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THE THREE GREENS.

Shortly after the Crimean war an individual whose right arm was encased in splints and hung in a sling, entered a magnificent jewelry shop, the proprietor of which was a Mr. James Green. The stranger had that in his appearance which is generally styled *distingue*, his carriage and garb revealed the military veteran, and his manners the finished gentleman. At the door he halted an elegant cabriolet, and the good taste of its owner was apparent by the plain but neat livery of the groom and the choice trappings of the blooded horses.

The stranger stated that he was desirous of procuring a complete silver table-service, rich, solid and elegant, but with little ornamentation. Could Mr. Green prepare such a one for him? The goldsmith answered, of course, in the affirmative, and showed several patterns to his visitor, who then described very minutely the style in which he wished the articles to be made, and asked what time they could be got ready. At the same time he insisted on punctuality, saying he would use the set at a reception he would soon give at his new residence in Leicester square. Green promised to have it done in three weeks, and then the two parties discussed the terms.

The jeweler very carefully made all his calculations and demanded \$1,200. The stranger reflected a few moments, then said he had determined upon getting a service at a cost of \$1,500, and requested Mr. Green to add as many more pieces to the set as would fix the price at that sum. Mr. Green thanked the gentleman for this mark of confidence, and inquired of him to whose recommendation he owed his patronage.

"No one has recommended you to me," replied the stranger.

The jeweler looked up in surprise. The stranger, who had hitherto worn an air of dignity almost amounting to severity, now became more friendly, and continued:

"I am a soldier. I have served for years in India, and more recently in the Crimea. At Balaklava I received a severe wound in my right arm and hand, which will perhaps disable the member for life. My patronage was due to your parents, grandparents, and, in fact, to the whole line of your ancestors."

"The jeweler was amazed and bewildered. His parents and other ancestors had long been dead, and could not have referred the soldier to them. The latter apparently enjoyed Mr. Green's perplexity, and smilingly continued:

"I will make myself clearer. When in consequence of this unfortunate wound—here a sudden wring in his arm compelled him to start painfully—"I was compelled to leave the service I resolved to settle down in London. While riding out the other day my attention was attracted by the appearance of your splendidly-furnished shop, but before by the name on your sign, for mine is precisely the same. To this simple circumstance you owe the present visit from Col. James Green of the Grenadier Guards."

The jeweler expressed his delight at the honor of being the namesake of so distinguished a warrior, and after a few more phrases of this sort the conversation reverted to the business in hand.

"May I now inform you," said the jeweler, with some hesitation, "of the conditions which must generally be complied with previous to making a sale?"

"No," said the colonel sharply. "I have my own way of doing business. You and I do not know each other; and although my order is not an uncommonly large one, still it amounts to a sum with which you cannot credit a stranger. I will therefore pay you \$100 cash down for a surety, the remaining \$1,400 when I call for the service."

Mr. Green accepted the offer with profuse thanks.

"You need not thank me," the officer interrupted. "As I remarked, I always have a way of my own, from which I never like to deviate. Now do me the favor to take my portmanteau from my coat pocket; my unfortunate Balaklava wound—"the colonel again winced with pain—"has lamed my right arm and hand completely."

Mr. Green expressed his sympathy in the warmest terms, carefully pulled the portmanteau from the veteran's coat pocket, opened it at the latter's desire, and from four or five \$100 notes took up, which the colonel requested him to place. Mr. Green wrote off a receipt and placed it in the pocketbook, which he very carefully restored to its resting place. He then assisted the colonel to enter the carriage, and the groom—Col. Green could not drive on account of his injured arm—rapidly drove off in the direction of Leicester square. The jeweler, though much overjoyed, was a cautious business man, and notwithstanding the considerable deposit, proceeded to make his surety certain.

In the "War List" he readily found the name and rank of his customer, just as he had been given, and from his estate agent—who rented out the splendid mansion in Leicester square he had ascertained that it had recently been occupied by Col. James Green of the Guard, and that the latter had bought the most excellent recommendations from his banker and sundry other distinguished persons.

In the course of three weeks, at the end of which time the set was to be done, the colonel often came into the shop to see how the work was going on, and always discoursed so affably with the goldsmith that the latter could not find sufficient words of praise for his genial customer when speaking to others about him. At last the service was completed. It was placed upon a large table in the counting room, and covered with a cloth of blue velvet. Punctually at the stipulated time in the afternoon Col. Green entered the shop, his elegant cabriolet and blooded horse remaining before the door in care of the groom.

The officer stepped into the counting room, and Mr. Green, swelling with pride, removed the velvet cloth from

TRIFLES.

A bad habit—A seedy coat.
Sold everywhere—Greenhorns.
A good whisky sling—Sling the bottles out the window.

It was a Windham wife, who when her husband was brought home intoxicated, thanked God he was not a blood relation.

When you see an article in the editorial column of a paper, headed "The Political Outlook," look at the bottom line, and if it says "Sold by all druggists," don't read it.

A strolling theatrical company was at the dinner-table. A waiter approached one of the members, and said: "Soup?" "No, sir," replied the guest. "I am one of the musicians."

A young man on Main street says he is going to attempt the feat of going 40 days without working. He says if his employers do not watch him he can accomplish the task.—*Rockland Courier.*

The following notice of death, in the columns of a contemporary, is quite capable of two meanings:—"Maria B., wife of Henry B., Esq., aged 80 years. She lived with her husband fifty years, and died in the confident hope of a better life."

The pastor of a popular church one Sabbath evening at the Sunday school concert, said: "Boys, when I heard your beautiful song to-night, I had hard work to keep my feet still; what do you suppose is the trouble with them?" "Chillblains, sir," cried out a little six-year old boy.

