

SUMMER.											
Under the maple trees lying in pine, Tasting the best of a pendulum vine, Believing the Delavians turning to wine, Gazing straight upward a mile is the line, Watching a cloud that has nothing to do, Wishing a deed for an acre or two; Nothing to do but come down in the rain, Borne of the mist into a barren again, Nothing to sow and no reaping of grain!											
Watching a bee in his pollen pant'oon, Drawing him home to the crystalline noon, Gazing at a drummer-boy drumming a tune! Counting the leaves as they drift from the tree, Blowing with fragrance my place of repose; Dying? Ah, no, only changing its clothes!											
Watching a spider pay out her last line, Working at Euclid's Geometry fine, Web is all woven and waver will dine! Watching a fly buzz along to his doom, Alone the meshes but death in the loom, Shrouded and eaten, but never a tomb!											
Sparrow adorns on a limb overhead, Opens an eye when the spider is dead! Opens a bill and the spider is dead!											
Watching a butterfly slowly unfold, Crawling a point with a blossom of gold, Blaze on the red that blossoms of old.											
Hanged on a life is the duplicate page, Latter in big as a book is the page, Latter in big as a book is the page, Latter in big as a book is the page, Latter in big as a book is the page, Latter in big as a book is the page, Latter in big as a book is the page, Latter in big as a book is the page, Latter in big as a book is the page, Latter in big as a book is the page, Latter in big as a book is the page, Latter in big as a book is the page,											
Bent from the bonds! For that coffin was This.											
Treason thing, where the scorpions shine, Lives and rent and the worm is divine!											
Born from the dust and its veriest slave, Bait to the herald from the grave! Pious of beauty, resplendently was Bringing from far, what no angel could say, Something of the life that has vanished away, Left no stone on that smothered day.											
Rest is the chrysalis hid in the soil, All the dead tenantry dwelling abroad, Gone through the gate of the glory of God! —B. F. Taylor.											
MISS SOPHIA'S BABY.											
Poor Miss Sophia McAllister was in despair at finding herself growing old. She hated age and all about it. It was sad and unlovely and full of unknown horrors and lack of pleasures. Comfort and joy and hope were far from her. She had rather die than become superannuated. She woke up every morning with a dull unspoken sense of wishing she had not waked up at all. There was nothing to do and no body to do for; nobody to whose com- ing to look forward during the day, or when the gloomy night fell. It might rain and it might shine, it made no difference. She wanted to go nowhere, and there was nobody likely to be hin- dered or helped by either catastrophe from coming or from her, indeed, but her sisters; and they lived a mile away, and could only in disregard of their husbands' wishes, the husbands having thought that Miss Sophia ought to live up all the paternal property, and divide her time between the households of her sisters; and Miss Sophia having insisted on her right to her individ- uality, to her third of the property, and to a life by herself.											
"I have always had a home, Susan," said Miss Sophia, "and I always mean to have one, if it is only four other poles and a blanket." But she peaked and pined and dwindled in this home of hers, and began to find her only excitement in selecting various doses from her assortment of medicines, and in looking for the visits of the doctor.											
The truth was that Miss Sophia was dying of loneliness and ennui in this aimless existence of hers; only in the rural life there nobody would dream of calling it ennui. As she grew melancholy her nerves suffered, and they in turn wrought upon the body otherwise. She sometimes said that if she could have died at once, and have been done with it, it would have been so hard; but this "hang- ing by the eyelids" was inquisitorial, and on the whole there was not much to live for when one had passed forty. After that it was only treading among graves, anyway. If one could but dry up and blow away, it would be desir- able, she said; but the growing old this gradual, open, disgusting decay before everybody's face and eyes! Savage! ought to die, she said, savage; and she saw herself ceasing even to be a part of the race, through lack of sympathy. "Those who have children," said Sophia, sadly, "live their youth over again in them and need never grow old; but those who have none are no better than moving mummies and ought to be put out of the way!" Yet when Miss Sophia's nieces came to see her, they made such an up- roar, and set every thing so by the ears, as she said, that she was heartily glad to have them go home again. That she could take one of those chil- dren and model her to her fancy, never entered Miss Sophia's head—very luck- ily for her, since, if it had, the brother- in-law would have seen her in Halifax before they would have lent her that aid and comfort; and, had it entered the head of anybody else she would have thought that person very unfeel- ing to imagine the possibility of such a thing in her state of health.											
"Yes, as all of us do, something to love and forget herself in. But she detected that and their neighborhood made her ill; she was afraid of dogs, parrots would have driven her frantic, a canary was as bad; and as for making a pet of a monkey, like Miss Brownell's it was an insult to the hu- man race. The only one thing left her was a flock of pigeons, that she fed outside her window as they came flash- ing and curveting and tumbling through the air; and an immense old Shanghai rooster, that always accom- panied her up and down in her stroll on the piazza—probably for the sake of the crumbs of the biscuit that she nibbled as she walked.											
Every year, when winter came on, it seemed more and more dreary to Miss Sophia as she looked out. The flying scurry of dead leaves; the blinds drawn out of the opposite house, and double win- dows put in, to stare her out of coun- tenance; the boats hauled up and turned over along the shore, with its white and frozen lip of froth;—there was a desolation about it all to her, as if life had put on its grave-clothes and the place were the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Thanksgiving day al- ways seemed a mockery; Christmas a fatigue; and she shivered and shied before the thought of New Year, as if it were only the prophecy of another twelvemonth of gloom and depression. She had a fashion, though, kept from childhood, of watching the new year in the old one over the ashes of her fire, and going to bed crying as the hotsparks flashed and vanished, while comparing that ashes to her own life. —It had once grown in the woods, ward in the field, shaken off the juicy rain and silver snow, glistened in the sun, been full of delicious scents and charming bird songs. While as											

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for her—she had never had a lover. A pale, thin, stooping woman, growing old and withering away, to no end, she was as unhappy as a creature can be who has shelter, and food and fire.

She was sitting over the embers on New Year's Eve, after her usual de- pending way, and Susan, her maid and companion was washing the dough off her hands from the batch of bread just set to rise, when there came a ring at the door bell—a timid, hesitating little ring, much like the touch that a slight earthquake gives a bell. It was a self-ringing, a convulsion of nature. Who could be pulling at the bell at this hour? It was something that had never happened before in the world! Directly afterward the timid touch was followed by a peal that rang through every room in the house, and Susan put her face into the parlor door-way, as white as clay.

"Pooh! Just wait till I blow up the fire in your stove. This is what I call watching the new year in to some purpose. It's the little New Year himself!"

And when Miss Sophia went to sleep, that warm atom on her arm, and the velvet cheek against her own, and woke up in the middle of the night, with the glow of the fire on the ceiling, it seemed as if the room was full of waiting for, all her life.

"I guess, Susan," said Miss Sophia, as she came down with her wide awake little bundle in the early New Year's morning, "that we won't do anything about seeing the selectmen to-day. It's New Year's, you know."

Susan had just come in with a pair of knit socks in her hand, for which she had run down to Miss Thread-needle's while her fires were kind-ling.

"Jess you say," she said, readily, "And, perhaps, when it's gone to sleep, you'll cut out some little things for me to run up on the machine. It ought to have its bath pretty soon." And the scene of that bath, with ther- mometer and hot blankets, and the two women swelling with importance, in mortal terror of pulling the little limbs out of joint, and in ecstasies of admiration over the perfection of the miniature body, the convolutions of the ears, the transparency of the tiny nails upon the tiny toes, the roars of the victim, and the hushing between whistles, as the wetting and wiping, and the powdering and polishing proceeded by piecemeal, is something that defies description.

Breakfast being over, and Miss So- phia sitting by the fire again, with the dreaming infant on her knees, watch- ing intently certain premonitory sym- toms, she suddenly set up a cry that made Susan jump.

"Oh! Susan! Susan! Oh! do look here!" she cried. "What can it be?" And she threw up her hands and dropped her knees, as the little thing squirming on her lap were a spider, and she wished to shake it off.

"Lor' ma'am, you'll have it in the fire next!" cried the learned Susan. "It's the way to do," and turning the small object dexterously, as if it were a griddle cake, she had it, face down, on Miss Sophia's knee, with Miss So- phia vigorously patting its back.

"I didn't know I had so much strength," Susan said Miss Sophia.

"I said 'twould do you good, Miss." "The colic! To think of it! Pain and trouble the minute it's in the world—there now, there now, the precious thing—and nobody to love it—the dar- ling, dearest one!" cried Miss Sophia.

"To think—oh, Susan! oh, Susan! it's having a convulsion. It's black in the face! What shall we do? What shall we do?"

"A convulsion! A fiddlestick! It's got the hiccups. I'll get a drop of sugar and water. There, there, there!" And presently there was silence, and then there was rest—rest, with the lit- tle head drooping on one side, and a sweet, secret sort of wisdom on the little face.

"How they make you love them when they are going to sleep!" cried Miss Sophia. "If we don't send this baby off to the selectmen to-morrow, we never can!"

All day long the two women went and came about that mite. As for Susan, she could not bear to leave it, long enough merely to "slight" her work. She stole back twenty times to take another peep at it, wrapped to suffocation in its flannels; and every time she found Miss Sophia doing the same thing.

