

THE CHESAPEAKE HERALD.

TERMS—One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Annum.

VOL. II.

"ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY."

Invariably in Advance.—Single Copies Five Cents.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1873.

NO. 16.

BALLAD OF THE BALL.

CHESAPEAKE HERALD.

"Come right in. How are you, Fred?
Find a chair, and have a light."

"Well, old boy, recovered yet?
From the Malvern last night?"

"Didn't dance; the German's old."

"Didn't you? I had to look—
Awful lower; but where were you?"

"Set it out with Mellicie Made."

"Jolly little girl she is—
She didn't dance to dance—
Rather have a quiet chat,
Then she gave me such a glance."

"So when you had cleared the room,
And had captured all the chairs,
Having nothing else to do,
Took possession of the stairs."

"I was on the lower step—
Mellicie on the next above,
Gave me her bosom to hold—
And she did me to draw on her glove."

"Then, of course, I squeezed her hand—
Talked about my wretched life—
Said my sole salvation was
To be true and gentle wife."

"Then, you know, I used my eyes—
She looked me every word,
Almost said she loved me—
Such a voice I never heard."

"Gave me some sylvan flower
With a meaning, oh, so sweet!
Don't know where it is, I'm sure,
But she did love me—
Such a voice I never heard."

"How I responded! and she—
But she did love me—
Such a voice I never heard."

"That I—
Such a voice I never heard."

"Mellicie Made! Well, I declare!
After what I had said,
Who'd a thought of seeing you?
At the Malvern—in the hall."

"Oh, you horrid! where were you?
I don't know where I was,
Most men must be caught, but he
Run his neck in the noose."

"I was almost dead to dance—
I'd have done it if I could—
But I said I must stop,
And I promised her I would."

"So I looked up sweet, and said,
I don't mind a tale with him,
Hope he didn't see my face—
Lucky the lights were dim."

"Then he gently squeezed my hand,
And looking sweetly in my face,
With his handsome, loving eyes,
Really, he's a funny case."

"He was all so earnest, too,
But I thought I'd have to laugh
When he looked a flower I gave,
Looking only as a calf."

"I suppose this has it now,
It's a mystery to me,
Why turn him down the stairs,
And leave him there?"

"Saw him last night, oh! you wretch!
He begged so hard for one,
And thought there'd be no one,
So I let him—just for fun."

"I knew I wasn't really right,
To trifle with his feeling dear,
But when I saw such things,
They need a lesson once a year."

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My plan took well, and was seconded
not only with words but deeds, and we
deputed "Little Tom," as he was called,
to take the money to Stearns' house.
And mind," said Mears again, "you
give it to Stearns' wife, else it may go
yet for drink."

Then I went home and spent the week
off in idleness. Perhaps I ought to
have felt guilty of waste of time. I do
not think I did. I thoroughly enjoyed
my respite and liberty to be out at any
time in the day. A curious feeling,
almost like seeing a new world, comes
to a person, who, having been shut up for
the sunshine for a considerable time, is
suddenly given the freedom to walk,
lounge or loiter, subject to no hours,
times nor moods. My father and mother
left me entirely to myself during that
week, though I have since been told that
my mother's heart beat anxiously for
four days beginning a downward path.
My judicious father restrained her fears,
saying:

"Give him his time a week, my mine,
let him run to the end of his rope. I
think he will begin to pull in then."
I even deserted the family pew on
Sunday, a thing unheard of before, and
looked in at the differing faiths around,
but no comment was made. Until the
appointed time I had actually taken no
serious thought of my future. Punctually
then, however, but with a sigh, I
presented myself to Mr. Lee. My father
was also there. Mr. Lee smiled as I
came in, and said:

"Well, Louis, what do you call your
last week's work?"
"Relaxation," I promptly replied.
"Does it pay?"
"It has so far," was again my prompt
response.

"But I suppose you expect to go to
work sometime," said he.
The satisfaction of returning to my
every day work came suddenly to me
then, and I said with animation:
"I do, indeed, and I am here hoping
you have work to offer me."

