

From Our Own Correspondent. LANSING, April 18, 1878. Well, the election vacation, like the election itself, passed without casualties, and the members of the Legislature have all been kindly spared to respond to roll call and draw their per diem as usual. Indeed, I am not sure but an occasional vacation is defensible on the grounds of economy. They seem to have got a hint from some source that less talk and more work would not be incompatible with the character of a popular legislator. At least they have "buckled down to the work," and passed more bills during the past week than during any two former weeks.

THE MOSHER BILL.

Perhaps the event of the week was the discussion by the House of the Mosher prohibitory liquor law, which was made the special order for Tuesday evening and the debate continued Wednesday forenoon. There was a large attendance of spectators but they evidently went away disappointed for the discussion was a rather tame affair throughout. A good part of the time was taken up in offering, discussing and voting on amendments designed to make the original bill more or less objectionable, this so-called "amending" being a game that two can work at. The most notable amendment was one offered by Representative Cheney, a staunch Prohibitionist, to the effect that the bill be submitted to a popular vote next April, and if the people approved of it then it should become a law in June following and if they didn't approve of it, then it should become a law anyway but not till the year 1890. To this it was objected that the Legislature had once before submitted such a law to the people for approval and the Supreme Court had pronounced it unconstitutional as the Legislature had no right to delegate its legislative powers to anybody whatever. The amendment was defeated and a vote to suspend the rules and place the bill on its immediate passage with a view to killing it, failed of the necessary two-thirds vote. The vote upon this question may be given as showing very nearly the strength of the two parties in the House, the friends of the bill voting in the negative.

Yes—Messrs. Bowen, Campbell, Carleton, Catlett, Donnelly, Estabrook, Girardin, Geob. Greene, Griffin, Henderson, Holt, G. H. Hopkins, Jackson, Knight, Kuhn, Kurt, May, McAllister, McCormick, McGurk, McNabb, Miller, Moore, Noah, Noeker, Pillsbury, Pugh, Powers, Probert, Robinson, Sawyer, Shattuck, Stansfield, Stearns, Stevens, A. Strong, Turck, Turnbull, Veemfist, Walton, Ward, White, Yerkes, Young—47. Nays—Messrs. Abbott, Allen, Baldwin, Barnes, Egan, Blackman, Bradley, Briggs, Bradford, Brown, Burton, Carpenter, Cheney, Catechew, Ferguson, Francis, Good, Granger, Grimes, Hall, Hamilton, Hill, Johnson, Lamb, Ladington, Lewis, Little, Mosher, Moulton, Oliver, Palmer, Parsons, Phelps, Pray, Raymond, Robertson, Reed, Sherwood, S. A. Strong, Thomson, Thorpe, Trivedi, Wilkins, Yeoman and the Speaker—45. Absent—Messrs. Bede's, Chase, Curtis, Eaton, S. W. Hopkins, Ross, Sharts and Willett—8.

APPROPRIATIONS.

In my last I gave a general resume of the appropriation bills passed and pending. Some further progress in this most important branch of legislation has since been made. The bills which have thus far passed both houses are the following: For the Normal School for the next two years, \$35,000; military fund, \$92,400; to reimburse military fund, \$25,000; State Public School, next two years, \$87,900; State Library, \$3,000; mineral statistics, \$3,000; State Pioneer Society, \$1,000; compiling Legislative Manual, \$250; making a total of \$247,550. The appropriation bills which have only passed one House, or which are still pending in some stage of their passage, foot up an aggregate of \$449,514, a sum which is very likely to be reduced before the bills finally become laws. The Senate has agreed to a bill appropriating \$200 for a museum at the University, only three votes being cast against it. The Senate has also passed Senator Child's bill appropriating \$15,000 for a new hall and fitting up the same for the reception of young women as students at the Agricultural College.

REFORM SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

The various bills offered for the establishment of a State home or industrial school for girls, have been boiled down into a substitute which is now before the House. It provides that the school shall be open to girls and young women of the ages from 10 to 20; that the inmates may be committed by magistrates and, also, by judges of probate; that the institution shall be penal and reformatory in its character, and also that it shall be an industrial school. Provision is also made for providing homes for the inmates when they shall be considered reformed.

