Elevator Co. are in the market for your Grain and Produce. We quote

Timothy Seed \$2.00 per bushel.

Hard Coal \$7.50 per ton delivered.

The business given us since the organization of the new company has been very satisfactory and for which we are very grateful

We will always meet the market in a fair and businesslike way.

## CHELSEA ELEVATOR CO.

## Central Meat Market.

We Carry a Complete Stock of Fresh and Salt Meats and all Kinds Sausage

We buy only the best, therefore our customers get the best. Smoked Hams and Bacon, Pure Lard, Fish and Dressed Poultry. Courteous treatment, Free delivery. Phone 40.

## ADAM EPPLER

## LOCAL ITEMS.

Phone No. 11 has been placed in Hummel Bros. store.

The birthday club was entertained by Mrs. E. E. Gallup Tuesday evening.

The annual Baptist fair will be held in the town hall, Wednesday, November 18th.

Congressman Charles E. Townsend's total majority over J. C. Henderson, of Ann Arbor, was 8,857.

Come and get a piece of chicken pie at the Baptist fair supper Wednesday from five o'clock until six served.

The Chicago Theatre is making arrangements for a big show Saturday, afternoon and evening. Special music.

James P. Wood has purchased a fine new Cadillac touring car, to replace the machine that was lost at the time his barn burned.

The Chelsea junior football team and the Ann Arbor juniors met at Holmes' field Saturday, and Ann Arbor won by a score of 10 to 6.

John Jensen, who is in the employ of W. P. Schenk & Company, is taking a vacation from his duties in the store on account of illness.

The Chelsea Elevator Co. has the machinery all placed in position in their elevator and commenced shipping out grain the first of the week.

Miss Ada Yakley of Ann Arbor, formerly of Chelsea, is the recipient of a fine new piano, a birthday gift from her grandfather, Theodore Covert.

The tenth grade of the Chelsea high school gave a class social in the town hall Wednesday evening. All who were present report a very enjoyable evening.

Dr. and Mrs. S. G. Bush, who are spending a few weeks in the west, will return to Chelsea about January 1st, when the Doctor will resume his practice.

Manager Dunn of the Michigan State Telephone Co. placed three telephones in the town hall election night, and the returns were received there from the whole country.

Wm. H. Glenn, of North Lake, who broke several ribs and otherwise bruised himself by falling while picking apples recently, was able to be about the streets of Chelsea Saturday.

Rev. Father Considine was the guest of Rev. Father Comerford, of Pinckney, Wednesday, and sang the nuptial mass at the wedding of Mr. William Newman and Miss Rosellen Devereaux on that day.

Miss Ethel Wright and Harold Pierce have been engaged for the season to act as house orchestra for the Sylvan theater. They will also furnish the music at the Chicago theater on Saturday nights and for special shows.

The bean crops raised by several Lyndon farmers are as follows: Harrison Hadley, 24 acres, 202 bushels; L. K. Hadley, 29 acres, 261 bushels; James Birch, 19 acres, 66 bushels; Charles Doody, 13 acres, 96 bushels; George Doody, 14 acres, 119 bushels.

Fred W. Cooper, of Wenatchee, Washington, is visiting friends here. Mr. Cooper brought some fine specimens of Washington apples into the Standard office, which show what they can do in that line out there. They are now on exhibition in our front window.

The banns of the marriage of Edwin Keusch, of Chelsea, and Miss Nellie Walsh, of Lyndon, were published for the first time, in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, last Sunday morning. The ceremony will take place in the church Wednesday morning, November 21, 1908.

Nearly fifty of the members of Columbian Hive, L. O. T. M. M., went to Dexter last Thursday afternoon, where they were the guests of Crystaline Hive. An elaborate banquet was served, after which they spent the evening in witnessing a program carried out by the members of the order. All report a royal good time.

Dr. Holmes is recovering rapidly from injuries received by a collision with an electric car three weeks ago last Sunday. Notwithstanding his extreme age, 91 years, he seems to possess the vigor and recuperative energy of a young man. It is confidently expected that his injuries though severe may not result in permanent disability of any kind.

A couple of Ann Arbor hunters were out in Lyndon one day last week, and were in that mellow condition where a turkey roosting in a tree looked wild to them, and they took a shot at it. They killed it, and were congratulating themselves on their cleverness when the farmer's wife, who was chaperon of the turkeys, appeared on the scene, and demanded pay for the Turk. After some argument the nimrods "dug up" the price.

Dancer Bros. have just added a fine private office to their store equipment.

Miss Mamie McKernan has accepted a position with W. P. Schenk & Company.

Don't fail to visit the apron, handkerchief and candy booth at the Baptist fair.

Henderson Stock Co. at the Sylvan Theater all next week. Ask merchants for free tickets.

Manager Dunn has placed phone No. 79 3-rings, in the residence of L. T. Wilcox on east Middle street.

Mrs. D. H. Glass speaks at the Women's Home Missionary convention of the Detroit Conference in Detroit, Thursday of this week.

The box social at the home of Henry Vickers of Lima Friday evening, was largely attended, and the receipts of the evening were nearly \$17.

The Firemen are making arrangements to entertain their wives at a supper in Firemen's hall, Friday evening. A general good time is expected.

Manager Dunn will announce on the bulletin in the telephone office the football game between Pennsylvania and Michigan, by innings next Saturday.

The football game at Ann Arbor Saturday between Chelsea high school and the Ann Arbor high school reserves, resulted in a victory for the latter by a score 12 to 6.

Speer & Updike, who have been running a moving picture show at Dexter, have closed their business there and have packed their outfit while looking for a new location.