He looked pleased and gratified. So
did my father. Mr. Lee said presently:
"I have to offer you my office work.
If you will engage with me for another
three years, I will give you three hun-
dred dollars per year, and at the end of
that time an additional one hundred,
making it one thousand dollars for the
three years work. What think you?"

My father then spoke:
"Louis, the decision is your own; but
the offer is fair. If you choose to take
it, your board at home is just to pay
your mother for extra care, say two dol-
lars per week; and if you do well, I will
cover Mr. Lee's one hundred dollar you
are twenty-one. Can you do better?"

I knew I could not. I said so. So
again I was back in the familiar place,
with three years before me, but they
proved uneventful, save as the first link
which connected me with the firm of
Colman & Co.

The first duty assigned me in my new
position was the opening of some letters;
and the first letter I opened flattered the
bill-head of "Colman & Co." My own
name! Just so, some day, I should send
out large sheets and bills, with just such
a heading! So I raised an air castle.
But this letter contained beside the
order some reference to a "superior
casket," and a slip from a paper making
public announcement that the deceased
of Colman, of the firm of Colman & Co.,
would not alter the business arrange-
ments of the firm. It would still be ar-
ranged at the old stand, with the same
name. Signed, Colman & Co., "per C."

I handed the letter to Mr. Lee, who
said:
"See to the order immediately, and
make a note of the reference to casket,
and file the letter on hook G."
He rose, took down a package of let-
ters, saying to me:

"Look at these curious signatures;
Colman always signed like that, with a
long coil. The son has, I suppose, im-
posed or acquired the same curious coil
to his signature."
I returned answer to the letter, and
when finished a sudden fancy possessed
me to make of my "per C." the same
fanciful coil. After a few endeavors, I
succeeded in doing this, and signed
William R. Lee, "per C.," making of
my "C." an exact imitation of the long-
coiled C. appended to Colman & Co.

For the three succeeding years not a
month elapsed that we did not receive
an order of some kind, large or small,
with the same Colman & Co., "per C."
and then the long coil; which I as in-
variably answered with my employer's sig-
nature, William R. Lee, "per C.," and
a flourish of the same around my C.

was passing. He looked hard at me, but
said civilly enough, "It is, sir." I
crossed the road quickly, curious to con-
front the bona-fide personages who had
so many times appeared to me under the
jagged signature of "Colman & Co.,"
and the singularly coiled "per C."

I entered the open door and strolled
through the rooms. Nothing but a nice
lot of cabinet ware-rooms, with the ar-
rangements, perhaps, in better taste than
is usual in such establishments. A
quiet, high-haired young man, about my
own age, came forward. "Behold per
C.," I said to myself. He politely waited
till I had made a survey of the outer
rooms, then asked if he could be of ser-
vice? I said I would like to see Mr.
Colman. A slight hesitation, then he
said "Step this way."

Beyond the sales-room a green baize
door opened into a room about twelve
feet square, neatly carpeted, furnished
with desk, chairs and sofa. Occupying
the room were two young women. One
at the desk did not raise her head at my
entrance. The other rose and bowed,
with the air of a business woman, and
the grace of a cultured lady.

For myself, I could only strive to con-
ceal the awkwardness I felt. Who could
possibly expect to meet ladies and
ladies' parlor in a gentleman's counting
room? I managed to bow and say:
"Shall I beg pardon? I came in ex-
pecting to see 'Colman,' of the firm of
Colman & Co."

"I represent that name," the lady
said, quietly, then added, "Please be
seated."
Now, if Colman had been a man,
I should have had no difficulty in
stepping up to him, shaking hands, and
introducing myself and firm, and becom-
ing business acquaintances in a moment.
This, however, was a new programme,
and I became still more involved by my
next remark, which was that the person
I wished particularly to see was "per C."

Involuntarily I made a circling
motion with my thumb. The girl's head
at the desk bent low over the leaves of
the ledger. The woman sitting opposite
me, with a kept-back smile in her eyes
and on her lips, indicated with her eyes
the direction of the ledger, and said,
"That is per C."

