

# THE CHELSEA HERALD.

TERMS—One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Annum, "ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY." Invariably in Advance.—Single Copies Five Cents.

VOL. VIII. CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1879. NO. 19.

**O'er the Mount.**  
O'er the mount the stars are gleaming,  
Silvering the midnight air;  
Pleasant thoughts, with raptures streaming,  
Lace my guiding star, is there.  
O'er the mount, with gentle footsteps,  
Daily comes this star of mine;  
Satisfies these bitter longings,  
With a love almost divine.  
O'er the mount are "hosts of heaven,"  
Morning stars are singing there;  
When this mortal sees the risen  
I shall see those things fair.  
O'er the mount with spirit wings,  
Precious promises he brings,  
Harbinger of hopes evangel.

**The Young Street Musician.**  
BY HERBERT TREVOR.  
Darkness and toil have sealed their eyes,  
The poor girl's head on his shoulder lies,  
The brother's bow on his harp is laid,  
While the violin rests in the arms of the maid.  
The prowling dog, with raptures streaming,  
Lace my guiding star, is there.  
Perchance its plying instinct knows  
Their friendless state by their repose;  
For gentle Nelson formed all things  
To please the mortal and the risen.  
These wretched frames on the cold stones lay,  
But they in their dreams are far away;  
Doubtless they gazed with their dreaming eyes  
On the dark deep lake of their Tuscan  
And beneath the vines of their native land  
They are roaming together hand in hand!  
Their vision over they will take at day  
To witness the splendor of proud Broadway.

**Violin and harp, and poor human hearts,**  
How from their chords the music starts,  
Sobbing with sorrow, and thought and song,  
Sounding together to please the throng;  
But among the passers-by there may be  
Some who are touched by their harmony,  
And some stray notes may come within  
A lingering memory unstained by sin.

**Slander, poor wanderers, find take your fill,**  
The night is long and the air is chill,  
For the dark and drear the path they have  
trod,  
They are resting now in the arms of God.

## IN A FLOATING PINE.

BY GEO. J. VARNEY.

It was one of those rare persons, a great-grandmother, who told this story of her youth. I have heard it many times from her own lips, and from those of her descendants—each time a little different. Her shade, I know, will pardon me if I err in recounting this passage in her life in completeness, so far as all I have heard will enable me.

A solitary canoe glided swiftly down the upper Kennebec, both river and canoe fresh from Moosehead—that remarkable lake with a mountain in it—in the interior of Maine. An Indian sat near the stern, piloting the paddle. A little forward of the middle—her back toward the Indian—sat a lady. A round, rosy face and bright eyes within a hat-like straw bonnet that did not wholly hide the brown hair, showed her to be little past girlhood. She looked forward upon the opening vistas with pleased interest, not unmixed with solicitude; and frequent watchful glances at the receding shores indicated an expectation of lurking or pursuing enemies. At length she turned and looked full upon the boatman.

"Do you know a place called Norridgewock?" she inquired.  
"Oul—yes; me know him."  
"O, yes; we see him as go along river."

"A friend of mine is there, I suppose. Can you stop for him? He will help you middle."  
"He make us more danger."  
"You can get another ransom for him."  
"He lation of yours?" queried the Indian.

"No, not exactly. We are old acquaintances."  
A new and more spirited expression appeared upon the Indian's countenance as his passenger turned away with rosy face to watch the shores again.

"What name you call him?"  
"Christopher, commonly Chris."  
The Indian was silent.  
"His father owns a great deal of land."

"Our land" ejaculated the Indian.  
"No, yours one; but he bought it, and paid to the tribe a large price." Again she turned her face full upon him.

"Will you try to get him away?"  
"We go ashore at Norridgewock tonight! Mebbe we look for him."  
What this might indicate she did not know; it might mean the fulfillment of her wishes, or a flimsy purpose; and neither the words nor the stolid countenance gave the needful assurance.

She did not venture to look toward him any longer, but turned again to gaze upon the scenes constantly opening before them. Tossed by the conflicting emotions of hope and fear, the hours passed on wearily that might otherwise have been so much enjoyed amid the charming scenery of this river.

The lady, with her lover, and three others, forming the master and crew of her father's sloop, had been captured on the north shore of Casco Bay, the vessel having been driven out of its course by a storm. The savages were upon the watch; and in the darkness of the morning, before the ill-fated company had learned what coast had harbored them, they were beset by a dozen canoes of the redskins, and easily made prisoners. Captain Purley had offered a large reward for the return of his daughter, but she had been removed beyond the range of the most adventurous scouts. At length, Sheepsfoot John, a sub-chief of the lower Kennebec, heard of the promised reward, and set out in search of the lady. He had not long before the war, on board her father's vessel at the mouth of the river, when he sold the captain his stock of furs. As we have seen, he was successful in his search.

John was an unusually avaricious Indian; and to save himself the expense of the lady's ransom, he had stolen her away; there was therefore some reason to fear pursuit.

"You sure Chris at Norridgewock?" inquired John, after a long silence.  
"He took him ashore there; but his master and a claimant who lived on the river below, were quarreling about him all the way up."

At sunset they had descended within about a mile of Norridgewock. A giant pine, undermined by the rushing floods of spring in a recent gale had fallen its length into the river; its top swept shoreward by the late currents until the tree lay almost parallel with the bank. Into the vast verdure of the forest the Indian guided his canoe. Here a leaf of such aught could float in complete concealment.

"I leave you here till moonrise,"  
"Tell Chris that Huldah waits for him at the shore."  
"I bring him with me, he in cabin,"  
replied the Indian, as he walked along the massive trunk of the pine. Mounting the partially denuded roots, he sprang from thence upon the bank. When the sound of his footsteps had died away, the lady in the canoe gave her attention to the tree, whose branches were to her both heaven and bower. Now the resinous fragrance pervading the air grew denser; and her whispering and sighing around her and over her head, as the boughs yielded to the pressure of the fitful zephyrs. There were on all sides the low hum of life—a sound of tiny feet dancing; and the pleased listener soon finds it not all imagination. It is the movement of the long green needles dipping their tips in the flowing stream.

A sparrow woke and sang its short, ecstatic song to its faithful mate upon the nest somewhere in the branches. The stars twinkled roguishly down through the fuffed foliage, as though something very comical and delightful was going on somewhere—that they knew all about.

Then a whip-poor-will came and sat upon a high-lifted root of the pine, and flung off its musical throat of "Whip I will, whip I will, whip!"  
"You little cruel jealous husband! If I had you I'd ring your neck!" exclaimed the lady softly.

The song of the bird had ended suddenly, and the faint rustling of wings told that he had flown.

Uneasy at the silence, the lady began to circumnavigate the tree by pulling on the branches. Busy with this occupation, she failed to observe what was going on ashore.

There came a shock upon the tree, a jar that ran up the trunk and out to the tips of the branches.

The great mass rolled river-ward with a slow but determined movement; there was a swashing of water along its length, prolonged near the foot of the tree as though some large body were floundering there beside it. Miss Purley had fortunately reached in her voyage the top of the tree, else she might have gone down under the pine's long arms to contend her tresses among the many a few handfuls of water, from its side being pulled down into the surges by a clinging bough; while she herself received a plentiful sprinkling from the upward swaying branches.

When all had become quiet again, and the fright of the young lady had subsided, she started back toward the base of the tree, to survey the premises in this new condition. Reaching in her progress the lowermost branch, she checked the canoe a moment ere running in to the trunk. As her eye in the dim light swept along the protrude tree, it caught the outlines of a huge bulk that could by no means be the trunk of the pine. The object itself, now manifested life, and lifted its head with a low growl.

Miss Purley was not familiar with the wilderness or its denizens, but she had no doubt that this new tenant of the tree was a full-grown bear, and that it was his leap from the bank upon the trunk that had rolled it from the narrow shelf by which the roots had held. Further, she was convinced that this new inhabitant was ferociously hungry; for it immediately started toward the branches.

Utterly at a loss what course to take, Miss Purley simply sat and clung convulsively to the end of the branch. Presently she felt a movement upon it, and perceived that the huge bough was settling in the water. The bear was coming out upon it!

