

I remember a voice which once guided my way. When I was on the sea, fog enshrouded I lay; 'Twas the voice of a child, as he stood on the shore...

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“ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY.”

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CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1880.

NO. 38.

For the tones of my child whispered soft to my ear. I called you dear father, and knew you would hear...

GOING TO THE CATTLE SHOW.

From London Society. No one, no, no, my bitterest enemy, can accuse me of pleasure seeking; I am a man of business.

Well, I and my husband, Anthony Slowman, with our daughter Keziah, fixed on going to the grand West of England Agricultural Show which took place, as everybody knows, at Xeter, on Thursday last.

At length there was quite a crowd assembled, and others coming in parties every minute, so I suppose they thought it was time for the play to begin.

So I walked straight up to the counter, and spoke as loud as I could, for there were plenty to hear me: "Three first-class carriage tickets and two half-crown tickets in the baggage please."

For more than two hours I remained fanning myself with my handkerchief. I was ready to faint with heat and exhaustion, for my best gloves were lost in the basket, and Slowman had left me, as he said, to see about when the train returned in the evening.

after carriage. I screamed out with all my might, for it was a mercy and miracle we escaped destruction; and as it was, a rough fellow, seized me by the gown, tore my boucians to a rag in his endeavors to save me.

"Not stop!" said I.—But that moment some one close by affirmed that the train was returning to take up a few; and sure enough it came backwards into the station some minutes afterwards, with the passengers glaring out of the carriage windows at us like red-hot wild beasts.

"I will never go by this horrid train," I cried, as Slowman, all excitement, was tugging like a madman at the handle of a third-class door. "You may kill me on the spot if you like, Mr. Slowman, but nothing upon earth shall induce me to go by it—there!"

"Make haste, ma'am, make haste! We have kept a capital corner for you, though it is only in a cattle truck they have put on behind."

"I ever there was a finger of Providence," I said as he came up to wheeled I stood, looking sheepish enough as you may suppose; "If ever there was a finger of Providence, Slowman, that was it."

"I am ashamed of you, I replied; "you will be joking in a minute." So I walked straight up to the counter, and spoke as loud as I could, for there were plenty to hear me: "Three first-class carriage tickets and two half-crown tickets in the baggage please."

Bullock has been kind enough to offer to lend—"No, Mr. Slowman," I interrupted, cutting him short, as I laid down my knife and fork, and rose with dignity.

Upon examination we found that my dress had been cut with a sharp instrument, and I as innocent as an unborn babe of it, and my purse stolen. I went up my hands and eyes. "Well," I cried, "this beats Banagher, as the Irishman said," and, turning about, who should I see at a corner table but the polite gentleman with the large whiskers and watch-chain, whom I knew did not travel together in the same carriage this morning."

"You may imagine how I felt," I said. "Do you mean to say," I demanded, all aglaze at his impudence, "that we did not travel together in the same carriage this morning?"

"It is my belief, you villain, you took the purse yourself," I called out. He made no reply, but tried to push by Keziah. I was determined he should not escape, if he had been a Hercules and I a midge; so I caught hold of his shoulder, held my breath, and clung like a leech. When he found he could not shake me off, he called for the mistress of the shop, and asked in a lordly manner whether she did not know the name Captain Blackball, at the same time throwing down a card as if he were the Champion at the Queen's coronation.

"Oh, ma'am," I cried to the lady, who recognized me by her hat, "did we travel together to-day, ma'am, in the same carriage with this gentleman with the large whiskers and watch-chain?"

Down I sat and began to eat, for I had tasted nothing all day, and the breakfasts were done to a turn, and such baked potatoes, for all the world like snowballs in curlpapers! Slowman had been out of the room with that young Bullock, and now came back looking more cheerful than when he had a legacy left him. I own it excited me to see him so hand and glove with that young fellow; and I was preparing to say something very biting to the young scamp, who looked as if butter would not melt in his mouth, when we all know Arlowmore cheese would not choke him, when all at once our Keziah exclaimed: "Why, father, do you know you have Mr. Bullock's purse stuck in your waistcoat pocket?"

