

THE SISTER MONTHS.  
When April steps aside for May,  
Like diamonds all the rain-drops glisten;  
Fresh violets open every day;  
To some new bird each hour we listen.  
The children with the streamlets sing,  
When April steps as last her weeping;  
And every happy growing thing  
Laughs like a babe just roused from sleeping.  
Yet April waters, year by year,  
For laggard May her thirty flowers;  
And May, in gold of sunbeams clear,  
Pays April for her silver showers.  
All flowers of spring are not May's own;  
The crocus can not often be seen;  
The snow-drop, ere she comes, has flown;  
The earliest violets always miss her.  
Nor does May claim the whole of spring;  
She leaves to April blossoms tender,  
That clothe the warm turf cling,  
Or swing from tree-boughs, high and slender.  
And May-flowers bloom before May comes  
To cheer, a little, April's sadness;  
The peach bud glows, the wild bee hums,  
And wind-flowers wave in graceful gladness.  
They are two sisters, side by side  
Sharing the changes of the weather,  
Playing at pretty seek-and-hide—  
So far apart, so close together!  
April and May one moment meet—  
But farewell sighs their greetings smother;  
And breezes tell, and birds repeat,  
How May and April love each other.  
—Lucy Laroin, in St. Nicholas.

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.  
JUDGE NOT.  
Judge not, the workings of his brain  
And of his heart thou canst not see;  
What looks in thy dim eyes a stain,  
In God's pure light may only be  
A scar, brought from some well-worn field,  
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.  
The look, the air that frets thy sight,  
May be a token, that below  
The soul has closed in deadly fight  
With some infernal, fiery foe.  
Whose glance wouldst surely smiling grace,  
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!  
The fall thou darest to despise—  
May be the angel's slackened hand  
Has suffered it, that he may rise  
And take a firmer, surer stand;  
Or, trusting less to earthly things,  
May henceforth learn to use his wings.  
And judge none lost, but wait and see,  
With hopeful pity, not disdain;  
The depths of the abyss may be  
The measure of the height of pain,  
And love and glory that may raise  
Their soul to God in after days.  
Character is a perfectly educated  
will.—Novalis.  
We have but one heart. If we  
had two hearts we might give one to  
God and the other to the world. But  
having but one, God must have it  
all.  
The great primary object of sermons  
is not to entertain and amuse, as some  
people seem to think, but to draw the  
souls of men up to God, to induce  
them to so love God, and to know his  
infinite grace in our blessed Saviour  
Jesus Christ, as to lead to constant  
efforts to serve him in daily life in  
word and thought, in action and tem-  
per.  
The good old Scotch women are apt  
to be through and through Christians,  
and richly stocked with keen common  
sense. One of them was offended with  
her minister, and he expressed surprise  
that she should come to hear him  
preach. Her reply was: "My quarrel  
with you, mon; it's no' wi' the gospel."  
Her few words had enough of sound  
Christi philosophy in them to be  
worthy of very wide remembrance.  
How many great interests have been  
made to suffer because one and another  
identified with them have done some-  
thing that somebody else didn't like.  
Never fail to make a sharp distinction  
between a man and a cause. The  
cause may live ages after the man is  
dead and forgotten.  
In looking back over the years of  
one's life, it often seems as though  
the so-called "accidents" had played a  
more influential part than the delib-  
erately made plans. How light was the  
feather which seemed to turn the scale  
which settled our place of residence,  
and all that followed the choice! How  
trivial was the chance which decided  
what our avocation should be! How  
little did the speaker of the stray  
word which first made us really think  
about religious things know of the  
effect of his utterance! And so on,  
through all our experiences, we see  
the apparent accident becoming the  
moving power, and the carefully  
planned purpose coming to naught. But  
he who stops at this point has read the  
lesson of life amiss. It is not for us to  
say what are really "accidents," and  
even with our poor, dull eyes we may,  
if we will, behold how a personal and  
omniscient God has Himself directed  
our every step. It is when we have  
looked back upon our lives in amaze-  
ment at God's wisdom and our weak-  
ness, that we really see how a power  
infinitely above our own has wrought  
with us for the best; and it is then, as  
we remember, that we exclaim with all  
our hearts, "Thus far the Lord hath  
led me on."—S. S. Times.

A NIGHT WITH THE NihilISTS.  
"Robinson, Mr. Dickson wants you!"  
"The dickens he does!" thought I; for  
Mr. Dickson, Odessa agent of Bailey &  
Co., corn-merchants, was a bit of a  
Tartar, as I had learned to my cost.  
"What's the row now?" I demanded of  
my fellow clerk, "has he got scent of our  
Nicolai's escapade, or what is it?"  
"No idea," said Gregory; "the old boy  
seems in a good enough humor; some  
business matter, probably. But don't  
keep him waiting." So, summoning up  
an air of injured innocence, to be ready  
for all contingencies, I marched into  
the lion's den.  
Mr. Dickson was standing before the  
fire in a Briton's time-honored attitude,  
and mounted me into a chair in front  
of him. "Mr. Robinson," he said, "I have  
great confidence in your discretion and  
common sense. The follies of youth  
will break out, but I think that you  
have a sterling foundation to your  
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I bowed.  
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"You may depend upon my doing my  
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"Right, sir, quite right! What I wish  
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Now I wish to get the start of the  
other Odessa firms in securing the pro-  
duce of that district, which I have rea-  
son to believe may be had at very low  
prices. You will proceed by rail to  
Soltoff, and interview a Mr. Dimidoff,  
who is the largest landed proprietor in  
the town. Make as favorable terms as  
you can with him. Both Mr. Dimidoff  
and I wish the whole thing to be done  
as quietly and secretly as possible, in  
fact that nothing should be known  
about the matter until the grain ap-  
pears in Odessa. I desire it for the in-  
terests of the firm, and Mr. Dimidoff,  
on account of the prejudice his peasant-  
ry entertain against exportation. You  
will find yourself expected at the end  
of your journey, and will start to-night.  
Money shall be ready for your expenses.  
Good-morning, Mr. Robinson; I hope  
you won't fail to realize the good opinion  
I have of your abilities."

"Of course not," said he with a shade  
of irony in his voice. "Englishmen  
always travel for pleasure, don't they?  
O no, nothing else."  
His conduct was mysterious, to say  
the least of it. It was only explainable  
upon two hypotheses—he was either a  
madman, or he was the agent of some  
firm bound upon the same errand as  
myself, and determined to show me  
that he guessed my little game. They  
were about equally unpleasant, and,  
on the whole, I was relieved when the  
train pulled up in the tumble-down  
shed which does duty for a station in  
the rising town of Soltoff—Soltoff's  
whose resources I was about to open  
out, and whose commerce I was to di-  
rect into the great world channels. I  
almost expected to see a triumphal  
arch as I stepped out to the plat-  
form.

conversed on social life in England—a  
subject in which he displayed consid-  
erable knowledge and acuteness. His  
remarks, too, on Malthus and the laws  
of population were wonderfully good,  
though savoring somewhat of Radical-  
ism.  
"By the way," he remarked, as we  
smoked a cigar over our wine, "we  
should never have known you but for  
the English labels on your luggage; it  
was the luckiest thing in the world  
that Alexander noticed them. We had  
had no personal description of you; in-  
deed, we were prepared to expect a  
somewhat older man. You are young  
indeed, sir, to be intrusted with such  
a mission."  
"My employer trusts me," I replied;  
"and we have learned in our trade that  
youth and shrewdness are not incom-  
patible."  
"Your remark is true, sir," returned  
my newly made friend; "but I am sur-  
prised to hear you call our glorious as-  
sociation a trade! Such a term is gross  
indeed to apply to a body of men band-  
ed together to supply the world with  
that which it is yearning for, but which,  
without our exertions, it can never  
hope to attain. A spiritual brother-  
hood would be a more fitting term."  
"By Jove!" thought I, "how pleased  
the boss would be to hear him! He  
must have been in the business him-  
self, whoever he is."  
"Now, sir," said Mr. Petrokine, "the  
clock points to 8, and the council meet-  
ing is already sitting. Let us go up to-  
gether, and I will introduce you. I  
need hardly say that the greatest sec-  
recy is observed, and that your ap-  
pearance is anxiously awaited."

