

Out of my window I look,
And the boys go trooping by;
Voices as merry as chirping birds,
Hands that are mischievous, hoops that are
And I know when the silvers glide into their
feet.
By the sudden and clamorous cry,
I gaze at the pattering feet,
Red like the cinnamon bear,
And I know that, as onward the summer rolls,
Stout boys will cluster upon their toes,
And be dashing in angry and rosy kilt,
Will gleam here and there.
I look on the restless hands
That gesture amid their din,
And know they will reach through the orchard
fence,
And in spite of the measures to warn them
thence,
And the big cross dog with jaws immense,
They will gather the apples in.
I look on the sturdy backs,
Ribbed like the sides of a ship,
And I know that off in their flying tracks
The farmer will follow with wrathful whacks.
And the boys will taste, with their writhing
backs,
Less apple than buggy whip.
—Burlington Hawkeye.

SQUIRE BLAKE'S LOSS.

Mrs. Blake was house cleaning. With the assistance of Deborah, a colored woman, she had been hard at work for nearly a week; to-day they had come to the family sitting-room, which besides being cleaned was to be newly papered. At this point the Squire had mildly declared that he "didn't see the need of turning everything upside down, if they were cleaning boxes."

The room opening from the sitting room was lower in the walls than that, thus giving space for two small closets, one on each side of the chimney. It had been thought best to have these papered over, they were too high for frequent use. Mrs. Blake had a plot in her mind regarding them, and that was to fill them with some old books which were now lying about the house. In her view, though if the Squire had been told of this, his opinion might have been quite different for he seemed to have a mania for second-hand books, and bought all he came across.

In the Squire's family lived a boy by the name of Archie Turner, who was a child of a neighbor of the Blakes. About a year before our story begins, his parents died, leaving him and a sister without relatives or money; the Squire, seeing that he was a smart, intelligent boy, and wanting some one to help about the "chores," had taken him to live with them, where he was considered as one of the family; his sister found a home with some friends in the neighboring town of Chelton.

"Squire Blake was not a poor man, and there would sometimes be, as the neighbors said, 'quite a fortune laid to somebody.'" So Archie was considered to be very fortunate in having a home here, for the Squire and his wife had often spoken of adopting a boy, their only child being the little Amy, a girl of eight or nine years—and now it looked as though Archie might be the boy whom they would adopt.

But while we have wandered from the scene at the beginning, the cleaning has progressed finely; Mrs. Blake has called Archie to go with her to the attic to help bring down some books which have been crowded out of the house. She selected some volumes, and taking them, left Archie to do as she entered the sitting-room she was met by Mr. Stevens, a wealthy farmer.

"How'd do, Mrs. Blake," said he; "cleaning house, I reckon; well I won't hinder you long, I couldn't find the Squire anywhere's round, so I just dropped in to leave that money you heard him tell of, very likely; if he hasn't to home, no matter. Guess I can trust it to you; and with a good-natured 'ha, ha,' in appreciation of the joke, he produced a generous pocket-book, and taking from it a roll of bills, counted out the sum wanted, and handed it to Mrs. Blake. The Squire understands: there is no need for a receipt," he said; then, with a "good day," he was gone.

Mrs. Blake stood for a moment with the money in her hands—she had hundred dollars—when she suddenly dropped the bills, she was here to-day and left that money; bless me, I haven't thought of it since. "I've been so hurried."

The Squire turned a few leaves of his book, "Well, where is it now, I wonder," but his wife had gone to the sitting-room.

"Bring a light, Reuben; I'm sure I left it here." A light was carried in, but no money was to be found. They searched carefully around that and other rooms; Amy and Archie joined them without success.

"Deborah wouldn't take it of course," said the Squire, doubtfully.

"No, indeed," his wife answered, turning her pocket wrong side out. "No; besides it was when I heard her cry that I left it and went to her."

"And was no one else here after that?"

"No one, except—Mrs. Blake hesitated—'no one but Archie.'"

Neither of them spoke for a moment, but the same thought was in the minds of both, and later, when the children had gone to bed, they talked the matter over and made a search, which proved as fruitless as the first.

"I can't think Archie would take it," said the Squire.

"I don't want to think so, but where has it gone? And you know, Reuben, how anxious he was to go to Chelton. It was agreed, however, not to say anything to Archie for a few days, for it may come out yet," they said.

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after breakfast, which Amy and Archie alone enjoyed, he called the latter back after the others had left the room. The boy came back and stood expectantly before him, while he looked uneasily about him as if for some way to escape. At last he broke the silence by saying, "Archie, I can't tell how sorry I am to say this—to think it; but we cannot forget that you were the only one in the room where the money was left, so we think—that is—no doubt it was a great temptation, but tell us the truth, that will be the best for us all."

Archie stood silent for a moment; the color left his face, as he stood looking up, "O, you don't think I— I stole it!"

"We hope not; but if it is true, tell us now, and we will forgive you."

"But I didn't take it," cried the boy; "can't you believe me? Look in my room, look!"

Mrs. Blake entered the room just then. "O, it isn't likely it would be among his things now," she interrupted, speaking more sternly than usual; probably being conscious of her own carelessness in the matter, she was more willing to blame some one else.

Archie's eyes filled with tears, and he turned with a mute glance of appeal that touched the heart of one, at least, of his accusers, but the Squire left the room. He talked with the boy after this but nothing could make him confess his guilt.

The time passed, and it was decided that Archie should go to Chelton; a place was found for him, and he, poor boy, was glad to get away from the reproaches of his former friends, for Amy alone believed him innocent.

"I just know you didn't take the old money, so there!"

After he was gone though she missed her playmate at first, it was the Squire who felt his absence most. As for his wife she hardened her heart against him, declaring they were well rid of the little thief.

There was no more talk of adopting a boy. Occasionally they heard of Archie, and the report was always a good one. In course of time the lost money was forgotten by all but those whom it mostly concerned.

Ten years have passed since the day Farmer Stevens called at Squire Blake's and left the money which so soon disappeared, and again it is house cleaning time; there are several rooms to be papered this time, and among them the sitting room.

Amy is now a young lady just out of school; at present she is standing in the doorway of the room, watching the man as he tears off the paper, as it was thought best to do before the new was put on.

"Why," she exclaimed, as one piece came off, "what is this, a little door?"

"Yes, don't you remember the closets we had papered over years ago?" said her mother.

