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NO. 43.

"ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY."

REPOSE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.

GENTLEMEN BEFORE MARRIAGE.
My dear girl, my sweetest girl,
I'd like to see you in your
This will be a fortune for you.
This little hand, so soft and white,
This little form, so frail and light,
Was made for a gay dresser.

I'll keep my Kate a span of gray,
A carriage and a pony;
I'll give you for a ball and place,
And never speak of money;
I'll give you for a ball and place,
And never speak of money;
I'll give you for a ball and place,
And never speak of money;

LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE.
I feel a very solemn matter
Of all a woman's duty,
To keep within the doorway fence,
And not to cross the threshold line,
To leave her husband's side and face,
To go to any other man's arms,
To be seen in his company,
To be seen in his company,

HOW THE YOW WAS KEPT.
It was Saturday night, I do not know
That every woman devotee this moment
Of the week to mending, but Mary
Mathews always did. Crowd her work
each day as she might, there were never
any moments left in which she could sit
down to that basket of her things and
devote herself to the contents, save on
Saturday night, and then because the
work had to be done, it was done,
though sometimes the poor little woman
was so tired she scarcely knew how the
task was accomplished. Its completion,
however, she would fully realize, and if
John Mathews, her husband, were sitting
before her, she would look up
brightly into his face, no matter how
full of weariness was her soul. When
the basket had been more crowded than
usual, and the weekly work consequently
greater, this little woman was wont
to creep over to the silent man, as the
last amendment was laid on the table,
and rest her aching head on his great
shoulder, smothering his hand, cooing
loudly, and expressing his shaggy beard
lovingly & oftentimes on such occasions,
she would glance furtively toward his
countenance for a well—if the truth
must be told—I think it was the smile
of a loving heart that Mary Mathews'
eager eyes strove to discern. You term
this last act foolish, perhaps; for you
think that such a sentiment should long
ago have been outgrown; you declare
that a woman of her burdens and
responsibilities should be above any
such "exhibition of weakness," by the
very dignity they confer upon her. I
cannot call such an action foolish, or
even weak, though I can and do wonder
that such tenderness as Mary
Mathews manifested toward her husband
last night, in the years of the latter's
indifference, became calloused, hardened,
or, beyond the power of loving smiles
to soften. Still more do I wonder that,
as she realized the barrenness of the
soul upon which she showered her
caresses, she could continue to expect, or
even faintly hope for, any sympathetic
return from a quarter in which there
was such a dearth of anything like it.
Ah, the love of woman in its greatness,
its fidelity, in the march which it can
sustain, in the little upon which it
sometimes thrives, is indeed wonderful! It
is to be cherished, to be admired, to be
revered—Don't ever call it foolish,
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whirl of thought, while John walked
listlessly down the street to his work—
he made crooked needles—or sat by the
stove in the evening, reading or sleep-
ing, as he felt inclined. He was a pa-
tient man, he seldom complained, but
would he have been justified if he had,
and was it to his credit that he did not?
No, to both!

There was an unusual amount of
work on hand this Saturday night, and
Mary Mathews glanced at the basket,
and then at the clock, and looked very
doubtful as to whether her task could
be accomplished in the given time, yet,
the manner in which she immediately
went to work indicated that she was re-
solved at least to make the endeavor.

And as this little woman seated, there
sprang up after her, little pained, upon
the floor, and she looked at him with
a never-uprooted. And where
Mary's little toes had gone through his
socks and out into the wide, wide
world, the mother placed delicate wick-
er-work to keep them in. Archie's lit-
tle feet had backed out of his stockings
to boot, but Mary Mathews heeled the
gaping injury, and with her surgical-
like needle skillfully united the raw
edges that mortification could not result
therefrom. In the husband's nose, the
wife barred and cross-hatched all the
unlawful openings, till it would have been
difficult for light or cold to have passed
by these means again. Then Myrtle's
Sunday dress was taken down an inch or
two, that it might not feel so much
above her, and the waist to Sadie's
frock was eyed till it promised to never
flinch from duty again. There were
only fifteen minutes ere the clock would
strike twelve, but in ten of them this
persevering woman liberated a dashing
little butterfly from a brown silk chrysa-
lis, and in the remaining five folded up
the evening's work and laid it aside.

Then she looked up to John, who sat
near by, giving him a smile of affection
—requiring only one in return, to
cause her heart, fired as it was with the
week's hurry and worry, to bound for
very joy. But a stretch and a yawn was
all that he sent back across the wave of
light that had flashed over at him. Ah,
had he but sent a smile her woman-
heart would have made so much of it;
she would have seen in it more than his
nature could have possibly felt; apprecia-
tion, sympathy, love—for you remem-
ber she could make a little girl a great
thing. It would have been to her a sweet
blessing, she would have rested upon it
all the coming week, and have placed it
as compensation against every disappoint-
ment. "John smiled, upon me!"
"John thinks of me!" "John loves
me." But as it was, he only said he
was tired, and was glad she was through
for the night. And the weary woman,
with an unsatisfied longing in her soul,
a craving in her heart for sympathy,
caught up her baby to the cradle,
and kissed it on the forehead and again.
Baby was asleep, but its clumsy feet
opened wide of a sudden, and the tiny
hand clasped itself around the mother-
finger, and would not let go. It was a
very little thing for a baby to do, but it
cheered the lonely heart wonderfully;
the husband look left her countenance,
and a warmer hue succeeded. You call
her foolish again, and say it was only an
accident—that no emotion stirred the
baby-heart of the slumberer. Perhaps
you are right, my friend, but I love to
think that the God who has hidden
from the wise what he has revealed unto
babes, sent comfort to the mother
through the child. Any way, I know
that his blessing rested upon them that
Saturday night in the Long Ago.