GENERAL ITEMS.

The portrait of Gov. Crosswell, presented by Prof. Bradish, will be added to the portraits in the Governor's room. The Senate is to wrestle with the liquor bills on Tuesday. The Senate bill for the new compilation of the laws was taken up and partly considered by the House committee of the whole. It was referred to the Committee on Printing for amendment, one of which amendments will be to throw open to competition the contract for printing. Quite a respectable number of delegates of Detroiters have been here the past few days in the interest of the bill authorizing that city to issue bonds to the extent of \$700,000 for the purchase of Belle Isle and a bridge to reach it.

Mrs. Goddard says: "The different styles of painting flowers do not come from different theories of art, or different degrees of refinement of intellect; they come from different kinds of vision. People see flowers quite differently. One of the most popular writers on flowers and scenery expressed great surprise at hearing a friend speak of the brilliant colors of wild flowers, of the intense yellow of dandelions and buttercups, and wood-waxen and golden-rod; of the blaze of red lilies; of the living blue in apple-blossoms, and the living blue in violets, delicate as the hues of both are. To this person, also a student of flowers, there was no intensity in their coloring; everything was subdued, and the realistic style of painting seemed to be rude and coarse, like very loud talking, or aggressive and noisy manners. This difference in sight makes the difference in opinion of flower-painting."

THE CHELSEA HERALD.

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Under the Willows.

Under the willows down by the stream; Where the drooping boughs in the soft wind wave. The clear way, the shadowy glen, I stand in the shade of the willow-wood. O my hand in the willow-wood. My hand is carolling blithe and sweet; The tall fern-fronds in the wind wave free. And the silver river rolls at my feet. Over the water so blue and clear The lilies are spreading their waxy bloom; And memory rises from off her bed. And breaks the seals of her living tomb. Is it but a year since the change was made? It seems a cycle—or do I dream?— Since I stood in the sunshine and not in the shade. Under the willows down by the stream. And once was standing beside me here— How the soft wind played with her sunny hair! As she lifted eyes as the crystal clear, Who'd have thought that falsehood was lurking there? The small clasped hands and the blue eyes schooled To tender glance, and the hair's soft fold— How many men have been since befooled By the violet eyes and the locks of gold? 'Twas the old, old story of love betrayed; Still my heart throbs faint to that by-gone shock. Well, time heals the wound that time hath made; Where once I trusted I've learned to mock. Now, however much I may long and yearn To believe in love as a gift brought, Long years must pass ere I can unlearn The lesson hard that her falsehood taught. Well, I've a young! And the years that roll Will bring me healing—so much I know— Lift this weight of death from my living soul. Give me back the faith of the long ago. How'er that be, no more long farewell To this spot, so twined with my youth's bright dream; Be no more remembered that tale they tell. Those whispering willows down by the stream!

