

A widow, craved by grief, bent o'er
The frail form of her dying baby boy.
For four years he had been the only tie
That held her to this earth.
For four years she had watched him grow in
wonderful beauty;
For four years he had been to her
The only streak of sunshine on her lonely path.
His little winning ways, his prattle sweet, his
hastle loveliness,
Had been to her a daily feast;
And now he lay before her dying.
"He shall not die!" she cried, in bitter agony;
"I will not let him go! How can I live with-
out him!"
Can God be so unjust, to take my pet,
When he is all I have to live for?
"Rebelleous mother!" cried a soft, low voice;
And looking up, she saw a white-winged
angel gazing compassionately upon her.
"Rebelleous mother!" repeated the angel,
"Christ wants your baby-boy, and has sent me
to bear it to his fold."

"Away! away!" exclaimed the mother, in
agony extreme;
"You are no angel, but a fiend!
You shall not have my boy!"
He is my darling pet! my life, my all, my only
one!
His heart-strings interlace my own!
I will not give him up!
And in her frantic sorrow she caught the dying
angel to her embrace and kissed it eagerly.
"Obdurate and unreasoning mother!" re-
turned the angel, in a tone of heavenly
pity.
"My Master whispers me the babe shall live,
But much I fear you will regret it!"
"Thank God!" the mother cried, in blissful
ecstasy;
"My boy shall live! The cold grave shall not
hide him! Thank God!"
And again and again she kissed her darling,
Murmuring the while, "Thank God! thank
God!"

The angel vanished, and the mother held her
treasure to her bosom.
In time the ray of hope
Again dawned on her cheek—
His eyes grew lustrous and his limbs grew
strong,
And the music of his voice was to his mother
sweetest melody.
She was happy—oh, so happy—until he grew
to man's estate;
And then a somber cloud obscured
The bright horizon of her joy.
The man, unlike the boy, was morbid and
moose;
He had gone out into the great world,
And mingled with the motley multitude.
The good and bad were both before him,
And he chose the latter.

The brand of sin was on his brow—
The brand of sin was on his brow—
Till in his mad career he steeped his hands in
human gore,
Was caught, condemned, and sentenced to the
scaffold.

Then that fond mother's heart was torn with
grief—
A grief ten thousand times more terrible
Than that she felt when he was like to die in
infancy
And falling on her knees, with hands clasped
And streaming eyes, she cried, "Oh, that he had
died
when pure and innocent!"
My boy—my only son—to die a felon's death!
Oh, God! Oh God! My punishment is greater
than I can bear!"

In her agony she woke, for she had only fallen
asleep
While watching her sick child,
And, kneeling beside her dying babe, she cried,
In true humility and entire trust:
"It is the Lord! Let Him do what seemeth to
Him best!"

And the infant died, and was carried
By the white-robed angel to the arms of
Christ.
And the sorrowing mother exclaimed:
"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken
away.
Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

THE THREE WARNINGS.

It was in the days of our grandmothers
when there were brick ovens in
the land, that Mr. Hubbard bought his
house; and bought it very much
against his wife's will. It was a lone-
ly house and reported to be haunted.
It was next to a grave-yard, which,
though unused was not cheerful, and
which had also the reputation of a
ghost. However Mr. Hubbard did not
believe in ghosts, and was too cheerful
to be depressed by warnings and never
intended to be lonely.

"Mrs. Hubbard," he said, when his
wife shook her head over the purchase,
"I got it cheap, and it is a good one.
You will like it when you get there.
If you don't, why then talk."

So the house was bought, and into it
the Hubbard family went. There was
scarcely a chance for a ghost to show
his face amid such a family of boys
and girls. Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard
counted ten of them; all of them noisy
ones.

Having once expostulated and spoken
out his mind with regard to the house,
Mr. Hubbard gave up the point. She
scrubbed and scoured, tacked down
carpets and put up curtains, and so
owned the place was pretty. As not a
ghost appeared for a week, she made
up her mind that there were no such
inhabitants; she even began not to
mind the tombstones. So the house
got put to rights at last, and baking
day came about. In the press of busi-
ness, they had a deal of baker's bread
and were tired of it.

Mrs. Hubbard never enjoyed setting
a batch of bread to rise as she did that
one which was to be eaten for the first
time in the new house. "For I cannot
get up an appetite for that nobody
knows who has had the making of,"
said Mrs. Hubbard, "and all puffy and
slimy besides."

So the bread went into the oven, and
out it came at the proper time, even
and brown and beautiful as loaves
could be.

Mrs. Hubbard turned them up on
their sides as she drew them forth, and
they stood in the long bread tray, glo-
rious proofs of her skill and the excel-
lence of the oven, when Tommy Hub-
bard bounded in. Tommy was four;
and when at that age we are prone to
believe anything will bear our weight.

Tommy, therefore anxious to inspect
the newly made bread, swung himself
off his feet by clutching the edge of
the bread-tray, and over it came, loaves
and Tommy and all.

Mrs. Hubbard flew to the rescue and
picked up the loaves. All were dusted
and put in the tray again but one.
That lay under the table bottom up-
ward.

"A boisterous child to give me so
much trouble!" she said, as she
crawled under the table to get it. O—
ah—dear, dear—O—O—
And there on the floor sat Mrs. Hub-
bard, screaming, wringing her hands,
and shaking her head. The children
screamed in concert. Mr. Hubbard
rushed in from the garden where he
was at work.

"What's the matter, mother?" he
gasped. Mrs. Hubbard pointed to the
bottom of the loaf lying in her lap.
"Look there and see!" she said.

"It is a warning, William. I am go-
ing to be taken from them all."

And he looked; and he saw a death's
head and cross bones, as plainly as
graved as they possibly could be.

Constantine Mercury. The distilling
of pepper-mint oil has been commenced.
The yield is good, and the quality su-
perior. The aggregate yield will be far
short of that of last year, because of
the great decrease in acreage. Many
farmers have gone out of the mint
business entirely, others have smaller
fields, and only a few have attempted
to increase their production.

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NO. 52.

"It is an accident," said Mr. Hubbard,
"Such queer pranks do come you
know."

But Mrs. Hubbard was in a troubled
state of mind, as was natural.
"The stories about the haunted house
were true," she said "and the spirits
have marked the loaf. I am afraid it's
a warning. And the loaf was put
aside, for even Mr. Hubbard did not
dare to eat any of it."

Mrs. Hubbard got over her fright at
last, but the news of the awfully
marked loaf spread through R—
and the people came to Mr. Hubbard's
all the week to look at it.

It was the death's head and cross-
bones certainly; every one saw that
at a glance, but as to its meaning, people
differed. Some believed that it was a
warning from the spirits of approach-
ing death; some thought the spirits
wanted to frighten the Hubbards
away and get possession of the house
again, all to themselves. The latter
supposition inspired Mrs. Hubbard
with courage, finally, being a brave
woman, she adopted the belief, and
when another baking day arrived, put
her loaves into the oven once more
prepared for cross-bones, and not to be
frightened by them. The loaves baked
as before. They came out brown and
crusty as Mrs. Hubbard turned each in
her hands. There was no cross-bones
visible but on the last were sundry
characters or letters. What, no one
could tell, until there dropped in for a
chat a certain printer of the neighbor-
hood accustomed to reading things
backward.

"By George," said he, "that's curious.
That is curious—r-e-s-u-r-g-a-m resur-
gam; that is what is on the loaf resur-
gam."

