

Lesson of the Paper Mill.
Once a queen—so runs my story—
Seeking far, for something new,
Found it in a mill, where, strangely,
Nought but rags, repaid her view.
Rags from out the very gutters,
Flags of every shade and hue,
While the squallid children, picking,
Scanned but rags, from hair to shoe.
"What then," rang her eager question,
"Can you do with this new so vile?"
"Mold them into perfect whiteness,"
Said the master with a smile.
"Whiteness," quoth the queen, half doubting;
"But these reddest crimson dyes,
Surely, naught can ever whiten
These to fitness in your eyes?"
"Yes," he said, "though these are colors
Hardest to remove of all,
Still I have the power to make them
Like the snow-flake in its fall."
(Through my heart the words so simple,
Throbbed with echo, in and out;
"Crimson," "scarlet," "white as snow-flake,"
Can this man?—and can God not?)
Now upon a day thereafter,
(Thus the tale went on at will),
To the queen there came a present
From the master at the mill.
Fold on fold of fairest texture,
Lay the paper purest white,
On each sheet there gleamed the letters
Of her name, in golden light.
"Precious lesson," wrote the master,
"Hath my mill thus given me,
Showing how our Chrisi can gather
Vilest hearts, from hell or sea,
In some heavenly ablaze."
Sneaky white from crimson bring,
Stamp his name on each and bear them
To the palace of the King.
PRETTY MRS. OGILVIE.
All the women are jealous of her;
There is no doubt about that. The first
time she appeared in church with crisp
mauve muslin floating about her and a
dainty mauve erection on her head,
which presumably she calls a bonnet,
I know at once how it will be. And
of course the other sex will range
themselves on her side to a man; that
is also beyond question. As she rises
from her knees and takes her little
lavender-gloved hands from her face
and looks about her for a moment with
a sweet shy glance, she is simply be-
witching; and I doubt if any male
creature in our musty little church pays
any proper attention to the responses
for ten minutes afterwards. A new
face is a great rarity with us, and such
a new face one might not see more
than once in a decade, so let us hope
we may be forgiven.
As I gaze at the delicate profile be-
fore me, the coils of golden hair, the
complexion like the inside of a sea-shell,
the slender, milk-white throat, and the
long, dark eyelashes, which droop
modestly over the glorious gray eyes,
shall I own that I steal a glance of
disapproval at Mary Anne, my Mary
Anne, the partner of my joys and sor-
rows for twenty years, and the mother
of my six children? Mary Anne's
figure is somewhat overblown, her
hair is tinged with gray, and the com-
plexion of her good-humored face is
slightly rufous. But she has been a
good wife to me; and I feel, with a
twinge of compunction, that I have no
right to be critical, as I think of a shin-
ing spot on the top of my own head,
and of a little box I received from the
dentist, only a month ago, carefully se-
cured from observation. But as we
emerge from church I draw myself up
and try to look my best as we pass the
trailing mauve robes. Jack, one of our
six, stumbles over the train; which
gives me an opportunity of raising my
hat and apologizing for the hat's awk-
wardness; and I am rewarded with a
sweet smile and an upward glance out
of the great gray eyes which is simply
intoxicating.
"We must call on Mrs. Ogilvie at
once," I observe to Mary Anne as we
proceed across the fields on our home-
ward walk. "It is my duty as a land-
lady to find out if she is comfortable.
She is a ladylike person," I continue,
diplomatically forebearing to allude to
the obvious beauty; and I dare say,
my dear, you will find her an agreeable
neighbor."
"Ladylike!" cries my wife, with a ring
of indignation in her voice. "I don't
call it ladylike to come to a quiet
country church dressed as if she were
going to a flower-show. Besides, she is
painted. A color like that can't be
natural. But you men are all alike—
always taken with a little outside show
and glitter."
"But my dear," I remonstrate, "per-
haps she did not know how very coun-
trified and bucolic our congregation is;
and I really do think it will be very
unneighborly if we don't call. It must
be very dull for her to know no one."
I ignore the remark about the paint,
but in my heart I give the assertion an
emphatic contradiction.
Mrs. Ogilvie has rented a small cot-
tage which I own in the west-country
village in which I am the principal doc-
tor. She is the wife of a naval officer
who is away in the Flying Squadron,
and has settled in our sleepy little ham-
let to live quietly during his absence.
All her references have been quite un-
exceptionable, and indeed she is slightly
known to our Squire, as is also her ab-
sent husband. "A splendid fellow he is,"
Mr. Dillon tells me, "stands six feet
in his stockings, and is as handsome as
Apollo; indeed, I don't believe that for
good looks you could find such another
couple in England."
The following day Mary Anne, with
but little persuasion, agrees to accom-
pany me to the cottage to call on Mrs.
Ogilvie. The door is opened by a neat
maid-servant. She is at home; and we
are ushered into the drawing-room,
which we almost fail to recognize, so
changed is it. Bright, fresh hangings
are in the windows, a handsome piano
stands open, books and periodicals lie
on the tables in profusion, and flowers
are everywhere. "Evidently a woman
of refinement and cultivated tastes," I
think to myself; "the beauty is more
than skin deep."
Presently Mrs. Ogilvie comes in,
looking if possible even lovelier than
she did the day before. She is in a
simple white dress, with here and there
a knot of blue ribbon about it; and she
has a bit of blue also in her golden
hair. Her manner is as charming as
her looks, and as she thanks my wife
with pleasant cordial words for being
the first of her neighbors to take com-
pensation on her loneliness, I can see that
my Mary Anne, whose heart is as large
as her figure, has quite deserts the female
faction and goes over to the enemy.
Mrs. Ogilvie is very young, still quite
a girl, though she has been married
three years she tells us.
"It is dreadful that Frank should
have to go away," she says, and the
tears well up in her large gray eyes;
"that is the worst of the service. But

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THE HOUSEHOLD.
Domestic Hints.
Milk soup. Wash, pare, slice and
parboil one pound of potatoes, pour
away the water; skin and scald two
onions, chop them; place the potatoes,
onions, one teaspoonful of salt and half
a teaspoonful of pepper in a stew-pan,
with one quart of cold water; bring to
a boil and boil till quite soft (about
half an hour); crush the potatoes and
onions with a spoon till smooth; add
one quart of new milk and one ounce
of crushed sage; stir continually till it
boils, then boil for ten minutes. This
soup may be made richer by adding one
ounce of butter or dripping to the quart
of cold water; also, by putting a yolk
of an egg, well beaten, into the tureen,
and mixing the cooked soup slowly
with it. The soup must be off the boil,
or the egg will curdle.
Sponge cake fritters. Eight penny
sponge cakes—very stale. One cup of
boiling milk, with a pinch of soda stirred
in, four eggs whipped light, one
tablespoonful of flour wet up in cold
milk, one-quarter pound of currants
washed and dried. Roll the cakes into
fine crumbs; pour over them the hot
milk, with the soda and flour stirred
into it. Cover for fifteen minutes, then
beat until cold; add the whipped eggs
—the yolks first and then the whites;
finally the currants dredged with flour;
beat all well. Drop in great spoonfuls
in boiling lard, trying one first to be
sure that the batter is of the right con-
sistency; drain quickly in a hot colan-
der; sprinkle with powdered sugar mixed
with nutmeg and serve hot.
Breakfast cakes. Any one who is
tired of having buckwheat cakes for
breakfast can vary the bill of fare by
making cakes of wheat flour. Make
them with yeast just as the buckwheat
cakes are made. Add a little sugar if
you wish them to brown nicely. Graham
cakes may be used the same way.
Another way to make nice breakfast
cakes is to make a batter of corn meal
and some milk with soda and one egg,
as for Johnny cake, heat your muffin
tins hot and fill and bake for fifteen or
twenty minutes.
Prince Albert pudding: Half a
pound of stale sponge cake, soaked half
an hour in a quart of fresh milk, yolks
of three eggs, well beaten with the cake
a quarter pound of stoned raisins,
same of well washed and picked cur-
rants, and two ounces of finely cut cit-
ron, two ounces of butter and two
ounces of sugar, half of a grated nut-
meg; beat the whites of the eggs to a
stiff froth and add just before boiling,
the pudding. Boil for one hour in a
closely covered tin, having the water at
a full boil before putting the tin in.
To prepare mustard: It is safe to
have a rule for making the simple
things in cooking, and so be sure of sat-
isfactory and uniform results. Here
is an excellent rule for preparing must-
ard for the table: Take two table-
spoonfuls of mustard, one tablespoon-
ful of flour, mix them well while dry,
then take half a cupful of strong vine-
gar, fill the cup with water, stir the
mustard and flour with this, cook it as
you would boiled custard; when it is
thick enough take from the fire and add
one teaspoonful of sugar.
Snow cake: Four cups of fine, white
sugar, one heaping cup; beat together
till fine and smooth; while beating,
gradually add two-thirds cup of sweet
milk; then add the whites of twelve
eggs, beaten to a good foam. Sift three
cups of flour, one cup two-thirds full
of cornstarch, two spoonfuls of baking
powder together, and stir it gradually.
This recipe makes a fine cake for brides,
as I have frequently used it, and have
doubled it with grand success.
Pins, Past and Present.
To the young lady whose intricate
overskirt is held in innumerable folds
by many pins, it may seem a hardship
that her yearly allowance of pins is only
about 140. Such, however, is the case
with each individual in the United
States on an equitable division of the
pins yearly sold in this country. But
the Indians in the west are not sup-
posed to use their full allowance, and
color buttons have so far done away
with the use of pins by gentlemen gener-
ally that the young lady may perhaps
provide herself with some one else's al-
lowance. The pins made in the United
States are made by fourteen factories,
somewhat scattered as to locality, but
chiefly in New England. Their annual
production for several years past has
been about 7,000,000,000 pins. This
number has not varied much for some
years, the demand remaining about the
same. A few of these 7,000,000,000
are swallowed by children, a number
are bent up in schools and placed in
jackets and inviting chairs, and some
injunts get into cracks of floors, and
the rest for the most part are scattered
along the byways and highways, where
they have dropped from dresses and
been left to work their way into the
earth.
Two years ago the competition among
the nine principal companies then
existing for the manufacture of toilet pins
led to such a cutting of prices that the
business became unprofitable, and the
market was flooded with goods. Deal-
ers who were shrewd laid in stock, and
families even bought in wholesale
quantities for future needs. A year
ago a combination was formed of three
wire companies, and now all of the pins
made by them are shipped to New York
and handled by the head agency in that
city. From their common warehouse
they are sent to every part of the coun-
try in quantities varying according to
the female population.
The importations of English pins are
small, and the exportation of pins from
the United States is confined to Cuba,
South America, and parts of Canada,
where, however, but few pins are sent.
England supplies almost the whole
world outside the United States. Al-
though it is claimed that the American
pins are not inferior in quality. Qual-
ity, however, is a matter which but
slightly concerns the retail buyer. To
him a paper of pins is a paper of pins,
so long as they don't have heads on
both ends.
The raw material—the brass and iron
wire from which all American pins are
made—is from the wire mills of this
country, and much of the machinery
for their manufacture is of American
invention and patent.
Stray alligators are put into the
pond with bulldogs in New Orleans.
The result is natural.

