

# THE CHELSEA LHERALD.

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**A Summer Song.**  
A glow in the radiant heaven,  
A flush on the fragrant flowers,  
The breath of a transient eye,  
The spell of its slumber hours  
A bird's song in the air,  
A bee's hum in the grass,  
A day's delight in living,  
His love and youth can pass!  
A myriad fancies flying,  
To linger on one sweet theme;  
A joy that is half a sighing,  
A hope that is half a dream;  
A crowd of thoughts upspringing,  
Like seeds that are lightly sown;  
A song with an echo ringing,  
When its melodies have flown!  
Check that is softly flashing  
To a whisper softly sweet,  
And a thousand joys in rushing  
To the touch of lips that meet!  
A world that is all of beauty,  
And a day that is never long—  
Till the spell of delicious duty,  
And the magic of Summer's song!

**The Harvesters.**  
The harvest comes, and all our fields  
Are weighed down with splendor;  
The seasons have been more than fair,  
And nature more than tender.  
If other lands have been in war,  
In labor ours was peaceful;  
And not a harvest field for years  
Has been more grandly beautiful.  
And now the harvesters are out,  
Behind the sun in shining array,  
With ready hearts and bare arms strong;  
No rest till their declining.  
They sing their songs, and gather in  
The honest earth's profession,  
And about to want and misery,  
"Here's to you both, confusion!"  
Long ere the jovial harvesters  
Come in for supper drinking,  
These sturdy arms and hands expert  
Have filled the barn to bursting;  
And piled around the teeming barn  
Huge stacks that blush with clover,  
And trimmed their sides and thatched  
Their tops.  
With straw and "riders" over,  
If we can call a blessing down  
For any living creature,  
Be it upon the Harvester,  
The Treasurer of Nature.  
—New York Mail.

## OUR ARCHERY CLUB.

From Scribner for August.

When an archery club was formed in our village, I was among the first to join it; but I should not, on this account, claim any extraordinary enthusiasm on the subject of archery, for nearly all the ladies and gentlemen of the place were among the first to join. Few of us think, had a correct idea of the popularity of archery in our midst, until the subject of a club was broached. Then we all perceived what a strong interest we felt in the study and use of the bow and arrow. The club was formed immediately, and our thirty members began to discuss the relative merits of lancewood, yew, and greenheart bows, and to survey yards and lawns for suitable spots for setting up targets for home practice.

Our weekly meetings, at which we came together to show, in friendly contest, how much our home practice had taught us, were held upon the village green, or rather upon what had been intended to be the village green. This pretty piece of ground, partly in smooth lawn, and partly shaded by fine trees, was the property of a gentleman of the place, who had presented it, under certain conditions, to the township. But as the township had never fulfilled any of the conditions, and had done nothing toward the improvement of the spot, further than to make it a grazing place for local cows and goats, the owner had withdrawn his gift, shut out the cows and goats by a picket fence, and having locked the gate, had hung up the key in his barn. When our club was formed, the green, as it was still called, was offered to us for our meetings, and with proper gratitude, we elected its owner to be our president.

This gentleman was eminently qualified for the presidency of an archery club. In the first place, he did not shoot; this gave him time and opportunity to attend to the shooting of others. He was a tall and pleasant man, a little elderly. This "elderliness," if I may so put it, seemed in his case, to resemble some mild disorder, like a gentle rheumatism, which, while it prevented him from indulging in all the wild hilarities of youth, gave him, in compensation, a position, as one entitled to a certain consideration, which was very agreeable to him. His little disease was chronic, it is true, and it was growing upon him, but it was, so far, a pleasant ailment.

And so, with as much interest in bows and arrows, and targets, and successful shots as any of us, he never lifted an arrow to a string, nor drew a bow; but he attended every meeting, settling disputed points (for he studied all the books on archery); encouraging the disheartened; holding back the eager ones, who would run to the target as soon as they had shot regardless of the fact that others were still shooting; and that the human body is not arrow-proof; and shedding about him that general aid and comfort which emanates from a good fellow, no matter what he may say or do.

There were persons—outsiders—who said that archery clubs always selected ladies for their presiding officers, but we did not care to be too much bound down and trammelled by customs and traditions. Another club might not have among its members such a general elderly gentleman, who owned a village green.

I soon found myself greatly interested in archery, especially when I succeeded in planting an arrow somewhere within the periphery of the target; but I never became such an enthusiast in bow-shooting as my friend Pepton. If Pepton could have arranged matters to suit himself, he would have been born an archer; but as this did not happen to have been the case, he employed every means in his power to rectify what he considered this serious error in his construction. He gave his whole soul, and the greater part of his spare time to archery, and as he was a young man of energy, this helped him along wonderfully.

who took as much care of him as if dark he had been his mother. And he deserved all the attention they gave him. They felt a great interest in his archery pursuits, and shared his anxious solicitude in the selection of a suitable place to hang his bow.

"You see," said he, "a fine bow like this, when not in use, should always be in a perfectly dry place."  
"And when in use, too," said Miss Martha; "for I am sure that you oughtn't to be standing and shooting all day if he had heard of anything else that an archer should have, he straightway would have procured it."  
Pepton was a single man, and he in any damp spot. There's no surer way of getting chilled!"

To which sentiment Miss Maria agreed, and suggested wearing rubber shoes, or having a board to stand on, when the club met after a rain.  
Pepton first hung his bow in the hall; but after he had arranged it symmetrically upon two long nails (bound with green worsted, lest they should scratch the bow through its wooden cover), he reflected that the front door would frequently be open, and that damp draughts must often go through the hall. His own room had to be aired a great deal in all weathers, and so that would not do at all. The wall above the kitchen fire-place would be a good location, for the chimney was nearly always warm; but Pepton could not bring himself to keep his bow in the kitchen; there would be nothing aesthetic about such a disposition of it; and, besides, the girl might be tempted to string and bend it. The old ladies really did not want it in the parlor, for its length and its green baize cover would make it an encroaching and unbecoming neighbor to the little engravings and the big stamplers, the picture-frames of acorns, and pine-cones, the fancifully-patterned ornaments of clean wheat-straw, and all the quaint adornments which had hung upon those walls for so many years. But they did not say so. If it had been necessary to make room for the bow, they would have taken down the pendulous profiles of their grandfather, their grandmother, and their father when a little boy, which hung in a row over the mantel-piece.

One afternoon, as I was passing the old ladies' house, I saw, or thought I saw, two men carrying in a coffin. This was struck with alarm.  
"What?" I thought, "can either of those good women—? Or, can Pepton—?"

Without a moment's hesitation, I rushed in behind the men. There, at the foot of the stairs, directing them, stood Pepton. Then it was not he! I seized him sympathetically by the hand.  
"Which—?" I faltered. "Which? Who is that coffin for?"  
"Coffin?" cried Pepton, "why, my dear fellow, that is not a coffin. That is my 'ascham.'"  
"Ascham?" I exclaimed. "What is that?"  
"Come and look at it," he said, when the men had set it on against the wall; "it is an upright closet or receptacle for an archer's armament. Here is a place to stand the bow, here are supports for the arrows and quivers; here are shelves and hooks, on which to lay or hang everything the merry man can need. And you see, moreover, that it is lined with green plush, and that the door fits tightly, so that it can stand anywhere, and there need be no fear of draughts or dampness affecting my bow. Isn't it a perfect thing? You ought to get one."  
I admired the perfection, but agreed no further. I had not the income of my good friend Pepton.

Pepton was, indeed, most wonderfully well equipped, and yet, little did those dear old ladies think, when they gazed at the bunches of arrows, the arm-bracers, the gloves, the grease-pots, and all the rest of the paraphernalia of archery, as it hung around Pepton's room; or when they afterward allowed a particular friend to peep at it, all arranged so orderly within the ascham; or when they looked with sympathetic, loving admiration on the beautiful polishing, and far more difficult, too, to hit an eagle than to hit a target."  
"That is very true," I answered, "especially in these days when there are so few eagles and so many targets. But what is your other diadem?"  
"That," said Pepton, "is to see Miss Rosa wear the badge."

"Indeed!" said I, and from that moment I began to understand Pepton's hopes in regard to the grandmother of those children who should point to the eagle.  
"Yes, sir," he continued, "I should be truly happy to see her win the badge. And she ought to win it. No one shoots more correctly, and with a better understanding of all the rules than she does. There must, truly, be something the matter with her aiming."  
During the next month our style of archery improved very much, so much, indeed, that for forty yards, and that for ladies to thirty, and also had serious thoughts of challenging the Ackford club to a match. But as this was generally understood to be a crack club, we finally determined to defer our challenge until the next season.

