

Trimming Apple Trees: Push this work now. When cutting off limbs cut each one off far enough out so as to leave the stump of the limb as long as the diameter of the limb, whether it is large or small.

Work in Small Fruits: The raspberry should now be cut out of the raspberry and blackberry rows and the canes tied with carpet yarn to the wires. If stakes are used, twine for tying wool will be required.

The best Raspberries: My experience is that the Turner is the best red raspberry, and the Gregg the most productive and profitable of the black caps. Both are indispensable in my list.

Ground Bone Meal: One of my neighbors secures excellent results by using a home-made superphosphate which he prepares and uses as follows: Buy finely-ground raw bone meal, cut it with sulphuric acid, dry the mass with dry charcoal dust, and use a tablespoonful in the hill when the corn is dropped.

Order the Seeds Now. This should not be delayed. We are too apt to defer ordering until the seeds are wanted and there is no time to test the proportion that will grow so that the quantity to the acre can be regulated.

Deep Setting of Milk. One of the greatest advantages of deep setting is the convenient consistency of the cream, which is removed in the best condition for the churn, being diluted with about one-half its bulk of milk.

One of the most common of these inquiries is as to the covering of the pails, or rather of the milk. A good deal of fuss has been made about the animal odor of milk, and this notion is at the bottom of most of the trouble gratuitously made in regard to the covering of milk. If the milk house is free from dust, there is no necessity to cover the milk at all, but the milk will take no harm from close covering.

Good Cattle. Good cattle are the best investment a farmer can put his money into. I never knew a man satisfied with himself or his trade, who bought poor stock, at any price, to keep. Good Shortorns, Herefords, Jerseys, Ayrshires or Holsteins are cheap at high figures. They produce the best milk, butter, cheese, leather. It is extremely necessary to profit that the farmer buy healthy, thrifty, high-bred animals, those that produce or are capable of producing the most of these products.

The Syracuse Standard asks: will some one tell us what Mrs. Langtry's maiden name was? Certainly. Her maiden aim was to marry Mr. Langtry. Wendell Phillips has been trying to tell what constitutes a true orator. And he didn't get within a mile of it. A true orator is a man who knows when it is time to dry up.

A three-year-old little girl was dancing on the bed, the other morning, and suddenly gave a little cry. "What is it, darling?" said mamma. "I shut up my leg a way I didn't want to!"

Nothing beats fighting for speed; unless it be the way a boy jumps out of bed in the morning, when, after his mother had shouted herself hoarse, he hears the tread of the old man's boots upon the stairway as he stealthily creeps to the top.

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Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet, the swallow sung,
From the nest he builded high;
And the robin's captured echo rung
From his leafy perch close by.
"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet," rang the joyful tune,
"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet, is the world in June."
"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet," the maiden said,
As she twined her hair with flowers;
From bird and blossom the echo sped
Through the long and blissful hours.
"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet," rang the joyful tune,
"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet, is the world in June."
"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet," the swallow sung
On the summer's dying night;
And "Sweet, sweet, sweet," the echo rung,
As the robin planned for flight;
"Oh, sweet is the summer when just begun,
Sweet, sweet, sweet, when her life is done."

MISS BRACKENTHORPE.

It was an hour after the table d'hote dinner, but still too soon to go to bed, too early even for the 'early-to-bed-early-to-rise' members of three distinct walking parties, who were conversing in the long low salie of the small hotel at G—. It was twilight, yet of a dual kind. Outside the open windows, the summer sky had deepened into the lovely gray tints, with a broad streak of tender green where the red-gold sunset had but lately faded away; the mighty range of mountains had lost all detail of form, and was massed in purple, almost violet shadows, the jagged outlines standing grandly out against the pallid sky. Indoors, the semi-darkness was made visible by the yellow flicker of half a dozen miserable oil lamps, that seemed to throw curious shadows on ceiling and walls, and to bring into startling prominence the defects of everybody's face and features. Yet in this fitful light the group of English travelers was conversing pleasantly, nay, merrily enough.

The first walking party consisted of four people: Mr. and Mrs. Gray who were a young couple; the middle-aged and Reverend Timothy Browne; and a relation of Mr. Grey, an elderly spinster, who owned the name of Brackenthorpe. This lady was known to everyone as 'poor Miss Brackenthorpe,' the exact reason why, 'tis hard to tell. She was not good-looking, but neither was she especially the reverse; she was not blessed with remarkable talents, but we are not all born clever; she was certainly far from rich, but in this particular she was not unlike a good many of her neighbors. Yet she was never spoken of amongst her friends and acquaintances except as 'poor Miss Brackenthorpe.'

The members of the second company were brother and sister, a strong-limbed pair of Aberdonians; whilst the third walking party consisted of nobody but himself. He was a young, good-looking 'party' on a solitary excursion through Switzerland; he had ascended most of the high peaks, and crossed the most dangerous passes, and having but few new worlds to conquer in those parts, he was 'doing' Switzerland for the last time, he said. He had a favorite guide and loved him like a brother; at least that was the young Englishman's own version of their relations, as he pointed with a lazy gesture over his shoulder to the porch of the hotel, which was visible through one of the open windows, and where two or three guides, his own included, stood smoking their pipes, and arguing noisily in their horrible Swiss-German.

"Awful muffs, these guides, as a rule," quoth the young man, stretching himself out in the tortuous combination of wickerwork, creaking white wood and leather straps that was by courtesy misnamed an easy-chair, and looking the while with defiant eyes at the great chain of violet mountains his ten toes had so successfully overcome. Miss Brackenthorpe paused in her tattling glance up at him; he was a young giant, a noble specimen of youthful manhood, she thought, unconsciously judging as many dames and damsels had doubtless judged before. He was brown altogether except his eyes, which were brilliant and blue like sapphires as he sat staring at the landscape; his hair was light brown, thick and curly; his beard was dark brown, dense and silken; his complexion was tanned to a warm ruddy brown; and his limbs, glorious in their strength and beauty of proportion, were cased in garments of an indistinct brown hue. Poor Miss Brackenthorpe admired him vastly; she immediately classed him in her ardent mind as nothing less than a demigod. She gave a little sigh as her errant eyes returned to her tattling; she was a great tatter, and tattling was to her what smoking is to some of us, or what drinking, or whist, or shopping, or intellectual conversation is to others. She could talk at breakfast or during supper, in the train or on the mountains; it was a harmless pursuit and one easily carried about; it interfered with no one's happiness.

And yet young Mrs. Grey had said that very morning to her husband, "It positively gets on my nerves, John; the old thing reminds me of one of the Fates, you know. It is just as if she were always weaving her own shroud, you know."

"Yes, my dear, but the Fates really didn't—"

"No, of course not; but I feel it all the same, you know."

As for Miss Brackenthorpe's influence on pretty blooming Mrs. Grey, it will perhaps be scarcely credited that the former was a decided thorn in the side of this prosperous young matron, yet so it was. Poor Miss Brackenthorpe, like many others of her kind, had no tact, nay, she was strangely deficient in that quality, being unfortunately gifted with the fatal talent of saying the wrong thing at every opportunity.

When John Grey had called upon her one evening late in July, and announced his intention of taking his wife for an easy walking-trip through the prettiest scenery in Switzerland, poor Miss Brackenthorpe had suddenly brightened up.

