

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mist, make room for me!"
It hailed the ships and cried: "Hail on
Ye mariners, the night is gone!"
And hurried landward far away,
Crying: "Awake! it is the day!"
It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hail all your leafy banners out!"
It touched the wood birds' folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing!"
And o'er the farms, "O chautauque,
Your classic bloom, the day is near!"
It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down and hail the coming morn!"
It shouted through the belfry tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour!"
It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie!"

The Child and the Angel.

BY FANNY CROSBY, THE BLIND PORTER.

A mother sat musing at close of day,
By the cradle-side of her boy;
On the dimpled cheek of that cherub fair
Had fallen a ringlet of golden hair,
And thither a transient sunbeam strayed,
And long with that beautiful tree it played,
Till it faded away in the crimson West,
And sunk, like that innocent child, to rest.
Why trembled a tear in that mother's eye
As she watched her simple lullaby,
And her soft-fell prayer, on the breath of
even,
Went up to the throne of her God in heaven?
Can ye fathom the ocean, dark and deep,
Where the mighty waves in their grandeur
sleep—
Or number the radiant orbs above?
Ah! then may ye fathom a mother's love.
That tearful tear was a gem more fair
Than the ruby or the diamond rare;
For it told what language could not reveal—
A love which a mother alone can feel.

From the fount of life and source of light,
Through the sacred fields of Elysium bright,
Through the cloudless depths of ethereal blue,
Quickly the form of an angel flew.
Oh! soft was the breath of the balmy air
As it fell the touch of his pinions fair,
Laden with odors sweet from flowers
Of amaranth cradled in Eden's bowers.
A tear was still in that mother's eye
As she watched her simple lullaby,
For she looked on the angel form that smiled
On the cherub face of her sleeping child.

And she heard the low music of heavenly joy
Winding the soul of her darling boy.
Where were anxious thoughts in her throbbing
breast
As his parted lips to her own were pressed.
A moment his eye grew strangely bright,
Then closed in a long and last good night.
The angel of mercy, the child of love,
Together had flown to the realms above.

DR. GRAY'S PATIENT.

BY MRS. DENISON.

Aunt Attie Starbright was the sweetest and handsomest old maid that ever the sun shone upon. Everybody loved her; I don't believe she had an enemy in all the wide world; I am sure she had none in Rosebank, our own sweet village that nestled amidst the hills.

Who can tell me some people never marry? Vivacious, charming, even up to forty, she was the very one to storm hearts. If she ever had offers, she kept the matter close, but I enjoy my own private opinion that she was often importuned to change her state of single blessedness. The word is no misnomer in her case—it was blessedness with her all through life.

Picture to yourself a fair, sunshiny face, with the gladiolus, most innocent blue eyes you ever saw, with curls on each side the ample forehead white as silver, with a smile that made you happy for hours after you missed it, with a low, gentle voice as sweet as music, and there you have the aunt Attie whom the children, and I, do believe, the very dumb cattle, loved. Her flowers, trees, birds, and sunshine always seemed the brightest in Rosebank. Everything she did, looked, and said, was refined into something rarer than common. Her bread, meats, pastries, were always better to me than any I tasted elsewhere.

The only marvel was that Lurline Starbright had lived to be nineteen and had never been to Rosebank before. We all wondered what the gay, fashionable, beautiful young creature would think of aunt Attie, and tried in numberless ways to find out.

Somehow, after she came from her city home, we fancied there was a shadow on aunt Attie's face—that her laugh was not as clear. When we asked after her niece, she always said,

"Lurly is not very well; she came out here to get rested. By-and-by, I hope she will come among you. She plays and sings sweetly, and I do want to see the color in her cheeks, poor child!"

"I'll bet she's crossed in love," said Mandy White, who was not over choice in her language, and some way we all came to that conclusion.

But to my story.
"Doctor Gray," cried a clear, cheerful voice, one morning.
The doctor stopped old "President"—a grand old horse he was, too—and looked out. Aunt Attie stood at one of the bedroom windows; she seemed anxious.

The cottage, standing back among lilac-bushes and morning-glories and flowering vines, was indulging in its usual bath of summer sunshine. The hearts of the luscious flowers seemed glad as the soft warmth flushed their red and purple bosoms. The air was all redolent of country fragrance; young clover, reddening at the first breath of June, among the short grasses; here and there a rose bursting out of budhood, smiling and blushing, while the gum of the spruce-trees fell like amber tears down the smooth, straight trunks of the pines, contributing their share of spicy aroma to make glad the young season so coyly approaching.

"Good morning, aunt Attie," said the doctor; "fine day, isn't it? Your garden is as fragrant and beautiful as ever."

"Then come into the parlor if you can wait, and look at it from there, I've something to speak to you about."

"I've got to go up to Linton's. His daughter is just about going. If it will do as well, I'll stop as I come back."

"Oh, certainly, poor Mrs. Linton! How sad it is—this is the fourth child, and now she must go."

"Yes, it's very sad," said the doctor, and touched old "President."

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"Poor mother!" sighed aunt Attie, her eyes full of tears.

"And what did you want of me?"

"To talk about my brother's child."

"Ah, the young lady," and there was just the suspicion of a flush in the doctor's cheek. He was thirty, and unmarried.

"She worries me," said aunt Attie.

"I don't know as I make her happy, she's so used to grand things."

"Is she ill?"

"That's just what I want to know," said aunt Attie, her voice full of genuine distress. "She mopes, is unhappy, I believe, and has no appetite."

"Oh, something we shouldn't meddle with," laughed the doctor, a little nervously.

"Nonsense! I know what you mean—but it isn't that no indeed. I'm afraid it's disease, and still she won't have a doctor. You don't know how it distresses me to have her sleep so heavily in the morning, looking like a corpse, almost. It's really sad, and she's so young. It appears to me that she doesn't take any interest in anything."

"Well, what do you propose to do?"

"I propose that you shall see her, of course. But it must be done out of the regular routine way. You must call in this evening like any ordinary visitor. I'm really afraid if I don't do something she'll die on my hands. I love her too well to see her fade away, dear little Lurly!" and her voice lingered on the name tenderly. "I don't like any of the family as I do her. Belle is haughty, Mimie a butterfly, but Lurly was always a loving, tender little thing. She's more of a violet than a rose. Will you come?"