I suppose no woman ought to interfere
with her husband's career. I am go-
ing to live here as quietly as possible
until he returns. See; here is his
photograph," she continues, lifting a
case from the table and handing it to
Mary Anne. "Is he not handsome?"
He is most undeniably so, if the like-
ness speaks truth, and we both say so;
Mary Anne, with the privilege of her
sex and age, adding a word as to the
beauty of the pair.
"O yes," replies Mrs. Ogilvie, without
the smallest embarrassment; "we are
always called the 'handsome couple.'"
I suppose something of my astonish-
ment expresses itself in my counte-
nance, for she smiles, and says: "I am
afraid you think me very vain; but I
cannot help knowing that I am good-
looking, any more than I can help be-
ing aware that my eyes are gray, not
black, and that my hair is golden. It
is a gift from God, like any talent;
a valuable one too, I think; and I own
that I am proud of it, for my dear
Frank's sake, who admires so much."
Yes, this is Mrs. Ogilvie's peculiarity
as we afterwards discover—an intense
and quite open admiration of her own
beauty. And indeed there is something
so simple and naive about it, that we do
not find it so displeasing when we get
accustomed to it. She always speaks
of herself as if she were a third person,
and honestly appreciates her lovely
face, as if it were some rare picture, as
indeed it is, of Dame Nature's own
painting. She is equally ready to ad-
mit the good looks of other women,
and has not a trace of jealousy in her
composition. But often you will hear
her say, in describing some one else:
"She has a lovely complexion—some-
thing in the style of mine, but not so
clear." Or, she has a beautiful head
of hair, but not so sunny as mine," &c.,
&c. At first every one is astonished at
this idiosyncrasy of hers, but in a little
while we all come to laugh at it; there
is something original and amusing
about it, and in all other ways she is
so charming.
My wife, with whom she speedily be-
comes intimate, tells me that she is
sure she values her beauty more for her
husband's sake than her own. "She
evidently adores him," says Mary
Anne; "and he seems to think so much
of her sweet looks. She says he fell in
love with her at first sight, before he
ever spoke to her."
But Mrs. Ogilvie has many more at-
tractions than are to be found in her
face. She is a highly-educated woman
a first-rate musician and a pleasant
and intelligent companion; and more than
all, she has a sweet, loving disposition,
and a true heart at the core of all her
little vanities. She is very good to the
poor in our village, and often when I
am on my rounds, I meet her coming
out of some cottage with an empty
basket in her hand, which was full
when she entered it.
In a quiet little neighborhood like
ours, such a woman cannot fail to be
an acquisition, and every one hastens
to call on her, and many are the dinners
and croquet parties which are inaugu-
rated in her honor. To the former she
will not go; she does not wish to go out
in the evening during her husband's
absence—much to my wife's satisfac-
tion, who approves of women being
"keepers at home"—and it is only sel-
dom that she can be induced to grace
one of the croquet parties with her
presence.
But when she does, she eclipses every
one else. She always dresses in the
most exquisite taste, as if anxious that
the setting should be worthy of the
jewel—the beauty which she prizes so
highly. She is always sweet and gra-
cious, and vanquishes the men by her
loveliness, the women in spite of it.
But she is in no sense of the word a
coquette; and the only admirer she
favors is our Jack, aged fourteen, who
is head-over-ears in love with her, and
is ready at any moment to forego cricket
for the honor of escorting Mrs. Ogilvie
through the village, and the privilege
of carrying her basket. So the quiet
weeks and months glide by, linking us
daily more closely together.
She has been settled at the cottage
rather more than two years and is be-
ginning to count the weeks to her hus-
band's return. We do not number them
quite so eagerly, for when he comes he
will take her away from us, and we
shall miss her sorely. It is summer
again, a hot, damp summer; it has been
a very sickly season, and my hands are
full.
"I shall have to get a partner, my
dear," I say to my wife as I prepare to
go out. "If this goes on I shall have
more to do than I can manage. There
is a nasty fever about which I don't
like the look of; and if we don't have a
change for the better in this muggy
weather, there is no saying what it
may turn out."
"I am glad all the boys are at school,"
observes Mary Anne, and I think I
will let the girls accept their aunt's in-
vitation and go to her for a month."
"It would be a very good plan, and I
should be glad if you would go
too. A little change would do you
good."
"And pray who is to look after you?"
asks my wife reproachfully. "Who is
to see that you take your meals prop-
erly, and don't rush off to see your pa-
tients, leaving your dinner untasted on
the table?"
"Mentally, I confess that I should
probably be poorly off without my
Mary Anne; but it is a bad plan to en-
courage vanity in one's wife, so I say:
"Oh, I should do very well myself; and
with a parting nod betake myself to my
daily duty."
In the village I meet Mrs. Ogilvie,
basket in hand. She doesn't look well,
and I say so.
"You have no business out in the
heat of the day," I tell her. "You are