Was there ever such a position? I
glanced towards the desk. The eyes of
the girl were raised from the book and I
met my doom! I yielded to fate. Hence-
forth, whatever befell me, my heart and
destiny were at the mercy of "per C."

There was a pause, and growing des-
perate, I determined to explain matters.
Rising, I said:
"Will you grant me grace for five
minutes?"

I was turned away from "per C.," and
was looking straight into the comely face
of the older woman. She bowed, just
raised her eyes toward the desk, and I
knew then that "per C." was looking
and listening as well.

"I am Louis Colman, of Maconville.
I have written, I suppose, one hundred
letters to Colman & Co., of Abbotstown.
The first I wrote was in reply to an
order for a superior casket sent on the
deceased of 'Colman,' of Colman & Co.
I signed it 'per C.,' and copied as
nearly as I could the peculiar signature
of the order sent. It has been a no-
tion of mine never to put it on any other
letter." (I wished then that I could
have seen "per C." face.) "I have
come to Abbotstown quite by accident.
The sign it was which attracted my at-
tention. I came in to see Colman. I
wanted to see 'per C.' Please don't
misunderstand. Believe me, I did not
expect to find affairs conducted by wo-

men."

men, and wanted to try and win her for
my wife. I then returned to Macon-
ville, for a week. I was somewhat un-
easy at leaving Harley Hicksey alone in
the field, for I thought if he loved the
girl as well as I knew I did that he
would not give her up without an ef-

fort.
In eight days I was again at Abbot-
town. Harley Hicksey had again of-
fered himself to Miss Caddie Colman,
and been refused. Mr. Hicksey, know-
ing this, was ready to conclude a bar-
gain for sale, and Miss Colman desired
to remain with me, as before with Mr.
Hicksey.

All this seemed so entirely to my
wishes that I began to fear that I might
miss the one thing to which all these
were made subservient—the loss of Cad-
die Colman. But as I had always tried
to use my opportunities, so I was not re-
miss in this respect, and in one year
from the time of my seduction at Abbot-
town I was a married man. We, Col-
man & Co., are prospering in our busi-
ness. Mrs. Colman is a dignified, mat-
ronly little lady, but among her family
she likes and I think will never lose the
sobriquet of "per C."

There is a moral to my story. Every-
body with the name probably sees it. I
will write it nevertheless. When a good
opportunity occurs don't stand idle and
wait for a better.

Miscellaneous.
KANSAS is getting up an anti-tobacco
colony.
THE most obstinate pig in the world—
Pig-iron.
THERE are over 8,000,000 horses in the
United States.
INDIANA is raising two and a half mil-
lions of hogs.
A NEW evening paper, the *Ledger*, is
to be published in St. Louis.
USCAR SAM requires \$301,705,036.99
to meet his expenses for 1873.
DETROIT boasts of a bridge that has
borne a train of 87 loaded cars all at
once.
THE heathen Chinese is taking the
place of the colored laborer on the Texas
railroads.
HARVARD COLLEGE proposes to abolish
compulsory attendance at recitations
and prayers, thus throwing the responsi-
bility of scholarship and education upon
the students themselves.
THE number of marriages in Chicago
in the year since the fire have been
greater, and the number of divorces less
than ever before, the same being called
by moralists a purification by fire.
BARSTOW'S show collided with John
Robinson's at Columbus, Ga., and Bar-
stow rather got the best of the row,
whereupon Robinson brought suit
against Barstow for \$8,000 damages.
THE only building left standing in the
Boston burnt district, says the *Advertiser*,
has a Mansard roof. So has the
house of Malion D. Ogden, the only
house left standing in the North Side
burnt district of Chicago.
THE "Woodville infants," those gentle
pieces of English artillery, which weigh
35 tons apiece, have been delivered from
the bottom of the sea, where they sank
with the vessel Marlborough, and are
doing as well as could be expected.
A SPRINGFIELD, Mass., negro has just
invented an improved steam valve for
locomotives, by means of which the
steam pressure is removed from the top
of the valve, and the wear and tear of
the machinery is greatly reduced.
It is believed the wheat which Cali-
fornia will send abroad the present year
will exceed in value that of the gold
which the State will produce during the
same period. The wheat crop will bring
the State from \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000.
THE New York man who invented a
portable iron safe to carry under the
clothing fell off a Hudson steamboat the
other day, in full armor. The machine
held his body firmly on the bottom of
the river, and his heirs consider it a great
success.
An enterprising thief in Oil City lately
stole over one hundred pounds of nitro-
glycerine, and secreted it in his house,
just behind a roasting fire. It was dis-
covered by the police, and thus the great
labor of picking up the widely-scattered
remains of the thief and his wife and
seven small children was avoided. He
was blown up by the Judge, however,
and sentenced to six months' imprison-
ment.
THE Bostonian glass-blowers are
manufacturing relics of the great fire.
They blow bottles and other vessels into
all sorts of shapes, resembling the result
of intense heat, while the inside is in-
geniously filled with all sorts of liquids,
from cheap whiskey to water. Corks
are inserted showing every degree of
burning, from a slight scorch to black
consumption, while the contents have
the appearance of having remained in-
fact. These relics sell readily for from
twenty-five cents upward.
Growth of Philadelphia.
The city of Philadelphia was never so
prosperous as it is at present, and is li-
terally spreading in all directions. Never
has building been so extensively carried
on as it is now. No less than 6,235
building permits were granted last year,
and in the course of time, the city build-
ing, and in the course of time,

