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"ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY."

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THE RESCUE.

Never and never and never and never,
Mark how his horse's head and neck,
The river-bank, and the stream,
The long black hair flowing and a shout,
The cry—'Save him! save him! save him!'
He has reached the river, and does not seem
To notice the ford.

But straight down the rushing bank into the stream
He fell! The horse's head is under!
So, so, he swims—'Save him! save him! save him!'
The long black hair flowing and a shout,
The cry—'Save him! save him! save him!'
He comes straight onward, he's over at last—
He's safe.

Now running, panting and trembling and faint!
Not another foot—'Save him! save him! save him!'
The long black hair flowing and a shout,
The cry—'Save him! save him! save him!'
He comes straight onward, he's over at last—
He's safe.

Back to the bridge's summit!
And out again! Up and away!
And out again! Up and away!
And out again! Up and away!
And out again! Up and away!
And out again! Up and away!

Never did we see so many
Come more promptly to the rescue;
Never did we see so many
Come more promptly to the rescue;
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Come more promptly to the rescue;

On his way home he was hailed by the
Postmaster:

"I say, Applebee, there's a letter
come for you with a black rim round it;
guess somebody's mother is dead or some-
thing, in the States. I can't make out
the mark."

Applebee read the letter.
"What's the news?" inquired the
Postmaster, hungry for something sensa-
tional.

"Moses is dead, and he's gone and
left his gal to my care, and all his prop-
erty to be divided 'twixt us, and there
must all be high on to a hundred thou-
sand; may be more, may be double!"

Wonder if I'm to have half. So Moses
is dead! Well, what will the old woman
say to the gal and the money? She'll
think 'twas her dreams; 'spose
that must have been Moses she saw laid
out; well, it better be him than me, for
he was one of them kind of men who
went as straight as a string. Glad I
gave the boy notice to be there, should
quit working Sundays unless we get in a
hurry."

Mrs. Applebee had not been surprised
at the earthquake, and the letter with
the news of Moses' death was a natural
sequence to her dream. The money was
her due. Moses had more help than
Sam; "but the gal, if she took a notion
to come out here, what in the world
would they do with her?"

"The ugly business," as Mr. Applebee
styled it, involved a trip to the East.
"Couldn't have happened in a better
time," he said; "business is slackest than
I've known it for a long spell."

Mrs. Applebee sent him off with many
admonitions about being careful of him-
self and not get into any more trouble;
and her parting injunction was: "Sam,
you'd better not let on to home 'bout
working on Sunday, and—well, you know,
some other things; they wouldn't un-
derstand, and 'twould seem queer. Go
to meetin' while you're there, and put
silver in the contribution box every time
it passed, especially if 'tis for the
heathen. I always felt a great interest
in them; and look here, don't you bring
that gal back with you on no account."

For I never had any faculty with chil-
dren. Get her boarded somewhere rea-
sonable, and where they'll keep her
straight; 'twill be doing our duty in the
conscientious way, and that's what I be-
lieve in."

Moses' daughter proved to be a young
lady with a mind of her own, and her
uncle found her fully set upon going to
California.

Mrs. Applebee imagined everything,
worked herself thinner and more dyspep-
tic than ever. Her dreams grew ominous
and the signs numberless, all indicative
of stern trials and perplexities, so that it
really was a relief when Mr. Applebee
arrived with his charge.

There seemed to be weighty reasons
why the Applebees desired their niece
to marry before she became of age, but
niece, anxious as they felt, they dared not
move in that direction, for she, with the
most charming native, was sure to do
the opposite from what was expected of her.

When she had been there a week or
two, she announced that she had only
met two persons who interested her in
the least, except the Indians; she
thought them vastly superior to the
white people.

"Tell me something," said she, "of
Mr. Brayton, who seems to be the nabob
of the place. Is he rich as Croesus and
wise as Solomon, and are you all unani-
mous in conferring every honor in your
gift upon him?"

"Ben Brayton is the richest man this
side of the Sierra Nevada mountains,
owns more stock in our mines than any
other six men, is a graduate of some of
the crack schools in the East, is big at
law, and free-hearted as a prince be-
sides."

"Oh, don't tell me anything else; I
shall never want to set eyes on him
again. Now what can you say for that
man with the long hair and buckskin
suit, who looks like a hermit?"

"Oh, that is Pink Armstrong, the
quickest man living; some say he is a
little bit cracked, but I don't believe it.
He's been through everything but death,
and come so near that that the grave had
been dug three times, but he came to,
and objected to the arrangement. The
Indians say he has a charmed life. There
isn't an Injun that would hurt him. His
long red curls are their greatest admi-
ration, and his word is like an oracle to
them."

