

THE CHELSEA HERALD.

TERMS—One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Annum,

"ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY."

Invariably in Advance.—Single Copies Five Cents.

VOL. IX.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1880.

NO. 51.

THE BABY WIFE.

There's just one thing a man can have
In all this world of woe and strife,
That makes the business not too bad,
And that one thing is an easy wife.
For my cheeks or my hair?
For my heart because she laughs—
Because she laughs, and doesn't care.

I put my boots just where it suits,
And find them where I put them, too;
That is a thing, you must allow,
A chap can very seldom do.
I leave my papers on my desk;
She never dusts them in a heap,
Or takes to light the kitchen stove
The very one I want to keep.

On winter nights my cozy dame
Will warm her toes before the fire;
She never scolds about the lamp,
Or wants the wick a trifle higher.
On Sundays she is not so fine
But what her ruffles I can hug;
I light my pipe just where I please,
And split the ashes on the rug.

The bed is never filled with "shams"
A thing some women will do;
To worry servants half to death,
And let the temper of a man
Nor raise any horrid din
If it just happens, now and then,
To be quite late when I come in.

I tell you, Jack, if you would wed,
Just get a girl who is a lamb,
She'll keep her money in a safe,
And help you on to lots of fun.
Don't look for money, style, or show,
Or blushing beauty, ripe and ruddy;
Just take the one who laughs at fate—
Who laughs, and shows she doesn't care.

You think, perhaps, our household ways
Are just perhaps a little mixed;
But they get too horrid bad,
But they get too horrid bad,
What compensation has a man
Who earns his bread by sweat of brow,
And life one long, eternal row?
—Harper's Magazine.

THE MISSING MAN.

A STORY OF A FACT.

She was a curious sort of a woman; I could never quite make her out. Evidently she had "a past" but she would not tell me much about it, until a mere accident opened it all up. I will not stop to relate how I knew her, but come to the point at once.

I was dawdling one morning over an advertisement about a missing man; I forgot how it ran, but he had disappeared in some mysterious way, had never been heard of, and that sort of thing was supposed to have had a large reward was offered for such information as might lead to his discovery, &c.—you know the usual business.

"Well, I cannot say why, but I happened to read this advertisement out to my friend, and as I went on, glancing down the paper, I said:

"Ah! poor fellow, he will never be heard of again; robbed and murdered no doubt; these disappearances are all undeciphered murders, I suppose."

I heard her move uneasily and sigh, and, as I continued reading to myself, there followed a sob and a moan. Looking up I saw to my surprise that she had buried her face in her hands, and was crying bitterly.

Rising and crossing the room, I asked it was the matter.

It was a long time before she could speak; at last she said, through her sobs, in a kind of absent way:

"No, no; they are not all murdered, not all."

"Why what in the name of mischief do you know about such things?" I enquired. "What has come to you, poor child? Calm yourself. How should you know whether they are all murdered or not?"

ing back the lock, gently opened it. There, on the step, lay, as well as I could see by the twilight, a young well-dressed man. He made an effort to rise when he saw me, partly regained his feet, caught at the door-post, staggered, and fell headlong into our garden. All this was but the work of a moment, and now thoroughly alarmed, and hardly knowing what I did, I closed the door and rushed into the house. My husband met me on the threshold.

"What now? What's all that scurrying about?" he said.

"Timidly I told him.

"You fool, are we not hard-up enough already, but you must be playing the Good Samaritan, and let the man in? Do you want to turn the place into an hospital? He's drunk, no doubt."

With this he reached the spot where the unfortunate man lay face downwards upon the edge of the soft, un-mown lawn. Gently turning him over, my husband went on:

"Why, he's dying; if not dead, we must fetch a doctor. A pretty mess you have got us into, but we must go through it honestly, or else who knows what we may be charged with—murder, perhaps! Be off and get a doctor; there's a red lamp at the second turning on the left down this road."

I flew to his bidding, terrified by his words, which I saw had some reason in them, and had nearly reached the house, when he called out:

"Here, go out this way, by this door here, into the road; it's nearer."

I returned, and was about to open the garden door, close to which he was still being over the body, when I saw he was examining the contents of a large portmanteau, which he had taken from the pocket of the prostrate, unconscious man. It seemed to be full of notes and gold. I hesitated, but fearing to retrace, was drawn back the bolt, when he whispered:

"Stop—wait a minute. Did anyone see you let him in?"

"No one; there is not a creature about, and the road is not overlooked," I answered.

"No, nor this corner of the garden where we are—no, it's too much shut in by trees, and it's getting too dark."

"Whilst speaking, he was looking round to assure himself that he was unobserved, and seeming satisfied, began to further examine the contents of the young man's pockets and to transfer the portmanteau, a letter or two, a handsome gold watch and chain, and a scarf-pin, to his own.

"What are you doing?" I timidly asked.

"Mind your own business," he said, "do as I tell you, and hold your tongue. I'll go for the doctor myself; but first of all we must get him into the house. Here, catch hold of his feet."

Then, without listening to my protests, my husband raised in his arms the slim, helpless form of the young man, and with my assistance, carried him along the path, under the shadow of the high wall and trees, into the little house, and laid him on a sofa in the breakfast-parlor that gave upon the lawn by an open sash window.

"Light a candle, pull down the blind, get some water, and brandy; he is not quite dead," said my husband, whilst examining the man's pocket-handkerchiefs. "No initials, nothing to identify him by. Good! Now I will go for the doctor; you stay with him. Put a little more brandy to his lips from time to time, loosen his necktie—so, and now, mind, when I return with the doctor, if there have been any signs of consciousness, or if the poor fellow speaks at all, keep it to yourself; don't say a word, you can tell me when the doctor is gone. The man is not dead, but he will die, I think, and if he does die without speaking—well, we shall lose nothing for our hospitality; it's worth risking. Mind, now, what I tell you; he added with a fierce look at me: "if you don't, I'll be the death of you."

Then he went out through the front door and gate, ostensibly in a hurry, and I heard him running down the silent road. I turned to my patient, and found him still breathing, but quite unconscious.

Terrified and bewildered I hardly know how long it was before I heard hurrying footsteps again on the road; and presently, my husband appeared with the latch-key, the doctor, a seedy, newly-looked man.