Of course it would not hold him up to reach the end, and he would soon slip off into the water, when the canoe and its occupant would beat the mercy of a creature that knew no mercy, except in a satiated appetite.

Miss Purley soon perceived that her safety consisted in keeping the bear in the tree; and letting go the bough, she quickly ran the canoe to the top, and thence to the opposite side. Here she attracted the bear's attention again; and as soon he was heard backing with many a grunt and growl, up toward the top of the tree.

In order to show him distinctly her position, lest he should take to the water, she ran her canoe in toward the trunk, holding to the branch, until midway of its great length. Again the bear set out upon the bough; the canoe, imperceptibly to its pursuer, gliding outward before him. Again she slipped along from tip to tip, until at the top, she waited awhile to still the beating of her heart, and to look for the return of the Indian. The moon was now up, and objects were becoming more distinct. With horror she discovered that the tree was far from shore, and floating in the current.

The Indians had said—at Carratunk Rapids that there were no such falls for miles below Norridgewock; but what did that avail while a greater danger was close at hand? She called the name of her conductor with all the force of her voice, but no response came over the black waters. One came from down the tree, in the sound of the bear dropping into the water.

It was to be a race in the river now, and the lady was not skilful with the paddle. Quicker than ever she shot her canoe from branch to branch, until all were past; then she plied the paddle. Some sixty feet from the branches she reached the wall of upturned roots, and slipped behind its wall, having pursuer had not come into view, having to search for his prey through a forest of boughs.

She had begun following the shore, the bear would quickly discover her in the open water, and her wretched lot would be of no avail; and the contest must then be between strength and strength, with the odds against her. She therefore grasped a projecting root, and laid the paddle softly down. Then she moved to one end of the canoe, where she could peer through the netted border of the wall

of roots, lest the bear should come upon her hiding-place unexpectedly. Sheepsfoot John was very cautious in his search for Chris. There were a number of captives; and this covetous fellow wished to conceal the fact that he was looking for any one in particular. It was therefore a long time before he ascertained in which wigwam Chris might be found. The squaw was at the door.

"Are there any English in your wigwam?" inquired John.  
"Only Chris. He belong to us,"  
"Chris!" exclaimed John in a loud tone. "What his other name?"  
"Scarcely had the squaw replied, when the young man stepped out of the wigwam."  
"Here I am," said he. "Who are you?"  
"Me Sheepsfoot John. Don't want you."  
"Sanup in wigwam?" said he to the squaw, "me want to see him."

She entered the wigwam.  
"Huldah in my canoe at shore," said the wily John.  
Before Chris could utter an inquiry, his master stood beside them. Sheepsfoot John commenced a harangue in regard to the disposal of a large number of prisoners soon expected on the river below.

As soon as Chris found the attention of his master diverted from him, he slipped around the corner of the wigwam, and made his way toward the landing-place, as John expected he would do; for he meant not to pay any ransom for him either. Chris searched the whole long sandy beach where the canoes were drawn up, but there was no person in sight of him.

"Had Huldah fled from the canoe?"  
"This was not likely; for it was taking her home," she might be in fear of the Indians, and have concealed herself among the scattered evergreens near by. He called her name at intervals along the beach, but heard no reply. It was a marvel that he had not heard one from some watchful Indian. He reflected that his flight might have been observed, and that even now half a dozen of the remorseless redskins might be shadowing him. He lingered no longer, but finding a canoe with bow and arrows in it, he sprang on board and paddled noiselessly up the stream. He kept just far enough from the bank to be within its shadow, and to see any craft that lay at the margin.

A quarter of a mile was passed without the discovery of the beloved object of his search; and he came to the conclusion that Sheepsfoot John must have left his charge below the landing place. On reflection, he considered that this would be a more prudent position; and he returned his canoe at once.

Fearing that some of the Indians might now be down to the landing, he paddled out into the middle of the river, then ran rapidly down with the current. The river ran easterly here, and the rising moon, emerging from a cloud, shone full in his face. So much light might reveal him to the savages, even at this distance, and he was about turning farther away, when some large object loomed up suddenly, startled the fugitive. He soon made out the floating tree. He was approaching it in the shadow of its roots.

A movement of white arms in the shadow arrested his attention.  
"Huldah!" called he, in a low earnest voice.  
"Chris!" came her answer, low, but distinct.  
"There is a bear in the tree," she added, as their canoes came together.

There was need, then, that their intercourse should be noiseless, and the holding of the canoes together, and the close proximity of their faces was entirely proper.

"We will go home, dear, without waiting for Sheepsfoot John," remarked Chris.  
"But his gun is in the canoe."  
"So much the better. We'll have something to defend ourselves with."  
"I'll send it back to him with his canoe, or pay for them."

But there had been an eavesdropper to this conversation. A scratching and tearing on the opposite side of the root barrier made them aware of this, and of the approach of a foe.

Lumps of soil loosened from the side, fell to the water with little splashes, and presently the head of Bruin himself was thrust into view among the interlacing rootlets at the top of the mass.

"Here—the gun!" exclaimed Huldah, raising the weapon from the bottom of the canoe.  
"No dear. I have bow and arrows. The gun would bring the Indians right upon us."

The position of the bear was very favorable for a shot. A single arrow, driven with the full force of the bow, entered the throat of the brute, passing upward his brain. The bear fell back out of sight, and presently into the water. Chris, with arrow ready, looked from behind his palisade upon the foe. He was floating, feet upward, with only slight convulsive struggles.

"He won't trouble us any more," said he, turning back to the lady.  
Fastening his own craft to a root, he stepped aboard Huldah's, bringing the weapon and oar. Our joyful pair united company with the friendly pine; and with two paddles, aided by the current, soon placed themselves beyond the reach of pursuers.

The passage down the river was laborious and hazardous, both on account of the rapids, and from the savages who infested the shores; but the flying captives reached the mouth of the river in safety.

Chris had designed following the shore toward Boston, until they fell in with some white man. They had not far to go. Scarcely had they sighted Seguin, when the sails of a vessel came in view. It was the very sloop in which they had been captured. Captain Purley had recovered his vessel, and was now on board with a strong crew, going himself in search of his captive daughter. No meeting could be more joyous than now ensued.

There were no more forced partings between the affianced pair. Many times in their after life, the dilemma of Sheepsfoot John was the subject of laughing speculation; but his gun and canoe were promptly sent back to him. Captain Purley also made him a handsome present for his efforts, which, on the whole, was all that was just.

## GEMS.

Riches does not mean happiness.  
A scolding wife is a terrible affliction.  
An hour well spent is worth a week frittered away.

The praise and blame which hang on the lowest boughs, and may be easily plucked, are generally worthless.  
Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another's.—[Blucher].

As the bee collects honey and departs without injuring the flower, so let him who is wise dwell on the earth.—[Buddha].

Beauty is a cliff, on which one and another man seeks to shipwreck himself, because it lies full of pearls and oysters.—[Richter].

Those terrors are not to be charged upon religion which proceed either from the want of religion or superstitious mistakes about it.—[Bentley].

No matter how many of our laden ships may come safely into port, that one that is lost at sea will always seem to have carried the richest cargo.

Whilst shame keeps its watch, virtue is not wholly extinguished in the heart, nor will moderation be utterly exiled from the minds of tyrants.—[Burke].

O God, never let me ascribe thy eternity to any one time, except the most blissful; thy life is eternal, but not pain, for thy last thou hast not created.—[Richter].

If ever a rare man has a whole will and no half of one, and rests upon his power, and does not, like a crustaceous animal, cleave to every other, then he is called cold.—[Richter].

The divine providence of the Lord extends to the most singular things of the life of man; for there is only one fountain of life; which is the Lord, from which we are, live and act.—[Swedenborg].

All that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him as the wheel follows the foot of him who draws the cart.—[Buddha].

The principal meat of lovers is meet me at the church door.—[Whitehall Times].

After marriage, however, a little touch of beefsteak will facilitate matters greatly.