The story is told at Williamsport, Pa., of a young man who went to the Black Hills to seek his fortune, and who wrote back to his father that he had done well. "I will be at home on Wednesday evening. Meet me at dark, just out of town, and bring a blanket or a whole pair of trousers with you. I have a hat."

Doctor X. is as bad a hunter as he is a physician, but this does not prevent him regularly as the hunting season comes round from spending a fortnight in the fields with his dog and gun. "And that's the only period of the year when he doesn't kill anything," said one of his colleagues, kindly.

Galveston can boast of the most energetic Sunday-law man in Texas. He has given up buying his cigars and soda-water at the drug-store on Sunday because the establishment puts up doctor's prescriptions on that sacred day. He says he hopes he may be eternally confounded if he patronizes any such sacrilegious establishment. Hereafter he will get his cigars on Sunday at a barroom.—*Galveston News.*

A lady attired in profound crape entered a car and abandoned herself to melancholy. A woman behind her with red nose, green veil and blue spectacles, leaned forward and inquired: "Lost somebody?" A barely perceptible nod answered the question without inviting another. But the inquisition proceeded. "Father?" A shake. "Brother?" A shake. "Husband?" A nod. "Church member?" A nod. "Life insured?" A nod. "Then what are you moping about? He's all right, and so are you."

The Accommodating P. O. D.
Romances may be developed even in the dull routine of business in the governmental department. Complaint was made to the Post-office authorities by a gentleman that his letters to Miss O'Leary were unanswered, and he charged that they had been neglected or mislaid. Word was sent to the postmaster of the village where the addressee resided, to investigate. His report was as follows:

"Respectfully returned, with the information that I yesterday called upon Miss O'Leary, and it is a somewhat singular fact that she informed me that she had received all three of the letters. I would state further that I was invited by the lady to stay to tea, which invitation I accepted, and had a very fine time, as Miss O'Leary is a very fine young lady and is the very best of company. The complainant in the above case was a rejected lover, whose letters the lady had received with silent contempt. The sequel to the affair was the marriage of the gallant postmaster and the young lady about four months ago."

SIBERIAN BANISHMENT.—Not every criminal who incurs the penalty of banishment to Siberia is on that account to be compassionated. Mr. Juchanzef, known throughout Russia by the significant sobriquet of "The Stealer of Millions," traveled to Krasnojarsk, the town selected for his penal residence by the imperial authorities in princely style, attended by a suite of servants, carriages and horses, and it would appear that he has become the leader of fashion in that Siberian city. Tailors, perfumers, and tobacconists advertise their wares under his name; he has been elected a member of the leading club, and is about to contract an alliance with a young lady belonging to one of the first families of Krasnojarsk. His dinner parties are attended by the chief officials of the best society of the city, and he is the best society flock to his evening receptions, and accept the splendid presents with which he courts their favor and social countenance.

SAVING SEED.—A writer in the *Practical Farmer* gives the results of experience in saving flower seeds. No general rule can be laid down, each sort requiring special treatment. Pansy seed must be saved while they are quite green, as the pods burst as soon as they turn yellow, throwing the seed several feet. Plants of phlox are pulled up when a fair amount of the seed is ripe, and spread on a large sheet in a warm garret. On a small scale hand-picking may do. Petunia and portulaca are treated in the same way, except that the portulaca plants are cut off, and they grow up again for another crop. Verbena must be hand-picked twice a week for several weeks.

JACK MARLAND.

How he solved a very Tough but Interesting Problem.
Jack Marland was a happy fellow—at least any one who saw him seated in his comfortable chambers in the Temple in a vast easy chair, and enveloped with clouds of smoke proceeding from his favorite meerschaum, as the bell of St. Paul's rang ten, would have said so. Jack was a clever fellow too; he sang well, he danced well; the partridges on the first of September knew him well; the Cheshire hounds were not acquainted with him; the Isis and the Thames were intimate with him (for Jack pulled a good oar); a dab at fencing, a fair single-stick player, in his element in the pistol gallery; and, to crown all, he had just made a not unsuccessfull debut as a speaker in the courts of Westminster. Jack truly ought to have been happy, from a thousand reasons: he was a favorite with his acquaintances and professional brethren; by the fair sex, his witty conversation and handsome and gentlemanly person and demeanor were duly appreciated; in short, he was universally liked. Paps and mamas opened their doors to him (for he had a nice little fortune at his command); daughters and sons were glad when he entered the doors so thrown open, for not a dull moment was suffered to exist from the time Jack came to the time he took his departure. "And was Jack happy?" methinks I hear a fair reader inquire. Jack was not happy, or rather, he thought he was not happy. Jack had got into his silly head that, in spite of his accomplishments, his cleverness, and his handsome face and figure, he, Jack, was a coward, and that, if ever his courage should be put to the proof, he should be lamentably wanting. That was Jack's *ombronoir*; this was the thought which embittered Jack's existence; and at the time we introduced Jack to the notice of our readers, he was in his aforesaid easy chair, and under the soothing influence of his aforesaid pipe, assisted by a cup of strong meerschaum—turning over in his mind different methods by which he thought it likely that he might be able to solve the knotty question, "Am I, or am I not, a coward?"

Jack thought and thought, and smoked and smoked, till he was half asleep, without coming to any correct or satisfactory conclusion; the idea had taken strong possession of his mind and tormented him strangely; he, however, determined, as indeed he had fifty times before determined, to seize the first opportunity which might present itself, of placing itself in the way of grappling with some imminent danger. We shall in less than ten minutes see that the wished for opportunity presented itself in rather a curious manner.

The long vacation arrived; that time so wished for, so looked forward to by all the legal profession, that time, which, &c., &c.