The doctor was a handsome man, and admired beauty. He had seen Lurline but once—and then it appeared to him that her face was as that of an angel.

"Of course I'll come," he said, rising. "I should like to study this rare case. A young lady of wealth and fashion flitting to the country after a round of dissipation, and getting up strength for another season—"

"Now stop, doctor, don't be sarcastic," said aunt Attie; "if you saw and knew her as I do, you would feel as much interested in her welfare."

"Possibly more so," thought the doctor to himself, and took up his hat, conscious that his sarcasm had partly veiled other feelings.

Evening came, and aunt Attie had wiled her beautiful niece into the parlor. In the sweet face of the girl one could read unutterable weariness. She had bestowed but little care upon her toilet, but the snowy wrapper, the blue ribbons, a certain absence of all effort to appear well, gave her soft, touching beauty. The doctor came; he was a man of genius—polished, handsome, susceptible to the finest influences, a lover of the finest influences, a lover of purity and goodness, and an almost worshiper of beauty. Like aunt Attie, he was the favorite of old and young. Time would fail me to tell how many nets had been thrown for him. Like a young fish he had escaped them all, and strange to say, his heart had not yet been deeply touched.

Without seeming to do so, he probed the young girl's case skillfully. A glance from him sent aunt Attie from the room on some pretext or other. Lurline sat at the open window; her glance wandered listlessly. She had not thought it worth her while to exercise her powers of conversation, but occasionally had said a brilliant or a witty thing.

Now, however, was the doctor's time. He drew his chair nearer to the young girl. He was a bold man in a good cause. He knew society, and in spite of herself, he drew her out. Under the quiet exterior, he saw a reserved power that marked this girl as quite different from the generality of worldlylings. He forced her, without her knowledge to be herself. When he took his departure aunt Attie met him at the door.

"Well?" she said, an expectant look in her eyes.

"I think I understand the case."

"Oh doctor, and is she very ill? I have been trying to think if there was ever any insanity in our family. I don't believe there ever was."

"She is keen-witted enough," replied the doctor smiling.

"You should see her when she is in good spirits."

"She is so sometimes."

"Occasionally, and then I want everybody to be by. She can be so brilliant, dear child! But her fate has not told me what ailed her."

"I cannot yet—you must wait," he replied.

"Is it serious?"

"It might be, if not attended to," was the reply, as the doctor's face grew grave.

"Can you cure her?"

"I think I can."

"Heaven bless you, Doctor Gray! You have lifted a weight from my heart."

"In a day or two. I have left no medicine. I must study her case further. Good-evening, madam."

"Dear me, how mysterious!" muttered poor aunt Attie, when he had gone. "I'm afraid it's hereditary, whatever it is, and she went in the parlor. Lurline sat there in a reverie. She had let all her curls down, and they floated over neck and shoulders, lifted by the soft summer breeze."

"Well, dear," said aunt Attie, as she bustled about, "what do you think of our doctor?"

"Doctor—what doctor?" asked Lurline, lifting her mournful eyes.

"My child, he was here to-night—you have been talking with him."

"Oh, yes! Was that the doctor?" and her face took on more vivacity of expression. "I had quite forgotten who had been here. Has he a large practice?"

"Only physician here," was the reply.

"I wonder if you'll mind, auntie, if I go to bed. I feel so tired."

"No, dear, you're to do just as you please while you are with me."

The girl stood, holding by the open door.

"Auntie, how kind you are to me!" she said, in her low, plaintive voice. "I don't deserve that you should be so kind."

"Hear the child!" laughed aunt Attie. "Why, bless your heart, my darling, why shouldn't I be? She rose from her chair, and kissed her niece on the forehead."

Three nights afterward, Doctor Gray called again, and again Lurline received him indifferently.

On being left alone with her, the doctor set his lips together. The decisive moment had come, and it required no ordinary courage to save her. He laid his hand on her arm—a light touch; but she almost sprang from her chair.

"My young friend," he said calmly, almost solemnly, "I am going to speak to you as a professional man. How long since you contracted the habit?"

She grew scarlet, then white as death, but her lips. Her breath came quicker, but her eyes dropped guiltily.

"To what do you refer, sir?" she asked, with haughty voice and manner.

"The habit of opium-eating," Miss Lurline.

She fairly lightened in her sudden wrath, as she confronted him again; but she met a glance so full of pity, of reproach, that her false courage gave way. Her head dropped, her hands were clasped over her eyes, and she burst into a passion of tears.

"You are no gentleman to charge me thus—to come upon me unawares," she sobbed indignantly; "I never asked you to come—I never sent for you. I don't wish your advice," and again her voice was choked with tears.

"I should not be doing my duty to God, or to you, if I held my peace," he went on in the same solemn voice, and there was reproach in it: "You are young; you move in society where elegance and luxury are in the ascendant. You have a fine, vigorous constitution. What, with all your advantages, your attainments, your pleasures, in a world so gay, could induce you to form this habit?"

"Because I am dissatisfied with all the world," was her passionate reply. "I am sick of life. I am weary of dressing, dancing, and smiling. They are all false—I hate them. I have seen nothing true in my life—nothing real! I despise hollow friendship. For all this I grew dispirited, nervous, till—"

"I see it all," said the doctor, pityingly, for it was sad to hear from the lips of one so young. "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

It was a terrible exhibition of Pleasure's boasting triumphs—her poor, weary, haggard and wretched, craving a false excitement that only led her feet to walk on burning coals.

"It does not make you happy," he said.

"Happy!" and there was a mocking echo in her voice. She caught the expression of his eyes, and her mood changed. She looked unlovely, hard, cold, cruel, but this was also false and could not last. In a moment the hot tears were falling, and her voice, weary and passionless, groined out the words:

"Oh, I wish I were dead!"

"A strange wish," he said slowly, "for one that knows that not one purpose of her soul is fit for the pure eyes of her Maker."

"You are harsh, sir. Why do you preach to me?" she asked, her whole nature roused.

"I am only true," he continued that same look in his face which called up the blushes to her cheek.

"You are steeping your life in crime, degrading the beautiful gifts God has given you, inviting sorrow and misery. You can not find happiness, my poor child, in any of these things. It is the gift of God, and you must ask it of him only."

Her face was hidden from him, but the proud heart was melted into contrition.

