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NO. 3.

Pillow came riding up, in great uneasiness of mind. Duncan's battery was reported to be captured, and it belonged to Pillow's command. Pillow was almost distracted at the thought of this calamity, and appealed to Twigg to get his opinion as to whether or he thought the battery was lost and what he had better do under the circumstances.

The Old Army.

The recent death of General Heintzelman, naturally enough recalls the old army; that is to say, the army of Mexico, which thirty-four years ago crossed the frontier under General Taylor and fought those brilliant battles, beginning with Resaca de Palma and ending with the capture of Mexico. Heintzelman was a man of a different type from Taylor, but he was a soldier of the same type. He was a man of a different type from Taylor, but he was a soldier of the same type. He was a man of a different type from Taylor, but he was a soldier of the same type.

Levities and Brevités.

Men of mark—postmasters. You can tell good wood by its bark. A bang-up affair—a railroad collision. How to make a slow horse fast—don't feed him. "Have you been on bus lately?" said the shoulder-brace to the corset. "Cackle and squeak" is the popular name for ham and eggs in Kansas City. A star athlete, like a troupe of trained elephants, is known by his trunks. The latest book out is entitled "My Ship at Sea." It will evidently have a large sale.

When you can't remember what your wife told you to bring home, get hair-pins. American wines ought to be very cheap this year. The apple crop never was larger. Husband—"Mary, my love, this apple dumpling is not half done." Wife—"Well, finish it, then, my dear."

The Maryland Greenbackers have put up J. H. W. Onion for Congress. Onion is a strong nomination. Never does a man believe so strongly in the attraction of gravitation as when he sits down in a chair and finds it gone. The inventor of a watch that winds itself up and gives a pint of milk a day, has gone to Washington for a patent. A minister not long ago preached from the text, "Be ye therefore, steadfast!" but the printer made him expound from "Be ye there for breakfast."

A middle-sized boy, writing a composition on "Extremes," remarked that "we should endeavor to avoid extremes, especially those of waste and want."

The tramp question: "Madam, will you please give me some old clothes? I am so hungry I don't know where I am going to sleep to-night."

"Who runs this cheese?" inquired a customer of his grocer. "Oh, I'm running it myself, I s'pose." "I didn't know. There are a good many skippers aboard."

A girl just returned to Hannibal from a Boston high school said, upon seeing a fire-engine at work, "Who would have dreamed such a very diminutive-looking apparatus would hold so much water!"

We have revenged ourselves on the man who let his hen into our garden last year. We have presented his wife with a lot of plants which he will have the felicity of digging down cellar every night, while frost lasts, and they will be sure to die about spring-time.

A Galveston man met a gentleman from northern Texas, and asked how a certain mutual friend was coming. "He is doing very well," was the reply. "What business is he at?" "He has the softest thing in the world of it. He bought a lot of Mexican donkeys at San Antonio for \$3 a piece, and having taken them up to his ranch, he clears \$27 a head on them."

"Do they bring such high prices?" "No, but he lets the railroad trains run over them, and the company has to pay him \$30 a piece for them."

The Sainte-Gabelle Inn.

Sainte-Gabelle is a small village not far from Toulouse, in France, much affected in olden times by Spanish "merchants," as it was the fashion to call smugglers. At the time of this village one night during a thunderstorm the talk, as usual, changed from the terrors of the natural to those of the supernatural in general, and in particular to the company was divided into believers and unbelievers. Amongst the former was a Spanish merchant, whose singular remark, made in a tone still more singular, that sorcerers, witches, and ghosts preferred moonlight nights to sunny days, black and stormy nights to sunny days, drew general attention to his being derided by a young man for his superstition, the Spaniard first threw it in his opponent's teeth that he would not dare to look at a ghost if he saw one, and then bet a considerable sum that he, the speaker, could bring before him the spirit of any friend he chose to name, how long soever he had been dead. The bet was at once taken up, and an adjournment made to a small pavilion perfectly isolated in the garden, so that there could be no deception. It was minutely searched with all its surroundings, the only opening besides the door being a small window securely fastened. All placed themselves at the door save the young man, who was left alone in the pavilion, the lights having been removed and wicks in the chandeliers placed on the table. All kept a profound silence, eagerly watching for the end, the more so because so many had contributed to the amount staked, save \$200.