Rapidly examining the patient, he said, with his finger on the pulse:

"About twenty minutes since he was seized, eh? My young brother, you say?"

"Yes," answered my husband promptly, with a significant look at me as I started at his reply.

The doctor had his ear on the man's chest, whilst my husband continued with assumed emotion:

"My youngest, my favourite brother, dear sir, pray tell me—Ah! I fear your face; but say, is there no hope?"

The doctor shook his head.

"Oh, will he die?"

The doctor bowed his head, and my husband buried his face in his hands for a moment.

I was agast, perplexed beyond measure, and was about to speak when another fierce look checked me.

When the doctor had with more brandy, and after using the stethoscope for several minutes, he said with professional gravity:

"It is my painful duty to tell you that you must prepare for the worst."

"Ah, I feared so!" said my husband. "My poor brother was supposed to have a disease of the heart; it was a long way from here; I have seen enough to tell me that. We do not know what his habits were; we do not even know that any one was aware he had money about him. No; the more I think of it the sorer the whole game looks. You have only to keep your own and my counsel and our fortunes are retrieved for a few months, and we have nothing to fear. Ah,

to what is necessary now, or do you know any—"

"No, we know no one in the neighborhood; we are strangers here," interrupted my husband. "We are from Cornwall, and are come to live in London, and have only been in the house three days. My dear brother came to stay with us yesterday. He has been out all day. The moment he came in he fainted, and then—and then I ran for you. Will there be any need for an inquest?"

"Indeed," said the doctor, "I'm afraid there will."

"Oh, how very distressing!" went on my husband. "Can we not be spared this pain."

The other paused, and then said slowly, with a peculiar expression on his face:

"Well, surely, surely with what you tell me, and with what I have seen of the case, I might perhaps certify, and so spare you the distress of any inquiry."

"Thank you, thank you a thousand times," said my husband earnestly, as I saw him press a couple of the sovereigns he had lately taken from the dead man's pocket into the doctor's hand.

"Very well, then," answered that functionary; "I will manage it, and do all that is necessary. I will send some one immediately. Good-night."

"When he was gone I summoned up courage to ask the meaning of 'what I had heard."

"What are your intentions? Pray tell me, I said.

"You always were an idiot," he answered, "but I will try and make you understand for once in a way. Any woman who was not a fool, and had been a loving wife and alive to her husband's welfare, could have seen with half an eye what my game is. It's a very simple one, and mind you do not spoil it, or it will be worse for you; and that you may have no excuse for doing so I'll tell you plainly what it is. There was something like six hundred pounds in notes and gold in that poor devil's pocket-book. There is nothing to show who he was to anybody but me, who luckily can keep a secret, so I shall not tell you his name; besides, it does not suit my game; a son or two of his own knows how he came out to his premises; he can never be traced there. I pass him off as my brother, and bury him accordingly. No one hereabouts knows who we are, so who is to say he is not my brother? Had not good luck brought him up to our hospitable gate at the critical moment, and had you not been the far-seeing clever woman you are, and not let him in, why he would have fallen down dead in the public highway and his property have been at the mercy of the first person who found him. They might have been honest or not. He would have been taken to the hospital, and of course his friends would have been duly informed of the sad loss he had sustained. Now, as it is, they will never know, and what has become of him? He will only be one more victim added to the list of mysterious disappearances."

"Well, but I broke in, his friends will make inquiries after him. He may be traced to our gate, and we be called upon to explain."

"We may be," continued my husband, "but it's sufficiently unlikely. He is a cursed piece of ill luck if he is. Who is to trace him into this God-abandoned region? Under all the circumstances and by your own showing it is most improbable—nay, it is impossible."

"Yes, I again interposed; but he went on as if he had not heard me, and he was very likely," he went on, "but the doctor and the undertaker who will have done for themselves what they will have done for themselves who will have nothing to identify him by even if they ever look or hear anything about the disappearance. They will never recognize him, my dear brother John Smith, who is in my apoplexy here in my house, under the very eye of the doctor, the undertaker by the name of—(but I will keep that to myself), "who was last seen," &c., &c., as the advertisement will run. No; they will not know the name. It will convey nothing to their minds; how should it? For remember, the moment you so judiciously let him in—and closed our garden door upon him, the lost man had ceased to be. From that moment he became my brother John; and the real man was gone as clean out of existence, as if he had never been. My heavens! as if he had never been in my part. I never guessed I was half so clever a fellow," added my husband triumphantly.

"But," cried I once more, "this is a very dreadful, a very dangerous game, as you call it, to play. It is absolutely theft, and worse."

"If you cannot use better language," he said, "hold your tongue; don't insult me. I tell you the money might as well have fallen into my hands as into those of the first policeman or pot-boy who might have found him. I want it badly enough, and if you don't betray our secret there is very little risk of my right to it being disputed."

Ireland is a most peculiar country. Its area is about 21,000,000 acres; this includes nearly 500,000 acres of lakes; the mountains and bogs occupy 6,000,000 acres; thus almost a third of the area of Ireland is taken up by lakes, mountains and bogs, the bog of Allen alone being 77,000 acres.

ROUGH ON BAYTON.—If the sharks become troublesome at any of our home beaches, the hotel owners will have the remedy in their own hands. They have only to hire Boyton for the season, to paddle around, a marine patrolman, between the merry bathers disporting themselves in the surf and the dorsal finned and other perils of the great deep outside. It takes a good deal to scare a shark, especially if he has had no dinner; but the bravest and hungriest shark that swims would not stop for a second look at Boyton. Even a shark's nerves can't stand everything.—*N. Y. Sun.*

that's the undertaker, no doubt. You get out of the way," leave it all to me."

"There was a ring at the bell here, which he went to answer.

"Ah, that was a dreadful night, and during the few days following I was nearly beside myself with terror. Of course the house was closed, as became the occasion. The funeral—a very quiet one—took place in due course at Kensal Green Cemetery, my husband following as chief mourner in the coach, accompanied by the doctor.