"How very delicious," she had said in hushed enthusiastic tones. "How I wish you would take me too, John! I am a very economical traveler; I wonder if I couldn't join you!"

"I daresay you could," was John's curt rejoinder, and then he had walked to the window and looked out and sucked the top of his cane, whilst Miss Brackenthorpe sat blissfully dreaming dreams, and planning plans of pleasure. Her lodging seemed so close and hot; the July sun poured in upon the faded carpet, on the stuffy woollen chairs, and on the gaudy paper flowers that decorated the fire-stove, and which were the only summer flowers she had expected to see; whilst Switzerland was a cool, delightful Paradise on earth, the home of the Alpine rose and the Edelweiss; there were green pastures and gurgling streams.

"What else could I do, my dear?" argued poor John an hour afterward in answer to his wife's reproaches; there was absolutely nothing else to say.

"My dear John! you might surely have invented some excuse. Well, as it is, our trip is spoilt, and there is only one thing to be done, you know."

"What?"

"We must counterbalance her. Poor Miss Brackenthorpe must have a make-weight, a companion, you know—a man, of course—we must be four, you know. But a young man won't do, because you never will talk to poor Miss Brackenthorpe yourself, John, you know, and of course I can't be left to talk to her. We must find a middle-aged, respectable, steady man."

"We had better advertise for a butler, my dear, or else for one of the keepers of a lunatic asylum."

"Nonsense, John! I have thought of the very thing—you know the rector down in the country at my father's place, the Reverend Timothy Browne?"

And so it came to pass that the Reverend Timothy Browne, much delighted by his young friends' invitation, was called upon to counterbalance poor Miss Brackenthorpe in Switzerland. He fulfilled his mission very well. He gave his arm unarmingly to the spinster whenever Mr. Grey requested him to do so. He sat beside her at table d'hote whenever it was so ordered by Mr. Grey, and he had a fund of historical biblical knowledge that came in opportunely, and made him, as Miss Brackenthorpe herself averred, a most interesting companion.

Yet the young matron was not satisfied. Miss Brackenthorpe was her bete noire, which is, I suppose, a poetical French equivalent for the black-beetles so universally detested by Englishwomen. And it was all the worse, because the old maid was in a measure the guest of Mrs. Grey, who was too much of a lady to be openly or aggressively rude. She merely ignored, and so to speak, sat upon Miss Brackenthorpe with a negative though crushing displeasure. But this poor lady was used to being sat upon, and merely bowed her head a little lower under the treatment. Nature, or perhaps the fossilizing result of long, lonely years of hardship, had given her a kind of outside crust, an appearance of indifference that was as good as a reality. Thus, also, nature gives shells to snails to protect them as much as possible from blackbirds and other destroying fowls of the air. Miss Brackenthorpe seldom attempted to conciliate her young relative (partly because she doubtless knew that it was impossible, and partly because she did not know how to begin), and she was curiously regardless of Mrs. Grey's little mental pranks and pokes. You may hit a small pretty hard on his shell; he curls himself up very tight, but he does not seem to suffer from the shock. Miss Brackenthorpe was a simple-minded woman; she never took a hint and never appreciated an innuendo; dark sayings were sayings dark as night to her. If you frowned or winked at her, she asked if the light was too much for your eyes; if you made faces, she inquired if you suffered from toothache. Mrs. Grey was as kind to her as were most people. John Grey was her cousin. The spinster looked on the young couple with a mild cousinly affection, that might easily have been stirred into a feeling of moral blister on the soft, fair skin of young Mrs. Grey.

Miss Brackenthorpe was always losing her things; she dropped a bracelet into a crevasse, she left her only pair of gloves in the last hotel; the waiters and chambermaids were continually running after her with the stray waifs of her property as much to her own surprise as to Mrs. Grey's vexation. Poor Miss Brackenthorpe was always astonished to discover that she had lost her things, equally astonished that anybody else had found them; and she was foolishly eager to bestow on the finder a reward that was three times the value of the miserable object she had mislaid.

"Dear Miss Brackenthorpe, one would think you were a millionaire, you know," Mrs. Grey would pleasantly murmur

at such times, and Miss Brackenthorpe always answered with unwavering simplicity: "Oh, no, Clara; I assure you I am not at all well off."

In general conversation Miss Brackenthorpe did not shine, and on the present occasion, whilst everybody was discussing the great subject of guides, she had but little to say. John Grey in answer to the depreciatory term 'duffers,' which had been so lightly used by Miss Brackenthorpe's young demigod, had discoursed for upward of ten minutes on the subject, most exhaustively, as he and his wife silently agreed.

"In fact, considering all things," added Mr. Grey, winding up his peroration, "I think we may consider that the Swiss guides are excellent good fellows."

There was a moment's silence; he seemed to have the argument all to himself. The demigod, as far as could be seen in the darkening twilight, was sinking into a placid slumber; the Reverend Timothy, who seldom volunteered an opinion, nodded his head slowly.

Mrs. Grey, of course, had no opinion of her own, and felt no need of capping her husband's remarks. Then in the silence and the twilight, arose a faint hesitating voice: "I do think some of the guides are very handsome, don't you?"

The remark, despite the last two words, was apparently addressed to the entire company; no one replied, but a suppressed laugh went round the group.

"Really, dear Miss Brackenthorpe, we couldn't guess, you know," began Mrs. Grey.

Fortunately there was not sufficient daylight left to betray the blushes that rose to the cheeks of poor Miss Brackenthorpe; for once in her life she knew she had said the wrong thing, and feebly tried to retrieve her position.

"I mean," she stammered—"that is to say—of course one can't help thinking—"

But the demigod had awakened from his slumber. "I tell you what it is," he said in his cheeriest tones, "a guide is like an old servant. You have heard the adage: 'If the first seven years a good servant, the next seven a kind master, the next seven a cruel tyrant.' But as regards Swiss guides, you must substitute days for years. My guide has been with me more than a fortnight, so you may guess at my subject."

The young hero laughed as he said this, with an air of good-humored power and knowledge of his own strength and capabilities that amused everyone, and positively enthralled Miss Brackenthorpe. She felt impelled to talk to him; the increasing darkness gave her courage; besides, John Grey had entered on a fresh argument with the Scotchman, and under cover of the sound of their voices she was able to carry out her intention. Fortune, furthermore, favored her; she was sitting closest to the demigod; and Mrs. Grey, whose satire she dreaded without understanding it, was furthest from her in the group.

"Do you," she murmured softly, "do you like the little mountain flowers?"

"Do I?" replied the demigod with affability. "Indeed, I hardly know; I am afraid I am not at all learned about flowers."

"But you pick them? Oh, I think they are so exquisite! I love them better than all our English garden flowers. There is a sort of atmosphere of the mountains about them, something so wild, so free."

Her new friend looked puzzled. "What brutes we men must be!" he answered gently. "Do you know, I am almost afraid to tell you, but I have sometimes felt a real pleasure in treading on the gentians, and trying to cut off the heads of the big daisies with my stick."

"Really!" Miss Brackenthorpe gave a little sigh. "I—I always thought that the strongest nature should be the tenderest and the most pitiful," she murmured very softly; "I can't bear to think otherwise. It is one—of the most beautiful thoughts in the world, added this romantic creature in an undertone."