The Spaniard, who had remained among us (says one present), then began to sing in a sweet and sad voice a song, which may be rendered as follows: Noiselessly cracking, the coffin has broken in the hall—opened tomb. And the white phantom's black foot is resting on the grass, cold and green. And after this first verse he raised his voice solemnly and said: "You have asked to see your friend, Francois Violot, who was drowned three years ago in crossing the Penagos Ferry. What do you see?"

"I see," replied the young man, "a pale light which has risen near the window, but it has no form and is only an indistinct mist."

"We all stood stupefied." "Are you afraid?" said the Spaniard in a strong voice. "I am not afraid," replied the student in a voice no less confident. "We scarcely breathed. The Spaniard was silent for a moment, then he stamped on the ground with his foot three different times, and began all at once to sing again, but in a higher and more sombre voice: "And the white phantom, whose face has been withered by the surge of the waves, wipes with his shroud the water from his garments and hair."

The song finished, the Spaniard turns again to the door, and giving to his voice an accent more and more solemn, he said: "You who wished to pry into the mysteries of the tomb, what do you see?"

We listened with anxiety. The student replied in a calm voice, but like a man who is describing a thing as it happens. "I see this vapour, which grows larger and takes the form of a phantom; this phantom has the head covered with a veil; it remains in the same place where it arose."

"Are you afraid?" asked the Spaniard in an insulting voice. "The proud and brave voice of the young man replied, 'I am not afraid.' We dared not look at each other so great was our surprise, so occupied were we in following the singular movements of the Spaniard, who began to raise his arms above his head, while invoking three times a name horrible to pronounce, after which he chanted the third verse of his infernal song, but in a voice singularly triumphant: "And the phantom said in leaving the tomb, in order that he may recognize me I will go towards my friend, proud, smiling, and beautiful as in my youth."

The Spaniard finished his verse and repeated his terrible question: "What do you see?" "I see," replied the student, "the phantom advances; it raises its veil; it is Francois Violot; he approaches the table; he writes; he has written; it is his signature."

"Are you afraid?" cried the Spaniard furiously. "There was a moment of inexpressible silence, and the student replied, with more strength than assurance, 'No, I am not afraid.' Immediately, as if seized with a fit of madness, the Spaniard commenced to sing with a strange howl this last terrible verse: "And the phantom said to the mocking man who came, that I may touch you, put your hand in my hand, press your heart to my heart, your mouth to my mouth."

"What do you see?" cried the Spaniard in a voice of thunder. "I see," replied the student, "the phantom approaches; it pursues me; it reaches its arms—it will seize me!" "Help!" cried the Spaniard in a terrified cry. "The young man, who was the only answer to this terrible question, replied: 'I am not afraid.'"

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demanded to know who was the infamous sorcerer who had subjected him to this horrible profanation; he wished to kill him. He searched for him all through the inn, and darted off like a madman in pursuit of him. And that is the story, my children.

We were all trembling with fright, huddling closely about our Uncle Bayle, not daring to look around us. Jeanette herself had forgotten her rosette, which had fallen into the fire and smelled very strongly as it burned. No one had the courage to speak; then I gathered up strength enough to say to my uncle, 'not how to it, after this, you do not believe in ghosts.' "Because," said my uncle, "neither the young man nor the sorcerer were ever seen afterwards, nor the beautiful quadruple which the other travellers and myself had furnished to cover the wager proposed by the pretended Spaniard; and because these two rogues carried their away, after having played under our eyes a comedy which we believed in like a pack of simonians, and which I found very expensive, but which will have cost too much if it enables me to imbecile or roguery to believe or pretend to believe in ghosts."

The City of Duligno.

Duligno, of which we have been hearing so much of late, is a picturesque village on the Adriatic coast, like the whole Adriatic coast, has seen better days. When, in 1420, it gave itself up to the Venetians, from fear of the Turks, it had considerable mercantile trade and carrying trade. It eventually fell into the hands of the Turks in 1571, after undergoing a protracted siege, and from that moment its commerce dwindled and disappeared, and its roadstead became the haunt of pirates, who ravaged the coasts of the Adriatic and the Aegean. These pests were suppressed early in the present century, since which time the town has led an unexciting existence. It was besieged by the Montenegrins and stormed, after a resolute resistance, in January, 1878, but the conquerors behaved so humanely and prudently that their departure was regretted by the Dulignotes when, in February, 1879, the place was restored to Turkey.