A regular meeting of the W. R. C. Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Mrs. Ambler, of Northville, will be present and inspect the Corp. The ladies will serve a scrub lunch at the close of the meeting.

Rev. Father Considine has been appointed a special delegate to the first American Catholic Missionary Congress at Chicago from November 15 to 18, and expects to attend the convention the coming week.

Frank Leach has shipped considerable stock from Chelsea this week. Monday he sent 33 head of cattle to Lorain, Ohio, Tuesday he forwarded a carload of hogs to the same place and on Wednesday he sold a carload of hogs in Detroit.

Judge Kinne has dismissed the jury in the circuit court for the remainder of the term. It was found to be impossible to dispose of a number of cases this term, which the judge had hoped to do, and thus this action was taken.

The annual business meeting of St. Paul's church was held last Friday evening. The reports were read and show the society to be in a prosperous condition. John Heller was re-elected as president and Emanuel Feldkamp as trustee.

Judge E. D. Kinne on Wednesday signed an order dismissing and "holding for naught" all the proceedings in quo warranto commenced by the plaintiffs, October 13, 1908, in case of Wm. J. Knapp Geo. W. Palmer and F. P. Glazier vs. Jabez Bacon, Edward Vogel and Henry Schmidt.

The date of the trial of F. P. Glazier has been set for December 14th, and an effort will undoubtedly be made to have it put over until after Christmas, as the attorneys say that it will take a long time to get a jury and they do not want the case interrupted by the holidays.

A grand banquet with a fine musical and literary program will be given in St. Mary's hall, on Thursday, November 26, Thanksgiving day, under the auspices of the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. The banquet will be served from 5 to 8 o'clock p. m., followed by the musicale. Tickets will be 50 cents.

Michigan is breaking into the air ship business. The first of the week Frank Guerin found a paper balloon about two and one-half miles east of Chelsea which bore a postal card asking the finder to fill it out and return it telling where it was found. The balloon was sent up at Detroit July 4th, and made a trip of more than fifty miles.

Mrs. R. P. Chase having decided to rent her farm, will sell all of her personal property at public auction, on the R. P. Chase farm, three miles south of Chelsea, on the Manchester road, Thursday, November 19th, commencing at 10 o'clock a. m., consisting of three good horses, four Jersey cows, young cattle, hogs, farm tools, etc. A good lunch and hot coffee at noon. F. D. Merithew, auctioneer.

Five weeks ago Mrs. William Locher, who lives northwest of Chelsea fell down cellar and sustained a severe injury to the arm. Her arm became inflamed and severely swollen, causing intense pain. At the end of a month her hurt became unbearable and a physician was called. He took his patient to Ann Arbor, where it was discovered by means of X-rays that the elbow was dislocated. She was put under the use of opiates and the joint reset.

## Men's, Youths' and Boys' Clothing

## We Invite a Careful Inspection

of our offerings. Clothing that not only looks well but wears well can be bought here at lower prices than other dealers are asking. Every garment we show this season is a

## Genuine Bargain.

Men's Suits and Overcoats at \$5.00, worth every cent of \$7.50 to \$8.00.  
Men's Suits and Overcoats at \$7.50 that cannot be duplicated elsewhere at less than \$10.00.  
Men's Suits and Overcoats at \$10.00. These are all wool cassimere, chevot, Clay worsted and serge suits and all wool overcoats in large assortment. We guarantee them equal in every respect to the \$12.00 and \$14.00 suits and overcoats shown by other dealers.  
Men's Suits and Overcoats at \$15.00. The garments we show at this price are the finest to be had in ready to wear clothing. Highest grade novelties at from \$3.00 to \$6.00 less than you must pay at other places.

Boys' Long Pant Suits at \$3.75.

Boys' Long Pant Suits at \$5.00.

Boys' Long Pant Suits at \$7.50.

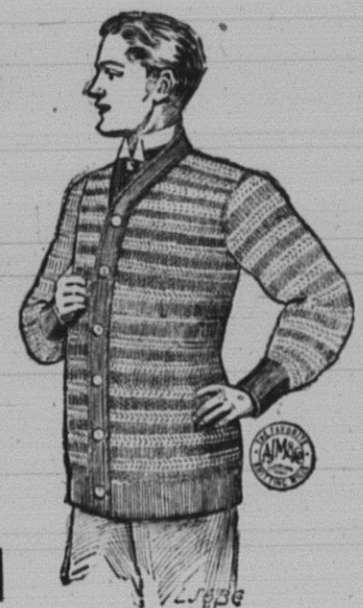
Boys' Knee Pant Suits at \$2.00 worth \$2.50. Boys' Knee Pant Suits at \$2.50 worth \$3.00. Boys' Knee Pant Suits at \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$4.50.

At any of the above prices the values here cannot be duplicated elsewhere.

## Sweater Vests

Men's at from \$1.00 to \$4.00

Boys' at from 50c to \$2.00



## ASK TO SEE THEM

## W.P.SCHENK & COMPANY

## That First One Hundred

Looks big if you haven't started on the road of the savings depositor. It is not so large to the man who saves. Each deposit makes the next dollar easier. Each one hundred saved makes the next hundred less difficult to acquire. Make that first one hundred dollars one day smaller by starting an account with us TODAY.

## The Kempf Commercial & Savings Bank

H. S. HOLMES, Pres.

C. H. KEMPF, Vice Pres.

GEO. A. BEGOLLE, Cashier.

JOHN L. FLETCHER, Asst. Cashier

## FLEMING & CO. PRODUCE

Hay, Grain, Poultry and Eggs.  
112 west Middle st., Chelsea.

