

THE CHELSEA HERALD.

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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 in his appearance which is generally styled "distinguishing," 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 liveries 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 service 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 you owe 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 him. 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 twinge 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, 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 the 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

TERMS.

A bad habit--A seedy coat. Sold everywhere--Greenhorns. A good whisky sling--Sling the bottle 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 enterprising Sunday-law man in Texas. He has given up buying his cigars and cigars 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 government 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 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. Juchanetz, 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 official personages and local notabilities; ladies of the best society flock to his evening receptions, and accept the splendid presents with which he courts their favor and social countenance.

A new and very prolific variety of wheat was introduced into France twenty years ago, in a peculiar manner. A Medoc sportsman shot a crane on the wing, and stored in his bag was discovered a quantity of wheat. This was planted and found to be a variety previously unknown in that country, and has since been extensively cultivated there, as something quite superior to most of the other varieties.

An elephant, traveling in a car next to the locomotive on an Indiana railroad, opened the tank, drank all the water and so compelled the train to stop.

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 unsuccessful 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 it 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 mocha--turning over in his mind the 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, like, &c., &c.

Jack, like many other denizens of the Temple, packed up his traps, sent his clerk 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 guilty of that height of folly, a duel; and indeed, had often been heard to say that he never would. He, however, frequented many of the pistol galleries which abounded in Paris; and amongst others, he had honored with his presence the *tir au pistolet* of M. Lepage, where of course, he very soon became known as "*Ce Monsieur Anglais, qui tire aussi bien qu'un Francaise*."

One day Jack on going to the gallery of M. Lepage with one of his friends, found it occupied by a young man well known as one of the best shots in Paris; and most assuredly he was a good shot. He performed all the feats which tradition assigns to the Chevalier St. George; he each time hit the bull's eye of the target at the usual distance, snuffed a candle with a ball, split a bullet against a knife, and drove a nail into the wall by striking the ball exactly in the center with his ball; and in short by a thousand feats of this nature proved himself worthy the name of a first-rate shot.

His *amour propre* was roused by the presence of Jack, whom the attendant, in presenting him with the pistol, and quietly said was almost a good shot as himself, but at each shot, instead of receiving from Jack the tributes of praise which he deserved, he heard Jack, in reply to the exclamation of astonishment which proceeded from all in the gallery, say "No, doubt, that is a very good shot, but the result will be very different, I've a notion. If he has a live man in his butt, this innocent calling in question of his powers as a duelist for Jack had repeated his observation three times, at first astonished the "friend," and ended by annoying him; and at length, turning to Jack, and looking at him with an air half threatening, he said, "Forgive me, Mr. Englishman, but it appears to me that three times you have made an observation disparaging to my courage; will you be kind enough to give me some explanation of the meaning of your words?"

"My words," answered our friend, "do not, I think, require any explanation; they are plain enough, in my opinion."

"Perhaps then, sir, you will be good enough to repeat them, in order that I may judge of the meaning which they will bear, and the object with which they have been spoken," was the reply of the Frenchman.

"I said," answered Jack, with the most perfect *sans froid*, "when I saw you hit the bull's eye at every shot, that neither your hand nor your eye would be 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 "repeur."

"Why not?" said Jack, looking steadily at his antagonist.

"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 he was caught. "Come along," said he, "and I will be 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 "come along," said he, "and I will be 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.

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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 normal 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 Stacy 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.

Indian Eloquence.

In the *Oltee 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 brothers--he was very kind. 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 Yamacraw 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, "I 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 which 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.

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 their heads with the handle of his whip 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 grievous 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, where 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 severely caught. "Come along," said he, "and I will be 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.

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RAILROAD

Line	Station	Time
P.M.	Chicago	7:00
	Indianapolis	8:30
	St. Louis	10:00
	St. Paul	11:30
A.M.	Chicago	6:00
	Indianapolis	7:30
	St. Louis	9:00
	St. Paul	10:30

The Chelsea Herald.

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. But nowhere has the farmer listened to this pleading outside of Michigan, and as a consequence they hold the bulk of the clip, confident that they will yet obtain higher prices.

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. There has not been a place of note in the entire wool regions where the intelligence contained in these journals have not been read with avidity every week, because they have confidence that what is asserted is positive truth. Farmers cannot see any sound reason why prices of wool should fluctuate 15c to 20c a pound in a couple of months at a moment when the whole country is in a flourishing condition. Nor can we. The country is more prosperous to-day than ever before, and money is cheap and abundant. It will not do to assert that this is a bad sign of the times to have money cheap, because we have only to look across the sea to find it still cheaper, and yet with all their standing armies they do not regard it as a bad omen.

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. A vast amount of hard work must be done, and the animals are strong and well enough to do it, provided there were not these painful sores that prevent their applying themselves to the labor. A horse with shoulder or back galls, or both, suffers pain when it is put into the harness. The direct cause of these sores is the friction to which the parts are subjected, combined with the excessive heat and great flow of sweat. Inflammation and chafing of the skin are produced much more readily in hot than in cold weather, because the conditions of greater friction are then present. The preventive is in reducing the friction to the least possible amount. In the first place, the harness must fit closely and smoothly to the form of the horse, that the weight of the load may be uniformly distributed over the surface beneath the harness. Secondly, the horse should be in a healthy state, that the muscles and skin may be of their normal toughness, and the sweating not unnaturally profuse. This involves the proper care and feeding of the horse. A poorly kept animal, or one not in good health, will become sore more readily than one in good health. When the sores are already formed, a speedy cure is the thing needed. Sponge carefully the afflicted parts, to remove all accumulations from sweat. Then bathe with a lotion of alum and tannin, with a little laudanum added. All pressure upon the sore should be removed by a proper adjustment of the harness, and, if necessary, keep the horse from work until cured.—*American Agriculturist.*

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.