not a Hercules, and you will only be
knocking yourself up. What will your
husband say, if he does not find you
looking your best when he comes
back?"
A shade passes over her face. "Ah!
he would not be pleased," she says
rather gravely; "he always likes to see
me look my very best and prettiest."
"Well then, as your doctor, I must
forbid your doing any more cottage-
visiting just at present. You are not
looking strong, and going into the
closets is not good for you. I
will come and see you on my way
back."
Which I do. I find there is nothing
the matter with her; she is only a little
languid. Perhaps the weather has af-
fected her; perhaps she is wearying for
her husband; and I prescribe a tonic,
which I think will soon set her to rights.
I do not remain long with her, for I
have an unspoken anxiety, and I am in
a hurry to get home.
"You had better send the children
away to-morrow morning," Mary Anne
says as soon as I get in. "Mrs. Black
is very ill, and I am afraid—I cannot
tell you yet, but I am afraid—she is
going to have small-pox. Of course I
shall have her removed at once, if I am
right; but it may prove not to be an
isolated case, and it will be as well to
get the children out of the way. I shall
try and persuade every one in the vil-
lage to be vaccinated to-morrow."
"You will be clever if you manage
that," says my wife. "I am afraid some
of the people are very prejudiced against
it. You know when the children and I
were vaccinated three years ago, you
could not persuade any of the vil-
lagers to bedone at the same time."
On the following day we despatch
the children early to their aunt's, un-
der the care of an old servant; and as soon
as I have seen them off, I go down to
Mrs. Black's. To my consternation I
find Mrs. Ogilvie just leaving the house.
"I have been disobedient, you see,"
she says gaily; "but I promised to bring
Mrs. Black something early this morn-
ing; and she seemed so ill yesterday
that I did not like to disappoint her.
But I am not going to transgress orders
again—for Frank's sake," she adds
softly.
I give an internal groan. Heaven
grant she may not have transgressed
them once too often! And I hasten
into the cottage, to find my worst fears
confirmed. Mrs. Black has smallpox
quite unmistakably.
For some hours I am occupied in
making arrangements for her removal
to the infirmary, and in vaccinating
such of my poorer patients as I can
frighten or coerce into allowing me to
do so; and it is afternoon before I am
able to go and look after Mrs. Ogilvie.
"She seems rather astonished when I
inform her what my errand is—that I
want to vaccinate her (for of course I
do not wish to frighten her by telling
her about Mrs. Black); but she submits
readily enough when I say that I have
heard of a case of smallpox in a neigh-
boring village (which I have), and
think it would be a wise precautionary
measure.
"It is very good of you," she says in
her pretty gracious way as she bares
her white arm. "I have never been
vaccinated since I was a baby, so I
suppose it will be desirable."
Desirable? I should think so indeed!
And I send up a prayer as I perform
the operation that I may not be too
late.
I am so busy the next few days that
I am unable to go down to the cottage.
One or two more cases of small-pox ap-
pear in the village, and I am anxious
and hard worked; Mary Anne tells me
that Mrs. Ogilvie had heard of Mrs.
Black's removal and is dreadfully nervous
about herself. "I hope she will not
frighten herself into it," adds my wife.
"If she hadn't contracted it before I
vaccinated her, I think she is pretty
safe," I reply; "but there is just the
chance that she may have had the poison
in her previous."
Almost as I speak a message comes
from Mrs. Ogilvie, who wishes to see
me professionally. My heart sinks as I
seize my hat and I follow the mes-
senger; and with good reason. I find
her suffering from the first symptoms
of small-pox; and in twenty-four hours
it has declared itself unequivocally and
threatens to be a bad case. I try to
keep the nature of her illness from her,
but in vain. She questions me closely,
and when she discovers the truth, gives
way to a burst of despair which is pain-
ful to witness. "I shall be marked; I
shall be hideous!" she exclaims, sobbing
bitterly. "Poor Frank, how he will
hate me!"
In vain I try to comfort her, to con-
vince her, that not one out of a hundred
cases does the disease leave dreadful
traces behind it; she refuses to be con-
soled. And soon she is too ill to be
reasoned with, or indeed to know much
of her own state. She is an orphan,
and has no near relatives for whom we
can send, so Mary Anne installs herself
in the sick-room as head-nurse; and I
see her bending lovingly over the poor
disfigured face, and ministering with
tender hands to the ceaseless wants of
the invalid, my wife is in my eyes
beautiful exceedingly; so does the
shadow of a good deed cast a glory
around the most homely countenance.
For some time Mrs. Ogilvie's life is
in great danger; but her youth and
good constitution prevail against the
grim destroyer, and at length I am able
to pronounce all peril past.
But alas, alas! all my hopes, all my
care, all my poor skill have been in
vain; and the beauty which we have all
admired so much and which has been
so precious to our poor patient, is a
thing of the past. She is marked—
slightly it is true; but the pure com-
plexion is thick and muddy, the once

bright eyes are heavy and dull, the
golden hair is thin and lustreless. We
keep it from her as long as we can, but
she soon discovers it in our sorrowful
looks; and her horror, her agony, almost
threaten to unseat her reason. My
wife is with her night and day, watch-
ing her like a mother, using every
argument she can think of to console
her, and above all, counselling with
gentle words of submission to the will
of God. But her misery, after the first
shock, is not so much for herself as
for the possible effect the loss of her
beauty may have on her husband who
is now daily expected. His ship has
been at sea, so we have been unable to
write to him; and only on his arrival
in Plymouth sound will he hear of his
poor wife's illness and disfigurement.
Before her sickness she had been count-
ing the hours; now she sees every day
go past with a shudder, feeling that she
"brought twenty-four hours nearer to
the dreadful trial." At length his ves-
sel arrives, and I receive a telegram
telling me when we may expect him,
and begging me to break the news
gently to his wife. She receives it with
quite a calm, but I am afraid—she is
going to have small-pox. Of course I
shall have her removed at once, if I am
right; but it may prove not to be an
isolated case, and it will be as well to
get the children out of the way. I shall
try and persuade every one in the vil-
lage to be vaccinated to-morrow."
We are sitting in rather melancholy
mood after dinner, talking of the poor
young husband and wife, when Mr.
Ogilvie is announced, and I hasten
to the door to meet him.
"She will not see me," he says im-
petuously coming in without any for-
mal greeting. "She has shut herself into
her room, and calls to me with hyster-
ical tears that she is too dreadful to look
upon, that I shall cease to love her as
soon as I behold her, and that she can
not face it." And the strong man falls
into a chair with a sob.
"It is not so bad as that," I begin.
"I don't care how bad it is," he cries;
"she need not doubt my love. My poor
dear, will always be the same to me
whether she has lost her beauty or not."
Whereupon I extended my hand to
him and shake his heartily, and know
my wife has great difficulty in restrain-
ing herself from enveloping him in her
motherly arms and embracing him.
"We must resort to stratagem," I say.
"I will go down to the cottage at once,
and you follow me in ten minutes with
my wife. I will try and coax Mrs.
Ogilvie to come out and speak to me,
and you must steal upon her unawares."
Mrs. Ogilvie at first refused to see or
speak to me; but I go up to her door
and am mean enough to remind her of
my wife's devotion to her and entreat
her, for her sake, to come down to me.
"Where is Frank?" she asks.
"I left him at home with Mary Anne,"
I reply, feeling that I am worthy of
being a diplomatist at the court of St.
Petersburg, as she opens the door and
descends the stairs. I take her out into
the garden and begin to reproach her for
her conduct, with assumed anger. She
listens with eyes blinded with tears. I
hear the look-out for it, hear the latch
of the garden-gate click; but she, absorbed
in her sorrow, does not notice it. I look
up and see Frank Ogilvie's eyes fixed
hungrily on his wife. Her changed ap-
pearance must be an awful shock to
him; but he bears it bravely; and in a
moment he has sprung forward, clasped
her in his arms, and the poor scared
ice is hidden on his true and loving
heart.
Then Mary Anne and I turned silent-
ly away, and leave him to trudge her that
there are things more valuable, of far
higher worth than any mere beauty of
face or form.
After all, we do not lose her, for Mr.
Ogilvie coming into some money, leaves
the navy and purchases a small estate
in our neighborhood, on which they
still reside. Mrs. Ogilvie is no longer
young, and has a family of lads and
lassies around her, who inherit much of
their mother's loveliness. But one of
the first things she teaches them is not
to set selfish value on it; "for," she
says, "I thought too much of mine and
God took it from me. No one ever
hears her regret the loss of her beauty;
"for through the trial," she tells my
wife, "I learned to know the true value
of my Frank's heart."
She simply worships her husband,
and is in all respects a happy woman.
Indeed, seeing the sweet smile which
adorns her face and the loving light
which dwells in her eyes, I am some-
times tempted to call her as of yore—
Pretty Mrs. Ogilvie.

