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NO. 50.

## THE LITTLE HAND.

There is a little girl of a poor man in the production of the late Lady Lawrence, wife of Sir Henry Lawrence, who was killed in the beginning of the Crimean war, in India.

First part of time, my precious child, How oft I have seen thee, my dear, And with my hand I have held thee, And with my hand I have held thee.

How often, oh, how often, my dear, I have seen thee, my precious child, And with my hand I have held thee, And with my hand I have held thee.

And in thy mother's arms I have seen thee, And in thy mother's arms I have seen thee, And in thy mother's arms I have seen thee, And in thy mother's arms I have seen thee.

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will keep it for my sake." My life has been a busy one, and I have never opened it. Now, as I fit the key into the rusty lock and raise the lid, a cloud of dust salutes me, and a musty, moldy smell. The papers are mildewed with age, the characters almost illegible. One is tied with a black ribbon; choosing this, I unroll the closely-written sheets. One falls out; it is in my grandmother's clear, firm hand. Ah! how long ago was that written! The date is 17—

A strange thing has occurred. I was ill—very ill—a year ago. Dear Henri begged the Moorish physician (so he called to see me. He came, tall and grave. I was frightened. He was gentle to me, and I grew to like him. He is always among the poor; he will receive nothing from any one. Henri offered him money; he refused. I gave him my hand, he touched it with his lips. No one knows whence he comes, or who he is. The poor bless his name. He never smiles. I was sure he had some great sorrow.

"One day a man came to me and handed me a letter."

"I am ill. Will you come?" "I went with Henri. The room was hung with black. The physician was by a window, looking out upon the court; it was full of people—poor, and many weeping. He stretched out his hand and smiled. 'I have sent for you, madam, to ask for your husband to procure passports for my servant—he is to take me home.'"

"Not now," I cried, "you are ill." "No, not now," he said, "to-morrow." "I had flowers for him—roses, delicate fuchsias, and pure white lilies. He took them eagerly, inhaled their perfume, fondled them, and told me the legends of their birth."

"This is my flower," he said, lifting a lily from the rest. "It has returned to me. He held it close against his heart, saying softly, 'Is it an omen of good?' He sat musing a long time, gazing up at the blue sky."

"At noon," I said as I bent over him. He looked up brightly: "No, adieu."

"At the door I turned again; he waved his hand, then raised the lily to his lips and smiled. In the morning his servant came and gave me a packet; it contained the manuscript I enclose. On the outside was written: 'This is the story of my life. No one will know it but you. Adieu.'"

"He was weeping. His master had died during the night." I unrolled the yellow sheets. There was no heading to the story they contained. I looked at the end; there was no name. It commenced abruptly: "I come of a doomed race. A curse hangs over me at my birth. In consequence of a horrible crime committed by one of my ancestors, the good genius of our race deserted us, and a demon, fierce and cruel, shadowed us with his black wings."

"The first-born child of every generation was doomed, if a boy, to an early and violent death; if a girl, to a life of misery. Generation after generation the curse had fallen. By water, by fire, by the sword, the first-born son had perished; and a mother wept bitter tears when a girl was placed in her arms. There was a legend that the curse would cease when one was found bold enough to foil the demon; then, and then only, would the guardian of our race return."

"There is Moorish blood in our veins. In the third generation our remote ancestry shows itself. Men call me the Moorish physician. True to my instincts, I have devoted myself to the study of Eastern lore. The volume of the heretic has been open to my eyes. Early in the morning, the voices of the deep breathe mighty secrets to my ear, and in the war of the elements, the flash of the lightning, the roar and thunder of the waves, when man shrinks back appalled, my spirit finds its wings."

"I was the second son. My brother was assassinated by an unseen hand. 'I returned to my home and plunged deeper and deeper into the abstruse studies I delighted in. Why could I not suffice! Alas! I loved. Ah, fatal power! When we will it, our love must be returned. As I knelt before the altar, I looked upon the fair creature who had yielded her pure heart to me, as the priest may look on the victim at whose throat he holds the knife. I was pressing the cup of anguish to those ruby lips; those sweet eyes would soon overflow with bitter tears. And yet, madman that I was, with eager lust, I clasped the fair blossom closer to my heart, knowing that my fatal grasp must blight its bloom forever."