"No remarks, no suspicion attended so commonplace a circumstance, and when the ground had closed over the unfortunate unknown man, and when a week later a modest tombstone recorded the decease of the imaginary John Smith, aged twenty-three, all trace of the dreadful fraud, safe that which is printed indelibly in my mind, was gone."

As my friend reached this part of her story, she was a good deal overcome, and said she had nothing more to tell; but after a while I learned from her that she had managed the conversion of the notes exactly as he had proposed. He slipped away from the house quite early the morning after the death, and almost as soon as the Bank of England was open changed the notes into gold, as he could do, by merely writing a name and address—fictitious, of course—on their backs.

He returned from the City with his little black bag, as he had gone, by a very circuitous route, so evading all chance of being followed, though, of course, there was really no likelihood of any one being on the alert. He got drunk in the afternoon, and confided these details to his unhappy wife. The unfortunate victim of apoplexy had probably not then even been missed. It was a cunning game truly, and boldly played out, and this is really about all I know of it; my poor little friend refused to let out any more very important facts.

Her husband utterly deserted her in less than six months afterwards, and she was left—well, that does not matter. To this day she knows nothing of who or what the unlucky young fellow was, where he came from, or whether he was ever inquired after; but though when she told me her story seven years had passed since the evening she let him in at the garden door, and he had fallen all 'dead at her feet, she very naturally felt—and no doubt still does feel—extremely uncomfortable when any chance reference is made to a missing man.

Trifles.

Lame ducks—medical quacks.

Straining a point does not make it clear.

It takes time just ten years to become decadent.

Did the man who returned after many days get them?

The grand old aphorism of forensic spelling went not Josh Billings him a kite.

"How does painting agree with my daughter?" asked an anxious parent.

"It makes her too red in the face," replied the teacher.

The bathing suit worn by the boys along the river front its well and is very simple and inexpensive. It consists of a wad of cotton in each ear.

A Chicago man thinks he has got the best wife in the world, and yet he can't even ask her for a cup of tea without her making it hot for him.

Paternalism as his daughter, apoplexy of an aspirant to her hand: "By the way, is he well-educated?" "Well-educated? I should say so—at times!"

Since the introduction of female doormasters a girl goes up to the window and says: "Is there a letter for Miss Margaret Robinson?" "Yes," says the female postmaster, "here is one from John McJones."

"Pray do not attempt to darn your colobves," was Swift's advice to a gentleman of strong imagination and weak memory, who was laboriously explaining himself.

What a monotonous life it must have been in Eden, without those cheering aphorisms that now everywhere brighten up the landscape, making every rock, tree and fence to bourgeon out into such gratuitous advice as "Purify your blood!" "Chew spherical Pine etc.," "Consumption can be cured!" etc., etc.

An Oil City maiden, who had just recovered from a two days' attack of green-apple cramps, recited in public the other night that touching poem, "Go Peel What I Have Felt," with such emphasis that it brought tears to the eyes of the green-grocer.

Says the *Central Methodist*: "Dr. Wheeler of the New York Methodist, writes his editorials on his back lying on the sofa." To which the *Richmond Christian Union* replies: "We thought he wrote them lying first on one side and then on another." Why doesn't he write them on paper?

Habits of Beavers.

A few days ago while in Jackson county, a reporter of the *Beagle* met two beaver-trappers near Rome, Ga. They have trapped for the varminis in Alabama, Florida, and Tennessee, and on this trip have set their traps on all the streams from Rome down as far as the lower edge of Jackson county. They had caught sixteen beavers in one week in Jackson county alone. They caught five one night and four another weighing from thirty to one hundred and ten pounds each. Some of the finest skins were five feet wide. One of the men informed us that he had been trapping beavers for ten years, and found it quite profitable, and to possess quite a charm for him. He uses a gum which, he says, will draw a beaver more than a mile. The same fellow, he says, will use ten miles up and down a stream, and that the current report that a beaver will cut his own leg off to get out of a trap is a mistake. He says that a large beaver fasten a cable to some building on the banks of a stream, and carry it over to the island until it would sag near the log, and then to rescue the man by means of a basket hung on the cable by rings, and to be let down and pulled in by smaller ropes. The materials for this experiment could not be procured, so at last it was decided to send down a strongly constructed raft in the same manner as the lifeboat had been launched, and if it reached the man in safety, to ease it over toward the small island, from whence his rescue would be comparatively safe. The raft was built, but it was 4 o'clock in the afternoon before all was ready. The day had passed without the flight of time being heeded.

Senator Sharon's Shave.

One Sunday afternoon Senator William Sharon sauntered down Carson street in search of a barber shop. The tonsorial establishments are, as a rule, closed at that hour; but Mr. Sharon's luck did not desert him, and at 3:20 p. m. he was fortunate enough to find a place open. He was soon stretched out in the chair, and the barber had no sooner lathered his face than he began to pump him with regard to stocks.

"THE BARBER OPENS THE BALL."

"Do you hear anything new about the Union?" (Slab-dab with the brush.)

"Haven't heard," said the man in the chair.

"They say the ore body pitches over into the Sierra Nevada."

"Perhaps it does."

"Times have been pretty tough down here for a spell, and if stocks don't take a walk up the grade pretty soon I'm dished (slab-dab), and you can bet on it. Don't you buy stocks?"

"Never held a share in my life."

"The devil! Must be from the East. What State are you from?"

"I'm from Califor—Ah! Hem! Nevada," replied the Senator, recollecting just in the nick of time.

"What do you think of the Senatorial fight?"

"Haven't kept track of it."

"Well, Sharon, he's in the field, and the people say Uncle Jimmy Fair's going to run." Here the barber swept his steel down Sharon's left jaw and made him wince with terror.

"Is that so?"

"Yes, but I guess he's N. G., that is, he don't sling the rocks around like Sharon. He freezes to a twenty like it was the last he had. Sharon, he's a regular—, but I guess he's liberal. Do you know Sharon?"

"No, do you?"

"Saw him once on a train chock full. Lord, he drinks like a fish when he's out on a run. He looks like a darned cadaverous starvationist. I voted for him six years ago and got my money for it, but, blast my hide, if he gets off as cheap this time. He's too devilish lazy for a Senator. Never gets round in time to vote. Turn your chin up a little; that's it. Now look at Old Dag, so fat he can't hardly walk, and Sharon's thin enough for a runner; yet Dag, works like a horse for less pay than Sharon gets for loafing around the Palace Hotel, playing whisky cinch and freeze-out with Joe King and Old Smith. Little powder on your face, stranger?"