The scene has been too much for him  
after his long journey from England.  
"O Tom, Tom," thought I, "if ever you  
get out of this scrape you'll turn over  
a new leaf. You're not fit to die, and  
that's a fact." It was only too evident  
to me now that by some strange mis-  
conception I had got in among a gang  
of cold-blooded Nihilists, who mistook  
me for one of their order. I felt, after  
what I had witnessed, that my only  
chance of life was to try to play the  
role thus forced upon me until an op-  
portunity for escape should present  
itself; so I tried hard to regain my air  
of self-possession, which had been so  
rudely shaken.  
"I am indeed fatigued," I replied, "but  
I feel stronger now, excuse my momen-  
tary weakness."  
"It is but natural," said a man with  
a thick beard at my right hand. "And  
now, most honored sir, how goes the  
cause in England?"  
"Remarkably well," I answered.  
"Has the great commissioner conde-  
scended to send a missive to the Soltoff  
branch?" asked Petrokine.  
"Nothing in writing," I replied.  
"But he has spoken of it."  
"Yes; he said he had watched it with  
feelings of the liveliest satisfaction," I  
returned.  
"This well!" "This well!" ran around  
the table.  
I felt giddy and sick from the criti-  
cal nature of my position. Any mo-  
ment a question might be asked which  
would show me in my true colors. I  
rose and helped myself from a decanter  
of brandy which stood on a side table.  
The potent liquor flew to my excited  
brain, and as I sat down I felt reckless  
enough to be half amused at my pos-  
ition, and inclined to play with my tor-  
mentors. I still, however, had all my  
wits about me.

eye was fixed alternately on me and up-  
on the newly arrived agent.  
"If you are indeed Gustave Berger,"  
said Petrokine, "who is this?"  
"That I am Gustave Berger these  
credentials will show," said the strange-  
er, as he threw a packet upon the table.  
"Who that man may be I know not; but  
if he has intruded himself upon the  
lodges under false pretenses, it is clear  
that he must never carry out of the  
room what he has learned. Speak, sir,"  
he added, addressing me; "who and  
what are you?"  
I felt that my time had come. My  
revolver was in my hip pocket; but  
what was that against so many desper-  
ate men? I grasped the butt of it,  
however, as a drowning man clings to  
a straw, and I tried to preserve my  
coolness as I glanced round at the cold,  
vindictive faces turned toward me.  
"Gentlemen," said I, "the role I have  
played to-night has been a purely in-  
voluntary one on my part. I am no  
police spy, as you seem to suspect, nor,  
on the other hand, have I the honor to  
be a member of your association. I am  
an inoffensive corn-dealer, who, by an  
extraordinary mistake, has been forced  
into this unpleasant and awkward posi-  
tion."  
I paused for a moment. Was it my  
fancy that there was a peculiar noise  
in the street—a noise as of many feet  
treading softly? No, it had died away;  
it was but the throbbing of my own  
heart.  
"I need hardly say," I continued, "that  
anything I may have heard to-night  
will be safe in my keeping. I pledge  
my solemn honor as a gentleman that  
not one word of it shall transpire  
through me."  
The senses of men in great physical  
danger become strangely acute, or their  
imagination plays them curious tricks.  
My back was toward the door as I sat,  
but I could have sworn that I heard  
heavy breathing behind it. Was it the  
three minions whom I had seen before  
in the performance of their functions,  
and who, like vultures, had sniffed  
another victim?  
I looked round the table. Still the  
same hard, cruel faces. Not one glance  
of sympathy. I cocked my revolver in  
my pocket.  
There was a painful silence, which  
was broken by the harsh, grating voice  
of Petrokine.  
"Promises are easily made and easily  
broken," he said. "There is but one  
way of securing eternal silence. It is  
our lives or yours. Let the highest  
among us speak."  
"You are right, sir," said the English  
agent; "there is but one course open.  
I must be dismissed."  
I knew what that meant in their  
confronted jargon, and sprang to my  
feet.  
"By Heaven," I shouted, putting my  
back against the door, "you shan't  
butcher a free Englishman like a sheep!  
The first among you who stirs drops."  
A man sprang at me. I saw along  
the sights of my Derringer the gleam  
of a knife and the demoniacal face  
of Gustave Berger. Then I pulled the  
trigger, and with his hoarse scream  
sounding in my ears, I was felled to the  
ground by a crashing blow from behind.  
Half unconscious and pressed down by  
some heavy weight, I heard the noise of  
shouts and blows above me, and then I  
fainted away.

A Little Story.  
It was not long ago that a gentle-  
man said to me—he was in wine—  
"Johnny, I will take your best boquet  
—that big one on a tray, fit for the  
bride bed of Eve—if you will carry it  
to this address."  
"All right, boss," was my response,  
as I took his ten dollar bill, and ob-  
served rather a devilish light in his  
eye, while he wrote a name on a card.  
It was the beam of the light that shone  
in the eyes of Cain as the discriminat-  
ing flame of heaven shot past his offer-  
ing and blazed on Abel's altar. How-  
ever, I'm not particular about what  
was going on in his mind, and he slip-  
ped the card in the boquet, and I start-  
ed off to deliver it. Stopping close by  
to change my note and eat a bit of  
lunch, a good many people gathered  
near the great prize boquet and began  
to talk about it and to smell of it, and  
so whether some jealous rival stole that  
card, or whether I had dropped it on  
the street, the card was missing when  
I took up the great salver of flowers  
again.  
I hastened back to the place where I  
had met the gentleman. He had gone  
away in a carriage. I told my trouble  
to the hotel clerk, the genial Gillas, and  
he said "Pshaw! take it to his wife.  
He is no sporting man."  
Now that gentleman I knew, by an  
accident of passing his house, and I had  
often admired the inflexible, the soli-  
tary, the lofty and self-reliant quality  
in him. He was kind to his inferiors,  
manly to his equals, haughty to his su-  
periors. About once or twice a year  
he showed liquor in his eyes, as if Cain  
had bred on Abel's stock, and a little  
liquor brought out the consanguinity.  
I said to myself, "These flowers will  
withstand for which I have been paid. I  
believe he meant to send them to his  
wife, and I will take them there."  
I rang the door bell of his house  
and asked for the lady. Shown into  
the parlor I saw my buyer's picture  
over the mantel. The house was not  
expensively furnished, but looked like  
the abode of perseverance in some mod-  
erately compensating profession and  
slow but gaining conquest on half for-  
tune. A lady entered the parlor and  
beheld the flowers. She turned to me  
and said: "Who are these for?"  
"For you, Madame."  
"For me?" Her face flushed. "Who  
has dared to send flowers to me?"  
I saw I was in for it, somewhere,  
and there was no safety but in consist-  
ent lying. "Your husband sent them  
Mrs. —," I had heard his name, and  
felt that this was his wife.  
"My husband?" Her voice faltered.  
"How came he to send me flowers?  
Have you not made a mistake?"  
"No, Madame. He has never bought  
flowers from me before. He is not a  
customer of gallantry. There is no  
mistake about it."  
She seemed all fluttered, like a widow  
told that her dead husband has re-  
turned to life. Looking now at the flowers,  
again at her portrait, her eyes dilated,  
her temples flushed. She walked to  
me like a woman of authority and un-  
der some mental excitement. Looking  
into my eyes she said:  
"What did my husband say?"  
"He said, Madame, 'I have not made  
a present to my wife for years. Busi-  
ness and care have arisen between us.  
Take these flowers that their blossoms  
may dispel the winter from our hearts,  
and make us young again.'"  
She turned to the boquet and rained  
tears upon it. An orange bud she  
took, all blinded so, and hid it in her  
bosom. She sank upon her knees and  
laid her head among the flowers, to let  
their coolness refresh her parched,  
neglected heart, and sobbed the joy of  
love and confidence again. I stole  
away like a citizen of the world.  
As I went up the street and stopped  
at the same hotel, the husband was  
there. "Johnny," he said, "did you de-  
liver the boquet?" "Yes, I took it to  
your wife." "To my wife?" "Yes,  
boss, you are too good a man to wan-  
der as you wished to, Go home. The  
ice is broken. Your wife is full of  
gratitude. Saved by a mistake; em-  
brace the blessed opening made for  
both of you; plant these rich blossoms  
on the grave of your estrangement, and  
in the words of the great good book,  
"cling to the wife of thy youth."  
He staggered a moment, looked as if  
he ought to knock me down, and rushed  
from the place.  
Next day I met her upon his arm.  
"Johnny," he said, "bring her as big  
a boquet every week, and save one  
scarlet rose for me!"

