

HOME AND FRIENDS.
BY PARKMAN HIX.
Come, sit awhile with me, my boy, I'll not detain you long—
To listen to an old man's words can surely do no wrong.
For I've told the way that you now tread and see the many snares
That lie concealed along your path to seize you unaware.
I once was young like you, my son—my curling locks of brown
And bright blue eyes and fresh young face were talked of in the town,
And men and women flattered me and loaded me with praise,
And a cloud of sorrow crossed the sunshine of my days.
But there was one among them all, the kindest and the best,
Who waked me mornings with a kiss and sang me nights to rest;
And often would I wake to find her kneeling by my bed,
Her clasped hands mingled with the looks that gazed my youthful head.
When death came in and we were left with no one to provide,
She daily toiled for both, and oh, how lovingly she tried
To make our home so pleasant that the vices of the town
Would not allure her darling and drag his manhood down.
Alas! how could I disregard that mother's prayers and tears?
How could I spurn her gentle words so early in my years?
I broke her heart—but when I stood beside her dying bed,
I, choked with grief, and kneeling, felt her hand upon my head.
"Turn back, my son," she faintly said, "regain the narrow way to rest."
You know we journeyed side by side for many a happy day,
And then you left me, darling—Oh, retire—your steps and tread
The better way—the spoke no more—my best of friends was dead.
My boy, clinging close to mother, as you value future peace;
The day is not far distant when her care for you will cease.
And when, if you have caused her grief, each relic you retain
Of her who would have died for you, will only give you pain.
Yes, tread the path the mother treads, and when she drops to rest
Keep straight ahead, a pure, stout heart low beating in thy breast;
Though wealth should grace thee with her smile, or even fame be thine,
Be ever strong enough to say, "My mother's path is mine!"

ELLEN GALE'S THANKSGIVING.
BY ANNIE A. GIBBS.

It was a stormy evening in November. The North wind rattled the rickety casements, and the rain dashed fiercely against the panes.
Within the room—a poor, bare room in a tenement house—a sad-faced woman and two pale, fragile-looking children, a boy and a girl, sat crouching over the small cooking stove trying to warm their shivering frames by the feeble fire that burned therein.
"Mother," said the boy, a blue-eyed, fair-haired child of seven, "I don't suppose we shall keep Thanksgiving to-morrow, shall we?"
Mrs. Gale made no reply to this question of her boy.
A choking sensation prevented her. What a mockery was that word when she and her children were starving!
"Certainly not, Walter," said Minnie, who, though only nine years old, yet by reason of the thoughtful look in her hazel eyes, and her quiet, old-fashioned ways, seemed almost a woman. "Certainly not, my dear, you ask? Only see, you have almost made mamma cry."
"Don't fret, mamma," said Walter, "I don't care for turkey and pumpkin pie, and plum pudding—that is, not very much," added the little fellow, whose supper of bare bread and a single baked potato had scarcely satisfied the cravings of his healthy young appetite.
"Ah!" he said, "but they are going to have a great spread over to Charlie Atwell's to-morrow. Four turkeys besides chickens. I was there when the grocer brought them. Lots of other things beside. A barrel of apples, two big pumpkins, and packages, ever so many of them! Mother did we use to keep Thanksgiving before we went away?"
"Yes my child," answered his mother.
And then as memory reverted to the days of her happy wifehood, when her husband's love had shielded her from every care; when she had never dreamed of the possibility of being brought face to face with want, her self-control gave way.
She clasped her hands over her face and burst into a passion of tears.
"Oh! don't, pray don't, mamma," said Minnie, rising from her chair and kneeling down before her mother and clasping her knees. "Don't cry. We have enough in the house for to-morrow, have we not? We have bread, and potatoes, and a little meat. Oh! I do love mush, and so does Walter. Don't you dear?"
"Yes," said Walter, "with milk; but we haven't any money to buy milk. But I say don't you cry, mother, I am going to try and earn a little something to-morrow going errands. I tried to get a job to-day, but I couldn't."
"You know last Monday I earned twenty-five cents. Ah! when I get to be a little older, mother, you shall have everything you want, you and Minnie. I will work and earn money for you."
And the little fellow shook back his curls and expanded his chest, as he thought of the wonderful things he would do when he was a man.
His mother looked at him fondly through her tears. How like his father he was! With the same brave, sanguine spirit, too. How proud his father would have been of him. And Minnie, too—the good, wise, little woman. Surely Heaven had blessed her in her children. For their sakes she must be brave and bear up.
She raised Minnie from the floor, kissed her, and calling Walter to her side, kissed him, too, and stroked his fair curls.
"My darlings," she said, "I think you had better go to bed now. The fire is low"—indeed it had nearly died away—"and we must keep our coal for to-morrow."
"Yes, mother," said Minnie, cheerfully, "and you?"
"I shall come directly," said Mrs. Gale.
"But, mamma, you will take cold; it is so cold here. Let me get you your warm shawl!"
And going to the closet, Minnie took a faded plaid woolen shawl from a nail, and wrapped it around her mother's thin form.
"Thank you, dear, and now you had better go directly to bed."
"If I only had just a little piece of bread first," said Walter, with a sigh. It seems as if something was gnawing inside my stomach."

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Mrs. Gale rose, without a word, and going to the cupboard, took from a plate a small, thin slice of bread, and gave it to her son.
"And you, Minnie?" she said.
"Oh, I am not at all hungry, mother, dear," said Minnie, "not at all."
The children undressed, and kneeling down by the poor but spotlessly clean bed, said in concert their "Now I lay me," etc. Then they added, as their nightly custom was:
"Oh! God bless our dear papa, and bring him back to us once more."
"God never answers our prayer," whispered Walter, after they were beneath the bed-clothes.
"I think," answered his sister, also in a whisper, "that our dear papa must be dead, or he would come to us."
Long after the children were asleep, long after the last remnant of fire had died away in the stove, when Ellen Gale sat thinking, thinking.
The room grew colder and colder, the wind whistled and shrieked as if in anger, and the rain continued to beat fiercely against the window-panes. It was a wild, bitter night, but the rich and happy, in homes full of festal cheer, laughed at its fury.
Five years before Ellen Gale had been a happy wife. Her husband, young, handsome, and prosperous, was very proud of his beautiful wife and their two lovely children.
Walter Gale was the trusted, confidential clerk of a large commercial house. He was on the high road to fortune, for his employers had promised to make him a partner in the firm, when, one day, it was discovered that two thousand dollars belonging to the firm were missing. Circumstances pointed to Walter Gale, the trusted clerk, as the criminal, and though there was not sufficient evidence to convict him, he was dismissed from the establishment with a stain upon his name.
The night following his discharge Walter Gale left his home, leaving behind him a note addressed to his wife, assuring her of his innocence, and declaring his intention never to come back to L— again until he was able to replace the money he was suspected of having stolen.
This trouble fell like a thunderbolt on the fond young wife and mother, who had never before known care or sorrow.
She lived—she was obliged to live for her children, the youngest a baby of two years.
She sold her jewelry, Walter's gifts, and most of her furniture, removed from her pretty cottage to two rooms in a tenement-house, and went to work sewing for the shops.
She heard no word, no tidings of her husband, but two years after his departure his innocence was proved beyond a doubt. The junior partner of the house in which Walter had been employed absconded with all the available funds of the company. He was followed, captured, and imprisoned for the crime.
He committed suicide in prison, but before he died he performed one act of justice. He wrote a confession, declaring Walter Gale's innocence of the crime of which he had been suspected, and admitted that he had been the real criminal.
The particulars of this man's arrest, imprisonment, confession, and suicide, were published in the newspapers far and near. Surely, if Walter Gale were living, they must have reached him. But three years had passed since then and no tidings had been heard of him and the inference was that he was dead.
Mrs. Gale and her family were known to be in great poverty, but still there were few who were aware that they ever suffered from actual want, for Ellen was very proud—to proud to complain, much less to beg. Alas! for the poor and proud.
And, indeed, when she could obtain work, her nimble fingers earned enough to supply herself and with food and decent clothing—just that and no more.
For the past month, however, it had been impossible for her to obtain work, and to-night there is nothing in the house but half a loaf of bread, half a dozen potatoes, a little meal, and a few handfuls of coal. And the next day is Thanksgiving—the day of plenty and happy family reunions.
Ellen Gale sits shivering in the cold, bare room, while outside the wind howls, and the rain beats against the windows.
Her thoughts go back to the past—to the happy Thanksgivings she has spent in her father's house, the dear old farm-house up among the hills of New Hampshire. She thinks of those who gathered around that festal board—father, mother, sisters and brothers. They are all gone—all except one brother, who has removed to the far West.
Then memory recalls to her that happiest Thanksgiving of all, her wedding day, when she stood up in the old-fashioned parlor of that same old farm-house, and the words were spoken by the gray-haired man of God, which made her his wife.
Oh! the happy days and years that followed. How tender, how true, how noble he was—that husband of hers! How he had loved her. Then the children had come. How proud he had been of them. What a future he had planned for them. And now they were suffering from want, from hunger, and from cold.
She rose and walked to their bedside. There they lay fast asleep, looking so fair, so angelic, but oh! so thin and pale!
"Oh! God," she cried, "I cannot, oh! I cannot endure that they should suffer, my dear ones, his and mine. Oh! Walter, Walter, come back to them, to me!"
Many and many a time in the past four years has that cry, "Walter, come back to me," been wrung from the depths of her agonized heart. She had well nigh despaired of that prayer ever being answered.
But as the sound of her voice died away upon the air, she hears a loud rap on the door.