It was in the early winter. Baby
Mathews was wrapped in his warmest
flannels, but somehow they did not keep
out the cold. At last, before night
came on, the little fellow who had wor-
ried all the day, began to breathe very
hard, and gave a moanful evidence that
he was sick. Mary Mathews feared her
boy was attacked with croup, and want-
ed a physician summoned. But the
father of the child said he would be well
off by morning—it was nothing—and
he didn't believe in doctors. He was
correct in the first particular, for
ere the straggling rays of light penet-
rated that little bed-room, baby
Mathews put up his little hands in great
pain, and the Saviour looking down
upon the suffering child, had compas-
sion upon it, and took it up in his arms
and healed it. Earthly eyes pronounced
it dead, after that, and so the treasure
was buried in the ground.

It would be doing injustice to John
Mathews to say he did not miss the
little thing, though I do not think he
mourned. He could labor all day and
never feel his loss till he entered his
home at night, but with Mary, his wife,
the case was different. In all her work
had the little face been associated; in-
knowing her bread she had watched
the baby on the floor, that no harm
might come near; in washing her
dishes she had handled them gently that
the sleeper might slumber; when baby
cried out from any cause, there had al-
ways been a song on her lips to quiet
him. Whether in her arms or out, the
care of the blessing had been in her
every thought. Was it strange then
that the mother heart ached—that it
cried alone in its grief, though there
were others yet left to be cared for?
Ah, no, it was not natural, for none but
baby can fill the empty place in the
cradle. The little woman did not give
up, however. She loiled early and
late, and devoted herself still more to
the children that remained, praying
that God would spare them to her lone-
ly heart.

But, finally, there came a time when
Mary Mathews took a rest in her work;
a Saturday night when the basket of
mending was filled and unemptied;
when the clock ticked on and no one
took heed of the passing hours; when
silence was in the kitchen—when every
room was dark and desolate—when the
house seemed ready to fall. The little
Mathews, with scared faces, stood
around helplessly; they could not be-
come any end without mother. But
Mary Mathews was on her sick bed and
never gave them a thought. Her tired
brain was occupied with other things—
strange pictures, wild fancies, confused
thoughts—such as these, that, raging
fevers bring, when they go to one's
head. The neighbors, God bless them,

did all they could for the sick woman,
the physicians prescribed their most
subtle doses, and John Mathews, well
fitted for the vocation, watched night
after night.

Weeks passed. It was Saturday
night again. The basket of mending
was filled to overflowing, yet it remained
unemptied—undisturbed. Mary Mat-
thews still lay upon her sick bed; John
Mathews still watched by her side.
Not in vain had the husband sat by the
side of his wife all these days, nor had
he listened to her ravings for naught.
Mutterings of a crazy woman, others
might have termed them, but to John
Mathews they were terribly significant.
However strange and wild her fancies,
as her one cry had been always the same,
as worn out she would sink exhausted
around the loom, for love, a cry full of yearn-
ing—and so hopeless—so sad—oh, how
could it but touch his heart, how could
it but speak to him over and over again,
the one word *neglect*, which he had
shown toward Mary Mathews—the
woman whom he had promised, before
God, to love, as I to cherish, as long
as they both should live. And she was
going to die now, the neighbors said so;
the doctors gave no hope. Was he to
be released from his contract just as he
began to realize what love and cherish
meant? He looked at her as she lay
there in stupor. He saw beside her
pale, thin, careworn face, another—
rough and ruddy; a girlish face, with
full, plump cheeks and pretty, laughing
eyes; a dear, sweet, oval face; and the
border-land above the merry blue eyes
was smooth and white, not a line of
trouble written upon it, nothing but
soft, brown curls wandering where they
would. It was the countenance of his
Mary when he first called her his little
girl-wife. She was seventeen then, and
now she was—how counted up to see—
yes, she was thirty now; they had been
married just thirteen years. Her beau-
tiful hair was full of silver-gray
now; her features were sharp; her
cheeks hollow; her eyes so sunken—a
little, faded, tired out woman, there she
lay. Oh, how old she looked! "Marry-
old Mary," he murmured, and "old-
young!" He took her hand in his,
and what a hand for a woman! How the
joints were spread! How discolored the
skin! What had become of the fair
little hands, with the dainty fingers, that
his Mary used to have? And then
something within him whispered, "She
lost them working for you—in loving
and cherishing you." Yes, she had
toiled for him early and late—she had
laid down her life in his service—her
part of the contract had been nobly
fulfilled? What had he done for her?
Had he given her a fortune? No; he
had spent what little she brought him.
Had he given her love? Doubtful.
Had he comforted her when discom-
forted? Never mind, Mary, such and such
a trial is hard to endure, but we'll share
it together!" He could not recall an
instance. Had he ever read sewing
and darning for him? Not once. As
he had come home night after night
through the years, had he been wont to
tell the little woman who never left
home what was going on in the outside
world? No. And when by a hot stove
the little flushed face had watched his
favorite dish that it might not burn, had
it ever occurred to him to thank her?
Never! What had he done for her any
way—in what way had he cherished her?
Oh, a chill ran through that iron frame,
as the man answered that question in
his heart—as he admitted to himself
that his wife, Mary Mathews, had
traveled the rough path of life, un-
assisted, unsupported, unappreciated,
uncherished, had gone on her way lonely
and sad, craving and praying for the
sympathy which he had withheld. And
John Mathews groaned, well he
might, and hid his face in his hands,
while the tears trickled through his
fingers, as he thought upon the past
which he could not recall, of the suffer-
ing woman before him who lay at
death's door, and whom he had refused
to cherish.

