

As we grow old, our yesterday  
Seem very dim and distant;  
We grope, as those in darkness ways,  
Through all that is existent;  
Yet far-off days shine bright and clear  
With suns that long have faded,  
And faces dead seem strangely near  
To those that life has studied.

As we grow old, our tears are few  
For friends most lately taken,  
But fall—as falls the summer dew  
From roses lightly shaken—  
When some chance word or idle strain,  
The chords of memory sweeping,  
Unloose the flood-gates of our pain  
For those who taught us weeping.

As we grow old, our smiles are rare  
To those who greet us daily,  
Or, it seems living faces wear  
The looks that beamed so gayly  
From eyes long closed, and we should smile  
In answer to their wailing.  
Tis but the Fast that shines the while  
Our power to smile renewing.

As we grow old, our dreams at night  
Are never of the morrow;  
They come with wondrous pleasure bright,  
Or dark with woe and sorrow;  
And when we wake, the names we say  
Are not of any mortals,  
But of those in some long dead day  
Passed through life's sunset portals.

**THE MINISTER'S DREAM.**

Before commencing my story, I wish to state it is perfectly true in every particular.

"Yes, it is perfectly true," continued the minister, looking thoughtfully at the fire. "I can't explain it. I cannot even try to explain it. I will tell the story exactly as it occurred, and leave you to draw your own conclusions from it."

"I was as well when I went to bed, about 11 o'clock, as ever I was in my life," he began, putting a great restraint upon himself, as I could see by the nervous way he kept knotting and unknotting his fingers. "I had been considering my sermon, and felt satisfied I should be able to deliver a good one on Sunday morning. I had taken nothing after my tea, and I lay down in my bed feeling at peace with all mankind, satisfied with my lot, thankful for the many blessings vouchsafed to me. How long I slept, or what I dreamt about at first, I dreamt at all, I don't know; but after a time the mists seemed to clear from before my eyes, to roll away like clouds from a mountain summit, and I found myself walking on a beautiful summer's evening beside the river Dely."

"He paused for a moment, and an irrespressible shudder shook his frame. "Go on," I said, for I felt afraid of his breaking down again.

"He looked at me pitifully, with a hungry entreaty in his weary eyes, and continued:

"It was a lovely evening. I had never thought the earth so beautiful before. A gentle breeze just touched my cheek, the water flowed on clear and bright and glowing, covered with purple heather. I walked on and on till I came to that point where, as you may perhaps remember, the path, growing very narrow, winds round the base of a great crag and leads the wayfarer suddenly into a little green amphitheatre, bounded on one side by the river and on the other by rocks that rise in places sheer to a height of a hundred feet or more."

"I had not been there before since I was a child," he went on mournfully, but I recollected it as one of the most solitary spots possible, and my astonishment was great to see a man standing in the pathway with a drawn sword in his hand. He did not stir as I drew near, so I stepped aside on the grass. Instantly he barred my way.

"You can't pass here," he said.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because I say so," he answered.

"And who are you that say so?" I inquired, looking full at him.

"He was like a god. Majesty and power were written on every feature, were expressed in every gesture; but O, the awful scorn of his smile, the contempt with which he regarded me! The beams of the setting sun fell upon him, and seemed to bring out in letters of fire the wickedness, and hate, and sin that underlay the glorious and terrible beauty of his face."

"I felt afraid, but I managed to say: 'Stand out of my way; the river bank is as free to me as to you.'

"Not this part of it," he answered; 'this place belongs to me.'

"Very well," I agreed, for I did not want to stand there bandying words with him, and a sudden darkness seemed to be falling around. 'It is getting late, and so I'll even turn back.'

"He gave a laugh, the like of which never fell on human ear before, and made reply:

"You can't turn back; of your own free will you have come on my ground, and from it there is no return."

"You must come with me," he said. "I refused; and then he threatened me. I implored, and entreated and wept; but at last I agreed to do what he wanted if he would promise to let me return. Again he laughed, and said, yes, I should return; and the rocks and trees and mountains, ay, and the very rivers seemed to take up the answer and bear it in sobbing whispers away into the darkness."

"He stopped and lay back in his chair, shivering like one in an ague fit.

"Go on," I replied again; 'twas but a dream you know.'

"Was it?" he murmured mournfully. "Ah, you have not heard the end of it yet."

"Let me hear it then," I said. "What happened afterwards?"

"The darkness seemed in part to clear away, and we walked side by side across the sward in the tender twilight straight up to the bare black wall of rock. With the hilt of his sword he struck a heavy blow, and the solid rock opened as though it were a door. We passed through, and it closed behind us with a tremendous clang; yes, it closed behind us; and at that point he fairly broke down crying and sobbing as I had never seen a man even in the most frightful grief cry and sob before."

The minister paused in his narrative.

"I am telling you this tale," said Mr. Morrison, resuming his seat after a brief absence to see that the fastenings of the house were properly attended to, "exactly as I heard it. I am not adding a word or comment of my own; nor, so far as I know, am I omitting any incident, however trivial. You must draw your own deductions from the facts I put before you. I have no explanations to give or theory to propound. Part of that great and terrible region in which he found himself, my friend went on to tell me, he penetrated,

IN THE TWILIGHT.

# THE CHELSEA HERALD.

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ed, compelled by a power he could not resist, to see the most awful spectacles; the most frightful sufferings. There was no form of vice that had not there its representative. As they moved along his companion told him the special sin for which such horrible punishment was being inflicted. Shuddering, and in mortal agony, he was yet unable to withdraw his eyes from the dreadful spectacle; the atmosphere grew more unendurable, the sights more and more terrible; the cries, groans, blasphemies, more awful and heart-rending.

"I can bear no more," he gasped at last; let me go!"

"With a mocking laugh the Presence beside him answered this appeal; a laugh which was taken up even by the lost and anguished spirits around.

"There is no return," said the pitiless voice.

"But you promised," he cried; "you promised me faithfully."

"What are promises here?" and the words were as a sound of doom.

"Still he prayed and entreated; he fell on his knees, and in his agony spoke words that seemed to cause the purposes of the Evil One to falter.

"You shall go," he said, "on one condition; that you agree to return to me on Wednesday next, or send a substitute."

"I could not do that," said my friend. "I could not send my fellow creature here. Better stop myself than do that."

"Then stop," said Satan, with the bitterest contempt; and he was turning away, when the poor distracted soul asked for a minute more ere he made his choice.

"He was in an awful strait; on the one hand, how could he remain himself? on the other, how doom another to such fearful torments? Whom could he send? Who would come? And then suddenly there flashed through his mind the thought of an old man to whom it could not signify much whether he took up his abode in this place a few days sooner or a few days later. He was traveling to it as fast as he knew how; he was the reprobate of the parish; the sinner without hope successive ministers had striven in vain to reclaim from the error of his ways; a man marked and doomed; Sandy, the Tinker, Sandy, who was mostly drunk and always godless; Sandy, who, it was said, believed in nothing, and glorified in his infidelity; Sandy, whose soul did not really signify much. He would send him. Lifting his eyes, he saw those of his tormentor surveying him scornfully.

"Well, have you made your choice?" he asked.

"Yes; I think I can send a substitute," was the hesitating answer.

"See you do, then," was the reply; "for if you do not, and fail to return yourself, I shall come for you, Wednesday, remember, before midnight; and with these words ringing in his ears he was flung violently through the rock, and found himself in the middle of his bed-room floor, as if he had just been kicked there."

"That is not the end of the story is it?" asked one of our party, as the minister came to a full stop and looked earnestly at the fire.

"No," he answered, "it is not the end; but before proceeding I must ask you to bear carefully in mind the circumstances already recounted. Specially remember the date mentioned--Wednesday next, before midnight."

"Whatever I thought, and you may think, about my friend's dream, it made the most remarkable impression upon his mind. He could not shake off its influence; he passed from one state of nervousness to another. It was in vain I entreated him to exert his common sense and call his strength of mind to his assistance. I might as well have spoken to the wind. He implored me not to leave him, and I agreed to remain; indeed, to leave him in his then frame of mind would have been an act of the greatest cruelty. He wanted me also to preach in his place on the Sunday ensuing; but this I flatly refused to do.

"If you do not make an effort now," I said, "you will never make it. Rouse yourself, get on with your sermon, and if you buckle to work you will soon forget all about that foolish dream."

"Well, somehow," to cut a long story short, the sermon was composed and Sunday came, and my friend, a little better, and getting somewhat over his fret, got up into the pulpit to preach. He looked dreadfully ill; but I thought the worst was now over, and that he would go on mending.

"Vain hope! He gave out the text, and then looked over the congregation. The first person on whom his eyes lighted was Sandy the Tinker--Sandy, who had never before been known to enter a place of worship of any sort; Sandy, whom he had mentally chosen as his substitute, and who was due on the following Wednesday--sitting just below him, quite sober and comparatively clean, waiting with a great show of attention for the opening words of the sermon.