Jack, like many other denizens of the Temple, packed up his traps, sent his cleak for a cab, stuck a card outside his door, with the inscription, "Return before the 20th of October," "shipped himself all aboard of a ship," then of a diligence, and in due course of time found himself in Paris. One half day was sufficient to enable him to find a good suite of rooms, Rue de Helder, Boul. Italien; and now behold Jack fully plunged in all the gaiety, not to say dissipation, of the metropolis of the French. Jack we have before said, was a very good shot with the pistol, yet he had never been gaily charged that he had been neglected or mislaid. Word was sent to the postmaster of the village where the addressee resided, to investigate. His report was as follows:

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between so steady, if your pistol were pointed against the breast of a man in the place of a wooden partition.

"And why, may I ask?"

"Because," answered Jack, "it seems to me, that at the moment of pulling the trigger, and firing at a man, the mind would be seized with a kind of emotion likely to unsteady the hand and, consequently, the aim."

"You have fought many duels?" asked the Frenchman.

"Not one," said Jack.

"Ah!" rejoined the other, with a slight sneer, "then I am not surprised that you suppose the possibility of a man being afraid under any such circumstances."

"Forgive me," said Jack, "you misunderstood me. I fancy that at the moment when one man is about to kill another, he may tremble from some other emotion, than that of fear."

"Sir! I never tremble," said the shot.

"Possibly," replied Jack, with the same composure; "still I am not at all convinced, that at twenty-five paces, that is, at the distance at which you hit the bull's eye each time—"

"Well, at twenty paces?" interrupted the other.

"You would miss your man," was the cool reply.

"Sir, I assure you I should not, answered the Frenchman.

"Forgive me if I doubt your word," said Jack.

"You mean then to give me the lie?"

"I merely assert the fact," replied our friend.

"A fact, however, which I think you would scarcely like to establish," said the "retour."

"Why not?" said Jack, looking steadily in his antagonist's.

"By proxy, perhaps?"

"By proxy, or in my own person perhaps, I care not which," said Jack.

"I warn you, you would be somewhat rash."

"Not at all," said Jack, "for I merely say what I think; and consequently, my conviction is that I should risk but little."

"Let us understand each other," said the Frenchman; "you repeat to me a second time, that at twenty-five paces I should miss my man."

"You are mistaken, monsieur," said Jack; "it appears to me that this is the fifth time I have said it."

"Parbleu! said the Frenchman, now thoroughly exasperated, this is too much; you want to insult me."

"Think as you like, monsieur," said Jack.

"Good!" said the other; your hour, sir?"

"Why not now?" said Jack.

"The place," said the other.

"We are but five steps from the Bois de Boulogne," cried Jack.

"Your arms, sir?"

"The pistol of course," was Jack's answer; we are not about to fight a duel, but to decide a point upon which we are at issue."

The two young men entered their cabriolets, each accompanied by a friend, and drove toward the Bois de Boulogne. Arrived at the appointed place, the seconds wished to arrange the matter. This, however, was very difficult; Jack's adversary required an apology, whilst Jack maintained that he owed him none; unless he himself was either killed or wounded; for unless this happened, he (Jack) would not have been proven wrong. The seconds spent a quarter of an hour in the attempt to effect a reconciliation, but in vain. They then wished to place the antagonists at thirty paces from each other; to this Jack would not consent, observing that the point in question could not be correctly decided, if any difference were made between the distance now to be fixed, and the distance at which his antagonist had hit the bull's eye in the gallery. It was then proposed, that a louis should be thrown in order to decide who was to shoot first; this Jack declared was totally unnecessary, that the right to the first shot naturally belonged to his adversary, and although the Frenchman was anxious that Jack should take advantage of this one chance, he was firm and carried his point. The "garcon" of the shooting-gallery had followed and was ready to charge the pistols, which he did with the same measure, the same kind of powder, and the same kind of balls as those used by the Frenchman in the gallery a short time before. The pistols, too, were the same; this condition alone Jack had imposed, a *shot qu'on*. The antagonists placed at twenty-five paces apart, from each other, received each his pistol; and to leave the combatants free to fire on one other, according to the stipulated arrangement.

Jack took none of the precautions usual with duellists; he attempted not to shield any part of his body, by position of any other means; but allowed his arms to hang down by his side, presented his full front to the enemy, who scarcely knew what to make of this extraordinary conduct. He had fought several duels, such had he never been his lot to see such *sang froid* in any one of his antagonists; he felt as if bewildered; and Jack's theory, occurring to his mind, tended but little to reassure him; in short this celebrated shot, who never missed either his man or the bull's eye of a target, began to doubt his own powers. Twice he raised his pistol, and twice he lowered it again; this was of course contrary to the laws of duelling; but each time Jack contented himself with saying, "Take time, monsieur! take time." A third time he raised his arm, and feeling ashamed of himself, fired. It was a moment of the most painful anxiety to the seconds; but they were soon relieved, for Jack, the instant after the pistol had been fired, turned to the right and to the left, and made a low bow to the two friends, to show that he was not wounded, and then said, coolly, to his antagonist, "You see, sir, I was right."

"You were," answered the Frenchman; "and now fire in your turn."

"Not I," said Jack, picking up his hat, and handing the pistol to the gar-

con; "what good would it do me to shoot at you?"

"But, sir," said his adversary, "you have a right, and I cannot permit it to be otherwise; besides I am anxious to see how you shoot."

"Let us understand each other," said Jack. "I never said that I would hit me; you have not hit me; I was right; and now there is an end to the matter," and in spite of all remonstrances and entreaties of the Frenchman, Jack mounted his cab, and drove off, repeating to his friend, "I told you there was a mighty difference between firing at a doll and firing at a man." Jack's mind was eased; he had solved his problem, and found he was not a coward.

The Two Deacons.

