

are over is alive, Brighton indicate carriage burden, the stream taken at se crowd the Hotel scribble in harshly ndrown ful pyro- narrow- fireworks, as a back- to the company el, and is ons to be the guests tration to in a sea	Angel Footfalls. While the breeze of early autumn Drifts across my window ledge, And the silver moon of harvest, Glimmers through the forest's edge; While the undertone of nature Sings of days that are no more Then I hear soft baby footfalls Patter on my chamber floor. In the strife of early manhood When the world seemed hard and stern; When the bitter daily struggle Made my heart with anger burn; When my back was stooped with toiling, And my hand and heart were sore, God sent music with his footfalls, Baby footfalls on my floor. Where the grass beyond the doortone Trampled down by baby feet, Made at least a narrow pathway Until path and highway meet, One by one I lost their footfalls Mingled in the highway's roar; So I hear to-night but echoes From my silent chamber floor. Other baby feet that pattered In our cottage to and fro, Never found the dusty highway, Never toiled through pain or woe; But the white-robed forms of mercy Led them through the unseen door; Still in dreams their velvet footfalls Visit now my chamber floor. I am gazing from my window At the rising harvest moon, Dreaming of an old man's fancies Of a harvest coming door; When the listening and longing And the watching shall be o'er, May my homeward-tolling children Find the waiting open door.	THE HOME OF TWO WIDOWS. A writer in <i>Lipincott's Magazine</i> tells the story related by Eustache, the ostension, to a party who was visiting Belleisle, near the coast of Brittany. "Five years ago Hubert Pichet married Francoise Albert. They were neither of them very young, for Hubert was at least 30, and Francoise was nearly as old. But it was quite a suitable marriage; they had always lived in the parish of Bangor, and had known each other quite well since they were children. Hubert had been a lobster-fisherman since he was a boy, and had saved a good deal of money to marry upon, for he was not like some men that perhaps monsieur has seen who never can lay by a franc. He had a brother who was a year or two older than I was at that time (I am 23 now), and he had asked Jeannette Lanfranc of Port Philippe to marry him. Others, if he had asked her similar questions, but Christopher Pichet was the one she preferred above all others." "Was she pretty?" Rollic interposes. "Monsieur," she was then, and is still the most beautiful girl in Belleisle-en-Mer, and the gloom in the young man's eyes tells us more than his lips. "Christopher and Jeannette," he continues, "were to have been married six months after Hubert, but not long before the wedding day the two brothers went off on a fishing trip, to be gone two days. But the two men never came back; and Eustache's handsome face is quite sad as he says this. A dreadful storm came up and the vessel was wrecked. The other men on board of her were picked up by a foreign steamer, but Hubert and Christopher were washed ashore next day at the foot of the cliffs here below us. Ah, mademoiselle, that was a sorrowful day for the two poor women! It was long before they could be consoled, but after a time Francoise bought this little cottage that you see, and invited Jeannette, who was an orphan, to live with her, so they could always be near the spot where the two brothers were found. They have lived in the cottage ever since, supporting themselves by knitting and such work, which they sell at Palais on market day. As Francoise was really a widow and Jeannette was so soon to be married, the place where they live is always called 'The Home of Two Widows.'" Eustache pauses here, but looks as if he had more to say; so Rollic asks him if he knows the two widows. "But yes, monsieur, I know them well. Jeannette is a distant cousin of mine, and I frequently visit them to see if I can do any little thing for them. It was partly to see Jeannette that I suggested to monsieur the driving here to-day." And Eustache blushes just a little. "If monsieur and mademoiselle must know," he resumes, "I have loved Jeannette for many years, ever before Christopher Pichet asked her to marry him. I think she has always liked me, but not in the way I wished. But it is so long since Christopher died that I think she feels differently toward me now, and I am very lonely for her here, with only Francoise for company. I am not quite poor, monsieur. I have some money, and if Jeannette would marry me I might live very comfortably in Palais. But last month, when I said this to her, she said she could not leave Francoise, and Francoise said when she herself came here that she should stay here always." "Could you not persuade Francoise to change her mind?" I suggest. "It would not be well for her to live in this lonely spot entirely by herself, but if she would go and make her home with you and Jeannette in Palais, do you not think Jeannette would consent to marry you?" A pleasant light comes into the young fellow's eyes. "Perhaps, mademoiselle," he says hopefully, "and then we all get into the carriage. Our road leads us by the cottage, and as we approach it a beautiful girl, to whom Eustache lifts his hat, appears at the door." "That is Jeannette," he tells us a little proudly. "If the young monsieur," he says with evident embarrassment, "would kindly consent to drive for a short distance along the road, and then return, I could stop for a few moments at the cottage." Who could refuse a lover this little request? Rollic cannot, at all events, and he willingly takes the reins. Eustache thanks him very gratefully, and leaving the carriage, is seen walking up the little path that leads to the cottage door. A short distance further on we notice the entrance to a beautiful valley which seems to extend across the island, and turning up this we find our route so charming that nearly an hour elapses before we return to the cottage. As we come in sight of it again we see Eustache waiting for us and looking very happy. "Has she consented?" Rollic questions. "But yes, monsieur," the happy fellow responds; "it is all settled. Francoise says that if Jeannette wishes to marry me she will come and live with me in Palais; so Jeannette says she will have me, good-for-nothing fellow that I am. And it will be very soon," he adds as he takes the reins. "How soon?" we both ask. "In two weeks," Eustache answers gleefully; "and if mademoiselle and the young monsieur could come to the
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# THE CHELSEA LITERARY

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wedding we should feel—very much honored, Jeannette and I."  
"We could come over from Auray again," my nephew suggests eagerly. "I do not know that I care to undertake the journey again," I answer, "but you certainly might if it would give Eustache any pleasure."  
"All right, Aunt Sue!" and as the invitation is accepted on his part, Eustache looks, if possible, more happy than before.  
The young Frenchman tells us all about himself and Jeannette on the homeward drive, and we cannot help becoming exceedingly interested in himself and his fortunes.  
"He is a better fellow even," Rollic says to me on our return, "than Jean Renard, whose wedding we attended at Quimper, you remember."  
"You think," because he is nearer your own age," I imagine Roland.  
The next day, when I propose leaving for Auray, our good landlord's face is the picture of dismay. "Leave Belleisle-en-Mer without having enjoyed the bathing! Mademoiselle must be joking. Is she not aware that people come from all parts of France for the bathing? And she will go away without even thinking of it!"  
Monsieur Paradol has unconsciously raised his voice with each sentence, and the last one is almost a shriek. It is hard not to laugh, the little man is so very dramatic in his manner and gestures. I hesitate, and Monsieur Paradol sees that I do. From that moment I am lost. And my nephew only aids and abets our voluble landlord by suggesting that I am fond of bathing, I might as well stay here and enjoy it until after Eustache's wedding, and if anything is wanted from Auray we can send for it by the boat.