Her curiosity regarding them was not satisfied till she had climbed some steps and with difficulty pried open the doors of one.

"Why, it's full of books!" she exclaimed.

"I have good reason to remember when they were put in; it was at the time Archie Turner stole that money from your father's," said her mother.

Any stock looking over the books when suddenly, with an exclamation of surprise she sprang down the steps and went after her mother, who had left the room.

"I have found it!" she exclaimed excitedly.

"Found what child?"

For answer, Amy opened a book and held it before her mother, disclosing the lost money, nicely laid away where it had been undisturbed since the day Mrs. Blake had unconsciously dropped it before going to attend Deborah.

When the Squire came home there was quite a story for him to hear. After it was finished, he sat a moment wiping his spectacles, then he put them on, remarked, "Bless the boy, I never could quite believe he took it."

Of course Archie must be acquainted with the discovery, and the Squire suddenly remembered that he had business in Chelton the next day. Accordingly the morning saw him on his way, surprised by this call from the Squire.

"You don't know how hard I have been all the time to think that you believed that I had taken the money," he said after the story was told.

"But I know it has been hard to believe it," was the reply.

Archie gladly accepted an invitation to visit the Blakes, where he was welcomed by all, and the friendship existing between him and Amy was not less than it had been in their childhood. But it came that he became the son of Squire Blake, though not by adoption.

FINANCIAL.—The Japan News gives the following financial lesson for beginners:—Awoda Soyemom, a highly respectable man who lived many years in crossing a bridge at night, and dropped a piece of money worth 10 sen into the water. To recover the coin, Awoda Soyemom bought a torch at a cost of 50 sen, and had lost. A bystander said to him: "Is it not foolish to spend 50 sen to recover 10?"

"No," said Awoda Soyemom, "because the money had remained in the stream it would have been lost and of no use to any one; but the 50 sen are not lost; they have been merely transferred from my possession to that of another."

In Wurtemberg there have been recently founded a class of schools, open only for the practical education of the daughters of the small town of peasants in cooking, washing, house cleaning, domestic medicine, etc. The system is said to be working admirably, and to be effecting a revolution in the condition of the peasantry.

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The National Game of Scotland.

"The Royal and Ancient Game of Golf" has for at least four centuries been one of the favorite National pastimes of the "Land of Cakes." For the last few days Scotchmen in every part of these islands have turned their eyes eagerly to the accounts of the games played by the Golf Club of St. Andrews, in Fifeshire, whose autumn meeting was brought to a close on Saturday. There are older golf clubs in Scotland, and also in England, than that which has its headquarters at St. Andrews, but the ancient and historic city in the county of Fife has long been regarded all over the world as the metropolis of Golf. The Links of St. Andrews are crossed by many a stranger on his way to the cathedral in which John Knox preached a tremendous sermon against Popery in 1559; and inasmuch as the Links are alive for many months in each successive year with crowds of golfers, much surprise has often been expressed by visitors from the South at the unbounded enthusiasm with which the favorite game of Caledonians is pursued.

Golf is one of the most ancient and historical games still existing in these islands. The word itself—sometimes pronounced "Goff"—and sometimes "Gowf"—is believed to have a Teutonic origin, and to be derived from "Kolbe," which is the German name for a club. So far back as 1457 statutes were promulgated in Scotland against golfing, which was supposed to be an impediment to archery, the practice of which was deemed necessary to the martial education of the Scottish youth. But in spite of prohibitive legislation, golfing continued to flourish, and it is recorded that the "royal game" was regarded with great favor by many of the Scottish kings, whose grim portraits look down in endless rows from the walls of Holyrood Palace.

The game is played with a set of several clubs, of various lengths and shapes, according to the use to which they are to be put. The "driver," with which the game is opened, is about four feet in length, the supple handle made of ash, and the bent head of some tougher wood, such as beech, with a lining of bone, and sometimes, with a lump of lead into its back.

Lead which is about the size of a billiard ball, used in old times to be made of very strong leather, stuffed with feathers so closely wedged together as to make it as hard as a stone. The surface is painted white, but within the last few years gutta-percha has been substituted for leather, and no one of the game, it has always been a marvel to observe the distance of the ball's flight when struck from the "tee" by an accomplished player.

The "tee" is a little tuft of grass or a minute heap of earth or sand, upon the top of which the ball is placed by the "caddy" or bearer of the clubs, and also after it has been holed, and so that the head of the club may strike it full, and with unerring aim. The ball, thus struck, will fly through the air nearly two hundred yards, in the direction of the hole cut in the turf, about four inches in diameter, into which it is the object of each player to drive it. A shorter club, called the "spoon," with a sort of concave foot, is generally the next weapon used to strike the ball from the grass, while other clubs with heads of iron are employed to cut the ball out of shallow holes or loose sand. It needs no little skill to hit the ball fairly on its side and lift it cleanly off the ground. Strength is not so much required as dexterity, and hence it is that golf is practiced by men of greater age than those who indulge in any other athletic sport.

The game is played either by two or by four antagonists, and each party has a ball of its own. The number of holes into each of which the ball has to be driven varies according to the size of the ground upon which the game is played; but the chief skill of those engaged in it is called forth when the moment arrives for "putting" the ball into the hole. A different kind of club, short, thick, and with a heavy head, is employed for "putting" or holing the ball, and the party which takes the ball into the holes at the fewest strokes wins the game. It is strictly forbidden to touch the ball with the hand, except on those occasions when it gets into a deep rut, or is lost among the clumps of gorse with which Scottish Links are usually studded, and then it must be thrown over the shoulder and allowed to drop haphazard on the turf.

Such is the game which awakens in our Caledonian fellow-subjects a degree of enthusiasm which must be seen to be understood. Englishmen, to whom golf seems a tame and uninteresting game, can hardly understand why it should be an object of such enthusiastic admiration and pursuit in Scotland. That it is so will be admitted by all English guests who have partaken of the exuberant hospitality of Scotchmen, and there will be not a few to remember at this moment that the late Mr. John Blackwood, who lived at Strathgrym, near St. Andrews, was in the habit of keeping open house when the annual meeting of the St. Andrews Golf Club came round at the commencement of each successive October. "We are more occupied," wrote Mr. Blackwood some three or four years ago to an English friend, "in debating whether to build a bridge in part of our Links than in the question whether Russia will lick Turkey or Turkey Russia." Every game which awakens enthusiasm in any part of the world deserves to live, and happily, there is no chance at present of golf going out among our Northern fellow-subjects.

