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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

THE WREN OF LIFE.
My life, which was so straight and plain,
Has now become a tangled skein,
Yet God still holds the thread;
Weave as I may, His hand doth guide
The shuttle, coarse, however wide
The chain in wool he weds.
One weary night, when years went by,
I plied my loom with tear and sigh,
In grief unnam'd, unaid;
But when at last the morning light
Broke on my vision, pure and bright,
The chain in wool he weds.
And now I never lose my trust,
Weave as I may--and weave I must--
That God doth hold the thread;
He guides my shuttle on its way,
He makes complete my task each day;
What more then can be said?

In the garden were idly walking
Brave Robin and Roxy the fair,
And Robin, while walking and talking,
Twined roses in Roxy's brown hair.
Roses and roses all blushing,
With sprigs of the sweet mignonette,
While the blood to their faces kept rushing,
When Robin's eyes Roxy's eyes met.
Jasmine, laburnum, and larkspur,
Verbena, deep-dyed and pale,
Gay pansies and white valley lilies,
Heard love tell his stammering tale.
While the lovers kept walking and talking,
Four eyes bent down to the ground,
Two hearts had been lost, they discovered,
And then discovered them--found;
But didn't know what to do with them--
The lost and found hearts--for a while;
So each plucked a new and fresh rosegay,
And each gave the other a smile.
Each a stem of forget-me-not gathered,
And each said, "Oh, take and keep this!"
The roses thus exchanged with fresh flowers,
They sealed the exchange--with a kiss.
Fidelity, secrecy, alliance,
Each promised to faithfully hold,
Till Robin could earn for his Roxy
A home and some sheikhs of gold.
But alas, some open-eared listeners,
Winged messengers hurrying by,
Saw what had been done in the garden,
And talked to earth and to sky.
"Oh Robin and Roxy are lovers,"
They piped with a song and a shout,
"And have pledged their troth in the garden!"
So the delicate set was out.
The world soon had the whole story,
Which Robin could not deny;
And Roxy, when bantered about it,
Blushed back with a mischievous eye.
So Cupid, and Robin and Roxy,
Made love, with flowers for words,
As they walked and talked in the garden,
And nobody told but the birds.
--The American Garden.

THE MILLER'S WILL.
Belford Row is a spot that everybody knows, but no one knows it better than Mr. Manly, the famous solicitor.
People meeting him only on legal business consider him a dry, cautious man, far more disposed to question than to answer or press an opinion; but at times he is very different. If on a quiet evening there is only a comfortable pair, or at most, a trio of friends present, Manly unbends, and at once becomes the most genial and frank of hosts. He can tell many stories of his curious experiences and difficult cases.
"About the neatest and most curious case of fraud I ever handled," he said, "was in connection with a testy old client of mine, a miller by trade. He made a deal of money, and didn't know what to do with it. The man's name was Stokes--Matthew Stokes.
"One day he called upon me and said he wanted to ask my opinion upon some matter, but I soon found he had made up his mind what to do, and asking my opinion was only his way of getting me to carry out his ideas. He went into the story with energy and bitterness. He was worth thousands, he said--that I knew--all invested; and his only heir was his daughter, and his only child who had aggravated him by eloping, and marrying one of his clerks named Morley. The clerk was one of those good-looking whippersnappers, the old man said with passion. 'Never could see anything in him but impudence and talk--a kind of cleverness which would have helped to make him a good showman--but she thought him heavenly; and after she got to loving each other, as he said, if his impudence didn't write to me, asking me to give him my daughter in marriage? I gave him his notice at once, and a fortnight's wages; but that didn't cure the silly girl. She took to moping and melancholy.
"One day I found she had eloped, and the next he sent me word they were married. I felt awfully. I told you, and could have killed him if I'd met him that day, and her, too, almost. They're miserably poor, that's one comfort, though he's in a place and does copying at night, and they've some children and lots of trouble, so I ought to be happy if I ain't. But, here's the danger. I'm getting old and my doctor says I might be taken off suddenly, so I want you to make my will, strong and firm as you can make it, doing her out of the best chance of getting any money--cutting her off with a shilling, as it is called.
"Seeing you've no other relations for whom you care, do I understand you wish the money left to charity?" I said, not liking my task over well, for I had no doubt that if the poor daughter had been there she could have given quite a different look to the love story.
"To charity? No, hang charity," he cried, with a snort. "I want it all given to Henry Gunson, a cousin of mine, in the city. I don't care twopence for him, and I know little about him, but he once did me a kindness. It's all the same to me who gets the money, so as they don't get any of it. See?
"I did see perfectly, but thought I would try to alter his determination, for if one thing displeases me more than another, it is to be the means of carrying discussion and hatred beyond the grave. Could he not, instead of trying to crush the young man who married his daughter, try to lift him up? From his own account it appeared that he was a hard-working, diligent fellow, toiling hard for his wife and children. What more could a father wish for his son-in-law? In a word, I tried to pour oil upon the waters, but I might as well have poured it upon the fire. The fury of the old man increased, and was even turned upon me when I pointed out that in commercial circles, the cousin, Henry Gunson, of whom he had spoken, was looked upon with strong suspicions owing to an ugly bankruptcy case with which I had to do. He remained unmoved.
"I tell you it's all the same to me who gets it," he persisted. "It's nothing to me whether the man's good or bad. Disobedience in children must be punished, and I can't do better than enrich my own cousin."
"Finding him so firmly resolved, I promised to have a draft of his will prepared, and send it to him for perusal by my confidential clerk, which was done the following week. The witnesses were clerks of my own. When signed, I was about to place it with the other papers connected with his business, but the old man snappishly told me he meant to keep that himself, and accordingly it was handed to him.
"Two or three years passed, during which time I made large and frequent investments for him, but no further mention was made of his will. One morning I received a note from a housekeeper, telling of his somewhat sudden death, and shortly after reading