"Well, yes," said Mr. Hubbard be-
lievingly to admit it. "But it is not
so bad as the cross-bones and skull."

Mrs. Hubbard shook her head. "It's
even solumer," said the little woman,
who was not as good a linguist as
bread maker, "I feel confident, William,
that I shall soon be resurgam, and
what will those dear children do then?"

And now that the second loaf was
before her eyes, marked even more
awfully than the first, Mrs. Hubbard
felt really pale and thin, and lost her
cheerfulness. "I have a present-
iment," she went over and over again,
"that the third baking will decide
what the warning belongs to. I believe it
isn't for me, and time will show.
Don't you see how thin I am grow-
ing?"

And though Mr. Hubbard laughed,
he also began to be troubled. The
third baking day was one of gloom.
Solemnly, as at a funeral, the family
assembled to assist in the drawing.
Five loaves came out marked; but
one remained.

Mrs. Hubbard's hand trembled; but
she drew it forth; she laid it on the
tray; she turned it softly about. At
last she exposed the lower surface. On
it were letters printed backward, plain
enough to read this time, and arranged
thus:

Died April 2nd,
Lamented by
her large family.

"It is me!" cried Mrs. Hubbard. "I
am to go to-morrow. This is the first
I do feel faint. Yes, I do. It is awful
and so sudden." And Mrs. Hubbard
fainted away in the arms of the most
terrified of men and husbands.

The children screamed, the oldest
boy ran for the doctor. People flocked
to the Hubbards. The loaf was exam-
ined.

Yes, there was Mrs. Hubbard's warn-
ing to quit this world.
She lay in her bed, bidding good bye
to her friends, her strength going fast.
She read her Bible, and tried not to
grieve too much. The doctor shook
his head. The clergyman prayed with
her.

Nobody doubted that her end was at
hand, for the people were very super-
stitious in those days.

They had been up all night with
good Mrs. Hubbard, and dawn was
breaking, and with it she was sure she
must go, when clattering over the road
and up to the door, came a horse, and
on the horse came a man, who alighted,
and rushed in. There was no stopping
him. Up stairs he rushed to Mrs.
Hubbard's room and bolted into it.
Every one stared at him as he took off
his hat.

"Pardoning" said he, breathlessly, "I
heard Mrs. Hubbard was a-dying—and I
saw warnings on her baking. I came
over to explain. You see, I was sexton
of the church here a few years ago, and
I know all about it. You needn't die
of fear just yet, Mrs. Hubbard, for it's
not yet spirits nor devils about it; nor
yet warnings. What marks the loaves
is old Mr. Finkle's tombstone. I took
it for an oven bottom, seeing there
were no survivors and bricks were
dear. The last folks before you didn't
have them printed on their loaves, be-
cause they used tins, and we got used
to the marks. Cross-bones and skulls
we put up with, and never thought of
caring for the resurgam. So you see
how it is, and I'm sorry you have been
scared."

Nobody said a word. The minister
closed his book. The doctor walked to
the window. There was a dead silence.
Mrs. Hubbard sat up in bed.

"William!" she said to her husband,
"the first thing you do, get a smaller
oven to that oven." And the tone as-
sured the assemblage of anxious friends
that Mrs. Hubbard was not going to
die just yet.

Indeed she came down the very next
day. And when the oven had been
reconstructed, the first thing she did
was to give invitations for a large tea
drinking, on which occasion the loaves
came out all right.

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of pepper-mint oil has been commenced.
The yield is good, and the quality su-
perior. The aggregate yield will be far
short of that of last year, because of
the great decrease in acreage. Many
farmers have gone out of the mint
business entirely, others have smaller
fields, and only a few have attempted
to increase their production.

A Long Way Home! A Night's Adventure.

There can be no harm in telling the
story, for the old fellow's idiosyncra-
cies were so well and so extensively
known, and he, himself, was so fond
of telling of his own blunders and
mistakes, no matter from what cause,
that we cannot thus trespass upon
any domestic or social right. In fact,
I am sure, if the hardy old forester
were now alive to read, he would be-
cause the printed story with intense
satisfaction.

Who that has ever spent a season in
Conway, N. H., has failed to hear of
Barzilla Knox, the old trapper and for-
ester of Mox Mountain? His log cab-
in was upon the lower slope of that
mountain, and there I knew him, and
have seen more than one good-sized
black bear of his own capturing. He
was a tough old fellow, yet genial and
merry, and as kind-hearted as a cherub.

Once upon a time—it was just in the
edge of the evening—Barzilla started
away from Hill's old tavern, at the
corner, with a two-quart jug filled with
Old Medford Rum. He had drunk sev-
eral times before starting, and he
drank several times thereafter. In
short, he took a pull at the jug when-
ever he came to a brook of pure water;
and across that road running along
under the mountain the brooks are
plenty. At a certain point of his
route he could leave the highway, and
strike across lots, thus cutting off over
a mile of travel.—There was no beat-
en path across the uncultivated fields,
but the way was clear of forest, and
he knew it well; so when he reached
that point, he got over the fence and
started by the shortest route.

The shadows had fallen on all around,
and night fairly shut in. There was
no moon, but the stars were bright,
and the way easily found, notwithstanding
the darkness. By and by
Barzilla came to a brook, where he sat
down, and took a pull of his jug. When
he started to get up he was for a mo-
ment perplexed. His underpinning was
growing uncertain. Not far away he
came to a fence, which he climbed, and
at a short distance beyond this he
found another brook,—ah! of beauti-
ful water. He sat down and took an-
other pull at the jug, and he took a
short nap. In time he was up again,
and off. Another fence in his way,
which he climbed, and a short distance
further brought him to another brook.
He sat down and took one more
pull, and took just a wee nap before
getting up. The refreshing nap ended,
he was once more on his way; and a
short tramp brought him to another
fence.

"Bless me! (hic)"—with his hands
and head leaning on the upper rail,
"pears ter me I've been a pullin'
up a good (hic) er—a good—many
fences since I was over this ere (hic)
way afore!"

And he climbed the fence, and pushed
on, and pretty soon he arrived at
another brook "Sakes alive!" he would
take a drink there just to pay for get-
ting over that last fence. And he sat
down and took it. And after a time
he arose from a brief slumber, and
started on—started on, to find, not
far away, still another fence! A few
very impatient words escaped him,
hoping that he would find just one
more brook, to make up for that
fence! He found it—found a pure
crystal brook of icy water, and when
he had lifted his jug to his lips that
time, it came away much lightened.
But he was enjoying it, he thought;
only he wondered where his home
was. Had he lost the way, or—

Before he could fairly answer the
question in his own mind, he was
asleep; and he slept till the break of
day. When he awoke, he felt a sense
of unpleasantness decidedly unpleasant,
as he afterwards declared. His
head felt as though a hive of bees had
swarmed in it, having first waxed-up
his mouth and eyes. But—Ha! I be-
lieve his jug! A good pull at that,
and he felt better. He wiped his lips;
then dipped his hand into the cooling
water of the brook, and laved his
brow, and then thought, Ah—he
called it all to mind. He remembered
the surprising number of fences he
had climbed over, with a brook for ev-
ery one of them! He got up and took
a survey. A thorough look, and then—

"Well, I'm blessed! O! Barzilla
Knox, aren't you smart? O, aren't
you? You mis'rble old soft-head!
Jest look!"