THE ICE SEA.
Dr. Hayes, in his sketch, "What a
snow-flake may come to," says:
"Now it must be borne in mind that
an ice sea such as that of Greenland, is
not a stationary mass, like rock, but is
a moving mass like water. What is it
but hardened water?"
Take the better known glaciers of
the Alps, by way of illustration, there
we find the ice, from which are
many branches extending down the
valleys on every side. These are usu-
ally called glaciers. They are ice
streams, for they flow downward
through the valleys; and are the na-
by which the mer de glace, or ice sea
discharges itself, thus preventing an ac-
cumulation which would, but for these
ice-streams, become interminable. It is
estimated that the mountain snows of
the Alps would gather there at the rate
of four thousand feet in a thousand
years. This accumulation is, however,
prevented by natural law, for the Cre-
ator, in the all-wise dispensation of
His power, has made ice ductile, as if
it were fluid. Hence it flows, when on
an inclined plane, just as water flows,
only, of course, slower. An ice-stream,
therefore, in effect a river and drains
the mountain-ice of the Alps down to
the sea, as rivers drain the rains which
fall in other places. The Alpine ice-
streams become, however, actual rivers
in the end; for as they flow down the
valleys in a continuous stream from the
mer de glace, the end reaches the base
of the mountains, where the tempera-
ture becomes comparatively warm, and
the end of the ice-stream is steadily
melting, as a candle melts slowly into
a heated stove. The water thus formed,
completes the circuit to the sea, as a real
river, and not an ice-river, the only dif-
ference, however, in the flow and the
law of flow being the rate. The ice
moulds itself to its bed, as the river
does. When the bed is wide, it expands,
when the bed is narrow it contracts
and thickens when the descent is slight;
it deepens; when rapid, it hurries along
and becomes shall. An ice-stream,
like a river, has, therefore, its cascades,
its rapids, its broad lagoons (so to
speak), and its smooth, steady, ever-
flowing places. It carries rocks along
with it upon its surface (which have
been hurled down upon it from the
neighboring cliffs by the frost) as the
river carries sticks of wood, leaves, and
other light material.
Greenland is only the Alps many
times magnified—not in altitude, of
course, but in extent of surface and the
quantity of mountain ice which it has
accumulated. The whole interior of
that continent, as we have seen, is in
effect, covered with an ice-sea, from
which flow ice-streams on either side
down through the valleys.
There is, however, one great point of
difference between the Alpine ice-
stream and the Greenland ice-stream.
While the end of an Alpine ice-stream
melts in the warm air, at a lower level
than that in which it was formed, the
Greenland ice-stream, on the other hand,
meets no such fate. The whole of
Greenland, from the sea upward to the
mountain-tops, has too low a tempera-
ture for that. Hence the ice-stream
pours all the way down to the sea, which
they usually reach at the head of the
deep "fiords." Thus does the sea take
the place of the air in the melting pro-
cess. But not exactly in the same man-
ner. The sea first breaks off a mass
from the end of the Greenland ice-
stream, and gradually melts it, as it
floats south with the current.
This mass is the ice-berg.
Both these processes, however, have
the same result—the final return of the
mountain snows to their natural home
in the sea.
How to Compute Interest.
4 per cent.—multiply the principal
by the number of days; separate the
right hand figure from the product and
divide by 9.
5 per cent.—multiply by number of
days, and divide by 72.
6 per cent.—multiply by number of
days separate right hand figure and di-
vide by 6.
8 per cent.—multiply by number of
days, and divide by 45.
9 per cent.—multiply by number of
days separate right hand figure and di-
vide by 4.
10 per cent.—multiply by number of
days and divide by 36.
12 per cent.—multiply by number of
days, separate right hand figure and di-
vide by 3.
15 per cent.—multiply by number of
days, and divide by 24.
18 per cent.—multiply by number of
days, separate right hand figure and
divide by 2.
20 per cent.—multiply by number of
days and divide by 18.
Cut this out and paste it in your
hat.
TALLOW CANDLE FISH.—In the wa-
ters of British North America, as we
are informed, there is a fish, an odd
fish, as surprising in its ways as the
sea-serpent, and infinitely more useful.
It is a species of smelt, and may be po-
tentially described as an aquatic glow-
worm. We are told it may be literally
used in the same way as a candle, by
simply setting a light to the tail, when
it will burn with a flame steady as that
of the "dips" which our grandfathers
used to have to put up with before gas
was invented. It is a small silvery
fish, averaging about fourteen inches
long, is exceedingly fat, and affords an
excellent and valuable oil, and is so in-
flammable that the dried carcass will
serve as a torch. Among the natives,
the fish is known as the colahan, and
by them, as by others who have tasted
it, is considered one of the most deli-
cious products of the sea, being more

delicate in flavor than the herring.
The fish are caught in wicker baskets,
and are smoked as much as their oily
nature will allow.
Success With Small Fruits.
Formerly the blackberry was regard-
ed as merely a bramble in this country.
It is still quite generally so regarded.
When a man gets to thinking it is not
a bramble, all he has to do is to wait
around in a healthy patch, with nothing
on him but a cotton shirt, and a pair of
tow trousers, and he will come out re-
stored to the faith of his fathers. The
greatest enemy the blackberry has is
boys. Five boys, from town, can eat
more green blackberries in a day than
would ripen in a week. For many
years the great desideratum has been a
hardy berry that could resist the pre-
mature onslaught of boys from town.
It is a great desideratum still. The
Schneider, a variety that was invented
by an Iowa horticulturist, is the near-
est approach to it. It is bred from a
perfectly green persimmon, crossed
with a dogwood tree, and still further
propagated with a hybrid of worm-
wood bush and wild crab apple. It is
not a perfect defense, but there are
very few boys who care to eat more
than a quart of them. Nobody else,
however, can go past the field where
the Schneider is growing, without be-
ing attacked by Asiatic cholera, and
this tends to weaken the palatal success
this hardy berry has achieved. Then
there is a bug—I do not know the name
of it—that crawls over the berry row
and then. When you eat a berry that
has been gloved by a visit from this
bug, you lie down in the briars and
pray heaven to take you home in just
about three seconds. And if you live,
you can wake up in the night, along in
the middle of winter, and shudder as
you taste that berry.
When your blackberries grow too
thickly, you will want to thin them out.
This can be done by digging a well
where the plant stands; then turn the
farm upside down and let it dry out
thoroughly for a couple of years, then
turn it over upside down, and start a
brickyard on the back of it. This will
keep off some of the plants. There
may be some shorter and cheaper
method of killing blackberry bushes
than this, but I never heard of it and
it isn't likely there is any.
If you want to devote about forty
acres of ground to the cultivation of
blackberries, plant about three healthy
vines in some corner of the field, about
the middle of April. Then about the
first of May, the man who owns the
farm on the other side of the road, will
bring civil action against you, and try
to collect damages, for destruction of
his two fields of wheat by a raid of
blackberry vines.
It is not known just at what season
of the year blackberries ripen. If the
bucksters and boys should all die in
June, it is probable that the berries
would ripen sometime in July or
August. But they have never had a
chance to see what they could do at
ripening.
The blackberry is so named, because
it is blue, in order to distinguish it
from the bluisherry, which is black.—
Burlington Hawkeye.
SENATOR WADE.—Mr. Wade was al-
ways particular about money matters.
He could not bear to owe any man a
cent, and to feel that he was pecuniari-
ly under the slightest obligations to
any one annoyed him excessively. His
wife had a small income, but old Ben
would never touch a penny of it. His
peculiarity about money matters some-
times actually distressed Mrs. Wade
and his friends. His pocketbook was
always open to his wife, but she prob-
ably during their long married life never
was able to induce her husband to
accept out of her money the price of a
meal. He used to say, "a man does
not marry a woman to live off her;"
and again, "every man should keep his
own wife." I believe Mr. Wade pos-
sively thought it degrading for a man
to use a woman's money, and so it is.
Once he said to his son, "what your
wife has is her own, and what you
have is your wife's." This was Wade's
chivalrous idea of the treatment of a
wife, and right royally did he practice
it in his own household. His courtesy
to Mrs. Wade was always so marked
as to attract the attention even of
strangers. At seventy years of age he
was the same fond and devoted lover
she had found him at forty. No two
people could possibly have lived more
agreeably together. Everything Mrs.
Wade did or said was exactly right in
the estimation of her husband, and
during the entire course of his long
married life he probably never had a
disloyal thought or occasioned his wife
a moment's uneasiness.—Philadelphia
Press.
THE FLYING SQUIRREL.—A young
subscriber, living in Brooklyn, N. Y.,
writes the Companion about a pet fly-
ing-squirrel, which is as intelligent as
it is tame. The squirrel is kept in a
tin cage, with bars in front and a door
on one side, which is fastened by a bent
wire. When the door is closed it can-
not be opened unless the wire is turned
from the right to the left. By some
mental process, which includes observa-
tion and reflection, the squirrel has
learned how to open the door. During
the daytime it sleeps; but in the even-
ing it wishes to go out of the cage, that
it may play about the room. It puts
its little paws through the bars, pushes
up the wire and opens the door. After
scampering round the room several
times it becomes tired, and seeking its
owner's pocket, goes to sleep. "I bought
the squirrel for one dollar," writes our
young subscriber, "but I wouldn't sell
him for five." That boy is being edu-
cated by his "pet."—Youth's Com-
panion.

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 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, Westchester Co., Mich.

The Chelsea Herald.

CHelsea, APR. 28, 1881.

A Wonderful Discovery.