On the 24 inst. the Ottoman Government declared in a circular note its acceptance of the line proposed by the powers on the western shore of the Lake of Scutari, including the cession of the district of Duligno to Montenegro, but insisted that unless the Albanians were positively assured of favorable changes in the line on the eastern shore "the cession would be full of difficulties and might lead to great complications." The Dulignotes themselves do not seem to have been much opposed to the proposed cession to Prince Nikita. They offered to defend the town if they were aided by 5,000 men, but it was well known to be impossible for the Albanian League to furnish such a force, and when they abated their demands to 2,000 the Albanians sent them 600; the departure of this body of men was conviced by the Turkish Government, and after this fact was made known nobody was surprised to learn that Riza Pasha, the Turkish commander, was living on terms of intimate amity with the Chief of the Albanian League.

Riza has within the last few days thrown off the mask and declared that he "cannot and will not" carry out the cession. This shows that as usual the Porte has been playing a double game, and that the Turkish troops collected at Duligno for the nominal purpose of holding in check the Albanians camped on the Montenegrin frontier near the town and effecting the peaceful transfer of the ceded territory were practically meant to be reinforcements for the Albanians. Of course the Sultan has the true Turkish faith in policy of procrastination and in the chapter of accidents, but his present conduct seems too determined. In the face of the positive declaration of the powers that they will uphold Duligno to it if it is not instantly surrendered to the Montenegrins, not to suggest that he is upheld or inspired by somebody as much interested as he is preventing the treaty of Berlin and the supplementary arrangements from being carried out. This is true of no one except the Czar.

THE COTTON WORM.—Prof. C. V. Riley, Chief of the United States Entomological Commission, which spent the summer of the last year in the States examining the subject of the cotton worm, addressed the members of the Cotton Exchange at St. Louis on Wednesday. He gave a very interesting account of the facts established by the commission regarding the insects. Planters that had poisoned early and intelligently had saved a full crop, amidst the utter destruction by the worm of the unpoisoned fields all around them. The commission tested nearly five tons of indigenous plants in the hope of finding a better and safer remedy than any in use, but only found one, the pyrethrum, of any practical value. They had reduced the cost of poisons to one-fourth its former expense by introducing London purple as a substitute for Paris green. Their experiments this year resulted in improved appliances that will kill both the young caterpillar and boll worm and enable the planter to protect three acres with the material and labor heretofore expended on one acre. While there is room for still further experiment, the professor said the intelligent planter will hereafter not fear the worm, it being virtually conquered and thus one of the most serious obstacles to profitable cotton culture in the more southern sections of the belt is removed. Prof. Riley left for Washington where he will prepare his report of the summer work of the commission.

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The Knight and Bridal Chamber.

There was one of those things occurred at a Chicago hotel during the convalescence, that is, so near a fight had yet so ridiculously laughable that you don't know whether you are on foot or a horseback. Of course some of the knights in attendance were from the back woods, and while they are well up in all the secret workings of the order, they are awful "new" in regard to city ways. There was one Sir Knight from up in the Wisconsin pineries who had never been to a large town before, and his freshness was the subject of remark. He is a large-hearted gentleman, and a friend that any person might be proud to have. But he was fresh. He went to the Palmer House Tuesday night, after the big ball, tired nearly to death, and registered his name and called for a bed. The clerk told him that he might have to sleep on a par lounge, in a room with two other parties, but that was the best that could be done. He said that was all right, he "had tried to sleep on one of them cots down to camp, but it nearly broke his back," and he would be mighty glad to strike a lounge. The clerk called a bell boy and said, "Show the gentleman to 255." The boy took the knight's key and went to the elevator; the door opened and the knight went in and began to pull off his coat, when he looked around and saw a woman on the plush upholstered seat of the elevator, leaning against the wall with her head on her hand. She was dressed in ball costume, with one of those white Oxford tie dresses, out of low in the instep, which looked in the museum and bedraggled condition in which she had escaped from the position ball, very much to the knight's disgust. The astonished pinery man stopped pulling off his coat and turned pale. He looked at the woman, and then at the elevator boy, whom he supposed was the bridegroom, and said: "By gaul, they told me I would have to sleep with a couple of other folks, but I had no idea that I'd strike a wedding party in a cussed little bridal chamber not bigger than a hen coop. But there's nothing mean about me, I'll s'pose it's pretty cramped quarters for you, but I'll sit down on one of the seats and put the toe of one boot against the calf of his leg, took hold of the heel with his other hand and began to pull it off. "Sir!" says the lady, as she opened her eyes and began to take in the situation, and she jumped up and glared at the knight as though she would eat him. He stopped pulling on the boot heel, looked up at the woman, as she threw a loose shawl over her low neck shoulders, and said: "Now don't take on. The book keeper told me I could sleep on the lounge, but you can have it, and I will turn in on the floor. I ain't no hog. Some times they think we are a little rough up in Wausau, but we always give the best places to the women, and don't you forget it," and he began tugging on his boot again. "By this time the elevator had reached the next floor, and as the door opened the woman shot out of the door, and the elevator boy asked the knight what he wanted to go to. He said he "didn't want to go to no floor," unless that woman wanted the lounge, but if she was huffy, and I didn't want to stay there, he was going to sleep on the lounge, and he began to unbuckle his vest. Just then a dozen ladies and gentlemen got into the elevator and they all looked at the knight in astonishment. Five of the ladies sat down on the plush seat, and he looked around at them, poked up his boots and keister and started for the door, saying: "O, say, this is too awful with one woman and a man, but when they palm off twelve grown persons onto a granger in a sweat box like this, I have rather go to camp," and he staid out to be met by a policeman and the manager of the house and two clerks who had been called by the lady who got out first, and who said there was a drunken man in the elevator. They found that he was sober, and all that aided him was that he had not been salted, and explanations followed and he was sent to his room by the stairs. The next day some of the knights heard the story, and it cost the Wausau man several dollars to foot the bill at the bar, and they say he is treating yet. Such accidents will happen in these large towns.—Peck's Sons.