When I say we improved, I do not mean all of us. I do not mean Miss Rosa. Although her attitudes were as fine as ever, and every motion as true to rule as ever, she seldom made a hit. Pepton actually did try to teach her, and how to aim, but the various methods of pointing the arrow which he suggested resulted in such wild shooting, that the boys would pick up the arrows, during Miss Rosa's turns at the target. But, she was not discouraged, and Pepton often assured her that if she would keep up a good heart, and practice regularly, she would get the badge yet. As a rule, Pepton was so

honest and truthful that a little statement of this kind, especially under the circumstances, might be forgiven him.  
One day Pepton came to me and announced that he had made a discovery. "It's about archery," he said, "and I don't mind telling you, because I know you will not go about telling everybody else, and also because I want to see you succeed as an archer."  
"I am very much obliged," I said, "and what is the discovery?"  
"It's this," he answered. "When you draw your bow, bring the neck of your arrow—be it always very particular about technical names—well up to your ear. Having done that, don't bother any more about your right hand. It has nothing to do with the correct pointing of your arrow, for it must be kept close to your right ear, just as if it were screwed there. Then with your left hand bring around the bow so that your fist—with the arrow-head, which is resting on the top of it—shall point, as nearly as you can make it, directly at the center of the target. Then let it fly, and ten to one you'll make a hit. Now, what do you think of that, for a discovery? I've thoroughly tested the plan, and it works splendidly."

"I think," said I, "that you have discovered the way in which good archers shoot. You have stated the correct method of managing arrow and bow. Then you don't think it's an original method with me?"  
"Certainly not," I answered.  
"But it's the correct way."  
"There's no doubt of that," said I.  
"Well," said Pepton, "then I shall make it my way."

He did so, and the consequence was that one day, when the Champion happened to be away, Pepton won the badge. When the result was announced, we were all surprised, but none so much so as Pepton himself. He had been steadily improving since he had adopted a good style of shooting, but he had had no idea that he would that day be able to win the badge.

When our president pinned the emblem of success upon the lapel of his coat, Pepton turned pale, and then he flushed. He thanked the president, and was about to thank the ladies and gentlemen; but probably recollecting that we had had nothing to do with it—unless, indeed, he had shot badly on his behalf—he refrained. He said little; but I could see that he was very proud and very happy. There was no draw-back to his triumph; Miss Rosa was not there. She was a very regular attendant; but for some reason she was absent on this momentous afternoon. I did not say anything to him on the subject; but I knew he felt this absence deeply.

But this cloud could not wholly overshadow his happiness. He walked home alone, his face beaming, his eyes sparkling, and his good bow under his arm.  
That evening I called on him, for I thought that, when he had cooled down a little, he would like to talk over the affair. But he was not in. Miss Maria said that he had gone out as soon as he had finished his dinner, which he hurried through in a way which would certainly injure his digestion if he kept up the practice; and dinner was late, too, for they waited for him; and the archery meeting lasted a long time to-day, and it really was not right for him to stay out after the dew began to fall with only ordinary shoes on; for what's the good of knowing how to shoot a bow and arrow, if you're laid up in your bed with rheumatism or osteoarthritis of the lungs? Good old lady! She would have kept Pepton in a green baize bag, had such a thing been possible.

The next morning, full two hours before church-time, Pepton called on me. His face was still beaming. I could not help smiling.  
"Your happiness lasts well," I said. "Lasts!" he exclaimed. "Why shouldn't it last?"  
"There's no reason why it should not—at least for a week," I said. "And even longer, if you repeat your success."  
I did not feel so much like congratulating Pepton as I had on the previous evening. I thought he was making too much of his badge-winning.

"Look, and drawing his chair close to me, he said, 'You are shooting wild—very wild indeed. Let me tell you something. Last evening I went to see Miss Rosa. She was delighted at my success. I had not expected this. I thought she would be pleased, but not to such a degree. Her congratulations were so warm that they set me on fire.'"  
"They must have been very warm indeed," I remarked.  
"Miss Rosa," said I, "continued Pepton, 'without regarding any interruption, 'it has been my fondest hope to see you wear the badge.' But I never could get it, you know," she said. 'I won it for you.' Make me happy by wearing it! 'I can't do that,' she said. 'That is a gentleman's badge.' 'Take it!' I cried, 'gentleman and all!'"  
"I can't tell you all that happened after that," he continued. "You know it wouldn't do. It is enough to say that she wears the badge. And we are both her own—the badge and I!"

Now I congratulated him in good earnest. There was a reason for it. "I don't care a snap now for shooting an eagle," said Pepton, springing to his feet, and striding up and down the floor. "Let me all fly free of me. I have made the most glorious shot this man could make. I have hit the gold—hit it fair in the center! And what's more, I've nobody else can ever make such a shot. The rest of you fellows will have to be content to hit the red, the blue, the black, or the white. The gold is mine!"  
I called on the old ladies, some time after this, and found them alone. They were generally alone in the evenings now. We talked about Pepton's engagement, and I found them

regined. They were sorry to lose him, but they wanted him to be happy.  
"We have always known," said Miss Martha, with a little sigh, "that we must die, and that he must get married. But we don't intend to repine. These things will come to people." And her little sigh was followed by a smile, still smaller.

**General Longstreet.**  
A correspondent of the Philadelphia Times has had a long talk with General Longstreet at the latter's home in Gainesville, Ga. After noting the fact that individual bravery amounted to very little in modern warfare—a fact by the way that he at once disproved—General Longstreet said:  
"I was once dining with Horace Greeley and he asked me if it was not necessary to swear at your men and 'whop them up.' I replied that I thought not. There is nothing like quiet assurance and confidence. A general need never be noisy, and I think quiet troops are the best fighters. I once sent out a brigade to occupy a certain point. As it was mounting a little crest it came full upon immense masses of Federals. The men were panic-stricken and thought I had made a mistake in ordering them forward. They halted irresolute and then dropped down upon the ground. It was important, that they should advance and make a feat, at least. I therefore rode quietly through their ranks on the crest, and there halting my horse adjusted my glasses and calmly surveyed the scene in front. I turned carelessly around, and as I expected there was my brigade at my back, every man in position ready for anything—confident and assured."  
At another time, in the heat of the battle of Chattanooga, General Benning, of Georgia, one of the bravest men I ever saw, came charging up to me in great agitation. He was riding a captured artillery horse, without any saddle, with the blind-bridle on, and was using a rope trace as a whip. His hat was gone and he was much disordered. "General," he said, "my brigade is utterly destroyed and scattered. Is that so?" I asked quietly; utterly destroyed, you say? "Yes, sir," he replied; "gone all to pieces!" His great heart was nearly breaking. I approached him and said quietly, "Don't you think you could find one man, General? 'One man' he said in astonishment; "I suppose I could. What do you want with him?" Go and get him, I said, still quietly, laying my hand on my arm, and bring him here. Then you and I and he will charge together. This is sacred, General, and we may as well die here as anywhere. He looked at me curiously a moment, then laughed and, with an oath, lashed his horse with his rope trace and was off like a flash. In a few moments he swept by me at the head of a command that he had gathered together somehow or other and he was into the fight again.

The General said he thought the invasion of Pennsylvania was a wise plan, but the disastrous battle of Gettysburg changed it. Said he: I felt then that we were beaten. I considered it only a question of time. Once after this was there a chance—a bare chance—of saving the Confederacy. This was after the battle of Chickamauga, which was in many respects the most brilliant victory of the war. The enemy were more thoroughly put to rout here than before or since. If there ever was an occasion that demanded pursuit pell-mell this was the time. The Federals were rushing back on Chattanooga in the utmost confusion. It was a bright moonlight night and our people were anxious to pursue. We might actually have entered Chattanooga with the flying Federals, and thus recovered the key to Georgia and East Tennessee. General Bragg declined to follow up his advantage. The enemy rallied, re-formed, and Bragg was driven back to Missionary Ridge. I had a talk with Mr. Davis shortly after Chickamauga. I told him that there was no hope for the triumph of our arms. He was very much discouraged and finally grew petulant. He said he never remembered having seen such a movement as I proposed at Chickamauga. I replied that if his memory would carry him as far back as the first campaign, he would find such a movement. He replied very tartly and we had some sharp words. These were arranged, however, and we parted on good terms.

In regard to the Confederate leaders General Longstreet said: I am inclined to think that General Joe Johnston was the ablest and most accomplished man that the Confederate armies produced. He never had the opportunity accorded to many others, but he showed wonderful power as a tactician and a commander. I do not think that he had his equal for handling an army and conducting a campaign. General Lee was a great leader, daring, deep and sagacious. His moral influence was something wonderful. But he lost his poise on certain occasions. No one who is acquainted with the facts can believe that he would have fought the battle of Gettysburg, or that he would have ordered the sacrifice of Pickett and his Virginians on the day after the battle. He said to me afterwards, "Why didn't you stop all that thing that day?" At the Wilderness when our lines had been driven in and I was just getting to the field General Lee put himself at the head of one of my brigades, and leading it into action my men pressed him back, and I sent to him that if he would leave my commands in my own hand I would reform. His great soul rose masterful within him when a crisis or disaster threatened. This tended to disturb his admirable equanimity. I loved Gen. Lee as a brother while he lived and I revere his memory. He was a great man, a born leader, a wise general; but I think Johnston was the most accomplished and capable commander that we had.

