

The New Year's eve,
And o'er the earth
Falls softly the sweet moonshine,
While on the air
With cadence rare
Floats out the church bells chime,
A mantle white
Of virgin snow
Is lying o'er nature's face,
A hush and a tear
For the dear old year
That passes, and lo! its place
Another takes.
To-night will see
The birth of the glad New Year.
Let us laugh and weep
As a vigil we keep
Of the going and coming good cheer.

The One Who has Gone Astray.

The day had been full of blessing,
And mercy had kept his way;
But far in the gloom are passing
The feet which have gone astray.

There are shelter and joy before thee
Thou shalt find rest as a child;
The angels of God are o'er thee
But the soul in the wild!

Turn, turn from thy calm sweet vision,
And tenderly kneel and pray;
"God, watch from the heights Elysian
The one who has gone astray!"

—Demorest's.

Caught on the Drop.

He packed his valise in his bedroom
Then carefully raised the sash,
And attached to the wall with handle
The end of a long whip-lash.

Softly he lowered the treasure,
And thought how the landlord would sweat
When he arose in the morning
And found that his man wasn't there.

Slowly the valise descended
Into the darkness of night,
When the voice of the landlord shouted,
"Let go! I've got it all right!"

—Brooklyn Bee.

CONVINCED.

BY E. C. LYNNE.

And I suppose, Rose, you would say
There were refinement of feeling and
genuine sensibility in the Irish washer-
woman and the coarse sailors, with
their rough hands, coarse clothes, and
coarser language?" queried my fastid-
ious young friend, Annie Clavers.

"Certainly," replied I. "Not accord-
ing to your ideas of refinement, I will
admit, but real refinement of feeling,
such as springs spontaneously from the
heart. It may not manifest itself in
elegance of language or gracefulness of
manner, but comes, when most need-
ed, in kindly deeds. Not that I think
it is to be found equally in kind or
degree in all persons; but I do think
it is not confined to any station in life,
nor dependent upon one's surroundings,
but that it may well up as pure from
the humblest as from those surrounded
by every elegance."

"Well, I do think you are perfectly
absurd, and I am thankful I am in no
danger of imbibing your ideas," was
the rather uncomplimentary reply of
Annie, with a shrug of her delicate
shoulders.

We were ascending a hill in our walk,
and were both too much out of breath
to pursue the conversation further.
We seated ourselves upon a mossy
stone, a little aside from the road, and
forgot the subject in question in ad-
miration of the sea view on our right.
The weather was variable; dim clouds
were chasing each other, driven by
faint winds across the sun's path, and
he repaid the insult with his fiercest
beams as soon as they were passed.

Far out to sea the white waves were
dashing with their crested foam, and
nearer in shore the sea-gulls were play-
ing upon the billows.

But to turn to Annie. She was the
pet and spoiled child of her uncle Ed-
ward Hutton's whole household—the
only child of his youngest sister, who
died when Annie was but two years
old, worn out by grief for the death of
her husband a few months previous.
Annie was thus left heirless to a large
fortune; and, having her mother's
beauty and winning ways, and her fa-
ther's intellectual gifts, she was in a
fair way to be spoiled. At home her
slightest suggestion was obeyed, and
at school her reputed wealth, ready
wit, superior scholarship, and real kind-
ness of heart gave her the ascendancy
entirely. Surrounded thus by flatter-
ers and all the allurements of wealth,
she fell into the error of thinking that
refinement and delicacy, gentleness of
feeling as well as of manners, were en-
tirely dependent upon wealth and sta-
tion, and inseparable from them.

"Look," said Annie, "what kind of
an affair is that coming up the hill?"
I looked in the direction designated by
her, and saw a man approaching with
something in his arms, that, by the care
with which he carried it, he evidently
considered something very precious.
He shaded his burden by an umbrella
which he held, not seeming to notice
that the sun was streaming into his
own face through the broken rim of his
hat. He ascended the hill, and
paused to rest beneath a wide-spreading
elm but a few yards from us, though
we were hidden from him. Annie's
curiosity was aroused, and she peered
earnestly through the foliage to discover
what his precious burden might be.

"As true as you live," exclaimed An-
nie, in a whisper, "it is a baby—a real,
live baby; and he must have stolen it.
What a monster!"

She was partly right; it was a young
child, a pretty, delicate one, too. And
how came he by it? The wrappings
were fine and nice; though its cloak
was of rather a tropical hue. The lit-
tle hood which covered its head was of
white satin, lined with sea-shell pink,
but protected on the outside by a red
cotton handkerchief, which he care-
fully removed as soon as he was seated.
Annie, in her eagerness to see, had not
noticed that she was leaning against a
dead limb; but it was snapped in
twain with a loud noise, and discovered
to him our proximity.

"We immediately stepped out from
our retreat, and he greeted us with a
do of his rimless hat, and a "good day
to ye, ladies!"

The words awoke the baby, and it
looked round, with its pretty brown
eyes wide open; and, half frightened
at the sight of strange faces, was about
to cry, but she looked up into the au-
thor's face, and, putting her tiny fingers
into his coarse whiskers, felt perfectly
safe. "Can you tell me where I can
get some milk for the wee one, miss?"
asked he of Annie, producing a bottle
partly filled with milk, out of which he
poured some into a cup and gave it to
the babe to drink; she drank it slowly,
not hungrily, but as if its wants were
well attended to.

We told him we would furnish him
with milk as soon as he was ready to
proceed.

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NO. 16.

Judge Hilton and the Hebrews.

OTHER FACTS AND FANCIES.

Special Correspondence Society News.

Judge Hilton seems destined to gain
an unenviable notoriety in whatever
he undertakes. Since his ill-starred ac-
tion relative to refusing the admission
of Jews at a certain hotel in Saratoga
not a decade ago, the fate, those
three spiteful old women when once
roused, seem to have conspired to work
his entire confusion. In his particular
case they seem to be represented—one
as the Saratoga hotel affair, the other
that hydra-headed nightmare, the Wo-
man's Hotel—his second venture, and
the third and last, the offer of a gift to
Mount Sinai Hospital of \$10,000. If the
Judge is gifted in other ways, he seems
to be pre-eminently so in discovering
ways and means, new (and expensive)
under the sun, of raising people's an-
tagonisms. It would seem that he means
to add insult to injury and injury to
insult by his last move, which, though
perhaps well-meant, does not seem to
be exactly considered so by that high-
spirited and well-regulated, though oft-
slandered nation, who are most vitally
concerned therein.

At a meeting held of the Board of
Directors of the Mount Sinai Hospital,
yesterday, there was an animated and
exciting debate on the subject of ac-
cepting or rejecting the donation above
spoken of. Some of the younger and
more impetuous members of the board
advocated the acceptance of the gift in
a letter of declination which the Sec-
retary has been instructed to forward to
Judge Hilton this morning, while the
older and more deliberative counseled
moderation of terms, and a few ad-
vocated the idea of ignoring the offer al-
together as something it was beneath
their dignity to explain.

Soon after the members assembled, a
resolution was introduced declining the
donation. It was a pretty strong and
decisive one, and there was consid-
erable discussion over various
amendments. The resolution of rejec-
tion was passed, however, and the Sec-
retary was given instructions as to the
terms of his note to Judge Hilton this
morning. Indeed, as the tenor of the
note appeared to be very familiar to
the members of the board, it may be
inferred that a form of letter was
drawn up, and passed upon. A sub-
scription was also circulated among
the members to make up to the hospi-
tal, out of their own pockets, an
amount equal to the donation they felt
bound to reject. President Hallgar-
ter gave \$100, and when the meeting
was over, it was found that the whole
sum had been guaranteed.

No doubt to-day Judge has re-
ceived the letter and ere to-morrow's
sun, it will be in the hands of the re-
porter. Between the Jews and the
women the poor Judge will no doubt
wear weary of the fight. Time, how-
ever, will tell how it all comes out.

