

Three Words of Strength.
There are three lessons I would write—
In tracing of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.
Have Hope! Though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.
Have Faith! Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm'st of port, the tempest's mirth—
Know this, God rules the hosts of heaven—
The inhabitants of earth.
Have Love! Not love alone for one;
But man, as man, thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.
Thus grave these lessons in thy soul—
Hope, Faith and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength, when life's surges come to roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.
—Schiller.

The River of Life.
The more we live, the more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.
The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Seems lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.
But the careworn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly down,
We start, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?
When joys have lost their bloom and breath
And life itself is rapid,
Why, as we near the Falls of Death,
Do we its tide more rapid?
It may be strange, yet who would change
Time's course to slower speed,
When one by one our friends are gone
And years of fading strength
Indemnify for loss;
And those of youth, a seeming length
Proportioned to their sweetness.
—Campbell.

THE RACE FOR LIFE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

Towards the middle of July, 1840, a party of us city-hived mortals determined to take a cruise upon the salt water, and no sooner did the idea present itself than we set about putting the plan into effect. At Atkin's Wharf, at the North End, we found a small schooner, the "Othello," of about a hundred and twenty tons burden. She was a Baltimore built craft—regular clipping-shore, long and handsome, carrying fore-top-sail and top gallant-sail, and a gaff-top-sail upon the main. She had been used some in the West-India trade, and perhaps for other trades. She had four port-holes, and some of our party could detect the marks upon her deck where gun-carriages had run, though the faint marks might have been made by a thousand other things just as well. The owner's name was Johnson—a short, dark-complexioned lane man, but a good seaman and a good man. The moment we proposed hiring his schooner for a pleasure trip he was pleased with the idea. He proposed that we should furnish a new mainsail, find provisions and other necessary fixings, engage our own skipper, and take him as a private member of the party. He asked no more. Of course we accepted his offer.

We found Tom Phillips lying on his oars. We knew him to be a good ship-mate, and we engaged his services. Then we got a good cook, a steward, and one other experienced seaman, and finally all our arrangements were made, and on the 17th of July the "Othello" left Boston harbor, under a fair breeze, and with a happy crew on board. There were twenty-four of us in all. Johnson had had the vessel thoroughly cleaned, and she was not only neat and tidy, but we found her also a splendid sailer—gliding through the water like a dolphin, and riding the sea like a duck for gracefulness and ease. As soon as we were out of sight of land we took a vote to decide which course we should pursue. There were twenty of us privileged to vote, and each one placed his wish first to visit, and was deposited in a box by the binacle. When the votes were all in, we examined them. Sixteen were for Havana, one for Gibraltar, and three for "Anywhere." So to Havana we went. We had a splendid run, and when we reached the queen city of the Antilles, we found no difficulty in landing. We remained there a week, and having taken in a good quantity of fruit, we prepared to set sail again.

"Which way now?" asked Senor Torrijos, as we were preparing to leave.
"To Saint Domingo," answered Phillips.
"A fine trip," returned the old merchant, "but," he added, with a sort of serious smile, "you may meet Traddillo on your way."
"Traddillo?" repeated Phillips; "who is he?"
"What have you been here a week and not heard of Traddillo? Why, he is one of the most daring villains that ever lived—a pirate who has infested these seas for over three months, and whom no amount of strategy has been able to conquer. His hand is turned against the world, and he fears nothing. He has a crew as bold and bloody as himself, and he leaves no witnesses to tell of his deeds."
"Then he kills all whom he captures, does he?"
"Yes. He goes upon the principle that 'dead men tell no tales.' He was formerly a native of this place; but some time during the year 1836 he was apprehended for robbery, and condemned to be whipped, and then imprisoned. He was whipped in public, but he made his escape from prison, and now he has made his appearance among our islands as a most terrible avenger. But he must soon be apprehended, for many vessels are after him."
"Does he sail in a large craft?" asked Phillips.
"No, his vessel is not larger than yours. It is a schooner of United States build, and not a bit larger than yours; yet he carries from fifty to a hundred men and six guns."

"But how do you know so well his crew, when he kills all his prisoners?"
"From two sources," returned Phillips. "The first was the captain-general; and two letters to him about a month ago. They were all in a brig that he captured at night, and they jumped overboard with life-preservers on, and were picked up in the morning."
"And is he about here now?"
"There is no knowing where he is. The last that we heard of him, he took a French barque of Aguililla, and murdered the whole crew. But I think there won't be much danger, for I think very likely he is down on the Brazil coast now."
This was very cheering intelligence, but then we had no real fears—our hearts were too light for that. It was

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after dinner when we have up our anchor and made sail, and before dark we had passed the headland of Matanzas harbor. Through the night we had a northerly wind, and kept our course with flowing sheets. We concluded to run to the north of the island of Cayman, and on the morning of the fourth day from Havana we had made the north-easterly cape of the island. Here we had the wind from the southeast, and we had to make a tack to the eastward. The wind was steady, and we chose to make a "long leg" on the easterly next one. Our course by the compass was east-by-north, and by looking at the map it will be seen that this course lay clear to the northward of all the islands morning when we belayed the sheets on this tack, and in half an hour afterwards we were once more out of sight of land. I was sitting upon the main hatch, engaged in peeling an orange, when some one sung out, "Sail-ho!"

"Where away?" returned, sportively. And then Phillips asked the same question.
"Right there—just over the larboard quarter," returned the man who had spoken.
We looked, and sure enough there was a sail in plain sight, which must have come out from behind Samana. Johnson went below and got his glass, and when he returned he examined the stranger and was soon confident she must be a schooner.

"Suppose it should be the pirate?" suggested one of our party, a Milk street book-keeper named Paine. There was a tremulousness in his tone as he spoke.
"No, there's no danger of that," said Phillips. "I don't imagine we're going to fall in with a pirate so easily. I've followed the sea now going on twenty years and never saw one yet."
"Unless that's one," persisted Paine. "Poo-h-nonsense!"

Our vessel was close-hauled upon the larboard tack, and the stranger was coming down almost before the wind, with fore-top-sail and top-gallant-sail set, and the larboard studding-sails drawing. In half an hour more the fellow was in plain sight. It was a schooner, long, low and black, and just such an one as Senor Torrijos had described the pirate to be. There was no mistaking this. And then her deck was full of men, as we could plainly see with the glass.

"What do you think now?" asked Paine, tremulously.
"By the piper, there may be a snuff of powder here after all," returned Paine, and on the 17th of July the "Othello" left Boston harbor, under a fair breeze, and with a happy crew on board. There were twenty-four of us in all. Johnson had had the vessel thoroughly cleaned, and she was not only neat and tidy, but we found her also a splendid sailer—gliding through the water like a dolphin, and riding the sea like a duck for gracefulness and ease. As soon as we were out of sight of land we took a vote to decide which course we should pursue. There were twenty of us privileged to vote, and each one placed his wish first to visit, and was deposited in a box by the binacle. When the votes were all in, we examined them. Sixteen were for Havana, one for Gibraltar, and three for "Anywhere." So to Havana we went. We had a splendid run, and when we reached the queen city of the Antilles, we found no difficulty in landing. We remained there a week, and having taken in a good quantity of fruit, we prepared to set sail again.