**Madame George Sand.**  
George Sand has a peculiar distinction among the novelists of her country in her ability to vary her subjects and manner to suit almost every taste. Universally read, she was universally admired; and she pleased the fastidious as she entertained the many. An accomplished mistress of the graces of style, her language was wonderfully nervous and flexible. In her way she was almost as much of the poet as Hugo, though her poetry was lyric and lyric in place of epic. She could never have written so well and so long had she not had an individuality of extraordinary versatility. In a romance of the passion like her "Indiana" or "Jacques," she is thoroughly at home as Balzac himself; while she throws herself into the feminine parts with all the sympathetic ardor of a nature semi-tropical like Indiana. While in such a story as the "Flammarande," in which she was her latest work, and in which she showed not the faintest symptom of decline, she confines herself severely to the character of the half-educated steward, rejecting all temptation to indulge herself in the vein of her personality. For once, though the scenes are laid in most romantic landscapes, we have none of the inimitable descriptions in which she delights. She merely indicates the picturesque surroundings of the solitary castle in the rocky wilderness, leaving it to our imagination to fill in the rest. What she could do in the way of painting, when sitting down to a favorite study she gave herself over heart, we see in "Petite Paquette," "La Mare d'Auteuil," "Nanette," and a score of similar stories. The simplest materials served for the tale, which owed half its charm to her affection for the country. The woman who had wandered about the streets of Paris in masculine attire, who had a strong dash of the city Bohemian in her nature, who loved in after-life to fill her salons with all who were most famous in literature and the arts, was never so happy as when living in *villeggiatura* among the fields and the woodlands she had loved since childhood. The old mill with its lichen-grown gables and venerable wheel; the pool among flags and sedges, sleeping under the shadows of the alders; the brook tumbling down in tiny cascades and breaking over the moss-covered boulders; nay, the tame stretch of low-lying meadow land, with its stitices and clumps of formal poplars—all stand out in her pages, like landscapes by Ruysdael or Hobbema. And we believe that these simple though exquisitely finished pictures, will survive, with a peasant or two and a village maiden for the figures in their foregrounds, when more pretentious works, that, nevertheless, deserved their success, have been forgotten with the books that have been honored by the Academy.

**Roman Ladies.**  
The Rome correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin writes as follows in regard to the fair sex in the eternal city: For the first time since my arrival in Rome, I saw some really very pretty dresses, made quite fashionably in Paris style, if not in Paris taste; for Roman ladies are too partial to loud colors to be perfect Paris taste. Pink, red, and pompadour were the favorite dresses worn. The new poke bonnets are in great favor, ugly though they be, and unbecoming. Lace mittens are preferred to gloves here, on account of the heat. When gloves are worn here, cotton gloves of the same color as the dress are worn. This may appear strange to American ladies, who are so dainty with their hands, but in Rome it is the correct thing, quite. The Roman ladies are very handsome, and have beautiful cream-white complexions, but they are just a little too fat, and the ladies in society "make up" just a little too much—especially their eyes, which they cannot make too long nor too watery looking! The Trasteverian woman is the handsomest style of woman in Rome. She does not make up her face, but she wears false hair. The traditional long Roman hair is beginning to be a tradition and nothing more. Still the Trasteverian is a magnificent creature and has not her superior in any part of the world, not even in the Land of Fair Women, America! I suppose you know, by the by, that blondes are going out of fashion; black, chestnut and auburn are the only colors which take, now, and of these, black is the favorite. Italian ladies are rejoicing. It is said that more dark beauties marry than fair ones, and thus all ladies now want to be dark!

In a recent interview with a Buffalo man, the well-known financier and end man, Charley Backus, remarked as follows: "I always regretted that I did not study for the base ball profession, but I was a delicate child of aesthetic temperament, and used to work sixteen hours a day sweeping out and so forth in a store in Rochester for six months a week, and at the end of the week they used to ring in on me seven or eight old Canada coppers which I couldn't pass. I carried my earnings home. My savings were uncomfortable large. I couldn't remain there, for I knew it was only a matter of time for me to own the whole city. I didn't want it. My forte is as a vocalist. I sing 'Baby Mine' from actual observation. I am half owner of one fact that I sixteen months old. This fact will account for the tender and pathetic manner in which I render that song."

An anecdote is going the rounds of a pedantic fellow, who complained to Lord Erskine that he had fallen over his brother's park gate, and "extensively abraded the epidermis on the facial portions of his person." His Lordship remarked that it was a most fortunate circumstance his brother's "gate" was not as high as his "style," or he would surely have broken his neck.

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**Verities and Brevities.**  
The board of education.—The black board.  
Said he as he stole one, "I seal my love with a kiss." And she, smiling the action to the word, replied, "I seal mine with whacks."  
"I have nothing but my heart to give you," said a spinster to a lawyer who had concluded a suit for her. "Well," said the lawyer gruffly, "go to my clerk; he takes the less."  
He was inclined to be facetious. "What quantities of dried grasses you keep here, Miss Stebbins! Nice room for a donkey to get into." "Make yourself at home" she responded, with sweet gravity.  
He was a disgusted boy. He had exercised great caution and had finally succeeded in crawling, unobserved, under the canvas into the tent. And he found it was not a circus but a revival meeting in progress.  
"Miss? said a gentleman, proffering his arm and umbrella to a lady in a shower, "permit me to be your bear."  
"Thank you for your politeness," was the reply, "and as I have plenty of fair-weather bears I will call you my rain-bear."  
A suit-able and smart reply.—Young Vicar (facetiously): "Well, John, how smart you are this morning; who gave you the new clothes?" John (laughing): "Yes, sir, the same as gave you yours—the parish air." (Vicar retires somewhat discomfited.)  
A young Parisian lady after being relieved of a tormenting tooth, laid down to France in payment. Looking at the fee contentedly the dentist asked if that was for his servant. "No," responded madame, with a sweet smile, "it is for both of you."  
A fat French woman despairingly says: "I am so fat that I pray for a disappointment to make me thin. No sooner does the disappointment come than the mere expectation of growing thinner gives me such joy that I become fatter than ever."  
The Hire System.—Board Schoolboy (looking at Lycium Bill in window): "Ere's a lark, Bill! Bless'd if you can't 'ere am like a planner." Second Boy: "What d'yer mean?" Board Schoolboy: "Why, it says 'Ham let.' Go in an' ast 'em how much for the fust' our!"  
A Domestic Little Drama.—"Edwin, dearest," said Angelina, "why do they always call a ship 'she'?" "Why, my ownest," replied Edwin; "can't you guess? Why, because, you see, the rigging costs more than the hull." Angelina's little pout was delicious.—[Judy.]  
A young lady advertised for a maid. One applied and in response to the inquiry whether she was quick, she replied: "So, so quick, that I will engage to dress you every day in half an hour." "In half an hour," reiterated the young lady, "and what shall I do the rest of the day?"  
The other day a Chicago newspaper received this telegram, which, without any punctuation, reads very queerly: The procession at Judge Orton's funeral was very fine and nearly two miles in length as was also the beautiful prayer of Rev. Dr. Swing of Chicago.  
When you see a young man attired in a white flannel shirt, his face slightly burned with exposure and hear him talk knowingly of "fib fores" and "framing under the wind and slacking the main sheet," it does follow that he is much of a sportsman. The chances are that he would be seasick on a drawbridge.  
Polite Revival.—Papa: You've warded this invitation to the De Courcy very oddly, Olivia. What does it mean?—Olivia: Well, dear, I see by Wedgewood's "Etymology" that we have vulgarized many words by dropping the initial C. He instances "lunch" so I have quite properly written "Clunch." Will you clunch with us on Tuesday? Clunch at 1."  
"It is a standing rule in our church," said one clergyman to another, "for the sexton to wake up any man that he may see asleep." "I think," returned the other, "that it would be much better for the sexton, when a man goes to sleep under your preaching, to wake you up!"  
The venerable wife of a celebrated physician one day, casting her eyes out of the window, observed her husband in the funeral procession of one of his patients at which she followed: "I do wish my husband would keep away from such processions. It appears as much like a tailor carrying home his work!"  
A verdant youth from the rural districts wanted to go to Denver by rail (on his way to Leadville), without buying a ticket. Some heartless wad advised him to apply to the baggage master and have himself checked through as baggage. He applied to that official as directed and the baggage number "205," in large figures was chalked on his back. As he walked around the depot waiting for the train he made a good deal of fun for the boys, but the innocent traveler himself had no idea that he was a victim of a practical joke and looked as solemn as a tomb stone.

**Fashion Notes.**  
Bonnets with feather crowns have already appeared in the show rooms of Paris milliners.  
The French milliners give all their new hats a decidedly autumnal aspect on account of the cool weather.  
Travelling dresses cut in the princess shape, and having tucked fronts, are much liked in England.  
Among the flower fringes for ball dresses is one composed of tulips with the blossoms pendant and the stems interlaced to form a heading.  
Short saques are trimmed with gimp balls ending in tassels, each ball seems drawn into the edge of the sacque separately.  
Pointed overskirts have trimmings that hang below their outline, but those which are rounded or scarf-shaped are bordered with embroidery or striped bands.  
Bands of printed chintz are used to trim the cashmere dresses which French milliners are making for the autumn. These gowns have the skirts arranged in kilt plaits at the back and finished in front with two deep kilt plaits and also the tunic.  
Newest of all dresses at the French watering places is the Tallien, which is made of India muslin embroidered with small gold dots. This is worn over a kilt-plaited skirt of old-gold satin and is draped almost to the waist on one side and drops low at the other.

**To Correspondents.**  
Correspondents will please write on one side of the paper only. No communication will be published unless accompanied with the real name and address of the author, which we require, not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.  
All communications should be addressed to "THE HERALD,"  
Chelsea, Washburn Co., Mich.