An Eventful Life.

Captain John Niven of Thorntown, Indiana, is a grandson of Sir Hugh Niven of England, but his elder brother got the patrimony, and John defiantly shipped before the mast. After many years he rose to be master of his vessel the Ramsay, and the famous mission-ary, Adoniram Judson, went to India with him. Under his ministrations, Niven was converted and baptized in Rangoon, Hindostan. Soon afterward the ship was struck by lightning and destroyed. Niven made his escape to England, where in 1846 he was entrusted with the ship Earl of Eglinton, built on the earl's estate and sent by him on her first voyage to the United States. He was beset by a terrible storm off Nantucket Island, and after beating about all day and night in a dense fog, went ashore at Tom Never's Head. Two boats containing four men each were lowered. The captain ordered that they be not launched until they saw how bad the breakers were, but they disobeyed him, and six of the eight men were lost. The islanders had now arrived. The breakers drowned their voices, but they chattered on the tail board of a cart, "Stay aboard," and then, "Fling off an oar." The captain followed directions; the oar, with a line tied to it, was cast off and caught with a fish rail; and by that means a cable was rigged from the mast head to the rocks, with a horse's mane on it, in which the men slid safely ashore. Captain Niven was the last man to leave the wreck, when the hames broke and he was flung into the sea. The islanders at once formed a line by holding hands and sprang into the breakers after him, thus bringing him to land. When he heard that his six men were lost, he was temporarily deranged and jumped again into the boiling waters. Again they rescued him, and put him into custody. He was badly bruised, and was a long time recovering. The ship broke up, where his friends again fitted him out, and he started on a whaling voyage in the Pacific. There again his vessel went to pieces in a simoon and he returned, disconsolate, to Nantucket. His seafaring reputation was badly damaged. Indeed, it is probable that the red letter of "bad luck" was set opposite his name in the records of the commercial marine of England, and that he could not have obtained another ship. At any rate, he resolved to face the sea no more, but to get as far from it as possible in some quiet town in the middle of the continent. So he started West on foot, with \$2 in his pocket. Walking the towpath of the Erie Canal, a boatman hailed him pleasantly with: "Hello! you are too good looking a man to be walking in the towpath. Jump aboard." The captain jumped aboard, and made himself so useful in splicing ropes and putting things in shape that he was gladly carried to Buffalo. There he got a job to rig a sloop for the lake, and received for it enough to take him to Cleveland. There he shovelled sand on the new railroad at \$1 a day, was promoted to the charge of a gang at \$1.25 a day, was advanced in the winter to be schoolmaster, became a farmer by slow degrees, and is now president of the First National Bank in Thorntown, Ind. He has a handsome home known as "Chrome Hill"; but he occasionally visits Nantucket, and lives over again his perils and his escapes.