Between eighty and ninety years ago there lived in the Connecticut river valley two farmers, one of whom was named Hunt and the other Clark. The former, in early life, had been a man of strong will and somewhat hasty and violent temper. Sometimes he had been seen beating his oxen over and over in a manner to excite the pity of the bystanders, and when expostulated with he excused himself by saying that he had the most fractious team in town. By and by an alteration took place in the temper of Farmer Hunt. He became mild, forbearing, and what was more remarkable, his oxen seemed to improve in disposition at an equal pace with himself.

Farmer Hunt joined the church and was an exemplary man. His neighbors saw the change both in himself and his team. It was a marvel to the whole town. One of his townsmen asked for an explanation. Farmer Hunt said, "I have found out a secret about my cattle. Formerly they were unmanageable. The more I whipped and clubbed them the worse they acted. But now when they are unmanageable I go behind my load and sing 'Old Hundred,' and, strange as it may appear, no sooner have I ended than the oxen go along as quietly as I could wish. I don't know how it is, but they really seem to like singing."

In the course of a few years the two farmers were chosen deacons of the church, and they both adorned their profession. About the time of their election a greivous famine prevailed in the valley, and the farmers generally were laying up their corn to plant the ensuing season. A poor man living in the town went to Deacon Hunt and said:

"I have come to buy a bushel of corn. Here is the money, it is about all I can gather." The deacon told him he could not spare a bushel for love or money. He was keeping double his usual quantity for seed-corn the next year, and he had to stint his own family. The man urged his suit in vain. At last he said, "Deacon, if you don't let me have the corn, I shall curse you."

"Curse me!" replied the deacon, "how dare you do so?"

"Because," said the man, "the Bible says so."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Deacon Hunt, "there is no such thing in the Bible."

"Yes, there is!" replied the poor man.

"Well," said the deacon, "if you can find any such text I'll give you a bushel of corn."

They went into the house, when the poor man went to the old family Bible; turning to Proverbs xi, 26, he read: "He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him; but blessings shall be upon the head of him that selleth it."

The deacon was fairly caught. "Come along," he said, "and I will give you as good as my word." He took him to the corn-house, measured out a full bushel of corn, and helped the man to put it into his bag, assisted him to put it on his shoulder, and, just before his departure, being somewhat of a wag, he said, with a twinkle in his eye:

"I say, neighbor, after you have carried this corn home, go up to Deacon Clark and curse him out of another bushel.—*Chicago Ledger.*

A Lonely Grave.

That afternoon I found something I had never seen before—a little grave alone in a wide pasture which had once been a field. The nearest house was at least two miles away, but by hunting for it I found a very old cellar, where the child's home must have been, not very far off, along the slope. It must have been a great many years ago that the house stood there; and the small plate head-stone was worn away by the rain and wind, so there was nothing to be read, if indeed there had ever been any letters on it. It had looked many a storm in the face, and many a red sunset. I suppose the woods near by had grown and been cut, and grown again, since it was put there. There was an old sweet-briar bush growing on the short little grave, and in the grass underneath I found a ground-sparrow's nest. It was like a little nest of mud, and I have felt ever since as if I belonged to it; and I wondered then if one of the young ground-sparrows was not always sent to take the nest when the old ones were done with it, so they came back in the spring year after year to live there, and there were always the stone and the sweet-briar bush and the birds to remember the child. It was such a lonely place in that wide field under the great sky, and yet it was so comfortable too; but the first sight of the little grave touched me strangely, and I tried to picture to myself the procession that came out from the house the day of the funeral, and I thought of the mother in the evening after all the people had gone home, and how she missed the baby, and kept seeing the new grave out here in the twilight as she went about her work.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Indian Eloquence.

In the *Ollee Branch*, published at Danville, Ky., in the year 1829, is found the verbatim speech of an Indian chief named Speckled Snake. It is a most remarkable oration, full of pathos and not inferior in eloquence to the opening of Mr. Fox's celebrated oration upon Mr. Pitt. It is a gem worthy of preservation, in the interest of schoolboy oratory, if nothing else.

At a council of the chiefs, headmen and warriors of the Creek Nation, convened by authority the talk of the President was communicated by the agent. After a profound silence of many minutes' duration, Speckled Snake, a warrior whose head was whitened with frosts of more than a hundred winters, and who supported himself on the shoulders of two young men, arose and spoke as follows:

Brothers: We have heard of the talk of our Great Father; it is very kind—he says he loves his red children. Brothers! I have listened to many talks from the Great Father. When he first came over the wide waters he was but a little man and wore a red coat. Our chiefs met him on the banks of the river Savanna and smoked with him the pipe of peace. He was then very little. His legs were cramped by sitting long in his big boat, and he begged a little land to light his fire on. He said he came over the wide waters to teach the Indian new things and to make them happy. He said he loved his red children—he was a very man. The Muscogees gave the white man land and kindled him a fire, that he might warm himself; and when his enemies, the pale faces of the South, made war on him, their young men drew the tomahawk, and protected his head from the scalping knife. But when the white man had warmed himself before the Indian's fire and filled himself with their hominy, he became very large. With a step he bestrode the mountains, and his feet covered the plains and the valleys. His hands grasped the Eastern and Western sea, and his head rested on the moon. Then he became our Great Father. He loved his red children, and he said: "Get a little further, less I tread on thee." With one foot he pushed the red man over the Ocean, and with the other he trampled down the graves of his fathers and the forests where he had so long hunted his deer. But our Great Father still loved his red children, and he soon made them another talk. He says: "Get a little further, you are too near me." But there were some bad men among the Muscogees then as there are now. They lingered around the graves of their ancestors till they were crushed beneath the heavy tread of our Great Father. Their teeth pierced his feet and made him angry. Yet he continued to love his red children, and when he found them too slow in moving, he sent his great guns before him to sweep his path.

Brothers! I have listened to a great many talks from our Great Father, but they always began and ended in this: "Get a little further, you are too near me."