the note I was called upon by the cousin Henry Gunson.
"I am a good judge of faces, and disliked the man the moment I saw him. He was no hypocrite, and I made no show of grief at the death of his relative; on the contrary, he smiled and appeared perfectly jubilant at the stroke of good fortune.
"You have heard," he said, I believe, of my cousin's death, and I came here because he once told me that, three or four years since, you had drawn up a will in my favor."
"All this was natural enough, but there was something in the man's manner that made me study his face closely. It seemed to me that under an appearance of simplicity he was playing a deep game. Yet what game could he be playing? I was forced to dismiss the thought, and turn my attention to business.
"It is true that Mr. Stokes did instruct me to draw up such a will, but he did not instruct the keeping of the document to me, I answered. 'I have the draft of it, and that is all.'
"The man looked startled, but the look was not one of genuine surprise, and only made me suspect more than ever.
"Where in the world can the will be, then?" he said. "Perhaps you could go out with me and take charge of things, and see if it can be found?"
"This was said with a curious look into my face, as if he had been saying to himself, 'I wonder if he suspects me?' and, contrary to my usual practice, I resolved to go in person instead of sending a clerk.
"A cab which he kept in waiting took us to the house, in which we found the nurse who attended the old man in his illness, and an elderly woman who had acted as housekeeper. The nurse was not so stupid as many old-fashioned nurses, and took occasion, during a momentary absence of Gunson, to draw me aside and say, 'I hope the old man's money won't go to that man. He was here ever so often before Mr. Stokes died, and they quarreled hot, I can tell you.'
"What did they quarrel about? I asked, with much interest.
"I think that man asked for money, for I heard him say, 'I shall be ruined if I cannot pay.' I did not hear all that was said, but it was bitter while it lasted, and the old man called me with a fearful ring of the bell, and told me to show that villain out.'
"I saw murder in his eye," he said, and not a penny of my money shall he ever touch. I wish I knew where my poor girl lives. She would have it all, poor thing! Then he ordered me out of the room, and I heard him stifle across to the fire, and when I came back I could see he had burned something in the fireplace--which, I believe, sir, was the will."
"No doubt the old man's days had been shadowed by the excitement of these frequent quarrels. When a man of no moral principles, like Gunson, is given an interest in another's death, it is not at all unlikely that he will try to hasten the removal of all that stands between him and a fortune--especially when he thinks it can be done without danger of discovery. I felt, however, as the man rejoined me, a thorough repugnance to him, and was very near telling him not to trouble to look for the will, as I had reason to believe that it had been destroyed, but I conquered the feeling as well as I could; and, indeed, I had no evidence to prove that the will had been destroyed.
"The housekeeper then showed us a trunk in which old Stokes kept all his papers. I opened it, and at the top I found a little packet of letters from his daughter. I glanced at one; it was full of sorrow and tenderness, asking so earnestly if she might show him their early life. The letter went on: we call him Matthew, father; and when we were without bread the little fellow said he would come to you and ask for some for mother. He was sure you would not say no; but now my dear husband has work, and although it would not be to beg we should come, yet I do want, dear father, to see you once more.' Over the next few words the ink had run, or the paper had got so wet that I could not read them. Perhaps, if the miller had been alive, he could have told us how this happened.
"I folded up the letter, and turning suddenly to Gunson, who had been looking over me, I saw a sardonic smile on his face, which did not improve my opinion of him. We went over all the papers, but could not find the will.
"Just as I was about to close the trunk, Gunson said: 'We have not looked in the pocket inside the lid.' I did so, and to my surprise came upon a folded paper, which appeared to be the will, or so exact a copy of it that I was not prepared to deny its identity. It was written on a kind of paper that I have used for that purpose for half a life time, and the writing was unmistakably that of a clerk of mine named Peter Chippa. The signatures, too, were all right, so far as I could see, but yet I had a doubt. I caught myself taking the valuable paper out of my pocket and scanning it closely when Gunson was not by, as if, half expecting the senseless paper to reveal some subtle treachery. I got back to my office as soon as possible, and read the will carefully through; then I hunted up the original draft, and found that it agreed perfectly.
"For some two or three days the matter stood over, for I was called out of town on urgent business, but the morning of my return I was told that an old woman--the nurse of Matthew Stokes--had called to see me during my absence, but she would not leave any message, but said she would call when I returned to town. That day, as I was leaving the office the nurse came, full

of apology, and hoping I should not think any the worse of her for what she had to tell me. 'You know,' she said, 'I told you that I believed Mr. Stokes burnt his will, and my reason for thinking so is this: when he was fast asleep I picked up two little bits of paper from the ashes, and I have kept them in my pocket ever since, and here they are:
"My real and personal
Henry Gunson, the testator
his presence, and in"
"I compared the scraps of paper with the copy I found in the trunk, and it was without doubt in the same handwriting. I would have turned to the clerk, whose name stood first as witness, but he was dead; or to the one who had written and witnessed the original will, and who, at this moment, I felt sure must know something of this fraud, but he had gone to drink a year or two before, and I had been reluctantly compelled to part with him. I asked if any one had his address, and by a strange coincidence a letter had come from him that very day to one of my clerks, asking him to call, for he was very ill. The moment I heard that, I started off for Peter's lodgings in a cab. I found him in bed, evidently in a rapid consumption, and had only to hold up the forged will and say significantly, 'how an earth did you come to do this?' to make the blood leave his face. He would not confess, however, unless I gave him a pledge that he would not be punished for his share in the forgery. That was more than I could take on me to promise, so I left him, and made my way to the miserable home of the Morleys in Golden Lane. By miserable I don't mean unhappy, but poor. When I was admitted to the house I found they occupied two rooms on the second floor. The heiress of Stokes' large fortune was busy on her knees before the fire, toasting bread for her husband's tea, and her own rosy cheeks at the same time, and Morely himself seated in a corner of the room writing with a swift hand at the law papers he spent his evenings in copying. Mrs. Morley was quite a young thing, and so good-looking that I could scarcely believe her the daughter of my deceased client.
"When I told them of the death of old Matthew Stokes, any one would have thought they had lost their kind friend. His daughter was overcome with grief. I assured her from what I heard that her father had forgiven her, and if he had known their address he certainly would have sent for them. Both listened breathlessly to my story, and when I gave my opinion that nothing now could stand in the way of her inheriting her father's wealth, she simply went to her husband, clasped him in her arms and kissed him, and then burst into tears. But when I spoke of prosecuting her father's cousin, she said: 'No; my poor father would have disgraced a relative, even though he deserved it. Perhaps if you write to him, telling him what you have discovered, he will trouble us no more.'
"It was hard to let the rascal slip, but I wrote to Gunson accordingly, and if my pen had been dipped in acid I could not have written stronger. He needed no second dose. Without even having the politeness to reply, he was off to America by the quickest route, fearing every inch of the way, I expect, that the police were in his wake. I got the whole details of the plot out of Peter Chippa, from which it appeared that Gunson no sooner discovered that his cousin had really burnt the will, than he sought out my late clerk as a fitting tool to produce a duplicate from the draft. The price given was a mere trifle--some £5 or £6; but Peter had resolved to bleed his employer without mercy the moment he got possession of the old man's money, by means of the forged document. Peter was dying when he made the confession, but Mrs. Morely was at his house the next day, and took the poor fellow's breath away by telling him that she would see that his wife and children were well cared for. The stricken man stared at her some moments in dead silence, and then he feebly snatched at her hand and burst into tears. He couldn't speak, but the simple gesture said more than a thousand words would have conveyed.
"Mrs. Morely has not been spoiled by her good fortune. She is the same loving and generous-hearted woman that she was in poverty. She declares to this day that she is not a whit more happy in her grand house than she was in the two-pair back in Golden Lane. And I believe she speaks the truth."