"There isn't nothing like a baby," said Susan. "That little breath's jes' as sweet as milk. I allus kiss em in the corner of the mouth, so's to get it. So! There ain't no blossom the Lord ever blowed pretty's that mouth!" And then the waking baby would squall; and there would be a short and decisive struggle as to which one was to soothe it—a struggle in which Miss Sophia, of course, always came off conqueror, while Susan walked up and down behind her, fixing the blanket.

"A great sight nicer pet than Miss Brownell's monkey!" said the diplo- matic Susan.

"What would you have called the baby, Miss Sophia," asked Susan, after dinner was cleared away and in an in- dinal of the sewing machine, "allow- ing you had kept it?"

"I don't know, really."

"You might have named it John, for 'So I might.'"

"What a comfort a son is, to be sure, to a person that has grown old!" said the artful Susan. "Queer there isn't a boy in the whole family. And I sup- pose your sisters' husbands would give their ears for one. John McAllister. A good, honest name, and that's what it is. How hopping 'twould make them men if you did adopt this boy!"

I am ashamed to say that last stroke did the work.

"Susan!" exclaimed Miss Sophia, "you put on your shawl and run right down to Lawyer Holmes'—and don't you lose a minute—and tell him I want to see him. I'll have papers of adop- tion made out this very day, if it can be done. I take this child for mine, to have and to hold, for better or worse, in sickness and in health. And you shall wait on it, from this day out, Susan," said Miss Sophia, solemnly.

A promise which Miss Susan knew she should literally fulfil, and which she accepted like religious vows, as she fell on her knees before Miss Sophia and the baby, and kissed first Johnny and then her mistress, till they all three cried together.

Susan was quite right in her judg- ment of the way in which this would effect the brothers-in-law. The news reached them before dark, and quite beside themselves with indignation, they came in person at once, and sent their wives to protest. And, small

and mean though she knew the satis- faction was, Miss Sophia was never better pleased than when she told them the thing was done and she couldn't be helped, and that the child was hers—no thanks to them or any man alive. As for Susan, personally, she felt that although *de nomine* the boy was Miss Sophia's, yet *de facto* he was hers. And if he had been hers, and she had palmed him off on her mistress, making her own flesh and blood thus, the heir to houses and lands, her satisfaction, if more crim- inal, could not have been more com- plete.

"Well, well!" said the doctor, as he came in that night, and found Miss Sophia crooning over her child, while Susan was busy in the kitchen. "Isn't this a new departure for a 'bundle of nerves,' that is only 'hanging by an eyelid,' and is sure there is 'nothing to live for after forty'?"

"I have something to live for now!" cried Miss Sophia. "Something to wake up to, to look forward to, always, all day and to-morrow. I have found it out at last. Why didn't you tell me of it before? It should be in your pharmacopoeia. And do you know, doctor, I forgot all about taking my drops to-day? I don't know when I've done such a thing before. I never once thought of my aches and ails, I haven't twined, and I'm so dead tired that I'm sure I shall sleep without any remedies. But I want to look in all the same every day, doctor," said Miss Sophia, as she went off, laughing; "for if I'm not sick, the baby may be!"

And all alone with Miss Sophia sat there all alone with her baby, rocking to and fro in the fire-light dusk, such pleasant pictures began to glide before her, where once only gloom had been—the surprise when Johnny's first tooth should grate on her thimble, the rapture over his first wet and groping kisses (other babies' wet and groping kisses she had known, but they had not been the kisses of her baby, as this would be,) the triumph of his first word, his first step alone; the sight that it would be when she had him, a white dove, in her arms, as she tossed their breakfast to the flock of flashing and tumbling white pigeons; when she saw him giving bits of biscuit from his little fingers to the great coming of winter, now, as she thought of it, no longer seemed to her like descent into the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Rather was it an ascent into the region of the blessed messengers, a region peopled by the angels of Johnny's sled and Johnny's skates and Johnny's snowman; and there would always be somebody to expect in this happy region—somebody flying in and out, somebody shouting before you could see his red comforter round the corner—and that somebody little Johnny. She already knew the silver voice in which he would repeat "The Better Land," and could see him kneeling in his little white night-gown, with folded hands, over his, "Now I lay me down to sleep." All the up- Johnny might make would be music; and if he set things "by the ears," Susan would not regret better than to set them "by the rights" again. By and-by, too, the young cousin would be coming, and as Johnny's cousins they had some charms in Miss Sophia's eyes, which they did not possess in themselves; while Thanksgiving gobblers began to strut before her, dropping their drapery of gorgeous plumes, and untold Christmases, to shake all their stockings in her face. "What a thing it is to have a child in the house when we are young!" ex- claimed Miss Sophia. "What a thing it will be when I am old and go lean- ing on his strong arm up the broad aisle of the church, on Sundays, to the old McAllister pew!" And she thought of Miss Brownell and her monkey with an abject contempt, which soon passed into pity, and, ever, such pity that she began to cherish the rights of the play of letting Johnny go over and play at Miss Brownell's, possibly with the monkey—some Saturday afternoon, when he was old enough to be trusted to the care of a person so ignorant of children as Miss Brownell. "Susan!" Miss Sophia cried, as the poor and happy little godmother brought in an armful of wood for the hearth, and, having laid it down, proceeded to take a lingering look inside the little blanket that covered the head lying over Mrs. Sophia's shoulder—"Susan, this New Year's day that has brought Johnny to you and me, is not to be counted on our tally, but off of it; not as one more, but one less. We shall be getting 'younger now, instead of older, with every year that comes. For those who have children," said Miss Sophia, proudly, "live their youth over again in them and need never grow old."—Independent.

CHINESE JUSTICE.—Residents in the East are not apt to think much of Chinese policemen, yet the law is very strict if they let a criminal escape. Some time since a man was found guilty of what we should only call culpable homicide, and was sentenced to be strangled. He managed, however, to escape while being conducted from the court to his prison, and the two police in charge of him each got one hundred lashes and three years' transpor- tation. In another case the penalty inflicted strikes Europeans as really shocking. A woman's father and mother were murdered in Chihli, and she suspected and charged a neighbor with the crime, before the local court. The charge was dismissed, owing to the woman alleged, to bribery, and she accordingly appealed to Pekin. But here she made a mistake; she should have appealed in the first instance to the Provincial Court. The Pekin Court acquitted the prisoner, and sentenced the woman to fifty stripes for appealing to the wrong court. Some- times one cannot help thinking that a touch of Chinese law would be an improvement amongst ourselves.—Temple Bar.

Mark Twain on Sentimentality.

The Atlantic monthly contains the tale of Edward Mills and George Ben- ton by Mark Twain, which is as clever a satire on the sentimentality over crime as that sort of gush has received. Edward Mills minded from boyhood, George Benton never did. Edward prospered. George always had to be helped. They had the same adopted parents, who left all the property to George, because Edward could take care of himself. So it went, in all things, even the girl that George was engaged to dropped him, as it was her duty to save George. Hard times threw Edward out of regular work, and he re- lapsed to common labor a while; but George became a flourishing drunkard. We give the last part of the story:

A grand temperance revival was got up, and after some rousing speeches had been made, the chairman said, im- pressively, "We are now about to call for singers; and I think there is a spec- tacle in store for you which not many in this house will be able to view with dry eyes." There was an eloquent pause, and then George Benton, escorted by a red-ashed detachment of the ladies refuge, stepped forward, upon the platform and signed the pledge. The air was rent with applause, and everybody cried for joy. Everybody rung the hand of the new convert when the meeting was over; his salary was enlarged the next day; he was the talk of the town, and his hero. An account of it was published.

George Benton fell, regularly, every three months, but was faithfully res- cued and wrought with, every time, and good situations were found for him. Finally, he was taken around the country lecturing as a reformed drunkard, and he had great houses and did an immense amount of good.

He was so popular at home, and so trusted—during his sober intervals— that he was enabled to use the name of a principal citizen and get a large sum of money at the bank. A mighty pres- sure was brought to bear to save him from the consequences of his forgery, and it was partially successful—he was "sent up" for only two years. When, at the end of a year, the tireless efforts of the benevolent were crowned with success, and he emerged from the pen- itentiary with a pardon in his pocket, the prisoners' friend society met him at the door with a situation and a com- fortable salary, and all the other people came forward and gave him advice, encouragement and help. Edward Mills had once applied to the prisoner's friend society for a situation, when in dire need, but the question, "Have you been a prisoner?" made brief work of his case.

While all these things were going on, Edward Mills had been quietly mak- ing head against adversity. He was still poor, but was in receipt of a steady and sufficient salary, as the respected and trusted cashier of a bank. George Benton never came near him, and was never heard to inquire about him. George got to indulging in long absences from the town; there were ill re- ports about him, but nothing definite. One winter's night some masked burglars forced their way into the bank, and found Edward Mills there alone. They commanded him to reveal the "combination," so that they could get into the safe. He refused. They threatened his life. He said his em- ployers trusted him, and he could not be a traitor to that trust. He could die, if he must, but while he lived he would be faithful; he would not yield up the "combination." The burglars killed him.