Brothers! Our Great Father says that where we are now, our white brothers have always claimed the land. He speaks with a straight tongue and cannot lie. But when he first came over the wide waters while he was yet small, and stood before the great chief at the council on Yainacraw Bluff, he said: "Give me a little land which you can spare, and I will pay you for it."

Brothers! When our Great Father made us a talk on a former occasion, and said, "Get a little further, go beyond the Ocean, the Ocmulgee, there is a pleasant country," he also said, *It shall be yours forever.*

I have listened to his present talk. He says the land where we now live is not ours. Go beyond the Mississippi—there is game, and you may remain while the grass grows and the water runs.

Brothers! Will not our Great Father come there also? He loves his red children. He speaks with a straight tongue, and will not lie.

Brothers! Our Great Father says our bad men have made his heart bleed for the murder of one of his white children. Yet where are the red children when he loves, once as numerous as the leaves of the forest? How many have been crushed by his own footsteps!

Brothers! Our Great Father says we must go beyond the Mississippi. We shall there be under his care and experience his kindness. We have felt it all before!

Brothers! I have done.

A VALUABLE ENGINE.—The smoke-consuming engine invented by Mr. David Sinton, the Cincinnati millionaire, is said to be a complete success. The peculiarity of the invention consists in a series of four arches of varying heights, built of fire-bricks and rising from the sides of the furnace to the bottom of the boiler. Between the third and fourth arches is a large open heat-chamber. The coal is retained in the fire-bed, in front of the three arches, until the oxygen and coal gases combine and pass under the arches all adame into the heat-chamber, where they produce an intense heat devoid of any smoke. Mr. Sinton will give Cincinnati the free right to use his invention in its municipal buildings, and he has no idea of devoting to his own use any money arising from the sale of rights to others.

ARTIFICIAL SLEEP.—The artificial means by which drowsiness may be induced have been investigated lately in Germany by Preyer. The ordinary drowsiness of fatigue is supposed to be caused by the introduction into the blood of lactic acid, a compound proceeding from the disintegration of the bodily tissues of nerve and muscle. To ascertain whether this view was correct, Preyer administered large quantities of the acid to animals, and found that it would induce a drowsiness and slumber apparently identical with natural sleep, and from which they awakened seemingly refreshed. Not only lactic acid, but sour milk and whey, fed to animals which had been fasting, produced this artificial sleep.

A remarkable electric phenomenon was observed at Cape Breton a few days ago. During a thunder storm the people on and near the farm of Mr. Abraham Sney heard a low rumbling sound resembling an earthquake. The inmates of the dwelling rushed out and discovered to their surprise that the lightning had struck a mound in the adjoining field, and plowed up a furrow two feet deep, one hundred feet wide, and about two hundred yards long.

Line	Station	Time
P. M.	10:10	10:15
	10:30	10:35
	10:50	10:55
	11:10	11:15
A. M.	11:30	11:35
	11:50	11:55
	12:10	12:15
	12:30	12:35

Line	Station	Time
P. M.	1:30	1:35
	1:50	1:55
	2:10	2:15
	2:30	2:35
A. M.	2:50	2:55
	3:10	3:15
	3:30	3:35
	3:50	3:55

Line	Station	Time
P. M.	4:10	4:15
	4:30	4:35
	4:50	4:55
	5:10	5:15
A. M.	5:30	5:35
	5:50	5:55
	6:10	6:15
	6:30	6:35

Line	Station	Time
P. M.	6:50	6:55
	7:10	7:15
	7:30	7:35
	7:50	7:55
A. M.	8:10	8:15
	8:30	8:35
	8:50	8:55
	9:10	9:15

Line	Station	Time
P. M.	9:30	9:35
	9:50	9:55
	10:10	10:15
	10:30	10:35
A. M.	10:50	10:55
	11:10	11:15
	11:30	11:35
	11:50	11:55

Line	Station	Time
P. M.	12:10	12:15
	12:30	12:35
	12:50	12:55
	1:10	1:15
A. M.	1:30	1:35
	1:50	1:55
	2:10	2:15
	2:30	2:35

Line	Station	Time
P. M.	2:50	2:55
	3:10	3:15
	3:30	3:35
	3:50	3:55
A. M.	4:10	4:15
	4:30	4:35
	4:50	4:55
	5:10	5:15

CHELSEA, OCT. 14, 1880.

WOOL PROSPECTS AND PRICES.—The United States Economist contains the following:

The principal markets on our Atlantic coast are quiet for obvious causes. Dealers, in their mad efforts to depress values, have been endeavoring to frighten our farmers into the belief that the markets were overstocked with wool, and that there was no demand for woolsens worthy of consideration.

The farmers of this country are men of intelligence and sound judgment. They do not dig and plow and mow and worry themselves to death with the cares of the world. They buy and employ machinery to do all the labor of their own hands, and they read the agricultural country and national papers so that they keep "posted," and know what is going on as well as the merchant and manufacturer.

HARNESS SORES ON HORSES.—There are few things which cause more delay and trouble in farm work during the hot months of summer, than the galls and sores that come upon the shoulders and backs of work horses.

THE BETTER PART.—The worse part of bad action is, they "make us worse" whilst the best part of Spring Blossom in cases of headache or Dyspepsia is that it always makes us better.

THE MAN WHO LOafs HIS TIME AWAY around a one-horse grocery while his wife takes in washing to support him pan always tells you just what this country needs to enhance her prosperity.

Golden Paragraphs.—One of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish had been left unsaid.

Our Budget.

A lady, a regular shopper, who made an unfortunate clerk tumble over all the stockings in the store, objected that none were long enough.

"Never mistake perspiration for inspiration," said an old minister in his charge to a young pastor, just being ordained.

Before marriage a girl frequently calls her intended "her treasure," but when he becomes her husband she looks upon him as "her treasurer."