Heaven-Encompassed Infancy

The following tribute to the golden innocence of childhood, which is culled from the pages of the London Family Herald, for beauty of conception and fulness of testimony has probably never been excelled. We fail to find in it the celebrated saying of Goethe, "Children are the flowers of the human world," but the numerous tender and almost sublime references to the writings of others in relation to the beauties of childhood, we feel assured will awaken responsive chorus in the hearts of many of our readers. A still greater than all these writers has spoken on the same subject, saying in the well-known words, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." As Shakespeare, taking a broadly dramatic view of human life, has leaned out historically in seven ages, so Wordsworth, in that Ode on Intimations of Immortality which even the least addicted to admiration of Wordsworth are constrained to admire has, from another standpoint, for other purposes, selected four stages of progress—and yet not altogether of progress, for the latter stages are characteristic rather of decline and fall. The starting-point is divine, in *eccelesis*, of celestial parentage and surroundings. Heaven lies about us in our infancy. That is the first stage—a very different one from Shakespeare's of the infant mewling and puking in its nurse's arms. But Wordsworth's divine infancy—the soul that rises with us, our life's star, that cometh from afar, for "trailing clouds of glory do we come from God, who is our home"—all too soon is overcast and darkened. Shades of the prison-house begin to cloud upon the growing boy. Boy is the second stage. The third is the youth, whose daily travel is further and further from the East, although "the vision splendid" still encompasses his pathway, or at least illumines it at a distance. But at length the man—and here the fourth stage is reached—the man perceives that vision die away, and fade into the light of common day—the Heaven that lay about his infancy is removed like a scroll, the glory is departed, his sun is gone down while it is yet day. In the fourth book of his "Excursion" the poet apostrophizes the "Aurora" and O'er of life in a strain which recalls his ode on heaven-encompassed infancy. "Thou, who didst wrap the cloud of infancy around us, that Thyself might'st on our simplicity while Heaven's gold, on earth, communion undisturbed. Wordsworth's quasi-Platonism has been carried farther by more pronounced transcendentalists. Alcott regarded children as new arrivals from a higher world—a notion which one of his biographers gently ridiculed by putting down accurately the conversation Alcott had with a child, and in which the child, not being aware that he was expected to give intimation of immortality, answered the questions put to him in a straightforward and prosaic way. For instance, on Alcott's asking when a little infant opens its eyes upon this world, and sees things out of itself, and has the feeling of admiration, is there in that feeling the beginning of worship, the boy very sensibly replied, "No, Mr. Alcott, a little baby does not worship." We are reminded of a somewhat cynical passage in *Aurora Leigh*, starting from the smile of a mother that asks her baby, "You'll touch that star you think?" "Baby grow, and lose the hope of things above; A silver stargaze sets them leaping high— And no more stars—mark that! If children are, as alleged, for the most part stupid and prosaic, they are at the same time nearer poetry than they ever will be hereafter; and, unless the imagination is excited, it will ordinarily be a little excited by many of the incidents of childhood, and by many of the beautiful sights which they see for the first time. A sunset, or a beautiful morning, or the colors of a butterfly, or a pretty bird, go to the heart of a fanciful child, and seem to open to it boundless visions of Heaven on earth. The regrets are as keen as the retrospect is familiar in Hood's remembrance— I remember, I remember the fir-trees dark and high, I used to climb their slender tops were close against the sky;

It was a childish ignorance, but now 'tis little joy

To know I'm farther off from Heaven than when I was a boy. Every man, says Paul Flemming, has a paradise around him till he sins, and the angel of unappealing conscience drives him from his Eden. And even then there are holy hours when this angel sleeps, and man comes back, and with the innocent eyes of a child, looks into his lost paradise again—into the broad gates and rural solitude of nature. "If I love anything in the world," testifies Lorna Doone's John Ridd, "foremost I love children. They warm, and yet they cool our hearts, as we think of what we were, and what in young clothes we hoped to be, and how many things have crossed." To set our motives moving in the little things that know not what their aim or object is must, almost, or ought to be, to lead us home and soften us. "For either end of life is home, both source and issue being God," Schopenhauer, himself without God in the world, took interest in children, as having no conception of the inexorable persistence of everything to its own entity; the child thinks even lifeless things will bend a little to its will, because he feels himself at one with nature, or because he believes it friendly towards him. Dante describes, or Marco Lombardo for him how Forth from His plastic hand who charmed behold. Her image ere she yet exist, the soul Comes like a babe, that wants sportively, As artless, and as ignorant of aught, Save that her Maker, being One who dwells With gladness ever, willingly she turns To whate'er yields her joy. From our own recollection of ourselves, and our experience of children, we know, Dr. Newman argues, that there is in the infant soul a discernment of the unseen world in the things that are seen—a realization of what is sovereign and adorable, and an involuntary and ignorant about what is sovereign and changeable, which marks it as the "fit emblem of the matured Christian when weaned from things temporal and living in the intimate conviction of the Divine Presence." It is in keeping with his friend Keble's verse— O tender gem, and full of Heaven, Not in the twilight stars on high! Not in moist fountains, even, See us our God so nigh.