The detectives hunted down the criminals; the chief one proved to be George Benton. A wide sympathy was felt for the widow and orphans of the dead man, and all the newspapers in the land begged that all the banks in the land would testify their appre- ciation of the fidelity and heroism of the murdered cashier by coming for- ward with a generous contribution in aid of the family now bereft of support. The result was a mass of solid cash, amounting to upwards of \$500— an average of nearly three-eighths of a cent for every dollar in the Union. The cashier's own bank testified its grati- tude by endorsing to show (but humbly failing in it) that the peerless servant's accounts were in square, and that he himself had knocked his brains out with a bludgeon to escape detection and punishment.

George Benton was arraigned for trial. Then everybody seemed to forget the widow and orphans in their solicitude for poor George. Every- thing that money and influence could do was done to save him, but it all failed; he was sentenced to death. Straightway the governor was besieged with petitions for commutation or pardon; they were brought by tearful young girls; by sorrowful old maid; by deputations of pathetic widows; by shoals of impressive orphans. But no, the governor—for once would not yield.

Now, George Benton experienced religion. The glad news flew all around. From that time forth his cell was always full of girls and women and fresh flowers; all the day long there was prayer and hymn-singing and thanksgivings and homilies and tears, with never an interruption ex- cept an occasional five-minute inter- mission for refreshments.

This sort of thing continued up to the very gallows, and George Benton went proudly home in the black cap, before a walling audience of the sweet- est and best that the region could pro- duce. His grave had fresh flowers on it every day, for a while, and the head- stones bore the words, under a hand pointing aloft: "He has fought the good fight."

The brave cashier's head-stone has this inscription: "Be pure, honest, sober, industrious, considerate, and you will never—"

Nobody knows who gave the order to leave it that way, but it was so given.

The cashier's family are in stringent circumstances now, it is said; but no

matter; a lot of appreciative people, who were not willing that an act so brave and true as his should go unre- marded, have collected \$42,000—and built a memorial church with it.

The Protection of Woodwork.

It not infrequently happens, when a frame structure is hastily erected, and in our country they are always hastily erected, especially bridges, that a good oil paint is properly applied, and yet in a comparatively short time it begins to peel off more or less completely, making it necessary to repaint them. What is still more unfortunate, some timber, which has had a good coat of oil or tar paint that did not peel off, begins to decay in a short time, so that the original intention of the paint is not fulfilled, but, on the contrary, the paint itself seems to hasten its destruction. These and similar circumstances lead people to distrust paint as a wood pro- tector, and from different quarters we hear the assertion that unpainted wood will last longer than it would if painted.

This view, says Engineer Sauerwein, requires modification. In judging this matter we must ask how long was it from the time the wood was felled until it was painted, and was it dry or not, for these unfortunate cases have only occurred in wood which was painted too soon. It is well known that the sap of wood contains substan- ces like albumen, gelatine, gum, etc., which easily undergo decomposition, and under certain circumstances, such as favor fermentation, and in warm damp air, are able to destroy very rapidly the stronger woody fibers. The more sap there is in the wood, that is to say the greener it is, and the sooner the evaporation of this sap is stopped by an airtight cover, the quicker the fermentation will set in, and with it the destruction of the woody fiber. These circumstances are correctly un- derstood by practical men, who pre- scribe that the timber be felled in win- ter, and try to obtain a free circulation of air through the structure.

They think they avoid the disadvan- tages above mentioned if they, further, demand "seasoned wood," because it is clear that there is less danger of de- composition in such wood than in fresh or green stuff. But here we at once stumble on this difficulty, namely, of determining what degree of dryness in the wood to be tested seems most advantageous for its use, and the time required for this is much longer than generally supposed. The appearance of the wood is very seldom a reliable guide, and people are accustomed to think that the wood is much drier than it really is. The comparatively im- portant changes which the wood un- dergoes during the first year from shrinkage enable us to measure approx- imately the time necessary to destroy the last evil effects of its interior life. Not until it has reached this stage, which requires four to six years, and unless artificial seasoning is resorted to, is the timber benefited by covering it with a protecting coat of paint. At this time the paint must have a bene- ficial effect in protecting the wood, for it prevents atmospheric moisture pene- trating into the wood to serve as a re- agent to decompose the albumen, which is now dried and coagulated as well as less abundant.

Owing to the position of the lumber yards and the urgency for materials to build with it is seldom possible to ob- tain well seasoned lumber and wood for railroad ties, with chloride of zinc un- der six to eight atmospheres of pres- sure, where this can be done. (Fresh green wood is best for this.) No ar- guments are necessary in defense of the value of this method; it cannot be too strongly recommended, nor is the expense great—about \$1 per cubic meter. When there is no opportunity for impregnation the woodwork should be left two or four years unpainted.

In my experience, says Sauerwein, wood is better than coal tar be- cause it penetrates into the wood more easily, and containing a larger amount of antiseptic substances, its effect is more permanent. Although wood tar is considerably dearer it is to be pre- ferred. Its color being somewhat sim- ilar to wood color it can be used on small unpainted buildings. Its cost is only one-fourth that of oil paint and can be applied by a common workman. Planed and worked surfaces should be merely oiled (three times) not painted. Besides having a better appearance, this oil varnish is necessary to prevent cracking and drawing of thin parts like doors and windows. It does not interfere with the gradual drying out of the wood.—Scientific American.

A Brookfield (Conn.) man is the hap- py possessor of a calf with three tails which he is assiduously and carefully raising. It would be a great pity if he should fall, for the capabilities of a calf with three tails when it shall have attained the age of cowhood, can- not easily be estimated. A cow with one tail is able to drive the most even- tempered agriculturist wild in the fly season, but when we consider the milking of a cow with three erratic tails, flying irresponsibly about, the thought becomes bewildering.

Douglas Jerrold was consulted by Mr. Bentley, the publisher, as to the periodical which he contemplated, and which was afterwards well known. "I think of calling it 'The Wit's Miscellany,'" said the publisher. Jerrold demurred on the score of modesty, to which Mr. Bentley responded, "Well, suppose we call it 'Bentley's Miscel- lany?'" "There," retorted Jerrold, "you needn't go to the other extreme."

A good moral character is the first essential in a man. It is therefore highly important to endeavor not only to be learned, but to be virtuous.—Washington.

A Dubuque gentleman took a fancy to a horse a few days ago and after some bargaining succeeded in buying the animal. It was a saddle horse—a neat, trim one, thought to be just the thing. Our Dubuque friend started out to try the saddle qualities of his new purchase and came home con- vinced that the horse knew far more than he gave him credit for on short acquaintance. The first saloon he overtook on the road the horse wheeled up to and came to a halt. His rider urged him quietly—then a little more so to proceed, but the animal couldn't see it. After coaxing him for some time in short sentences adorned with expressive epithets, the saloon keeper came out and observed, "You can't get that horse away until you let him see you take a glass of beer." As a final resort the beer was taken, when the horse went off as good-nat- uredly as if he had just been wined up for an eight-day journey. Just about the time the rider had got over wondering at the odd freak of the horse another saloon hove in sight. The horse's ears went forward, he hastened his space and in a brief time was at the door performing a counter- part of his recent exploit. It was found necessary to go through the beer performance again, with the same satisfactory and surprising result. This was repeated at every saloon on the road out, seven miles into the country and return. When the owner of the horse got back to the city he did not know whether he was himself or a bad imitation of a small beer keg. He knew this, that he had more beer within his corporate limits than he could comfortably hold. He liked the horse barring this peculiar disposition to encourage the sale of beer. He called on the former owner of the horse on his return to town to make some inquiry about the matter. He felt happy when told that "he need not drink the beer if he didn't want to; all he need do was to go through the motions and the horse would be perfectly satisfied." Our friend thinks he would rather go through the motions than go through a keg full of beer at one sitting or riding.—Dubuque Her- ald.

Medical Use of Salt.

In many cases of disordered stomach, a teaspoonful of salt is a certain cure. In the violent internal aching, termed colic, add a teaspoonful of salt to a pint of cold water; drink it and go to bed; it is one of the speediest remedies known. The same will revive a per- son who seems almost dead from re- ceiving a heavy fall. In an apoplectic fit no time should be lost in pouring down salt and water; if sufficient sensibility remain to admit of swallowing; if not, the head must be sponged with cold water until the senses return, when salt will completely restore the patient from his lethargy. In a fit the feet should be placed in warm water, with mustard added, and the legs briskly rubbed, all bandages removed from the neck, and a cool apartment pro- cured, if possible. In many cases of severe bleeding at the lungs, and when other remedies failed, Dr. Rush found that two teaspoonfuls of salt completely stayed the blood. In case of a bite from a mad dog, wash the part with brine for an hour, and then bind on some salt with a rag. In toothache, warm salt and water held to the part, and renewed two or three times, will relieve it in most cases. If the gums are affected, wash the mouth with brine. If the teeth be covered with tartar, wash them twice a day with salt and water.—Medical Journal.

Trifles.

On a tramp—rags.

Clear grit—cheap sugar.

A good side-show! A pretty cheek.

What would make a good fishing rod? We should think bass wood.

What is that which no man wishes to have and no one wishes to lose? A bald head.

The way for a desolate old bachelor to secure better quarters is to take a "better half."

Why is a miser like a man with a short memory? Because he is al- ways for-getting.

The compositor who set up "\$1000" instead of \$10,000 might have pre- vented his mistake by a little fourth ought.

Among the post-offices recently es- tablished were "Baby Mine," "Blow Horn," "No Go," "Buss" and "Necessi- ty."