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.—Thos. J. Arden, William Street, East Buffalo, writes, your Spring Blossom has worked on me splendidly, I had no appetite, used to sleep badly and get up in the morning unfreshed, my breath was very offensive and I suffered from severe headache, since using your Spring Blossom all these symptoms have vanished and I feel quite well.

"I rise for information," said a member of a legislative body. "I am very glad to hear it," said a bystander; "no man needs it more."

"My faith is as strong as the platform I am standing on," as the colored gentleman said, when it gave way and he found himself up to his neck in a barrel of molasses.

The Russian Court invited Dr. Ayer and his family to the Archduke's wedding in the Royal Palace. This distinction was awarded him not only because he was an American, but also because his name as a physician had become favorably known in Russia on his passage round the world.

Could anything be neater than an old darkey's reply to a beautiful young lady whom he offered to lift over the gutter. "Lor, missus," said he, "I's used to lifting barrels of sugar."

WORTH CHERISHING.—Acquaintance born and nourished in adversity, is worth the cherishing. Acquaintance with the merits of Spring Blossom in cases of Dyspepsia or indigestion should be carefully cherished.

FATHER—"Charley, I see no improvement in your marks." Charley—"Yes, papa; it is high time you had a serious talk with the teacher, or else he'll keep on that way forever."

"What was it Nelson said before he went into the battle?" asked the teacher. "England expects every man to pay his duty," said the pupil, whose father was a collector of customs.

Another writes: "I have been troubled with Asthma for years; have used half a bottle of Thomas' Electric Oil, and the benefit I have received from it is so great that I would not take one hundred dollars for the balance if I could get no more."

Another writes: "I have been troubled with Asthma for years; have used half a bottle of Thomas' Electric Oil, and the benefit I have received from it is so great that I would not take one hundred dollars for the balance if I could get no more."

Pat to one of his friends: "Why didn't you write to me while you were abroad?" Friend: "I didn't know your address." Pat: "Sure, then, you had all the more reason to write and ask for it."

D. Sullivan, Malcom, Ontario, writes: "I have been selling Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for some years, and have no hesitation in saying that it has given better satisfaction than any other medicine I have ever sold. I consider it the only patent medicine that cures more than it is recommended to cure."

Advertisement for Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, featuring an illustration of a man on horseback and the text: "One of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish had been left unsaid."

Dr. S. T. BAKER, Physician and Surgeon.

CHELSEA, MICH. (Late of Salamanca, N. Y.) Office, Over W. R. Reed & Co's. drug store.

Residence, Middle street, west. Dr. B. has advantage of an extensive practice, having given special attention to the study and treatment of old maladies.

Patronage respectfully solicited. Calls promptly attended.

We offer our services with assurance that treatment in both acute and chronic diseases will be in accord with advance methods of cure.

Cord Wood Wanted. THE SCHOOL BOARD OF CHELSEA School desire to purchase Fifty cords of seasoned second growth Oak wood.

MISS NELLY M. WHEDON, TEACHER OF Vocal and Instrumental Music, AT L. BABCOCK'S RESIDENCE, CHELSEA, MICH.

RE-OPENED. We wish to announce that the old reliable Alhambra Dollar Store, has been reopened at the old stand, 92 Woodward Ave., Detroit.

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

Read's Gilt Edge Tonic cures Fever and Ague.

Detroit Medical and Surgical Institute, A. B. SPINNEY, M. D., Prop.

"GAINED TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS." Dr. M. M. FENNER, Fredonia, N. Y., Dear Sir:—About a year ago my health was so poor that I was hardly able to do business at all.

Dr. Fenner's Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic may well be called "The conquering hero" of the times.

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

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

Advertisement for Dr. Hill's Buchu Kidney Investigator, featuring an illustration of a bottle and the text: "It is a specific in the cure of all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Prostatic Portion of the Urinary Organs, Irritation of the Neck of the Bladder, Burning Urine, Gleet, Gonorrhoea in all its stages, etc."

Probate Order.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, on Tuesday, the twelfth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty.

In the matter of the Estate of Elizabeth Begole, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of George A. Begole, praying that administration of said estate (may be granted to Stephen J. Chase or some other suitable person.

Thereupon it is Ordered, that Monday, the eighth day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

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

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

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

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 PLOW SHOES!

GROCERIES, FLOUR, &c., &c., Cheap. All good Goods, and one Price to all.

On consignment, which will be sold VERY CHEAP. No Shoddy Goods. All kinds of GROCERIES, FLOUR, &c., &c., Cheap.

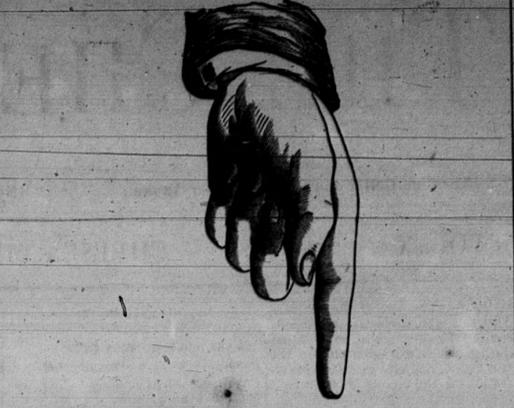
Give us a Call and be Convinced. DURAND & HATCH.

This 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 leads 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.

Respectfully, PARKER & BABCOCK, CHELSEA, MICH.



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, BOYS', YOUTHS' and MEN'S CLOTHING ever shown in this market, and at prices that will compete with any in this State.

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 1/4 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.

Respectfully, PARKER & BABCOCK, CHELSEA, MICH.

WOOD BRO'S. CHELSEA, - MICHIGAN, FOR GREAT BARGAINS

IN 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 23, '80.

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.

Ague Cure. Is a purely vegetable bitter and powerful tonic, and is warranted a speedy and certain cure for Fever and Ague, Chills, malarial fevers, and all other ailments arising from these mineral poisons.