COMMON SENSE MEN.—No public  
man of recent years has so surely  
spoken to the heart of the American  
people as did Abraham Lincoln—of  
whom Mr. Lowell finely said that "He  
is so eminently a representative man  
that when he speaks it seems as if the  
people were listening to their own  
thinking aloud." But in his Western  
tour President Hayes has talked an ex-  
cellent quality of the same common  
sense, clothed in a similar plain and  
familiar style, and addressed, as Lin-  
coln's words always were, to the reason  
of his hearers. Some of his sayings  
can hardly fail to stick—as when, in  
touching upon communal debts, he  
said: "No community can gain by re-  
pudiation." "The regulators them-  
selves cannot afford it." "It demoral-  
izes and degrades all classes of citizens."  
"It shuts the door to all hope of future  
prosperity." And of running in debt:  
"Each generation has its own demand  
upon its purse." "It should not be  
called on to pay for the cast-off gar-  
ments of its ancestors." "Municipal  
borrowing is the parent of waste, pro-  
fligacy and corruption." "Money that  
comes easily goes easily."—Golden  
Rule.

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fire in a Briton's time-honored attitude,  
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of him. "Mr. Robinson," he said, "I have  
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of your journey, and will start to-night.  
Money shall be ready for your expenses.  
Good-morning, Mr. Robinson; I hope  
you won't fail to realize the good opinion  
I have of your abilities."

I was to be expected at the end of  
my journey, so Mr. Dickson had in-  
formed me. I looked about among the  
motley crowd, but saw no Mr. Dimi-  
doff. Suddenly a slovenly unshaven  
man passed me rapidly, and glanced  
first at me and then at my trunk—that  
wretched trunk, the cause of all my  
woes. He disappeared in the crowd;  
but in a little time came strolling past  
me again, and contrived to whisper as  
he did so: "Follow me, but at some  
distance,"—immediately setting off  
of the station and down the street at a  
rapid pace. Here was mystery with a  
vengeance! I trotted along in his rear  
with my valise, and on turning the  
corner found a rough droschky  
waiting for me. My unshaven friend  
opened the door, and I stepped in.  
"Is Mr. Dim—" I was beginning.  
"Hush!" he cried. "No names, no  
names; the very walls have ears. You  
will hear all to-night; and with that  
assurance he closed the door, and, seiz-  
ing the reins, we drove off at a rapid  
pace; so rapid, that I saw my black-eyed  
acquaintance of the railway carriage  
gazing after us in surprise until we  
were out of sight.  
I thought over the whole matter as  
we jugged along in that abominable  
springless conveyance.  
"They say the nobles are tyrants in  
Russia," I mused; "but it seems to me  
to be the other way about, for here's  
this poor Mr. Dimidoff, who evidently  
thinks his ex-er-sis will rise and murder  
him if he raises the price of grain in  
the district by exporting some out of  
it. Fancy being obliged to have recourse  
to all this mystery and deception in  
order to sell one's own property! Why,  
it's worse than an Irish landlord. It  
is monstrous! Well, he doesn't seem  
to live in a very aristocratic quarter  
either; I soliloquized as I gazed out  
at the narrow crooked streets and the un-  
kempt dirty Muscovites whom we  
passed. I wish Gregory or some one  
was with me, for it's a cut-throat-look-  
ing shop. By Jove, he's pulling up;  
we must be there!"  
We were there, to all appearance; for  
the droschky stopped, and my driver's  
shaggy head appeared through the ap-  
erture.  
"Is it here, most honored master," he  
said, as he helped me to alight.  
"Is Mr. Dim—" I commenced; but he  
interrupted me again.  
"Anything but names," he whispered;  
"anything but that. You are too fool-  
ish to land that is free. Caution, O sa-  
cred one!" and he ushered me down a  
stone-flagged passage, and up a stair at  
the end of it. "Sit down a few minutes  
in this room," he said, opening a door,  
"and a repast will be served for you,  
and with that he left me to my own  
reflections.  
"Well, thought I, whatever Mr. Dimi-  
doff's house may be like, his servants  
are undoubtedly well trained. O sa-  
cred one! and revered master! I won-  
der what he'd call Dickson himself  
if he's so polite to the clerk! I suppose  
it wouldn't be the thing to smoke in  
this little crib; but I could do a pipe  
nicely. By the way, how confoundedly  
like a cell it looks!"  
It certainly did look like a cell. The  
door was an iron one, and enormously  
strong, while the single window was  
closely barred. The floor was of wood  
and sounded hollow and insecure as I  
strode across it. Both floor and walls  
were thickly splashed with coffee or  
some other dark liquid. On the whole  
it was far from being a place where  
one would be likely to become unrea-  
sonably festive. I had hardly conclu-  
ded my survey when I heard steps ap-  
proaching down the corridor, and the  
door was opened by the old friend of  
the droschky. He announced that my  
dinner was ready, and, with many  
bows and apologies for leaving me in  
what he called the "dimissal room," he  
led me down the passage, and into a  
large and beautifully furnished apart-  
ment. A table was spread for two in  
the centre of it, and by the fire was  
standing a man, very little older than  
myself. He turned as I came in, and  
stepped forward to meet me with ev-  
ery symptom of profound respect.  
"So young and yet so honored!" he ex-  
claimed; and then, seeming to recollect  
himself, he continued; "Pray sit at the  
head of the table. You must be fati-  
gued by your long and arduous jour-  
ney. We dine tete-a-tete; but the oth-  
ers assemble afterward."  
Mr. Dimidoff, I presume? said I.  
"No, sir," said he, turning his keen  
gray eyes upon me. "My name is Pe-  
trokine; you mistake me, perhaps for  
one of the others. But now, not a  
word of business until the council  
meets. Try our chef's soup; you will  
find it excellent, I think."  
Who Mr. Petrokine or the others  
might be I could not conceive. Land  
stewards of Dimidoff's, perhaps; though  
the name did not seem familiar to my  
companion. However, as he appeared  
to shun any business questions at pres-  
ent, I gave in to his humor, and we

conversed on social life in England—a  
subject in which he displayed consid-  
erable knowledge and acuteness. His  
remarks, too, on Malthus and the laws  
of population were wonderfully good,  
though savoring somewhat of Radical-  
ism.  
"By the way," he remarked, as we  
smoked a cigar over our wine, "we  
should never have known you but for  
the English labels on your luggage; it  
was the luckiest thing in the world  
that Alexander noticed them. We had  
had no personal description of you; in-  
deed, we were prepared to expect a  
somewhat older man. You are young  
indeed, sir, to be intrusted with such  
a mission."  
"My employer trusts me," I replied;  
"and we have learned in our trade that  
youth and shrewdness are not incom-  
patible."  
"Your remark is true, sir," returned  
my newly made friend; "but I am sur-  
prised to hear you call our glorious as-  
sociation a trade! Such a term is gross  
indeed to apply to a body of men band-  
ed together to supply the world with  
that which it is yearning for, but which,  
without our exertions, it can never  
hope to attain. A spiritual brother-  
hood would be a more fitting term."  
"By Jove!" thought I, "how pleased  
the boss would be to hear him! He  
must have been in the business him-  
self, whoever he is."  
"Now, sir," said Mr. Petrokine, "the  
clock points to 8, and the council meet-  
ing is already sitting. Let us go up to-  
gether, and I will introduce you. I  
need hardly say that the greatest sec-  
recy is observed, and that your ap-  
pearance is anxiously awaited."