"And the month that we were to be at Auray?" I say to him. But I submit to my nephew, as I have done all along in the course of our travels in Brittany, and consent to remain in Belleisle. Monsieur Paradol is delighted; his little gray-green eyes gleam with pleasure.  
"Mademoiselle and the young monsieur shall not regret their decision," he assures us with muchunction as he leaves us, bowing low; and the dinner that he sets before us that day is one to be affectionately remembered. There are but few guests at Monsieur Paradol's establishment, and his wish to retain us as long as possible is quite natural. Still, I am bound to say that he appears strictly honest, and our hotel bill is perfectly reasonable in its charges.  
A few more days go by very pleasantly. There is the bathing so much extolled by our landlord, and the drives and the walk to occupy our time, and the evenings Rollic improves by writing long letters to school friends in America.  
But worthy Monsieur Paradol has evidently an uneasy feeling lest time should hang heavy on our hands, and one evening he appears at our open door with a tray full of books, which he deposits on a chair before speaking. "It is to-day that I said to myself," says the little man retrospectively as he smiles graciously at us, "that it might be that even with the bathing mademoiselle and the young monsieur might weary of our Belleisle-en-Mer, and wish to leave. I am distracted with the idea. I say to myself, 'What shall I do?' Alas! I can think of nothing; I am miserable. I say to my sister, 'The Americans have seen everything on the island; there is nothing but the bathing left, and it may be they will not care to stay for that.' Then my sister says, 'Auguste, you can take them your books,' and here mademoiselle will observe that I have done as my sister advised. They are not many, but if—and he includes us both in a gracious bow and wave of the hand—"but if they will condescend to read them, they will occupy the time."  
I thank Monsieur Paradol for his attention, and assuring him that we intend to remain a week longer it is probable, he departs, looking much relieved.  
It is a miscellaneous collection of books he has brought—volumes left behind by several generations of travelers; I imagine, as so many different tastes are represented. Chateaubriand's "Atala" is the first book I took up, then a volume of Alfred de Musset, and next a paper-covered copy of the "Conspectus."  
"If it should rain to-morrow," I say to Rollic, "we could pass the day very comfortably with Monsieur Paradol's books."  
The morning, however, proves to be bright and sunny, and my nephew and I go out for a walk towards the city walls, intending after dinner to have Eustache drive us out to the Banquet lighthouse, which we were to have visited the day we went to the Roman camp, but forgot about it till too late in the day. Our walk about the town in the morning, as we proceed quite leisurely, taking a mean while first of the walls and Vauban their builder, and then of our pleasant French driver and his approaching marriage.  
"I am going to Auray to-morrow," Rollic says, "to purchase something for a wedding present for him; that is if you do not mind me leaving you for a day, Aunt Sue," he adds.  
We go on one about the passage of the court yard as we enter the hotel on our return, but when we appear at dinner, two hours later, Monsieur Paradol greets us with a very grave grace. He says but little, however, and we are left to wonder what has come over our usually vivacious landlord till after the dessert, when, as we are leaving the dining room, Monsieur Paradol says entreatingly, "Will mademoiselle and monsieur stay but a moment? I have something to say to you. As we pause to listen to him he continues, addressing me: "Ah, mademoiselle, it is as if a son of my own were taken away. Only this morning I said to my sister, 'When Eustache marries Jeannette, Lafranc will give him 800 francs, and I will have him to take my place

at dinner," and now, mademoiselle, it will never be. Eustache Prentin is gone; he is dead," and a tear glistens on Monsieur Paradol's red cheek.  
"Dead?" I exclaimed in painful surprise. "How did it happen?"  
"Dead?" cries Rollic, his lip quivering. "Oh, it cannot be! Monsieur Paradol, you cannot mean it! Why he was looking forward to taking us to Bangor this afternoon, and he took off his cap to us with such a pleasant smile as he drove off with those people from Vannes early this morning."  
"But yes, Monsieur, it is all true. The two ladies from Vannes wanted him to drive to the cliffs near the camps of the Romans; and as one of them took off her glove to pick some flowers near the edge her ring came off with it, and both rolled over the edge and lodged in a little hollow a few feet down. Eustache was always so polite—mademoiselle must know that—and he said that he would climb down and get them. The ladies said that it was too dangerous and that he must not, but Eustache said it could be very easily done. And so, Mademoiselle, it could have been on some days, for I know the place, and when a boy I used often to climb down a little way to gather a beautiful grass that grew there and nowhere else; but this time a strong wind must have been blowing toward the land and have sent the waves higher up than usual, for the ladies said the rocks looked very wet and slippery. Mademoiselle sees how it must have been with poor Eustache. Right before their eyes he lost his hold and fell into the sea. Jeannette! Jeannette! they heard him cry as he fell, and then they heard only the noise of the waves."

Monsieur Paradol pauses just here, much agitated, but in a moment he recovers himself and continues his sad story. "There was no way to help poor Eustache. There was no man or boat at hand; and so the ladies drove back and sent the first men they could find to look for the body of mon pauvre Eustache. Then they came and told me. Ah, mademoiselle, I am an old man and I have seen much trouble, but to-day is the saddest of all my life. Eustache was like a son to me, and when he was but a boy I brought him here; and the good man's voice trembles.  
My own eyes are fast filling with tears, and as for Rollic, he has gone to his room, unable to hear more.  
"Mademoiselle will pardon me for telling her what is only my young fellow like Eustache I loved his mother, but she did not know it, and before I could summon courage to tell her she married Pierre Prentin. Ah, that was long ago!" and Monsieur Paradol sighs.  
I think it best not to ask more about this, but inquire if Jeannette Lafranc knows of what has happened. "But no, mademoiselle, although it happened so near her, I am wretched when I think of her," he exclaims, coming back to the present moment. "Ah, good mademoiselle," he resumes, as a thought strikes him, "it is you who shall tell the sad news."  
"I?" I exclaimed in dismay. The task is one that I would rather leave to another, but upon Monsieur Paradol's again soliciting me, I consent, and he drives over with me an hour later to the cottage of the "two widows."  
Francoise meets us at the door, courtesying and smiling. Jeannette, she tells us, has gone out for a little walk, but will return soon. Thinking that Francoise could best break the news to her companion, I tell what has befallen Eustache and she, though much overcome, promises to tell Jeannette as gently as she can.  
But it is not from Francoise that Jeannette hears the story. As we drive home by the cliff near the camp of the Romans we see Jeannette standing on the very edge, a rough looking fisherman near her, and both are looking down into the sea.  
"She knows already, I fear," I say to Monsieur Paradol.  
Leaving our carriages, we go toward the two, and looking down, as they were doing, we are just in time to see three or four fishermen lifting the poor bruised body of Jeannette's lover from a hollow in the rocks, where a careless wave had tossed it. There are no tears in her eyes as she stands watching those below, but as they take up their dripping burden a sudden light comes into her beautiful, pale face, and she springs forward as if she would leap into the sea, which has proved so cruel to her and those she has loved. Quicker than her movement had been, the fisherman by her side has been quicker, and his strong arm holds her back.  
Two days more, and Eustache's funeral is held at the church in Palais where he was to have been married. Every one in Palais knew the handsome Eustache Prentin, and the church is filled with sorrowing friends. The two ladies from Vannes are there closely veiled, Rollic and I are beside Monsieur Paradol and his sister; and just before us is Jeannette, weeping and supported by Francoise. The aged priest's voice trembles as he proceeds with the service, and the clear, sweet tones of the choir falter sometimes as they utter their responses.  
That evening Rollic tells me that he has paid the priest to say masses for poor Eustache for a month.  
"Not that I believe in that sort of thing," he adds; "but if it will do the poor fellow any good, Aunt Sue."  
And I have not the heart to remonstrate.  
The next day but one we go to Auray, taking Jeannette with us. She can no longer bear to live near the sea, she tells us, and I think of finding a home for her with some friends in America. Francoise goes to live at Monsieur Paradol's and assist his sister in her household cares, and so the home of the "Two Widows" at Belleisle-en-Mer, is left empty and desolate.

There's a wide difference between "printing" a kiss and "publishing" it.

**Locks of Hair from the Heads of the Presidents.**  
In the Patent Office at Washington there are many objects of interest connected with the Government and those who administered its affairs in times gone by. While examining some of those objects of curiosity nothing struck us so forcibly as the samples of small locks of hair taken from the heads of different Chief Magistrates, from Washington down to President Pierce, secured in a frame covered with glass. Here is, in fact, a part and parcel of what constituted the living bodies of those illustrious individuals whose names are as familiar as household words, but who now live only in history and the remembrance of the past.  
The hair of Washington is nearly a pure white, fine and smooth in its appearance.  
That of John Adams is nearly the same in color, though perhaps a little coarser.  
The hair of Jefferson is of a different character, being a mixture of white and auburn, or a sandy brown, and rather coarse. In his youth Mr. Jefferson's hair was remarkable for its bright color.  
The hair of Madison is coarse and of a mixed white and dark.  
The hair of Monroe is a handsome dark auburn, smooth and free from any mixture. He is the only ex-President, excepting Pierce, whose hair has undergone no change in color.  
The hair of John Quincy Adams is somewhat peculiar, being coarse and of a yellowish gray in color.  
The hair of General Jackson is almost a perfect white, but coarse in its character, as might be supposed by him near the headquarters of the Zouaves of the old hero.  
The hair of Van Buren is white and smooth in appearance.  
The hair of General Harrison is a fine white with a slight mixture of black.  
The hair of John Tyler is a mixture of white and brown.  
The hair of James K. Polk is almost a pure white.  
The hair of General Taylor is white, with a slight mixture of brown.  
The hair of Millard Fillmore is, on the other hand, brown with a slight mixture of white.  
The hair of Franklin Pierce is a dark brown, of which he had a plentiful crop.  
It is somewhat remarkable, however, that since Pierce's time no one has thought of preserving the hair of his successors. There are vacancies in the case; but there is no hair either of Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson, or Grant for the inspection of futurity.—*New York Telegram.*