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.

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N. C. R. R. TIME TABLE.

Table with columns for 'GOING WEST' and 'GOING EAST' listing train routes, times, and destinations like Detroit and Chicago.

OUR TELEPHONE.

We are having beautiful weather "Indian Summer." A cool air feather renovator establishment...

DIED.

In Chelsea, September 30th, 1880, of Cholera Infantum, DEMAIN W., only child of Willard and Mary Ackerson, aged two years and six months.

BENNETT'S GREAT STORE! JACKSON, MICH., Enlarged and Magnificently Stocked.

We respectfully ask of the ladies an examination of the EXQUISITE NOVELTIES and Exclusive STYLES of our own importation, for the FALL OF 1880.

EXQUISITE "PLUSHES," "BROCADE VELVETS," "UNCUT VELVET BROCADES" AND "VELVETS," "SATIN SURAH," Black Silks, "VALOURS FACONNE"

SATINS

In Immense Varieties, at PRICES GUARANTEED LOWER than any other house.

RARE DRESS GOODS!

Embracing the Very FINEST NOVELTIES of the Parisian markets, together with an Immense Variety of PLAIDS, in styles not to be found elsewhere, and unparalleled for beauty of combination and texture.

Carpets!

SUPERB LINES; also GREAT BARGAIN LOT Handsome Brussels at \$1.

NOTICE.

Our Prices are Guaranteed to our patrons, and money refunded when anything is unsatisfactory. On fair bills we always allow fare on railroad one way, and deliver all goods at depot and place on board train to mitigate as much as possible every inconvenience, and make shopping with our patrons a pleasure.

YOUR PRESENCE SOLICITED. W. M. BENNETT & SON.

The Chelsea Herald, IS PUBLISHED Every Thursday Morning, by A. Allison, Chelsea, Mich.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

OLIVE LODGE, NO. 156, F. & A. M., will meet at Masonic Hall in regular communication on Tuesday Evenings, on or preceding each full moon.

WASHTEAW ENCAMPMENT, No. 17, I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings first and third Wednesday of each month.

Kempf & Brother, BANKERS, AND PRODUCE DEALERS, CHELSEA, - - MICH.

Interest Paid on Special Deposits.

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

Drafts Sold on all the Principal Towns of Europe.

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

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

Insurance on Farm and City Property Effectuated.

Geo. E. Wright, D. D. S., OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL DENTIST, OFFICE OVER THE CHELSEA BANK, CHELSEA, MICH. [7-13]

INSURANCE COMPANIES REPRESENTED BY WM. E. DEPEW.

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

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

Chelsea Flour Mill, L. E. SPARKS, Proprietor of Chelsea Steam Flour Mill, keeps constantly on hand A No. 1 Wheat Flour, Graham Flour, Buckwheat Flour, &c., &c. Custom Work a Specialty. Farmers, please take notice and bring in your grain. Satisfaction guaranteed. v9-33

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

Allen, Franklin W. Barker, Miss Lizette Down, Miss Nellie Glover, Miss Annie Stadle, Mr. F. E. Smith, John Stanwood, Mr. R. E. Persons calling for any of the above letters, please say "advertised."

Geo. J. Crowell, P. M.

FARMERS disposing of their wheat here can find a better market by two or three cents on the bushel, than they can in any other market in this county.

Messrs. TUTTLE & MILLSAUGH have built an apple evaporator, and are drying apples on the latest and most approved plan.

"Look here, my fine fellow," said the lecturer to the boy who was disturbing the orator by constantly coughing, "here's a quarter to get a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup."

A BIG YIELD.—There was raised on the farm of John Clark, Lyndon, from one pound of Dent Corn seed, 21 bushels of corn in the ears.

DEXTER has had at last a chicken or a dark and "fowl" deed tragedy enacted one evening last week, when the Rev. Editor of the Leader was in the arms of Morpheus in the chicken coop.

THE St. Mary's Church Fair and Festival held in this place, commencing last Tuesday evening, and continued for three days, was largely attended.

NOTICE.—There will be an examination of Teachers for the Township of Leima, at Leima Center, Saturday Oct. 23rd, 1880.

Those people whose hair is turning gray should use Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer to restore it to its natural color and vigor.

APPLES.—Kempf Bros., runs three apple establishments, Chelsea, Dexter and Francisco, and employs about forty hands in all.

ANOTHER PIONEER GONE.—Died in Dexter Village on Monday morning Oct. 11th, 1880, Mrs. J. C. VanRiper, aged 74 years.

Why will you be troubled wearing plasters for Lane Backs, when Hill's Buchu will make a permanent cure.

HAVE we got a Marshal in Chelsea? If so, why don't he attend to having the sidewalks laid down, and old ones repaired.

The third Representative District Republican Convention met in Chelsea on the 7th inst., and was called to order by J. T. Honey, of Seio.

George Ransom, of Bridgewater, secretary. The temporary organization was afterwards made permanent.

George Ransom, 4. E. E. Appleton, 7. James McLaren, 16. Messrs. Ransom and Appleton withdrew their names, and the nomination of James McLaren was made unanimous.

The District Committee is as follows: Jas. T. Honey, Seio; G. Ransom, Bridgewater; James L. Gilbert, Sylvan.

Roll of Honor. Names of scholars attending Chelsea Union School who have been neither tardy once during the month ending Oct. 1st, 1880.

HIGH SCHOOL. Clara Burkhardt, Ella Barber, Ivone Everett, Jessie Everett, Ettie Geddes, Lizette Maroney, Tommie Spear, Frank Wight. Miss KISHLBA, Teacher.

GRAMMAR DEPARTMENT. Bertie Sparks, Willie Frisbie, Fred Freer, Oris Hoover, Ida Spear, Florance VanRiper. Miss EMMA FOOT, Teacher.