An Ithaca little girl, attempting to describe an elephant, spoke of it as "that thing that kicks up with its nose."

"You never saw my hands as dirty as that," said a petulant mother to her little girl. "No, but your maid did," was the reply.

The discovery that the chief of a tribe of Canadian Indians was really a woman, has created a squaw-king among the red men.

SELLING BLOCKHEADS.—When James T. Brady first opened a law- yer's office in New York, he took a basement-room, which had previously been occupied by a cobbler. He was somewhat annoyed by the previous oc- cupant's callers, and irritated by the fact that he had few of his own. One day an Irishman entered. "The cob- bler's gone, I see," he said. "I should think he had," tartly responded Brady. "And what do you sell?" he said, look- ing at the solitary table and a few law books. "Blockheads," responded Brady. "Begorra," said the Irishman, "ye must be doing a mighty fine business—ye hain't got but one left!"

A "Dictionary of English Plant Names" has been recently published. "Meet-her-it-th-entry-kiss-her-it-but-try" (*Viola tri color*) is thought to be the longest plant name in the lan- guage. "Our Lord's Flannel" is cer- tainly the queerest.

Mr. Longfellow enjoys telling at his own expense the story that an English- man strolled into his Cambridge home one summer day, saying, "As—ah, there is—ah, no old ruins in this blasted country, I thought I'd come to see you."

A person inquiring at one of the northern railway stations what time the 7:45 train would start, was sharply answered, "At a quarter to eight."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the inquirer, "you are always changing the time on this line."

A Haddonfield (Cape May) sign reads: "Is cream salon cakes, pret- zels and candy and cigars over- and lodging and horses watered con- stantly on hand."

Trust a man to be good and true, and even if he is not, your trust will tend to make him such.—New Miller.

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 their 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, Washtenaw Co., Mich.

The Chelsea Herald.

CHELSEA, AUGUST 5, 1880.

Harbor Not Revengful Feelings.

BY MRS. EMILY THORNTON.

Harbor not revengful feelings
When companions prove unkind,
When vexations, stern and grievous,
Scattered on life's path you find!
When hard words are spoken of you,
When bold slanders cut and sting,
Do you not dwell upon the sorrow,
Rise above each vexing thing.

Harbor not revengful feelings,
Though a neighbor should mislead,
Never fling back taunt and jeering,
For a rude or unjust deed.
Strive to render good for evil.
Strive some kindly thing to do,
In return for bitter troubles,
Wicked hands deal out to you.

Harbor not revengful feelings,
Happy thoughts they cannot bring!
Better overcome by patience
Every word that leaves a sting.
Have you enemies? Forgive them;
With forbearance meet each wrong;
Love a foe hath often conquered,
Changing hate to friendship strong.

Sweet forgiveness brings a blessing
To the heart that owns its way,
Even though the culprit turn not
From the error of his way.
Let us bear in mind the precept
That our Lord gave lovingly:
"We must exercise forgiveness,
If we would be forgiven."

Art and Mystery of Married Life.

The sacred art and mystery of living together as husband and wife! It touches the deepest springs of human happiness and success.

When the novel reaches its last chapter; when the wedding day crowns the happy story of love and courtship, then begins for man and woman the real test of what they are; then is thrown upon their own hands the question of what the future is to be. In a true marriage the sweet season of romance that precedes the bridal day is but the harbinger of better things to come. But the secret is easily missed. It is missed oftenest probably through the man's fault. The first and great lesson of marriage is that the thought of another is to come before the thought of self. The revelation which true love makes is this: One sees in another soul such beauty and attractiveness that its service is preferred to the service of self. No emotion which lacks this high element deserves to be called love. The desire of possession, the longing for intimate and habitual companionship, these come in, too, and make a part. But higher than these is that complete and joyful self-surrender in which a woman appears so lovely to a man that to make her happy becomes his strongest desire; and a woman sees in a man such nobility that she can gladly devote her life to him. That is the loftiness and the rapture of true love.

The problem of married life is to maintain the nobility and elevation of this early sentiment. The chief requirement is simple enough. It is only, put your wife or husband before yourself in your thoughts and choices. To the wife this lesson is emphatically spoken by the circumstances into which marriage brings her. It gives her as her chief business the making of a home for her husband and afterwards for her children. The event of her day is his return from work. Her work is to make him comfortable and happy. His satisfaction and approbation are the standard of her success or failure. So she is put at once into an outward relation of service. Often there is a mingling of hardship in that. Before the wedding day she was a queen; her will and wish was law. Her lover made it his first thought to please her. Now it must be her first thought to please him. His main occupation lies no longer with her, but with his daily

work. He may be ever so devoted and tender, but most of his time and much of his thoughts must now go elsewhere. Her great business is his comfort and happiness; his great business is something apart from her. And he will never begin to know all she does for him. His manly eyes miss half the little details of work that go to carrying on a household in comfort. He will be a somewhat rare man if he ever fully comprehends the broad fact that her individual life is merged in service to him. It is the woman's lot to do more than she ever gets credit for. The heart's wages for work is appreciation, and few wives get full pay. It is when some sense of these things breaks upon the woman in the early months of her married life that she stands face to face—probably never before—with her destiny. And what destiny offers her is service. A hard gift to look upon at first. Declined or grudgingly taken it will wound and bruise a lifetime through. Bravely accepted it will temper the whole life to celestial sweetness. It is just here that the wife has the advantage over the husband that outward circumstances set straight before her the lesson of self-renunciation and service in the household, as they do not set it before him. His face must turn toward his daily work. There his best energy is spent; vitality drained. When he comes home he wants rest. He feels himself, in a measure, off duty. And here he gets the full comfort of a good wife, and the home that the good wife makes. He is taken and rested and shielded from annoyance and encompassed by a hundred gentle ministries. Here he can forget the toils of his day, or renew them in a serene light; finding here gladness for his success and comfort for his failures and appreciation where others have misjudged him. Here body and soul find refreshment and he is sent out a new man for the morrow's struggle. And if his wife is not allowed to give him this, she is cheated as much as he is. This is her happiness and reward; this is what crowns her work. Yet this resting has its danger. Who has not known men who were spoiled by the goodness of their wives? Men who allowed themselves to receive until they utterly forgot to give? The more generously and gladly a wife gives the more watchful should the husband be that he makes due return.

The foe of married happiness is inattention. The real wrong to the wife, the real failure of the husband is when he becomes unconscious of what she is doing for him, and what she is in herself. A man should every day see in his wife the woman she is. Whatever purity, sweetness, womanliness he once saw in her, and thrilled at the sight of, whatever fuller and richer growth the years have brought, these things he should see in her continually. Not a mere part of the domestic machine should she be to him; not even a mere comfort and convenience and pleasure to himself—her soul, in its full stature should come home to his constant thought. Whatever charm of face or manner, whatever womanly grace, whatever quickness of thought or delicate sympathy, would strike a stranger's notice, ought far better to be seen and prized by him, her husband. It is little to say that her face ought to be as beautiful each day to his eyes as if they looked upon it for the first time, it should be far more beautiful because he has learned to see through its windows the soul within. And in the same way the wife should look upon her husband. It is this true yet tender regard which makes the right atmosphere for the soul to ripen in. Few things touch us so deeply as to be understood. But to be understood and loved; to have the best that is in us made full account of; to know that our faults, too, are open to that sweet and gentle gaze; to long be worthy of a love so pure and high that only our highest ideal self can deserve it—what other influence can so strongly draw us toward all noblest possibilities? This is the work of true marriage; to reveal two souls to each other in their ideal beauty, and then to bring that ideal to realization.

Robbed of Her Sunshine.

From St. Louis there comes a strange story; so strange that at first it appeared like an invention of some ingenious manufacturer of fables. Investigation shows it to be founded on fact. For nearly twenty years a wealthy man has been starving his daughter of the sunshine, keeping her all the while locked in a suit of richly-furnished rooms. The infat-

ated man is the victim of a queer delusion. In earlier life he had lost all his children. One by one each of them fell a prey to some disease, and the father became much discouraged. There is no state of physical ailment nor any condition of mental or moral worryment for which some quack or other is not found to prescribe. When all this man's children had gone, and a new little daughter was born unto him, one of these quacks dropped in. This particular quack was probably a mixture of Indian herb doctor and gypsy fortune teller. With solemn guise of profundity of wisdom he delivered his opinion, which was that the new-born child should be kept for twenty-one years out of the direct rays of the sun—locked in as a prisoner. If this prescription were observed, she would live. If it were disregarded, death would be the result. Surrounded by all that wealth can give her, except freedom and sunshine, this poor creature has now reached the age of 20. She is pallid and flabby and thin and languid. She looks more like half-animated wax-work than a living girl. She has books and pictures and embroideries and lace and fine apparel. She takes exercise after a fashion, but it is the fashion of the convict in the penitentiary. She has been told that her imprisonment is for her good, and like a dutiful daughter, she would fain believe it so. But her monotonous life is so burdensome that she would rather die than live out even the year which must elapse between the present time and her emancipation. To her the outside world is something as intangible as the life of the life of the antediluvians. She knows of it by hearsay. The tutors and servants who exercise a rigid scrutiny over all her movements, and are as jailers to her, have told her of green trees and running rivers and crowded streets and noisy throngs, and the busy rush of the world's traffic. A dim picture of all this floats confusedly before her mind, but practically she knows nothing of these things and cannot comprehend them. In the narrow confines of her luxuriously-furnished room, she wanders and meditates and pines up and down and chafes at inactivity. She would joyfully exchange her lot with the poorest newsboy or the most unwashed bootblack on the street. She is famished for sunlight, and declares that she must have it or die. When the term of her captivity shall expire, and her tyrannical father opens the door for her to the outer world, she will be like a poor, pale, leafless and flowerless plant. He will then congratulate himself on having saved his daughter. But reproaches should overwhelm congratulations in his mind, for he has brought her up to a life which will make her utterly miserable.