Christmas is so near at hand that I
can scarcely keep my truant eyes on
the paper, so often do they turn to the
bright panorama passing beneath my
window along Broadway. I write you
thus early this week knowing too well
that should I wait too long in the
hurry of Christmas doing, I might be
too late. Now that the Min-
nie Hank affair is assuming a little
more "composed" appearance Kate
Claxton, perhaps Michigan people have
heard of her—but I must stop to tell
that lest a long suffering paper fall
upon and read me, should I ever ven-
ture within the precincts of Detroit.

Any way yesterday the Manager
of the Lyceum Theatre where the
"Double Marriage" is performing, re-
ceived and handed to Miss Claxton the
following note which partly explains
itself.

Proprietor, Manager or any other per-
son in charge of Lyceum Theatre.
Sir: Complaint has been made to
this society that in the play known as
"Double Marriage," now being per-
formed at above mentioned theatre, a
very young infant is used in a manner
to endanger its life and health; that it
is very roughly thrown about and is
evidently kept under the influence of
some drug to prevent its crying. As
is usual in such cases, we respectfully
call your attention to the allegations
made, and would also suggest that for
all purposes of the play a "dummy"
could as well be used, thereby giving
no cause for complaint. Trusting, in
your well-known courtesy to remedy
the evil, I am, very respectfully,

E. FELLOWS JENKINS,
Superintendent and Secretary.
New York, December 23.

The child is brought on in the third
act, and is remarkably quiet during
the whole time on the stage. It is a
boy and his name is Joseph Kraus, and
he is three months old. His parents
are poor, and the child's salary, which
is \$10 a week, is no doubt a great help
to them. The child is very healthy,
and is a great pet with all the troupe.

Miss Claxton herself says the child is
given no drug whatever, and that she
thinks when the matter is explained to
the society, no reason will be found to
interfere.

Below my window as I write, despite
the cold weather, stand two boys with
harp and violin, no doubt prospecting
where will be the most profitable place
to "start a tune." I dodge out of sight
lest they commence on me, but alas! I
am too late. The animating strains of
a Strauss waltz float out on the air,
shivering with cold, but the music-in-
voking gods in embryo look so horribly
blue and chilled, that I am constrained
to go out and tempt them with a nickel
apiece to move on. My munificence
overcame their scruples, and as I look
at their vanishing backs, one of which
is ornamented by a black patch on grey,
I rejoice that I am not a poor musician.

A wealthy newspaper let-ter-writer. Happy
conclusion. CURRIER.

A LITTLE COSY NOOK SOMEWHERE.
—A little cosy nook somewhere to keep
ones mind on the bright side of life.
A home which belongs to one and
which one belongs to, whether it be of
luxury or plain and unpretending,
makes life more bright and brings
heaven to earth, or earth to heaven; if
you like it best so. Make yourself a
home somewhere, then, to anchor your
heart to in all joys as well as sor-
rows you will be safe therein.

A little girl asked the parson if he
thought her father would go to heav-
en.

"Why do you ask?" replied the par-
son.

"Because, if he don't have his own
way, here he won't stay there long,"
she responded.

Fun is worth more than physic; and
whoever invents or discovers a public
benefactor.

"Jane," said her father, "I thought
you hated stringy people and yet your
young man—" "Why, pa, who says he
is stringy?" "Oh, nobody," replied pa;
"only I could see that he was a little
ear as I passed through the room."

"Oh, granny!" cried little Tommy
at the top of his voice, "I just seen the big-
gest ant!" It couldn't begin to get in-
ter that door. Granny was duly ex-
cited, but not so much when Johnny
told her it was an elephant.

Fun is worth more than physic; and
whoever invents or discovers a public
benefactor.

Preached the Wrong Sermon.

A short time back a vicar preached a
sermon in his own pulpit which rather
startled his congregation. He was ex-
tremely severe upon the people who
misbehaved themselves by laughing in
church. So particular and apparently
personal were his remarks that after
church-time it became a question with
the congregation as to who were the
delinquents. Several young ladies of
known "giggling" powers were men-
tioned, and the whole congregation
were in a state of wonder. A gentle-
man meeting the reverend gentleman a
few days afterward, said: "Vicar, who
are the people you administered so hot a
rebuke to last Sunday?" Have any of
your lady friends been "giggling?"

"No one, my friend," responded the vicar, "the fact
is—in your ear—the fact is I was as
much surprised as the congregation ap-
pears to have been, for I preached
that sermon by mistake! When I left
my study to go to church on Sunday I
took a sermon from a number at hand,
and it proved to be the wrong one.
But," continued the vicar, "I don't
think it will do any harm."—*Boston
Courier.*

Unity in Nature.

Wonders will never cease, and the
power of the human mind to unlock the
hidden secrets of nature seems scarce-
ly to have a limit.

When the comparatively modern
doctrine of the correlation of the forces
was first broached and afterwards sat-
isfactorily demonstrated, we were in-
deed startled, for it upset all our for-
mer ideas in regard to what was con-
sidered imponderable matter and revo-
lutionized thought in the field of phys-
ics.

The photograph at first seemed little
less than miraculous when a complica-
ted portrait of nature was wrought
out before us as the instantaneous
work of the sun. The railroad and
telegraph in a great degree abolished
space and time, bringing together
points that were remote. The telephone
made this still more manifest by en-
abling us to converse with those who
were miles away. Then came Edison
with his electric light which seems
destined to supplant all others. And
now comes Miss Hosmer and several
others who claim that they have made
discoveries in regard to the use of the
magnet, through which they will be
able to supply a new motive-power
which will revolutionize the working
of machinery, the power being drawn
from that great magnet, the earth.

When these little markings witness-
ed in the solar spectrum which were
known to us as the lines of Fraunhofer
gave a clue to facts which were
developed into the science of spectro-
scopy, revealing to us the existence of
bodies so infinitesimal in amount as
to be beyond the reach of chemical
analysis enabling us also to determine
the elements existing in the atmos-
phere of the sun and stars that we
almost infinitely remote. When these
discoveries were first made, our aston-
ishment knew no bounds.

And now we are again startled by a
discovery of overwhelming interest
and importance which Prof. Lockyer
F. R. S. claims to have made through
the aid of the spectroscopy in regard to
the composition of matter. He asserts
that he has demonstrated through this
instrument, that even as we had already
discovered the unity of all the forces
in nature and their mutual converti-
bility, so he has been able to demon-
strate the fact that instead of their
being between sixty and seventy ele-
mentary substances as taught by medi-
cal chemistry, that there are really
but one element, or kind of matter, and
that these sixty odd so called elements
are either compounds which science
has hitherto been unable to unlock, or
that the seeming difference is simply a
change in the atomic or molecular
arrangement of what is radically and
essentially the same.

It is but a short time since light, heat,
electricity, magnetism, etc., were re-
garded as radically distinct, but we now
consider them as essentially one but
manifested to us in different modes
or under different phases, and capable
of being converted into each other.

And now Prof. Lockyer declares that
all matter is essentially an unit
also, and that the different forms which
are presented to us in nature under
the heads of gold, copper, iron, oxygen,
calcium, etc., numbering between sixty
and seventy, are fundamentally one
and the same, and that they, like the
different modes of force are suscep-
tible of being converted into each
other. This he claims he has proven
by the aid of the spectroscopy, that he
has converted copper into calcium also
throughout nearly, if not the entire
series of so called elementary bodies.
What a strange thing it would be if it
of our old ideas of chemistry were
changed, as they have in the science
demonstrated to us that gold and
silver, carbon and oxygen, potassium
and sulphur are radically the same,
varying only in their modes of mani-
festation.

