

Law-
trees,
so on,
com-
mended
these

When April steps made 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 stops at last her weeping;
And every happy growing thing
Laughs like a babe just roused from sleeping.

Yes April waters, year by year,
For laggard May her thirty flowers;
And May, in gold of sunbeams clear,
Pays April for her silvery showers.

All flowers of spring are not May's own;
The crocus can not often be so late;
The snow-drop, ere she comes, has flowers;
The earliest violets always miss her.

Nor does May claim the whole of spring;
She leaves to April blossoms tender,
That closely to 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 hoes tread, and hoes tread,
Now May and April love each other.

—Lucy Larcom, in St. Nicholas.

A NIGHT WITH THE NihilISTS.

"Robinson, Mr. Dickinson wants you!"
"The dickens he does!" thought I; for
Mr. Dickinson, 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. Dickinson 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.

"Have, then," 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 Soloff,
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 at very low
prices. You will proceed by rail to
Soloff, 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."

"Gregory," I said, as I strutted into
the office, "I'm off on a mission, a secret
mission. My boy, an affair of thousands
of pounds. Lend me your little port-
manteau, mine's too imposing, and tell
Ivan to pack it. A Russian millionaire
expects me at the end of my journey.
Don't breathe a word of it to any of
Simpkins's people, or the whole game
will be up. Keep it dark!"

I was so charmed at being, as it were,
behind the scenes, that I crept about
the office all day in a sort of cloak-and-
bloody-dagger style, with responsibility
and brooding care marked upon every
feature; and when at night I stepped
out and stole down to the station, the
unprejudiced observer would certainly
have guessed, from my general behavior,
that I had emptied the contents of the
strong-box, before starting, into that
little valise of Gregory's. It was im-
prudent of him, by the way, to leave
English labels pasted all over it. How-
ever, I could only hope that the "Lon-
don" and "Birmingham" would attract
no attention, or, at least, that no rival
corn-merchant might deduct from
them who I was and what my errand
might be.

Having paid the necessary roubles
and got my ticket, I ensconced myself
in the corner of a snug Russian car,
and pondered over my extraordinary
good fortune, Dickinson was growing old
now, and if I could make my mark in
this matter it might be a great thing
for me. Dreams arose of a partner-
ship in the firm. The noisy wheels
seemed to clank out, "Bailey, Robinson
& Co., 'Bailey, Robinson & Co.,' in a
monotonous refrain, which gradually
sank into a hum, and finally ceased as
I dropped into a deep sleep. Had I
known the experience which awaited
me at the end of my journey it
would hardly have been so peace-
able.

I awoke with an uneasy feeling that
some one was watching me closely,
nor was I mistaken. A tall dark man
had taken his position on the seat op-
posite, and his black sinister eyes seemed
to look through me and beyond me, as
if he wished to read my very soul.
Then I saw him glance down at my
little trunk.

"Good Heavens!" thought I, "here's
Simpkins's agent I suppose. It was
careless of Gregory to leave those con-
founded labels on the valise."

I closed my eyes for a time, but on
reopening them I again caught the
stranger's earnest gaze.

"From England, I see," he said in
Russian, showing a row of white teeth
in what was meant to be an amiable
smile.

"Yes," I replied, trying to look un-
concerned, but painfully aware of my
failure.

"Travelling for pleasure, perhaps?"
said he.

"Yes," I answered eagerly.

"Certainly for pleasure nothing else."

THE CHICHESEA HERALD.

TERMS--One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Annum

"ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY"

Invariably in Advance.--Single Copies Five Cents

VOL. X. CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1881. NO. 35

"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 Soloff—Soloff,
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.

I was to be expected at the end of
my journey, so Mr. Dickinson 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
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, seizing 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 jogged 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's 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 Joe's cut-throat look-
ing shop, by Joe's, 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 here, my 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 used
to a 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 re-
flections."

"Well," thought I, "whatever Mr. Dimi-
doff's house may be like, his servants
are undoubtedly well trained. 'O sa-
cred one!' and reverend master! I won-
der what he'd call old Dickinson 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 conclud-
ed my survey when I heard steps ap-
proaching down the corridor, and the
door was opened by my 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 desert pition 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 must
be already sitting. Let us go up to-
gether, and I will introduce you. I
need hardly say that the greatest se-
crecy is observed, and that your ap-
pearance is anxiously awaited."