Sunshine is not a thing which can be administered in one dazzling dose when the victim of shade and shadow attains maturity. As well deprive a child of proper food until it comes of proper age, and then spread before it a rich array of delicacies which it can neither understand nor digest. Rather feed the child on the most delightful and nourishing diet during infancy and youth. Flavor the food with sunshine and let the child walk in the light. A childhood of shadow clouds the whole life. A childhood of shadow clouds the whole life. A flood of sunshine from the earliest infancy means strength and joy and health and happiness all the way down to old age. To rob a child of its sunshine is to make its whole life a pilgrimage of woe.—Philadelphia Times.

The Lifetime of Man.

When the world was created, and all creatures assembled to have their lifetime appointed, the ass first advanced, and asked how long he would have to live.

"Thirty years," replied Nature; "will that be agreeable to thee?" "Alas!" answered the ass, "it is a long while! Remember what a wearisome existence will be mine; from morning until night I shall have no encouragement nor be refreshed by anything but blows and kicks. Give but a portion of that time I pray!"

Nature was moved with compassion, and presented but 18 years. The ass went away comforted, and the dog came forward.

"How long dost thou require to live?" asked Nature. "Thirty years were too long for the ass, but wilt thou be contented with them?"

"Is it thy will that I should?" asked the dog. "Think how much I shall have to run about; my feet will not last so long a time, and when I shall have lost my voice for barking and my teeth for biting, what

else shall I be fit for but to lie in a corner and growl?"

Nature thought he was right, and gave him 12 years. The ape then appeared.

"Thou wilt doubtless, willingly have the 36 years," said Nature; "thou wilt not have to labor as the ass and the dog. Life will be pleasant to thee."

"Ah, no!" cried he, "so it may seem to others, but it will not be. Should pridings ever rain down I shall have no spoon. I shall play merry tricks, and excite laughter by my grimaces, and then be rewarded with a sour apple. How often sorrow lies concealed behind a jest! I shall not be able to endure for 30 years."

Nature was gracious, and he received but 10. At last came man, healthy and strong, and asked the measure of his days.

"Will 30 years content thee?"

"How short a time!" exclaimed man. "When I shall have built my house, and kindled a fire on my own hearth; when the trees I have planted are about to bloom and bear fruit, when life shall seem to me most desirable, I shall die. Oh, Nature, grant me a longer period!"

"Thou shalt have the 18 years of the ass beside."

"That is not enough," replied man.

"Take likewise the 12 years of the dog."

"It is not yet sufficient," reiterated man—"give me more."

"I give, then, the 10 years of the ape; in vain wilt thou claim more."

Man departed dissatisfied. Thus man lives 70 years. The first 30 are his human years, and pass swiftly by. He is then healthy and happy—he labors cheerfully and rejoices in his existence. The 18 years of the ass come next and burdens are heaped upon him; he carries the corn that is to feed others; blows and kicks are the wages of his faithful service. The 12 years of the dog follow, and he loses his teeth and lies in a corner and growls. When these are gone, the ape's 10 years form the conclusion. Then man, weak and silly, becomes the sport of children.—Legend from the German.

Our Chip Basket.

Dr. Mary Walker gives herself away when she rides on a side-saddle.

A tall man having rallied his friend on the shortness of his legs, the friend replied: "My legs reach the ground. What more can you do?"

A farmer thinks the words, "Ho, everyone that thirsteth," should read, "Thirst, everyone that hoeth," when the weather is as hot as it is now.

A Boston theatrical company recently played a scene laid in a church so naturally that to many of the audience it seemed so real that they went to sleep.

An agricultural paper tells us that the skunk will exterminate the potato-bug. After this announcement, we have no little respect for the potato-bug.

It is remarkable how generous fishermen are. When you meet a man who has returned from a fishing trip, he always tells you that he gave his share to the other fellow.

Judge: "See here, prisoner, if you do any more lying, you won't get off with three years." Prisoner: "But, judge, how many years d'ye s'pose y'd gimme if I told the truth?"

Life is like a pack of cards. Childhood's best cards are hearts; youth is captured by diamond; middle age is conquered with a club; while old age is raked in by the insatiable spade.

It is said Lord Hartington was once reproached for yawning visibly in the middle of one of his own speeches as under Secretary of War, and replied he could not help it because it was so dull.

An unfortunate Indianapolis man who lost several toes by a car-wheel, was consoled by an Irishman near by with: "Whist, there, you're making more noise than many a man I've seen with his head off."

Almost every circus has some Texas steers trained to rear up and jump, but what this country demands is a steer that knows how to toss a man over a fence without making him feel sore for two weeks after.

A humorist leaps gayly upon the step of an omnibus, and cries cheerfully to the conductor: "Is the ark full?" "No, sir," replies the jovial conductor. "We have kept a seat for you. What ho! within there! Room for the monkey!"

Irish repartee is proverbial. Last week a professional man addressed an artisan who was waiting in his hall rather brusquely: "Hello, you fellow, do you want me?" The answer was neat: "No, yer honor, I am waiting for a gentleman!"

A drunken Scotch parishoner was admonished by his parson: "I can go into the village," concluded the latter, "and come home again without getting drunk." "Ah, mencester, I'm sae popular!" was the fuddled Scotchman's apologetic reply.

"Byron, my son," said a literary father to his athletic son, "Byron

never played base ball." "No," said the boy, pulling on his orange-colored shirt, "and George Washington never wrote poetry." The morning hour had expired and the bill went over.

A rich Scotchman, at the point of death, said to his pastor: "Do you think that if I left £10,000 to the Presbyterian Church my soul would be saved?" "I can't promise you anything," answered the good man, after a second thought, "but it's worth trying."

"Will you please pass the milk, Miss Brown?" asked a young man of a fidgety old maid at the supper table. "Do you take me for a waiter, sir?" she answered. "Well," he added, "no one has taken you thus far, and you've waited so very long, I should think you were one."

A lady at sea, full of delicate apprehension, in a gale of wind cried out, among other pretty exclamations, "We shall all go to the bottom! Mercy on us, how my head swims!" "Madam, never fear," said one of the sailors, "you can never go to the bottom while your head swims."

A young woman of Cambridge, jealous of the honor of the students, on hearing of the late defeat of the Harvard at base ball, remarked, reproachfully: "If the young gentlemen had paid more attention to their base ball and less to their books, they would not have been so badly beaten."

A take-down-for-Smudge—Clergyman: "A charming landscape, sir?" Painter: "It's very kind of you to say so, I'm afraid it's not half up to the thing itself." Clergyman: "What thing itself?" Painter: "Why, the original." Clergyman: "I was referring to the original."

There is a youth who, every time he wishes to get a glimpse at his sweetheart, cries, "Fire!" directly under her window. In the alarm of the moment she plunges her head out of the window, and inquires, "Where?" when he poetically pats himself on the bosom, and exclaims, "Ere, my Carolina."

"What is the worst thing about riches?" asked the Sunday-school superintendent. And the new boy in the bad class under the gallery, who only came in last Sunday, stood up and said: "Their scarcity." And in his confusion the superintendent told the school to rise and sing, "Don't be weary, children."

During the late war, Dr. —, entering the hospital surgery, met Paddy Doyle, the orderly, and asked him which he considered the most dangerous of the many cases then in hospital. "That, sir!" said Paddy, as, with an indicative jerk of the thumb, he pointed to where on the table lay a case of surgical instruments.

A Sheffield manufacturer is reported to have told his workmen to vote just as they pleased—"in fact, I shall tell you how I am going to vote," he said. "After it is over I shall have a barrel of beer brought into the yard." ["Hear, hear,"] shouted the men. "But I shan't tap it unless Mr. Wortley, the Tory candidate, gets in."

The little Hartford girl who gave utterance to the following idea was puzzling her mind with a problem that has bothered the world for ages. She was reproved for some trifling childish act, and seating herself on the floor at her mother's feet, reflected for a long time, and then looking up, said: "Ma, why is it that naughty things are so nice?"

"You will observe from this word pater," said a schoolmaster to his pupil, "the great flexibility of the Latin language. Pater is a father; and here we have patrus an uncle. Is there any way you can change father into uncle in English?" "I don't think of any," replied the pupil, "unless you can get him to marry your aunt."

THE WILD HORSES OF AMERICA.