The summer following was unusually
dry and dusty, and Sybil declared she
must be taken to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Brayton urged a visit to the "Big
Trees," and mentioned Yosemite, which
was then just becoming accessible to
ladies with courage enough, but Sybil
preferred the lake, and she carried her
point, as she always did. It was a merry
party which set off, and Sybil was the
life of it. She laughed and sang, gave
glowing word pictures of the scenery,
and carried them all captive with her
fascinations. Even her aunt forgot to
sneer and Ben Brayton, who had been
desperately smitten before, became hope-
lessly entangled.

The first walk by the crystal lake
brought to Sybil Applebee the story of a
love.

Sybil listened like one in a dream.
"Do you mean all you've said?" she
asked.

"Then came the ardent protestations
which lovers make, only this man's woo-
ing was something beyond the common,
and his words flowed like the rhythm of
some improvised melody, rich, full and
unique."

For a moment he seemed tempted to
press his suit, then begged her pardon,
and said her word was law to him.
"Grant me one favor, however," said he,
and he took from his pocket a tiny case
of rose water, and touching a
spring revealed his own face, confident
and youthful in its expression. "Wear
this while you are here. It shall plead
for me while I am compelled to be ab-
sent," and he fastened it to her watch
chain.

Sybil made a faint protest; but he
told her she could not remove it; the
clasp had a secret spring that would not
yield to her touch.

Sybil strayed off alone, whenever she
could make her escape from the others,
and several days she was missing for
hours together; she came back with her

hands full of flowers and cornucopias, be-
sides many a quaint and curious stone
that looked like bits of antique earth-
ware broken under foot.

Mr. Brayton complained that he wasn't
allowed the privilege of escort and pro-
tector, and he only prayed for patience
until the willful beauty should confer
upon him the right to devote instead of
suffer.

Sybil seemed to lose her spir-
its, and as the time grew near for them
to leave, she grew pale and silent. Her
aunt said "twas all right," but Mr. Ap-
plebee was really alarmed, according to her
mood; and his heart, which had never
known the joys of fatherhood, had gone
out to the young girl with an unselfish
love that went further toward redeeming
him from his worldliness than he was
aware of.

"Uncle, darling, will you do some-
thing for me? When I've been gone an
hour, please give this note to Mr. Bray-
ton, and do your best to keep the com-
pany from walking on the beach to-
night."

The note was faithfully delivered on
the moment, and the next, Mr. Brayton
was walking rapidly down the worn foot-
path to the lake. Turning to the right,
according to the directions, he soon came
in sight of the grove, and in the dusky
twilight he could discern the fluttering
of Sybil's white dress.

He would have placed himself beside
her, but she rose. "Shall we walk? I'm a trifle cold
sitting here."

As he folded her shawl around her he
could hardly resist the temptation to fold
her in his arms, but he was wise enough
to hide his face.

"You should have been with me the
other day," Mr. Brayton; you could have
looked upon a picture far more interest-
ing than me."

"I cannot conceive of anything lovelier
or more picturesque, but I should like
to have been with you; that always
gives me pleasure. Oh, Sybil, tell me."

"Have patience one moment; I want
to describe it to you while I have it fresh
in mind. You said once you'd 'rather
have my word-picture than the real
scene, for I caught at things you would
have overlooked.'"

He touched the hand that rested on
his arm, repeating the words which
seemed such a delicate flattery to him.

Under that tree were two figures, a
boy with a basket of pebbles, which he
was tossing right and left, giving a gay
shout as they fell around him, and an
Indian woman, who looked far too hope-
less to be the mother of such a beautiful
child. As I came up to her she snatched
him, and would have run away, but I
called to her, and offered her the boy some
bon-bons. As I stooped over him he
caught at my watch chain, and I cov-
ered him to sit beside me, showing him
the trinkets I wore, your little looked
along the rest. The woman talked very
good English, and I found the child be-
longed to her, and was three years old. But
the time for you and the artist would
have been when the case opened and dis-
closed your face. She caught a glimpse
of it, and her dusky face grew ashen,
while a terrible fire leaped from her eyes.
With one wrench she tore it from the
chain, then pressed it to her bosom,
while she mourned and wailed like a lost
spirit."

"He call her pale-face" wife, and stay
with her always. Poor squaw only have
pappoose and no brave," she said, wretch-
fully.

"Pointing to the child, she held up
your picture. Perhaps you would have
chosen that scene for the canvas, when I
learned the true character of the man
who had offered me his love."

"Mr. Brayton, you have my answer;
I have no fancy to make one in your
harem, and the pretty bubble you in-
trusted to my care I left with one of
these old women stronger than mine. I do
not wonder you showed such dislike to
ramblings in this vicinity, but I
promised that poor creature to bring
you here for once."

She had talked so rapidly her listener
had no time to arrange his speech. It
mattered little, for before them stood
the woman, like a dark Nemesis, holding
in her arm the boy. He was sleeping,
and on his neck glittered the jeweled
case, held fast by strings of gaudy beads.