Although never before absolutely
demonstrated, nevertheless the truth
of the unity of matter has long been
suspected, and the simple element from
which all others are supposed to have
been built is believed to correspond
to the half of hydrogen from the fact
that the atomic equivalent of all other
bodies is a multiple of the half of hy-
drogen. The theory is, that matter in
a state of extreme sublimation or dif-
fusion corresponds to an element rep-
resented by a part of hydrogen and
that the different elements witnessed
upon our earth are but modes in which
this one simple substance is present-
ed to us, growing out of atomic or mo-
lecular change, through condensation.

This view is partially confirmed by
spectroscopic observations of the dif-
ferent nebular and stellar masses, those
that are the most rarified showing
nothing but hydrogen in their composi-
tion, the number of elements in in-
creasing proportion to the degree of
condensation which has been attained.
This realization of the dreams of the
old alchemists must be regarded as
one of the most wonderful and inter-
esting discoveries of the age. Having
resolved all the modes of force into one,
and having shown that all matter is
essentially an unit, perhaps the next
step will be to demonstrate what may
have long suspected, viz, that the sub-
stratum of the universe fundamentally
expressed as matter and force, must be
regarded as essentially an unit, and
that we may be obliged to adopt the
view which some have entertained
that what we look upon as mat-
ter must be regarded as centres from
which expressions of force emanate,
thus reducing all nature to unity.

One of two conclusions we shall be
obliged to accept, either the views ad-
vanced by Prof. Lockyer must be re-
garded as correct, or the science of
spectroscopy must fall to the ground
and be regarded as unreliable and hav-
ing its foundation in error, which lat-
ter conclusion it would be much more
difficult to accept than to believe that
he has discovered a great truth which
though long suspected, no one has heret-
ofore been able to demonstrate, in
which latter case, we can no longer

Frederick—"Why art thou, darling,
like Venuth?"—Angelina—"Why,
Fred, what a funny question. I don't
know."—Frederick—"Because, darling
—because you are a sweet myth."—
They killed.—*Boston Transcript.*

Milton says: "That is a complete
and generous education which fits a
man to perform justly, skillfully, and
magnanimously all the offices, both
private and public, of peace and war."

There are some superstitious observ-
ances in Syria which are strictly ad-
hered to by the peasants employed in
rearing the silk worm. When the eggs
are first hatched, the peasant's wife
rises very early in the morning, and
creeping stealthily to the master's
house, hangs a piece of wet clay against
the door. If the clay adheres it is a
sign that there will be a good silk har-
vest; if it does not stick the contrary
will be expected. During the whole
time the worms are being reared no
one but the peasants themselves are
permitted to enter the shack or hut,
and when the worms give notice that
they are about to form the cocoons the
door is locked and the key handed to
the proprietor of the plantation. After
a sufficient time has elapsed and the
cocoons are supposed to be well
and strongly formed the proprietor,
followed by the peasants, marches in a
kind of procession up to the huts, and
first dispensing a few presents among
them and hoping for good, to which
they all reply, "Inshallah! Inshallah!
Please God! Please God!" the key is
turned, the doors thrown wide open
and the cocoons are detached from the
battens of cane mats and prepared
for reeling the next day.

Willhelm is coming. Before the season
is over, no doubt Detroiters will
have an opportunity to listen to this
great violinist. How his career was
decided as a musician we give below
in his own words. "While I was go-
ing to school to a Professor Lex, since
I was asked to play at a benefit
concert given in Wiesbaden. Of course
I was delighted with such a compli-
ment to my skill, for I was an amateur
performer then; so I begged the Pro-
fessor to excuse me from my school
duties for a day or two, but he replied:
'Impossible; if I permit this thing once,
then by and by every one of my pupils
may ask to be excused on some similar
plea.' This incensed my father, who
said: 'As if every Tom, Dick and
Harry, among boys fifteen and sixteen
years old, is likely to ask to be excused
from school duties to play Spohr's
Ninth Concerto on the violin in public!'
Yes, my father was so indignant that
he immediately removed me from
school, where I was preparing to study
law, and finding that I played with
some success at the benefit concert, he
decided then and there to make a
musician of me."

Gutenberg's Death.

A curious old manuscript, containing,
strange to say, an allusion to the
death of the great inventor of printing,
Gutenberg, has recently, according to
the German journals, been found in
that wonderful storehouse of ancient
German art, the Walraf Museum at
Cologne. This manuscript contains the
poems, written in Latin, of a certain
Jan Butzbach, who speaks in one of
his "recent inventions by means of which
the works of the ancient writers can be
rapidly multiplied," adding that this
"invention had proved fatal to the
discoverer, for a band of malefactors
had entered his house, borne him away
in a carriage, and then cut his throat."

The moral that the wise medieval poet
derives from this circumstance is that
"the love of gain is often the cause of
our ruin." The poem is dated 1514, and
is composed of two thousand verses.

Marriage Fees.

An honest-faced stranger called on
Squire Jones not long since and asked
what his fee was for joining a couple
in marriage.

"The fee is two dollars if you come
here," said the justice.

"Let's see," mused the youth as he
pulled out his money, there's three dol-
lars for a bedstead, eight dollars for a
second-hand stove, two dollars for dis-
hes, two dollars to run the house on,
and—that's every blamed cent!"

"So you are short?" queried the
Squire.

"That's my pile," said the young man;
"but I'll knock the two dollars off for
dishes and give it to you, for I'm
bound to be harassed by my girl this
week if we have to bile taters in the
tea-pot!"—*Ind. Sun.*

It is not the plenty of meat that
nourishes, but good digestion; neither
is it abundance of wealth that makes
us happy, but the discreet use of it.

We learn wisdom from failure more
than from success; we often discover
what will do by finding out what will
not do; and he who never made a
mistake, never made a discovery.

We have just enough religion to
make us hate, but not enough to make
us love one another.

"How old is your babe?" asked An-
nie.

"I don't know, miss, and the baby is
not mine. The story is a sad one. You
see, I've sailed with Captain Lind a
long time; and the last voyage he took
his wife out to sea. She'd been before,
but this was the last time. She was a
real lady, too, as pretty and as delicate
as one of them lillies that used to grow
in the pond up by our school-house
when I was a boy. And she was just
the kindest body, too; always spoke so
sweetly to us sailors when she came up
on-deck, and she came up always when
the weather was fine."

And he hastily brushed a tear from
his eye.

"Well, there came a storm, and we
had to work pretty hard, but that we
were all willing to, for there nev-
er was a better man sailed a ship than
Captain Lind. Well, well," said he
choking down the sobs, "I can't tell
you all about it, but we had to take to
the boats. The captain and some of
the crew were in one boat, and I was
just going to give him the little one,
when a wave swept over, and I never
saw them again. To make a short
story, we—that is, the baby and I—were
picked up and carried into port, for you
see, I hadn't let go of the little one.
I thought after I'd got ashore I'd go
and see my old messmate Jim Sands,
and may be he'd lend a helping hand—
let me have some money to carry the
wee one to Captain Lind's sister. I'd
heard the captain tell where she lived,
and I knew it was a long bit. But
when I found Jim, poor fellow, he'd
just buried his mother, his only friend,
and his heart was broke nigh about.
Besides, he'd been sick a long while,
and his money was enymost gone; though
he had a little left that he wanted me
to take, but I couldn't have took it if
it hadn't been for the baby. Well, I
thought I'd go in the cars as far as
far as the money would carry me; but
you see, the baby had no bonnet, only
this handkerchief one of the sailors
gave me, and no cloak neither; and I
couldn't let Mrs. Lind's baby go so,
and I thought I'd buy it them ere
things, and only save money to buy it
something to eat by the way, and so
walk. And people have been very
good to give us a night's lodging and
a bit of supper. I didn't know before
how good land-folks were."

The tears had been standing in An-
nie's eyes, and now she coaxed the
little one to us, won more by the tears
than the tempting bonbons she offered
to it; and we took turns in carrying
her to the house, where the wants of
both the child and the sailor were well
supplied.