Except to Saratoga and to Washington he seldom passed beyond the boundary of the State of which he was in it he was nearly absolute. As an advocate, politician, Senator, Chief Justice and statesman, he was one of the most correct and thorough men of the country.

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It was October, and the bay of Bounts hunting the raccoon by night for unwearied negro arose in the distance, and the muskrat and the mink slipped in the ditches as he approached there. His head was full of happiness and lore. As good a Horatian scholar as any body in his walk, he had texts of Tacitus and bars of Juvenal to remember. Old chapels behind graveyard walls blinked at him through their windows.

Humoring Children. It is good to humor them in all natural manifestations and cravings of their affections. A child hungry-hearted for love, is one of the saddest sights in the world. Hardly less pitiful is the condition of a little one who is perpetually repressed or discouraged in the sweet impulses that prompt it to give expression to its love.

PROTECTION OF YOUNG EYES.—Encourage the young pupil to look off the book frequently to change the focus of sight by regarding some distant object. It is not enough to look around vaguely; the eye must be directed to something which is to be clearly seen, like a picture or motto upon the wall, or a bit of decoration. The greatest damage to the eyes of students is the protracted effort to focus the printed page. It was simply barbarous, the way we used to be "whacked" in school when we looked off the book. It is easy for a teacher to know the difference between the resting of the eye and the idle gazing around that cannot be allowed. I regard this rule as the most important, and the disregard of it the most prolific of trouble.—Educational Weekly.

Wagner's Music in Porkopolis. The third act of "Die Gotterdammerung" was selected by Mr. Thomas for the closing of last evening's concert because it is the consummate flower of Wagnerism. Having heard it, we are prepared to say it is. It is as incomprehensible as the Athanasian creed, and we like it for that reason, as the old Scotchman did the sermons of her pastor, because she couldn't understand them, and because she didn't believe the parson himself comprehended them.

Wagner never intended they should sing such a phrase. It might have been understood by a vulgar mind, and Wagner, like the priests of Isis and Osiris, believes in keeping in advance of the common herd. But next to sympathy for the agonizing instruments, one could not repress a feeling of sympathy for Campanini, who howled and shrieked through the two acts because he had to, fighting his way bravely and heroically through a succession of chromatic passages to the end, without so much as a note upon which he or his audience could perch for a moment with a sense of repose.

It is said by the admirers of Wagner that we shall love and delight in this music when we understand it. We believe it. But life is short. We may have leisure in the sweet by-and-by to study it and understand it. So we are contented to admire without understanding. We do. We are entirely willing to take Thomas' word for it that it is a big thing. It must be. If we may be permitted to express a plain opinion about it, it is music with the belly-ache. It has knots a V cramps and spasms, increasing in violence suddenly and subsiding as quickly, but never quite coming to a state of internal rest. The contortions are simply awful, and exhibit all the symptoms of musical colic verging on cholera morbus. There are gasping of teeth, groanings that cannot be uttered, bellowing as of the bulls of Bashan. It may be the music of the future, but it will be heard in the realms of Pluto, and amaze the good Dr. Watts himself, as he watches the sinners swim in the fiery billows that roll beneath the slippery rocks.—Cincinnati Commercial.