Mrs. Browning's rhapsody of Life's Progress starts from infancy as it lies still "on the knees of a mild Mystery"—when the heavens seem as near as our own mother's face is, and we think we can touch all the stars that we see, and all things look strange in the pure golden ether. So, again, her stanzas on a child asleep tell how such "folded eyes see brighter colours than the open eye do," and how vision into vision calleth, while the young child dreameth on—"Now he hears the children's voices folding silence in the room—now he muses deep the meaning of the Heaven-words as they come." A later minstrel, who has since become a power in the State, expatiates on the joy of renewing, with his sister, in fancy's lands of light, the search for those bright birds— Of plumage so ethereal in its hue, And sweeter than all mortal words, Which some good angel to our childhood sent With messages from Paradise flowers. So lately left, the scent of Eden bowers Yet lingered in our hair, where'er we went. So, too, one of America's foremost bards is reminded by a simple robin's song of the time— When I, secure in childish piety, Lapsed as if I had an angel's wing, I came from Heaven which he did bring Fresh every day to my untainted ears. When birds and flowers and I were happy peers. Nor be forgotten the same poet's picture of that Irene, right from the heart of God whose spirit came, and who had never forgotten whence it came, nor wandered far from thence, But laboureth to keep her still the same. Near to her place of birth, that she may not, Soil her white garments with an earthly spot. So again, in one of his lyrics, he hails the little ones "to whisper in his ear what the birds and the winds are singing in their sunny atmosphere. It was to Charles Dickens that he was writing, and of little Paul Dombey that he was thinking, when Lord Jeffrey, in one of his effusive gushing letters—so unlike the blue and yellow critic and castigator he once had been—expatiated on that fearless innocence which goes playfully to the brink of the grave; and he added, with a retrospective glance that may be presumed to take in Little Nell, "In reading of these delightful children, how deeply do we feel that 'of such is the Kingdom of Heaven, and how ashamed of the contaminations which our manhood has received from our contact of earth. And wonder how you should have been admitted into an earthly guest, and so 'presumed' air," though for our own part we should rather have seen drawn and expelled air. Mr. Jules Simon, in one of his treatise on Liberty, alludes to the mysterious and unbounded sympathy which exists between a mother and a child, and which often, he alleges, will, in one day, teach the meaning and power of virtue to the mother who had forgotten it. For a master of teaching, a doctor of learning, is this child, who knows nothing in the world, but who diffuses all around him the divine contagion of innocence. And to the child himself all the earth is beautiful, and, as Mr. Froude says in his eloquent essay on the Use and Meaning of History, "all life is divine; God is very near him in his ways; heads all his words; sees all his actions, and listens to the whisper of his feelings; and for the child, in the roll of the sea, in the green loving, floating clouds, in the green loveliness of the summer trees, and in the solemn forest shades, an ineffable mysterious Presence is for ever breathing. The business and the facts of life are without meaning to him. In this Presence he has his being, and all he sees around him is but an expression of its power." Thus the poet describes the child as come freshly to us out of

duties which they have too often neglected, or have weakly allowed their children to take upon themselves.