We are hanging up pictures every day about the chamber walls of our hearts that we shall have to look at when we sit in the shadows.

Do not attempt to cover your faults, but try to get rid of them. Every person does wrong at times and confession is no new thing in this world.

Reason is progressive, instinct stationary. Five thousand years have added no improvement to the hive of the bee, nor to the house of the beaver.

Man is not born to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out what he has to do and to restrain himself within the limits of his comprehension.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity.

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. "I want," she said, "the longest hose that was made." "Then, madam," was the reply, "you had better apply at the next engine-house."

"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 unfreshened, 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. Prices \$1.50 cents, and trial bottles 10 cents. For sale by W. R. Reed & Co.

"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.—*Pueblo (Col.) People.*

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 CHERRISHING.—Acquaintance born and nourished in adversity, is worth the cherishing. Acquaintance in case of the pen or indignation should be carefully cherished. Prices: \$1.50 cents, and trial bottles 10 cents. For sale by W. R. Reed & Co.

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.

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. Prices: \$1.50 cents, and trial bottles 10 cents. For sale by W. R. Reed & Co.

This is what the Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch calls political economy for young ladies: "Buying a half-dollar straw hat, then putting eleven and a half dollars' worth of trimming on it."

O. Bortle, of Manchester, Ontario Co., N. Y., writes: "I obtained immediate relief from the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I have had Asthma for eleven years. Have been obliged to set up all night for ten or twelve nights in succession. I can now sleep soundly all night on a feather bed, which I had not been able to do previous to using the Oil."

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 charm. It is in great demand. For sale by all druggists."

The man who loafs his time away around a one-horse grocery while his wife takes in washing to support him pan always tell you just what this country needs to enhance her prosperity."

Samuel A. Hewitt, Monteray, Mich., writes that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cannot be beat by any medicine for cough and colds, and for rheumatism. It cures like a charm. It has been thoroughly tried in this place and is in great demand. For sale by all druggists.

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 using 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." For sale by all druggists.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH
BITTERS

The accumulated evidence of nearly 30 years show that the Bitters is a certain remedy for malarial diseases, as well as its surest preventive; that it eradicates dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint and nervousness, counteracts a tendency to gout, rheumatism, urinary and uterine disorders, that it imparts vigor to the feeble, and cheers the mind while it invigorates the body.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally. v9-11-y

House for sale—or exchange for a Colt. Enquire of Wood Bros.

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 giving special attention to the study and treatment of old maladies. His practice is school. (Eclectic) and attention is invited to the success of this School of Medicine, in its hygienic and safe treatment of the sick. Disease of a delicate nature, incident to either sex carefully treated. Two afternoons of each week will be devoted to examination and cure of patients able to visit at office, viz: Tuesday and Saturday.

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.

We compound and furnish our own medicine. v10-1

Cord Wood Wanted.

THE SCHOOL BOARD OF CHELSEA School desire to purchase Fifty cords of seasoned second growth Oak wood. All persons desiring to furnish this wood, will send sealed bids to H. Woods, at the store of Woods & Knapp, Chelsea, on or before Saturday, October 16, 1880.

By order of School Board. Chelsea, Oct. 13, 1880.

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

RE-OPENED.

We wish to announce that the old reliable Alhambra Dollar Store, has been reopened at the old stand, 92 Woodward Ave., Detroit. A cordial invitation is extended to all to look through and examine our new and elegant stock. New novelties received daily. v10-16t

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic cures Dyspepsia.

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic prevents Malaria.

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic restores the appetite.

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic cures Fever and Ague. v9-43-1y

Detroit Medical and Surgical Institute,

A. B. SPINNEY, M. D., Prop.

Office, 264 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich., devotes special attention to NEURALGIA, EYE, EAR, THROAT, BRONCHITIS AND LUNG DISEASES. Office hours exclusively. Free treatment for the poor from 4 to 5 P. M. each day. Office hours, 10 A. M. to 6 P. M. Health Journal and consultation by mail or in office free.

"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. Had no appetite, could not sleep nights, coughed a great deal and had, in fact, begun to contemplate the necessity of breaking up my business and going to a different climate for my health. I had tried most everything recommended for such cases, but found no relief. I took five bottles of your Blood and Liver Remedy and nerve Tonic, and gained 25 pounds in weight, and feel as well as ever.

Respectfully yours,

J. H. NEWELL.

Dr. Fenner's Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic may well be called "The conquering hero" of the times. Whoever has "the blues" should take it, for it regulates and restores the disordered system that gives rise to them. It always cures Bilelessness and Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headaches, Fever and Ague, Spleen Enlargement, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Pimples, Blisters, and all SKIN Eruptions and BLOOD Disorders, Swelled Limbs and Dropsy, Sleeplessness, Impaired Nerves and Nervous Debility; Restores flesh and strength when the system is running down or going into decline; cures Female Weakness and Chronic Rheumatism, and relieves Chronic Bronchitis, and all Lung and Throat difficulties. It does these things by striking at the root of disease and removing its causes.