"How's Sharon fixed now?" asked the man in the chair.

"Guess he ain't so flush as he was," replied the barber. "They say the boys at the Bay have had the clamp on him several times, and since the bank busted he's been short. Then the Palace Hotel ain't paying. He scripples all the way. Never gets round in time to vote. Turn your chin up a little; that's it. Now look at Old Dag, so fat he can't hardly walk, and Sharon's thin enough for a runner; yet Dag, works like a horse for less pay than Sharon gets for loafing around the Palace Hotel, playing whisky cinch and freeze-out with Joe King and Old Smith. Little powder on your face, stranger?"

"How's Sharon fixed now?" asked the man in the chair.

"Guess he ain't so flush as he was," replied the barber. "They say the boys at the Bay have had the clamp on him several times, and since the bank busted he's been short. Then the Palace Hotel ain't paying. He scripples all the way. Never gets round in time to vote. Turn your chin up a little; that's it. Now look at Old Dag, so fat he can't hardly walk, and Sharon's thin enough for a runner; yet Dag, works like a horse for less pay than Sharon gets for loafing around the Palace Hotel, playing whisky cinch and freeze-out with Joe King and Old Smith. Little powder on your face, stranger?"

when the beavers get caught they fight the trap until they are drowned if it catches a fore leg, but if it catches a hind leg it runs under a log; and sometimes gets out on the bank with float, trap, and all. Beavers never eat fish, as it is supposed by some, but eat bark, roots, corn, wheat, oats, etc. The sweet gum is their favorite. They have four front teeth that are very strong, about an inch and a half long and one-half inch thick. Their tails, with which they fight, and also use for towels in making their dens, are boiled, and make the very finest oil, the oil from the tail of a common-sized beaver being worth from sixty cents to one dollar.—*Gainesville (Ga.) Eagle.*

Two Niagara Tragedies.

More than twenty years ago Niagara witnessed a tragedy which, while of a heart-rending character, was marked by an act of true heroism seldom equaled in grandeur. Mr. Charles Addington, a young man about 23 or 24 years of age, was affianced to Miss De Forrest, both being residents of Buffalo. One day a happy party, comprising Mrs. De Forrest, Miss De Forrest, a younger daughter, Eva, a beautiful child five or six years old, and "Charley" Addington, as his friends were accustomed to call him, visited the Falls. They crossed the bridge to Goat Island, and while resting under the trees, little Eva strayed away from the group, and approaching the bank of the narrow but deep and swift stream that rushes between Goat Island and the small island lying between it and the main American rapids, was amusing herself by casting sticks into the water and watching them as they were whirled swiftly away. Mrs. De Forrest, alarmed for her child's safety, requested Charley Addington to bring her back. Charley at once proceeded to the bank, and thinking to give the little one a fright, approached her stealthily from behind, and catching her under the arms, held her over the stream. The startled child threw up her little arms over her head, and instantly slipped through Addington's hands and fell into the Rapids.

The realization of the horrible calamity must have come home to Addington's brain with the rapidity of the lightning's flash. He saw that his rash act had cost the child's life—that only one desperate chance of saving her life remained—that the world was at an end for him forever. Tearing off his coat, he rushed along the bank until he had passed little Eva, who was kept about by her clothing, then plunging in ahead of her, he seized the child and desperately attempted to throw her up the bank. As he made the effort he fell back in the rapids and was whirled over the small fall that intervenes between the American and the Horse Shoe Falls. Little Eva struck the top of the bank, but all power had apparently gone from her, and she rolled back into the stream, and was hurried to her dreadful fate. The mother and sister stood powerless and paralyzed with horror while the tragedy, almost instantaneous in its action, and passed before their eyes, leaving its dark cloud hanging over all their future lives. Charley Addington had made a hero's atonement for his thoughtless and reckless act.

An accident with very dramatic accompaniments occurred some very few years after the sad event that cost Charley Addington and Eva De Forrest their lives. One morning, soon after daybreak the early risers at the Falls discovered something moving on a huge old log or trunk of a tree, which for years had shown itself above the boiling rapids on the American side, having been caught by and become firmly wedged into the rocks on its way toward the falls. Looking downward from the bridge this log was and still is in full sight, in the forest part of the rapids, considerably nearer to the small island than the American shore. The moving object was soon found to be a man, and it was evident that his boat had been carried over the falls during the night, while he himself had miraculously been cast against the log, by which he had managed to stop his fearful rush toward death. Dutifully he was immediately sent to Buffalo to the coast life-saving station, and Captain Dorr hastened to Niagara by a special train, carrying with him two metallic life-boats, and plans to save the man were concerted. But before the arrangements were completed the news had been spread abroad, and many thousands of persons had reached the Falls by special trains. Goat Island, the Bridge, the American shore, the roofs and windows of the adjacent buildings, and the branches of trees were covered with anxious and horrified spectators.

The first attempt at rescue was by means of a Francis metallic lifeboat attached to a cable which was slackened off from the bridge when the fierce rapids seized it, turned it round and round, and appeared to be endeavoring to crush in its sides. The strong cable snapped like a whipcord, and the poor fellow who had been watching the effort made for his rescue saw the boat whirled past him and carried over the falls, as if in mockery of his would-be rescuers. Considerable time was then consumed in deliberating time a new plan, and it was proposed to fasten a cable to some building on the American side, to carry it over to the island until it would sag near the log, and then to rescue the man by means of a basket hung on the cable by rings, and to be let down and pulled in by smaller ropes. The materials for this experiment could not be procured, so at last it was decided to send down a strongly constructed raft in the same manner as the lifeboat had been launched, and if it reached the man in safety, to ease it over toward the small island, from whence his rescue would be comparatively safe. The raft was built, but it was 4 o'clock in the afternoon before all was ready. The day had passed without the flight of time being heeded.

Color Blindness.