**Legal Printing.**—Persons having legal advertising to do, should remember that it is not necessary that it should be published in the county seat—any paper published in the county will answer. In all matters transpiring in this vicinity, the interest of the advertisers will be better served, by having the notices published in their home paper, than to take them to a paper that is not 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, AUGUST 21, 1879.

**The Indian with the Dead Child.**  
In the silence of the midnight,  
I journey with my dead;  
In the darkness of the forest boughs,  
A lonely path I tread.

But my heart is high and fearless,  
As by night wings unborn;  
The mountain eagle hath no plumes,  
So strong as love and scorn.

I have raised thee from the grave-sod,  
By the white man's path defiled;  
On to the ancestral wilderness,  
I bear thy dust, my child!

I have asked the ancient deserts,  
To give my dead a place;  
Where the stately foot-steps of the free,  
Alone should leave a trace.

And the tossing pines made answer—  
"Go, bring us back thine own";  
And the streams from all the hunters' hills,  
Rushed with an echoing tone.

Thou shalt rest by sounding waters,  
That yet untamed may roll;  
The voices of that chainless host,  
With joy shall fill thy soul.

In the silence of the midnight,  
I journey with the dead;  
Where the arrows of my father's bow,  
Their falcon-flights have sped.

I have left the spellers' dwellings,  
For evermore behind;  
Unminding their household sounds,  
For us shall sweep the wind.

Alone, amidst their hearth-fires,  
I watched my child's decay;  
Uncheered I saw the spirit-light,  
From his young eyes fade away.

When his head sank on my bosom,  
When the death-sleep o'er him fell;  
Was there one to say, "A friend is near?"  
There was none!—pale face, farewell!

To the forests, to the cedars,  
To the warrior and his bow;  
Back, back!—I bore thee laughing thence,  
I bear thee slumbering now!

I bear thee unto burial,  
With the mighty hunters' gone;  
I shall hear thee in the forest breeze,  
Thou wilt speak of joy, my son.

In the silence of the midnight,  
I journey with the dead;  
But my heart is strong, my step  
My father's path I tread.

Special correspondence for Chelsea Herald.

**Our Jackson Letter.**  
JACKSON, Aug. 20th, 1879.

**RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS!  
RALLY ROUND AGAIN.**

The first annual meeting and picnic of the Jackson County Soldiers' and Sailors' Union was held at the Fair Grounds, on Tuesday, the 12th inst. While not remarkable as a great gathering, there was a large attendance of old veterans, and their friends, who came from every township to participate in the enjoyments of the day. The arrival of all were greeted with the familiar strains of martial music, serving to awaken memories of by-gone days. The gathering partook of the character of a good old-fashioned picnic, interspersed by music and an address by Michigan's war Governor, Hon. Austin Blair, who delivered a pithy speech in favor of such organizations, claiming it was pleasant to recall the memories of the past, and hand them down to their children, which will form the basis of future history. At the close of the Governor's address, which was enthusiastically received, Major S. K. Hooper read the following beautiful poem, written for the occasion by A. D. Austin, of this city:

Friends and comrades we are here,  
Within this sylvan grove, to celebrate  
With toasts and songs, and social cheer,  
The advent of our union, to perpetuate  
And keep green the sacred memories of the past,  
Which, fading, evanescent as the years go by,  
Like sunset hues by crimson clouds o'er-cast,  
Show many a silver sheen before they die.  
Yet are these deeds of valor, which shall live,  
Engraved on Fame's immortal scroll,  
And history and song shall add lustre give,  
Till we shall be no more, and endless cycles roll.

Long years have flown since last we met,  
And health the stars and stripes, once more  
We see a nation blessed with freedom, yet  
Heating in peace again, with one flag  
Our country still united; but as we behold

That glorious emblem float on high,  
Beauty and victory in every fold,  
Visions of martyred forms, which lie  
Beneath the southern daises, seem to rise  
And pass in glist'ny ranks and weird  
bands.

With arms reversed, and banners of device,  
Most strange clasped in their bloodless  
hands,  
With muffled notes, and slow and measured  
tread  
They seem to come, the sainted legions of  
the dead.

Alh the banners were bright, and the music  
was gay,  
And the cheers went up as they marched  
away,  
But the colors grew dim, and faded and  
torn,  
Through tempest to triumph by other  
hands borne,  
As they fell in the fray; and joy and mirth  
Has faded and died, from the hearts and  
hearth of loved ones left to mourn.

Myriads of nameless graves, now scattered  
far and wide,  
O'er all our broad country, tell how our  
On many a gory battle field, in many a  
prison pen,  
They sank beneath the tide of war, never  
to rise again,  
Till the golden banners, waving in the  
azure vaulted sky,  
Lead them to a peaceful haven, and a  
crown that cannot die.

From the smoke and dust-stained city,  
From the fair and verdant plain,  
From the prairie, and the woodland, ye  
have rallied once again,  
To renew once more your fealty, and re-  
hearse the battles o'er,  
March and bivouac, siege and battle fought  
the union to restore.

Comrades! Let the hands of friendship, as  
we clasp each other's hand,  
By the sacrifices strengthened, as they  
bound our glorious land,  
Be to us a bond of union, from the center  
to the sea,  
Till our lights expire at tattoo, and we rise  
at reveille.

About dusk the company began to dis-  
perse, all well satisfied that the way had  
been paved for the growth and perpetua-  
tion of the union.

**THE POOR CATTLE, GEESSE, ETC.**  
For years the question of cattle running  
at large has been severely tested—not only  
in this city, but in others throughout the  
State,—and many a battle has been fought  
by owners of cows, hogs, geese, etc., (who  
depended very much upon their live stock  
for support, but could not afford to pasture  
them) on the one side, and those troubled  
by damage to their property on the other.  
At last the Legislature has taken the mat-  
ter out of the hands of local law makers,  
and on the first day of September next the  
new law takes effect; and "provides that it  
shall not be lawful for any cattle, horses,  
males, sheep, swine, or goats, to run at  
large in any public street, lane, alley, or  
park, in any city having a population of  
7,000." Of course this sticks Jackson, and  
no doubt the new law will cause much  
grumbling among those who never spend a  
cent for pasture, and who obtain a living  
from a single cow, or a flock of geese.  
But to those who tenderly command  
who have been the sufferers, whose  
only livelihood is a small city lot of cab-  
bage and potatoes, which will now be well  
protected.

**THE LAST RESTING PLACE.**  
At a meeting of the City Council, held  
recently, a resolution was offered referring  
to a vacant of the old east cemetery,  
where quite a number of the pioneers and  
founders of the city are resting. Such an  
attempt awakened great indignation, espe-  
cially among those who have dear friends  
buried there; and steps have been taken to  
induce the council to appropriate money  
sufficient to beautify the Holland grounds,  
and erect a monument to the memory of  
the brave founders who repose within its  
confines. Such an appropriation would  
be in keeping with the spirit of humanity.

**DEDICATION OF THE NEW RR DIB-  
BON HALL.**  
A large and appreciative audience  
greeted the members of the Reform Club  
on Sunday evening last, at the opening of  
their new hall. The club never fails to  
draw a full house at their meetings, but  
the greeting they got Sunday evening was  
a hearty endorsement in favor of temper-  
ance and reform, and inspired the mem-  
bers with renewed energy. The principal  
speaker on the occasion was Robt. Frazer,  
Esq., of Ann Arbor, who delivered a power-  
ful and earnest address. I may state  
that the club have a large Sabbath school  
as a branch of their work, and which was  
reorganized Sunday afternoon, naming the  
several classes after distinguished temper-  
ance workers in the city and State, among  
them the Rev. Mr. Shier, formerly of your  
town, received the honor. M. N.

**Body-Snatchers Defied.**  
The Howell Grave Torpedo Com-  
pany, of Circleville, Ohio, are now  
manufacturing and offering to the public  
the only perfect protection for  
the bodies of deceased friends after  
burial.

The Howell Grave Torpedo is an  
article demanded by the public. It is  
simple! It is quickly and safely  
adjusted! And it is a sure prevent-  
ive against body snatching! In con-  
sequence of the great number of  
medical colleges all over the country,  
together with the facilities for ship-  
ping bodies from almost every point,  
grave robbing has become of alarm-  
ing frequency, and the horrible busi-  
ness of ghouls has become very pro-  
fitable. Resurrectionists are required  
to perform their work speedily, rarely,  
if ever, removing the coffin from the  
grave. They generally dig down at  
the head of the coffin, and after  
breaking through or removing the  
lid, they fasten a strong hook under  
the chin, and by means of a rope,

drag the body through the opening.  
After refilling the grave they place  
the body in a sack, throw it into  
some sort of vehicle from which it is  
rapidly transferred to the pickling  
vats of some medical college for dis-  
section.

The fear of death alone will deter  
the human hyenas from their work,  
and the "Howell Grave Torpedo"  
is the only invention which renders  
the death of a grave robber a fore-  
gone conclusion, should he attempt  
to displace the body over which it is  
placed.