Sybil turned and fled back through
the beautiful grove, across the pebbly
beach, and into the path which had be-
come so familiar to her in the last few
days.

Pink Armstrong came to the break-
fast table the next morning, and Ben
Brayton was absent from it. The party
returned without him, and only Sybil
learned through Pink that her plan
had well nigh had a fatal termination.

When Ben Brayton came back to his
home there was a long, mysterious story
of peril and escape from Indians, and
his face bore frightful evidence of some
terrible assault, whereby his wondrous
beauty was marred forever.

Sybil disappointed her aunt and as-
tonished her friends by marrying Pink
Armstrong, and perhaps the noblest
deed of life will have possibly for her
was the setting apart a portion of her prop-
erty for the maintenance and education
of a bright little boy, whose mother
rests in her grave, and whose father is
reckoned honorable among men.

Then time and its changes brought
Mrs. Applebee a widow, without money,
and prostrated by physical suffering, to
Sybil's home for comfort and support.

Lying in State.

Approach of Napoleon's body lying in
state in English antiquary writes:

"In the year 1835 the body of El-
ward IV. was exposed, bare from the
waist up, to show that had not died by
foul means, in the Palace at Westmin-
ster, and was visited by the Mayor of
London and many other persons. The
body of Henry VII. lay in state at
Richmond, as did that of Queen Eliza-
beth; but was effigies in armor repre-
sented James I. and Oliver Cromwell,
and we doubt whether the body of any
English sovereign has been exposed
since the death of Charles II."

Charnel for Turkey.

A California paper highly recommends
charcoal for fattening turkeys, pul-
verized and mixed with molasses and corn
meal, as well as fed to them in small
lumps. It mentions two lots of turkeys
of four each, treated alike, one lot given
this mixture and the other not, where
there was an average gain in weight of
the first one pound and a half each. We
do not like the practice of mixing the
pulverized charcoal with other food of
turkeys, compelling them to eat it or go
without food, but we have no doubt of

FARM AND GARDEN.

Punctuality of Farmers.

The agricultural part of mankind
have suffered seriously in character and
business by their too reckless disregard
of written and verbal contracts. And
there is an urgent necessity for our Ag-
ricultural Societies, Clubs and Granges
to take in hand the important task of
educating our people up to the impor-
tance of punctuality in the payment of
their debts. Many farmers cannot bor-
row, in case of emergency, from banks
at reasonable rates of interest, for the
reason that they have failed to establish
their credit for promptness. Farmers
should all feel, as they do in commercial
circles, that a lack of punctuality is for-
feiture of honor. And when a man be-
comes so reckless of his honor as not to
feel keenly a blot on his reputation
when his contracts are considered of no
account, he has lost much of that which
should pulsate proudly in every man's
heart.

We would therefore urge upon Ag-
ricultural Clubs, and especially Granges,
which are so constituted as to operate
efficiently in this matter, to instill into its
members the great essential of business
and honor, a strict fidelity to contract.
All cannot pay in full when due, but all
can promptly confer with the payee,
make a fair representation, and get an
extension. When a debtor goes to his
creditor with an honest face, and a rea-
sonable excuse, it is seldom but what
matters can be arranged satisfactory to
all. The worst up-fall failure to the new
contract, trouble will be avoided, costs
and litigation saved, and the debtor will
feel that he has not a reputation to de-
fend. In this way men will be more
honest and happier, the business of the
neighborhood will be more harmonious,
and old friendships will be perpetuated.

In this day, when so many disregard
their obligations, and let the hour of
payment pass away without a thought, it
may be considered harsh to say such
conduct is dishonorable. Yet what
milder terms will fully portray the hein-
ousness of such neglect of duty. The
frequency of business lying has so be-
come the feelings of some to such an
extent that they are ready to resent the
charge that they are thus guilty. This
shows the great importance of establish-
ing a higher standard of morals as to
written and verbal contracts. And there
is no better time to inaugurate a new
code among farmers on this subject. By
care, economy, and a full control of busi-
ness, prepare for a new departure on the
subject of fidelity to contracts.

Woman's Right to a Woodpile.

Much is said nowadays about woman's
rights. A correspondent of the *Maine
Farmer* contends for one which cannot
be granted, in the following paragraph:

"Perhaps the family may live on a
farm where wood may be had with little
labor at the right time; but, instead of
that, the woman may have small children,
some of them sick, and but very little
wood, if any. What can be more trying
for a woman, when she can get very lit-
tle time to work about the house, than
to be hindered for the want of fuel? I
think, if her husband could be placed in
her situation for a month, it would cure
him of being so neglectful about provid-
ing good fuel, if he was not past curing.

