

"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.

But the maiden, never a word she said, As she donned her weeds of woe; The bird that sang in her heart was dead, With the summer of long ago.

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—.

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.

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.

"A wful 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.

Yet the young man 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.

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."
From whence it will be seen that young Mrs. Grey was of a sensitive nature, if not always strictly accurate in her classical allusions. Yet, except for the fact that she possessed two pale gray orbs that were altogether her own, Miss Brackenthorpe was not unlike one of the Fates, after all. She was tall and angular, slightly bowed in figure, with thin wisps of hair straying over her weary forehead. It was difficult to guess at her age; probably no one took the trouble to guess much; she was a dreamy, solitary creature who seemed to have wandered with feeble, uncertain feet from girlhood into middle life without any intervening womanhood at all. There was a curious mixture of youth and age about her; the features were worn and old, the smile was young and fresh; the figure had lost that roundness of form it might have formerly possessed, but every movement and trick of manner was hesitating, shy, and almost childlike.

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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, 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 party 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 talked 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 man 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.

"I believe you are quite right," he answered with honest conviction. "Well, I won't tread on the flowers more than I can help for the future, but I am afraid that all big lumbering fellows—"

Miss Brackenthorpe talking to you about her favorite flowers?" asked Mrs. Grey, shifting her position and taking a seat between that lady and the young man. She has quite a passion for these tiny flowers, and so have I for that matter, you know. I always was fond of flowers, wasn't I, John?"

"Yes, my dear," said John somewhat impatiently. He was gathering all kinds of interesting facts about the 'law of hypotheses' from the Aberdonian, and resented the intrusion.

"I think all ladies are fond of flowers," said the demigod, who was still stroking his beard meditatively.

"The earliest mention that we have in the Scriptures on this subject," began the Reverend Timothy in a sermonizing tone, "is, curiously enough, not where our mother Eve—"

"Don't you think it is time to go to bed?" asked Mrs. Grey, jumping up suddenly. "I feel quite restless and tired, you know. Dear Miss Brackenthorpe, are you ready?"

away in an ugly little contrivance, made of American cloth and blue ribbon, which she always carried in her pocket. Yet perhaps in all her life she had never felt so little ready. She would have given a few years of that dreary life to continue her pleasant converse at this moment. It was so seldom that she talked to a young man, a bona fide, handsome, unmarried, amiable young man! For to the shame of young men be it spoken, they did not usually seek out the companionship of poor Miss Brackenthorpe! Above all young men that she had ever seen, this gentle giant, this courteous demigod, pleased her the best. She felt a sudden and great sympathy with him, though he was as the spheres; and she was as nothing strange to say, though they were so dissimilar, and though she never for an instant expected aught of him, she was certain that had she been allowed the chance, she would have poured out to him the whole of her pent-up, stagnant, old-maidish heart. Absurd as it may seem, she had an intuitive consciousness of his sympathy, and she fancied that somehow, by a strange freak of mesmeric influence, he could understand and appreciate that heart that was so sadly unaccustomed to be either understood or appreciated.

At Mrs. Grey's order everyone jumped up. It was certainly full time to go upstairs; the ladies had packing to do, and everybody said good-night to everybody else. Miss Brackenthorpe rose with the rest, but she had replaced her tating in its accustomed receptacle with more than her usual neglect, for, as she rose, the ball of thread rolled down to the floor, and would itself round the stalwart legs of the demigod, who was politely intending to open the door for her exit. These stalwart limbs knew nothing of the slender shackles that bound them, but Miss Brackenthorpe felt a sudden pull at her pocket.

"Dear me, dear me, my thread," cried the poor lady appearing to grope with outstretched hands in the semi-darkness that surrounded her. "Here—there; no—here; oh, I beg your pardon, yes—here?"

"What is it?" asked every voice, that of the offender included. He walked quickly back to his former place, and broke the thread as he came; then, when he saw what had happened, he tried to extricate himself and mend matters, but only made them worse, as he turned round and round, he would the thread all the more about his legs, and twisted it again and again.