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Fight With a Grizzly.

Alexander Empee and his son Walter are living together on the old gentleman's farm in British Columbia. A fortnight ago, while father and son were standing in the field, Mr. Empee noticed the sheep running, and on looking toward the foot of the mountain, he saw an enormous bear crouching and slowly creeping toward his horses; which were feeding on the hillside. He immediately sent his son for a gun and an ax. By the time the latter returned, the bear was within twenty feet of one of the horses, and evidently about to spring upon the unsuspecting animal. Mr. Empee was about sixty yards from the bear, which on perceiving that he was observed, sat up, and as soon as Mr. Empee fired, sprang forward, rolled over and then ran away. The dog followed him, the father and son keeping on the trail by the bloody track left, and the sound of the dog up the steep and difficult mountain side, it being almost impossible to get through the wind-falls and growth in some places. They had, however, only gone about a mile or more when they heard the dog returning with the bear on his own track. On standing still for a few moments, the bear came within forty feet, apparently raging mad. For a moment the dog checked him, and Mr. Empee fired at what he supposed to be the back of his shoulder, but it proved to be the brute's enormous head, and he only struck him on the lower jaw, breaking off a part of the jaw and one lower tooth on the other side, and that no doubt saved their lives. Mr. Empee instantly loaded again, but when the monster sprang upon him the cap failed to explode. He used the gun over the brute's head, the second blow leaving only the barrel in his hand, and that appeared to produce no more effect than a riding whip in the hands of a child. At this point in the conflict the bear rushed hard upon his foe, when a small cut behind Mr. Empee tripped him, and he fell backward with the monster upon him. The bear was about taking Mr. Empee's head or face in his mouth, when the latter thrust his right hand into the bear's mouth and caught his tongue, and unfortunately his arm coming out across the animal's mouth, the monster shut it upon the arm, and crushed both bones: in the man's own words, as easily as you would break a pipe-stem.

The son now came to his rescue by dealing the brute a tremendous blow on the back of the head with the edge of the ax, but so thick was the monster's skin and fur that it only made a small cut. Leaving the father with his mangled and helpless arm, the bear turned upon the son. He first struck the ax, knocking it about thirty feet out of the young man's hand, and then seizing him by one knee "shook him," says the father, "as a bull-terrier would a rat, throwing him, with one shake nearly ten feet." Without even a knife, the father sprang upon the back of the bear, and thus diverted the bear from his son. Twice this dreadful game was played turn about by the father and son, each in his turn attacking the brute to save the other's life. While they were under the bear's feet, he held them down with his front feet and tried to tear them with his teeth and heel, but it was too long, and only the young man beneath him, and in an attempt to crush his head between his enormous jaws, for the want of lower tusks he was able only to tear the flesh from his forehead down over his eyes, and holding the skin of his forehead and eyebrow in his front teeth, shook the young man violently. At this moment the old man caught sight of the ax, and taking it in his left hand, began to strike the bear's head, the ax often coming close to the bear's face in the deadly struggle, and after having given the brute ten blows with the ax from his one hand, the bear released his hold from the son's face and fell from a blow between his eye and ear, dead, upon the bleeding body of the young man, who, during the last struggle, held a firm grip on the bear's tongue.

The father, with one finger bitten off and his arm crushed, had to help his wounded son home, the latter having both knees fearfully mangled and his face bitten and torn. The worst visited the sufferers on Sabbath evening, and found them under the judicious treatment of Dr. McDonald, doing very able work, though they will not be able to work thinspring on their farm. The father, an old bear hunter, but he never saw so large a bear before. From his hind feet to the top of his head was eight feet, so that when he stood up he was quite out of their reach. His skin weighed fifty pounds, and his foot was five inches across the heel and eight inches long. Never did father and son show more pluck in defending each other from a fearful death. At the first shot the ball passed through the bear's liver, lungs, and within two inches of his heart, carrying away part of the shoulder-blade on its way. The Indians say the bear must have been about 12 years old.—Toronto Globe.

The Relief of Candahar.

On the morning of the 31st of August the troops from Cabul marched in full view of the enemy's position, and encamped behind Kwer and Piquet Hills. The splendid appearance made by the force advancing in broad line of battle straight across country strongly impressed the beleaguered garrison, and for a time struck consternation into the ranks of the enemy. As soon as the men had eaten their breakfast a strong reconnaissance started along the road to Zemindawar, and got into a position from which a good view of the enemy's left rear behind the Pirpaimal hill was obtained. During the advance but little opposition was experienced; but as soon as the force

started to return, the enemy's Ghazis swarmed down from the hills in thousands, and a hot fire ensued.

In short, so continuous and deafening was the roll of musketry that it seemed as if a general action had been brought on, and one or two infantry regiments went out to the assistance of the cavalry. It turned out, however, that only four or five people had been wounded, although followed up almost into camp. In the enemy's line this retrograde movement was deemed a defeat, and the spirits of every one rose accordingly. The intention hitherto seriously entertained of bolting up the Argandab to Ghuznee was abandoned, and all prepared for a fight next morning. Our camp was within reach of the enemy's guns on the Babu Nuli Kotul, and shells dropped into it at intervals during the night, doing little damage, however, for the enemy possessed no shrapnell.

It is said that in the evening the moolahs went around their camp informing every one that Ayoub Khan, as soon as he had captured Candahar, would march straight upon Delhi, and next morning, when our troops were seen striking their encampment, word was passed along the Afghan lines that the English were going away. They were soon undeceived. Those splendid and veteran regiments, the 72nd and 2nd Ghorkas, were soon hotly engaged in front of the village of Mulla Sahibabad, at which the two latter corps most gallantly rushed, although the position was a most formidable one, being on the top of a high hill, and the walls all loopholed and most resolutely held by Ghazis. Neither Highlander nor Ghorka would be denied, however, and in ten minutes it was all over, many of the Ghazis preferring death at the bayonet point to flight.