This is the best yet. The *Yonkers Gazette* says when a young lady wants to appear in a blaze of glory she indulges in a little torchon lace.

A kiss snatched without permission in Buffalo, N. Y., cost the young man who snatched it \$10 and costs. That was reasonable enough. A Norristown young man snatched a kiss at a picnic five years ago, and since that time it has cost him more than fifteen hundred dollars, for her board and clothes.—[Nor. Her.]

THE WEATHER.—It is impossible to attribute the sudden and irregular changes in weather and temperature that have taken place of late to the commonly selected cause for all atmospheric perturbations, that is, the spots on the sun, for it is hard to conceive of a moving agent so far distant, and acting with so much force, that could confine its operations to narrow belts of territory upon the earth's surface. Grant that a violent whirling about of solar patches may have produced the snow storms which have almost buried out of sight the central and northern portions of the State, and yet still have left the Hudson, so that the inhabitants of the New England States are talking about the long continuance of their Indian summer. But these anomalies in the East are not a circumstance when compared with recent experiences in the far West. When the Pacific Railroad was first opened, it was the opinion of settlers and railroad hands stationed along the line that that portion of our country had a calendar system of its own, for it was found that up to the middle of February the weather was delightful; cool, but west of that influence stopped the storm. Yet the unfortunate travelers who undertook in the early days of April were almost sure to be completely blocked by snow. But this season the old condition of affairs has been reversed, and winter has set in there three months before its accustomed time. California, in everything relating to the barometer and thermometer, has always been an erratic State, for while one man might be strolling along Montgomery street, San Francisco, on a bright January morning, feeling thoroughly comfortable in his summer clothes, another, who happened to be at Benicia, thirty miles up the river, would likely enough be shivering under a great-coat and blanket. But during the past few weeks a cold wave has submerged the entire State, not omitting such previously favored places as Santa Barbara and Los Angeles. Isothermal lines have by these experiences been sadly disturbed, and may have to be drawn out anew; especially so, if it should turn out, as many people think that it may, that these seeming eccentricities in climate are simply attempts on the part of local nature to conform itself to the general system of spring, summer, fall and winter, as known in each of the other countries. It is certain, whatever the reason may be, that the range of temperature in California in each year coming into more accord than it has been with States occupying the same latitudinal position.—[New York Times].

## MRS. ANDERSON'S VICTORY.

Mrs. Anderson finished her performance (unparalleled in this country) of walking 2,700 quarter miles in as many consecutive quarter hours, at a few minutes before 11 o'clock Monday night, the 13th. The excitement in the over-packed hall was tremendous. Men shouted themselves hoarse, while hundreds of ladies clambered to the tops of their chairs, waving their handkerchiefs and cheering loudly.

During the trial made by Mr. Johnson the cooked meal varied from 72 to 110 at the time of her greatest excitement. The physicians pronounced her to be in sound health but the wear and tear of her terrible walk was easily perceived at times in the pallor of her face, her weary steps, and the glassy appearance of her eyes.

By 8 o'clock the hall was filled with a surging crowd. They overflowed on the track all the way around the garden. She became excited, walking with feverish haste, making each quarter in less than four minutes. A man walked in front, while two trailed behind to see that nothing was thrown on the track. Early in the evening many large bent pins were found scattered on the track at the end near the bar-room. Fortunately she was not walking in her old shoes, or she might have been disabled.

Each found after 8 o'clock, was made amid tumultuous yells and cheers. At one time she appeared dressed as the Goddess of Liberty, with a large silk American flag folded around her person. In her right hand she carried a small English flag, and in the left the Stars and Stripes. The flag enveloping her body entangled her limbs before she finished the quarter, and she was compelled to stop on the track and have it rearranged.

At 9 o'clock the crush was dangerous, and the police ordered the sale of tickets to be stopped. In a hall built to accommodate 800 people, over 2,000 were jammed. The track was black with ranks of men three deep in places. The corners were filled with well-dressed men and women, and the atmosphere was stifling. Nevertheless the walking woman darted around with fire in her eyes and unwonted vigor in her steps.

She fell sound asleep a few minutes before 10, and on starting on the 2,699th quarter, she had to be lifted from her couch. She walked briskly through the quarter, however. Before she finished it a woman in the crush fainted. It was impossible to carry her out. One of Mrs. Anderson's physicians gave her ammonia and restored her. On the next quarter another woman fainted.

On finishing the 2,698th quarter mile Mrs. Anderson pressed through the crowd on the stage, and made her way to a little ledge above the audience. The track was then so crowded that it was almost impossible for her to get through. After thanking the people of Brooklyn for their support and sympathy, she expressed the hope that no person could be found, either in New York or Brooklyn, who, for the sake of winning a few dollars, would place any impediment in her way of finishing the task she had undertaken. She then sang her favorite song of "N' Desperandum."

On descending to the track she hurried over the 2,699th quarter in 3:11.4. The applause was deafening. Before starting on this quarter her pulse was 110.

On being summoned for the 2,700th quarter—the last—at 10:45, she bounded from her room and fairly flew around the track with a square heel and toe movement. Two men ran ahead of her to keep a pathway open through the black mass of men. Two followed her to see that the open line was not closed. They all had to run to keep out of the woman's way. The roaring voices in the hall actually drowned the discordant blowing of the brass band. When the last quarter mile was finished, and the time announced as 2:37.5, the fastest time made during her walk, the uproar was simply terrific.

During the din she mounted the stage. While she was catching her breath, Corporal Tanner, a brave soldier, with no legs, but a powerful voice, described the extraordinary feat which Mrs. Anderson had just completed.

After the Corporal had exploded, Mrs. Anderson made her final speech. While men were best for seeking danger at the cannon's mouth, she believed women had the most endurance. She then gave a little advice to women about walking, with a sketch of her own experience.

At the conclusion she was wrapped in blankets, hurried into a carriage, and driven to Dr. Shepard's in Columbia street, where she was to be given a Turkish bath, and then allowed to sleep an hour at a time until it is considered safe to indulge in a long rest. She is to remain at the Doctor's three or four days.

The crowd was so great in the streets adjoining the hall, that it was difficult to get Mrs. Anderson into the coach. There were at least 2,000 more people than could squeeze into the garden.

Mrs. Anderson is 5 feet 1 inch in height, and she weighed, when she began her walk, about 140 pounds. She looked, when through, with her task, as though she had lost ten or fifteen pounds. She was born in London thirty-seven years ago. Her father was a German and her mother an Englishwoman.

The following brief sentences, taken from articles in English newspapers, will show what Mrs. Anderson has accomplished in England in some of her walks.

From the *South Wales Telegraph*.  
Madam Anderson completed her task of walking 1,000 half miles at the commencement of walking 1,000 half miles on Saturday night to the astonishment of an immense concourse of respectable people.

From the *Leeds Mercury*.  
The heroic Mrs. Anderson completed her task of walking 1,000 miles in 674 hours with a distance beyond record. The doors had to be closed before the performance was ended. She received a perfect ovation.

From the *Leeds Express*.  
At 6 o'clock this morning Madam Anderson completed her arduous task of walking 1,500 miles in 1,000 hours. This task is unparalleled. She appeared wonderfully fresh at the finish.

## THE FARM.

### Cooked Meal for Swine.

Prof. J. R. Farrington of the Agricultural College of Maine, has published the results of a series of experiments made at that institution on the relative value of cooked and raw meal in fattening pigs. Similar experiments were made at our State Agricultural College some years ago, and with similar results, still those of Prof. Farrington may be of interest to our readers. He says:  
These experiments were begun in 1870 by Samuel Johnson, who was then farm superintendent, and they have been continued during a part of every year since that time. In the trial made by Mr. Johnson the cooked meal was thoroughly scalded and fed warm. The uncooked meal was mixed with cold water before it was given to the swine and fed cold. The result of this trial continued for three months, was that the value of scalded meal fed warm, is to the value of raw meal fed cold as 95% is to 100.