The Sign of the Suppressed Reporter.
There are four girls in Burlington; nice, good, sweet, pretty, and innocent girls they are, too, who smoke cigarette. Miss--Eh! What! Not print the name? Hey? Mustn't print 'em? Well, all right then. You're running this paper. Lots of enterprise there is in that. Fellow runs all around town and gets hold of a good society item, and then not let him print the most important part of it. By George, half the time a managing editor of a paper knows just about as much--Hey? No, more copy in this department to-night; what is the use of furnishing copy and doesn't to print it? Don't care; lock her up; fill up with liver-pads ads; that is what this paper considers lively reading. Um-um-am. (Grumbles himself all the way down stairs, and tells his sorrows to the stars.)

The mad dog which jumped over a six foot fence to bite a man's leg must have felt terribly mortified and disgusted when he found it was wooden.
Boston Post.

UNCLE BENT'S BOULDER.
BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.
"Good-morning, Uncle Bent! I've come over to see if you can give me a job?"
Uncle Bent stood looking at a huge boulder in a field beside his house. He was something of a boulder himself; well rounded, massy, with a jaw as set and firm as if it had been modeled out of the granite hills.
He turned and looked at his nephew, and a grim smile flickered like April sunshine over the compact gray visage.
Wallace Bent was a little like his uncle as a boy of the same name and race could well be. There was nothing of the boulder about him. He was small and rather delicate, yet with a certain decision and strength in his plain, honest face.
He saw the slightly derisive smile, and was conscious of looking very punny indeed in the eyes of his stern relative. He blushed, and aware that such evidence of weakness would not tend at all to raise him in the old man's estimation, blushed redder still.
"Want a job, do you? I declare!" said Uncle Bent. "What do you think you can do?"
"I should think there might be a good many things about you place, or your mill, or your store that I might do," Wallace replied, with awkward diffidence. "Any way, mother said I ought to apply to you before going to any one else. I've got to do something now, you know; I'm not going to let her support me, now that I can support myself."
"Yes, I thought both of you ought to have come to that conclusion long ago," said the old man. "A poor boy like you ought to have been put to earning his living sooner."
"I suppose so," Wallace assented. "But mother wanted to keep me in school as long as possible."
"Ain't you kind o' weakly! You ain't stout enough to take hold and do real work! You always have been punny!"
It was Wallace's turn to smile! You blame me for not having gone to work before; and now you say I'm not able to work!"
"There may be some things you can do," he said; "but my work is man's work. I have man's work enough, if you could do that."
"I am sure I could do something at it, and I don't expect more pay than I can earn."
Uncle Bent was afraid he had already said too much. I shall have the family on my hands if I give him the least encouragement; that's what the widow wants, thought he. So he hastened to reply to the boy's last remark.
"Here's a man's job right here. I want to build a barn, and I've been wondering how I could get rid of that boulder. If you want to tackle that you can!"
As the rock was large, and Wallace looked quite small beside it, the old man smiled again at the grotesqueness of the proposal.
"Very well," Wallace replied, "I'll take hold if you will pay me by the week."
"No, no!" cried Uncle Bent growing good-natured over what he considered a capital joke. "Take it by the job and then you may be as long as you please about it. Lift a little in the forenoon, sit down in the shadow of it and eat your dinner, then lift a little more in the afternoon."
"What shall I do with it when I take it away?" Wallace asked.
"I don't care; only get it off my place."
"And what do you propose to pay for the job?"
"Ten dollars," said the old man promptly, for he had already calculated that it would cost more than that to drill the rock and break it up with blasting powder.
"All right," said the boy. "Meanwhile, isn't there some other little job you'd like to have me try my hand at? There's all that brush back there which the wood-choppers have left; would you not like me to take that away?"
"Yes."
"What will you give me?"
"Nothing," said the old man shortly.
"That isn't very large pay," the boy replied.
"I know it," said the uncle. "The brush can be burnt right where it is, and the ashes are worth something on the land, besides, some of the large limbs will cut up into good wood."
"Well," Wallace replied, after a little meditation, "I'll take the boulder, uncle, and I'll burn the brush on your land, and leave you the ashes. You give me ten dollars for this rock, and what would I choose to cut out of the brush. Is that fair?"
"Well fair enough," the old man was forced to admit.
"But if you are in earnest, I must say you are a blamed fool!"
"That's my look out," laughed Wallace, starting to walk towards the brush-heaps.
Uncle Bent also went off, irritated and puzzled. He was really inclined to set the boy down as a fool; and he was confirmed in his opinion, on coming out again after dinner, and finding what Wallace had been doing.
He had got another boy to help him; a tall, gawky fellow, whom Uncle Bent recognized as Simple Jack--one of those weak-minded youths who are to be found in almost any village. He was dragging brush from the land and placing it in piles near the boulder.
"Go'n' to have some fun," he said