She is not afraid, as many a woman would have been, for it is past ten o'clock. She goes to the door and opens it. A man stands before her enveloped in a heavy overcoat, buttoned up to the chin. He is bearded and bronzed, and it is no wonder she does not recognize him.
But he knows her, and, taking a step forward, says, "Nellie, my darling," and folds her close to his heart. Her prayer has been answered at last.
That first heart-warm embrace over, and after the father has imprinted a kiss on the face of each of his sleeping children, he looks around the bare room, and says:
"Nellie, dear, you are very, very poor."
"I have been out of work lately, Walter, dear, and we have but little food in the house, and a handful of coals."
"Put it on, dear Nell, for I have much to say to you, and the room is like a barn, and you, my own darling, are shivering with cold. Heaven forgive me! I was a coward to leave you, but I could not stay at home and be looked upon as a thief."
"Your name was cleared long ago, dear Walter," said Ellen, as she poured the coals over the kindling-wood. "It was Hartwell who was guilty. He confessed it before his death."
"Ellen, is that really true?"
"Yes, dear Walter," said Ellen, sitting upon his knee, his loving arms around her, she told him the whole story.
"Thank Heaven!" said Walter, fervently, "that my name stands unblemished before the world, for your sake and theirs," he said, pointing to the bed where lay his sleeping children. "I could have borne anything but to be suspected of dishonesty. That maddened me. I must have been mad, I think, or I should not have left you and our babes to starve. I went away determined never to come back until I had my money was proved. I went to New York and shipped on a vessel bound off the Cape of Good Hope, and a few others of the crew were taken on board an English vessel bound to Australia. Arrived there I started immediately for the gold diggings."
"For a long time I had no luck at all, and I had not the courage to write home, having no good news to communicate. But at last fortune favored me. I found a nugget worth three thousand dollars. I went to Melbourne and exchanged it for Bank of England notes."
"I was now able to repay Jones & Company the money they accused me of stealing, so I started for home. I arrived in L— half an hour ago. I inquired with fear and trembling for Mrs. Gale. I was afraid that I should hear you were dead. But I thank Heaven, that sorrow was spared me. They directed me here. Nellie, my wife, can you forgive me?"
"Dear Walter, I have nothing to forgive. But I am so happy. My heart is so full of thankfulness!"
Oh, the joy of the children when, on waking the next morning, they were informed that the bronzed, bearded gentleman with the kindly blue eyes, was really their long-absent papa, and they were to have a Thanksgiving dinner with a turkey and the usual fixings after all. Minnie dropped her quiet, womanly ways, and became a veritable child again, merry and noisy.
Such a Thanksgiving dinner as was eaten in that poor room the next day! Such a turkey! Roasted to a turn a rich golden brown. And there was chicken pie and plum pudding, besides quantities of rosy-cheeked apples, and nuts and raisins.
Minnie and Walter lived to see many happy Thanksgivings days, but never a happier one than that spent in that poor room in the tenement-house on the day following their long lost father's return.
They removed from that squalid tenement-house a few days afterward to a handsome house in a pleasant street.

Walter Gale accepted the partnership offered him by Jones & Co. Mr. Jones was anxious to atone, as far as possible, for what he called his former injustice.
Ellen Gale's dark days are over: The roses have come back to her cheeks, and the rounded outlines to her face and figure. She looks almost like a girl again.
There is no happier home in all our land than hers. No women is blessed with a kinder, truer, more devoted husband or more beautiful, promising children. Her whole life is a constant thanksgiving to God for His goodness.
Has prosperity made her selfish? Ask the poor, the widows and orphans, whose homes are brightened and cheered by her benevolence.
AN ICE PALACE.—A house of ice, similar to that which was built in the Empress Anne's reign, is about to be constructed in the Zoological Garden at Moscow. The managers of that establishment have found among its architects some valuable details as to the mode of building which was adopted on the former occasion, and they will be adhered to in the present instance. The first edifice was raised between the Admiralty and the Winter Palace, at St. Petersburg, in 1740, and was formed throughout—walls, roof, windows, decorations, alike—of ice. The blocks were cut in a square shape and their surface sprinkled with water, which when the cubes were placed in juxtaposition froze in the interstices and bound the whole into one compact and solid mass. At the entrance of the structure was a large gallery filled with statues. The ante-chamber possessed four windows and the other rooms five each, while on the stills stood vases filled with flowers made of ice, of the same material standing at the corners. Clock cases, chairs, tables, wardrobes, utensils, candelabras, beds were all of ice.

Trifles.
Black ink is easiest read.
Sweet home—the bee hive.
A stem-winder—the ivy green.
Lovers and tailors press their suits.
Time to set traps for weather prophets.
Don't be too generous with your temper. Keep it.
Pumpkin-butter—an old ram taking a header at one.
The safest ammunition for a boy's gun is baking powder.
After the break of day the hours are very busy time pieces.
A match is a light-headed when it comes to the scratch.
Curiosity takes some farmers to the stables before breakfast.
The latest telephones are so natural that they are liable to diphtheria.
This is an open winter—open at both ends, with a gentle zephyr blowing clear through.
An Indian said to a young man who chaffed him upon his bald head: "Young man, when my head gets as soft as yours I can raise hair to sell."
The Danbury News thinks that as the country has so much money to expend and grain to send away, the best thing to do would be to take boarders.
A Jerseyman was once thrown 150 feet by an express train, when he picked himself up, looked around for his hat, and remarked, "Well if I don't find that hat'll make the company pay for it!"
A great barrister is reported to have expressed his surprise that the clergy did not make better use of their quite unique opportunities: "A whole week," he exclaimed, "to get up the case, and no reply!"
When Naomi stood up to get married, and the clergyman asked her if she was sure she was fourteen years old, it must have been a terrible twist for her to admit that she was five hundred and eighty—Kingston Freeman.
"My wife," remarked a prominent manufacturer, "never attended auctions. She went on and secured a friend at the opposite side of the room, nodded politely, whereupon the auctioneer knocked down a patent cradle; and asked her where she wished it delivered."