On Tuesday at Baltimore a remarkable case of color blindness came before United States Marine Hospital Surgeon Benson. Dr. Benson had charge of the examination of all pilots, and every two or three days he examines several of them in his office at the Custom-House. He uses assorted skeins of worsted of every variety of color, and always five or six skeins of the same color. Among those examined was a pilot whose name it would be unkind to give, who had been running the bay for fifteen years, and considerable confidence was reposed in him. He had been running a tug-boat for some time past, but his regular business was to pilot vessels up the channel. Dr. Benson took out his worsted when the mariner came in and spread them on the table. "Now," said he, picking up a skein of the deepest crimson, "pick me out of that pile all the skeins of that color that you see." The pilot went to work, and with a certain degree of confidence, picked up first a shade of light pink, afterwards one of a little deeper shade, an orange, then a light purple, a light drab and finally a sky blue. "There," said he with some satisfaction, "that will about do, I reckon."

"Yes," said the doctor, drily, "I guess that will do. Now pick me out all the colors like this," and he picked out a medium shade of green. The pilot set industriously to work, and commenced picking out drabs, browns and yellows promiscuously. Only once did he come near the original color, when he got hold of a shade between a green and a yellow. Having failed so signally in being able to distinguish the two colors which he saw on every steamer he passed or ran on board of, Dr. Benson did not examine him further, but was obliged to report him and refer him to the inspector.

RAILROAD TIES.

It yearly takes 250,000 acres of forest to supply crosses for the railroads of the United States. It takes 15,000,000 ties to supply the demand, for which on an average the contractors get thirty-five cents apiece, making in the aggregate \$5,250,000. In building a new road the contractors figure 2,700 ties to the mile, while it takes 300 ties to the mile to keep a constructed road in repair. The average of a good piece of timber land is 200 ties to the acre and twelve to the tree. White or barr oak is considered the best timber for the purpose, although cherry, maple, ash and even locust have been used. The business employment to an army of choppers, who are paid ten cents apiece for each tie. A continued practice makes the choppers expert in the use of the axe, and a single man has been known to get out thirty-five ties in a day, yet the average is only ten, while an expert will probably get out twenty.

SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

"Pet," said the fond wife to her husband as they drove along the broad road, "so that farm house is your old birthplace and home? How you must love every bit of it! That queer old window—" "I fell out of it once." "That dear old moss-covered well—" "Water's mean, and I fell down it once." "That romantic old fence—" "Got licked once for tearing my breeches on it." "That long emerald sweep of meadow—" "Used to have to rake it all day." "That tall, purpling wild cherry tree—" "Covered with ivy that poisoned my arms and legs and laid me up for two weeks." "That broad, round-topped chestnut, with the old-gold blossoms—" "Neighbors stole all the nuts." "I spent my vacations over the lake, and remember your grotesque vine-clad church—" "Yes, that's where I first saw you."

In the Botanical Museum of Cornell University a curious plant is in blossom. The leaf rises from a large, solid bulb to the height of five or six feet, and then spreads out like a large umbrella, having a circumference of fifteen feet or more. The flower is of a dark brown color, curiously mottled with green and purple, and over fifteen inches in circumference.

The man who can be nothing but serious, or nothing but merry, is but half a man.—*Edw. Hunt.*

The excitement was intense. Men and women, who had stood for hours without food, were painfully agitated. The raft moved, it withstood bravely the wild assaults of the angry rapids. It neared the log. The man stood up and waved his arms. The raft came within his reach, and he got on to it, ate the food, drank a small quantity of weak brandy and water that had been put aboard, and fastened himself to the lashings which had been prepared, and the intent of which was understood. Then the raft was tossed and steadily moved toward island, with its precious freight. People shouted, and many were overwrought feeling. Suddenly the raft came to a stand. The man attempted to force it to be rising, and the fatal consequence was not misanderstood. The pilot tried to take in the situation, but to grow desperate. The raft was lashings, stood up, made a spring, and the raft in the direction of the island, and was in the foaming waters. Instantly he struck out for the island. He seemed to be a powerful swimmer, and thousands of men and women held their breath in horrified suspense. He appeared to near the island in his desperate efforts. Then arose the cry, "He's saved! he's saved!"

But suddenly those on the bridge, who could see more distinctly from their location, became aware that the distance between the island and the swimmer's head was gradually widening. There was another dreadful moment of suspense, and then the unapplying rapids seized their prey, and apparently making sport of the efforts that had been resorted to, to snatch him from their grasp, twisted him round and whirled him along until he hurried him over the precipice. As the poor fellow went over a singular effect was observable. The vast body of falling water curves over the edge of the falls like a huge wheel, and as the body was shot forward by the force of the current, it seemed to leap completely out of the water, the feet being visible before it took the terrible plunge. The death-like silence that had fallen upon the crowd was broken by a terrible cry—a sound mingling a wail, a howl, and a shriek in one.

Many strong men as well as women fainted. They had witnessed a tragedy more intense in its painfulness than any the drama could present, and one not likely to be soon forgotten.

Color Blindness.

On Tuesday at Baltimore a remarkable case of color blindness came before United States Marine Hospital Surgeon Benson. Dr. Benson had charge of the examination of all pilots, and every two or three days he examines several of them in his office at the Custom-House. He uses assorted skeins of worsted of every variety of color, and always five or six skeins of the same color. Among those examined was a pilot whose name it would be unkind to give, who had been running the bay for fifteen years, and considerable confidence was reposed in him. He had been running a tug-boat for some time past, but his regular business was to pilot vessels up the channel. Dr. Benson took out his worsted when the mariner came in and spread them on the table. "Now," said he, picking up a skein of the deepest crimson, "pick me out of that pile all the skeins of that color that you see." The pilot went to work, and with a certain degree of confidence, picked up first a shade of light pink, afterwards one of a little deeper shade, an orange, then a light purple, a light drab and finally a sky blue. "There," said he with some satisfaction, "that will about do, I reckon."

"Yes," said the doctor, drily, "I guess that will do. Now pick me out all the colors like this," and he picked out a medium shade of green. The pilot set industriously to work, and commenced picking out drabs, browns and yellows promiscuously. Only once did he come near the original color, when he got hold of a shade between a green and a yellow. Having failed so signally in being able to distinguish the two colors which he saw on every steamer he passed or ran on board of, Dr. Benson did not examine him further, but was obliged to report him and refer him to the inspector.