Besides all the discomfort, it looks very
besides to see a man that cannot go to
his work in the morning, because he has
to stop and get some wood. And before
he reaches his night he must get a rail off
the fence to make a fire in the morning.
Such a man cannot be said to be a thrif-
ty farmer. I think the woodpile a fair
test of the father's love for the wife and
children. If you want domestic peace
and a warm dinner, get some dry wood,
put under cover, make a good fire, and
let the tired wife rest awhile. Remem-
ber, she is shut up with the children
more than you are, and her mind and
body need rest and relaxation."

Matching Grass Land.

A Massachusetts farmer writes to the
Country Gentleman: "It is a common
practice here to mow the new sown
grass land, as soon as the ground is ra-
zen, with a *hank*—a coarse sedge that
grows on the banks of salt water creeks;
straw and other bedding materials are
too valuable here, we think, for this use.
As soon as the ground is frozen hard
enough to bear the team, the *hank* is
thrown in a light windrow from each
side of the wagon, and then spread with
a fork over the ground so thinly that
the grass or soil is not excluded from
view on any spot larger than the hand.
This thin covering is always much
protection to the young grass, by arrest-
ing and retaining the thin and blowing
snow, and by preventing the frequent
thawing of the surface in warm days in
winter, thus avoiding the heaving out
of peat and escape from Indians, and
his face bore frightful evidence of some
terrible assault, whereby his wondrous
beauty was marred forever."

Banquets.

The treatment consists in removing all
pressure from the part. The formation
of a bunion may in the beginning be pre-
vented, but only in the beginning; for
when once actually formed, it is scarcely
possible to ever get rid of it, and it re-
mains an everlasting plague. To pre-
vent the formation of a bunion, it is
necessary, whenever and wherever a shoe
or boot pinches, to have it eased at once,
and so long as the part of the foot
pinched remains tender, not to put on
the offending shoe again. When a bun-
ion has once completely formed, if the
person wish to have any peace, and not
have it increase, he must have a last
made to fit his foot, and have his shoe
made upon it. And whenever the bun-
ion inflames, and is painful, it must be
bathed with warm water, and poulticed
at night.

Charcoal for Turkey.

A California paper highly recommends
charcoal for fattening turkeys, pul-
verized and mixed with molasses and corn
meal, as well as fed to them in small
lumps. It mentions two lots of turkeys
of four each, treated alike, one lot given
this mixture and the other not, where
there was an average gain in weight of
the first one pound and a half each. We
do not like the practice of mixing the
pulverized charcoal with other food of
turkeys, compelling them to eat it or go
without food, but we have no doubt of

the excellent effects of supplying turkeys
with charcoal broken into small bits, es-
pecially when fattening for market.
They will naturally eat all they require.

Lace.

Lace may be restored to its original
whiteness by first ironing it slightly,
then folding it and sewing it into a clean
linen bag, which is placed for twenty-
four hours in pure olive oil. Afterwards
the bag is boiled in a solution of soap
and water for fifteen minutes, then well
rinsed in lukewarm water, and finally
dipped in water containing a slight pro-
portion of starch. The lace is then taken
from the bag, and stretched on pins to
dry.

Lemons.

All do not know that lemons sprinkled
with leaf-sugar almost completely al-
leviate thirst. They are invaluable in
the sick-room. Invalids affected with
feverishness can safely consume two or
three lemons a day. A lemon or two
taken at "tea-time" is recommended
as an entire substitute for the ordi-
nary supper of summer, and will often
induce a comfortable sleep through the
night, and give a good appetite for
breakfast.

To Prevent the Smoking of a Lamp.

Soak the wick in strong vinegar, and
dry well before you use it; it will then
burn both sweet and pleasant, and give
much satisfaction for the trifling trouble
of preparing.

Miscellaneous.

There are 10,000 male Chinese in San
Francisco, and it is estimated that they
occupy less than 700 dwellings and
stores.

A national convention of writing-
paper makers is shortly to be held at
Springfield, Mass., to discuss measures
for increasing their profits.

The subscriptions to Harvard College,
to make up the losses by the great fire,
have already passed the \$150,000, being
at last accounts \$151,768.50.

A PARISIAN SAVANT has discovered that
when young crawfish are deprived of
their eyes new ones will grow in the in-
terval between the shedding of two
shells.

According to the Boston *Journal*, Mas-
sachusetts pays annually for school
instruction \$5,478,925, or \$13.39 for
every child between the ages of 5 and
15 years.

The skeleton found by Capt. Hall in
the Arctic regions is believed to be that of
Lieut. Viscount, one of Sir John Frank-
lin's officers. It has been buried at
Greenwich.

There are three hundred and forty-
three towns in Massachusetts, and there
are residents in all but sixteen who own
more or less interest in some corpora-
tion located in the State.

The Boston *Advertiser* intimates that
it might not be inappropriate to change
the name of the Massachusetts Agricul-
tural College to "a school to train
farmers' sons from farm work."

A CALIFORNIA firm has set up an in-
cubator of 2,000 eggs capacity. It is 9
feet long, 3½ feet wide, and 10 inches
high and is expected to turn out live
chickens promptly and unerringly.