Celluloid.
"tell me the cost of keeping a cow."
"Well, sir, my experience, after fifty years in the business, is that it costs—well, it depends entirely on how much you feed the cow."
Celluloid.
Dr. W. H. Wahl tells in the *Journal of Industry* what celluloid is and how it is made. Briefly defined, celluloid is a species of solidified collodion, produced by dissolving gun-cotton (pyroxilin) in camphor with the aid of heat and pressure. The gun-cotton is ground in water to a fine pulp in a machine similar to that used in grinding paper pulp. The pulp is then subjected to powerful pressure in a perforated vessel to extract the bulk of the moisture, but still leaving it slightly moist for the next operation. This consists in thoroughly incorporating finely comminuted gun-camphor with the moist gun-cotton pulp. The proportions employed are said to be one part by weight of camphor to two parts by weight of the pulp. With this mixture any coloring matters required can now be incorporated. The next step is to subject the mass to powerful pressure and incidentally to effect also the more intimate contact of the camphor with the pulp.
The dried and compressed mass is next placed in a mould, open at the top, into which fits a solid plunger. A heavy hydraulic pressure is brought to bear upon the plunger, and at the same time the mixture is heated by means of a steam jacket surrounding the vessel to a temperature of about 300° Fahr. When the mass is taken out of the press it hardens, and acquires the extraordinary toughness and elasticity which are the distinguishing characteristics of this remarkable product. Celluloid is very largely used as a substitute for ivory, which is imitated with great success. Tortoise shell, malachite, mother of pearl, coral, and other costly and elegant materials, are also so successfully imitated that an expert can hardly detect the original from the copy. Celluloid is also used as a substitute for porcelain in the manufacture of dolls, which will stand a good deal of rough usage without breaking. Quite recently, too, it has been combined with linen, and used for shirt-bosoms, cuffs and collars.

THE FARM.
Scraps of Experience.
At the last meeting of the Saginaw County Farmers' Club the members related their experience on a variety of farm topics. We gather the following scraps from the report of the *Saginawian*: On the question of the best feed for milch cows, Dr. I. Smith said he had experimented with sugar beets and had found them excellent milk food. Mr. Geddes said that sugar beets gave one-third more milk than any other class of roots, and the quality of the milk is superior. Good butter cannot be made from cows fed with ruta-bagas. Dr. Smith stated that he had never used any feed which had given such satisfactory results in yield of milk as potatoes. The objection to potatoes is that they are too expensive.
Mr. J. Rose, who had experimented considerably in a small way in feeding milch cows, found the sugar beet superior to all other roots; turnips, and the cabbage family must not be ignored if we would have good milk. Roots, said Mr. Rose, cause other food to assimilate, they aid digestion, and are in this manner beneficial to cattle.
Mr. J. Fischer said he had experimented largely with carrots and his cows never gave so good milk. Mr. Graham had fed potatoes and found them excellent food for milch cows. Mr. Geddes said sugar beets can be raised at one-third the cost of raising potatoes. He stated during the discussion that 500 bushels of sugar beets could be raised to the acre.
The President gave his experience in raising beets and potatoes. He grew but 80 bushels of potatoes to an acre last year, while two rows of sugar beets, each 40 rods long, yielded 40 bushels. Mr. Rose raised, the last year, both sugar beets and mangels-wurzels and the beets were fully equal to the mangels in size and yield.
Mr. Waldbauer said carrots are the best roots for horses, cows, poultry or hogs. He cooks them. Dr. Smith had fed pigs raw carrots and they had done well. He found that N. L. Miller, of Saginaw, fed his pigs in winter with sugar beets raw and that sometimes he fed with ruta-bagas, and the pigs thrived well.
Mr. Fischer had tried feeding sugar beets boiled to poultry and they relished them and had done well on that food.
Dr. Smith advocated visiting around as certain to be materially beneficial and would tend to develop much valuable information from quarters where we least expect it. Mr. Graham said it was all right to learn of the experience made by the gentlemen farmers, to visit around and have good things, but it takes money. When a man clears up his own farm he has first to clear, then drain; he must go slow to avoid getting into debt; our business should be to encourage small farmers.
Mr. Fischer asked what should be done to a heifer whose bag is swelled and inflamed before time of coming in. Salt and water was recommended as the best remedy.

RAILROAD.

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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.
CHELSEA HERALD.
CHELSEA, JANUARY 22, 1880.

[Special correspondence for the CHELSEA HERALD.]
Our Jackson Letter.
JACKSON, Jan. 21, 1880.
CHURCH DEDICATION.

The Unitarian society commenced the dedication of their new church last Sunday, and continued Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. Some fifteen divines from Chicago, Ill., and other cities in this State, were present and took part in the services.

Among the most noted was the Rev. L. P. Mercer, of Chicago, (Swedenborgian.) The ministers present were not confined to the Unitarian society, some being Universalists and Swedenborgians; and the beliefs of their different churches were advanced and discussed ably.

The new church is of gothic architecture, brick, with slated roof, and is a very neat comfortable edifice, seating some 400 persons. It is situated on Jackson street, corner of Washington, and is certainly quite an improvement on the old frame church, which has stood there for so many years.

The present pastor, the Rev. I. C. Billman, came here about a year ago from Adrian, in this State, and by his great energy and marked ability has gathered around him quite a flock of admirers; and this new edifice is the outgrowth of his labors.

For many years Mr. Billman was a minister of the Congregational Church; but of late has very materially changed his views, and is now a most liberal thinker.

AN EXCELLENT CHARITY.

The Home of the Friendless, a charity started here a little over a year ago by our most influential ladies, presented their first annual report recently, which was most encouraging, and show how much good had been accomplished by the establishment of the home in the city. The duty of caring for the friendless, aged, and the little orphans, is worthy of our best efforts; and it is gratifying to know the officers of this institution find a ready response for means for carrying on this good work.

THE REFORM CLUB.

The interest in the work of reclaiming the drunkard, and save his home and family from the dreadful effects of alcohol, is still progressing. While there is a number of different societies, besides the Red Ribbon Club, in operation here, and to such we say God speed, the Reform Club have manfully fought through many difficulties and changes; and to-day reap their reward by seeing the great public interest increasing in their favor, and is now on a sound basis.

The meetings of the club are well attended, and there seems to be more interest. The lecture delivered last Sunday, by the Eastern gentleman, Mr. George Milo Dutcher, was a fine effort, an eloquent and fervent appeal; and his sad experience was told in touching language. Full of Christian charity, he is evidently doing a good work in rescuing the perishing, and raising the fallen.

While speaking of the work of the Reform Club, I must mention the efforts put forth in behalf of the young. The Sunday afternoon services, for the children, are growing in interest; and with an increased attendance, this branch of the work is of vital importance and will meet with success.

JOTTINGS.

Since the new year was ushered in, the society circle has been quite lively with weddings, dinner parties, family reunions, church socials, club gatherings, etc., which have followed each other in rapid succession; and now the elite of the city are making preparations for the Light Guard Ball, which is shortly to take place.

The lovers of good music have been favored this winter by a series of entertainments, at the extremely low price of ten cents, by the Franty Schubert's Club. These entertainments have been of a high musical order, and our citizens have appreciated their efforts by large audiences on every occasion.

OUR TRANS-ATLANTIC NEIGHBORS.

The Unsettled Condition of European Affairs.

WHEN the famous treaty of Berlin was signed a year and a half ago, a hope arose everywhere that it would have the effect of restoring peace and harmony among the nations of Europe. After so much war and turmoil, that treaty seemed to settle the differences of rival powers, and to promise the prospect of a long tranquility.

The hopes thus cherished, however, already seem to have been ill-founded. Glancing over the political affairs of Europe, we see many signs foreboding future trouble. At this very moment there are bitter jealousies and distrust between nations.

The huge armies which have so long been maintained, and have been a heavy burden upon the people, are not only kept up, but are being increased. Germany is supporting a force of over a million, and so is France. Russia has an army of nearly a million and a half; Austria has nearly a million; and even Italy, just becoming a united kingdom, and an important power, has raised nearly half a million soldiers. The smaller countries have increased their armies in proportion.