"With a terrible cry, my friend caught the front of the pulpit, then swayed back and fell down in a fainting fit. He was carried home and a doctor sent for. I said a few words, addressed apparently to the congregation, but really to Sandy, for my heart somehow came into my mouth at thought of him; and then, after I dismissed the people, I walked slowly back to the manse, almost afraid of what might meet me there."

"Mr. Cawley was not dead, but he was in the most dreadful state of physical exhaustion and mental agitation. It was dreadful to hear him. How could he go himself? How could he send Sandy? Poor old Sandy, whose soul, in the sight of God, was just as precious as his own."

"His whole cry was for us, to deliver him from the Evil One to save him from committing a sin, which would render him a wretched man for life. He counted the hours and the minutes before he must return to that horrible place.

"I can't send Sandy, he would moan. 'I cannot, O, I cannot save myself at such a price!'

"And then he would cover his face with the bed clothes, only to start up and wildly entreat me not to leave him; to stand between the enemy and himself, to save him, or, if that were impossible, to give him courage to do what was right."

"If this continues," said the doctor, "Wednesday will find him either dead or a raving lunatic."

"We talked the matter over, the doctor and I, in the gloaming, as he walked to and fro in the meadow behind the manse; and we decided, having to make our choice of two evils, to risk giving him such an opiate as should carry him over the dreadful interval. We knew it was a perilous thing to do with one in his condition, but, as I said before, we could only take the least of the two evils.

"What we dreaded most was his awaking before the time expired; so I kept watch beside him. He lay like one dead through the whole of Tuesday night and Wednesday and Wednesday evening. Eight, nine, ten, eleven o'clock came and passed; twelve. 'God be thanked!' I said, as I stooped over him and heard he was breathing quietly."

"He will do now, I hope," said the doctor, who had come in just before midnight; you will stay with him till he wakes?"

"I promised that I would, and in the beautiful dawn of summer's morning he opened his eyes and smiled. He had no recollection then of what had occurred; when I was as weak as an infant, and when I bade him try to go to sleep again turned on his pillow and sank to rest once more."

"Worn out with watching I stepped softly from the room and passed into the fresh sweet air. I walked down to the garden gate, and stood looking at the great mountains and the fair country, and the Dely wandering like a silver thread through the green fields below."

"All at once my attention was attracted by a group of people coming slowly along the road leading from the hills. I could not at first see that in their midst something was borne on men's shoulders; but when at last I made this out I hurried to meet them and learn what was the matter."

"Has there been an accident?" I asked as I drew near.

"They stopped, and one man came towards me."

"Aye," he said, "the worst accident that could befall him, poor fellow! He's dead."

"Who is it?" I asked, pressing forward; and lifting the cloth they had flung over his face, I saw Sandy the Tinker."

There was silence for a minute; then one of the ladies said softly, "Poor Sandy!"

"And what became of Mr. Cawley?" asked the other.

"He gave up his parish and went out as a missionary. He is still living."

"What a most extraordinary story!" I remarked.

"Yes, I think so," said the minister.--*London Society.*

**THE FARM.**

**Farm Notes.**

Some of the sheep raisers of Australia own over 500,000 head of sheep.

To make good solder for copper use ten parts of copper and nine parts of zinc.

Ohio grape growers are getting somewhat discouraged owing to the prevalence of the rot.

Constant cutting off just below the surface of the ground will in time eradicate poison ivy.

Clover that sends its roots deep into the earth is considered the best subsoiling agent to be had.

The gross income derived from tobacco by the farmers of the United States is about \$22,000,000.

Southern farmers have improved their methods of agriculture very decidedly in the last few years.

The Merino sheep will produce a larger proportion of grease to wool than any other breed of sheep.

Many a farmer pays out large sums for fertilizers, while he allows those of his own barn-yard to run to waste.

One-half ounce of salt to the pound of butter is the rule of salting adapted by the makers of the celebrated butter which sells at a fancy price in Boston.

St. Louis packers bought sorghum syrup by the car load for this season's meat curing.

James Stanley, of Waldo, Oregon, owned a drove of fat hogs. Lately a grizzly bear got among them and killed thirty in an hour.

Mr. G. J. Coopr, of Chicago, is reported to have recently purchased 30,000 acres of Northern Pacific railroad lands in Dakota. He located about thirty miles west from Fargo, and will break 5,000 acres this year.

Cattle are reported as starving to death by the thousands on the plains, and in Colorado the ground being covered with snow, and men who had supposed themselves rich in the number of their cattle, are being bankrupted.

Mr. Edwin Nelson, Sutton, N. H., claims to have raised 115 bushels of shelled corn per acre from seed of a mixed variety, namely, Canada, Davis and King Phillip, grown in that vicinity several years; and Mr. F. B. Maxim, of Wayne, Me., 21 dry shelled bushels on two acres.

Keep a supply of water in your poultry house. You will find your fowls benefited if you supply them their water in an iron vessel, or if such is not convenient, keep a supply of old iron in the drinking troughs. The vessel must be kept clean, and fresh water supplied daily.

After an experience of several seasons, we have adopted the system of warming food for our fowls all through the cold weather, both morning and evening, and we attribute the excellent laying qualities of our hens, to a great measure, to this custom. The food whether whole or broken, dry or moistened, should be warmed before feeding. Some farmers make a practice of parching their grain, and are assured of its beneficial results.--*E. E.*

**How to Sow Orchard Grass.**

Last spring I had prepared a field for early sowing of spring barley in order that I might get the land well set in clover and orchard grass. After harrowing and cross-harrowing with a Scotch harrow, the ground was in perfect order. I started a Buckeye drill putting in the barley and clover seed.

I followed sowing orchard grass seed, aiming to cover the width of the drill and to get the seed into a good seed-bed. I was delighted with the manner my seeding was going on, when suddenly the wind sprang up and I could not sow the orchard grass seed. In my disappointment a happy thought struck me. Why can't the fertilizer sow orchard grass seed? I asked. I put in a half gallon of seed, and shut off the feed to the last notch, and started up the team. Imagine my delight, old farmer, when I saw the barley, the clover seed, and the orchard grass seed, each in its own way, coming out as evenly as machinery can work. To-day I have the best stand of clover and orchard grass it has ever been my pleasure to behold.

Human hands cannot sow clover or orchard grass seed so well. One of the great troubles in seeding with orchard and grass is now overcome. If the farmer is sowing a fertilizer, he can mix with it either of these seeds if he wishes to sow them.

As these two seeds are so light and difficult to start, I think this mixing with a fertilizer will greatly aid us in getting a good stand. It is worth trying.--*Cincinnati Commercial.*

**Alsike or Swedish Clover.**

The American Bee Journal has an article on alsike clover, by Mr. M. M. Baldridge, who has raised it for twelve years, beside timothy and common red clover, and he claims special advantages for the alsike, or Swedish. He positively asserts, from repeated experiments, that it is superior to the common red clover as a fertilizer, because it has a greater abundance of roots. Instead of one main tap-root it has three or four heavy branching roots, extending deep and wide, and their branch roots reach out in all directions. For this reason it is not so liable to heave from frost, or to be injured by extreme dry weather. It, however, is branchy and falls to the ground like white clover, and makes better pasture and hay to be sown with timothy or red clover, since they being more upright growers tend to keep the alsike from the ground. It is considered a hybrid between the common red and white clovers. The stems and branches are finer and less woody, and the hay is free from fuzz or dust.

It has numerous branches and abounds in blossoms rich in honey, which bees can easily harvest. In the latitude of Chicago it ripens in the latter part of July. Unlike the red, the seed is obtained from the first cutting. When sowed alone four pounds of seed is a great abundance. Yet it is better to mix with timothy or red clover.

After sowing the usual quantities of the other seeds, one pound of alsike will give a good pasture. If seed is the object, then two pounds of alsike should be sowed. It can be threshed as red clover, and separated by fine sieves.

**THE HOUSEHOLD.**

**Household Notes.**

**Cream of Celery Soup.**--Take the white part of two large heads of celery, either grate it or chop it very fine, set it to boil in a quart of milk, in which put a cup of rice; allow the rice and celery to stew until they can be rubbed through a coarse sieve, adding more milk if they get too thick, then add to them an equal quantity of strong veal or chicken broth, white pepper and salt to taste.

**Tomatoes a la Bourne.**--Take a small can or half of a large one of tomatoes, and pour off at least three-quarters of the thin liquid part, which is always especially acid and not delicate. Put the rest in a pan on the fire--a new tin two-quart basin is an excellent thing for that purpose--and let it simmer, adding a heaping tablespoonful of fresh butter; salt to taste if necessary. Then break into small bits a couple of fresh square soda crackers--no other sort should be used--and add to the tomato, letting all cook soft together, and stirring so that it may not burn. Serve very hot in a vegetable dish with black pepper sprinkled, over the top, and with a little narrow border round the edge of the dish of very fine water-cress or of parsley.

**Chicken Fritters.**--Cut into neat pieces some tender cold chicken and marinate them--that is to say, let them stand awhile in a mixture of lemon-juice, salt and pepper. Make a batter of milk, egg, flour and salt as before directed, stir the chicken into it, and fry in hot lard, a bit of chicken in each spoonful of batter. Serve very hot, first draining off all the fat. Garnish with parsley.