## Get a Copy Now

Of the Latest  
**Song Hit**

Entitled  
"The Thought that  
the Violet Breathes"

By Will Caspari. This is a winner and you will be pleased with it.  
Phone 60 E. E. WINANS.

## Chelsea Greenhouses

Cut Flowers,  
Potted Plants,  
Funeral Designs.

ELVIRA CLARK,  
Phone 103-2-1, 1-a, Florist

## JNO. FARRELL.

The only real happy Children in Chelsea are fed on Groceries from Farrell's Pure Food Store. A word to the wise is sufficient.

## JNO. FARRELL.

Try our Job Department for your Printing.

## CASH MEAT MARKET

Our leader is fine, fat, juicy roasts of beef—grain fine as silk and tender. Then there are our superb steaks, chops, poultry, pork and sausage. We choose nothing but prime stock for our patrons and send it home prepared appetizingly and ready to be put right in the oven.

Try our Hams and Bacon.

SPECIAL PRICE ON LARD in 25 and 50 pound cans. Give us a trial

Phone 59  
Free Delivery.

VAN RIPER & CHANDLER.

## Fall and Winter Showing

OF

## Foreign and Domestic Woolens

All Woolens of exceptional quality and style, all in suitable quantity to judge style and weave. No Sample Book or Cards.

300 Different Styles

Of Suits, Trouserings, Fancy Vesting, Top Coats and Overcoats. Our assortment of odd trousers ranging from \$4.00 to \$6.00 is the largest ever shown in any city compared to ours. We are also showing a fine line of Woolens suitable for

Ladies' Tailor Made-to-Order Skirts.

For the next 30 days we shall endeavor to make such prices as to warrant steady employment for our large staff of workers, and to make our clothing manufacturing business the largest in this section of the country.

Yours for Good Clothing and Home Industry.

## RAFTREY, The Tailor.



# SERIAL STORY

## THE SMUGGLER

By ELLA MIDDLETON TYBOUT

Illustrations by Ray Walters

### SYNOPSIS.

Three girls—Elizabeth, Gabrielle and Elise—started for Canada to spend the summer there. On board steamer they were frightened by an apparently demented stranger, who finding a bag belonging to one of them, took enjoyment in scrutinizing a photo of the trio. Elise shared her stateroom with Mrs. Graham, also bound for Canada. The young women on a sightseeing tour met Mrs. Graham, anxiously awaiting her husband, who had a mania for sailing. They were introduced to Lord Wilford and Lady Edith. A cottage by the ocean was rented by the trio for the summer. Elizabeth learned that a friend of her father's was to call. Two men called, one of them being the queer-acting stranger on the steamer. The girls were "not at home," but discovered by the cards left that one of the men was Elizabeth's father's friend. The men proved to be John C. Blake and Gordon Bennett. The party was told of the search for smugglers in the vicinity of the cottage. Elise visited Mrs. Graham to find that her life was not the happiest. She learned that the Grahams and Lady Edith were acquainted. A kiss of yellow hair from Mr. Graham's pocket fell into the hands of Elise. Mrs. Graham's hair was black.

### CHAPTER V.

After all, it was Gabrielle who first opened the door in our wall of reserve and allowed Gordon Bennett to penetrate beyond it, and in the light of after events I was very glad, indeed, I was not responsible. It happened this way.

She had washed her hair and gone out in the sun to dry it, taking a book and a box of chocolates to help pass away the time, and, after wandering about a little, had established herself at the top of the flight of steps leading down to the bathhouse, as the most secluded as well as the sunniest place she could find.

Gabrielle's hair is reddish brown, and when the sun shines upon it there are gold threads which glitter exceedingly, so we tell her she makes a point of going out of doors to dry it; but she says this is a slander, and she does it because fresh air and sunshine are good for the scalp. Anyhow, she went. And she also borrowed Elizabeth's ivory comb with the silver back, because its teeth are very wide apart, and therefore acceptable when it comes to getting out the tangles. Now, this especial comb is solely for ornament, and lies in state upon Elizabeth's dressing table, with the brush beside it; they belong to a set brought her from Japan, and have associations which render them sacred, so I was astonished at Gabrielle's vandalism in proposing to desecrate it.

Just what really happened I don't know; I believe she got to dreaming out there in the sunshine, but this is what she said:

I was sitting quietly reading when I heard a little thump, and there was that miserable comb balancing on the bottom step. Of course I went after it, and of course before I got there it toppled over and went through a crack of the slip into the water.

That slip is hoodooed," interrupted Elizabeth. "Why don't you do as I do, and keep away from it?"

It was low tide," continued Gabrielle, "and I could look through the crack and see it lying on the sand beneath the water, so I took a stick and tried to poke it out. I got along very well by progressing from crack to crack, but at the critical moment I got excited and poked too hard, and it shot out just beyond my reach. That made me wild; for I knew I couldn't face Elizabeth without it, so I simply lay down and grappled with my stick."

"Well?" I inquired, as she paused with a reminiscent chuckle.

"Well, as I was lying there with my face the color of a boiled lobster, fishing away for all I was worth, I heard a voice say: 'Allow me,' and there he was in a sailboat, the picture of coolness and comfort. He rolled up his sleeve, though, and went to work, and finally got it, then calmly landed and introduced himself, saying something about having been unfortunate in his visits."

"Then was your opportunity to be dinked and squealing," I interrupted. "You should have frozen him with a glance."

"I tried to," she returned, "but all at once I remembered my hair, and who could be dignified then?"

"So you brought him home with you as a reward of merit," laughed Elizabeth. "I shall never forget how you looked as you came up the veranda steps."

"Yes," said Gabrielle; "and you two sat and stared as though we had escaped from the zoo. Take your comb, Elizabeth; I never borrowed one before, and I never will again."

