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NO. 26.

YOUNG GRIMES.

BY MRS. MARTIN.

Old Grimes is dead—that good old man
We never shall see him more;
But he has left a son who bears
The name that old Grimes bore.

He wears a coat of the latest cut,
His hair is new and gray;
He can't bear to show distress,
So he turns from it away.

His pants are paler—fading
Over his knees and shoes;
His hair is by a barber cut—
He smokes cigars and chews.

A chain of massive gold is borne
Above his flashy vest;
His diamonds are better every day
Than were old Grimes' best.

In fashion's court he constant walks,
Where he delights to stand;
His hands are white and very soft,
But softer is his hand.

He's six feet tall—no post more straight—
His neck is a perfect line;
He looks like a handsome fellow,
And sometimes very kind.

His manners are of sweetest grace,
His voice is sweet and low;
He sometimes goes to church for change,
And sleeps in Grimes' pew.

His stomach is of sweetest grace,
His voice is sweet and low;
He sometimes goes to church for change,
And sleeps in Grimes' pew.

He sports the latest "cut" in town,
He's always quick to let;
He knows how to be a gentleman,
But thinks "Old Time" is yet.

He has drunk wine of every kind,
And knows how to be a gentleman;
Young Grimes, in short, is just that sort
Of man—old Grimes was not.

doctor seemed to mix in with me, but I didn't consider him more than a brush fence, for I was so far gone I thought she could see nobody on earth but me. Well, Squire, things went on so for about a month, and on Sunday I screwed up my spunk and put the question to her. She sorter laughed and sorter looked on one side, and finally told me she couldn't give me an answer just then, but if I'd call at her house next Thursday evening, she'd give me a final answer. Thanks I, you're mine just as sure as there's a fiddler below. Whenever a woman takes time to study she'll say yes, Squire, don't the poets say something about the calculation of men and rats going crooked?

"Mice, and men, Burns says," I answered.

"Well, mice and rats is all one, and so is men and fools sometimes, as I have found out in my travels. I was so sure she would have me that I went off and spent all my money for fine clothes, thinking I would have them ready for the wedding—and I did! Confound that widow, I say! Confound all widows! Thursday evening came at last, although it was a long time about it, and over I went, dressed in fits and feeling as big as Josh Raynor did when he was elected Governor. I got there about dark and found a right smart crowd collected, which was as good as the rest of 'em. So I marched in like a blind mule into a potato patch, and took a seat by the fire. I didn't see anything of the widow, but I kept looking for her to come in and send for me, and passed away the time cussing the crowd to myself, thinking they had no business there, and I would not get to talk to my woman a bit. Presently the door opened and in walked Polly and the door-burned doctor and a whole lot of boys and girls fixed up savagely. I tell you, I looked around for a fiddler, thinking they were about to have a ball, but I wondered what they all kept so still for, and was about proposing a reel, when up gets a little preacher, and before you could swallow a live oyster he had Polly and the doctor married faster than a Mexican greaser could tie a bull's horns. I was so completely flummoxed that I sat there with my mouth open like I was going to swallow the whole crowd, and my eyes looked like billiard balls till the ceremony was over, when I jumped up and bellowed:

"That was the truth, 'Squire. Soap and water had no more effect than it would on a native born African, and all the chance was to wait and let it wear off. How long it took them to get white again I never found out, but one thing I do know," he concluded, getting up to go out, "the next time I saw the doctor I had the hardest fight, and came the night getting whiter than I ever did in all my born days."

"I forbid the concern from being continued!"

"You are a little too late, my friend," says the preacher, and they all commenced laughing like they had seen something funny.

"I'll be darned swizzled if I don't be soon enough for somebody yet," said I, "for I was mad, 'Squire, and no mistake in the ticket. I do believe I could have dug that doctor quicker than a hungry dog could swallow a squirrel skin, if I could have had a fair chance at him. It was too bad, after I had fixed up to marry her myself, for her to walk right under my eyes and marry that great baloon."

"It was bad, that is a fact," said I.

