

Even-Tide.
R. L. M. R.
Soft fell the light at eventide,
Bells rang merrily for a village bride,
Over the slopes fell the light of sun,
A night bird warbled "The day is done."
Soft fell the light at eventide,
A murmuring voice by the river's side,
Sang sweetly low, howers side by side,
Shut their eyes and faces hide.
Soft fell the light at eventide,
And thro' the forest and woodlands wide,
Told the advent of night to all below,
Soft fell the light at eventide,
The world is fair, and bright, and wide,
To every soul who on the billows ride,
Ask strength of Him until eventide,
Farewells are said at eventide,
Yours breathed soft at eventide,
Mate lips in prayer at eventide,
Beautiful, beautiful eventide.
The babe is kissed at eventide,
How calm the Sabbath at eventide!
All hope, life, and death at eventide,
Beautiful, beautiful eventide.
M. W. W. W. W.

A STUDENT'S SEA STORY.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

In the early days of my college life, the shipping interests of Maine gave it an outlook into all the countries of the earth. Ships and shipbuilding and ship-launching were the drift of the popular thought, and the very minds of the people by this commerce had apparently

"Suffered a sea change
Into something rare and strange."
There was a quaintness, shrewdness, and vivacity about these men, half skipper, half farmer, that was piquant and enlivening.

It was in the auspicious period of approaching Thanksgiving that my chum and I resolved to anticipate for a few days our vacation, and take passage on the little sloop Brilliant, that lay courtesying and teetering on the bright waters of Maquoit Bay, loading up to make her Thanksgiving trip to Boston.

It was a bright Indian Summer afternoon that saw us all on board the little craft. She was laden deeply with dainties and rarities for the festive appetites of Boston nabobs; loads of those mealy potatoes for which the fields of Maine were justly famed; barrels of ruby cranberries; boxes of solid golden butter, ventures of a thrifty house mother envious to gather kindred gold in the Boston market. There were dressed chickens, turkeys, and geese, all going the same way, on the same strand; and there were sides and saddles of that choice mutton for which the sea islands of Maine were as famous as the South Downs of England.

Everything in such a stowage was suggestive of good cheer. The little craft itself had a sociable, friendly, domestic air. The captain and mate were cousins; the men were all neighbors, sons of families who had grown up together; there was a kindly home flavor in the very stowage of the cargo. Here were Melissa's cranberries, and by many a joke and wink we were apprised that the mate had a tender interest in that venture; there were W. or Toothaker's butter, concern which there were various commences and speculations, but which was handled and cared for with that consideration the Maine sailor boy always gives "the widdler;" there was a private keg of very choice eggs, over which the name of Lucindy Ann was breathed by a bright-eyed, lively youngster, who had promised to bring her back to the change, and as to the precise particulars of this change, many a witticism was expended.

Our mode of living on the Brilliant was of the simplest and most primitive kind. On each side the staircase that led down to the cabin, hopped strongly to the partition, was a barrel, which on the one side contained salt beef, and on the other, salt pork. A piece out of each barrel, delivered regularly to the cook, formed the foundation of our daily meals; and sea-biscuits and potatoes, with the sauce of salt-water appetites, made this a feast for a king. I make no mention here of gingerbread and doughnuts, and such like ornamental accessories which were not wanting, nor of nuts and sweet cider, which were to be had or asked. At meal times a swing-shelf, which at other seasons hung against the wall, was propped up, and our meals were eaten thereon in joyous satisfaction.

A joyous, rollicking set we were, and the whole expedition was a frolic of the first water. One of the drollest features of these little impromptu voyages often was the eager aspect of some unsuspecting landlubber, who had been beguiled into thinking that he would like a trip to Boston by seeing the pretty Brilliant courtesying in the smooth waters of Maquoit, and so had embarked in innocent ignorance of the physiological results of such enterprises.

I remember the first morning out. As we were driving ahead, under a stiff breeze, I came on deck, and found the respectable Deacon Muggins, who in his Sunday coat had serenely embarked the day before, now desolately clinging to the railing, very white about the gills, and contemplating the sea with a most suggestive expression of disgust and horror.

"Why, deacon, good morning! How are you? Splendid morning!" said I, maliciously.

He drew a deep breath, surveyed me with a mixture of indignation and despair, and then gave vent to his feelings: "Tell ye what, there was one damned fool up to Brunswick yesterday; but he ain't there now; he's here." The deacon, in the weekly prayer-meeting at Brunswick, used to talk of the necessity of being "emptied of self;" he seemed to be in the way of it in the most literal manner at the present moment. In a few minutes he was extended on the deck, the most utterly limp and dejected of deacons, and vomiting with energy, if he ever got out of this 'ere you wouldn't catch him again. Of course, my chum and I were not seasick. We were prosperous young Sophomores in Bowdoin College, and would have scorned to acknowledge such a weakness. In fact, we were in that happy state of self-opinion where we surveyed everything in creation as birds do from above, and were disposed to patronize everybody we met, with a pleasing conviction that there was nothing worth knowing but what we were likely to know, or worth doing but what we could do.

Captain Stanwood liked us, and we liked him; we patronized him, and he was quickly used at our patronage, and returned it in kind. He was a good specimen of the sea captain in those early days in Maine; a man in middle life, tall, thin, wiry, and active, full of resource and shrewd mother

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wit; a man very confident in his opinions, because his knowledge was all got at first hand,—the result of a careful use of his own five senses. From his childhood he had followed the seas, and as he grew older made voyages to Archangel, to Messina, to the West Indies, and finally round the Horn; and having carried a very sharp and careful pair of eyes, he had acquired not only a sharp competency of worldly goods, but a large stock of facts and inductions which stood him in good stead of an education. He was master of a thriving farm at Harpswell, and, being tethered somewhat by love of wife and children, was mostly stationary there, yet soled himself by running a little schooner to Boston, and driving a thriving bit of trade by the means. With that reverence for learning which never deserts the New Englander, he liked us the better for being collegians, and amiably conceded that there were things quite worth knowing taught "up to Brunswick," though he delighted now and then to show his superiority in talking about what he knew better than we.