In the trials of this experiment that were made under my care from 1871 to 1878 inclusive, the cooked meal was prepared by boiling it with water until completely cooked. This was sometimes allowed to cool before it was fed, and at other times was fed while warm. The uncooked meal was mixed with cold water and fed cold. This course was uniformly pursued, with the exception that in cold weather both the cooked meal and the raw meal were fed warm. The breed of swine represented in these experiments have been Chester Whites, Yorkshires, and the grades or crosses of these breeds and of the Suffolk.

In 1878 an occasional feed of cows skimmed milk was given to each pig in addition to the meal. At the close of each trial the pigs have been slaughtered and sold. Since 1873 I have made note of the amount of shrinkage in dressing. The average is one-fourth in one case it was little more than one-sixth. After describing the work done from year to year in detail, the Professor concludes:—We have by this experiment which has been continued through from three to four months of the nine years since its commencement obtained evidence, I think I may say proof, that all the labor and money expended in cooking meal for swine is more than thrown away.

The feeding-value of the meal used this year was reduced 2.5 per cent by cooking. The cost of meal fed this year was \$40.00. To have cooked all this would have caused a loss of \$8.73 wood burned in cooking the meal. To reckon the time employed and the wood burned in cooking the meal would materially increase the loss.

On the other hand the meal were fed raw, \$8.73 and the added value of time employed and wood burned would be saved.

### Selecting Breeding Stock.

The possession of distinctive characteristics, and the ability to uniformly transmit these to offspring, are in the absence of an authenticated pedigree, the best proofs of breeding, as they are also the best proofs of the value of the pedigree, if this be known; of the two, the latter point is much the more difficult to secure. With a free use of money, a good judge can secure admirable specimens of any desired breed; but many have found that it does not necessarily follow that an animal possessing the desired qualities will reproduce them in the offspring. The breeder is often advised to select for breeding purposes only those animals which possess the qualities he desires. A writer gives the following on this subject, which is well worth careful notice:

Rule.—Secure as few weak or defective points as possible, rather than the aggregate of strong points. Had you appear to possess the greater force. A first-class colt can only be obtained by mating individuals having the average of good points, the fewest doubtful or weak points, and the pronounced absence of bad points or defective ones. It is waste of time and hard cash to improve one portion of the structure at the expense of another.

There is sound sense in the rule given, and we commend it to the attention of young breeders, especially. We doubt the correctness of the reason—that weak points possess greater force than good ones—but this does not affect the soundness of the rule itself. A better reason for making it the rule to look for weak points, and rejecting because of possession of good qualities, is that the latter are very apt to blind us to the former. When we find an animal of unusual excellence in some point to which we attach much importance, it is natural for us to allow this to outweigh defects in other directions. On the whole, it is a safer recommendation of an animal for breeding purposes, or for every-day use, to say it has no weak places than to dwell on some one or two prominent excellences. The writer above quoted well states important truths in the following sentence:—"Harmony of construction should be our aim. Excessive developments, when in opposition, mean weakness." It is almost safe to adopt as to animals the rule as to machinery—the whole is no stronger than the weakest part. Oftentimes a marked development of a quality desirable in itself may cause the more speedy failure of a weak or bad point. The horse with powerful muscular development and too light bone will more probably fall than one will like poorly developed in muscle and bone.

Do not, then, balance an obvious defect with an admitted excellence. The bad will as probably be reproduced as the good, and may alone respect. Rather reject wherever there is marked deficiency; this done, secure as much excellence as is practicable, but make up the higher aggregate by a large number of fairly good points, rather than one or two of remarkable development.—[Litt. Stock Journal].

### Butter Making.

Those who make butter of a low grade are those who are in the habit of doing everything when it is convenient, and not when it should be done. They feed the cows when convenient as to time; feed such fodder as they have, good or bad. If the water is pure, all right; if impure, all the same. If the bags are covered with filth, a part of it may drop into the pail when milking. The cows may be driven up to the yard by the help of stones, long whips and a dog or two. The milking is done in the mud and slush, instead of clean, dry stables, and at irregular times. A gill or two of milk is left in the bag; filthy pails are used, and unclean vessels are everywhere allowed. The milk is too sour when skimmed. Hot or cold water is put into the cream, to bring it to a proper temperature for churning. The butter is washed in fresh water to get out the buttermilk, and the quantity of salt used guessed at. The butter is worked too much, or not enough; it is stored in cellars where there is impure and filthy atmosphere. Some do all these things and then wonder why their butter is not always alike, and why they don't get as much per pound as other folks.

The most essential things for success in butter making are, first, a farm well adapted for the business, having a soil naturally adapted to best grasses, running water, or good well; suitable buildings, warm and well ventilated stables; a suitable place for the milk, cream and butter, and a full supply of dairy utensils. Second, the cows should be selected with great care, well fed, cleanly kept, and all regularly milked. Third, the milk must be set in a pure atmosphere, at such a temperature as will permit the cream to rise in less than thirty-six hours. Fourth, skin as soon as the milk begins to turn sour. This is determined by gently lifting a little of the cream at the edge of the vessel with a knife. If the cream has even a little curdled milk directly on the underside, it has stood too long. Fifth, place the cream in covered vessels in a temperature of 60° or lower, but not covered so closely as to hinder the gas from escaping. If too tight fermentation is often too rapid. Sixth, churn often, as there is nothing gained by long keeping. Bring the temperature of the cream in the churn to 58°, and not allow it to rise above 64°.

Seventh, work the butter only so much as to expel the buttermilk, but not to work it too dry. This can be done by the use of a weak brine prepared for the purpose, and it will not whiten or lessen the natural color of the butter, as will water. Eighth, weigh the butter while fresh, and thoroughly work in one ounce of the purest salt to the pound of butter.—This thorough working avoids streaks, as that part having the least salt is of a lighter color than that with more salt. Place a cloth over the butter, and over that clean strong brine. Put the bowl away in a cool place. After standing twelve or twenty-four hours, slightly press out with a ladle or machine, the remaining buttermilk, and any brine that will flow out with it, care being used not to work it too dry. If this is done the butter has lost its grain and becomes salve, and its keeping qualities are greatly injured. Ninth, pack in vessels which will impart no impurities to the butter. Fill within half an inch of the top. Place a thin cloth over the butter. Over that pour brine, as strong as can be made of hot water and the purest salt. The whole process of making the butter from drawing the milk to the placing of the butter in packages, should be hurried, as milk, cream and butter are going to decay every moment when exposed to the air, however pure it may be. Such butter is ready to keep or to sell. If to be kept long before selling, surround every package with salt, by placing them in boxes prepared for the purpose. This process keeps the butter cool and hard, and free from sudden changes of air.—C. G. T. Country Gentleman.

### STRAWS.

A writer in the *Country Gentleman* describes a remarkable growth of corn in a pile of hemlock sawdust which had been used in an ice house. The roots of the corn did not reach the soil beneath the saw dust, but must have found something besides hemlock to feed on in the pile.

A factory has been started at Freeport, Ills, which is expected to use up 600,000 bushels of corn a year and turn out about 140 barrels of molasses a day. At this

**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, Washburn Co., Mich.

**Legal Printing.**—Persons having legal advertising to do, should remember that it is not necessary that it should be published at 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 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. 23, 1879.

**The Mormons and Their City.**

LETTER NO. 1.

From Omaha to Ogden over those wonderful plains and mountains and deserts, for more than a thousand miles, we did not see a tree or a cultivated acre or any sign of civilization, save around the railway stations. Then, after two hours' on a branch line from Ogden, we were transferred in a handsome four-horse omnibus through wide, shady streets to a large hotel, furnished with passenger elevator, steam heat, gas, hot and cold water, full dressed waiters, and even a menu for dinner—and all this for three dollars a day.

Salt Lake City is on an elevated plain, more than four thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is surrounded on three sides by mountains, some of which are capped with perpetual snow. The other side is open to the great salt lake, about ten miles distant. The city is laid out in squares. The streets are one hundred and thirty-two feet wide. On each side of every street are rivulets of water from the mountains, so graded that by opening little gates they can be turned into every garden and spread over every lawn.