when the old man asked him what he was doing.
"What sort of fun?" Uncle Bent inquired.
"Go'n' to make a big fire, an' burn up that rock," replied Simple Jack.
"Burn up that rock?" growled the old man with angry impatience. "That nephew of mine is certainly a fool, and he has taken another fool into company!"
He walked off towards the woods, where he saw Wallace disentangling the brush heaps. The boy looked up from his old hat-brim, and turned a red and sweaty face towards his uncle.
"So you're going to burn up the boulder are you?" cried the old man. "A bright idea!"
"I didn't say I was going to burn it up," Wallace replied, embarrassed and nettled.
"Simple Jack said so."
"Simple Jack isn't the boss of this job."
Wallace gave a pull at a large branch, and then added, in a dry, drawing tone, "but I won't dispute what he says. I've been thinking about the boulder a good deal, uncle. I can't tell you what I'm going to do. I'm not sure my experiment will succeed."
"Well, may be you know what you're about, but I doubt it." And with a scowl and a puzzled expression, the old man went off to his mill.
He thought much that afternoon about boulders, his brother's poor widow and his nephew Wallace, Simple Jack and the problem of using fire to remove rocks. He finally became so worked up by his thoughts that he left his business at an unusually early hour, and went home. His mind was not at all relieved to find that the boys had actually built a raging fire of brush against the broadside of the rock.
"Nor, must I say that Wallace was at all pleased to see his uncle approaching. The critical moment in his experiment had arrived; and although he felt reasonably certain of success, the old man's presence made him nervous. But then, he reflected, it would be pleasant to have him there to witness his triumph. Wallace was adding bits of dry brush to the fire immediately beside the rock, while Simple Jack was bringing water from Uncle Bent's well, and filling the tubs.
"What's that water for?" the old man demanded of the tall, awkward youth.
"To put out the rock when it burns too fast," replied Simple Jack, lugging his pails. "Go'n' to have great fun."
"So you're rel'y trying the fire," cried uncle Bent, approaching the scene of the experiment. "I don't see that the boulder has burnt up much yet."
"No, not yet, it is getting pretty hot, though, and we have plenty more brush, you see," replied Wallace.
"It will be some time before you need the water, if it is to put out the rock, when it burns too fast, as Jack says," observed the sarcastic old man.
Jack hurried water from the other tub. It was cold water from the well. As it struck the boulder it hissed and steamed furiously.
Uncle Bent stepped back to avoid being splattered. He had hardly stationed himself at a safe distance when he was startled by a succession of sharp reports. Crack--crack--crack--crack--crack--
"Hello!" he cried, "the boulder is flying to pieces!"
Crack--crack--again. Then, after a little while, the report grew dull, and ceased. But in the meantime flakes and masses of rock had broken and fallen, some light fragments flying across the fire, and alighting at his feet.
"Stop, now!" cried Wallace. "Save the water and put on the brush again."
He shoved what was left of the fire back against the rock, and in a very short time there was another brave blaze.
"I declare, nephew," said uncle Bent, (he had never called him nephew before), "I believe you'll do it!"
"I know I shall, laughed the excited Wallace. "It's only the surface of the rock that cooled by the water, and we'll have it heated up again soon."
"But what made you think of it?" Uncle Bent wanted to know.
"I knew perfectly well that heat expands all such substances, while cold contracts them again; and when they break. And once, when our class in natural philosophy was reciting the teacher told us how, when the great fire was in Boston, granite fronts flew to pieces, especially if a column of water struck them when they were hot. I remembered it when you said you wanted to get rid of the boulder; and when I saw that the rock was quite porous, and saw also the brush heap, I concluded I would take the job."

you the further trouble of taking them away?"
"But I don't want you to save me the trouble," said Wallace.
"What do you mean to do with 'em," Uncle Bent asked in some surprise.
"Sell 'em," said Wallace.
"Sell 'em?" echoed the old man.
"What are they good for?"
"Good for wall-stones, especially for the foundation of a barn, if anybody is going to build one right on the spot. And Wallace turned up a keen eye at his uncle.
"You mean I am to buy 'em of you?"
"They are worth more to you than to anybody else. But if you don't want them, I've talked with the carpenter; I know who will take them."
Uncle Bent was astonished, but not displeased.
"Well, what do you ask for them?"
"Mr. Wilson looked at them this forenoon; he said they were worth ten dollars to you--he would give me five and haul them away."
"Well, well, nephew; it's a sharp bargain you are driving with your old uncle. But it's all right. You shall have your ten dollars for breaking up the rock, and ten more for the rock, now it is broken. And I'll tell you what! Come and work for me. You may choose your own place--in the store or in the mill. I guess a boy with such a head as yours on his shoulders can be made useful."
"You are too late," replied the nephew. "I've just engaged myself to a friend of Mr. Wilson's. I am going to be an architect."

A Hot Ride on a Shovel.
A man's experience while coasting in a scoop shovel, making the fastest time on record, is thus related in the Senectady Star:
Not many evenings ago a well-known resident of this city, accompanied by his wife and a steel scoop shovel, was journeying down town, when, upon arriving at the summit of the Hamilton street hill--which was a glare of ice from summit to foot--the man jokingly remarked to the lady that "it wouldn't be a bad idea to ride in the shovel."
"You couldn't," said the woman.
"Pshaw! yes I could. I could go just like this," and to illustrate he straddled the handle, which he grasped with both hands, and carefully seated himself within the shovel. Then raising his feet he showed how he could steer himself, and said: "I could go just as easy as anything."
"Why, so you could," acquiesced his wife and then giving him a sudden shove she added: "and there you go."
And there he did go.
So fast did he travel that in less than two seconds' time both shovel and man had disappeared from view of the wife. But a second later she was startled by seeing what appeared to be a ball of fire rushing at lightning speed toward the foot of the hill, and although considerably frightened, the woman managed to descend the hill and institute a search for her husband.
She found the shovel, which lay apparently exhausted in a small puddle of melted snow.
A short distance further she discovered her poor husband seated in a snow bank and groaning terribly. Even in the darkness she noted the expression of agony on his face.
"Maria," he murmured, "my Sunday pants are ruined."
Not another word was spoken, but when the shovel had become sufficiently cool, they started for home. The man went directly to bed, and his toes were turned towards the springs.
The shovel had recovered, but the man still stands up during meal time.