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"Mrs. Carlyle's grave," said the sexton, showing also other titled names that decorated the spot. "And there," said he, while moving along, as he pointed out a flagstone bearing two names, one of which was but a few years old, "there is Mrs. Carlyle's grave." "The wife of Thomas Carlyle?" inquired. "Ay," said he, "ay, ay."

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buried with his wife, ay." "He comes here lonesome and alone," continued the grave-digger, "when he visits the wife's grave. His niece keeps him company to the gate, but he leaves her there, and she stays there for him. The last time he was here, I got a sight of him, and he was bowed down under his white hair, and he bowed his way up by that ruined wall of the old cathedral, and round there and in here by the gateway, and he tottered up here to this spot." Softly spake the grave-digger and paused. Softer still, in the broad dialect of the Lothians, he proceeded: "and he stood here awhile in the grass, and then kneeled down and stayed on his knees at the grave; then he bent over, and I saw him kiss the ground—ay, he kissed it again and again, and he kept kneeling, and it was a long time before he rose and tottered out of the cathedral and wandered through the graveyard to the gate, where his niece stood waiting for him."

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"Mrs. Carlyle's grave," said the sexton, showing also other titled names that decorated the spot. "And there," said he, while moving along, as he pointed out a flagstone bearing two names, one of which was but a few years old, "there is Mrs. Carlyle's grave." "The wife of Thomas Carlyle?" inquired. "Ay," said he, "ay, ay."

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Cider-Making.

The season for making cider has arrived, and with it the season for trying the rouchs of the cider. The rouchs for keeping cider are substances that keep cider from fermenting its properties, and then it is no more like other than molasses and water. All the stomachic properties of cider are destroyed by this chemical change, and it remains unwholesome and sickening. The natural property of cider is to ferment, and to turn sour in a degree, so does wine by fermentation. It made with the same care as wine, and saved in the same way, it is as palatable as any of the sour German or French wines, and is better for the stomach. But the way most of the cider is made by farmers and others is a disgrace.

Rotten or windfall apples should no more be made into cider than into apple butter." One is as nasty as the other. If farmers want cider that shall be as good as the wines which cost ten times as much, they can make it with only ordinary care and ordinary decency. Use none but sound and clean apples. Some kinds are better than others, but almost any sound ripe apples will make cider that it is good to have. Make your mill and press clean; don't think that the nastiness of a hog pen is good enough for cider. Don't dilute with water. The present grinding mill leaves but little pumice in the juice, and if made with decency there will be but little to settle. Put the juice in clean barrels. Don't think to improve it by using old whiskey barrels without cleaning. Put it in a cool cellar, and give it no more vent than if required to keep it from bursting the cask.

If farmers want to keep it more nicely than this, let them follow the methods of the wine makers, but avoid adding any substance either to ferment or extend or re-ferment or stop fermentation. Fermentation gives it the soul, without that it is dead. As with wine, cider deteriorates in the cask when drawn upon. Full casks are needed to keep it at its best. Get a barrel made up in fair condition drawn upon through the winter and spring. Farmers could find a market for cider made in this merely decent and honest way; but most of that which is called cider is a nasty cheat. Good cider is better for a dinner digestive than any of the foreign or native table wines. It has a close resemblance to the gastric fluid. One difficulty is, it seems so cheap and common that one is apt to drink several times as much as he would of these wines, and yet it has about the same alcoholic strength.—Cincinnati Gazette.

A Profitable Vineyard.

The Country Gentleman says N. S. Ringueberg has a fine 16-acre vineyard two miles from Lockport, N. Y., situated on a north-slope, the lower side 80 feet below the upper part. He finds a northern aspect much freer from frosts than a level or southern slope. The soil having a natural drainage, the roots have a dry bottom. Fifteen acres are planted with the Delaware and one with the Diana and a few Rebocons. The Diana, ripening after the Delaware has been sent to market, forms a good succession. Iona has entirely failed, and was the means of introducing the phylloxera. Mr. R. thinks, from his own experience, that gas lime spread on the surface of the soil will destroy or repel this insect, but experience and caution are needed in applying the right quantity. Six or seven acres of the Delaware vines are 13 years old; the rest from five to ten years. He has had five tons of Delaware grapes from an acre, but this is too much for the vines; two and a half or three tons are preferred. At the time of our visit, (Aug. 31) the grapes were ripe enough to ship for market, and he was selling in Boston for 12 1/2 cents per pound. Later in the season, and as they become more fully ripe, they bring only 5 cents. The grapes are packed for shipment in baskets holding 13 or 14 pounds; every bunch is carefully examined, and every defective berry carefully removed. The baskets, when filled, have a very neat and attractive appearance. The baskets are bought for five cents each by the thousand, and go with the contents to purchasers. The average price being about eight cents per pound, three tons per acre would yield \$480, or \$3,860 from the seven acres of older vines. This is our own estimate, not Mr. Ringueberg's.