I turned over in my mind as I fol-
lowed him how I might best fulfill my
mission and secure the most advanta-
geous terms. They seemed as anxious
as I was to be the matter, and there ap-
peared to be no opposition, so perhaps
the best thing would be to wait and see
what they would propose.

I had hardly come to this conclusion
when my guide swung open a large
door at the end of a passage, and I
found myself in a room larger and even
more gorgeously fitted up than the one
in which I had dined. A long table,
covered with green baize and strewn
with papers, ran down the middle and
round it were sitting fourteen or fifteen
men conversing earnestly. The whole
scene reminded me forcibly of a gam-
bling hell I had visited some time be-
fore.

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,
he continued to my pale-faced neigh-
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 fairly
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 heart. Where was I?
Was I in Mr. Dimidoff's? Who were
these men with their strange words?

"Take out the gag!" repeated Petro-
kine; and the handkerchief was re-
moved.

"Now, Paul Ivanovitch," said he
"what have you to say before you go?"

"Not a dismissal, sir," he pleaded,
"no 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. Berger—Mr. Robinson is pale.

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 mo-
mentary 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 Soloff
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 round 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 re-
freshed enough to be half amused at my po-
sition, and inclined to play with my tor-
mentors. I still, however, had all my
wits about me.

"You have been to Birmingham?"
asked the man with the beard.

"Many times," said I.

"Then you have of course seen the
private workshop and arsenal?"

"I have been over them both more
than once."

"It is still, I suppose, entirely unsus-
pected by the police?" continued my in-
terrogator.

"Can you tell us how it is that so
large a concern is kept so completely
secret?"

"Here was a poser, but my native im-
pudence and the brandy seemed to
come to my aid."

"That is information," I replied,
"which I do not feel justified in divulg-
ing even here. In withholding it I am
acting under the direct order of the
commissioner."

"You are right—perfectly right," said
my original friend Petrokine. "You
will no doubt make your report to the
central office at Moscow before enter-
ing into such details."

"Exactly so," I replied, only too happy
to get a lift out of my difficulty.

"We have heard," said Alexis, "that
you were sent to inspect the Livadia.
Can you give us any particulars about
it?"

"Anything you ask I will endeavor
to answer," I replied in desperation.

"Have any orders been made in Bir-
mingham concerning it?"

"None when I left England."

"Well, well, there's plenty of time
yet," said the man with the beard—
"many months. Will the bottom be of
wood or iron?"

"Of wood," I answered at random.

"This well!" said another voice. "And
what is the breadth of the Clyde below
Greenock?"

"It varies much," I replied; "on an
average about eighty yards."

"How many men does she carry?"
asked an amiable-looking youth at the
foot of the table, who seemed more fit
for a public school than this den of mur-
der.

"About three hundred," said I.

"A floating coffin!" said the young Ni-
hilist in a sepulchral voice.

"Are the store-rooms on a level with
or underneath the slate cabins?" asked
Petrokine.

"Underneath," said I decisively,
though I need hardly say I had not the
smallest conception.

"And now, most honored sir," said
Alexis, "tell us what was the reply of
Bauer the German Socialist to Ravi-
nsky's proclamation."

Here was a dead-lock with a ven-
geance. Whether my cunning would
have extricated me from it or not was
never decided, for Providence hurried
me from one dilemma into another and
a worse one.

A door slammed downstairs, and
rapid footsteps were heard approach-
ing. Then came a loud tap outside,
followed by two smaller ones.

"The sign of the society!" said Petro-
kine; "and yet we are all present; who
can't be?"

The door was thrown open, and a
man entered, dusty and travel-stained,
and with an air of authority and power
stamped on every feature of his harsh
but expressive face. He glanced round
the table, scanning each countenance
carefully. There was a start of sur-
prise in the room. He was evidently a
stranger to them all.

"What means this intrusion, sir?"
said my friend with the beard.

"Intrusion!" said the stranger. "I was
given to understand that I was expect-
ed, and had looked forward to a warm-
er welcome from my fellow associates.
I am personally unknown to you, gen-
tlemen, but I am proud to think that
my name should command some re-
spect among you. I am Gustave Ber-
ger, the agent from England, bearing
letters from the chief commissioner to
his well-beloved brothers of Soloff."

One of their own bombs could hard-
ly have created greater surprise had it
been fired in the midst of them. Every

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 stran-
ger, as he threw a packet upon the table.
"Who that man may be I know not; but
if he has intruded himself upon the
lodge 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
conferenced 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.