It is safe to say that the most popular
humorist in the United States just at
present is Bailey, the ridiculous genius
of the Danbury News. And yet he does
not lecture, and never has published a
book. Bring him out!

There is a report that the outlaw
Henry Berry Lowrey is not dead. He is
said to be in New York, from which
point his wife has recently been receiv-
ing packages. The reward offered for
him, dead or alive, is \$11,000.

The Misses Greeley will not hire out
the farm at Chappaqua the coming sea-
son, but intend to manage it themselves.
They go out to New York, from which
point his wife has recently been receiv-
ing packages. The reward offered for
him, dead or alive, is \$11,000.

Where is there a more pitiable object
on earth than a man who has no amiable
woman interested in his welfare? How
dismal does his disconsolate room ap-
pear when he comes home at night
weary and hungry, and sees a barren
table and a lonely pillow, which looks
like the white arm of every earthly en-
joyment. See the old bachelor in the
dark afternoon of life, when his heart is
sinking in its desecration! Not a sol-
itary memory gleams over his opening
grave! No weeping wife to bend like a
comforting angel over his dying pillow,
and wipe the death damp from his
brow! No fond daughter to draw his
chilly hand into the soft pressure of
hers, and warm his icy blood with re-
viving fires of availing affection! No
manly boy to link his breaking name
with the golden chain of honorable
society, and bind his history in the vast
volumes of the world he is leaving for-
ever! He has eaten, and drunk, and
died, and earth is glad she's got rid of
him, for he had little else to do than to
crash his soul into the circumference of
a sixpence; and no human being save
his washerwoman will breathe a sigh at
his funeral.

It is rumored that shortly after Amade-
us' first arrival at Madrid, tolerably
conclusive proof was placed in his hands
that the plot for the assassination of
the Duc de Montpensier. The news of
Primo's assassination, it will be remem-
bered, reached the King as he first
landed in Spain, and he was very anx-
ious to bring his murderers to justice,
but he was overruled in this, as in
nearly everything else.

The Rev. Fred. Bell, formerly a pug-
list of considerable note in England,
preached Sunday evening in New York.
He stated that at the age of seventeen
he was an habitual drunkard, and used
to support himself by singing in taverns
and bar-rooms. He subsequently went
into the ring, and later still into the
ministry, where, as he says, he has
"fought his best fight." His remarks,
in earnest in his profession, while the
accompanying gestures proved that he
had

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, Waukegan Co., Mich.

CHELSEA HERALD.

CHELSEA, MAR. 27, 1873.

For the Chelsea Herald.
I'm Growing Old.

BY W. B. GILBERT.

I'm growing old, and this is true,
I'm twenty-five, this very day;
And yet it seems just like my youth,
My heart is yet so light and gay.

I'm growing old, and I hear the sounds,
Your tolling bell sets truly forth,
Old time is yet upon his rounds,
These mortal eyes to seal from earth.

I'm growing old, I'm twenty-five,
My life at least one-third is o'er;
Should God allow me seventy-five,
I think I should not ask for more.

I'm growing old, what have I left,
This quarter century I have lived,
To becom some poor soul bereft,
To that source of blessings I've received.

I'm growing old, yet just begun
The way of life in Christ to lead,
When God shall say my work is done,
I shall be young, I hope in need.

Jackson, Mich., March 20, 1873.

[We publish the following article by request, taken from an old New Hampshire paper many years since. It will be interesting, no doubt, to many of our readers, who have never seen it before.—ED. HERALD.]

Ethan Allen.

The true character of this distinguished pioneer of liberty and the wilderness, is fast fading away, like the light of the setting sun, even from the aged. Fashionable fanaticism, in the exercise of despotic power, has but too successfully attempted to cast a dark, obnoxious mantle over his benevolence and philanthropy as a citizen, and his chivalric achievements as a soldier. Memory should not tire, nor national gratitude be withheld, from our patriotic grandfathers, by whose labors and sacrifices our birthrights were secured, and our liberties made free from danger. Of Colonel Allen, little is to be found in the deathless pages of our national history that gives anything like a fair picture of his true character. Those numerous diverging religious sects in New England, regardless who contributed to give them the sacred privilege to worship their God according to the dictates of their own conscience and reason, seemed to have joined in one grand chorus, to chant the infidelity of Ethan Allen. His patriotic services for his country which procured the liberty to religious sectarianism to exist, is by them written upon water, while all his expression of faith, differing from the measure of their several creeds seem to have been engraved on brass and marble. Allen was as bold and independent a moralist, as he was brave and daring as a soldier, which proves him to have possessed as much honesty of heart before his God in the one, as patriotism and courage before his country in the exercise of the other.