"For one short year, earth's fairest hues spread out before me; and then, in darkness and in tempest, our child was born. There were vague mutterings in the air as I look my infant brother in my arms. Do you wonder that I could not answer back her mother's happy smile? My rose and its sweet bud grew day by day in lovelessness. I suffered tortures. Oh, that she might be taken before her gentle heart should bleed for the sufferings of her child!"

"Years passed. She began to fade—my beautiful flower. I watched her anxiously. The wind and the wave saw my sorrow; they reveal no secrets. Her sweet life ebbed so slowly—would it be too late? With a sigh of thankfulness I closed her beautiful eyes."

"I wandered from land to land, taking my child with me. I watched her every step. In agony I waited the time when the doom of our dark race should fall on her innocent head. In Madrid a Spanish nobleman saw her. Her beauty charmed him. Rumors of my wealth had reached his ears. Artfully, selfishly, he wore his chains around her. How I hated him! From the first I knew him. The woe was ever worked by a human hand; and as I watched the baleful light in his hard eyes—the close pressure of his thin, cruel lips—I gnashed my teeth in impotent fury. My darling! can you not see how that stinging, fierce hand will crush all the sweetness out of your fresh, young life? And she loved him. He would turn to me with a smile of scornful triumph

when her innocent eyes told him this. Madly jealous, if she displeased him he would cast a cold, hard look upon her, whispering harsh, cutting words of anger, till she paled and trembled, lifting pleading eyes to him. And I was powerless!

"I look her home. The Spaniard followed us. Our German winter chilled him, but he persevered. The spring came. Step by step he was forcing me back. In vain I nightly lifted despairing eyes to the proud stars; they smiled down coldly on me, but no voice came."

"Again I read the moldering parchment which recorded the dire curse, and the mysterious words of prophecy regarding its fulfillment. By fasting and watching I strove to read their meaning."

"The red hand shall die, while the white hand shall fail."

"The cypress-crowned cup shall confer immortality."

"Both of these images foreshadowed death."

"Then followed a legend: 'A flower bloomed in the cleft of a rock. The fierce waves saw it; they coveted its beauty, but the rock laughed down on them as they surged and foamed at its feet. The tempest woke, the waves arose; they dashed their spray far up the face of the rock. Then the rock cried, 'Oh, Azrael! take thou the flower, for I can shelter it no longer.' Then Azrael heard, and stretching out his strong right hand he plucked the flower and bore it to sunny plains, where long it bloomed in peace and beauty."

"In the watches of the night the meaning was made clear to me. I knelt and cried, 'Oh, Azrael! I give my flower into thy keeping. See that thou bear it tenderly to sunny plains, where angel hands shall welcome her.' Then I called my child. She came and laid her sunny head upon my shoulder. I gave the cup of death into her hand; I watched her drink it. I spoke playful words to her; I told her she was the elixir of life, and she smiled as she took it from my hand. I drew her to the casement; she lay in my arms, and I spoke to her of the things she loved—the flowers and stars, and of the heavenly plains where her mother wandered. She listened dreamily. I forced my lips to smile as she clasped her arms about my neck. Her breath fluttered a little, and her startled eyes sought mine. I turned away. Suddenly she said, 'My father, there is some one standing in the moonlight, holding out to me a fair, white lily.'"

"I knew the guardian of our race had come for this child. I loved my child."

"In the morning came the Spaniard. I bade him follow me. We stood beside her. He wrung his hands and wept. I had foiled the demon."

"Do you wonder that while others smile my lips are grave? Do you marvel that I keep vigil by the couch of pain and sorrow? I have no remorse. I did no wrong. Her pure, white soul went up to God without one stain of earth to mar its loveliness. But oh, my child, my child! Faint voices call to me—a hand has beckoned from the stars—my time is short! My angel ones, I come!"

"I laid down the manuscript with a shudder. Could this be? I looked around me fearfully. There in her dress of green, God's beautiful earth smiled up at the sky. The birds were singing overhead; in the kitchen Jean and Lisette were laughing; the bees hummed in and out of my window. Life—happy, beautiful life—was all around me. Turning the key on the ghostly story, I went out into the sunshine."