At the time of the discovery of America there were no horses in any part of that continent, although the boundless prairies were admirably fitted for the support of countless herds. Soon, however, those imported by the settlers strayed away, and as a consequence are now to be met with in enormous numbers, in some cases amounting, it is said, to ten thousand in one troop. They appear to be under command of a leader, the strongest and boldest of the herd, whom they implicitly obey. When threatened with danger, at some signal, understood by them all, they either close into a dense mass and trample their enemy to death, or placing the mares and foals in the centre, they form themselves into a circle and welcome him with their heels. The leader first faces the danger, and when prudence requires a retreat all follow his rapid flight. In the thinly inhabited parts of South America, according to Yonatt, it is dangerous to fall in with any of these troops. The wild ones approach near as they dare; they call to the loaded horse with the greatest eagerness, and if the rider is not on the alert, and has not considerable strength of arm and sharpness of spur, his animal will divest himself of his burden, take to his heels, and be gone forever. Byron well describes the wild horse in his "Mazeppa."

Violence and hastiness make men disgusted and close up their hearts. Where there is long opposition a kind word easily finds entrance.

It is well to look on all sides of a question before you indulge in an opinion. Curran once said to Father Leary: "I wish, Reverend Father, that you were St. Peter and had the keys of Heaven, because then you could let me in." The shrewd and witty priest saw the sarcasm, and turned its sharp edge on the skeptic by replying: "By my honor and conscience, sir, it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."

TO THE PUBLIC AND EVERYBODY IN PARTICULAR!

—NOTICE THAT—

DURAND & HATCH

Have the Best and Largest Assortment of

Prices than any other firm in Town the same quality of Goods. We have a Large 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

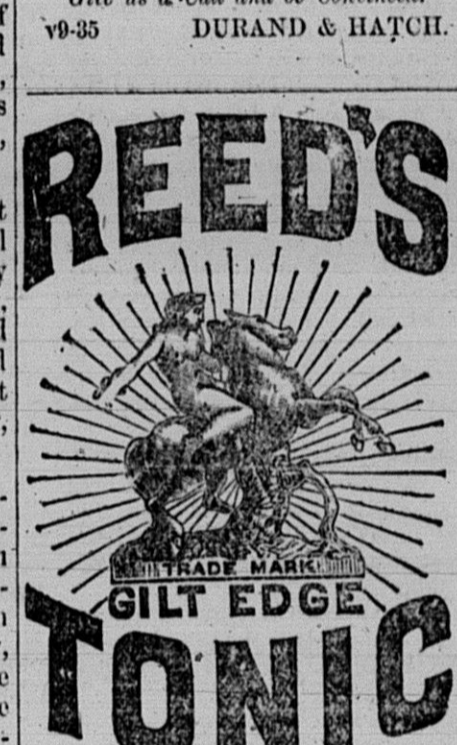
FLOW SHOES!

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. Call on Goods delivered Free.

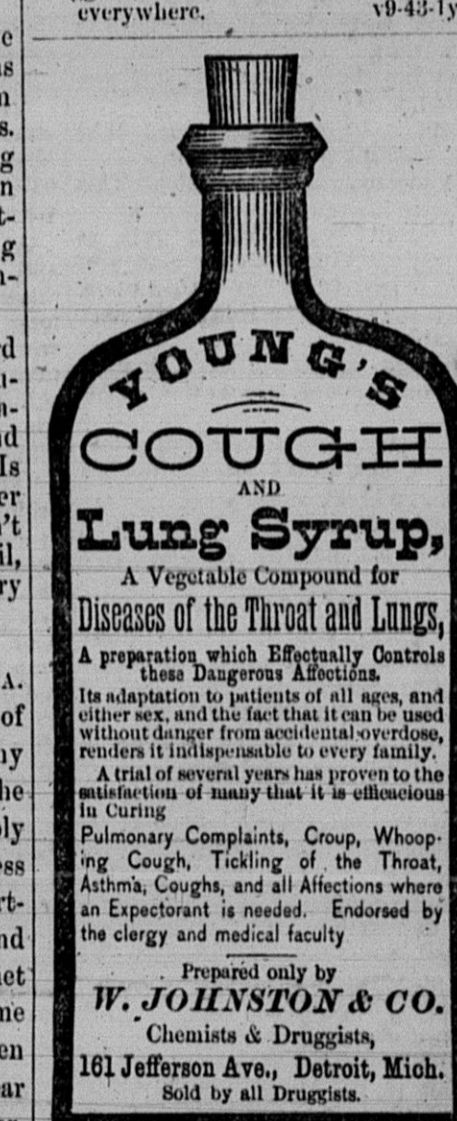
Give us a Call and be Convinced. v9-35 DURAND & HATCH.



IS A THOROUGH REMEDY

In every case of Malarial Fever or Fever and Ague, while for disorders of the Stomach, Torpidity of the Liver, Indigestion and disturbances of the animal forces, which debilitate, it has no equivalent, and can have no substitute. It should not be confounded with triturated compounds of cheap spirits and essential oils, often sold under the name of Bitters.

FOR SALE BY Druggists, Grocers and Wine Merchants everywhere. v9-43-1y



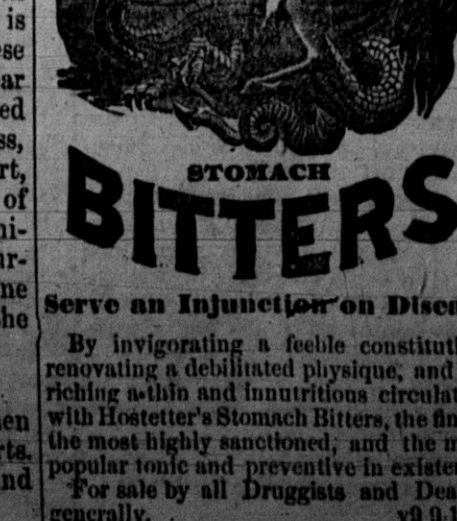
YOUNG'S COUGH AND Lung Syrup,

A Vegetable Compound for Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, A Preparation which Effectually Controls the Most Dangerous Affections.

Its adaptation to patients of all ages, and either sex, and the fact that it can be used without danger from accidental overdose, renders it indispensable to every family. A trial of several years has proven to the satisfaction of many that it is efficacious in Curing Pulmonary Complaints, Croup, Whooping Cough, Tickling of the Throat, Asthma, Coughs, and all Affections where an Expectorant is needed. Endorsed by the clergy and medical faculty.

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

Sold by W. R. Reed & Co. v9-11-y



HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

Serve an Inflection on Disease

MICH. SALT ASSOCIATION, EAST SAGINAW, MICH.

The following is one of many Testimonials of Salt as a Fertilizer: LAKESIDE STOCK FARM AND SYRACUSE NURSERIES, 109 West Genesee at Syracuse, N. Y., March 27, 1880. J. W. BARBER, 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.....	1.08
Carbonate of lime & magnesia.....	75
Oxide of iron.....	87
Water.....	6.88

99.91
Salt that contains 24 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.

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

"BUSINESS PRINCIPLES."

—When you want something to attend strictly to business, and cure a cough or cold in the head, get Dr. Penner'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. v9-18-7

FRANK STAFFAN, 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 SHEROES.

Hearse in attendance on short notice. FRANK STAFFAN.

M. C. R. R. TIME TABLE.

Passenger Trains on the Michigan Central Railroad will leave Chelsea Station as follows:	
GOING WEST.	
Mail Train.	9:22 A. M.
Local Passenger.	9:50 A. M.
Way Freight.	12:35 P. M.
Grand Rapids Express.	1:52 P. M.
Way Freight.	8:11 P. M.
Jackson Express.	10:35 P. M.
GOING EAST.	
Night Express.	5:50 A. M.
Way Freight.	6:47 A. M.
Jackson Express.	8:02 A. M.
Grand Rapids Express.	10:07 A. M.
Mail Train.	4:40 P. M.
H. B. LEVARD, Gen'l Supt., Detroit.	
HENRY C. WESTWORTH, General Passenger and Ticket Ag't, Chicago.	

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.) (Detroit time.)	
Atlantic Ex.	14:00 A. M.
Day Express.	8:35 A. M.
Detroit & Buffalo Express.	12:45 noon
N. Y. Express.	7:00 P. M.
*Sundays Excepted.	
*Daily.	
W. H. FIRTH,	
Western Passenger Agent, Detroit.	
Wm. Edgar, Gen. Pass'g Ag't, Hamilton.	

Time of Closing the Mail.

Western Mail.	11:15 A. M.
Day Express.	8:00 P. M.
Eastern	10:00 A. M.

The Chelsea Herald.

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Every Thursday Morning, by
A. Allison, Chelsea, Mich.

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 6:45 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.

R. Kempf & Brother,

BANKERS,
AND PRODUCE DEALERS,
CHELSEA, — — MICH.

Interest Paid on Special Deposits.

Foreign Passage Tickets, to and from the Old Country, Sold.

Drafts Sold on all the Principal Towns of Europe.

The Laws of the State of Michigan hold Private Bankers liable to the full extent of their Personal Estate, thereby securing Depositors against any possible contingency.

Monies Loaned on First-Class Security, at Reasonable Rates.

Insurance on Farm and City Property Effectuated.

Chelsea, March 25, 1880. v9-28-1y

Chelsea Flour Mill.

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

GEO. E. WRIGHT, D. D. S.,

OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL
DENTIST,
OFFICE OVER THE CHELSEA BANK,
CHELSEA, MICH. [7-13]

INSURANCE COMPANIES

REPRESENTED BY
WM. E. DEPEW.