**White Africans.**  
Major Pinto, the Portuguese explorer, who has just crossed Africa, from Benguela southwestward to Natal, describes a race of white men found by him near the headquarters of the Zouaves. He says: "I one day noticed that one of the carriers was a white man. He belonged to a race entirely unknown up to the present day. A great white people exist in South Africa. Their name is Casseque; they are whiter than the Caucasians, and in place of hair have their heads covered with small tufts of very short wool. Their cheek bones are prominent. The men are extremely robust. When they discharge an arrow at an elephant the shaft is completely buried in the animal's body. They live on roots and the chase, and it is only when these supplies fail them that they hold any relation with the neighboring race, the Amboules, from whom they obtain food in exchange for ivory. The Casseques are an entirely nomadic race, and never sleep two nights in the same encampment. They are the only people in Africa that do not cook their food in pots. They wander about, in groups of from four to six families, over all the territory lying between the Cuchi and the Cubango. It would seem that from a crossing of the Casseques with the negroes of other races sprang those mulattoes of the south, whom the English call Bushmen. The latter are, however, better off than the Casseques, and use pots in cooking their food, while their dispositions are good, though quite opposed to civilization."

**A Plan that Miscarried.**  
Yesterday afternoon a red-faced young man belonging to an excursion party called into a drug store and softly asked the soda-fountain boy if he was out of any particular kind of syrup. The boy made an investigation and replied: "We are out of sarsaparilla, but—"  
"That's all right—just right—you wait a minute interrupted the young man, and away he went.  
The boy took the reservoir from the fountain and replaced it, and in about two minutes the young man returned in company with his girl and four other people, evidently all friends. Walking up to the fountain he said: "I'm going to take sarsaparilla in mine, for the doctors all recommend it and if he hasn't any sarsaparilla I won't take nothing. What do you say?"  
"Oh, we'll take the same," they replied.  
The young man began to smile and his left eye began to draw down, but to his horror the boy drew off six glasses in succession and pushed them to the front, where they were eagerly drained of their contents. He tried to give the boy a look of mingled hate and murderous intent, but the lad was too busy to see it. He felt in all his pockets, brought up watch keys, pennies, and peanuts, and finally laid down twenty-seven cents, and whispered to the boy:  
"That takes my pile, and if I ever catch you outside of town I'll lick you to death."—*Exeter News Letter.*

**FOR THE CHILDREN.**  
Wash Dolly up like That.  
BY ELIZABETH KIRK.  
"I'll be the goodliest little girl  
That ever you did see.  
If you'll let me take my dolly  
To church with you and me.  
It's too dreadful bad to leave her  
When we've a long way to go;  
Oh! Cosette will be so lonesome  
To stay at home all day.  
"Twas such a pleasing pair of eyes,  
And winsome little face,  
That mamma could n't well refuse,  
Though church was not the place  
For dolls or playthings, she well knew.  
Still mamma's little maid  
Was always so obedient,  
She didn't feel afraid.  
No mouse was ever half so still  
As this sweet little lass,  
And the sermon was quite thorough—  
Then she did come for us.  
A dozen babies (more or less),  
Dressed in long robes of white,  
Were brought before the altar rail,  
A flock of heaven's own light.  
Then Mabel stood upon the seat,  
With dolly held out straight,  
And this is what the darling said:  
"Oh! minister, please to wait,  
And wash my dolly up like that."  
Her name is Cosette.  
The minister smiled and bowed his head;  
But mamma blushes yet.

**The Donkey's Lament.**  
"Oh, when I was a little ass,  
I frisked and frolicked on the grass;  
I'd nought to do, and naught to fear,  
But that was long ago, my dear.  
My master came one morning late,  
And found me with my friends at play;  
'Tis time that you should work,' said he;  
And there was no more fun for me.  
Now to you or me this little song  
Would only have sounded exactly like  
The braying of a donkey, but a flock  
Of geese, who were grazing near the singer,  
Understood donkey language perfectly,  
And crowded around him to listen.  
The melody wound up suddenly  
And ceased as they approached.  
"Isn't there any more?" said Mrs. Goose.  
"Well, yes," answered the donkey;  
"there's a great deal more, but it isn't made yet."  
"Who makes it then?" asked the gander.  
"Well," answered the donkey modestly, looking down at his hoofs, "it is my own sad experience."  
"Really, it isn't at all bad," said the gander; "I could detect very few faults in the metre; to be sure it's a very easy metre."  
"I was watching those young creatures in the field at play," went on the donkey, still looking down at his hoofs, "and the sight recalled the days of my foolishhood, and somehow, when much moved, my thoughts are apt to flow into verse."  
"Do give us some more," said Miss Molly Goosey; "I am sure there must be a little more, and it is so sweetly touching—what did your master do next?"

The donkey cleared his throat several times, and then began again, stopping between the two verses to remark that the rope around his nose by which he was tethered made it very difficult to open his mouth wide enough.  
"He tied me to a heavy cart,  
And dragged my head to make me start,  
And I strove to bite or kick,  
He bawled about me with a stick.  
Now, all along the stony roads,  
I stagger under heavy loads,  
And when I stop to pant and puff,  
He cannot scold me enough."  
At this point Miss Molly became so visibly affected that she was obliged to turn away and hide her head for a moment under her wing. "The cruel, wicked man!" she murmured. Then, after a moment's pause, she added, "Isn't there any more?"  
"Yes, there's a little more," answered the donkey, and he began again—  
"My master is a heartless fiend,  
Who—"  
And here he stopped. "That's all," he said; "I cannot think of a rhyme for 'fiend.'"  
"Couldn't you make a new line altogether there?" suggested Mrs. Goose. "Yes, I might do that, certainly," replied the donkey; "but," he added, regretfully, "it's a very nice line."  
"Beamed might do," put in the gander. "Beamed, you know—what do you say of a person who has eaten too many beans? It's not a common word, but that's an advantage, and it rhymes particularly well."  
"It might do, perhaps," said the donkey, rather gloomily, "but, you see, I never was beamed."  
"Who composed the music?" asked Miss Molly.  
The donkey bowed so low that there was no mistaking the authorship. "I suppose those very long ears are particularly good for music," said Miss Molly.  
"Well," answered the donkey, "as you have mentioned it, I think I may say, without being accused of vanity, that I believe they are."  
By this time the gander was becoming rather impatient of so many fine compliments.  
"Well," he said, "you seem to have rather a turn for this sort of thing; it's a pity that you have to spend so much time drawing up water and fetching wood. If you had been able to take lessons in thorough-bass, and study the standard poets, you really might have turned out something rather good. As it is, I wouldn't advise you to spend much time on it. Come along, my dear ladies." He marched on with his train. Miss Molly following reluctantly. Once she turned back, and threw a sympathizing glance at the poet, who was rolling on the grass, with sad eyes, and murmuring softly, "Fiend! Fiend!" if I could only think of a good rhyme for fiend.—*Golden Hours.*

An Italian bishop, while at a large dinner party, attempted to take a silver chalice dish in his hands. It was so hot that he put it down more rapidly than he intended, for the divorce was accompanied by expressions from the Athanasian creed. A guest instantly drew forth his memorandum book and began to pencil. The bishop asked, "What are you writing?" "My prayer against hot dishes," "I myself wish to use one of these days."