—Boston Transcript. A cock that never crows.—A weathercock. Men who always act on the square.—Chessmen. Oftentimes scaly.—The weights of the world. "Never say die" to a woman who uses it. The length of a lady's train should never be under a foot. Clearly it is the boy who tends the elevator whose life has the most ups and downs. The ambulance corps of the Peruvian army possesses one perambulator and a wheelbarrow. The Lesson of the hour.—Sixty seconds make a minute, sixty minutes make an hour. If Congress should remove the tax on matches, it won't cost as much to get married, will it? Buzz-saw item.—Henry Stacy, Palestine, Texas. In life he was lovely, in death he is detested. It is about the season of the year to say, "Young man, have those pants patched and then take off your ulster." Carlyle asks relative to Beaconsfield: "How long is John Bull going to permit an apostate Jew to dance on his stomach?" The Chilian or Bolivian soldiers will be slow about tackling Peru, as the Peruvian cannon balls are stuffed with guano. "Good morning, Mr. Brown, you're first at last; you used to be behind before, but I notice you have been getting early of late." An Atlanta negro, who tried to send one of his offspring through the post-office was promptly arrested for attempted blackmailing. A New Yorker says there wouldn't have been any milk in the cocoanut if milkmen in that neighborhood had anything to do with it. The Pope has sent 5,000 lire to the relief of the Hungarian sufferers. The lire is a coin, not a sewing-machine agent.—Danbury News. A grave-digger buried a man named Button, and brought in the following bill to his widow: "To making one Button hole, 85." The Dartmouth boys wish Secretary Everts to deliver the annual address at the coming commencement. Time is of no value, apparently, up that way.—Post. An Aberdeen critic writes: "We read in Longfellow that he wishes men could make love like a bird. Man does, Mr. Longfellow; he makes love like a goose." "How dare you say 'damn before me' severely inquired a clergyman of a loafer. "How did I know you wanted to say 'damn' first," was the unlooked-for answer. Rev. James Freeman Clark, in his sermon at the Young Men's Christian Union in Boston, said, near the close: "I will not keep you longer, for I know it is Fast Day, and you want your dinner." "Why does lightning so rarely strike twice in the same place?" asked a Board-school teacher of the new boy in class of natural philosophy. "O said the boy, "because it never needs to!" Erskine puzzled the wits of 'his acquaintance by inscribing on a tea-chest the words, "Tu does." It was some time before they found out the wit of this literal translation—"Thou teacheest."

Young America.

The social philosopher of the Boston Advertiser utters a protest against the exaggerated and improper part played by very young people in modern American society. It is unfortunate, he thinks, that as a rule, married people in America withdraw themselves so much from society. There are exceptions to the rule, but they are rare enough to make it. "Care and economy of the household weigh rather heavily on the American wife, and it is easy, unless she is very gay, to say that she feels the time has come to give up parties. This absurd plan has taken out of society its best members, just at the age when they are developing, receptive, and becoming of real value among its ranks. Fathers and mothers, also, are considered quite in the way by many young people, at home and in company, and we shall never strike the right note for social harmony till this feeling is entirely abandoned. There should be no lines drawn in enjoyment, and no entertainment is rightly planned which excludes either youth or age. The time must come when there will be a change in our manner of social enjoyment, and it is to be hoped that soon the spirit of the text of this sketch will prevail. The long reign of the American child and youth must come to an end, for like all arbitrary, tyrannical rules, they have brought their own defeat by aggressive measures, and what was once cheerfully accorded them, for we are an easy-going people, must now be withdrawn. This view of the proper relations between young people and their elders is unquestionably correct, and it may be said that the "reign of the American child" is very perceptibly "coming to an end." There has been a decided change in this direction during the last twenty years, in all the older American cities, and as our civilization grows older and society becomes settled on more permanent bases, boys and girls will gradually find the position which nature and reason assign them, while men and women will find the leisure and inclination to perform the social

THE FARM.

How to Graft.

From the Germantown Telegraph. The season for grafting is now here and may be continued until the end of May, provided the grafts are carefully preserved—that is to say, kept in an ice-house or in a cold cellar, after the weather has become warm, to prevent their growing. We have set grafts the last day of May with as much success as at any other time, and we have known of grafting being done up to the 20th of June. When understood— and it ought to be an easy thing to learn—anyone can do his own grafting. Yet due care must be taken in all the details to insure growing. Stocks or limbs to be grafted, should be two inches in diameter, should be cut off at the distance of six inches. A fine saw should be used. Incline the saw so that the stump will shed the bark must be uninjured. With a sharp knife smooth off the sawed stump. Take a case-knife, which is as good as any, place it across the heart of the stock, and force it down with a wooden mallet. We use a very narrow screw-driver for keeping open the split. Shape the scion wedge-fashion both ways, keeping the bark intact. We make a shoulder as far up as the scion is shaved; it is not so strong, but better insures growth. The inside of the bark of both scion and stock must meet or cross, in order that the sap of the two may commingle. Set the scion at a slight angle spreading from each other. When the stock is small and only one scion inserted, place a piece of wood on the opposite side of corresponding thickness. If the slit does not close up sufficiently, tie round a cotton string to keep it tight upon the graft. Cover with wax every part of the cut wood and slit. In three weeks' time go over the grafts and re- wax if needed. It is air and rain getting in that destroy. Where the limb to be grafted is from two to six inches over, it should be cut say four inches from the tree, and four to six scions may be inserted.