"'T was bad," cried he. "It was meaner than eating fried omelette, but then I thought I'd go straight home, but then I concluded that wouldn't spite nobody, so I concluded to stay and see if I could not get satisfaction out of somebody. You know I'm the d— to get myself or somebody else into a scrape when I take a notion, and I'd taken one that night that went all over me like a third day child, so I commenced a study on some plan. I recollected hearing the doctor say that where he come from, but the Lord only knows where that was, the bride and groom always washed their faces together before they went to bed, as a charm against infidelity or imbecility, or some other kind of word. While I was studying about that, I spied the doctor's saddle-bags setting in the corner, so I waited till they went in to supper, and when I got the bags and looked to see what I could discover. Nearly the first thing I

found was a stick of lunar caustic. I slipped it into my pocket, for I had my plan as soon as I saw it. Well, I watched around till I saw one of the girls go to the pail with the pitcher, so I went out and asked her what she was going to do with it. She said she was going to carry it to the room for the doctor and Polly to wash their faces in. I kept talking to her while she was filling the pitcher, and when she turned her head I dropped the caustic into it. It was then about bed-time, and I got my hat and put out, but I couldn't help laughing all the way home, whenever I'd think about it next morning.

inside of a stovepipe. I'd give half my interest in either world just to have been at some safe place where I could have seen the row. As soon as they found that they were the same folks that married the night before, they called for warm water and soap, but just here the doctor happened to think about the pitcher and took it to the door to see what was the matter. There was a little piece of caustic that had not dissolved, and as he saw it he says:

"It's no use washing, Polly. All the soap in New York city can't wash that black off."

Foreign.

REVENUE statistics show that in London 300 horses die weekly.

PRINCE BISMARCK is said to be suffering from acute neuralgic pains.

THE Pasha of Egypt has made a present of a site for a church to the English-speaking community of Cairo.

THE Bishop of London has been requested to walk to church on the Lord's day, instead of riding, as heretofore.

PRUSSIA has sold to the Viceroy of Egypt a large quantity of the arms which she used and captured in the recent war.

On the third day of the marriage of the Emperor of China, he and his young bride appeared in dresses valued at \$500,000.

The number of ordinary letters circulated in Germany was 205,000,000 in 1870, and it increased to 210,000,000 in 1871, the rate per cent. increase having actually augmented.

At Yeddo a suspension bridge 234 feet long and 17 feet wide has just been completed. It is designed for the use of the Mikado and his court, and crosses a deep ravine between the palace and the imperial park.

The suggestion for the establishment of a line of steamers to be specially constructed for the purpose of conveying to Europe the superfluous cattle of our Western States is meeting with approval in England.

At Venice, a flute player, M. Aloisio, exhibited a new model for a violin. The strings are made of metal, and pass entirely around the drum. The sound is said to have four times the sonority of the ordinary violin.

The quantity of tobacco paying duty and cleared for consumption in the United Kingdom averaged 131 oz. per head of the population of 1841. In 1851 it had increased to 1 lb. 4 oz. per head. In 1861 it had reached 1 lb. 3 oz. per head. In 1871 it amounted to 1 lb. 5 oz. per head.

The Bank of Venice lived over 600, and the Bank of St. George, of Genoa, about 400 years. Both were virtually blotted out of existence by the armies of the elder Napoleon. The Bank of North America still exists; and so does the Bank of England, after a remarkable life of 178 years.

WARNING RAILWAY CARS IN GERMANY.—A mode of more safely and effectively warming railway carriages than by stoves or hot water has, it is said, been widely adopted in Germany. The invention consists of the use of a composite fuel, which only smoulders slowly, and is incased in an iron tray, inclosed in a copper box "hermetically closed." The heat is said to last for twenty-four hours if necessary. The fuel is called the "charcoal perquette." At \$65 per ton the cost is said to be almost nominal, and the apparatus costs only \$5 to each compartment.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Feeding and Fattening Animals.

Timor fixes thirteen pounds as the quantity of hay per day which a cow requires for her maintenance in perfect condition; and if in milk, he allows as many as twenty-two to twenty-three pounds, but the ration must vary with the weight of the animal. Mr. Perin, another foreign writer, states twenty-seven pounds as the allowance for a milch cow weighing about 880 pounds, he having in his experience found that an animal in milk required about six and one-quarter pounds hay for every 220 pounds of living weight. A very large ox or cow, relatively to its weight, requires less food than an animal of smaller dimensions. And this circumstance is a grand argument with those breeders who are in favor of very large cattle. They say that if a large ox consumes more than a small one, still the increase in consumption is by no means in the ratio of the increase in weight. The real difference is owing to the quieter disposition of the animal, the vessels going to support the flesh or fat being larger, attained by the before-mentioned careful crossing, so that some breeds have, by such a system, attained the faculty of laying more upon their backs, and others again more in the adipose tissues within. It may be said that for every one hundred pounds, neat cattle require for plain keeping three-fourths of a pound of meadow hay; when laboring, two pounds; when in milk, three; growing rapidly, three and one-half, which ought to be given with great regularity and about three times a day, constituting as many meals, which, however, are well divided, the whole quantity for each meal not being placed before the animal at once. This precaution is particularly necessary when the allowance consists of green fodder. In fattening cattle it is, perhaps, of more importance than in general feeding, that the provender should be distributed regularly. Plenty of soft litter and the greatest attention to cleanliness aid materially in fattening.

