

THE CHELSEA STANDARD

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

BY C. T. HOOVER.
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Personal Mention

Miss Ella Slimmer spent Sunday in Dexter.

George Cross left for Hastings Wednesday.

Eric Zinke of Ann Arbor spent Sunday here.

G. T. English spent Wednesday at Ypsilanti.

Mrs. D. H. Wurster was a Dexter visitor Saturday.

Miss Dora Harrington of Detroit spent Sunday here.

Ed. Pickell of Detroit spent Tuesday at this place.

Miss Dora Kalmbach was a Jackson visitor this week.

W. B. Warner of Detroit spent Wednesday at this place.

Mrs. J. G. Hoover is visiting her daughter at Owosso.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Arnold are Saginaw visitors this week.

Mrs. A. G. Day of Newaygo is visiting relatives here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Howlett returned to Chelsea Wednesday evening.

James Ackerson V. S. of Manchester spent Wednesday in Chelsea.

Ernest Webster returned to his home in Florence, Ont., Friday last.

Warren Boyd of the U. of M. spent Sunday with his parents here.

Mrs. Thomas Sears has been visiting Detroit friends for a few days.

Eugene Tuomey of Ann Arbor was the guest of Mrs. Alice Gorman.

Mrs. C. E. Whitaker visited friends in Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hepburn spent a few days of this week in Ypsilanti.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Whipple of Battle Creek have been visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Mary Schwiekrath and Mrs. L. Lemon visited friends in Manchester last week.

Mrs. Timothy McKune has returned from a pleasant visit with her children in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharp of Perry were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Burkhardt Sunday.

George S. Laird of Williamston was the guest of his brother, Stephen Laird the first of the week.

George H. Mitchell has accepted a position as ticket agent with the Elevated Railroad Co. at Chicago.

James Harrington was at Grand Rapids last week Wednesday and Thursday attending a reunion of his old regiment.

Mrs. George Miller and granddaughter, who has been spending the past week in Chicago returned home Monday.

Mrs. John O'Connor and her niece, Miss Mary Clark, are spending this week in Dexter, the guests of Miss Margaret Frawley.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Pettet and Mr. and Mrs. George McGraw of Jackson were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Runciman last week.

School Notes.

Watch for the senior social.

Wanted—New music for the piano on Wednesdays.

Don McCall was a high school visitor Monday afternoon.

The fifth grade is now supplied with a new edition of Wentworth's arithmetics.

Miss Nellie Bacon taught in the second grade Thursday and Friday of last week.

Seniors began solid geometry Monday.

The senior class will hold a social at the town hall Friday evening, October 27. All are cordially invited to attend. Admission 15 cents.

Perfectly Natural.

Actor—When I stand on the stage I see nothing and am conscious of nothing except the role I am playing. The audience disappears entirely.

Friend—Well, I can't blame the audience much for that!—The Rival.

Did That One Escape?

He—In fact, I have conscientious scruples about kissing.

She—Indeed?

He—Yes; I feel that I should never allow an opportunity to escape.—The Rival.

Dental Preparations.

"It just suited me to hold our Democratic conference in St. Louis at the time we did. It is my nearest big town, and I needed to have my teeth fixed."

A Description.

"How big was that sea serpent, and what did he look like?"

"Oh," answered the seaside journalist, dreamily, "he was about a column long and had a fierce-looking display head."—Washington Star.

LORD KELVIN'S LECTURE.

The Experiments in Which His Class Is Deeply Interested.

Eggs, jellies, shoemaker's wax, treacle, all sorts of stuff, are used to illustrate the lectures, and homely experiments are recommended to the student, even the humble teaspoon, "so ill-adapted to the purpose for which it is intended," being pressed into the service, says Cassier's Magazine. In the famous egg experiment he shows how Columbus might have gained his object without breaking the egg. When boiled and sent spinning on a table, the egg rises and spins on its end. Unboiled eggs, owing to the fluidity of the interior, do not rise, but if set spinning and then suddenly stopped and immediately released they continue their motion for a little time. Once, the result of a student's plot, raw eggs were substituted for the boiled ones, but science could discriminate and the verdict was unhesitatingly given: "None of them boiled."

He revels in experiments and is always at home and serenely happy, whether among forests or organ pipes and tuning forks, or in a sea of bottles and vessels for experiments on capillarity, or surrounded by globes and tops to illustrate astronomy. From the close of the prayer, with which, according to the ancient custom, the lecture is opened, until the end of the hour, his body as well as his mind is never at rest. With restless energy he will dart off to the blackboard to illustrate what he has been talking about, his gown streaming out behind him. Loud applause greets his efforts as he wrestles with gyrostats, or works energetically at the brake wheel to illustrate the principle of rope dynamometry.