Cultivation of Currants.

Currants are aptly termed a useful fruit, inasmuch as they fill in a space of a fortnight after strawberries, raspberries and cherries, and before early apples and pears, with a remarkable combination of the sweet and acid that affords any number of agreeable dishes both in the green and ripe states. In addition to their usefulness in a raw condition, this fruit is greatly prized by the housekeeper, who makes from red varieties most acceptable jellies and jams and the favorite home wine. The currant is easy of propagation, another argument in favor of its finding a place in every garden, be it large or small. A yearling shoot, from six inches to one foot long, taken off close to the old wood and planted half or two-thirds its length in the ground will make a strong, well-rooted plant by the autumn. To prevent shoots from springing up below the surface of the ground the eyes on that part are cut out, or they may be left the first season and removed when the plants are root fed. Currant bushes should set fully four feet apart, that the fresh air may pass freely through them and the wood should be properly thinned to promote satisfactory bearing. The soil is best when it is deep, rich and well worked. In regard to varieties the black Naples is the largest and best black currant; it bears profusely and is valuable for jams and jellies. The cherry is very large, with dark-red color, and desirable for market purposes, while the Versailles, also large and greatly resembling the cherry is considered an excellent if not the best sort for table use. Among white kinds the white grape stands first on the list, being larger than the white cut, which is also a satisfactory fruit.—N. Y. World.

Asparagus.

Mr. F. D. Curtis tells in a New York paper how he manages to raise good asparagus at a small cost. He says: "Unnecessarily elaborate directions for making things after an expensive fashion often deter busy people from having them. This is especially true in the matter of asparagus. The expense of the fanciful amateur discourages farmers, and therefore very many of them go without this delicious 'early green.' Our bed at Kirby Homestead is a dozen years old and cost for the roots \$1, and each year it helps to make spring more welcome by its abundant yield. The plants are set a foot apart in a spot of ground out of the way and dry and warm. It was made rich with manure, and every fall a load of horse manure is spread on the bed, and when a weed makes its appearance it is pulled out. The manure in the fall protects the crowns of the plants from the cold and makes a mulch for the plants to come up through, and at the same time is an annual fertilizer. Fifty cents each year will cover all the expense of our asparagus bed to us, and it is good for a cutting every other day for a month or longer. The variety is Conover's Colossal, hardy and excellent, but it should not be set closely if mammoth stems are expected; two feet apart is near enough for big specimens, and sixteen inches is better than a foot. The bed should not be cut the first year after setting. A bed can be raised from the seed which will be ready to cut the third year. The seed should be planted in hills sixteen inches apart, and the young plants kept clear from weeds and the ground kept mellow. We raised a bed once from the seed, but had to dig it up, owing to changing the grounds; and this reminds me that a spot for an asparagus bed should always be selected which will not be likely to be disturbed, and the bed, with the care we give ours, will last through a great many generations. It is a nice legacy for one's children and grandchildren."

Fattening Sheep.