Harrow Your Wheat.

Don't forget to harrow over your wheat the last of March or the first of April. If sown broadcast, harrow, if drilled, harrow with the drill. It will pull up but little, and will be equal to a hoe dressing. Try it.

We agree with our correspondent in regard to the value of harrowing in the spring. We adopted the plan last year, and feel confident that we added one-third, at least, to the amount of our crop by doing so. We harrowed one way with the A harrow, and then cross harrowed with a Thomas harrow. We left a few rows in the middle of the field without the first harrowing, as an experiment, and found that this place suffered for the neglect all the season.—*Northwestern Farmer.*

Aid in Advancing the Germination of Seeds.

As a means of promoting the germination of fruit and other seeds, a German horticulturist recommends the following simple preparation, as tested by his own experience. Seeds of apples, pears, etc., are placed in a tumbler or glass jar, with a sufficient quantity of rain water to cover them, and kept in a room at a temperature of from 62 and 65 degrees Fahrenheit, the water to be renewed when its odor indicates spoiling. After about a fortnight the germs appear, when the seeds should be slightly dried by spreading upon a cotton or woolen cloth, and planted immediately. Locust seeds and others having hard shells are equally benefited by such soaking.

Chicken Cholera.

The following prescription we find in the *Southern Cultivator*, and is said to be very efficacious in chicken cholera:

Glycerine in water, each a half ounce; carbolic acid, ten drops. When the first symptoms of the disease are apparent, give five drops, and repeat at intervals of twelve hours. Usually the second dose effects a cure. A neighbor informed me that cholera was very destructive among his poultry, and at my suggestion he tried the foregoing recipe. He reports that the progress of the disease was promptly arrested, and in almost every case a cure was accomplished.

How to Cook Good Beef Steak.

Have your steak cut thick, put it on your meat-board, and with a sharp pointed knife prick it every imaginable way to make it tender, put it on the gridiron over the fire, turning it very often. Put a lump of butter, and some salt and pepper into a tin dish. Put your steak dish where it will get warmed. When the steak is cooked, put it into the tin dish and double it over; press out all the blood you can, and lay the steak on your plate. Set the tin dish with the blood, pepper, and salt on the stove, and as soon as it boils up and thickens pour it over your steak. You can add a can of mushrooms to the gravy. This recipe was never known to fail.

Save the Best Fowls for Breeding.

It is the worst policy to kill all the best and handsomest fowls, and save only the mean and scraggy ones to breed from. This is precisely the way to run out your stock; for like tends to breed like, and the result is, that by continually taking away the best birds, and using the eggs of the poorest, your flock will grow poorer every succeeding year.

Water-Proof Coating for Walls.

The following coating has proved very effective in preventing the penetration

AN ATROCIOUS HABIT.

There is a habit peculiar to many

walkers, which, *Punch*, some years ago, touched upon satirically, but which seems to have survived the jesters' ridicule. It is that custom of stopping friends in the street, to whom we have nothing whatever to communicate, but whom we embarrass for no other purpose than simply to show our friendship. Jones meets his friend Smith, whom he has met in nearly the same locality but a few hours before. During that interval, it is highly probable that no event of any importance to Smith, nor indeed to Jones, which, by a friendly construction, Jones could imagine Smith to be interested in, has occurred, or is likely to occur. Yet both gentlemen stop and shake hands earnestly. "Well, how goes it?" remarks Smith, with a vague hope that something may have happened. "So, so," replies the eloquent Jones, feeling intuitively the deep vacuity of his friend answering to his own. A pause ensues, in which both gentlemen regard each other with an imbecile smile and a fervent pressure of the hand. Smith draws a long breath and looks up the street; Jones sighs heavily and gazes down the street. Another pause, in which both gentlemen glance anxiously around for some conventional avenue of escape. Finally Smith, with a sudden assumption of having forgotten an important engagement, exclaims, "Well, I must be off," a remark instantly echoed by the voluble Jones, and these gentlemen separate, only to repeat their miserable formula next day. In the above example I have compassionately shortened the usual leave taking, which, in skillful hands, may be protracted to a length which I shudder to recall. I have sometimes, when an active participant in these atrocious transactions, lingered in the hope of saying something natural to my friend (feeling that he, too, was groping in the maze labyrinth of his mind for a like expression) until I have felt that we ought to have been separated by a policeman. It is astonishing how far the most wretched joke will go in these emergencies, and how it will, as it were, conclusively detach the two cohering parties. I have laughed (albeit hysterically) at some witless under cover of which I escaped, that five minutes afterward I could not perceive possessed a grain of humor. I would advise any person who may fall into this pitiable strait that, next to getting in the way of a passing dray, and being forcibly disconnected, a joke is the most efficacious. A foreign phrase often may be tried with success; I have sometimes known *un revoir* pronounced "o-rever" to have the effect (as it ought) of severing friends.—*Bret Harte.*

Remedy for Croup in One Minute.