"I am so sorry," he said, humbly. He was red in the face from the efforts he made to disentangle himself. At last John Grey, who was in fits of laughter, released him. Mrs. Grey was gracefully amused.

"Dear Miss Brackenthorpe, your pretty work! I am afraid we shall never make the gentlemen appreciate it, though!"

Poor Miss Brackenthorpe looked nervous and guilty.

"Can you forgive me?" asked the libe-ated giant with a sweet smile, as he offered her his hand for a 'good-night' salutation. It was such a bewilderingly sweet smile, that Miss Brackenthorpe felt she would like to spend her substance in buying balls of thread to win such smiles. She gazed up into his face with silent rapture; no one before now had ever asked her to forgive him—She knew not how to answer.

"I told you I was a great lumbering fellow," he went on.

"Oh, no, no."

Her tremulous hand lay fluttering in his, which closed upon it with what he thought was a gentle squeeze. Poor Miss Brackenthorpe bit her lips; but pleasure is akin to pain.

"Dear Miss Brackenthorpe," said Mrs. Grey, "I really must ask you to let me pass; I am so very tired of standing."

The spinster 'effaced' herself against the door; her moment of happiness was over; someone put a lighted candle into her hand, and she followed Mrs. Grey and the Scotch lady upstairs. She had scarcely reached the landing when she thought of the very thing she ought to have said to the demigod. What a pity she had not thought of it before! She knew it was too late, for there was not a soul in sight. She could hear some many voices at the front door; then she smelt a whiff of cigar smoke.

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

"Oh, no, not 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."

"Come!" 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 to iger 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 tating 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 a friend of 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 a ring, the Greys a silver teapot, 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, whereon 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 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.

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!"

Farm laborers in Japan receive \$35 a year with board, or \$50 without board. If a farm laborer in Japan eats as much as a farm laborer in America, he makes \$390 by working for \$35 a year in that way.

Corn.—William H. Hills of Pleasanton, N. H., says that his idea about the distance that corn should be planted has undergone a radical change within a few years. Formerly he believed that the hills should be wide apart; now he thinks they should be as close as they can be worked with a horse cultivator. He has found most double ears where his corn stood the thickest. He plants three by two feet apart and leaves four stalks in a hill. He thinks level culture the best; raised 58 baskets of corn from one-quarter of an acre of land, of which 72 pounds of ears made 64-pounds of shelled corn. D. H. Goodell of Antrim, N. H., says he raised last year 133 baskets to the acre from old, worn-out, hardback pasture land taken up two years ago. To raise good crops of corn the land must be fed liberally with the right kind of food.

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 next thing after good blood, is good feed and then good care. Breed, feed and care are three-thirds of good-cattle husbandry. Good breeds amount to nothing without proper and abundant food. They amount to but little with proper and abundant food if not sheltered and cared for. They must have suitable pastures and soils, and the surface of the country must be adapted to their constitutions. The Shortorn and Hereford are out of place on broken pasturage and heyranges; the Ayrshire, Devon and Jersey are there at home. The Holstein dil lights in rich alluvial meads and succulent bottom lands. Good cattle are a necessary adjunct to good farming everywhere and always accompany it. The introduction of good stock into any farming community always has a good effect by stimulating to better effort and better feeding. It places a higher standard before the farming public. It excites a favorable emulation that works good to all beneath its influence. Good cattle are the highest type of agriculture.—Rural New Yorker.

The standing committee of the Episcopal church for the diocese of South Carolina recently met in Charleston for the purpose of formally passing upon the application of the Rev. Thaddeus Salters for deacon's orders. The candidate, who is a colored man, stood a creditable examination upon all the canonical requirements before the board of examiners. The standing committee, having received satisfactory testimonials of the good character of the applicant, signed his papers. Mr. Salters will be the first colored man ever admitted to holy orders in the Episcopal church in South Carolina.

Nothing beats lightning 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.

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. Clover seed is advancing in price and is likely to continue to advance until the season is over. On strong, rich soils it will be better to sow the common red clover, but on thinner and more exhausted ones the giant and sapling is to be preferred.

Deep Setting of Milk.