**Charlotte Russe.**--One pint of milk, three-quarters pound of sugar, one-half box gelatine; put these together; set it on a kettle of boiling water. After the gelatine is dissolved, beat four eggs and stir in; leave it on the fire until it looks clear; then let it cool. Beat to a stiff froth one pint of cream; season with vanilla; set it in a cool place, with snow or ice around it. When you add the eggs, stir thoroughly all the time; after it is cool, give it a hard beat; line a dish with cake; pour in the mixture and put cake over the top.

**Spiced Beef.**--Three or four small slices of pork; fry it till it is a light brown; then lay in your raw beef in one piece; let it brown a little both sides; then cover it with water, and let it stew over a moderate fire for five or six or seven hours; and water as it boils away, so that there will be enough left when done to make a gravy. About half an hour before it is done salt to your taste and add one teaspoon whole cloves, one teaspoon whole allspice, good-sized stick of cinnamon. When done, take out the meat and thicken the gravy with a little flour smoothed in water.

**Tapioea Blancmange.**--One-half pound tapioca soaked for an hour in a pint of new milk; boil it till tender; sweeten and flavor to taste; put the mixture in a mould; serve with cream, custard or preserves.

**Rice and Hominy Griddle Cakes.**--Mix two tablespoonfuls of flour with two teacups of cold rice or hominy, and a little milk, add one or two eggs. Add as much more milk as may be necessary to give the desired consistency when cooked. Too much flour or too much eggs makes them close.

**Graham Muffins.**--Take two cups of Graham flour or one of white and one of Graham even full, two cups milk, a little salt, two beaten eggs; bake in a hot oven fifteen minutes. These are much better without baking powder.

**The Wheel Horse.**

There is a wheel horse in every family; some one who takes the load on all occasions. It may be the older daughter, possibly the father, but generally it is the mother. Extra company, sickness, give her a heavy increase of the burden she is always carrying. Even summer vacations bring less rest and recreation to her than to others of the family. The city house must be put in order to leave; the clothing for herself and children which a country sojourn demands seems never to be finished; and the excursions and picnics which delight the heart of the young people are wholly a delight to the "provider." I once heard a husband say, "My wife takes her sewing-machine into the country and has a good time doing up the fall sewing." At the time I did not appreciate the enormity of the thing; but it has ranked in my memory and appears to me now an outrage. How would it be for a merchant to take his books into the country with him to go over his accounts for a little amusement? Suppose the minister writes up a few extra sermons, and the teacher carries a Hebrew grammar and perfects himself in a new language, ready for opening in the Fall?

Woman's work is never done. She would never have it done. Ministering to father and mother, cherishing her husband, nourishing her children--no true woman wants to see her work done. But because it is never done she needs resting times.

Every night the heavy truck is turned up, the wheel horse is put up into the stable, and labor and care are dismissed till the morrow. The thills of the household van cannot be turned up at night; and the tired housemother cannot go to a quiet stall for repose. She goes to sleep to-night feeding the pressure of to-morrow. She must have had "an eye" over all until everyone was in bed, and must keep an eye ready to operate at any moment to answer the need of children, and open both eyes

bright and early to see the machinery well started for a new day.

**Sally Ray, of Leadville.**

Mrs. Sarah Ray arrived in Buffalo the other day, from Leadville, on her way to New York, whither she had gone for the purpose of locating her daughter Cora in a school, and arranging for the future care of a little Mexican girl whom she had in her charge. Mrs. Ray has a history which, if published, would read like a romance. She has dug in mines, fought in wars with Indians side by side with her husband, scoured the plains on horseback as a scout, and became an expert in the business; helped found the city of Leadville, being the first white woman who ever dared venture there; mapped out roads, built houses, took in washing from the Leadville miners, and is today in possession of a fortune that pays her an income of \$30,000 a year.

A reporter paid her a call as she sat in a Central palace car, waiting for the train to start. He found her occupying a seat facing her daughter Cora, and around her was piled numerous bundles of luggage. She expressed herself as glad to grant an interview, and pleasantly said: "Sit down here by Cora, and I will gladly talk with you." Cora is a handsome girl of 17 summers and, as she assented to the proposition, the reporter did not deliberate, but readily took a seat by her side.

Mrs. Ray commenced by saying, with a hearty laugh: "Now, I'm not going to tell you how old I am, for I may to get married again when I get to New York."

Then she went on to say that she came from the north of Ireland to New York city when she was 15, and married a book-keeper named Joseph Ordway. Her husband died a year later, and she went to Leavenworth, Kan., from thence to Denver, and, finally, in 1876, to Leadville. In Denver she married a miner named Frank Ray, but he died soon after.

She told how in Leadville she braved the dangers and storms of winters before there were buildings there to inhabit; how Cora had to be kept wrapped up in heavy blankets to keep her from freezing, while she pursued her task of building a hut; how, when the place became settled, she saw the land she had taken up turn into a fortune, etc. She owns buildings in Leadville that rent for \$2,000 a month.

Her career has been a peculiarly eventful one, and one that would bear a more extended notice than can well be given in a single issue of a daily paper. She grew eloquent as she related her adventures, and her eyes sparkled as she said:

"I saw my old man once sit on a horse and shoot seven Indians without stopping. And I have done something like it myself. Young man," she added, with a quiet twinkle in her eye, "I've shot more Indians than you've got fingers and toes. You wouldn't think, to look at me, would you, that I've gone out on the mountain side, up to my waist in snow, and staked out the streets of Leadville, but it's gospel truth."

She said she did not know how long she would stay in New York. Her property in Leadville was attended to by good agents, and she felt perfectly content to stay away just as long as she felt disposed.

She is now about 50 years old, weighs 140 pounds, and is rugged and cheery. As she bade the reporter good day she remarked that she was happy, and was going to try and make others so during her remaining years.

**Lawyers and Witnesses.**

An old housekeeper knows that in selecting a carpet it will not do to examine many in the same day. The eye retains some of the more brilliant colors so as to mislead the judgment. Lawyers are affected in a similar way by the many specimens of human nature so that they carry the dark color in their mental eye. It is not strange, therefore, that they should severely cross-examine witnesses, or treat them as if they were prevaricating. An incident once occurred in an Indiana court which explains why lawyers are sometimes tempted to say with the Hebrew King, "I said in my haste, all men are liars."

The principal witness in a case on trial was a woman. She had sworn so positively to the facts that the opposing counsel saw that their client would be defeated, unless her testimony could be impeached. She was a stranger, and no one knew whether her character was good or bad.

But she had sworn that at a certain time she was living in Ohio. Upon that point they called a witness to contradict her; and thus established the inference that if she was false in one point, she was false in all. The witness they called swore that he saw her at a dance in Illinois at the time she testified to being in Ohio.

The woman, who was seated some distance from the witness-stand, and wore a beautiful set of false teeth, whispered to the counsel on her side,--

"Let me ask him a question?"

"Certainly," he answered.

Turning her head, she slipped out her false teeth, stepped up quickly to the witness, looked him full in the face, opened wide her mouth, exhibiting two or three rotten fangs, and said--

"Did you ever see me before?"

"No, I can swear I never did," answered the amazed witness. You looked some like the lady I saw, but I see you are not the same woman. She had beautiful teeth."

The lawyer learned, subsequently that she was at the ball, as the witness had testified at first.

A French physician's experience goes to prove that widowers commit suicide more frequently than married men, and that the presence of children in a house diminishes the tendency to self-destruction in both men and women. People who have lived much in houses and hotels with other people's children will perhaps be disposed to question the latter conclusion.

A clergyman's daughter at Napa, Cal., went to a circus. On the following Sunday her father preached on sinful amusements, and used her case as an illustration. In the Sunday school that afternoon he said that she was impudent, and moved her expulsion but a vote being taken all the pupils voted to retain her.



**Legal Printing.**—Persons having legal advertising to do, should remember that it is not necessary that it should be published at the county seat—any paper published in the county will answer. In all matters pertaining to this vicinity, the interest of the advertisers will be better served, by having the notices published in their home paper, than to take them to a paper that is not as generally read in their vicinity, besides it is the duty of every one to support home institutions as much as possible.

**To Correspondents.**  
Correspondents will please write on one side of the paper only. No communication 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 addressed to "THE HERALD."  
Chelsea, Washburn Co., Mich.

## The Chelsea Herald.

CHelsea, FEB. 17, 1881.

### The Beard.

We masculines sometimes speak sneeringly of the earnest devotion paid to fashion by the female sex; but with what reason? True, there is in our female fashions a seeming (if not real) sacrifice of convenience, comfort, propriety, good taste, and even health to the imperative demands of fashion in the materials and make-up of all articles of dress and in the manner of wearing the hair. But who are to blame? We, her worshippers, defenders, admirers and protectors, do not tolerate in her any departure from the rules of the goddess fashion, and if there is any guilt or foolishness attached to the followers of this science I do not see why we men should not bear a part of it, for though we have taught our tailors that in the fashion of our apparel we will not tolerate much inconvenience to please them, still we will let our barber (if we tolerate one at all) play all manner of antics with our distinguished feature, the beard.