UNDER THE OBELISK.—The Post-office department at Washington has sent to New York a lot of articles to be placed under the obelisk, so that when it is tipped over and shipped to No-man's land 4,000 years hence the public can then see what sort of a postal service the ancients of 1880 had, if Cleopatra had been so thoughtful and placed under the obelisk when it was first erected statues and other information about Egypt, they would be of priceless value now, and Lieutenant Goringe, who has the matter in charge, intends to be more kindly to posterity than the Egyptians were to us. The documents from the Post-office department are sealed in a paper box, which is inclosed in a handsome mahogany case. The box contains the report of the Postmaster General for 1879, Postoffice laws and regulations, 1879; the official Postal Guide for January and September, 1880; post-route maps of New York and the New England States; five styles of mail locks and keys in use in 1880; postage stamps and stamped envelopes in use in 1880; the

Sidewalk Notice.

At a meeting of the President and Trustees of the village of Chelsea, held at the office of G. W. Turnbull.

Present—James P. Wood, President, and Trustees Messrs. Thatcher, Armstrong, Woods, Crowell and Kempf.

It was ordered that sidewalks four feet wide, should be constructed in front of the hereinafter described premises, and that said sidewalks shall be constructed of two inch plank, four feet long and cross-wise, on three sleepers; such sleepers not to be less than two inches by four inch scantling, and that the said walks shall be laid upon the grade which shall be established by the Marshal for said walks, as follows:

On the east side of Main street, in front of lands owned and occupied by Thomas McNamara; said lands bounded on the south by Chandler & Drislane's land, and on the north by Mary Ackerson's land; the length of said walk being one hundred and eighty feet.

In front of lands owned and occupied by James C. Harrington, sr., said lands bounded on the south by Mary Ackerson's land, and on the north by Parmer Westfall's land; the said walk being one hundred and fourteen feet in length.

In front of lands owned and occupied by Parmer Westfall, said lands bounded on the north by John M. Lett's land, and on the south by James C. Harrington's, sr., land; the length of said walk being one hundred and fifty-nine feet.

In front of lots one and two, of block number one, said lands owned and occupied by Martin McKone; the length of said walk being sixty-six feet.

In front of lots three and four, of block number one, said lands owned and occupied by Mrs. Griffin; the length of said walk being sixty-six feet.

On the west side of Main street in front of lands owned and occupied by Luke Jerdon, said lands bounded on the north by highway, and on the south by Frank McNamara's land; the length of said walk being sixty-eight feet.

In front of land owned and occupied by Martin McKone, said land bounded on the north by O. N. Allyn's land, and on the south by James Beasley's land; the length of said walk being one hundred and sixty-one feet.

On the north side of Middle street, in front of Timothy McKone's land, being east of his brick store building; the length of said walk being twenty-eight feet.

In front of Cris Klemm's land, bounded on the east by Congregational Church lands, and on the west by Timothy McKone's land; the length of said walk being twelve feet.

On the north side of South street, in front of lands owned by Martha Deen, said land bounded on the east by Mrs. Geddes, and on the west by William Denman's land; the length of said walk being sixty-six feet.

It is hereby ordered that in accordance with Ordinance number six, the said sidewalks shall be graded, constructed and laid within thirty days after the publication of this notice, and in default thereof the same will be graded, constructed and laid forthwith by the said Board of Trustees thereafter, and the cost and expenses of the same will be assessed upon the property in front of, and adjoining which the said grading and sidewalks are ordered to be laid, constructed and graded, and the same assessed and collected, as provided for by Act No. 365 of the Session Laws of 1869.

J. P. WOOD, President.

C. H. ROBBISS, Clerk.

Chelsea, Sept. 23d, 1880.