"I am going, Miss Lurline; forgive me if I have pained you. God knows it was hard to do. Good-night."

"Stop!"

It was the voice of command. Lurline had thrown her hair back, and now stood upright.

"I want to say something, I want to tell you: I think you are the noblest man I ever saw."

"Miss Starbright!" he murmured, abashed before her.

"Yes, you fill me with admiration, wicked and ungrateful as I have seemed. Papa sent physicians to me at home. Not one of them had the moral courage to say to me what you have said. I promise you solemnly I will break this wretched habit. It will live for something besides self. Now good-night."

Aunt Attie was surprised the next morning to see Lurly out in the garden, working among the flowers. The girl astonished her in several ways that day. Light and life dwelt again in that pretty home, roses bloomed inside and outside. Day after day, week after week the miracle went on, and doctor Gray's patient became happy, hopeful, healthy.

Doctor Gray called occasionally—enough to make the gossip talk, however, enough to set Lurline's heart beating and her cheek glowing.

Lurline went back to her city home a new creature; and not many months after Doctor Gray was cloistered with her father, and won his patient back to Rosebank as his happy, proud, and loving wife.

Among recent transfers of thoroughbred cattle to Michigan from eastern States we note the following, through the American Jersey Cattle Club: "Belle of Belhurst," 3,153, D. Collamore, J. W. Featherly, Bay City; "Baroness," 7,101, and "Rose of Orange," 7,940, D. Collamore, J. Marston, Bay City; "Kishkankoo," 5,253, D. Collamore, J. Marston and J. W. Featherly, Bay City.

Chaps.

"What makes your lips so awful sore?"

Asked Sarah's cross-eyed pop; And Sarah to the old man said—

"It's caused by a small chap."

Then Sarah's youngest brother— As yet unknown to fame; Looked Sarah in the eye and asked—

"What is the small chap's name?"

HUMOROUS.

Bred on the Waters—The ancient mariner.

A bent pin on a chair is the turning point of many a boy's career.

Time will by-and-by hang up his scythe, that is when he shall be no mow.

There's no denying that there are three popular kings—smoking, drinking and talking.

Kansas is the most fertile State in the Union; one potato hill turned out half a bushel of rattle-snakes last fall.

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

A little Milwaukee lad lately drank a pint of red paint while his mother's back was turned. It is evident that he had caught the "interior decoration fever."

The farmer should show his P's, keep his U's warm, give his B's, kill off the J's, remember what he C's, take care of the V's, pay all his O's, teach his wife not to P's, and take his E's.

The people live uncommon long in Vermont. There are two men there so old that they have quite forgotten who they are, and there is nobody alive who can remember it for them.

There is no nonsense about the honest Deadwoodians. The most vigorous waltzer at a dance there last week accused himself at half-past 12 because he had a stage-coach to rob at 12.

Among the gifts of a bride was a broom with the following:

"This trifling gift accept of me: Its use I would commend; In sunshine use the brushy part, In storm the other end."

"Mamma," said a wicked youngster, "am I your canoe?" "No, child, why do you ask?" "Oh, because you always say you like to see folks paddle their own canoe; and I didn't know but maybe I was yours." The boy went out of the door with more reference to speed than grace.

While a country parson was preaching, the chief of his parishoners, sitting near the pulpit, was fast asleep, whereupon he said: "Now, beloved friends, I am in a great strait; for if I speak too softly those at the further end of the church cannot hear me, and if I talk too loudly I shall wake the chief man of the parish."

Some lawyers in one of the New York courts were preparing themselves to make long speeches upon a question of costs, a few days ago. The judge stopped them at the beginning, and asked the amount of the controversy; and on learning that it was only two dollars, took out his wallet, paid the amount, and ordered the clerk to call the next case.

The World's fable: A Cat with nine Lives and a decided Taste for Experimental Philosophy, expended eight of his Lives in vain Endeavors to die in such a manner as would enable his Heirs to prefer a claim that the Company would not contest. At the ninth Attempt he succeeded, and passed away with the Sweet Unconsciousness that the Company had that Morning been placed in the Paws of a Receiver, who said that he had 1½ per cent. to the Policy-holders.

One of the best stories illustrative of the cool impudence of Croker is the following: He pretended on one occasion to set the Duke of Wellington right as to some details relating to the battle of Waterloo, when the duke shifted the conversation to the subject of the percussion caps used in the army; upon which Croker again ventured to be learned and contradictory. This upset the duke's patience, and he exclaimed: "Come, Croker; I may not know much about Waterloo, but hang it, I should know something about copper caps!"

The recent spring-like days remind us that the Norristown Herald man is not a success as a weather prophet. Last fall he assured his readers that the winter would be the coldest experienced in this latitude since the country was discovered by a man named Mr. Columbus. He said the squirrels were laying in their winter coal, the beavers were putting heaters in the basement of their lodges, the bees had killed off all their drones and lined their hives with sheet iron, the muskrats were flying south, wild ducks were committing suicide, the geese-bone was black sixteen inches deep, editors were soliciting wood in exchange for subscriptions, poor families were buying an extra dog, and that he had a new collar put on his overcoat; all of which shows that editors as well as muskrats, are sometimes the victims of misplaced confidence.

In a northern town, the lads of a school acquired the habit of smoking and resorted to the most ingenious methods to conceal the habit from the master. In this they were successful until one evening when the master caught them pulling most vigorously.

"How now!" shouted he to one of the culprits. "How dare you be smoking?"

"Sir, I am subject to headaches, and a pipe takes off the pain."

"And you, and you, and you," inquired the pedagogical questioner every boy in his turn. One had a raging toothache, another colic, the third a cough; in short, they all had something for which the weed was a sure remedy.

"Now, sirrah!" bellowed the master to the last boy, "pray what disorder do you smoke for?"

Alas, all the excuses were exhausted; but the interrogated urchin, putting down his pipe, and looking up in his face, said, in a whining, hypocritical tone, "Sir, I smoke for corns."—Philadelphia Press.

THE FARM.

Stock Feeding by Small Farmers.

From the National Live Stock Journal.