The real difference in the folly of the two sexes is that the females follow an almost exact uniformity in their coiffures, while the men, as far as able, practice an infinite diversity. I have lately amused myself by looking over the likenesses of noted men of the present age as they appear in our publications, and noticing the differences in the manner in which they are represented as wearing the beard. In nine numbers of the *Phrenological Journal* of 1875, I find 35 likenesses of eminent men, and in these many styles are shown.

I have also the likenesses of 38 eminent men residing in the Fifth Congressional District of the State of Michigan, which show great diversity of style. Now let us moralize over these facts. It has been said "there was nothing made in vain," and I have heard this class of men debating the question whether or not the beard of man was inflicted as a punishment for original sin. As for me, I verily believe it a blessing, and I agree with Dr. Holland in advising "if you have a beard, wear it," and if you ask me, as others have, "Why, if the beard is a blessing was it not given to woman?" My reply will be *I don't know*, neither am I disposed to criticize the works of the Creator, but to admit that "He doeth all things well." Of the eminent men of the age it seems that only 16 out of 73, or less than 22 per cent, hold to the above doctrine, but undertake to improve upon the works of the Almighty.

**TRAVELING STONES.**—Many of our readers have doubtless heard of the famous traveling stones of Australia. Similar curiosities have been found in Nevada, which are described as almost perfectly round, the majority of them are as large as a walnut, and of an iron nature. When distributed about the floor, table, or level surface, within two or three feet of each other, they immediately began traveling towards a common center, and there lie huddled like a lot of eggs in a nest. A single stone, removed to a distance of three and a half feet, upon being released, at once started with wonderful and somewhat comical celerity to join its fellows; taken away four or five feet it remains motionless. They are found in a region that is comparatively level and is nothing but bare rock. Scattered over this barren region are little basins, from a few feet to a rod or two in diameter; and it is in the bottom of these that the rolling stones are found. They are from the size of a pea to five or six inches in diameter. The cause of these stones rolling together is doubtless to be found in the material of which they are composed, which appears to be leadstone or magnetic iron ore.

**EMIGRATION.**—The fruitful State of Michigan, although doing a little better than formerly on the score of inducements to immigrants, just at this present time ought to make more effort to induce a part of the thousands that are arriving in this country each month, to stop awhile in the peninsular State. That Michigan can offer as many advantages to the emigrant as any other State in the Union, no one who is at all acquainted with the case will deny. She has plenty of the very best lands for sale at from \$5 to \$10 per acre, and on easy terms. She has railroads permeating almost every county of the lower peninsula; she has schools and churches everywhere; as good and healthy a climate as can be found, and all parts of her domain as accessible to market as need be. Among the sisterhood of States she stands by the side of the very foremost, and as the years pass on she is gradually moving forward to a front place. But for some reason or other, little or no effort has ever been put forth to induce immigration to pause here, and the people have stood idly by and seen the tide setting towards the west. Foreigners coming to this country know nothing about one or the other States, only as they have been informed, and no especial effort being put forth by the State, the result has been that the West has outdone us in this respect very handsomely. Now is a golden time to set about the work. As thousands, every month, are seeking our country, it would be a wise policy for those in power to arrange some plan whereby a portion of those seeking homes on the western continent could be induced to settle here, where the prospects for an honest and industrious person are as good as can be found on the habitable globe.

**GOOD HAY.**—Probably there is no one thing produced on the farm, which is preserved in worse condition than hay. It is neglected until too ripe, is then scorched by the sun or moulded by damp and fermentation. Cutting and curing needs radical reform. It is not all careless neglect or press of other business. In many cases it is stubborn error in opinion as to the proper time to cut hay. It is so hard to eradicate hoary error in this, as well as in all other respects. Reformation has to give precept and example with patience. Agricultural societies, when conducted by farmers, give premiums for the purpose of stimulating improvements in the management of the farm. If they are managed by horse jockeys racing will be the main feature. If by railroad men and hotel-keepers, the main object will be to get out a crowd; so to add largely to railroad fare and hotel bills. Then we say, if farmers are managing societies, we know of no one item on which premiums could be more profitably given than on samples of well-grown, clean, sweet hay, cut at the season when most nutritious. Hay is becoming an item of the greatest importance as we are changing from grain to grass and stock farming. In view of the fact that managers of the societies always need some hay, provision might be made to buy and use the hay presented for premiums. The agricultural papers have been calling attention to this subject, but it will need the aid of agricultural societies and every other influence to correct the errors and practices in cutting and curing this important element in raising cattle, horses and sheep. There have been some valuable experiments made in this State as to the value of cutting hay early, and a faithful report of the results would aid materially in the reform in contemplation.

A young lady writes to an exchange: "For my part, I prefer an evening passed at home with a pleasant book to attending balls, parties and theatres." Oh, certainly. When a young lady hasn't a bean, nor a new bonnet, nor a new walking costume, she generally prefers to remain at home with a book—which she is too mad to read.

Said Angelina, suddenly breaking the oppressive silence. "Don't you feel afraid of the army worms, Theodore, that are coming on rapidly this way?" The question was a strange one, and Theodore's surprise caused him to look right at Angelina for the first time in his life. Why did she ask that question, he wanted to know. "Oh, nothing," she replied, as she toyed with her fan; "only the papers say they eat every green thing wherever they go."

Chamois skins are not derived from the chamois, as many people suppose, but are the flesh side of sheepskins. The skins are soaked in lime-water, and in a solution of sulphuric acid; fish oil is poured over them, and they are carefully washed in a solution of potash.

**CREeping THINGS.**—The sight of certain creatures is enough to give us a "crawling" sensation. Bare memory of them must be enough to any person who has traveled in Australia. Jesse Young, the explorer, talks very coolly, however, about the bug and snake creation in that queer clime. He says:

The reptiles are really beautiful; crocodiles in the North, and snakes, lizards, scorpions, and centipedes in the South. I shall not readily forget the sensation I experienced when one night a huge black centipede, eight inches long, crawled upon my neck with his horrible sixty-four legs, and made his way to my feet leisurely, much to my disgust, and though he was probably only a few seconds, I thought him slow. He is in the museum at Adelaide, with all the whisky he can drink.

Insects are wonderfully prolific—mosquitoes and flies being particularly abundant. The native children are sometimes hardly recognizable, so completely are they covered with flies, filling their eyes, noses and mouths.

When eating, it requires dexterous maneuvering to get a piece of meat into one's mouth without its complement of flies.

Spiders are very common, as also are ants, the tarantula being the most formidable of the former, and the bull-dog ant the worst species of the latter. These ants are an inch or more in height, and about two inches long. They all fight fiercely, and their sting is not at all to be desired. They catch hold of your skin with their nippers, bend the body under like a scorpion, and put the sting gently in, leaving the venom, and sometimes the sting itself. When camping near a nest of them, we generally thrust a fire-stick in the hole, which has the effect of keeping them at home.

**A NOBLE WIFE.**—During the revolution in Poland which followed the revolution of Thaddeus Kosciuszko, many of the truest and best of the sons of that ill-fated country were forced to flee for their lives, forsaking home and friends. Of those who had been the most eager for the liberty of Poland was Michael Sobieski, whose ancestor had been a king a hundred and fifty years before.

Sobieski had two sons in the patriot ranks, and father and sons had been of those who persisted in what the Russians had been pleased to term rebellion, and a price had been set upon their heads. The Archduke Constantine was eager to apprehend Michael Sobieski, and learning that the wife of the Polish hero was at home at Cracow, he waited upon her.

"Madame," he said, speaking politely, for the lady was beautiful and queenly, "I think you know where your husband and sons are now hiding?"

"I know, sir."

"If you tell me where your husband is your sons shall be pardoned," he said.

"And shall be safe?"

"Yes, madame. I swear it. Tell me where your husband is concealed, and both you and your sons shall be safe and unharmed."

"Then sir," answered the noble woman, rising with a dignity sublime, and laying her hand upon her bosom, "he lies concealed here—in the heart of his wife—and you will have to tear this heart out to find him."

Tyrant as he was, the Archduke admired the answer, and the spirit which had inspired it, and deeming the good will of such a woman worth securing, published a pardon of the father and sons.

**VOLUNTARY MOTION IN PLANTS.**—Naturalists have asserted that one of the chief distinctions between vegetable and animal life is that animals have power of choice and of voluntary motion, while vegetables and plants grow only mechanically, by natural law. But recent observations by the microscope seem to show that many vegetable forms can move as easily as animals.

A plant called *volvox globator*, minute that millions could be put in a wineglass, is seen to whirl like a top, then to roll forward with the combined motions of a planet, then to dart with almost lightning speed across the field. The *desmids*, plants found in our ponds, which are still more minute, move habitually, as if with an apparent purpose, and with a grace that cannot be surpassed.