"I suppose," remarked Elizabeth, reflectively examining her recovered property, "we may be said to have dropped into his life; first your bag, then Elise's sidecomb, and now this of mine. It's fate—we've got to know

him, but it wasn't so bad, after all, was it?"

Indeed, we had all enjoyed the afternoon. Even Gabrielle returned to the veranda, with her hair as high up on her head as she could get it and with her most impressive manner, but we none of us referred to our trip up on the steamer, and our visitor departed without once mentioning our property in his possession, although my sidecombs were obviously not mates, which made me very uncomfortable.

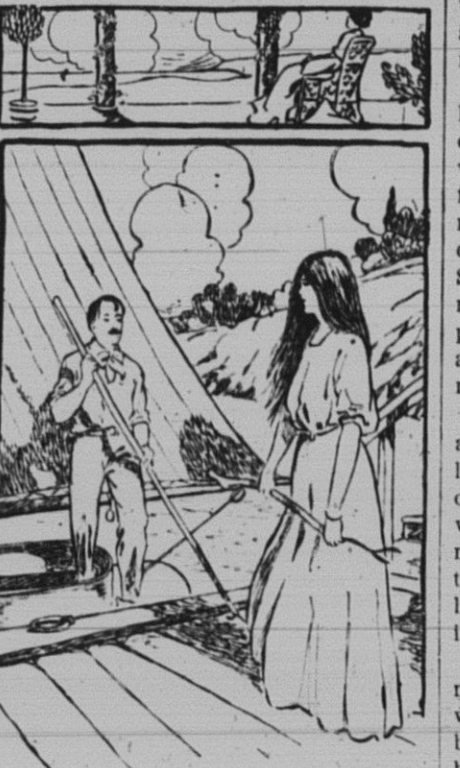
Elizabeth asked him to come again, and when reproached for her cordiality said she did it only to please us, and quite expected to be bored to death herself; from which we knew she was very favorably impressed.

A sudden storm came up that afternoon, and when Mr. Bennett rose to go the sky was very black and lowering, and the ocean roared ominously, so he left his boat tied to our slip and went up into the village to do some errands and wait until it should be over. Instead of a short squall, however, it settled down into a heavy rain, with howling easterly wind and tossing, turbulent sea, so he was obliged to spend the night in the village, as, of course, he could not cross to his island in his small boat.

It was our first real storm in the cottage, and as we heard the boom of the waves and listened to the wind sweep about our little home until it sometimes trembled upon its foundations, I must admit we were slightly nervous and could not settle to any occupation. So we gathered around our stone fireplace, lighted the driftwood Mary Anne had placed ready, and watched the wonderful green, lavender, scarlet and blue of the crackling flames in silence.

Elizabeth sat on the rug and leaned her head against Gabrielle's knee, and their faces gradually assumed the dreamy, far-away expression which means they have withdrawn into their own inner world, where outsiders may not follow them, and where memory and anticipation are softened by mutual interest and mutual affection. But I did not care, for I also had a little inner world with memories, and liked to anticipate the future, now very hazy and indistinct, to be sure, but filled with delightful possibilities and alluring in its very vagueness.

So I leaned back in my low wicker chair and built castles in the air, while



"All at Once I Remembered My Hair, and Who Could Be Dignified Then?"

the rain beat unnoted against the windows and the surf thundered angrily upon the shore.

"What's that?" cried Elizabeth, sharply, and with one accord we sprang to our feet.

For above the noise of the storm we had heard a crash, as of metal striking metal, and the fall of a heavy body, apparently right beneath us.

"It's the storm," said Gabrielle. "Only the storm."

But she was white and trembling as she spoke, and cast an apprehensive glance at the floor, as though she expected it to open and engulf us.

"The cellar," whispered Elizabeth, "some one is down there."

Now, the cellar was a part of our abode we had not yet explored, so it had all the mystery of the unknown, and as we crept stealthily into the kitchen we experienced a sensation of standing over a bomb which might at any time explode and annihilate us. Gabrielle valiantly advanced to the door leading down into it, and opened it the fraction of an inch.

"Who is there?" she said, beginning bravely enough and ending with a quavering whisper.

Of course there was no reply, and we would have been frightened to death if there had been, yet we felt indignant at the stillness, as well as at the impenetrable darkness our eyes could not pierce. Gabrielle shut and locked the door.

"Shall we go down?" Her voice was rather tremulous, and she looked relieved when we shook our heads decidedly.

"If we only had a dog," I hazarded. "We could put it down ahead of us to find out if any one was there; but we haven't."

"No," agreed Elizabeth, thoughtfully. "But we have Mary Anne."

As though in response to her name, the outer kitchen door opened, and Mary Anne herself, wet, dragged and breathless, stood before us.

Her usually ruddy face was pale, and her eyes rolled wildly as she looked from one to the other, while her shawl slipped unnoticed to the floor, and we saw that her gown was badly torn and her arm scratched and bleeding.

"You've been out?"

It was Elizabeth who spoke, and her voice brought Mary Anne's wandering eye to a focus and held it a moment.

"Yes, miss."

She picked up her shawl and folded it carefully, smoothing the creases with trembling hands.

"It's a wild night, Miss Elizabeth," she said, with a shudder. "The storm got into me blood, miss, and sleep I couldn't fur thinking of them I know who are maybe out on the sea, so I got me shawl and started fur me brother's 'ouse to see if 'e 'ad got 'ome safe and sound; but I couldn't git down the bluff, Miss Elise, the wind being that v'ient I clean drove me back. And I stumbled, Miss Gabrielle, and 'urt meself ag'inst the side of the 'ouse, miss, as you kin see yersef. 'Ow, but it's a night! God save them out on the wide water."