We clip the following from the Detroit Commercial Advertiser to show to our readers the high esteem that our friend Mr. Chas. Steinbach's new patent harness pad was spoken of at the State fair:

Worthy of Mention—Charles Steinbach, of Chelsea, in this State, exhibited at the State Fair an article, for which he has received letters patent, known as a harness saddle, and which, no doubt, is superior to any pad now in use. It was looked upon with so much favor by those who had it in charge that a first premium was awarded, and a medal recommended. In its combinations it seems to obviate difficulties found in all other arrangements of this part of a harness, and that, too, in a manner that must bring it into general use."

MISS NELLY M. WHEDON,

TEACHER OF—

Vocal and Instrumental Music,

AT L. BABCOCK'S RESIDENCE,

CHELSEA, MICH.

On Wednesday's of each Week.

Reference—New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass. [v10 1-3m

Grand Public Procession in ANN ARBOR.

On MONDAY, Oct., 4th.,

between the hours of 9 and 10 o'clock, in the forenoon, Fortsnights Great Show, which is to exhibit at Ann Arbor on that day, will make a grand public street procession. It is free to all, it will pay to see it and is worth miles of travel to behold.

Imagine the oriental magnificence and splendor of the pageant. Fifteen harnessed elephants half a million dollars in value, in various dyes, richer than the opening dawn; living lions loose in the street; 300 peerless prancing steeds; two great mermaid tanks; 100 tubular cars.

The grand march is led by Prof. Russell's Military Orchestra, seated in the jeweled and resplendent classical Car of the Muses, adorned with artistic saturny representations of Clio, Melpomene, Terpsichore, Polyphonia, Thalia, Urania, Euterpe, Erato, and Calliope, followed by the Commander of the Faithful, accompanied by his sultans, slaves, jeweled warriors, and a royal retinue of richly robed processionists, droves of black and white camels and the gorgeous Car of India.

Next comes the magnificent golden chariot, representing the mystic rites of Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva.

Hirst's Marine Band, seated in the Car of the seasons, drawn by snow white steeds, followed by the superbly mechanical masterpiece, the 100 horse power electric engine, mounted on wheels and drawn by coal-black horses.

In front of it is visible the lightning-producing illuminators, which are daily to be seen in operation beneath the mammoth pavilions. Then finally appear the colossal chariot of Olympus and the musical steam orchestra. The parade will start from the show grounds between the hours of 9 and 10 a. m., on the morning of Oct. 4th.

The grand balloon ascension will take place at its close. Exhibition opens at 1 and 6 1/2 o'clock, and begins one hour later. It is the first and last really great show, that will appear in this country this season.

Buy your boots and shoes at French's of Chelsea store and save from 25 to 50 cents on with a complete hours after.

A little son years of age, while

TUOMEY BRO'S.

Take pleasure in announcing that their

Fall Purchases,

Are now being received, and offer the finest selection of

DRY GOODS,

Now shown in this town, and at Prices that beat competition clear out of Existence.

WE OFFER THIS WEEK AN IMMENSE LINE OF

Dress Goods !!

In which may be mentioned Cashmeres, Crapes, Demasses, Momie Cloth, Brocades and Suitings in black and colors; Also a beautiful line of Plaids, Novelty Dress-Goods and black Velvets at astonishingly low Prices.

LADIES' CLOTH, REPELLANTS, FLANNELS in white and colors, SHIRTING FLANNELS, DRESS FLANNELS and CANTON FLANNELS, CASSIMERES and YARNS at last years Prices.

Domestics.

DRESS and STAPLE GINGHAMS, FANCY SIDE BANDS, PATCH WORK and Furniture Print, CAMBRIC, CRETONNE, Bleached and Brown SHEETING, Table LINEN, NAPKINS, TOWELS, CRASH, TICKING, SHIRTING, DENIMS, COTTONADES, KENTUCKY JEANS, CARPET WARP, Etc., bought at the Late Reduction of Price.

5c. Prints 5c.

We offer this week Standard Prints (fast colors) including the fancy Dress Style, for 5 Cents, worth 7 cents everywhere.

We offer this week a complete line of Men and Ladies' UNDERWEAR. No advance on last years Prices.

NOTIONS and NOVELTIES.—Our Stock in this department contains all the new attractions the market affords.

Particular attention is called to our superb line of LADIES' HOSIERY, GLOVES, LACES, TIES, fancy BROCHADED SATIN and SILK RIBBONS, LADIES' BELTS, HANDKERCHIEFS, Etc.