This remedy is simply alum. Take a knife or grater, and shave or grate off in small particles about a teaspoonful of alum; mix it with about twice its quantity of sugar, to make it palatable, and administer as quick as possible. Its effects will be truly magical, as almost instantaneous relief will be afforded.

To Clean Cider Casks.

A good plan to cleanse musty or foul casks is to put in a quantity of unslacked lime, and then pour in boiling water until the same is slacked. Put in the bung and shake until the water and lime have come in contact with every part of the barrel. Let it stand six or eight hours empty, and smell the cask, and if not clean repeat the operation, and after having again emptied out the lime, burn a strip of cloth dipped in melted brimstone in the cask, fastening it by the bung, and a cask must be found indeed that cannot be purified by this process.

Extent of the Public Lands.

In the first 40 odd years of the existence of the United States, the total cost of all public lands, whether bought from State or foreign countries, and inclusive of the cost of their management and sale, was about \$48,000,000. In the same period of time the sales amounted to \$87,000,000. At that time (1832) the Indians held the title to one-third of the public domain within the States and Territories, which was more than 340,000,000 acres. Our whole public domain was then 1,090,871,753 acres.

In 1859, Charles James Faulkner, in an exhaustive speech to his constituents, showed the whole public domain to be 1,564,000,000 acres, which had cost the Government in money \$195,361,000, or thirteen times the late Alabama treaty award. To extinguish the Indian titles had cost \$106,000,000; to pay Mexico, \$35,000,000; to buy Louisiana, \$23,000,000 (principal and interest); Florida, \$5,000,000; Texas, \$10,000,000; Georgia, \$3,000,000; release claims, \$6,000,000; expenses of Land Office, surveying and explorations, \$15,000,000.

By 1872 the figures stood as follows: The public domain, unsold and unappropriated, 1,376,529,562 acres. Relinquished already, 455,000,000 acres. Yet the sales of public lands in 1871 produced only \$2,333,000.

How Drinking Causes Apoplexy.

It is the essential nature of all wines and spirits to send an increased amount of blood to the brain. The first effect of taking a glass of wine or stronger form of alcohol, is to send the blood there faster than common, hence the circulation that gives the red face. It increases the activity of the brain, and works faster, and so does the tongue. But the blood goes to the brain faster than common results. But suppose a man keeps on drinking, the blood is sent to the brain so fast, in such large quantities, that in order to make room for it the arteries have to enlarge themselves; they increase in size, and in doing so they press against the more yielding and flaccid veins which carry the blood out of the brain and thus diminish their size, their pores, the result being that the blood is not only carried to the arteries of the brain faster than is natural or healthful, but it is prevented from leaving it as fast as usual; hence a double set of causes of death are in operation. A man may drink enough brandy or other spirits in a few hours, or even minutes, to bring on a fatal attack of apoplexy.

A French Story.

A fashionable young Parisian, during his last summer's shooting, became intimate with the pretty wife of a gamekeeper and has continued to visit her. Quite recently the husband became aware of his dishonor, and contrived to be near on the occasion of these visits. He approached the house singing and whistling, and the terrified wife concealed her lover in a closet, and that closet had been prepared for his reception by the gamekeeper. Entering, he colored his face to light the fires and get breakfast. She obeyed, and at the end of a few minutes a thick smoke issued from the closet. The husband had disconnected the stove funnel, which ran through it. He affected not to mind this, nor to hear the groans of the suffocating man within, and when his wife faintly at her work from fright, he coolly got breakfast himself, ate it and departed. The poor woman soon recovered and dragged her lover from his place of confinement, but the husband's revenge had been complete,—he was past human aid.

INTERESTING DATES.—Pistols were in use in 1544. Paper was first made in England in 1300. Linen was first made in England in 1563. Clocks were first made in England in 1568. Spectacles were invented in 1280. Tobacco was introduced into France by Nicot, 1560. Potatoes were first introduced into Ireland in 1586. Gunpowder was invented by the city of Cologne by Schwartz, 1340-1340. Algebras, A. D. 1342. The sieges of arithmetic were brought into Europe by the Saracens, A. D. 991. Stone buildings and glass were introduced into England, A. D. 674. Pleadings in the courts of judicature were introduced, A. D. 788. Insurance on ships and merchandise was first made A. D. 43.