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sea does not look like a mile on the land. Go on the frozen lake, when the ice is clear and smooth, and you shall skate a mile and think it a very few rods. We could see the white crest that rolled away from the pirate's bows, and we fancied we could hear the rushing of the water as she cleared it. At any rate we could see the dark faces of the crew, and fancied we could detect the scowls of triumph that lighted up their diabolical features.

By-and-by another gun fired, as before, to leeward; but of course we took no notice of it. At twelve o'clock the villain fired again. He was gaining on us.
"Look!" spoke Phillips. "She's yawning."
"Father guess not. That's for a shot at us."
And so it proved; for hardly had the words passed from our skipper's mouth when a wreath curled up from the fellow's deck, and just as the report reached us a shot came plowing up the water under our quarter rail. A score of cheeks turned pale. Powder was ahead of wind at that game. A few shots like that upon our deck would be dangerous. We were not fighting men—not even sailors; inured to no hardship but that of sea-sickness, and all of us wanted to get home again safe and sound. We could see four-and-twenty bloody corpses on our deck, and we were to make the scene. It was an hour of terrible trial. We looked involuntarily for a means of escape. Had there been a stone wall, a fence, a wood, a hill, or even a few trees, we might have had some hope; but nothing of the kind was to be seen. Only that endless boundless waste all about us! We had our limbs free and strong—only cooped within those fatal limits.

Another shot struck the water along side, and sent the spray dashing upon our deck. The pursuer lost something in distance by this firing, for she had no bow-port, and consequently had to yaw in order to bring her guns to bear. It was just one o'clock when she had more than gained all she had lost by firing, and at that time she fired the fourth gun. The ball struck the main throat-halyards, and the sail was on the next instant flapping.

"We are lost!" gasped Paine, as he saw what had happened.
And so it would seem, for our head-way was checked, and ere we could splice the halyards the pirate would be up with us. We turned our eyes over the taffrail and there was the villain not over a mile distant, his deck arms plainly to be seen. Johnson and I were lost in fear, Capt. Johnson and Frost (the latter was the seaman we had engaged) had spliced the halyards, and the gaff of the main sail was again in its place. Hope had once more dawned dimly upon our deck, when a savage messenger came and drove it all away.

The pursuer was now within a quarter of a mile, and as the smoke curled up again from her gun, a round shot and a stand of grape came upon us—the former carrying away our fore-topmast, and the latter tearing the throat of our foresail in pieces.
"By heavens! boys, let's not die like cowards!" cried Johnson. "We have guns on board—muskets which we brought to shoot birds with. We ought to have thought of them before; but it is not too late now. Let's load 'em at once, and when we've fired 'em we can use 'em for clubs."

We had taken a lot of fowling pieces with us, and in a few moments they were brought upon deck, and each man requested to take one and load it. I was fear-struck, I acknowledged it, very much so, but yet I know there was a smile upon my face as I looked around upon some of my companions, whose excited fears had also quite unmanned them.

In ten minutes from the time our fore-topmast came down the pursuer was alongside. I uttered one prayer, and then turned to home and friends, and then turned to the coming enemy. Our vessel had braced to, and as we lay with our head half way up to the under way, the pursuer came up to us, and in a moment more a score of men were upon our deck. I looked at them, and their leader I recognized. I had known him on board the old Brandywine.

"Rogers!" I gasped, starting forward.
"What old mate, is this you?" he returned, grasping my hand. "But this schooner?"
"The Othello," I answered. "We are out on a pleasure trip. And that schooner?" I added.
"Why, it is the United States schooner Grampus, and I am commander. What a precious fool I've made of myself! I was sent after a pirate. I chased him from Trinidad, and lost him off Saint Domingo. May I be blessed if I didn't think you were the same chap. You look as like him as one pea to another."
"And we took you for the same fellow," I said. "We had had a description of him, and you came up to it so well we felt it safe to run."

A hearty laugh followed this strange and bloodless denouement, and after all was understood, I sat down and had a social chat together, while the carpenters of the Grampus were fixing our fore-topmast. Rogers settled with Johnson for the damage done, and by three o'clock we started in company for the coast of Hayti. The rest of our cruise we performed without much excitement, and, in fact, we needed none, for that race for life was enough, and has afforded food for conversation and laughter ever since.

He that falls into sin is a man, that grieves at it is a saint; that boasts that it is a devil; yet some glory in that shame, counting the stains of sin the best complexion of their souls.—Thomas Fuller.

A Telephone Story.

There is a well-known gentleman of this city who does business in Aurora, Ind. His place is business and residence are connected by telephone. He has been in the habit of returning every evening on the five o'clock train, or when press of work detained him, of telephoning his faithful better half to that effect. This arrangement was eminently satisfactory until recently. It isn't so now, and this is the why and wherefore:

A few days ago Head (we call him Head because that's a long way from his name) called up his wife and in a troubled tone informed her through a loaded with business and wouldn't be able to leave until the late train.
"Very well, dear," she replied; "come as soon as you can."
Just as he received this message, a friend sitting in the office started up and remarked:
"Hello, Head, there go the Misses Blank that I promised to introduce you to."
"That so?" said Head, "call them in; I would like to know them."
A moment later and the ladies were introduced, and the overworked Benedict was bowing and smiling and getting off neat little speeches, something like this:

"I am really delighted to meet you, ladies. It is so refreshing to have such pleasant society in our dusty, musty office. The time has been hanging so wearily on our hands we have absolutely nothing to do."
Here the telephone bell began to jingle.
"Well, what is it?" impatiently asked Mr. Head.
Then a sweet voice, in which were blended mild anger and sad reproach, softly murmured over the wire from the city thirty miles away:
"My dear, couldn't you catch that five o'clock train if you were to try?"
The unhappy young man had been talking in too close proximity to the microphone.—Cincinnati Times.

The Catcher Caught.

An Illinois Sheriff was noted for his activity in looking up unlicensed peddlers. Taking his walk abroad one day he came across an old fellow whom he at once concluded was an illegal trader, and inquired if he had got anything to sell.
"Hev I got anything to sell, 'Squire?" was the response. "Guess I hev got blackin' that'll make them old cowhide boots of yours shine so you can shave beard. Got Balm o' Klumby too, only a dollar a bottle, good for the ha'r and assisting poor human natur'."

The Sheriff bought a bottle of Balm of Columbia, and then desired to see the Yankee's license for peddling. The document was produced, examined, pronounced genuine, and handed back to its owner.
"Then," said the disappointed official, "I don't know now that I care about this stuff; what will you give for it?"
"Waal," answered the peddler, "I don't want it, 'Squire; but seein' its you'll give you thirty-seven cents for it?"
The Sheriff passed him the bottle and pocketed the money, when the peddler said:
"I say, I guess I hev suthing to ask you now. Hev you got a peddler's license about?"
"No," said the Sheriff. "I haven't any use for one myself."
"Waal, I guess we'll see about that pretty soon," replied the Yankee. "If I understand the law, 'Squire, it's a clear case that you, 'Squire, are trading and peddling Balm o' Klumby on the highway, and I shall inform on you."

Thus he turned the tables; and the Sheriff was duly fined for peddling without a license.

The American Husband.