To Correspondents.
Correspondents will please write on one side of the paper only. No communication will be published unless accompanied with the real name and address of the author, which we require not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.
All communications should be addressed to
"THE HERALD,"
Chelsea, Washburn Co., Mich.
CHelsea HERALD.
CHelsea, JAN. 9. 1873.
Work for a Stormy Day.

On December 26th, when Old Boreas, with his huge fiddle-strings turned to concert pitch, was playing "Yankee Doodle Dandy," and the drifts showed all Nature appearing dreary and desolate as an uninhabited wilderness, a humorous request was sent us to "pen an editorial on farming operations for such a day as this." The suggestion recalled on the tasks of a wintry day more than twenty years ago, when the writer was boss and all hands on his little farm in the country. About a mile from the house there was a stick of timber about forty feet long, and two feet in diameter at the butt end, which had been cut down for a sill of the new house we were about to build the next summer. Fearing the snow would be so deep the next day that we could not drive to the woods, we went in the furious storm alone, loaded the tree on a pair of traverse sleighs and started for home just before sundown. Before we were out of the woods a cocky of one trace gave way. The dilemma was a trying one. Not a cord, piece of twine, nor wire was at hand. Quick as thought a few long hairs were snatched from old Don's long tail, the end of trace was lashed to the end of the whiffle tree, and we—the horses, sleigh, log and I—went home with no farther delay.

A few years after that a sleigh-load of young persons were enjoying a ride, when, suddenly, the vehicle struck in a snow-bank and a cocky broke. There they all were, more than a mile from any human habitation. No one of the company had even a string or a strap with which to repair the breach. A daughter of a Yankee who was skillful in devising ways and means, suggested that she could help them out of the difficulty. She immediately turned up her skirt, and told the young gentlemen to cut a small cord out of her expensible appliances, for mending the broken trace. But neither of the young gallants was the possessor of a knife. But this fair heroine, drew forth her scissors, ripped out the cord, showed the driver how to use it, so that the jubilant company were detained in the snowbank only a few minutes. So much for brains.

The man of brains, on such a stormy day as we have alluded to, will be actively employed from morning till night in rendering his domestic animals comfortable. The fowls at the henhouse will receive a generous supply of feed and water. The piggery will be well supplied with straw. The sheep will all be gathered beneath a comfortable shelter. The cattle will be turned into their stalls or boxes, and every animal will be liberally supplied with water, feed, and a comfortable bed. On such a stormy day, a farmer can save more money in the flesh of his animals, by taking proper care of them, than he can earn during a pleasant day, at any other business. The man who sits by the fire on a stormy day, and allows his stock to take care of themselves the best they are able, will always complain that farming don't pay.