Angel's Visits.
Robert Collyer well says: The angels are all about us, and they ascend and descend upon humanity. Bad as any man may be, he has angels to minister to him. And when a bad man sinks down and down, and will not listen to the sweeter voices of ascending angels; then come the terrible shapes of descending angels, that do save him in the end. Not only is this true of great providential events, but also of every little event in life. A child dies, and the mother tells me that the child comes back to her in spirit. A mother told me so once, and I looked at her and said: "I believe it because you do, and because something like it came into my own life, too." I never told this to you, and only a few personal friends ever learned of it. A few years ago, one Sunday out in the West, I left my pulpit and preached some distance in the country. Some old friends came over and invited me to return to my home with them. We got into the carriage, and instantly--I couldn't tell how it came about, you know--but I began to talk about my mother. I had left her in the old country. There was nothing to bring her into my mind just then. But we were so full of talk about her that we all got to laughing and crying like people possessed and it was all raised by my own heart. Well, when we got home, there was my wife on the steps to meet me with a telegraphic dispatch in her hand. My mother had died at midnight. "O," I thought, (and do you think me foolish?) "you dear old mother, you couldn't get away to heaven without seeing your boy your lad, as you used to call me!"

The favorite dance of the fruit-server is the can-can.--Boston Times.
The angler's favorite dance is the reel.--Somerville Journal.

A negro family in Galveston are everlastingly quarreling and disturbing the neighbors. A gentleman living close by met the wife and said to her: "You are always kicking up a row. Why is there no harmony in your house?" "Dat's jes what I was telling de lazy, wulfess nigger. Dar ain't no harmony in de house, and no meat, and de bacon's eat up, and meat berryumpy. He is de only thing in de house walf's full all de time."

My life, which was so straight and plain,
Has now become a tangled skein,
Yet God still holds the thread;
Weave as I may, His hand doth guide
The shuttle, coarse, however wide
The chain in wool he weds.
One weary night, when years went by,
I plied my loom with tear and sigh,
In grief unnam'd, unaid;
But when at last the morning light
Broke on my vision, pure and bright,
The chain in wool he weds.
And now I never lose my trust,
Weave as I may--and weave I must--
That God doth hold the thread;
He guides my shuttle on its way,
He makes complete my task each day;
What more then can be said?

The German proverb: "If I rest I rust," applies to many things beside the key. If water rests, it stagnates. If trees rest, it dies--for its winter state is only a half-rest. If the eye rests, it grows dim and blind. If the arm rests, it weakens. If the lungs rest, we cease to breathe. If the heart rests, we die! What is true living but loving? And what is loving, but growth in the likeness of God?
The best evidence of good preaching is found in the reformatory and elevating influence it exerts on the conduct of the hearers. Elegant discourse, which encourages people to live in their sins, is inferior to a coarser article which drives the sinner to repentance and reformation. "I do not remember the text," said a trader, "but when I got home I burnt up my scant half bushel." The gospel that does no good is always the gospel that drives us to burn our defective measures, and conduct us forth in honest and reputable ways.--New England Methodist.

An English lord is said to have had in his service a Christian gardener, who was very fond of a beautiful flower which grew in the centre of his garden. One morning the gardener appeared gloomy and downcast. His lord asked the reason, "Oh!" said he, "I had broken some, 'Death' came last night and took my little angel daughter; it has broken my heart. I cannot see why God should so afflict me as to take my only child." In the gardener's absence the lord transplanted his favorite flower, and put it in his room. The gardener soon made his appearance still more depressed. "Some one has stolen our beautiful flower," he said mournfully. "Come into my room," replied the lord, "and let me teach you a lesson. There is your flower--or, rather, is it not mine, simply trusted to your care? I have brought into my presence that I may better enjoy its beauty and fragrance." The gardener saw the lesson, took comfort and ripened no more. "Who does not thank God for loved ones in heaven?"

The Wise Man by the Spirit says: "Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes." (Sol. Song 2: 15.) This inspired thought, from the breadth and depth of its possible application, is a fine specimen of "much in little." Little follies, little whims, little errors, little sins (if such can be), little mistakes (if judgment, little versights of duty, little misconceptions of the right, little words of unkindness, and little unbrotherly acts, little whispers of slander, little winks or finger-signs of malice, little looks of pride, little glances of contempt--these little foxes spoil the vines that bear the rich clusters of human comfort and well-being. And so the thought becomes suggestive of its opposite, "much out of little," for if the vines with the tender grapes be spoiled, whence shall the vintage with its joyous shouting come? These little foxes are like those of Samson; they carry firebrands, and the words of St. James may fit them well: "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

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 to 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, JUNE 2, 1881.

Village Board.
CHELSEA VILLAGE,
May 26, 1881.

The Board met pursuant to adjournment.
Present, President J. L. Gilbert.
Trustees present—Thatcher, Woods, Cushman, Armstrong, Robertson and Vogel.

Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

Moved and supported that the petition of Mrs. Lawrence and eighty others be accepted and referred to committee on side and cross-walks.

Moved and supported that the above be amended so as to read, to a committee of the whole, lost, on the original motion a tie vote, the President declared the motion carried.

Moved and supported that the communication from Mr. Ledyard in regard to a sewer be accepted and placed on file, carried.

Moved and supported that the bill of John K. Yocum for \$3.00 be allowed and an order given, carried.

Moved and supported that the bills as certified to by the marshal be allowed and orders drawn, carried, viz:

- R. B. Gates, \$1.50,
- Jas. Bachman 5.50,
- Geo. Whitaker, 4.50,
- C. Fenn, .068,
- Gill Martin, 2.75,
- H. Barrus, 2.75,
- C. Barth, 2.00,
- B. Wight, .050.

On motion the bills of Armstrong and Woods, for \$4.50 cash expenses to Detroit and return May 24, in regard to sewer, were allowed and ordered drawn.

President Gilbert reported that he had been unable to let the job of digging and completing the drain on north main street at the price named at the meeting of May 21st.

Moved and supported that the report of the committee be accepted and the committee discharged, carried.

Moved and supported that the street committee be authorized to fill up said ditch to the best advantage of the village, carried.