Jim Larned, the mate, was a lusty youngster, a sister's son whom he had taken in training in the way he should go. Jim had already made a voyage to Liverpool and the East Indies, and felt himself quite an authority in his own way. The evenings were raw and cool, and we generally gathered round the cabin stove cracking walnuts, smoking, and telling stories, and having a jolly time generally. It is but due to those old days to say that a most respectable Puritan flavor penetrated even the recesses of those coasters,—a sort of gentle Bible and psalm-book aroma, so that there was not a word or a joke among the men to annoy the susceptibilities even of a deacon. Our deacon, somewhat consoled and amended, lay serene in his berth, rather enjoying the yarns that we were spinning.

The web of course was manifold, quaint and strange, and wonderful, and as the night wore on it was dyed in certain weird tints of the supernatural. "Well," said Jim Larned, "folks may say that they're a mind to; there are things that there's no sort of way o' countin' for,—things you've just got to say. Well, here's the suthin' to work that I don't know nothin' about; and come to question any man up shir, you'll find he's seen one thing o' that sort himself; and this 'ere I'm going to tell you the story:—

"Four years ago I went down to aunt Jerusha's, at Fair Haven. Her husband's in the oysterin' business, and I used to go out with him considerable. Well, there was Bill Jones there, a real bright fellow, one of your open-handed, lively fellows, and he took a fancy to me and I to him, and he and I struck up a friendship. He run an oyster smack to New York and did a considerable good business for a young man. Well, Bill had a fellow on his smack that I never liked the looks of; he was from the Malays, or some foreign critter or other, spoke broken English, had eyes set kind o' edgewise 'n his head; homely as sin he was, and I always mistrusted him. 'Bill,' I used to say, you look out for that fellow; don't you trust him. If I was you I'd ship him off short metre. But Bill he only laughed. Why, says he, I can get double work for the same pay out of that fellow; and what do I care if he ain't handsome? He remember how I ain't handsome? Bill looked when he was sayin' that, just as he was going down to New York with his load o' oysters. Well, the next night I was sound asleep in aunt Jerusha's front chamber that opens towards the Sound, and I was waked right clear out o' sleep by Bill's voice screaming to me. I got up and ran to the window and looked out, and I heard it again, plain as anything: 'Jim! Jim! Help! help!' It wasn't a common cry neither; it was a scream, as if somebody was murdering him. I tell you I run through my head what came of it?"

"Well, what came of it?" said my chum, as the narrator made a pause, and we all looked at him in silence. "Well, as you say we can make it out, that very night poor Bill was murdered by that very Malay feller; leastways, his body was found in his boat. He'd been stabbed, and all his money, and watch and things taken, and this Malay was gone nobody knew where. That's all that was ever known about it."

"But surely," said my chum, who was of a very literal and rationalistic turn of mind, "it couldn't have been his voice you heard; he must have been down to the other end of the Sound, close by New York, by that time."

"Well," said the mate, "all I know is that I was waked out of sleep by Bill's voice calling my name, screaming in a real agony. It went through me like lightning; and then I find he was murdered that night. Now, I don't know anything about it. I know I heard him calling me; I know he was murdered; but how, or what it was, or why it was I don't know."

"These 'ere college boys can tell ye," said the captain. "Of course they've got into Sophomore year, and there ain't nothing in heaven or earth that they don't know."

"No," said I, "I say with Hamlet, 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy.'"

"Well," said my chum, with the air of a philosopher, "What shakes my faith in all supernatural stories is that I can't see any use or purpose in them. 'Wal, if there couldn't nothin' happen nor be except what you could see a use in, there wouldn't much happen nor be,' quoth the captain."

A laugh went round at the expense of my friend.

up to Umbagog, in the lumberin' business. "Hullo!" called out Jim, "here's the deacon's story! I told you every man had one. Give it to us deacon! Speak out, and don't be bashful!"

"Wal, really, it ain't what I like to talk about," said the deacon, in a quivering, uncertain voice; "but I don't know but I may as well, though."

"It was that winter I was up to Umbagog, I was clerk, and kept the counts and books, and all that, and Tom Huly—he was surveyor and marker—he was there with me, and we chummed together. And there was Jack Cutter—he was just out o' college; he was there practicing surveyin' with him. We three had a kind o' pine-board sort o' shanty built out on a plain near by the camp; it had a fire-place and two windows and our bunks, and each of us had our tables and books and things."

"Well, Huly he started with a party of three or four to go up through the woods to look out a new track. It was two or three days' journey through the woods, and just about that time the Indians up there was getting sort o' uneasy, and we all thought maybe 't was sort o' risky; howsoever, Tom had gone off in high spirits, and told us to be sure and take care of his books and papers. Tom had a lot o' books and thought everything o' 'em, and was sort o' particular and nice about his papers; his table set up one side by the window, where he could see to read and write. Well, he'd been gone four days, when one night—it was a bright, moonlight night—Jack and I were sitting by the fire reading, and between nine and ten o'clock there came a strong, regular knock on the window over by Tom's table. We were sitting with our backs to the window. 'Hullo!' says Jack, 'who's that? We both jumped up and ran to the window and looked out, and see there wasn't nobody there."

"This is curious," said I. "Some of the boys trying to trick us," says he. "Let's keep watch; perhaps they'll do it again," says he. "We set down by the fire, and 'fore long it came again."