**THE HOUSEHOLD.**  
Suggestions for the Sick-Room.  
In preparing a meal for any one whose appetite is delicate, it should be made to look as tempting as possible. The tray should be covered with the whitest napkin, and the silver, glass, and china should shine with cleanliness. There should not be too great a variety of viands, and but a very small portion of each one. Nothing more quickly disgusts a feeble appetite than a quantity of food presented at one time.  
The patient never should be consulted beforehand as to what he will eat or what he will drink. If he asks for anything, give it to him, with the doctor's permission; otherwise prepare something he is known to like and offer it without previous comment. One of the chief offices of a good nurse is to think for her patient. His slightest want should be anticipated and gratified before he has time to express it. Quick observation will enable her to detect the first symptom of worry or excitement and to remove the cause. An invalid should never be teased with the exertion of making a decision. Whether the room is too hot or too cold; whether chicken broth, beef tea or gruel is best for his luncheon, and all similar matters, are questions which should be decided without appealing to him.  
Household troubles should be kept as far as possible from the sick-room. Squabbles of children or servants never should find an echo there. In the event of some calamity occurring, of which it is absolutely necessary the sufferer should be informed, the ill news should be broken as gently as possible, and every soothing device employed to help him to bear the shock.  
Above all, an invalid, or even a person apparently convalescent, should be saved from his friends. One garrulous acquaintance admitted for half an hour will undo the good done by a week of tender nursing. Whoever is the responsible person in charge should know how much her patient can bear, she should keep a careful watch on visitors of whose discretion she is not certain, and the moment she perceives it to be necessary, politely but firmly dismiss them.  
She must carry out implicitly the doctor's directions, particularly those regarding medicine and diet. Strict obedience to his orders, a faithful, diligent, painstaking following of his instructions will insure to the sufferer the best results from his skill, and bring order, method and regularity into domestic nursing.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

**Curiosities of Food.**  
Man has been wonderfully ingenious from his infancy in the concoction of edible varieties. Apart from baked human thighs in Feles, and boiled fingers in Sumatra, there are certain culinary fashions still extant, which must be marvelously unpalatable to a conventionalized appetite. Not that it appears strange to eat ducks' tongues in China, kangaroos' tails in Australia, or the loose covering of the great elk's nose in New Brunswick. Not even that it is startling to see an Esquimaux eating his daily rations—twenty pounds in weight of flesh and oil—or a Yakut competing in voracity with a boar-constrictor; but who would relish a stew of red ants in Burma; a half-hatched egg in China, monkey cutlets and parrot pies in Rio Janeiro, and bats in Malabar, or polecats and prairie wolves in North America? Yet there can be little doubt that these are unwarrantable prejudices. Dr. Sherrinoff lion; Mr. Darwin had a passion for human brook makes affidavit that melted bear's grease is a most refreshing potion. And how can we disbelieve after the testimony of Hippocrates, as to the flavor of boiled dog? If squirrels are edible in the East, and rats in the West Indies—if a sloth be good on the Amazon, and elephants' paws in South Africa, why should we compassionate such races as have little beef or mutton? For we may be quite sure that if, as Montesquieu affirms, there are valid reasons for not eating pork, there are reasons quite as unimpeachable for eating giraffe, alpaca, mermaids' tails, bustard and anaconda.—*Athenaeum.*

**Black Pepper.**  
Pepper grows upon a beautiful vine which twines around a pole prepared for it; or, more commonly, the vines are planted at the foot of a straight-stemmed tree, whose trunk they embrace in elegant festoons. The leaf is large, resembling the ivy, and is of a bright green color. The small, whitish-green blossoms appear in June, about at the commencement of the rains, and are followed by the pungent berries, which grow in long spikes like grape bunches, but each berry on its own stem like currants. The berries are from three to four months ripening. As soon as ripe they are gathered and spread upon cloths to dry, by which process they become the shriveled black pepper of commerce.  
When the East India Company had the monopoly of the pepper trade, the Sumatrans played a trick upon them which was ingenious enough for a Yankee to perpetrate. They steeped the pepper-corns in water until the black coat burst off, and then dried them without it. The spice thus prepared was sold to the company as a different species at three times the cost of the black. The company having swallowed the story, made the buyers swallow it too, and we have ever since had a black and a white pepper from the same plant. The decoction of the black berry diminishes their pungency, hence the real value of the white pepper is less than that of the black; but presenting a more uniform appearance, it brings a higher price. Pepper is raised in Borneo, Java, Sumatra and the West Indies.—*Germanen Telegraph.*

**THE FARM.**  
Object of Agricultural Fairs.  
The near approach of the season of agricultural fairs renders the methods of conducting these Autumn festivals subjects of intense interest to the farming community. Few will dispute that the main object of a farmers' fair should be its educational features, manifested especially in the exhibition of choice farm products, whether of cattle and sheep, grain and roots, fruit and flowers or agricultural implements and machinery. That exhibition which approaches nearest this standard will exert the most beneficial influence on its participants and upon its visitors. Agricultural fairs should cease to represent only a series of curiosities, collections of monstrosities, or exceptional products. Neither should these societies attempt to include within their encouragement articles foreign to the direct interests of the farm and the farmer.  
From an impartial and unprejudiced standpoint the New York State Agricultural Society, in the management of its annual fairs, is without a peer on this continent, and furnishes a model well worthy the imitation of the numerous societies in other States. The New York society seems to be conducted in the interest of the practical farmer, and for the sole purpose of the advancement of the art of agriculture. Many other prominent societies are too often enlisted in the self-glorification of ambitious officials, in the promotion of pet and selfish schemes, and in the establishment of questionable practices not calculated to promote true and progressive farming.  
Gross abuses have gradually worked into the management of the average fair. The endorsement of this or that society is no longer accepted as a proof of superior merit in articles exhibited. The award of prizes is not always viewed as evidence of mature judgment, guided by worthy motive and honest criticism. The proceedings of many societies in this connection have fallen into disrepute. It is recorded in one of our exchanges, that at a leading fair last year a first prize was given to a sample of barley which was ridiculously white, the color having evidently been bleached out of it through the use of sulphur. Again, prizes have been awarded to roots that were industriously sand-papered, and made to present a preternaturally smooth appearance. In order to discourage the overfeeding of breeding animals for exhibition, the judges of the New York State Fair are instructed to make allowance, in all cases, for difference in condition, and are cautioned against being deceived thereby. Premiums are not to be awarded to stock simply gotten up for exhibition purposes, and devoid of natural and intrinsic merit. This same grand principle is earnestly offered to the consideration of the managers of agricultural fairs, in judging of the intrinsic merits of other offerings than cattle. It should embrace horses, sheep, swine, poultry, as well as the cereal and vegetable department. Nothing should be esteemed worthy of a prize that does not illustrate some fact or method, or principle worthy of prominence, and calculated to forward the interests of remunerative agriculture.—*American Cultivator.*

**Farming That Don't Pay.**  
It don't pay to be caught, in the spring without a woodpile large enough to last twelve months; or to open the gates and let your stock into the fields as soon as a few bare spots appear; or to keep it on short rations so that when it does go to grass it will take half the summer to get thrifty and strong.  
It don't pay to leave the work of mending your tools and selecting and securing your seed until the day you want to use them, thereby causing costly delay.  
It don't pay to sow or plant poor seed because you happen to have it on hand.  
It don't pay to plant more ground than you can manure and take good care of.  
It don't pay to leave weak places in the fences in the hope that the cattle won't find them, and if you keep sheep it don't pay to let them run range in the spring until they become tramps and cannot be kept home by any ordinary fence.  
It don't pay to neglect cows, ewes or sows when they are dropping their young.  
It don't pay to let the spring rains wash the value out of the manure that has accumulated in the barnyard this winter.  
It don't pay to let the hens lay under the barn, steal their nests and be eaten up by skunks.  
It don't pay to put off any kind of spring work until the last moment, nor does it pay to work land when it is too wet.  
It don't pay to leave turnips, cabbages, beets, or even apples in the cellar to rot and breed disease; for if you have more than you can eat or sell, the stock will be profited by them.  
It don't pay to summer a poor cow simply because no one comes to buy her.  
It don't pay to sell a heifer calf from your best cow to the butcher, simply because it will cost more to raise it than you can buy a scrub for next fall.  
It don't pay to leave the banking around the house until it rots the sills.  
It don't pay to be stingy in sowing grass seed, or to try to live without a garden.  
Finally, it don't pay to provoke the women by leaving them to cut the stove-wood or to carry it in from the dooryard or to remind you every morning in haying and hoeing that you must save enough before you go to work to last through the day.—*Mirror and Farmer.*

**American Cultivator.** In repairing or improving the old house, be sure you provide a veranda. Not one of those little, narrow, useless things, which you can hardly turn round on without stepping off, and on which a chair can barely rest with safety; but a good, wide, roomy, cool veranda, whereon you may pile flowers; in one corner of which shall be ample room for the lavender, big enough for all the children to play upon, and with room enough beside for your wife to hold afternoon receptions, and for your neighbors to come over on an evening and talk about the weeds and the cactus. A half-hour at nightfall spent in restfulness and quiet upon such a veranda, with your wife and children about you, will be a full compensation for the hard work of the harvest field, under a midsummer sun.