The old red mill was in sight, not
half a mile away, and the point where
he had left the highway was within a
stone's throw. At a short distance
was a pasture fence, and a few rods
further on, beyond that fence, was an-
other brook! and there he had been
through a good half of the night; trav-
elling to and fro between the two
brooks, clambering over that ungen-
erous at every trip!—No wonder he
called himself hard-headed.

He reached home, finding nobody
frightened; for he was not regular in
his habits;—and he resolved at first
that he would keep his night's adven-
ture to himself; but he could not hold
it. In his great desire for fresh
material for a story, he brought that
into the light, and laughed as heartily
with the telling as did anybody else
with the hearing.

S. C. JR.

Patience.

"Mother," said Mary, "I can't
make Her-y put his figures as I tell
him."

"Be patient, my dear and do not
speak so sharply."

"But he won't let me tell him how
to put the figures, and he does not
know how to do it himself," said Mary
very pettishly.

"Well, my dear, if Henry won't
learn a lesson in figures, suppose you
try to teach him one in patience. This
is hard to teach and harder to learn
than any lesson in figures; and per-
son.

haps, when you have learned this, the
other will be easier to both."

Mary hung her head, for she felt
that it was a shame to any little girl to
be fretted by such a little thing, or in-
deed by anything; and she began to
think that perhaps she deserved to be
blamed as well as Henry.

A fretful, impatient child makes
himself and all about him very un-
happy. Will you all try, and learn a
lesson of patience?

Servant Girls.

A great many young women who
live in families decidedly object to the
word *servant*.

They are scarcely willing to be dub-
bed "domestics," and generally prefer
to be called "help."

Now, it greatly depends, dear read-
ers, by what name you shall be
known among the members of the fam-
ilies you may chance to live with.

"My Jane," said a lady to me in
conversation this morning, "is beyond
price. I don't know what I shall do
without her. I certainly, it seems to
me, could not keep house. She is so
willing to be told. So capable, so re-
spectful and painstaking."

Now in this case, where the girl
made herself acceptable and was
really beloved, as in thousands of other
cases, it was not my "servant," or "my
help," even, but "my Jane," or "our
Mary."

The degradation is not in being a
servant, but in being unfaithful in the
performance of the duties given us to
do.

We are all servants. The servants
of God and the servants of each other.
The poor are no more dependent upon
the rich than the rich are upon the
poor.

This makes things pretty equal in
our democratic country.

But, says repining handmaiden, "my
mistress wouldn't budge an inch to
save me. Catch her! Why the old
Havvy herself couldn't live with her.
She's so cross and fault-finding that I
turn about and give her as good as she
sends every once in a while. Catch
me knuckling under to the likes of her."

Ah, Bridget, that's you. I've seen
you before. You've got a good heart,
but an awful temper. What a splen-
did cook you would make for little Mrs.
Meekmouth. She would hardly dare
say her soul was her own, and you
would get up such elegant dinners for
her, which she would eat with great
thankfulness, and then retire.

But, Bridget, somebody must live
with the cross and disagreeable ones.
They need help, poor souls, more than
any one else. Perhaps they have ill
health, or trouble in the family, or some
of the many things that make the heart
sick and the temper variable.

In that case it is not your duty,
strong and healthy as you are, to bear
some of her burdens?

Perhaps if she sees that you really
try to please her, and you had better do
so for a change, she will be less hard
to get along with.

If you live in a private family,
Bridget, or Mary, or Susan, you can
plan your work so as to do your duty,
and yet have abundant time to yourself.
Try to improve this time. If you can-
not read or write properly and correc-
tly, learn to do so. Many of the Old
Country girls cannot read or write.
In this enlightened age, this state of
things need not last. If you can be
spared from home, go to night-school.
Don't be ashamed to be seen there, be-
cause you're eighteen, or twenty, or
even thirty years of age.

I seem to see before me now the in-
terested circle of chambermaids, and
cooks that say in a hotel in B—, in
the middle of which one of their
number reading aloud to them the
stories in a weekly paper.

What laughter! It made the walls
of the great kitchen ring. Tears, too,
came in at the right time, and plenty
of witty and original remarks.

It is better to be independent of all
this, though, and be able to read by
yourself sometimes when your work is
done. Then you will not care to spend
the evening in the area trying to kill
time.

If you live in a boarding-house, I
pity you. It is as if it were a dog's life—
an almost thankless office; oftentimes
with poor pay and plenty of hard
words.

Perhaps you are young, not long
out of a father's house, and innocent of
the ways of this wicked world.

In a boarding-house or a hotel you
will have need to remember your moth-
er's precepts, and profit by them; for I
am sorry to say many young men
boarders make it one of their diver-
sions to say soft things to young girls
employed in the house, meaning nothing.
Others, more dangerous still, some-
times strive to poison their minds
and lead them from the right path.

Respect yourself, and others will
respect you. Be as merry as you will,
but be modest and clean-mouthed.

Obeys the precepts and admonitions
of your spiritual adviser, and live a
true life.

To some of you (generally the young
girls) is allotted the care of the lit-
tle ones—the precious children of the
house. Take good care of them. Do
not be too exacting, or too impatient.
Let them learn to love you. You can
rule them better by love than by fear.
Never tell them ghost stories or fright-
en them in any way to make them
obedient.

As far as my observation goes, nur-
ses are uniformly good to their charges;
the exceptions are rare.

Greatness and usefulness in this
world, my little men, do not depend
on size. The smallest thing about a
man's trousers is the suspender-button.
But just let it snap off while he is pay-
ing his respects to his hostess at an
evening party. An ulcer that would
let Goliath wouldn't cover his confu-
sion.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

"Little Jobs."

Family men say that women are
constantly wanting little jobs done.
Always little jobs.

And women say that men never
want to do them.

And from observation and experi-
ence as well, we are led to believe that
if there is anything on earth that a
man hates to do more than anything
else, it is one of these little jobs, which
are always wanting to be done around
a house.

The head of the family never has
time. Can't stop. That is his best
and most frequent excuse. He very
rarely says he doesn't want to, because
he knows from a long course of experi-
ence that his wife will almost always
find some method to make him do
what he does not want to do. It is a
way she has, in common with most
other women.

He has got something else to do.
That is another good excuse, but he
may be sure that wife of his will watch
him with an Argus eye, and woe to
him if he does not keep himself busy
that day!

When a woman begins at the break-
fast table, after pouring out the coffee,
and adding an extra spoonful of sugar
to his, when she begins:

"My dear, I want you to do a little
job"—then look out for a man so full
of business he can hardly hold together
for his hurry. No matter how lazy he
may be generally, he will be brisk
enough on this occasion.

And no matter how smart and ready
to work he may be, he will be just as
unwilling to do that little job.

"Let it alone," he says, "when he
gets time he'll see after it. There's
no particular hurry about it," and he
swallows his coffee scalding hot, claps
his hat on his head with a force which
suggests concussion of the brain, and
departs. No job of this kind ever
needs to be done, in a man's estimation,
and a woman never thinks it can wait
a single day. There is the difference
in opinion between the stronger and
the weaker sex.

We have known a window-blind to
hang by one hinge all winter, rattling
and banging so by night that the whole
family were kept awake by it, and still
the man of the house was not able to
find time to fix it.

If she had spoken of it once, she
had forty times," she assured us, and
Jim was always too busy to see after it."

Every day he told her he would try
and find time the next day, but the
next day he was of just the same mind,
and put it off until the next.