Home of New York, \$6,100,527
Hartford, 3,292,914
Underwriters, 2,253,510
American, Philadelphia, 1,396,001
Detroit Fire and Marine, 501,029
Fire Association, 3,178,386

OFFICE: Over Kempf's Bank, Middle street, west, Chelsea, Mich. v9-1

M. W. BUSH,

DENTIST,
OFFICE OVER H. S. HOLMES' STORE,
CHELSEA, MICH. 31

Unclaimed Letters.

Office of Letters remaining in the Post Office, at Chelsea, August 1st, 1880:

Clark, William.
Foley, Miss Julia.
Loren, James W.
Nooks, A.
Smith, Mr. John.

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

GEO. J. CROWELL, P. M.

For Printing done cheap at this office.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Rev. THOS. HOLMES, Services at 10:15 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 12 M.

M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. J. L. HUDSON, Pastor. Services at 10:15 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock. Sunday School immediately after morning services.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. E. A. GAY, Pastor. Services at 10:15 A. M. and 7 P. M. Young people's meeting Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 12 M.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Rev. Father DUNN, Services every Sunday, at 8 and 10:15 A. M. Vespers, 7 o'clock P. M. Sunday School at 12 o'clock A. M.

LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Rev. Mr. METZGER, Services every alternate Sunday at 2 o'clock P. M.

OUR TELEPHONE.

Doo days now-a-days.

GREEN corn and water-melons are plenty in market.

The contract for our new Passenger Depot is said to be let.

The threshing-machine is heard all over our farms in this vicinity.

Did it ever hit you anywhere that a dry goods clerk was a calico wrapper?

This was the week for Billy Patterson to "get a little off." Echo answers, the man who let the bottle of liquor fall.

The State Teachers' Institute for Washtenaw county will be held at Ypsilanti, Monday, August 16, and closing Friday following.

It is rumored that work will soon begin on the new hotel in this village, and that it will be completed before winter.

A. STEGER is ornamenting his residence with beautiful window blinds. It looks gay.

WHERE is the steamer "Hancock & English" that floated in the breeze on Main street?

PARKER & BABCOCK have got a fine painted placard on the north side of their building, indicating their business.

Rev. Dr. Holmes, of the Congregational Church of this village, delivered an able out-door sermon on last Sunday.

A brother "chip" says: "If Dr. Tanner can go without eating for 40 days, he will probably start a country newspaper."

THE weather still keeps very moist. We have had rain every Sunday in July, and the first Sunday in August.

H. S. HOLMES has renovated his store by painting, kalsomining, etc. It looks well.

New wheat is coming into market. Taylor Bros. and L. Babcock have purchased large quantities at 85 to 87 cents per bushel.

THE fruit in this vicinity does not look well—most of the apple trees are shaking off their fruit.

DR. TANNER is actually growing fat on his cold water diet. Here is another text for the temperance exhorters.

Mrs. A. BURKHART presented the editor's lady with a beautiful bouquet of flowers, one day last week. Please accept thanks.

On Wednesday of last week the Baptist congregation gave an Ice Cream Festival. A very fair attendance was present, and a good time realized.

ANY ONE looking over the columns of the HERALD would suppose that there was no milliners or dress-makers in Chelsea. A representation in shape of an advertisement is solicited.

PERSONAL—R. Kempf and son took their departure last Monday for Marquette and other Lake Superior ports. They intend to make a two weeks' tour. May they enjoy themselves and have a good time.

A SELECT party was given at the residence of Mr. Ed. McNamara, on Friday evening last. Those present enjoyed a rich treat of peaches and cream. "This sweet to be remembered."

PERSONAL—Mrs. L. H. Briggs, Miss Estella Royce, Mrs. R. Kempf and family, left Chelsea last Monday for Detroit, for a two weeks' recreation. We wish them a pleasant time.

MARRIED—At the residence of David Ward, in Sylvan, Sunday, August 1, 1880, by the Rev. J. L. Hudson, Mr. David Kent and Miss Mary E. Ward, both of Sylvan.

PERSONAL—Mr. George Crowell, our Postmaster is a delegate to the Republican State Convention to be held at Jackson today (Thursday). Mr. Wm. Judson, Charles H. Wines and others will accompany him thither.

FOUND—On a seat in M. C. R. R. Passenger Train, July 21, 1880, a pocket-book containing a sum of money. Owner can have it by proving property and paying charges. THOS. WILKINSON, Chelsea, Mich.

Our village presented a lively appearance on last Saturday evening. The streets were thronged with people—the merchants had an extensive trade—the Chelsea Cornet Band was tooting in full blast, and everything seemed alive.

THE Republicans of this village held a caucus at the Hoag House, last Saturday, and elected the following delegates to the County Convention to be held at Ann Arbor, Tuesday, August 24, 1880, for the purpose of electing delegates to the State Convention to be held in the city of Adrian:

Wm. Judson, J. L. Gilbert, E. Zinkie, H. M. Woods, Theo. E. Wood, W. F. Hatch.

LAST Monday the colored population celebrated Emancipation Day. An excursion train due here at 8:15, passed over the line loaded with people on their way to Detroit, all expecting to have a good time. There were sixty tickets sold at this point.

PEACHES—Large quantities of ripe, luscious peaches are being brought into this market. We note that Gilbert & Crowell have just received a large lot of this delicious fruit.

THE Democrats of Lima held a caucus at the Lima town hall on Saturday last, and elected S. Seney, W. H. Dancer and A. Beach delegates to the County Convention to be held at Ann Arbor August 10, to elect delegates to the State Convention.

Hill's Compound Extract of Buchu and Cubeba is warranted to cure Gleet. Sold by W. R. Reed & Co., Chelsea, Mich.

It is strange to say that some of our walk-about gentlemen in Chelsea, who never seem to work for a living, dress well and put on a good appearance, and who get trusted in dry goods and grocery stores, or any where they can, and will not pay their honest debts. We propose to devote a column of space hereafter to that class of individuals.

ARTICLES of Incorporation of the Hops and Malt Bitters Manufacturing Company, of Chelsea, Michigan, have been filed in the County Clerk's office in this city. The capital stock is given at \$10,000, and the officers are Robert F. Lattimer, of Rhode Island, president; Caspar E. Depew, of Chelsea, vice-president; and Geo. P. Glazier, of Chelsea, secretary and treasurer. —Ann Arbor Courier.

Those who have an itching head should use Hall's Vegetable Sulfur Hair Renewer to stop it.

JEWELRY—One who knows all about it says that American jewelry is superior to foreign—vastly heavier, stronger and better. A small portion of the stock in market is too fine to wear well, that is, not strong, too soft. A large portion is twelve carats and under, but that is too poor to look week. The best quality for strength and looks is fourteen carats, and that is the quality of the best American jewelry. Most foreign jewelry is eighteen carats fine, or else imitation. Hence the goods are too light and will not wear well. It is a common thing in this country for jewelers to receive from their customers foreign jewelry, especially that from Italy, to repair and remount, and many Americans who go abroad bring home styles of goods which they would not look at in jewelry stores at home. American jewelry costs more, but it is worth the difference in price.

The New Champion Separator.

The new Grain Separator, manufactured by George W. Bachman, of this village, has been tested the past week and gives entire satisfaction in every respect, viz.: in threshing the grain clean from the straw and not cutting it, and cleaning it free from all chaff and dirt. A few of the following testimonials from the farmers who have had work done, and those who have seen it will show how it suits them.

We, the undersigned, having examined the work of George W. Bachman's Champion Separator, in every respect, pronounce it the most perfect grain-saving and cleaning Separator we ever saw.

ANDREW WINSLOW,
JOHN H. WADE,
WILLIAM WINSLOW,
PERRY W. SUTHEIN.

Geo. W. Bachman threshed for me with his Champion Separator, and done me the most perfect work I ever had, in threshing clean, saving and cleaning the grain; and I consider it the most perfect Separator that I ever had do work for me.

SIMON WINSLOW.

I helped thresh for S. Winslow, and had an opportunity to see the work of Mr. Bachman's Separator, and pronounce it the most perfect grain-saving machine that is in practical use.

J. J. WOOD.

This is to certify that having had some experience with threshing machines, and have seen a good many of them work, and being with Mr. Bachman the first half day that he threshed, I think the machine made by him the most perfect in threshing, cleaning, saving, etc.

A. MORTIMER FREER.

Having had work done by George W. Bachman's Champion Separator, can say that it does the most perfect work in threshing it clean from the straw—not cutting it, and cleaning the grain, that I ever had do work.

GEORGE A. BEGOLK.

Was at Mr. BeGolk's, and saw Bachman's Champion Grain Separator. Can say that it is the best working Separator and the most perfect that I have seen.

W. H. DAVIDSON.

Helped Geo. A. BeGolk thresh, and saw the work done by Bachman's Champion Separator, and can say it is the most perfect grain Separator that I ever worked with.

OLKO T. FENN.

Have had threshing done for me with a Stevens, Wide Awake and Vibrator, and having been a thrasher a good many years myself, and have seen machines of different manufactures work, but can say Bachman's New Champion Separator in quality of work of saving, cleaning and not cutting the grain.

JOHN COOK.

Have been with a Stevens Separator for 5 years, and have fed it as much if not more than any other man that has ever been with one, but must say that George W. Bachman's New Champion beats them all.

Chelsea, August 2, 1880.