The appearance of the ballistic pendulum is always hailed with delight by the class, for one of the classical experiments is to be performed—the determination of the velocity of a bullet by firing it into the heavy wooden bob of the pendulum and noting the displacement produced. Armed with an old Jacob rifle, with which, when a volunteer, he used to practice, Lord Kelvin comes to the front of the lecture table, kneels, takes deliberate aim, amid great amusement and excitement, pulls the trigger and, before the smoke has subsided, is busy at the blackboard with the calculation.

His students are proud of him, admiring his energy and enthusiasm, respecting him for his profound knowledge and his grand work, loving him for his gentle, unassuming nature.

A "Gig."

"Gig" has one or two obsolete and rare meanings of interest, says the Academy. It is obsolete in its meaning of a flighty girl, though a writer so comparatively modern as Mme. D'Arblay wrote in her diary: "Charlotte L— called, and the little gig told all the quarrels." In the sense of an oddity or fool the world probably survives locally. Whyte-Melville makes some one say in "Kate Coventry": "Such a set of 'gigs,' my dear, I never saw in my life. . . . Not a good-looking man among them." Yet note that the word is put into quotation marks. "In high gig" meant in high spirits. "Gig" had the third meaning of fun, glee. Sir Walter Besant locates the phrase in the thirties of this century in his "Fifty Years Ago." "A laughter-loving lass of 18, who dearly loved a bit of gig." No connection with "giggle" is suggested. By the way, I see that Mr. Leslie Stephen has had the temerity to write of the house of commons "giggling over some delicious story of bribery and corruption."

Although "gig," a flighty girl, is obsolete, "giglet," meaning the same thing, is apparently not so. A writer in Chambers' Journal uses it with effect in the sentence: "Why should female clerks in the postal service consist of pert giglets hardly out of their teens?" "Giglet fairs" (for hiring female farm servants) are still held in the west of England.

London's Silly Season.

The efforts of our correspondents to supply the "missing word" that is to describe the great English-speaking people scattered over the globe do not, we regret to say, improve in attractiveness, though they do not want for ingenuity, says the London Chronicle. Clearly, all who try their wits at finding the solution take the existing names and try to make a more or less euphonious blend, which is not, we think, the way in which the golden word will be found, if it ever is found and adopted.

Thus: S. Stainer, from the two words "Britisher" and "American," offers as a blend the general designation "Britamer," the collective people being described as "Britamers." Isabel Fry has hit upon pretty much the same device, with an extra syllable or two in favor of the poor Australians. Thus she suggests that the people of three countries shall be called "Britamerians." We are afraid this will hardly do. And what of the British race at the Cape? Might they not claim an extra syllable or two in this ingenious compound?

What Hurt.

"What's the matter?" asked the friend. "You're not angry because the man accused you of being the political boss of this town?"

"That isn't what he said," replied the indignant citizen. "He intimated that I wasn't the boss."—Washington Star.

Prune Charlotte.

Soak one pound of prunes over night, stew them and remove the stones. Put slices of stale sponge cake around a basin, pour in the hot prunes, cover up with cake, and when cold turn into a glass dish and pour over it a pint of boiled custard.

WOULD THROW THE WIFE IN.

He Could Get Another One Without Any Trouble Whatever.

A story which illustrates very nicely the value some men put upon their wives is one told by Judge Braunlein about Attorney William L. Marcy, who is the legal adviser of the Erie Railroad in this city.

A middle-aged farmer of German lineage suffered the worst of a mix-up with an Erie train on one of the East Buffalo crossings, and in it his wife and horse had been killed, his wagon demolished, and he himself had received a few bruises. For these injuries and losses he had brought a suit for about \$20,000, but as it was a toss-up as to who was the negligent party, the Dutchman was perfectly willing to settle, instead of fighting for his \$20,000 in the courts.

He appeared at the office of Mr. Marcy and after considerable bargaining said he would accept \$200 for his horse. To the attorney this seemed a rather long price, so he asked the man what he wanted for his wagon. The Dutchman said he would take \$100.

"No, that is impossible," responded Mr. Marcy. "Why it would cost a fortune to pay for your wife's death if you value your horse and wagon so highly. I guess you will have to continue the suit."

"Ach, mein," began the German. "Schust listen to me once. See hier. You gif me swel hundred for mein horse and a hundred and fifty for der wagon and ef—er—twenty-five for der harness and I vill call it square about die wife. I can get another wife, but the horse and wagon, ach, dey would cost much money."

Needless to say a settlement was soon reached which was highly agreeable to both parties.—Buffalo Times.

A Very Comfortable Seat.

Quite recently two young ladies hailed an omnibus in a large city, entered it, and found only standing room.

One of them whispered to her companion: "I am going to get a seat from one of these men. Just you take notice."

She looked down the row of men, and selected for her victim a sedate-looking gentleman. She sailed up to him and boldly opened fire.