Upon our entrance the company rose  
and bowed. I could not but remark  
that my companion attracted no atten-  
tion, while every eye was turned upon  
me with a strange mixture of surprise  
and almost servile respect. A man at  
the head of the table, who was remark-  
able for the extreme pallor of his face  
as contrasted with his blue black hair  
and mustache, waved his hand to a  
seat beside him, and I sat down.  
"I need hardly say," said Mr. Petro-  
kine, "that Gustave Berger, the English  
agent, is now honoring us with his  
presence. He is young indeed, Alexis,  
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bor, "and yet he is of European reputa-  
tion."  
"Come, draw it mild!" thought I, add-  
ing aloud: "If you refer to me, sir,  
though I am indeed acting as English  
agent, my name is not Berger, but Rob-  
inson—Mr. Tom Robinson, at your ser-  
vice."  
A laugh ran round the table.  
"So be it, so be it," said the man they  
called Alexis. "I commend your dis-  
cretion, most honored sir. One cannot  
be too careful. Preserve your English  
sobriquets by all means. I regret that  
any painful duty should be performed  
upon this auspicious evening; but, the  
rules of our association must be pre-  
served at any cost to our feelings, and  
a dismissal is inevitable to-night."  
"What the deuce is the fellow driving  
at?" thought I. "What is it to me if  
he does give his servant the sack? This  
Dimidoff, wherever he is, seems to keep  
a private lunatic asylum."  
"Take out the gag!" The words fair-  
ly shot through me, and I started in my  
chair. It was Petrokine who spoke.  
For the first time I noticed that burly,  
stout man, sitting on the other end  
of the table, had his arms tied behind  
his chair and a handkerchief round his  
mouth. A horrible suspicion began to  
creep into my mind. Where was I?  
Was I in Mr. Dimidoff's? Who were  
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"Take out the gag!" repeated Petro-  
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moved.  
"Now, Paul Ivanovitch," said he  
"what have you to say before you go?"  
"Not a dismissal, sir," he pleaded,  
"not a dismissal; anything but that! I  
will go into some distant land, and my  
mouth shall be closed forever. I will  
do anything that the society asks; but  
pray, pray, do not dismiss me."  
"You know our laws, and you know  
your crime," said Alexis, in a cold harsh  
voice. "Who drove us from Odessa by  
his false tongue and his double face?  
Who wrote the anonymous letter to the  
Governor? Who cut the wire that  
would have destroyed the arch-tyrant?  
You did, Paul Ivanovitch; and you  
must die."  
I leaned back in my chair and fairly  
gaped.  
"Remove him!" said Petrokine; and  
the man of the droschky with two  
others forced him out.

I heard the footsteps pass down the  
passage, and then a door open and shut.  
Then came a sound as of a struggle,  
ended by a heavy crunching blow and  
a dull thud.  
"So perish all who are false to their  
oath," said Alexis solemnly; and a  
hoarse "Amen" went up from his com-  
panions.  
"Death alone can dismiss us from our  
order," said another man further down;  
but Mr. Berg—Mr. Robinson is pale.

The exports of provisions and tallow,  
and dairy products for the month of  
March were valued at \$14,325,839,  
against \$12,580,200 for the correspond-  
ing month in 1880. The exports of  
provisions and tallow for the five  
months ending March 31, amounted to  
\$65,819,369 against \$46,200,106 for the  
corresponding period in 1879-80.

THE DEEP SEA.—The conditions un-  
der which life exists in the deep sea  
are very remarkable. The pressure ex-  
erted by the water at great depths is  
enormous, and almost beyond compre-  
hension. It amounts roughly to a ton  
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depth of 2500 fathoms there is a pres-  
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inch of surface, which may be contrast-  
ed with the fifteen pounds per square  
inch pressure to which we are accus-  
tomed at the level of the sea surface.  
An experiment made by Mr. Buchanan  
enables us to realize the vastness of  
the deep sea pressure more fully than  
any other facts. Mr. Buchanan hermeti-  
cally sealed up at both ends a thick  
glass tube full of air, several inches in  
length. He wrapped this sealed tube  
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case containing the sealed glass tube  
was sent down to a depth of 2000 fath-  
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found that the copper wall of the case  
was bulged and bent upwards opposite  
the place where the glass tube lay, just  
as if it had been crumpled inwards by  
being violently squeezed. The glass  
tube itself, within its flannel wrapper,  
was found, when it was drawn, reduced  
to a fine powder, like snow almost.

Mr. Dickson was standing before the  
fire in a Briton's time-honored attitude,  
and mounted me into a chair in front  
of him. "Mr. Robinson," he said, "I have  
great confidence in your discretion and  
common sense. The follies of youth  
will break out, but I think that you  
have a sterling foundation to your  
character underlying any superficial  
levity."  
I bowed.  
"I believe," he continued, "that you  
can speak Russian pretty fluently."  
I bowed again.  
"I have," he proceeded, "a mis-  
sion which I wish you to undertake,  
and on the success of which your pro-  
motion may depend. I would not trust  
it to a subordinate, were it not that  
duties tie me to my post at present."  
"You may depend upon my doing my  
best, sir," I replied.  
"Right, sir, quite right! What I wish  
you to do is briefly this: The line of  
railway has just been opened to Soltoff,  
some hundred miles up the country.  
Now I wish to get the start of the  
other Odessa firms in securing the pro-  
duce of that district, which I have rea-  
son to believe may be had at very low  
prices. You will proceed by rail to  
Soltoff, and interview a Mr. Dimidoff,  
who is the largest landed proprietor in  
the town. Make as favorable terms as  
you can with him. Both Mr. Dimidoff  
and I wish the whole thing to be done  
as quietly and secretly as possible, in  
fact that nothing should be known  
about the matter until the grain ap-  
pears in Odessa. I desire it for the in-  
terests of the firm, and Mr. Dimidoff,  
on account of the prejudice his peasant-  
ry entertain against exportation. You  
will find yourself expected at the end  
of your journey, and will start to-night.  
Money shall be ready for your expenses.  
Good-morning, Mr. Robinson; I hope  
you won't fail to realize the good opinion  
I have of your abilities."

Upon our entrance the company rose  
and bowed. I could not but remark  
that my companion attracted no atten-  
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was found, when it was drawn, reduced  
to a fine powder, like snow almost.

COMMON SENSE MEN.—No public  
man of recent years has so surely  
spoken to the heart of the American  
people as did Abraham Lincoln—of  
whom Mr. Lowell finely said that "He  
is so eminently a representative man  
that when he speaks it seems as if the  
people were listening to their own  
thinking aloud." But in his Western  
tour President Hayes has talked an ex-  
cellent quality of the same common  
sense, clothed in a similar plain and  
familiar style, and addressed, as Lin-  
coln's words always were, to the reason  
of his hearers. Some of his sayings  
can hardly fail to stick—as when, in  
touching upon communal debts, he  
said: "No community can gain by re-  
pudiation

**Legal Printing.**—Persons having legal advertising to do, should remember that it is not necessary that it should be published at the county seat—any paper published in the county will answer. In all matters pertaining 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, Washtenaw Co., Mich.