A Horrible Discovery.
A horrible case of "urrying" is reported by the Ottawa, Canada, Citizen. For some time past the work of removing bodies from an old to a new Roman Catholic cemetery has been in progress. In the course of the process the lid of a coffin came off. It proved to be the coffin of an uncle of the gentleman removing it, and the interior presented a terrible aspect. The miserable occupant had evidently lived in agonized expression; the arms were drawn up as far as the coffin would, and the head was twisted round to the shoulders, which had apparently been gnawed by the miserable sufferer. It is well known that persons have recovered from trances when on the eve of burial, and a startling effect was produced some ten years ago in the upper chamber of the French legislature when an eminent prelate, who was supporting a clause in a burial bill, which aimed at preventing the possibility of such an incident, told a harrowing tale of a man who was almost consigned to a living tomb, concluding his narration with the words, "I am that man."

The Shah's Harem.
SECRETS OF A GILDED PRISON.
[Spanish Correspondence of the Boston Globe.]
So many fanciful things have been said and written regarding the harem and its connections, that the curious on such matters are at a loss what to believe and what to conjecture. During the time I remained at Ispalan I devoted all my leisure hours to the investigation of the harem and its secrets, and I think I am in a position to tender the patrons of the Globe a brief, but interesting account of the mysterious institution. From the lips of a woman, a reader of trinkets at the palace, most of my information was gained, she appeared to answer every question of mine with spiteful gusto, probably from jealousy or avarice:
Here are stewards, secretaries, treasurers, guards, &c., in the outer palace, studying day and night how best to govern the intrigues of the fair beauties in the inner sanctum. There are three ranks of women in the harem, the Begum, Canum, and Katun, or princess of the blood royal, the mistresses and slaves. The guards hold the most important offices in and about the harem and are divided into three grades—first those who are placed at the outer gates and never come within sight of the women; second, the blacks from the coasts of Malabar, who act as messengers; and the third, composed of women, commanded by some antiquated matron, who receives orders direct from the prince herself. Most of the ladies are Georgian and Circassian women of low birth, but from the description of two they must possess rare charms. There are three European ladies in the harem at present, one from Paris and two English blondes. From all accounts it is not the life of roses we have been led to believe; the rules are very strict, and the punishment for the slightest offence is carried to the extreme point. It is said that Abbas II. finding that his favorite had deceived him in some trifling matter, ordered a fire to be made and burned her in his presence. As the ladies follow the King to his other palaces, or to camp in time of war, they travel at night guarded by a troop of cavalry, who are directed to keep every male exceeding the age of seven years at a proper distance. From all accounts many would gladly return to their homes, and many the poor caged bird who sighs for her mountains and the green fields of her youth, longing to escape from the prison life their position forces them to lead. My informant tells me that there is one favorite, one special pet among them, upon whom for her beauty, voice and wit the prince showers all his caresses; how weary must the rest be, singing, dancing or playing before him they loathe yet fear, forced to contribute to the pleasures of their hated rival. Jappy is she whom the King admires and can make him believe she has an equal passion for him. I cannot further enlarge upon this delicate subject, and therefore close this paragraph with the hope that the moral of its purport may prove an apology for touching upon this feature of Persia's shame.

The Quagga, a Substitute for Horses.
Probably most of our readers know no more of the quagga than what they have learned by seeing its picture in the school geographies or in books of African travel. Many naturalists think that Africa was the original country of the horse, and there is very little doubt that it was in Northern Africa that the horse was first brought under the subjection of man. In Africa also the quagga is found, and there, in like manner, it has been domesticated. The quagga has the form, light figure and small head and ears of the horse. It is swift and strong, docile and obedient and easily domesticated. It is capable of every variety of service performed by the horse, and naturalists say that, by a little care on the part of man, it might be rendered an exceedingly valuable beast of burden.
It is about four feet high at the shoulders and neck, has slender legs and an asinine tail. It is an exceedingly beautiful animal. Its neck and fore parts are dark brown, elegantly striped with broad black bands; it has a dark line on the back; its hind parts are light brown, and it has white legs. Buffon believed that the quagga was originally a hybrid between the horse and zebra; but if this be so, its hybridity has not interfered with its permanent powers of propagation.
The horse has been eaten, and at the present day, is used for food to