When I came to myself I was lying
among the debris of the door, which
had been beaten in on the top of me.
Opposite were a dozen of the men who
had lately sat in judgment upon me,
two and two, and guarded by a
score of Russian soldiers. Beside me
was the corpse of the ill-fated English
agent, the whole face brown in by the
force of the explosion. Alexis and
Petrokine were both lying on the floor
like myself, bleeding profusely.

"Well, young fellow you've had a nar-
row escape," said a hearty voice in my
ear.

I looked up and recognized my black-
eyed acquaintance of the railway car-
riage.

"Stand up," he continued; "you're only
a bit stunned; no bones broken. It's
no wonder I mistook you for the Nihi-
list agent, when the very lodge itself
was taken in. Well, you're the only
stranger who ever came out of this den
alive. Come down-stairs with me. I
know who you are, and what you are
after. Now, don't go in there, he cried,
as I walked toward the door of the cell
into which I had been originally usher-
ed. "Keep out of that; you've seen evil
sights enough for one day."

He explained as we walked back to
the hotel that the police of Soloff, of
which he was the chief, had had warn-
ing and been on the lookout during
some time for this Nihilistic emissary.
My arrival in so unfrequented a place,
coupled with my air of secrecy and the
English labels on that confounded por-
t-manteau of Gregory's had completed
the business.

I have little more to tell. My Social-
istic acquaintances were all either
transported to Siberia or executed.
My mission was performed to the sat-
isfaction of my employers. My conduct
during the whole business has won me
promotion, and my prospects for life
have been improved since that horrible
night, the remembrance of which still
makes me shiver.—London Society.

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 bouquet
—that big one on a tray, fit for the
bridal 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 discriminating
flame of heaven shot past his offering
and blazed on Abel's altar. How-
ever, I wasn't particular about what
was going on in his mind, and he slip-
ped the card in the bouquet, 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 bouquet, 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 Gillias, 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 return-
ed to life. Looking now at the flowers,
again at his 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 bouquet 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 bouquet?" "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,
"clinging to the wife of thy youth."

He staggered a moment, looked as if
he ought to knock me down, and rush-
ed from the place.

Next day I met her upon his arm.
"Johnny," he said, "bring her as big
a bouquet every week, and save one
scarlet rose for me!"

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 would scorch thy 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 thorough 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's
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
never before, that we exclaim with our
old hearts, "Thus far the Lord hath
led me on."—S. S. Times.

A story is told, among the Russian
peasants, of an old woman who was
at work in her house when the wise men
from the East passed by on their way
to find the infant Christ, guided as they
were by the star going before them in
the sky. "Come with us," they said;
"we are going to find the heavenly
child; come with us." "I will come,"
she replied, "but not just now; but I
will follow very soon, and overtake you
and find him." But when her work
was done the wise men had gone and
the star in the heavens had disappeared,
and she never saw the infant Saviour.
It is but a story, but one that is full
of instruction and warning; for a similar
story could be told of thousands of hu-
man hearts, and confirmed by the char-
acter and destiny of thousands of human
beings. The call to come to Christ
sounds in our ears, but we are too busy
with our daily work to heed it now.
We have no time just yet for the Bible,
or the closet, or the serious thought, or
for hearkening to the voice of con-
science and the whispers of the Holy
Spirit. We are like the Duke of Alva,
who, when asked to look at a remark-
able appearance in the skies, replied,
"I am too busy with things on earth to
take time for looking up to the heav-
ens." We are pressed with our busi-
ness, or building our homes, or looking
after the needs of our children, or lay-
ing up wealth for the future, and the
time for seeking Christ is delayed, and
by the delay we have missed him for-
ever.

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
weight on the square inch for every
1000 fathoms of depth, so that at the
depth of 2500 fathoms there is a pres-
sure of two tons and a half per square
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
in flannel, and placed it, so wrapped
up, in a wide copper tube, which was
one of those used to protect the deep
sea thermometer when sent down with
the sounding apparatus. The copper
case containing the sealed glass tube
was sent down to a depth of 2000 fath-
oms, and drawn up again. It was then
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 withdrawn, reduced
to a fine powder, like snow almost.

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, Washburn 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 hither, 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 hast'ning to the hall-way, she rang
the castle bell,
For all who heard it's tolling, 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!
And from the moss clothed tower, there
rises high a shout,
For now, with little fighting, St. George
is put to rout.