"Then Jack and I both cut out the door and run round the house,—he one way and I the other. It was light as day, and nothin' for anybody to hide behind, and there wasn't a critter in sight. Well, we come in and set down, and looked at each other kind o' puzzled, when it come again, harder'n ever; and Jack looked to the window, and got as white as a sheet."

"For the Lord's sake, do look!" says he. And you may believe me or not, but I tell you it's a solemn fact: Tom's books was movin'—just as if somebody was pickin' 'em up and puttin' 'em down again, just as I've seen him do a hundred times."

"Jack," says I, "something's happened to Tom!"

"Wal, there had: That very night Tom was murdered by the Indians! We put down the date, and a week after the news came."

"Come now, captain," said I, breaking the pause that followed the deacon's story, "give us your story. You've been all over the world, in all times and all weathers, and you ain't a man to be taken in; did you ever see anything of this sort?"

"Well, now, boys, since you put it straight at me, I don't care if I say I have, on these 'ere very waters we're a-sailin' over now, on board this very schooner, in this very cabin."

This was bringing matters close home. We felt an agreeable shiver, and looked over our shoulders; the deacon, in his berth, raised up his elbow, and ejaculated, "Dew tell; ye don't say so."

"Tell us about it, captain," we both insisted. "We'll take your word for most anything."

"Well, it happened about five years ago. It's goin' on now eight years ago that my father died. He sailed out of Gloucester; had his house there; and after he died, mother she jest kep' on in the old place. I went down at first to see her fixed up about right, and after that I went now and then, and now and then I sent money. Well, it was about Thanksgiving time, as it is now, and I'd been down to Boston, and was coming back pretty well loaded with the things I'd been buyin' in Boston for Thanksgiving at home: raisins and sugar, and all sorts of West India goods, for the folks in Harpswell. Well, I meant to have gone down to Gloucester to see mother, but I had so many ways to run and so much to do I was afraid I wouldn't be back on time; so I didn't see her."

"Well, we was drivin' back with a good stiff breeze, and we'd got past Cape Ann, and I'd gone down and turned in, and was fast asleep in my berth. It was past midnight,—every one on the schooner asleep except the mate, who was up on the watch. I was asleep as sound as ever I slept in my life, not a dream, nor a feeling, no more! I had been dead, when suddenly I waked square up; my eyes flew open like a spring, with my mind clear and wide-awake, and sure as I ever see anything I see my father standing right in the middle of the cabin looking right at me. I rose right up in my berth, and says I—

"Father, is that you?"

"Yes," says he; "it is me."

"Father," says I, "what do you come for?"

"Sam," says he, "do you go right back to Gloucester and take your mother home with you, and keep her there a long as she lives."

"And says I, 'Father, I will! And as I said this he faded out and came right up to me and says, 'What the devil does this mean? We're way past Cape Ann; it's forty miles right back to Gloucester.'"

"Can't help it," I said; "to Gloucester I must go as quick as wind and water

will carry me. I've thought of matters there that I must attend to, no matter what happens."

"Well, Ben More and I were good friends always, but I tell you all that day he watched me in a curious kind of way to see if I wasn't took with a fever or subin, and the men they whispered and talked among themselves. You see they had their own reasons for wanting to be back to Thanksgiving, and it was hard on 'em."

"Well, it was just about sun up we got into Gloucester, and I went ashore, and there was mother looking pretty poorly, jest making her fire and getting on her kettle. When she saw me she held up her hands and burst out crying."

"Why, Sam, the Lord-must 'a' sent you. I've been sick and all alone, having a dreadful hard time, and I've felt as if I couldn't hold out much longer."

"Well," says I, "mother, pack up your things, and come right aboard the sloop; for I've come to take you home, and take care of you; so put up your things."

"Well, I took hold and helped her, and we put things together lively; and packed up her trunks, and tied up the bed and pillows and bedclothes, and took her rocking-chair and bureau and tables and chairs down to the sloop. And when I came down, bringin' her and all her things, Ben More seemed to see what I was after; but how or why the idea came into my head I never told him. There's things that a man feels shy of tellin', and I didn't want to talk about it."

"Well, when we was all aboard, the wind sprung up fair and steady, and we went on at a right spanking pace; and the fellows said the Harpswell girls had got hold of our rope, and were pulling us with all their might; and we came in all right the very day before Thanksgiving. And my wife was as glad to see mother as if she'd expected her, and fixed up the front chamber for her, with a stove in it, and plenty of kindlings."

"Well," said I, "nobody could say there wasn't any use in that spirit's coming—if spirit it was; it had a most practical purpose."

"Well," said the captain, "I've been all round the world, in all sorts of countries; seen all sorts of queer, strange things, and seen so many things that I never could have believed if I hadn't seen 'em, that I never say I won't believe this or that. If I see a thing right straight under my eyes, I don't say it couldn't 'a' been there 'cause college folks say there ain't no such things."

"How do you know it wasn't all a dream?" asked my chum.

"How do I know? 'Cause I was broad awake, and I gen'ally know when I'm awake and when I'm asleep. I think Mr. More found me pretty wide awake."

It was now time to turn in, and we slept soundly while the Brilliant plowed her way. By daybreak the dome of the State House was in sight.

"I've settled the captain's story," said my chum to me. "It can all be accounted for on the theory of cerebral hallucination."

"All right," said I; "but it answered the purpose beautifully for the old mother."

A Mean Advantage.

There were a score or more of women gathered together at Mr. Johnson's house. Mr. Johnson is a good-hearted man and a respectable citizen, though he is rather skeptical in some things. The women had just organized "The Foreign Benevolent Society," when Mr. Johnson entered the room. He was at once appealed to to donate a few dollars as a contribution to begin with, and then Mrs. Graham added:—

"It would be pleasant, in after years, for you to remember that you gave this society its first dollar and its first kind word."