As may be imagined, the fight here was very hot, and hand-to-hand encounters were frequent. As soon as the village was cleared of every inch of the way, for the country is intersected by the Ghazis took shelter, and every one of which had to be gained by a rush. Here it was that the enemy, perhaps lost most heavily, for as they broke from one channel to another our fire told most effectually, dead bodies lying thick everywhere even when I rode over the ground. The 72nd and 2nd Ghorkas had also some hot fighting while passing through the orchards and gardens on the left, but once the hill of Pirpaimal was turned it was all over with Ayoub Khan's forces.

While the Cabul troops were thus moving around the enemy's position, the Candahar garrison were engaged in threatening the Babu Nuli Kotul, which was shelled vigorously by our 40-pounders.

In the vicinity of the Kotul large numbers of Ghazis had congregated, deluded into the expectation of a direct attack. But as soon as the troops under General Roberts began to appear in the rear the whole mass bolted, abandoning the guns. The troops followed the enemy's camp following the example, not attempting to carry with them even a single gun. The Khan himself galloped off hastily towards Kakrer, and from there hastened to the Mulla Sahibabad, a stand there was no attempt to make.

Most of the guns were found parked close to the enemy's main camp. They had not been in action owing to their having fired away first of their ammunition at Kusk-i-Nakhud. Fresh supplies had been ordered from Herat, but had not arrived. Altogether not more than ten guns were probably engaged, and as neither Ayoub's regular infantry nor his cavalry were even seen on the field of battle, it is evident that General Roberts had not to contend against the hordes that overwhelmed General Burrow's brigade. But those who did oppose his troops fought most gallantly, undisciplined and ill-armed Ghazis, though they were outnumbered also from first to last.

The people round Candahar have, in consequence, dropped their habit of scowling at every passing European, and salama most respectfully instead. It is to be hoped that Government will not destroy this most salutary impression by a too precipitate abandonment of the capital of Western Afghanistan.

As I write, the troops from Cabul are peacefully encamped, and save their bronzed faces, show little signs of the wonderful march with a battle at the end of it, which they have accomplished.

A finer body of soldiers it would be impossible to get together, and, as yet, no stand there is probably nothing in Asia that could face them.—London Standard.

A HORRIBLE CRIME.—George Wheeler was in love with his wife's sister, in San Francisco, but could discover no pretext for getting rid of his wife. Della Tilson, the sister, was made very unhappy by the complication, for she returned his passion, and also had a deep regard for his wife. At length she was found dead in the house. She had been choked to death by George. His cool account of the murder was as follows: "She asked me to assist her to her bed, but I could not bear to see her blood. She said, 'Very well,' and sat in my lap, when I placed one hand on her mouth and with the other grasped her throat, and she, throwing her head back on my shoulder, died like a child. She struggled but little. At first she looked into my eyes, and I kissing her, told her to close them, which she did, and thus she passed away."

It would seem that nations prefer not their own thermometers, but other people's. It was Germany that invented the Fahrenheit scale, which we have appropriated, the Fahrenheit being preferred to employ that of a Frenchman, Reaumur; while France will have none of Reaumur, but uses the Celsius or Centigrade, whose introduction is due to a Swede.

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What are Boys Good For?

The urohin who answered: "They are good to make men of," made an admirable reply. But the sort of men we are to have in a few years, depends upon the sort of boys we have now. A man is but a grown-up boy. The present crop of boys contain some hopeful specimens, who give promise of noble and useful manhood. But it also shows a large percentage of boys who must be reconstructed, before they can possibly develop into a manhood that can fill any honorable or useful position in society. Boys who shun or shirk useful work or improving study, and spend their time in idle dissipations or vicious activities, can never become useful men. Boys who, being obliged to do something for their support, assiduously seek easy work, are not hopeful prophecies of manhood. They will never amount to much. When we see the tendency of city boys, to be industrious only in playing billiards or base-ball, or in some other useless and demoralizing pursuit; and the disposition of country boys, to seek in the city for easier or more respectable (?) employment than the country offers, we feel un- hopeful of the future. It is from these two classes that the constantly in- creasing armies of slyster lawyers, quack doctors, poor preachers, bum- mer politicians, drunken loafers, petty thieves, tramps, dead-beats, et di omni genus, are chiefly recruited.

Boys, if you want to be men of worth, don't be afraid of hard work or hard study.

"Lives of great men all remind you, You can make your lives sublime." Read the lives of the great men of the past and present, and emulate the virtues and imitate the example of their boyhood. Dr. Benjamin Franklin went from a soap-boiler's shop, through a printing-office, to fame world-wide and immortal, by dint of industry and study. What boys have done, boys can do.

Having disposed of the boy ques- tion, another in equal, not to say superior importance confronts us. "What are girls good for?" They are good to make sweethearts and wives of. Girls were invented ex- pressly for those purposes. They have no other mission or use in this world but to amuse the young men and comfort the old. Beg pardon; they have a minor, yet indispensable duty connected with the production of the future crop of boys. We came near forgetting this. Let us see, have we forgotten anything else which might be profitably said on this subject?

Ah! Now we are reminded that girls are good to make women of; and al- though sweethearts and wives should be women, yet women need not necessarily be limited in their functions or ambitions to so narrow a circle of duties. Women—some women— make excellent school teachers, preachers, lawyers, physicians, etc. Some write books that are worth reading, some edit newspapers, some—a good many—fill clerkships in Government offices. Why, come to think, there are almost (we are not sure, but quite), as many uses for women as men. This being true, the girls are as important factors in society as boys. Finally, what the women are to do, depends on what the girls are. We confess, with sor- row, that the outlook for a large crop of noble women, is not a whit better than it is for a crop of men worthy to be the companions of noble wo- men.

A Touching Scene.

A scene occurred the other week in front of a "lunch room" on Broad street, says the Providence Journal, which caused tears to flow from many of the ladies who happened to be standing by. A well-dressed, genteel appearing man, and a tidy-looking little girl about 15 years of age, came up Bennett street, and it was noticed that the child was weep- ing, while her father was swearing at a furious rate. It seems that the child had taken the drunken father's pocket-book for safe keeping, as he was entering every drinking saloon he came to. He swore at her and said: "Mamie, give me that pocket- book." The child replied: "But, father, what will mother do for food for breakfast? You have taken every cent from the house; and remember Gracie is ill, and mother could not send for the doctor, as she had no money. Oh, please, papa, come home with me. You promised Gracie when she was dying that you would not

drink liquor again." At this point the father completely broke down and wept like a child, and kissed his little Mamie, and said: "Yes, dear I do remember, and I will go home with you now." He covered his face with his hands and moaned, "Oh, Gracie, Gracie! Hark! Mamie, I can hear her sweet voice saying to me, 'Papa, dear papa, you will always love Mamie and stop drinking.' Yes, dear, I will go home; come!" When the dialogue ended there was many a stout heart that could not hold back the tears, but said amen to that new resolve on the part of the father, and praised the courage of the child. [Herald.]