Heroism is not confined to deeds of chivalry in war, or true courage, exclusively to the battle field. It required as much moral courage in Thomas Jefferson to break over the bounds of illegitimate slavery—to trample under foot the political creeds of heartless despots, and to storm their strong fortresses by the Declaration of Independence, as it did for Ethan Allen, two or three months before. And without even the authority of that declaration, to storm the fortress of Ticonderoga, capture Crown Point and the only British armed vessel upon Lake Champlain.

Where was then Allen about the break of day on the 9th of May, 1776, two months lacking five days before Independence was declared? He was at the head of 83 men, close under the guns of the British fort Ticonderoga; addressing his brave volunteers. "I am going, says he, to lead you forward—the attempt is desperate, I wish to urge no man against his will. Those who follow me, pose their fire-locks?" They were all poised. "Onward my brave fellows!" said Allen, and led the way through the picket-gate, passed the covered way, and formed his men in the start. "In whose name do you demand it?" asked the trembling De la Place. "In the name of the Great

Jehovah and Continental Congress," shouted Allen. De la Place concluded that if the "Great Jehovah" had sent such a desperate looking fellow at that time in the morning to take the fort, he had better give it up and did so accordingly. Having secured that important garrison for his country, he hastened onward and before the brilliant sun of that day set, took Crown Point, and captured his Majesty's only armed vessel on Lake Champlain.

This was the first conquest our country ever presumed to call for her self, and this was our first acceptable offering upon the altar of liberty, at which, may it never be forgotten, Ethan Allen officiated as high priest. His after services and sufferings in the cause of his country during the seven years war of the Revolution, though but partially known or appreciated, come not within the limits of this communication, and are passed over.

At the close of the war, Col. Allen took up a large tract of land in Colchester, Vt., upon which he labored with great industry and skill until he found himself in the possession of the largest and best farm of that day in the State. His great barns were filled with good hay. His granaries were overflowing with wheat, rye, oats and corn. His mansion from cellar to garret, was well stored with all the comfortable things the country afforded.

Mrs. Allen was a benevolent, kind, motherly, minister-loving matron, who never permitted hunger to remain unsatisfied one minute in her house. Above all things, she esteemed in her special privilege to wait upon ministers of the Gospel, of all denominations, and see them refresh themselves, with nut-cakes, flap jacks, pumpkin pies, spare-ribs, roast turkey, sausages, etc., washed down with plentiful libations of good tea and cider. Equal care and liberality was extended to the beasts in the barn, as to the man in the house, until man and beast thought it good to be there.

In that early day in the history of Vermont, rarely a meeting-house was to be seen in the towns about Colchester, and those few seen, Colonel Ethan Allen had, without any regard to creeds, most generously contributed to erect, until, in order to build a new meeting-house anywhere in the neighboring towns, the first thing to be done was to apply to Col. Ethan Allen, and if he said "Go ahead, you shall have a house," no matter in what town or what society was to use it, the house was up at all events.

Thus things stood, when, soon after dinner one pleasant afternoon in the month of May, as the Colonel was leading his hands from the house through the yard into an adjacent field to labor, who should ride up but Elder Aminadab Robinson, the pious pastor of a Calvinist Baptist church in the neighboring town. The Elder's horse was large but very lank, and the Elder himself looked very pale, thin, and sober, as if there were some wants in his mind or stomach which required immediate satisfaction. Col. Allen thus addressed him:

"Ah, Elder, I am glad to see you—you seem a little the worse for the wear of time. How is your good woman and children? Get off and let my man take your horse to the barn; he looks as if good hay and oats would not offend him."

"I thank you, Col. Allen," replied the Elder. "Firstly, as to my wife and family, they are, by Divine favor, as well as usual; and secondly, I come to see you, Colonel Allen, upon matters of importance as to the spiritual interests of my people. We want to build a house for God's children, and I come for assistance from you; my church are few and feeble."

"Well, well," says Allen, "I must go into the field with my hands; my man will take your horse to the barn, where good hay and oats will be his company, and you go directly into the house, where my wife will take good care of you, and you must make up your mind to stay until morning, and we'll settle matters about the meeting-house after tea to-night."

The man took the horse to the barn; the Elder went into the house, to the great joy of Mrs. Allen, and the Col. and his hands to labor in the field. Mrs. Allen supplied the Elder with abundance of choice nourishment for the body, and he gave the most acceptable food for hope, and thus the afternoon passed.

At early eve the Colonel returned with his fellow laborers, and after supper retired with the Elder into a room by themselves, and talked over the meeting-house business. It was soon agreed that Elder Aminadab

Robinson, and his people should have a meeting-house, and that Col. Allen was to furnish \$40 worth of glass and nails, pay \$10 in cash, and as he owned a timber lot and saw mill in the Elder's town, to turn out his hands and team the next winter, help cut and haul the timber to the mill for frame and boards, have the boards 'stuck up' and seasoned, that the house might be framed, raised and finished in good time for the coming spring and summer. All of this had been satisfactorily adjusted about nine o'clock, when the family were assembled by request of Mrs. Allen, to join in prayer with the Elder. The prayer was long, but very acceptable to all but Colonel Allen, his maxim being short prayers and long puddings, founded upon the faith that God knows as much more about what we really stand in need of, than we do ourselves, as infinite is before finite, or the mother before the new born babe.