The First Sunday School. In 1788 Bishop Ashbury, of Virginia, established the first Sunday school on Raikes' plan in the United States. Five years later the first Sunday school society was organized in Philadelphia, under the presidency of Bishop White. In 1797 Samuel Slater formed a Sunday school for his operatives at Pawtucket, R. I.; and the poor colored woman, Kati Ferguson, who had never heard of Raikes, or of Sunday schools, established such a school here in 1793 for the benefit of the street children in the humble quarters in which she lived. A school for secular instruction on Sunday, having no relation to theology, was begun here two years earlier, and incorporated three years later. Between 1801 and 1804 Mrs. Isabel Graham and Mrs. Joanna Bethune, he daughter, who had been acquainted with the English schools while traveling abroad, set up three Sunday schools in New York city at their own expense. From that time they gradually increased throughout the country, though none of them was connected with a church until 1809, in Pittsburg, Pa. The schools instituted by Raikes and his successors were very different from those of the present day. The teachers were hired; most of the pupils were very ignorant, and often very vicious, belonging to the pauper classes. The spelling book and hymn book were almost the only text books required, as very few could read a line. Religious instruction, in the ordinary sense, was not given, because it could not be understood. The library, as an aid to education, was not introduced for some time. The schools were not controlled here to any extent by churches until 1810, and not until much later in Great Britain. Not a hamlet or village in the land now that has not a Sunday school; but it is said that the attendance in many of the large cities has recently fallen off, particularly in the East. It is estimated that there are now about 250,000 teachers and some 3,000,000 pupils in the whole country. The Sunday schools are most numerous in New England, and least numerous in the extreme Southwest.—N. Y. Times.

They favor butter with garlic in Spain.

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They favor butter with garlic in Spain.

Table with multiple columns listing market prices for various goods such as flour, wheat, and other commodities. Includes sub-sections for 'DETROIT MARKETS' and 'DETROIT STOCK MARKETS'.

Table listing market prices for various types of cattle, including different breeds and weights, with columns for 'Average Price' and 'Per cent'.

ENGLISH GRAIN MARKET. LONDON, May 24.—The Mark Lane Express says: In consequence of the cold winds the favorable anticipations formed in March and April have been considerably modified. The drought is generally causing well founded anxiety, as the land is more than surface dried. If the state of the growing crops in several southern counties is any criterion, there will be no wheat ears this month. Maize was hardly ever so scarce in this country as now, and this has made itself unmistakably felt in Mark Lane of late, where the credit of the smaller country millers has been much shaken. Business has been somewhat interrupted by holidays, and the grain trade is rather weaker. English wheat was marketed very sparingly. L. 1 week's full quotations were fairly obtained with difficulty, but growers were mostly firm. The imports of foreign into London have been very moderate, and trade remained uncertain. As a consequence of some signs of improvement in the weather millers have hesitated to increase their stocks. A price of 10s. 6d. was offered for American wheat ex-shipment of the recent advance of 6d. to be lost. A reduction has been necessary to effect sales of Indian, but the demand has lately been very restricted. Wheat, such as fine Australian, slightly favored buyers at the close of the week. Maize was in good demand at 2s. 6d. @ 2s. 6d., but offerings were small. Oats closed firm. Arrivals at ports of call have been very limited. Wheat under strong continued demand continued to improve until 5s. 3d. for the Continent was paid for the red winter, but during the past few days the market has been somewhat easier, owing within any restriction, a change of one week. Maize met with a steady inquiry and prices, in consequence of the arrival, advanced to 2s. 6d. @ 2s. 6d. Wheat for shipment was offered on rather easier terms, and sold to a moderate extent at an improvement of 3d. per quarter. The sales of English wheat last week were 25,077 qrs at 4s. 8d. per qr, against 35,672 qrs at 4s. 10d. for the corresponding week last year.

A NOVEL LAMP.—In some parts of Paris to obtain an instantaneous light they resort to the following expedient: Take an oblong vial of the whitest and clearest glass, put in it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea, upon which pour some olive oil, heated to the boiling point, filling the vial about one-third full, and then seal the vial hermetically. To use it remove the cork and allow the air to enter the vial, and then recork it. The whole empty space in the bottle will then be luminous, and the light obtained will be equal to that of a lamp. As soon as the light grows weak its power can be increased by opening the vial and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter. Thus prepared the vial may be used for six months. This contrivance is used by French watchmen in all magazines where explosive or inflammable materials are stored.

Envy is as malignant in a paltry waiting wench as in the vainest and most ambitious lady of the court. It is always an infallible mark of the basest nature; and merit in the lowest, as well as in the highest station, must feel the shaft of envy's constant arrows—falsehood and slander.—Mack-Hin.

**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.

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

### The Chelsea Herald.

CHELSEA, JUNE 3, 1880.