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

Dr. Fenner's Golden Relief cures any pain, as Toothache, Neuralgia, Colic, or Headache, in 5 to 30 minutes, and readily relieves Rheumatism, Kidney Complaint, Diarrhea, etc. Try sample bottle at 10c.

Dr. Fenner's Vegetable Blood and Liver Pills. The best family physic known. For sale by Glazier & Armstrong, Chelsea, Mich. v9-13-1y

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

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

PRICE, \$3.00 per Six Bottles for \$5.00. Sent by Express, Sold by all Druggists.

W. JOHNSTON & CO.,
161 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Agents for the U. S. and Canada.

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

Be sure to ask your druggist for HILL'S Compound Extract of Buchu and Cubebs, as that is the only reliable Kidney medicine offered to the public. Sold by W. R. Reed & Co.

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:

Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate.

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. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give further order, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, 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. DORR,
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

—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 & Reynolds' 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

—FLOWS 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. v9-35

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.

Marceus Liver and Anti-Bilious Compound cures all Liver and Bilious diseases, 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.

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, TICS, 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.

v9-31

WOOD BRO'S

CHELSEA, - MICHIGAN,

—FOR—

GREAT BARGAINS

—IN—

SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS,

UMBRELLAS, WALL PAPER,

ALL KINDS OF

GROCERIES

AND CROCKERY,

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

WAREHOUSE of Corn, Feed, Salt, Plaster, Clover

Seed, Timothy

Seed, &c., &c.

Chelsea, April 22, '80. v9-19

REED'S

GILT EDGE

TONIC

IS A THOROUGH REMEDY

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

FOR SALE BY

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

Ague Cure

Is a purely vegetable bitter and powerful tonic, and is warranted a speedy and certain cure for Fever and Ague, Chills, Biliousness, Intermittent or Chills, Periodical or Bilious Fever, and all malarial disorders. It cures the system, producing quinine, without the use of quinine, and breaks the chill, do not cure, but live on the back and loins, and coldness of the spine and extremities, are only remnants of the ague paroxysm, succeeded by high fever and profuse perspiration.

It is a startling fact, that quinine, a tonic, and other poisonous minerals form the basis of most of the "Fever and Ague" Preparations. "Specifics," "Sympies," and "Tonics," in the market. The "Fever and Ague" cure, however, although they are palatable, and break the chill, do not cure, but live on the back and loins, and coldness of the spine and extremities, are only remnants of the ague paroxysm, succeeded by high fever and profuse perspiration.

For Liver Complaints, Ayer's Ague Cure, by direct action on the liver and biliary apparatus, drives out the poison which produces 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., Lowell, Mass.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

MICHIGAN.

The recent tornado in Central Michigan did much damage. Two of the houses of Henry Toole, Asbury, Barry Co., were killed and the family of J. A. Birchard, consisting of five persons were all severely injured. A large number of persons whose names are not obtainable, were also wounded. Over 50 head of horses and cattle were killed at Lansing.

Hon. James M. Turner was driving in his buggy, and his horse was struck by lightning and instantly killed. Mr. Turner was not very severely injured.

There are 1,242 students at the university of Michigan. Of this number 426 are in the literary department, and the others are as follows: Doctors, 599 (of whom 59 are homeopathic); lawyers, 277; dentists, 70; dentists, 70.

On Saturday night the safe in the postoffice at Ypsilanti was blown open and \$1,200 worth of stamps, change, etc., stolen.

The Kalamazoo Telegraph of the 1st says: "Last evening the engine of a freight train on the G. & I. coming north, was the scene of a queer episode. A fireman named Bert Conner suddenly stripped off his coat and threw it into the fire box; then he went over to the engine, then he threw his watch, worth about \$4.00 into the same fire. Conner then turned back, and his loaded revolver, which made a lively racket, then he took out a small Bible, and putting 50 cents into it, threw both into the fire. By this time the train was about 100 yards from the engine, and the fireman was able to subdue him; the engine was stopped and he was taken back into the caboose, watched and controlled till the train arrived here, when he was taken to jail for sleeping on the job. At Fort Wayne he was once telegraphed to. The unfortunate man is about 25 years of age and has been married, but a few months.

The Michigan car works at Detroit build 500 cars per month for railroads in various parts of the country, from Massachusetts to Dakota. In the country 300 wheels per day are cast, and 75 tons of iron are melted daily for castings for locomotives and cars and for miscellaneous repairs. The total value of the work done by the car works is \$4,000,000 or \$5,000,000 annually.

Postmasters Appointed—Beaver Lake, Ogema county, Baxter A. Root; Buena Vista, Saginaw county, Michael Riedel; Carson City, Montcalm county, James M. Barker; Cornish, Kent county, Jacob F. Hacker; Harwell, Clare county, Jas. S. Holden; Houghton Lake, Rosamond county, Jas. W. McCabe; Utica, Macomb county, Julia P. Grant.

Snow is already recorded in the upper peninsula. Judge Dryden, of Kalamazoo county, sold 1,000 bushels of apples from four acres of orchard.

Tuesday was the last day upon which Minister Isaac P. Christianity could have filed an answer to his writ of habeas corpus. He did not do so, and Mr. Christianity's counsel will move for pro confesso. It is understood that the answer prepared by Mr. Christianity in South America is at his lawyers', but it is of such a nature that it is not expected to be filed.