some extent in Paris; but horse meat is too rank for the palate and the attempts of French savans to introduce it among the higher classes have not been successful. There would be no such difficulty in regard to the quagga. Quaggas are found wild in large herds on the plains of southern Africa; and though swift and elert, they are not hard to catch. They could be brought to this country by thousands in the course of a year or two. Some years ago an Englishman took a number of quaggas to London and the people were delighted at seeing in the streets a team of quaggas harnessed to a carriage.

Our Wheelbarrow.
A Hartforded advises a very slender friend to chalk his head and go to a masquerade ball as a billiard cue. "An old Boarding-house Mystery" is the title of an article in a New York daily. It must mean hash. That is the oldest boarding-house mystery we ever read of.
A veteran observer says: "I never place reliance on a man who is telling what he would have done had he been there. I have noticed that somehow this kind of people never get there."

A match was recently broken off by a printer, to whom the lover sent a sonnet to his sweet heart, entitled, "I kissed her sub rosa," but which the printer set up, "I kissed her sub rosa." Experience Docet.—Elder of fourteen: "Where's the baby, Mudge?" Mudge: "In the other room, I think, Emily." Elder of fourteen: "Go directly, and see what she's doing, and tell her she mustn't." A Virginia exchange says: At a concert recently, at the conclusion of the song, "There's a Good Time Coming," a farmer got up and exclaimed: "Mister, you couldn't fix the date, could you?"

Such is life!—Brown: How's your wife, Jones? Jones (with the wine-glass): Poorly—always is poorly. She's afraid she's going to die, and I'm afraid she isn't; so I've got a doosid pleasant time of it altogether.—Judy.
A Titusville paper says: "An intoxicated printer in East St. Louis wandered into a shoe shop in a fit of mental aberration and set up several sticks of shoe pegs, and took a proof of his matter in the boot press before he realized his awful condition."

Latest from Dundee.—(Where readers will be happy to know, the Maids' Rebellion has revived in great force.)—Mistress: "I did not ring, Mary." Mary: "I know that, mum; but as I was moping in the kitchen, I thought I'd come and sit a bit with you."
The following advertisement appears in a London paper: "House and shop wanted by a chemist, who desires to move from the blood-poisoning vapors of one hundred fish-curing nuisances that local imbecility suffers to exist in Bethnal Green; if with large workshop preferred."

One of the new branches of industry that demands no capital and no special endowments is the nut trade. The way to obtain a stock in trade is to walk up to the front door of a dwelling, take a nut, go home and wash it, and then go back and sell it to the former owner. The profits are immense.
Indulgence in Fat—not Gravy.—In the directions of Cardinal Bonald, Archbishop of Lyons, for the season of Lent, the following passage occurs: "On account of the dearth of provisions, and for this year only, I permit the faithful to replace butter and oil by fat and hog's lard. We say," adds the Archbishop emphatically, "we say fat, and not gravy."

A few days since a seedy person applied to a wealthy citizen for help and received the small sum of five cents. The giver remarked as he handed him the pittance, "Take it, you are welcome; our cars are always open to the distressed." "That may be," replied the recipient, "but never before in my life have I seen so small an opening for such large cars."

A lost cow was lately advertised by the following notice, which was posted on trees and fences near the owner's dwelling: "Strayed or Stolen—A large Red Cow, with Yaller Specks on her left side and a pair of white specks on her right ear. She is about seven or eight years old and belongs to a poor widow with a short tale. Ten dollars will be given to anybody who will turn her to Newark, June 17, 180072."