WHAT THE CHORUS SANG ABOUT THE NEW HONNET.

A foolish little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,

With a ribbon and a feather and a bit of lace upon it;
And, that the other maidens of the little town might know,
She thought she'd go to meeting the next Sunday,
Just to show it.

But, though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime,
The getting of it settled proved to be a work of time;
So, when 'twas fairly tied, all the bells had stopped their chime;
And when she came to meeting, sure enough, the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood, and waited at the door,
And she shook her ruffles out behind and smoothed them down before;
"Hallelujah! hallelujah!" sang the choir above her head;
"Hardly knew you hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very, very cross
That she gave her little mouth a twist, her little nose a twist;
For she thought the very hymn they sang was all about her bonnet,
With the ribbon and the feather and the bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon or the prayer;
But pattered down the silent street and hurried to the stable;
Till she reached her little bonnet, and in a hand-bag on it
Had hidden safe from critics' eyes her foolish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that each of you will find
In every salubrious service but an echo of your mind;
And that little head, that's filled with silly little wits,
Will never get a blessing from serious or from witty.

THE TUB.

BY MISS J. KILL.

If there's a tub,
To be a tub,
That sets a maiden a-singing,
When full of clothes,
She'll never get a blessing from serious or from witty.

But let her scrub,
And let her scrub,
Not spend her time in sleeping,
If this is so,
Then be it so!

In spite of daughters' weeping,
Yes, let her scrub,
Though bones do ache,
As long as she is able,
Till there's no more to do,
She'll earn the right,
To eat at papa's table.

Then no checks pale
By daily ails,
No creature has been here;
She has no grace
Upon her face,
Save that which Nature lent her.

Humorous.

A WORD TO THE WISE—Remain so.

RELATIVE BEAUTY—A pretty cousin.

The best color for faces—Water-color.

HOW MANY acres go to make a wise-acre?

WOMEN in arms—Well, that's as it ought to be.

AN essay on man—A woman's attempt to marry him.

SUITABLE garments for winter—The close of the year.

"THAT'S my impression," as the printer said when he kissed his sweetheart.

Is what way does a lady treat a man like a telescope? When she draws him out, looks him through, and then shuts him up.

A MASSACHUSETTS veteran was recently bitten by a mad dog in his artificial leg, with the sole effect of being enabled to walk more rapidly than before.

A CAIRO judge fined himself \$10 for getting drunk, borrowed the money of a friend, refused to pay, and fined the man \$10 for contempt of court in asking for it.

BRAGGOLITEUS habitually speak of their beloved Chicago as "she." It is surely highly improper for a feminine city to be permitted to exist with out skirts.—*World.*

A WIT being asked what the work "genius" meant, replied, "If you had it in you, you would not ask the question; but as you have not, you will never know what it means."

ASK now the children have it. We heard a doting mother say to her male offspring, a few days ago, "My dear child, do come here, and let me remove the epizooty from your nasal appendage."

A MODERN girl, living near Louisville, has a city beau. When he rides to see her on a warm afternoon, she calls the "old man" from the field and makes him keep the flies from her fellow's horse.

A LITTLE four-year-old boy sat alone in the parlor, when a new doctor came in to see his sick mother. The doctor naturally wished to make his acquaintance, and said, "How old are you, my son?" "I'm not old, I'm new," said the child.

A SOW at Mayfield, Ky., got into the best room of her owner's house, the other day, pulled all the bed-clothes off the best bed, made herself a comfortable pallet on the floor and slept the night through in perfect comfort and quiet. The lady of the house said to her husband, the next morning, with a meaning smile, "That's not the biggest hog that ever slept in these blankets." Hubby has reduced his bourbon a quart since.

THE MEANEST YET.

Some gentlemen were talking about meanness, when one said he knew a man on Lexington avenue who was the meanest man in New York.

"How mean is that?" asked a friend.

"Why, he is so mean that he keeps a five-cent piece, with a string tied to it, to give to beggars, and when their backs are turned, he jerks it out of their pockets."

"Why, this man is so mean!" continued the gentleman, that he gave his children ten cents a piece the night before Fourth of July, but during the night, when they were asleep, he went up stairs, took the money out of their clothes, and then whipped them in the morning for losing it.

"Does he do anything else?"

"Yes; the other day I dined with him, and noticed the poor little servant girl whistled gaily all the way up stairs with the dessert, and when I asked my generous friend what made her whistle so happily, he said, 'Why, I kept her whistling so she can't eat the raisins out of the cake!'"

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