On motion the following resolution was adopted, resolved that the attorney be instructed to draft, for circulation, a petition to establish, open and construct a sufficient ditch to drain the marsh and road on the north side of the village across the lands of Jas. Beasley and others.

Moved and supported that the president be authorized to confer with the property owners on north street east of new street and endeavor to effect settlement with them satisfactory to all parties concerned, carried.

Moved and supported that the matter of settling with Mr. Thatcher for the eight inch tile be referred to the street committee, carried.

Moved and supported that the Board adjourn, subject to call of President—carried.

GILBERT GAY,
Clerk.

Chelsea Market.
CHELSEA, June 2, 1881.

FLOUR, # cwt.	42 75
WHEAT, White, # bu.	1 10
COIN, # bu.	20 25
OATS, # bu.	40
CLOVER SEED, # bu.	4 00
TIMOTHY SEED, # bu.	3 00
BEANS, # bu.	2 50
PEAS, # bu.	20 20
APPLES, green, # bu.	12 00
do dried, # bu.	3 1/2
HONEY, # lb.	18 00
BUTTER, # lb.	23
POULTRY—Chickens, # lb.	10
LARD, # lb.	10
TALLOW, # lb.	05
HAMS, # lb.	10
SHOULDER, # lb.	08
EGGS, # doz.	11
BEEF, live # cwt.	3 00 @ 3 50
SWEET, live # cwt.	3 00 @ 5 00
HOGS, live, # cwt.	3 00 @ 4 00
do dressed # cwt.	5 00 @ 5 40
HAY, tame # ton.	10 00 @ 12 00
do marsh, # ton.	5 00 @ 6 00
STRAW, # bu.	1 25
WOOL, # lb.	30 00 @ 35
CRANBERRIES, # bu.	1 00 @ 1 50

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.

DRAIN NOTICE.

To all Whom it may Concern:—
APPLICATION in writing having been made to the undersigned, the Drain Commissioner of the township of Lyndon, Washtenaw county, Michigan, the Drain Commissioner of the township of Unadilla, Livingston county, Michigan, and the Drain Commissioner of Putnam, Livingston county, Michigan, and to each and to all of us the said Drain Commissioners jointly, by 24 freeholders and residents of the township of Lyndon, Washtenaw county, Michigan, and the townships of Unadilla and Putnam, Livingston county, Michigan, to locate and construct a continuous Open Main Ditch into and through the said township of Unadilla and into and through the said township of Lyndon and into the said township of Putnam, described as follows, to wit:—An open main ditch, in the township of Lyndon, Washtenaw county, and the townships of Putnam, Livingston county, in the State of Michigan, to be known as "The Joint Ditch of the Townships of Lyndon, Unadilla and Putnam"; said open main ditch to be upon the line and route, and of the width, length, dimensions and average depth hereinafter respectively set forth and described, to wit:

Commencing at a stake standing in the west line of section number thirty one (31), township number one (1), north of range number three (3) east, Michigan. Said stake being thirteen (13) chains and thirteen and one-half (13½) links north of the west quarter-post of said section number thirty-one (31) running thence

BEARINGS OF THE COURSES.	Length of Courses.	WITNESS THEM.	
		Chains.	No. of the Links.
North 59½ deg. east.	3 60½	1	1
Thence north 87½ deg. east.	27 23	7	7
Thence south 88 deg. east.	14 60	8	8
Thence south 83½ deg. east.	25 1	14	14
Thence south 81½ deg. east.	3 36	5	5
Thence south 46 deg. east.	20 06	6	17
Thence south 24½ deg. east.	9 30	19	19
Thence south 43 deg. east.	6 1	8	20
Thence south 7¼ deg. east.	7 21	9	21
Thence south 53¾ deg. east.	3 17	10	22
Thence south 31½ deg. east.	1 17	11	23
Thence south 55½ deg. east.	19 1	12	27
Thence south 34 deg. east.	5 1	3	28
Thence south 17 deg. west.	9 55	14	30
Thence south 45¼ deg. east.	11 16	15	32
Thence south 80½ deg. east.	9 17	16	34
Thence south 42¼ deg. east.	16 14	17	37
Thence south 69¼ deg. east.	10 79	18	39
Thence north 6¼ deg. east.	3 14	19	40
Thence north 7½ deg. east.	7 47	20	42
Thence north 71 deg. east.	13 06	22	44
Thence north 13¾ deg. east.	7 52	23	47
Thence north 13¾ deg. east.	7 12	23	48
Thence north 24 deg. west.	4 80	24	49
Thence north 6 deg. east.	12 94	25	52
Thence north 17½ deg. west.	15 1	26	55
Thence north 13 deg. east.	3 02	27	56
Thence north 18 deg. west.	20 1	28	60
Thence north 36 deg. west.	11 18	29	62
Thence north 13¾ deg. west.	6 75	30	63
Thence north ¼ deg. west.	6 45	31	64
Thence north 4½ deg. east.	5 1	32	65
Thence north 25¼ deg. west.	17 08	33	69
Thence north 12¾ deg. east.	17 77	34	73
Thence north 89 deg. east.	3 61	35	74
Thence north 57¼ deg. east.	6 48½	36	76
Thence north 57¼ deg. east.	3 56	37	77
Thence north 82½ deg. east.	2 13	38	78
Thence north 48¼ deg. east.	1 86	39	79
Thence south 72¼ deg. east.	5 1	40	80
Thence south 42¼ deg. east.	4 1	41	81
Thence south 1 deg. east.	5 1	42	82
Thence south 69¼ deg. east.	5 83	43	83
Thence south 81½ deg. east.	5 17½	44	84
Thence south 69 deg. east.	6 13	45	86
Thence south 79 deg. east.	1 60	46	87
Thence north 40¼ deg. east.	1 06	47	88
Thence north 18¼ deg. east.	7 1	48	90
Thence north 58½ deg. east.	3 08	49	91
Thence north 85½ deg. east.	17 1	50	95
Thence north 70 deg. east.	3 00	51	96
Thence north 82½ deg. east.	3 07	52	97
Thence north 29 deg. east.	4 43	53	98
Thence north 60½ deg. east.	6 64	54	99
Thence south 77½ deg. east.	8 15	55	101
Thence south 52½ deg. east.	4 17	56	102
Thence south 66½ deg. east.	35 94	57	109
Thence south 89 deg. east.	13 10	58	112
Thence south 58½ deg. east.	33 39	59	119
Thence south 37 deg. east.	7 11	60	121
Thence south 58 deg. east.	1 1	61	122
Thence south 81¼ deg. east.	4 83	62	123
Thence north 84 deg. east.	2 52	63	124
Thence south 70½ deg. east.	4 24	64	125
Thence north 89 deg. east.	12 1	65	128
Thence south 77 1/10 deg. east.	24 1	66	133
Thence north 80 1/10 deg. east.	1 40 1/10	67	134
Thence north 27½ deg. east.	30 1	68	140
Thence north 60¾ deg. east.	13 40	69	143
Thence north 80½ deg. east.	4 40	70	144
Thence south 69½ deg. east.	8 25	71	146
Thence north 88½ deg. east.	29 58	72	152
Thence south 83½ deg. east.	12 93	73	153
Thence south 53½ deg. east.	11 1	74	157
Thence south 37 deg. east.	15 1	75	160
Thence south 13 deg. east.	8 68	76	162
Thence south 56½ deg. east.	7 30	77	164
Thence south 46½ deg. west.	8 58	78	166
Thence south 10 deg. west.	17 94	79	170
Thence south 22½ deg. east.	17 58½	80	174
Thence north 49¼ deg. east.	2 50	81	175
Thence north 34 deg. east.	31 1	82	176
Thence north 60¼ deg. east.	2 08	83	177
Thence south 73 deg. east.	8 89	84	179
Thence south 75½ deg. east.	30 1	85	183
Thence north 22 deg. east.	24 01	86	188
Thence north 54 deg. east.	10 15	87	190
Thence north 83½ deg. east.	17 78	88	194
Thence south 88 deg. east.	2 08½	89	195
Thence north 75½ deg. east.	3 28	90	196
Thence north 62¼ deg. east.	8 24½	91	198
Thence south 86 deg. east.	4 26	92	199
Thence south 54 deg. east.	1 53	93	200
Thence south 26 1/10 deg. east.	3 06	94	201
Thence south 59½ deg. east.	4 1	95	202
Thence south 89½ deg. east.	1 90	96	203
Thence north 69½ deg. east.	1 1	97	204
Thence north 55¼ deg. east.	4 61	98	205
Thence north 7¼ deg. east.	9 95	99	206
Thence south 62½ deg. east.	1 100	207	207
Thence south 38 deg. east.	8 60	208	208