#### Scarcity of Skilled Labor.

ONLY one year ago, thousands of skilled iron-workers were tramping from town to town, and idly parading our streets begging for work, of any kind at any price. Things have strangely altered in this short time, and the present condition of the iron trade is now an old story, almost. Factories, which have been silent for years, resound once more with the busy hum of activity; the lurid glow of numerous furnaces in all our manufacturing centers again lights up the night as in good old days; the demand for American locomotives is now larger than it has been at any time for seven years, and the iron ship-building trade has received a new impetus. All these causes have had the combined effect of giving work to all the unemployed of last year, and skilled mechanical labor is daily becoming, or indeed, has already become, most difficult to find. A notable instance is before us. The recent increased production of oil in Pennsylvania rendered it absolutely necessary for a large firm, engaged in the business, to increase the capacity of their tanks in the oil regions, New York and Philadelphia. About a month or two ago they inserted advertisements for skilled riveters in Boston, New York and Philadelphia papers. Few or no responses were elicited, and, as a last resort, the firm were compelled to instruct their English agents to engage six skilled riveters from the Bradford district. There was no difficulty in finding workmen there, and they have but recently arrived in this country. The firm paid their outward passages, and guaranteed them at least three months' work at \$13.50 a week each, or nearly double the wages they were accustomed to receive in England.

#### IS DISEASE A FRIEND TO LIFE?

At the last anniversary meeting of the Medical Society of the District of Columbia, Dr. A. F. A. King read to a crowded audience an essay, entitled "The Conservative Influence of Disease on Producing Longevity." With much force of argument and analysis, he labored to prove that disease was not the terrible enemy to mankind that it had been painted by the terrors of humanity, but in reality was a true and beneficent friend. He quoted from the celebrated Dr. Austin Flint that "the existence of disease, rightly considered, was an inestimable boon."

He said that the disease was not in itself better than health, but that it contributed to promote longevity relatively to circumstances. He cited morbid conditions known as gastritis, rheumatism, hemorrhage, mumps, and insisted, with an earnestness that commanded attention, and a subtlety of logic that inspired respect for his originality of thought, that these diseases prevented sudden death.

In gastritis, the patient naturally refrained from eating, and demanded copious draughts of cold water, treatment which the most skillful surgeon found to be the best. In rheumatism, the acute pain demanded rest, and rest was found to be just the thing needed, for the articular symptom proved that heart-disease was the real enemy, and muscular exertion was the most fatal thing for affection of the heart. So with other diseases.

HE HADN'T EATEN MUCH.—It was Sunday afternoon, and young Mr. Staylaight had stopped until they were forced to ask him to take supper. The best china and the extra silver graced the table, and one of the best napkins was placed before young Mr. Staylaight's plate, for the family desired to create all the impression possible upon the susceptible mind. His young lady was conducting herself with great credit, and

the young man was more than ever in love with her, when the mother said, passing the cake for the second time:

"Won't you have another piece, Mr. Staylaight?"

"No, thank you," said the young man, in his politest tone, "not any more."

"Oh, do have just one more," urged the mother, smiling sweetly; "you haven't eaten hardly anything."

The younger brother, who sat opposite, and had been instructed not to ask twice for anything, much to his disgust, saw his opportunity, and snorted out with great malevolence: "Huh! I shouldn't think he had! He's eaten four hunks of tongue, three biscuits, two plates of sauce, two of them tarts, and both kinds of cake—and, mother, sis keeps kickin' me under the table. Make her stop."

They brought Mr. Staylaight to by dashing ice-water in his face.

#### Mirth and Merriment.

As a train stopped one fine morning at a station on the New York and New Haven Railroad, a pompous old gentleman, with the air of a man who owned all the estates in sight, stepped on the platform, and exclaimed, as though he also owned the sunshine and the atmosphere: "Is not this exhilarating?" "No, sir; this is Mount Vernon," quietly responded the conductor.