Her interlocutor was astonished; he stroked his beard thoughtfully. He felt no inclination to laugh as Mrs. Grey would have done, on the contrary, there was something in the tremulous timidity of her tone which touched him, whilst it removed all absurdity from the words she uttered.

"Dear Miss Brackenthorpe, are you looking for one of the waiters?" asked Mrs. Grey, pausing on the way.

"Oh, no, a waiter," answered the poor thing with unnecessary candor; "that is, I mean, no one at all."

Miss Brackenthorpe was, by predilection, a late riser, and when forced by circumstances and Swiss custom generally to rise earlier than she liked, she was seldom punctual, but generally made a tardy and somewhat untidy appearance at the breakfast-table. She was one of those people who are always losing their keys, whose buttons will never get buttoned, whose strings have a trick of tying themselves into knots; whenever she hurried herself in any way, pins ran into her fingers, and the things she most wanted hid themselves away into odd corners of the room. But, on the following morning to her meeting with her young hero, Miss Brackenthorpe was alert and ready—the first of her party. She dressed herself with unusual precision and care, and made her way down to the salie, while Mrs. Grey was yet turning in her bed, wondering whether it was absolutely impossible to indulge in one more scanty snooze before John looked in to exclaim for the tenth time: "Really, my dear!"

There was nobody in the salie but a waiter, who, in his shabby black

clothes and dirty but elaborate shirt-front, looked as if he had been up all night. He was noisily placing the thick white-cups and saucers and plates at that end of the long dining-table where the Greys and their Scotch friends were to breakfast. There were no signs of breakfast as yet, however; only the usual glass bowl or honey, wherein countless flies had already whorled themselves, and toward which, across the wide expanse of tablecloth, many other flies, eager for succi, were rapidly wending their way. But there was something else on the table that immediately attracted Miss Brackenthorpe's gaze; it was a bunch of wild flowers, hastily tied together, and simply laid upon a plate, on Mrs. Grey's plate evidently.

Poor Miss Brackenthorpe's heart palpitated with a crowd of varied feelings as she drew near, and took up the flowers in her tender hands. "Ah, yes," the waiter said spasmodically, "de gentleman, he leave dem for de lady."

"What gentleman?"

"De gentleman who gone away dis morning."

"Come away?"

"Yes, yes, de tall Englishman; him gone away on de mountains wid his guide. He very early gentleman."

"Gone!" and so also were gone the pleasant dreams and fancies that, like a pack of cards, the poor soul had built up within her own mind; dreams and fancies thoroughly intangible truly, and misty, yet none the less precious to her. It was not much she had looked for! only two or three more kind words, a glance, a smile of sympathy, a few of those small tokens of goodwill which the strong (and therefore the rich ones of the earth) can bestow on their poorer, weaker brothers or sisters—tokens which are so easy to give, so blessed to receive! But her hero was gone, and, in going, had left behind him sweet memories. Poor Miss Brackenthorpe could scarcely believe her eyes; there was a small piece of paper attached to the flowers, and on it was written:

"For Miss Brackenthorpe; a peace-offering."

Her eye grew dim, her pulse beat high. "He not come back," said the waiter, shaking his head solemnly as he banged the chairs about, and pretended to dust them with a greasy napkin; "he walk many miles to-day over de mountain, and then take de train to Geneva."

Miss Brackenthorpe sat down; the fresh wind blew in at the open window; she held her hand over the flowers to shield them; she longed foolishly to press them to her lips. But who can sympathize with a romantic heart that is no longer young? Perhaps the poor soul was conscious herself that what might have been pardonable in others was impossible for her; at any rate, she stole swiftly upstairs, and opening the knapsack that held her slender luggage, she laid the flowers away reverently and lovingly in a small bandbox. It is true that in order to make room for them, she was obliged to turn out her best cap. Mrs. Grey inquired for it some days afterward, having missed it from its owner's head at table d'hote, but she was not surprised to learn that it was only one of the many things that poor Miss Brackenthorpe had 'left behind.'

"That wary strategist was sitting innocently occupied with her tattling when the other travellers came down to breakfast. Everybody was much surprised and disappointed to hear of the early departure of the young Englishman, a piece of news which Miss Brackenthorpe had apparently casually learned from the waiter. Mrs. Grey especially was loud in his praises, and it was she who anxiously scanned the pages of the visitors' book to find his name. But it was not there. The other names were there in full, the Greys having written them down immediately on their arrival.

The master of the hotel, when appealed to, was much annoyed to find that the Englishman had departed so suddenly, and without giving the requisite details of his name, occupation and residence, according to custom. He swore roundly at the waiters, but they, having received largesse from the stranger, cared but little for their employer's angry words, and shrugged their shoulders carelessly as they went on their way rejoicing, to smash some more of his china.

The guide was also a stranger, apparently. "But what on earth can it possibly signify, my dear?" asked John Grey indignantly at last. "What does it concern us whether the fellow's name was Smith, or Jones, or Robinson? For Heaven's sake, pour out the coffee; he may go to Zermatt, or to Jericho, for all I care!"

And so the matter ended. At least, it nearly ended so.

A year afterward, somewhat suddenly, poor Miss Brackenthorpe died. Her demise was not wholly unexpected; she had been known to have a heart complaint. Nor did it materially distress anyone. Mrs. Grey was to put off a dinner-party, to which, amongst other guests, the Prime Minister and an archbishop had promised to come.

But if no one grieved, no one benefited, for poor Miss Brackenthorpe had left little property to will away. A friend in New South Wales received a friend of ring, the Greys a silver teacup, a cousin in Hampshire a few other trifling legacies. One of the said cousin's daughters, a happy-faced girl of eighteen, became the possessor of the spinster's little writing-desk—an odd-fashioned thing of rosewood. It was

empty of all papers, except a few unimportant notes; but one day as the girl lifted the lid somewhat roughly a secret spring gave way, and an inner drawer was suddenly disclosed. Within the drawer lay a bunch of withered wild flowers, so dried up that they cracked and fell to pieces at the first touch. Tied to them was a piece of paper, wherein was written in bold many characters:

"For Miss Brackenthorpe; a peace-offering."

"Only think, mamma," exclaimed the young girl with a little laugh, "poor Miss Brackenthorpe must have had a romance after all!"—Temple Bar.

The Tree Peddlers.

The Prairie Farmer advises its readers to give traveling agents a wide berth, and to purchase trees, etc., that they may desire to raise, from established nurseriesmen. Go for what you want to the nursery, if possible. If you cannot be there in person, then order from those who advertise in respectable journals, and when doing this, select those only whom you think have a reputation at stake if he swindles you. There is no swindling so easily done as in nursery products, nor any that results in more serious and lasting damage to the person swindled, and none so hard to condone as he that does such swindling. The man who makes a careful selection of 100 apple-trees from one of these nurseries, and has his order filled with two or three varieties, such as the "agent" can buy or furnish the cheapest (the agent-labeling, of course, to suit the contract), and plants and cares for them six or eight years, and finds he has not a tree of the variety ordered, is a man cruelly and outrageously abused; and yet we have certain knowledge that just such swindles are being perpetrated every day, and what is very unfortunate is that this nor any other journal can help the great mass of these unfortunate who are being swindled in any way whatever, for the reason that a majority of these persons do not read agricultural journals or anything else; they would not read such papers if they were placed free of all cost in their hands, and a great many of them would not believe them if they did read them. The only tongue-tied tree agent would be much better authority for them than the president of the American pomological society.