He started! He thought he heard
Mary's voice. Yes! she was in her
right mind! She knew him—she was
beckoning to him. He leaned toward
her and brushed the tears from his eyes.
"John," she whispered, "dear John,
and that was all. Soon again she mur-
mured, "To-morrow will be Sunday—
my work is all done." Then her weak,
trembling hand sought his face and she
tried to stroke his hair, as he had
done weeks before, but her strength
failed her and it fell back upon the bed.
A beseeching look came out on her
countenance, her eyes faded eyes—
glanced eagerly at him—and the white
lips twitched and trembled. He inter-
preted the expression of longing; he
read the cry her features uttered; it was
a sorrowing heart that spoke to him,
it was entreating him for a little love. No
need to beg for it now, love had sudden-
ly become very plenty—no need that she
should ever hunger again. For a mo-
ment she looked at him anxiously, he
was overcome with emotion; he tried to
speak, but his throat was choked; he
tried to answer her with a smile, but he
could not control his face, and the tears
blinded his eyes so that he could not
see. And thus the little woman went
on her long journey, unloved with the
knowledge that she was loved, appre-
ciated, cherished—at last. She made one
more effort to reach his face with her
hand and failed; then, still searching
for comfort, she died, whispering, "I'll
go and wake up baby."

Hours after, the neighbors found John
Mathews, with his arms around the
dead form of his wife, and he was kiss-
ing her cold face again and again, and
caressing her hands, wet with his tears.
"It seems he really loved her after all,"
they whispered to themselves. But the
grief-stricken man was pronouncing it
himself meanwhile, "Too late, too late,
she is dead, my Mary is dead."
—*Wood's Household Magazine.*

whirl of thought, while John walked
listlessly down the street to his work—
he made crooked needles—or sat by the
stove in the evening, reading or sleep-
ing, as he felt inclined. He was a pa-
tient man, he seldom complained, but
would he have been justified if he had,
and was it to his credit that he did not?
No, to both!

There was an unusual amount of
work on hand this Saturday night, and
Mary Mathews glanced at the basket,
and then at the clock, and looked very
doubtful as to whether her task could
be accomplished in the given time, yet,
the manner in which she immediately
went to work indicated that she was re-
solved at least to make the endeavor.

And as this little woman seated, there
sprang up after her, little pained, upon
the floor, and she looked at him with
a never-uprooted. And where
Mary's little toes had gone through his
socks and out into the wide, wide
world, the mother placed delicate wick-
er-work to keep them in. Archie's lit-
tle feet had backed out of his stockings
to boot, but Mary Mathews heeled the
gaping injury, and with her surgical-
like needle skillfully united the raw
edges that mortification could not result
therefrom. In the husband's nose, the
wife barred and cross-hatched all the
unlawful openings, till it would have been
difficult for light or cold to have passed
by these means again. Then Myrtle's
Sunday dress was taken down an inch or
two, that it might not feel so much
above her, and the waist to Sadie's
frock was eyed till it promised to never
flinch from duty again. There were
only fifteen minutes ere the clock would
strike twelve, but in ten of them this
persevering woman liberated a dashing
little butterfly from a brown silk chrysa-
lis, and in the remaining five folded up
the evening's work and laid it aside.

Then she looked up to John, who sat
near by, giving him a smile of affection
—requiring only one in return, to
cause her heart, fired as it was with the
week's hurry and worry, to bound for
very joy. But a stretch and a yawn was
all that he sent back across the wave of
light that had flashed over at him. Ah,
had he but sent a smile her woman-
heart would have made so much of it;
she would have seen in it more than his
nature could have possibly felt; apprecia-
tion, sympathy, love—for you remem-
ber she could make a little girl a great
thing. It would have been to her a sweet
blessing, she would have rested upon it
all the coming week, and have placed it
as compensation against every disappoint-
ment. "John smiled, upon me!"
"John thinks of me!" "John loves
me." But as it was, he only said he
was tired, and was glad she was through
for the night. And the weary woman,
with an unsatisfied longing in her soul,
a craving in her heart for sympathy,
caught up her baby to the cradle,
and kissed it on the forehead and again.
Baby was asleep, but its clumsy feet
opened wide of a sudden, and the tiny
hand clasped itself around the mother-
finger, and would not let go. It was a
very little thing for a baby to do, but it
cheered the lonely heart wonderfully;
the husband look left her countenance,
and a warmer hue succeeded. You call
her foolish again, and say it was only an
accident—that no emotion stirred the
baby-heart of the slumberer. Perhaps
you are right, my friend, but I love to
think that the God who has hidden
from the wise what he has revealed unto
babes, sent comfort to the mother
through the child. Any way, I know
that his blessing rested upon them that
Saturday night in the Long Ago.