Mr. Darwin, who has watched climbing plants for years, says that these plants seem to exercise the liberty of choice. Their tendrils, in climbing over pieces of wood with holes, will try one hole after another, until they find one that pleases them. He saw one tendril withdraw itself after having located itself in a hole for thirty-six hours.

Other plants will run a long way over the ground, refusing to climb the trees in their path, till they come

of a peculiar tree, when they cling to it at once, and begin to climb its trunk. It will certainly confuse all our notions of life to suppose that plants are endowed with this power to voluntary choice.

### Our Budget.

The hangman's day—the day before Christmas—as far as stockings are concerned.

How strange it is that salt air at the seashore doesn't cure some people of their freshness.

If a singer went down cellar and sat on the hot furnace, would his voice come out clearly in the upper register?

If you ask the average man what time it is three seconds after he has restored his watch to his pocket, he can't tell you.

The most afflicted part of a house is the window. It is always full of panes; and who has not seen more than one window blind?

"It's only a spring opening, ma'am," exclaimed that awful boy, as he exhibited his torn trousers after a leap over the fence.

A little girl went out to hunt eggs came back unsuccessful complaining that "lots of hens were standing around doing nothing."

Coal is so scarce in some parts of the West that young people engaged in courting have to sit in each other's laps to keep warm.

"Mary Jane, have you given the gold-fish the wash?" "No, ma'am. What's the use? They haven't drunk up what's in there yet."

"I am a man of few words," said Pendergast. "True enough," replied Fogg—"true enough; but you never tire of repeating them."

Bishop Berkeley proved that there was no such thing as matter in existence. Which leads to the supposition that the Bishop never had a boil.

A writer on physiognomy would like to know "if large ears denote a miserly disposition, why a mule is so apt to squander his hind legs?"

"How shall we get the young men to go to church?" is the title of an article in a religious weekly. Get the girls to go, brother; get the girls to go.

On the gate leading to a house in the rural section of Philadelphia is the suggestive placard: "Nothing wanted but milk and the morning paper."

A lady in Jericho, Yt., hearing a great deal about "reserving autumn leaves," put up some, but afterwards told a neighbor that they were not fit to eat.

Street row: First gamin—"I'll fill yer mouth with gravel." Second gamin—"Yer'll have a big job doin' it." First gamin—"Oh, I'll get a steam shovel."

The young woman who had many suitors, and from the time she was 16 until she was 21 rejected them all, referred in her latter life to that period as her "declining years."

A young lawyer in Arkansas, having a case decided against him by the court, said, "Well, now, I'll just take this case before another judge, and let him make a guess what the law is, too."

The fiddle is spoken of as early as 1200 A. D., in the legendary life of St. Christopher.

Paterfamilias—"I cannot conceive, my love, what the matter with my watch; I think it must want cleaning."—Pet child—"Oh, no, papa, dear, I don't think it wants cleaning, because baby and I had it soaking in the basin ever so long."

"Brilliant and impulsive people," said a lecturer on physiognomy, "have black eyes, or if they don't have 'em, they're apt to get 'em, if they're too impulsive."

In a French paper we find the "announcement" of a "M. Kenard, public scribe, who audits accounts, explains the language of flowers, and sell fried potatoes."

An individual who was drawing up some good resolutions for the New Year, absently added: "Resolved—That a copy be sent to the family of the deceased."

I have no objection to a man parting his hair in the middle, but I shall always insist upon his finishing up the job by wearing a short-gown and petticoat.—[Josh Billings.]

Extract from an Irish orator's temperance speech: "Drink," said he, "is a curse. It makes a man bate his wife, starve his children, go shoot his landlord, and miss him too."

A Dutchman says that his neighbors are "te vorst neighbors people do ever vas. Mine little pigs and mine hens come mit dere ears split and totter day two of dem come missing."

"He is a very unfortunate man," said Dr. Spooner, speaking of a gentleman whose ill-luck is proverbial, "and I really believe if he should fall on his back, that he would break his nose."

A Galveston man, who has a mule for sale, hearing that a friend in Houston wanted to buy a mule, telegraphed him: "Dear friend: If you are looking for a number one mule, don't forget me."

An English girl writes that no man will stare long at a woman who does not stare back. That sounds very well. But, if she does not stare back, how is she to know whether the man has stopped staring or not.

### SUNBEAMS.

A New York lady examining an applicant for the office of maid-of-all-work interrogated her as follows:—  
"Mary, can you scour tinware with alacrity?" "Perhaps I could, ma'am; but I generally scoured with sand."

Just heard from Tom Harris of Virginia City, Nevada, who writes, that the doctors had given up all hopes of saving him, he had Albumenaria in the worst form, was induced to try Spring Blossom, he is now feeling his Stomach much as usual. Prices 50c. and \$1. Sold by W. H. Reed & Co.

The first day after a Leadville man, who had always been too poor to afford anything but whisky straight, struck it rich he went in for mixed drinks, and called for lemonade with a stick in it. And when he had his glass refilled, he said, "Mr. Bartender put in the whole wood pile this time."

**NOTHING BETTER.**—No key opened the heart like a true friend, and no specific for the cure of Biliousness, Indigestion or disorders of the stomach is better than Spring Blossom. Price, 50c. and \$1. Sold by W. H. Reed & Co.

An Illinois tramp, desiring to commit suicide, tried in vain to beg a dose of laudanum, to borrow a knife and to steal a pistol. Then he hanged himself with a halter in a stable, but was cut down and kicked out. His final and successful resort was to lay his head on a railroad track in front of a locomotive.

The "London Lancet" says: "Many a life has been saved by the moral courage of the sufferer," and many a life has been saved by taking Spring Blossom in case of Biliousness, Fever, Indigestion or Liver complaints. Price, 50c. and \$1. Sold by W. H. Reed & Co.

In a paper published in Rhode Island in 1762, the following account of a protracted drought is given: "Our cows are drying up, our pumps are dry, there is no water and the minister of the Baptist Church is dead."

Henry Clement, Almonte, writes: "For a long time I was troubled with chronic Rheumatism at times wholly disabled. I tried anything and everything recommended, but failed to get any benefit until a gentleman who was cured of Rheumatism by Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil told me about it. I began using it both internally and externally, and before two bottles were used I was radically cured. We find it a household medicine, and for Croup, Burns, Cuts and Bruises, it has no equal." Sold by all druggists.

One of the gentlemen who purchased a medical certificate of "Dr." Buchanan declared, after a 3 months' course, that he was quite able to cure a child of any disease, and that in 3 months more he hoped to be able to do the same for a full grown man.

He kissed the tip of his fingers at girl across the street.

And the boot of her big brother, raised him clean from off his feet.

He picked himself up and went straight home, though his bones they ached with pain.

He rubbed Electric Oil—well in, he's well but won't kiss fingers again.

Yes music hath power o'er the wide wide world.

A power that deep, and endearing, But music now has no power on me, For I'm very hard of hearing.

The very best way your hearing to get back.

To effect a radical cure Is to go to a druggist without any delay, And Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil procure. Sold by all druggists.

It kind took a fellow down to go to church yesterday morning, and after flourishing about a Christmas handkerchief for some time, to discover a label on the corner of it bearing the legend, "35c. Warranted fast colors."

**FEES OF DOCTORS.**

The fee of doctors is an item that very many persons are interested in just at present. We believe the schedule for visits is \$3, which would tax a man confined to his bed for a year, and in need of a daily visit, over \$1,000 a year for medical attendance alone!—And one single bottle of TOLU ROCK AND RYE would save the \$1,000 and all the year's sickness.—Ed.

"Joe, my dear," said a fond wife to her husband, who followed the piscatory profession, "do lighten up a little, you look so slovenly. Oh, what an awful recollection it would be for me if you should get drowned looking so!"

One of the most celebrated authors of Paris is thus viewed by his barber: "He comes here nearly every day. He likes to look well, but as far as brains, judge for yourself. He might enjoy my conversation; he prefers to read the newspapers."

**THE STONEWALL MINING COMPANY.**

HUGO PREYER, President.  
A. C. EDWARDS, Vice-President.  
C. C. BABCOCK, Secretary.  
M. M. POMEROY, Treasurer.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE 433 LARIMER ST., DENVER, - - COLORADO.

The mines of this company, 4 in number, are situated near Crosson, on the line of the Denver & South Park Railroad, and but 48 miles from Denver. This camp is considered one of the best in the State and its easy access certainly commends it to the favorable consideration of the public.

### G. W. R. R. TIME TABLE.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.			
Depots: foot of Third street and foot of Brush street. Ticket office, 151 Jefferson avenue, and at the Depots.			
LEAVE.	DETROIT TIME.	DETROIT TIME.	ARRIVE.
Atlantic Ex.	4:00 a. m.	11:00 p. m.	
Day Express.	8:35 a. m.	6:30 p. m.	
Detroit & Buffalo Express	*2:45 noon	*7:15 a. m.	
N. Y. Express.	*7:00 p. m.	14:45 a. m.	
*Except Monday. *Sundays excepted. *Daily.			
W. H. FIRTH, Western Passenger Agent, Detroit. Wm. Edgar, Gen. Pass'r Ag't, Hamilton.			