RAILROAD TIES.

It yearly takes 250,000 acres of forest to supply crosses for the railroads of the United States. It takes 15,000,000 ties to supply the demand, for which on an average the contractors get thirty-five cents apiece, making in the aggregate \$5,250,000. In building a new road the contractors figure 2,700 ties to the mile, while it takes 300 ties to the mile to keep a constructed road in repair. The average of a good piece of timber land is 200 ties to the acre and twelve to the tree. White or barr oak is considered the best timber for the purpose, although cherry, maple, ash and even locust have been used. The business employment to an army of choppers, who are paid ten cents apiece for each tie. A continued practice makes the choppers expert in the use of the axe, and a single man has been known to get out thirty-five ties in a day, yet the average is only ten, while an expert will probably get out twenty.

SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

"Pet," said the fond wife to her husband as they drove along the broad road, "so that farm house is your old birthplace and home? How you must love every bit of it! That queer old window—" "I fell out of it once." "That dear old moss-covered well—" "Water's mean, and I fell down it once." "That romantic old fence—" "Got licked once for tearing my breeches on it." "That long emerald sweep of meadow—" "Used to have to rake it all day." "That tall, purpling wild cherry tree—" "Covered with ivy that poisoned my arms and legs and laid me up for two weeks." "That broad, round-topped chestnut, with the old-gold blossoms—" "Neighbors stole all the nuts." "I spent my vacations over the lake, and remember your grotesque vine-clad church—" "Yes, that's where I first saw you."

In the Botanical Museum of Cornell University a curious plant is in blossom. The leaf rises from a large, solid bulb to the height of five or six feet, and then spreads out like a large umbrella, having a circumference of fifteen feet or more. The flower is of a dark brown color, curiously mottled with green and purple, and over fifteen inches in circumference.

The man who can be nothing but serious, or nothing but merry, is but half a man.—*Edw. Hunt.*

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 the home paper, than to take them to a paper that is not 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 published unless accompanied with name and address of the author, and require, not for publication, but evidence of good faith.
All communications should be addressed to "THE HERALD,"
Chelsea, Washenaw Co., Mich.

The Chelsea Herald.

CHELSEA, SEPT. 2, 1880.

SCIENCE.—The man who adds one atom of knowledge to science is a benefactor to his race, and, in every pursuit of life, he who confers a benefit upon humanity whether of a pecuniary nature or not, is really the benefactor. If it can be shown that by a person walking a rope stretched from one height to another will advance the world, then such hazardous undertakings should be upheld and people trained for such like pursuits. But, unfortunately as it may appear, too many engage in undertakings that are of no benefit whatever to anyone, unless to themselves, and that in a monied point of view. Dr. Tanner, who a few weeks ago, at New York, completed the undertaking of fasting for forty days, may safely be classed among those who attempt foolhardy exploits for the gain to be derived therefrom. That science has been benefited the least iota by his wonderful endurance of abstaining from food, is not proven by all the facts in the case. That under his treatment he might have held out even longer than he did, is attributable to his having been fed through the pores of the skin instead of the usual way of the food entering into the stomach. If mustard and mineral baths would not go a long way to support life, then what would? So far as benefiting the scientific world, had the doctor died he would have done more than he did, for then he would have gone far in establishing a limit to the time a person may survive without taking food into the stomach. As the case now stands, physicians are just as much in the dark as they were before, and if the thing is to be tested to the end, some other person must do it. Under other and different conditions the doctor might not have lived one-half the time he did, which also proves that there was nothing practical in the whole thing. But he has succeeded in a most remarkable degree in getting before the public, much more undoubtedly, than would a person who, having spent half a lifetime in search of some hidden truth, and, at last, having met with success, gives his years of toil and study for the benefit of his race. The world has never been over-run with the latter class, and there's but little danger that it ever will, while the former have ever been too numerous.

GOLD STOCK.—The present stock of gold in the United States is put down at \$375,681,532, while that of silver is given as \$140,009,537, and paper currency at \$704,461,407, making a grand total of \$1,120,152,476, an increase of \$141,000,000 of the circulating medium since one year ago, and that, too, on a gold basis. It would seem as though such an increase of money in a single year ought to satisfy the inflationist, unless he objects to the expansion on the ground that it has taken place on a gold basis. The amount of specie and paper money per capita of the people of our country is found to be \$25.41, that of the latter being \$14.67, while of specie the figure is \$10.74. Taking into consideration that out of the 15 greatest nations on the globe, only six have more money to the individual than has the United States, it looks as though much of the talk about there not being enough money is a statement not supported by all the facts in the case. If \$25 for each man, woman and child in the country is enough for all purposes whatever, then if there were double that amount we fail to see the benefit arising therefrom, as it certainly would remain inactive and could not be obtained in any different manner than through the ordinary channel. Great Britain has a larger amount of money per capita than has the United States, yet her people are glad to exchange their country for ours with many odds in our favor, which is also true of the other five nations whose money, if divided up, would give each person from \$30 to \$49 each, yet who, after all, have much more reason for complaint than the people of America.

OUR POPULATION.—The State of Michigan needs not to boast, the figures tell the whole story, and that her population is in round numbers, 1,600,000 souls. This number is fully as large as we expected it would be, being an increase of 406,034 in the last ten years, a growth of 36 per cent. It is plain to be seen that her population must increase in this ratio in the years to come, and that 100 per cent. for the next twenty-five years is a fair estimate. That will give our State in the opening years of 1900 a population of 3,000,000, and which no doubt will be the case by the time the next quarter of a century passes. When everything connected with the census of 1880 is compiled and put in shape to be got at in a short time, we doubt very much if there is another State in the Union that will show better than our own, although it is quite probable that some of the Western States have outstripped us in point of population during the past ten years, but, all things considered, a test is not to be feared.

Mirth and Merriment.

A bellmaker, endeavoring to sell a large gong to a Quaker gentleman, remarked that it would be very useful in the country, for it would not only serve as a dinner-bell, but would also, in case of an attempt to break into the house, enable the inmates to give an alarm to the surrounding neighborhood. "Friend," said the Quaker gentleman, after listening attentively to these recommendations, "I will not purchase thy gong; for if I put it to both these uses, how should my friends distinguish between a late dinner and an early burglary?"