And during the winter we saw Jim
busy Jim, dozens of times sitting on
the steps of drinking saloons, smoking,
and telling stories with other men
of his ilk, and we saw him around the
street corners, talking politics, and set-
tling the affairs of the nation, almost
every day we were out. And still the
blind kept banging.

We are very much afraid that the
average man does not like to do any-
thing to help his wife. Not, perhaps,
because he doesn't want to be under
petticoat government.

Nothing lowers a man so much in
his own estimation as to have it said
that he does as his wife wants him to.
He feels mean under it. He feels like
asserting himself by knocking his wife
down, and eating up all the canned
peaches, and other preserves, in the
house.

"No woman ever bosses me," is
man's proudest assertion.

There is nothing which will swell
him up quite so much as that. He is
fool enough to think that his listeners
believe him, but they do not, for every-
body knows that when a man says that,
his wife leads him round whitherso-
ever she chooses, and he cannot help
himself. No man who is not subject
to his wife, ever dreams of bragging of
his independence, any more than an
honest man thinks of bragging of his
honesty.

Again, it seems to us that the aver-
age man thinks it a little beneath him
to do chores round the house. "Help-
ing the woman" is looked upon with
derision.

We are not writing of households
where there is wealth in abundance,
and servants are plenty, but of those
households, by far the greater number,
in this country, where the wife does
the work of the family, and the hus-
band is the one to whom she can look
for help.

It is generally conceded that a man
is stronger than a woman, but in fam-
ilies of this class whose strength is the
more severely taxed?

He rises in the morning, eats his
breakfast, grumbles over the coffee,
says the steak is tough, and goes off to
his day's work. Comes home to dinner
—eats that—goes away until supper-
time—six o'clock.

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 Ave., Mich.

Legal Printing.—Persons having legal advertising to do, should remember that it is not necessary that all papers 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, SEPT. 11, 1879.

Michigan State Fair Items.

THE STATE FAIR.—The many visitors to Detroit from among our readers should remember that not all the display of art and manufacture will be confined to the exhibition on Cass avenue. The merchants of the beautiful city are taking extra pains to provide grand displays of their wares, for the entertainment and instruction of visitors. Among the finest displays to be seen we may mention that of F. Wetmore & Co., dealers in China, crockery, glassware, etc., 100 Woodward avenue. Their stock of st. plate and fancy articles is immense and varied. Housekeepers will be interested in the dinner and tea sets of French and English ware, and new American china—beautiful and very reasonable in price. The firm make a specialty of chandeliers and lamps, and are one interested should take the opportunity to look through their elegant stock of new things in this line. They will receive the best of treatment whether they purchase or not.

A CURIOUS INDUSTRY.—Every one of our readers who attend the State Fair in Detroit next week, should by no means fail to visit at least some of the interesting manufactures. One of the most interesting in the city, and one in which can be learned a great deal, is the umbrella and factory of C. Lingemann & Sons, 26 Monroe avenue. This is the largest concern of the kind in the West, and here can be seen the curious manner of building up a rain or sun protector. The firm also makes a specialty of repairing umbrellas and parasols. They extend a cordial invitation to all of our people to call and they will be about town with pleasure.

A VISIT TO MAKE.—When in Detroit for the Fair, be sure to call at R. H. Fyfe & Co.'s splendid store, 101 Woodward avenue. The proprietors and their gentlemanly clerks will take pleasure in showing visitors through the establishment, and their attention will be repaid by an inspection of the very fine line of fine coats and shoes, slippers, etc., in stock. Fyfe has always stood high in Detroit as a dealer of taste and enterprise, and he invites all our readers (whether buying or not) to visit his establishment. Every courtesy will be shown our people, and we strongly recommend them to call there.

AN ELEGANT ESTABLISHMENT.—When in Detroit during the State Fair, do not omit a visit to the elegant merchant tailoring establishment of August Raach & Co., 107 Jefferson avenue. The firm cordially invite all visitors to Detroit to call in and see them. The stock of seasonable goods is full and varied, and their work is renowned in the fashionable circles of the city. Our people will, no doubt, take advantage of their visit to buy in a great market. They will find Raach & Co.'s house first-class in every respect. But, whether they wish to purchase or not, they will be made welcome and will be shown through the stock by courteous salesmen. By all means, pay this house a visit before leaving the city.

A HELLER, THE LITTLE GIANT CLOTHIER.—This firm, located at 129 Woodward avenue, Detroit, invite all our readers to pay them a visit during "State Fair week." Their immense store is filled with ready-made clothing, in variety enough to suit all tastes and purses. The stock has been selected with special reference to a general trade, and people from the interior cities and towns may depend upon finding just what they want. The occasion should be taken advantage of by our readers when in Detroit. But should they not desire to purchase, let them not be deterred on that account from visiting the establishment. They will be courteously received and shown every part of the store.

TO MUSICIANS AND OTHERS.—Our musically inclined readers who may visit Detroit during State Fair week are cordially invited by Mr. Roe Stephens to call at his music parlors, 184 and 186 Woodward avenue (near the City Hall) during their stay in the city. These warerooms are well worth a visit. His \$18 new rosewood pianos are astonishing for their goodness; try his \$9 cornet; and finally amuse yourself with the Weber, Knabe, Vose, and other pianos, which are all placed at your disposal for trial or otherwise; and if you feel like it, leave an order for a piano, for those who don't wish to purchase will be made heartily welcome, as well as intending buyers. All the latest and best music will be found here and selections can be made which will last you until your next visit. He makes a specialty of trying over music for you, so you can hear before purchasing.

DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE ADVERTISEMENT OF Franklin House, Detroit, in this issue, and when you go to Detroit stop at the Franklin.

BEAUTIFUL FURNITURE.—Every one of our readers visiting the State Fair at Detroit, without exception, should not fail to visit the immense and elegant furniture warerooms of C. Weber, the oldest establishment in the city. It is located just at the Campus Martius, (Nos. 141, 143 and 145 Woodward avenue), in the very center of all the beautiful city's attractions. The low rates of railroad fare offered, will induce many to visit the city for purposes other than seeing the display at the Fair. We are confident that those who are thinking of buying furniture or upholstery of any kind, cannot do better than visit these warerooms. If you do not wish to purchase, you will still receive every courtesy. C. Weber desires us to say that a special display of furniture will be made during State Fair week, and we advise you, one and all, to see it. The store will be open evenings, as well as during the day.

THE MICHIGAN STATE FAIR.—Every body, and "his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts," will attend, at least endeavor to attend, the State Fair held at Detroit next week. While there we advise them to look about the city, acknowledge it by every one to be the prettiest city in the West. The dealers there are preparing

for grand displays. Especially is this the case with D. P. Work, the bookseller and stationer, located at No. 148 Woodward avenue, (four doors above the Campus Martius). He extends a special invitation to all to call and see his large display of books, stationery, autograph albums in cloth, Russia and velvet bindings; also scrap-books, embracing many new and desirable patterns; canvas folios (new designs), leather trimmed and hand-embroidered in silk. We guarantee that many will carry away with them a book or other article as a memento of their visit. This gentleman has upon his shelves all the latest publications, and any book published can be obtained of him and at the very lowest prices. Be sure and call at this book store, so well and widely known, and you will be repaid.