A youth, in acquaintments that indicated his rustic origin, passing down Broadway one afternoon last week, saw a handsomely embellished specimen truss hanging in a shop window, and suspended from it a tag with this legend: "Sandford's Patent Rupture Truss none like it." Well, said Rusticus, eyeing it with suspicious looks and edging away apprehensively, "I shouldn't think they would like it."

One of the most touching instances of gratitude is alleged to have occurred at Lock Haven the other day. A little boy, the child of a wealthy mother, tumbled into the river. He was rescued by a workman and restored to his parent. The woman gave the man a three-cent postage stamp, and said she would be glad to have him come up to her house and sit out in the entry and hear her play the piano. He went away with tears in his eyes. Such unaccustomed kindness quite unmanned him.

State News.
A Bay City justice got his ears frozen on Sunday.
The Grand Rapids Eagle says a lady of that city has sent Queen Victoria a twenty-pound turkey.
The saloon-keepers of Jackson and Concord are being prosecuted by the irrepressible Judge Videto, of Jackson.
Mr. Thaddeus Simons, one of the pioneers of Battle Creek, and a highly respected citizen, died in that city Friday, aged 81.
Battle Creek is delighted over the prospect of a speedy return to speculations. The "silver dollar man" has arrived.
A Coloma, Berrien county, man dropped his false teeth out of a car window and jumped after them, and now the doctors are trying to fit him with a false nose.
The new water works of Bay City were called upon to put out a fire for the first time on Monday night, and the citizens are jubilant over the success of the works.
A Saginaw paper says: A deputy postmaster, weighing twelve pounds, arrived in East Saginaw on Monday morning, and Col. Luckley is correspondingly happy.
A saloon-keeper of Albion, Stoss by name, got up Christmas night, and in starting to go down stairs, stumbled and fell, breaking his neck and killing him instantly.
Specimens of Michigan pine and oak timber are already being collected for the Vienna Exposition. A gentleman in Bay City has a person in the woods on the lookout for choice specimens.
The Bay City editor who cannot tell a lie says: Thermometer 365 degrees below zero Thursday morning. We dug two hours and a half with the pick-axe after the mercury and then didn't find it.
George Scott saved his way out of the Sanilac county jail with a saw made of his wash-dish, and the Jeffersonian says: We venture the assertion that no first-class criminal goes to trial in this county if he is to be confined there to await his trial.
The Grand Rapids Times says: The friends of good order in the school-room will be rejoiced to learn that a teacher tried before Justice Buddington, in this city, recently, for giving a large boy or young man a very severe punishment for misbehavior in school was acquitted.
A young man recently married a girl at East Saginaw, and she died shortly afterward. A few days after the young man was found dead in his bed at his boarding house, with a pair of slippers and a dress of his deceased wife hugged in his arms. He had killed himself with morphine.
The Saginaw Enterprise says: We know of a certain piece of pine land which was bought by a firm in this city for \$2,000. The first winter they cut from the land 1,500,000 feet of logs; the next winter 2,200,000 feet. Last summer they sold the land for \$2,000, and the purchaser will cut about 800,000 feet of logs on it this winter. With these figures, it is not difficult to get an idea of the wealth in our pine forests.

B. F. Coe, who stole \$375 from George Lamdan, in September, at Outer Lake, was recognized by a young man from Birch Run while on the cars between Flint and Clio. Immediately on his arrival in Clio, the young man telegraphed to detective Miller in Flint, who came down and had Coe arrested and taken to Lapeer. On his arrest he confessed to having committed the robbery. When searched he had \$7 on his person.
A few days since at Kalamazoo a singular accident happened to a valuable brood mare, owned by Lawyer Balch, which was at large in a paddock on his farm west of the village. Her leg was found to be broken, and the appearance of it upon examination led to the conclusion that it must have been broken by a shot from a rifle, doubtless accidental. It is known that a party of hunters were in that part of the town about that time. The animal is now in the hands of a skillful horse surgeon who has her strapped up, and is to receive \$250 if he succeeds in making the leg so she can use it. She is with foal.