One of the greatest advantages of deep setting is the convenient consistence of the cream, which is removed in the best condition for the churn, being diluted with about one-half its bulk of milk. One cannot churn pure cream as it comes from a shallow pan, and it is always necessary to mix it with a certain proportion of milk at the skimming to bring it to a proper state of dilution. When set in a deep can, 20 inches or thereabouts in depth, good milk, such as that of a Jersey, Guernsey or Ayrshire cow, will show 5 or 6 inches of cream, so called, but if this is removed and set again in a shallow pan, one-half of it will separate as milk. Thus the cream skimmed from a deep pan is just in the right condition for churning, as it is skimmed. Another advantage is economy of room. This is very important, especially when a pool or other contrivance for cold water or ice-setting is to be constructed. The dairyman will therefore naturally incline to this mode of setting milk for cream. There are, however, some points about the use of deep cans which do not seem to be well understood, and frequent inquiries are made concerning them.

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. The method of submerging the pails, (a patented one, by the way, and not to be used without paying royalty,) requires close covering, so does the Hardin method, so called, of setting the pails in a refrigerator with ice above it, which drips upon the pails as it melts. I have tried both these methods, and modifications of them. The common plan of setting the pails in a brick-lined pool, supplied with a flowing spring, which keeps up a constant current, is convenient for all purposes, and in this case the pails may be covered with an ordinary lid, similar to that of any other

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 want 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 woman 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 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 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."

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 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 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."

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 45 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.

The Stonewall Mining Company is organized under the laws of Colorado, and has an authorized capital of \$1,000,000 divided into 100,000 shares of \$10 each, and are placed on the market for the present at \$2 per share or a discount of \$8 from the face value, thus enabling those who purchase at once to derive the benefit not only of dividends, but also from the advance in price of stock which will soon be made.

The mines of the Stonewall Mining Co. are all true fissures, and as a guarantee of ore will be sent to anyone who will send ten cents to the Secretary to pay postage, or to anyone visiting the office of the Company samples will cheerfully be given. Write at once for prospectus. Address all orders for stock to either.

HUGO PREYER, President.
C. C. BABCOCK, Secretary.
433 Larimer St., Denver, Colorado.

HEAP Job Printing done at the HERALD OFFICE.

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 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-9-51] DURAND & HATCH.

REED'S GILT EDGE TONIC
IS A THOROUGH REMEDY
In every case of Malarial Fever or Ague, and in all cases of Biliousness, indigestion, and disorders of the stomach, 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-9-43-1y

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 BEVVERAGE and APPETIZER, it makes a delicious 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
are placed to the palm of your hand, by unscrupulous dealers, a cheap imitation of our TOLLU ROCK AND RYE, which is the only medicinal article made. See the genuine having a GOVERNMENT STAMP on each bottle.

LAWRENCE & MARTIN, Proprietors,
111 Madison Street, Chicago.

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

Sold by DRUGGISTS, GROCERS and WINE MERCHANTS everywhere. v-9-14-8m.

"CAUTION."
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 indigestion or Spring Blossom cures all who the Remedy tries.
Prices: \$1.50 cts. and trial-bottles 10 cts. W. R. Reed & Co.

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 they'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.
Solo Express *12:45 noon *7:15 a.m.
N.Y. Express. *7:00 p.m. *9:45 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 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 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.
Power'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.
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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MICHIGAN.