**The Chelsea Herald.**

CHELSEA, MAY 5, 1881.

Written for the HERALD.  
**A Legend of the Highlands.**  
BY "BONNIE SCOTLAND."

I  
"Awake! my men," quoth Lord St. George,  
prepare ye for the field,  
For ere the yonder moon hath set, old  
Castle Dare must yield,  
For on this night the lady, Grace, her  
marriage vows will make,  
And all the guards and soldiers, of the  
wedding wine will take.  
And while in drunken stupor, down all  
their trusts are laid;  
We'll ride right on to victory, and in the  
Castle reign.  
Then out marched every soldier, in battle  
armor dressed,  
To go against the castle, its mighty power  
to test.

II  
By the window in her chamber, stands  
the lady, Grace;  
Tall and regal is her figure, beauty marks  
her face.  
She leans far out the window, a strange  
look in her eyes—  
She droppeth low her bridal-veil, and at  
her feet it lies.  
And now she starteth backward, on her  
face a look of pain—  
Pale, but steady, are her features in the  
moonlight, white and wan,  
Beyond the hills and hether, see's she fig-  
ures move.  
She kneeleth by the casement and lifts her  
eyes above:  
"Heavenly Father, help us! shield us from  
our foes."  
With one more glance at glistening spears,  
up from her knees she rose;  
Then hastening to the hall-way, she rang  
the castle bell,  
For all who heard it's tollings, she had no  
need to tell.

III  
Soon, within the castle, was heard the  
haste of strife;  
And up the stairs sped brave men, to save  
their lady's life,  
And leading them was brave Sir Grey,  
who was that night to wed.  
The lady, Grace, as fair a flower as ever  
raised its head.  
Now all are in their places and watch the  
coming foe.  
Which, like a mighty torrent, are now al-  
most below.  
"The outer gate 'tis open!" a watcher  
whispers loud,  
As he gives one long, last look at the ad-  
vancing cloud.  
He steps upon the castle stairs and starteth  
toward the gate:  
Alas! he knoweth not what doom is order-  
ed him by fate,  
For like the wind, an arrow comes and  
strikes him from the wall,  
And from the tower there rose a cry, as  
down they saw him fall.

IV  
Now all is turned to silence, and each  
their breath draw in.  
And e'en the coming army has stopped its  
march and din,  
For out upon the castle wall is seen the  
lady, Grace:  
She seemeth like an angel, as she speedeth  
on her race.  
She looketh straight before her—her hands  
are clasped in prayer,  
And toward the gate she speedeth, like  
some winged thing of air.  
"On, men! Shoot!" cries Lord St. George,  
but in vain the arrows cast.  
They fall, all split and broken, for the  
Castle gate is fast!

V  
And from the moss clothed tower, there  
rises high a shout,  
For now, with little fighting, St. George  
is put to rout.  
Of't in the twilight gloaming, or round  
their winter's fires,  
The people of old Scotland, tell this battle  
of their sires:  
How Castle Dare was saved by the run-  
ning of a race,  
Twist St. George's army, and the daring  
Lady Grace.

**\$10** outfit furnished free, with full in-  
structions for conducting the most  
profitable business you can engage in. The  
business is so easy to learn, and our in-  
structions 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. Nothing  
like it ever known before. All who engage  
are surprised at the ease and rapidity with  
which they are able to make money. You  
can engage in this business during your  
spare time at great profit. You do not  
have to invest capital in it. We take all  
the risk. Those who need ready money,  
should write to us at once. All furnished  
free. Address Tava & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Subscribe for the Chelsea Herald.

**Village Board.**  
CHELSEA VILLAGE,  
Apr. 28, 1881.  
The Board met pursuant to ad-  
journalment.  
Present, President J. L. Gilbert.  
Trustees present—Thatcher, Arm-  
strong, Woods, Robertson, Vogel.  
Trustee absent, Cushman.  
Minutes of three previous meetings  
read.

Moved and supported that the  
minutes of the meeting of April 19th  
be approved—carried.  
Moved and supported that the  
minutes of meeting on morning of  
the 25th be approved—carried.  
Moved and supported that the  
minutes of the meeting of the eve-  
ning of the 25th be approved—car-  
ried.  
Moved and supported that the  
minutes of the meeting on the morn-  
ing of the 5th, be approved—carried.

Moved and supported that the peti-  
tion of Chandler and Dreslain and  
and five others be accepted and refer-  
red to the Committee on Cross and  
Side walk—carried.  
Moved and supported that the  
bill of Frank Van Orden of \$15, be  
allowed \$14.55, and an order drawn  
on the Treasury for the same—car-  
ried.  
Moved and supported that the  
President borrow two hundred dol-  
lars for 30 days, to pay the bills for  
labor given on and after this date—  
carried.

Moved and supported that the  
penalty bond of Mariah Frey with  
Richard Bilbie and John Bach, be  
accepted and approved—carried.  
Moved and supported that the pen-  
alty bond of Frank and Thomas  
McNamara with Martin McKone  
and Timothy McKone as securities be  
approved—carried.  
Moved and supported that the pen-  
alty bond of Fredric Girbach  
with Geo. Mast and Jacob Schumacher  
as surities be approved—carried.

Moved and supported that the  
penalty bond of Christopher Kline,  
with Thomas Clark and Franklin D.  
Cummings as surities be approved—  
carried.  
Moved and supported that the  
penalty bond of Geo. P. Glazier and  
Rolla S. Armstrong, with M. J.  
Noyce and Wm. J. Knapp as surities  
be approved—carried.  
Moved and supported that the  
Board adjourn until to-morrow, Apr.  
29th, at 11 o'clock—lost.

Moved and supported that the  
Board adjourn until to-morrow  
morning, at 8 o'clock, sharp—carried.  
GILBERT GAY,  
Clerk.  
CHELSEA, Tuesday morning, April  
29th, 1881.  
Board met, pursuant to adjourn-  
ment.  
Present, J. L. Gilbert, President.  
Trustees present, Thatcher, Woods,  
Armstrong, Robertson.  
Trustee absent, Cushman.  
Minutes of last meeting read, and  
approved.

Moved and supported that the  
penalty bond of Farrel and Board-  
man, with John Looney and John  
Walsh as surities be approved. Ayes  
and nays called for.  
Ayes—Mr. Thatcher—1.  
Nays—Messrs. Woods, Armstrong,  
Robertson, Vogel—4. Nays have it.  
Moved and supported that the  
druggists' bond of Reed and Winans,  
for \$300, with F. D. Cummings and  
James Smith, be approved—carried.  
Moved and supported that the  
penalty bond of Reed and Winans,  
with James Smith and F. D. Cum-  
mings, be not accepted, on account  
of one of the bondsmen residing out  
of the corporation.

Ayes and nays called for.  
Ayes—Messrs. Woods, Armstrong,  
Robertson, Vogel, 4.  
Nays—Mr. Thatcher, 1. Ayes have  
it.  
Moved and supported that the  
druggists' bond of glazier and Arm-  
strong, with Wm. J. Knapp and  
Rubin Kempf as surities, be accept-  
ed—carried.  
Moved and supported that the  
Board adjourn, subject to call of  
President—carried.  
GILBERT GAY,  
Clerk.

CHELSEA, Saturday, a.m. Apr. 30,  
1881.  
Board met pursuant to call of the  
President.  
Present, J. L. Gilbert, President.  
Trustees present, Robertson, Arm-  
strong, Woods, Vogel.  
Trustees absent, Thatcher and  
Cushman.  
Minutes of previous meeting read  
and approved.  
Moved and supported that the pen-

alty bond of Reed and Winans, with  
F. D. Cummings and H. S. Holmes,  
as surities be approved—carried.  
Moved and supported that the pen-  
alty bond of Farrel and Boardman,  
with James Huddler and Timothy  
McKone as surities, be approved—  
carried.  
Moved and supported that the fol-  
lowing bills for labor, as presented  
by the marshal, be accepted and ap-  
proved, and orders drawn on the  
Treasury for the same—carried.