Humorous Matters.

Water colors—So does whisky.

Street "jams" lead to "tart remarks."

Neatest thing in silks—Pretty women.

Pelicans and plumbers have enormous bills.

Funny items are made by the adroit turns of the humor-wrist.

In looking at a lady's head, you can not always tell which is swivel.

An artist painted a bent pin on a chair so naturally that a piece was knocked out of the plastering.

A young lady of our city, who is receiving the attentions of a clothing clerk, speaks of him as her new suitor.

He put his arm around her waist, and swore an awful oath, remarking as he drew it back, "I've felt that Pin afore!"

Jones says "X may represent the 'unknown quantity' that a growing boy will eat, but then an X won't begin to pay for it."

Arkansas is a poor place to get along in. A young man on his wedding day was taken out and hung for stealing a five-dollar horse.

A singular fact—A Galveston gentleman has observed that when he goes out hunting and has his gun with him, and wants to ride on the street cars, he has never yet had to signal a street car driver twice.

In an article on a recent fair the editor of a Macon paper took a valuable premium; but, an unkind policeman made him put it right back where he took it from.

The Syracuse Standard asks: will some one tell us what Mrs. Langtry's maiden name was? Certainly. Her maiden aim was to marry Mr. Langtry.

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 transpiring in 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, MAR. 24, 1881.

School Law.

The question so frequently discussed by school officers, parents and teachers, as to the extent of the control which a teacher may legally exercise over his pupils in respect to the time and place, it being contended by some that he has no concern with them in the way of authority or responsibility after school hours or beyond the school-house premises. The following positions, as general rules, in reference to this matter, are fully sustained in law.

1. In the school room, the teacher has the exclusive control and supervision of his pupils, subject only to such regulations as may be prescribed or given by the school board.

2. The conduct of the pupils on any part of the premises connected with the school-house or in the immediate vicinity of the same (the pupils being thus virtually under the care and oversight of the teacher), whether within the regular school hours or before or after them, is properly cognizable by the teacher, and any disturbance made by them or offences committed by them within this range, injuriously affecting in any way the interests of the school, may clearly be the subjects of reproof and correction by the teacher.

3. In regard to what transpires by the way in going to and returning from school, the authority of the teacher may be regarded as concurrent with that of the parent. So far as offences are concerned for which the pupils committing them would be amenable to the laws, such as larceny, trespasses, etc., which come more particularly within the category of crimes against the state, it is the wisest course generally for the teacher (whatever may be his legal power), to let the offenders pass into the hands of judicial or parental authority, and thus avoid being involved in controversies with parents and others, and exposing himself to the liability of being harassed by prosecution at law. But as to any misdemeanors of which the pupils are guilty in passing from the school-house to their homes which directly and injuriously affect the good order and government of the school and the right training of the scholars, such as truancy, wilful tardiness, quarrelling with other children, the use of indecent language, etc., there can be no doubt that these come within the jurisdiction of the teacher, and are properly matters for discipline in the school.

A decision in the supreme court of Vermont illustrates and fully accords with the foregoing positions. The court decided that such misdemeanors have a direct and immediate tendency to injure the school by subverting the teacher's authority and begetting disorder and insubordination among the pupils. The same doctrine is substantially recognized in the decisions of supreme courts in some other states. Respecting this and some other kindred topics, attention is called to the elaborate opinion of Chief Justice Shaw in the case (Sherman vs. the inhabitants of Charlestown; 8 Cushing's Mass. reports, 160). The governing principle in all cases like the Vermont case is, that whatever in the misconduct of pupils under like circumstances, as to time and place etc., has a direct tendency to injure the school in its important interests, is properly a subject of discipline in the school. It is sometimes objected to the foregoing views that the responsibilities of teachers are in this way enlarged to an improper extent; that if their authority extends beyond the school-house limits and the school hours, their responsibilities must be increased in a corresponding ratio. But to this it may be answered that the matter is to have a reasonable construction; that it cannot be expected that a teacher will follow his pupils into the street to watch their conduct when beyond his view and inspection; the extent of his duty in this respect can only be to take cognizance of such misconduct of his pupils, under the supposed circumstances, as may come to his knowledge incidentally, either through his own observation or other proper means of information.

4. Teachers may, at their discretion, detain scholars a reasonable

time after the regular school hours, for reasons connected with the discipline, order or instruction of the school. This practice has been sanctioned by general and immemorable usage, among the schools and by the authority and consent of school boards, expressed or implied, and has been found useful in its influence and results. There is no law defining precisely the school hours, as they are termed, or the hours within which the schools are to be kept. This is regulated by usage, or by the directions of the school boards, varying in different localities, and also in different seasons of the year. The practice under consideration, of occasionally detaining pupils after the regular school hours for objects connected with the school arrangements, rests precisely upon the same authority. The same superintending power that regulates and controls in the one case does the same thing in the other; yet the right in question should always be exercised by teachers with proper caution, and a due regard to the wishes and convenience of parents. It may be urged, by way of objection to the practice in question, that if a teacher can detain a pupil a quarter of an hour, he can an hour or two hours, and indeed to any extent whatever without limitation. The answer to this is obvious, that the abuse of a practice is no argument against its general propriety and expediency; that teachers are supposed like other agents, to be governed by reason and sound judgment in the performance of their duties, and if in any case they should grossly pervert the confidence and authority reposed in them in respect to this matter, they would, as in other like cases, be held responsible for the perversion.

Our Chip Basket.

Why is the North Pole like an illicit whisky manufactory? Because it's a secret still.

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

An up-country editor says one lung is worth a dozen love letters, and they can't be produced as evidence in a breach of promise suit, either.

A Wisconsin theorist says that hay will satisfy hunger. There may be something in this, for a couple of straws will frequently satisfy thirst.

The rule that the old ladies favor; the you-knit rule.

A tramp calls his shoes "corporations," because they have no soles.

To succeed, a young man must work—unless he succeeds to an estate.

Is it the office of the faculty to serve as suspenders for college breaches?

The glazier who was cheated out of his pay complained that he got only his trouble for his pains.

When a man can't keep his head above water, he may console himself by having a large floating debt.

One of Barnum's Zulus has run away from the show. Show this to your wife, if she wishes to venture out on a picnic.

An advertisement of cheap shoes adds: "Ladies wishing these cheap shoes will do well to call soon, as they will not last long."

This is the latest for wedding invitations in Boston: "Come around and see us capture a mother-in-law at eight o'clock sharp."

"Have you cologne?" she asked. "No, ma'am," replied the druggist; "I have no scents at all." And she said she thought so all the time.

The worst case of favoritism on record is that of a youth whose mother put a large mustard plaster on his younger brother than she did on him.

Native to a stranger: "We have always an east wind in Galveston." "But I see the wind right now is in the west." "Oh, that's the east wind coming back, you know."

A poor cobbler got his skull fractured, and was told by the doctor that his brain was visible. He replied: "Write and tell my father, for he always swore I had none."

It is only the female mosquito that bites, but when a man gets a chance to belt one with a towel, he's going to do it without stopping to inquire its gender.

A husband telegraphed to his wife: "What have you for breakfast, and how is the baby?" The answer came: "Buckwheat cakes and the measles."