We see that Germany and Austria have separated from their alliance with Russia, and have bound themselves by a new treaty of defense. The English Foreign Secretary, Lord Salisbury, has made a startling speech, from which it appears that the English jealousy of Russia is still keenly alive, and that she entertains a feeling of deep hostility and distrust towards the Czar's empire.

Germany is suspected of coveting the little realms of Holland and Belgium; Austria, of desiring more Turkish territory, including the port of Salonica; Russia, as still nourishing an ambition, not only to possess Constantinople, but to make an attack on British India; England, of desiring war with Russia in Central Asia and France, of still feeding her desire of revenge, and her craving to wrest Alsace and Lorraine from Germany.

It looks very likely that Germany, Austria and England may join together on the one hand, and France and Russia on the other; and that, in case of a new war arising, these nations, thus grouped, would be pitted against each other. When all of them are armed to the teeth, and awaiting, as it were, sword and gun in hand, for an outbreak, a small spark might easily light a frightful conflagration of war in Europe.

This spark may come from the smoldering embers of the still unquenched Eastern question. The Turkish provinces, set free by the treaty of Berlin, are in a dangerous state of confusion and discontent. The little kingdom of Greece is very much disappointed not to have obtained the territory she demanded, and may make war on Turkey at any moment. If she did, it would be likely to arouse the warlike passions of all Europe.

Or the spark destined to light up the next European war may come from the East. Should Russia and England come into collision on the borders of Afghanistan, such an event would have a strong tendency to set Europe, also, in a blaze.

We cannot see all these signs of trouble without deep regret. It seems, looking on from this distance, as if Europe were never to have a long era of peace and content; as if all the martial passions of the Princes and warriors of old were still burning in hatred and jealousy.

The era of disarmament and the tranquil pursuit of industry and intellectual progress seems, indeed, afar off. Surely the people of the United States, observing this unhappy condition of things in the Old World, cannot but feel all the more that they are blessed and favored among nations, for their isolation from rival and hostile neighbors, and for the prospect ahead of a long and prosperous peace.

In Dingler's Journal, V. L. Daguerre gives his method of forming artificial asphalt. Coal or wood tar is heated in a boiler until all the water it may contain is evaporated. He then adds finely powdered marble of limestone that had previously been, stirred in 5 per cent. of iron oxide, silicate of potash and gypsum, and mixes the whole thoroughly.

A young lady who had been married a little over a year wrote to her mother-of-fact old father, saying, "We have the dearest little cottage in the world; ornamented with the most charming little creepers you ever saw." The old man read the letter and exclaimed, "Twins, by thunder."

How Old is the World?

GEOLOGISTS, astronomers, and physicists, have alike been baffled in their attempts to set up any satisfactory kind of chronometer which will approximately measure geological time, and thus give some clue to the antiquity of our globe. It is therefore worth noting that Mr. Mellard Reade, of Liverpool, has lately contributed to the Royal Society, a very suggestive paper, in which he endeavors to grapple with the question by employing the limestone rocks of the earth's crust as an index of geological time. Limestones have been in course of formation from the earliest known geological periods, but it would appear that the latter found strata are more calcareous than the earlier, and that there has in fact been a gradual progressive increase of calcareous matter. The very extensive deposition of carbonate of lime over wide areas of the ocean-bottom at the present day, is sufficiently attested by the recent soundings of the "Challenger." According to the author's estimate, the sedimentary crust of the earth is at least one mile in average actual thickness, of which probably one-tenth consists of calcareous matter. In seeking the origin of this calcareous matter, it is assumed that the primitive rocks of the original crust were of the nature of gigantic or basaltic rocks. By the disintegration of such rocks, calcareous and other sedimentary deposits have been formed. The amount of lime salts in waters which drain districts made up of granites and basalts is found, by a comparison of analyses to be on an average about 3-73 parts in 100,000 parts of water. It is further assumed that the excoerced areas of igneous rocks, taking an average throughout all geological time, will bear to the exposure of sedimentary rocks a ratio of about one to nine. From these and other data Mr. Reade concludes that the elimination of the calcareous matter now found in all the sedimentary strata, must have occupied at least 800,000,000 of years. This, therefore, represents the minimum age of the world. The author infers that the formation of the Laurentian, Cambrian, and Silurian strata must have occupied about 200,000,000 of years; the old red sandstone, the carboniferous, and the poikilitic systems, another 200,000,000; and all the other strata, the remaining 200,000,000. Mr. Reade is, therefore, led to believe that geological time has been enormously in excess of the limits argued by certain physicists; that it has been ample to allow for all the changes which, on the hypothesis of evolution, have occurred in the organic world.

Dining With the Dead.

A MYSTERIOUS dinner party was given some short time ago by an elderly gentleman, in the Hotel Demuth, at St. Petersburg. One morning the gentleman in question called on Mr. Pintscher, the manager of the Demuth restaurant, and ordered a luxurious repast for six, of which he himself made out the menu, selecting from the wine card the costliest vintages. He asked for an estimate of the dinner's cost, paid the amount of his bill in advance, and requested that everything should be prepared for the entertainment of his guests at seven o'clock precisely, the same evening. At that hour he entered the room reserved for his banquet, and took his place at the head of the table. To the chief waiter's respectful inquiry, "whether he expected his friends to arrive soon, as the dinner was quite ready," he replied, "They are all here! Let the soup be served forthwith!" By his express command the puzzled attendants then proceeded to help the absent guests to course after course, setting down full plates before the empty chairs, and pouring out precious wines into the groups of glasses stationed before each unattended place. The gentleman ate and drank copiously, now and anon clinking his glass against the masterless goblets ranged upon the table to his right and left. With the first round of champagne, he arose and made a speech to his imaginary friends, from the tenor of which oration the waiters gathered that they had been engaged in attending to personages long since defunct. When the gentleman had concluded his remarks, he again went through the clinking formality, drained the contents of his glass, and, turning to Mr. Pintscher, chilled that amazed functionary's blood by the following ghostly statement: "To-day I celebrate my joyful meeting with my beloved relatives—my dead wife, daughter, and three sons, two of whom fell in the last campaign. Do not be afraid; I am not mad."

It has done me a power of good to spend this happy hour or so with my family. You may look for me again on this day twelvemonth."

Our Budget.

"Where's your partner this morning, Mr. Hyson?" asked a neighbor of his grocer. "Don't know for certain," cautiously replied the old man, "he died last night."

It was a hint that ought to have an extensive application when the preacher said in the prayer-meeting, "Now, Brother Smith, you pray the last half of your prayer!"

"I say, boy, where does that right hand road go to?" inquired a pedestrian of a country rustic. "I don't know, sir," replied the boy; "taint been nowhere since we lived here."

An urchin who had begged a penny of an old toper in vain, rewarded him with the advice: "Don't carry that nose of yours to no powder factory, or they might play the hose on yer."

The just published report of an Irish benevolent society says: "Notwithstanding the large amount paid for medicine and medical attendance, very few deaths occurred during the year."

A young lady who didn't admire the custom in vogue among her sisters of writing and then cross-writing it to illegibility, said she would prefer her epistles "without an over-skirt."

A lady who had quarreled with her bald-headed lover said, in dismissing him, "What is delightful about you, my friend, is that I have not the trouble of sending you back any locks of hair."

"Wife," said a man, looking for his boot-jack, "I have a place where I keep my things, and you ought to know it." "Yes," said she; "I ought to know where you keep your late hours, but I don't."

If a boy's boots were made of cast-iron, covered with tar and gravel, and then painted four coats and varnished, mothers would still have cause to wonder how on earth "that boy" got his feet sopping wet.

"Oh, dear grandma!" cried a mischievous little urchin, "I cheated the hens so nicely just now! I threw them your gold beads, and they thought they were corn, and ate them up as fast as they could."