A NEWLY-MARRIED couple found themselves in a railway carriage, with only one fellow passenger, who appeared to sleep soundly. Soon the lady commenced to call her young husband all the endearing names that natural history can supply. The traveler roused up, begged the lady to call her partner a "Noah's Ark," or a "Jonah's Whale," at once, and allow him to sleep quietly.

Mr. JONES has a boy who "nails" things. One day he remarked, in the presence of both parents: "Ma, I saw pa kiss you in the woodshed last evening." "Hush, Johnnie; your pa never committed such a foolish act." "Yes, he did, ma; 'cause I thought it was Jane, and Jane says it wasn't her, but you!" Jane doesn't work there now.

A PERSON who was recently called into court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a surgeon's bill, was asked by the lawyer whether "the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger." "No," replied the witness, "I considered the patient in danger so long as the doctor continued his visits."

Now, young man, listen while we tell you how to pop the question. Get your June bug well cornered where no one can overhear you, and then poke this conundrum at her:—When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet? Answer:—When U and I are made one. After that it is plain sailing.

A LADY remarked to a popular divine that his sermons were a little too long. "Don't you think so?" said she; "just a little?" "Ah! dear madame," replied the divine, "I am afraid you don't like the milk of the Word." "Yes, I do," said she; "but you know the fashion, now-a-days, is condensed milk."

AN American traveler reproved an Irish car-driver for belaboring his horse so constantly with the lash. Pat was good natured about the matter. "Why," said the gentleman, "we do not employ whips at all, now-a-days, in America." "So I've heard," rejoined the driver. "Ye use revolvers."

It is reported that a certain old geologist, who was a bachelor, boasted that every rock was as familiar to him as A B C. A lady who had heard him, said she knew of a rock which he did not know. "Name it, madam," said the angry Celebs, and the lady replied: "It is rock the cradle, sir."

A SICK man, slightly convalescent, was asked by a pious friend, who his physician was. He replied: "Dr. Jones brought me through." "No," said his friend; "God brought you out of your illness, not the doctor." "Well, maybe He did; but you can bet the doctor will charge for it."

WHEN a Chicago woman wants to get a man on a breach of promise case, she makes a bet of a kiss with him, and loses. She pays him the kiss in the presence of a witness, and sues him for a breach of promise and trifling with her affections. This is naturally called "courting" in the great city of Chicago.

"JENNY, what was John's arm doing around your waist when you was at the front gate last night?" asked a precocious Cleveland boy, of his sister. "His arm wasn't around my waist; I won a bet from him, and he was taking my measure," replied the indignant young lady.

AUNT EMILY (who thinks that two's company and three's none)—"I thought mama told you, before she went out, to go down stairs for the present, Mabel." Mabel (who thinks three better than one)—"Well, and so I did; but I didn't find the present, so here I am again."

A MAN who lately committed suicide in Dubuque, left a memorandum for his wife, saying: "Good-by, you old, scolding, red-headed heathen!" On reading it, the widow was heard to utter: "I should just like to have got hold of him for one minute!"

"Why, Nellie, don't you know it is unkind to catch hold of your sis-

ter and pull her hair?" "Well, auntie, I see you holding Cousin Frank around the neck quite tightly yesterday, when mama was out, and pulling his hair, and he didn't say anything."

A SCOTCH blacksmith, being asked the meaning of "metaphysics," explained it as follows: "When the party that listens dinna ken what the party who speaks dinna ken what we means—that is metaphysics."

ACTRESSES are generally called "artists" when they begin to "draw" well.

#### THE OLD FARM GATE.

It stands on the hill, weather-beaten and brown,  
At the entrance there of the old farm home;  
In the hollow posts the song bird's nest  
Tells of the place that the birds love best;  
List! and you'll hear him sing to his mate,  
As he flutters there round the old farm gate.

The sandy road winds slowly along,  
On by the gate, so worn and brown;  
On by the old house, lonely now,  
That stands near by 'neath the sheltering bough,  
Of the grand old oak, that early and late  
Bends its branches low o'er the old farm gate.