TO LADIES VISITING THE STATE FAIR.—Messrs. Geo. Peck & Co., of Detroit, desire to extend a most cordial invitation to the ladies to visit their store during State Fair week. They will have on exhibition at that time all the latest and leading novelties in silk and fine dress goods suitable for autumn and winter wear, together with the newest designs in shawls and cloaks. This will afford our lady friends an excellent opportunity to test themselves on the very important question, "What is to be worn this season?" The house is one of the oldest and most reliable in the State. Any recommendations they may make can be accepted without question. Peck & Co. realize the fact that much of their success in the past is owing to the liberal patronage they have received from ladies throughout the State; and wishing to show their appreciation of it, they take this method of inviting them to make their store headquarters during their stay in the city, whether intending purchasing or not, assuring them that everything will be done to make their visit pleasant and agreeable.

AN INVITATION.—Walter Buhl & Co., the hatters, 109 Woodward avenue, Detroit, make use of our columns to extend an invitation to all our readers to visit their store during the State Fair. The well-known enterprise and taste of this house are guarantees that visitors will find there much to admire and to profit by. The leading styles in head coverings for gentlemen and youth are always to be found at Buhl's, together with a well assorted stock of all other goods in their line. They are also extensive manufacturers and importers of Military, Knights Templar, and Society goods, generally gold and silver laces, cords, fringes, tassels, etc., Detroit, which is noted for taste and fashions, has no more nobly a house than this one, and our readers should not neglect to visit it.

Our merchants should not fail, when in Detroit next week during the State Fair, to visit the wholesale dry goods house of J. K. Burnham & Co., 170 and 172 Jefferson avenue, corner of Woodward. The firm have recently taken possession of their new building, the Carpenter Block, the finest place of architecture in the city; and desire us to invite all our readers to call on them in their new quarters. No doubt many of our merchants will accept their kind invitation and look into the workings of this establishment.

VISITORS TO THE STATE FAIR.—One of Detroit's attractions during the State Fair will be the mammoth establishment of Amos & Ketchum, No. 107 Woodward avenue. This concern is the largest of its kind in the State, and the stock of CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, CURTAINS, LAMBEQUINS, etc., etc., is immense. They occupy the entire five stories and basement and every available inch of space is covered with their rich wares. All visitors to Detroit, are cordially invited to call. A magnificent elevator, run by hydraulic power, is always in waiting to carry visitors to any part of the building.

AN ATTRACTIVE VISIT.—We are commissioned to invite our readers who propose attending the State Fair at Detroit to visit the splendid factory of Gray, Toynton & Fox, manufacturing confectioners, corner of Bates and Woodbridge streets. This is the largest confectionery house in the West, and the proprietors and their gentlemanly clerks will take pleasure in showing visitors through the factory, and every courtesy will be extended to them, whether they purchase or not.

GENTLEMEN: State Fair will soon be upon us. Every known invention and design will be exhibited there. People will flock from all parts of the State, but they will not see any sample garment from the well known house of John Lynch & Son, 117 Griswold street. This house, which it is not to exhibit clothes, but extend an invitation to all gentlemen while in Detroit to call on them, where they will find the most extensive stock of woollens for fine tailoring. Messrs. Lynch & Son will be pleased to have all strangers call on them whether they wish to purchase or not and they will be received with marked courtesy.

SPECIALLY INVITED.—The readers of this paper who may visit Detroit during the State Fair, are specially invited by F. Stearns to visit his drug store, 33 Woodward avenue, corner of Larned street. Mr. Stearns is a druggist of long experience, and is familiar with every detail of his trade. It is worth mentioning that if any rare drug is sought for it is sure to be obtainable at his establishment. He buys none but first-class goods, and has a well-earned reputation for the assortment which he always keeps. Physicians are especially invited to look through Mr. Stearns' stock of surgical instruments, trusses, etc., etc., which is much the largest in the city. His prices will be found to be the lowest, as his very large trade indicates.

A PLACE TO SEE.—The visitor to the State Fair will not leave Detroit without seeing as much as he can of the attractions of that beautiful city. Among the sights to see are the interiors of the warerooms and stores. Among these the immense furniture establishment of Dudley & Fowle, 127 and 129 Jefferson avenue, will well repay all visitors who wish to examine the latest styles of furniture, of every description and price. It will surprise some of our readers to see the advance made of late in the art of household adornment and in appliances for home comfort. This firm keep up to the times in this regard. They cordially invite our readers to call, and whether they wish to buy or not they will be shown every courtesy and afforded all information possible.

BIDDLE HOUSE, DETROIT.—Our readers will no doubt be glad to hear that the Biddle House of Detroit is now open to the public. This hotel is the largest and best furnished house in the State. The location is central and prices very reasonable, viz: \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00 per day. N. H. Williams, the new landlord, assures us that he will do all in his power to make guests comfortable, and being an old hotel man and good fellow withal, we have no fear for the result. By all means when you go to Detroit visit your name in the Biddle House Register.

ATTENTION.—Farmers and colonists, go look at Virginia lands and take our cheap excursion from Detroit to Richmond, Va., on Tuesday, September 23. Tickets for round trip only \$16.50, good for 30 days. The Chesapeake & Ohio Railway offers big inducements to settlers; new route, magnificent scenery. For full particulars, address Eberts & Hallett, 1 Walker Block, Detroit, Mich.

MESSRS. EDSON, MOORE & CO.—The extensive dry goods dealers of Detroit extend a special invitation to all retailers to call at their sales-rooms during the State Fair. The extent and variety of styles shown, and the fact that this is the dry goods house of Michigan, ought and will no doubt find this invitation cordially accepted. Messrs. Edson, Moore & Co. are extensive importers and wholesalers of fine goods. The reputation of their house is well known, and any one intending to purchase goods in their line should certainly visit their store. It is located on the corner of Jefferson avenue and Bates street, occupying three numbers.

VISITORS TO THE STATE FAIR.—Will find Messrs. Newcomb, Endicott & Co.'s Dry Goods Emporium, one of the most attractive places to visit in the city. Their well known reputation is fully sustained this fall in the magnificent lines of Goods open in every department. They cordially invite a free examination of goods and prices, and in order that the finest and choicest fabrics may be seen, they have arranged their Fall Opening for the day after the Fair. Their establishment is centrally located in Detroit Opera House Building, Campus Martius, fronting Soldiers' Monument and City Hall. We trust no one will leave the city without calling upon them.

No doubt many of our retail dealers will take advantage of their visit to Detroit next week, to see the Fair, and purchase their fall and winter stock, thus killing two birds with one stone. To all interested in the dry goods line we would strongly advise a visit to the immense establishment of Chas. Root & Co., 134 and 136 Jefferson avenue, half a block from the Michigan Exchange Hotel. This is one of the largest firms of the kind in the West, and their stock of everything in the way of fall and winter goods is immense. Do not fail to call on them.

TO OUR READERS IN THE FRUIT AND OYSTER TRADE.—We would say, when you visit Detroit next week, do not fail to call on D. D. Mallory & Co., 68 Jefferson avenue. This is the largest firm of the kind in the West and our retail dealers will do well to examine their goods and prices.

Our attention has been called to the unusual opportunity offered this fall for the purchase of watches, especially those of American manufacture. The sharp competition between the Elgin and Waltham Companies has brought their goods down to a price far below that at which they are usually sold, and which will no doubt be only temporary. Messrs. Boehm & Wright of Detroit, whose store is located on the Campus Martius, Opera House Block, corner of Woodward avenue, are headquarters for these goods, and their facilities for buying are such that they are able to offer them at bottom prices. We are informed that a customer rarely leaves their store without purchasing.