At night he comes home with a rush, hangs his hat upon the floor, throws his coat upon the first chair, sends his boots flying in another direction, works his feet into his slippers while unfolding his paper, reads, eats, reads again until bedtime, throws his paper down for some one to pick up and carry to bed. This is the programme, with exceptions, until Saturday night. Sunday morning he bolts his breakfast and tears around while getting into his "Sunday best," and rushes off to church: comes home and bolts his dinner (never eats), reads a little, sleeps a little, and away he goes again. When he tries to keep quiet he is sure to make the more noise; if he starts to go around a mild puddle he is sure to step into it; if he crosses a paper carefully he is sure to kick a table leg or fall over a chair; and let him go to a table and you will see more has been spread, and in five minutes he is in a decorative art. If he ever dreamed could be accomplished in so short a time. He is temperate, naturally hot-hearted, attends strictly to business and pays his debts like a man; was nice chatty and domestic, fond of his family and home, but has allowed himself to drift with this rushing, reading habit, until now nothing could break it up short of breaking his neck. Fancy a wife trying to cuddle such a reek of lightning.

Many persons are pained to understand what the term "fourpenny," "sixpenny," and "tenpenny" mean as applied to nails. "Fourpenny" means four pounds to the thousand nails, or "sixpenny" means six pounds to the thousand, and so on. It is an old English term, and meant first "tenpenny" nails (the thousand being understood), but the old English clipped it to "tenpenny," and from that it degenerated until "penny" was substituted for "pounds." When a pusan nail weighs less than one pound they are called tacks, brads, etc., and are reckoned by ounces.

Herr Leunis, a well known botanist of Hildesheim (Hanover), thus describes a remarkable rose tree (or rather climber, for it is supported against the wall of a church) growing in his town, and which was in existence when Christianity itself was little more than 1,000 years old; and, if tradition is to be believed, had even then been blooming nearly 300 summers. The oldest known rose tree in the world, he says, is one at present growing against the wall of the cathedral of this town (Hildesheim), remarkable alike for its extreme age and for the scanty nourishment with which it has satisfied itself for so many centuries. It varies but slightly from the common rose; the leaves are rather more ovate, the pedicels and lower leaf surfaces more hairy, and the fruit smaller and more globular. The stem is two inches thick at its junction with some the root, and the whole plant covers some 24 square feet of the wall. Bishop, Hezilo, who flourished between 1054-1070, took special interest in this rose as being a remarkable monument of the past; and when the cathedral was rebuilt, after being burned down in 1041, he had it once more trained against the portion of the wall which had been spared by the fire. Its roots are buried under the altar of the cathedral, and consequently inside the building, the stem being carried through the wall to the outer air by a perforation made expressly for it.

The United Kingdom of Great Britain has long been considered the wealthiest power on earth, but according to comparative estimates recently made, France takes the lead in this respect. Quoting from these estimates we find the value of private and public property in France amounts to about \$46,110,000,000, and the same value in England, Ireland and Scotland, \$42,500,000,000.

Centennial Relics.

Our Philadelphia neighbors appear to have a white elephant on their hands in the Centennial building—a thing to glory over, but hard to feed. Most of our readers remember the splendid pageant which these showy houses, set in the midst of Fairmount, flowers and fountains of Fairmount, offered in 1876, and will be interested in their fate. The large and solid of the houses were torn down and sold for lumber at a merely nominal price. The quaint Swedish schoolhouse is in our own Central Park. The Department of Public Comfort, where we all struggled madly for thin sandwiches during the summer months of the Centennial Philadelphia has never shown as much energy in keeping a good thing as it does in getting it. It has allowed one historic landmark after another to be affixed an lost, until even the old library which Franklin founded is given over to destruction.

The same policy is followed in the management of these later buildings which mark the second noteworthy point in the history of the town. The curious Japanese house, a unique specimen of architecture in this country was formerly presented by the mikado to the city, but was left, uncared for, to the ravages of boys and dogs until a month or two ago, when a builder dealer bought it. The main building has been occupied by the Permanent Exhibition, which was an ambitious attempt to continue the Exposition in a small way for the education of the people. The people, however, refused to be educated, and the show has been kept up only by "Baby Pinacoles," hops and skating rinks. The park commission, as landlords, have given these tenants notice to quit, and it is probable that the building will soon be torn down. Horticultural Hall, with the surrounding grounds, is still a marvel of beauty; no fair palace could be richer and more delicate in color than its masses of gorgeous tropical flowers, with the dark background of South American ferns and Eastern palms.—N. Y. Tribune.

Rapid Photographing.

Mr. Muybridge's method of photographing horses in rapid motion has lately been applied in San Francisco to the study of human action, particularly that of athletes while performing their various feats. In order to display as completely as possible the movements of the actor's muscles, they were brief trunks, only white, and the actor and tumbling were instantaneously and exactly pictured.

The first experiment was in photographing an athlete while turning a back somersault. He stood in front of the camera motionless, and at a signal sprang into the air, turned backward, and in a second was again in his original position, and in his very tracks. Short as was the time consumed in making the turn, fourteen negatives were clearly taken, showing him in as many different positions.

The same man was also taken while making a running high jump. The jumping gag was placed at the four foot notch, in order to give an easy jump, as in making it fourteen stop hemp strings had to be broken, as in photographing trotting horses. From the camera to a point beyond the line on which the jump was made, a number of strings were stretched. The two base lines were only a few inches above the ground, and from them to the apex the strings were placed at equal distance apart. In jumping, seven of the strings were broken in ascending and seven in descending. The strings were tautly drawn, and so connected with the camera that as each one parted a negative was produced. Other pictures were taken of men raising heavy dumbbells, and the various movements of boxing, fencing, and the like.—Scientific American.

An Ancient Rose Tree.

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The birds are singing on the boughs
The bell is ringing on the oar;
But sorrow fills my weary breast,
What is the matter may be guessed—
I love Matilda.

Trifles.

Belles give "tone" to society.
Wrestlers work when they wrest.
Air-tight—Intoxicated with music.
An undesirable uncle—Carb-uncle.
A man who goes fishing should take luncheon along. He may get no other bite.
Boots—Eight o'clock, surr! Voice (from the deeps)—Why didn't ye till me that before, confound you?
Speak of a man's marble brow and he will glow with conscious pride, but allude to his wooden head and he is mad as a hatter.
A Yankee taking an onion and mashing the hole with a butter knife, smearing it over with fresh butter and selling it for cheese.
Tramps would be more numerous than ever were it not for the self-sacrificing woman of the land who marry and support so many men.

A facetious old lady, describing the rambling sermons of her minister, said—"If the text had the smallpox his sermon would never catch it."
A youth with a turn for figures had five eggs to boil, and being told to give them three minutes each, boiled them a quarter of an hour altogether.
A lad in school being asked, "What is Rhode Island celebrated for?" replied, "It is the only one of the New-England States which is the smallest."
It seems paradoxical to say that a thing can be bigger inside than out, but if you eat a pint of dried apples and drink a quart of water you'll find that such a thing can be.

The Bangor Commercial says the tracks of a Jersey mosquito have been discovered in the interior of New York State, and a large body of men, well armed, are in pursuit.
A young man sent 25 cents to a New York firm for the purpose of learning "how to get along without a blotter in writing," and received this answer: "Write with a lead pencil."
If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.—Johnson.

Young Wife (shopping).—"I'm giving a small dinner to-morrow and I shall want some lamb." Butcher—"Yes'm, fore-quarters 'o lamb, 'm?" Young Wife—"Well, I think three-quarters will be enough!"
As they who, for every slight sickness, take physic to repair their health, do rather impair it, weaken it.—Milton.