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WHITE & NEGUS, Manufacturers and Dealers in all descriptions of PLANNED LUMBER, And other Joiner work. Lumber Matched, Planed, Sawn, Resawed and otherwise worked to order.
Special attention paid to Scroll Sawing and Turning. C. WHITE, E. L. NEGUS, Chelsea, Oct. 19, 1871. 3-ly

Boots & Shoes
NEW GOODS.
NEW PRICES.
L. TICHENER now offers an entire new stock of Gents', Ladies' and Children's wear of the latest styles, just received direct from the manufacturers.
The following business principles will be observed by him strictly:
1.—To sell very low for cash.
2.—To keep a well selected stock constantly on hand.
3.—To keep the best of goods.
4.—To make a specialty of women's wear.
5.—To give everybody their money's worth.
6.—To sell the best men's boots cheaper than such goods were ever offered in Chelsea, and
7.—To make to order all kinds of Gents' wear at the shortest possible notice.
A special invitation is given to all old customers to call upon him and examine his stock. At the same time new customers will receive an equally hearty welcome.
Store: Three doors south of R. Kemp's Hardware store, CHelsea, - MICH. v1-47 L. TICHENER.

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This unrivaled Medicine is warranted not to contain a single particle of Mercury, or any injurious foreign substance, but is PURELY VEGETABLE.
For FORTY YEARS it has proved its great value in all diseases of the Liver, Gallbladder and Kidneys. Thousands of the great and good in all parts of the country testify to its wonderful and peculiar power in purifying the blood, stimulating the torpid Liver and Bowels, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system. SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR is acknowledged to have no equal as a LIVER MEDICINE.
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Beware of all counterfeits and imitations.
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NEW TAILOR SHOP
ALL kinds of Tailoring and Cutting of the latest styles done to order on short notice. Fits warranted to give satisfaction.
Office: In Herald Office Building JOHN N. PRIESTER Chelsea, Dec. 19, 1872.

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GRANVILLE H. COLEMAN
AT THE
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DRUGS, MEDICINES, GROCERIES, &c., &c.
At prices that defy competition!
ALWAYS ON HAND
Pure Wines & Liquors,
For medicinal purposes. Also, Tobacco, Cigars, Fine Toilet Soaps, Brushes, Perfumeries, Deo Woods, Dye, Stuffs, Yankee Notions, a large and select stock.
Prescriptions carefully prepared at all hours.
Farmers and Physicians will find my stock of medicines complete, warranted genuine, and of the best quality.
Remember the place—THE CHelsea DRUG STORE.
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For Scrofula, Scrofulous diseases of the Eyes, or Scrofula in any form.
Any disease or eruption of the Skin, disease of the Liver, Rheumatism, Pimples, Old Sores, Ulcers, Broken Down Constitutions, Syphilis, or any disease depending on a depraved condition of the Blood, try
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It has the medicinal property of Poke combined with a preparation of Iron which goes at once into the blood, performing the most rapid and wonderful cures.
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TRAINS RUN BY CHICAGO TIME.
TRAINS GOING SOUTH.
STATIONS Mail Exp. Jour. Arr.
Jackson 7:15 A.M. 4:40 P.M. 12:22 P.M.
Hammond 7:54 5:20 1:00
Jonestown 8:25 5:50 1:30
Reading 8:55 6:18
Fremont 9:22 6:55
Angola 9:53 7:35
Pleasant Lake 10:05 7:47
Summit 10:17 7:59
Watfloo 10:33 8:15
Ansonia 10:47 8:29
Fort Wayne 11:45 9:25
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Oct. 1872
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Day Express, Daily 7:20 A.M.
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Detroit Express, Daily 12:00 P.M.
(Daily except Sundays)
N. Y. Express, Daily 6:40 P.M.
(Runs Daily, Sundays excepted)
The Railway Ferry leaves Detroit (Detroit foot of Third street) at 3:45 A.M., 7:00 P.M. Foot of Third street at 7:20 A.M., 10:50 P.M., and 6:40 P.M.
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