Mary Anne paused for breath and looked curiously at us.

"But what are ye all in the kitchen fur?" she inquired in a more natural way. "Is it afraid ye are, too, and come out 'ere to look fur me to keep ye comp'ny?"

We told her about our fright, and she promptly reassured us, saying she had looked everything securely early in the evening, but would go down and investigate.

"I'll go with you and hold the light," I volunteered; but Mary Anne declined my society more firmly than politely.

"And what good would you be, Miss Elise—jumpin' at yer shadder and drippin' candle grease over me clean floor? No, thank ye kindly, I'll go alone; full well I know there's nothin' bigger than a rat down there."

It was very pleasant to hear her moving about, and when she called up to us with a laugh that the hanging shelf had fallen, coming down upon the coal shovel and scuttle, we laughed also, and felt a weight lifted from our hearts.

"Them rats was rotten," announced Mary Anne, laboriously ascending the stairs, "and it's a mercy I didn't set the cream there to raise as usual, which, praise be given, I didn't. Don't you worry no more, but go to bed, and I'll make some chocolate to warm you like, for it's very comfortin' to the innards on a night like this."

It was acceptable advice, and we gladly followed it, but as we left the kitchen I chanced to glance back and saw Mary Anne at the cellar door, her head bent and her whole bearing tense and alert—much the attitude of a dog who waits an expected command in its master's voice.

Yet when she appeared upstairs a little later, carrying a tray with three cups of steaming chocolate, and filled with motherly solicitude as to our comfort, she was merely a respectable, middle-aged servant, whose opinions one would receive with due respect. She had rearranged her dress, and her manner was quite natural and composed as she drew aside the curtain and looked into the night, with a comment on its wildness.

We joined her at the window, and as we stood looking out a beam of light pierced the enveloping darkness, casting a broad path across the black water, and we could see a little boat making its way around the point of the island—now riding the waves gallantly, now tipped so far to one side it seemed certain to capsize.

"Our friend the searchlight," remarked Gabrielle, in the tone of one who welcomes an old acquaintance, but a smothered sound as the little boat careened dangerously caused me to glance curiously at Mary Anne.

She was leaning against the window frame, and was evidently in pain; for her face was livid and her breath came in short gasps.

"It's nothing, Miss Elise," she muttered, as she caught my eye. "The dyspepsy catches me around the 'eart now and then. And to think of some mother's son in that little cockle-shell to-night! Come, now, get into bed and drink your chocolate while it's hot."

"I think," remarked Elizabeth, as she slipped appreciatively, "that Mr. Bennett's boat will be beaten to pieces against our slip to-night. I wish we could get into the bathhouse for such emergencies. You must make your brother get us a key, Mary Anne."

"Yes, miss," said Mary Anne quietly. I tried to say something, but found myself suddenly too sleepy to articulate, and saw Mary Anne retreat with the empty cups as though through a veil.

I slept heavily that night, and dreamed that Gordon Bennett made a bathhouse of our cellar in spite of our remonstrances to the contrary. I also had a curiously vivid impression of Mary Anne and a candle passing and repassing my door, but when I tried to call out and ask her what she wanted I could make no sound, and could only struggle with the oppressed, smothering sensation which Elizabeth said always accompanied nightmare. I was willing to take her word for it, never having experienced it myself, but I did not like it, and mentally resolved to drink no more chocolate at night, if it produced such unwelcome after-effects.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### The Proud Prince.

Buffalo Bill, who says that with hard work a man should live to be a centenarian, talked, at a reunion of Kansas cavalrymen, about straight shooting:

"It is hard work to learn to be a good shot," he said. "We Americans are better shots than most," he said. "A French prince visited me on my ranch once, and we went out after birds."

"I came back with a full bag, but when I asked the prince what he had killed, he said, proudly:

"Of ze bald, none; zey are too difficle; but, of ze vild calves and calves, I 'ave nine oval ze 'ill."

## MIND OVER MATTER

By DON MARK LEMON

(Copyright, by Shortstory Pub. Co.)

"Why don't you go to the dentist and have the tooth attended to?" John Fisher held his hand to his mouth and groaned.

"That's just like a man!" exclaimed John Fisher's mother-in-law. "Rather have the toothache than go to the dentist."

Still John Fisher said nothing. When one has a bad case of toothache even talk isn't cheap.

"Pooh! don't make such a long face about it. Besides, a toothache is all in the mind."

John Fisher glared. "All in the mind," he affirmed the lady, calmly and exasperatingly.

John Fisher arose to his feet. "Madam," he demanded, "do you mean to stand there and tell me that this raging toothache is all in my mind?"

"I do."

"And that I only imagined it didn't hurt, it wouldn't hurt?"

"Exactly."

This was adding contempt to insult, and John Fisher said as much. "Now, now, keep your temper, John!" cautioned the lady. "You know very well that if you hadn't any mind at all you couldn't be conscious of having the toothache. So if you will but withdraw your mind from the pain, it will be the same thing. You will be unconscious of it."

John Fisher sat down in disgust. "I'll tell you what I will do," continued the resourceful mother-in-law. "If you will go with me to the dentist and have that tooth attended to I will have two of mine pulled and the nerves killed in four others. I should have had them attended to before this."

John Fisher looked surprised, then ashamed. Had his mother-in-law the toothache?

"And I won't take gas, either. I'll depend wholly on the power of mind over matter."

John Fisher reached for his hat. "Very well," he said; "it's a bargain."



"It Isn't Very Pleasant, I Know," Remarked the Dentist.