**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, Washington 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 28, 1879.

**Town Board.**  
CHELSEA Village, Aug. 19, 1879.

Board met pursuant to the call of the President.

Roll called: Present, G. W. Turnbull, President.

Trustees present: Messrs. Martin, Crowell, Ives, and Gates.

Trustees absent: Messrs. Kempf and Hinder.

Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

Petition of Thomas Wilkinson and others was read; and it was resolved to refer it to a special committee, viz: Martin, Ives and Crowell.

Moved and carried that the following bills be allowed, and orders be drawn on the Treasurer for the same, viz:—

Frank Staffan, ..... \$5 50

P. C. Depey, ..... 2 00

Moved and carried that Jay Woods' bill be referred to the Finance Committee.

Moved and carried that the Clerk see the Justices, and have them make out a list of parties prosecuted, and amount of money miscollected; and, also, that the Treasurer report the condition of the finance of the village.

Moved and carried that the Board appoint a committee to confer with H. B. Ledyard, General Superintendent of the Michigan Central Railroad, in regard to the building of a passenger depot in Chelsea.

Committee appointed: Messrs. Kempf, Ives and Turnbull.

Moved and carried that the Board adjourn subject to the call of the President. C. H. ROBBINS, Clerk.

**The Restoration of Confidence.**

The propitious signs of the times are tending to a restoration of confidence, in commercial circles, that will guarantee to the American people a universal prosperity, never witnessed since the close of the Rebellion in 1865.

The resumption of specie payment has given our Government an unlimited credit abroad and at home, and inspired a new life among the people of all classes.

The capitalists are seeking profitable investments, and the music of the shuttle and spindle, in our manufacturing cities, are now vying with the thunder tones of the forge and the hammer.

The builders of steam engines and machinery are enlarging their capacity, to supply the universal demand; and the mechanics and manufacturers, in all the various departments of industry, are giving employment to additional skilled labor, in order to fill their accumulating orders.

The farmers are planting a large acreage of wheat, rye, oats, corn, barley and potatoes, to meet the increasing foreign demand for our bread-stuff, beef and pork.

The demand for labor everywhere is depleting the regiment of tramps, and men out of employment, for the past four or five years.

Even the ladies and leaders of fashion have expanded their crinolines, and discarded the miserable clinging skirts, that so seriously interfered with their walk, and substituted the Panier hoop skirts, a decided improvement over those worn a few years ago.

The wholesale dealers, in all lines of merchandise, are laying in stocks for the fall trade, unprecedented in magnitude and variety of any period of our commercial history.

The rapid development of our great mining interests, and the wonderfully increasing exports of our farm products, machinery, and various industries, all tend to show that we are upon the eve of a prosperity,

never witnessed since the close of the war.

Those who have gallantly withstood the financial storms, that have engulfed thousands in ruin and bankruptcy, are now upon a solid rock, and have the ability to push forward great enterprises and internal improvements, that add so largely to a nation's wealth and prosperity.

The intriguing politicians, and old time croakers, are losing their influence in keeping the public mind in a turmoil, and crippling our commercial prosperity. As rapidly as we attain a higher civilization, these public agitators will grow beautifully less, until, finally, we will witness a restoration of universal confidence, among all classes of our people, and become the proudest, most independent, wealthy and happy nation upon the earth, and the strongest, most formidable and best Government that has ever existed at any period of the world's history.

Special correspondence for Chelsea Herald.

**Our Jackson Letter.**

JACKSON, Aug. 27th, 1879.

**CRIMINAL MATTERS—JUSTICE WELL MET OUT.**

For some time past this city has been on its good behavior, and peace and quietness was the order of things. The police and our Justices were enjoying their much needed rest, when, the other day, a young man by the name of John Robinson, who hailed from Detroit, on his way to Chicago to look for work, thought he would stop off at the Central City, and see the sights.

His taste for the cup, which, with inebriates seems to have been prominent, led him to fall in company with a gang of young rascals, in a saloon kept by O'Donnell Brothers. Drink and high words soon brought on a free fight, in which Robinson became the victim; but for the immediate interference of the police, the Detroit man would have been fatally injured. The four roughs were all arrested and tried by jury, and convicted. Justice Hunt meted out to them their deserved punishment, and fined George and Edward O'Donnell \$25 each; also, sixty days at hard labor. The other two, William Scully and John Blaney, were given sixty days at hard labor—which means to break stone at the county jail. The sentence is a just one, and while we have little sympathy for Robinson, who is a married man and seeking work, he should not have been found in so disorderly a place. The assaults of such outrages must be severely handled, for the safety and good government of the city.

**MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.**

Mrs. T. S. Vining, daughter of Mrs. Lewis, who keeps the Pond Block boarding house, on Courtland street, on Friday evening last, took by mistake a dose of morphine, supposing it was salts—it being rather dark when she went into the room for it. The amount she took was one-half ounce, an even tablespoonful; the enormity of the dose seemed to have counteracted the fatal nature of the drug, and it was kept quiet until the lady was suddenly taken with dying symptoms, and several physicians were then called. But for the promptness of Doctors Choate and Lewis, who have been very successful in such cases, Mrs. Vining's mistake would have proved fatal; she is now slowly recovering. It is a remarkable fact that after the daily occurrences of similar cases, people will be so careless and swallow down anything and everything without stopping to look if they have the right article or not.

**ANOTHER PIONEER FALLEN.**

Since my last letter we have lost an aged and highly respected citizen, and one of the founders of the city. James Durns, aged 83 years, died at his old homestead on Cooper street, on Tuesday of last week. He came from Seneca, N. Y., in 1840, and took up a plat of land on Cooper street, where his homestead now stands. He was a man of strong determination, and never used liquor or tobacco in his life, which was something remarkable for one coming here so early a day. He was of Irish birth, and a faithful member of St. John's Catholic Church.

**UP IN ARMS.**

Those who claim to be oppressed by the new cattle law have shown signs of opposition to its enforcement, and Frank Hockett has fallen into the lines and has announced an open air indignation meeting, to be held this week. No doubt there will be a grand rally, of those who sympathize with the movement.

**AGRICULTURAL NOTES.**

It is stated that the same breadth of ground is being prepared, in the different townships, for fall wheat this season, as last, and that the fallow, as a rule, will be in fine condition for the seed at sowing time. The weather has been most desirable for working land, and the farmers have improved the opportunity. Some 598 bushels of wheat, and 419 bushels of oats, were raised on the county poor farm this season. Wheat is bringing 92 cents to 95 cents per bushel, and there seems no disposition to hold it at these prices, as farmers are drawing in their wheat very largely.

**PERSONAL.**

The Rev. D. E. Hallaway has returned from his Eastern trip, much improved in health, and has been successful in bringing with him an accomplished lady, as a help-mate. He began his labor in the Second Congregational Church, on Sunday last. We wish him success.

Written for the Chelsea Herald.

**Elements of Success.**

The intense yearning we find in the human heart, for perfection makes us nobler, better beings, opens to us grander views of life, unlocks for us the diadems of victory.

Whether we strive for a worldly, intellectual, moral, or spiritual object, our success depends upon our power to grapple with, and overcome, the obstacles in our way. The three essential elements of success are faith, earnestness, perseverance. One would not think of undertaking a work in which he has no confidence. He must believe that what he proposes can be done; and, also, that he can do it.