## Mrs. Young, No. 17.

Testimony thickens in the case of Ann Eliza, wife No. 17 of the Prophet, to show that her matrimonial misery is merely a myth. John W. Young, the son of the Prophet by wife No. 1, is now in New York, having made a public statement, in which he affirms that Ann Eliza is a falsifier, and the truth is in her. According to the statement of Young Jr., Ann Eliza got divorced from her first husband, who was a plasterer, and was a widow with two children when she married Brigham. When she contracted her polygamous marriage, she did so with her eyes open. The farm on which she resided was the best in the Territory, and the house in which she lived, a handsome cottage, costing \$12,000. A horse and carriage was at her service, and five servants ministered to her wants. When she said she must come to the city, she had a handsome steward was ordered to provide her with everything she desired. Mr. Young further said, "If Ann Eliza had not asked for a divorce, and she had gone to President Young and told him what she wanted, he would have paid her cost her three cents." Mr. Young closes his screed with the pertinent remark that, if the rest of the world desires to convert the Mormons, better examples of its goodness must be sent to Utah. Ann Eliza is evidently in a bad box. There is no probability that the courts will grant a divorce. Brigham will not compromise, his son says, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding, and Ann Eliza can never again be allowed to resume the family relations or enjoy the apostolic embrace. She has evidently gone out of the frying-pan into the fire.

TO STOP THE RAVAGES OF MOTHS—Camphor will not stop the ravages of moths in carpets after they have commenced eating. Then they pay no regard to the presence of camphor, cedar or tobacco. A good way to kill them is to take a coarse crash towel and wring it out of clear water. Spread it smoothly on the carpet, then iron it; dry with a good hot iron, repeating the operation on all suspected places, and those least used. It does not injure the pile or color of the carpet in the least. It is not necessary to press hard, heat and steam being the agents, and they do the work effectually on worms and eggs. Then the camphor will doubtless prevent future depredations of the miller.

## Miscellaneous.

ONE woman has set out three thousand trees in Greeley, Colorado.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., is said to be the best cattle market in the United States.

ANNA DICKINSON is not to go on the stage, but will deliver 100 lectures this winter.

THE Methodist Church, the world over, claims an aggregate of 15,000,000 members.

"For sale or to rent" is posted on more than 6,000 houses and stores in New Orleans.

THE Sultan's second son, a lad of 12, has been made a rear admiral in the Turkish navy.

A BUFFALO minister recently baptized twenty-eight children with water that he had brought from the Holy Land.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER sailed into New Haven, the other day, calmly seated on the cab of a locomotive. Anything to make a sensation.

NORTH CAROLINA furnishes a larger part than any other State of the 400,000 adults in the country who can neither read nor write.

EX-PRESIDENT MILLARD FILLMORE is 73 years old. Fillmore and Andy Johnson are the only ex-presidents living, and neither of them was elected to office.

OWING to the bad sanitary condition of the miners' homes in England, the average length of life among them is between twenty-one and twenty-two years.

LIFE insurance companies are sending out prospectors for the prevention of cholera. If they would inclose a few clean shirts it would probably be as well.

ONE of the Siamese twins was recently summoned to serve on a jury in North Carolina. Chang would not go, and Eng was fined \$25 for non-attendance.

THE experience of all countries that have been robbed of their forest is to the same effect, an experience of disastrous spring frosts and long summer drought.

A PATENT medicine for children, which has recently been analyzed in Boston, was found to contain three-tenths of a grain of morphia in the dose directed for a child.

THE debt of Vermont is only \$195,649, while the treasury contains almost a quarter of a million dollars, and is credited with a large amount of uncollected taxes.

"ARIZONA," the champion carrier pigeon which is to accompany the *Graphic* balloon, in a trial flight made the distance of sixty-four miles in an hour and a quarter.

SO ONCE is the demand for Paris green and arsenic, used to kill caterpillars and cotton worms in the South, that both articles have considerably advanced in price.

THE condition of the Hon. John P. Hale is now more hopeful than at any other time since his recent misfortune. The fractured parts of the hip bone seem to be slowly uniting.

ENGLAND is afflicted with myriads of mosquitoes, creatures heretofore unknown to that climate, produced by the recent unusual heat, and the suffering natives are writing to the *Times* for help.

SUCCESSFUL cattle breeders in Europe give molasses constantly to fatten cattle and milch cows. A large German farmer gives a pint a day, mixed with oil cake, to his cows, largely increasing their milk.

AN ex-cook to the great Catherine II., of Russia, has just died at the advanced age of 137. The Emperor Nicholas mentioned him with 700 roubles annually. He leaves a son aged 98, whom they hope to raise if no untoward accident occurs to him.

DOWN at Beaufort, S. C., the men lake partners for surf bathing as for a dance. A handsome young fellow flung himself in the water and opens his arms as the breaker is coming. A young lady flies to his clasp, and there remains safe until all danger is over.