The Michigan Central Railroad, with its connections at Chicago, affords the most direct and desirable route of travel from Michigan to all points in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Texas, Minnesota, Dakota, Manitoba, etc. Michigan Central trains make sure and close connections at Chicago with through express trains on all Western lines. Rates will always be as low as the lowest. Parties going West this Spring will find it to their interest to correspond with Henry C. Wentworth, General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Line, at Chicago, who will cheerfully impart any information relative to routes, time of trains, maps and lowest rates. Do not purchase your tickets nor contract your freight until you have heard from the Michigan Central.

**HELP**—Yourself by making money when a golden chance is offered, thereby always keeping poverty from your door. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need free. No one who engages fails to make money very rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

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.

Marcus 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.**

**\$5** Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most profitable and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything, \$5 a day and upwards is easily made without leaving home from home over night. No risk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once. Many are making fortunes at the business. Ladies as well as men, and young boys and girls make great money. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Address H. HARRIS & Co., Portland, Maine.

**MISS NELLY M. WHEDON,**—TEACHER OF—

Vocal and Instrumental Music, AT L. BABCOCK'S RESIDENCE, CHelsea, Washburn Co., Mich.

On Wednesday's of each Week. Reference—New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass. [v10-13m]



**FRANK STAFFAN,**

**UNDERTAKER!**

WOULD announce to the citizens of Chelsea and vicinity, that he keeps constantly on hand, all sizes and styles of ready-made

**COFFINS AND SHROUDS.**

Hears in attendance on short notice.

**FRANK STAFFAN.**

**\$10** Outfit furnished free, with full instructions for conducting the most profitable business you can engage in. The business is so easy to learn, and our instructions are so simple and plain, that any one can make great profits from the very start. No one can fail who is willing to work. Women are as successful as men. Boys and girls can earn 100 cents.

Many have made at the business over one hundred dollars in a single week. Nothing like it ever known before. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. You can engage in this business during your spare time at great profit. You do not have to invest capital in it. We take all the risk. Those who need ready money should write to us at once. All turn out free. Address TRIG & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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

Read the Gilt Edge Tonic cures Fever and Ague.

**I am now receiving new lines of CLOTHS**  
—AND—  
**SUITINGS**  
FOR MEN'S WEAR, OF THE LATEST PATTERNS.

Please call and examine them.

ALSO A NEW LINE OF

**Embroideries.**

**Thos. McKone.**

Chelsea, Feb. 10, 1881. v-9-51

**AT COST!**

**AT COST!!**

ON AND AFTER FEB. 7th, 1881, and until our Stock of

**BOOTS & SHOES**

GLOVES, MITTS & RUBBER GOODS ARE

**CLEARED OUT!!**

we shall sell the same at COST, and many goods at MUCH LESS.

We have fine an

**ASSORTMENT**

as can be found, and

**BOUGHT VERY LOW!**

which will give our patrons a double advantage. Come one and all, and avail yourselves of this desirable chance. Will take in exchange

Wood and all kinds of Produce, and will give an extra price for

**A No. 1 BUTTER at ALL TIMES**

[v9-35] **DURAND & HATCH.**

**REED'S**

**GILT EDGE**

**TONIC**

**IS A THOROUGH REMEDY**

In every case of Malaria 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 trifling compounds of cheap spirits and essential oils, often sold under the name of Bitters.

**FOR SALE BY**

Druggists, Grocers and Wine Merchants everywhere. v9-43-ly

**TOLU**

**ROCK AND RYE**

**SURE CURE**

Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, and All Diseases of THROAT and LUNGS.

Put up in Quart Size for Family Use.

Select the best prepared Balsam Tolu, Crystallized Rock Candy, Old Rye, and other tonic. The Formula is known to our old physicians, is highly commended by them, and we analyze of our most prominent chemist, Prof. O. HARRIS in Chicago, in the lab of every bottle. It is well known to the medical profession that TOLU ROCK AND RYE will afford the greatest relief for Coughs, Colds, Indigestion, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Weak Lungs, the Consumption, in the infant and advanced stages.

Used as a PREVENTIVE and CURE, it makes a weak or illiterate, fit for any use. It is pleasant to take, and it is the only medicine that can be taken in any form.

**CAUTION! DON'T BE DECEIVED**  
Be sure you get the TOLU ROCK AND RYE, which is the only medicine that can be taken in any form. It is the only medicine that can be taken in any form. It is the only medicine that can be taken in any form.

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

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

**"CAUTION."**



# M. C. R. R. TIME TABLE.

GOING WEST.	
Passenger Trains on the Michigan Central Railroad will leave Chelsea Station as follows:	
Local Train.....	9:22 A. M.
Way Freight.....	9:50 A. M.
Grand Rapids Express.....	12:55 P. M.
Jackson Express.....	5:32 P. M.
Evening Express.....	8:55 P. M.
GOING EAST.	
Night Express.....	5:50 A. M.
Way Freight.....	6:47 A. M.
Jackson Express.....	9:52 A. M.
Grand Rapids Express.....	10:07 A. M.
Local Train.....	4:40 P. M.
H. B. Ledyard, Gen'l Supt., Detroit.	
Henry C. Westworth, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chelsea.	

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

# BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

**OLIVE LODGE, NO. 10.**  
Lodge, P. & A. M., will meet at Masonic Hall in regular communication on Tuesday Evenings, on or preceding each full moon.  
Theo. E. Wood, Sec'y.

**I. O. O. F.—THE REGULAR**  
weekly meeting of Vernon Lodge No. 85, I. O. O. F., will take place every Wednesday evening at 6 1/4 o'clock, at their Lodge room, Middle St., East.  
G. E. Wright, Sec'y.

**WASHTENAW ENCAMPMENT, No. 17.**  
I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings first and third Wednesday of each month.  
J. A. Palmer, Scribe.

**R. M. SPEER,**  
**DENTIST.**  
(Formerly with D. C. Hawthurst, M. D.; D. S. O. F., of Battle Creek.)  
ROOMS OVER HOLME'S DRY GOODS STORE, CHELSEA, MICH. [10-23]

**R. Kempf & Brother,**  
**BANKERS,**  
**AND PRODUCE DEALERS,**  
CHELSEA, — MICH.

Interest Paid on Special Deposits.  
Foreign Passage Tickets, to and from the Old Country, Sold.  
Drafts Sold on all the Principal Towns of Europe.

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

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

**Insurance on Farm and City Property Effectuated.**  
Chelsea, March 25, 1880. v9-28-1y

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

**INSURANCE COMPANIES**  
REPRESENTED BY  
**WM. E. DEPEW.**

	Assets.
Home of New York,	\$6,109,537
Hartford,	3,292,914
Underwriters,	4,630,000
American, Philadelphia,	1,296,061
Gen. of Hartford,	7,078,224
Fire Association,	4,465,716

Office: Over Kempf's Bank, Middle street, west, Chelsea, Mich.

**M. W. BUSH,**  
**DENTIST,**  
OFFICE OVER W. R. RYER & CO'S STORE, CHELSEA, MICH. 81

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

**Chelsea Flour Mill.**

**L. E. SPARKS,** Proprietor of Chelsea Steam Flour Mill, keeps constantly on hand A No. 1-Wheat Flour, Graham Flour, Buckwheat Flour, &c., &c. Custom Flour a Specialty. Farmers, please take notice and bring in your grain. Satisfaction guaranteed. v9-28

# TENSORIAL EMPORIUM.

**ED & FRANK** would respectfully announce to the inhabitants of Chelsea and vicinity that they are now prepared to do all kind of work in their line, also keep on hand sharp razors, nice clean towels, & everything first-class to suit their customers. They are up in the times, and can give you a shave and a fashionable haircut. A share of the public patronage is solicited. Shop at C. S. Laid's Brick Block, Middle street west, Chelsea, Mich.

# CHURCH DIRECTORY.

## CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Rev. THOS. HOLMES, D. D., Pastor. Services at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 12 o'clock.

## M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. J. L. HUDSON, Pastor. Services at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock. Sunday School immediately after morning services.

## BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. E. A. GAY, Pastor. Services at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 12 o'clock.

## CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Rev. Father DUNN, Services every Sunday, at 8 and 10 1/2 A. M. Vespers, 7 o'clock P. M. Sunday School at 12 o'clock A. M.

## LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Rev. Mr. METZGER. Services every alternate Sunday at 2 o'clock P. M.

## OUR TELEPHONE.

The wheat market is rather dull. A large quantity of valentines passed through the post office last Monday.

Revival meetings are still in progress at the Baptist church in this village.

Remember the Ann Arbor band concert at Tuttle's hall next Saturday evening.

Common sense. For all cases of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc., use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Mr. C. H. WINES has been confined to his bed for the past four weeks, with neuralgia. He is now getting better.

W. C. WINKS has sold his farm known as the Old Whaley farm of 140 acres, to George Taylor, of Sylvan.

DIED.—Died at her residence, in this village, on Sunday last, Mrs. BALE, mother of Dan Bale, aged 80 years.