Upon inquiry we found the residence
of Captain Lind's sister was upon the
line of the railroad, directly from our
place. We would not detain him long;
and when he departed, Annie placed in
his hand a heavy purse, telling him
there was a little to pay the way to the
child's aunt, and return Jim Sands's
loan.

Anna Carolla.

A STORY SUGGESTIVE OF THE BROOK-
LYN THEATRE FIRE.

A group of girls stood at the stage-
door of the Grand Opera House, in Vi-
cinity talking or exchanging words with
the other employees who passed in,
keeping the while a sharp lookout for
the manager. One of these chorus-
singers, a young and beautiful Italian
girl, standing just within the extreme
entrance, with her mantle wrapped
close about her throat, suddenly re-
marked:

"We must sing our best to-night, for
the Emperor is coming."

"Is he? how do you know? who told
you, Anna Carolla?"

"One of the band," answered Anna
Carolla, quietly. "Carl Rosenfeldt.
There he comes with his violin."

With some others of the opera band
there approached a tall, handsome
young Hungarian, who paused to an-
swer the girl's eager inquiry. "Had
he said the Emperor was coming?"

"Yes; the Imperial Guards have
just passed by to take up their place at
the grand entrance. The house will be
crowded."

Then, passing inside, he stooped to
whisper to Anna Carolla, with a smile
in his deep blue eyes. "Anna, I lead
the violins to-night—Stendhal is ill."

She put her hand in his, with the
sweet, perfect trust of one who knows
she is loved.

"I am sorry for him; but for you,
Carl, my heart must be glad."

"Here they come, together!" cried a
girl outside. "The manager and chief
orchestra. Away!"

The new leader of the band hurried
away as the chorus trooped in, and
Anna Carolla followed them into their
dressing-room. There she soon donned
her stage dress, and slipped away to
watch the house filling, and, above all,
to hear every note of the exquisite
overture to "Oberon."

How fast every place was filling
from floor to gallery! The auditorium
was one blaze of splendor; and as she
gazed, the poor, friendless chorus-singer—
whose dramatic talent and splen-
did voice ought, if she had only the
fortune to get the first lift, to place her
high in the lyric stage—wondered sadly
if such chance would ever come to her;
if not, Carl's father would never con-
quer, she answered. Carl Rosenfeldt,
whose whole rose as the Emperor en-
tered his box, splendidly dressed, glitter-
ing with jewels of rarest value, which
dashed a proud and left with his usual
bowled rigidity. Then the band struck
up the overture, and with the last bar
the curtain drew up.

Fitting here and there during the
performance, with eyes and ears for
everything, the manager noticed the
Imperial visitor indicating to a gentle-
man beside him some one in the cho-
rus. It was Anna Carolla, whose rich
beauty had attracted his eye, whose
rich voice his ear had caught above
and through all the others.

The first act went splendidly, and
the second act soon commenced; but

date had decreed that it should never
be played out that night. Half way
through, as the manager, pleased and
complacent, was quietly standing back
in one of the wings, he suddenly felt
his arm grasped, and turned sharply to
see Anna Carolla's lovely face, so full

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.

Legal Printing.—Persons having legal advertising to do, should remember that it is not necessary that it should be published in the county seat—any paper published in the county will answer. In all matters transpiring in this vicinity, the interest of the advertisers will be better served, by having the notices published in their home paper, than to take them to a paper that is not as generally read in their vicinity, besides it is the duty of every one to support home institutions as much as possible.

CHELSEA HERALD.

CHELSEA, JAN. 2, 1879.

The Clawson Wheat.

There has been much said and written about the Clawson wheat. There seems to be a great desire to know the exact facts about this wheat. It appears to us that Mr. Chamberlain, of Summit county, O., sums up the reports in the best manner for the Country Gentleman. He says:

First, the yield, I think, is without question higher on the average than that of any other variety. From all parts of the country come well authenticated reports of its yielding this year from forty all the way up to sixty bushels an acre. My own yield, by actual measurement, was over 46½ bushels per acre on ten acres, and on three acres it was a trifle over 60 bushels per acre. When sown side by side with other wheat it surpasses all, so far as I have seen accurate reports, except the Fultz, and surpasses that, except in one case where both gave the moderate yield (for Clawson) of 30 bushels per acre. And I have seen no records of the Fultz as high as many of the best reported yields of Clawson. In my own field last year beat the Treadwell ten bushels per acre, both having equal chance.

Second, the quality. It has a splendid large, white berry, but does not harden up so soon after cutting as many kinds of wheat, and hence does not grind so well at first. But it seasons well either in the mow or granary, or in the flour after grinding. Last year I had my year's flour ground and put in sacks immediately after harvest and threshing. At first the bread was not so light nor so white as that from the best flour we had been buying. But it improved each week, and by December the bread was fit to set before a king. This year the flour on grinding seemed not so white and light in the bread at first, and so we mixed it two parts Clawson and one part red wheat, and have splendid bread. The chemical analysis, if I remember, shows that the Clawson lacks in gluten, which most of the red wheats have in abundance. A miller told me that, mixed, they made better flour than either taken separately.

So much from personal knowledge of the Clawson here. Now for a bit of its history elsewhere, and of a few other fruits and vegetables that like the Clawson have shown enormous yields.

Two years ago the Michigan Miller's Association pronounced against it, and graded it below No. 2 red wheat. Now it bears the highest price there, as stated by your correspondent a few days ago. A year ago the New York millers also pronounced against it, and tried to buy it at price of No. 2 red. Now, as stated by your correspondent two or three days ago, it bears the highest price in New York State too. This year the Indiana buyers followed suit, and said it didn't grind well in Indiana and Ohio, but was prime in Kentucky and Tennessee, &c., and our Ohio leading millers put down the price ten cents or more below No. 1 white wheat. But already I learn as they become acquainted with the wheat, and it gets seasoned, they change their minds, and pay within two cents of the highest price.

Now, there has been the same cry against many of the best fruits and vegetables. The Wilson strawberry, the Lawton blackberry, the Concord grape, and even the Baldwin apple, were all at first pronounced coarse and unfit to eat. But they proved themselves hardy and very productive, and so the people would raise them, and would eat them with a relish in spite of eulogies and connoisseurs who said they were unfit for an educated palate. And the

grapes and berries and fruits and grains that are puny and need watching and nursing are forgotten, while these hardy and productive and really good ones yearly grow in favor. For, as Gail Hamilton somewhat wittily remarks, "A beet that will grow is better than a cedar of Lebanon that won't grow."—Ez.

Backwoods Courting.

He sat on the one side of the room in a big white oak-rocking-chair. A long-eared deer-headed snapping at flies was by his side; a basket of sewing by hers. Both rocked incessantly—that is, the young people—not the dog and the basket. He sighs heavily and looks out of the west window at a crape myrtle tree; she sighs lightly, and gazes out of the east window—at a turnip patch. At last he remarks:

"This is mighty good weather to pick cotton."

"Tis that—if we had any to pick."

The rocking continues.

"What's your dog's name?"

"Coony."

Another sigh-broken stillness.

"What is he good for?"

"What is he good for?" said she, abstractedly.

"Your dog, Coony."

"Eur ketchin' possums."

Silence of half an hour.

"He looks like a deer dog."

"Who looks like a deer dog?"

"Coony."

"He is—but he's kinder bellowed, and gettin' old an' slow now. An' he ain't no 'count on a cold trail."

In the quiet ten minutes that ensued she took two stitches in her quilt; it was a gorgeous affair; that quilt was made by the pattern called "Rose of Sharon." She is very particular about the nomenclature of her quilt, and frequently walks fifteen miles to get a new pattern with a "real purty name."

"Your ma raisin' many chickens?"

"Forty odd."