The report of the State Salt Inspector shows the production of salt in this State inspected during September to be 299,579 barrels; production for the year to October 1, 1910, 3,371,337 barrels, being 338,227 barrels more than for the period last year.

A fire at Lyons destroyed three buildings belonging to D. Hutchinson, lost \$2,000; Smith Bros. building, lost \$400; Osborne Bros. stock of groceries and drugs, lost \$3,000; insurance \$2,500; the Edison Electric Co. lost \$1,000; the I. O. O. F. lost \$300, and the Exchange bank \$200 on furniture.

The yacht "Sagittar," carrying supplies for the camps on the Detroit, Mackinac & Marquette railway, capsized and foundered. She left Marquette Sept. 23, discharged her supplies at Munising, and left during a northwest wind. Five of the crew were drunk and are supposed to be drowned.

A decision of the Supreme Court asserts the constitutionality of the liquor law—that it was properly submitted to the people for ratification, and that the objects to which the tax is assigned are sufficiently specific.

The Michigan State fair managers report a loss of about \$1,000 on the fair of last year. The expense this year was heavier and the attendance smaller than in 1878 or 1879, and the society were compelled to pay Jennings, the lessee of the park, \$3,000 for a surrender of his lease. The fair managers, however, ought to realize some \$5,000 or \$6,000, so that the society will find its account with Detroit for each of the three years past on the right side of the ledger.

Salt rock has been struck at the depth of 1,000 feet at St. Louis, Gratiot county.

Michigan cheese makers report that this season has been an exceedingly good one for the cheese business, and is yearly assuming greater proportions.

Mr. Ed. M. Brigham, of Battle Creek, will about November 1st start on a tour through the West Indies, Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia and Brazil, to make collections of plants, animals and minerals for several colleges.

The aggregate State tax for 1880 amounts to \$1,067,153.55. It is made up of the following items:

University aid, 12 mill mts.	\$ 31,500 00
University museum	20,000 00
University, general and other expenses	12,750 00
Normal school, current expenses	17,500 00
Military purposes	46,691 00
State public school	43,850 00
Improving state and capital grounds	500 00
State reform school	33,500 00
Deaf, dumb and blind asylum	40,100 00
Agricultural college, building, etc.	12,042 12
Fish commission	5,000 00
Reform school for boys, building	10,000 00
School for the blind, building	10,000 00
General state purposes	\$18,000 00
Total	\$404,531 21
County indebtedness to state	282,322 14

Aggregate apportionment to counties \$1,067,153 35

The old mill at Grand Haven has been destroyed by fire.

The Fenion Union fair was a success.

A man named Anderson fell down stairs in the post office block, at East Saginaw, and sustained injuries from which he died.

Jerome E. Nichols of Battle Creek, accused of various forgeries has skipped his bail and left the country.

side of the railroad which Nichols evidently lost in his flight from justice. This book was full of blank notes on Gustavus's bank at Galesburg. The notes were all made out payable to that bank, and in various amounts, from \$10 to \$400. One of them, drawn on J. R. Millard, was sold to Nelson Eldred of the City bank, and was a forgery. Many of these notes had signatures attached to them, all of which it has since been ascertained were forgeries. The total amount of these forged notes, which had been ready to dispose of and undoubtedly would have not been caught, reaches up into the thousands. In this book were also several forged deeds to various tracts of land, which he had thus been enabled to mortgage and raise money on, although he had never owned or seen them. These deeds had never been recorded, and his plan was to go to an auctioneer and sell them for \$11,000, and perhaps 100 acres of valuable land, and then raise from \$10,000 to \$20,000, and then raise from \$300 to \$1,000 on it. It is supposed that Nichols is in Canada.

The annual camp meeting of the seventh-day Adventists in the State of Michigan, 76 private tents surrounded the large tent in which services are held. The state missionaries or college preachers' fund has been \$19,603 the past year, and only \$11,038 has been received, leaving a surplus on hand of about \$8,500 for state missionary purposes. So far nearly 100 converts have been made. Mr. Ellen White has been very sick and the work and meetings have been almost entirely suspended.

R. H. Morrison, of obnoxious fame in connection with the funds of the Grand Lodge of Oddfellows, is now accused of crookedness in the matter of two checks drawn on Iowa banks.

The horses in Cincinnati are beginning to show symptoms of the epizootic. Dammit is the name of a postoffice town in Indiana.

The United States grand jury has found true bills against 35 citizens of Georgia for armed attacks upon the lives of the negroes. The grand jury, while discharging their duty, twenty of these outlaws belonged to the gang that burned Deputy Collector Stewart's property at the residence of the collector.

The Ute treaty has arrived at Washington, signed by 575 members of the tribe. \$75,000 is due by the tribe from the government. Owing to the lateness of the season the tribe cannot remove to their new reservation until next spring.

The epizootic continues to spread in New York, 10,000 horses being affected with it. The distemper has reached Philadelphia. In Boston, where it first appeared, it is abating without very serious results. At St. John, N. B., some fatal cases are reported.

A convention is to be held at Chicago Oct. 14, to consider the shipping interests of the country, and devise means to secure interstate relations. They demand the control of the ways. The co-operation of a number of societies is secured, and several governors of states and other prominent men are invited to attend.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions report the receipts of the past year \$615,539—a large amount than that of any previous year. The number of suitable young men offering themselves for missionary service is reported on the decline.

The United States silver coinage during the past fiscal year was about \$28,000,000.