Our Budget.

A friend of ours was once on board of a schooner wind-bound in the Bay of Fundy. Speaking of it afterward to an old lady friend, she exclaimed: "Wind-bound, were you? Why didn't you take some saffron tea?—it's the best thing in the world for wind."

Why!!!—Why are cowardly soldiers like butter? When exposed to fire they run. Running Sores and Impurities of the blood cured by Spring Blossom. Prices: \$1.50 cents, and trial bottles 10 cents. Sold by W. R. Reed & Co.

When the census-taker, wishing to compliment, said to a citizen: "Ah, sir, you're a wife of a hundred!" the lady grabbed a rolling-pin and sailed in on him saying: "You villian, I told you I was only 25. Don't you dare to put it down as 100!"

Life is real and life is earnest, when the buttoner is mislaid and a man is invited to fasten his wife's boots with his fingers.

If—If Adam had had a game of "Fif- teen" placed in his hands at an early period of his existence, the whole course of his story might have been materially altered for the better, and if Billiousness Indiges- tion, Sick Headache or Dyspepsia were unknown, Spring Blossom would not be needed. Prices: \$1.50 cents and trial bottles 10 cents. Sold by W. R. Reed & Co.

When Dr. H and Lawyer A were walking arm in arm, a wag said to a friend: "These two are just equal to one highwayman." "Why?" asked his friend. "Because," rejoined the wag, "it is a doctor and a lawyer—your money or your life!"

"Aunt Julia," said a blooming girl of seventeen, "what is necessary in order to write a good love-letter?" "Well," replied the aunt, "you must begin without knowing what you mean to say, and finish without know- ing what you have written."

MIRACULOUS CURE.—Your Spring Blossom is a success, I certainly think its effects are wonderful, all the Dyspeptic Symptoms I complained of have vanished, my wife also is enthusiastic in praise of it, she was dis- figured by Bilectics and Pimples on her face and had a continuous headache, she is all right now and all unsightly eruptions have gone—and can refer any doubting Thomas to me. R. M. WILLIAMSON, Elk Street, Buffalo. Prices: \$1.50 cents, and trial bottles 10 cents. Sold by W. R. Reed & Co.

"Very gritty, this salad," said one friend to another, when they were dining together; "don't you think so?" "Gritty," repeated the other—"gritty! Why, I call it a gravel path with only a few weeds on it!"

A countryman was one day catch- ing what he supposed were frogs, when a gentleman, happening along, informed him that they were toads. "So much the worse for them," re- plied the countryman; "they will be eaten all the same."

Late inventions, like the telephone and the multiplying slates, all tend to reduce the labor, and vexations of business; but nothing relieves a cold, cough or sore throat like Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Try it: it is worth its weight in gold. For sale by all druggists.

"What pretty children, and how much they look alike!" says C., dur- ing a first visit at a friend's house. "They are twins," his friend ex- plains. "What, both of 'em?" ex- claims C., greatly interested.

If some one would successfully start the report that ice cream spoiled the complexion and made women bow- legged it would be thousands of dol- lars in the pockets of the poor but love-stricken young men.

Briggs only swears occasionally now. It was the rheumatism made him so profane, but since he has taken Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, he has scarcely had a twinge. He says he thinks another bottle will cure him entirely. For sale by all druggists.

Boston girls bathe with perfect security from sharks. They merely put on a pair of blue spectacles and look intellectual and the sharks light out for deep water.

When an up-country conductor struck in the smoking car a boy puff- ing a big cigar, and the lad tendered him a half-fare ticket, it rather took the railroad man's breath away.

"How do you like me?" asked a belle of her spouse, as she sailed into the room with her long train sweep- ing behind her. "Well," said he, "to tell the truth, it is impossible for me to like you any longer."

John Hays, Credit P. O., says: "His shoulders was so lame for nine months that he could not raise his hand to his head, but by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil the pain and lameness disap- peared, and although three months has elapsed, he has not had an attack of it since." For sale by all druggists.

If you do not believe that Hill's Compound Extract of Buchu and Cubebs will do all that is claimed for it, try it and you will believe it. Sold by W. R. Reed & Co.

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 now 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 care- fully treated. Two afternoons of each week will be devoted to examination and cure of patients able to visit at office, viz: Tuesday and Saturday.

Patronsage 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

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 reli- able Allambee Dollar Store, has been re- opened at the old number, 92 Woodward Ave., Detroit. A cordial invitation is ex- tended 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 appe- tite. Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic cures Fever and Ague. v9-43-1y

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

Office, 24 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.; devoted to the treatment of all diseases of the internal organs, viz: BILIOUSNESS, FEVER, AGUE, SPLEEN ENLARGEMENT, SCROFULA, ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, and ALL SKIN ERUPTIONS and BLOOD DISORDERS, Swelled Limbs and Dropsy, Sleeplessness, Impaired Nerves and Nervous Debility; Restores flesh and strength when the system is running down or going into decline; cures Female Weak- ness 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 re- moving its causes. Yours truly, A. F. JENNINGS, M. D.

WHAT PHYSICIANS THINK. NEW YORK, Dec. 21, 1871.

DR. M. M. FENNER, Fredonia, N. Y. Dear Sir,—I have no hesitation in say- ing that the efficacy of your Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic in re- lying and curing the various chronic diseases you mention in connection with it, far surpasses anything I have ever met with or known, during a twenty years' ex- tensive practice of medicine. It is suc- cessfully administered in so large a num- ber of diseases because it operates by way of removing the causes of disease, hence they yield of necessity. Yours truly, A. F. JENNINGS, M. D.

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 regu- lates and restores the disordered system that gives rise to them. It always cures Bilectics and Liver Complaint, Jaun- dice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headaches, Fever and Ague, SPLEEN ENLARGEMENTS, SCROFULA, ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, and ALL SKIN ERUPTIONS and BLOOD DISORDERS, Swelled Limbs and Dropsy, Sleeplessness, Impaired Nerves and Nervous Debility; Restores flesh and strength when the system is running down or going into decline; cures Female Weak- ness 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 re- moving its causes.