It was in the early winter. Baby
Mathews was wrapped in his warmest
flannels, but somehow they did not keep
out the cold. At last, before night
came on, the little fellow who had wor-
ried all the day, began to breathe very
hard, and gave a moanful evidence that
he was sick. Mary Mathews feared her
boy was attacked with croup, and want-
ed a physician summoned. But the
father of the child said he would be well
off by morning—it was nothing—and
he didn't believe in doctors. He was
correct in the first particular, for
ere the straggling rays of light penet-
rated that little bed-room, baby
Mathews put up his little hands in great
pain, and the Saviour looking down
upon the suffering child, had compas-
sion upon it, and took it up in his arms
and healed it. Earthly eyes pronounced
it dead, after that, and so the treasure
was buried in the ground.

It would be doing injustice to John
Mathews to say he did not miss the
little thing, though I do not think he
mourned. He could labor all day and
never feel his loss till he entered his
home at night, but with Mary, his wife,
the case was different. In all her work
had the little face been associated; in-
knowing her bread she had watched
the baby on the floor, that no harm
might come near; in washing her
dishes she had handled them gently that
the sleeper might slumber; when baby
cried out from any cause, there had al-
ways been a song on her lips to quiet
him. Whether in her arms or out, the
care of the blessing had been in her
every thought. Was it strange then
that the mother heart ached—that it
cried alone in its grief, though there
were others yet left to be cared for?
Ah, no, it was not natural, for none but
baby can fill the empty place in the
cradle. The little woman did not give
up, however. She loiled early and
late, and devoted herself still more to
the children that remained, praying
that God would spare them to her lone-
ly heart.

But, finally, there came a time when
Mary Mathews took a rest in her work;
a Saturday night when the basket of
mending was filled and unemptied;
when the clock ticked on and no one
took heed of the passing hours; when
silence was in the kitchen—when every
room was dark and desolate—when the
house seemed ready to fall. The little
Mathews, with scared faces, stood
around helplessly; they could not be-
come any end without mother. But
Mary Mathews was on her sick bed and
never gave them a thought. Her tired
brain was occupied with other things—
strange pictures, wild fancies, confused
thoughts—such as these, that, raging
fevers bring, when they go to one's
head. The neighbors, God bless them,

did all they could for the sick woman,
the physicians prescribed their most
subtle doses, and John Mathews, well
fitted for the vocation, watched night
after night.

Weeks passed. It was Saturday
night again. The basket of mending
was filled to overflowing, yet it remained
unemptied—undisturbed. Mary Mat-
thews still lay upon her sick bed; John
Mathews still watched by her side.
Not in vain had the husband sat by the
side of his wife all these days, nor had
he listened to her ravings for naught.
Mutterings of a crazy woman, others
might have termed them, but to John
Mathews they were terribly significant.
However strange and wild her fancies,
as her one cry had been always the same,
as worn out she would sink exhausted
around the loom, for love, a cry full of yearn-
ing—and so hopeless—so sad—oh, how
could it but touch his heart, how could
it but speak to him over and over again,
the one word *neglect*, which he had
shown toward Mary Mathews—the
woman whom he had promised, before
God, to love, as I to cherish, as long
as they both should live. And she was
going to die now, the neighbors said so;
the doctors gave no hope. Was he to
be released from his contract just as he
began to realize what love and cherish
meant? He looked at her as she lay
there in stupor. He saw beside her
pale, thin, careworn face, another—
rough and ruddy; a girlish face, with
full, plump cheeks and pretty, laughing
eyes; a dear, sweet, oval face; and the
border-land above the merry blue eyes
was smooth and white, not a line of
trouble written upon it, nothing but
soft, brown curls wandering where they
would. It was the countenance of his
Mary when he first called her his little
girl-wife. She was seventeen then, and
now she was—how counted up to see—
yes, she was thirty now; they had been
married just thirteen years. Her beau-
tiful hair was full of silver-gray
now; her features were sharp; her
cheeks hollow; her eyes so sunken—a
little, faded, tired out woman, there she
lay. Oh, how old she looked! "Marry-
old Mary," he murmured, and "old-
young!" He took her hand in his,
and what a hand for a woman! How the
joints were spread! How discolored the
skin! What had become of the fair
little hands, with the dainty fingers, that
his Mary used to have? And then
something within him whispered, "She
lost them working for you—in loving
and cherishing you." Yes, she had
toiled for him early and late—she had
laid down her life in his service—her
part of the contract had been nobly
fulfilled? What had he done for her?
Had he given her a fortune? No; he
had spent what little she brought him.
Had he given her love? Doubtful.
Had he comforted her when discom-
forted? Never mind, Mary, such and such
a trial is hard to endure, but we'll share
it together!" He could not recall an
instance. Had he ever read sewing
and darning for him? Not once. As
he had come home night after night
through the years, had he been wont to
tell the little woman who never left
home what was going on in the outside
world? No. And when by a hot stove
the little flushed face had watched his
favorite dish that it might not burn, had
it ever occurred to him to thank her?
Never! What had he done for her any
way—in what way had he cherished her?
Oh, a chill ran through that iron frame,
as the man answered that question in
his heart—as he admitted to himself
that his wife, Mary Mathews, had
traveled the rough path of life, un-
assisted, unsupported, unappreciated,
uncherished, had gone on her way lonely
and sad, craving and praying for the
sympathy which he had withheld. And
John Mathews groaned, well he
might, and hid his face in his hands,
while the tears trickled through his
fingers, as he thought upon the past
which he could not recall, of the suffer-
ing woman before him who lay at
death's door, and whom he had refused
to cherish.