About all the farmers in this country annually fatten at least a few pigs. But very many farmers who have but 40, or 80, or 100 acres of land, they cannot successfully compete in cattle feeding with the large farmer; and unquestionably the farmer who has a lot of 50 or 100 steers has some marked advantages in caring for and feeding them over the man with one, or two, or half a dozen. The work can often be done to much better advantage and much less time, in proportion to number, with the large lot. When ready for market the owner of the half-dozen car-loads of steers can choose his market and receive reasonable shipping rates, while the small farmer with but a few is dependent on his local markets or neighboring dealers, or, if he attempts to ship at all, he must pay a higher rate.

But, as in most cases, this question has two sides. The advantages are not all in favor of the more extensive dealer. Very often the stock of the small farmer will receive better care and give a better return than those of the larger lots. Oftentimes, too, a large part of what they eat would be wasted were it not for them. The pasture may often carry the extra steer or two, and yet give grass enough for the cows and so of the stock field or the hog stock. What is of even more importance, as affecting the profit, is that while the labor of feeding the small number may really be greater in proportion than in the case of a larger number, it really is often done at less cost, because the work is just so much done in addition to what would otherwise be accomplished. A farmer will add the feeding of a half dozen steers to his usual "chores," and do the work without fatigue or loss of time needed for other labor. The large stock feeder must "make a business" of his work, either for himself or for a hired laborer. This has its good results, but it also causes a direct outlay. Another very important consideration is found in the fact that the average farmer can give much better attention in the way of shelter and protection, and also in variety of food, to his half-dozen steers—thereby securing a larger percentage of gain to food consumed—than is often practicable for the great feeder who numbers his cattle by the hundreds.

These points, at first flash, may not seem of importance, but they are well worth thinking about by those who have but small places. Observation will convince us that, in a good many cases, the reason for superior success by one such farmer over that reached by this neighbor, is that he is not content to stop with his ordinary, "regular" work, but adds to this a number of little things, from each of which he makes some profit.

Nor is it always that the home market is not a good one. At the worst, it is easily reached and can be watched, so as to receive the benefit of a rise in prices.

The prices of a half dozen good steers will make a handsome addition to the yearly receipts of a small farmer, and in the large majority of cases we believe it will be a considerably larger sum than would have been obtained from that part of their food which would have been sold had the steers not been kept.

Judge Marston on Thoroughbreds

We have room for only a few paragraphs from the Hon. Isaac Marston's interesting paper on the "Importance of Thoroughbred Stock in the Development of a New Country," read before the Bay City Institute. He said:

One disastrous season, that would close our mills and salt works, would throw at least 4,000 people out of employment in Bay County, nearly all of whom, and much of them with families, are dependent upon their daily labor for support. These men could not find other employment. Think therefore for a moment, of the suffering and want which would fall upon hundreds of families in our midst; one quarter of the entire population of our county would be directly affected thereby and the result would inevitably bring bankruptcy to two thirds of our manufacturing and business men; houses and stores would become vacant and every foot of real estate in this city would depreciate 50 per cent. Our manufacturing interests are of very great importance, but we are altogether too dependent upon two branches, really upon one, as the manufacture of salt cannot be successfully carried on apart from the manufacture of lumber.

Let me call your attention to another important fact in this connection. Dr. Kedzie has called your attention to the fertility of our soil. The wheat map of Michigan shows the largest yields to be in the newer counties. We to-day stand where once stood the older counties, in the yield of wheat, and may we not find that as we grow older, the counties still north will turn out-rank us? It is not the county which to-day possesses the greatest fertility, which will retain its rank as the most productive. Other causes will operate. If we hope to continue to raise 40 bushels of wheat per acre, we must return something more than seed to the soil. Land should be tilled so as to increase rather than diminish its fruitfulness. The yield of wheat must, in great part, depend upon the number of cattle kept. To grow wheat successfully, stock must be kept. Upon the one item of manure, unsavory as it may seem to our nostrils, depends our continued large yields of wheat, corn, etc., and thus our agricultural prosperity. While chemistry will do much in furnishing artificial fertilizers, yet we must rely in the main upon animal manure to keep up the fertility of the soil. Farmers, no matter what the necessity, will not keep animals beyond those required to cultivate the soil, and furnish milk and butter for

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MACARONS.—One and one quarter pounds powdered sugar, one pound sweet almonds bleached and pounded to a paste, whites six eggs, grated peel of two lemons.

Frequently, after having taken unusual pains in collecting flower-seeds, the amateur florist finds them destroyed by mice. By placing bits of camphor-gum with the seeds they may be preserved, as mice dislike the odor, and will not disturb books, clothing, or, indeed, any thing which may be impregnated with this substance.

TO COLOR BLANC-MANGE.—The druggists sell two kinds of colored isinglass—a bright carmine and a purple or grape color. After making the blanc-mange, use the colored by carefully adding the quantity of either purple or carmine to produce the desired tint. For a yellow tint, the yolk of a raw egg, added to the quantity of the prepared blanc-mange, with the white gelatine (added to milk); for brown, chocolate is added to the same; for green, green spinach juice, obtained by bruising up the green leaves after cooking very slightly and straining.

ROTHE GRUTZEN.—"Colored blanc-mange" is the dish known as "Rothgrutzen." The milk never curdles, for none is needed. Boil the fruit in a little water, strain it through a jelly bag; sweeten to taste, and use the juice instead of milk; make it precisely as you would plain blanc-mange; no eggs or flavoring, and increasing very slightly the proportion of corn-starch. Any of the darker colored fruits may be used, currants, red cherries, raspberries, blackberries, black currants, whortleberries, or grapes. The rothe grutzen will be lighter or darker, as more or less water is used, according to the color of the fruit.

TO CURE BRUISES.—Bind on the pulp of a lemon every night.

SNOW PUDDING.—Soak one ounce of gelatine in one pint of cold water for ten minutes; place the same over the fire; stir and remove as soon as dissolved, and when nearly cold beat to a stiff froth with an egg-beater; beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth and add to the gelatine froth, together with the juice of three lemons and pulverized sugar to suit the taste, and mix the whole well together; next pour into moulds to cool; serve with a soft custard made of the yolks of the eggs.

FRENCH LOAF-CAKE.—Two and a half cups sugar, one and a half cups butter, one cup raisins, one cup warm milk, five cups sifted flour, three eggs, half wineglass wine, a little nutmeg, a small teaspoonful of saleratus. Mix butter and sugar to a cream, add part of flour and yolks of eggs, then other part of flour and whites of eggs.