The line above described to be the center line of said open main ditch to be known and designated as "The Joint Ditch of the townships of Lyndon, Unadilla and Putnam"; and said open main ditch from its commencement as above described to angle number twenty-two (22), stake number forty-seven (47), to be eleven (11) feet wide at the top, three (3) feet wide at the bottom, and to have an average depth of four (4) feet; and said open main ditch from said angle twenty-two (22), stake number forty-seven (47), to a point in the center of said ditch seventy (7) chains southeasterly of angle number sixty-five (65), stake number one hundred and twenty-eight (128), to be fifteen (15) feet wide at the top, five (5) feet wide at the bottom, and to have an average depth of five (5) feet; and said open main ditch from the point in the center of the said ditch seventy (7) chains southeasterly of angle number sixty-five (65), stake number one hundred and twenty-eight (128), to angle number seventy-two (72), stake number one hundred fifty-two (152), to be eighteen (18) feet wide at the top, eight (8) feet wide at the bottom, and to have an average depth of five (5) feet, and said open main ditch from said angle number seventy-two (72), stake number one hundred and fifty-two (152), to the end thereof at stake number two hundred and eight (208), to be twenty-two (22) feet wide at the top, twelve (12) feet wide at the bottom, and to have an average depth of five (5) feet.

All of said open main ditch being in the township of Lyndon, Washtenaw county, and the townships of Unadilla and Putnam, Livingston county, Michigan, and said open main ditch being all connected together and forming part of one entire ditch, and stakes being placed along the entire length of said open main ditch as follows:—Stakes at the commencement and end of said open main ditch and at the angles of the aforesaid main ditch, and also at every twenty (20) rods distance measured from the commencement of said open main ditch, as above described, and from the center of the said ditch, and numbered consecutively from the commencement to the end of said main ditch. The lines and bearings above given taken from the poles of the compass. The Magnetic Variation being 2½ degrees to the right, as surveyed by Miles W. Bullock, Surveyor, February 26th, A. D. 1881.

And the said applicants having given us good and sufficient security in writing to pay all costs of whatever kind pertaining to the action of the undersigned, the said Drain Commissioners, about such application in case the same should be granted, we have granted, and we the said Drain Commissioners, do hereby grant, and we have examined personally the line of the said proposed joint continuous open main ditch described in said application, and after such personal examination as aforesaid, we, the said Drain Commissioners, are of the opinion that it is proper and necessary, and for the good of

the public health that said application be granted, and that the said joint continuous open main ditch, as proposed and described in said application, would be a benefit to the lands in the vicinity of the said ditch, and that it would be a benefit to the lands in the vicinity of said ditch to take the necessary land therefor and to locate and construct said ditch, and we, the undersigned, the said Drain Commissioners, acting jointly, having duly tried to obtain a conveyance to the said County of Livingston, Michigan, and acting jointly, having duly tried to obtain a conveyance to the said County of Washtenaw in the lands in the said County of Washtenaw necessary to locate and construct said ditch and having also tried to obtain a release of damages from every person through whose land said ditch is to pass, and being unable to obtain, after such trial as aforesaid, such conveyance and release of damages from all the persons through whose land said ditch is to pass, and it appearing that you and each of you are interested in the location and construction of said ditch:

Therefore, you and each of you are hereby notified that we, the undersigned, the said Drain Commissioners, acting jointly, have fixed and appointed, and do hereby fix and appoint Tuesday, the twenty-eighth (28th) day of June, A. D. 1881, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day as the time, and the place of William S. Livermore, in the village of Unadilla, in the township of Unadilla, Livingston county, Michigan, as the place for an examination upon the said application, and to hear all persons then and there appearing in respect to the location and construction of said joint continuous open main ditch described in said application, and if necessary then and there to impanel and summon a jury to decide as to the necessity of locating and constructing said ditch and taking the necessary land therefor and to determine the amount of damage sustained by any person or persons owning or interested in any of the lands through which said ditch is to pass.