He started! He thought he heard
Mary's voice. Yes! she was in her
right mind! She knew him—she was
beckoning to him. He leaned toward
her and brushed the tears from his eyes.
"John," she whispered, "dear John,<

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, Washtenaw Co., Mich.

CHELSEA HERALD.
CHELSEA, JULY 17, 1873.

Written for the Chelsea Herald.
INTEMPERANCE.
BY W. E. GILDART.

Within this world, where'er we roam,
In distant climes, or village home;
Or read we from historic page,
We find that man in every age,
The same unbridled headlong race
Too oft has run to small disgrace.

Upon the ocean side of life
While mingling in its billowy strife,
False jostlers shine with dazzling hue,
To lure the mariner from the true—
The Bethlehem—the star of right,
That sheds o'er all its holy light.

The devil works his scolding stills
In haunts small find we his wills,
Here streams of liquid hell e'er flow
To do a custom work of woe—
Here virtue in her poorest whites,
Is mocked by vice of blackest night.

We turn our eyes on left or right,
Appalling horrors meet their sight;
We read the press an awful tale
Reveals to us of human woe,
A murder foul, while from its pen,
We read—"that whisky did it all."

A wife is slain—a father shot—
A widow left—yet pauses not
This mighty curse; but spreading wide
Is swallowing in crimson tide,
All rotaries that in it fall,
And read we—"whisky did it all."

On every hand where kindred hearts,
Were safe from error's piercing darts;
Where loving light, of loving eyes,
Reflected in each other, dyes
Of purest loveliest, holiest hue
Now naught but misery we view.

We see our youth, and boys so fair,
Drawn in this whirlpool's fearful snare;
We read their doom—we heave a sigh—
To see unnumbered lives die;
That lure them on o'er ruin's brink,
Their souls in infancy to sink.

'Tis thus we brood o'er blighted hopes,
'Tis thus our friends the devil dopes,
With fondling hand and burning shame
And render infamous their name
'Tis thus of man, we read the fall,
That whisky often caused it all.

A Common Mistake.
Many farmers, and many persons engaged in other pursuits, have rushed into some business connected with husbandry, solely because a single person with whom they are acquainted has succeeded in it. They never stop to consider that the person who was so successful was wonderfully adapted for the business by taste and education; that his location was most favorable and the soil, climate, and the particular time in which the business was undertaken was all most advantageous.

Many a man, having read about the success of Knox in raising strawberries, or of Quinn in raising pears, has "sold all and departed for a far country," and set up for a horticulturist. Possibly he succeeded, but the chances are that he failed. Most likely he was the dupe of some land shark who had a few acres in a fruit country, which was not fruit land. Then he ordered his trees and plants with some knowledge of them asse from what nurserymen's catalogues contain. Fifty varieties of pears, apples and vines are planted where three or four of each were all that could be cultivated with any show of profit. About the time this discovery is made, our planter has made the additional discovery that he "was never cut out" for a horticulturist, and that all the painstaking in the world would never make him up into one. He has learned considerable from experience, has paid dearly for his instruction, but is now too old and too poor to profit by what he has learned.

Paragraphs of all Sorts.
McMahon smokes fifty cigarettes daily.

Wooden buttons, with landscapes laquered thereon, are a novelty.
A daughter of the poet Burns died near Glasgow, Scotland, recently.
The Belgian courts are as prompt as those of France in dealing with swindlers.
Foundrymen, in hot weather, get from \$6 to \$10 a day, and are scarce at that.

A Japanese coin 2,000 years old was lately found in a chest of tea at Newark, N. J.
The Prince Imperial, now in his eighteenth year, is described as "a silent youth."
New Hampshire has found a way to feed her State Prison convicts on eleven cents per day.

A New York man gets his living by instructing mocking-birds in the art of whistling.
The Emperor of China has issued a decree, degrading and punishing the chief officer of his household for "handling dishes carelessly."
A New Jersey school boy was thrashed for not mentioning Jersey City as one of the largest cities in the world.

The new counterfeiter nickels got into the Treasury Department before the Government knew they were in circulation.
Parson Brownlow never bought but one silk hat, and that one he has worn for thirteen years without a cent for repairs.
Ireland sends forth 140 newspapers—23 dailies, 23 bi-weeklies, 6 tri-weeklies and 88 issued weekly and at other intervals.

When a Duluth man is touched with sunstroke, his friends carry him down to the harbor and spread him out flat on the ice.
Dudley Warner says that the West Point cadets are "almost as well bred as the Chinese and Japanese who come here to get educated."
"Please shut the door" is the notice posted up by a New York restaurant keeper, to which a wag has added in pencil, "and don't bolt your victrola."

Cuba, N. Y., has a horse-fancier 108 years old who rides a high-spirited black horse that he has broken to saddle within the past two or three years.
An old edition of Morse's geography says:—"Albany has four hundred dwelling-houses and two thousand four hundred inhabitants, all standing with their gable ends to the street."
The laborers at certain mining works are discussing the problem:—"Ought a copper-dresser, when the whistle blows for twelve, to empty his shovel of the sand or throw it back on the pile?"