He smiled grimly. Two hours or so on the tortuous dental chair would make his mother-in-law change her opinion about pain being all in the mind.

The lady also smiled, but her smile was all sweetness and guilelessness. The dentist lowered the dental chair to accommodate his patient's height, and, after spreading a nice fresh towel over John Fisher's shoulder, filled his mouth with a sheet of rubber to keep him quiet and began his several acts of torture.

With a screw-wedge device he pried John Fisher's decayed and aching eyetooth from against its neighbor, screwing the wedge tighter and tighter; then, with a sharp, crooked pick he busied himself for awhile cutting and gouging into the aching tooth. This done, he sorted over his drills, calmly proceeded to sharpen the cruelest-looking one that he could find, placed the same in the dental engine, put his foot to the power and began to bore for the nerve.

It was agony, and John Fisher's body grew cold and hot by turns, and he began to squirm in his chair and groan aloud.

"It isn't very pleasant, I know," remarked the dentist.

With a slyer John Fisher looked crosswise into the attentive eyes of his mother-in-law.

"Now, John," said that lady, "remember that pain is all in the mind, and if you will only imagine it doesn't hurt—why, it won't."

"O-o-o-h!"

"What did I say? All in the mind?"

"O-o-o-h!"

"Remember! all in—"

John Fisher had endured all that flesh and blood could bear. He brought up his hand and with one jerk tore the wedge from between his teeth and the rubber from his mouth. "Mr. Fisher!" expostulated the dentist.

"Why, John?" exclaimed the mother-in-law. "Didn't you hear me saying that pain is all in the mind?"

John Fisher turned upon the lady. "Madam, while I am letting this tooth cool, just have those two teeth of yours yanked out."

"Why, certainly," Mrs. Meadowbrook seated herself in the dental chair.

John Fisher stood closely by. Now was his turn to advise, and he fairly smiled with vindictive pleasure. But not for long, for when the dentist had succeeded in breaking off one and crushing another of his patient's teeth in a futile attempt at extraction, that lady looked up with a beatific smile and remarked: "After all, pain is wholly in the mind. Don't you think so, doctor?"

"I am satisfied of that," said the dentist.

John Fisher's jaw fell mutely.

The dentist now dug out the splinters of the two teeth he had broken off and proceeded to bore great cavities into four other teeth in the mouth of Mrs. Meadowbrook, that lady not uttering a single complaint the while, nor once so much as wincing, but throughout the operation bearing herself as easily as if at a play.

"I cannot give you any more time this morning," stated the dentist.

Mrs. Meadowbrook arose and smiled on her son-in-law. "Now, John, remember that physical pain is all in the mind, and if you will believe that your tooth doesn't hurt—why, as I said before, it won't."

Again John Fisher seated himself in the dental chair and again the surgeon began boring with that fine-pointed drill.

"Getting pretty near the nerve," remarked the latter, by way of information.

John Fisher made no reply, but, like the parrot that couldn't talk, he thought a great deal. Bracing himself in the chair, he sought to conceal his squirmings from his argus-eyed mother-in-law, for, after the wonderful example of the power of mind over matter set by that lady, he was determined that his conduct should be above the reproach of a Spartan.

"All in the mind!" he thought. "Great jumping frogs! What kind of a mind has she?"

Even the hour in the dental chair has its ending—"This, too, shall pass away!"—and at last John Fisher's tooth could have nothing more done for it for the time being, and he arose, quit the dentist's office and walked home with his mother-in-law.

Occasionally he would glance sideways at her out of admiring eyes. "What a mind that woman must have!" he thought.

He took her into a store and bought her an expensive hat and sunshade. "Nothing's too good for a woman like that!" was his secret reflection.

An hour later he got into dispute with a friend who maintained that the mind has no power whatever over physical pain.

"What!" cried John Fisher. "The mind has no power over pain? You don't know what you're talking about. You should have seen my mother-in-law at the dentist's this forenoon. Great Scott, you should have seen her! She had two teeth pulled and the nerves killed in four others, and she didn't take any gas, but just believed it didn't hurt, and—why, it didn't!"

"Are you speaking of Mrs. Meadowbrook?" inquired the friend.

"Yes, my mother-in-law."

The friend smiled. "But, I say, hasn't Mrs. Meadowbrook false teeth?"

"False teeth?"

"Why, yes, aren't all of her teeth false?"

John Fisher suddenly slapped his friend on the back and laughed loudly. "Ha! ha! I was just seeing if you would bite!"

Used Mud Telegraph Poles.

What a writer calls "the most original telegraph line in the world" once extended between the city of La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, and the town of Oruro. In this part of Bolivia there are no growing trees and wood is so difficult to procure that even the ordinary household furniture of the natives is invariably made, not of wood, but of dried mud, or adobe, as it is called. When the war broke out in 1880, between Chile and Bolivia this material was used to construct pillars to take the place of ordinary posts for supporting telegraph wire, with the addition of old bottles as insulators. These pillars were subsequently built on stone foundations and measured about five feet square at the base, with a height of about 15 feet. They were placed at intervals of about 361 feet, and thus held the wire at a height sufficient to clear the only animals of the country, the lama and donkey. The total length of the line was 156 miles and it rendered useful service for some ten years before being replaced by a wooden telegraph-pole line.

Perpetual Motion.

Mrs. Biddad says that she talks in her sleep.

"That isn't the worst of it, either. She talks when she is awake."—Life.

A Fresh Tart.

Dyer—Well, I see Falling is on his feet again.

Dyer—Yes; he was obliged to sell his auto.—Life.

## MAKE EASY LIVING

EUROPEAN PICKPOCKETS ARE OF THE CLEVEREST.