Bill as presented by the marshal:

Frank Van Orden,	\$14 55
T. McNamara,	14 55
John Conaty,	1 50
John Geddis,	6 00
Charles Crane,	6 55
John McKone,	3 00
Glenn Freer,	1 50
Rush Congdon,	68
Mike Kelan,	5 57
Gilbert Martin,	7 42
Chas. Cady,	4 53
Barney Kelan,	3 44
Stephen Laird,	4 53
John Koon,	2 06
Hugh McCabe,	98
Hiram Barris,	6 05
Bert Van Orden,	68
Frank Brooks,	3 44
Henry Fenn,	2 05
R. H. Alexander,	1 00
J. Van Ripper,	1 23
James Van Orden,	4 82
Wm. Campbell,	5 00

Moved and supported that the  
Board adjourn, subject to call of  
President. GILBERT H. GAY,  
Clerk.

CHELSEA, April 19, 1881.  
Regular meeting of the Village  
Board.  
Meeting called to order by the  
President.  
Present, J. L. Gilbert, President.  
Trustees presents, Woods, Robert-  
son, Cushman, Vogel.  
Trustees absent, Thatcher, Arm-  
strong.  
Minutes of last meeting read and  
approved.  
Moved and supported that an or-  
der be drawn on the County Treas-  
ury, in favor of Village Treasury, for  
monies belonging to the village—  
carried.

Moved and supported that an or-  
der for \$30, in favor of Byron Wight,  
for services, be drawn on the Treas-  
ury—carried.  
Moved and supported that the bill  
of Byron Wight, for 50 cents, be al-  
lowed, and an order given—carried.  
Moved and supported that the bill  
of John Allyn, be referred to the Fi-  
nance Committee—carried.

Moved and supported that the bills  
of Glenn Freer for 3 00  
Thos. Kelley " 2 75  
Michael Kelan " 1 38  
Thos. McNamara " 5 25  
Stephen Laird " 1 38  
Frank Brooks for 1 38  
be allowed and orders drawn on the  
Treasury for the same—carried.  
Marshal reported for the last  
month, No. of complaints made, 14;  
No. cases pending, 5; No. depositions  
filed, 3; No. cases discontinued,  
1; amount of fines paid, \$29.

Moved and supported that Henry  
G. Hoag be permitted to add 20 feet  
to the length of his hotel barn, on  
condition that he grade the lots  
where said barn and lots now stand,  
to a grade from Congregational  
church lot to the R. R. grounds, pro-  
vided further, that the basement be  
taken out from under said barn and  
that said barn when added to, shall  
not have a basement—carried.  
Moved and supported that the peti-  
tion of Mr. W. Wallace, for work on  
street south of his shop, be referred  
to the street committee—carried.  
Moved and supported that the  
Board adjourn, subject to call of  
the President. GILBERT GAY,  
Clerk.

**THE STONEWALL  
MINING COMPANY.**  
HUGO PREYER, President.  
A. C. EDWARDS, Vice-President.  
C. C. BARCOCK, Secretary.  
M. M. POMEROY, Treasurer.  
PRINCIPAL OFFICE 433 Larimer St.,  
DENVER, - - - COLORADO.

The mines of this Company, 4 in num-  
ber, 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 StoneWall Mining Company is organ-  
ized 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 Com-  
pany 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 visiting the office of the Com-  
pany samples will cheerfully be given.  
Write at once for prospectus. Address all  
orders for stock to either:  
HUGO PREYER, President.  
C. C. BARCOCK, Secretary.  
433 Larimer St., Denver, Colorado.

**BARGAINS IN DRY GOODS AT THE BEE HIVE.**

**Funny Prices**  
ON  
**DRY GOODS,**  
**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 desira-  
ble chance. Will take in exchange

Wood and all kinds of Produce,  
and will give an extra price for  
**A No. 1 BUTTER at ALL TIMES.**  
[v9-35] DURAND & HATCH.  
**REED'S**  
**GILT EDGE**  
**TONIC**  
IS A THOROUGH REMEDY  
In every case of Malarial Fever or Fever  
and Ague, while for disorders of the Stom-  
ach, Torpidity of the Liver, Indigestion  
and disturbances of the animal forces,  
which debilitate, it has no equivalent, and  
can have no substitute. It should not be  
confounded with trifling compounds of  
cheap spirits and essential oils, often sold  
under the name of Bitters.  
FOR SALE BY  
Druggists, Grocers and Wine Merchants  
everywhere. v9-43-1y

**Next week we shall make some prices on Black Silks that  
WILL SURPRISE YOU.**

**12 Pieces** very best maker's goods in **Black Silks at 50c** per  
yard than ever sold in Jackson.

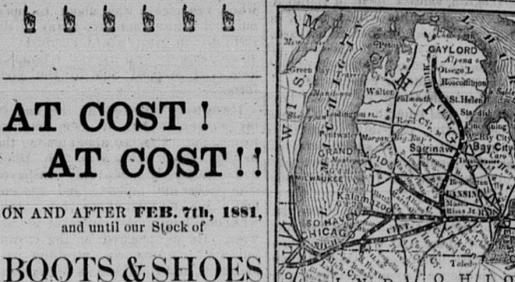
**Some other Bargains** that we don't want to talk about in the  
papers, but WE DO show them over our counters, and our custom-  
ers are taking them in RATHER IN A LIVELY WAY.

**AT THE BEE HIVE.**  
P. S.—Miss Libbie Foster, is glad at all times to welcome her Chelsea  
friends, and show them the best bargains the BUSY BEE Hive affords.

**L. H. FIELD,**  
Jackson, Mich.

**Ed. & Frank, Fashionable Barbers.**  
When you wish an easy shave,  
As good as barber's ever gave,  
Just call on them at their shop,  
At morn, at eve, or busy noon.  
They curl and dress the hair with grace,  
To suit the taste and please the mind,  
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 but call 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 Jef-  
erson avenue, and at the Depots.  
LEAVE ARRIVE  
(Detroit time) (Detroit time)  
Atlantic Ex. 14:00 a. m. 10:00 p. m.  
Day Express 8:35 a. m. 6:30 p. m.  
Palo Express 12:45 noon 7:15 a. m.  
N. Y. Express 7:00 p. m. 10:45 a. m.  
\*Except Monday. \*Sundays Excepted.  
†Daily.  
W. H. FIRTH,  
Western Passenger Agent, Detroit  
WM. EDGAR, Gen. Pass'g 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, Ne-  
braska, Colorado, Texas, Minnesota, Da-  
kota, 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 contact  
your freight until you have heard from the  
Michigan Central.

**HELP** yourselves by making  
money when a golden  
chance is offered, thereby always keeping  
poverty from your door. Those who  
always take advantage of the good chances  
for making money that are offered, gener-  
ally become wealthy, while those who do  
not improve such chances remain in pov-  
erty. 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 fur-  
nish an expensive outfit and all that you  
need free. No one who engages fails to  
make money very rapidly. You can de-  
vote your whole time to the work, or only  
your spare moments. Full information  
and all that is needed sent free. Address  
STIXSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

"The damp weather and chilling winds  
of the approaching season subjects all to  
exposure, no matter however healthy, we  
are none the less susceptible to an attack  
of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Spit-  
ting of Blood, Catarrh of the head, which  
if not properly attended to ends in Con-  
sumption."  
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 con-  
vinced of its real merit.  
Marcan's Liver and Anti-Bilious Com-  
pound 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.