When two goats met on a bridge that was too narrow to allow either to pass or return, the goat which lay down that the other might walk over it was a finer gentleman than Lord Chesterfield.—Cecil.

Lord Beaconsfield made the following cynical remark when some one called the Zulus uncivilized: "Uncivilized. I do not quite see that. They have routed our armies, out-witted our generals, killed a prince, and converted a bishop. The most civilized nation could do no more."

A minister once told Wendell Phillips that if his business in life was to save the negroes, he ought to go to the South, where they were, and do it. "That is worth thinking of," replied Phillips; "and what is your business in life?" "To save men from going to hell," replied the minister. "Then go there and attend to your business," said Mr. Phillips.

Moderesty is a somewhat rare virtue, and yet it is a dangerous thing to pretend to possess qualities or abilities which you never had. The advice which I would give to a youth has a meaning for most of us, also. It was: "Young man, be advised by me; don't take down the shutters until there is something in the window."

There is no worse occupation for an earnest physician than to listen to the complaints of people who pretend to be ill. A well-known doctor, who was called on by one of his patients for nothing about once a week, ended by inquiring, "Then you eat well?" "Yes." "You drink well?" "Yes." "You sleep well?" "Certainly." "Wonderful!" said the doctor as he prepared to write a prescription. "I am going to give you something that will put a stop to all that."

An unusual scene for Europe—that of the sun not setting, but shining through the whole night—is to be witnessed from the summit of Mount Aavax, in Finland, near Torneo, at 66 deg., northern latitude. Every year on June 23, a multitude of people of different nations visit that mountain to witness the interesting spectacle. According to the reports of the Finn journals, this year there were on Mount Aavax about 300 travellers; three of these were Englishmen, two Frenchmen, one was a Russian; and there were several Germans, Danes, and Swedes, and the rest were Finns. The government of Finland is now erecting on Mount Aavax a hotel for the accommodation of travellers.

Another poet has arisen in the land, who bids fair to successfully rival Juvenal. He is the owner of a wife and five children, and for forty years has held his restive mind in check, until, in the full maturity of her powers, she turns her loose and she sweeps over the track with all competitors distanced. Below is a specimen which we shall preserve for future use. And we hereby notify all those young ladies with hereditary tendencies to photograph albums who have so honored us by requesting "something sweet" that we won't procrastinate any longer. Bring on your albums again. We are ready for you this time.

The birds are singing on the boughs
The bell is ringing on the oar;
But sorrow fills my weary breast,
What is the matter may be guessed—
I love Matilda.

The Disobedient Clam.

"O, 'twas only an ancient cross-eyed Clam,
With her children three around her,
But, soft and low, I heard her speak,
As she tossed her down her wrinkled cheek
And she winked at the flat old Flounder,
"You must stay at my side," she plaintively cried
In a voice quite hoarse with emotion;
"The Twisted Turtle has taken flight,
The Queer Quabag is abroad to night,
And a fog broods over the ocean."
But alas, for those foolish little clams!
They listened not to their mother;
And one was lost in the ocean fog,
And one got bit by the Queer Quabag,
While the Turtle devoured 't other.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Johnny's Essay on Providence

Master Pichel, that's the preacher, he said: "Johnny, how merciful is the way of Providence, the rattlesnake, which is pison, is compel for to wear a neck lace of bones on his tail to give notice."
Uncle Ned he spoke up and he said: "Jest so, Johnny, it was too much trouble for to not put the pison in, and the rattles was the next best thing."
Then my sister's yung man he said: "Yes, Johnny, them rattles bones is my use to the frogs, and to the, and little birds, which they parolize with terror so they cant hurt themselves a tryin' to get away from the snake."
Then Master Giggie he sed, Master Giggie did: "And you see, Johnny, the boy constricter which aint got any rattles wasnt made pizen."
Then my father he spoke up and sed: "I hope you pious folks will excuse a pore blundered infidelle for remarkin that Providence has forgot to put enny rattles on a woman's turg."

And now for a story about ole Gaffer Paine.
One day Jack-Brily, wich is the wicked sailor, swears and everything, he was got by old Gaffer house, and he found him digin a well, and a boy was pullin up the rocks in a bucket with a windlass. So Jack he giv the boy 2 bits, and sed: "You go and get some candy, and Ile pull up for you till you git back," and the boy done it. Then Jack he puts his bull dog in the bucket, and let it down, and the dog it jump out in the well with Gaffer, which holered ole ole Gaffer's cat and pitch that between Gaffer's legs, and the cat run it up Gaffer like he was a tree, and all yellin like Injens, there wasent never such a fite! After a while Jack he let the bucket down and hauld ole Gaffer up with the windlass, lookin my beat and his close robe bad. Fore Gaffer ende get his breth Jack sed: "Tell you wot, Gaffer, if I hadent come along yude had a pretty rough time of it I ges, cos that boys gon for a other cat."

Then Gaffer he helped Jack git the dog out wich had killed the cat, and Jack and the dog they went a way, and wen the boy come in liet him til he was sick a bed, and wen Billy he sassed, the school master he licked, too, yes, in deed, and made better.

The Wolf and the Fox.

A Wolf, once upon a time, caught a Fox. It happened one day that they were both going through the forest, and the Wolf said to his companion, "Get me some food, or I will eat you up."
The Fox replied, "I know a farm-yard where there are a couple of young chickens. I will go and get them for you." This proposal pleased the Wolf, so they went, and the fox, stealing first, went, and then ran away. The Wolf devoured it quickly, but was not contented, and went to fetch the other lamb by himself, but he did it so awkwardly that he aroused the attention of the mother, who began to cry and beat loudly, so that the peasants ran up. They found the Wolf, and beat him so unmercifully that he ran, howling and limping, to the Fox and said, "You have led me to a nice place, for, when I went to fetch the other lamb, the peasants came and beat me terribly."

"Why are you such a glutton?" asked the Fox.
The next day they went again into the fields, and the covetous Wolf said to the Fox, "Go and get something to eat now, or I will devour you!"
The Fox said that he knew a country house where the cook was going that evening to make some pancakes, and thither they went. When they arrived, the Fox sneaked and crept round the house, until he at last discovered where the dish was standing, out of which he drew six pancakes, and took them to the wolf, saying, "There is something for you to eat!" and then ran away. The Wolf dispatched these in a minute or two, and, wishing to taste some more, he went and seized the dish, but took it away so hurriedly that it broke in pieces. The noise of the fall brought out the woman, who, as soon as she saw the wolf, called her people, who, hastening up, beat him with such a good will that he ran home to the Fox, howling with two

To Correspondents.

Correspondents will please write on one side of the paper only. No communication will be published unless accompanied with the real name and address of the author, which we require, not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

All communications should be addressed to "THE HERALD," Chelsea, Washburn Co., Mich.

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

CHELSEA HERALD.

CHELSEA, SEPT. 18, 1879.

Autumn.

'Tis the golden gleam of an Autumn day, With the soft rain falling as if in play; And a tender touch upon everything, As if Autumn remembered the days of Spring.

In the listening woods there is not a breath To shake their gold to the sward beneath; And a glow as of sunshine upon them lies, Though the sun were hid in the shadowed skies.

The cock's clear crow from the farm-yard comes, The muffled bell from the belfry booms; And faint as a dim, and from far away, Come the voices of children in happy play.