What gave George Washington such powers over his countrymen? Why mourned Britain when he died? Why is his name known to-day, wherever Christian civilization has penetrated? Simply because he achieved a sublime success. How? By a sublime faith. He believed the object he sought—the freedom of a nation—must be accomplished. His resources were few, but all powerful—himself, his countrymen, God. He was as sure of victory when he accepted the position of Com-in-chief of the Federal army, as when, after seven years of conflict and suffering, he received the sword of Cornwallis—for he knew that right would triumph.

One whose soul is all aglow with intelligent enthusiasm, in any special work, cannot fail. Success may be delayed, but it will come at last. One inspired by a living, intelligent faith, will not let the fires of holy zeal burn low. Only infinity limits the immortal mind; and when the soul is charged with heaven's electric current, what may it not do! Stand not in its way, you cannot stay its course. The world bows before an earnest spirit; such have ever been its rulers—not always titled rulers. We worship *Genius*—call it *heaven's gift*—but when analyzed we find it is *soul force*. All who have deserved the honored title of genius, have lived intensely before they have wrought mightily.

And this is what the world needs to-day—men and women who feel and think with intensity. We need intense spiritual Christians in every day life; our moral and spiritual natures need intensifying. We need intense Christian love to meet and contend with the social evils of the day—nothing else will overcome them. Perseverance is only the consequent of faith and earnestness. One who has never failed in some plan, has never undertaken a work worthy of his highest nature, and has never known the blessedness of triumph. Defeat but whets the appetite for conquest. We cannot live for self; if we would reach the heights we may attain; selfishness degrades rather than elevates one. It is only when our nobler impulses are for others, when our highest ambition is to make the "world better for our having lived," that we are worthy of the highest success.

Have we begun a good work—would we live to do good? It must be no fitful impulse that grinds us. We must be controlled by a deeper principle—a firm adherence to right, whatever the consequence to ourselves. The world may criticize; let us but know we are doing what God directs, and we need not fear; if He be the only one in all the universe that approves, that is sufficient. Dare we think of failure, when all heaven is interested in watching the progress of the work He gives us to do? He never gives one a task to perform without giving, also, the ability to perform it. We must not grow "weary in well doing," for we shall not reap if we faint.

"Wouldst thou a wanderer reclaim? A wild and reckless spirit tame? Check the warm flow of youthful blood, And lead a lost one back to God?"

Faith, earnestness, perseverance, must win. Where, in all the realms of action, can we find a nobler, purer, holier work than living for others? When we wake in Eternity, methinks our success in Time will be measured by the number of "stars in the crown of our rejoicing." O. C.

A thoughtless person is of necessity a coarse and selfish person. When people do wrong to their neighbors, and give pain unnecessarily, to say "I did not think" puts forward no plea for tolerance, but is rather a reason for condemnation, and an additional peg on which to hang a sermon of rebuke. They should have thought; there is no good reason why they did not think; and, if they did not, when they did wrong, and wrong is always wrong and reprehensible.

**Sentiment and Wisdom.**

To think kindly of each other is good; to speak kindly of each other is better; but to act kindly one toward another is best of all.

A true friend is one who will tell you of your faults and follies in prosperity, and assist you with his hand and heart in adversity.

Liberality, courtesy, benevolence, unselfishness, under all circumstances and toward all men—these qualities are to the world what the linchpin is to the rolling chariot.

If we would have powerful minds, we must think; if we would have faithful hearts, we must love; if we would have strong muscles, we must labor. These include all that is valuable in life.

All things must change—friends must be torn asunder, and swept along in the current of events, to see each other seldom, and perchance no more. For ever and ever in the eddies of time and accident we whirl away.

As a cataract is better for the health of the country and for enterprise than a sluggish pond, so is a life of labor than one of idleness, wherein man forgets how to be useful, then, like an old ruin, falls into itself and dies.

The last, best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindest soul, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unfeeling, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic.

Never condemn your neighbor unheard, however many the accusations preferred against him; every story has two ways of being told, and justice requires that you should hear the defence as well as the accusation, and remember that the malignity of enemies may place you in a similar situation.

**Silent Influences.**

It is not necessary that we shall be public speakers, or writers, or functionaries in order that our influence shall be felt about us. These outward means of influence are more direct and apparent, but not more positive and sure. Our looks, our words, our actions, nay, even our silence, speak of our characters. We are impressing ourselves upon others. Our seniors, our equals in age and standing, even the little children about us, are receiving impressions of our characters. We are breathing a silent but strong influence into many a soul, which goes direct from our characters.

Are not our responsibilities fearful, so great and constant is our influence? Hence the vast, the inexpressibly vast, importance of possessing good characters. Our characters are not for ourselves only, but for others. If they make us happy, they produce a similar happiness in the minds of all with whom we associate, differing only in degree.

Think of our friends, relatives and neighbors, the dear little children, the circles in social and business life we enter daily, weekly, yearly; think how many we meet with, speak with, and thus influence from year to year, all through our lives, and then calculate the amount of influence we each one of us exert upon the world. And then think that, through all whom we have thus affected, our influence, in a smaller degree, is carried to all whom they do or may influence, and thus outward and onward, till it may be that generation from generation, even through eternal ages, shall feel the wave of influence which we have set in motion, and then endeavor if we can to realize the responsibility that rests upon us. If our character is bad, oh! what a weight of wickedness and misery we shall cause! But if good, how pleasing the thought that we are thus instrumental in sending tide after tide of joy and peace out on the wings of our virtuous influence to purify and gladden human hearts in countless thousands and for as many ages.

**MORAL COURAGE.**—A great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have done great lengths in fame. The fact is, to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating tasks and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the flood, where a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for 150 years, and then live to see its success afterward. But, at present, a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his particular friend, till, one fine day, he finds he is 60 years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousin and particular friend that he has no more time to follow their advice.

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CHELSEA, Feb. 27, 1879. 6-28

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Mail Train	9:22 A. M.
Way Freight	12:35 P. M.
Grand Rapids Express	5:50 P. M.
Jackson Express	8:11 P. M.
Evening Express	10:15 P. M.
GOING EAST.	
Night Express	5:50 A. M.
Jackson Express	8:02 A. M.
Grand Rapids Express	10:07 A. M.
Mail Train	4:40 P. M.

H. B. LINDVALL, Gen'l Supt., Detroit.  
HENRY C. WENTWORTH, General Passenger and Ticket Ag't., Chicago.

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

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

**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**

	1 Week.	1 Month.	1 Year.
1 square	\$1.00	\$3.00	\$15.00
1 Column, 4 in.	4.00	8.00	25.00
1 Column, 7 in.	7.00	10.00	40.00
1 Column, 10 in.	10.00	15.00	75.00

Cards in "Business Directory," \$5.00 per year.

**BUSINESS DIRECTORY**

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

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

**I. O. O. F.—THE REGULAR** weekly meeting of Vernon Lodge No. 85, I. O. O. F., will take place every Wednesday evening at 6 1/2 o'clock at their lodge room, Middle St., East.  
E. E. SHAYER, Sec'y.

**WASHTEWAS ENCAMPMENT, NO. 17, I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings** first and third Wednesday of each month.  
J. A. PALMER, Scribe.

**GEO. E. WRIGHT, D. D. S.,** OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL **DENTIST,**  
Office over Geo. P. Glazier's Bank, Chelsea, Mich. [7-13]

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

	Assets.
Home, of New York	\$6,109,327
Harford	3,292,914
Underwriters	3,253,519
American, Philadelphia	1,290,661
Detroit Fire and Marine	501,020
Fire Association	3,178,386

OFFICE: Over Kempf's Bank, Middle Street, west, Chelsea, Mich. v6-1

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

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

**E. C. FULLER'S**  
**TONSorial SALOON.**  
Hair-Cutting,  
Hair-Dressing,  
Shaving, and  
Shampooing.  
Done in first-class style. My shop is new fitted up with everything pertaining to the comfort of customers.  
A Specialty made in FULLER'S CELEBRATED SEA FOAM, for cleansing the scalp and leaving the hair soft and glossy. Every lady should have a bottle.  
Particular attention will be given to the preparation of bodies for burial in city or country, on the shortest notice. All orders promptly attended to.  
Give me a call, at the sign of the "Ball, Racer and Shears," south corner of the "Bee Hive."  
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.**  
Bears in attendance on short notice.  
FRANK STAFFAN, Jr.  
Chelsea, Mar. 2, 1874.