Then more rocking, and somehow after a while the big rocking-chair and the little rocking-chair were jammed side by side. I don't know how it happened. It may have been caused by some peculiarity in the floor, or by the natural magnetic attraction one chair had for the other; but strange to say the basket of work had followed the little chair, and the little chair had traveled as fast as the big one. Coony had not moved. He lay in the same place sound asleep, and he was talking in his sleep, that is, giving faint, irregular barks at the possums he beheld in his dreams. After a while the conversation was resumed.

"How many has your ma got?"

"How many what?"

"Chickens."

"Nigh on to a hundred."

By this time the chairs were so close together that rocking was impossible.

"The mink has eat most of ours."

Then a long silence reigns. At last he observes:

"Makin' quilts?"

"Yes," she replies, brightening up.

"I've just finished a 'Roarin' Eagle of Brazeel,' a 'Sittin' Sun,' and a 'Nation's Pride.' Have you ever saw the 'Yellow Rose on the Parry'?"

"No."

More silence, then he says:

"Do you like cabbage?"

"I do that."

Presently his hand is accidentally placed on hers. She does not know it; at least does not seem to be aware of it. After a half-hour spent in sighing, coughing and clearing of throats, he suddenly says:

"I've a great mind to bite you."

"What you great a-mind to bite me for?"

"Kase you won't have me."

"Kase you ain't axed me."

"Well, now ax you."

"Then, now I has you."

Then Coony dreams he hears a sound of kissing.

Then the next day the young man goes to Tigerville after a marriage license. Wednesday the following week. No cards.

A patent who claimed the right to educate his own children, sent the following to a school board in England recently: "Gentlemen, I am at a loss to know why the school board officer is so desirous of having my child educated. It is my only wish to make them cholars. There is plenty of street Arabes to look after without annoying me so much. Yours, and so forth, The Jentlemen Chool Bord."

"This country," remarked a traveler in North-western Iowa, "settles up very rapidly." "Y-a-a-s," replied the native, nervously watching the movements of a constable on the other side of the field. "Settles up a big sight faster than the people do."

HOLMES & PARKER'S DOUBLE COLUMN.

HOLIDAYS!!

ARE COMING; BUT

Holmes & Parker,

Are here first, with a full stock of goods, suitable for Holiday Presents—at first look at our **Five cent Counter**, which is loaded with "Five Hundred Dollars worth of Goods," bought expressly for the Holiday Trade. It would be impossible for us to mention articles—all we can say—is to come in and see for yourself. It is astonishing to see the Goods that we can offer for **Five cents**.

Ladies' and Gents' Silk

HANDKERCHIEFS,

COLLARS & CUFFS,

NECKTIES,

KID GLOVES,

FANCY SLIPPERS,

ESPECIALLY FOR THE HOLIDAY TRADE.

Ladies' Mink Furs,
"Alaska Mink Furs,
"Impt. Seal Furs,
"Fur Caps,
Children's Furs,
"Fur Caps.

Cashmeres.

Cashmere twills, 17 cents per yard, old price 25 cents. Black, Brown, and Navy Blue Cashmere, at 45, 70, 75, 80, 90 and \$1, per yard. Our Black Cashmere is 47 inches wide at \$1, is a decided bargain.

Flannels & Sheetings.

Cotton Flannels reduced 2½ cents per yard. Our 84 cent Brown Sheetings, reduced to 64 cents by piece only. We wish to call especial attention to our prices on all Brown Sheetings—we will certainly save you money. Bleached Cottons at greatly reduced prices.

Crockery & Lamps.

Our Crockery and Glass-ware stock, including Lamps and Fixtures, is full and complete, and we guarantee Bottom Prices.

Boots, Shoes & Rubber Goods.

In Boots and Shoes we have a full line of Jack Richardson's Boots, which have proved to be the best Boots in the market. Pinegee & Smith's fine Shoes sold only by us. Every pair warranted. Our stock of Rubber Goods is full and complete, and our prices low. Our P. D. & P. Rubber Boot has proved to be the best Boot sold. Every pair warranted—sold only by us.

Clothing.

We are offering our immense stock of Clothing at great reduced prices as we would rather have the money than the goods. Our Over-Coats at actual Cost. We are also sole Agents in Chelsea, for Orr's pantaloons. Overall, which are the best Overall made. Hundreds will testify to what we say.

Hats & Caps.

Full stock of Hats and Caps—remember we buy and sell sample Hats, and are able to sell at actual wholesale prices.

Groceries.

Our stock of Groceries is full. Best N. O. Molasses, 65 cents, and good Molasses at 45 cents. 3 lbs. Raisins for 25 cents. 3½ lbs. Crackers for 25 cents. 3 lbs. Starch for 25 cents.

YOURS RESPECTFULLY,

HOLMES & PARKER.

CHELSEA, MICH.

v8-12-y

GREAT INDUCEMENTS

At Gilbert & Crowell's,

A large stock of

BOOTS & SHOES

Which we offer at low prices. Also a full stock of

GROCERIES

AND

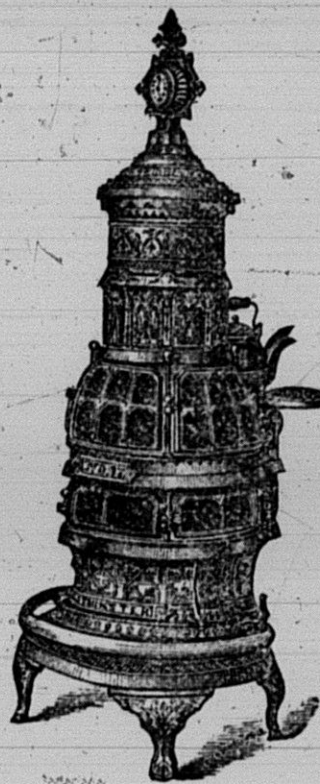
PROVISIONS.

We sell

HOYLAND'S UNADILLA FLOUR.

Goods delivered to any part of the village
CHELSEA, Oct. 11, 1877. 6-28

STOVES!!



STOVES.

The undersigned wish to inform the citizens of Chelsea and surrounding country that they have a splendid assortment of

Parlor and Cook Stoves,

TIN-WARE,

TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY,

WHIPS, AXES,

CROSS-CUT SAWS,

CHURNS,

CLOTHES WRINGERS,

WASH TUBS,

LANTERNS, ETC.,

Which we will sell Cheap for Cash.

FORKS, SPADES & SHOVELS

at Actual Cost.

Call and see for yourselves. North side M. C. R. R.

KEMPF, BACON & CO.,

v8-1y CHELSEA, MICH.

GREAT REDUCTION,

—In all kinds of—

GROCERIES,

Provisions, Teas,

Coffees, Spices,

SOAPS, STARCHES, DRIED

BEEF, HAMS, PORK, LARD,

BUTTER, &c.

We also keep constantly on hand a large

assortment of late patterns of

CROCKERY,

GLASS-WARE,

LAMPS, BRACKETS, Etc.

We sell the Best Brands of

UNADILLA FLOUR.

We are selling Groceries and Provisions at

the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

Give us a trial, and we will guarantee

satisfaction.

Goods delivered to any part of the vil-

lage free of charge.

Cash paid for Country Produce.

DURAND & TUTTLE,

South Main street, Chelsea, Mich.

v7-10

U can money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you; \$12 per day at home boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. Costly outfit and terms free. Address TRUE & Co., August 24-y

GREAT SLAUGHTER!!

—IN—

BOOTS AND SHOES,

—AT THE—

BEE HIVE

ESTABLISHMENT.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN.