O'er the mountains the white rain draws its veil, And the black rocks, caving, across them sail, While nearer the swooping swallows skim O'er the steel-gray river's fretted brim.

No sorrow upon the landscape weighs, No grief for the vanished Summer days, But a sense of peaceful and calm repose, Like that which age in its Autumn knows.

The Spring-time longings are past and gone, The passions of Summer no longer are known, The harvest is gathered, and Autumn stands Scarcely thoughtful, with folded hands.

Over all is thrown a memorial hue, A glory ideal the real ne'er knew; For memory sifts from the past its pain, And suffers its beauty alone to remain.

It ponders the past that has hurried by, As if it were new, and it loves it all, Content it has vanished beyond recall.

O, glorious Autumn, thus serene, Thus living and loving all that has been! Thus calm and contented let me be, When the Autumn of age shall come to me.

From the Quater. Knight and Fair Lady. A gallant knight of the First Crusade, A lion in battle was he; And she, with rarest beauty crowned, A lady of high degree.

Long had they loved with a love unknown In the days of chivalry; And many a doughty deed was done, For love of that fair lady.

For thus doth the strongest passion move: It binds with golden bands Hearts, whom a ruthless fate has thrown, In earth's far distant lands.

Sir Hubert, wrought by his spirit, thus To the Lady Constance spoke— "In battle my arm hath proved its might, And the spear and the lance hath broke."

"But never again in the tented field, Shall my helmet proud be seen; If thy heart refuse my proffered love, Mine own heart's love and queen!"

And he who had conquered oft in war, Was conqueror now in love; For their truth was plighted beneath the stars, Which gleamed in the vault above.

Once more to the East Sir Hubert went, But soon as the strife was o'er, Returned to claim the lady fair— His bride forevermore!

Points of Interest at Macinaw. EDITOR HERALD: Mackinaw is famous for its beautiful scenery, its historic associations, and its high altitude, making it one of the most desirable points of interest and pleasure to the tourist.

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In this wise: An English officer, stationed here, one night, after the wine had circulated freely, took a stroll, and while enjoying his pipe suddenly a fair form crossed his path. He dropped his cap, hoping to engage her attention, but she eluded his curiosity, only giving him one look, disappearing around a curve, and Robinson saw her no more. Two days passed, and still the Captain did not forget his lady apparition, but sought the same path where first he met her, and was rewarded by the sight of her again. Determined to secure the prize he pursued her, begging her to stop, to speak to him, but to no avail; she sped to this verge and seeking in vain, as it were, some place of escape from her pursuer, the Captain besought her again to stop, as she stood where the slightest loss of balance must prove her death. Quick as thought the Captain sprang forward and seized her by the arm; she sprang backwards, drawing her would be savior with her, and both were hurled down to pieces on the rocks below. His body was found, after a two days' search, on the rocks, but not a vestige of the lady he had sought to save—the ignis fatuus of his own excited imagination, induced by too liberal putations of French brandy.

Arched Rock is one of the greatest curiosities on the Island, spanning a distance of fifty feet; the height from the beach to the center of the arch is 140 feet, the width of the same about two feet in its narrowest point. I did not attempt its passage, although many did; but ere the trip was accomplished by most, they were upon all fours, as the eye could not dwell upon the depth below without a feeling of fear. One is spell bound in looking upon this great wonder, and one feels like exclaiming, "The hand that made it is divine."

Sugar Loaf Rock rises to a height of 80 feet, like the spire of a church, standing alone and majestic like a solitary sentinel on the plain. One can climb by the aid of a ladder and enter a small cave upon one side; the names are legion one finds penciled and carved upon its rocky sides—many, perhaps only records, that will be left of there having lived.

Lover's Leap is a bold precipitous rock or bluff, 125 feet in height, and named thus from the legend of a dusky maiden, who threw herself from the top of the waters below.

The average of the cotton crop in Western Texas is 50 per cent greater this year than last.

It was estimated, lately, that the total production of petroleum in Pennsylvania was increased to 50,000 barrels daily.

The manufacturing outlook of Lowell, Mass., is excellent, and a general revival of business in her industries is anticipated.

Manchester, N. H., has voted to exempt from taxation ten years all manufacturing enterprises, where not less than \$50,000 is invested.

Many of the Michigan lumbermen have been in a bad fix this summer. Millions on millions of feet of logs are "hung up" high and dry, and will not reach the mill booms this season.

Four-fifths of the gloves made in the United States are manufactured at Gloversville, Fulton county, N.Y., where a population of 25,000 find profitable employment in the industry.

Establishments for the refining of petroleum are increasing fast in Japan. The existence of petroleum in several of the provinces has been known for twelve centuries, but it was only six years ago that the Japanese learned how to refine it.

The Boston Herald sums up the business situation as follows:— "Scarcely a day passes without its instances of old industries resumed or new ones initiated. There is an abundance of capital seeking investment, and all it asks is a reasonable assurance that it will be secure and return a moderate profit. Every year adds 100,000 new farms to the real property of the country, and the readjustment of industry is going on as rapidly as possible. There are still cases of individual hardship here and there, but the general tendency of things is highly encouraging, and a comparison of our condition with those of other countries show that we possess advantages the value of which it is almost impossible to calculate."

ATTENTION.—Farmers and colonists, go look at Virginia lands and take our cheap excursion from Detroit to Richmond, Va., on Tuesday, September 22. Tickets for round trip only \$16.50, good for 30 days. The Chesapeake & Ohio Railway offers big inducements to settlers; new routes, magnificent scenery. For full particulars address, Eberts & Hulet, 1 Walker Block, Detroit, Mich.

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SAM PATCH.

His Last Leap, as Described by an Eye Witness.

Sam Patch, as he was familiarly called, was a native of Patterson, N. J., the son of "poor but honest parents," and for some years lived there alone with his widowed mother. He is said by some persons to have been a lazy, shiftless and dissipated fellow, but I was assured by an old and reputable merchant of the place, a few years ago, who knew Sam well, that this was not so. The same gentleman kindly took me to the place where he made his first leap into the Passaic River, of some eighty or ninety feet, and which he repeated several times. During the summer of 1829, Patch went to Niagara Falls and made one or two successful leaps into the seething waters below. In October of the same year he came to Rochester, and gave out that he would leap from a small island above the upper falls. This was the last of October, and was an occasion that he called together more people than Bobo were on man's witness, for the first time, a daring feat that no other man had ever attempted in this country. On this occasion I took my stand below the falls, close to the water's edge, and nearly under the projecting rock from which he was to jump. Promptly at the hour announced, Sam, made his appearance on the spot and was greeted with cheers and a tiger such as any human might be proud of. After surveying the vast assemblage for a moment, he removed his outside garments and tied a red bandana around his waist. Then he waved a farewell to the people on all sides, which no doubt sent a chill through many a bosom, and with arms extended, leaped into the waters below. I shall never forget the sensation, as I looked up and saw him coming down. Just as he reached the water he brought his arms to his side, and went in without a ripple upon the surface. In an instant he reappeared and swam ashore, with no injury, save a slight bruise on his shin against a sunken tree. He was taken upon the shoulders of some present, and carried up the bank, where he received the hearty congratulations of all the vast, admiring crowd. On the 9th of November following, he made another and his last leap, this time from an elevated platform, twenty-five feet high, making the whole distance of the leap 125 feet. It was a chilly, unpleasant day, with some ice in the river, and, to protect himself from the cold, he drank rather too freely of brandy, as we noticed in following him close on to the island, from which he was destined never to return. He ascended the place of leaping with apparent ease and coolness, removed all his garments, except pants and shirt, and, tying the bandana again around his body, he motioned to all a last farewell, and walked off to almost instant death. He struck the water on his breast, and, as it closed over him, we felt sure that for him this was the "last of earth." Diligent search was at once made for his body, but all in vain. Early the next spring, however, it was found floating at the mouth of the river at Charlotte, with the handkerchief still on. His remains were decently interred in the village cemetery.—Exchange.