The Torpedo is a heavy cast iron  
shell, containing, when filled, three-  
fourths of a pound of powder, and  
placed in the earth above the coffin,  
and so connected with wires extend-  
ing entirely over the top, and around  
the sides and ends of the coffin box  
as to render approach to the coffin  
from any direction an impossibility.  
The powder being placed in the  
shell after the grave has been filled  
precludes the possibility of accidents.  
No grave is safe without one, for  
where the Torpedo is used the grave  
where none is used is the one surely  
visited. Persons who are familiar  
with the use of the Torpedo say  
"they would as soon their friends  
were buried without a coffin."

Do not neglect to avail yourself of  
the benefits of the protection of a  
Torpedo whenever you are called  
upon to bury a friend. If you use a  
Torpedo in the grave you can sleep  
nights without thinking your dead  
friend is lying upon a dissecting  
table surrounded by medical stu-  
dents, or in a pickling vat awaiting  
such an event. Price, \$5. For sale  
by Frank Staffan, Chelsea, Mich.

**Golden Paragraphs.**  
Fear is the universal offspring of  
uncertainty.  
Humility is of all graces the chief-  
est when it doesn't know itself to be  
grace at all.  
Though charity may make your  
purse lighter one day, yet it will  
make it heavier another.  
Good taste is the modesty of the  
mind; that is why it cannot be  
either imitated or acquired.

The superiority of some men is  
merely local. They are great because  
their associations are little.  
Nature preaches cheerfulness in  
her saddest moods; she covers even  
forgotten graves with flowers.

If a man can be happy and con-  
tented in his own company, he will  
generally be good company for others.

Learn in childhood, if you can,  
that happiness is not outside, but in-  
side. A good heart and a clear con-  
science bring happiness, which no  
riches and no circumstances alone  
ever do.

Courage is always greatest when  
blended with meekness. Intellectual  
ability is most admired when it  
sparkles in the setting of modest  
self-distrust. And never does the  
human soul appear so strong as when  
it foregoes revenge and dares to for-  
give injury.

The wise man has his foibles as  
well as the fool. But the difference  
between them is that the foibles of  
the one are known to himself and  
concealed from the rest of the world,  
and the foibles of the other are  
known to the world and concealed  
from himself.

Hard must be the heart and selfish  
the mind which is not expanded and  
softened by communion with sweet  
infancy. The innocence of child-  
hood is the tenderest and not the  
least potent remonstrance against  
the vices of grown man, if he would  
but listen to the lesson and take it to  
his heart.

The earnest men are so few in the  
world that their very earnestness be-  
comes at once the badge of their no-  
bility; and as men in a crowd  
instinctively make room for one who  
seems eager to force his way through  
it, so mankind everywhere open their  
ranks to one who rushes zealously  
toward some object lying beyond  
them.

**Laconics.**  
Never expose your disappointment  
to the world.  
Keep clear of a man who does not  
value his own character.  
Russia and Mecklenburg are said  
to be the only European countries  
now without a constitution.  
Unselfish and noble acts are the  
most radiant epochs in the biography  
of souls. When wrought in earliest  
youth, they lie in the memory of age  
like the coral islands, green and  
sunny amidst the melancholy waste  
of ocean.  
A good, honest laugh at a good,  
honest joke or bit of sarcasm—rubs  
out the gathering wrinkles of care,  
but an ill-tempered joke is like a  
poisoned arrow, which makes a  
wound, and leaves its poison after it  
has been withdrawn.  
"When shall we put this?" asked  
a man of a Milwaukee woman, at  
the same time pointing to the dead  
body of her husband, which he and  
other neighbors had brought home.  
"Well," said the widow, "I'm sure I  
don't know. I'm just done house-  
cleaning and I can't have it brought  
in here."

**Death from Thirst.**  
Sixteen surveyors in the employ  
of the government left Trinidad,  
Col., recently, for a tour eastward to  
the Indian Territory line. Major  
Medary commanded the party, which  
was composed of educated young  
men, among whom were S. M. Win-  
chester and his chum William John-  
son, both Baltimoreans. Stretching  
south from the Santa Fe track and  
east from the town of Trinidad are  
sterile plains. Water on these plains  
is very scarce, there being a few  
trickling streams that are far apart  
and made almost unfit for use by  
the strong impregnation of alkali.  
A squad of five men, commanded by  
Mr. Sheets, were sent out from a  
point on Willow Creek, with orders  
to run a transit eighteen miles due  
north. The task having been per-  
formed, the five set out at night-fall  
for camp. In a few hours they realized  
that they were lost, with nothing  
but thirst and loundless sterility  
before them. On the next morning  
a consultation showed that Winches-  
ter and Johnson wanted to go one  
way and the other three another.  
Sheets, with two companions, then  
left the Baltimore boys with the idea  
of striking Carro Spring. After  
sixty hours of constant labor, during  
which they suffered the torments of  
the damned, no water passing their  
lips, the three arrived at the spring.  
As soon as they could communicate  
with camp they did so, and men at  
once set out to find Winchester and  
Johnson. The search was conducted  
with an excitement bordering on  
frenzy. On the third day, about two  
o'clock in the afternoon, poor Win-  
chester was found lying on the open  
plain. He was still alive. A few  
drops of water were given him. He  
took them, and said in a weak voice:  
"Bless you, bless you; tell mother."  
He died within five minutes. Near  
by was a rock which towered strange-  
ly above the plain. In a crevice of  
the rock was found a note from Win-  
chester, telling of their aimless wan-  
dering. Six miles from the rock  
was found Johnson's canteen. The  
prairie was scoured for three days,  
and Johnson's body was finally found.  
All around the ground had been  
clawed and the brush torn in the delirium  
of his thirst. The Denver  
Republican says that the bodies were  
buried on a green hillside. The  
Trinidad News and the Denver Tri-  
bune state within two months Win-  
chester would have come into pos-  
session of \$30,000 left him in Balti-  
more.

**LEGAL NOTICES.**  
**Mortgage Sale.**  
DEFAULT having been made in the  
conditions of a Mortgage executed by  
Rose Conaty to Franklin D. Cumings,  
bearing date the 11th day of September,  
A. D. 1876, and recorded in the office of  
the Register of Deeds for Washtenaw  
County, Michigan, on the 27th day of No-  
vember, A. D. 1876, in Liber 54, of Mort-  
gages, on page 161, by which default  
the power of sale contained in said mortgage  
has become operative, on which mortgage  
there is claimed to be due at this date, the  
sum of three hundred and thirty dollars  
and seventy-six cents, (\$330.76), and thirty  
dollars (\$30) as an Attorney fee, as pro-  
vided in said mortgage, and no suit or  
proceeding at law or in chancery having  
been instituted to recover the debt secured  
by said mortgage or any part thereof.  
Notice is therefore hereby given that by  
virtue of the power of sale contained in  
said mortgage, and of the Statute in such  
case made and provided, said mortgage  
will be foreclosed on Friday, the 22d day  
of August, next, at eleven o'clock in the  
forenoon of that day, at the south door of  
the Court House, in the City of Ann Ar-  
bor, in said County of Washtenaw, said  
Court House being the place of holding  
the Circuit Court for said County of Washtenaw,  
by sale at public auction to the highest  
bidder, of the premises described in  
said mortgage, which said mortgaged  
premises are described in said mortgage,  
as follows, viz: All that certain piece or  
parcel of land situate in the Village of  
Chelsea, County of Washtenaw, and State  
of Michigan, known and described as fol-  
lows, to-wit: Village lots No. five (5) and  
six (6), in block No. one (1) of the record-  
ed plat of the Village of Chelsea.  
Dated Chelsea, May 22, 1879.  
FRANKLIN D. CUMINGS, Mortgagee.  
G. W. TURNBULL, Attorney for Mortgagee.

**The LIONS MAY ROAR!**  
The Animals May Growl,  
Gabriel May Blow His Horn!  
And Men May Advertise  
Low-Priced Harness,  
And You May  
Think Them  
Cheap.

But I have now on hand the best and  
cheapest stock of  
**DOUBLE OR  
SINGLE HARNESS,  
CURRY-COMBS,  
BRUSHES,  
WHIPS,  
HALTERS,  
FLY-BLANKETS,  
HARNESS-OIL, Etc.,**  
Ever brought to Chelsea, which I will  
sell cheap for cash.  
N. B.—I also make a specialty of  
HARNESS,  
TRUNKS,  
VALISES, Etc., Etc.  
I keep constantly on hand  
VIOLIN STRINGS  
AND FIXTURES.  
Remember the place—4th door west  
of Woods & Knapp's Hardware store.  
Give me a call before purchasing else-  
where.  
**C. STEINBACH,**  
vs-40-6m CHELSEA, Mich.