A. DURAND takes this method of informing the inhabitants of Chelsea and vicinity, that he keeps one of the largest and most complete **Boot and Shoe Establishments** that has ever been in Chelsea, and will sell at prices that defy competition. There is no getting around it. Aaron will, and can sell cheaper than any other firm in town. He will keep on hand a large assortment of goods, of the latest styles, such as:

HAND MADE

BOOTS

AND

SHOES

LADIES

GAITERS,

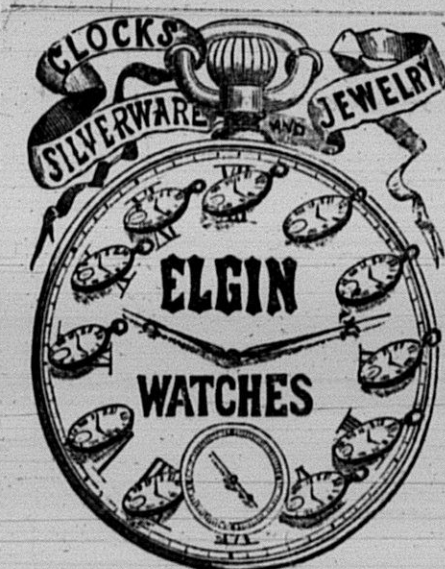
MISSSES AND CHILDREN'S

SHOES, &c.

In fact every thing pertaining to a first class **Boot and Shoe Store**. A visit to the store, at the "Bee Hive" will convince you of the prices and quality of goods. A call from old friends and patrons solicited.

A. DURAND.

v7-47



George A. Lacy,

DEALER IN

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY

SILVERWARE, &c.

American Watches a Specialty.

Repairing done at reasonable rates.

Shop: In Reed & Co's Drug store,

CHELSEA, MICH. v8-5

\$50,000

WORTH OF

TOYS

AND

FANCY GOODS

Now in Stock at the Famous

RUSSELL HOUSE

BAZAAR,

DETROIT, - - MICH.

To be sold at prices that will as-

tonish the World. In order to avoid

the great rush, please give me an early

call.

H. HEYN & CO.,

Woodward Av., op. City Hall, Detroit

11-4w

GOLD

Great chance to make money. If you can't get gold you can get greenbacks. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated family publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. The most elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports making over \$150 in one week. A lady agent reports taking over 400 subscribers in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full particulars, directions and terms free. Elegant expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages fails to make great pay. Address "The People's Journal," Portland, Maine. 47-y

Cheap Job Printing, done at this office.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Depots foot of Third street and foot of Brush street. Ticket office, 151 Jefferson avenue, and at the Depots.

LEAVE	ARRIVE
(Detroit time) (Detroit time)	
Atlantic Ex. 4:00 a. m.	10:00 p. m.
Day Express 8:35 a. m.	6:30 p. m.
Buffalo & New York Express 12:25 noon	7:15 a. m.
N. Y. and Boston Express 7:00 p. m.	10:45 a. m.
1 Daily. *Except Sunday. *Except Monday.	

For information and sleeping car berths, apply to City Ticket office, 151 Jefferson avenue, Detroit, Mich.

W. H. FIRTH,

Western Passenger Agent Detroit.

WM. EDGAR, Gen. Pass'r Ag't, Hamilton.

WAR! WAR!

—AT THE—

CHELSEA MILLS.

REDUCTION IN PRICE OF

FLOUR!

We are selling the best

WHITE WHEAT FLOUR,

At the following prices:

Per Barrel, - \$5.00

Per 1-2 barrel, - 2.50

Per 1-4 " - 1.25

Per 1-8 " - .63

We are also prepared to do

CUSTOM GRINDING

Every day in the week. We guarantee

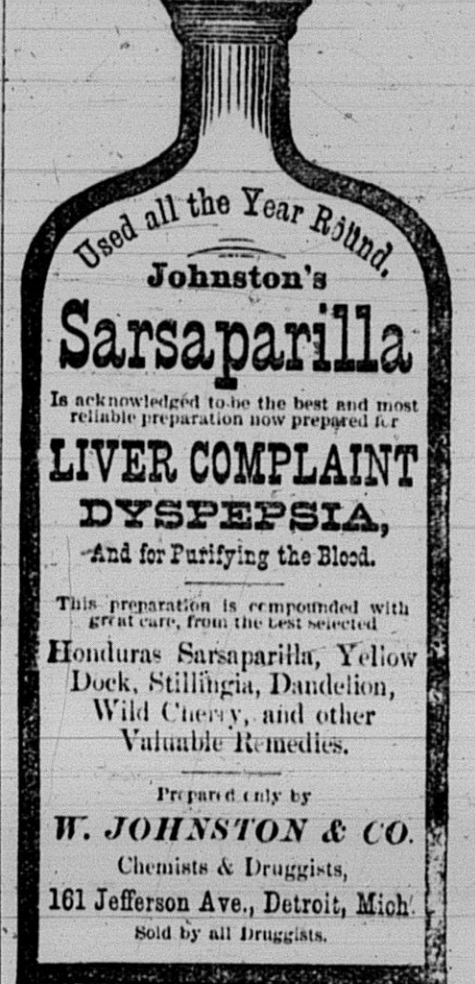
our Flour to be FIRST QUALITY, and

if patrons are not satisfied we will pay the

highest market price for their wheat.

12 Middlings and Bran for sale.

41 ROGERS & BURCH.



M. C. R. R. TIME TABLE.

Passenger Trains on the Michigan Central Railroad will leave Chelsea Station as follows:	
GOING WEST.	
Mail Train.....	9:15 A. M.
Way Freight.....	1:23 P. M.
Grand Rapids Express.....	4:33 P. M.
Jackson Express.....	7:03 P. M.
Evening Express.....	8:45 P. M.
GOING EAST.	
Jackson Express.....	6:31 A. M.
Way Freight.....	7:00 A. M.
Grand Rapids Express.....	10:18 A. M.
Mail Train.....	4:40 P. M.

H. B. LEVARD, Gen'l Sup't., Detroit.
HENRY C. WENTWORTH, General Passenger and Ticket Ag't, Chicago.

THE CHELSEA HERALD,

IS PUBLISHED
Every Thursday Morning by
A. Allison, Chelsea, Mich.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.	
1 Week.	1 Month.
1 Square, \$1.00	\$3.00
1 Column, 4.00	15.00
1 Column, 7.00	25.00
1 Column, 10.00	40.00
1 Column, 15.00	75.00
1 Column, 20.00	100.00
1 Column, 25.00	125.00
1 Column, 30.00	150.00
1 Column, 35.00	175.00
1 Column, 40.00	200.00
1 Column, 45.00	225.00
1 Column, 50.00	250.00
1 Column, 55.00	275.00
1 Column, 60.00	300.00
1 Column, 65.00	325.00
1 Column, 70.00	350.00
1 Column, 75.00	375.00
1 Column, 80.00	400.00
1 Column, 85.00	425.00
1 Column, 90.00	450.00
1 Column, 95.00	475.00
1 Column, 100.00	500.00

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

CHELSEA BANK. Established in 1868. Ocean Passage Tickets. Drafts drawn on Europe. United States Registered and Coupon Bonds for sale.
Geo. P. GLAZIER.

OLIVE LODGE, NO. 156, F. & A. M., will meet at Masonic Hall in regular communication on Tuesday Evenings, on or preceding each full moon.
G. A. ROBERTSON, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F. - THE REGULAR weekly meeting of Vernon Lodge No. 85, I. O. O. F., will take place every Wednesday evening at 6 1/2 o'clock, at their Lodge room, Middle St., East.
E. E. SHAWEN, Sec'y.



H. A. RIGGS, JEWELER.
Watches, Clocks and Jewellery repaired. All work warranted.—Shop: south half, at Burdell's grocery store, Chelsea, Mich.