VERY TOUCHING.—A gentleman passing by the jail of a country town lately, he heard one of the prisoners, through the grating of his cell, singing, in the softest and most melodious tone, that very favorite song: "Home, sweet home." His sympathies being very much excited in favor of the unfortunate tenant of the dungeon, he inquired the cause of his incarceration, when, to his disgust, he was informed that the fellow was put in jail for beating his wife!

A story is told of a shrewish Scotch woman who tried to wean her husband from the public-house by employing her brother to act the part of a ghost and frighten John on his way home. "Wha are you?" said the guidman, as the apparition arose before him from behind a bush. "I am auld Nick," was the reply. "Come awa' mon," said John, nothing daunted; "gie's a shake o' your hand—I am married tae a sister o' yours."

A WARNING.—Be careful how you go to sleep at an auction. A New York gentleman settled himself in a comfortable chair, and his senses soothed by the auctioneers lullaby, soon dropped asleep. When his nap was over he left the place. The next day he was astonished at the receipt of a bill for several hundred dollars' worth of carpets and other things. The auctioneer had received his somnolent nods for bids.

AN EXCITED CASHIER.—He had made a hasty meal at a restaurant, and, rising up, he said to the cashier: "I declare, if I haven't forgotten my wallet!" The cashier fixed up, and hurried big words at him for full three minutes before pausing for breath. When a chance came, the stranger continued: "But I've got fifty dollars here in my vest pocket." The cashier couldn't smile to save him.

A Rhode Island judge being challenged by a general in the State militia, the following dialogue ensued: General—"Did you receive my note, sir?" Judge—"Yes, sir." General—"Well, do you intend to fight me?" Judge—"No, sir." General—"Then, sir, I consider you a pitiful coward." Judge—"Right, sir; you knew that very well, or you would never have challenged me."

CONFIDENCE SHAKEN.—It is apt to shake a man's confidence in his wife to awake in the early morning and find her sitting on the edge of the bed going through his pockets, and it is apt to shake a woman's confidence in her husband to find nothing in those pockets but a piece of Bologna sausage, a music hall order, and a perfumed note, signed, "Ever yours, Julia."

"My dear," said a friend, was smoking after dinner, "do you know that mamma is up stairs, and that your smoking will surely drive her home, as she can't endure the smell of tobacco?" "All right, my love, we'll just charge our pipes with real nigger head, and see how long she can stand it."

LODGING HOUSE TACTICS.—Mrs. Lirriper: "I'm appy to say things is a lookin' up agin. My 'rtiest gentlemen has been an' got 'emself crossed in love!" Mr. Todgers: "Eor! Well, I s'pose I'm unfort'nit; but mine's the ungiest lot you ever see, and I never 'as the luck to get domestic 'ffections among 'em as'll take away their appetites."

A WITTY REPLY.—A facetious physician, an old bachelor, said the other day, to a single lady: "How can you with a clear conscience an-

swer St. Peter, when you shall reach Heaven's gate, for your heartlessness in refusing so many marriage offers?" The lady briefly replied: "I shall tell the apostle that Dr. B. did not ask me."

Two commercial travelers comparing notes: "I have been out three weeks," said the first missionary, "and have only got four orders." "That beats me," replied the second commercial evangelist; "I have been out four weeks and have only got one order, and that's an order from the house to come home."

A lady, whose cook went to a wake, was given notice by her a fortnight afterward that she was going to be married. "Who to?" asked the mistress. "Please mam, to the husband of the corpse." "Why, does he love you?" was the next question. "Oh, yes, mam; he said I was the light of the funeral."

A bluff country farmer, meeting the parson of the parish in a by-lane, and not giving him the way as readily as he expected, the parson with an erect chest, told him that "he was better fed than taught." "Very true, indeed, sir," said the farmer, "for you teach me, and I feed myself."

A collector waited on a penurious person, and solicited his contribution for a public improvement. "I would advise you to part with what you can well spare," said the collector. "You can enable me to do that," replied the churl; "your company can very well be spared."

"Young man do you know what relations you sustain in this world?" said a minister of our acquaintance to a young member of the church. "Yes, sir, said the hopeful convert—"two cousins and a grandmother; but I don't intend to sustain them a great while longer."

A village congregation in Vermont was disturbed the other Sunday during the momentary stillness following the opening prayer, by a voice from the adjoining dwelling exclaiming: "Mary, where's the nails?" Soon the answer came: "In the coffee pot, you fool!"

A Nashua gentleman said to an old lady who had brought up a family of children near the river: "I should think that you would have lived in constant fear that some of them would have got drowned." "Oh no," responded the old lady; "we only lost three or four that way."

A young man was serenading his lady-love by singing: "Meet me by moonlight alone," when her father opened a window and wanted to know if the lover intended that as a personal affront upon him. You see, the old man was a president of a gas company.

A wife said to her husband who was scolding her: "However cross you may be, there is not a couple who live in greater harmony than you and I; for we always desire the same thing—you want to be master, and so do I."

A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. "Love," he, "I am like the prodigal son; I shall reform by-and-by." "I will be like the prodigal son, too," she replied, "for I will arise and go to my father."

"Biddy," said a lady, "step over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning." In a few minutes Biddy returned with the information that Mrs. Jones was seventy-two years, seven months, and two days old that morning.

"Don't kiss me again, or I'll scream," she said, "I wouldn't; your mother will hear your you," trembled the young man. "No, she won't said sweetness, archly; and then he "don't cd—seven or eight, times."

"Why, my dear fellow," whispered a friend, "I did not know you were so badly maltreated in that affair." "Nor I neither," sobbed the victim, "I'll hear my lawyer a tell-in' the jury all about it!"

"You can't drink so much brandy with impunity," said a New York physician to a gouty patient. Perhaps not with impunity, doctor, but with a little peppermint I fancy I can go it," was the serene reply.

Old Mrs. Daruley is a pattern of household economy. She says she has made a pair of socks last fifteen years, by only knitting new feet to them every winter, and new legs to them every other winter.