**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 Husen, west Middle  
street, Chelsea, Mich. v7-40.

**W. M. WRIGHT & Co.,** Fresco Paint-  
ers and General Decorators. De-  
signers and manufacturers of Artistic and  
Special Furniture. Church Furniture  
and Decoration a Specialty. Parties vis-  
iting Detroit are requested to call on us,  
at 34 Fort St., and inspect our stock of  
Paper Hangings, Art Tiles, Furniture, etc.  
Estimates given and workmen sent out to  
all parts of the country. vs-40m3

**\$300** a month guaranteed, \$12 a day  
at home made by the industrious  
Capital not required; we will start you.  
Men, women, boys and girls make money  
faster at work for us than at anything else.  
The work is light and pleasant, and such  
as any one can go right at. Those who  
are wise who see this notice will send us  
their addresses at once and see for them-  
selves. Costly outfit and term free. Now  
is the time. Those already at work are  
laying up large sums of money. Address  
TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. vs-39-1y

**\$1500** to \$6000 a year, or \$5 to \$20  
a day in your own locality.  
No risk. Women do as well as men. Many  
make more than the amount stated  
above. No one can fail to make money  
fast. Any one can do the work. You can  
make from 50c to \$3 an hour by devoting  
your evenings and spare time to the busi-  
ness. It costs nothing to try the business.  
Nothing like it for money making ever of-  
fered before. Business pleasant and strictly  
honorable. Recd., if you want to  
know all about the best paying business  
before the public, send us your address  
and we will send you full particulars and  
private terms free; samples worth \$5 also  
free; you can then make up your mind for  
yourself. Address GEORGE STINSON  
& CO., Portland, Maine. vs-39-1y

**BEACH'S  
ELECTRIC SPONGE BELTS!**  
FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES.  
Cures without Medicine,  
New Method,  
Remarkable Facts,  
Honest, Effective, Harmless.  
Physics not to be relied upon.  
ELECTRICITY.  
First upon the lists of our most Eminent  
Physicians, as a POSITIVE CURE FOR  
Rheumatism,  
Neuralgia,  
Dyspepsia,  
Female Complaints,  
Liver & Gallbladder,  
General Debility,  
Impure Blood,  
Chronic Diseases,  
Head Troubles,  
Kidney Disease,  
Skin Disease,  
General  
Ill Health,  
Etc., &c., &c.  
Among the many modern electric appli-  
cances used for medical purposes, the most  
RELIABLE, DURABLE and ECON-  
OMICAL, are  
Beach's Electric Sponge Belts,  
Perfect and powerful Galvanic Batteries,  
constructed in such a manner that they  
can be worn on any part of the body, in-  
troducing a mild and continuous current of  
Electricity throughout the entire system,  
without interfering in the least with the  
patient's habits or occupation.  
For further particulars address  
V. C. BEACH,  
St. Johns, Mich.

**FRANK DIAMOND,**  
—THE—  
S T A R \* \*  
**TONSorial ARTIST!**  
OF CHELSEA,  
OVER WOOD BRO'S DRY-GOODS STORE.  
Good work guaranteed. vs-36

**MARY E. FOSTER,  
Attorney at Law.**  
Office at her Residence,  
No. 26 West Catharine Street,  
ANN ARBOR, MICH.  
Office Hours: From 9 o'clock A. M. to  
1 o'clock P. M.  
Call at this office for your neat and  
cheap printing. Job printing done in the  
latest styles of the art. Book printing a  
specialty.

**LEGAL NOTICES.**  
**Mortgage Sale.**  
DEFAULT having been made in the  
conditions of a Mortgage executed by  
Rose Conaty to Franklin D. Cumings,  
bearing date the 11th day of September,  
A. D. 1876, and recorded in the office of  
the Register of Deeds for Washtenaw  
County, Michigan, on the 27th day of No-  
vember, A. D. 1876, in Liber 54, of Mort-  
gages, on page 161, by which default  
the power of sale contained in said mortgage  
has become operative, on which mortgage  
there is claimed to be due at this date, the  
sum of three hundred and thirty dollars  
and seventy-six cents, (\$330.76), and thirty  
dollars (\$30) as an Attorney fee, as pro-  
vided in said mortgage, and no suit or  
proceeding at law or in chancery having  
been instituted to recover the debt secured  
by said mortgage or any part thereof.  
Notice is therefore hereby given that by  
virtue of the power of sale contained in  
said mortgage, and of the Statute in such  
case made and provided, said mortgage  
will be foreclosed on Friday, the 22d day  
of August, next, at eleven o'clock in the  
forenoon of that day, at the south door of  
the Court House, in the City of Ann Ar-  
bor, in said County of Washtenaw, said  
Court House being the place of holding  
the Circuit Court for said County of Washtenaw,  
by sale at public auction to the highest  
bidder, of the premises described in  
said mortgage, which said mortgaged  
premises are described in said mortgage,  
as follows, viz: All that certain piece or  
parcel of land situate in the Village of  
Chelsea, County of Washtenaw, and State  
of Michigan, known and described as fol-  
lows, to-wit: Village lots No. five (5) and  
six (6), in block No. one (1) of the record-  
ed plat of the Village of Chelsea.  
Dated Chelsea, May 22, 1879.  
FRANKLIN D. CUMINGS, Mortgagee.  
G. W. TURNBULL, Attorney for Mortgagee.

**The LIONS MAY ROAR!**  
The Animals May Growl,  
Gabriel May Blow His Horn!  
And Men May Advertise  
Low-Priced Harness,  
And You May  
Think Them  
Cheap.

But I have now on hand the best and  
cheapest stock of  
**DOUBLE OR  
SINGLE HARNESS,  
CURRY-COMBS,  
BRUSHES,  
WHIPS,  
HALTERS,  
FLY-BLANKETS,  
HARNESS-OIL, Etc.,**  
Ever brought to Chelsea, which I will  
sell cheap for cash.  
N. B.—I also make a specialty of  
HARNESS,  
TRUNKS,  
VALISES, Etc., Etc.  
I keep constantly on hand  
VIOLIN STRINGS  
AND FIXTURES.  
Remember the place—4th door west  
of Woods & Knapp's Hardware store.  
Give me a call before purchasing else-  
where.  
**C. STEINBACH,**  
vs-40-6m CHELSEA, Mich.

**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 Husen, west Middle  
street, Chelsea, Mich. v7-40.

**W. M. WRIGHT & Co.,** Fresco Paint-  
ers and General Decorators. De-  
signers and manufacturers of Artistic and  
Special Furniture. Church Furniture  
and Decoration a Specialty. Parties vis-  
iting Detroit are requested to call on us,  
at 34 Fort St., and inspect our stock of  
Paper Hangings, Art Tiles, Furniture, etc.  
Estimates given and workmen sent out to  
all parts of the country. vs-40m3

**\$300** a month guaranteed, \$12 a day  
at home made by the industrious  
Capital not required; we will start you.  
Men, women, boys and girls make money  
faster at work for us than at anything else.  
The work is light and pleasant, and such  
as any one can go right at. Those who  
are wise who see this notice will send us  
their addresses at once and see for them-  
selves. Costly outfit and term free. Now  
is the time. Those already at work are  
laying up large sums of money. Address  
TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. vs-39-1y

**\$1500** to \$6000 a year, or \$5 to \$20  
a day in your own locality.  
No risk. Women do as well as men. Many  
make more than the amount stated  
above. No one can fail to make money  
fast. Any one can do the work. You can  
make from 50c to \$3 an hour by devoting  
your evenings and spare time to the busi-  
ness. It costs nothing to try the business.  
Nothing like it for money making ever of-  
fered before. Business pleasant and strictly  
honorable. Recd., if you want to  
know all about the best paying business  
before the public, send us your address  
and we will send you full particulars and  
private terms free; samples worth \$5 also  
free; you can then make up your mind for  
yourself. Address GEORGE STINSON  
& CO., Portland, Maine. vs-39-1y

**BEACH'S  
ELECTRIC SPONGE BELTS!**  
FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES.  
Cures without Medicine,  
New Method,  
Remarkable Facts,  
Honest, Effective, Harmless.  
Physics not to be relied upon.  
ELECTRICITY.  
First upon the lists of our most Eminent  
Physicians, as a POSITIVE CURE FOR  
Rheumatism,  
Neuralgia,  
Dyspepsia,  
Female Complaints,  
Liver & Gallbladder,  
General Debility,  
Impure Blood,  
Chronic Diseases,  
Head Troubles,  
Kidney Disease,  
Skin Disease,  
General  
Ill Health,  
Etc., &c., &c.  
Among the many modern electric appli-  
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RELIABLE, DURABLE and ECON-  
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Beach's Electric Sponge Belts,  
Perfect and powerful Galvanic Batteries,  
constructed in such a manner that they  
can be worn on any part of the body, in-  
troducing a mild and continuous current of  
Electricity throughout the entire system,  
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Call at this office for your neat and  
cheap printing. Job printing done in the  
latest styles of the art. Book printing a  
specialty.

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

They have on hand a large sup-  
ply of  
**GROCERIES  
AND  
PROVISIONS,**  
Which they are selling cheap for  
Cash.

We sell  
**HOYLAND'S  
UNADILLA FLOUR.**  
Goods delivered to any part of the village  
CHELSEA, Feb. 27, 1879. 6-28

**STOVES!!**  
  
**STOVES.**

The undersigned wish to inform  
the citizens of Chelsea and surround-  
ing country that they have a splen-  
did assortment of  
**Parlor and Cook Stoves,  
TIN-WARE,  
TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY,  
WHIPS, AXES,  
CROSS-CUT SAWS,  
CHURNS,  
CLOTHES WRINGERS,  
WASH TUBS,  
LANTERNS, ETC.,**  
Which we will sell Cheap for Cash.

**FORKS, SPADES & SHOVELS**  
at Actual Cost.  
Call and see for yourselves. North  
side M. C. K. R.  
**KEMPF, BACON & CO.,**  
vs-1y CHELSEA, MICH.