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

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

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

Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT HAVING BEEN MADE in the conditions of a mortgage exe- cuted by Owen Mullen and Bridget Mullen his wife, to James P. Wood, bearing date the 30th day of February A. D. 1880, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Washtenaw county, Michigan, on the 20th day of March A. D. 1880, in Liber 58 of mortgages, on page 380, by which default the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at this date the sum of Four Hundred and Forty-five and 39-100th dollars, and Twen- ty-five dollars as an attorney fee as pro- vided in said mortgage, and no suit or pro- ceedings at law or in chancery having been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof: Notice is therefore hereby given that in virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and of the statute in such cases made and provided said mortgage will be foreclosed on Friday the 24th day of December next at one o'clock in the afternoon of that day, at the east door of the Court House in the City of Ann Arbor, in said County of Washtenaw (said Court House being the place of holding the Cir- cuit Court for said County of Washtenaw) by sale at public auction to the highest bidder of the premises described in said mort- gage, which said mortgage premises are described in said mortgage as follows, viz: All that certain piece or parcel of land situated and being in the Township of Lyndon, in the County of Washtenaw and State of Michigan, and described as fol- lows, to-wit: The northwest fractional quarter of section number thirty-two (32), except so much of West part as was here- tofore decreed to James Mullen, said ex- cepted land lying west and north of creek run- ning into Sugar Loaf Lake, all in township one south of range three east.

Chelsea, Mich., Sept. 28, 1880.

JAMES P. WOOD, Mortgagee.

G. W. TURNBULL, Att'y for Mortgagee.

To Correspondents.

Correspondents will please write on one side of the paper only. No communication will be published unless accompanied with the real name and address of the author, which we require, not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. All communications should be ad- dressed to "THE HERALD," Chelsea, Washtenaw Co., Mich.

Probate Order.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, } ss. COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, } At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Pro- bate office, in the City of Ann Arbor, on Saturday, the twenty-third 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 William A. Begole, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of George A. Begole, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to Dora A. Begole, or some other suitable person.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the twenty-second 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 re- quired 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 peti- tioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, 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 CHLSEA HERALD, a newspaper printed and circu- lated in said County, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing. WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Judge of Probate. [A true copy.] WILLIAM G. DUTY, Probate Register.

WINANS & BERRY, FINE FASHIONABLE Merchant Tailors,

Will pay the FARE both ways, to any one from CHELSEA, or there- abouts. 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.

TO THE LADIES!

We have just received one of the finest lot of

GLOAKS AND DOLMANS

EVER BROUGHT TO CHELSEA.

BLANKETS

We have a full line. All other kinds of goods suitable for the

WINTER TRADE.

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

Please call and examine our goods.

McKONE & HEATLEY.

Chelsea, Oct. 25, 1880. v-9-51

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

WINTER SHOES!

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

GROCERIES, FLOUR,

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

Give us a Call and be Convinced. v9-35

DURAND & HATCH.

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

Town's Bronchial Syrup is a positive cure. With but the nominal cost of 75 cents you procure this truly sovereign remedy.

Bronchial Syrup is guaranteed by all druggists and dealers in medicine to give entire satisfaction. Try it and be convinced of its real merit.

Marceus Liver and Anti-Bileous Compound cures all Liver and Bileous diseases, purifies the blood, equalizes the circulation and restores to perfect health the enfeebled system.

Farrand, Williams & Co., Agents, DETROIT.



Parker & Babcock,

Special offering for the

FALL and WINTER

TRADE of 1880.

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

DRY GOODS,

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, BOY'S, 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, COT- TON DRESS GOODS, BROCADES, Broadhead ALAPACA, Momic CLOTH, CRAPE, CASHMERE, GROGRAIN SILKS, SILK VEL- VET, 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 COT- TONS 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 chil- dren; 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,

CHLSEA, MICH.

Hurrah! Hurrah!



Chelsea Heard From!

1,000 of the inhabitants of Wash- tenaw Co. are trading daily at

WOOD BRO'S

CHELSEA, - MICHIGAN, —FOR—

GREAT BARGAINS

BOOTS

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 arti- cles, and their

WAREHOUSE of Corn, Feed, Salt, Plaster, Clover

Seed, Timothy Seed, &c., &c.

Chelsea, April 22, '80. v9-19

REED'S

TONIC

IS A THOROUGH REMEDY

In every case of Malarial Fever or Fever and Ague, while for disorders of the Stom- ach, Turpity 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

"BUSINESS PRINCIPLES."

"When you want something to attend strictly to busi- ness, and cure a cough or cold in the head get Dr. Fenner's Improved Cough Honey. It will relieve any case in one hour. Try a sample bottle at 10 cents. For sale by Glazier & Armstrong, Chelsea. v9-13-7

USE TOLU ROCK RYE SURE CURE

Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bron- chitis, Asthma, Consumption, And All Diseases of THROAT and LUNGS.

Put up in Quart-Bottles for Family Use. Scientifically prepared of Balsam Tolu, Crystallized Rock Candy, Old Rye, and other tonic. The Formula is known to our best physicians, is highly recommended by them, and the analysis of our most prominent chemist, Prof. G. A. WALKER, in Chicago, is on the label of every bottle. It is well known to the medical profession that TOLU ROCK and RYE will afford the greatest relief for Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Weak Lungs, and Consumption, in the simplest and most effective manner. It is pleasant to take, and of delicious flavor. It gives tone, activity and strength to the whole human system.

CAUTION. DON'T BE DECEIVED. We are to be distinguished from all other brands by the fact that our TOLU ROCK and RYE, which is the only medicinal article made, the genuine being a GOVERNMENT STAMP on each bottle. L. A. WALKER & MARTIN, Proprietors, 111 Madison Street, Chicago.

Ask your Druggist for it. Ask your Wine Merchant for it. Ask your Grocer for it. Ask your Grocer for it. Ask your Grocer for it.

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

"CAUTION."

He who cares for his belly much more than for his back, who has friends in his rage, is uncommonly slack; If Indigestion or Headache from indig- estion arise, Spring Blossom cures all who the Remedy tries. Prices: \$1.50 cents, and trial bottles 10c. W. R. Reed & Co.