[We have had a personal inspection of the machine while building (through the explanation of Mr. Bachman), and would say it is a perfect model in every respect. We also say that the above parties who are giving reference are truthful men, and their word can be relied upon.—Ed.]

HARVEST PICNIC.—A joint committee, representing the townships of Sylvan and Lima, composed of Charles H. Wines, Truman W. Baldwin, and Samuel G. Ives, of Sylvan, and Sampson Parker, Edward Nordman and Milton Whitaker, of Lima, held a meeting in this village on the 24th instant, and decided that a Harvest Picnic would be held by the people of Sylvan and Lima at the grove of Dr. Gates, August 14th. At the picnic the following programme will be observed:

1. Music by the Band.
2. Prayer.
3. Thanksgiving Anthem.
4. Address by W. E. Depew.
5. Music by the Band.
6. Toasts and Responses.
7. Music by the Band.
8. Organization.
9. Benediction.

Mr. Charles H. Wines will be the presiding officer of the day; Walter C. Wines will have charge of the vocal music, and Mortimer Freer of the instrumental music. Everybody is invited, and a good time is expected.

If some are refined, like gold, in the furnace of affliction, there are many more that, like chaff, are consumed in it. Sorrow, when it is excessive, takes away fervor from piety, vigor from action, health from the body, light from the reason from the conscience.

NINE NOVEMBER FAIR.—The great market of the Eastern world has been held at this junction of the Volga and Olga Rivers in Russia, every summer for hundreds of years. Here the nations of Europe and Asia meet with their products for trade. Cossack, Chinese, Turk and Persian meet the German and the Greek with every variety of merchandise that mankind employs from sapphires to grindstones, tea, opium, fur, food, tools and fabrics, and last but not least, medicines. J. C. Ayer & Co.'s celebrated remedies from America were displayed in an elegant Bazaar, where the Doctor himself might sometimes be seen. They are known and taken on the steppes of Asia as well as the prairies of the West, and are an effectual antidote for the diseases that prevail in the yaurts of the North as well as the huts and cabins of the Western continent.—Lincoln (Ill.) Times.

To whom it may Concern.

TAKE NOTICE—That application pursuant to law has been made to the undersigned, President and Trustees of the Village of Chelsea, Commissioners of Streets and Highways in said village, by at least ten freeholders of said village to discontinue the north half of the street adjoining the lands of the Michigan Central Railroad Company, which run along the north side of Block 2 in said village, between Main street and East street, the part of the said street petitioned to be discontinued, more particularly described as follows: Commencing at the north-east corner of Lot twenty-six (26), in said Block two (2); and running thence westwardly along the south line of the Michigan Central Railroad Company's land to the north-west corner of Lot one (1) in said Block; thence east to a point on the east line of said Lot one (1), one rod south of the north-east corner of said Lot one (1); thence eastwardly parallel with the south line of said Michigan Central Railroad Company's land to the east line of said Lot twenty-six (26); thence northwardly along the east line of said Lot twenty-six (26) to the place of beginning, and which street passes through or adjoins lands owned and occupied by them.

You are therefore hereby notified that the undersigned, President and Trustees of said village, Commissioners of Streets and Highways in said village will meet at the office of G. W. Turnbull, in said village, on the 18th day of August, A. D. 1880, at 1 o'clock P. M., to proceed to view the premises described in said application, and notice, ascertain and determine as to the advisability of discontinuing that part of said street above described.

Dated the 24th day of July, 1880.

JAMES P. WOOD, President and Trustee of said Village, Commissioners of streets and highways of said village.

G. H. ROBBINS, Clerk.

NOTICE.

In accordance with instructions from the Board of Trustees of the Village of Chelsea, I shall on Saturday, August 7th, at 2 o'clock P. M., sell to the lowest bidder, upon the grounds, the job of putting in a drain on the east side of Main street, from or near the sluice north of the furnace on Main street to Lett's creek. The work to be furnished on the ground, and the job of putting in let by the road.

J. P. WOOD, President.

Chelsea, July 29, 1880.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

Since the introduction of Kellogg's Columbian Oil it has made more permanent cures and given better satisfaction on Kidney Complaints and Rheumatism than any known remedy. Its continued series of wonderful cures in all climates has made it known as a safe and reliable agent to employ against all aches and pains, which are the forerunners of more serious disorders. It acts speedily and surely, always relieving suffering and often saving life. The protection it affords by its timely use on rheumatism, kidney affection, and all aches and pains, wounds, cramping pains, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, coughs, colds, catarrh, and disorders among children, make it an invaluable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those who have obtained it never will. It is absolutely certain in its remedial effects, and will always cure when cures are possible.

Call at W. R. Reed & Co.'s Drug Store, and get a memorandum book giving more full details of the curative properties of this wonderful medicine.

46-v9-1y

TENSORIAL EMPORIUM.

ED & FRANK would respectfully announce to the inhabitants of Chelsea and vicinity that they have thoroughly overhauled their Barber Shop, by way of new fixtures. They also keep on hand sharp razors, nice clean towels, and everything first-class to suit their customers. They are up to the times, and can give you an easy shave and fashionable haircut. A share of the public patronage is solicited. Shop at C. S. Laird's Brick Block, Middle street west, Chelsea, Mich.

CHEAP Job Printing done at the HERALD office.

Chelsea Market.

CHELSEA, August 5, 1880.

FLOUR, 40 LBS.	\$3 00
WHEAT, 40 LBS.	85 00
WHEAT, 20 LBS.	75 00
CORN, 40 LBS.	20 25
OATS, 40 LBS.	25 00
CLOVER SEED, 40 LBS.	4 00
TIMOTHY SEED, 40 LBS.	3 00
BEANS, 40 LBS.	50 00
POTATOES, 40 LBS.	20 00
APPLES, 40 LBS.	75 00
do dried, 40 LBS.	12 1/2
HONEY, 40 LBS.	10 00
BUTTER, 40 LBS.	12 00
POULTRY—Chickens, 40 LBS.	07 00
LARD, 40 LBS.	07 00
TALLOW, 40 LBS.	05 00
HAMS, 40 LBS.	08 00
SHOULDERS, 40 LBS.	08 00
EGGS, 40 DOZ.	8 00
BEEF, live 40 LBS.	3 00
SHEEP, live 40 LBS.	3 00
HOGS, live 40 LBS.	4 00
do dressed 40 LBS.	4 00
HAY, tame 40 LBS.	8 00
do marsh, 40 LBS.	5 00
SALT, 40 LBS.	1 55
WOOL, 40 LBS.	33 00
CRANBERRIES, 40 LBS.	1 00

HOW TO ATTAIN SUCCESS.

Without health, life is a failure.

YELLOW EYES, SALLOW COMPLEXION, LOSS OF APPETITE, DYSPEPSIA, SCURF, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, AND CONSTIPATION, is the result of a complaining LIVER. MARCEAU'S LIVER AND ANTI-BILIOUS COMPOUND is acknowledged as a sure cure for the enfeebled system.

Possessing "CASCARA SAGRADA," with other meritorious ingredients, makes it an infallible remedy for EQUALIZING THE CIRCULATION, purifying the BLOOD, and restoring to PERFECT HEALTH the enfeebled system. 75 cents per bottle.

Town's Bronchial Syrup cures all Lung, Throat and Chest diseases. 75 cents per bottle.

FARRAND, WILLIAMS & Co., Wholesale Druggists, Detroit, Agents.

THE PRESIDING ELDER'S WIFE.

WARREN, Pa., May 30, 1878.

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

Dear Sir:—After using your Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic, and also Cough Honey for ten years past in our family, I can testify that they will do all that you claim for them. Our family has derived more benefit from their use than any other medicine we ever tried. We heartily recommend them to all.

Yours truly,

MRS. REV. R. M. WARREN.

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, Headache, Fever and Ague, Spleen Enlargement, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Pimples, Blotches, 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, and 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. [v9-13-1y]

USE TOLU ROCK AND RYE SURE CURE

Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, And All Diseases of THROAT AND LUNGS.

Put up in Quart-Bottles for Family Use. Scientifically prepared of Balsam Tolu, Crystallized Rock Candy, Oil of Peppermint, and other purest ingredients. It is known to our best physicians, is highly commended by them, and the contents of one small bottle is equal to a large bottle of any other medicine. It is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. It is a pleasant to take; it gives tone, it gives energy, it gives strength, it gives life. It is a sure cure for all the above diseases. It is a pleasant to take; it gives tone, it gives energy, it gives strength, it gives life. It is a sure cure for all the above diseases.

CAUTION. DON'T BE DECEIVED. Be sure you get the Tolu Rock and Rye. It is the only medicinal article made, the genuine having a "TOLU ROCK AND RYE" label on the bottle.

LAWRENCE & MARTIN, Proprietors, 111 Madison Street, Chicago.

Ask your Druggist for it. Ask your Grocer for it. Ask your Merchant for it. Children, ask your Mamma for it.

Read's Gilt Edge Tonic cures Dyspepsia. Read's Gilt Edge Tonic prevents Malaria. Read's Gilt Edge Tonic restores the appetite. Read's Gilt Edge Tonic cures Fever and Ague.

The next term of the Michigan Military Academy opens Sept. 15th. The attendance promises to be much larger than last year. For information address Col. J. S. Rogers, Sup't., Orchard Lake, Mich. 1w

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