**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.

A. DURAND takes this method  
of informing the inhabitants of  
Chelsea and vicinity, that he keeps  
one of the largest and most  
complete **Boot and Shoe Es-  
tablishments** that has ever been  
in Chelsea, and will sell at prices that  
defy competition. There is no getting  
around it. Aaron will, and can sell  
cheaper than any other firm in town.  
He will keep on hand a large assort-  
ment of goods, of the latest styles,  
such as:  
**HAND MADE  
BOOTS  
AND  
SHOES**  
LADIES  
**GAITERS,  
MISSSES AND CHILDREN'S  
SHOES, & C.**

In fact every thing pertaining to  
a first class **Boot and Shoe  
Store.** A visit to the store, at the  
"Bee Hive" will convince you of the  
prices and quality of goods. A call  
from old friends and patrons sol-  
icited.  
v7-47  
**A. DURAND.**  
Detroit, Mich.  
**E. W. VOIGT,**  
TRADE MARK BREWS THE  
**BOSS LAGER BEER**  
vs-21-1y

**EXTRAORDINARY  
BARGAINS.**  
We are overstocked, and as a consequence,  
—OFFER—  
**Elegant Furniture**  
Below Cost of  
Manufacturers.  
Persons to understand how low we  
are willing to sell must come and  
try us.  
Elegant Parlor Sets, Reps and Hair  
Cloth, reduced from \$75 to \$45.  
Splendid Parlor sets from \$50 to \$85.  
Chamber sets, marble top, \$38 to \$90.  
Wood top sets, \$22,  
From \$2 to \$9.  
And in fact everything at **Bot-  
tom Prices.** Call and see us  
when in Jackson.  
Yours, Respectfully,  
**HENRY GILBERT.**  
North side of Main st., 258.  
Old Papers for sale at this office at  
five cents per dozen.

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

Our complete and extensive stock of  
Goods to be found, consisting of  
**DRY GOODS**  
BEAVER CLOAKS,  
BAY STATE SHAWLS,  
**GROCERIES,**  
BOOTS AND SHOES,  
HATS AND CAPS,  
FLOUR,  
FEED,  
OATS,  
CORN,  
PROVISIONS,

And in fact everything needed to  
Eat or Wear. Our Stock of  
**BOOTS AND SHOES**  
in particular, are simply immense,  
and of the best kinds, and makes,  
bought at prices that defy competi-  
tion—of  
**DRESS GOODS**  
we can show the BEST LINES ever  
brought to

M. C. R. R. TIME TABLE.

Passenger Trains on the Michigan Central Railroad will leave Chelsea Station as follows:
Mail Train, 9:22 A. M.
Way Freight, 12:55 P. M.
Grand Rapids Express, 5:30 P. M.
Jackson Express, 8:11 P. M.
Evening Express, 10:15 P. M.

THE CHELSEA HERALD, IS PUBLISHED

Every Thursday Morning by A. Allison, Chelsea, Mich.
RATES OF ADVERTISING.
1 Week, 1 Month, 1 Year.
1 square, \$1.00, \$3.00, \$15.00

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

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

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

L. O. O. F.—THE REGULAR weekly meeting of Vernon Lodge No. 85, I. O. O. F., will take place every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock, at their Lodge room, Middle st. East.

WASHTENAW ENCAMPMENT, No. 17, I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings first and third Wednesday of each month.

GEORGE E. WRIGHT, D. D. S., OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL DENTIST. OFFICE OVER GEO. P. GLAZIER'S BANK, CHELSEA, MICH.

INSURANCE COMPANIES REPRESENTED BY W. E. DEPEW. Assets: Home of New York, \$8,109,527; Hartford, 3,292,914; Underwriters, 3,253,519; American, Philadelphia, 1,296,661; Detroit Fire and Marine, 501,929; Fire Association, 3,178,395.

M. W. BUSH, DENTIST, OFFICE IN WEBB'S BLOCK, 21

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.

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.

Particular attention will be given to the preparation of bodies for burial in city or country, on the shortest notice. All orders promptly attended to.

E. C. FULLER, Proprietor. Chelsea, Mich., Feb. 17, 1879.

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 SHEROUDS. Hearse in attendance on short notice.

Unclaimed Letters. LIST of Letters remaining in the Post Office, at Chelsea, August 1, 1879: Cushman, Mrs. Clara; Dury, Mr. Thomas; Decker, Mr. John H. (2); Greenwood, Joseph; Kingsley, Mr. Francis; Moreau, Mr. B. J.; Ormsby, Mrs. Mark; Watson, Ralph T.; Youngs, Mrs. Mary S.

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

Geo. J. Crowell, P. M.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

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

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

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

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

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

OUR TELEPHONE. This weather prophet of the season is sick. The oyster season will commence next month.

PEACHES are in the market, at 75 cents per basket. E. HAMMOND is having a new sidewalk laid. Much needed.

The Chelsea flouring mill is now in complete running order. F. W. HATCH and family have gone to Mackinaw to spend a few days.

THERE are rumors afloat that Chelsea is going to have a Catholic fair soon. The crop of oats in this section is very large; much greater than an average.

COONS, watermelons, green corn, apples, etc. Won't the country boys have lots of fun now? We offered a tramp bread the other day and he made a rye face. We concluded he wanted whisky.

The annual State Fair—agricultural and pomological—takes place in Detroit, on September 15th to 19th, inclusive. COOKING fruit is all the sport with the boys and girls these nights. Look out for the cholera.

The annual meeting of the Washtenaw County Pioneer Society will be held in the Court House, at Ann Arbor, Sept. 3d. A good many people in Chelsea are laying their winter's coal laid in. Kempf, Bacon & Co. keep the best and sell the cheapest.

SOME miserable sneak thief stole a 25 pound bag of flour the other evening from Charles Wunder, baker. Where was our Marshal? R. V. HOLMES, and Col. C. N. Goulding, delivered a good lecture on temperance, in the tent, on last Sunday evening, to a fair audience.

BARBERS are too highly prized to permit them to suffer with Colic, Flatulence, etc., when Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup will at once relieve them. Price 25 cents. THE excursion to Grosse Ile, for the benefit of the Chelsea Library Association, that came off last Thursday, was a success to the tune of \$35 for the library fund.

It is reported that the inhabitants of Chelsea are somewhat under the weather. We suppose that green corn, etc., has got something to do with it. Doctors are doing a rushing business. OUR Chelsea band turned out in full for the first time, on last Saturday evening, for drill, with M. J. Noyes, drum-major, putting them through. They are talking of going to Napoleon to celebrate.

AN honest Siberian, in recommending a cow, said she would give milk year after year without having calves. "Because," said he, "it runs in the brade; for she came of a cow that never had a calf." GEORGE MAST'S new residence, on Middle street west, is now almost completed. It is a nice frame dwelling, and reflects much credit to the owner and builder. It will cost, when finished, nearly \$2,000.

IRA CRISMAN has sold his residence to Libbie H. Briggs, of Richmond, Indiana, for \$2,000. Mrs. Briggs is a sister to Mr. Holmes, one of the firm of Holmes & Parker, dry goods merchants, of this place. THERE is to be a union meeting of the Farmers' Club and Pomological Society of Washtenaw county, in the Court House, at Ann Arbor, on Saturday, August 30d. Several important questions will come up for discussion.

You may talk of a large wonderful clock in Detroit; but L. Tichenor, in Chelsea, has a large and wonderful pair of boots in course of construction that can beat anything you ever saw. He is giving a free exhibition, and invites everybody to call. We noticed a Durham calf on our streets, on Tuesday last, owned by Louis Hindelang, of Dexter township. He sold it to Edward Foster, of Sylvan township, and judging from its appearance Mr. Hindelang must keep the very best of blooded stock.

OUR readers will please to remember that the eighth annual fair of the Eastern Michigan Agricultural and Mechanical Society, of Ypsilanti, is drawing near—on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 23, 24, 25 and 26, 1879. An invitation is extended to everybody. THERE were two horses stolen in the vicinity of Lima, on last Thursday—one owned by Mr. Dancer and the other by Mr. Hazelsweat. The officers of Chelsea went in hot pursuit after them. Jim Hader tracked them to Jackson; but before arriving there the thieves were arrested by the Jackson authorities and lodged in jail. The horses were returned to their owners, and the thieves were sent to Ann Arbor jail to await an examination.

A GRAND temperance entertainment and lecture was given in the tent, east of the Congregational Church, in this village, on last Monday evening, consisting of eight magnificent living statutory tableaux, formed by Chelsea ladies and gentlemen, with full modern scenic effects, illustrating scenes in the life of a drunkard, from the first glass to the last, by Col. C. N. Goulding, Michigan and Ohio's favorite temperance orator. The pieces were well rendered, and it was a success.

Why don't the town fathers of Chelsea see to enforce the law? "It is made, by the new law passed last winter, the duty of the overseers of highways in the townships, and that marshals in villages and cities, to notify the owners of land to cut down Canada thistles, and if said owners refuse, then for such officer to enter upon the premises and remove or procure the removal of such thistles, the expenses to be paid for by the town board. All officers neglecting this duty are liable to a fine of \$25."