There the railroad too, is near it found,  
And the train sweeps by the old gate brown,  
And the whistle sounds so shrill and clear,  
And whirrs its steam-clouds far and near;  
These circles round it their mantles great  
And take in their folds the old farm gate.

There the climbing wild vine too, is seen,  
Creeping o'er the boards with its mantle green,  
As though a covering it wished to weave,  
For the old brown gate, with its fresh green leaves;

And 'neath the vine the lilacs wait,  
In silence there by the old farm gate.  
And out from the vine covering green,  
Looks a half-worn board, on which is seen

Traced long ago, and now very dim,  
The initials three of a girl's name;  
These tell of one who used to wait,  
In the days long ago by the old farm gate.

And they whisper still of those days long gone,  
When 'gainst the old gate leaned a girl's form,  
And in memory's glass I see the face,  
The laughing eyes, and again I trace  
Those happy hours when we used to wait  
In the twilight gray by the old farm gate.

There to us the whippoorwill's song of came,  
As he flitted along in the dewy lane,  
And the moon's pale face looked smilingly down  
On the girl's head with its dusky crown  
And the evening star kept its vigil late,  
As we lingered there by the old farm gate.

Oh! those blessed days of the buried past,  
They're in memory still, and they'll ever last.  
I can ne'er forget those happy days;  
The pleasant-words and the merry ways  
Of the girl's one that with me would wait,  
At the twilight hour by the old farm gate.

Now near to the gate is a little grove,  
Where rests the girl's one that I loved,  
And forever now is the dear one gone,  
Who once was the light of the old farm home;  
And of her I dream as in silence I wait,  
By the grass-grown grave near the old farm gate.

In the spring time of her girl's bloom  
They laid her to rest in the silent tomb;  
There where the trees their branches wave,  
And tenderly whisper above her grave;  
And the daisies lift their blossoms and wait  
By the sleeper there by the old farm gate.

And memories cluster one by one,  
Round the old gate here, so worn and brown;  
Thoughts of the dear one forever gone,  
Of the days spent with her in the old farm home,  
And of those blessed hours when we used to wait  
At the eventide by the old farm gate.

So harm not the old gate so worn and brown,  
For it bringeth thoughts of those days now gone;  
Blessed thoughts they are, and to me most dear,  
Of the sleeping one, by the old gate here,  
It is dear to me and I love to wait,  
Though I'm all alone by the old farm gate.

Sing on, happy birds, while the old gate stands!  
Encircle it with loving hands;  
Stretch nearer your branches, oh, faithful tree!  
And sometimes whisper a blessing for me,  
For though I am distant, thou wilt ever wait,  
A faithful friend by the old farm gate.

And when distant still I'll ever be,  
A faithful friend old gate to thee;  
To me thou art dear though old and worn  
And a needed link in the chain of home,  
And thou shalt stand on the old estate,  
Near the sleeper here, thou old farm gate!

M. B.

CURRAN was once defending a Miss Tickle before a judge who could take a joke. Said the lawyer:—"Tickle, my client; the defendant, my lord—when the judge cynically replied:—"Tickle yourself, Curran; you're as well able to do it as I am."

"HAVE you ever read 'Watt's on the Mind?'" asked a lady of an old bachelor. "Oh!" exclaimed he, "if you only knew what's on my mind, and yet I dare not tell you!" "Why, do tell!" cried she. He did. The wedding came off in a month.

#### Unclaimed Letters.

LIST of Letters remaining in the Post Office, at Chelsea, June 1st, 1880:  
Austin, Lewis.  
Barber, Mrs.  
Barton, Lizie.  
Case, George. (2)  
Cobb, Miss Chloe. (2)  
Heinrich, Christian.  
Matthews, C. E.  
Spear, Thos.  
Persons calling for any of the above letters, please say "advertised."  
Geo. J. CRÓWELL, P. M.