Of all the compounds which the chemist's art have given to the world, for hundreds of years, for the purpose of restoring the hair to its natural growth and color, not one has been perfect. Many of the hair dressings of the day are excellent, but the great mass of the stuffs sold for promoting the growth and bringing back the original color are mere humbugs, while not a few are positively pernicious in their effects upon the scalp and structure of the hair. All hair dyes are well known to chemists as more or less poisonous, because the change in color is artificial and does not depend upon a restoration of the functions of the scalp to their natural health and vigor. The falling out of the hair, the accumulations of dandruff, and the premature change in color are all evidences of a diseased condition of the scalp and the glands which nourish the hair. To arrest these causes the article used must possess medical as well as chemical virtues, and the change must begin under the scalp to be of permanent and lasting benefit. Such an article has been discovered, and like many other wonderful discoveries, it is found to consist of elements almost in their natural state. Petroleum oil is the article which is made to work such extraordinary results; but is after the best refined article has been chemically treated, and completely deodorized, that it is in proper condition for the toilette and receives the names of Carboline. It was in far-off Russia that the effects of petroleum upon the hair were first observed; a Government officer having noticed that a partially bald-headed servant of his, when trimming the lamps, had a habit of wiping his oil-besmeared hands in his scanty locks, and the result was, in a few months, a much finer head of black, glossy hair than he ever had before. The oil was tried on horses and cattle that had lost their hair from the cattle plague, and the results were as rapid as they were marvelous. The manes and tails of horses, which had fallen out, were completely restored in a few weeks. These experiments were heralded to the world, but the knowledge was practically useless to the prematurely bald and gray, as no one in civilized society could tolerate the use of refined petroleum as a dressing for the hair. But the skill of one of our chemists has overcome the difficulty, and by a process known only to himself he has, after very elaborate and costly experiments, succeeded in perfecting Carboline, which renders it susceptible of being handled as daintily as the famous EAU DE COLOGNE. The experiments with the deodorized liquid, on the human hair and skin, were attended with the most astonishing results. A few applications, where the hair was thin and falling, gave remarkable tone and vigor to the scalp and the hair. Every particle of dandruff disappears on the first or second dressing, all cutaneous diseases of the skin, and scalp are rapidly and permanently healed, and the liquid, so searching in its nature, seems to penetrate to the roots of the hair at once, and set up a radical change from the start. It is well known that the most beautiful colors are made from petroleum, and by some mysterious operation of nature the use of this article gradually imparts a beautiful light brown color to the hair, which, by continued use, deepens to a black. The color remains permanent for an indefinite length of time, and the change is so gradual that the most intimate friends can scarcely detect its progress. In a word, it is the most wonderful discovery of the age, and well calculated to make the prematurely bald and gray rejoice. The name Carboline has been given to the article.

How They Put the Cow in the Yard.

There is nothing that demands statesmanship of a high order as much as the driving of a cow with a young calf to any particular place. Two Galveston colored men undertook a job of this character, and, although they gave the matter their careful attention, the result was very far from satisfactory to any-body except the cow, which seemed to enjoy it very much. Sam and Bill were to get a dollar to take the cow and calf and put them in the yard of the owner, Mr. Thomas Carlyle, who lives at the south end of Galveston avenue. After trying in vain to get the cow to understand in what direction they preferred she should go, Sam and Bill called a cabinet meeting, at which the following campaign plan was agreed upon: Sam was to take up the calf in his arms and go ahead, while Bill was to hold the cow back by the rope which was fastened to her horns.

"Ef she goes to fast," said Bill, I'll jest hold her back."

"And ef she don't foller fast enough I'll jest twist de calf's tail, and den she will come right along," said Sam.

Sam took up the calf and went ahead, while Bill, in order to get a real good hold, tied the rope around his wrist. The procession proceeded slowly in the desired direction, and would have reached its destination in safety had not Satan tempted Bill to get off a joke on Sam, so he called out:

"Sam, jest twist de calf's tail."

Sam did so, and the calf bleated as if it was opposed to an encroachment on the performance.

The old cow began to trot. So did Sam, holding on to the calf as if he had stolen it. Then the fun began, for every once in a while, the cow would polish her horns on the ceilings of Sam's pants. Bill could not get his hands out of the rope, and, as he had short legs, he had hard work keeping up with the procession, or rather in not letting go. He ran so fast that the kinks of his wool straightened out. Finally he gasped:

"Sam, outwit dat calf's tail."

Sam's legs moved so rapidly that they looked like the spokes of a buggy, but he called back:

"Foah God's sake! niggah, don't let go dat rope; de cow's againin on me."

"Drop de calf, Sam," cried poor Bill, whose arm was coming out of its socket. "Drap de calf, for I can't keep up wid de cow. Go slow, niggah, or I'll turn de cow loose on you," which, however, was more than he was able to do.

Bill made the next fifty yards on his back, he still most unwillingly retaining his hold on the rope. Fortunately, the cow overtook Sam, and, in return for his kindness in picking up the calf, she picked him up on her horns and threw him over into Mr. Carlyle's yard. Bill, who was rather tired of chasing the cow, thought he would climb over and see what Sam was doing. The cow appeared to understand his wishes in that direction, so she started on a run to help him out, or rather over. She was a little late, but he went about ten feet further into the field than he would have done without her assistance. There was neither of them so badly hurt as they were when old Carlyle came and told them that the contract was that they should put the cow in the yard. Instead of that the cow had put them in the yard, so the dollar belonged to himself as the owner of the cow.

It is thought a lawsuit will grow out of the matter.—Galveston News.

Eye Memory.

The Gentlemen's Magazine contains the following information: Look steadily at a bright object, keep the eye immovable on it for a short time, and then close them. An image of the object remains; it becomes in fact visible to the closed eyes. The vividness and duration of such an impression vary considerably with different individuals, and the power to retain them may be cultivated. Besides this sort of retinal image thus impressed, there is another kind of visual image that may be obtained by an effort of memory. Certain adepts at mental arithmetic use the "mind's eye" as a substitute for the slate and pencil by holding in visual memory pictures of the figures upon which they are operating, and those of their results. In my youthful days I was acquainted with an eccentric old man, who then lived at Kiburn priory, where he surrounded himself with curious old furniture reputed to have originally belonged to Cardinal Wolsey, and which, as I was told, he bequeathed to the Queen at his death. He was then celebrated, but now forgotten. "Memory Thompson," who in

his early days was town traveler (for a brewery, if I remember rightly,) and who trained himself to wonderful feats of memory. He could close his eyes and picture within himself a panorama of Oxford street and other parts of London, in which picture every inscription over every shop was so perfect and so reliable that he could describe and certify to the names and occupations of the shop-keeping inhabitants of all the houses of these streets of certain dates, when post-office directories were not as they now are. Although Memory Thompson is forgotten, his special faculty is just now receiving attention, and it is proposed to especially cultivate it in elementary schools by placing objects before the pupils for a given time, then taking them away and requiring the pupil to draw them. That such faculty exists and may be of great service is unquestionable. Systematic efforts to educate it, if successful, will do good service to the rising generation; and, even should the proposed training afford smaller results than its projectors anticipate, the experiments, if carefully made and registered, cannot fail to improve our knowledge of mental physiology.

Our Chip Basket.

GRATEFUL WOMEN.

None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women. It is the only remedy peculiarly adapted to the many ills the sex is almost universally subject to. Chills and fever, indigestion or deranged liver, constant or periodic sick headaches, weakness in the back or kidneys, pain in the shoulders and different parts of the body, a feeling of lassitude and despondency, are all readily removed by these Bitters.

Late the other evening, a merchant was playing cards with a railroad official, who was rather sleepy at the time. "I pass," said the merchant. The railroad man was awake in an instant. "No you don't," said he, "not on this line; you pay your fare or walk."

Notice.—We are suffering the most excruciating pain from inflammatory rheumatism. One application of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil afforded almost instant relief, and two fifty cent bottles effected a permanent cure. O. E. COMSTOCK, Caladonia, Minn.

For sale by all druggists.

Texas people still have characteristic ideas of a brilliant occasion. A telegram from Galveston says: "The Mardi Gras procession at Galveston, Tuesday evening, was a grand success. One woman was shot and one run over by the street cars. Both are expected to die."

BUFFALO BELLES.

There was a young lady of Buffalo, She'd blotches and pimples from the Head to the toe, She Spring Blossom did buy, And its merits did try, Now blotches are gone, And she has become, A beautiful Belle, of Buffalo. Prices: 50c, and \$1. Sold by W. R. Reed & Co.

George Washington has had another birthday, and still he can look down, with tears in his eyes, at his unfinished monument, and wish it was an obelisk in some foreign land, for then it might arouse enough patriotism in the American breast to get it completed.

NEVER, NO NEVER.

An exchange says Ulysses S. Grant will never be emperor, but will always stand high in the hearts of his countrymen, occupying the position that Spring Blossom holds, in curing sick headaches, Biliousness, indigestion, etc. Prices: 50c., and \$1. Sold by W. R. Reed & Co.

A cockney being out one day amusing himself with shooting, happened to fire through a hedge, on the other side of which a man was passing. The shot passed through the man's hat, but missed the bird. "Did you fire at me sir?" he hastily asked. "Oh, no, sir," said the shrewd sportsman, "I never hit what I fire at."

FRIENDS VERSUS ENEMIES.

As liberality makes friends of enemies, so as Biliousness and sick Headaches arise from a disordered stomach, so Spring Blossom cures it. Prices: 50c., and \$1. Sold by W. R. Reed & Co.

"And he didn't seem to like it." Newly married husband (jocularly): "Well, dear, if there is a smash on the line, you're well provided for; I've made my will, you know." Newly married wife (playfully): "Yes, love; but don't you think you'd better run and get an insurance ticket for the largest amount you can?—it would be so handy to buy the mourning; black always did become me so."

Figaro represents a little boy asking, "Papa, what, then, is it that distinguishes civilization from barbarism?" "Oh, it is quite simple," replies the parent; "civilization kills its enemy at 6,000 meters with a cannon ball and barbarism chops off his head with a sabre."

EPITAPH ON ROGER BACON.