The Mormons found this place, in 1847, a barren waste, without water and covered only by worthless sage bush. By industry and irrigation they have caused it literally to "blossom as the rose." They claim the 107th Psalm to be a prophecy of their flight toward and their settlement in this place, and they make special reference to verses 4 to 7 and 35 to 37, commencing, "They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way."

Now, in 1878, the city has a population of twenty thousand Mormons and five thousand Gentiles. It is the capital of Utah, and has a large trade. The public buildings are of considerable pretensions. The great Tabernacle, built of sun-dried brick and wood, has a seating capacity of ten or twelve thousand. A fine stone temple and a new stone tabernacle are in course of construction. There is a theatre with seats for twelve hundred. There are assembly-houses in the several wards, twenty-one in number, with accommodations for a few hundred each, used for political, social and religious meetings, also for schools, and even for Sunday schools.

There are many handsome, spacious residences, surrounded by large and well-kept gardens and lawns, and by luxuriant fruit and ornamental trees. There are a good supply of hotels, banks and bankers; stores with large and well assorted stocks of goods. Two lines of railroad run into Salt Lake, and two lines of horse cars traverse its several streets. There are three daily and three weekly newspapers. One of these, strangely enough, in such a place, advocates women's rights, and another criticizes and ridicules Mormon leaders and their practices as freely and as severely as papers in our city take similar liberties with public men and their doings.

The Mormons endeavor to control the trade of their own people. They enjoin it as a religious duty that Mormons shall purchase only of Mormons. They paint the picture of an eye on the fronts of their stores, to remind the people that God sees and will punish all who go into the stores of the Gentiles. This, however, is only partially successful, as is evidenced by the prosperity of several Gentile merchants.

There is a large Mormon co-operative institution, with numerous branches, which is co-operative only in that it is a joint stock company, and all who trade may, if they like, become stockholders and share in its

profits. As, however, the control is in the family of Brigham Young and other wealthy Mormons, and all the offices held by them, at fat salaries, and as the institution has not paid dividends for several years, there is not much demand for the stock, and I could not obtain a quotation of its value. The principal store of this kind is 75 feet wide, 330 feet deep and three stories high, filled with goods to the top, embracing all varieties. The sign, which can be read as far as the store can be seen, is as follows:

**HOLINESS TO THE LORD.**

Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution.

Take it all in all, Salt Lake is a handsome, flourishing city, a surprise to all visitors. The streets, especially on Saturdays, are lively with carriages and country teams. The sidewalks are thronged with people as well dressed as the same classes in Eastern cities, and all the New York and Parisian fashions are there in full bloom.

We visited the tomb of Brigham Young. It is in his own grounds, on an elevation overlooking the city, enclosed by a rough stone wall. The grave is covered by a block of granite weighing nine tons, and is without inscription or ornament of any kind. There is not a blade of grass or a flower, nor any green thing growing around it. The only evidence we saw that any person cared for his memory, was a handful of cut flowers that lay on the block of granite, withering in the sun. We were informed that Brigham was such a tyrant in his life time that no one mourned his death. He left written directions for his funeral, from which I extract the following:

"I want my coffin made two inches longer than I would measure, and from two to three inches wider than is commonly made for a person of my breadth and size, and deep enough to place me on a little comfortable pillow bed, with a good suitable pillow for size and quality; my body dressed in my Temple clothing and laid nicely in the coffin, to have the appearance that if I wanted to turn a little to the right or to the left I should have plenty of room to do so."

The Mormons expect eventually to go back to Missouri, to the place they were driven from, there to build a city and temple and thrown, where Jesus Christ will set up his earthly kingdom and they will be his peculiar people. In view of this expectation, Brigham Young gave orders that when they go his bones shall be carried along with them, as the bones of the patriarch Joseph were carried out of Egypt into the land of Canaan.

—N. Y. Observer.

**Our Chip Basket.**

London has 13,000 cabmen.

I have come to stay.—J. Frost.

A noisy fellow annoys a fellow.

The sky, unlike man, is most cheerful when the bluest.

The Wheeling Leader says a pynole is the cotton of a buckwheat cake.

The price of bread in England now is precisely the same as it was in 1770.

A Vermont legislature said in a speech: "My wife, who is a married woman?"

A fellow isn't half so much bothered by the dog-days as he is by the cat-nights.

The experiment has been tried often enough to prove that a button-hook is not a night key.

The latest slang is "you've sat down on more than you can cover" and "cut my suspenders and let me down."

The greatest trouble with pretty people is that they themselves, first make the discovery that they are pretty.

The man who throws his overcoat over his shoulders, taking up two-thirds of the sidewalk, is abroad in the land.

The latest case of extreme modesty was that of a young lady who refused to sit in a rocking-chair with arms on it.

A *Wheat*, down in Indiana, was thrashed the other day by a lover whose *Wheat* heart she had ceased to be.

Many a young man has forfeited the good graces of his best girl through a failure to keep his shoe buttoned.

The manufacture of a "fly-paper" wrote to a publisher asking his terms for an advertisement on the fly-leaf of a book.

The most bashful girl we ever heard of was the young lady who blushed when she was asked if she had not been courting sleep.

A romantic young man says that a young woman's heart is like the moon—it changes continually, but always has a man in it.

"Have you cologne?" she asked. "No, ma'am," replied the druggist; "I have no scents at all." She said he didn't look as though he had.

A woman with beauty and nothing else is very much like a raw recruit sent under fire with an improved breech-loader and no ammunition.

The young man who wrote and asked his girl to accept of a "bucket" of flowers became a little pale when she said she wouldn't wear it.

The question being asked: "Can a Christian go to the circus?" Yes, until he's married, and then in most cases the circus comes to him.

There are five Chinese opium dens in Oakland, Cal., patronized by white men and women, and sixteen frequented exclusively by Chinamen.

**THE SUN FOR 1879.**

The *SUN* will be printed every day during the year to come. Its purpose and method will be the same as in the past: to present all the news in a readable shape, and to tell the truth though the heavens fall.

The *SUN* has been, is, and will continue to be independent of everybody and everything save the Truth and its own convictions of duty. That is the only policy which an honest newspaper need have. That is the policy which has won for this newspaper the confidence and friendship of a wider constituency than was ever enjoyed by any other American Journal.

The *SUN* is the newspaper for the people. It is not for the rich man against the poor man, or for the poor man against the rich man, but it seeks to do equal justice to all interests in the community. It is not the organ of any person, class, sect or party. There need be no mystery about its loves and hates. It is for the honest man against the rogues every time. It is for the honest Democrat as against the dishonest Republican, and for the honest Republican as against the dishonest Democrat. It does not take its cue from the organs of any politicians or political organizations. It gives its support unreservedly when men or measures are in agreement with the Constitution and with the principles upon which this Republic was founded for the people. Whenever the Constitution and constitutional principles are violated—as in the outrageous conspiracy of 1876, by which a man not elected was placed in the President's office where he still remains—it speaks out for the right. That is the *SUN*'s idea of independence. In this respect there will be no change in its programme for 1879.

The *SUN* has fairly earned the hearty approval of radicals, freemen, and humbugs of all sorts and sizes. It hopes to deserve that hatred in the year 1879, than in 1878, 1877 or any year gone by. The *SUN* will continue to shine on the wicked with unaltered brightness.

While the lessons of the past should constantly be kept before the people, the *SUN* does not propose to make itself in 1879 a magazine of ancient history. It is printed for the men and women of to-day, whose concern is chiefly with the affairs of to-day. It has both the disposition and the ability to afford its readers the promptest, fullest, and most accurate intelligence of whatever in the wide world is worth attention. To this end the resources belonging to well established prosperity will be liberally employed.

The present disjunct condition of parties in this country, and the uncertainty of the future, lend an extraordinary significance to the events of the coming year. The discussions of the press, the debates and acts of Congress, and the movements of the leaders in every section of the Republic will have a direct bearing on the Presidential election of 1880—an event which must be regarded with the most anxious interest by every patriotic American, whatever his political ideas or allegiance. To these elements of interest may be added the probability that the Democrats will control both houses of Congress, the increasing feebleness of the fraudulent administration, and the spread and strengthening everywhere of a healthy abhorrence of fraud in any form. To present with accuracy and clearness the exact situation in each of its varying phases, and to expound according to its well-known methods, the principles that should guide us through the labyrinth, will be an important part of the *SUN*'s work for 1879.