We have already alluded briefly to a paper read before the Ingham County Farmers' Club by Mr. Edgar A. Sweet, on the feeding of sheep for market. We give below the paper in full: IT SHOULD BE DONE IN MICHIGAN. It is a fact long ago conceded, that of all the different branches of agriculture there is none which adapts itself to so great a diversity of both soil and climate as does that of sheep husbandry. And of sheep husbandry itself, the special branch of fattening sheep is, perhaps, all points being canvassed, as profitable as any other. I think it is also a subject of considerable importance to farmers. It is a noteworthy fact that well fattened sheep nearly always command a good price, especially in early spring. This demand, in consequence of the gradual increasing exportation of both live and dead sheep to foreign countries, seems very likely to increase. It seems to me that our farmers may just as well fatten their sheep at home as to send them to eastern dealers to be fed, and then in many instances sell them the material to feed them on. There is no secret in the business, no patent on it; and farmers may as well realize a much larger profit on their sheep as to obtain what they now do. I am well aware that but little attention has been paid to this subject by the majority of the farmers of this vicinity. For this reason I wish to say a few words about it. Before engaging in this business, it is of course first necessary to get the sheep. THE KINDS TO SELECT. This is an important point, and one which requires some degree of experience and also good judgment. Age is perhaps the first point to be considered. Lambs are quite profitable to feed, as they fatten quite as well as older sheep, and usually bring about one-half a cent more in the market. Yearlings are objectionable, especially those of the fine-wool varieties. Two-year-olds will do, but three, four or five-year-olds are far preferable. There is great diversity of opinion as to the best breeds to feed—fine-wools or long-wools. It has been our experience so far that a grade of the fine-wool breed is the most profitable—chiefly on account of the wool, as the amount of wool a sheep will shear effects the sale very materially. Of course sheep to fat should be of good size, strong and hearty. Wethers are also better than ewes, as they sell better in the market. WHAT TO FEED. In commencing to feed sheep, there are a few points which should be closely observed. It is necessary first to acustom them to eat grain. This is best done by feeding them a few oats as the pasture begins to fail, before they are put in the barn. This plan teaches them to eat grain readily, and also accustoms them to it, so that they are not so liable to cloy themselves when fed stronger grain. For this last reason, it is well to feed corn and oats mixed in equal parts, for about a week after they are put in the barn. Corn is the best grain to feed and should be shelled before feeding. The amount fed per day will of course vary according to the time they are intended to be kept. If they are to be fed out to grass, probably one pound per day apiece would be sufficient. But if they are to be sold in January or March, two or three pounds should be fed. They should be fed hay at least once a day—clover, of course, being the best, and also good straw can be given them once a day with advantage. It would be well, also, to vary this frequently with a feed of corn stalks. It is admitted by the most experienced feeders that it is best to place salt where the sheep can get at it well, and also to mix rosin with it in proportion of about one part rosin to four of salt. This aids to keep them healthy and free from colds. They must have plenty of good pure water. Persons never having handled sheep in this manner will be surprised at the amount of water sheep will drink if they can get it. IMPORTANCE OF SHELTER. Some feeders let their sheep run in an open field or yard with sometimes a shed to run under; and sometimes no protection except perhaps a three-rail fence. This plan will beat, as they say, the oldest inhabitant. Sheep should be protected from storms and wind, but not kept too warm or close. That is, they should have dry, cool, well ventilated sheds, and be made to stay in them. It is the practice of many to keep them in a shed in this manner, and let them out in a yard to feed them grain. This, for several reasons, is a bad plan. It gives the strong sheep an undue advantage over the weaker ones; whereas, the weak ones should have the best chance. Again, it tends to make them wild and nervous to be allowed to rush from one pen to another. To fatten sheep and obtain the best results, they should be put in small lots, twenty-five or thirty being enough together, and kept closely confined and quiet. This matter of keeping quiet is very important. AND OF PROPER GRADING. Of course the feeding troughs must be arranged so that all the sheep in the pen can eat grain at the same time. They should be graded in the commencement so that sheep of equal size and strength shall be together, as nearly as possible. Then all will have about an even chance. This can be done more easily if they are kept in small lots. Sheep also feed more uniformly when treated in this manner. It is also claimed by some feeders that more pounds of nutrition, per bushel of grain, can be made when fed to sheep confined in small pens, than is possible when the sheep are allowed to run in large yards, or even changed from one yard to the other in feeding.

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.

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

CHELSEA HERALD.
CHELSEA, APR. 24, 1879.
Written for the CHELSEA HERALD.
Death of William Cullen Bryant.

BY ELMER E. ROGERS.
Now he's resting from his works,
Since his heart has ceased to beat,
As the peace of Time is with the larks
When their songs have ceased to be.

Betrayed; or, Wealth and Poverty.