Michigan's population is estimated at 700,000. There is a good prospect that the Bay City and Alpena shoring railroad will be built. A. C. Crippen of East Saginaw is a defaulter to the amount of \$8,000, and has absconded. H. H. Hognire, one of the best posted peach raisers of Van Buren county, pronounces the peach buds on his farm all right for a moderate fall crop. Snow drifts were very deep about Grand Traverse last week. Wednesday a man climbed to the top of one and hung his hat on the top of a telegraph pole—a feat to long remember this winter. Michigan, according to a census bulletin just published, has within its borders 382,776 males and 74,055 females. In the Calhoun circuit court John Ford, the Battle Creek man, convicted of assault with intent to rob, was sentenced to six years at Jackson prison. Wm. Sena, who pleaded guilty of larceny, was sentenced to 75 days in the county jail; Samuel L. Tuttle, convicted of adultery, paid a fine of \$500 rather than go to jail for a year. There are 250 students in the agricultural college. Little Brown & Co., of Boston, say the most successful book they published last year was Judge Cooley's "Elements of Constitutional Law." There is no more Little Traverse. By act of the legislature it is now in Spring. A military law has been established at Flint. About 40 persons are to be employed, and 25 knitting machines in operation. About 600 pairs of stockings will be made per day. The Adventist rulers at Battle Creek have issued a "testimony" forbidding the members of their church to take out life insurance, and to do a commerce with the world which God does not approve of. Some further testimony for the plaintiff in the divorce case of Senator Christianity against his wife has been given. Dr. O. M. Barstow testified that Mrs. Christianity was killed by another woman, met Giro, her alleged paramour, at the Washington depot on a arrival there on December 24, and that on the evening of Christmas day, he, the doctor, was called to attend to a woman, whom he could not distinctly recognize in the darkness, get out of the hack and enter the house. [Samuel Lewis, a well known mining speculator, killed himself with strychnine at Bessemer. He formerly lived at Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti. The Hillsdale county fair will be held at Hillsdale, beginning October 4 and continuing four days. Several of the exhibits are to be expended in improving the grounds and buildings. W. E. Clark, of Bridgeport, who is charged with horse stealing, resisted the officers who came to make his arrest, shooting Deputy Sheriff Deenen in the hand and the county assistant jailer, in the hand. He is now in the Saginaw jail. It is feared Deenen will die. The Sturgis fire department turned out to a fire in a garage, 12 miles distant, on Friday evening, and had got to work within 34 minutes after the alarm was given. They were rewarded by \$50 in gold. El Boletie, of Deerfield, lately walked nine miles, to Adrian, and back the same day. He was 100 years old, and his feat is a county challenge the country to produce his equal. A Fairbank man named Worden took his mill, to R. Baker's cheese factory last year, and an setting found his cows netted him just \$78 each. Marquette's big summer resort hotel, the Northwestern, has been sold to the Marquette & Mackinac railroad company for \$100,000. The law students who graduate from the university next week will be subjected to a written examination, which is something new in that department. Teachers' institutes have been appointed as follows: Bay county, West Bay City, Prof. J. W. Sankens; Branch county, Coldwater, Prof. S. C. Hall; Calhoun county, Albion, Prof. E. C. Thompson; Clinton county, Ovid, Prof. W. S. Webster; Ionia county, Leoni, Prof. H. C. Bank; Lapeer county, Lapeer, Prof. O. G. Owen; Leelanau county, Hudson, Prof. W. W. Weston; Calumet county, Holly, Prof. C. W. Stanton; Westport county, Cass, Prof. H. M. Egan; all during the week beginning March 23. Kent county, Sparta Center, Prof. A. H. Smith, week beginning April 4. The balance of cash in the state treasury, March 7, was \$2,090,927.40; receipts for the week ending March 12 were \$257,772.24; payments for same time \$247,757.97; leaving a balance March 12, 1887, of \$2,070,715.67; of which \$500,000 is set aside for the sinking fund, and \$1,570,715.67 are available for general purposes. Old fishermen say this is the best season they have ever had here. There is yet about 10 inches of ice in Saginaw bay, and teams are crossing it, but a break up is expected, and the fishermen are working toward the coast. There are now 1,000 shanties on the ice, and fish are selling at two cents a pound. Capt. C. J. Ingersoll of Buchanan is probably the oldest Mason in the state, having been longed to that order in 1821. He was initiated in the 5th line, N. Y. lodge. William Francisco was arrested last night, charged with the murder of Joseph Arson in Holton township, Michigan county. Arson was murdered with a ax, and then robbed of \$24. At Harrisville, Mich., three business buildings were burned; the Revue office and post-office damaged; loss \$30,000. (Cynthia P. Black, of Tuscola county, was nominated for congress by the Democratic convention of the county, held at the residence of the late A. N. Kimmis, a wealthy farmer, 2 1/2 miles south from here, he stopped to supper. Among others at table was a young man known as George, who was the son of Mr. Kimmis since last fall. He has been the terror of the young men and boys of the neighborhood, and has made threats of violence against some of the residents, and has been in the habit of shut up in the granary quarters that he could master. After supper George took the milk pail and was supposed to be milking. John, the son of the farmer, who is known as the Henderson place (a part of the Kimmis farm, and about three quarters of a mile west of the Kimmis house, when he was assaulted by George, who was the son of Mr. Kimmis, who lives in the Henderson house from the house saw George leading a horse and buggy with one hand and dragging a man with the other, and then he saw the horse and buggy. He gave the alarm to the first one passing his house. After some delay the neighbors visited the premises and found Nelson in his house with all but his front door nailed up and he, with a hatchet in his hand, was endeavoring to defend his residence. Going to the barn, Mr. Johns was found imprisoned in the granary, upon his knees in the oats, with his head terribly mangled and unconscious, and was conveyed to Naylor's house. His horse and buggy were found back of the barn, tied to the fence. The young villain has been traced to Ann Arbor and \$100 has been offered for his arrest. Mr. Johns is supposed to have about \$500 on his person. This was not with him when found. The locating committee of the state agricultural society has concluded to take what is known as the best land in the county. This will give the state four large farms next fall, one at Grand Rapids, Lansing, East Saginaw and Jackson. A large spring of pure cold water has been found on the highest point of land on the View camp grounds near Petoskey, and arrangements are being made to bring the water down in pipes for the use of the hotel and cottages. A large addition has been made to the grounds since the last camp meeting. The next meeting begins July 24. Some men near Moscow found a pebble in the heart of an ash tree, 20 feet from the ground, where the tree was 30 inches through.