CUT THIS OUT.—The State Fair begins shortly and will take hosts of our people to Detroit. When there, attending the Fair (as most of our readers will be, or will try to be) they can with profit follow our advice and accept the following: They are specially invited to visit the National Shoe House, 127 Woodward avenue, near the City Hall. The stock of fine goods displayed there will repay the inspection of visitors, and strangers will be made welcome, whether they wish to purchase or not. Buyers will be attracted by the very low figures for really first-class goods. Mr. Gladwin and his clerks will be found courteous and attentive. We advise our readers to call at the National by all means.

TO OUR READERS VISITING DETROIT.—The large number of our readers who will attend the State Fair should be advised of the invitation extended them by Jas. Nall & Co., the eminent carpet dealers, of 154 and 156 Woodward avenue, to visit their mammoth establishment. Housekeepers, especially, will appreciate this opportunity of viewing the latest styles in carpets, curtains, lambrequins, etc. The firm has a wide reputation in the line, and their stock will be found full and varied. Whether you wish to buy or not, the tempting display will be laid before you by the courteous clerks, and you will be thanked for the call. A visit to this establishment should by no means be omitted.

C. J. Whitney, 40 Fort street West, Detroit, invites everybody to visit his music house during the State Fair and has provided for the occasion a stock of 500 pianos and organs from the celebrated factories of Chickering & Sons, Hallet & Davis, Haines Bros., J. Estey & Co., and many other standard makers, besides an enormous stock of musical merchandise, sheet music and music books. A. Leconte & Co.'s celebrated band instruments, and in fact everything in the musical line. Mr. Whitney will be glad to show all through his warerooms, whether they wish to purchase or not. He tells us he can sell good pianos for \$50.00 and \$100.00 and fine organs for \$30.00 and \$50.00, and we have no doubt of it, as a man who can pay cash for 500 instruments at one time should possess a decided advantage over his competitors.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY.—To those attending the State Fair in Detroit next week, a rare opportunity is offered. Taking advantage of the low rates of fare upon the railroads many will visit the city for purposes other than visiting the Fair, while those who visit the Fair will also, many of them, buy souvenirs to carry home with them. The Russell House Bazaar, on the Campus Martius, is just the place for our readers to visit for this purpose. Toys, picture frames containing very fine pictures, jewelry, nick-nacks of all kinds, and bric-a-brac is offered here at exceedingly low prices. You will be surprised to find how many and what beautiful things a dollar bill will purchase. Everyone of our readers, during State Fair week, are specially invited to visit this establishment whether they wish to purchase or not. It is a Fair in itself, and ranks almost as a part of the Main Building at the Centennial. Visit it by all means.

Special correspondence for Chelsea Herald.
Our Jackson Letter.
JACKSON, Sept. 10th, 1879.
SOCIETY JOTTINGS.
Since my last letter two weddings, in high life, have occurred and taken from our fashionable circle two of Jackson's most accomplished and esteemed young ladies. The first marriage was that of Miss Minnie L. Root, daughter of the Hon. John M. Root, President of the Peoples' National Bank here, to Mr. William L. Benham, General Freight Agent of the Michigan Central Railroad, at Detroit. The marriage took place at the residence of the bride's father, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. J. J. Haugh, of the First Congregational Church. The event had been kept a profound secret, and none but intimate friends were present; but the valuable persons were

presented in from every quarter, and, also, a surprising number of congratulations. Among the gifts was a check for \$800, from Hon. Amos Root, uncle of the bride.

The other young lady was Miss Florence Gridley, daughter of the Hon. G. T. Gridley, one of our oldest and most respected citizens, to Mr. Edwin C. Wright, of Battle Creek. The couple were also united by the Rev. J. J. Haugh, and the company was most select. The presents were numerous and handsome, and it was, perhaps, the grandest affair we have had here for some time past. Both the young ladies were distinguished for their modesty and many desirable traits of character.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.
At the First Congregational Church last Sunday, the services were of a special character—it being the first appearance in the pulpit of the Rev. J. W. Haugh, D. D., as their pastor. Some five years ago Dr. Haugh was pastor of this church, when his health failed him, and he removed to California.

On the departure of the Rev. Moses Smith, the congregation again invited Dr. Haugh to become their pastor, which he accepted and commenced the labors of this large congregation, on Sunday last. The Reverend gentleman is an accomplished scholar and eloquent preacher, and will fill every pew in the church. The society is the most important one in the city, and the return of the Rev. Dr. Haugh is an auspicious occasion.

RETURN OF L. D. PALMER.
This gentleman some years ago ably filled the pulpit of the First Baptist Church, and who is well known throughout the State, has returned to the city and gathered around him his friends, and commenced holding religious meetings in a church on Francis street. Whether he be a Reverend or not, he is a good preacher and claims his faith is firmer in the love of God than twenty-five years ago. He makes no allusion to his recent troubles, but preaches purely Gospel sermons; and whether he will battle to build up a congregation here or not remains to be seen.

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

LEAVE	ARRIVE
(Detroit time)	(Detroit time)
Atlantic Ex. 14:00 a. m.	10:00 p. m.
Day Express 8:35 a. m.	6:30 p. m.
Detroit & Buffalo Express 12:25 noon	7:15 a. m.
N. Y. Express 7:00 p. m.	10:45 a. m.
*Except Monday. *Sundays Excepted.	

The 8:35 a. m. train has a parlor car to Suspension Bridge.
The 12:25 noon train has parlor cars to Buffalo.

The 4:00 a. m. train has sleeping cars through to New York and Boston.
The 7:00 p. m. train has sleeping cars through to Rochester. W. H. FIRTH, Western Passenger Agent, Detroit.
WM. EDGAR, Gen. Pass'g Agt., Hamilton.

PRINTERS send for samples and prices of Paper, Card Board and Printers' supplies to GEHARD & KRAMER, 6 & 8 East Larned St., Detroit. v8-40-3m

\$300 A MONTH GUARANTEED. \$13 a day at home made by the industries 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 themselves. Costly outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. v8-39-1y

Furniture

I have made very great additions to my stock of Parlor Furniture, Easy Chairs, Mattresses, etc., so as to meet the great demand during "State Fair week." I wish it distinctly understood that I am the ONLY Furniture Dealer in Detroit who manufactures all the Goods sold by him. There has been a great deal of Talk about the cheapest place to buy Furniture. This is indeed all that I claim is that I will give better goods for the price than any one in Detroit. Therefore, come and see me, even if you do not wish to purchase, so that you can visit the dealers in shoddy goods how much better my goods are than theirs.

HORACE TURNER,

90 & 92 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit.

JUST BELOW THE MICHIGAN EXCHANGE

LADIES

INTENDING TO VISIT DETROIT DURING THE STATE FAIR,

and wishing to combine profit with pleasure, will do well to call at the new and popular low-priced Dry Goods store of A. J. DENEKE & CO.

Our buyer having just returned from the East, our store is filled with all the latest Novelties in Dress and Brocade Dress Goods, Silks, Velvets, Black and Colored Cashmeres, Black Alpaca, and also an elegant line of Paisley, India, Fancy Wool and Black Cashmere Shawls. Your particular attention is called to our elaborate display of Fancy Goods, Underwear, Hosiery, Corsets, etc. We allow no one to undersell us. Do not forget to call and see our goods, and do not forget the place.

A. J. DENEKE & CO.
137 Woodward Avenue, - Detroit.
Opposite the Campus Martius and only a few doors above the City Hall.

DON'T YOU FAIL TO ATTEND

TIGHE'S ANNUAL FAIR

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Eastern Michigan

Agricultural and Mechanical

SOCIETY.