One day whilst trying his corns to mow off His razor slipped and cut his toe off The wound soon grew to mortifying, That was the cause of Rogers dying. If he had Electric Oil used and taken, He might quite easily have saved his Bacon. For sale by all druggists.

The other morning an Irishman was heard objurgating as follows within his dilapidated shanty: "Where is my white-handled knife, ye young spalpeen?" "I don't know, father." "Bad luck to ye! The next time ye lose it, so as I can't find it at all, I'll cut off your head with it!"

Mrs. W. N. Palmer, 149 Morgan Street, Buffalo, N. Y., writes: My child was taken Feb. 1st with Croup in its severest form and Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil being the only remedy at hand, I began giving it according to directions and found it gave immediate relief. I gave three (3) doses and the child rested. I used the remainder of the night. I have used it myself for some time with complete success. For sale by all druggists.

DECENCY TOWARDS HORSES.—A horse cannot be screamed at and cursed without becoming less valuable in every particular. To reach the highest degree of value the animal should be gentle and always reliable, but if it expects every moment that it is in the harness to be "jawed" at and struck it will be in a constant state of nervousness, and in its excitement is as liable, through fear to do something which is not expected as to go along doing what you started it to do.

It is possible to train a horse to be governed by the word of mouth, almost as completely as it is to train a child, and in such training the horse reaches its highest value. When a horse is soothed by the gentle words of his driver—and we have seen him calmed down from great excitement by no other means—it may be fairly concluded that he is a valuable animal for all practical purposes, and it may be certainly concluded that the man who has such power over him is a human man, and a sensible one.

But all this simply means that the man must secure the animal's confidence. Only in exceptional instances is he stubborn or vicious. If he understands his surroundings, and what is required of him, he gives no trouble. As almost every reader must know, if the animal when frightened can be brought up to the object he will become calm. The reason is he understands there is nothing to fear. So he must be taught to have confidence in the man who handles him, and then this powerful animal, which usually no man could handle if it were disposed to be vicious, will give no trouble.

The very best rule, therefore, which we would lay down for the management of the horse; is gentleness and good sense on the part of the driver. Bad drivers make mad horses, usually.

CHANGES.—A pathetic picture of the changes that sometimes come over people is given in a sketch by a newspaper correspondent describing a recent visit to Jefferson Davis. Here is an extract:

"Mr. Davis is now very feeble and cannot get in and out of his carriage without help. One of his old servants, who now owns his former master's plantation, is the largest cotton planter in that region. It is said that he employs a thousand hands. His former master is always welcomed when he visits the old home, and the former servant does his best to make him feel at home. He sets a nice table, and putting on a clean white apron waits upon him as in former times. He also supplies him with money if he needs it. The present employment of the ex-confederate chief is settling up his brother's estate, which is next to the one he formerly owned, and which it is thought will eventually be purchased by the ex-slave."

"THE LOVING CUP."—This is the recipe for the "Loving Cup," which has for years been used at the feasts of the Lord Mayor of London. Mix of port wine two bottles, of sherry one, of claret one, and of brandy one gill, to which add the thin oily peel of two lemons, and the water (when cooled)—and reduced from a pint to half a pint—in which have been boiled and therefrom strained of cinnamon, cloves and allspice one ounce each. When this spiced mixture is cool, add the juice of the two lemons, with a quarter pound of white sugar, and of Maraschino and Curacao one wine-glass each. Put the mixture in a porcelain enameled vessel and imbue it in ice one hour. Then add two bottles of German seltzer-water with—two float on top—a few lemon slices and a half spoonful of grated nutmeg. The London loving cup holds a little more than a gallon and a half.

AGED 116 YEARS.—A suitable monument is about to be erected in the cemetery at Waterford, N. Y., to the memory of probably the oldest person that has ever died in that State. Michael Hare was one of the best authenticated cases of extreme longevity on record. He died in 1848 at the remarkable age 116 years. He was an Irishman, and a soldier in the British army at Braddock's defeat in 1755; served under Wayne in the Revolutionary army at Stony Point in 1779, and was then one of the oldest men in his regiment, and was with St. Clair when the Indians defeated him in Ohio in 1791. He was in jail at Erie for drunkenness and disorderly conduct after he was 100 years old.

NOTICE TO FARMERS!!

DRAN and SHIPSTUFF, per ton \$16.
FINE MIDDINGS, " " \$16.
At the PENINSULAR MILLS,
Dexter, April 21, 1881.
JAMES LUCAS.

Timber Resources.

The Forestry Division of the Department of Agriculture, National Government, has been engaged in attempting to ascertain the timber resources of the country, in connection with the tenth United States census. The work in the States of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota has been under the supervision of H. C. Putnam, of Eau Claire, Wis., whose researches have so far progressed that an approximate estimate of the amount of standing pine in the three States has been reached. From what we learn of the method pursued in obtaining the figures it is judged that the result will be a nearer approach to a knowledge of the actual timber resources of the country than has ever before been obtained. To be sure, there has been a reliance upon estimates, but they have been more closely scanned and compared and have gone more into particulars. The results secured in the three States named are these:

Minnesota is credited in the census reports with containing 6,150,000,000 feet of standing pine, distributed as follows: Rainy lake and tributaries, 350,000,000; Red river and tributaries, 600,000,000; St. Louis and Cloquet rivers, 1,500,000,000; Mississippi and tributaries, 2,900,000,000; north shore of Lake Superior, 800,000,000.

The State of Wisconsin is credited with 40,500,000,000 feet, distributed in districts as follows: St. Croix river and south shore of Lake Superior, 6,000,000,000; Chippewa and tributaries, 12,500,000,000; Wisconsin river and tributaries, 11,000,000,000; Lake Superior district, east of range 11, 2,000,000,000; east of the Wisconsin river, 9,000,000,000.

Michigan is credited with having 35,000,000,000 feet of standing pine—6,000,000,000 in the Upper Peninsula and 29,000,000,000 in the Lower Peninsula.

The aggregate in the three States is 81,650,000,000 feet.

This is much less than the amount of pine supposed to be standing in these States, but there is no means of ascertaining whether the figures given include only the bodies of pine which, in the present condition lumbering operations, are regarded as profitable to lumber, omitting lands which have been culled but which still contain a considerable amount of pine which will eventually be cut, when the decadence of timber shall sufficiently advance the price of lumber.

There is quite a probability that there will be a goodly quantity of pine cut in the three States after the reports show the 81,650,000,000 feet of the Census Bureau's finding have been manufactured, which will be about 11 years at the present rate of cutting.

At the present rate of cutting the pine in Michigan will last 10 years, if the figures above given are proper representatives of the amount now standing.

A western editor gives this sage advice to emigrants: "When you come west to grow up with the country, don't bring some other man's wife."

\$10 Outfit furnished free, with full instructions for conducting the most profitable business you can engage in. The business is so easy to learn, and our instructions are so simple and plain, that any one can make great profits from the very start. No one can fail who is willing to work. Women are as successful as men. Boys and girls can earn large sums. Many have made at the business over one hundred dollars in a single week. Noting like it ever known before. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. You can engage in this business during your spare time at great profit. You do not have to invest capital in it. We take all the risk. Those who need ready money, should write to us at once. All furnished free. Address Tuck & Co., Augusta, Maine.

THE STONEWALL MINING COMPANY.

HUGO PREYER, President.
A. C. EDWARDS, Vice-President.
C. B. BARCOCK, Secretary.
M. M. ROMEROY, Treasurer.

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

The mines of this Company, 4 in number, are situated near Crosson, on the line of the Denver & South Park Railroad, and but 48 miles from Denver. This camp is considered one of the best in the State and its easy access certainly commends it to the favorable consideration of the public. The Stone Wall 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 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 that they are worthy of confidence, samples of ore will be sent to anyone who will send ten cents to the Secretary to pay postage, or to anyone who will give 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. B. BARCOCK, Secretary.
433 Larimer St., Denver, Colorado.

We have now in Stock a fine Line of

SHOES

—AND—

BOOTS,

For the SUMMER WEAL.

Our stock of LADIES' fine SHOES and SLIPPERS are complete, and Prices are Low.

Our Stock of GROCERIES are FRESH, and of the best quality.

Please give us a call on the East Side of Main street.

Thos. McKone.

Chelsea, Apr. 21, 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.

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-9-55] DURAND & HATCH.

REED'S

GILT EDGE

TONIC

IS A THOROUGH REMEDY

In every case of Malarial Fever or Fever and Ague, while for disorders of the Stomach, Torpidity of the Liver, Indigestion and disturbances of the animal forces, which debilitate, it has no equivalent, and can have no substitute. It should not be confounded with trifling 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-ly

USE

TOLD

ROCK

AND

RYE

TRADE-MARK

SURE CURE

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

Put up in Quart Bottles for Family Use. Scientifically prepared of Balsam Tain, Crystallized Rock Candy, Old Rye, and other choice. The Formula is known to our best physicians, is highly commended by them, and the analysis of our most prominent chemist, Prof. G. A. MARSH, in Chicago, is on the enclosed label of every bottle. It is well known, as the greatest relief for Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Weak Lungs, Asthma, Consumption, in the infant and advanced stages.