A large representation of commercial interests met in New York last week to discuss the relations of the government to the lines of steamships by suitable payments for mail carriage, also a renewal of the law of 1867, which forbade foreign ships from bringing cargoes into the United States, excepting from their own countries.

For the year ending June 30, 1880, the issues of postage stamps and envelopes and postal cards (on which the revenue of the department mainly depends) aggregated in value \$2,067,342, 9 per cent. increase over the previous year.

The treasury department has ordered that on the 15th inst. the work of printing internal revenue adhesive stamps be transferred from the Columbia bank note company of New York to the bureau of engraving and printing, Washington.

The foundation for the obelisk has been laid in Central Park, the corner stone laid with imposing Masonic ceremony, and ere long the obelisk will be raised to its perpendicular position.

Cincinnati, by raising \$150,000 by subscription, has secured the \$150,000 offered her by C. W. West, one of her millionaire citizens.

An effective smoke-consumer has been attached to one of the engines on the Illinois Central railroad.

Hickok, the owner of St. Julien, challenges Maud S. to trot for any large amount of money.

Chicago celebrated the ninth anniversary of her great fire last Saturday.

During the past month over 12,000,000 bushels of grain were shipped to Europe. Three hundred vessels were employed in its transportation.

Gen. Weaver, the Greenback candidate for President, addressed a large meeting at Grand Rapids, Monday evening.

The town elections took place in Connecticut Tuesday, but have little interest beyond the towns themselves. An important constitutional amendment giving the appointment of judges to the legislature, and the election of the governor, subject to the approval of the legislature, was carried by a majority of 9,000.

Lyman E. Stowe is the Greenback nominee for Congress in the first district of Michigan. Arkansas voted to pay its honest debts, by a majority of 3,660 in a total vote of 64,499.

Randolph Strickland, Greenback nominee for senator in the state, declined, Ira D. Crouse, of Livingston county, has been placed on the ticket.

Gov. Colquhoun was re-elected Governor of Georgia by a large majority. The colored people voted for him.

Full returns from Delaware give the democrats about 565 majority.

The political parties are each very active throughout the State, holding daily and evening meetings in every county.

Greece is preparing for war.

A Dublin correspondent reports that a large number of men have visited the farm houses near Mullingar, capital of county Westmeath, in search for arms. A largely attended meeting was held Sunday at Mullingar, and the Leinster men were bought and freely imported in many quarters. The manager of an establishment in Dublin states that he has sold 1,400 rifles in a short period. He himself has ordered and delivered for sale 150,000 rounds of ammunition, and he has sold 150,000 rounds of ammunition, and he has sold 150,000 rounds of ammunition.

A great fire has occurred in Paris, which threatened to destroy and did somewhat damage the Tuilleries.

The whole tenor of the news from China is peaceful. A treaty is in process of negotiation between Russia and China, and the Chinese government is also preparing to build two telegraph lines, one of them with a submarine cable from Russia to Shanghai.

The death of Jacques Offenbach, the composer, is announced.

The ports have sent a note to the foreign ambassadors which states that the ports, in yielding to the continued pressure exercised by the powers, has resolved to deal with all pending business, and will never interfere the Albanians to surrender Dulgino. As regards Greece the ports propose a frontier line running north of Vola and south of Larissa, Metzo and Jari-na and terminating at the mouth of the river Arta. The reforms already promised will be introduced in Asia Minor in three months. The reforms in Europe will be carried out, as far as possible, by the integrity of the empire.

Foreign bondholders have been invited to send delegates to Constantinople to arrive at an arrangement, by which certain revenues may be assigned to the payment of the interests on the bonds. The ports, as a condition of the reforms, insist on the abandonment of the naval demerits.

Recent rains have flooded several towns in northern midland counties, England, to a depth of five feet.

All unauthorized religious chapels in France will be closed by the police.

Several heavy cotton dealers and manufacturers in Moscow have failed—one firm having heavy losses in the United States.

A telegram from Vienna states that the Turkish note is not acceptable to all the powers. The powers desire to maintain European peace, and avoid proposals from England, a blockade is mentioned as a probable measure of coercion.

The holy see has formally threatened to recall the papal nuncio from Paris if the decrees are enforced.

Advices from the Sandwich Islands say that the king has, under the influence of foreign residents and the business interests of the kingdom, changed his policy. He has appointed a new cabinet, who are much more acceptable to the people than his predecessors.

The government has ordered the barracks at Athlone, Carlow, Sligo and other places in the west of Ireland to be prepared for the full complement of troops they are capable of accommodating.

There is a famine among the cotton operatives of Russia, and strikes and riots are the consequence.

The Political Correspondence says it has received indications in regard to the character of the measures which Great Britain proposed to the powers as the reply to the last Turkish note. It consists of a kind of collective embargo in the Aegean sea, by which the powers would be prevented of practical pledges for fulfillment of the ports' obligations. Another dispatch says that Great Britain has proposed to the powers that the international fleet take possession of Constantinople, and that the Aegean sea.

It is affirmed at Paris that the powers are seriously thinking of limiting or encouraging the sultan's despotism.

The Mexican house of representatives by a large majority passed a resolution declaring Gen. Porfirio Diaz president of the republic to begin the term of December next. The electoral vote stood as follows: Gonzalez, 11,528; Valente, 11,300; Mejia, 529; Cadena, 1,075; Yallarta, 165; Zamacois, 76; scattering, 253.

General Gortalez being in the interior is not expected at the capital until the eve of his inauguration.