V.
Of't in the twilight gloaming, or round
their winter 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 furnish-
free. Address **TAVE & CO.,** Augusta, Maine.

Subscribe for the Chelsea Herald.

Village Board.

CHELSEA VILLAGE,
Apr. 28, 1881.

The Board met pursuant to ad-
journment.

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 25th, 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
penalty bond of Fredric Girschach
with Geo. Mast and Jacob Schumacher
as securities be approved—carried.

Moved and supported that the
penalty bond of Christopher Kline,
with Thomas Clark and Franklin D.
Cummings as securities 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 securities
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 securities 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 securities, 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 securities be approved—carried.
Moved and supported that the pen-
alty bond of Farrel and Boardman,
with James Huddler and Timothy
McKone as securities, 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 Riper,	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-
—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 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 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 Stone Wall 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 visiting the office of the Com-
pany samples will be cheerfully 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

DRY GOODS,

AT THE BEE HIVE.

We are Startling on **40 Pieces 20 and 25c**, DREST GGODS,
thrown into one lot at **25c** per yard. **2000** yards **12½** Gingham
in remnants at **9½c** per yard.

LACE TIES going out in a hurry.

HOSIERY very, very Lively.

Dress Goods are quicker than ever before.

Summer Silks are REMARKABKE at the Price.

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.**

We are startling on **TABLE LINENS** and **HOTIERY.**

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.
Just call on them at their shop.
At morn, at eve, or busy noon.
They curl and dress the hair with grace.
"I'll suit the contour of the face."
Their room is neat, their towels clean,
Scissors sharp and razors keen,
And every thing I think you'll find.
To suit the taste and please the mind,
And all their art and skill can do.
If you'll just call they'll do for you.
Please call on them and judge of their
merits.

SHOES
—AND—
BOOTS,
For the SUMMER WEAR.

Our stock of **LADIES'** fine
SHOES and SLIPPERS are com-
plete, 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.**
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 desir-
able 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-9-35] **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. v-9-43-1y

KIDNEGEN
LAWRENCE & MARTIN'S
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
THE GREAT
KIDNEY
REGULATOR
DIURETIC
Is highly recommended
for all cases of
Foul Kidneys,
Dropsy,
Gravel,
Bright's Disease
or any Obstruc-
tions, arising
from **KIDNEY**
or **BLADDER**
Disease, Loss of
Energy, and De-
bility. Also for
Blood and Kid-
ney Poisoning,
in Infected Ma-
larial sections.
By the distilla-
tion of a FOREST
LEAF with JUN-
PER BERRIES and
BARLEY MALT
we have discovered
KIDNEGEN, which
acts specifically on
the Kidneys and Ur-
inary Organs, remov-
ing deposits in the
bladder and any
straining, smarting
heat or irritation in
the water passages,
giving them strength
and causing a
healthy color and easy flow of urine. It can be
taken at all times, in all climates, without injury
to the system. It contains **POSITIVE DIURETIC**
properties and will not narcotize. Unlike
any other preparation for Kidney difficulties,
it has a very pleasant and agreeable taste
and flavor. Ladies especially will like it, and
Gentlemen will find **KIDNEGEN** the best Kid-
ney Tonic for its purposes ever used!

Each bottle has the Signature of
LAWRENCE & MARTIN, and
every bottle has a **GOVERNMENT REVENUE STAMP**
as sold as a Proprietary article (without license)
by DRUGGISTS, GROCERS and other Dealers
everywhere.
Put up in Quart Size Bottles. Price \$1.00.
LAWRENCE & MARTIN, Proprietors,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Sold by DRUGGISTS and GENERAL
DEALERS everywhere.

Ed. & Frank, Fashionable Barbers.
When you wish an easy shave.
Just call on them at their shop.
At morn, at eve, or busy noon.
They curl and dress the hair with grace.
"I'll suit the contour of the face."
Their room is neat, their towels clean,
Scissors sharp and razors keen,
And every thing I think you'll find.
To suit the taste and please the mind,
And all their art and skill can do.
If you'll just call 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.
Detroit & B. 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'r Ag't, Hamilton.



The Michigan Central Railroad, with its
connections at Chicago, affords the most
direct and desirable route of travel from
Michigan to all points in Kansas, 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 Yourself by making
money when a golden
chance is offered, thereby always keeping
poverty from your door. Those who
always take advantage of the good chances
for making money that are offered, 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 how 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.