POPE Pius IX. is reported as so fully restored to health as to be able to resume his usual food and exercise. He retires a little before midnight, and rises at half-past five o'clock, attending during the day to ordinary ecclesiastical duties as before his illness.

THE carpet worm is a new pest just discovered. It is of dark color, less than half an inch in length, and covered with fine hair. It makes havoc with carpets in a short time. It is said that fine salt or fine cedar chips sprinkled on the edges of carpets will protect them from its ravages.

"JAMES JENKINS," said a school-master to his pupil, "what is an average?" "A thing, sir," answered the scholar, promptly, "that hens lay eggs on."

"Why do you say that, you silly boy?" replied the pedagogue. "Because, sir," said the youth, "I heard a gentleman say the other day as a hen would lay, on an average, a hundred and twenty eggs a year."

THIS comes from Ohio: Under this sod And under these trees Lie the bones of yon Solomon Peas. He's not in this hole, But only his pod; He shelled out his soul And went up to his God.

A VERY adhesive cement, and one particularly useful for fastening the brass mountings on glass lamps, as it is unaffected by petroleum, may be prepared by boiling three parts of rosin with one part of caustic soda and five parts of water, thus making a kind of soap, which is mixed with one half its weight of plaster of Paris.

THEY tell of a harvest hand who was severely attacked with cholera morbus, and his physician asked if he had eaten anything the night before. "Oh, no; nothing, but a couple of cucumbers, a can of oyster sauce and a watermelon or two." Some peoples' stomachs can't bear anything.

## A Vienna Bath.

I have been testing a bath-house, I explored the establishment, asking every one I met "for our warm bath."

Some pointed in one direction and some in another. At last I found myself before the woman who sold the tickets. I paid fifty kreutzers. She called "Marie!" Marie, a bright, black-eyed German maiden, came. She went to a shelf and burdened herself with a quantity of linen. Then she signed for me to follow. I went in an expectant, wondering and rather anxious frame of mind. Marie went into a neatly-furnished bath-room. Marie spread a linen sheet in the tub. Marie then turns on the water. Marie waits for the tub to fill, and I wait for Marie to depart, that I may commence disrobing. Marie seems in no hurry. I ponder over the possibilities involved in a German warm bath. At last Marie leaves. Then I modestly remove my collar. Suddenly Marie returns. It is only to bring another towel. Great Scott! There is no lock on the door, and supposing I had been— I got into my bath in fear and trembling. These people are so queer in their ways. Marie may return with two or three of those great, strapping German women to scrub me. I know nothing of their bathing customs. Marie no longer disturbs me. On emerging I examine the pile of linen she has left. There is a small towel and two seemingly large aprons, long enough to reach from the shoulder to the heels. I can't imagine what they are for, unless to throw on and dry oneself in. I put them to such use. I would so force forty were they left for I am resolved to have my 50 kreutzers' worth in some way. When I inquired the use of the two aprons, I discovered that they were to be worn while Marie came in, and, turning off the hot water, let on the cold.—*Vienna Letter.*

AWARDS to Americans at the Vienna Exposition.

A Vienna dispatch to the New York Herald says: Among those who have been awarded medals of merit are Aultman, Miller & Co., of Akron, Ohio, for moving machines; Bullock & Co., Cincinnati; Deere & Co., Moline, Ill., agricultural implements; Northern Pacific railway, for maps; States of Alabama, Indiana, and Tennessee, for minerals; Burrell & Co., Cincinnati, oils; G. Fox, Cincinnati, starch; Gest & Atkinson, Cincinnati, soap; Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, soap; Stein, Hirsch & Co., Chicago, starch; Wilson, Hinkle & Co., Cincinnati, books; William Reiser & Co., Cincinnati, stoves; Pope Bros., Cincinnati, moulding; Leclercq Bros., Gallipolis, O.; John Gallic, St. Louis; the cities of Cincinnati and Chicago; the printing-house for the blind, Louisville; Conrad Fabland Morey, Louisville; Wisconsin Leather Company, Milwaukee; John Grassano, Cincinnati, shoes; T. N. McDermott, Cleveland, American Institute of Architecture, for plans of building; Astor Library, New York, for promotion of science; Cooper Institute, New York, for improvement of working classes; Sanford & Co., Cleveland, account books; Bureau of Engraving and Printing of Treasury Department, Washington; Jas. Sandy, Cincinnati, photographs; Henry Massler, Cincinnati, paints and colors; Henry Reckman, Cincinnati, photographs; Wilson Sewing Machine Company, Cleveland; Jones & Laughlin, Pittsburgh, shafting; Rogers' Wheel Company, Cincinnati, wheels.