TO CLEAN SMOKY MARBLE.—Brush a paste of chloride of lime and water over the entire surface; grease spots can be removed from marble by applying in paste of lime and water, together with the juice of three lemons and pulverized sugar to suit the taste, and mix the whole well together; next pour into moulds to cool; serve with a soft custard made of the yolks of the eggs.

CARAMEL CHEESE.—Have on the fire in a pan one pound of maple sugar; let it boil two or three times, sufficient to brown but not burn it. Beat six eggs and stir this into two quarts of boiling milk; and stir constantly until it comes to a boil; then pour in the boiling sugar, and mix thoroughly. When perfectly cold, add one quart of cream, sweetened with a cupful of white sugar. Put it in a freezer and freeze the same as ice-cream.

Useful Hints.

An exchange crowds a good deal of practical information into a small space as follows: When ivory-handled knives turn yellow, rub them with nice sand-paper or emery; it will take off all the spots and restore their whiteness. Silk-pocket-handkerchiefs, and deep-blue factory cotton will not fade, if dipped in salt and water while new. Tortoise-shell and horn combs last much longer for having oil rubbed into them once in a while. Wash-leads should be washed in clean suds scarcely warmer than a good plan to put new earthenware into cold water and let it heat gradually until it boils; then cool again. Brown earthenware in particular may be toughened in this way. A handful of rye or wheat bran thrown in while it is boiling will preserve the glazing so that it will not be destroyed by acid or salt. Do not sweep carpets any oftener than is absolutely necessary. After dinner sweep the crumbs into a dusting pan with your hearth brush; and, if you have been sewing, pick up the shreds by hand. A carpet can be kept very neat in this way; and a broom wears it very much. Spirits of turpentine is good to take grease spots out of woollen clothes, to take spots of paint from mahogany furniture, and to cleanse white-kid gloves. Cockroaches and all vermin have an aversion to spirits of turpentine. Indian meal should be kept in a cool place, and stirred open to the air once in a while. A large stone put in the middle of a barrel of meal is a good thing to keep it cool. A warming pan full of coals, or a shovel of coals, held over varnished furniture will take out white spots. Care should be taken not to hold the coals near enough to scorch,

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 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 generally read in their vicinity, besides it is the duty of every one to support home institutions as much as possible.

CHELSEA HERALD.

CHELSEA, FEB. 27, 1879.

The Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Palmer of Unadilla.

By Mrs. E. H. C.

Dear friends we meet to celebrate
The golden wedding now,
Of those who fifty years ago
Pronounced the marriage vow.
Just fifty years ago to night,
They pledged with bated breath
The vows that made them one through life,
Even to the gates of death.

And faithfully they've borne their part,
And now to night they stand,
Just on the borders of the past
Near to the promised land.
But those who wished them pleasant life,
And clasped the proffered hand,
Are all beyond the bounds of time
Gone to the better land.

But other friends have risen up,
And children have to day
Echo the wishes from the heart
Of those now passed away.
The children God in mercy gave,
Have grown to man's estate;
Some near the home that gave them birth,
One near the Golden Gate.

And one whom e'en a mother's love
Was powerless to save,
To night beneath the frost and snow
Sleeps in his narrow grave.
But memory faithful to her part,
Beholds him as of yore;
When children at a mother's knee
They played around the door.

And those with upward finger points,
Far to the better land,
Where parents with their children meet
A happy household band.
And time with noiseless step flies past,
And bears us on our way,
To where the scenes of life shall close
To break in endless day.

How to Burn a Barn.

It is the easiest thing in the world if a few simple directions are followed! Use an old-fashioned tin lantern, at night, through whose roughly-punched sides only the minimum of light can penetrate, and whose door must necessarily be open to enable you to see anything. Set it down in the bedding while you go up in the hay-loft to throw down feed, and the chances are, good that your hungry horse or frisky cow will kick it over, as Mrs. O'Leary's did in Chicago, and set the barn on fire. If you have not a tin lantern, carry a candle, or open lamp, and use it in the same way. If the night is windy, feel your way out to the barn the best you can, and light your candle inside with matches, and let the match-ends take care of themselves—they are small affairs anyhow.

On rainy days make the barn your rendezvous for smoking and whittling, and talking politics with intelligent neighbors who have leisure hours on their hands as you have. Do not be stingy with your pipes and tobacco, and keep plenty of matches lying around loose, so they may be handy to fire up with. A few social afternoons spent in this way will, not unlikely, enable you to get your barn burned.

variously have a supply of matches with which to light their pipes as they take a "night-cap" smoke on the hay-mow before closing their gentle eyes in slumber.

Never clean up your barn. It involves a great deal of labor to be particularly about a barn—in sweeping the floor and cleaning up the stalls, and fastidiously disposing of the rakings and droppings, and odds and ends, which accumulate and make a pleasant carpet for the feet if let alone. All this refuse when it becomes dry is easily ignited, and offers handy food for incipient fires, which may be kindled by an ambitious match, dropped during the day and stepped on as you pass through at night.

Do not pay attention to those hyperscientific people who are everlastingly talking about spontaneous combustion in hay-mows. Never mind if your hay is wet; you do not want to be all the year round waiting for it to dry. Mow it away; tramp it down; let it dry at its leisure; scout at the idea of moisture setting hay on fire. A ridiculous newspaper reporter the other day actually printed an item about an extra high tide setting a warehouse on fire because the water reached some lime stored in the cellar! Just as if water could set anything on fire!

As with your hay, so with your grain. Suppose it is damp, what harm will it do? Don't fool away your time in drying it; put it in the bin, shut it up tight and go to bed, like a wise man, without tiring yourself with over-particularity.

These directions, all of them, or part of them, faithfully adhered to, will, beyond doubt, enable you to get your barn burned.—Farm and Fire-side.

Spirit Catching.

A smart man in Boston caught a "spirit" a few days ago, but it proved to have corsets on, and the ribs underneath were as sound as a fiddle. A family of spiritualists were astonishing the community by their communications from the world of spirits, professing to bring into actual sight the spirits of departed friends. In a dimly lighted room in the midst of a favored few, with the mysterious cabinet and all needful preparations, to materialize the souls of those who should be called into sight, the sitting commenced. One after another came, was seen, and then vanished into thin air. It was wonderful! Awe fell on the feeble minds of the credulous company. It was no longer possible to doubt. Had they not seen and heard, for these visitants from the other world conversed in their own celestial voices, and described the pleasures enjoyed in that land where the wicked cease from troubling.