SECOND INTERMEDIATE DEPT. John Bissel, Emma Lewis, Willie Goodyear, Frank Wood, Bessie Congden, Myria Kempf. Miss LIBBIE DEPEW, Teacher.

FIRST INTERMEDIATE DEPT. Rena Bissel, Maud Congdon, Belle Chandler, George Fuller, Fannie Hammond. Miss DORA HURRINGTON, Teacher.

SECOND PRIMARY DEPT. Lulu Hepler, Amelia Newburger, Geo. Pate, Bennie Paine, May Sparks, Clara Tichenor. Miss JENNIE HOAG, Teacher.

FIRST PRIMARY DEPT. Gug Lighthall, Alvia Stager, Maud Brooks, Katie Straffen. Mrs. MILLER, Teacher.

Names of pupils in the Second Intermediate Department who have not missed a word in spelling in four weeks, ending Oct. 1st, 1880.

Corra Gorton, Myria Kempf, Emma Lewis, John Bissel, Ettie Crowell, Anna Klein, Frank Wood, Freddie Clark. Miss LIBBIE DEPEW, Teacher.

CHEAP Job Printing done at the HERALD office.

CARD OF THANKS. As the dark clouds pouring their rain, upon the earth bring forth the treasure and wealth from her bosom.

For me, I hold all Fate has left to me, A little golden ripple of fair hair; I lay it on my bosom tenderly, And try to think my baby nestles there.

THE sum of \$78.36 was expended for the city poor of Ann Arbor last month.

DIED.—A two year old, and only son of Chas. Allyn, of this village, died on Monday last.

PERSONAL.—Mr. & Mrs. Harry Shaver, of this village, left to-day (Thursday) for N. Y. State to visit their aged parents.

DIED at her residence on Sunday last, in Sylvan township, Mrs. Elizabeth Begole, of consumption, at an advanced age.

SURPRISE.—The Congregational Church Sunday School class, 13 in number, surprised Mrs. Harry Shaver on Monday last, by giving her a fine present of a nice ladies writing desk.

Mortgage Sale. DEFAULT HAVING BEEN MADE in the conditions of a mortgage executed by Owen Mullen and Bridget Mullen...

CHelsea Market. CHELSEA, Oct. 14, 1880. FLOUR, 3 cwt. \$2 75. WHEAT, White, 3 bu. \$1 06.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age. Kellogg's Columbian Oil is a powerful remedy, which can be taken internally as well as externally by the tenderest infant.

ED & FRANK would respectfully announce to the inhabitants of Chelsea and vicinity that they have thoroughly overhauled their Barber Shop.

A GREAT CAUSE OF HUMAN MISERY is the Loss of MANHOOD. A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment and Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhea, induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally.

Probate Order. STATE OF MICHIGAN, ss. COUNTY OF WASHINGTON,) ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washington, holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, on Saturday, the ninth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty.

In the matter of the Estate of James Hatt, deceased. Milo Hatt, administrator of said estate, comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to render his final account as such administrator.

Thereupon it is Ordered, that Friday the fifth day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the said administrator to bring in his account, and amending and allowing the same, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in and all other persons to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, in said County, and show cause, if any, why he is further Ordered, that be allowed; And it is further Ordered, that the said administrator give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Chelsea Herald, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, (A true copy) Judge of Probate. WILLIAM G. DOTY, Probate Register.

Table listing market prices for various goods like flour, wheat, corn, oats, and other commodities.



EVERY STOVE WARRANTED A SUCCESS. ADAPTED FOR BURNING ALL KINDS OF FUEL. Largest and Most Complete Line Manufactured. Superior to All Others.

TO THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE DRY GOODS. TO BUY THIS FALL, LET US SUGGEST THAT THE FINEST \$1.25 Navy, Brown and Gray Repellants at \$1.00 per yard are a good trade.

FIELD'S BEE-HIVE, JACKSON, MICH. At \$5.00, Fine HEAVY DOUBLE SHAWLS, and as Cheap Goods as ever seen in the United States, now on sale at

Field's Bee-hive, Jackson, CLOAKS, SACKS, DOLMANS, In great variety and at prices to suit the most economical buyers.

Buttons, Fringes, Satins, And all Trimmings on our well-known plan of Low Prices and Large Sales!! Try us, and you will keep on trying us. Respectfully Yours, L. H. FIELD.

H. S. HOLMES.

If you are in need of anything in the line of

DRY GOODS,

Such as HOSIERY, GLOVES, LACES, RIBBONS, ETC.

(A MOST BEAUTIFUL LINE BESIDES THE STAPLES)

Dress Goods, Silks, Novelties for Trimmings, Black Fringes, Beaded Gimps, Buttons, Shawls, Canton Flannels, Red Flannels, Check Flannels, Fancy Cloakings, Repellants, Bed Ticks, Demims, Shirts, etc. We might mention a great many things more; but be sure and call on H. S. Holmes, and he shall show you the best line of Goods ever shown in this village.

Respectfully, H. S. HOLMES, Chelsea, Michigan.

TO THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE DRY GOODS

TO BUY THIS FALL, LET US SUGGEST THAT THE FINEST \$1.25 Navy, Brown and Gray Repellants at \$1.00 per yard are a good trade. You can do it at

FIELD'S BEE-HIVE, JACKSON, MICH. At \$5.00, Fine HEAVY DOUBLE SHAWLS, and as Cheap Goods as ever seen in the United States, now on sale at

Field's Bee-hive, Jackson, CLOAKS, SACKS, DOLMANS, In great variety and at prices to suit the most economical buyers.

Buttons, Fringes, Satins, And all Trimmings on our well-known plan of Low Prices and Large Sales!! Try us, and you will keep on trying us.

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