We have the means of making the *SUN*, as a political, literary and general newspaper, more entertaining and more useful than ever before; and we mean to apply them freely.

Our rates of subscription remain unchanged. For the *DAILY SUN*, a four page sheet of twenty-eight columns, the price by mail, postpaid, is 55 cents a month, or \$6.50 a year; or including the Sunday paper, an eight page sheet of fifty-six columns, the price is 65 cents a month, or \$7.70 a year, postage paid.

The *SUNDAY SUN* of this year is also furnished separately, at \$1.20 a year, postage paid.

The price of the *WEEKLY SUN*, eight pages, fifty-six columns, is \$1 a year postpaid. For clubs of ten sending \$10 we will send an extra copy free. Address W. W. ENGLAND, Publisher of the *SUN*, New York City.

**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 efficacy, 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 hurts 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 malarial is susceptible of being remedied, it will readily 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.

Now—Electric—Selected and Electrized.

Cheap Job Printing done at this office.

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

**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—could lead to consumption, and a remedy that will cure consumption will certainly and surely 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 name, check, back of side, the Shiloh's Plover 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. "Lackmetchek," a popular and fragrant perfume. Sold only by Glazier & Armstrong. v7-44m6

**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.

**WYOMOKE**  
A BLOOD, BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD.

The most powerful vitalizing nerve tonic and invigorator known; a sovereign cure in all nervous diseases, heart disease, exhausted vitality, broken-down constitutions, dyspepsia, weakness of the kidneys, bladder, urinary organs, arresting seminal and prostatic affections, restoring nervous and debilitated systems to health and vigor. Price \$1.00 and \$3.00. Sold by first-class druggists. **FAIRBANK, WILLIAMS & Co.**, General Agents, Detroit—Use **Dr. Scott's Celebrated Plaster**. Best in the World. v8-15y

**The Great Cause of LIVER MISERY.**

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment, and Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhoea, Induced by Self Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Elipsy, and Pits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c., by **ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D.**, author of the "Green Book," &c.

The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically.

This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps. Address the Publishers.

**The Culverwell Medical Co.**, 41 Ann St. New York, P. O. box 4586

**BEST** business you can engage in. \$5 to \$20 per day made by any worker of either sex, right in their own localities. Particulars and samples worth \$5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address **SMITHSON & Co.**, Portland, Maine. 7-24-y

**TRADE MARK**  
**"VIBRATOR"**  
Reg. March 21, 1874.

**THE ORIGINAL & ONLY GENUINE** "Vibrator" Thrashers, WITH IMPROVED MOUNTED HORSE POWERS, And Steam Thrasher Engines, Made only by **NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.,** BATTLE CREEK, MICH.



**THE Matchless Grain-Having, Threshing, and Horse-Power Thrashers in use by all the farmers and stock raisers in the West, for Feeding and for having Grain from Waste.**

**GRAIN Raisers will not submit to the common practice of threshing their grain by the old-fashioned method, but will use the Matchless Grain-Saver, for the reason that it saves the grain, and for having Grain from Waste.**

**THE ENTIRE Threshing Expense** is saved by the Matchless Grain-Saver, for the reason that it saves the grain, and for having Grain from Waste.

**No Revolving Shafts Inside the Separators**—No Friction, No Wear, No Noise, and all such fine-threshing and grain-saving features, which are not found in any other kind of grain separator. Wet or Dry, Long or Short, the Matchless Grain-Saver is the best in the world.

**NOT ONLY VASTLY SUPERIOR FOR WHEAT,** but also for all other kinds of grain, and for the reason that it saves the grain, and for having Grain from Waste.

**MARVELOUS FOR SIMPLICITY OF PARTS,** and for the reason that it saves the grain, and for having Grain from Waste.

**FOUR Sizes of Separators Made,** ranging from 12 to 24 feet in length, and two styles of Mounted Horse Powers in stock.

**STEAM Power Thrashers a Specialty.** A special separator made expressly for Steam Power.

**OUR Unrivaled Steam Thrasher Engines,** with 12, 15, 20, 25, 30, 40, 50, 60, 75, 100, and 150 horse power, for sale on any other terms than our own.

**Our Thorough Workmanship, Elegant Style, and Superior Quality of Materials,** are our specialties.

**FOR Particulars, call on our Dealers** or write to the Matchless Company, which we will mail free.

v8-17-6m

**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 \$1000 in one month. 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

**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.

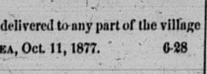
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**HOYLAND'S UNADILLA FLOUR.**

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.

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 village free of charge.

**Cash paid for Country Produce.**

**DURAND & TUTTLE,**

South Main street, Chelsea, Mich. v7-10

**Can money faster at work for us than at anything else.**

We will start you up \$13 per day at home made by the industries. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. Costly outfits and terms free. Address **TRUSS & Co.**, Augusta, Maine. 7-24-y

**CLEAR THE TRACK**

GOODS CHEAPER THEN EVER BEFORE SOLD IN CHESEA, AND AT PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

Our complete and extensive stock of Goods to be found, consisting of

**DRY GOODS**

BEAVER CLOAKS,

BAY STATE SHAWLS,

GROCERIES,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS,

FLOUR,

FED,

OATS,

CORN,

PROVISIONS,

And in fact, everything needed to Eat or Wear. Our Stock of

**BOOTS AND SHOES**

in particular, are simply immense, and of the best kinds, and makes, bought at prices that defy competition—of

**DRESS GOODS**

we can show the BEST LINES ever brought to Chelsea—and at prices that will astonish the citizens. We cordially invite all of our old friends, and the community generally to come and see us—our Stock and Store are well worth a visit—whether you wish to purchase or not.

**WOOD BRO'S. & CO.**

Chelsea, Jan. 1, 1879.

**ESTABLISHMENT.**

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN.

**WATCHMAKER.**

REPAIRING—Special attention given to this branch of the business, and satisfaction guaranteed, at the Bee-Hive jewelry establishment, south Main-st., Chelsea. 47

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**WATCHMAKER.**

REPAIR

**N. 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	4:35 P. M.
Jackson Express	7:08 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. LEVYARD, Gen'l Supt., Detroit.  
HENRY C. WESTFORTH, General Passenger and Ticket Ag't, Chicago.

**Time of Closing the Mill.**  
Western Mill, 9:00, 11:00 A. M. & 7:00 P. M.  
Eastern " " 9:50-10 A. M. & 4:10 P. M.  
Geo. J. CROWELL, Postmaster.

**THE CHELSEA HERALD,**  
IS PUBLISHED  
Every Thursday Morning by  
**A. Allison, Chelsea, Mich.**

**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**

1 Week.	1 Month.	1 Year.
1 square, \$1.00	\$3.00	\$15.00
1/2 Column, 4.00	8.00	25.00
1/4 Column, 7.00	10.00	40.00
1/8 Column, 10.00	15.00	75.00

Cards in "Business Directory," \$5.00 per year.  
Notices in "Local Column," 10 cents a line; no notice for less than 50 cents.  
Legal advertisements at Statute prices.

**BUSINESS DIRECTORY**

**CHELSEA BANK,** Established in 1868 Ocean Passage Tickets. Drafts drawn on Europe. United States Registered and Coupon Bonds for sale.  
v8-13  
Geo. P. GLAZIER, Sec'y.

**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 Venerable Lodge No. 85, I. O. O. F., will take place every Wednesday evening at 6 1/4 o'clock, at their Lodge room, Middle st., East.  
E. E. SHAVIER, Sec'y.

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

**GEO. E. WRIGHT, D. D. S.,** OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL DENTIST,  
OFFICE OVER GEO. P. GLAZIER'S BANK, CHELSEA, MICH. [7-13]

**M. W. BUSH, DENTIST,**  
OFFICE IN WEBB'S, BLOCK 81

**INSURANCE COMPANIES**  
REPRESENTED BY  
**W. E. DEPEW.**

Assets.	
Home of New York,	\$9,199,327
Hartford,	3,292,914
Underwriters,	3,253,710
American, Philadelphia,	1,299,661
Detroit Fire and Marine,	501,029
Fire Association,	3,178,386

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 fitted up with everything pertaining to the comfort of customers.