#### G. W. R. R. TIME TABLE.



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

LEAVE (Detroit time)	ARRIVE (Detroit time)
Atlantic Ex. 14:00 a. m.	10:00 p. m.
Day Express 8:35 a. m.	6:30 p. m.
Detroit & Buffalo Express 12:25 noon	7:15 a. m.
N. Y. Express 7:00 p. m.	4:45 a. m.
(Except Monday, Sundays Excepted.)	Daily.
The 8:35 a. m. train has a parlor car to Suspension Bridge.	
The 12:25 noon train has parlor cars to Buffalo.	
The 4:00 a. m. train has sleeping cars through to New York and Boston.	
The 7:00 p. m. train has sleeping cars through to Rochester. W. H. FIRTH, Western Passenger Agent, Detroit.	
WM. EDGAR, Gen. Pass'r Ag't, Hamilton.	

#### MICH. SALT ASSOCIATION, EAST SAGINAW, MICH.

The following is one of many Testimonials of Salt as a Fertilizer:  
LAKESIDE STOCK FARM AND SYRACUSE NURSERIES, 199 West Genesee st. Syracuse, N. Y., March 27, 1880.

J. W. BARKER, Sec'y, Syracuse, N. Y. Dear Sir: We take pleasure in stating that we have used the Onondaga salt more or less for the past 25 years, and found it generally beneficial in nursery and on farm, especially so for Standard and Dwarf Pear, Plum, Quince Trees, Grass, Wheat and Oats; also, as a covering to compost heaps, as it assists in decomposition and in killing obnoxious vegetation. Yours, truly,

SMITH & POWELL.

Analyses of this salt have been made to determine its value as manure. It is so rusty that no one would dream of using it on their table, and if it were used to salt beef or fish, the results would be disastrous, yet its value for manure may be seen from the results of analyses:

Common Salt	87.74
Chloride of Potassium	2.49
Sulphate of lime	1.68
Carbonates of lime & magnesia	75
Oxide of iron	87
Water	6.38
	99.91

Salt that contains 2 1/2 per cent. of chloride of potassium in place of the same amount of chloride of sodium, is worth \$1 a ton more for manure than pure salt.

TAYLOR BROS. Sole Agents for Chelsea and vicinity. v9-36 CHELSEA, MICH.

#### TO THE PUBLIC AND EVERYBODY IN PARTICULAR!

—NOTICE THAT—

#### DURAND & HATCH

Have the Best and Largest Assortment of BOOTS & SHOES

In the Town, and are selling them at Less Prices than any other firm in Town the same quality of Goods. We have a Large Assortment of

#### PLOW SHOES!

On consignment, which will be sold VERY CHEAP. No Shoddy Goods. All kinds of

GROCERIES, FLOUR, &c. &c. Cheap. All good Goods, and one Price to all. The poor man's money will buy as much as the rich; no two prices. All Goods delivered Free. Give us a Call and be Convinced. v9-35 DURAND & HATCH.

Consignments of Boots and Shoes, at wholesale, for Cash. Sold on Manufacturers' account, WITHOUT LIMITED PRICE, to cover money advances. Private Sales daily. Special attention to orders. AUCTION Tuesdays at 10 o'clock A. M. Y. D. ROBINSON & CO., Consignees and Wholesale Auctioneers, 193 Jefferson Ave., Detroit. 41-30

Has opened a FINE LARGE STOCK of CLOTHING, HATS & CAPS, at DEXTER, in the Room formerly occupied by McGUINNESS BROS.

**JOE T. JACOBS, the Great Clothier,**

OF WASHINGTON COUNTY;

#### Chelsea Flour Mill.

L. E. SPARKS, Proprietor of Chelsea Steam Flour Mill, keeps constantly on hand A No. 1 Wheat Flour, Graham Flour, Buckwheat Flour, &c. Custom Work a Specialty. Farmers, please take notice and bring in your grists. Satisfaction guaranteed. v9-23

DR. HILL'S BUCHU, One of the Best KIDNEY INVESTIGATORS IN USE.