He slowly opened his wallet, drew out a ten dollar bill, and as the ladies smacked their lips and clapped their hands, he asked:—

"Is this society organized to aid the poor of foreign countries?"

"Yes—yes—yes!"

"And it wants money?"

"Yes—yes—yes!"

"Well, now," said Johnson, as he folded the bill in a tempting shape, "there are twenty married women here. If there are fifteen of you who can make oath that you have combed the children's hair this morning, washed the dishes, blackened the cook-stove, and made the beds, I'll donate ten dollars."

"I have," answered two of the crowd, and the rest said:—

"Why, now, Mr. Johnson!"

"If fifteen of you can make oath that your husbands are not wearing socks with holes in the heels, the money is yours," continued the wretch.

"Just hear him!" they exclaimed, each one looking at the other.

"If ten of you have boys without holes in the knees of their pants, this goes to the society," said Johnson.

"Such a man!" they whispered.

"If there are five pairs of stockings in this room that do not need darning, I'll hand over the money," he went on.

"Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Graham, with great dignity, "the rules of this society declare that no money shall be contributed except by members, and as you are not a member, I beg that you will withdraw and let us proceed with the routine business."

Old Stories that are Good.

Mistress of herself was the spouse of the old gentleman who contrived to tumble off the ferry-boat into the Mississippi, and was encouraged to struggle for dear life by his better-half shouting—

"There, Samuel, didn't I tell you so? Now, then, work your legs, flap your arms, hold your breath, and repeat the Lord's prayer; for it's mighty ornatin, Samuel, whether you land in Vicksburg or eternity!"

Thoroughly oblivious of court manners was the red-clad old Kentish dame who found her way into the tent occupied by Queen Charlotte, at a volunteer review, held shortly after her coming to England, and after staring at the royal lady with her arms akimbo, observed—

"Well, I declare, she's not so ugly as they told me she was!"

The astonished queen gratefully accepted this compliment at saying—

"Well, my good woman, I am very glad of that, I assure you."

The Postmaster-General of the United States once received an odd official communication. The Raeborn postmaster, new to his duties, writing to his superior officer, said—

"Seeing, by regulations, that I am required to send you a letter of advice, I must plead in excuse that I have been postmaster but a short time; but I will say, if your office pay in no better than mine, I advise you to give it up."

To this day that postmaster-general has not decided whether his subordinate was an ignoramus or was quietly poking fun at him.

John Phoenix, the American humorist, being one night at a theatre, fancied he saw a friend some three seats in front of him. Turning to his next neighbor, he said—

"Would you be kind enough to touch that gentleman with your stick?"

"Certainly," was the reply, and the thing was done.

But when the individual thus assaulted turned round, Phoenix saw he was not the man he took him for, and became at once absorbed in the play, leaving his friend with the stick to settle matters with the gentleman in front, which, as he had no excuse handy, was not done without considerable trouble. When the hubbub was over, the victim said—

"Didn't you tell me, sir, to tap that man with my stick?"

"Yes."

"And what did you want?"

"Oh," said Phoenix, with imperturbable gravity, "I wanted to see whether you would or not."

While Gen. Thomas was inspecting the fortifications of Chattanooga with Gen. Garfield, they heard some one shout—

"Hello, mister! You! Yes, I want to speak to you!"

Gen. Thomas, turning, found he was the "mister" so politely hailed by an East Tennessean soldier.

"Well, my man," said he, "what do you want with me?"

"I want to get a furlough, mister, that's what I want," was the reply.

"Why do you want a furlough, my man?" inquired the general.

"Wal, mister, I want to go home and see my wife."

"How long is it, my good fellow, since you saw her?"

"Ever since I enlisted; now nigh onto three months."

"Three months!" exclaimed the astonished commander. "Why, I have not seen my wife for three years."

The Tennessean looked incredulous, and drawled out—

"Wal, you see, me and my wife ain't that sort."

A Cat Story.

I was telling a cat story in all the truthfulness with which I have always endeavored to relate it, one evening in the parlors of a New York hotel. My venerable friend, Dr. T., of Connecticut, who happened to be present, listened attentively, and then proceeded to remark in his habitual serious mood: "Captain, that was a remarkable cat, but I have one at N— M— that is even more wonderful. She too, always annoyed us, but we are now resigned to the inevitable. It is said that a cat has nine lives, but some cats never die. Three years ago I attempted to poison her with arsenic, and gave her a dose large enough to kill an ox. It had no effect whatever. I then tried strychnine, but was equally unsuccessful. As to Croton oil, which was next given her, she would lap it like milk. In short, everything in the way of poison being a failure, I went out to the pond near my house and cut a hole in the ice, which was a foot thick, put her in it and covered it over securely with a plank. But she swam under the ice for an eighth of a mile, came out where the water was over the dam. At last I adopted a decisive measure. I took a hatchet and cut off her head and threw it over the wall. But the wonderful instinct of that cat! When she came down in the morning to my kitchen, there she was, sitting in the chimney corner, holding in her mouth the head that she had found!"

Without a word of reply I took my hat and left the room.

President Lincoln once listened patiently while a friend read a long manuscript to him, and then asked: "What do you think of it? How will it take?" The President reflected a little while, and then answered: "Well, for people who like that kind of thing, I think that is just about the kind of thing they'd like."

If you would be exempt from uneasiness, do nothing which you know or suspect is wrong; and if you wish to enjoy the present pleasure, always do everything in your power which you know to be right.

LANSING.

Fourteenth Week of the Legislative Session—Vacation—Appropriation Bills—Sundries.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Lansing, April 4, 1879.