**Specially made in FULLER'S CELEBRATED SEA-FOAM** for cleaning 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 SHROUDS.**  
Hears-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 Huseen, west Middle street, Chelsea, Mich. v7-4

**CHURCH DIRECTORY.**  
**CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.**  
Rev. THOS. HOLMES. Services at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting Thursday 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 DUNN. 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. METZER. Services every alternate Sunday at 2 o'clock P. M.

**OUR TELEPHONE.**  
WINTER weather holds out steady.  
TRAMPS are almost played out in this vicinity.  
GIVE your wives and sweethearts a sleigh-ride.  
A tramp was sent to the Detroit work house for 75 days last Friday.  
OUR town was crowded with teams last Saturday. Business is reviving.  
REED & Co. have received a large stock of drugs for medicinal purposes. All their goods will be sold cheap for cash.

SOME miserable human being cut the lines of a team that was hitched to a post on Main Street, one day last week, with a jack knife and let the horses go at large. He ought to be sent up for 90 days.

THE newspaper costs less than a glass of grog, but it is not less true than there is a large number of people who think corn juice cheap and newspapers dear.

TWAS a young printer's devil, who asked for a kiss,  
But she quickly replied, this pert little Miss,  
You look lanky and black though your head may be level,  
And I'll never consent to be kissed by the devil.

At their regular meeting held Jan. 15th, 1876, of Washnetan Encampment No. 17, I. O. O. F., Chelsea. The following officers were duly elected:

C. P.—A. Blackney,  
H. P.—G. E. Wright,  
S. W.—J. Hinder,  
Treas.—J. Shaver,  
Scribe.—J. A. Palmer,  
J. W.—E. Hammond.

A YOUNG MAN steals a horse and enters in Dexter one day last week—an officer attempted to arrest him—he drew a revolver and fired at the officer, the ball only penetrated through his coat. Being closely pursued by the officer and fearing capture—he then shot himself twice in the region of the heart, and expired in five minutes. It is said that his name was Will Jakins from Danville, Mich.

**ELECTION.**—At the annual meeting of the German Working Men's Benevolent Society of Chelsea, held Jan. 20th, 1876, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Pres.—Aug. Neuburger,  
Vice Pres.—Frank Staffan,  
Rec. Sec.—Fred Vogel,  
Cor. Sec.—Jas. Wunder,  
Treas.—Jacob Hoepfer,  
Cashier.—M. Staffan,  
Standard Bearer.—Mat. Alber,  
Trustees.—G. Mast, Jacob Schumacher and Chris. Klein.

ONE day last week in Chelsea, there were two dwellings and a store entered by burglars. They took clothing etc. from the dwellings, and a quantity of cigars from the store. We have not heard the amount of value they stole. The inhabitants ought to have their revolvers ready the next time they come, to give them a warm reception.

**Words for the Children to Remember.**  
Honesty is always the best policy.  
Always treat others as you would like others to treat you.  
Save your money, and you will find it one of the most useful of friends.  
Never give trouble to your mother or father.  
Take care of your pennies and they will grow to be dollars.  
Intemperance is the cause of nearly all the trouble in this world; beware of strong drink.  
The young ladies and gentlemen of Chelsea, under the instruction of Prof. Foote and Mr. Comfort, are preparing to give the beautiful Cantata Belshazzar.

This drama is founded on incidents taken from the Bible during the time of the Babylonian Empire and the captivity of the Jews, and is very highly spoken of in other places where it has been given.

The rehearsals will occupy nearly 3 weeks, after which three grand entertainments will be given.

IF ever, in autumn, a pensiveness falls upon us as the leaves drift up in their falling, may we not wisely look up in hope to their mighty monuments? Behold how fair, how far prolonged in arch and aisle, the avenues of the valleys, the fringes of the hills! So stately, so eternal, the joy of mind the comfort of all living creatures, the glory of the earth—they are but the monuments of the poor leaves that flit faintly past us to die. Let them not pass without our understanding their last counsel and example; that we also, careless of monument by the grave, may build it in the world—monument by which men may be taught to remember, not where we died, but where we lived.

Advertisers must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue. These terms will be strictly adhered to.

**DIED.**  
In Chelsea, at the residence of her son Thomas S. Sears, January 16th, 1876, Mrs. SOPHIA J. SEARS, aged 87 years, 1 month, and 28 days.  
Mrs. Sears was a native of Massachusetts, whence she, with her husband the late Dr. Thomas Sears, emigrated to this county in 1837. In 1839 her husband died, from which time the whole care of the farm and her family of seven children devolved upon her, until her son Thomas S. was able to take a portion of it from her mind. She was a sister of the late Enoch James, of Ann Arbor, also of Luther James, well known to the citizens of Chelsea, and L. L. James of Dexter, and mother of Prof. C. W. Sears, of the University of Mississippi, Mrs. F. M. Martin and Mrs. Dr. A. Ewing of Dexter, and of the late Mrs. H. H. Noble, of Elk Rapids, as also of Mrs. Rowley of Niles, and Mrs. Freeman Rowley of Iowa.

In her youth, she was a student at the Westfield, Mass. Academy, with the late lamented William Cullen Bryant.  
She was a woman of great intelligence and executive ability, more than ordinary power of endurance, and sterling worth, and will be sadly missed by her family and numerous friends. She died of pneumonia, and her departure was gentle and peaceful. Her funeral, Monday p. m. January 20th, at her late home, called together a large assemblage of neighbors and sympathetic friends, from near and far, among whom was an unusual number of aged persons. The services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Holmes of the Congregational Church.

**EVILS AMONG YOUNG MEN.**—Of the evils prevalent among young men, we know of none more blighting in its moral effects than to speak lightly of the virtues of a woman. Nor is there anything in which young men are so thoroughly mistaken as the low estimate they form as to the integrity of women. Not of their own mothers and sisters, but of others, who, they forget, are somebody else's mothers and sisters. As a rule, no person who surrenders to this debasing habit is to be trusted with an enterprise requiring integrity of character. Plain words should be spoken on this subject, for the evil is a general one and deep rooted. If young men are sometimes thrown into the society of thoughtless or deprived women, they have no more right to measure all other women by what they see of these, than they have to estimate the character of honest and respectable citizens by the developments of crime in our police courts. Let young men remember that their chief happiness in life depends upon upper faith in women. No worldly wisdom, no misanthropic philosophy, no generalization, can cover or weaken truth. It stands like the record of itself—for it is nothing less than this—and should put an everlasting seal upon lips that are wont to speak slightly of women.

**PERHAPS** the most curious errand that was ever performed by a decorated and titled diplomatist was that which took the Brazilian Minister to the Health Office of Washington last week. The fearful scourge of small-pox is raging in Brazil, and over thirty thousand people died during November. In Cera City the deaths averaged six hundred per day, and the Emperor of Brazil has telegraphed the representatives of that country in the United States to procure and forward at once all the vaccine matter that can be obtained. Borges, Minister of Brazil, called on the Health Officer of Washington to obtain information of the sources of supply, and all that can be procured will be shipped to Rio de Janeiro by the next steamer.

**A DOUBLE MURDER.**—A horrible murder was committed in Bell's Bend on the Cumberland River, 12 miles from Nashville, Tuesday night. The deed was not discovered until 8 o'clock Wednesday morning, when the corpses of John Whittemyer and wife were found side by side in bed. They had been terribly beaten and disfigured with bullets of wood. Between the two bodies were found an infant and a child 3 years old, who were crawling and playing. Knox Martin, colored, is suspected of the murder. He had a misunderstanding with Whittemyer about the pay for a day's work. He is still at large.