**MISS NELLY M. WHEDON,**  
TEACHER OR—  
**Vocal and Instrumental Music,**  
AT L. BABCOCK'S RESIDENCE,  
CHELSEA, MICH.  
On Wednesday's of each Week.  
Reference—New England Conservatory  
of Music, Boston, Mass. [v10-13a]

**REED'S GILT EDGE TONIC**  
cures Dyspepsia,  
prevents Malarial  
fever, restores the ap-  
petite,  
cures Eczema and  
Ague. v9-43-1y

**FRANK STAFFAN,**  
**UNDERTAKER!**  
WOULD announce to the citizens of  
Chelsea and vicinity, that he keeps  
constantly on hand, all sizes and styles of  
ready-made  
**COFFINS AND SHEROES.**  
Horse in attendance on short notice.  
FRANK STAFFAN.  
**MISS NELLY M. WHEDON,**  
TEACHER OR—  
**Vocal and Instrumental Music,**  
AT L. BABCOCK'S RESIDENCE,  
CHELSEA, MICH.  
On Wednesday's of each Week.  
Reference—New England Conservatory  
of Music, Boston, Mass. [v10-13a]

**M. C. R. TIME TABLE.**

Passenger Trains on the Michigan Central Railroad will leave Chelsea Station as follows:

GOING WEST.	
Mail Train	9:22 A. M.
Local Passenger	5:50 A. M.
Way Freight	12:55 P. M.
Grand Rapids Express	5:52 P. M.
Jackson Express	8:55 P. M.
Evening Express	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	10:07 A. M.
Mail Train	4:40 P. M.

H. B. LEVY, Gen'l Supt., Detroit.  
HENRY C. WENTWORTH, General Passenger and Ticket Agt., Chicago.

**Time of Closing the Mail.**

Western Mail	11:35 A. M. and 5:30 P. M.
Eastern	8:00 P. M. and 9:00 P. M.
Western	10:00 A. M., 4:20, 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, on or preceding each full moon.  
Theo. E. Wood, Sec'y.

**I. O. O. F.—THE REGULAR** weekly meeting of Vermont Lodge No. 85, I. O. O. F., will take place every Wednesday evening at 6 1/2 o'clock, at their Lodge room, Middle St., East.  
G. E. WINTOFT, Sec'y.

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

**R. M. SPEER, DENTIST,**  
(Formerly with D. C. Hawxhurst, M. D.; D. D. S., of Battle Creek.)  
ROOMS OVER HOLME'S DRY GOODS STORE, CHELSEA, MICH. 19-23

**H. Kempf & Brother, BANKERS, AND PRODUCE DEALERS,**  
CHELSEA, - - MICH.

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

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

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

**Insurance on Farm and City Property Effectuated.**  
Chelsea, March 25, 1880. v3-28-ly

**GEO. E. WRIGHT, D. D. S., OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL DENTIST,**  
OFFICE OVER THE CHELSEA BANK, CHELSEA, MICH. 17-19

**INSURANCE COMPANIES**  
REPRESENTED BY  
**WM. E. DEPEW,**  
Assets, \$8,109,527  
Home, of New York, 3,292,914  
Hartford, 4,690,000  
Underwriters, 1,296,661  
American, Philadelphia, 7,078,224  
Etna, of Hartford, 4,165,716  
Fire Association, 4,165,716  
OFFICE: Over Kempf's Bank, Middle street, west, Chelsea, Mich.  
It is cheaper to insure in these stalwarts, than in one horse companies. v6-1

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

**Elgin Watches**

4.50 CLOCKS TIME TO GO!

**D. PRATT, Watchmaker & Jeweler**

REPAIRING.—Special attention given to this branch of the business, and satisfaction guaranteed, at the "Bee Hive" Jewelry Establishment, South Main St., Chelsea. 47

**Chelsea Flour Mill.**  
L. E. SPARKS, Proprietor of Chelsea Steam Flour Mill, keeps constantly on hand A No. 1 Wheat Flour, Granum Flour, Buckwheat Flour, &c. Custom Work a Specialty. Farmers, please take notice and bring in your grists. Satisfaction guaranteed. v8-23

**TONSORIAL EMPORIUM.**  
ED & FRANK would respectfully announce to the inhabitants of Chelsea and vicinity that they are now prepared to do all kind of work in their line, also keep on hand sharp razors, nice clean towels, & everything first-class to suit their customers. They are up to the times, and can give you an easy shave and fashionable haircut. A share of the public patronage is solicited. Shop under Reed & Co's Drug Store, Main street east, Chelsea, Mich. v9-43-ly

**CHURCH DIRECTORY.**

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

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

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

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

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

**OUR TELEPHONE.**

THE sprinkler once more makes its daily rounds.

BERT Congdon spent last Sunday and Monday in Grass Lake, visiting old friends.

OUR new supervisor is around with his roll, and an eye to business.

OUR village is considered healthy at present.

WE observe that Mr. Sam Guerin has returned from the South.

**PERSONAL.**—Mr. Frank Glazier and wife have arrived at Heidelberg, Germany.

R. KEMPF and Geo. P. Glazier have improved their residences by a fresh coat of paint.

A GERMAN is around peddling tracts. Just tell him to leave the heels toward the house.

EVERYBODY is busy now-days—if it is not house-cleaning, it is working in the garden.

ATTENTION is called to the new two-column advertisement of Wood Bros., on third page.

EDWARD Clark has returned from Sheridan, where he has been visiting his parents.

THE best place in town to get pure and cheap medicines is at Reed & Co's drug store.

POTATOES are coming freely into market, and bring from 50 to 65 cents per bushel.

THERE will be a large quantity of barley sown in this locality, and plowing and planting goes on lively.

Castors, cake-baskets, Roger Brothers knives, forks and spoons, cheaper than the cheapest, at Wood Bros.

OUR thanks are due to Mr. N. A. Richards, principal of the St. Johns, Michigan, high school, for a package of papers printed in the above town.

Rev. Mr. Franking of Lansing has sold his property, a fine residence on East street, to L. E. Sparks, our enterprising miller.

THE Washtenaw County, and South-Western Michigan Bee Keepers Association will meet as adjourned, at the Court House, Ann Arbor, May 12th, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

Wood Bros. have put in an immense stock of clocks, bought at a bankrupt sale and are selling them at prices lower than ever heard of before.

ERROR.—In our issue of two weeks ago, we mentioned that the wheat crop in this section was not damaged much by being winter killed—that was a mistake—farmers inform us that, on an average it will not turn out five bushels to the acre.

It is said that the music of the band, can be heard distinctly at the different ends of the telephone lines that have a lullator attached to the building where the band meets. And that the music sounds sweeter than by any other method of hearing it.

TO PATRONS.—On Monday and Tuesday, May 9th and 10th, I will not be at my office. Excepting these days I will be there as usual, from 8 to 12—1 to 6.  
R. M. SPEER.

We are indebted to our new supervisor, Mr. E. S. Cooper, for the following: There has been 41 births and 27 deaths in the township of Sylvan, during the past year.

OUR street sprinkler, Alex. Streeter, commenced to lay the dust on the streets, last Monday. We hope our business men will donate liberally and put their hands deep into their pockets. He is deservng.

WANTED.—Pasture for 25, 50, 75 or 100 sheep, two or three months. Parties having any pasture to let, call at, or address this office. Give amount and kind of pasture.

Those who intend to visit Jackson for the purpose of trading in the dry goods line, can save 50 per cent by paying L. H. Field a visit at the "Busy Bee Hive." See new two-column advertisement on second page.

New grocery firm—Sam Guerin and L. H. Van Antwerp will open a first-class grocery store, on Tuesday, May 10, 1881, at the store formerly occupied by Tuomey Bros., Main street, Chelsea. Friends and patrons take notice and be on hand at the grand opening.

SHELDON, the dentist, has lately purchased one of Johnson's patent gas apparatus, for the purpose of administering nitrous oxide gas. While under the influence of this gas, teeth can be extracted without pain. The doctor has a fine suite of rooms, handsomely fitted up. He has a patent chair and instruments of the latest design, by the use of which the labor of his profession is lessened.—Manchester Enquirer.