"My dear Mr. Brown, how delighted I am to meet you! You are almost a stranger! Will I accept your seat? Well, I do feel tired, I must admit! Thank you, very much!"

The sedate gentleman, a perfect stranger, of course, looked, listened, then quietly rose, and gave her his seat, saying, as he did so: "Sit down, Mary, my girl; don't often see you out on washing day! You must feel tired! How's your mistress?"

The girl got her seat, but lost her vivacity.—Tid-Bits.

Equally Great.

Two chance acquaintances on a railway train discovered that they had come originally from the same neighborhood, and fell to conversing about old times.

"By the way," said the passenger in the skull-cap, "what ever became of Harrison McPelt?"

"He's a special writer for one of the New York papers," replied the passenger in the long linen duster, "at \$10 a column. Has a good thing of it."

"And his brother, Alfred?"

"Alfred is a fat man in a dime museum. Weighs 487 pounds. Gets a good salary."

"Well, well!" mused the other. "Both of them, then, have achieved success in life as spacefillers."—Youth's Companion.

Not So Poetical.

"She has a complexion like a tinted china cup."

"Yes. It's a beautiful mug."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Tastes Differ.

Chorus—"Where'd'er git that 'at'?"—Ally Sloper.

"A man's nationality is again him sometimes," began the janitor philosopher, "an' it was agin me to-day. Ol sold me old blunderbuss for noiney-nine cents, while if Ol had bin a Cuban th' government wud hav bin more than willin' to give me sivity-folve dollars for it. A clear loss of sivity-four dollars an' wan cent."

Off His Mettle.

"You're a silver man, of course?" said one of the delegates at the Democratic conference, trying to remember where he had seen him before.

"No," replied the policeman in citizen's clothes, yawning drearily. "I'm a copper."

Too Heavily Weighted.

Gloomily the inventor made another trial of his airship.

Vain were his efforts. It would not rise.

"I know what holds it down!" he groaned. "It has seventy-five patents on it!"

No Light Drinker.

Mudge—Yes, I do take a few drinks of an evening, but none during the day. I am no daylight drinker.

Yabsley—No one ever accused you of being any kind of a light drinker.—The Rival.

Swept by the Sea.

Inhabitants of the coast towns of England are alarmed over the encroachments of the sea. The pretty little village of Dunwich was formerly a large town and held no small place among the commercial cities of the kingdom. All its churches and monastic institutions have been washed away by the sea, and a large forest has followed the buildings.

During the last century the small town of Aldeburgh has been nearly ruined. Buildings have been thrown down, washed away and the market place and cross are also gone. But at Southwold the sea has fought with the most pluck. It was once a town of importance. The water has gained one mile on the shore line in a few years, and half an acre of land has been washed away in the last couple of years. Houses which formerly stood on the cliff are now on the very edge and will soon be washed away.

Many thousands of dollars have been spent by England and more will be expended in sea defenses, but the residents are skeptical as to the possibility of stopping the march of Father Neptune.

Are Slow Pay.

An insight into the absolutely unprincipled proceedings of persons who employ the services of professional men, and presumably fatten at the same time on confiding tradesmen who fear to be importunate, least in these competitive days they lose custom, has been given by a correspondent of a London paper. The writer is the wife of a fashionable London dentist, and she stated that while an expensive menage has to be maintained, and an appearance commensurate with a large practice in a smart neighborhood has to be kept up, it is a positive fact that only \$18 was received last quarter in payment of accounts to the amount of between \$3,000 and \$3,500. This gives some small idea of the terrible difficulties under which tradesmen as well in smart neighborhoods must carry on business, and of the heartlessly reckless and selfish manner in which a very large proportion of people make a brave show at other people's expense.

Power of the Press.

"You didn't print what I said to you about the Philippines," said the famous man.

"No," replied the reporter. "I did that to save you. You would have changed your mind and denied it today."

"But I haven't changed my mind."

"I know. That's because your views weren't printed."—Philadelphia North American.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL EXCURSIONS.

Michigan State Sunday-school association, at Battle Creek, November 14-16. One fare for round trip.

Lost—A \$10 bill finder please leave at Standard office.

The friends of The Standard who have business in the probate court, will confer a favor on the paper by requesting that their probate notices be published in this paper.

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I want to purchase 1,000 old horses for which I will pay \$2 a head. Send a postal card to me at Sylvan Center and will call and get them. W. D. Ludlow. 36

For Sale—88 fine wool ewes and 33 yearling weathers. Inquire of Homer H. Boyd, Sylvan Center.

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House and lot for sale cheap. Inquire of T. Cassidy. 36

For Sale—Two good wood heating stoves. Inquire of G. T. English.

Twenty young shropshire rams for sale cheap. E. W. Daniels, North Lake.

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Inquire at Fair View Farm.
G. T. ENGLISH, Prop.

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