L. D. LOOMIS has sold his farm, near Sylvan Center, of 150 acres to Henry Merkel and 85 acres to D. Heim, Jr.

Boots and shoes at cost for the next 30 days at French's boot and shoe store, to make room for Spring goods, now is the time for bargains.

J. A. FALCONER, of this village, left last Thursday for Colorado, where he intends to make it his home. May success attend him and his family.

GEORGE SAVAGE, of Lyndon, has purchased the property formerly owned by J. A. Falconer, and have moved into Chelsea to make it his home.

Our village Charter election will soon be here—ain't it about time that our citizens was talking up matters, as to who will be our next "city dads."

ANOTHER PIONEER GONE.—Died at his home, in this village, on last Saturday morning, ALLEN MCCARTER, aged 70 years. An obituary will appear next week.

The Philadelphia Star asserts that "truth whisped is more effective than nonsense thundred," and truth it is that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best remedy in the land, for curing a cough or cold.

RAYMOND.—DOAN.—Married, at the Methodist Parsonage, Feb'y 14th, 1881, by the Rev. J. L. Hudson, Mr. Elmer J. Raymond and Miss Ida T. Doan, both of Dansville.

The Michigan Central railroad will issue round-trip tickets from Jackson to New Orleans, on the occasion of the Mardi Gras carnival on March 1st, for \$33.40, good from Feb'y 15th to March 20th.

We omitted to mention in our last issue that H. S. Holmes, our dry goods merchant has been quite ill for nearly two weeks, with rheumatism and a slight indication of fever, but is now convalescent.

The Ann Arbor band will give a grand concert at Tuttle's hall, in this village next Saturday evening. The concert will be one of the best entertainments that Chelsea has had for a long time. Let everybody turn out and give them a full house.

LOST.—Nearly four weeks ago a pocket book was lost in Chelsea, containing a note of \$250 and \$20 in cash. The note was in favor of Michael Keelen. The finder will be rewarded by leaving the same with the owner—or at this office.

MICHAEL KEELIN.

You have all heard of mother Shipton's prophesies. It seems to be the general impression that some great thing is to happen the coming year. Prophets are predicting it, and some preachers are preaching it. We believe nothing of the kind. Dr. Pierson, of Detroit, knocks them into a cocked hat, and shows them to be nothing but fables.

WEATHER.—Last Thursday "Venno" give us a big thaw. On Saturday and Sunday our village had the appearance in some parts of a large lake. There was scarcely a dry cellar in town, and our cisterns got full to overflowing, for which the ladies felt good. Ye local was thinking about this, to build an ark, supposing it to be the second flood a-comeing.

DIPHTHERIA.—The most of our readers will suppose in looking over the advertising columns of the HERALD, that nearly all the merchants of this village has got the diphtheria? Why! because they are not represented in their home paper—"only penny wise and pound foolish." Lo! the poor printer. We are happy to say that there is not a single case of diphtheria in town.

ACCIDENT.—Willsey Purchase, a young man, while sawing poles with a buzz-saw, on the farm of O. A. Wilsey, 3 miles from this village, met with a serious accident on last Tuesday. The saw burst into three pieces—striking him badly about the body, breaking his collar-bone, and tearing out one of his fingers, and otherwise injuring him. He is doing as well as could be expected.

The Ann Arbor City Band concert in this village, next Saturday evening promises to be unusually attractive. The already famous Beta-Theta-Pi, quartette of the University, will assist the boys. Prof. Simonds, on the Saxophone, Mr. Holden on the Cornet, Mr. Chase on the Baritone, and Mr. Porter on the Flute, are all Soloists. Give the boys a rousing benefit.

DR. SHELTON WHITTAKER CROWE is the name of an enterprising New Yorker who has been arrested for carrying on an extensive business in supplying medical colleges with cadavers. He testifies that he "simply bagged tramps" and that he contracted to furnish them "at the rate of \$50 a pair." There has been a noticeable falling off in tramps last year or so, and this item seems to throw a little side light on the subject.—*Detroit Evening News*

What right has that new grocery here, they have knocked our prices awide.

SMELLING COMMITTEE.

Mr. EDITOR,—I desire to express my sincere and hearty thanks to my good friends of Chelsea, for their princely gift of a nice six year old horse, which was left at my barn last Saturday, by Bro. Ives. The heartiest thanks seem very tame in connection with such a gift, but I learn that it is all that my friends require of me. So I tender them, hoping that I may be enabled to render them more efficient service in the few months I have to stay with them, than I ever have before.

J. L. HUDSON.

4 lbs. crackers 25 cents, at Farrell and Boardman's.

VENNOX, the weather gusser, has this to say of the rest of this month: After a 12th a couple of days of blustering weather, with rain or snow, will be followed by snow storms and cold weather throughout the Western States. This term will be followed about the 16th by storms of wind, rain and snow, previous to the setting in of a colder term. With the beginning of the last week of the month brilliant, spring like weather will again appear, melting the snow in some localities, and the month will end with but little snow on the ground.

We guarantee all goods as represented. Farrell & Boardman's.

BURY YOUR SORROW.—You have trouble, your feelings are injured, your husband is unkind, your wife frets, your home is not pleasant, your friends do not treat you fairly, and things in general move unpleasantly. A smouldering fire can be found and extinguished; but when coals are scattered you can't pick them up. Bury your sorrow. The place for sad and disgusting things is under the ground. A cut finger is not benefited by pulling off the plaster and exposing it to somebody's eye. Charity covers a multitude of sins. Things thus covered are cured without a scar; but, once published and confided to meddling friends, there is no end to the trouble they may cause. Keep it to yourself. Troubles are transient; and, when a sorrow is healed and passed, what a comfort it is to say: "No one ever knew it till it was over!"

Fries new and fresh. Pea-nuts 5 cents a quart at Farrell & Boardman's.

# A Valentine.

Oh! had I the foot of the antelope, fleet,  
Or the wings of a bird of the land and the seas,  
I would gather the treasures of earth, my sweet,  
With a draught from the fountain of youth without loss.

I would snatch from the rainbow a ribbon of blue,  
And a cloud of the pinkest and loveliest hue

From the sky; not a planet should be  
Half as bright as the star that should twinkle for thee,  
The moon's silver rays and the sun's golden light

Should lighten and brighten the way, day and night.  
With more of the splendor and glory than's given

To mortals who yet are this side of heaven;  
The crocus and blue-bells of earliest spring,  
With the lilies and roses the Summer would bring.

Should unite in the song of the Autumn's ripe fruits,  
And the Winter's rich stores; and with harps and with lutes

All voices of nature the anthem should ring,  
Of the God who is love and the love that is King.

Ann Arbor, Mich. H.

MIXED bird seed in neat pound packages, best thing for singers, 10 cts. Farrell and Boardman's.

How DIPHTHERIA MAY BE SPREAD IN SCHOOLS.—It is not alone by the breathing of infected air that diphtheria may be communicated from child to child at school. Indeed, those who deny that the air is often or ever a medium of communication of the disease, and who are at all familiar with the thoughtless ways of little children in school, must recognize that the possible means of communication by almost direct contract are many. Who has not seen a school boy with his mouth full of marbles just taken from a mate? children often borrow and lend pencils, which by instinct they wet in the mouth or hold in the mouth; they borrow sponges of one another to wipe their slates, which they moisten with saliva. It is a common thing for all the children of the room to drink from the same cup; their clothes commonly hang in close contact in closets and ante-rooms. They manifest their likes and dislikes by biting or refusing to bite from the same sapsap; and little girls often pledge eternal friendship by that classic symbol, "sharing gum." Though these things may occur outside the school, they are more frequent—the more children are brought together, as they are in schools.

THE SNOW OF AGE.—No snow falls lighter than the snow of age; but none is heavier, for it never melts. The figure is by no means novel, but the closing part of the sentence is new as well as emphatic. The scriptures represent age by the almond tree, which bears blossoms of the purest white. "The almond tree shall flourish," the head shall be hoary. Dickens says of one of his characters whose hair was turning gray, that it looked as if time had lightly splashed his snows upon its passage. "It never melts"—no never! Age is inexorable. Its wheels must move onward—they know no retrograde movement. The old man sit and sing, "I would I were a boy again"—but he grows older as he sings. He may read of the elixir of youth, but he cannot find it; he may sigh for the secrets of that alchemy which is able to make him young, but sighing brings it not. He may gaze backward with an eye of longing upon the rosy scenes of early years, as one who gazes on his home from the deck of a departing ship, which every moment carries him farther and farther away. Poor old man! He has little more to do than die. "It never melts." The snow of winter comes and sheds its white blessing upon the valley and the mountains, but soon the sweet spring comes and smites it all away. Not so with that upon the brow of the tottering veteran. There is no spring whose warmth can penetrate its eternal frost. It comes to stay. Its single flakes fell unnoticed—and now it is drilled there. We shall see it increase until we lay the old man in the grave. There it shall be absorbed by the eternal darkness—for there is no age in heaven. Yet why speak of age in mournful strain? It is beautiful, honorable, eloquent. Should we sigh at the proximity of death, when life and the world are so full of emptiness? Let the old exult because they are old. If any must weep let it be the young, at the long succession of cares that are before them. Welcome the snow, for it is an emblem of peace and of rest. It is but a temporal crown which shall fall at the gates of Paradise to be replaced brighter and better.