The Dublin Gazette contains a proclamation declaring Galway and Mayo in a state of disturbance requiring additional police.

Germany will refuse to give any assistance to coercive measures against Turkey unless all other measures failing in the interior is not expected at the capital until the eve of his inauguration.

The combined fleet will perhaps go to the Bosphorus.

M. De Lesseps announces the immediate commencement of the Panama canal.

England's proposed naval demonstration in the Aegean sea is accepted by the Powers.

All British Territory in North America not before included has been added to the Dominion of Canada.

New Canadian Enterprise.

The lumbering interests of Canada stand next in importance to her agriculture, and any movement to develop the great timber resources of the Dominion must be regarded as of the greatest importance. The announcement, therefore, that a joint stock company, with a capital of \$1,000,000, has been organized for this purpose will be a welcome piece of intelligence to every one having the interests of the country at heart. The fact that the money is subscribed by Scottish capitalists is an additional cause for satisfaction.

The company which has just sprung into life is called the "British Canadian Lumbering and Timbering Company (Limited)." The timber limits and lands in fee simple over which the operations of the company will extend are situated on the River Ottawa and the north shore of the Georgian Bay, in the Muskoka and Parry Sound districts, and in the State of Michigan and Wisconsin. These lands formerly belonged to the well-known firm of Cook Bros. and to Mr. Allan Grant, and have been transferred by them to the new company, in consideration of which they hold about half the capital stock, and will take a leading part in the management of the Company's affairs.

Indeed it is mainly owing to the exertions of Mr. H. H. Cook that the Company has been formed, and Mr. W. H. Lockhart Gordon, of this city, having gone to Scotland for that purpose. Fortunately these gentlemen secured the co-operation of Mr. W. J. Menzies, Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh, Scotland, Managing Director of the Scottish American Investment Company, to whose influence among the moneyed men in Scotland is due in a large measure the success of the enterprise.

Mr. Menzies is at present in Canada in the interests of the Scottish capitalists in this new Lumber Company. The directors are: W. J. Menzies, W. S. Edinburgh; James Haldane, C. A., Edinburgh; James Balfour, W. S., Edinburgh; Alexander Mitchell, timber broker, Glasgow; George J. Cook, Quebec; Donald Alexander Macdonald, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario; Herman H. Cook, and Jas. Scott, merchant, Toronto.

The principal office of the Company will be in Edinburgh. In Canada the principal office will be in Toronto, but there will be offices also at Quebec and at Midland. The Bank of Scotland will be the Company's bankers.

The affairs of the Company will be under excellent management, as the Messrs. Cook will give their undivided attention to them. They have already commenced operations by sending a large number of men up the Ottawa.

The company have arranged to cut between 500,000 and 600,000 feet of timber on the Ottawa, and 5,000,000 at Midland, and they will employ during the winter somewhere in the neighborhood of 400 men. For wages and supplies they calculate to spend annually between \$200,000 and \$300,000.—Toronto Globe.

The elasticity of metals is very well shown by their resistance to extension and their tendency to return or contract to their original length. Thus, if wires of different metals be suspended by one end, and the other be stretched in various degrees, and if the weights be not too great, contract to their original lengths on the weights being removed. Investigations conducted in this manner have proved that all metals are possessed of elasticity to some extent. Iron and steel, for instance, will return to their original length after very considerable stretching, while lead, on the other hand, only exhibits this property within very narrow limits. There is yet another form in which elasticity may manifest itself in cords and wires. If we fix firmly one end of a wire or cord and twist the other end round as we would turn a screw, the wire or cord on being released will untwist itself again. This is called "the elasticity of torsion."

Now, if we firmly fix a wire or cord at both ends and draw it by the middle of its length to one side, we can easily see that it stretches, or, in other words, so that when we release it again it returns to its original length by virtue of its elasticity contracting it; and, further, when we release such a cord, wire, or a bent bow, none of them returns at once to its original position or form, but vibrates from one side to the other of that position for some time before coming to rest, much in the manner of a pendulum swinging backwards and forwards. Now, as musical stringed instruments depend on this vibratory action of wires for their efficiency, we see that the same property of matter which gives to the arrow its flight gives us the sweet music of the harp or the piano.

Gen. Cass as a Landlord.

Guy kept the National Hotel in Washington, and among his guests was General Cass, then Senator from Michigan. Guy dressed like Cass; and, though not as portly, his face, including the wig, was strangely similar. One day a Western friend of the house came in after a long ride, dusty and tired, and, waking up to the noise, encountered General Cass, who was quietly standing there. Mistaking him for Guy, he slapped him on the shoulder and exclaimed: "Well, old fellow, here I am! The last time I hung my hat up in your shanty, one of your clerks sent me to the fourth story, but now that I have got hold of you, I insist upon a lower room!" The General, a dignified personage, taken aback by this startling salute, coolly replied: "I have committed a mistake, sir! I am General Cass of Michigan," and angrily turned away. The Westerner was shocked at the unconscious outrage he had committed; but before he had recovered from his mortification, General Cass, who had passed around the office, confronted him again, and, in a second time mistaking him again, he faced him and said: "Here you are at last! I met old Cass, and I took him for you; and I'm afraid the Michigan man has gone mad!" What General Cass would have said may well be imagined, if the real Guy had not intervened and rescued the innocent offender from the twice-assaulted and twice-angry statesman.