\$5 Outfit sent free to those who wish to
engage in the most pleasant and pro-
fitable 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. HALLITT & Co.,
Portland, Maine. [v-10-10-1y]

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 SHROUDS.
Horse in attendance on short notice.
FRANK STAFFAN.

MISS NELLY M. WHEDON,
TEACHER OF—

Vocal and Instrumental Music,
AT L. BABCOCK'S RESIDENCE,
CHELSEA.

On Wednesday's of each Week.
Reference—New England Conservatory
of Music, Boston, Mass. [v-10-13-1y]

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic cures Dyspepsia.
Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic prevents Malar-
Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic restores the app-
tite.
Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic cures Fever and
Ague. v-9-43-1y

M. C. R. R. TIME TABLE.

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

GOING WEST.	
Mail Train	9:22 A. M.
Local Passenger	9:50 A. M.
Way Freight	12:55 P. M.
Grand Rapids Express	5:32 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. LEVAND, Gen'l Supt., Detroit.
HENRY C. WENTWORTH, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago.

Time of Closing the Mail.

Western Mail	11:35 A. M. and 9:00 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, on or preceding each full moon.
Thos. E. Wood, Sec'y.

L. O. O. F.—THE REGULAR weekly meeting of Vesper Lodge No. 85, L. O. O. F., will take place every Wednesday evening at 6:30 o'clock, at their Lodge room, Middle St., East.
G. E. WINTHROP, 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

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

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

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

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

Insurance on Farm and City Property Effectuated.
Chelsea, March 25, 1880. v5-28-1y

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.

Home, of New York,	\$3,109,527
Hartford,	3,292,914
Underwriters,	4,690,000
American, Philadelphia,	1,296,061
Elina, of Hartford,	7,078,224
Fire Association,	4,165,716

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

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

Elgin Watches
A. S. CROCK, TIME TO GO!
D. PRATT,
Watchmaker & Jeweler

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

Chelsea Flour Mill.
L. E. SPARKS, Proprietor of Chelsea Steam Flour Mill, keeps constantly on hand A No. 1 Wheat Flour, Graham Flour, Buckwheat Flour, &c., &c. Custom Work a Specialty. Farmers, please take notice and bring in your grain. 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. 47

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

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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 deserving.

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.

SHERIDON, 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.

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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 M.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.
Rev. Father DUNN. 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. METZGER. Services every alternate Sunday at 2 o'clock P. M.

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.

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A CLERK in the employ of one of our liquor dealers was found guilty, last Monday, of selling liquor to minors, and fined \$30 and costs—the whole amounting to \$47.25, or 60 days in jail. The fine was paid. It is rumored that an appeal was made to the Circuit Court.

IMPROVEMENTS—Our village is undergoing a decided improvement at present. Garden cleaning, house painting, house cleaning, street grading, sidewalk repairing, etc. There are also some 30 new frame buildings in course of erection, in fact, Chelsea is having a thorough overhauling, this season.

A MAN soliciting funds for the erection of some thing or other, called at a house on Congdon St. The lady of the house informed him, she never carried the pocket book. He departed, after informing her that the one great mistake of her life was in not bringing up her husband right. We don't think so.

BURNET Steinbach has a well on his place which was lately drove, 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 up-set 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, constant 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.

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 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 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 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 oburgating 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.

OUR, 75 cwt.	\$2 75	
WHEAT, white, 75 bu.	1 02	
CORN, 75 bu.	20c	25
OATS, 75 bu.		35
OVEN SEED, 75 bu.		4 00
MOTHY SEED, 75 bu.		3 00
BEANS 75 bu.	1 00	1 25
POTATOES, 75 bu.	50c	60
APPLES, green, 75	12c	15
do dried, 75 lb.		31c
HONEY, 75 lb.	16c	20
BUTTER, 75 lb.		19
CHICKEN, 75 lb.		07
CHICKENS, 75 lb.		07
LOW, 75 lb.		05
HAMS, 75 lb.		02
SHOULDERS, 75 lb.		07
EGGS, 75 doz.		11
BEEF, live 75 cwt.	3 00	3 50
SHEEP, live 75 cwt.	3 00	5 00
HOGS, live 75 cwt.	3 00	4 00
do dressed 75 cwt.	5 00	5 40
HAY, tame, 75 ton.	10 00	12 00
do marsh, 75 ton.	5 00	6 00
SALT, 75 bl.		125
COAL, 75 lb.	33c	35
WATERBERRIES, 75 bu.	1 00	1 50