American Travelers Seemingly Their Especial Prey—Experience of One Victim in an Old-World Capital.

"The American who travels in Europe and does not keep the closest watch on his valuables is almost sure to be relieved of his personal belongings by pickpockets," said W. E. Mitchell, vice-president of the San Francisco chamber of commerce, who has just finished a two-year tour of the world.

"The light-fingered gentry are active everywhere from London to Cairo, but I will give the palm for boldness and dexterity to the professionals of Italy, where the plunder of pockets has been reduced to a fine art. I am a careful man and did not need to read the constant warnings against pickpockets, and yet in the great plaza of Venice I was robbed last summer of my letter of credit for \$10,000. There was an enormous crowd that had turned out to hear the band play, the day being Sunday, and I was jostled two or three times by a huge fellow with a black mustache. Finally seeing that he was doing it purposely I lost my temper and addressed a hot remark to him, at which he exclaimed: 'Pardon, monsieur,' dropped his umbrella at my feet, and in stooping to get it managed in some way to get my letter of credit, although it was in an inside pocket. It caused me a lot of trouble, the sending of many cablegrams and some money, but I managed to have the payment stopped and the thief profited nothing."

"In Rome last Christmas day I went out for a ride in the suburbs to see some rare paintings in an old church. Wishing to see the country I took a street car that was densely packed. The air was pretty crisp and I wore an overcoat closely buttoned. How on earth the rascal managed to get my watch and make away with it will puzzle me to my life's end, but he did the trick, as I found on getting off the car."

"Had it been only an ordinary timepiece I would never have said a word of the loss, but it was an unusually fine watch and I valued it much more than the \$300 it cost. The manager of the hotel, whom I consulted, advised me against reporting the theft. He said that the local pickpockets operated in gangs, and that within an hour after being taken the watch was probably in some other city. This did not sound well to me, so I hunted up the United States consul and narrated my story to him. He gave me precisely the same advice as the hotel man. Still unpersuaded I called on the chief of police. That official was polite, but he wanted me to deposit the \$100 reward I was willing to pay. I saw no advantage in this and told him I'd think it over."

"That evening the hotel manager told me of an American who had been recently robbed of \$1,000 and who had put up \$200 in advance with the police and who was still waiting for the recovery of his money. He had made up his mind that he'd like to get back his \$200, but the Roman police refused, saying they must have time."

The Difficulty.

Mrs. Watson, a woman whose pretensions to beauty nature flatly refused to assist in any way, saw in a shop-window a bonnet, the sort of thing that a modiste in town calls a "creation," just a knotting of velvet, a fold of lace and pink roses, but a snare for feminine vanity because it looked so simple and easy to wear. She hurried in, examined it closely, inquired the price, and at last tried it on. Then, after a few moments of disappointed staring, she took it off again.

"I don't think I'll have it, after all, Miss Demmon," she said. "What do you suppose is the matter with the thing? I'm sure it looked ever so much prettier in the window."

"But, my dear madam," answered the milliner, with quick conviction, "you must remember that you have your face to contend with now!"—Youth's Companion.

Accounted For.

Henry Farman, the aviator, in his American visit, seemed as much impressed with diminutive proportions of some of New York's flats as with the height of her skyscrapers or the immensity of her hotel bills.

"I visited a Brooklyn aeronautical experimenter the other night," said Mr. Farman to a reporter. "and his flat was the smallest I've seen yet. I once heard an American make. I laughed then at this joke, which I had heard two years before."

"Smith of Brooklyn," I said to my American friend, "doesn't strike me as at all literary, yet he declares he only feels really comfortable and content when snugly ensconced in his library."

"Well, you see, my companion explained, Smith's bookcase is a folding bed."

And Glad to Do It.

"I may be a drinking man, but I don't want a saloon run right under my nose."

"I am astonished to hear you say so!"

"Now, Helen, you know you are nothing of the kind."

"Well, you are always busy putting the saloons' stock in trade right under your nose."—Houston Post.

## TOO MUCH FOR YANKEE.

English Munchausen Had Shade of Better of Fellow Romancer.

The Cape Cod man and the laborer were traveling on the same train together from Liverpool to the capital.

"Yes," said the Yankee, "we have considerable fog out on our way. I've seen it so thick that the ladies of our summer boardin' houses could ladle it out and use it instead of whipped egg for the heavy part of the frostin' island."

"We 'ave 'em, too, in London," said his traveling companion, "but our climate is too dirty to permit of our eatin' it. We burn so much soft coal, you see, the fog gets packed full of soot. The only thing we really can do with it is to cut it up into blocks and use it instead of peat when we want a quick fire."

And the Yankee took out the little American flag he wore in his button-hole and put it away in his wallet.

Judge.

Rather Effeminate.

The Sauceman—I wonder what makes the kettle so happy. It hasn't stopped singing all day.

The Coffee Pot—Why, didn't you notice its new lid?—Puck.

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Regular meetings for 1908 are as fol-  
lows: Jan. 14, Feb. 11, Mar. 17, April 14,  
May 12, June 9, July 7, Aug. 11,  
Sept. 8, Oct. 6, Nov. 3; annual meeting  
and election of officers, Dec. 1. St.  
John's Day, June 24—Dec. 27. Visiting  
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## BREVITIES

Ann Arbor's mayor has discovered that the "lid" was a little "wobbly," and has ordered it nailed down tight.

Peter Rotes aged 33, of Jackson, is dead as a result of paring his corns. Septic poisoning set in and Rotes died after less than a week's illness.