The youngest homicide is twenty-three months old, and lives in Augusta, Ga. It threw an alcohol-bottle at its grown colored nurse, who was lying on the floor, striking her on the head, causing an abscess that proved fatal in ten days.
The Austrians, in getting up a United States flag to adorn one of the transcripts of the Exposition building, left out all the stars, added two extra strips, and set the flag as a signal of distress, that is, "Union down."

Clothing! Clothing!
Largest Stock in the Co.
ONE PRICE,
BARGAINS FOR ALL.

WE have now in stock the largest lot of CLOTHING we have ever had. Late arrival. All the latest cuts and style in WOOLEN, LINEN and COTTON Fabrics, suitable for Men's, Boys' and Children's Wear, and are offering them at lower market rates, and one price to all.

Buying largely and only for Cash, enables us to sell at prices 20 per cent. lower than other dealers.

Come and see whether it is, or is not your interest to patronize us. We invite you, knowing that a call will benefit us mutually.
Respectfully yours,
CROARKIN & TUOMEY,
DEXTER, MICH.

Dexter, Mich., July 8, 1873.

THE HOWE SEWING MACHINE
THE Howe Sewing Machine Company are manufacturing a Sewing Machine that rivals all competition. It embodies the best mechanical ingenuity that Elias Howe possessed. It is the result of his life-long study, monopolizing all the perfect attributes of all Sewing Machines, without retaining any of their defects, for HARNESSE MAKERS, SADDLERS, BOOT AND SHOEMAKERS, TAILORS, DRESS MAKERS, AND FOR FAMILY USE.

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Stands without a Rival. Recognizing the wants of the people. The Howe Sewing Machine Company are determined to place their celebrated machines within the reach of all. In order to more perfectly satisfy the people, and to facilitate its thorough introduction to all parts of Michigan, they have established an agency in Chelsea. All persons in need of Sewing Machines in Chelsea and vicinity, are requested to visit our office and examine our different styles of Family and Manufacturing Machines.
We would respectfully inform those who have already purchased the Howe Sewing Machine, that needles, attachments of all kinds, threads, silks, braids, etc., in any desired quantity can always be obtained at our office.
Those having machines not in perfect running order, the result of wear or neglect, will confer a favor by bringing them to us to be put in proper condition.
To all we would say that by dealing with this office you are dealing with the Howe Sewing Machine Company, and can rely upon all that is advanced by us.

Liberal Inducements are Offered to All.
N. B.—Any one buying the Howe Sewing Machine, can have the privilege of exchanging for the Singer, Domestic, Wood, or Davis Machines, within the next six months.
Ladies purchasing our Machines will be fully instructed by competent operators, and all requests for instructions will at all times be promptly complied with.
Soliciting a goodly share of the public patronage, we are, respectfully,
Howe Sewing Machine Company,
E. N. GILBERT, AGENT.
Office: At Gilbert & Crowell's Dry Goods Store, CHELSEA, MICH. '22-23

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For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.
This hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a nasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous, and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a

nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
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Special attention paid to
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C. WHITE, E. L. NEGUS,
Chelsea, Oct. 19, 1871. 2-ly

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ALL GOODS MARKED DOWN!
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Come and see Us, and We will do You Good.

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December, 1873.
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PITTSBURG, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, WASHINGTON, AND ALL PORTS SOUTH AND SOUTHWEST.

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Jackson	7:15 A.M.	4:40 P.M.	12:22 P.M.
Hanover	7:54	5:20	1:00
Jonesville	8:25	5:50	1:30
Reading	8:55	6:18	
Fremont	9:22	6:55	
Angola	9:53	7:37	
Pleasant Lake	10:45	7:59	
Summit	10:47	8:15	
Waterloo	10:53	8:29	
Auburn	10:47	8:29	
Fort Wayne	11:45	9:25	
Indianapolis	6:40 P.M.	10:30 A.M.	
Cincinnati	8:50	10:45 P.M.	
Louisville	10:45	10:45 P.M.	

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GIVE HIM A CALL.
OFFICE: Orchard street, three doors east of Baptist Church, Chelsea.
August 8, 1872.

DENTISTRY.
DR. A. B. WINSLOW,
Surgeon & Mechanical
DENTIST.
OFFICE: Second Floor, Union Block, (West End) over P. A. Keeler's Store, Grass Lake, Mich.

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UNDERTAKER.
WOULD announce to the citizens of Chelsea and vicinity, that he keeps constantly on hand, all sizes and styles of ready-made
COFFINS AND SREODS.
Hears in attendance on short notice.
Terms 60 days, or five per cent. off for cash.
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Chelsea, Oct. 24, 1871. 2-ly

CLYDESDALE
WASHING COMPOUND.
BEST SOAP IN USE.
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

NEWS SUMMARY.

The East.

The object of the proposed balloon voyage across the Atlantic by Prof. Wise is to make a scientific exploration of the atmosphere. According to a prospectus, it is an endeavor to mark out an untraveled path for men and animals to the extent of the geology, and to establish, if possible, a direct system of aerial transit.

Washington.