**Commissioner's Notice.**  
STATE OF MICHIGAN, )  
Co. of Washtenaw, ) ss.  
The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Frances Eliza Faulkner, late of said county deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date are allowed, by order of said Probate Court, for Creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the office of George W. Turnbull, in the village of Chelsea, in said County, on Monday the seventh day of April, and on Monday the seventh day of July next, at ten o'clock A. M. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated January 6th, A. D. 1876.  
JAMES HUDLER, } Commissioners.  
W. N. TURNBULL, }

**YICK'S FLORAL GUIDE**  
A beautiful work of 100 Pages, One Colored Flower Plate, and 300 Illustrations, with Descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, and how to grow them. All for a FIVE CENT STAMP. In English or German.  
The Flower and Vegetable Garden, 175 Pages, Six Colored Plates, and many hundred Engravings. For 50 cents in paper covers; \$1.00 in elegant cloth. In German or English.  
Yick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine, 33 Pages, a Colored Plate in every number and many fine Engravings. Price \$1.25 a year; Five Copies for \$5.00.  
Yick's Seeds are the best in the world. Send FIVE CENT STAMP for a FLORAL GUIDE, containing List and Prices, and plenty of information. Address: JAMES YICK, Rochester, N. Y.

**Chelsea Market.**  
CHELSEA, Jan. 23, 1876.

WHEAT, Red, 3/4 bu.	85@88
WHEAT, White, 3/4 bu.	85@88
WHEAT, Red, 1/2 bu.	75
CORN, 3/4 bu.	20@25
OATS, 3/4 bu.	5 5/8
CLOVER SEED, 3/4 bu.	1 7/8
TIMOTHY SEED, 3/4 bu.	1 7/8
BEANS, 3/4 bu.	50@1.00
POTATOES, 3/4 bu.	35@40
APPLES, green, 3/4 bbl.	65@1.00
do dried, 3/4 bbl.	63
HONEY, 3/4 lb.	15@22
BUTTER, 3/4 lb.	7
POULTRY—Chickens, 3/4 lb.	6
LARD, 3/4 lb.	7
TALLOW, 3/4 lb.	6 1/2
HAMS, 3/4 lb.	96
SHOULDERS, 3/4 lb.	95
EGGS, 3/4 doz.	16
BEEF, live 3/4 cwt.	2 00@2 50
SHEEP, live 3/4 cwt.	3 00@3 50
HOGS, live 3/4 cwt.	2 00@2 50
do dressed 3/4 cwt.	3 00
HAY, tame 3/4 ton.	8 00@10 00
do marsh, 3/4 ton.	5 00@6 00
SALT, 3/4 bbl.	125
Wool, 3/4 lb.	28@30
CRANBERRIES, 3/4 bu.	2 00@2 50

**THE Scientific American.**  
THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.  
The Most Popular Scientific Paper IN THE WORLD.  
Only \$3.20 a Year, including Postage. Weekly. 52 Numbers a year. 4,000 book pages.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is a large First-class Weekly Newspaper of Sixteen Pages, printed in the most beautiful style, profusely illustrated with splendid engravings, representing the newest inventions and the most recent advances in the Arts and Sciences; including New and Interesting Facts in Agriculture, Horticulture, the Home, Health, Medical Progress, Social Science, Natural History, Geology, Astronomy. The most valuable practical papers, by eminent writers, in all departments, will be found in the Scientific American.

**PATENTS.** In connection with the Scientific American, Messrs. MUNN & Co. are Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents, have had 34 years experience, and now have the largest establishment in the world. Patents are obtained on the best terms. A special notice is made in the Scientific American of all inventions patented through this Agency, with the name and residence of the Patentee. By the immense circulation thus given, public attention is directed to the merits of the new patent, and sales or introduction often easily effected.

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**MUNN & CO.,**  
37 Park Row, New York.  
Branch Office, Cor. F and 7th Sts., Washington, D. C.

**THEY ALL WANT IT.**  
Because it is a family newspaper of pure, sound reading for old and young, and it contains a reliable and comprehensive summary of all the important news.

**THE NEW YORK OBSERVER,**  
The Best Family Newspaper,  
Publishes both the religious and secular news that is desired in any family, while all that is likely to do any harm is shut out. It devotes four pages to religious news, and four to secular.

The New York Observer was first published in 1833; and it is believed to be the only instance of a Religious Newspaper continuing its even course for six years, without a change of principle, intent, purpose, or pledge on the part of its birth.

**THE 57th Volume**  
contains all the important news that interest or instruct; so that any one who reads it will be thoroughly posted. We do not run a benevolent institution, and we do not ask for the support of charity. We propose to make the Best Newspaper that is published, and we propose to sell it as cheaply as it can be afforded. Let those who want pure, sound, sensible, truthful reading, subscribe for it, and let them induce others to do the same. We are now publishing in the Observer the Story of

**JOAN THE MAID,**  
by Mrs. CHARLES, author of "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family."  
We send no premiums. We will send you the

**New York Observer**  
one year, post-paid, for \$2.15. Any one sending with his own subscription the names of NEW subscribers, shall have commission allowed in proportion to the number sent. For particulars see terms in the OBSERVER.  
**SAMPLE COPIES FREE.**  
Address,  
**New York Observer,**  
37 PARK ROW, NEW YORK

**HOLMES & PARKER'S DOUBLE COLUMN.**

**GREAT**

**ANNUAL REDUCTION SALE!!!**

Previous to our annual Inventory, which occurs February 1st, 1876 we shall offer Bargains in all Season Goods, as we prefer to Close Out all Goods at the end of each Season **At Cost and Less!!** than to carry them over.

**Look out for bargains--- First come, first served.**

**YOURS RESPECTFULLY,**  
**HOLMES & PARKER.**  
CHELSEA, MICH. v8-12-y

**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—most fitting guaranteed. Shop: South side, Middle street, west, Chelsea, Mich. v8-9

**THE PLACE TO BUY GOODS CHEAP**  
Is at the Store of  
**McKONE & HEATLEY,**  
Next door to the Postoffice, where Everything is New and First-class, and Selling at Bottom Prices. A Full Stock of  
**DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, ETC.**  
We wish to call special attention to our  
**TEAS,**  
Which are unrivalled for excellence and cheapness; also to our line of  
**DRESS TRIMMINGS,**  
Which will be found the best ever brought to this Market.

Give us a trial.  
McKONE & HEATLEY, CHELSEA, v8-10

**HARDWARE.**  
  
**JOHN H. WADE,**  
DEALER IN  
**HARDWARE AND TINWARE,**  
Would call the attention of the citizens of Chelsea and the surrounding county to the fact that he has thoroughly re-stocked every department of his store with the largest and most complete stock of  
**STOVES, IRON AND STEEL,**  
**AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,**  
**GLASS PUTTY,**  
**PAINT, OILS, DOORS, SASH,**  
**BLINDS, GLASS &c.**

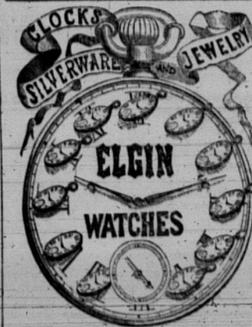
He calls especial attention to his stock of  
**COOK and PARLOR STOVES,**  
General House Furnishing Goods,  
Also, Horseshoes, Horseshoe Nails, Toe Calks, Blacksmith Coal, Calcium, Plastering Hair, Axles, Springs, Spokes, Bent Stuffs of every description, and Everything used by Carriage-Makers.

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

Leave Troughs and Spouting put up upon the shortest notice and at LOW RATES.

In all these departments he is prepared to offer special inducements to  
**Cash Customers.**

Please call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.  
Store: South side of East Middle st., CHELSEA, MICH. v7-48-6m

**ELGIN WATCHES**  
  
**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

**G. H. FOSTER, AUCTIONEER.**  
Is now ready to attend sales of farm stock or other property, on short notice. Orders left at this office, or addressed to G. H. Foster, Chelsea, Mich., will be promptly attended to. 5-6m  
\$60 a week in your own town. \$5 out-put free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. v8-4  
Call at this office for your neat and cheap printing. Job printing done in the latest styles of the art. Book printing a specialty.