**OUR TELEPHONE.**

BURNET Steinbach has a well on his place which was lately drowed, that gives water that has a very salty taste. He had a small quantity examined last week, and it was found to be a very valuable mineral water.

QUITE a sensation was created here last Sunday afternoon, by a run-away. The buggy contained a young man and two young ladies. It came to an end by the buggy being upset and demolished; its three occupants picking themselves out of the ditch, more frightened than hurt.

**SOCIAL.**—On last Friday evening a social was given at the residence of Thos. Sears, in this village. The occasion being a "house-warming." Mr. S. has built an addition to his home, costing about \$2,000. There were about 60 guests present and everybody enjoyed themselves. The printer returns thanks for a nice "sweet present," and adds: May the happy donors live long and happily, is our fervent wish.

**NOTICE.**

After several months of arduous labor, we have at last completed our History of Washtenaw County, and it will be delivered to subscribers in about two weeks. In order to facilitate the delivery, we urgently request parties who expect to be from home to leave with the family \$8.50, the price of the book, so that unnecessary delay may be avoided. Respectfully,  
CHAS. C. CHAPMAN & Co.  
Chicago, Ill., May 2, 1881.

**ADVERTISING PEOPLE.**—People who advertise are smarter than those who don't; better looking, too, nine in ten. This is natural if not logical. Advertising is an indication of intelligence, and intelligence is one of the leading elements of good looks. At all events the world believes in those who advertise, and it plants its dollars in their pockets. Such are live people; and in these live days nobody wants anything to do with any but your live men and women. Our advice to everybody—except in matrimony—is to advertise. It is sure to return largely, increase your reputation as a business man, make hosts of friends, and add to the number of shrewd and sensible people in the world, of which there has never yet been an overstock.

**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, constipation or periodical 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, Caledonia, 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 Ulyses 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 Headache, 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."

**COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.**

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Mary A. Glenn, late of said County deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date are allowed, by order of said Probate Court, for Creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the residence of Charles M. Glenn, in the township of Dexter, in said County, on Wednesday, 8th day of July, 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, ss. 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 Cullene, 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.  
WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN,  
Judge of Probate.

**COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.**

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Elizabeth Cullene, 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 office of J. Lehman in Chelsea, in said County, on Thursday the seventh day of July, and on Friday the seventh day of October next, at ten o'clock A. M. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated April 7th, 1881.  
HIRAM PIERCE,  
ELIZABETH DOYLER,  
Commissioners.

**FRIENDS VERSUS ENEMIES.**

As liberally makes friends of enemies, so pride makes enemies of friends.  
As Bilious Fever and sick Headache arise from a disordered stomach, so Spring Blossom cures it. Prices: 50c, and \$1. For sale 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 metres with a cannon ball and barbarism chops off his head with a sabre."

**EPITAPH ON ROGER BACON.**  
One day whilst trying his corns to move 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 handed 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 wid 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 well the remainder of the night. I have used it in my family for some time with complete success. For sale by all druggists.

**Chelsea Market.**

CHELSEA, May 5, 1881.

Flour, 75 cwt.	\$2 75
Wheat, White, 75 cwt.	1 02
Corn, 75 cwt.	20c 25
Oats, 75 cwt.	4 00
Clover Seed, 75 cwt.	3 00
Timothy Seed, 75 cwt.	1 00@1 25
Beans, 75 cwt.	50c 60
Potatoes, 75 cwt.	12c 15
Apples, green, 75 cwt.	3 1/2
do dried, 75 cwt.	16c 20
Honey, 75 lb.	18
Butter, 75 lb.	19
Poultry—Chickens, 75 lb.	07
Lard, 75 lb.	05
Tallow, 75 lb.	02
Hams, 75 lb.	07
Shoulders, 75 lb.	11
Eggs, 75 doz.	3 00@3 50
Beef, live, 75 cwt.	3 00@5 00
Hogs, live, 75 cwt.	3 00@4 40
do dressed, 75 cwt.	5 00@5 40
do, same, 75 cwt.	10 00@12 00
do, mutton, 75 cwt.	5 00@6 00
Wool, 75 lb.	1 25
Cransberries, 75 lb.	35c 35
Cherries, 75 lb.	1 00@1 50

**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.

**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.

Go to Reed & Co's. drug store, to get your perfumery 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.

**Remember our goods are all marked in plain figures and no deviation. You don't have to spend time to drive us down. We are at the bottom, always.**

**WOOD BROS.**

**! VARIETY !**

IS THE SPICE OF LIFE; WHICH MEANS, THAT THE

**VARIETY STORE**

—OF—

**WOOD BROTHERS**

IS NECESSARY TO THE HAPPINESS OF ALL.

Look at the Advantage we offer.

IN OUR STOCK MAY BE FOUND ALL KINDS OF Seasonable Dry Goods,

BOOTS & SHOES, CROCKERY, HATS, CAPS, GENTS FURNISHING GOODS, WALL & WINDOW PAPER, PROVISIONS, &c.,

And last, though by no means least, we have the Largest and Best Selected Stock of

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY AND PLATED WARE, Ever shown in this city.

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**WOOD BROS.**

**AGENTS For Border Outlaws.**  
WANTED BY J. W. BUEL.  
New, Authentic and Thrilling History of the Lives and Wonderful Adventures of America's great Outlaws,  
**The Youngers Brothers,**  
Frank and Jesse James,  
And their bands of highwaymen down to 1881. Contains more than 40 illustrations embracing late Portraits of the principal characters, including Frank James, never before published, and 13 Fine Colored Plates. Interviews and letters from Cole Younger—Starting Revelations. All about the Black Flag, the Black Oath, the Secret Cave, and hundreds of other wonderful things. Most exciting book ever published; more thrilling than a romance, yet true in every essential. Tells like wild fire 10,000 colored in advance. Nothing like it!—beats everything! Over 400 pages, price \$1.50. Agent's canvassing outfit, 50 cents. Write immediately for full particulars, to HISTORICAL PUBLISHING CO., St. Louis, Mo.

**HOP BITTERS**

NEVER FAIL

Have you a weak or nervous system, or are you suffering from any of the ailments mentioned in the advertisement? If so, you will find Hop Bitters a most valuable remedy. It is a pure and healthful beverage, and will cure all the ailments mentioned in the advertisement. It is sold by all druggists.

**MANHOOD**

How Lost, How Restored!

Just published, a new edition of Dr. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY on the radical cure of Spermatorrhea or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriages, etc.; also, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, &c.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of Self-Abuse may be radically cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This Lecture should be in the hand of every youth and every man in the land. Sent, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps. Address the Publishers.

**THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.**  
No. 41 Ann Street, New York, N. Y.  
Post Office Box, 4,586.  
v9-29-ly

**Good Sugar, 7 cts. per lb.**

**Kerosene Oil 14 cts. Gallon,**

We warrant it inferior to none.

**WOOD BROS.**

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MICHIGAN.

On the 22nd, a team crossed on the ice between Mackinac and St. Ignace. On the 23rd, the mail carriers crossed but came very near losing the mail bags.

Three calls of the house had been made the house adjourned. The senate met in the evening, but transacted no business of importance.

Large numbers of mail bags belonging to the United States have been missing from time to time, and upon investigation, have been found in active service on Canadian mail routes.

The conservatives in Parliament refused to allow Bradstreet to take the oath of office, even after he declared that it would be binding upon him only in the event of his resignation.

Germany has proposed to the international monetary conference to fix the price of silver for a term of years.

The Russian authorities declare that the Grand Duke Nicholas, son of the late czar, was in compliance with the nihilists in his plot, and he has been sentenced by the czar to imprisonment for life.

The Italian chamber of deputies adopted a motion of confidence in the ministry by a vote of 262 to 146 members abstaining from voting.

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