Again have the overworked and thoroughly exhausted operatives in the State law factory voted themselves a vacation, this time to the evening of April 9, in order to attend the election on Monday. The fact that it takes them a week to get their ballots in while ordinary mortals discharge that patriotic duty in a day, only indicates the deliberation which characterizes every act of the legislative mind. The ticket like any other document must of course be received, reported upon, amended, recommitted, re-reported, discussed in committee of the whole, reconsidered, tabled, called up, and sent on the rounds again before it can be finally passed into the box on the order of third reading, and of course all this requires much time and study on the part of the careful legislator to make sure that he does not finally vote his railroad pass instead of his party ticket.

PETITIONS ONCE MORE.

There is still no abatement in the flood of petitions which come pouring in for bills, passed, present and to come. To Senator Hodge the indefatigable statistician of such matters, I am again indebted for some additions to last week's figures. The number of bills and joint resolutions passed by the Senate up to the hour of adjournment last evening was 256, and by the House 248. The number defeated in the Senate is 25 and in the House 19. This does not include those measures which have been laid on the table, a large number of which will never be called up again. There are at least 100 bills on the table in the House and half as many in the Senate. The total number of petitions presented in the Senate up to last night was 768 and in the House 2,046; total 2,814. The exact number of signatures to the petitions for the prohibitory liquor law is not known; but it is not far from 45,000. The whole number of petitions on the liquor traffic is 65,738; for local option 15,000; for Reform School for Girls, 18,468; for reduction of test on kerosene, 8,533; for reduction of rate of interest, 6,900; and for limited appeals from justice courts, 5,351. The others are on a great variety of subjects.

APPROPRIATIONS MADE.

A good part of the discussions during the past week has related to the different appropriation bills, a few of which have been already acted upon while many of them are still undergoing the whittling down process which proves to be almost as slow work as voting on election day. The whole amount appropriated thus far by both Houses is \$65,872,51, of which \$35,000 is for the expenses of the State Normal School for the next two years, and \$25,000 to reimburse the military fund. The other items are \$3,000 for the State Library, \$26,251 for decrease in the Reform School and \$20 for compiling the Legislative Manual. To the total thus appropriated for the next two years should be added \$235,871 appropriated by former Legislatures and available during 1877 and 1880.

APPROPRIATIONS TO BE MADE.

It is thus seen that but a very small proportion of the appropriation bills which must be passed to carry on the machinery and institutions of the State has yet been acted upon. Among the more important of these is that for the State University. The bill as recommended by the Senate Committee on the University appropriates in all \$60,250, of which \$20,000 is for new heating apparatus, \$12,000 for the Dental College, \$6,500 for a building for a homeopathic hospital, \$6,000 for current expenses of the present hospital, \$5,000 for the Homeopathic College, and the rest in smaller amounts for different purposes.

The Flint Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind wants \$40,100 for the general current expenses of each year and an additional special appropriation of \$4,000 for certain buildings and repairs. The principal items in the current expenses are \$6,755 a year for officers and employees, \$6,589 for teachers' salaries, \$4,200 for fuel, \$3,200 for meat and fish, \$2,000 for food and meal, and \$2,000 for groceries. Both the House and Senate Committees agree in recommending these appropriations, and it seems probable the bill will pass substantially as reported.

The bill making appropriations for the State Agricultural College includes items of \$6,000 for a chemical laboratory, \$4,000 for a botanical laboratory, and \$4,000 for a professor's building, in addition to the usual expenses for salaries and current expenses. The bill met with considerable opposition in committee of the whole in the House, and it is not improbable but the above items may be stricken out or cut down in amount.

PROPOSED IMPROVEMENTS.

The Senate Committee on Appropriations has reported favorably several bills which, if passed, will require special appropriations to a large amount. Among these is one appropriating \$7,500 for grading the grounds about the Capitol, erecting fountains, laying stone sidewalks and setting out trees. They also reported favorably the bill appropriating \$40,000 for building a fire-proof museum structure at the University and a bill making provision for the admission of women to the Agricultural College. This will require \$10,000 for a building, \$5,000 for furniture, \$1,000 for the salary of one extra teacher in 1880, and \$900 for a matron for the same year.

SUNDRIES.

A bill relative to the State Treasurer's bond was again the subject of prolonged discussion in the House.

The amount was finally fixed at \$600,000 and passed.

The special committee of both Houses appointed, at the opening of the session to revise the tax laws, has done a good deal of hard and important work, but is not yet able to report. Representatives Hopkins and Hall, a sub-committee to complete the details, have lately been busy with other work. The portion relating to tax sales is nearly completed. It provides for returns through the Auditor General's office, but makes the sales by the sheriff on judgments

M. C. R. R. TIME TABLE.

Passenger Trains on the Michigan Central Railroad will leave Chelsea Station as follows:

GOING WEST.
Mail Train.....9:15 A. M.
Way Freight.....12:30 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. Ledyard, Gen'l Sup'l, Detroit.
HENRY C. WESTWORTH, General Passenger and Ticket Ag't, Chicago.

Time of Closing the Mail.
Western Mail.....9:00, 11:00 A. M. & 7:00 P. M.
Eastern.....9:50-00 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.....\$1.00
1 Month.....\$3.00
1 Year.....\$15.00
Square.....4.00
Column.....7.00
Column.....10.00
Column.....15.00
Cards in "Business Directory," \$5.00 per year.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

CHELSEA BANK, Established in 1888. Ocean Passage Tickets. Drafts drawn on Europe. United States Registered and Coupon Bonds for sale.
Geo. P. GLAZIER.

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

I. O. O. F.—THE REGULAR weekly meeting of Vernon Lodge, No. 85, I. O. O. F., will take place every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, at their Lodge room, Middle st., East.
E. E. SHAYER, Sec'y.

WASHTENAW ENCAMPMENT, No. 1, I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings first and third Wednesday of each month.
J. A. PALMER, Scribe.