THE ISTHMIAN RAILWAY.—Captain Eads' Ship Railway for the American Isthmus is described and illustrated in the Scientific American. The proposition—to carry ships from ocean to ocean overland appears to be very bold, but this is so mainly because of the magnitude of the work.—Everything that Captain Eads proposes to do has been done before on a smaller scale and the great success he has achieved in other engineering works secures for his plans consideration that they would not be likely to get if they came from a hydraulic and constructing engineer of less reputation. According to the plans shown in the Scientific American the ship would enter upon a marine railway, where it would be securely supported on a car and gradually drawn out of water. The land railway would comprise 12 tracks and the car for carrying the largest ship would have about 1,200 wheels of three feet in diameter. Powerful locomotives would be employed to move the ship across the Isthmus and it would pass into the sea over another marine railway. Mr. Eads claims that the ship railway would be cheaper than a canal, that it could be built in much less time, and that as it involves only surface work, its cost can be accurately computed. But this last is an error. It would require something more than surface work; for the foundations for a substructure to bear such enormous weight in motion must in places in that country where it has been very difficult indeed to find firm foundation for even an ordinary railway and its heavy traffic. This is one of the troubles of "unknown quantity" that Mr. Lesseps may encounter to his cost in his canal enterprise.

BUSINESS LAW AS IT STANDS TO-DAY, AND MUST BE LIVED UP TO.—If a note is lost or stolen, it does not release the maker; he must pay it, if the consideration for which it was given and the amount can be proven.

Notes bear interest only when so stated. Principals are responsible for the acts of their agents.

Each individual in a partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm, except in cases of special partnership.

The law compels no one to do impossibilities.

An agreement without consideration is void.

A note made on Sunday is void.

Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced.

A note made by a minor is voidable.

A contract made with a lunatic is void.

A note obtained by fraud, or from a person in a state of intoxication, cannot be collected.

It is a fraud to conceal a fraud.

Signatures made with a lead pencil are good in law.

A receipt for money is not always conclusive.

The acts of one partner binds all the rest.

"Value received" is usually written in a note, and should be, but is not necessary.

If not written, it is presumed by the law, or may be supplied by proof.

The maker of an "accommodation" bill or note (one for which he has received no consideration, having lent his name or credit for the accommodation of the holder) is not bound to the person accommodated, but is bound to all the other parties, precisely as if there was a good consideration.

No consideration is sufficient in law if it be illegal in its nature.

Good sugar 7c., Farrell & Boardman's.

3 bars soap 5c., Farrell & Boardman's.

BANNER Baking Powder, the best, try it, Farrell & Boardman's.

RAISING 15c. a lb., Farrell & Boardman's.

# The Other Side.

"The words are good," I said; I cannot doubt;

I took my scissors then to cut them out; My darling seized my hand. "Take care," she cried,

"There is a picture on the other side."

I fell to musing. We are too intent On gaining that to which our minds are bent;

We choose then fling the fragments far and wide,

But spoil the picture on the other side! A prize is offered; others seek it too,

But on we press, with only self in view, We gain our point, and pause well satisfied.

But ah! the picture on the other side!

On this, a sound of revelry we hear; On that, a wail of mourning strikes the ear;

On this, a carriage stands with groom and bride, A hearse is waiting on the other side.

We call it trash—we tread it roughly down, The thing which others might have deemed a crown;

An infant's eye annotated sees the gold, Where we, world-blinded only brass behold.

We pluck a weed and fling it to the breeze, A flower of fairest hue another sees;

We strike a chord with careless smile and jest, And break a heart-string in another's breast.

Tread soft and softer still as you go, With eyes washed clear in Love's anointing glow;

Life's page well finished, turn it, satisfied, And lo! heaven's picture on the other side.

BE GENTLE WITH THE SORROWING.—Step softly in the presence of grief, and speak gently to him or her in whose eye the tear-drops glisten. Never mind inquiring the cause of sorrow, for the heart never bleeds unless it is wounded. To you the cause might seem so trivial as to provoke a smile to mock the anguish of the soul. But to that broken, fluttering heart the little bill to you, is a mountain of gigantic proportions. We can seldom "shed tear for tear" with the unfortunate, for while in the sunshine we apt to forget how cheerless and chilly it is beneath the cloud; when among the flowers we forget how the hot sands are scorching the feet of the weary traveler across a trackless waste. It is a gentle heart that bleeds over trifles, such a heart as the world needs to shed a softening influence upon its rough places and sunshine upon its dark places.

BEFORE MARRIAGE.—Lovers' quarrels arise from different causes; sometimes from mere intensity of affection making undue exactions, and at others from causes which, properly understood and appreciated, would warn the parties of the impossibility of their ever living happily together.

For instance, a young man who is engaged finds his affianced very jealous. Whenever they meet other ladies in society she treats him with great coolness. This chills his ardor, and makes him discontented, so much, that he is in doubt about marrying her at all. He has, in fact, come to the conclusion that if he believed she would treat him after marriage in the same way she does now, he would never marry her.

As a general proposition, it may be laid down that persons will not change essentially after marriage. A belief that they would has been the cause of countless unhappy marriages. They will be just about the same after marriage as before, and, if anything, a little more likely to give way to strong, natural proclivities, or peculiarities of temper.

If you would not marry a young woman, provided you believe she would continue to be as she is now, without any very marked change in her disposition, then you do a very perilous thing to marry her at all.

The same rule on the other hand, applies to the young men. Many and many a girl has made a shipwreck of her happiness for life by marrying a young man in the confidence that after marrying she would wield such an influence over him as to reform his wild habits. She finds her influence diminished rather than increased after they are married, and disappointments, disagreements and misery ensue.

Marry no one with whom, without any change of character, you are not satisfied.

REASON IN ANIMALS.—Is man the only animal endowed with reason? Upon the affirmative or negative answer to this question much is made to depend by that large class of persons who see, in the possession of reason, the distinguishing mark between men and other animals. If by reason he meant the power to perceive a probable effect from a given cause, then it is more than likely that such animals as dogs, horses, and elephants, pre-eminent, and some other animals, in lesser degree, are endowed with reason. Nor is it necessary, in order to believe this, to con found instinct with higher faculty. Man is possessed of instinct as well as reason, a sufficient evidence that the presence of one does not act as a bar to the other.

The answer to the question formulated above is of metaphysical value only, but is, nevertheless, of general interest. It would seem as if the most direct way out of the difficulty would be to accept it as sufficiently proven that animals can reason, and then go back and reject the idea that the possession of reason distinguishes man from other animals. The gulf between man and the rest of animated creation is so wide that it has never yet been crossed, except by man, in sometimes assimilating himself with the lower orders of creation. There may, perhaps, be some brutes better than some men, but that is solely the fault of the men.

# A CROSS BABY.

Nothing is so conducive to a man's remaining a bachelor as stopping for one night at the house of a married friend and being kept awake for five or six hours by the crying of a cross baby. All cross and crying babies need only Hop Bitters to make them well and smiling. Young man, remember this.—Ed.

# Real Estate for Sale.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, } ss.  
COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, }

In the matter of the Estate of ALBERT CONGDON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned, administrator of the estate of said deceased, by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Washtenaw, on the fifth day of February, A. D. 1881, there will be sold at Public Vendue, to the highest bidder, at the office of Geo. W. Turnbull, in the village of Chelsea, in the County of Washtenaw, in said State, on Saturday the twenty-sixth day of March, A. D. 1881, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day (subject to the existing law of the time of the death of said deceased, and subject to the right of dower, of Ione Congdon, widow deceased therein,) the following described real estate, to-wit: Lots six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve and thirteen, of block five, James M. Congdon's second addition to Chelsea village, Washtenaw County, Mich. Also, commencing at the north west corner of lot one, of block two, according to the recorded plat of Chelsea village, and running thence east to a point on the east line of said lot one, two rods south of the north east corner of said lot one, thence eastwardly parallel with the south line of the Michigan Central Railroad, to the east line of lot twenty-six (26) of said block, thence north two rods to the north east corner of said lot twenty-six, thence westwardly along the south line of the Michigan Central Railroad lands to the place of beginning; in Washtenaw County Michigan.

ORRIN THATCHER, Administrator.

Dated February 5th, 1881.

# Probate Order.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, } ss.  
COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, }

At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Monday, the seventh day of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Mary A. Glenn, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Rupert M. Glenn, praying that administrator of said estate may be granted to Charles M. Glenn, or some other suitable person.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the seventh day of March next, at 10 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 petition 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 Chelsea Herald, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Judge of Probate.

[A true copy.] WILLIAM C. DOTY, Probate Register.

Notwithstanding the efforts of unscrupulous dealers and slanderous correspondents to hurt our business, we still continue to hold our share of the public patronage