"Speaking of Dr. Tanner," said Jones, "I once knew a man who did without eating or drinking for thirty-nine days." "And did he die then?" asked Smith. "No, he was dead all the time."

A party of Boston capitalists are reported to be "preparing to establish an Angoria goat industry." Let them anger a goat once, and they'll find all the industry displayed they'll find to get away from.

A clean "check"—Examiner—"What is the meaning of the verb 'prepare'?" Small boy—"Dunno, sir." Examiner—"What did you do before you came up for examination?" Small boy—"Er—washed my face!"

WORKINGMEN—Before you begin your heavy spring work after a winter of relaxation, your system needs strengthening and cleansing to prevent an attack of Ague, Bilious or Spring Fever, or some other spring sickness that will unfit you for a season's work. You will save time, much sickness and great expense if you will use one bottle of Hop Bitters in your family this month. Don't wait. See another column.

Mamma—"You are very naughty children, and I am extremely dissatisfied with you all!" Tommy—"That is a pity, mamma! We're all so thoroughly satisfied with you, you know."

A member rose to make his first speech, and in his embarrassment, began to scratch his head. "Well, really," exclaimed Sheridan, "he has got something in his head, after all."

Col. Ingersoll says the chief use of a vice-president is to stand around and wait for a funeral.

"Well, wife, you can't say I ever contracted bad habits." "No, sir. You generally expand them."

Why is the meat in a sandwich like the middle class in society?—Because it lies between the upper-crust and the under-bred.

A 'gem of thought' writer says: "No star ever rose and set without influence somewhere." It is the same way with a hen.

Proof-readers are a very incredulous body of men. They won't take anybody's word for anything. They must have the 'proofs.'

Texas papers are speaking of the late "George Eliot" as "a very gifted but very immoral man." Yes, poor old fellow, he had his his weakness; but, as a pugilist, he stood unrivalled. England will not soon forget his celebrated "Mill on the Floss."

Carving isn't fun. A young man was invited to carve a turkey at dinner recently, and before the knife was finally taken away from him he had upset a glass of water, wrenched his shoulder, shot the bird across the table into a lady's lap, and nearly jabbed a man's eye out, and it wasn't a tough bird either.

As several neighbors of a rather dishonest man, who kept a turner's shop, were discussing his wonderful skillful as he was, there was one thing which he couldn't "turn." "What is that?" was the general inquiry. "An honest penny," was the satisfactory reply.

Son, to his father, who has asked him where he is in his class now: "Oh, pa, I've got a much better place than I had last quarter." "Indeed! Well, where are you?" "Fourteenth." "Fourteenth! lazy bones! You were eighth last term. Do you call that a better place?" "Yes, sir. It's nearer the stove."

"I don't like a cottage-built man," said young Sweeps to his rich old uncle, who was telling the story of his early trials for the hundredth time. "What do you mean by a cottage-built man?" asked his uncle. "A man with only one story," answered young Sweeps. That settled it. Young Sweeps was left out of his uncle's will.

Said a prim teacher to the class in composition: "Make a rhyming couplet including the words nose, toes, corn, kettle, ear, two and boil." There was silent for a little while and then a boy held up his hand, in token of success. "Read the couplet," said the teacher, and the boy read: "A ball in the kettle is worth two on the nose, And a corn on the ear is worth two on the toes."

The Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald evidently does not like girls who bang their hair; for it says they are trying to wear chin whiskers on their foreheads.

ADVICE TO THE RISING GENERATION.—Boys, do you wish to make your mark in the world? Do you wish to be men? Then observe the following rules:

Hold integrity sacred. Observe good manners. Endure trials patiently. Be prompt in all things. Make few acquaintances. Yield not to discouragements. Dare to do right; fear to do wrong. Watch carefully over your passions. Fight life's battle bravely, manfully.

Consider well, then decide positively. Sacrifice money rather than principle. Use all your leisure time for improvement.

Attend carefully to the details of your business.

A MISTAKEN IDEA.—It is a mistake to fancy education is thrown away upon a woman whose mission in life is to be a housewife. So far as my observation goes—and I have kept my eyes open for several years—I have found that those women who have had the benefit of thorough education are the best housekeepers. A woman who has been taught accuracy by a course in chemistry, who has had her eyes enlightened by the study and practice of painting, who has learned the necessity of precision by long hours at the piano, will make her house the richer and the better ordered for this training. If she brings to her work the right spirit she is certain to find a use for all that she has ever learned, beside having the aid which her habits of order and perseverance will constantly give her. The coming housekeeper ought to be a happy as well as a privileged woman.

"See here, mister," said a lad who was treed by a dog, "if you don't take that dog away I'll eat up all your apples."

A grave error—Burying a man alive.

We should never forget that home is the residence not merely of the body, but the mind; and that the object of all ambition should be to be happy at home and to render home happy.

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 on 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!" exclaimed that awful boy, as he exhibited his torn trousers after a leap over the fence.

A little girl sent 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 fresh water?" "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 Pendragast. "True enough," replied Fogg—"true enough; but you never tire of repeating them."

Bishop Berkley 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, Vt., hearing a great deal about "preserving 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 later 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."

MAINE NEWS.

Hop Bitters, which are advertised in our columns, are a sure cure for ague, biliousness and kidney complaints. Those who use them say they cannot be too highly recommended. Those afflicted should give them a fair trial, and will become thereby enthusiastic in the praise of their curative qualities.—Portland Ad.

"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 "announce" 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 hate his wife, starve his children, go shoot his landlord, and miss him too."

A Dutchman says that his neighbors are "te worst neighbors people dot ever vas. Mine little pigs and mine hens come mit dere ears split and totter day two dere cam 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 scour with sand."

Just heard from Tom Harris of Virginia City, Nevada, he 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 blessing his Stamping mill as usual. Prices 50c. and \$1. Sold by W. R. 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. Prices, 50c. and \$1. Sold by W. R. 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 Bilious, Fever, Indigestion or Liver complaints. Price, 50c. and \$1. Sold by W. R. 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 less fingers again.

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

A power that's deep, and endearing, that music now has no power on me, For in my very heart of beating, The very best way your hearing to get.

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 Hop Bitters taken in time 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 brighten 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 brauns, judge for yourself. He might enjoy my conversation; he prefers to read the newspapers."

FOR SALE BY Druggists, Grocers and Wine Merchants everywhere. v-9-13-ly

USE TOLLU ROCK AND RYE

SURE CURE

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

Put up in Quart-Size Bottles for Family Use. Scientifically prepared of Balsam Tolu, Crystallized Rock Candy, Old Rye, and other tonics. The Formula is known to our best physicians, is highly commended by them, and the analysis of our most prominent chemist, Prof. G. A. MARINE, in Chicago, is on the label of every bottle. It is well known to the medical profession that TOLLU ROCK AND RYE will afford the greatest relief for Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Weak Lungs, and Consumption, in the incipient and advanced stages.

Used as a BEVIRAGE and APPETIZER, it makes a delightful tonic for family use. It is pleasant to take; if weak or debilitated, it gives tone, activity and strength to the whole human system.

(CAUTION) DON'T BE DECEIVED. Be sure you get the genuine. Beware of cheap imitations. Ask your Druggist for it! Ask your Wine Merchant for it! Children, ask your Mamma for it!