The Dexter Leader says: "We have received a circular announcing a reunion of the survivors of Libby, Andersonville, and other rebel war prisons, to be held at Toledo, Ohio, on Wednesday and Thursday, October 1st and 2d, 1879. This will be a reunion worth attending, and the committee desire the attendance of as many as possible. Wishing a list of all who are still living, they have prepared rolls for names, etc. One of these rolls is at the Dexter Leader office, and we wish any and all who were at any time prisoners during the rebellion, to call here and be enrolled, whether they can attend the reunion or not. If you cannot come, send your name, rank, company, regiment, when captured and where, when released, and your present postoffice address. Fred Schlanderer has one of these rolls; also, at his place of business, and will give you any further information desired." County papers please notice.

WARM WEATHER.—The woman who is her own servant, this warm weather, has a pretty hard time of it, and finds it nearly impossible to keep cool; but if she manages well her miseries can be lessened. Common sense, practical housekeepers are agreed upon one plan of arrangement for the heated term. It is somewhat as follows, varying according to circumstances: The family will rise early and partake of breakfast, while all the doors and windows shall be as wide open as possible. Meanwhile the bedclothes can be placed in the sun to air. Thus the beds can be made by eight o'clock, the rooms made tidy, the wash-pitchers filled, the windows and blinds closed, the parlors dusted and made dark, and the outside air shut out. As quickly as possible the dining-room should be swept, dusted and closed up. The work should now be concentrated into the kitchen and cellar, while, by carefully closing the intervening doors, the different rooms may always be cool and delightful, where a weary and overheated man or child may pass a few restful and cooling moments while the dinner is being placed upon the table. After the sun has gone down, the house may be opened, and the cool evening air allowed to enter. Lamps should not be lighted unless the door-ways and window-openings are provided with mosquito-nettings, as gnats and mosquitoes are troublesome inmates. The time is very short between the dusk and bedtime, so that not much gain is made in sewing or reading by lamplight in the summer season. It is much better for the family to go together on the front stoop or in a cozy room, and enjoy together a merry chat.

WANTED TO KISS BY PROXY.—The Cincinnati Gazette says: "Some time since one of the brightest and wittiest of Cincinnati's girls went abroad, and when she returned home about the first person to congratulate her upon her return was B—, a young blood of this city, whose dollars exceeded his sense in the ratio of about one million to one. "Aw, Miss X—," he said, 'permit me to greet you. I know you have had a very pleasant trip abroad.' "Yes, I was there." "Oh, I should so delight to see it; it has always been a desire of mine to kiss that celebrated stone, but I have never had the opportunity." "Indeed, then you should go there." "I know, but I have not done so, but why can't I kiss it by proxy? You have been there and kissed it, why should I not take the influence of Blarney from your lips?" and the smart Alex stepped forward to proxy the young lady. "But she drew back, and looking him full in the face said, 'I beg pardon, my dear Mr. B—, but I sat upon the Blarney stone.' "Like a man of great sorrow, he sank in a great heap, and he hasn't said 'Ireland' since, and the word 'Blarney' makes him delirious."

Notice of Dissolution. NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing in the Village of Chelsea, County of Washtenaw and State of Michigan, between Carran White and Edward L. Negus, was dissolved by mutual consent on the twelfth day of August, 1879. All persons indebted to said firm are requested to call at their office and settle immediately. The business formerly carried on by said firm will be continued by Edward L. Negus. Dated August 18th, 1879. CURRAN WHITE, EDWARD L. NEGUS.

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

Chelsea Market.

Table listing market prices for various goods including Flour, Wheat, Corn, Oats, Beans, Potatoes, Apples, Honey, Butter, Poultry, Hams, Shoulders, Eggs, Sheep, Hays, Salt, Wool, and Cranberries.

MEDICAL.

Why allow a cough to larcepate your throat and lungs? Why incur the imminent danger of consumption, when in an incredibly short space of time, and for an insignificant sum, you may cure yourself? Thomas' Eucalypti Oil does the business thoroughly. A single 25 cent or 50 cent bottle often suffices to relieve the difficulty. This peerless remedy overcomes with equal certainty, swelling of the neck, inflammation of the muscles and stiffness of the joints, lameness and crick in the back, tumors, piles, dysentery and a variety of other painful and harassing disorders. It may be taken inwardly with as much safety as it is applied outwardly. Colic, whether of man or beast, is cured by it in fifteen or twenty minutes. Sores, excoriations and abrasions of the skin, are healed by it with gratifying rapidity. All medicine dealers sell it. Price, 50 cents and \$1 per bottle; trial size, 25 cents. Prepared only by FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Buffalo, N. Y. Note—Electric-Selected and Electrized.

CATARH! 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 unpleasent 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., Owego, N. Y., Proprietors. For sale here by W. R. Reed & Co. GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., Dec. 2, 1878. MESSRS. ELY BROTHERS:—I cheerfully add 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, Sanford's Remedy, and several specialty doctors in Boston. She improved at once under the use of your discovery, and has regained her health and hearing, which had been considered irremediable. ROBERT W. MERRILL, 8-25 ly

Rev. George H. Thayer, of Bourbon, Ind., known to every one in that vicinity as a most influential citizen, and Christian Minister of the M. E. Church, says: "I wish everybody to know that I consider that both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure." Drs. Matchett & France, Physicians and Druggists, of the same place, says: "It is having a tremendous sale, and is giving perfect satisfaction, such as nothing else has done. For Lane Back, Side, or Chest, don't fail to use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. We recommend these remedies." Sold by W. REED & CO.

DO YOU BELIEVE IT? That in this town there are scores of persons passing our store every day whose lives are made miserable by Indigestion, Dispepsia, Sour and Distressed Stomach, Liver Complaint, Constipation, when for 75 cts. we will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by W. R. REED & CO.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A marvelous Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker mouth, and Head Ache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of the complaint, without extra charge. Price 50 cts. Sold by W. R. REED & CO.

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, Diphtheria, Billionsness, Gastric Derangements, Colic, Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Influenza, Headache, Neuralgia, Bowel Complaints, Nervous Debility and Rheumatic Pains. Price \$1.00 Each, by Mail. Manufactured and sold by The LIVER PAD & INSOLE CO., 120 Griswold St., Room 8, DETROIT, MICH.

and for sale by Druggists everywhere. Ask for Dr. Barney's Pad, and have no other. 25-29 6in

Cheap Job Printing done at this office.

LEGAL NOTICES.

Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT having been made in the conditions of a Mortgage executed by Joseph Swarthout and Miranda Swarthout to Franklin D. Cumings, bearing date the 25th day of April, A. D. 1874, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Washtenaw County, Michigan, on the 16th day of July, A. D. 1874, in Liber 50, of Mortgages, on page 243, by which default the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at this date, the sum of two hundred and seventy-one dollars and eleven cents, (\$271.11), and thirty dollars (\$30.) as an attorney fee, as provided in said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding at law or in chancery having been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.

Notice is therefore hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and of the Statute in such case made and provided, said mortgage will be foreclosed on Friday, the 22d day of August, next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of that day, at the south door of the Court House, in the City of Ann Arbor, in said County of Washtenaw, (said Court House being the place of holding the Circuit Court for said County of Washtenaw), by sale at public auction to the highest bidder, of the premises described in said mortgage, which said mortgage premises are described in said mortgage, as follows, viz: All that certain tract or parcel of land situate in the Village of Chelsea, County of Washtenaw, State of Michigan, known and described as follows, viz: Village lot No. three, (3), of block No. two, (2), according to the recorded plat of James Congdon's third addition to Chelsea Village.

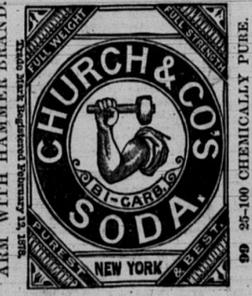
Dated Chelsea, May 22, 1879. FRANKLIN D. CUMINGS, Mortgagee. G. W. TURNBULL, Attorney for Mortgagee.



D. PRATT, WATCHMAKER. Repairing—Special attention given to this branch of the business, and satisfaction guaranteed, at the Bee-hive Jewelry establishment, south Main st., Chelsea. 47

Advertisement for Young's Cough and Lung Syrup. Includes an illustration of a bottle and text describing the product as a vegetable compound for diseases of the throat and lungs.

USE THIS BRAND.



Best in the World. And better and healthier than any SALERATUS.

Although answering every purpose of Saleratus. Put up in handsome and convenient one pound boxes instead of in the usual paper packages, thus preventing all caking and discoloration of package. One teaspoonful of this Soda used with sour milk equals four teaspoonfuls of the best Baking Powder, saving twenty times its cost. See package for valuable information.

If the teaspoonful is too large, and does not produce good results at first, use less afterwards. Parties preferring Saleratus should always ask for our "ARM AND HAMMER" Brand, same style as Soda. 43-3m

\$66 A week in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. \$3 outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALL & CO., Portland, Maine. vs-39-1y

HOLMES & PARKER'S DOUBLE COLUMN.

WE are now offering 1,000 Corsets, that have been retailed at 80, 90 and 100 cents. No Lady in Chelsea, or surrounding country, should fail to buy one of these Corsets, as they are decided bargains. Call and see them. Semi-Annual Inventory, August 1st.