Winking Photographs.—Here is the last discovery in photography. A Frenchman takes one negative of a sitter with his eyes open. Then he makes the sitter shut his eyes and remain in exactly the same position while another negative is taken. The two negatives are printed on the same

paper, one on each side, exactly coinciding. When this double-faced picture is held in proper position before a lamp, and the lamp is rapidly moved or caused to flicker, the curious effect is produced of long-continued winking. It is not claimed that a person looks more beautiful when he is winking, but it cannot be denied that it gives one a very interesting appearance.

Queer Manifestations.

A Montreal correspondent says:—A highly sensational story comes from Hudson, P. Q., a village on the Ottawa River, a few miles above Oka Village. It appears that a fire broke out in the hotel stable, which are owned by Mr. John Park, proprietor of the Hudson Hotel. They were burned to the ground, while the inhabitants, who turned out en masse, had much difficulty in saving the remaining buildings. For two weeks previous to the burning devilish manifestations were carried on in broad daylight. By some unseen agency beds were tossed about in the spare rooms, and windows and doors which had been carefully shut were opened. On Friday afternoon a neighbor was called in to set mattresses, tables, chairs, etc., thrown about on the floor. A woman was cutting bread in the hotel kitchen the same day and placed the loaf upon the table. She turned her back for an instant, but found the loaf gone when she returned to take it up. After a search, the missing loaf was found hidden in a clothes-basket in an adjoining room. Later in the day a stall in the stable, afterwards burned, was set on fire, but the fire was quenched. This had hardly been done when a fire was discovered in another stall and it was also quenched. On Saturday morning the priest was sent for and sprinkled some holy water upon the place. The clergyman had not departed five minutes when bottles danced about the floor and the bedroom furniture commenced to move about the rooms. The stable was burned on the same evening by a fire started in the hay-loft. This story has much the same flavor as that of the Esther Cox mystery at Amherst, N. S., which created so much interest a little more than a year ago.

The Sand-Blast.

Among the wonderful and useful inventions of the times is the common sand-blast. Suppose you desire a piece of marble for a gravestone. You cover the stone with a sheet of wax no thicker than a water than you cut in the wax the shape of the stone. Now pass it under the blast, and the wax will not be injured at all, but the sand will cut in the letters deep into the stone. Or, if you desire raised letters, a flower or other emblem, cut out the letters, flower, etc., in wax, and stick them upon the stone, then pass the stone under the blast. Remove the wax, and you have the raised letters. Take a piece of French plate-glass, say two feet by six, cover it with fine lace, and pass it under the blast, and not a thread of the lace will be injured, but the sand will cut deep into the glass wherever it is not covered by the lace. Now remove the lace, and you have every delicate and beautiful figure raised upon the glass. In this way beautiful figures of all kinds are cut in glass, and at a small expense. The workmen can hold their hands under the blast without harm, even when it is rapidly cutting away the hardest glass, iron, or stone; but they must look out for finger-nails, for they will be whittled off right hastily. If they put on steel thimbles to protect the nails it will do little good, for the sand will soon whittle them away; but if they wear a piece of soft cotton around them they are safe. You will at once see the philosophy of it. The sand whittles away and destroys any hard substance—even glass—but does not affect substances that are soft and yielding, like wax, cotton, or fine lace, or even the human hand.

FLORIDA'S ORANGE GROVES.—The late severe storm in which the Vera Cruz went down was supposed at the time to have done considerable damage to the orange groves of Florida. Considering the force and extent of that hurricane it was stated that nearly the whole of the orange district would be so devastated as not to furnish the usual supply of fruit. Happily for the lovers of that juicy and aromatic luxury this is not so. One of the largest groves in Florida states that the position of loss is nothing more than supposition; that the weight of the storm was further south than the groves, and from all that he can learn, he judges that the damage done was comparatively light, not enough, in fact, to cause any change in his plans for the winter's work. The shipment of oranges begins about the 15th of November and continues into March. One firm has already begun with the shipment of three or four thousand boxes of fruit. A grower in Putnam county states that the estimated loss in consequence of the storm will be but five per cent at the most.

CITIZENSHIP.—The total population of the city of New York under the census of 1875 was 1,241,380, and the population as shown by the census of 1880 is a little over 1,500,000. Mr. Boese estimates that the number entitled to vote at the coming Presidential election will be 245,000, of which about 98,000 will be native born and about 146,000 naturalized citizens, and that the number of adult aliens will be between 50,000 and 60,000. These facts show that there are a very large number of persons residing in the great metropolis who do not avail themselves of the elective franchise, and also a surprisingly large number of foreigners who do not desire to enjoy the privileges of American citizenship.

DIAMONDS.—The rule adopted by English jewellers for estimating the value of diamonds, viz., multiply the square of the weight in carats by two, and the product is the value in pounds sterling, can only hold good in the case of those that are of small size, or do not weigh more than twenty carats. For, by this rule, the diamond belonging to the emperor of Brazil, which is still uncut and weighs 1850 carats, would be worth the enormous sum of \$5,448,000, and we dare say his majesty would be glad to take a million of dollars for it. Try your diamond with a sharp file; if it makes the least scratch, it is not a true one.

The first cows were brought to this country by Columbus at his second voyage, in 1493.

Recollections of Famous Authors.

"I believe you were a London publisher?"

"Yes; my eyes were good then, and I was in the thick of the trade. I was the confidential clerk of Chapman & Hall, when they became Dickens's publishers, and afterward I set up for myself."