CHAPTER III.
Though tired in mind and body, it was a long time before William Judson found repose in the arms of "Old Morphens." The events which had just transpired, and those which were to transpire, had occasioned his thinking machine considerable activity, to say nothing of his anxiety concerning Amabel.

lage before they were overtaken it would not be a very easy matter to accomplish what Will had undertaken to do, viz: the re-capture of Amabel.

are going above farming. They think that they are one step higher in life; and perhaps, think that their professions give them wings with which they can fly that step without much labor.

mother's sisters, said he had got "sycophants" long ago.

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.

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

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

Should the savages reach the vil-

are adopting the professions, they

are going above farming. They think that they are one step higher in life; and perhaps, think that their professions give them wings with which they can fly that step without much labor.

mother's sisters, said he had got "sycophants" long ago.

FARMERS THE ECHO
MICHIGAN FARMER
From now until Jan. 1, 1880, for \$1.00.

WINDOW GLASS
WHITE-LEAD OIL & COLORS
12 & 14 Congress St. East, Detroit, Mich.

WILLIAM REID,
OF THE LIVER PAD & INSOLE CO.,
120 Griswold St., Room 8, DETROIT, MICH.

Ab, never more will he depart
From this wide world of sorrow!
Never more his works of morrow
Recreate their common part.

Great poet! So the nations say,
While he's floating down Life's tide,
Neath the yew tree shade by day
Till he rests with silent guide.

It had rained a little during the night but that morning not a cloud was visible—the landscape presented a beautiful appearance, the birds had already begun to twitter among the trees and the joyous notes they caroled, combined to produce a pleasing effect on the mind of William, yet he did not entirely overcome his moroseness.

He calculated that the pursued were not a great distance from him, for they had doubtless encamped for the night as their prisoner being a female, would soon be overcome with fatigue if they persisted in having her travel a portion of the night.

Will learned from what they said that it was only ten miles to their village, so he came to the conclusion that it was time to act in behalf of the maiden who was dear to him.

Amabel listened to his story in silence, and henceforth she regarded him with an interest which she had never manifested before.

Amabel was induced to partake of some food and as she ate more heartily than when she was a captive, she soon felt more boyant.

China merchants never have to invite American sea Captains to dine, as they always come after tea.

There is no pathway from any cradle to any grave that is not lined with thorns—thorns that tear the poor, tired limbs of the weary traveler and pierce even the soul.

There is nothing gnu under the sun but the horned horse.

It is painful to see a man trying to "make up his mind" who has no mind to make up.

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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.

KEMPF, BACON & CO.,
v8-1y CHELSEA, MICH.
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
PATENTS
LAW AND PATENTS.
THOS. S. SPRAGUE, Attorney and Counselor-at-Law in Patent Cases. Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents. 31 Congress St., West, Detroit, Mich.

E. W. VOIGT,
Detroit, Mich.
BOSS LAGER BEER
v8-25 y
FARMERS THE ECHO
MICHIGAN FARMER
From now until Jan. 1, 1880, for \$1.00.

WOOD BRO'S. & CO.
Chelsea, Jan. 1, 1879.
A LARGE SHIPMENT
OF
BOOTS AND SHOES,
Have just been received
—AT THE—
BEE HIVE
ESTABLISHMENT.
CHELSEA, MICHIGAN.

George A. Lucy,
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

Dr. Barney's Celebrated
LIVER PADS
PRICE \$1.00 EACH
Are Guaranteed to Cure, Without Medicine.
Liver Complaints, Fever and Ague, Dumb Ague, Diseases of the Kidneys, Constipation, Pain in the Back and Loins, Vertigo, Diptheria, Billiousness, Gastric Derangements, Colic, Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Influenza, Headache, Neuralgia, Bowel Complaints, Nervous Debility and Rheumatic Pains.

A. DURAND.
v7-47
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.

Johnston's Sarsaparilla
Used all the Year Round.
LIVER COMPLAINT
DYSPEPSIA,
And for Purifying the Blood.
This preparation is compounded with great care, from the best selected Honduras Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Sillington, Dandelion, Wild Cherry, and other Valuable Remedies.

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