A CENTENNIAL Cheese.

Among the many suggestions that have been made in regard to the Philadelphia celebration of '76 that from a New Hampshire man who proposes to make a centennial cheese is the most remarkable. His letter to the commissioners, with the exception of some details which are eliminated, reads as follows: "Dear Sirs: I speak of cheese—cheese in the grandest and most sublime sense of the term; cheese such as the world has never seen; cheese—hundreds of thousands of pounds of it. It shall be an immense plain, the consolidated efforts of every cheese manufacturer in the United States, and will be capable, when laid down upon its side, of accommodating many hundreds of people. Such a cheese as the one I speak of would certainly create astonishment, and would gain for our manufacturers the admiration of the world. I desire space for such a cheese. Can I have it? Answer."

It has been suggested that the cheese would answer a variety of purposes; that it would make an admirable race course, for its circumference would certainly exceed half-a-mile. Its surface would be even and free from dust, and when it had worn through the interior might be scraped out, leaving only its shell, so that windows and entrances might be inserted, and the whole thing might serve the requirements of a restaurant more wonderful than any of those famed out by the Commissioner at Vienna.—*Worcester (Mass.) Spy.*

Variety of Food.

The *Scientific American* is of the opinion that we require variety in our food. It says experience has proved that, for some reason unknown to science, variety is essential to health after reaching the age when we are free to choose our food. The perpetual recurrence of the same edibles, even though their number be considerable, becomes in all periods of life, except infancy, not only wearisome, but positively injurious. Salt pork, salt fish and potatoes, with pies, poor bread and Japan tea, are the staples of food of thousands of families during our long winters. It should be understood how needful a change of diet is from time to time. Fresh vegetables, particularly in the country, are readily obtained and preserved, and should be sparingly used.

The edible roots, as turnips, carrots, onions and beets, and cabbages, are as well worth preserving as the omnipresent potato. All these vegetables need thorough boiling, and more than they generally get.

BUT two establishments in Great Britain make charcoal iron.

## The Creation; According to the Modes.

Mr. Joaquin Miller, in his book entitled *Life Among the Modes*, has given some picturesque sketches of Indian life and traditions. Among much other interesting matter, he tells us that the idea of the creation of the world as it was entertained by the Modes, now verging on extinction in accordance with the demands of modern civilization, was this: The Great Spirit made Mount Shasta first of all. He pushed down snow and ice from the skies through a hole which he made in the blue heavens by turning a stone round and round, till he made this great mountain; then he stepped out of the clouds on to the mountain top, and descended and plucked the trees all around by putting his finger on the ground. The sun melted the snow, and the water ran down and nurtured the trees and made the rivers. After this he made the fish for the rivers out of the small end of his staff. He made the birds by blowing some leaves which he took up from the ground among the trees. After that he made the beasts out of the remainder of his stick, but he made the grizzly bear out of the big end, and made him master over all the others." Having done that, the Great Spirit converted Mount Shasta into a wigwam, and its volcanic eruptions are the outcome of the fire that he lights in the center of the mountain. The development of man was a later occurrence. The daughter of the Great Spirit, venturing too far, got astray and fell into the power of the grizzly bears, and she was forced to marry one of them, and the red men were the fruit of the marriage. These red men were taken under the protection of the Great Spirit; but the grizzlies were punished by being compelled to walk on four feet, whereas before they had walked on two. To this day the grizzly bear is never slain by the red men, who recognize in him a sort of kinsman.

MORMON DOME.

Among the events of the famous Mormon war was the burning of the Nauvoo temple. The structure was burned in the night time, and so successful was the party engaged in its firing that probably he was never suspected. The recent death of the incendiary, however, has removed the necessity of further secrecy, and a day or two ago we were put in possession of his name and the facts connected with the burning of the temple, by the only living person cognizant of them. The temple was fired by Joseph B. Agnew, who recently died in Appanoose township, Hancock county, in Illinois, at the age of 58 years. It was always supposed that the party who burned the building had entered through the basement, but the facts are different. Agnew surreptitiously obtained a key to one of the doors of the temple sometime before the act. No one was engaged with him, and only four knew he was the party. Agnew prepared his fire balls and other combustibles at his residence. Placing them in his saddle bags, he rode on horse-back to Nauvoo, and in the night entered the temple, with his key, passed up the cupola, arranged his materials and fired them, and then quietly escaped the way he came. Our informant, who is a responsible and prominent citizen of the western part of the State, says he can produce the key of the temple which Agnew secured in order to accomplish his work.