An Indianapolis barber who abandoned his business and went into the ministry, was suddenly called upon one Sunday to baptize three candidates. He got along very well, but after baptizing the first he astonished his congregation by lustily shouting "Next."

A witty lady was once told by a gentleman of her acquaintance that "he must have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth." She looked at him carefully, and upon realizing the size of his mouth, replied, "I don't doubt it; but it must have been a soup-ladle."

An Irishman went to the theatre for the first time. Just as the curtain descended on the first act a boiler in the basement exploded, and he was blown through the roof, coming down on the next street. After coming to his senses he asked: "And what piece do yez play nixt?"

A Baptist minister fishing near Cape Cod catches a strange fish, and asks the skipper: "What manner of fish is this, my good man? It has a curious appearance." "Yaas; only been round here this year." "What do you call it?" "We call 'em Baptists." "Why so?" "Because they spile so quick arter comin' out o' the water."

A clerk was discharged. He asked the reason. "You are so awful slow about everything," said his employer. "You do me an injustice," responded the clerk. "There is one thing that I am not slow about." "I should be delighted to hear you name it," sneered the proprietor. "Well," said the clerk, slowly, "nobody can get tired as quick as I can."

"I can warrant his eyes," says a horse dealer, and Mr. Bartholomew bought the horse and found him as blind as a bat. Then when he raised a row about it, the dealer lifted his hands in amazement and solemnly swore that he said he could "warrant his size." And Mr. Bartholomew sits up at night to malign the English language.

Young man clasping his head in agony: "Ah! by Jove! how my head aches! Awfully, by Jove!" Sympathizing friend, student in dental room: "Oh! you'd better have it pulled!" then, after a thoughtful pause, "or filled!" Patient moves away with an injured air, and the young dentist smiles after him more thoughtfully than ever.

A clergyman was once forced to say to a congregation that persisted in depositing buttons in the contribution-box: "Brethren who wish to contribute buttons," said the financier, "will please not hammer down the eyes, for while that process does not increase their value in coin, it does impair their usefulness as buttons."

Some Harvard students offered the printer \$300 for an advance copy of the 'questions to be submitted to them at an examination. The printer had completed the job and parted with the sheets; but he obtained an old set of questions, put them in type and struck off a proof, which he sold to the students for the \$300. They did not discover the double quality of the fraud until examination day.

All Sorts.

Dickens' "Edwin Drood" is reckoned by some his greatest work, because he never wrote its sequel.

Nine out of every ten women in America buy their hair instead of raising it. Such a state of affairs should not exist in a country that annually spends thousands of dollars for the support of an Agricultural Bureau.

A Quaker having sold a fine-looking, but blind horse, asked the purchaser, "Well, my friend, dost thou see any fault in him?" "None, whatever," was the reply. "Neither will he ever see any in thee," said the honest Broadbrim.

Two women at Union, Tenn., had a duel in regular man style. They both fired at the word, and one hit a boy who was climbing over the fence with a watermelon, and the other hit a calf in a field. Both having drawn blood, they acknowledged that they had received satisfaction.

A good way to keep cut flowers fresh is to lay them in wet cloths. Take them out of the vases at night, sprinkle with cold water, and then wrap them in cloths made very wet with cold water. The weight of the cloth will not crush the most delicate flowers, while it keeps out the air and prevents their falling to pieces or opening farther.

Oh! that Monday could be postponed to the middle of the week. Everything goes wrong side up on Monday morning. People get out of their bed in a huff, eat breakfast because they are obliged to, and come down town in a fit of the sulks. The fact is, Sunday just gives rest enough to make a man feel the need of more, and Monday finds him mad because he can't get it.

A Hartford man's excuse for stealing a pair of chickens was that while at work he hung his coat near the coop, and on going for it he found the chickens roosted on the same. He hadn't the heart to wake them up, he said, so he wound his coat around them without waking them, and carried them off. His defense was ingenious, but he was sent up for three months all the same.

Business Locals.

JOHNSTON'S Sarsaparilla cures Indigestion. Sold by W. R. Reed & Co., Chelsea.

OLD Newspapers for sale at the HERALD office at 5 cents per dozen.

It is the intrinsic merit alone, of Hall's Vegetable Sillian Hair Renewer, that has gained for it great popularity.

EVERY variety of Job Printing done at the HERALD office.

"WHEN the swallows homeward fly" is the time when Coughs and Colds begin to appear. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cures every case. Price 25 cents.

ONLY five cents per dozen for old newspapers. Call at this office.

"THERE is danger in delay." Would you be free from Catarrh? Try Ely's Cream Balm. It is curing hundreds of Chronic cases. Sold by all Druggists. Price 50 cents.

SUBSCRIBE for the CHELSEA HERALD for 1880. The best and cheapest family reading paper in this country.

"BUSINESS PRINCIPLES"—When you want something to attend strictly to business, and cure a cough or cold in the head, get Dr. Fenner's Improved Cough Honey. It will relieve any case in one hour. Try a sample bottle at 10 cents. For sale by Glazier & Armstrong, Chelsea. v9-13-y

JOB PRINTING, from a Mammoth Poster to a Visiting Card, done at this office.

MOTHERS, try Dr. Derby's Croup Mixture, it is guaranteed to cure croup in all its forms, and is the best and cheapest medicine in the market for Coughs, Colds, and Diphtheria, and all throat and lung troubles. Only 50 cents a bottle. Try it. For sale by W. R. Reed & Co., Chelsea, Mich. v9-4-6m

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

NOT SO BAD.—The agony of Neuralgia, Toothache, Headache, or any pain whatsoever, can be relieved instantaneously, by using Dr. Fenner's Golden Relief. It is ready cure Rheumatism, Backache, Kidney Disease, Colic, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Burns, Bruises, etc. Try a sample bottle at 10c. For sale by Glazier & Armstrong, Chelsea, Mich. v9-18-ly

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW.

At a session of the Probate Court, for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, on Monday, the nineteenth day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty.

Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the Estate of James Hatt, deceased.
On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Milo Hatt, praying that he may be appointed Administrator of said estate. Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the sixteenth day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that all persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this Order to be published in the CHELSEA HERALD, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing. [A true copy.]

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Judge of Probate.
WILLIAM G. DOTY, Probate Register.

This space belongs to

WOOD BROS., who will, about the 15th of Feb'y, 1880, open up at their old stand, next door to the Post Office, with a Fine New Stock of Groceries, Provisions, Boots, Shoes, Crockery, &c.

Good delivered to any part of the village. CHELSEA, Sept. 18, 1879. v9-28

Elgin Watches
D. PRATT, WATCHMAKER.
REPAIRING—Special attention given to this branch of the business, and satisfaction guaranteed, at the "Bee Hive" Jewelry Establishment, South Main st., Chelsea. 47

RISLEY'S PURE DISTILLED 25c. Extract 25c. WITCH HAZEL, OR, HAMAMELIS VIRGINICA.
Equal in quality to any made, and only half the price; 6 oz. bottles 25c; pints 50c. Relieves Headache, Toothache, Earache, Sore Eyes, Nose-Bleed, Bleeding Lungs, Painful Menstruation, Whites, Asthma, Reduces Swellings, Piles, etc., etc. Cures Rheumatism, Sprains, Wounds, Bruises, Neuralgia, Erysipelas, Chilblains, Varicose Veins, Neuritis, etc.

NATURE'S UNIVERSAL REMEDY FOR INTERNAL & EXTERNAL USE.
If your Druggist has not got it have him order it of the Proprietor.

CHARLES F. RISLEY, WHOLESALE DRUGGIST, No. 64 CORTLANDT STREET, New York.

v9-18-3m

LEGAL NOTICE.

Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage, executed by Andrew Gulde and Maria Gulde, his wife, to James Taylor, dated the tenth day of July, A. D. 1876, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds, for the County of Washtenaw, and State of Michigan, on the third day of August, A. D. 1876, in Liber 55 of Mortgages, on page 6, which mortgage was duly assigned by said James Taylor to Maria Gulde, on the twenty-seventh day of November, A. D. 1877, by an assignment recorded in said Register's office, for said County of Washtenaw, on the third day of December, A. D. 1877, in Liber 5 of Assignments of Mortgages, on page 569, and said mortgage was assigned by said Maria Gulde to said James Taylor, on the twenty-eighth day of November, A. D. 1877, by an assignment recorded in said Register's office, for said County of Washtenaw, in Liber 6 of Assignments of Mortgages, on page 367, on the seventh day of November, A. D. 1879, by which said default the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative, and no proceedings having been instituted in law or equity to recover the debt secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof, and the sum of one thousand and eight dollars being now claimed to be due on said mortgage; and, also, an attorney fee of thirty dollars, as therein provided.

Notice is therefore hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed, by sale of the mortgaged premises therein described, or some part thereof, viz: The undivided one half of all that certain piece or parcel of land, situated in the Village of Chelsea, County of Washtenaw, and State of Michigan, known and described as follows, to-wit: Lot two (2), John C. Taylor's subdivision of the north-east corner of Block number four, Village of Chelsea, according to the recorded plat thereof, at public vendue, at the east door of the Court House, in the City of Ann Arbor, on the seventh day of February, 1880, at one o'clock in the afternoon of that day.

Dated November 13th, 1879.

MARIA GULDE, Assignee.

DEWEY & LEHMAN, Att'ys for Assignee.

Fifty Per Cent. Off.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS!
At Gilbert & Crowell's.

A large stock of

BOOTS & SHOES

Will be sold one-third less than any other store in town. Call on them.

They have on hand a large supply of

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Which they are selling cheap for Cash.

We sell

CHELSEA AND UNADILLA FLOUR.

Goods delivered to any part of the village. CHELSEA, Sept. 18, 1879. v9-28

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Ague Cure

Is a purely vegetable bitter and powerful tonic, and is warranted a speedy and certain cure for Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical or Bilious Fever, and all malarial disorders. In malarial districts, the rapid pulse, coated tongue, thirst, lassitude, loss of appetite, pain in the back and loins, and coldness of the spine and extremities, are only premonitions of severe symptoms which terminate in the ague paroxysm, succeeded by high fever and profuse perspiration.

It is a startling fact, that quinine, arsenic, and other poisonous minerals form the basis of most of the "Fever and Ague Preparations," "Specifics," "Syrups," and "Tonics," in the market. The preparations made from these mineral poisons, although they are palatable, and may break the chills, do not cure, but leave the malarial and their own drug poison in the system, producing quinsiness, dizziness, ringing in the ears, headache, vertigo, and other disorders more formidable than the disease they were intended to cure.

AYER'S AGUE CURE thoroughly eradicates these noxious poisons from the system, and always cures the severest cases. It contains no quinine, mineral, or any thing that could injure the most delicate patient; and its crowning excellence, above its certainty to cure, is that it leaves the system as free from disease as before the attack.

For Liver Complaints, AYER'S AGUE CURE, by direct action on the liver and biliary apparatus, drives out the poisons which produce these complaints, and stimulates the system to a vigorous, healthy condition.

We warrant it when taken according to directions.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Practical and Analytical Chemists, Lowell, Mass.

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PATENTS

LAW AND PATENTS.

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MARY E. FOSTER, Attorney at Law.

Office at her Residence, No. 26 West Catharine Street, ANN ARBOR, MICH.

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GOING WEST.	
Mail Train.	9:25 A. M.
Way Freight.	12:55 P. M.
Grand Rapids Express.	3:32 P. M.
Jackson Express.	5:11 P. M.
Evening Express.	10:15 P. M.
GOING EAST.	
Night Express.	5:50 A. M.
Way Freight.	6:25 A. M.
Jackson Express.	8:02 A. M.
Grand Rapids Express.	10:07 A. M.
Mail Train.	4:40 P. M.

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

Time of Closing the Mail.

Western Mail, 9:00, 11:00 A. M. & 5:30 P. M.
Eastern " 9:50 A. M. & 4:10 P. M.
Geo. J. CROWELL, Postmaster.

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Every Thursday Morning, by
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BUSINESS DIRECTORY

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 6:30 o'clock, at their Lodge room, Middle St., East.
ASA BLACKNEY, 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.

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OFFICE OVER GEORGE P. GLAZIER'S BANK,
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v9-18

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Good work guaranteed. v9-36

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OFFICE OVER H. S. HOLMES' STORE,
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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 "Bee Hive."

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 SHROUDS.

Hears in attendance on short notice.

FRANK STAFFAN, Jr.

Chelsea, Sept. 18, 1879.

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

OUR TELEPHONE.

PLENTY of mud.

A RAIN storm on Monday evening.

A YOUNG snow storm on Tuesday.

MR. & MRS. RANDALL, of this village, have been sick and quite ill for some time.

LAST Sunday was one of the most beautiful days that we ever have seen for a day in January.

Mrs. JOHN M. LETTS, after a long and severe illness, died at her residence, in this village, last Wednesday morning, aged 79 years.

Any person wanting a coat, a pair of pants, a vest, or a full suit of clothes, will save money by going to Parker & Babcock's, as they have an immense stock of men's, youths' and boys' clothing, at reduced prices. Overcoats a specialty.

A SOCIAL dance will be held at Young Men's Hall, in Unadilla, Mich., on Friday evening, Feb'y 6th, 1880. Bill, (including supper) \$1. Good music will be in attendance. An invitation is extended to all.

WOOD BRO.'S have sold their interest in the late business of Wood Bro's & Co. to Bernard Parker, and have purchased the store building one door south of the Post-office, which they will repair thoroughly, putting in a plate glass front, and otherwise improving, so that it will be second to none in this city. They expect to have it done, and well filled with a choice stock of groceries, provisions, etc., about the 15th of Feb'y next. This, in answer to numerous questions, as to what the "Wood Boys" are going to do.

THERE will be an auction sale on the farm of Lewis Hadley, in the township of Lyndon, 1 1/2 miles south east of Unadilla, on Friday, Jan. 23d, 1880, at 10 o'clock A. M., consisting of horses, cattle, sheep, farm implements, etc. Mr. H. will also sell his farm, consisting of 100 acres of fine land, 88 acres of which are under the plow, and well watered. There is a good frame house and barn on the premises, and also, a splendid orchard. He will sell 80 acres or 100 acres, to suit purchasers. The road divides his land, leaving 70 acres on one side and 30 acres on the other. Farmers should not fail to attend. Samuel G. Ives, Salesman.

RUNAWAY.—A team belonging to Burnett Steinbach, who lives three miles east of Chelsea, at the time containing himself and sister. The facts of the case are that they left here about twelve o'clock on last Friday evening; and when near the cemetery grounds, on their way home, a freight train, going west, came along, and whistled down brakes, causing the horses to make a sudden plunge, breaking the tongue of the buggy, and throwing both of the occupants over the dash-board, and breaking the arm of Mr. Steinbach; also injuring his sister slightly. If it had not been for the horses freeing themselves from the buggy, in all probability both Mr. Steinbach and his sister would have been killed. A narrow escape.

THE business formerly carried on by Wood Bro's & Co. will be conducted by Messrs. Parker & Babcock. They wish to say to their customers and friends that they have added largely to their stock, and increased their facilities for doing business. They will also carry a full line of all kinds of goods wanted by the trade, and at prices that cannot be beat.