Sold by DRUGGISTS, GROCERS and WINE MERCHANTS everywhere. v-9-14-Sm.

He who cares for his belly much more than his back, To face friends in his rags, is uncommonly slack; If indigestion or Headache from indulgence arise, Spring Blossom cures all who the Remedy tries. Prices: \$1, 50 cts. and trial-bottles 10 cts. W. R. Reed & Co.

CHEAP Job Printing done at the HERALD OFFICE.

I am now receiving new lines of CLOTHS—AND—SUITINGS FOR MENS' 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 as 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 [v-9-25] DURAND & HATCH.

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

FOR SALE BY Druggists, Grocers and Wine Merchants everywhere. v-9-13-ly

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ED. & FRANK, FASHIONABLE BARBERS. When you wish an easy shave As good as barber's ever gave, Just call on them at their saloon At morn, at eve, or busy noon. They curl and dress the hair with grace 'll suit the contour of the face. Their room is neat, their towels clean, Scissors sharp and razors keen, And every thing I think you'll find To suit the taste and please the mind, And all their art and skill can do If you'll just call them 'll do for you. Please call on them and judge of their merits.

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) ARRIVE (Detroit time) Atlantic Ex. \$4.00 a.m. \$10.00 p.m. Day Express. \$8.35 a.m. \$6.30 p.m. Detroit & Buf. \$10.00 Express \$12.45 noon \$7.15 a.m. N.Y. Express. \$7.00 p.m. \$9.45 a.m. Except Monday. \$6.00 Sundays Excepted. Daily.

W. H. FIRTH, Western Passenger Agent, Detroit Wm. Edgar, Gen. Pass'r Ag't, Hamilton.

HELP Yourself by making money when a golden chance is offered. Thrifty 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 STRINOS & 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.

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

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

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

Farrand, Williams & Co., Agents, DETROIT.

Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new, capital not required. We will furnish you everything, \$10 a day and upwards is easily made without staying away from home over night. No risk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once. Ladies make as much as men, and young boys and girls make great pay. 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. HALLET & Co., Portland, Maine. [10-v10-ly]

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 SHERETS. Hearse in attendance on short notice. FRANK STAFFAN.

MISS NELLY M. WHEDON, TEACHER OF—Vocal and Instrumental Music, AT H. BABCOCK'S RESIDENCE, CHELSEA, WASHBURN CO., MICH. On Wednesday's of each Week. References—New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass. [v10-1-3m]

REED'S Gilt Edge Tonic cures Dyspepsia, indigestion, and all ailments of the stomach. Read's Gilt Edge Tonic prevents Malaria. Read's Gilt Edge Tonic restores the appetite. Read's Gilt Edge Tonic cures Fever and Ague. [v-9-13-ly]

M. C. R. R. TIME TABLE.

Passenger Trains on the Michigan Central Railroad will leave Chelsea Station as follows: GOING WEST. Mail Train, 9:22 A. M. Local Passenger, 9:50 A. M. Way Freight, 12:55 P. M. Grand Rapids Express, 3:02 P. M. Jackson Express, 5:32 P. M. Evening Express, 10:18 P. M. GOING EAST. Night Express, 5:50 A. M. Way Freight, 6:45 A. M. Jackson Express, 8:02 A. M. Grand Rapids Express, 10:12 A. M. Mail Train, 4:40 P. M.

The Chelsea Herald, is published Every Thursday Morning, by A. Allison, Chelsea, Mich.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

OLIVE LODGE, NO. 156, E. & A. M., will meet at Masonic Hall in regular communication on Tuesday Evenings, or preceding even of moon. Theo. E. Wood, Sec'y.

L. O. O. F. THE REGULAR weekly meeting of the Lodge No. 85, L. O. O. F., will be held every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock at their Lodge room, 101 1/2 E. Main St. G. E. WRIGHT, Sec'y.

WASHTENAW ENCAMPMENT, NO. 17, L. O. O. F.—Regular meetings first and third Wednesday of each month and third Wednesday of each quarter.

R. M. SPEER, DENTIST. (Formerly with D. C. Hawhurst, M. D., D. D. S., of Battle Creek.)

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.

GEO. E. WRIGHT, D. D. S., OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL DENTIST, OFFICE OVER THE CHELSEA BANK, CHELSEA, MICH.

INSURANCE COMPANIES REPRESENTED BY WM. E. DEPEW.

Home of New York, \$1,100,000; Hartford, 3,200,000; American, 4,000,000; American, Philadelphia, 1,200,000; Fire of Hartford, 2,075,224; Fins Association, 4,103,716.

REMOVAL.—Frank Diamond, barber, has moved up stairs over French's store, Middle street east, where he will be happy to meet his customers.

DIED.—At her residence in Lyndon, March 10th, Mrs. W. R. Purchase, aged 60 years. An obituary will appear next week.

THAT uncertain individual, the weather, gave us last Saturday a heavy rain, all day, on Sunday, a change to snow, Tuesday and Wednesday bright, clear and sunshine.

PAIR WARNING.—If that rowdy, passing back and forth on West Middle Street, will quit pulling the pickets off my fence, he will spare himself and parents much trouble and expense. J. D. SCHNAITMAN.

It would make a stone image turn green with envy to observe the expression of profound disgust that settles down on the face of the doctor when he hears his patient praising Dr. Ball's Cough Syrup.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. Rev. THOS. HOLMES, D. D., Pastor. Services at 9 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting 2nd Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 12 M.

M. E. CHURCH. Rev. J. L. HUBBARD, 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 M.

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 P. M.

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

OUR TELEPHONE. WILL our town "dads" inform us who is the Marshal of the village?

THE wheat market is rather dull, probably caused by low figures and bad roads.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Jacob Van Hutson, of Jackson, was in town last Monday.

Miss KATHIE HOOKER and Josie Oxtoby attended the Junior Exhibition at Ann Arbor, guests of Miss Nellie Whendon.

SOME men are like wagons—they make a big noise, and do not amount to a "hill of beans."

TRAMPs are now on the war path. The fine weather is bringing them out of their holes.

PERSONAL.—Mrs. C. S. Laird has had quite a spell of sickness but is now getting better.

The Chelsea Coronet Band contemplates attending the band tournament at Lansing next June.

THE poor and humble, alike with the rich and powerful, find in Dr. Ball's Cough Syrup a true, tried and trusted friend. Price 25 cents a bottle.

WORK will soon be commenced on the double track of the M. C. R. R. between here and Grass Lake.

PERSONAL.—L. H. Van Antwerp, our P. O. assistant, has been sick for the past few days—he is now getting better.

FOR SALE.—A good house and lot in the village of Chelsea convenient to business part of town and will be sold cheap. apply to D. B. TAYLOR.

This is fine weather for maple sugar making. Maple sugar has been in market the past two weeks, and sells at 18 cents per pound.

Two Show-cases for sale cheap at Reed & Co's drug store.

THERE is some talk of a new meat market being started in town. If so we may expect to buy beef steak at 8 cents per pound.

"Say, mister," said a man, as he entered the CHELSEA HERALD office, "is the editor in?" "Yes," replied that overworked individual, looking over his glasses. "Well, I thought you was the chap. I wanted to tell you about a boy of mine; you ought to have him; he's just the fellow you ought to have on your paper; he's the darndest fool I ever see."