It is a specific in the cure of all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Prostatic Portion of the Urinary Organs, Irritation of the Neck of the Bladder, Burning Urine, Gleet, Gonorrhoea in all its stages, Mucous Discharges, Congestion of the Kidneys, Brick Dust Deposit, Diabetes, Inflammation of the Kidneys and Bladder, Dropsy of Kidneys, Acid Urine, Bloody Urine, Pain in the Region of the Bladder, PAIN IN THE BACK, Urinary Calculus, Hematuria, Hemorrhoids, Retention of Urine, Frequent Urination, Gravel in all its forms, Inability to retain the Water, particularly in persons advanced in life. IT IS A KIDNEY INVESTIGATOR that restores the Urine to its natural color, removes the acids and burning, and the effect of the excessive use of intoxicating drink.

PRICE, \$1 or Six Bottles for \$5. Sent by Express. Sold by all Druggists. W. JOHNSTON & CO., 161 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich. Agents for the U. S. and Canada.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Appetite, refreshing sleep, the acquisition of flesh and color, are blessings attendant upon the reparative processes which this priceless invigorant speedily initiates and carries to a successful conclusion. Digestion is restored and sustenance afforded to each life-sustaining organ by the Bitters, which is inoffensive even to the feminine palate, vegetable in composition, and thoroughly safe.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

Every variety of Job Printing done at the HERALD office.

# FOUR HUNDRED LINEN Dusters AND Ulsters, bought EXTREMELY CHEAP! and we offer them to our trade at WHOLESALE PRICES.

## Shetland Shawls,

EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT, AND GOOD BARGAINS AT 75c. to \$3.50.

Sixty pieces DRESS GOODS worth 15c 18c. We put in one lot at 8c per yard.

1500 PIECES MOSQUITO NETTING. A JOB IN BUTTONS THAT WILL PLEASE YOU ALL. CHEVIOT SHIRTINGS at 10c and 12c that are CHEAP. The Good Dry Goods Trade are at

### FIELD'S BUSY BEE HIVE.

Respectfully, [v9-29]

#### L. H. FIELD, JACKSON, MICH.

### WOOD BRO'S

CHELSEA, - MICHIGAN.

—FOR—

### GREAT BARGAINS

—IN—

### BOOTS

—AND—

### SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS, UMBRELLAS, WALL PAPER, ALL KINDS OF GROCERIES AND CROCKERY,

And in fact almost everything you can think of. Their Store is "chuck full" of all the above articles, and their

WAREHOUSE of Corn, Feed, Salt, Plaster, Clover Seed, Timothy Seed, &c. &c.

Chelsea, April 22, '80. v9-19

### Manhood: How Lost! How Restored!!

Just published, a new edition of Dr. CULVERWELL'S Celebrated Essay on the radical cure (without medicine) of *Spermatorrhoea or Semens, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.*; also, *Consumption, Leprosy and Pits*, induced by self-indulgence, or sexual extravagance, &c.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically.

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land. Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps. Address the Publishers,

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO. No. 41 Ann Street, New York, N. Y. Post Office Box, 4,586. v9-29-1y

### BEST IN THE WORLD!

CHURCH & GOSWAMI'S SALERATUS

AND BI-CARB. SODA

Which is the same thing.

Impure Saleratus or Bi-Carb soda which is the same thing, is a slightly dirty white color. It may appear white, examined by itself, but a COMPARISON WITH CHURCH & GOSWAMI'S PURE AND HEALTHY BRAND will show the difference.

See that your Saleratus and Baking Soda is white and PURE, as should be ALL SILERATUS SUBSTITUTES used for food.

A simple but severe test of the comparative value of different brands of soda or saleratus is to dissolve a dessert spoonful of each kind with about a pint of water (hot preferred) in clear glass stirring until all is thoroughly dissolved. The clearness of the solution in the inferior soda will be shown by setting some twenty minutes or so, by the milky appearance of the solution and the quantity of floating lumps which adhere to the glass.

Be sure and ask for Church & Goswami's Saleratus and see that their name is on the package and you will get the purest and whitest made. Thousands of this with our motto, in preference to Baking Powder, saved twenty times the cost.

See one pound package for valuable information and read carefully.

SHOW THIS TO YOUR GROCER.