At Ypsilanti, Michigan,

—ON—

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and

Friday,

Sept. 23, 24, 25 and 26, 1879.

—O—

Why? Because if you do, you will fall to see the Finest Exhibition of POULTRY, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, STOCK, and DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES ever seen in the County; also, the best Trials of Speed.

Send for Catalogue.

FRANK JOSLIN, Secretary,

Ypsilanti, Michigan.

The LIONS MAY ROAR!

The Animals May Growl,
Gabriel May Blow His Horn!
And Men May Advertise
Low-Price Harness,
And You May
Think Them
Cheap.

But I have now on hand the best and cheapest stock of

DOUBLE OR

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CURRY-COMBS,

BRUSHES,

WHIPS,

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Ever brought to Chelsea, which I will sell cheap for cash.

—O—

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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 elsewhere.

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SELF-APPLICABLE

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FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES.

Cures without Medicine,

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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

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Dyspepsia,

Female Complaints,

Liver Complaints,

General Debility,

Impure Blood,

Chronic Diseases,

Head Troubles,

Kidney Disease,

Skin Disease,

General

Ill Health,

&c., &c., &c.

Among the many modern electric appli-

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RELIABLE, DURABLE and ECONO-

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Beach's Electric Sponge Belts,

Perfect and powerful Galvanic Batteries,

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can be worn on any part of the body, in-

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Electricity throughout the entire system,

without interfering in the least with the

patients' habits or occupation.

For further particulars address

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\$1500 TO \$8000 A YEAR, or \$5 to \$20

per day in your own locality.

No risk. Women do as well as men. Ma-

ny make more than the amount stated

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fast. Any one can do the work. You can

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Nothing like it for money making ever of-

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know all about the best paying business

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and we will send you full particulars and

private terms free; samples worth \$5 also

free;

N. C. R. E. TIME TABLE.

GOING WEST.	
Mail Train	9:22 A. M.
Way Freight	12:55 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.

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. Crowell, 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 1898. 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.
GEORGE FANN, Sec'y.

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

GEORGE E. WRIGHT, D. D. S., OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL **DENTIST,**
OFFICE OVER GEORGE P. GLAZIER'S BANK, CHELSEA, MICH. [7-13]

FRANK DIAMOND,

—THE—

*** * * S T A R * * ***

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OVER WOOD BROS.'S DRY-GOODS STORE.

Good work guaranteed. v8-36.

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REPRESENTED BY

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	Assets.
Home of New York,	\$6,100,527
Hartford,	3,292,014
Underwriters,	3,253,510
American, Philadelphia,	1,200,001
Detroit Fire and Marine,	501,029
Fire Association,	3,178,388

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OFFICE IN WEBB'S BLOCK. 31

E. C. FULLER'S

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Hair-Cutting,

Hair-Dressing,

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Done in first-class style. My shop is new

ly fitted up with everything pertaining to

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A Specialty made in FULLER'S CELE-

BRATED 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,

Razor 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

Cheelsea and vicinity, that he keeps

constantly on hand, all sizes and styles of

ready-made

COFFINS AND SHROUDS.

Hearse in attendance on short notice.

FRANK STAFFAN, JR.

Cheelsea, Mar. 2, 1874.

Unclassified Letters.

LIST of Letters remaining in the Post

Office, at Chelsea, Sept. 1, 1879:

Benett, Mrs Miriam

Fox, Stephen

Hyatt, Henry

Hutchins, Mrs CH

McCasum, Miss Flora

Malley, Mr James

Miller, Mr Frank

Perry, CH

Perry, Charles

Seward, James P

Wilkinson, Mr John

Persons calling for any of the above let-

ters, please say "advertised."

Geo. J. CROWELL, P. M.

Old Newspapers for sale at this

office at 5 cents per dozen.

OUR TELEPHONE.

To OUR READERS.—With this number we complete our eighth volume. Next week we will enter upon the ninth. We wish to inform our readers that the HERALD is in a prosperous condition,—we will try and do as well in the future as we have done in the past. With these few remarks, we thank one and all of our friends and patrons. We also wish to mention that there are a good many subscribers in arrears, which we would like them to call and settle the same.

Tim. McKUNE's new brick block is getting along at a rapid rate.

Our County Fair will take place at Ann Arbor, on Sept. 20th, and Oct. 1st, 2d and 3d, 1879.

Those who are indebted to J. M. Burchard, by book account, will please call at Mr. Smith's grocery store and settle the same.

Our Union School is now running very successfully and satisfactory in all its departments.

We had a middling heavy frost in this locality on last Wednesday morning. This first of the season.

BABIES cry because they suffer; and the most reliable remedy for the relief of their discomfort is Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Only 25 cents per bottle.

The State Fair will take place at Detroit next Monday, and continue up to Friday.

We observe that the sidewalk on Main street belonging to Mr. Godfrey and Mr. Bach has got down below the level. It is quite a nuisance to pedestrians. Will our town fathers see to it?

On last Saturday, an old man, named Thomas Welsh, from Lyndon, while leaning over the stairway at Milo Hunter's meat market, fell down the stairs. The old man had a hard fall, but received no serious injury.

THE Eighth Annual Fair, of the Eastern Michigan Agricultural and Mechanical Society, is drawing near. It will commence on Tuesday, Sept. 23d, and last up to Friday. All those who have stock, fruit, etc., to exhibit, will do well to remember the date.

"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.

THE Pioneer meeting held at Ann Arbor, on Wednesday, Sept. 3d, was attended by about 150 members. The members elected Charles H. Wines as their President for the ensuing year. A good time was enjoyed by all present. The next meeting will be held at Dexter, Dec. 3d, 1879.

Good Work.—We saw a fine set of double harness the other day at the shop of our friend Charley Steinbach, of this village. The harness was manufactured to order. For quality of material, and good workmanship, it cannot be excelled. We commend Charley to all requiring a tip-top article in the harness line.

TO OWNERS OF STOCK.—We have been requested to state for the benefit of those owning cattle, that there is a law in force which prohibits the running at large of all kinds of stock, in our village. Any damage done by cattle, the owner of the same will be held accountable therefore. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

A NEW EXCHANGE.—We welcome a new exchange to our table. It is called the Brighton Gazette, and published at Coney Island. It is an eight column paper, well printed, and ably edited. It represents Manhattan Beach, Brighton Beach, etc., along the sea coast, during the season. We wish our brother success.

BUSINESS MATTERS.—Things begin to wear quite a lively aspect in our streets, and our merchants are as "busy as bees" in unpacking and arranging their new goods, which are constantly arriving from the East. Teams line the streets daily, and the indications are that business of all kinds will open briskly this coming fall season.

We have enrolled a very few old soldiers, who were prisoners in rebellion during the war. The books are still open, and as the reunion occurs at Toledo, on Nov. 1st and 2d, all survivors of Southern prisons are invited to call and give us their names, etc. Papers in the county are requested to give this matter their attention.—Dexter Leader.

MORE APPLES.—"The cry is, still they come!" Again we smack our lips over as tempting a parcel of these dainties, as ever graced the table of an epicure. These luscious specimens are from the garden of Mr. Harry Shaver, of this village, who has shown himself an expert in the horticultural science. "Long may he wave! May his shadow never grow less!" Just now we have "apples on the brain!"