and the propriety of changing the system radically, especially to substitute a money tax for a labor tax. The Republican judicial convention at Coldwater, balloted 250 times for a candidate whose name was nomination and then adjourned until Thursday. When the grand lodge of Odd Fellows met in Grand Rapids last month, a man pretending to be a prominent delegate and merchant of high standing from Ithaca, Gratiot county, obtained a large quantity of goods from three merchants, who discovered he was a fraud in time to recover their shipments from the railroad freight houses, where their destination had been changed from Ithaca to Detroit. A fourth merchant, P. Kider, was not so fortunate. He seized the swindler's seal skin sack worth \$250, taking his worthless acceptance for that amount, on his pretended firm at Ithaca. The same method, the same swindle on merchants in Detroit, giving the name of Crawford, and is now in jail in Detroit very sick. A man living near Spring Lake, Ottawa county, has pumped the water out of a frog pond on his place, and now has a lot of dead frogs, which is about five feet deep, from the bottom. When that job is completed he will have a beautiful lake covering about an acre and a half, and fed by several streams. He is going to stock it with choice varieties of fish. This winter has been unprecedentedly severe on bees. Andrew Balch of Kalamazoo has lost all his 150 colonies except one, and many others have been almost as severely dealt with. Joseph Janart of Muskegon, having a slight scratch on his arm, foolishly took some old granny's advice to dip it in the brine of an old pork barrel, wh. h so poisoned the wound that his life is in great danger. Mr. Bick's deaf mute of Grand Rapids complained to the police that Marrella Brooks, another deaf mute, had been using insulting, libelous and immoral language toward her. Oceana county has procured 43,000 more speckled trout at the state hatchery to stock her streams. A \$12,000 fire occurred at Hillsdale Saturday morning. A grocery and bakery were burned and the fire spread to the city of Hillsdale. The fire was extinguished after burning the steps and part of the roof. An Ashland, Newaygo county man bought some phosphorus, which the druggist carelessly wrapped up in paper, and the man put it in his pocket. He was carrying it to work, and it took fire, and the man's clothing and bauds were badly burned. The St. Paul road hired 300 men to shove snow at \$1.25 per day and their board. After working one day they struck for \$1.50, and Mr. George Jones of the New York Times announced that all the roads have been stricken with snow-blinds, with which they suffer severely, and have to be confined in dark rooms. The Northwestern road, west of Sleepy Eye, it is said, cannot be opened for a month. 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