**Unclaimed Letters.**  
LIST of Letters remaining in the Post Office, at Chelsea, August 1, 1879:  
Cushman, Mrs. Clara  
Dunry, Mr. Thomas  
Decker, Mr. John H. (2)  
Greenwood, Joseph  
Kingsley, Mr. Francis  
Morse, Mrs. Mary  
Ormsby, Mrs. Mark  
Watson, Ralph T.  
Youngs, Mrs. Mary B.  
Persons calling for any of the above letters, please say "advertised."  
Geo. J. CHOWELL, P. M.

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

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

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

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

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

**OUR TELEPHONE.**  
THE weather has been very cool during August.

THERE will be a Grange picnic at North Lake next Saturday.

THE Chelsea Union School will commence its fall term next Monday. Parents make a note of the above.

THE President of the United States will visit the Michigan State Fair, at Detroit, on the 18th and 19th of September.

THE new frame school building, for the primary department, will be ready for occupancy next Monday.

PERSONAL.—Rev. Mr. Shier, the Presiding Elder of the M. E. Church, was in town last Monday. He is a brother to Uncle Dan.

TIM. McKUNE commenced the laying of brick on his new building, last Monday, with a full force of hands. That looks like business.

ED. WINTERS, by order of the Town Board, is digging out all the docks and thistles in front of residences, within the corporation limits. A good job.

FIFTY PER CENT OFF.—Gilbert & Crowell are selling their groceries, boots, shoes, etc., at a great sacrifice. Those who intend to purchase, will do well to give them a call.

CHELSEA at the present time has the appearance of doing a large fall trade. The merchants are busy stocking up with fall and winter goods, and everything indicates a lively rush.

THE annoyance occasioned by the continual crying of the baby, at once ceases when the cause is (as it should be) promptly removed by using Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price 25 cents per bottle.

TWENTY-two men and twenty-five women, of Dexter, think the Sunday saloon law is not properly enforced, so they have petitioned the Council for the appointment of an officer who will do his duty.

HON. S. G. IVES and family left to day (Thursday) for an Eastern tour, to visit his boyhood home, and spend a few days among his old associates and friends. We bespeak for him and family a pleasant time.

STRIKE THE IRON WHILE IT'S HOT.—We call the attention of our readers to the fact that Joe H. Durand has just received a fine lot of groceries, canned fruits, etc., which he will sell cheap for cash. Pay him a visit.

BAND PICNIC.—Our band went Thursday last to a band picnic at Napoleon, in full uniform. The boys say their uniform and drum major beat them all, and of course their playing was excellent. The Napoleon boys treated our band very hospitably.

"A stitch in time saves nine." Now is the time to treat Catarrh of long standing. Ely's Cream Balm reaches old and obstinate cases, where all other remedies fail. Do not neglect procuring a bottle, as in it lies the relief you seek. Sold by all druggists, at 50 cents.

TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.—On Sunday afternoon, the 24th inst., Rev. Mr. Wright, of New York, gave a very interesting temperance address in the tent. In the evening, of the same day, about ten members of the Chelsea Club went to Dexter, and held a rousing temperance meeting there.

SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTE.—A Sunday School Institute will be held at the Baptist Church, in this place, commencing Saturday evening, August 30th, by a grand informal meeting, to which all interested in Sunday Schools are invited. There will be a Sunday School meeting on Sunday morning, and Sunday evening a mass and children's meeting, to which everybody is invited.

PICNIC.—On Thursday, the 21st instant, the Sunday Schools, of this place, went to North Lake, and were there joined by the North Lake M. E. Sunday School, and held a pleasant union picnic. There was singing by Mr. McAllister and others, and remarks by Rev. Holmes. Owing to the busy time among the farmers, it was quite difficult to obtain teams to carry the scholars; but teams were obtained in sufficient number, to get all to the lake in good shape, and all had a splendid time.

**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 Curran White and Edward L. Negus, under the firm name of White & 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.

**SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.**  
The wise Solomon, of old, said there was nothing new under the sun; but D. Pratt, the watchmaker and jeweler, has on hand the greatest curiosity, of twenty-lined luminous dial watches. The time can be seen plainly without a light in the darkest night, and the watch is beautiful in size and a correct time keeper, with stem winder and setter; on railroads they are superior to any other watch. They will be kept on hand and sold by D. Pratt. Call on him at his store at the "Bee Hive," and see what you have never seen before.

TRANSFERS.—Rose County to F. and M. Staffan, land in Chelsea; \$500.  
Amarilla Beckwith to Peter Hindelang, land in Chelsea; \$500.

**A Trip Up the Lakes.**  
ED. HERALD.—As a few jottings of our trip up the lakes may while away a few moments of leisure, I will put them down as they occurred.

The party left Detroit on the popular line of Shore boats (Marine City), with a full load of passengers, from various parts, all bent upon having a good time; and, bidding adieu for a short time to the cares of life, entered into the wholesale enjoyment of the trip. The passage from Detroit to Port Huron is one of surpassing beauty—the placid waters of Lake St. Clair are all one, seeking pleasure, can desire. Then through the canal, which is a Government work, giving a depth of water sufficient for vessels of all sizes, we pass the club houses, where duck hunting, fishing and rest can be combined to any extent desired. From the lake below you enter St. Clair River, and a run of two hours brings you to Port Huron; the sides of the stream are under a high cultivation, betokening thrift and plenty to the husbandman.

Port Huron is the crossing of the Grand Trunk Railroad, an enterprising place of 10,000 inhabitants. Sarnia, on the opposite side, in Queen Victoria's Dominion, is also a fine looking town.

We soon sped along; passing Fort Gratiot Light-house, we were soon out to sea as it were, no shore visible on the Canadian side; but we run from five to ten miles from the American shore, putting in to such ports as were desirable to break the monotony of a continuous voyage.

At Sand Beach, the entrance to the crossing of Saginaw Bay, as it were, the Government have a breakwater, out two miles from shore, where vessels can be secure from the storms outside, which are frequent and furious. This work, when completed, will be about 6,000 feet long; about five-sixths of the work is completed.

As we rounded the point, and commenced the crossing of the bay, one feels like saying adieu, and seeking the seclusion of their State room, as the transactions of the next few hours cannot be well described, and no one desires a second experience; one describes it as a condition of humanity, in which the sufferer fears for the first few hours he will die, and the next fears he will not. Well, thanks, these scenes soon change, and a placid lake, and kindly questions as to your condition, soon drive away the events of the past few hours, and bring back the bloom of health, and a substantial repast strength is restored; and as the tumming of the violin is heard, and the closing of the cabin is announced, expectation is on tip-toe with the younger portion, who gather quickly on and trip to the inspiring music, one feels that the weight of years only prevents his joining in the gay scene.

At Alpena we had the pleasure of meeting Hon. James Turnbull, who stands at the head of his profession; also, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, and Georgie Wines. The town is full of life and activity, and lumbers a legal tender.

The run from there to Mackinaw is of the same character as below, and many fine towns are seen. There is work for all, but no tramps—they send them down on a boom of logs; and as you catch a glimpse of Mackinaw, it looks like a fairy spot, the citadel perched upon the crest of the bluff, while at the base the long row of white cottages glisten like silver in the sun. As the band strike up "God Bless our Native Land," the flag is raised, and a shout from the fortification as a salute, we round and run into port; then with hand shaking, and bon voyage to those we leave behind, we lie to our hotels and vote the trip to Mackinaw a success.