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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 a sandy brown.

Jefferson's hair was remarkable for its bright color.

The hair of Madison is coarse, and of a mixed white and dark.

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The hair of Millard Fillmore is, on the other hand, brown, with a slight admixture of white.

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London Statistics. The annual summary of births, deaths, and causes of death in the large cities of England, for 1878, furnishes some interesting statistics with reference to London. Its population exceeds 2,500,000, and if the suburbs are included, 4,500,000. It almost equals that of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, and with its suburbs it equals the population of the capitals of France, Prussia, Austria, and Russia. The area of the city is 122 square miles and the density of population 29.32 people to the square mile; the proximity of the population 11.04 yards from each other.

With the above density, the mortality should be 35.3 per 1,000, but from 1874 to 1878 it has been reduced as low as 22.8. The registered deaths are 83,895, and the births being 129,184, they exceed the former by 45,289. As to the causes of death, the report says:

The causes of death in inner London include 18,220 by zymotic diseases, 15,500 by constitutional diseases, 37,825 by local diseases, 8,695 by developmental diseases, 3,310 by violent deaths. Small-pox was fatal to 1,416 persons, who at various ages died of that disease in London, whereas only 17 died in 19 country towns. Measles was less fatal than usual, and scarlet fever was much less fatal than usual. Whooping-cough was more than usually fatal; the excess of deaths was 1,668. Scurvy and puerpra were more than usually prevalent. Of alcoholism 202 persons died, which number is above the average. There was an excessive number of deaths from bronchitis, 60, whereas the average was 40. Deaths in the previous ten years was 33. The deaths from childbirth were 255; 2,916 persons died from accident or negligence, 78 by homicide, 315 by suicide, and one was executed. The number of persons killed in the streets of London was 237—how is not stated in three cases: 17 were killed by horses, 12 by carriages, 14 by omnibuses, 10 by trams, 34 by cabs, 73 by vans and wagons, 11 by drays, 63 by carts.

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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 a sandy brown.

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 admixture whatever.

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 those who have examined the portraits 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 admixture 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 admixture of brown.

The hair of Millard Fillmore is, on the other hand, brown, with a slight admixture 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, Grant or Hayes, for the inspection of futurity.

The Largest Stock

OF BOOTS AND SHOES

Have just been received

AT THE "BEE HIVE" ESTABLISHMENT,

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN.

A. DURAND takes this method of informing the inhabitants of Chelsea and vicinity, that he keeps one of the Largest and Most Complete Boot and Shoe Establishments that has ever been in Chelsea, and will sell at prices that defy competition. There is no getting around it, Aaron will, and can sell, cheaper than any other firm in town. He will keep on hand a large assortment of the latest styles,

HAND MADE BOOTS AND SHOES, LADIES GAITERS, MISSSES AND CHILDREN'S SHOES, &c.; ALSO, GLOVES & MITTENS

In fact every thing pertaining to a first-class Boot and Shoe Store. A visit to the store, at the "Bee Hive," will convince you of the prices and quality of Goods. A call from old friends and patrons solicited.

A. DURAND. v7-47

Send for samples and prices

With the above density, the mortality should be 35.3 per 1,000, but from 1874 to 1878 it has been reduced as low as 22.8. The registered deaths are 83,895, and the births being 129,184, they exceed the former by 45,289. As to the causes of death, the report says:

The causes of death in inner London include 18,220 by zymotic diseases, 15,500 by constitutional diseases, 37,825 by local diseases, 8,695 by developmental diseases, 3,310 by violent deaths. Small-pox was fatal to 1,416 persons, who at various ages died of that disease in London, whereas only 17 died in 19 country towns. Meas

N. C. R. R. TIME TABLE.

Table with columns for 'GOING WEST' and 'GOING EAST', listing train names like 'Mail Train', 'Way Freight', and 'Grand Rapids Express' with their respective departure times.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. Rev. Thos. Hoopes, Pastor. Services at 10:45 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting Thurs day evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 12 M.

Tramps, Keep Away from Chelsea.

By order of the Town Board, the Marshal has been instructed to arrest every man, woman and child, who are tramping around asking for something to eat. They will be sent to the workhouse, for a term not less than sixty days. Tramps beware of danger.

Chelsea Market.

Table listing market prices for various goods including flour, wheat, corn, and other commodities with their respective prices per bushel or barrel.

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 23rd day of March, A. D. 1877, in Liber 52, 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, (\$218.62) and twenty dollars (\$20) as an Attorney fee, as provided in said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding at law or in chancery having been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.

HOLMES & PARKER'S DOUBLE COLUMN.

Every article marked in Plain Figures and at uniform Low Prices. A Good Working Suit at \$5. We are also exclusive agents for J. Richardson & Co's BOOTS, which are the Best Boots in the Market for the Money. Please call and examine our Goods and Prices.

THE CHELSEA HERALD,

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

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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

L. O. O. F.—THE REGULAR

weekly meeting of Verbor Lodge No. 85, L. 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. 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 GEORGE P. GLAZIER'S BANK, CHELSEA, MICH. [7-13]

FRANK DIAMOND.

THE STARS TONSORIAL ARTIST: OF CHELSEA, OVER WOOD BRO'S DRY-GOODS STORE. Good work guaranteed. v8-36

INSURANCE COMPANIES REPRESENTED BY W. E. DEPEW.

Home of New York, \$6,100,527 Hartford, \$3,292,914 Underwriters, \$3,235,919 American, Philadelphia, 1,296,061 Detroit Fire and Marine, 501,029 Fire Association, 3,178,386 Office: Over Kemp's Bank, Middle street, west, Chelsea, Mich. v6-1

M. W. BUSH, DENTIST.

OFFICE IN WEBB'S BLOCK, CHELSEA, MICH. 31

E. C. FULLER'S TONSORIAL SALOON!

Hair-Cutting, Hair-Dressing, Shaving, and Shampooing. Done in first-class style. My shop is newly 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 "Beehive" and Shavers, south corner of the "Beehive".

E. C. FULLER, Proprietor. Chelsea, Mich., Sept. 18, 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 SHROUDES. Hearse in attendance on short notice. FRANK STAFFAN, Jr. Chelsea, Sept. 18, 1879.

Unclaimed Letters.

LIST of Letters remaining in the Post Office, at Chelsea, Sept. 1, 1879: Bennett, Mrs Miriam Fox, Stephen Ryot, Henry Hutchins, Mrs C H McCaslin, Miss Flora Malley, Mr James Miller, Mr Frank Perry, C H Perry, Charles Steward, James P Wilkinson, Mr John

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

Old Newspapers for sale at this office at 3 cents per dozen.

OUR TELEPHONE.

WITH this number we commence our ninth volume. Those in arrears, please call and settle.