Used as a BEVERAGE and APPETIZER, it makes a delicious tonic for family use. Is pleasant to take; weak or debilitated, it gives tone, activity and strength to the whole human frame.

(CAUTION. DON'T BE DECEIVED)

are who try to palm off upon you Rock and Rye in place of our TOLD ROCK AND RYE, which is the only medicinal article made de genuine having a GOVERNMENT STAMP on each bottle.

LA WRENCE & 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 indulgence arise,

Spring Blossom cures all who the Remedy tries.

Prices: \$1., 50c. and trial Bottles 10c. W. H. 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 'Til 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 they'll do for you. Please call on them and judge of their merits.

G. W. R. R. TIME TABLE.

LEAVE (Detroit time) ARRIVE (Detroit time)

Atlantic Ex. 14:00 a. m. 10:00 p. m.

Day Express. 8:35 a. m. 6:30 p. m.

Detroit & Buf. 10:00 a. m. 7:15 a. m.

Indo Express. 12:45 noon 7:15 a. m.

N. Y. Express. 7:00 p. m. 12:45 a. m.

Except Monday. Sundays Excepted.

Daily.

W. H. FIRTH.

Western Passenger Agent, Detroit

Wm. Edgar, Gen. Pass. Agt., Hamilton.

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. 14:00 a. m. 10:00 p. m.

Day Express. 8:35 a. m. 6:30 p. m.

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W. H. FIRTH.

Western Passenger Agent, Detroit

Wm. Edgar, Gen. Pass. Agt., Hamilton.

HELP

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

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

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

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

Farrand, Williams & Co., Agents, DETROIT.

\$5 Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most 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. Many are making fortunes at the business. 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. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. [v-10-15-ly]

FRANK STAFFAN,

UNDERTAKER!

M. C. R. R. TIME TABLE.

GOING WEST.	
Mail Train.	9:22 A. M.
Local Passenger.	5:50 A. M.
Way Freight.	12:55 P. M.
Grand Rapids Express.	5:52 P. M.
Grand Rapids Express.	8:02 A. M.
Mail Train.	10:38 P. M.
GOING EAST.	
Night Express.	5:50 A. M.
Way Freight.	6:47 A. M.
Jackson Express.	8:02 A. M.
Grand Rapids Express.	10:40 A. M.
Mail Train.	4:40 P. M.
Time of Closing the Mail.	
Western Mail.	11:15 A. M. and 5:30 P. M.
Eastern.	8:00 P. M. and 9:00 P. M.
Geo. J. Crowell, Postmaster.	

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

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

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

E. O. F. TIE REGULAR weekly meeting of Vernon Lodge No. 85, I. O. F., will take place every Wednesday evening at 6 o'clock, at their Lodgeroom, Middle St., East.
G. E. Wright, Sec'y.

WASHTENAW ENCAMPMENT, No. 1, I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings first and third Wednesday of each month, at 7 o'clock.
J. A. Palmer, Scribe.

R. M. SPENCER, DENTIST.
(Formerly with D. C. Haystack, M. D.)
D. D. S. of Battle Creek.
ROOMS OVER HOLMES' DRY GOODS STORE,
CHELSEA, MICH. [10-23]

B. Kempf & Brother, BANKERS, AND PRODUCE DEALERS,
CHELSEA, MICH.

Interest Paid on Special Deposits.
Foreign Passages, 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 Effectual.

Chelsea, March 25, 1880. v9-28-ly

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

INSURANCE COMPANIES
REPRESENTED BY
WM. E. DEFEW.

	Assets.
Home of New York,	\$5,199,527
Harford,	3,292,914
Underwriters,	4,690,000
American, Philadelphia,	1,296,661
Bank of Hartford,	1,296,661
Fire Association,	4,165,716

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

It is cheaper to insure in these companies, than in one horse company.

M. W. EUSE, DENTIST,
OFFICE OVER W. R. REED & CO'S STORE,
CHELSEA, MICH. 31

It is cheaper to insure in these companies, than in one horse company.

W. R. REED & CO.,
100 CROWN ST. CHLSEA, MICH.

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CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
Rev. THOS. HOLMES, D. D., Pastor. Services at 10:45 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 12 m.

M. E. CHURCH.
Rev. J. L. HUDSON, Pastor. Services at 10:45 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 10:45 A. M. and 7 P. M. Young people's meeting Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 12 o'clock A. M.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.
Rev. Father DUBOIS. Services every Sunday, at 8 and 10:45 A. M. Vespers, 7 o'clock P. M. Sunday School at 12 o'clock A. M.

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

OUR TELEPHONE.

Elmer Smith is working in Ann Arbor. Business is rather dull in town. Seedling time.

Our Village Board is busy, grading the streets. Much needed.

We have about twenty-five bon-fires every evening. Garden cleaning.

Our stock of fine shoes is the largest shown in Chelsea. H. S. HOLMES.

Miss Belle Gay, of Ohio, is visiting at her uncle's, Rev. Gay.

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Billings spent a few days this week, with friends at Jackson.

But few of our young people attended the dance at Dexter, on Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Cushman are visiting at Danville.

A jolly "candy-pull" was held at Mr. Will Chadwick's, Sharon, last week.

J. S. Crossman, postmaster from Wilhamstown was the guest of Jay Everett, of this village, on Monday last.

Some beautiful roses, in full bloom brightened the pulpit of the Congregational church, last Sunday.

Hazelschwerdt, our boss restaurateur, has a new sign. Its German, though; won't he translate it?

Mr. John Gates has clothed his store in a dress of black paint, and his residence in white.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Franklin, formerly of this place, but now of Lansing, are visiting friends here.

Died—at her residence, three miles east of this village, on Tuesday last, Mrs. Henry Wiley.

A load of house plants in full bloom, brightened up our street, one day this week.

The liquor cases that were to be tried on Monday last, were adjourned till Monday next.

And now doth the man of probation find his firm resolve closely taxed, for his wife is cleaning house.

Mrs. Briggs has improved the appearance of her residence by a new coat of paint. The work was done by Jim Harrington.

MARRIED.—Wednesday, April 20, at the residence of Wm. F. Buss, in Scio, by Rev. Baumann, Miss Carrie C. Buss, of Scio, to Mr. Jacob Steinbach, of Lima.

Our merchants are doing a good job, by clearing away the rubbish on the street in front of their stores. Keep on with the good work.

We are showing a very large line of all wool Buntings, in all shades. We ask you to look at them, if in need. They are to be as popular as ever, this season.

H. S. HOLMES.

Mr. Fraucies, near Four Mile Lake, who was so severely injured with a jack, while sawing wood, some time ago, is gaining rapidly, and is so he gets out around now-a-days.

If you want to buy anything in the line of dress goods, trimmings, satin, DeLyon satin surah, girdles, cord balls, call where you can find them and at popular prices.

H. S. HOLMES.

It is cruel for parents to let their child suffer with coughs and colds, which in so many cases lead to consumption and premature death. Give Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents a bottle.

We are showing a fine line of the celebrated Foster lacing glove, in black. Will order colors for customers, if wanted.

H. S. HOLMES.

EEL—one evening last week, while a party was out at Four Mile lake, spearing fish. One of the party, Mr. Wm. Dancer, clerk at Parker & Babcock's dry goods store, caught an eel 3½ feet long. It is something rare to be found in this locality.

Go to Reed & Co's drug store, to get your perfume and toilet articles. They keep the best and sell the cheapest. They have also received a fine line of fresh Groceries which they are selling at "Bottom Prices." A trial will convince you.

REED & CO.

Lost.—On the evening of the auction social held at the residence of James P. Wood, a gold neck chain and locket. It was either lost at the house, or between there and the residence of Mrs. S. H. Briggs. Finder will be rewarded, by leaving same at the dry goods store of H. S. Holmes.

A FINE RESIDENCE.—The undersigned will offer for sale his House and Lot, situated on Main street, north of the railroad. It is convenient to business and will be sold at a bargain. F. McNAMARA.

CHELSEA, April 7, 1881.

The doctors of Detroit are doing a fine and profitable business vaccinating children, at 25 cents a head. Over 2000 arms have been pierced in the last two weeks.

FRACAS.—On last Monday forenoon quite an excitement was created between the village Board, of Chelsea, and Taylor Bros. The following will explain: The village Board was grading the street that runs east of John C. Taylor's brick store, next to the railroad. The Board ordered the men to come to the rear of Taylor's building, where there was some lumber, and told them to clear it away. Then the fracas began—the Taylor Bros. came on the scene, and dared any man to remove the lumber. The marshal undertook the job, but a stroke between the eyes settled him, for a while. The next scene, the Taylor Bros. were under arrest; they then went to justice Lehman's office, and during their absence the village Board had removed some of the lumber; when the Taylor Bros. again appeared on the scene. This time the war commenced in earnest, and not until the officers and men had overpowered the Taylor Bros, which was done by numbers and main strength. After taking the Taylor Bros., the second time to justice Lehman's office; then the village Board commenced moving the lumber, and proceeded with the grading—so ending the fracas. The trouble was, that John C. Taylor, says, that he owns the land, so many feet from his building; the village Board claim that the town owns it. Which is right, we do not know, but will leave it to the courts of justice to decide. The suit will come off in about two weeks. There was no one seriously wounded, only two slightly hurt.