Transporting Stock.

The *Turf, Field and Farm* says: Our manner of transporting live animals is so fiendish as to call for prompt reform; and without the real facts are presented for the consideration of the people, there will be no change for the better. In the year 1872, there arrived at the seven cities—Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Providence, and Boston—1,000,324 cattle, 2,032,143 sheep, and 3,465,446 hogs. Estimating the average weight of cattle at 1,200 pounds, and the loss incurred by death in starving, smothering in process of transportation, at 10 per cent., we have a clear sacrifice of 120,038,880 pounds of beef. Placing the shrinkage on hogs and sheep at 15 pounds per head, we find that the loss on 2,332,149 sheep amounts to 35,982,235 pounds; and the loss on 3,465,446 hogs is 51,981,690 pounds. Aside from this, we must bear in mind that a very large per cent. of the cattle, hogs, and sheep slaughtered are absolutely unfit to go into the human stomach. The tricks and inhumanity of the drovers and dealers cause a great waste, and add vastly to the cost of meats. It is full time that the consumer was made acquainted with the facts, in order that the cry for reform may be heard from one end of the land to the other.

A Paris Horror.

A large draper's shop has been burned, and reveals from the death of three shop assistants how the latter are boarded. All modern shops in Paris have the rolling iron shutter, which once let down is locked, the proprietor keeping the key. In the case in question, the assistants, after their supper, made their beds, as usual in such establishments, on the shop floor, the proprietor locking them up as safely as the goods. When the fire broke out there was no exit but by the shutter door. The three young men cried for relief, the proprietor could not be found; the police cut at the iron with hatchets; the voices within grew weaker, then ceased. The inside of the shop was a furnace, and three shriveled—save where lengthened by muscular agony—carbonized masses were all that remained of the poor lads.

A BARK DIES FROM FRIGHT.—The Boston Herald asserts that an *indent* only five days old died from fright in Newburyport, Mass., on Friday last, under the following circumstances: On that evening a very heavy thunder storm prevailed in this vicinity, and at each report of the thunder the babe jumped spasmodically, and gave every evidence of thorough fright possible in so young an infant. At last a terrific clap came, and it died instantly. The lightning struck a house only a few rods distant, but it is not thought that the electricity had any effect upon the child, for it was not felt by any others.

## HUMORS OF THE GRANGE.

The swiftly increasing numerical strength of the farmers' "Granges," or anti-monopoly associations of the "Patrons of Husbandry," in the West, has made it incumbent upon the average politician of that section to assume agricultural pretensions as rapidly as possible. "Hayseed in the pulpit and drilling overall," says the *Indianapolis Sentinel*, "are now the fashionable affectation of him who craves the halcyon of rural idleness." The humor of this style of time-serving is obvious, and an excellent hard turn is to be made, for the politician, in the following supplications: "Blessed be a Modern Politician to his Love!"

The moon is shining on the grange, The winds are hushed, the leaves are still, The patient stars look sadly down, Upon my cot at Shannon Hill. Then come, my horse-handled love, And wander with the dell with me, And gaze at the horizon bar, And listen to his pedagogue.

Once I was in the railroad ring, And now my hands are hard with toil; I've scattered hayseed in my hair, And blacked my boots with horse oil. My city cows have all gone dry, I am no longer in my prime; My day is drawing to its close, And I will soon be milking time.

I think I know a new milking-cow That's just exactly what I need; She's thin from running out to grass, But only wants a change of feed. I'll mix a mash of free-trade bran, Swedish, high taxes, and back pay, And wash her in the halcyon, And feed her till election day.

With one to grasp her by the horns! And one to hold her by the tail! Oh, let me safely sit between, But only fill my milking-pail; And when November's breezes blow, 'Tis time my Yorkshire hogs to kill, I'll wash her in the halcyon, And sigh no more for Shannon Hill!

Humorous.

Why is a captain haranguing his crew an upholsterer? Because he is a deck-orator.

The wild bear is one of the most dreadful animals in nature, except the tame bear.