THE musical and ice-cream Festival held at the residence of John R. Gates, in this village, on last Tuesday, was a very pleasant affair and a good time was enjoyed by all. The amount realized was about \$13.00. The printers came in for something nice. The ladies will please accept their thanks.

A GOOD HOUSEWIFE.—The good housewife, when she is giving her house its Spring renovating, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than many houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the diseases arising from spring malaria and miasma, and she must know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines. See other column.

NOTICE.—The Republicans will meet at the Hoag House in Chelsea, Thursday the 31st inst., at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of nominating candidates for the several Township offices.

J. L. Gilbert, S. E. Cooper, } Com. Hiram Pierce.

Town Board. CHELSEA VILLAGE, Mar. 16, 1881.

The Board met pursuant to adjournment. Roll called—Quorum present.

The reading of minutes of the previous meeting read and approved. Committee on finance reported the following bills and recommend they be allowed at the sums stated:

Jay M. Woods, \$77.16; Jacob Staffan, 13.19; C. H. Robbins, 10.00; Horace A. Smith, 7.00; Israel Vogel, 2.85; Orin Thatcher, 5.00; Geo. W. Turnbull, 7.50; Bernard Parker, 3.00; Aaron Burkhardt, 1.89; C. H. Robbins, 1.50; J. Bacon & Co., 1.50; R. H. Depew, -2.25; Miller & Lighthall, 80; Woods & Knapp, 5.05.

And would recommend that the bill of E. L. Negus, be returned as it properly be presented to the township Board.

On motion the report was accepted and adopted.

The finance committee also reported they had examined the report of the Treasurer and find the whole amount received the past year was \$1824.97, and expended \$1821.01, leaving a balance in the treasury of \$3.96. Said committee also find \$94.57 in the hands of the Marshal of Highway tax, and \$13.00 Poll tax, total, \$107.57. They find the total indebtedness of the Village to be \$701.87, and assets, in the hands of Marshal and Treasurer, to be \$111.53. Moved and carried that the report of the committee be accepted, and committee be discharged from further consideration of the subject.

Moved and supported that the Treasurer be allowed fifteen dollars (\$15) for past services, and an order drawn on the Treasurer for the amount. Carried. Communication from J. S. Gorman informing the Board that he could get the amended Charter copied for \$4.50.

Moved and carried that the attorney of the Village send for a certified copy of the Charter at once.

Moved and carried that an order be drawn on the Treasurer in favor of Orrin Thatcher and James Hilder, each \$4.00, for services on Board of Registration and Election.

Moved and carried that a deed be drawn of the old Gravel bed in favor of Mrs. Sibley.

Moved and carried that the Board adjourn, subject to the call of the President. ORRIN THATCHER, Clerk, pro tem.

MONDAY EVENING, March 21, '81. Board of the Village of Chelsea, met pursuant to the call of President. Present—President Jas. L. Gilbert. Trustees present—Orin Thatcher, R. S. Armstrong, H. M. Woods, G. A. Robertson, Warren Cushman, Frederick Vogel.

Minutes of previous meeting read and approved. The President appointed his committee as follows: Finance trustees—Armstrong, Vogel and Robertson. Ordinances—Thatcher, Woods and Vogel. Streets—Woods, Thatcher and Cushman.

Side and Cross-walks—Robertson, Cushman and Armstrong. Moved and supported that the bill of G. H. Robbins, of four dollars, for sitting on board of registration and election, be accepted, and an order

be drawn on the Treasurer for the same. Carried.

Moved and supported that a committee of three be appointed, who shall determine the duties of the Marshal and Village attorney, and report at next meeting. Armstrong, Thatcher and Woods were appointed as such committee. Carried.

Moved and supported that a committee be appointed to consult with the Attorney of the Village in regard to securing their services for the coming year. Carried.

Moved and supported that the committee have until next meeting to make a report.

Moved and supported that the Assessor be instructed to make the annual assessment at once. Carried.

Moved and supported that the President be instructed to confer with Mr. Allison in regard to printing. Carried.

Moved and supported that we adjourn until Friday evening, March 25th, at 7 o'clock. GILBERT GAY, Clerk.

WHEN NOT to Do It.—If you are a wife, never tease your husband when he comes home weary from his day's business. It is not the time. Do not ask him for expensive outlays when he has been talking about hard times; it is most assuredly the wrong time.

If he had entered upon any undertaking against your advice, do not seize in the moment of its failure to say, "I told you so!" In fact, it is never the right time for those four monosyllables.

If people only knew enough to discriminate between the right time and the wrong, there would be less domestic unhappiness, and less silent sorrow, and less estrangement of hearts! The greatest calamities that ever shadow our lives have sometimes their germ in matters as apparently slight as this. If you pause, reader, before the stinging taunt or the biting sneer, the unkind scoff passes your lips—pause just long enough to ask yourself, "Is it the right time for me to speak?" you would shut the door against many a headache.

The world hinges on small things, and there are not many more trivial than the right time and the wrong.

COULD DO BETTER.—Some years ago there lived in an eastern town an old man who had a propensity for "hooking" small and portable articles that came in his way. As he was poor and past labor, and well known about town, no further notice was taken of his peculations than to keep a sharp look out when he was around a dealer had a quantity of fish landed on the wharf at an hour too late to get them into his store, and as he was about covering them with an old sail-cloth, he espied old B., apparently reconnoitering. Selecting a couple of fish he said: "Here, B., I must leave these fish out here to-night, and I will give you these two if you promise me that you will not steal any." "That's a fair offer, Mr. A., but well—I don't know," with a glance at the offered fish and then at the pile, "I think I can do better."

MUCH-MIXED RELATIONSHIP.—Adolphus A. Hoagland, of Shadeville, Va., has had a curious succession of marriages. He is now 70 years of age, and has been three times married. The first was a widow when he married her, and had a little daughter. When his wife died her daughter was a widowed mother, and Hoagland, within a few years, married her. Ten years ago the second wife died. Her daughter was then 16. Five years elapsed, and then Hoagland again married his step-daughter, who was also his step-grand-daughter. She is still living, and her husband's age aside from the fact that she had no daughter when she became his wife, precludes the idea of his peculiar system being carried any further. Hoagland declares that his matrimonial experience, covering about 50 years, has been exceptionally happy. The last two wives inherited the good qualities of their mothers, and all were so much alike that they have seemed to him—the same woman, with her youth occasionally renewed. There are children by all three wives and endless complications in relationship.

Paterfamilias—"I cannot conceive, my love, what's 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."

To make an American joke, take two-thirds profanity, one-third humor, and mix with imbecility and bad taste. To make an English joke leave out the profanity, humor and bad taste.

There is a patient in one of the New York hospitals who in his delirium, continually calls out "Next! Next!" The physicians are undecided whether he is a barber or a college professor.

"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady one day, during a conversation about the old saints and the Apostles. "Ah," said she, "he was a good, clever old soul, I know, for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."

Is DYING PAINFUL?—A physician says, in the New York Evening Post that in all ordinary cases there is little physical pain in dying. A previous correspondent had said that, "as a physical fact, in 99 cases out of 100, the act of death is suffering and agony which only those familiar with it can understand." To which the physician replies: "I beg leave, as a physician, to object very decidedly to this statement. Since I began my novitiate on the battle fields of the South, I have been a frequent observer of the passing out of my fellow-beings, in army and navy, in large hospitals—civil and military, and in private life, and hence cannot help feeling that what I have seen must be a fair sample of the methods of dying peculiar to our race.