"SLEEPY VILLAGE OF CHELSEA."—The Ann Arbor Daily News, of April 20th, comes out with over a column, in regard to the late trouble that took place last Monday, between Taylor Bros., and the village Board of Chelsea. The editor of that paper calls Chelsea "a sleepy village," and further says that "men, women and children joined in the sport." The above statement is not true, in any respect—as for a "sleepy village," the editor made a big mistake, because we have one of the most wide-awake villages in the state. Our business men are enterprising; our citizens are all quiet, and a hard working race. The riot, as you call it, was only a misunderstanding between the village Board and Taylor Bros. We don't take either side of the question, but hope the party who is in the right will win. We will leave it to the courts of justice to decide who is right and who is wrong. We wish to inform our brother, of the Daily News, to look to home and there he will find that there has been more rioting in Ann Arbor in one year, than has been in Chelsea for ten years.

NOTICE.—Dr. Wright, will on and after the 2nd day of May, 1881, be in his office from 9 A. M., to 12 M., from 1 P. M., to 5 o'clock P. M. These hours will be strictly adhered to.

Fishing seems to be all the rage now. Last Saturday night a party returned with a fine lot, 112 lbs of fish, averaging nearly 1 lb apiece; while another party created a sensation by bringing in a pickerel, weighing 18 lbs—the only pickerel that was ever caught out of Cedar Lake.

The cool winds chill the heart of the ice cart driver, and he now sits shivering on his box, a blue nosed victim of despair; the striking words "use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup" stare him in the face.

Village Board.

**CHELSEA VILLAGE, }
Apr. 20, 1881.**

The Board met pursuant to call of President.

Present, President J. L. Gilbert.

Trustees present—Thatcher, Armstrong, Woods, Robertson, Cushman and Vogel.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Report of Committee on side and cross-walks, as follows:

Main street, east side. Walk laid in conformity to the established grade in front of the property owned by Messrs. Hong, Noyes, Gilbert and Wonder.

Repairs on walk in front of property owned by M. McKone.

A two-plank walk across North street, at its intersection with Main street, (south Chandler's shop.)

Walk across marsh in front of property owned by T. McNamara.

Repairs on walk in front of Wheel-house property.

Relay walk in front of property owned by Jas. Harrington.

Relay walk in front of property owned by Palmer Westfall, in conformity with established grade.

Repairs on walk in front of property owned by J. M. Setts.

Close drive-way and repair walk in front of property owned by Theo. Swarthout.

Repair walk in front of property owned by M. McKone, (west side Main street, north of marsh.)

RAIL ROAD STREET.

Repairs on walk, south front of County property.

Two-plank walk across East street, at its intersection with Rail Road street, (north side.)

Repair walk in front of property owned by Mrs. Wales Riggs.

Repair walk in front of property owned by Chas. Allen.

EAST STREET.

Two-plank walk across alley, between property owned by H. Shaver and B. B. Barnes.

Two-plank walk across East street, at its intersection with Park street, south side; also two-plank walk across Park street, at its intersection with East street, (both sides.)

Walk laid in front of property owned by Perry Barber and Sidney Harrington, along side of East street—MIDDLE STREET.

Repairs on walk in front of property owned by J. D. Schnaitman.

Walk repaired and leveled up, in front of property owned by Mrs. De-pew, and adjoining lots.

Repairs on walk in front of property owned by B. F. Tuttle.

SOUTH STREET.

Walk laid in front of property owned by Mrs. Dean.

Walk completed in front of property owned by Mrs. Geddis.

Repairs on walk in front of property owned by Dr. Armstrong.

Walk relaid in front of property owned by D. Tichenor, to conform to established grade.

Walk relaid in front of property owned by L. Randall, to conform to established grade.

Two-plank walk across South St., at its intersection with Main street; also across Park street, at its intersection with Main street.

MAIN STREET.

Walk leveled up in front of property owned by Thos. Godfrey, deceased.

Walk across drive-way in front of property owned by Tim McKone, (east side Main street.)

ORCHARD STREET.

Repairs on walk on south side of Tim McKone's property.

Repairs on walk in front of property owned by E. Cooper.

Repairs on walk in front of property owned Mrs. Rodell—plank nailed down.

SUMMIT STREET.

That new walk be laid, on south side of same, from East street to Main street.

Walk raised in front of Warren Cushman's property.

Two-plank walk across Summit street, at its intersection with Main street, (east side.)

Two-plank walk across street, between Schumacher's residence and shop.

Recommend walk to be laid in front of property owned by A. Congdon.

CONGDON STREET.

Walk in front of property owned by L. Tichenor, lowered to established grade and repaired.

Walk repaired in front of property owned by G. W. Turnbull.

Walk repaired in front of Chas. Tichenor's property, (east side.)

Two-plank walk across Congdon street, at its intersection with South street.

SOUTH STREET.

Walk repaired and space between walk and wall be covered, in front of property owned by J. C. Winans, (north front.)

GEO. A. ROBERTSON, WARREN CUSHMAN, R. S. ARMSTRONG, Committee.

Moved and supported that the report of the committee on side and cross-walks, as far as repairs are reported as needed, be adopted and that the marshal be instructed to proceed on Monday, the second day of May, to give the necessary notices for such as are not repaired, and follow up said notices, by repairing said walks, according to the ordinances governing the same—carried.

Resolved, that the attorney be instructed to draw the necessary ordinance for the relaying of the side-walks, recommended by said committee to be relaid, and also for such new walks as is reported by them, as necessary—carried.

Resolved, that the marshal be instructed to put in cross-walks where recommended by the committee, as reported, and also wherever the committee may deem it necessary, at other crossings, and the cost of same to be paid out of the Highway fund—carried.

The assessor reported that he had the report of the poll list completed.

Moved and supported that the report of the assessor be accepted—carried.

The committee on the petition of Daniel Bale, asked for further time.

Moved and supported that it be allowed—carried.

Moved and support that the Board pay this year, for shovellers, eleven (11) shillings per day, and for man and team three (3) dollars per day—carried.

Moved and supported that the Board adjourn till Monday evening, April 25th, at 7:30 o'clock—sharp—carried.

GILBERT GAY, Clerk.

CHELSEA, April 19, 1881.

Village Board met, pursuant to call of President, on Tuesday, April 19th, on street west of Passenger House.

Present, J. L. Gilbert, President. Trustees present, Thatcher, Armstrong, Woods, Robertson, Cushman.

It was ordered that the marshal proceed to grade the street from Main street, east, to the Passenger House.

H. M. WOODS, Clerk, pro tem.

CHELSEA, April 25th, 1881.

Board met, pursuant to call of the President, at the office of G. W. Turnbull.

Present, J. L. Gilbert, President. Trustees present, Thatcher, Armstrong, Woods, Vogel.

The president laid before the Board the subject of removing the obstructions in the street, on the north side of J. C. Taylor's brick building, and to enquire and get instructions from the counsel of the village attorney, what course to take in regard to the removal of such obstructions. The attorney instructed the Board to order the marshal to take his men and remove the obstructions.

On motion, the Board resolved to follow the instructions of their attorney.

On motion, Board adjourned, subject to call of President.

ORRIN THATCHER, Clerk, pro tem.

CHELSEA, April 25th, 1881.

Board met, pursuant to adjournment.

Present, J. L. Gilbert, President. Trustees present, Thatcher, Woods, Armstrong, Vogel.

Trustees absent, Robertson; Cushman.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Moved and supported that the bond of the liquor dealers be fixed at \$2000.00, same as last year—carried.

Moved and supported that the President and attorney be instructed to consult with the railroad officials, in regard to grading and fixing South Rail Road street.

Moved and supported that the attorney proceed to open North street—carried.

Moved and supported that the first Monday of each month be the regular monthly meeting—carried.

Moved and supported that the Board adjourn till Thursday eve, April 28th, at 7:30, p. m.—carried.

GILBERT GAY, Clerk.

PROFIT, \$1,200.

To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness, costing \$200 per year, total \$1,200—all of this expense was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it, for their benefit.

Commissioners' Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW.

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 Charles M. Glenn, in the township 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.

Notice to Creditor's.

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

Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, made on the eleventh day of April, A. D. 1881, six months from date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Elizabeth Bale, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased 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 11th day of October next, and that such claims will be heard before said Court, on Monday, the 11th day of July, and on Tuesday the 11th day of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days.

Dated, Ann Arbor, April 11th, A. D. 1881.