"Did you see much of Dickens?"

"Not very much. He seldom came to the office except to draw his money, and he usually overdid. He inclined to dress rather 'loud,' and it was natural enough that his head was turned for a time by his extraordinary success. It was something more than forty years ago; it was in 1838-'37 and '38 that he was a frequent visitor at Chapman & Hall's."

"I was a member of the celebrated Museum Club," he continued after a short pause; "it was the precursor of the now still more famous Savage Club, composed almost wholly of authors and publishers. Inside of the Museum Club was another—the Zodiac Club, of which there were always fourteen members, one for each of ten signs of the zodiac, and two each for the other two—Pisces and Gemini. I belonged to this, also, and Douglas Jerrold, Leigh Hunt, George Henry Lewes, Francis Mahony ('Father Prout'), Landseer, Macready, John Leech, and others, were members."

"Each member was named after some sign in the zodiac and there was a fine of one penny for addressing a man by any but his zodiacal name; Douglas Jerrold, I remember, was 'Scorpio,' Moriarty, an Irish writer, was 'Taurus,' and Dr. Erasmus Wilson, a sort of later Kit Norton, and author of standard works on skin diseases—was 'Cancer.' I remember a joke of Leigh Hunt's at dinner one day. Lewes was carving a young pig. I think— he said to Father Prout: 'What part will you have?' 'My favorite part— you know what it is,' said Father Prout. Lewes was nonplussed for a moment, but Hunt exclaimed: 'Give him the Pope's eye—he's always trying to get the Pope's eye!' You know the Pope's eye is the delicate little gland in the pig's thigh. Father Prout's relation to the Catholic Church gave point to Hunt's suggestion, which was greeted with great laughter. Father Prout was a character. He bothered poor Tom Moore sadly, taking one of his finest songs and translating it into Greek, and then publishing them, side by side, and charging Moore with plagiarism."

"What sort of man was Leigh Hunt?"

"Cheerful—always cheerful and hopeful, though he had a hard time of it. About 1810 he was fined \$500 and imprisoned for two years for speaking of George, the Prince Regent, as a 'fat Adonis of fifty,' and there are not many men who could have borne the infliction more serenely. He obtained the pension of £200 from the Crown when he was the nephew of Queen Victoria, when he was the nephew of the Zodiac Club. He was the original of Dickens's 'Skimpole,' you know."

"But Dickens could hardly have thought unkind of him," I suggested.

"For the very year before he wrote 'Bleak House' he took the lead in a series of unrepentant entertainments for Leigh Hunt's benefit. Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, Cruikshank, Mark Lemon, Lewes, and others, took over the kingdom as a company of strolling actors to raise money for the impoverished author."

"O, no," said Mr. Addey, "Dickens certainly would not wish to harm or offend Leigh Hunt, but the latter's happy-go-lucky disposition undoubtedly suggested the extravagant shiftlessness and sunny gaud of Skimpole, notwithstanding."

"What sort of looking man was Jerrold?"

"He was a little man, about five feet high, long hair, prominent cheek bones, a keen eye, and his form a little bent, and he looked up at you with a comical wag of his head. I knew him very well. He was really kind-hearted and sympathetic, but he was so fond of fun and so sarcastic in his method that he sometimes indulged his wit at the expense of other people's feelings. Not many got ahead of him. His publishers, Bradbury & Evans, who he thought had treated him rather shabbily, gave him a couple of sucking pigs, which he took out to his suburban cottage, and put in a pen. He named them—one Bradbury and the other Evans. A couple of months after that, his publishers came on and dined with him. After dinner he took them to the pen and showed them his pigs, and said: 'I have named them after you, gentlemen. They are growing wonderfully, and I believe if I keep them they will grow the greatest hogs in Europe, and I do not forget the donors!'

"Jerrold's conversation sparkled with epigrams, and I never knew a man to laugh so heartily at his own jokes. If you heard Douglas Jerrold roaring with delight and holding his sides, you immediately inferred that he had said something. His laugh was unaffected, and very contagious. Like all literary men, he was never half paid. He told me that for his great comedy of 'Black-eyed Susan' which still holds possession of the stage, he received just what Milton did for 'Paradise Lost'—\$25—and the publisher made \$15,000 from it the first year. For the 'Cauld Lectures' and other things in Punch, he was better paid."

"Do you remember any other good stories of Jerrold?" I asked.

"One thing happened in my presence," he said, "which seemed to me very funny at the time, but has appeared a little rude ever since. At the club he was introduced by Albert Smith, I believe, to W. L. Leitch, editor of 'The Queen.' 'Leitch, Leech,' said Jerrold, 'any relation to John Leech?' 'No relation,' explained the other; 'our names are spelled quite differently.' 'O, yes,' said Jerrold, with a naughty twinkle, 'I remember; you are the gentleman who has the Scotch peculiarity to his name.' Leitch's introduction was horrified, but I don't think they got any satisfaction.—Indianapolis Journal.

A CLEVER SMUGGLER.—An officer of the Otrero department, Paris, whilst sauntering beneath the arcade of the Rue de Rivoli, encountered amongst the loungers a countryman whose face was familiar as that of one who frequently entered by the barrier at which he was stationed, but whose figure had lost its accustomed rotundity. The suspicion of the official was excited, and on the following morning, seeing the man at the barrier with his wonted fulness of figure, he asked him to step aside, and an examination resulted in the discovery that he was a false India rubber stomach, which was filled with alcohol.