"The result of these sad observations, covering 18 years, is, that the vast majority of persons do not find death 'suffering and agony.' Many suffer more in the various illnesses from which they recover than most do in the article of death. A very large proportion become unconscious and hence pass away without distress to themselves; while, as regards those who retain a good measure of intelligence till life is extinct, I have been greatly surprised, considering my early religious teaching, to discern in them an almost general indifference to their fate.

"I have always supposed that, in spite of apparent mental lucidity, disease clouds the intellect so that apathy becomes the ordinary state of the dying. Of the few deaths I have seen that mere onlookers might call horrible, there was good reason to believe the patients unconscious."

ERRORS IN BUTTER MAKING.—There are several prominent errors in making butter which are quite common, easily remedied. The greatest obstacle in the way of reform is to get the necessary instructions before those who commit the errors; to get their attention, win their confidence by showing them that the remedy is less laborious, and the grand result a larger and better product, consequently a much better price is obtained for the surplus than is possible under the old erroneous method in butter making.

The errors of butter making are: 1st. Uncleanliness. 2d. Too much acid in the cream. 3d. Caseine or buttermilk in a decomposed state. 4th. Too much friction in churning and working the butter.

Foul milking stables, impure water, odors from various sources, known and unknown, are errors vital in their consequences, and not generally thought of as any importance. Good sweet milk contains one-fourth more of sugar than it does of butter; this sugar turns to acid, and if this acid is too much developed before churning, the coveted aroma of good butter is lost.

Chip Basket. The pugilist sometimes fails in his particular business, even when he makes a hit.

The poor old negro preacher was more than half right when he said, "Bredder, if we could see into our own hearts as God does, it would most skeer us to death."

Extract from a letter from Angelina: "Dear Henry, you ask if I return your love. Yes, Henry, I have no use for it, and return it with many thanks. By-by, Henry."

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Motherly, last night, as she arose from the supper table, "my shoulder aches from buttering bread for those children. Thus are the poor tired."

"What trade would you like to be brought up to, my son?" asked a gentleman of a boy. "The trustees trade, 'cause ever since pa has been trustee we've had puddin' for dinner."

Emma Abbott tells a St. Louis reporter that the stage-kiss is "a cold, dim, pale phantom; unsatisfactory, elusive, and empty." Miss Abbott should get a new tenor at once.

A London cabman called out after a smart, dapper little gentleman who affects particularly large hats. "Come out of that hat, will yer? I know yer in it, 'cos I see yer feet."

"I see you are generally full," remarks a person who sends a poem; "but I hope this may get in." Notwithstanding the cruel charge of the writer, her request was granted as soon as the basket could be emptied.

The Battle Creek Moon hazards the opinion that "a girl who will talk of the 'limbs' of a table, will, after marriage, chase you around a two acre lot with a rolling pin and a regular kerosene conflagration in both eyes."

A young lady on "meeting a handsome young man remarked that she had often heard of his wit. He straightway asked her if she would take a joke. She answered, "Yes." He quickly replied, "I'm a joke." To be continued.

Notice.—There will be an examination of Teachers, at Lima Center, on Friday, April 1st, 1881, at 9 o'clock a. m. MARCUS S. COOK, Supt. of Schools, March 18th, 1881.

Real Estate for Sale. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. 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 ninth day of April, A. D. 1881, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day (subject to all encumbrances by mortgage or other lien existing at the time of the death of said deceased), 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, Michigan, 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, 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 banks to the place of beginning; in Washtenaw County Michigan.

ORRIN THATCHER, Administrator. Dated February 5th, 1881.

Notice to Creditor's. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, made on the 23rd day of February, A. D. 1881, six months from date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Martha H. Royce, deceased, and that all creditors are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, on or before the 29th day of August next, and that such claims will be heard before said Court, on Saturday, the 25th day of May, and on Monday the 29th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days.

Dated, Ann Arbor, February 28, A. D. 1881. WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Judge of Probate.

Commissioner's Notice. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Mary A. Glenn, late of said County, deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date are allowed, by order of said Probate Court; for Creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the residence of Dexter, in said County, on Wednesday, 8th day of June, and on Thursday the 8th day of September next, at ten o'clock A. M. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated, March 8th, 1881. WILLIAM E. STEVENSON, FRANK A. BURKHART, Commissioners.

How Lost, How Restored! Just published, a new edition of Dr. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY on the radical cure of Spermatorrhea or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriages, etc.; also, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, &c. &c. The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of Self-Abuse may be radically cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This Lecture should be in the hand of every youth and every man in the land. Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps. Address the Publishers, THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO. No. 41 Ann Street, New York, N. Y. Post Office Box, 4,586. yd-29-ly

Chelsea Market. CHELSEA, Mar. 24, 1881. FLOUR, per cwt. \$2 75; WHEAT, White, per bushel, 94; CORN, per bushel, 20@25; OATS, per bushel, 32; CLOVER SEED, per bushel, 4 75; TIMOTHY SEED, per bushel, 3 00; BEANS, per bushel, 50@1 00; POTATOES, per bushel, 40@50; APPLES, green, per bushel, 60@80; HONEY, per gallon, 18@20; BUTTER, per pound, 20; POULTRY—Chicken, per lb, 06; LARD, per lb, 05; TALLOW, per lb, 05; HAMS, per lb, 08; SHOULDERS, per lb, 06; EGGS, per doz., 22; BEEF, live, per cwt., 3 00@3 50; SWEET, live, per cwt., 3 00@3 50; HOGS, live, per cwt., 3 00@4 00; do, dressed, per cwt., 5 00@5 40; HAY, timothy, per ton, 8 00@10 00; do, marsh, per ton, 5 00@6 00; SALT, per bushel, 1 25; WOOD, per cord, 33@35; CHERRYBERRIES, per bushel, 1 00@1 50.

PROBATE ORDER. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, held in the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, on Saturday, the twenty-sixth 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 Elizabeth Bale, deceased, pending and filing the petition, duly verified, of Daniel Bale, praying that a certain instrument now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, may be admitted to probate, and that Wesley Westfall may be appointed Administrator with the will annexed.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the twentieth day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs, legatees, and assigns of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at the session of said Court, then to be held at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, on the above day, and if any there be, why the power of the petitioner 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 time thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Chelsea Herald newspaper printed and circulated in said Chelsea, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

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

Unclaimed Letters. LIST of Letters remaining in the Post Office at Chelsea, March 1st, 1881: Briggs, Nelson; Clark, Richard; Hunt, Mrs. Ella; Jeter, Miss Lizzie; McDonley, J.; Reed, George H.; Rockwell, Mr. Andrew; Schmitz, Henry; Souman, Mrs. Walter; Strecher, H. P.; Taylor, Thad S.; Vines, Mr. Richard.

Persons calling for any of the above letters, please say "advertised." Geo. J. CROWELL, P. M.

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MANHOOD. How Lost, How Restored! Just published, a new edition of Dr. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY on the radical cure of Spermatorrhea or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriages, etc.; also, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, &c. &c. The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of Self-Abuse may be radically cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

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