C. R. E. TIME TABLE.

Table with 2 columns: Direction (GOING WEST, GOING EAST) and Time. Lists train schedules for various routes including Chicago, Detroit, and St. Louis.

Chelsea Herald,
IS PUBLISHED
Thursday Morning, by
Allison, Chelsea, Mich.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

OLIVE LODGE, NO. 156, F. & A. M., will meet at Masonic Hall in regular communication on Tuesday Evenings, on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
G. A. ROBERTSON, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—THE REGULAR weekly meeting of Vernon Lodge No. 85, I. O. O. F., will take place Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, in the Lodge room, Middle St., East.
G. E. WRIGHT, Sec'y.

ASHTEENAW ENCAMPMENT, No. 1, O. O. F.—Regular meetings first and third Wednesday of each month.
J. A. PALMER, Scribe.

Kemp & Brother,

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

Interest Paid on Special Deposits.

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

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.

Loans on First-Class Security, at Reasonable Rates.

Insurance on Farm and City Property Effectuated.

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

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

INSURANCE COMPANIES
REPRESENTED BY
W. E. DEPEW.

Assets.
New York, \$6,100,527
London, 3,392,914
Philadelphia, 3,253,514
American, Philadelphia, 1,986,061
Chicago, 501,020
Fire Association, 8,178,380

Office: Over Kemp's Bank, Middle St., west, Chelsea, Mich. v9-1

L. W. BUSH,
DENTIST,
OFFICE OVER H. S. HOLMES' 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

D. FRATT,
Watchmaker & Jeweler

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

Uncollected Letters.
List of Letters remaining in the Post Office, at Chelsea, Nov. 1st, 1880:

Albion, Miss Katie Clark, Harman Congdon, A. B. Chadwick, Wm. Graham, Miss L. M. Johnson, Miss Zahner, Rogers, N. G. Volney, C. O.

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

GEO. J. CROWELL, P. M.

OUR TELEPHONE.

The fever and diphtheria disease is on the decrease in Chelsea.

Last Tuesday was a pleasant sunshine day. The roads are drying up, and the mud are fast disappearing.

Rev. J. PATCHIN, of Grass Lake, will preach in Chelsea next Sabbath, morning and evening, exchanging pulpits with Rev. Dr. Holmes.

ERROR.—We made a mistake in our last issue in regard to the supper given the leap year party at Wuelock's restaurant. It ought to have read Conrad Heselchwerdt's restaurant, instead of the above.

Mrs. KAROUSK, of Chicago, (formerly a resident of this village,) delivered a very able lecture on temperance at the Congregational Church last Sunday evening, to a large audience. About 25 converts signed the pledge and put on the red ribbon.

These are the days when the man with the shot-gun goes out hunting and gets back with a bad cold. Then Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup takes the place of the gun every time.

Has Chelsea got a Marshal? If so, why don't he attend to having the parties clear off their sidewalks; also, to see that the sidewalks be kept in repair. We hear of complaints being made every day. Will our town "dads" look after the welfare of our town?

CHELSEA was visited on Saturday last with quite a heavy snow storm, lasting all day. On Sunday there were several cutters seen on our streets. A few of our inhabitants enjoyed a little fun; but it was of short duration, on Monday old "Sol" came out and gave us plenty of mud.

Mr. JOHN C. TAYLOR and family of this village has had a hard time with typhoid fever. The oldest son, Rennie, was taken down first—then his daughter, Celestia—then himself. The son and daughter are around and in a fair way of recovery. Mr. T. is still sick; but is getting along as well as could be expected.

We are sorry to see some of the most promising young men of this village get a quarrelling and fighting, and then being arrested and brought before the Justice of the Peace. Young men, try in the future to do better—think that it is in your power to become honorable members of society—take warning before it is too late. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

On account of the snow on Saturday last, business was rather dull, very few people was in town; but on Monday there was a big rush. We counted no less than 100 teams hitched; in fact there was not a vacant hitching post in town. The business houses was thronged to overflowing by people going in and out of the different stores. Our merchants were full of smiles, rejoicing over the good sales they made on that day.

Life is full of sorrows and disappointments, but the most sanguine hopes of all those who try Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, are always realized. It never disappoints. Price 25 cents.

THE Oratorio of "Josiah" will be given in Chelsea on Monday and Tuesday evening Nov. 15th and 16th, under the direction of Prof. W. A. Ogden. The class have been in active drill for nearly two weeks, and the entertainment promises to be the finest of the season. To all lovers of fine music, we unhesitatingly say, go and hear them. Our young people accomplish what they undertake, and this concert will not be an exception. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

OUR TOWN.—Local items are scarce since election. Every body seems to have gone into their holes; no fights, no horse-racing, no great billiard matches—not even the State Chess organization—have appointed Chelsea as headquarters for the next tournament. Such being the case, what shall we write about? No fond father has come and informed us of any addition to his family; and, if there has been, and we not notified in time, who is to blame, if it is not in the paper?

YOUNG man would you be rich? It is possible: Follow this recipe and wealth is yours. Get and keep what you can, befriend none unless you can "make" something out of them, work day and night—take advantage of everyone with whom you deal heap interest upon interest, cent upon cent. It is in this way the small minded, inferior man, climbs the golden stair, and when you get wealth in this way you'll be sure to keep it, for you'll be too mean to spend it. This rule is infallible.

THANKGIVING.—The President of the United States of America, has appointed the 25th day of November, 1880, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer for the bountiful harvest bestowed on its inhabitants. Then let us all thank the "Great Giver" of all things, for his bountiful mercies. Let every one enjoy a good fat turkey on that day; but remember that printers can pick turkey as well as type—so don't you forget it—he will give you a "big puff" in the paper, and tell everybody that the party who sent it has a heart as big as an elephant. "Remember the poor printer."

REV. W. W. HAMMOND, of Detroit, gave the citizens of Chelsea a very interesting lecture on his travels through Egypt, Palestine and the land of Moab, Monday night of this week. He illustrated by a class of our town boys, an Arab school. Showing the way they were punished for their teachers, the way they were punished for mis-conduct, their manner of saluting their teacher etc. He also gave a fine description of the dress and manners of the people generally, of those countries which he visited. We are very sorry that the people of Chelsea do not turn out better to patronize such entertainments. It would seem as if the interests of the young people of this place would demand a better class of entertainments than those commonly visiting Chelsea.

DIED.