Up to the 4th of July, about 21,000,000 postal cards had been issued by the Postoffice Department, and more than twice that number had been ordered. The Government has procured an injunction forbidding the Director of the Union Pacific railroad to pay either principal or interest on the securities which are held by those concerned in the Credit Mobilier.

The Grand Pacific Hotel.

One of the most marked institutions of the city is the Grand Pacific Hotel, which is situated on the corner of Madison and Washington streets. The hotel is a fine example of modern architecture, and is one of the most comfortable and convenient places for the accommodation of tourists.

A Narrow Escape for Miss Nellie Grant.

On Wednesday evening, just after 6 o'clock, Miss Nellie Grant left the President's cottage for a ride in her pony phaeton. She was unaccompanied, except by the colored coachman. The phaeton was driven by a man who had been drinking, and he was unable to control the animal.

Foreign.

In consequence of the passage of the bill abolishing constitutional guarantees, the Irreconcilable Deputies have withdrawn from the Cortes in Madrid. The new Constitution of Spain is a subject of much interest, and it is expected that it will be adopted in the near future.

Winning Golden Opinions.

No man living has won more golden opinions than Dr. Walker, as the enormous and widely increasing sale of his California Vinegar Bitters attests. The medicine is a specific for a large number of ailments, and it is highly recommended by the medical profession.

Winning Golden Opinions.

The editor of the Record, an Arizona paper, has now on his table two invitations to act as second in a duel, an invitation to an Indian hunting raid, a pair of bear skin pants presented by a hunter, a three-pound nugget of silver, a free pass on a stage route, two lottery tickets, three Apache scalps, a call to arms, a postmaster and justice of the peace, and twenty-seven dollars' worth of furo checks.

The Rhett-Cooley Duel.

The immediate cause of the duel between C. R. B. Rhett, editor of the New Orleans Picayune, and Judge W. H. Cooley, resulting in the death of the latter, was the publication of a card in the New Orleans paper by Cooley, which the following is the closing paragraph: "Col. Rhett having written to the Picayune that I made assertions to the jury which were 'inducious and willfully false,' and having subsequently refused to file, honest and honorable offer to clear which of us is correct, I publish this to the people of New Orleans as an unimpeached calculator, a deliberate and willful falsification, an article of libel, and withal, a thorough-paced brag."

The South.

The farmers of Tennessee met in convention at Hamblent, in that State, the other day, and organized a State Grange. They adopted and organized a State Grange. They adopted and organized a State Grange. They adopted and organized a State Grange.

A Business that Pays.

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A place containing about 1,000 inhabitants has been discovered to the extent of twenty-seven in one day. A dispatch from Houston, Texas, says the weather is more favorable to the crops, and worms no longer appear in Texas. Two-thirds of the crop of cotton and cereals are very fine.

The statement telegraphed from the South that the cholera was raging in Alabama was wholly false. It has appeared in but one or two towns. Reports to the Agricultural Department from Washington, that the cotton regions indicate that the crop of that staple this year will at least be equal to that of last.

The Hon. Wm. B. Allison and other distinguished citizens of Iowa have petitioned the Attorney-General to compel the Union Pacific railroad to operate its line in connection with its branches, as a continuous line in the manner required by acts of Congress. It appears an unjust discrimination is made by the Union Pacific against the Kansas Pacific and other branches, by charging heavy local freight and passenger rates on all lines.

The young parrot, Frank Walworth, has taken up his quarters in Sing Sing Prison. The repairs to the steamer Tigress at the Brooklyn Navy Yard has proved such a benighted job that the vessel is less seaworthy than when she entered the dock. In consequence of which the search for the Polar is indefinitely postponed. It is probable that the steamer City of Washington will be floated and sent to the Little Gull Rock, her 700 souls would, beyond a doubt, have followed the victims of the Atlantic.

They are having live times at Wichita, Kansas. A dispatch from that point (July 4) says: "Wichita is red-hot and getting hotter. Texas rangers, looted and spoiled, and 600 demagogues are making things lively here with all kinds of games and entertainments all day long. One hundred thousand Texas rangers are now headed in this vicinity, waiting Eastern buyers. Prices range from 3 years' salary, \$18 to \$20 per head; 3 years' salary, \$12 to \$14; 2 years' salary, \$8 to \$10; 1 year's salary, \$4 to \$6. Prof. Lafontaine was instantly killed at Iowa, Mich., on the 4th, by falling from a balloon. He had ascended 600 or 650 feet from the launch, and he was seen to pass from the basket, and the Professor came down 100 feet from where he ascended to the horror of ten or twelve thousand spectators.

A two-story house fell in Mt. Carroll, Ill., the other day, and three persons were injured. It is feared, fatally. Capt. Randall, of the Twenty-third, and command, with 50 Apache Indians, recently returned from the Apache Indians in Arizona, and captured twenty-five warriors, with squaws and children. The next day, the camp was surprised, and the warriors were taken to the Apache reservation. It is impossible for the Apache to evade their own traitors. They follow their own interests. It is reported that the Apache are in a state of rebellion. The Apache are in a state of rebellion. The Apache are in a state of rebellion.

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THE GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL.

One of the most marked institutions of the city is the Grand Pacific Hotel, which is situated on the corner of Madison and Washington streets. The hotel is a fine example of modern architecture, and is one of the most comfortable and convenient places for the accommodation of tourists. The hotel is a fine example of modern architecture, and is one of the most comfortable and convenient places for the accommodation of tourists.