Soon after, the Elder was shown to his chamber; but in consequence of an unusually full stomach and the floating fairy visions of the new meeting-house, did not fall so easily into the arms of Morpheus as usual. It occurred to the Elder in his wakefulness during the night, that if Col. Allen, generous and liberal as he was, had united himself as one among the many Christian churches and had given the great aggregate to one, how sensibly they must have felt that blessing. It also, in the multitude of his ideas, occurred to him, that it might be his duty, in conjunction with Mrs. Allen, to labor prayerfully with the Colonel to join his church, and to open his contribution box solely for their benefit. Full of these solemn reflections, hearing some one stirring about the house, he rose in season to join Col. Allen in welcoming the first signs from the east of approaching day. After the usual salutations of "Good morning"—"You rise early," and "So do you, sir," in the way of reply, etc., etc., the following dialogue was commenced and carried through between them. In substance it is no fiction. It is founded on fact, and is one of the sources from whence ingratitude and ignorance have drawn their inferences that the patriot and philanthropist, Ethan Allen, was an atheist and an infidel.

Elder Robinson—"Col. Allen, in view of your numerous donations to various Christian societies, and the spirit you have manifested in opening your house for the pilgrim's tavern for the gratuitous refreshment of the ministers of all denominations, and freely aiding in the building of temples to God, it has occurred to me during my prayerful contemplations the past night, what a great blessing you would have been to any society, had you in early life identified your self with it, and confined your efforts to that alone. God has made you his steward for much, as I trust for the benefit of his people, and my prayers will ascend to the throne of grace and mercy that you may speedily be brought to feel this, even now in your time of life to be your duty, and act accordingly."

News in a Nutshell.

The Canadian Pacific railway will be only 3,700 miles long.

Miss Emily Faithful will sail for England on the 5th of April.

The carpet-weavers of Philadelphia threaten a "general strike."

The small-pox prevails to an alarming extent in Chatham, England.

J. W. Varya, a prominent citizen of Rochester, committed suicide there on Saturday.

The master printers throughout Germany on Saturday locked out all their employees who are Unionists.

There is promise of an early and very large meeting in London in favor of amnesty for Fenian prisoners.

Allen G. Jones, the missing book-keeper of the Southern Bank of Georgia, is a defaulter to the amount of \$30,000.

A dispatch from Snake River, Idaho, says the cattle are dying in large numbers in consequence of the severe cold weather.

By the explosion of a cartridge factory at Fort Mont Valerien, near Paris, recently, 100 persons were injured, many of whom cannot recover.

A block of business buildings in Clyde, Ohio, was destroyed by fire one morning recently. The estimated loss is \$50,000.

Trinity Church, at Easton, Penn., which was just completed, was burned to the ground, Saturday night. The loss amounts to \$25,000; no insurance.

A statue of Queen Victoria, made of white marble, and weighing seven tons, has been placed in the vestibule

of the State apartments of Windsor Castle.

At St. Catharines, Ontario, John Bowden, employed in the American Express Company's office, absconded on Wednesday, taking with him two express parcels; value, \$10,000.

Mrs. Nancy Lanxton, a widow, and her adopted daughter, aged twelve, were found dead in their beds at their home in Mattoon, Ill., Thursday morning, with their throats cut from ear to ear.

A war party of Piegian Indians killed Hiram Cook and Charles Randolph a few days ago above Eagle Creek on the Missouri river. The bodies of the murdered men were horribly mutilated.

Virginia Chesvueres, who served in male attire for six years in the army under the first Napoleon, attaining the rank of sergeant, died recently at 189, aged ninety-nine years and ten months.

It is reported from Algiers that several hundred French soldiers in the extreme south of Algeria have been surrounded by 10,000 Arabs, and it is feared the reinforcements sent to their relief will arrive too late.

Three boilers at the Orange Furnace, Jackson county, O., exploded, Sunday night, damaging adjacent buildings and hurling the hot blast boilers 200 yards from their beds. Two men were seriously injured. The loss is estimated at \$8,000.

A fire at Blossburg, Pa., recently, destroyed thirty-five buildings, containing about forty-five places of business, together with the Eagle Hotel, comprising nearly the entire business portion of the town. The Odd Fellow's Block, United States Hotel, and Baptist Church, which were situated south of the burned district, were saved, as the fire moved northward.



For over FORTY YEARS this PURELY VEGETABLE LIVER MEDICINE has proved to be the GREAT UNFAILING SPECIFIC

For Liver Complaint and its painful offspring, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Jaundice, Bilious attacks, Sick Headache, Colic, Depression of Spirits, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Chills and Fever, &c., &c.