In the midst of these delightful interviews one of the spirits lovingly placed her outstretched hand upon the head of an unbeliever, who was suddenly inspired with a fond desire to embrace the vision thus coming within reach. In the phrensy of his excitement he threw his arms around the spirit, and a solid armful of flesh, blood and bones was the result of his capture. Despite the struggles of the prisoner, he held on until the humbug was fully exposed.

TRANSGRESSORS.—Last week it was stated that the Fall River millionaire and defaulter, S. Angier Chase, now in the State Prison at Concord, Mass., is kept at work upon old rusty hoop iron, picking off with his fingers all the little splinters and putting it in shape, and that his confederate in crime, George T. Hathaway, is kept at sand-papering picture frames in the same prison. This would be respectable work for either of them if they were not criminals. This week, it is stated that when Morton and Huhn, the convicted railroad officers in Philadelphia, arrived at the prison where they are to undergo their ten years' confinement, they were first clad in the prison garb and then were blindfolded by bags thrown over their heads, and were walked up and down the various corridors several times, in order that they might be confused as to the situation of the cells to which they were consigned. The way of transgressors is very hard.

MENTION is made of a genuine nautical novelty—an ingeniously constructed portable boat, recently launched and tested on the Clyde. This boat, which is eight feet in length, is composed of hickory wood and put together in such a way as permits of its being folded up till it assumes the appearance of a somewhat large traveling case. When packed, it contains the oars, seats,

canvas-covering, with sufficient space left for other necessities, and as the whole weighs but little over fifty-six pounds, it can be easily carried about from place to place. Before being put in the water, the frame of the boat is drawn out to its full length, and covered on the bottom and sides with a strong water-proof canvas covering. Only three minutes are required for unpacking and fitting the boat for the water.—Exchange.

Miscellany.

ADVENTURES OF A FISH-HOOK.

A thoughtful housewife started a fish-hook on a strange round of adventures not long ago, and brought some people into curious juxtapositions as a result of her pains. Finding the hook among some refuse papers she thought best to destroy it, fearing it might wend its way into some one's fingers. Accordingly she threw it into the fire. The following morning her good husband, while patiently taking out from the stove grate pieces of stone and partly burned coal that had accumulated there, suddenly found a fish-hook in the fleshy part of his thumb. He called a surgeon, and when the hook had been removed he put it in his waistcoat pocket, thinking to show it to his friends and neighbors. After breakfast he went out, and while on the street met a colored woman, who passed him with a high head and rapid pace. The two people suddenly came to an embarrassing halt. The hook had worked its way through the side of the gentleman's pocket, and its point fastened itself into the waist of the jaunty maiden. This afforded great delight to the small boys who gathered to the spot from all directions. Releasing himself from the hook, the gentleman saw his captive dash away from him and pass down the street. A policeman attempted to stop her, but before he had succeeded in inducing her to return, he found the fish-hook had lodged itself in the hollow of his hand. At this point the strange, eventful history of a fish-hook draws to a close. The policeman found a surgeon to extract it from his bleeding hand, and then deposited it in the station-house to show to the public.

CASTING OUT DEVILS.—A wealthy farmer, much affected with hypochondria, came to Langenau, to consult Michael Scuppach, better known by the appellation of the Mountain Doctor.

"I have seven devils in my belly," said he; "no fewer than seven." "There are more than seven," replied the doctor, with the utmost gravity; "if you count them right, you will find eight."

After questioning the patient concerning his case, he promised to cure him in eight days, during which time he would every morning rid him of one of his troublesome inmates, at the rate of a louis d'or for each.

"But," added he, "as the last will be more obstinate and difficult to expel than the others, I shall expect two louis d'ors for him."

The farmer agreed to these terms; the bargain was struck, and the doctor, impressing upon all present the necessity of secrecy, promised to give the nine-louis d'ors to the poor of the parish. The next morning the imaginary demoniac was brought to him, and placed near a kind of machine which he had never seen before, by which means he received an electric shock. The farmer roared out lustily.

"There goes one!" said the doctor, with the utmost gravity. Next day the same operation was repeated. The farmer bellowed as before, and the doctor coolly remarked:

"Another is off!" In this manner he proceeded to the seventh. When he was preparing to attack the last, Scuppach reminded his patient that he now had

need for all his courage, for this was the captain of the gang, who would make a more determined resistance than any of the others. The shock was at this time so strong as to extend the demoniac on the floor.

"Now they are all gone!" said the doctor, and ordered the farmer to be put to bed. On recovering himself, the latter declared he was completely cured; he paid the nine louis d'ors, with abundance of thanks, and returned in the best of spirits to the village. Credible witnesses attest this extraordinary cure, which proves the acuteness of the doctor, as well as the truth of Solomon's proverb, that with the fool we must sometimes talk like a fool.

FAITHFUL-UNTO DEATH.—Mrs. Alexander, who has just been sentenced to imprisonment for life, has had several husbands, but she has never proposed to waste any of them. One of them, from whom she had been divorced, was afflicted with heart disease and liable to die at any moment; so she hastened to a physician to make arrangements for selling his body as soon as the expected death should take place. The question as to her right to the body doesn't seem to have agitated her at all; she only knew that this man had been her husband, and she retained for him an affectionate interest—she couldn't bear to have his body waste away in the cold ground when it would be a fine contribution to science and at the same time put money in her pocket. It has been said that woman's love can never die. Nobody will dispute the assertion after this. The husband of this woman was a drunken person—a most unworthy man. She could not enjoy his society, and she did not care to look upon his bloated countenance; but at the same time her tender interest in his welfare did not cease for a moment, and she watched his course with the most intense anxiety. She knew that disease of the heart was necessarily fatal, sooner or later. She didn't propose that this man, unworthy as he was, should be placed in any cheap potter's field if she could help it. He had been her husband, and heart-strings were connected with his in the securest possible manner. It is the most pathetic narrative we can call to mind at this moment. It teaches the power and endurance of woman's affection, no matter how degraded the object may become. But man's inhumanity to woman, etc. It is dreadful to think that this impulsive and affectionate person goes to State prison, to emerge therefrom no more until she becomes an unpleasant subject herself.—Buffalo Express.