A GREAT SAVING TO FARMERS.—A SELF-SUPPORTING ON PORTABLE FENCE.—The patentee says: "Two hundred rods is enough to enclose 100 acres of land, and by the use of this fence you can do more pasturing on 10 acres than you can on 30 acres, where the stationary fence is used. Last year I had 20 acres, which I expected to use for pasture. I took enough of this fence to fence off 3 acres, and when that was fed off I enclosed 3 acres more; when that was fed off I placed it around 3 acres more; when that was gone I commenced back, and had fresh pasture; and that 8 acres furnished pasture for seven horses, four hogs and nine head of cattle, and a balance of 13 acres was left to mow for hay. I thus saved enough to pay for the fence. Two men and a team can move and set up four acres in one hour.

"When I am done grazing, in the fall, I place the fence on my wheat field, on the rolling portion of it, and if we have snow, I will warrant a good crop of wheat on any hill in the country that will grow wheat. Two years ago, last winter, I placed on my wheat fields 80 rods of this fence, and I believe I saved 100 bushels of wheat."

All orders can be addressed to the owner, S. R. Beam, Battle Creek, Mich., or to this office. Those wishing to put up a cheap and substantial fence, can call at this office and get a descriptive circular and other information.

A WHOLESALE grocer, in this city, who became rich in his business, says his rule always was when he sold a bill of goods on credit, to immediately subscribe for the local paper of his debtor. So long as his customer advertised liberally and vigorously he rested, but as soon as he began to contract his advertising space, he took the fact as evidence that there was trouble ahead, and he invariably went for his debt. Said he, "The man who feels too poor to make his business known, is too poor to do business." The withdrawal of an advertisement is an evidence of weakness that business men are not slow to act upon.—New York Times.

Unclaimed Letters.

LIST of Letters remaining in the Post Office, at Chelsea, Jan. 1st, 1880:

Corey, Mrs. J. F.

Cole, Charles

Cummings, Miss Annie

Jackson, W. H.

Keegan, Thomas

Schable, John

Williams, Edward

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

Geo. J. CROWELL, P. M.

MATRIMONIAL.

RUNCIMAN—HARTIGAN.—In Chelsea, at the residence of James P. Wood, Esq., on Wednesday, the 14th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Sherk, of Charlotte, Mr. JAMES H. RUNCIMAN to Miss LAZZIE E. HARTIGAN, both of Chelsea.

This was a social event of more than ordinary interest. The bride and groom are very highly respected in this community, where they have lived from their childhood.

Guests were present from Charlotte, Prairieville, Jackson, Grass Lake, and other places, filling the spacious drawing rooms to overflowing. The various presents were artistically grouped upon and around one of the side tables, and made a magnificent display.

The ceremony was performed at six o'clock P. M., followed for one hour by hand shaking, and other expressions of congratulations, when the company adjourned to the dining rooms, where a bountiful repast was served; after which a couple of hours of delightful social intercourse was passed, when the happy couple took the Evening Express west for their bridal tour, and many an old shoe was (figuratively) thrown after them.

The following are a few of the presents, with names of the donors: One solid silver tea set, from Mr. & Mrs. W. R. Reynolds, of Jackson; 1 china tea set, from Mrs. W. R. Reynolds, of Jackson; 1 silver castor, from Miss Sarah Runciman, of Chelsea; 1 silver spoon holder, from Mr. & Mrs. M. J. Noyes, of Chelsea; 1 silver creamer, from Mr. & Mrs. Geo. P. Glazier, of Chelsea; 1 set of solid silver table spoons, from Mr. & Mrs. Geo. J. Crowell, of Chelsea; 1 silver butter dish, from Geo. Runciman, of Chelsea; 1 set silver forks, from Mr. & Mrs. B. Bates, of Chelsea; 1 set silver table spoons, from Miss Mary Pierce, of Chelsea; 1 set silver tea spoons, from Miss Alma Pierce, of Chelsea; 1 doz. silver knives, from Mr. & Mrs. James P. Wood, of Chelsea; 1 dozen knives and forks, from Mr. & Mrs. F. E. Richards, of Sylvan; 1 dozen tea spoons, from Mr. & Mrs. Thos. S. Sears, of Chelsea; 1 dozen silver forks, from Mrs. W. R. Reynolds, of Jackson; 1 dozen silver tea spoons, from Miss Kate Hartigan, of Chelsea; 1 silver pickle castor, from Mr. J. Shelley and lady, of Grass Lake; 1 carving knife, fork and steel, from Mr. & Mrs. J. Bacon, of Chelsea; 1 silver pickle castor, from Miss E. J. Hamp, of Jackson; 1 toilet set, from Mr. & Mrs. Alva Freer, of Chelsea; 1 silver pickle castor, from R. B. Richards, of Prairieville; 1 beautiful pair vases, from Mr. & Mrs. F. E. Richards, of Sylvan; 1 silver coffee pot, from Mr. & Mrs. W. D. Runciman, of Chelsea; 1 fruit stand and dishes, from Wm. Hartigan, of Chelsea; 1 elegant camp rocker, from Mr. & Mrs. C. H. Kempf, of Chelsea; 1 set silver tea spoons, from Mrs. W. R. Reynolds, of Jackson; 1 silver coffee pot, from John Runciman, of Chelsea; 1 cushion and mat, and one pair vases, from C. Hartigan, of Chelsea; 1 pair pillow shams, from Mrs. W. R. Reynolds, of Jackson; 1 dozen napkins and one tablecloth, from Maggie Thompson, of Jackson; 1 bronze lamp, from Mr. & Mrs. S. J. Guerin, of Chelsea.

But it would be tedious to continue the list to the end. Perhaps it would be well, however, to mention one more, which consisted of a miniature wicker cradle, from an unknown donor.

[The printers were well rewarded with an abundance of cake, for which they return thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Runciman.]

COOK—GLENN.—At North Lake, on Wednesday, Jan. 14th, 1880, by the Rev. Mr. Clark, of Unadilla, Mr. JAMES H. COOK to Miss NETTIE L. GLENN.

Wednesday, Jan'y 10th, 1880.—a most lovely winter day,—will go down the annals of time as the wedding day of Miss Nettie L. Glenn and Jas. H. Cook, which took place at the residence of the bride's father, Robert C. Glenn, at North Lake.

Rev. Mr. Clark, of Unadilla, was the officiating minister. A large gathering of friends were participants of the festivities.

The repast prepared, for the refreshing of the inner man, was all that could be desired, and the happy guests gave evidence of their enjoyment.

Among the elegant presents from home, and abroad, were a heavy silver water pitcher, with tray and goblet; two sets of pearl-handled silver knives, from New York friends. There were also presents from Wisconsin.

The gifts of home friends consisted of a silver tea set, five pieces; two sets of silver knives; a beautiful spoon castor, with twelve silver tea spoons; silver table castor; and silver cake basket, with many other nicely designed presents in glass-ware, fancy work, and domestic articles.

The bride is an only daughter. After hearty congratulations, there soon came "farewells." The bridal pair then came to Chelsea, taking the five o'clock P. M. train enroute for New York City, as the commencement of the conjugal tour.

"It's well to wed," 'tis well to wed,
For so the world has done;
Since myrtle blew, and roses grew,
And morning brought the dew."

[No cake.] ARRURS.

KNAPP—WHITLESEY.—In Ypsilanti, on Wednesday, Jan. 14th, 1880, by the Rev. Thomas Holmes, D. D., of Chelsea, Mr. WILLIAM J. KNAPP, of Chelsea, to Miss ESTELLA A. WHITLESEY, of Ypsilanti.

Rich and beautiful presents were made to the bride by her numerous friends. Miss Whitlesey was formerly preceptress of the Chelsea Union School. They will visit Washington, D. C., Baltimore, Md., and the State of Florida, during their wedding tour. [No cake.]

An eight-year old boy in Chelsea, the other day, asked his papa at dinner for "some more cheese." "No, my child," was the reply; "you have already had enough. When I was a child I had to eat my bread and smell my cheese." "Well," said the lad, "please give me a piece to smell."

Evarts vs. Mormonism.