WEATHER COOL. PEACHES are scarce. CIDER apples are in demand. FARMERS are busy cutting corn. THE melon season is played out. SPORTSMEN can now have a wild duck hunt. STATE Fair commenced last Monday at Detroit. CABBAGES are wanted. How are ye sour kraut? BARLEY is in good demand at \$1.25 per hundred pounds. THE walls of Tim McKone's building progresses finely. WHEAT is advancing in price; it brings 93 cents to \$1 per bushel. REMEMBER that the Ypsilanti Fair will commence next Tuesday. SEVERAL pieces of corn were injured in this locality by the late drought. AUTUMN weather has come. Go to Holmes & Parker's and get a ten dollar overcoat for five. GENERAL GRANT is expected to arrive at San Francisco this week. We do not mean our "Francisco."

Mrs. J. H. DURAND and daughter have arrived home from their Eastern trip, much improved in health.

THERE are several holes in the sidewalks on Orchard, Church and Railroad streets. Will the Marshal see to them, and have them repaired? OUR citizens will do a kind favor by sending tramps, who trouble them for something to eat, to Mr. Jay Woods, who will furnish them with eatables.

FRANK GLAZIER arrived home from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., last Friday, on a short vacation, before entering upon his second year at Ann Arbor Laboratory.

Mrs. CONGDON & HOOKER, of this village, have gone East to purchase a large stock of millinery goods, for fall and winter wear. Ladies look out for bargains.

St. Mary's Church fair building is almost completed, and will be ready for occupancy next week. The building will be one hundred and twenty feet long by thirty wide.

By all means do not fail to attend the State Fair, and see our worthy President and Lady, to-day and to-morrow (Thursday and Friday). Half fare on all railroads.

ACCIDENT.—On Monday last, Charles Coon, a laboring man at work on Tim McKone's new brick building, fell into the cellar a distance of ten feet, and sprained both of his ankles.

ALL the world over, baby governs. Yet often disease will overcome the baby and then it is that Dr. Ball's Baby Syrup proves its worth by conquering the disease. Price 25 cents a bottle.

AN assault and battery case came up before Justice Noyes on last Saturday, between two Germans. The defendant got "sailed," and he carried the "battery" up to the Circuit Court.

SEVERAL parties on Orchard street complain that their wood piles disappear very fast—that is to say their wood pile shadow grows less. The party is suspected, and had better take the hint and "Dare to do right."

PERSONAL.—We were glad to see our old friend Mr. W. H. Calkins, of this village, out in his buggy taking the fresh air, on last Tuesday. Mr. C. has been sick for some time, and is now getting somewhat better. We hope he will soon recover.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.—We call attention to the large shipment of goods that Wood Bro's & Co. are receiving daily, and, also, to the low prices which they offer their goods. Call and examine goods and prices. See advertisement on second page.

OUR friend George Villero, editor of the *Courrier de l'Illinois*, of Kankakee, Ill., paid us a flying visit on Saturday last. He presented us with a copy of the paper; but not being versed in the French language, we were unable to describe its merits and demerits.

RETTAPH in a cemetery at Detroit, Mich.: Sarah Thomas is dead, And that's enough; The candle is out, Also the snuff. Her soul's in Heaven, Your need not fear; And all that's left, Is interred here.

THE PLACE TO BUY GOOD GOODS CHEAP IS AT GILBERT & CROWELL'S.

Their boots, shoes, and ladies gaiters, cannot be excelled in price and quality. Their groceries are first-class, fresh, and are lower in price, than any other store in town. Pay them a visit. See advertisement on second page.

"TOMMY, my son, what are you going to do with that club?" "Send it to the editor, of course." "But what are you going to send it to the editor for?" "Cause he says if anybody will send him a club he will send them a copy of his paper."

The mother came near fainting, but retained consciousness enough to ask: "But Tommy, dear, what do you suppose he wants a club for?" "Well, I don't know," replied the hopeful urchin, "unless it is to knock down subscribers as don't pay for their paper."

GRAND FAIR AND FESTIVAL.—The congregation of St. Mary's Catholic Church, of this village, will hold a fair on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Sept. 23d, 24th and 25th, 1879, in the new building on Charles Tichenor's lot, where they will provide, for their friends, a variety of charming amusements. Several valuable articles will be drawn for; a costly watch will be given to the most popular candidate. Good music each night, and a sumptuous supper. Doors open at 7 o'clock P. M. Tickets, including supper, 50 cents.

A GENTLEMAN, in this vicinity, finding that the diminution of his stack of wood continued after his fires were out, lay awake one night in order to obtain, if possible, some clue to the mystery. At an hour when "all honest folks should be in bed," hearing an operator at work in the yard, he cautiously raised his chamber window, and saw a lazy neighbor endeavoring to get a large log into his wheelbarrow. "You're a pretty fellow," said the owner, "to come here and steal my wood while I'm asleep!" "Yes," replied the thief; "and I suppose you would stay up there and see me break my neck with lifting before you'd offer to come and help me!"

AT the annual meeting for election of officers, by the Oak Grove Cemetery Association, the following officers were elected:

President—James L. Gilbert. Treasurer—Aaron Durand. Clerk—George P. Glazier. Sexton—Charles Congdon. Trustees, for four years—Thos. S. Sears, E. L. Negus. Trustees, for six years—James P. Wood, Harmon S. Holmes.

The meeting was adjourned until Wednesday evening, Sept. 24th, 1879, at seven o'clock, at Geo. W. Turnbull's law office, when it is proposed to consider the project of building a cemetery vault, to belong to the association, and to be used for a general receiving vault, at a moderate charge.

All citizens, interested in the cemetery, are requested to be present at the meeting, and express their views thereto.

TRUSTEES.

THE VALUE OF A NEWSPAPER.—The following is the experience of a mechanic concerning the benefit of a newspaper:

Five years ago I lived in the village of Chelsea. On returning home one night, for I was a carpenter by trade, I saw a little girl leave my door, and I asked my wife who she was. She said Mrs. — had sent her after their newspaper, which my wife had borrowed. As we sat down to tea my wife said to me, by name:

"I wish you would subscribe for the Chelsea Herald; it is so much comfort to me when you are away from home."

"I would like to do so," said I, "but you know I owe a payment on the house and lot. It will be all I can do to meet it."

She replied: "If you will take this paper, I will sew for the tailor to pay for it."

I subscribed for the paper, and it came in due time to the shop. While resting one noon and looking over it, I saw an advertisement of the County Commissioners to let a bridge that was to be built. I put in a bid for the bridge, and the job was awarded to me, on which I cleared \$300, which enabled me to pay for my house and lot easily, and for the newspaper. If I had not subscribed for the newspaper I should not have known anything about the contract, and could not have met my payment on my house and lot. A mechanic never loses anything by taking a newspaper. A Subscriber.

M. C. R. R. DEPOT DINING ROOM, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

MEALS, 50 CTS. LUNCH AT ALL HOURS. The traveling public will do well, when they stop at Ann Arbor, to call and get a Good Square Meal.

M. S. & E. A. DAVISON, Proprietors.

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

MEDICAL.

THE facts fully justify every claim put forth in behalf of THOMAS' ELECTRIC 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, indigestion, 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 breasts, lameness of the back, dysentery, colic, piles, burns, scalds, bruises, corns, and a variety of other diseases and lumps, 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 many surgeons, horse owners and stock raisers administer and apply it for colic, galls, affections of the loof, sweeney, garget and troubles incident to horses or to cattle. Sold by all medicine dealers. Price, 50 cents and \$1 per bottle; trial size, 25 cents.