GEO. E. WRIGHT, D. D. S., OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL
DENTIST,
OFFICE OVER DURAND & HOLMES',
CHELSEA, MICH. [7-13]

M. W. BUSH,
DENTIST,
OFFICE IN WEBB'S BLOCK. 31

INSURANCE COMPANIES

REPRESENTED BY
W. E. DEPEW.
Assets.
Home of New York, \$6,109,527
Hartford, 3,292,914
Underwriters, 8,292,914
American, Philadelphia, 1,236,661
Detroit Fire and Marine, 501,029
Fire Association, 3,178,388
OFFICE: Over Kemp's Bank, Middle street, west, Chelsea, Mich. v6-1

E. C. FULLER'S
TONSORIAL SALOON.
Hair-Cutting,
Hair-Dressing,
Shaving, and
Shampooing.
Done in first-class style. My shop is new, by fitted up with everything pertaining to the comfort of customers.
A Specialty made in FULLER'S CELEBRATED SEA FOAM, for cleansing the scalp and leaving the hair soft and glossy. Every lady should have a bottle.
Keep constantly on hand a fresh assortment of every variety of Candy, also a large stock of Cigars—Tip Top Cigars for ten cents, excellent for five cents, two good Cigars for a nickel. Cuffs and Collars in endless variety at my shop.
Particular attention will be given to the preparation of bodies for burial in city or country, on the shortest notice. All orders promptly attended to.
Give me a call, at the sign of the "Ball, Razor and Shears," south corner of the "Bee Hive."
E. C. FULLER, Proprietor.
Chelsea, Mich., Feb. 17, 1876.

FRANK STAFFAN, JR.,
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 SHEROIDS.
Hearse in attendance on short notice.
FRANK STAFFAN, Jr.,
Chelsea, Mar. 2, 1874.

CHELSEA BAKERY.
CHARLES WUNDER,
WOULD announce to the inhabitants of Chelsea, that he keeps on hand fresh Bread, Cakes, etc., and everything usually kept in a first-class Bakery. Shop: at the old stand of J. Van Hosen, west Middle street, Chelsea, Mich. v7-19.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
Rev. THOS. HOLMES. Services at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting Thurs day evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 12 M.

BAPTIST CHURCH.
Rev. E. A. GAY, pastor. Services at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M. Young people's meeting Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 12 M.

M. E. CHURCH.
Rev. J. F. HUDSON, Pastor. Services at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock. Sunday School immediately after morning services.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.
Rev. Father DEMO. Services every Sunday, at 8 and 10 1/2 A. M. Vespers, 7 o'clock P. M. Sunday School at 12 o'clock A. M.

LUTHERAN CHURCH.
Rev. Mr. METZGER. Services every alternate Sunday at 2 o'clock P. M.

OUR TELEPHONE.

THE business men of Chelsea, report a large holiday trade.

17 Axes 75 cents each at Kempf, Bacon & Co's.

THE new boiler that was placed in the court house Ann Arbor, weighs four tons.

17 SLEIGHING holds out good—and every body enjoyed themselves during the holidays.

17 Cross-cut Saws 35 cents per foot at Kempf, Bacon & Co's.

THE Savings bank at Ann Arbor, have declared their usual semi annual dividend of five per cent, payable January 7th, 1878.

MARRIED.—At the residence of the brides father in Lyndon, Dec. 25th, by Rev. Mr. Cack of Unadilla, Geo. Munroe of Howell, and Miss Maria Purchase of Lyndon.

17 Buffalo Robes at cost at Kempf, Bacon & Co's.

THE beginning of the year is the best time for young men to swear off bad habits.—Just begin with the new year, and then you will have health, wealth, happiness and good success in life.

DIED.—On Monday, December 30, 1878, Owen McEntee, of Lyndon, at the advanced age of one hundred and nine years. He was perhaps the oldest man in Michigan. "Peace to his ashes."

At a regular meeting of Vernon Lodge No. 85, I. O. O. F., held Dec. 25, 1878.—The following officers were duly elected:

N. G.—Geo. E. Wright,
V. G.—W. D. Arnold,
Treas.—A. A. Wooden,
Rec. Sec.—E. E. Shaver,
Rep. Sec.—J. A. Palmer,
Rep. to G. L. of M.—G. E. Wright.

It having been decided by the Court of Appeals that the owner of a house in which liquor is sold can be held responsible for the damage done by the liquor, we have now in the Supreme Court a decision that if a bridge is neglected by the Commissioners of Highways, they are personally responsible for all losses if the bridge breaks down. Look out, gentlemen, and do your duty.

A GIFT TO LAST THE WHOLE YEAR.—Of course we expect every one of our friends to send us his subscription for another year, but that is not a gift. What we would suggest is that, in addition thereto, each one who wishes to make another family wiser, better and happier, should, with his own subscription, send also the means to pay for the HERALD to be addressed to a household into which it does not now go. This will be a New Year's gift that will last a year, and revive the pleasure of it every week.

THE North-western Farmers' Club, held their annual election in this village, Dec. 21st, 1878. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, S. J. Ives, Vice President, Chas. H. Wines, Treas., A. W. Chapman, Sec., John Cook. After the election of officers, there was a motion made and carried, that we elect an executive committee of three, of which Geo. H. Mitchell, Milo Baldwin and W. W. Riggs be elected to that committee. A motion was then made and carried, that the Society adjourn, to meet at the call of the officers at the Hoag hotel in Chelsea.

STUCK PAINT.—While Mr. E. A. Ward, of Sylvan, was visiting his friends in Isoco, Livingston county, Mich., a short time ago, he was shown a beautiful bed of paint, of nearly all colors, which he has brought a sample of some of the colors home with him, and they can be seen at this office. It is said by the painters in Howell, Pinckney and Fowlerville, to be the best they ever used—the people of that county are coming to see and to get some of it every day.—It creates quite an excitement—it makes all shades and colors. The paint bed is on the farm of S. C. Merrill, and it covers about 15 acres of land. E. A. W.

KNOWING PEOPLE.—There are always some people in every community who imagine themselves to use a common phrase, "very smart," and they are generally of the busybody kind. One of these can do more harm in a town or neighborhood than a dozen good people can set at rights. No minister ever comes into a place but these smart ones can pick any amount of flaws in his every-day walk, or his sermons are always too long or too short, too soft or too hard, or "he can't preach," and a hundred other imaginary imperfections, with the less pretentious never think of mentioning. But these knowing ones do not stop here; for no enterprise was ever started but was contrary to their views. Other folks never build a pig-pen, a smoke-house, a corn-crib, a barn, a dwelling, a school-house or a church to suit these faddlers; and no newspaper was ever run according to their ideas of business. To these babblers we would say—let everyone mind their own business and they will have enough to do.

THE Dexter Burnt-Cork Minstrels, will give an Entertainment at Chelsea Red Ribbon Hall, on next Thursday eve, Jan. 9th, 1879. Give them a full house.

TRAINS on the Toledo and Ann Arbor railroad were prevented from running two days last week, by the snow.

A WARNING TO FLIRTS.—The Pittsburg Exposition is over for this year, but there is one thing connected with it that will be read with interest here. Rather a good looking couple from the country boarded a train here the day before the exposition closed, and with a number of others went to Pittsburg. Arriving, the girl met an old acquaintance, with whom she soon became uncomfortably (for the other chap) friendly. She and her Pittsburg friend stuck together like wax all day, viewing the sights, apparently oblivious of the fact that her escort was around. When the hour came for starting home she went to the depot, and hung upon his arm until just before the train started, her escort, the while, looking very much displeased. They boarded the train, she taking a seat right behind him. The conductor tapped her on the shoulder for "tickets." She leaned timidly forward and said:
"Tickets, John."
"Tickets be —," said John.
"Get your ticket of the fellow you trotted around with all day."

This was followed by loud laughing from a number sitting near, some of whom had been watching the girl's movements during the day, and she had to go down into her pocket for the necessary wealth to pay her fare to this city.—*Youngstown (Pa.) Register.*

Probate Order.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—COUNTY of Washtenaw, ss.

At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Wednesday, the 11th day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight. Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Andrew Gulde, Deceased.