GEORGE E. WRIGHT, D. D. S., (OBSERVATIVE AND MECHANICAL) DENTIST,
OFFICE OVER GEO. P. GLAZIER'S BANK, CHELSEA, MICH. 17-18

INSURANCE COMPANIES

REPRESENTED BY
W. E. DEFEW.

Assets.
Home of New York, \$6,109,527
Hartford, 3,292,914
Underwriters, 3,253,519
American, Philadelphia, 1,296,651
Detroit Fire and Marine, 591,929
Fire Association, 3,178,386
Office: Over Kemp's Bank, Middle street, west, Chelsea, Mich. 16-1

M. W. BUSH.

DENTIST,
OFFICE IN WEBB'S BLOCK. 31

H. A. RIGGS,
JEWELER.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired. All work warranted.—Shop: south half, at Barclay's grocery store, Chelsea, Mich.

E. C. FULLER'S

TONSorial SALOON.

Hair-Cutting,
Hair-Dressing,
Shaving, and
Shampooing

Done in first-class style. My shop is new and fitted up with everything pertaining to the comfort of customers.

A Specialty made in FULLER'S CELEBRATED SEA FOAM, for cleansing the scalp and leaving the hair soft and glossy. Every lady should have a bottle.

Keep constantly on hand a fresh assortment of every variety of Candy; also a large stock of Cigars—Tip Top Cigars for ten cents, excellent for five cents, two for 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 this country, on the shortest notice. All orders promptly attended to.

Give me a call, at the sign of the "Beehive," south corner of the "Beehive."
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 SREDOUS.

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 Huisen, west Middle street, Chelsea, Mich.

DR. BULL'S Cough Syrup has been before the public for years, and is pronounced by thousands superior to all other articles for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Influenza and all Pulmonary Complaints.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
Rev. THOS. HOLMES. Services at 10½ 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 10½ 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 10½ 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 10½ A. M. Vespers, 7 o'clock P. M. Sunday School at 12 o'clock. A. M. LUTHERAN CHURCH.

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

OUR TELEPHONE.

A team of horses took a short runaway on Monday last; but the powerful arm of man stopped them from doing any damage.

We are having beautiful spring weather. It makes the heart feel gay—even the birds, frogs and insects, are giving us sweet music.

WANTED—Ladies to call and examine my stock of millinery complete in every department at
LIBBIE FOSTER'S.

LAST Saturday afternoon the Democrats and Greenbackers had a caucus—and they finally got Married—on Monday they went around with their calling cards feeling happy.

REMOVAL.—Reed & Co. Druggists have moved to their new brick building. Patrons and friends make a note of this.

LYNDON elected nearly all Democrats—Thos. Young supervisor.

SOMETHING new, in cardboard French pictures and mottoes at LIBBIE FOSTER'S.

CHELSEA at the present time look alive in a business point of view. There are in course of erection two brick store on Main street—there are about twelve frame buildings scattered here and there. There are talk of having a new passenger depot at Chelsea—we think the stock holders of the M. C. R. R. stand in their own light in not putting up a nice depot at this place, we hope to see one started this summer.

NICE line of flowers, feathers, silks, brocades, plaid ribbons, Breton lace, baby caps, etc., at
LIBBIE FOSTER'S.

REVIVALS.—The meetings that have been in progress for the last three weeks at the M. E. Church, have resulted in a goodly number of conversions were closed on last Thursday evening.

We learn that another series of meetings were commenced last Sabbath evening by Rev. Mr. Holmes at the Congregational Church.

The Commissioner of Patents has decided that the fence constructed of wire and wooden slats, of which considerable is being built in Washtenaw and Livingston counties, has been patented and the patent has expired. The invention is now public property.

LIMA elected their entire Democratic Ticket—Whitaker supervisor.

The Chelsea cornet band will give a Concert at Tuttle & Thomas' hall, on Wednesday evening, April 16th, 1876. We wish to say a little in regard to our band. We think it is the duty of our citizens to turn out, one and all, and give them a full house. The proceeds of the concert will go towards purchasing uniforms for them.

We also think it a shame for the inhabitants to see our band going around without uniforms. Let the inhabitants have a little spirit in them, by putting their hands into their pocket towards giving them a helping hand.

STOLEN.—The party who stole the revolver, about two weeks ago, from behind the counter at Fred Gibbich's saloon, had better return it—as he is known—if not Fred will go for him.

Auction.—The subscriber having sold his farm, will offer at sale at Public Auction, at his residence in the village of Francisco, on Wednesday, April 16th, at 10 o'clock, A. M., to the highest bidder, the following described property, to-wit:

1 Span small horses, 1 colt, 4 years old, 2 colts 3 years old, 1 colt coming two years old, 3 graded cows, 2 yearlings, 59 sheep, 8 hogs. 300 bushels corn in the ear, 100 bushels of oats, a quantity of tame hay.

2 lumber wagons, 1 reaper and mower combined, 1 wheel fallow cultivator, 1 wheel corn cultivator, 1 roller, 1 corn sheller, 1 fanning mill, plows, drags and farming utensils too numerous to mention. Also, a quantity of household furniture.

TERMS.—All sums under \$5, cash; all sums over \$5, nine months time will be given on good approved notes at seven per cent interest.

Wm. R. GLOVER.
Geo. DAVIS, Auctioneer.

NOTE.—Let every one turn out, for this is a large sale of very fine stock. You will be sure to have a good time, for Geo. E. Davis is the auctioneer and he always makes it lively for the boys.

Unclaimed Letters.
LIST of Letters remaining in the Post Office, at Chelsea, April 1, 1876:

Krone, Wesley R.
Leary, John E.
Montore, Twine
Ormsbee, Mrs Maggie
Phelps, Edna
Rogers, Henry L.
Roberts, David
Phillips, James J.
Reilly, Luke
Pronschka, John J.