On Wednesday evening, just after 6 o'clock, Miss Nellie Grant left the President's cottage for a ride in her pony phaeton. She was unaccompanied, except by the colored coachman. The phaeton was driven by a man who had been drinking, and he was unable to control the animal.

In consequence of the passage of the bill abolishing constitutional guarantees, the Irreconcilable Deputies have withdrawn from the Cortes in Madrid. The new Constitution of Spain is a subject of much interest, and it is expected that it will be adopted in the near future.

No man living has won more golden opinions than Dr. Walker, as the enormous and widely increasing sale of his California Vinegar Bitters attests. The medicine is a specific for a large number of ailments, and it is highly recommended by the medical profession.

The editor of the Record, an Arizona paper, has now on his table two invitations to act as second in a duel, an invitation to an Indian hunting raid, a pair of bear skin pants presented by a hunter, a three-pound nugget of silver, a free pass on a stage route, two lottery tickets, three Apache scalps, a call to arms, a postmaster and justice of the peace, and twenty-seven dollars' worth of furo checks.

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Best and Oldest Family Medicine. Sufferers from Cholera, Typhoid, Dysentery, Diarrhea, Biliousness, Headache, Stomach, and All Disorders of the Bowels. Ask your Druggist for it. Beware of imitations.

THE MARKETS. NEW YORK. BREVET—Choice, 11 1/2 @ 12 1/2; Common, 9 @ 10; Hogs—Dressed, 6 1/2 @ 7 1/2; Cotton—Middling Upland, 21 @ 22; Middling Western, 4 7/8 @ 5 1/8; Low-M, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4; Oats—Mixed Western, 52 @ 55; Oats—Western, 42 @ 51; Pork—Mess, 17 1/2 @ 18 1/2; Lard—Common, 15 1/2 @ 16 1/2.

CHICAGO. BREVET—Choice, 5 7/8 @ 6 1/8; Medium, 5 1/2 @ 5 3/4; Common, 5 @ 5 1/2; Inferior, 3 @ 3 1/2; Flour—Live, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4; Flour—Dressed, 2 1/2 @ 3; Red Winter, 2 @ 2 1/2; Wheat—No. 1 Spring, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 2 Spring, 1 1/8 @ 1 3/8; No. 3 Spring, 1 1/8 @ 1 3/8; No. 4 Spring, 1 1/8 @ 1 3/8; No. 5 Spring, 1 1/8 @ 1 3/8; No. 6 Spring, 1 1/8 @ 1 3/8; No. 7 Spring, 1 1/8 @ 1 3/8; No. 8 Spring, 1 1/8 @ 1 3/8; No. 9 Spring, 1 1/8 @ 1 3/8; No. 10 Spring, 1 1/8 @ 1 3/8; No. 11 Spring, 1 1/8 @ 1 3/8; No. 12 Spring, 1 1/8 @ 1 3/8.

ST. LOUIS. WHEAT—No. 1 Fall, 1 1/2 @ 1 1/4; No. 2 Fall, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 3 Fall, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 4 Fall, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 5 Fall, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 6 Fall, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 7 Fall, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 8 Fall, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 9 Fall, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 10 Fall, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 11 Fall, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 12 Fall, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2.

CINCINNATI. FLOUR—No. 1, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4; No. 2, 4 @ 4 1/2; No. 3, 3 1/2 @ 3 3/4; No. 4, 3 @ 3 1/2; No. 5, 2 1/2 @ 2 3/4; No. 6, 2 @ 2 1/2; No. 7, 1 1/2 @ 1 3/4; No. 8, 1 @ 1 1/2; No. 9, 1/2 @ 1; No. 10, 1/2 @ 1; No. 11, 1/2 @ 1; No. 12, 1/2 @ 1.

MILWAUKEE. WHEAT—No. 1, 1 1/2 @ 1 1/4; No. 2, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 3, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 4, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 5, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 6, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 7, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 8, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 9, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 10, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 11, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 12, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2.

CLEVELAND. WHEAT—No. 1, 1 1/2 @ 1 1/4; No. 2, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 3, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 4, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 5, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 6, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 7, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 8, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 9, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 10, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 11, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 12, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2.

TOLEDO. WHEAT—No. 1, 1 1/2 @ 1 1/4; No. 2, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 3, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 4, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 5, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 6, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 7, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 8, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 9, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 10, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 11, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2; No. 12, 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2.

WATER'S CONCERTO PARLOR ORGANS. These are the most beautiful in style and perfect in tone. They are the best of their kind, and are highly recommended by the musical profession.

SAINTS AND SINNERS OF THE BIBLE. Dissected, analyzed, and portrayed as real men and women, like saints and sinners of our own day. Original, Rare, and Unique. Readable, instructive, and profitable. Price, 25 cents.

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AGENTS WANTED. Good Morals and Gentle Manners. A useful book for all who are engaged in business. Price, 25 cents.

HAIR TONIC. THE GLORY OF AN OLD MAN. THE PRIDE OF YOUNG MEN. Dr. J. C. Ayer's Hair Tonic. It is the best of its kind, and is highly recommended by the medical profession.

WOMAN'S BEAUTY. Dr. J. C. Ayer's Hair Tonic. It is the best of its kind, and is highly recommended by the medical profession.

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Various small advertisements and notices on the right margin of the page.