A honest farmer from Auburn drove up into Haymarket Square, a few days since, and was met by a veteran jockey, lying in wait to see whom he might devour. "Good morning, Mr. F.," says the jockey. "You've got a nice-looking beast there." "Yes," replied honest F. "He's full of ginger." "That's just the kind of horse I want." So they swapped. The next morning the jockey found that his new beast had been stuffed with ginger to subdue the wind.

OUT in California, the land of the glorious climate, the first six months of the year they pray for rain, there-maining six months they run away from floods.

The Journal Officiel, of Paris, has a very thrilling account of a very shocking accident that took place at Moody-Saukey, which it informs us is a town in Connecticut.

A youth, of an inquiring mind, writes us to ask whether the "Hon. John Bright is the inventor of Bright's disease of the kidney's." We answer this bright kidney.—White-hall Times.

"Not quite the cheese?" British farmer; "What sort o'cheese do you call this? Full o'holes!" Waiter: "Grew yere, sir." British farmer (suspiciously): "Then, just bring one that grew somewhere else!"

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.

CASH.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS

At Gilbert & Crowell's,
A large stock of
BOOTS & SHOES
Will be sold one-third less than any other store in town. Call on them.

They have on hand a large supply of

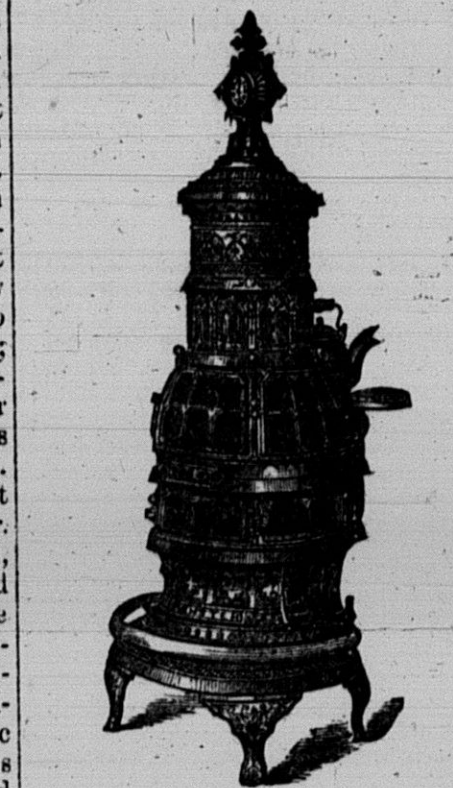
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

Which they are selling cheap for Cash.

We sell
HOYLAND'S UNADILLA FLOUR.

Goods delivered to any part of the village
CHELSEA, Feb. 27, 1879. 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-ly CHELSEA, MICH.

DOWN!!

DOWN!!!

HAVING purchased A. Congdon & Co's stock of **Boots and Shoes** at one half their cash value, I am prepared to sell ready made work cheaper than the cheapest. These goods will be sold at bargains. Please call and examine before purchasing.

U. H. TOWNSEND,
Chelsea, Mich. v8-21

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—Good Fits guaranteed. Shop: South side, Middle street, west, Chelsea, Mich. v8-9

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

E. W. VOIGT,

Detroit, Mich.

BOSS LAGER BEER

v8-21-ly

Call at this office for your neat and cheap printing. Job printing done in the latest styles of the art. Book printing a specialty.

CLEAR THE TRACK

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

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

BEAVER CLOAKS, BAY STATE SHAWLS, GROCERIES, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, FLOUR, FEED, 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.

GREAT SLAUGHTER!!

BOOTS AND SHOES,

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, MISSES 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

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

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

LEAVE (Detroit time.) (Detroit time.)
Atlantic Ex. 14:00 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.
Daily. *Except Sunday. †Except Monday.
For information and sleeping car berths, apply to City Ticket office, 151 Jefferson avenue, Detroit, Mich.

W. H. BIRTH,
Western Passenger Agent, Hamilton.
Wm. Edgar, Gen. Pass' Ag't, Hamilton.

WAR! WAR!

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

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.

Midlings and Bran for sale.

41 ROGERS & Co.

Used all the Year Round.
Johnston's Sarsaparilla
Is acknowledged to be the best and most reliable preparation now prepared for
LIVER COMPLAINT
DYSPEPSIA,
And for Purifying the Blood.
This preparation is compounded with great care, from the best selected
Honduras Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Stillingia, Dandelion, Wild Cherry, and other Valuable Remedies.
Prepared only by
W. JOHNSTON & CO.
Chemists & Druggists,
161 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Sold by all Druggists.

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

PAINTWORKS
J. F. TIMBERLAKE, Prop.
Toilet Sets, fancy and plain.
Imported China Dinner and Tea Sets.
Mocking Bird and Canary Cages.
Best fire-proof Chimneys.
English brands of Crockery.
Refrigerators, Coolers and Freezers.
Lamps and Table Glassware.
Large assortment of Plated Ware.
Knives, Forks, Spoons and Chandeliers.
Everything cheap, at 221 Main St., South side, Jackson, Mich.
Gold, Silver & Nickel-Plating Works.
30-3m J. F. TIMBERLAKE, Prop.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MICHIGAN.

Senator Chandler gave a reception at the Lansing House on Tuesday evening, which was attended by over 600 people. Portage Lake Mining Gazette: Mr. Shaffer, the postmaster at Baraga, has been complained of to the department at Washington, because he refused to send the friends of Hercules powder by mail from that point to Greenland, Ontonagon Co.

Minerva Grimes, a young woman of Grand Rapids, has committed suicide by taking morphine. All efforts of the doctors to preserve her life were unavailing.

A mysterious disease is said to have broken out at Silver Lake, in which a large number of persons have died. It is some kind of a malignant fever, in which the spinal column seems to be much affected.

Early Tuesday morning the barn of Thomas Adams, at Troy, Oakland county, was burned, and afterwards the charred bodies of two men, supposed to have been tramped, were found in the stable.

James Lee and Joseph Delorme, aged 19 and 20 respectively, while skating half a mile outside of Lonsdale, on Lake Huron, were drowned at last Tuesday night. The bodies have been recovered.