Love matches are often formed by people who pay for a month of honey with a life of vinegar.

Why is a young lady like a bill of exchange? Because she ought to be settled when she arrives at maturity.

It is suggested that young ladies are so anxious to get husbands because every woman is amiss until she is married.

Who could have been the wretch? Hear him: "The average Massachusetts girls don't want any better facilities for sliding down hill than a codfish with a string through the gills."

A NEW YORK female who read that the Hoosier Tunnel cost \$9,000 per yard said she would have a dress pattern off from that piece if the old man didn't lay up a cent for the next two years.

A MAN in New York went to bed drunk the other night, rolled out and broke his neck; his wife found him dead in the morning. Moral: Shun the flowing bowl—or else take the back side of the bed.







**R. J. BILLINGS**

**HARDWARE.**  
TINWARE,  
And a general assortment of  
**STOVES, IRON AND STEEL**  
*AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,*  
**GLASS, PUTTY,**  
*PAINT AND OILS,*  
**DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, GLASS, &c**

---

And will keep on hand at all times,  
good supply from the first-class manu-

Legislature,  
And  
New Home

A detailed black and white illustration of a small, single-story house. The house has a gabled roof with a chimney on the right side. The front of the house features a small porch with a door and a window. The house is surrounded by a low fence or foundation. The illustration is positioned below the text 'Legislature, And New Home'.

**COOKING STOVES**

He calls especial attention to his stock of

**COOK STOVES, PARLOR STOVES**  
and General House Furnishing Goods,

Also, Horseshoes, Horseshoe Nails, To  
Calks, Blacksmith Coal, Water Lime  
Calcium, Plaster, Plastering Hair.  
Ales Springs Spokes Bent Stuffs

And Everything used by Carriage Makers

---

Have Trunks and SPOUTING put up upon the Shortest Notice and at LOW RATES.

---

A full assortment of Locks, Knobs, and Door Trimmings. Plated Ware and Cutlery of all kinds. Toilet Sets and Jap Ware always on hand. We are prepared to sell at prices as low as any House in Michigan.

---

In all these departments he is prepared to offer special inducements to

**Cash Customers.**  
Please call and examine my Stock  
before purchasing elsewhere.  
*Store: South Side of Liberty St*  
Chelsea, January 9, 1873.

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**ANN ARBOR TEA**

ARE NOW R

# Fall Stock o

We have the L

**FIRST CLASS**

TO BE FOUR

**ENGLISH BODY BR**  
Tapestry Brussels, Super E  
**MEDIUM SUPER**  
**VERY CHEA**

NOVEL AND ELEGANT  
**Dress Good**  
ARE ARRIVING

The backwardness of the se  
in New York during the last 15  
will enable us to give to all of o

**Profit of 20**

**EVERY LADY SHOULD I**  
**LINE OF DRESS GO**

PLATED WARE,  
TABLE AND  
POCKET CUTLERY  
&c., &c., &c.

---

The best goods and the lowest price  
and the largest and finest assortment  
WASHTENAW COUNTY.

Call and see us before buying elsewhere, and you will save money by doing.

Repairing of WATCHES, CLOCKS and JEWELRY, executed promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

**C. BLISS & SONS,**  
No. 11 South Main Street,  
**ANN ARBOR.**  
Ann Arbor, Mich., Aug. 28, 1873.

Don't believe the report that  
**J. N. Priestor,**  
 Merchant Tailor  
 is dead. He still lives  
 and gives just as good  
 a fit as ever.

**HE—**  
**ING ASSOCIATION**  
**RECEIVING THEIR**  
**f New Goods**

—o—

Largest Assortment of

**S CARPETING**

ND IN THIS CITY.

**RUSSELS, at \$2.00 Per Year**  
**Extra Lowell and Hartford; also**  
**ts, which we will sell**  
**AP FOR CASH.**  
 —0—

NT ADDITIONS TO TI  
s - Department  
ING EVERY DAY.  
—o—  
season having caused a very large de  
days, in the prices of DRESS FABR  
our customers, a

or 25 Per Cent.  
INSPECT THEM. A HANDSOM  
GOODS WAS NEVER BROUGHT  
THAN WE ARE NOW  
AT EXTREMELY  
ES FOR CASE  
goods within the reach of all who

for past favors, and hope to sell you the  
 advantage of those who favor us

**G. W. HAYS, Supd**  
 1, 1873.