**A PULSE AS A BAROMETER OF HEALTH.**  
—Many erroneous impressions prevail about the pulse as indicative of health or disease, a common notion being that its beatings are much more regular and uniform than they really are. Frequency varies with age. In the new-born infant the beatings are from 130 to 140 to the minute; in the second year, from 100 to 115; from the seventh to the fourteenth year, from 80 to 90; from the fourteenth to the twenty-first year, from 75 to 85; from the twenty-first to the sixtieth year, from 70 to 75. After that period the pulse is generally thought to decline, but medical authorities differ radically on this point, having expressed the most contradictory opinions. Young persons are often found whose pulses are below 60, and there have been many instances of pulses habitually reaching 100, or not exceeding 40, without apparent disease. Sex, especially in adults, influences the pulse, which in woman, is from 10 to 14 beats to the minute more rapid than in men of the same age. Muscular exertion, even position, materially effects the pulse. Its average frequency in healthy men of 27 is, when standing, 81; when sitting, 71; when lying, 66 per minute; in women of the same age in the same positions, 91, 84 and 79. In sleep the pulse is generally considered slower than during wakefulness. In certain diseases—acute dropsy of the brain, for example—there may be 150, even 200 beats; in other kinds of diseases, such as apoplexy and some organic affections of the heart, there may be no more than 20 to 30 to the minute. Thus one of the commonest diagnostic signs is liable to deceive the most experienced practitioner.

**Chelsea Market.**  
CHELSEA, August 28, 1879.

FLOUR, 31 cwt.	\$2 50
WHEAT, White, 31 bu.	90¢ 92
WHEAT, Red, 31 bu.	85
CORN, 31 bu.	25
OATS, 31 bu.	20¢ 25
CLOVER SEED, 31 bu.	3 75
TIMOTHY SEED, 31 bu.	1 75
BEANS, 31 bu.	50¢ 1 00
POTATOES, 31 bu.	25¢ 30
APPLES, green, 31 bbl.	50¢ 75
do dried, 31 lb.	03
HONEY, 31 lb.	10¢
BUTTER, 31 lb.	08
POULTRY—Chickens, 31 lb.	06
LARD, 31 lb.	06
TALLOW, 31 lb.	05
HAMS, 31 lb.	05
SHOULDERS, 31 lb.	04
EGGS, 31 doz.	09
SHEEP, live, 31 cwt.	\$3 00¢ 3 50
HOGS, live, 31 cwt.	3 00¢ 3 50
HOGS, live, 31 cwt.	2 00¢ 3 00
do dressed, 31 cwt.	3 00
HAY, tame, 31 ton.	8 00¢ 10 00
do marsh, 31 ton.	5 00¢ 6 00
SALT, 31 bbl.	1 25
WOOL, 31 lb.	28¢ 32
CRANBERRIES, 31 bu.	2 00¢ 2 50

**MEDICAL.**  
THE facts fully justify every claim put forth in behalf of THOMAS' ELY'S OIL. Testimony of the most convincing nature, to which publicity has been frequently and widely give, and which can easily be verified, places beyond all reasonable doubt the fact that it fully deserves the confidence which the people place in it as an inward and outward remedy for coughs, colds, catarrh, sore throat, incipient bronchitis, and other disorders of the respiratory organs, as a means of removing phlegm, swelling and contraction of the muscles and joints, rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney disorders, excoriation and inflammation of the nipples and breast, lameness of the back, dysentery, colic, piles, burns, scalds, bruises, corns, and a variety of other diseases and hurts, and of abnormal conditions of the cuticle. It is inexpensive and safe as well as prompt and thorough. It is inexpensive and safe as well as prompt and thorough. Its merits have met with the recognition of physicians of repute, and veterinary surgeons, horse owners and stock raisers administer and apply it for colic, galls, affections of the hoof, swellings, and troubles incident to horses or to cattle. Sold by all medicine dealers. Price, 50 cents and \$1 per bottle; trial size, 25 cents.

**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 unpleasant breath, where it results from Catarrh, is overcome. The nasal passages, which have been closed up for years, are made free.

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

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

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

MESSES. 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, Sanfor'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.

8-25 ly ROBERT W. MERRILL.

**We Guarantee What We Say.**  
We know Shiloh's Consumption Cure is decidedly the best Cough Medicine made. It will cure a common or chronic Cough, or Bronchitis, in half the time, and relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, and show more cases of Consumption cured, than all others. It will cure where they fail, it is pleasant to take, harmless to the youngest child, and we guarantee what we say. Price 10 cts. 50 cts. \$1.00. If your Lungs are sore, Chest or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by W. R. REED & Co.

**NO DECEPTION USED.**  
It is strange so many people will continue to suffer day after day with Dispepsia, Liver Complaint, Constipation, Sour Stomach, General Debility when they can procure at our store SHILOH'S VITALIZER, free of cost if it does not cure or relieve them. Price 75 cts. Sold by W. R. REED & Co.

**We have a speedy and positive Cure, for** Catarrh, Diptheria, Canker mouth, and Head Ache, in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health, and sweet breath. Price 50 cts. Sold by W. R. REED & Co. cov-v8-44m6

**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, 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 for sale by  
THE LIVER PAD & INSOLE CO.,  
130 Griswold St., Room 8,  
DETROIT, MICH.

Ask for Dr. Barney's Pad, and there are no other.



**STATE FAIR FURNITURE EXHIBIT.**  
Will show at their mammoth Furniture Warerooms, 127 & 129 Jefferson Ave., nearly opposite the Michigan Exchange Hotel, the largest, most varied and best selected stock of Furniture to be found in the State of Michigan. It is a well-known fact to thousands that we sell Furniture cheaper than any other house, which on account of our light expenses and immense stock we are able to do, often saving the purchaser as high as 30 per cent, and never less than 10 per cent, which will more than pay the freight. The richest Furniture, and every other grade, in large quantities. Parlor Suites in endless variety in satins, silks, velvets and terries, and too marble top bedroom suites to select from. Our \$55 suite can't be bought elsewhere for \$75. We are the nearest Furniture store to all depots and boats, and make no extra charge for packing and delivering to name. Bedsteads from \$5; Spring Beds from \$1.25; Mattresses from \$1.50; Washstands from \$2.25; Tables from \$2.25; Pillows from per pair \$1.25; Lounges from \$5; Parlor Suites from \$50; Bedroom Suites from \$20; Marble Tables from \$5. Cane, Wood and Rattan Chairs at list. And all other articles at like rates. Don't buy before calling on us—you will save time and money. Cue the address as below and bring it with you, so as to be sure and make no mistake.

**DUDLEY & FOWLE,**  
FURNITURE DEALERS,  
127 & 129 Jefferson Ave., DETROIT, Mich.

**Elgin Watches**  
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



**YOUNG'S**  
**COUGH**  
**AND**  
**Lung Syrup.**  
A Vegetable Compound for  
Diseases of the Throat and Lungs,  
A preparation which Effectually Controls  
these Dangerous Affections.

Its adaptation to patients of all ages, and either sex, and the fact that it can be used without danger from accidental overdose, renders it indispensable to every family. A trial of several years has proven to the satisfaction of many that it is efficacious in curing

Pulmonary Complaints, Croup, Whooping Cough, Tickling of the Throat, Asthma, Coughs, and all Affections where an Expectant is needed. Endorsed by the clergy and medical faculty

Prepared only by  
**W. JOHNSTON & CO.**  
Chemists & Druggists,  
161 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
Sold by all Druggists.

**USE THIS BRAND.**  
**ARM WITH HAMMER BRAND.**  
**CHURCH & CO'S**  
**SODA**  
**NEW YORK**  
99 25-100 CHEMICALLY PURE.

**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.

\$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. \$5 outfit free. Don't complain of hard times when you have such a chance. Address H. H. ALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. v8-39-ly

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

Old Papers for sale at this office at five cents per dozen.

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

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**CORSETS! CORSETS! CORSETS!**

We have just purchased a Job Lot of 1,000 Corsets, that have been retailed at 80, 90 and 100 cents. We are now offering the entire line at 50 cents each. No Lady in Chelsea, or surrounding country, should fail to buy one of these Corsets, as they are decided bargains. Call and see them. We are offering special bargains in all summer Goods, to close previous to our Semi-Annual Inventory, August 1st.

**HOLMES & PARKER.**  
CHELSEA, MICH. v8-12-7