Died at Chelsea Oct. 26th, of diphtheria, WILLIS MORTON, only son of William and Frances Judson, aged 2 years 8 months and 9 days.

"The young, the loved, the beautiful, Why must they pass away? Why must the flower we love so well, The earliest decay?"

Why must the gentle and the good Retrace their steps so soon? Why must the "morning glory" hide Before the mid-day sun?

The young, the loved, the beautiful, They early pass away, Because they cannot bloom and shine Where death's chill breezes play.

O gentle Father! Master good! Help us to love and lose; To trust thee when not understood, To acquiesce, not choose.

Died on Thursday Nov. 4th, 1880, Mrs. ELIZABETH LETTS, after an illness of only 8 days.

Mrs. Letts had only been a resident of our village about four months and a half, but in that short time she had by her truly christian character won for herself a comparatively large number of friends who deeply feel her loss. After a short service at the house on Saturday morning, at 9 o'clock, the body of the deceased was taken to Wayne for interment. Notwithstanding the severe storm of that day, several of her Chelsea friends accompanied the relatives to Wayne, where carriages were awaiting them at the depot. The remains were taken to the church, and a funeral discourse was preached by Rev. Baskerville, her former pastor. From thence her former friends of Wayne and those of Chelsea together, followed her remains to the cemetery, where they were deposited in their last resting place.

DIED.—John Barber, an old pioneer, died at his residence in Waterloo, at an advanced age, one day last week.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—On last Sunday evening as the fast express train due in Chelsea at 10:15,—when within a few miles of this place, one of the passengers, (a colored lady) became sick—it seems she went to the door of the car to get a little fresh air, when she lost her balance and fell overboard, the car striking her and throwing her several feet in mid air. When she became sensible of her condition, she arose and found herself all right, with the exception of a few slight bruises. Her situation was telegraphed all around—hand-car-men came from the east and west in search of her, but of no avail, she had disappeared as a phantom. On Monday, Mr. Martin, our freight agent, found her taking a stroll through our beautiful village unharmed and feeling happy.

ATTENTION is called to our readers to the "Scale advertisement" of C. H. Robbins, on third page.

LAST Wednesday was a poor day in Chelsea for business. It was gloomy and rained most of the day.

THE Original Tennesseans will sing in Chelsea Nov. 26th. This is the identical troop which travelled in Europe in the interest of the Freedman's cause of the South. During last winter and spring they sang 48 nights in the city of Chicago. They are under the charge of J. W. Donavin, of Delevan, Ohio. Hear what Rev. R. B. Pope, former pastor of Ann Arbor, Mich., says in a letter to Mr. Donavin:

MY DEAR BROTHER.—I learned recently that you are contemplating a tour through Michigan with the Original Tennesseans. As I have had the pleasure of a very pleasant acquaintance with many of our ministers and churches in that State, I wish the privilege of giving you as hearty an introduction as possible. I have greatly rejoiced in your uniform and well-merited popularity. I bespeak great success for you in Michigan, and know that our people there who have been disgusted with some very cheap and fraudulent imitations, will be delighted with the Original Tennesseans. Most heartily yours, HENRY B. POPE, Pastor of Trinity Church, Chicago.

OUR NEW PATENTED DOMESTIC PLATFORM Family Scale.

The Handsomest, Cheapest, Strongest, Most Convenient and ACCURATE Platform Family Scale in the World.

Price \$2.00 each.

WEIGHS UP TO Twenty-five Pounds!

It is provided with an ADJUSTABLE INDICATOR with which you can take the tare of a plate, dish, or anything used in weighing.

After putting on a vessel or dish, slip the pointer to the figure 0; the pointer then will indicate the exact number of pounds, or fraction of pound, of any article you may put in the vessel or dish.

Our New Domestic Platform Family Scale is the best device for weighing small articles ever invented, and supplies a long needed want in every family—a cheap, convenient and reliable scale. It gives the exact weight of anything up to twenty-five pounds, and is peculiarly adapted to the wants of house-keepers in weighing sugars, fruits, and other ingredients used in cooking, making preserves and jellies, putting up fruit, etc., also for testing the weights of purchases from others. Is always ready, never out of order, no weights to hunt for, and will more than save its cost in a month's time.

The metal, the Scale is made of resembles nickel, can always be kept in the same condition, and for the purpose used as equally as good. They stand without a rival for accuracy, durability, simplicity, and beauty of finish, and are the cheapest Platform Family Scales ever offered to the public. They are sold to families by our agents, throughout the country, and no housekeeper will fail to buy one at the price for which they are sold.

Domestic Scale Company,
190 West Fifth St., Cincinnati, O.

FOR SALE BY
O. H. ROBBINS, Chelsea,
Chelsea, Mich., Nov. 11th, 1880.

JOHN PRINTING, from a Mammoth Poster to a Vending Card, done at this office.

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.

Chelsea Market.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Lists market prices for various goods including wheat, corn, clover seed, timothy seed, beans, potatoes, apples, do dried, honey, butter, poultry, chickens, lamb, hams, shoulders, beef, sheep, hogs, hay, tame fowls, salt, wool, cranberries.



SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS!
Largest and Most Complete Line Manufactured
ADAPTED FOR BURNING ALL KINDS OF FUEL
EVERY STOVE WARRANTED A SUCCESS
None their Equal—Acknowledged Favorites
ALWAYS AWARDED FIRST PREMIUM.
Buy the Best—
Sold by J. RACON & CO., Chelsea, Mich.

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 Gimp, Buttons, Shawls, Canton Flannels, Red Flannels, Check Flannels, Fancy Cloakings, Repellants, Bed Ticks, Demins, 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.

v9-18]

During the Next

TEN DAYS!!

AT THE BEE-HIVE!

WE SHALL BE OPENING THE SECOND IMMENSE INSTALLMENT OF

New Fall Dry Goods

THIS IMMENSE STOCK OF

CLOAKS, SHAWLS, DRESS GOODS, FELT SKIRTS, FLANNELS, FRINGES AND TRIMMINGS, AND HOSIERY

ALL BOUGHT FOR CASH

—AND AT—

SPECIAL CASH DISCOUNTS.

WE OFFER TO OUR FRIENDS IN

CHELSEA AND VICINITY

—AT THE—

MOST FAVORABLE RATES.

It will pay you to come **THIRTY MILES** to see us.

Respectfully Yours,

L. H. FIELD.