TEMPERANCE ADDRESS.—Hon. Sylvester Larned, of Detroit, addressed the Reform Club, of this place, on Saturday and Sunday evenings last, at the Baptist Church. On Saturday evening the audience was small, because of the fact that sufficient notice of the meeting had not been given. On Sunday evening a large audience greeted the speaker. The address was eloquent and able, but it was a sort of a "double header." In the beginning of his remarks, he spoke bitterly of our last Legislature, saying they had not sufficient courage to pass a prohibitory law, and only dared to pass our tax and police law. Further on in his address he presented an abstract of our present law, and commented upon it as a most beautiful and efficacious law. He seemed to speak of prohibition as so to tickle the ear of prohibitionists—and then, in regard to the present law, spoke his honest conviction when he called it an excellent law.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's parents, on Wednesday, Sept. 3d, 1879, by the Rev. E. A. Gay, THOMAS E. GUTHRIE, and Miss AMY A. PIERCE, all of Sylvan, Mich. The happy pair took the evening train for a pleasant visit to their friends. We wish the happy couple health, wealth and happiness through life. The printer was well remembered with a bountiful supply of cake, for which he returns thanks.

THE WEATHER.—A week or so ago it was decidedly hot. The least exertion produced profuse perspiration, and paper collars sustained their pristine elegance but for a brief period. In fine time became weak in the back and dropped overcrushed—broken. Nature seemed about to melt—to dissolve. Saturday night last brought a change—a chilling change. Up from the north sprang a breeze, at first cool and refreshing, but gathering strength it fast became disagreeable, with a drizzling rain which increased the general gloom. Out of doors 'twas dark as Erebus, and pedestrians were few and far between. When it came a chilly air, and overcoats began to be thought of, and a place by the stove was agreeable. At present writing the weather keeps cool.

SHORT HAIR.—It is one of the most amusing sights in the world to watch a young and inexperienced fly attempt to perpendicularly across the head of one of our short-haired young men. We mean one of those heads that are scissored down, rasped, filed and finished off with sand paper and emery, so that the minutest bump stands out in as bold relief as a hill of potatoes. He (the fly) travels so loosely, and mixes his feet up very much like a bashful bachelor learning to skate. No use trying to enjoy a sermon with one of those heads on an exact line between you and the preacher, and an unfortunate fly on it, essaying desperately to get across from the north-east to the south-east corner, to see a friend.

THE CROPS.—Our exchanges almost universally, East, West, North and South, bring glad tidings of a prospect of abundant crops. One good crop will be worth to the people more than all the legislation that men can devise, for it will give plenty and prosperity, supply the workmen with well paid labor and cheap food, restore trade, vitalize manufactures, and enable the nation to meet its obligations without burthening taxation.

THE GALE.—Last week we had a lively time in this vicinity for high winds. Black and lowering clouds, charged to the full with electricity, hovered over our town,—and sharp flashes of lightning and terrific peals of thunder prevailed. Boreas seemed in a jolly mood and played strange antics. Old buildings rocked to their foundations, signs seemed anxious to quit their fastenings, dust whirled into the eyes of bewildered pedestrians—who had the audacity to walk the streets—and everything outside seemed turbulent.

Editors are generally poorly off for clothing. When you hear of one of them having two suits, you can calculate that one is the suit he wears every day and Sundays, too, and the other is a libel suit. The latter suit we prefer that some of our brothers should wear, instead of us.

AN institution of which Detroit may be proud. We refer to J. H. Goldsmith's (B. & S.) Business University, located on Griswold street, opposite the City Hall. This institution, the largest of its kind in the West, is a credit to Detroit, and visitors to the State Fair should not fail to make themselves acquainted with its workings. An elegant elevator will convey passengers to any part of the building, thus saving many tiresome steps.

LEGAL NOTICES.

Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT having been made in the conditions of a Mortgage executed by William Kent and Eveline Kent, his wife, to Jay Everett, bearing date the 15th day of March, A. D. 1877, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds, for the County of Washtenaw, and State of Michigan, on the 28th day of March, A. D. 1877, in Liber 3d, of Mortgages, on page 736, 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 eighteen dollars and sixty-two cents, (\$186.62), and twenty dollars (\$20) as an Attorney fee, as provided in said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding at law, heretofore, or hereafter, 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 Monday, the 1st day of December, next, at the south door of forenoon of that day, at 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 mortgaged premises are described in said mortgage, as follows, viz: The north part of the south-west quarter of the south-west quarter of section eleven (11), Town 3, south of Range three east, bounded north by north line of said quarter section, east by the highway, south by the north line of land, heretofore, and hereafter, owned by one Frazier, deceased by Lyman Tullman to one Frazier, being a part of said quarter section, and being a part of the west line of said section eleven, and containing about sixteen acres; also, the south half of the south-east quarter of the south-east quarter of section ten (10), in Township three (3), south of Range three east, containing twenty acres; also, the north half of the north-west quarter of the north-east quarter of section fifteen (15), in Township three, south of Range three east, containing twenty acres, in all about fifty-seven acres of land, more or less. All of said lands used and occupied by said Mortgagee, as one entire farm.

Said sale to be subject to the payment of the principal sum of one thousand dollars, and interest yet to become due upon said mortgage.

Dated Chelsea, September 3d, 1879.

JAY EVERETT, Mortgagee.

G. W. TURNBULL, Attorney for Mortgagee.

CHOICES MARKET.

CHELSEA, Sept. 11, 1879.	
FLOUR, 1/2 cwt.	\$3 50
WHEAT, White, 1/2 bu.	92 00
WHEAT, Red, 1/2 bu.	85 00
OATS, 1/2 bu.	20 00
CLOVER SEED, 1/2 bu.	3 75
TIMOTHY SEED, 1/2 bu.	2 25
BEANS, 1/2 bu.	50 00
POTATOES, 1/2 bu.	25 00
APPLES, green, 1/2 bbl.	50 00
do dried, 1/2 bbl.	45 00
HONEY, 1/2 lb.	10 00
POULTRY—Chickens, 1/2 lb.	08 00
LAID, 1/2 lb.	06 00
TALLOW, 1/2 lb.	08 00
HAMS, 1/2 lb.	04 00
SHOULDERS, 1/2 lb.	04 00
EGGS, 1/2 doz.	10 00
BEEF, live 1/2 cwt.	\$3 00 @ 3 50
SHEEP, live 1/2 cwt.	3 00 @ 3 50
do dressed 1/2 cwt.	2 00 @ 3 00
HAY, tame 1/2 ton.	8 00 @ 10 00
do marsh, 1/2 ton.	5 00 @ 6 00
SALT, 1/2 bbl.	1 25
WOOL, 1/2 lb.	28 00
CRANBERRIES, 1/2 bu.	2 00 @ 2 50

MEDICAL.

THE facts fully justify every claim put forth in behalf of THOMAS' ELYSIOH OIL. Testimony of the most convincing nature, to which publicity has been frequently and widely given, 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 pain, 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. It is inexpensive 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 hoofs, swellings, garget and troubles incident to horses or cattle. Sold by all medicine dealers. Price, 50 cents and \$1 per bottle; trial size, 25 cents.

CATARRE!

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.

ELY'S 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 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.

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, 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.

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 at once, 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. 30 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. cow-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, Biliousness,

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.,

120 Griswold St., Room 8.

DETROIT, MICH.

and for sale by Druggists everywhere.

Ask for Dr. Barney's Pad, and have

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 25 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 satin, silk, 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 all parts of the State. Bedsteads from \$1.0