Maria Gulde, Administratrix of said estate, comes into court and represents that she is now prepared to render her final account as such Administratrix.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Wednesday, the 15th day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing such account, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate office, in the City of Ann Arbor, in said County, and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed.

And it is further ordered that said Administratrix, give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the CHLSEA HERALD, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing. [A true copy.]

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN,
Judge of Probate.

WILLIAM G. DOTY,
Probate Register.

PROBATE ORDER—ESTATE OF CHARLES R. BURKHART.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—COUNTY of Washtenaw, ss.

At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Saturday, the 30th day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight. Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Charles R. Burkhardt, Deceased.

Emily Burkhardt, Executrix of said estate, comes into court and represents that she is now prepared to render her final account as such Executrix.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Wednesday, the 8th day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing such account, and that the devisees, legatees, and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate office, in the City of Ann Arbor, in said County, and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed.

And it is further ordered that said Executrix, give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the CHLSEA HERALD, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing. [A true copy.]

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN,
Judge of Probate.

WILLIAM G. DOTY,
Probate Register.

DRAIN COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

WEST PETE MARSH DITCH, CHELSEA.

Application pursuant to law, having been made to the undersigned Drain Commissioner for the township of Sylvan, county of Washtenaw, and State of Michigan, to establish and open a water course, or to locate and construct a ditch or drain, in said township, as follows: Commencing six chains and ninety links east of Main street, in south line of section twelve, (12); thence in a northerly direction to angle one; thence east to angle two; thence in a northerly course to the street on the south side on Elissa Congdon's 3rd division; thence in a westerly course until it ends into an old Tile Ditch.

Therefore be it known that I, the said drain commissioner, will be at the house of Frank Staffan in said township, on the fourth day of January, 1879, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, to hear any and all persons who may wish to be heard, with respect to establishing, locating and constructing said ditch or drain.

Dated this 7th day of Dec., A. D. 1878.

CHRISTIAN WEBER,
Drain Commissioner of the Township of Sylvan.

Old Newspapers for sale at this office at 5 cents per dozen.

Chelsea Market.

CHELSEA, Jan. 2, 1879.	
FLOUR, 3 cwt.	\$3 50
WHEAT, White, 3 bu.	85 3/4
WHEAT, Red, 3 bu.	75
CORN, 3 bu.	20
OATS, 3 bu.	20 1/2
CLOVER SEED, 3 bu.	4 00
TIMOTHY SEED, 3 bu.	1 75
BRANS 3 bu.	1 00 1/2
POTATOS, 3 bu.	25 1/2
APPLES, Green, 3 bu.	05 1/2
do dried, 3 bu.	03
HONEY, 3 lb.	15 1/2
BUTTER, 3 lb.	10
POULTRY—Chickens, 3 lb.	06
LAID, 3 lb.	07
TALLOW, 3 lb.	07
HAMS, 3 lb.	07
SHOULDERS, 3 lb.	05
SOGS, 2 do.	14
BEEF, live 3 cwt.	3 00 3/4
SHEEP, live 3 cwt.	3 00 5/8
HOGS, live, 3 cwt.	2 00 3/4
do dressed 3 cwt.	2 75
HAY, tame 3 ton.	8 00 10 00
do marsh, 3 ton.	5 00 6 00
SALT, 3 bbl.	1 25
WOOL, 3 lb.	28 1/2
CRANBERRIES, 3 bu.	2 00 2 50

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4-y H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me.

F. M. PRIESTER, MERCHANT TAILOR.

(Formerly of Dexter), wishes to inform the inhabitants of Chelsea, and vicinity, that he is prepared to do all kinds of Tailoring to order. Cutting a specialty. Satisfactory results in every case. You can buy a sample bottle for 10 cents to try. Three doses will relieve the worst case. Positively sold by all druggists on the Western Continent.

The place to buy choice HOLIDAY!! PRESENTS!!!

You can find your Christmas Presents for your sons and daughters, wives and sweet-hearts, husbands and lovers at WOOD BRO'S. & Co., they have a splendid stock of fancy goods, Toys, etc. Consisting in part of

Fancy Slippers, beautiful Shell boxes, Napkin rings, Willow work Baskets, camp Rockers, Chromos, Alphabet blocks, Ladies', Men's and Children's Fur Caps, Furs, &c.

And in fact, everything from a Jew's Harp to a steam Engine. We can also show you the largest and cheapest stock of Merchandise ever shown in Chelsea, which we will sell at Prices that you cannot match in this County. We wish to reduce our Stock, as much as possible, previous to our Annual Inventory, which occurs in January, and in order to do so easily, and without too much talk, we have put all Goods down Five to twenty-five per cent., and now come on—one and all—and we will show you the most COMPLETE and CHEAPEST STOCK TO BE FOUND.

WOOD BRO'S & CO.
CHELSEA, DEC. 1878.

ADVERTISING ITSELF WHEREVER IT goes by the wondrous and gratifying effects which it produces, that sterling medicinal preparation, THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, is winning "golden opinions" in all parts of the United States. Testimonials constantly pour in demonstrating its superlative efficiency, in a manner as pleasing to its proprietors as it must be convincing to those who read in the public prints those evidences of its popularity and genuine worth.

Never was there a remedy which received ampler or more satisfactory endorsements; never was there one which better deserved it. It is a TRIED REMEDY. Experience has demonstrated that it not only relieves, but eradicates the most obstinate coughs, sore throat of a malignant type, catarrh of long standing, rheumatism, neuralgia, stiffness and lameness of the back, muscles and joints, piles and kidney troubles, external bruises and sores, and other bodily troubles, as well as many of the disorders peculiar to horses and cattle. That it cures in every instance is not pretended, but that, if systematically used, and the malady is susceptible of being remedied, it will remedy it, is a fact amply established. Sold by all dealers. Price, 50 cents and \$1 per bottle; trial size, 25 cents.

Prepared only by FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

NOTE—Electric—Selected and Electrized

Don't Be Deceived.

Many persons say "I haven't got the consumption" when asked to cure their cough with Shiloh's Consumption Cure. Do they know that coughs lead to consumption, and a remedy that will cure a cough or any lung and throat trouble? We know it will cure when all others fail, and our faith in it is so positive that we will refund the price paid if you receive no benefit. Is not this a fair proposition? Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and \$1 per bottle. For lame chest, back or side, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cts. Sold only by Glazier & Armstrong.

Why will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, Constipation, and general debility when you can get at our store Shiloh's System Vitalizer, which we sell on a positive guarantee to cure you. Price 10 cts. and 75 cts. Glazier & Armstrong.

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Best business you can engage in. \$5 to \$20 p r day made by any worker of either sex, right in their own locality. Particulars and samples worth \$5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address SIMON & Co., Portland, Maine.

An Astonishing Fact.

A large proportion of the American people are to-day dying from Dyspepsia or disordered liver. The result of these diseases upon the masses of intelligent and valuable people is most alarming, making life actually a burden instead of a pleasant existence of enjoyment and usefulness as it should be. There is no good reason for this, if you will only throw aside prejudice and skepticism, take the advice of Druggists and your friends, and try one bottle of Green's August Flower. Your speedy relief is certain. Millions of bottles of this medicine have been given away to try its virtues, with satisfactory results in every case. You can buy a sample bottle for 10 cents to try. Three doses will relieve the worst case. Positively sold by all druggists on the Western Continent.

Unclaimed Letters.

LIST of Letters remaining in the Post Office, at Chelsea, Dec. 1, 1878:

Cole, G. S. Smith, Nettie A.
Clark, Richard Shively, John
Carter, George Shiller, John
Ferguson, A. M. Shonlin, Charles
Gough, Daniel Vanorden, James
Lincoln, Jps. A. Warm, John
Middlebrook, Hub. Wright, Charles
Snow, John

Persons calling for any of the above letters, please say "advertised."

Geo. J. Crowell, P. M.

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