Nicholas Van Sicé has begun suit in the circuit court against the D. U. R. for \$2,500, for injuries sustained by his wife Josephine, in the wreck at Dentons, April 28, 1908.

W. J. Dancer, receiver of the Commercial Bank at Stockbridge is paying a dividend of fifteen per cent. This the second dividend declared, and makes 35 per cent paid up to this time.

E. J. Foster president of the Farmers bank, is acting as cashier pending the appointment of some one to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of E. L. Cooper, the former cashier.—Grass Lake News.

Jay S. Badgley, rural mail carrier on route No. 3, Jackson, suicided in his barn Saturday morning by hanging himself. He had partly hitched up his rig, then changed his mind and fastened the halter about his neck, hanging himself to a rafter.

Large flocks of wild ducks and geese have been seen by many flying north the past few days. This move on the part of the wild water fowls leads one to presume that cold weather is a few weeks off yet. Our "hope" registers a hope that such will prove true.—Fowlerville Standard.

Last Friday, October 30, being George Sellers' 80th birthday, his children were all home to help in celebrating the event. Mrs. Barton of Lyndon; Mrs. M. E. Rippey of Grand Rapids and son, Henry, and daughter, Mary, of this place spent a pleasant day with their father in visiting.—Stockbridge Brief.

Wm. Marshall, for some time instructor in mathematics in the engineering department of the university of Michigan, has resigned and gone to Purdue. In June he was recommended for promotion to assist as professorship by both the literary and engineering faculty, but the board of regents made no provision.

Before entering the decree which severed the marriage bonds of Chas. E. Gordon and his wife, six months ago, Judge Parkinson of Jackson labored diligently and unavailingly for a reconciliation Friday the couple came into court, told him they had made a mistake, and asked to have the decree set aside. After listening to the explanation of how love had returned and exacting promises, the judge consented, and now the couple are again man and wife.

Christopher Gugerty a farmer of Saline, lies at the point of death, the result of an accident in which he sustained a fracture of the skull. Owing to his age of 83 years, his recovery is not expected. While driving along the interurban tracks one of his horses stumbled, pitching Mr. Gugerty head foremost over the dashboard. He snatched at the horses head, which was within six inches of the track and a car was upon them. As the car passed, it struck the old man in the back, hurling him ten feet.


Thursday afternoon, S. O. Davis met with a serious accident which came near resulting fatally. He was at Lewis Elfring's, a neighbor nearby, helping bale hay. He was pitching from the stack, and not realizing how near he was standing to the edge, one foot slipped off, causing him to fall, striking upon one corner of the packing table. Those who witnessed the fall thought he had been killed, but he was carried to his home and a doctor summoned. Upon examination it was found that three ribs were broken. He is doing nicely and no serious results are apprehended.—Dexter Leader.

## Treasurer's Report.

Report of receipts and disbursements of Chelsea Union Schools to October 28, 1908.

RECEIPTS.	
Sept. 26, Received from former Treasurer.....	43 48
Received from foreign scholars.....	208 35
Received from primary fund.....	984 00
Borrowed from bank.....	1,200 00
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$2,435 83</b>
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Oct. 2, Teachers' salaries.....	802 50
Oct. 14, Ben Glenn freight and cartage.....	7 54
Oct. 14, George Ward janitor work for Aug. 18, '08.....	1 25
Oct. 14, Lights and water to October 1, 1908.....	2 16
Oct. 14, D. C. Heath & Co., free text books.....	51 73
Oct. 14, The McMillan Co., free text books.....	23 33
Oct. 14, Thos. Charles Co., kindergarten supplies.....	29 80
Oct. 20, Harmon S. Holmes, cost injunction suit.....	45 00
Oct. 18, Teacher's salaries.....	815 00
Oct. 28, Exchange on draft.....	30
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$1,778 69</b>
<b>Balance on hand.....</b>	<b>\$657 14</b>

EDW. VOGL, Treasurer.



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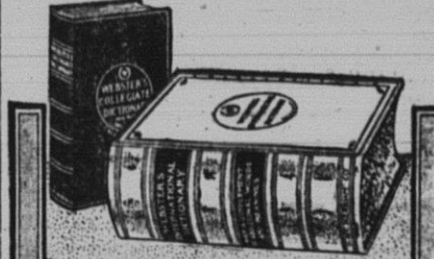
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**Probate Order.**  
STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, on the 28th day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.  
Present, Emory E. Leland, Judge of Probate, in the matter of the estate of Frank B. Schulz, deceased.  
On reading and filing the petition of Kate Servais of said county, praying that she may be licensed to sell certain real estate described therein at private sale for the purpose of paying debts.  
It is ordered, that the 24th day of November, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for hearing said petition.  
And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Standard, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Washtenaw.  
EMORY E. LELAND, Judge of Probate.  
(A true copy)  
DORCAS C. DORRIGAN, Register.

**Probate Order.**  
STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, on the 28th day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.  
Present, Emory E. Leland, Judge of Probate, in the matter of the estate of John Kilmor, deceased.  
On reading and filing the petition of Hedwig Kilmor, widow, praying that a certain part of the real estate now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of John Kilmor, be admitted to probate, and that Hedwig Kilmor, the executor named in said will, be appointed executor thereof, and that appraisers and commissioners be appointed.  
It is ordered, that the 24th day of November, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for hearing said petition.  
And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Standard, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Washtenaw.  
EMORY E. LELAND, Judge of Probate.  
(A true copy)  
DORCAS C. DORRIGAN, Register.



Estelle Colbert and Two Stunning Peacock Girls From F. Ziegfeld's Musical Revue, "Follies of 1907," at the New Whitney Theatre, Ann Arbor, Thursday, November 12th, 1908.