Persons calling for any of the above letters, please say "advertised."
Geo. J. CROWELL, P. M.

OBITUARY.

JACOB BERRY died of typhoid pneumonia at his home in Chelsea Mich., March 25th, 1876.

The deceased was born in Mt. Gomery Co., N. Y., December 2nd, 1811.

He came to Michigan in the year 1832, making his home in the township of Sharon in this Co., with a married sister Mrs. N. B. Ayers.

He was married to Clarissa Irwin, on the 18th of May, 1843.

Two years later they moved to Chelsea, which was their home till the day of his death.

He was a good citizen leading a quiet industrious life as a carpenter.

For some days before his death in conversation with his pastor and others, he gave the best evidence of a saving faith in Our Glorious Savior. He leaves a wife and daughter and grand-daughter, who have the sympathy of a large circle of friends.

ELECTION DAY.—Last Monday was Town-meeting, it was a beautiful day, the sun shone nice and warm, our streets were dry and full of people, and everything looked pleasant. Our Chelsea cornet band put in appearance about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. They got elevated on the balcony at the Hoag House, and there rendered fine music. After an hour or two—they then came down with Hon. S. G. Ives at their head, marched all around town enlivening the hearts of all. There were two tickets in the field—a straight Republican, and a "half-and-half" Democrat and Greenbacker.—We are happy to tell and also to note that all the saloons were closed during the day according to the town President's orders, and we can justly say that we did not see a drunken individual on our streets, everything went in harmony, so ended the day. The following are a list of those elected and their majorities:

SUPERVISOR. Maj.

Wm. Depew, (Rep.).....15
TOWNSHIP CLERK.

A. Neuburger, (Rep.).....53
TOWNSHIP TREAS.

J. A. Palmer, (Rep.).....63
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

F. Hoppe, (Dem.).....21
COM. HIGHWAYS.

J. Riggs, (Dem.).....11
TOWNSHIP SPT. SCHOOLS.

G. A. Robertson, (Dem.).....12
SCHOOL INSPECTOR.

H. A. Smith, (Rep.).....9
CONSTABLES.

Oliver N. Allyn, (Rep.).....4
G. W. Almeding, (Dem.).....1
J. Hudler, (Dem.).....44
F. D. Cummings, (Dem.).....28

AUCTIONEER.

GEORGE E. DAVIS the Calhoun county auctioneer, is now located at Sylvan Centre, where he will be found ready to attend to the sale of all farm and other property. All orders will receive prompt attention—and may be left at this office—or at the office of Pratt & Davis, Sylvan Centre. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or no pay. For reference inquire of any one where I am known.

G. E. DAVIS.

Tiger, the celebrated Stallion owned by A. F. Prudden, (1½ miles south of Chelsea,) will be found in Chelsea the coming season, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays in the afternoon, and in the forenoon of the same days, at his own stable, Tiger is a splendid traveller, and as a stock horse, and one of all work, his superior is yet to be found in this country.

29-6w A. F. PRUDDEN.

Chancery Sale.
THE Circuit Court for the County of Washtenaw, in Chancery: Jay Everett, complainant, vs. John G. Merker, John P. Merker, Martin Merker and the Peoples Bank of Manchester, defendants.

In pursuance and by virtue of a decree of said court, made and entered by said court, in the above entitled cause, on the 7th day of January, A. D. 1876:

Notice is hereby given that I shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on Thursday, the 29th day of May, A. D. 1876, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the east front door of the Court House, in the city of Ann Arbor, County of Washtenaw and State of Michigan, the following described real estate, being the same mentioned and described in said decree, and situated in the township of Sharon, county of Washtenaw and State of Michigan, to-wit:

The north west quarter of the south east quarter, and the south west quarter of the north east quarter of section number fifteen; in township number three, south, range number three, east, containing eighty acres of land, more or less.

Dated April 8th, 1876.
JAMES MCMAHON,
Circuit Court Commissioner, in and for the County of Washtenaw.

GEORGE W. TURNBULL,
Solicitor for Complainant.

Real Estate for Sale.
STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY

of Washtenaw, ss: In the matter of the estate of Joseph Conlan. Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned administrator of the estate of said Joseph Conlan by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Washtenaw, on the eighteenth day of February, A. D. 1876, there will be sold at Public Vendue, to the highest bidder, at the late residence of said deceased, in the township of Dexter, in the County of Washtenaw, in said State, on Saturday, the twelfth day of April, A. D. 1876, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, (subject to all encumbrances by mortgage or otherwise existing at the time of the death of said deceased), the following described Real Estate, to-wit:

The south half (½) of the south east quarter of section nine, (19) town one, (1) south range four (4) east, (Dexter) Washtenaw county, in Michigan. Being eighty (80) acres of land more or less. Also the north half (½) of the north east quarter of section thirty (30) in town one, (1) south range four (4) east, (Dexter) Washtenaw county, in Michigan.

Dated February 14th, 1876.
JOHN CONLAN, Administrator.

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

Hourly Bulletin for Gossip in Chelsea.

Saturday 10 A. M. father—married.
Saturday 10½ A. M., mother—married.

Saturday 11 A. M. father not married.
Saturday 11½ A. M. mother not married.
Saturday 12 M. both parties want to get married.

Saturday 1 P. M. neither parties—married.
Saturday 2 P. M. both parties anxious.

Saturday 2½ mother—very anxious.
Saturday 3 P. M. father—not so anxious.
Saturday 4 P. M. mother—awful anxious.

Saturday 6 P. M. anxiety at fever heat.
10 P. M. things rather mixed up. He don't want to, and she wants to—then he won't and she will.