After years of careful experiments, to meet a great and urgent demand, we now produce from our original Genuine Powders

THE PREPARED. A Liquid form of SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR, containing all its wonderful and valuable properties, and offer it in ONE DOLLAR BOTTLES.

The Powders, (price as before) \$1.00 per package. Sent by mail, \$1.04.

CAUTION! Do not buy Powders or prepared SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR unless in our engraved wrapper, with Trade mark, Stamp and Signature unbroken. None other is genuine.

J. H. ZEHLIN & CO., MACON, GA., and PHILADELPHIA. For sale by Glazier & Armstrong, Chelsea, Mich. VI-42.

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FOR JANUARY, 1873, NOW OUT. Issued as a Quarterly. The four numbers sent to any address, by mail, for 25 cents.

The richest and most instructive Illustrated and Descriptive Floral Guide ever published. Those of our patrons who ordered

Seeds last year and were credited with 25 cents, will receive the four Quarters for 1873. Those who order Seeds this year

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"CALENDAR ADVANCE SHEET" and PRICE LIST for 1873, sent free.

Address, BRIGGS & BRO., Seedsmen and Florists, Rochester, N. Y.

For Sale. THE subscriber will sell at private sale, at his residence, one mile south of Sylvan Centre, 4 COWS and 2 HORSES. H. G. BAKER. Schen, March 12, 1873.

This half column belongs to Wm. JUDSON & Co. Store will be open by the first of April next, 1873. Look out for large display of goods.

Mrs. Nancy Lanxton, a widow, and her adopted daughter, aged twelve, were found dead in their beds at their home in Mattoon, Ill., Thursday morning, with their throats cut from ear to ear.

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CHELSEA DRUG STORE IS SELLING

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At prices that defy competition!

ALWAYS ON HAND

Pure Wines & Liquors.

For medicinal purposes. Also, Tobaccoes, Cigars, Fine Toilet Soaps, Brushes, Perfumeries, Dye Woods, Dye, Stuffs, Yankee Notions, a large and select stock.

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Partners and Physicians will find my stock of medicines complete, warranted genuine, and of the best quality.

Remember the place.—THE CHELSEA DRUG STORE.

G. H. COLEMAN, Chelsea, Oct. 12, 1871. 2 ly

AARON DURAND

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NEW AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF GOODS,

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DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

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LADIES' DRESS GOODS OF ALL PACAS, MERINOS, ENGLISH, SATINS, MOHAIR, IRISH AND FRENCH POP-LINS, DELAINES, PRINTS, &c.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's SHAWS, HOODS, MUFFS & GLOVES.

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For Men, Youths' and Boys' HATS AND CAPS for all

BOOTS AND SHOES for Men, Women and Children.

GROCERIES.

Consisting of Sugars, Teas, Coffee, Syrups, Molasses, Pepper, Spices, Tobacco, Kerosene Oil, &c., &c.

Cash paid for all kinds of produce.

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WHITE & NEGUS, Manufacturers and Dealers in all descriptions of

PLANED LUMBER,

And other Joiner work. Lumber Matched, Planed, Sawn, &c. Sawn and otherwise worked to order.

Special attention paid to

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C. WHITE, Chelsea, Oct. 10, 1871. 3-ly

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Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, and Sleighs

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A LARGE STOCK OF

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Repairing of all kinds at the LOWEST rates, at the old stand of

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WOULD announce to the citizens of Chelsea and vicinity, that he keeps constantly on hand, all sizes and styles of ready made Coffins, of his own manufacture, and also of eastern make. Hears in attendance on short notice.

Terms 60 days, or five per cent. off for cash.

FRANK STAFFAN, Jr., Chelsea, Oct. 12, 1871. 2-ly

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My new priced descriptive Catalogue of Choice Flowers and Garden Seeds, 25 sorts of either for \$1; new and choice varieties of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Evergreens, Roses, Grapes, Lilies, Small Fruits, House and Border Plants and Bulbs; one year grafted Fruit Trees for mailing. Fruit Stocks of all kinds; Hedge Plants, &c.; the most complete assortment in the country, will be sent gratis to any plain address with P. O. box. True Cape Cod Cranberry for upland or lowland, 50 per 1000; \$1 per 100; prepaid by mail. Trade List to dealers. Seeds on Commission. Agents wanted.

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Fremont 9:30 6:55 2:10

Angola 9:55 7:20 2:35

Pleasant Lake 10:25 7:47 2:57

Summit 10:47 7:59 3:09

Waterloo 10:53 8:15 3:15

Auburn 10:57 8:20 3:19

Fort Wayne 11:55 9:25 3:59

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Trains run for Chicago line, which is minutes slower than Detroit time.

Daily except Sundays. Daily (on Saturdays only to Jackson).

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