It was said of the celebrated John Randolph, of Virginia, that he was so inveterately opposed to the woolen manufactures of the north, that on one occasion he remarked in the halls of Congress, he so hated them that he would go a mile out of his way to kick a sheep. Secretary Evarts has gone several miles out of his way to kick a sheep. This passing strange that an accomplished gentleman and lawyer should so allow himself to be made a cat's paw for party purposes, as to coolly sign that very thin tissue paper circular to exhibit to the courts of Europe—an unaccountable lack of statesmanship in its originator, and a lamentable degree of weakness in the party that employed him. The circular is a very flimsy paper to cover other party issues from sight, entirely too thin to attain its object. But there is an object attained that did not probably enter Mr. Evarts' plan of operations, that is, to introduce "Mormonism" to the courts of Europe, and the world, placing "Mormonism" on equal footing with the government of this great and glorious republic, and acknowledging "Mormons" "to be worthy of his steel." No doubt the Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian Churches would be delighted to receive such marked tokens of honor, presented by such distinguished hands to the nations of Christendom. This pre-eminent attention to the "Mormons," by the Secretary of State, will at once call the attention of the potentates of Europe to a subject they would not otherwise have dreamed of, and set them at once to investigate, first, how many of their loving subjects are induced, every year, to shun their allegiance to them and emigrate to a land of freedom and equal rights; secondly, they will inquire what inducements are offered by these famous "Mormon" missionaries, whether to the men is offered the old patriarchal order of plural marriage, or whether to the single ladies is offered the rich boon of honorable marriage, and maternity without divorce the next week.

Now if the honorable secretary had not been so exclusive in recommending the "Mormon" Church to the notice of the diplomatic officers of the United States, he might have extended his instructions to his diplomatic agents to solicit the interference of the several European powers, and their earnest attention to "prevent the departure" of any of their subjects, who might, "under whatever specious guise," be induced to association their names with the Plymouth Church. Mr. Evarts, no doubt, has the notes of the long, tedious trials in Brooklyn, and would, therefore, have substantial data to start from. Where as he seems to think he has struck a new lead with the Mormons, as if their immigration from Europe, Asia and Africa was of quite a recent date, and did not extend back for forty years or more. We would like to know what his notions of crime may be. As to adultery—perhaps he may think that crime not unconstitutional, or that it has not been decided upon by any "recent decision of the Supreme Court."

As Mr. Evarts seems bent on moral reform, and we cannot but think it highly commendable, we would suggest that when foreign governments send their envoys extraordinary, and their ministers plenipotentiary, charge de affairs, and diplomatic agencies to Washington, that they pay particular attention to selecting such whose antecedents guarantee them to be of undoubted pure moral character, that when they arrive in our national capital they may not contaminate the pure atmosphere of Washington, nor soil the immaculate robes of cabinet or other high officials of the government, more especially as Congress will soon convene, and we regret to have to say that "Caesar's wife" is not entirely without reproach, and as Mr. E. says, "that every consideration of comity should prevail to prevent the territory of a friendly State from becoming a resort of refuge for the crowds of misguided men and women, whose offenses against morality and decency would be intolerable in the land from where they came."—Salt Lake News.

ONE of New York's prominent chemists, Mr. Albert C. Dung, No. 61 Bowery, says: St. Jacobs OIL cured a well-known auctioneer, and many other prominent citizens of Rheumatism. It is a reliable remedy.

Disolution Notice.

THE Co-partnership heretofore existing under the firm name of HOLMES & PARKER, is this day dissolved, by expiration. All persons having book account with us, will please call and settle by cash or note, at once, as it becomes necessary for us to close our books.

Respectfully,
HARMON S. HOLMES,
BERNARD PARKER.

Chelsea, Jan. 1st, 1880.

Special Notice.—The business of

the late firm of Holmes & Parker will be continued in all its branches, as usual, at the old stand. It shall be my endeavor, in the future, to carry one of the most complete lines of general merchandise ever brought to Chelsea, and at prices that will meet with legitimate competition.

Yours, truly,
H. S. HOLMES.

Cancers and Tumors Cured!

A large Cancer killed in two or three hours, without pain. Patient may return home same day. The cancer falls out, and place heals in a short time. Cure warranted. Send stamps for Journal, which will give all particulars; also, a number of references of persons cured. Persons not able to visit my Infirmary, I will send them medicine sufficient to cure their cancer, for \$35. Dr. Thomas cures all Chronic, Nervous, and Private Diseases, Difficulties of the Blood, Catarrh, all diseases of long standing. Treatment confidential. Examination by letter, or otherwise free. Address, H. S. THOMAS, M. D., Medical and Surgical Institute and Cancer Infirmary, 140 Mich. Ave., Detroit, Mich. v9-18-ly

PRINTERS, send for Samples and

Prices of Paper, Card Board and Printers' Supplies to GEBHARD & KRAMER, No. 6 and 8 East Larned street, Detroit, Mich. v9-19-ly

Chelsea Market.

CHELSEA, January 23d, 1880.

FLOUR, 9 cwt., \$3 25

WHEAT, White, 9 bu., \$2 00 @ 1 25

WHEAT, Red, 9 bu., 90 @ 95

CORN, 9 bu., 20 @ 25

OATS, 9 bu., 20 @ 30

CLAY, 9 bu., 2 50

BEANS, 9 bu., 50 @ 1 00

POTATOES, 9 bu., 30 @ 35

APPLES, green, 9 bu., 1 50 @ 2 00

do dried, 9 bu., 07

HONEY, 9 lb., 10 @ 12

BUTTER, 9 lb., 18

POULTRY—Chickens, 9 lb., 06

LAND, 9 lb., 06

TALLOW, 9 lb., 06

HAMS, 9 lb., 08

EGGS, 9 doz., 14

BEEF, live 9 cwt., 8 00 @ 3 50

SHEEP, live 9 cwt., 3 00 @ 5 00

HOGS, live 9 cwt., 2 00 @ 3 00

do dressed 9 cwt., 3 00

HAY, tame 9 ton., 8 00 @ 10 00

do mow, 9 ton., 6 00 @ 8 00

SALT, 9 lb., 1 45

WOOL, 9 lb., 28 @ 32

CRANBERRIES, 9 bu., 1 00 @ 1 50

MEDICAL.

"PERFECTLY SOUND."

ALLEGHANY BRIDGE, Pa., Sept. 6, '76.

DR. M. G. FENNER, Fredonia, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—My wife has been afflicted with Dyspepsia and Liver Disease for a long time. Two bottles of your Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic have made her greatly better. I think she will become perfectly sound. I have a large sale on your medicines, and those used in my family have paid me more than your whole bill. I take pleasure in recommending them to the world.

With much respect,
M. G. KNAPP, Merchant.

Dr. Fenner's Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic may well be called "The conquering hero" of the times. Whoever has "the blues" should take it, for it regulates and restores the disordered system that gives rise to them. It always cures Biliousness and Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headaches, FEVER and AGUE, SPLEEN ENLARGEMENTS, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Pimples, Blisters, and ALL SKIN ERUPTIONS and BLOOD DISORDERS, Swelled Limbs and Dropsy, Sleeplessness, Impaired Nerves and Nervous Debility; Restores flesh and strength when the system is running down or going into decline; cures Female Weakness and Chronic Rheumatism, and relieves Chronic Bronchitis, all Lung and Throat difficulties. It does these things by striking at the root of disease and removing its causes.

Dr. Fenner's Improved Cough Honey will relieve any cough in one hour. Try sample bottle at 10 cents.

Dr. Fenner's Golden Relief cures any pain, as Toothache, Neuralgia, Colic, or Headache, in 5 to 30 minutes, and readily relieves Rheumatism, Kidney Complaint, Diarrhoea, etc. Try sample bottle at 10c.

Dr. Fenner's Vegetable Blood and Liver Pills. The best family physic known. For sale by Glazier & Armstrong, Chelsea, Mich. v9-18-ly

CATARH,

Hay Fever,

Catarrhal Deafness,

Cold in the Head, and

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