The situation at 8 P. M. doubtful, and reminds me of the negro boy, who when questioned as to his parentage replied: "Don't know as I had any father or mother. Father died and mother got married, mother died and father got married."

This was repeated so often until the poor boy was so bewildered that he really thought that he never had any parents.

Now my dear children, stop this fooling go and do it—or *sine die*—it is not often that we have frost in August—stranger things however sometimes happen.

Chelsea Market.

CHELSEA, Apr. 10, 1876.
FLOUR, ½ cwt.....\$2 50
WHEAT, White, ½ bu.....095 98
WHEAT, Red, ½ bu.....90 20

CORN, ½ bu.....20 25
OATS, ½ bu.....2 75
CLOVER SEED, ½ bu.....1 75
TREFOIL SEED, ½ bu.....50 00
BEANS, ½ bu.....45 00
POTAPOES, ½ bu.....100 75
do dried, ½ bu.....20 14
HONEY, ½ lb.....06 6
BUTTER, ½ lb.....14 14
POULTRY—Chickens, ½ lb.....06 6
LARD, ½ lb.....06 6
TALLOW, ½ lb.....05 5
HAMS, ½ lb.....04 4
SHOULDERS, ½ lb.....09 9
EGGS, ½ doz.....3 00 @ 3 50
SHEEP, live ½ cwt.....3 00 @ 5 00
HOGS, live, ½ cwt.....2 00 @ 3 00
do dressed ½ cwt.....3 00
HAY, tame ½ ton.....8 00 @ 10 00
do marsh, ½ ton.....5 00 @ 6 00
SALT, ½ bu.....25 30
WOOL, ½ lb.....2 00 @ 2 50
CRANBERRIES, ½ bu.....2 00 @ 2 50

MEDICAL.

CATABRE!
ELY'S CREAM BALM
A Decided Cure.

A Local Remedy.
HARMLESS, EFFECTUAL, SIMPLE.

Application easy and agreeable.
The effect is truly magical, giving instant relief, and as a curative, is in advance of anything now before the public.

The disagreeable operation of forcing a quart of liquid through the nose, and the use of snuffs that only excite and give temporary relief, are already being discarded and condemned.

CREAM BALM has the property of reducing local irritation. Sores in the nasal passage are healed up in a few days. Headache, the effect of Catarrh is dissipated in an almost magical manner. Expectoration is made easy. Sense of taste and smell is more or less restored. Bad taste in the mouth and unpleasant breath, where it results from Catarrh, is overcome. The nasal passages, which have been closed up for years, are made free.

Great and beneficial results are realized in a few applications of the Balm, but a thorough use of it, in every instance, will be attended with most happy results, and generally a decided cure.

Fifty cents will buy a bottle, and if satisfaction is not given, on application the proprietors will cheerfully refund the money. Trial size, 10c. Ask your druggist for it ELY BROS., Oswego, N. Y., Proprietors.

For sale here by W. R. Reed & Co.
GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Dec. 2, 1878.

MESSRS. ELY BROTHERS:—I cheerfully offer my testimony to the value of your Cream Balm as a specific in the case of my sister, who has been seriously debilitated with Catarrh for eight years, having tried ineffectually, Sanborn's Remedy, and several other specific remedies. She is improved at once under the use of your discovery, and has regained her health and hearing, which had been considered irremediable.

8-25 ly ROBERT W. MERRILL.

Don't Be Deceived.
Many persons say "I haven't got the consumption" who are asked to cure their cough with Shiloh's Consumption Cure. Do they know that coughs 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 lame chest, back or side, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cts. Sold only by Glazier & Armstrong.

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

"Hackmatack," a popular and fragrant perfume. Sold only by Glazier & Armstrong. 17-44md

The Great Cause of HUMAN MISERY.
Just published, in a sealed Envelope. Price six cents.

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, Etlipasy, 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, r. o. box 5596

HOLMES & PARKER'S DOUBLE COLUMN.

Holmes & Parker

Are on hand as usual with
the first arrival of

SPRING

GOODS!!

Please look at our prices on the following Goods, and you will find them much below the market prices. We have put prices down so low, that no one can out-sell us in Chelsea.

Good brown Sheetting 6 cents	Heaviest cottonades made 25 cents
" bleached cotton 7 cents	good " 12½ cents
" Table Linen for 25 cents	The most complete line of Hosiery
" T red Dem oil 50 cts	ever shown in MEN'S, WOMEN'S
" Gingham 10 cents	CHILDREN'S.
" Crash 6 cents	Ladies Kid Gloves for 25 cents
" Denim 12½ cents	Certain Hosiery 12½ cts per yd
" Shirts 10 cents	" Oil Cloth 20 " " "

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

We have received a full line of New Spring Goods in Men's Boys and Youths'. We guarantee bottom prices, besides giving you the largest assortment to select from. Don't forget that we sell Orrs Pantaloons Overall, which is certainly the best overall made.

CARPETS!

From the cheapest to the best. Remember we have the CARPETS in STOCK now, instead of SAMPLES as before. We invite you to call before purchasing—no trouble to show goods.

New Stocks of Wall-Paper just received.

In our GROCERY DEPARTMENT we are offering goods as follows:

Good Brown Sugar 7 cents	Smoked Hams 6 "
Best " " 8 "	" Shoulders 5 "
Standard A " 9½ "	Potatoes 60 cts. per bn.
4 lbs. crackers (best) 25 "	

YOURS RESPECTFULLY,
HOLMES & PARKER.

CHELSEA, MICH. 18-12 y

SAVE YOUR MONEY.

You can save money by buying

GOODS CHEAP

at the New 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 fine of

DRESS GOODS,

Which will be found the best ever brought to this Market.

Quality is the true test of cheapness. Here you can get the best at the price generally charged for inferior Goods.

Give us a trial.