A punster was once thrust into a closet with the threat that he would not be released until he made a pun. Almost instantly he exclaimed: "O-pun the door!"

Boarder—"This tea seems very weak, Mrs. Skimp." Landlady—"It must be the warm weather. I feel weak myself. In fact, everybody complains."

"I have turned many a woman's head," boasted a young French nobleman. "Yes," replied Tallyrand, "away from you."

A western editor, speaking of a concert singer, says that her voice is delicious—pure as moonlight and tender as a shirt.

Obituary—"He was a well-educated man, and his life was as pure and unspotted as a snowball."

A Medical Regiment—The Lan-ciers.

A lady well known in Washington as a lobbyist, always accosts a stranger with—"I think I have seen you somewhere," which often leads to a clue for finding out the history of the party. One evening she played off her usual game on a gentleman that understood her character, and who replied, "Most likely, madam, for I go there frequently."

The New York Express tells of a young lady, who has been married a short time, who lately told a "bosom friend" that there was only one thing more astonishing than the readiness with which Ned gave up smoking when they became engaged, and that was the rapidity with which he took it up again after they were married.

If the President of the United States, says the Boston Courier, felt in proportion to his place as big as a policeman in his new uniform, he'd grow round-shouldered trying to dodge the clouds.

A provincial contemporary has the following: "A deaf man named Taff was run down by a passenger train and killed, on Wednesday morning. He was injured in a similar way about a year ago."

GREAT BARGAINS!

We are now receiving our

FALL AND WINTER STOCK

**DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
BOOTS and SHOES,
HATS, CAPS, ETC.**

We sell the FARNHAM BOOTS; acknowledged to be as good as in the market, and keep them in all grades; also Brooks & Reynold's FINE SHOES, in all styles. We have a nice line of HATS, CAPS, GLOVES and MITTENS, suitable for the trade. Please give us a call.

McKONE & HEATLEY.
Chelsea, Sept. 2, 1880.

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

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

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.**

**HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED**

**STOMACH
BITTERS**

Though Shaking like an Aspen Leaf With the chills and fever, the victim of malaria may still recover by using this celebrated specific, which not only breaks up the most aggravated attacks, but prevents their recurrence. It is infinitely preferable to quinine, not only because it does the business far more thoroughly, but also on account of its perfect wholesomeness and invigorating action upon the entire system. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally. v9-9-1y

**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 SHROUDS.
Hears in attendance on short notice.
FRANK STAFFAN.



Parker & Babcock, BOOTS

Special offering for the
**FALL and WINTER
TRADE of 1880.**

We wish to announce to our friends and the trade, that we are receiving our fall and winter stock, and are going to show a larger and better assortment of

DRY GOODS,

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, BOY'S, YOUTH'S and MEN'S CLOTHING ever shown in this market, and at prices that will compete with any in this State. Our goods are purchased from the largest markets in this Country, (New York, Boston and Philadelphia), and principally from the Importers and Manufacturers, which enable us to show you the most elegant line ever on exhibition in this place.

Dress-Goods Department.

In Dress Goods we have all of the Styles and new shades, from a splendid selection of Prints, GINGHAMS, FRENCH CALICOS, COTTONS, DRESS GOODS, BROCADES, Broadhead ALPACA, Momic CLOTH, CRAPE, CASHMERE, GROGRAIN SILKS, SILK VELVET, and all shades in SILK VELVET and Fringes to match.

Our Domestic Department.

In our Domestic Department we have extensive bargains to offer. We shall sell everything in the line of BLEACHED and BROWN COTTONS from 1/4 yards wide to 9/4 for SHEETS, SHIRTING, TICKS, DENIMS, COTTONADES, CANTON FLANNEL, TABLE LINEN, white and colored, NAPKINS, TOWELS, ETC.

Boot and Shoe Department.

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS IN BOOTS and SHOES; and we call your special attention to our KERSO KID SHOES for women and children; PEBLE GOAT SHOES for women and children; CORDEVAN FOX SHOES for women and children; CALF fox SHOES for women and children, FRENCH KIP BOOTS for men and boys; LONG LEG RIVER BOOTS for men; FINE BOOTS for men and boys; of which every pair is warranted, not a machine peg or stitch in them; and we offer a reward of \$5.00 to any one that returns a pair of them and we refuse to make the warrant good.

Clothing Department.

CLOTHING.—We have more CLOTHING in our CLOTHING DEPARTMENT than all the rest of the dealers in town have. We have made very large purchases for the coming trade, and can give you a larger stock to select from at old prices. Among our specialties we offer 100 COATS for men and boys; 100 pair PANTS for men and boys; 100 VESTS; which we purchased at a bargain, and propose to sell them at a great reduced price. You will always find us ready to show goods with pleasure.

RESPECTFULLY,
PARKER & BABCOCK,
v9-51
CHELSEA, MICH.

GO TO
WOOD BRO'S
CHELSEA, - MICHIGAN,

—FOR—

GREAT BARGAINS
—IN—

SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS,

UMBRELLAS, WALL PAPER,
ALL KINDS OF

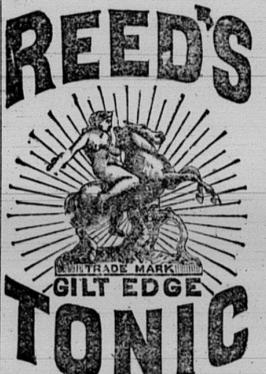
**GROCERIES
AND CROCKERY,**

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.**

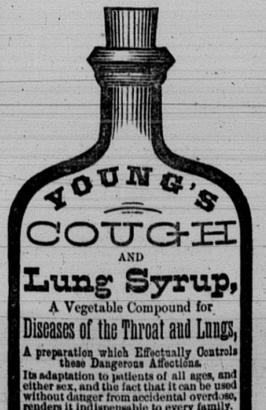
Chelsea, April 22, '80. v9-19



**REED'S
GILT EDGE
TONIC**

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 tritumated 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 these 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. JOHNSTON & CO.
Chemist & Druggist,
161 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Sold by all Druggists.

Sold by W. R. Reed & Co. v9-11-y
"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. v9-13-y