Our Grocery Department.—We have a full line of Family Groceries, AT PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

Cash paid for all kinds of Produce.

TUOMEY BROS.

Chelsea, Sept. 23, 1880.

WINANS & BERRY,

FINE FASHIONABLE

Merchant Tailors,

Will pay the FARE both ways, to any one from CHELSEA, or thereabouts. Who may feel disposed to leave an ORDER with us for a SUIT of CLOTHES, or COAT and VEST, or the MAKING of the same.

WINANS & BERRY, No. 11 South Main st.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

GREAT BARGAINS!

We are now receiving our FALL AND WINTER STOCK

of 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!

—NOTICE THAT—

DURAND & HATCH

Have the Best and Largest Assortment of BOOTS & SHOES

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

PLOW SHOES!

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

GROCERIES, FLOUR,

&c., &c., Cheap. All good Goods, and one Price to all. The poor man's money will buy as much as the rich; no two prices. All Goods delivered Free.

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

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-Size Bottles for Family Use. Scientifically prepared of Balsam Tolu, Crystallized Rock Candy, Old Rye, and other tonics. The Formula is known to our best physicians, is highly recommended by them, and the statistics of our most prominent chemist, Prof. G. A. WALKER, in Chicago, is on the label of every bottle. It is well known that the medicinal qualities of TOLU ROCK AND RYE will afford the most prompt relief for Coughs, Colds, Intermittent, Bronchitis, and other Lung Affections, also Consumption, in the incipient and advanced stages.

It is a DIVINE REMEDY and APPETIZER, it makes a weak or debilitated, it gives tone, activity and strength to the whole human frame.

CAUTION! DON'T BE DECEIVED. Beware of cheap imitations. A by unprincipled dealers who try to palm off upon you cheap and vile imitations of our TOLU ROCK AND RYE, which is the only medicinal article made, the genuine has a GOVERNMENT STAMP on each bottle. LAWRENCE & MARTIN, Proprietors, 111 Madison Street, Chicago.

Ask your Druggist for it! Ask your Grocer for it! Ask your Wine Merchant for it! Children, ask your Mamma for it!

Sold by DRUGGISTS, GROCERS and WINE MERCHANTS everywhere. v9-14-8m

The damp weather and chilling winds of the approaching season subjects all to exposure, no matter however healthy, we are none the less susceptible to an attack of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Spitting of Blood, Catarrh of the head, which, if not properly attended to ends in Consumption.

Town's Bronchial Syrup is a positive cure. With but the nominal cost of 75 cents you procure this truly sovereign remedy. Bronchial Syrup is guaranteed by all druggists and dealers in medicine to give entire satisfaction. Try it and be convinced of its real merit.

Marceus Liver and Anti-Bilious Compound cures all Liver and Bilious Disorders, purifies the blood, equalizes the circulation and restores to perfect health the enfeebled system. Farrand, Williams & Co., Agents, DETROIT.



Parker & Babcock, BOOTS

Special offering for the

FALL and WINTER TRADE of 1880.

0—0—0

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, BOYS', YOUTHS' 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.

DRY GOODS,

Dress-Goods Department.

In Dress Goods we have all of the Styles and new shades, from a splendid selection of Prints, GINGHAMS, FRENCH CALICOS, COTTON DRESS GOODS, BROCADES, Broadhead ALAPACA, Momie 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 1/2 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 for men and boys; 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,

CHELSEA, MICH.

GO TO WOOD BRO'S

CHELSEA - MICHIGAN

GREAT BARGAINS

—IN—

SHOES,

—AND—

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 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-ly



Ayer's Ague Cure

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

It is a startling fact, that quinine, arsenic, and other poisonous minerals form the basis of most of the "Fever and Ague Preparations," "Specifics," "Syrups" and "Tonics" in the market. The preparations made from these mineral poisons, although they are palatable, and may break the chill, do not cure, but leave the malarial and their own drug poison in the system, producing quinsinism, dizziness, tingling in the ears, headache, vertigo, and other disorders more formidable than the disease they were intended to cure. AYER'S AGUE CURE thoroughly eradicates these noxious poisons from the system, and always cures the severest cases. It contains no quinine, mineral, or any thing that could injure the most delicate patient, and its crowning excellence, above its certain cure, is that it leaves the system as free from disease as before the attack.

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

We warrant it when taken according to directions.

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

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.