The Grand Lodge L. O. O. F. of Michigan, met at Jackson Tuesday. The Grand Secretary's report showed: Initiations during the year, 1,515; by card, 800; reinstated, 300; total, 2,615. Withdrawing, 480; suspended, 1,490; expelled, 27; death, 101; total, 2,098. The total membership of the lodges in the State is now 13,326.

Mrs. A. O. Miller, the Michigan actress, died at Chicago, of consumption, last week.

Amos K. Forbes, a fine young man, the son of a widow lady of Dayton, New Jersey, was instantly killed by a falling limb on the 13th.

At Hesperia, Oceana county, Tuesday morning, the thermometer marked 13 degrees below zero, which the lowest point reached there this winter. Plenty of snow.

S. S. Lacombe, a citizen of Charlevoix for the past eight years, but who recently went to Jackson, Texas, with the intention of settling there, was killed by a horse on the 16th. He leaves a wife and four children, who are at Charlevoix.

Mr. A. S. Dyckman, of South Haven, was recently informed by Chicago commission men that reliable intelligence from southern Illinois and Missouri show that the severe cold of the present winter has killed the peach buds in those sections, and that none of that fruit may be expected in the Chicago market from there next season.

Scott Gerrieh, one of the heaviest lumbermen of Northern Michigan, gives it as his opinion that the stock of logs cut this year in Michigan will not exceed and probably not equal in quantity the log crop of 1878. He predicts a much larger demand for lumber than last year, but no material advance in prices.

Geo. Vorheis's residence, at Port Huron was nearly destroyed by fire on the 21st with its contents. Loss \$2,500; insured \$2,000.

A Grand Rapids man whose name is not given paid \$20 to a Homeo Justice for a paroxysmal hiccup bestowed on a hired girl at the hotel.

Charles A. Smith, of Union City, has been found guilty, in the Branch Circuit, of assault with intent to kill Ira B. Bell, May 25, last year. They had quarreled over an account of \$4, and Smith attacked Bell with a knife, inflicting four wounds in the head and body.

Joe Monks, in the employ of the Wagar Lumber Company, was instantly killed at a railroad crossing near Sheridan, Montclair county, on the 17th. The deceased was passing his notice of the approach of the train. He was an old and respected citizen of Ionia county, having resided in Keene, near Baraboo, since 1857, engaged in farming. He was 70 years of age, and leaves a large family.

Friday morning at Rev. Aaron Fassett, colored, of Jackson, was dressing himself by fire, in some unaccountable manner his cotton shirt caught fire, being alone before he could divest himself of the garment. He was instantly killed, the flames at the upper part of his body and both arms were burned to a blister. He is insured so severely that it is feared that he cannot live.

The Grand Trunk Railroad Company are preparing to erect a large elevator at Point Edward. The engineer is now engaged locating a site.

The Fort Gratiot people have nearly all joined the Red Ribbon Club. It is estimated that nine out of ten of the inhabitants have signed the pledge and meetings are held three times a week.

The Sheriff of Manistowick County, with a companion, walked from Beaver Island to Charlevoix on the ice last week. A dangerous and seldom attempted feat.

Greenville Independent: Seven car loads of Greenville flour cross the Atlantic for sale in English markets by E. Middleton—140,000 lbs., put up in 1,000 sacks.

Vermontville Hawk: M. W. Cramer, when he read the call to arms in 1861, chopping down trees for a winnow, left his ax in the side of the tree, went out, served twelve years in the Eighth Michigan, came home, went to the woods, found the ax and finished cutting down the tree, returned to the house and said to his wife: "There, now, that tree is down."

The Right Rev. Bishop Casper H. Borgess, of Detroit, the Catholic Bishop of this diocese, has sent his resignation to Rome.

A new elevator is to be erected by the Michigan Central R. R. in Detroit. It will have a capacity of 1,000,000 bushels, and will be completed by Sept. 1st.

Senator Chandler was sworn in and took his old seat in the U. S. Senate on the 22d.

Digby V. Bell has been confirmed by the U. S. Senate as Collector at Detroit, and George C. Codd as Postmaster.

Mr. J. M. Flint, at St. Petrosky purchasing mail logs, which are to be shipped direct to France to be used for veneering.

Judgment was entered in the Ingham Circuit on the 21st in the case of Oliver Ames, Mass., receiver of the \$2,000,000 note in litigation in Boston, given by the Union Pacific Railroad Company to the Credit Mobilier.

R. H. Chilton, Adjutant General of Gen. Lee, and then was president of the Columbus Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Miss., fell dead at his desk Tuesday. Age over 60.

A railroad disaster occurred near Selma, Ga., Sunday. The passenger train from there on the Selma, Rome and Dalton road fell through a rotten bridge over Mulberry Creek. One white man, named George Evans, and four negroes were killed. Superintendent Stanton questioned the negro trainmen. Twelve trainmen were severely hurt. The train is a perfect wreck, having fallen over 50 feet into the water. Mr. Stanton, superintendent of the road, was fatally injured. Conductor W. W. was badly hurt, and all the passengers were more or less injured.

Griffin, head treasurer of the Independent Order of Foresters has settled, returning \$13,000, leaving a deficiency of about \$5,000.

GENERAL NEWS.

The Connecticut Senate has unanimously passed the House resolution condemning the action of Congress on the Chinese question.

Bishop Foley, of Chicago died Tuesday.

The Nevada Bank has sold three hundred thousand ounces of fine silver to the government, to be delivered at the San Francisco mint.

The bids of the Anglo-California and Bank of California were rejected, though the latter offered to sell twenty-five thousand ounces at \$1.09.

Mrs. Marion West, of Indianapolis, was arrested at Washington C. H., Ohio, Wednesday for forging, having raised checks of \$20 to \$2,000. The check was given by a farmer whom the woman had in her toils.

The loss of the bark Hawthorne costs the Boston insurance companies \$102,000.

Five bodies were stolen Wednesday night from the dead house of St. Eustache, Quebec.

The Rhode Island Senate protests unanimously against the law restricting Chinese immigration.

New York merchants express themselves decidedly opposed to the recent so-called anti-Chinese legislation and fear its effect upon trade.

The steamer which left New York direct for Shanghai last month took out nearly 7,000 passengers, valued at \$375,000. A full cargo of goods, valued at \$1,000,000, was also shipped.

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