CATARRH! 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 crutative, 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 dispelled 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, here 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. Write at once, the Ask your druggist for it. ELY BROS., Owners, N. Y. Proprietors. For sale here by W. R. REED & Co. GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Dec. 2, 1878.

Messrs. ELY BROTHERS—I cheerfully add my testimony to the value of your Cream Balm as a specific in 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. S-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. 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 VITALIZING ZER, 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, Diphtheria, Canker mouth, and Hoarse and 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., 120 Griswold St., Room 8, DETROIT, MICH. For sale by Druggists everywhere. Ask for Dr. Barney's Pad, and have no other. v8-29-6m

USE THIS BRAND.

ARM WITH HAMMER BRAND. CHURCH & CO'S SODA WATER. NEW YORK. 90 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.

Paties preferring Saleratus should always ask for our "ARM AND HAMMER" Brand, same style as Soda. 43-3m

Cheap Job Printing done at this office.

HOLMES & PARKER.

CHELSEA, MICH. v8-13-y

USE THIS BRAND. JOHNSTON'S Sarsaparilla. LIVER COMPLAINT DYSPEPSIA, And for Purifying the Blood.

This preparation is compounded with great care, from the best selected. HONDURAS Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Stillingia, Dandelion, Wild Cherry, and other Valuable Remedies.

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

Used all the Year Round. Johnston's Sarsaparilla. Le acknowledged to be the best and most reliable preparation now prepared for LIVER COMPLAINT DYSPEPSIA, And for Purifying the Blood.

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CHELSEA, MICH. v8-13-y

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MICHIGAN.

A young man by the name of J. McLean left St. Ignace Saturday evening in a small boat bound for Chicago. Nothing has been heard from him since, he is supposed to have been drowned.

The State Fair opened Monday with a fair day and very large attendance. Officers of the metropolitan police force patrolled Belle Isle for the first time.

John Koch, proprietor of the Ulmer brewery, 344 Russell street, who was run over by a train on the Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee railroad at Royal Oak Saturday evening, died of injuries on Sunday.

Hanlan has agreed to row Courtney at Rochester, N. Y., for a purse of \$5,000. A strike of molders began at the Ohio Falls car works, at Jeffersonville, Tuesday morning.

The twenty-fourth session of the Detroit annual conference began in the First Methodist Episcopal church, Ann Arbor, at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning.

Peter St. George, a very old and almost blind man, residing in Erin, Macomb county, claims that he was born at Montreal, January 13, 1773, and came to Detroit in 1804 and commenced the business of peddling.

The forty-fourth annual session of the Michigan conference of the Methodist Episcopal church convened in the M. E. church of Lonia at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning with Bishop Foster presiding.

The workers in the saw-mills at Ludington are on a strike. The crew of Ward's north mill marched to Ward's south mill, Boby's, Dauber & Melendy's and the Pere Marquette lumber company's mill on Thursday.

It is estimated that the loss by forest fires in Tuscola County this season will not fall short of \$25,000.

Rev. J. D. Pierce, the well-known "father" of the Michigan school system, lies dangerously ill at his residence at East Saginaw.

John Boher, who was employed as a watchman in Smith's Adams camp at Summit Station, Ogemaw county, was found dead at the camp Thursday.

The depot at Hastings was broken open Friday noon, the money drawer pried open and between \$70 and \$80 taken.

At the recent term of the Shiawassee circuit eight divorces were granted.

The Rev. Mr. Baylis, who has been preaching to a church at Maple River, three miles south of Owosso, disappeared recently leaving his own wife and taking that of another man along with him.

Dentworth Vanderpool, a Lake Shore brakeman, was killed Saturday night near Coldwater, Mich., by the collision of two trains.

A young man named Bahor was shot and fatally wounded at Frankfort Saturday by a man named Stranble.

The planing mill of Linton & Frost, at East Saginaw, burned Saturday. A Green Bay line car, loaded with lumber and other freight valued at \$2,000, was also destroyed.

Leonard Phillips, a highly respected farmer and one of the oldest residents of the township of Milford, was instantly killed Saturday morning by his team running away.

Up to Saturday there had been 66 applications for admission to the present term of the Agricultural College, of whom 60 come from Michigan.

The board of trustees of Grand Traverse college at Benzonia have determined to suspend the term of study for the present college year to enable them to thoroughly refit the building and grounds, with the intention of opening in September, 1880.

F. V. Baggerly, of Grand Rapids, has recently been elected to the legislature in England valued at \$1,000,000.

It appears that Col. O. F. Lochead, book-keeper of the Citizens' National bank of Flint, is implicated in the recent defalcation by Wm. L. Gibson.

There was a strike of workmen in the mills, shipyards and wharves at Grand Haven Monday, about 500 workmen leaving their stations on a demand for an advance of 25 cents a day.

At 12 o'clock Monday the large house of John S. Clark near the village of Clinton, Leelanau county, was totally destroyed by fire.

Edward Dobson, a homesteader, 30 years old, living six miles south of Mackinac City, was drowned Saturday by the capsizing of a skiff while crossing Carp Lake.

A party of 400 Canadian emigrants bound for Manitoba passed through this city Tuesday evening. Their household effects filled 17 cars.

The annual conference of the colored M. E. church met in Zion church on Calhoun street Tuesday. Bishop Lomas presided.

Tuesday morning the revenue cutter Pescaden found the body of John Boyd, the unfortunate colored fireman of the steamer Alaska, floating in Lake Erie about half a mile below the point where the explosion took place.

It is said that not less than 150 cows have died in the western part of the city from the cattle plague.

The tenth annual meeting of the master carpenters' association of the United States commenced at the Michigan Exchange Wednesday morning. Twenty-eight members were present.

In accordance with the resolution of the Common Council, City Counselor Baker has commenced suit against the Detroit & Windsor Ferry Company and the vessel on which it is to be carried.

The Detroit dock company are about to commence the building of a new composite iron side-wheel steamer for the Grand Haven line.

The Common Council has passed an ordinance to prohibit the introduction of Texas cattle into the city.

Mrs. Schulte, better known as "Mother Ambrust," a notorious woman, has been arrested on a charge of murdering a girl named Ella Lauder in February, 1878.

The mixed wrestling match between Col. J. H. McLaughlin and Thos. Thompson, in which the latter was defeated, took place at the Opera House Saturday night.

The Democratic state convention of Wisconsin met at Madison Tuesday, and was called to order by Joseph Rankin, chairman of the state central committee.

The city of Newport, N. H., was destroyed by fire Saturday. Only fire-proof buildings remained.

The cotton operatives on strike at Ashton, Cheshire, on the coast of England, 11,000 in number, are slowly being re-employed.

Relative to the unprecedented distress among the working classes in the thickly populated towns of Great Britain, it is estimated that 20,000 persons in the district referred to have been thrown out of work during the last three years.

The power of the will over disease. From Harper's Weekly.

Some few persons of strong will could by a resolute effort check the process of actual disease in their internal organs, or excite processes of organic change resulting in cure, may be admitted.

Among the cases remarkable in the history of medicine, there is one of a patient who could be persuaded to make the attempt.

What might be hoped for from minds of such exceptional power we may learn from several instances which have been recorded in the history of medicine.

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