Dated Unadilla, Mich., May 31st, A. D. 1881.

WILLIAM H. COLLINS,
Drain Commissioner of the Township of Lyndon, Washtenaw county, Mich.
CHARLES N. BULLIS,
Drain Commissioner of the Township of Unadilla, Livingston county, Mich.
CHARLES BAILEY, JR.,
Drain Commissioner of the Township of Putnam, Livingston county, Mich.

Meeting of the Pioneers.

EDITOR HERALD:—As advertised, this first day of June was the day upon which the Pioneer Society held its fourth quarterly meeting in our village, and although the clouds gave us the much-needed rain until about 10 a. m., by reason of which many were deterred from attending the meeting, there was a very good attendance and everything was pleasant, as all their gatherings are. As one by one came in the familiar faces of the long ago rose vividly before us—it was the link connecting the past with the present. Those who followed the trail of the red man in their youth sit now, as the sea and yellow leaf of life comes on, and enjoy the fruits of their labors; and as some incident of the long past was related the eye would dilate and brighten as of yore, and the scenes of Pioneer-life were lived over again. President Lay presided, and the order of exercises was in usual form. The record of those who have died since the last meeting preceding this were read, and a shade of sadness crept over the brow of those present as the names fell upon the ear of the early settler who had been a sharer of their social relations and labors of Pioneer days. These biographical and obituary records are being preserved, and in the decades to come the historian can gather rich mementos of those who made our beautiful county replete with comforts, of religious and literary enjoyments. The dinner was ample, and as one remarked, Chelsea was noted for its hospitality and good repasts; we all greeted it with an amen. The afternoon was devoted to short speeches and a review of the published "History of Washtenaw County," and after hearing the pros and cons it was decided, by a large majority, that it was a success; that the history was complete but the biographical sketches of some were faulty, yet taken as a whole it was as perfect as could be gotten

up. After this came the hand-shaking and the good-byes given. All parted with the hope of meeting again when the year rolls around once more.
Guests.

DECORATION DAY.—Decoration day was successfully celebrated at this place May 30th. The exercises were appointed for 4 o'clock p. m. About this time a rain storm reached us. After a slight shower, about enough to lay the dust nicely, the procession was formed. Hon. Samuel G. Ives was Marshal of the day. The procession was led by the Chelsea Cornet Band, followed by the escort; next came the soldiers and sailors, then the President of the day and speaker, chaplain and reader and then the President and Trustees of the village of Chelsea; these were followed by the German Workmen's Association, and by citizens in carriages. The procession moved in this order to Oak Grove Cemetery. The exercises in the cemetery were opened with vocal music, after which prayer was offered by Rev. E. A. Gay. The band then gave a piece of music and the Roll of Honor was read by W. E. Dewey. Hon. Charles Rynd, of Adrian, delivered a very able and eloquent address. After the conclusion of these exercises a procession was formed, headed by the band, composed of little girls, who carried flowers and placed them on the graves of the soldiers. After the graves had been decorated the procession re-formed in the same order as at first and marched back to the village, where the people dispersed.

MISS NELLY M. WHEDON,
—TEACHER OF—
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 1-3m]

We have now in Stock a fine Line of

SHOES

AND

BOOTS,

For the SUMMER WEAR.

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

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

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

Thos. McKone.

Chelsea, Apr. 21, 1881. v-9-51

AT COST!

AT COST!!

ON AND AFTER FEB. 7th, 1881, and until our Stock of

BOOTS & SHOES

GLOVES, MITTS & RUBBER GOODS ARE

CLEARED OUT!!

We shall sell the same at COST, and many goods at MUCH LESS.

We have a fine assortment as can be found, and

BOUGHT VERY LOW!

which will give our patrons a double advantage. Come one and all, and avail yourselves of this desirable chance. Will take in exchange

Very respectfully,

Farrell & Boardman.

Wood and all kinds of Produce, and will give an extra price for

A No. 1 BUTTER at ALL TIMES

[v9-35] DURAND & HATCH.

Good Sugar, 7 cts. per lb.

Kerosene Oil 14 cts. Gallon,

We warrant it inferior to none.

AT COST!

AT COST!!

ON AND AFTER FEB. 7th, 1881, and until our Stock of

BOOTS & SHOES

GLOVES, MITTS & RUBBER GOODS ARE

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BOUGHT VERY LOW!

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Wood and all kinds of Produce, and will give an extra price for

A No. 1 BUTTER at ALL TIMES

Stand Firm Under

ANOTHER GREAT

25 per cent. Discount Sale!

COMMENCING MONDAY

MORNING, MAY 16th,

WE WILL OFFER OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF

PLAIN & FANCY

DRESS GOODS

At 25 per cent. Discount

From Marked Prices.

20 cent Goods will cost 15 Cents.
25 cent Goods will cost 18 1/2 Cents.
50 cent Goods will cost 37 1/2 Cents.
75 cent Goods will cost 56 1/4 Cents.
\$1.00 Goods will cost 75 Cents.
\$1.25 Goods will cost 93 1/4 Cents.
\$1.50 Goods will cost \$1.12 1/2.
\$2.00 Goods will cost \$1.50.

DESIRABLE STYLES OF

DRESS GOODS,

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... 9:35 A. M.
Grand Rapids Express... 9:52 P. M.
Jackson Express... 8:05 P. M.
Evening Express... 10:38 P. M.
GOING EAST:
Night Express... 5:50 A. M.
Jackson Express... 8:03 A. M.
Grand Rapids Express... 10:07 A. M.
Mail Train... 4:40 P. M.
H. B. LEDYARD, Gen'l Sup't, Detroit.
HENRY C. WESTWORTH, General Passenger and Ticket Ag't, Chicago.
Time of Closing the Mail.
Western... 7:15 A. M., 11:15 A. M., 9:00 P. M.
Eastern... 9:50 A. M., 4:15 P. M., 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 Vernon 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. WRIGHT, 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.) Nitrous oxid gas for the painless extraction of teeth administered. ROOMS OVER HOLME'S DRY GOODS STORE, CHELSEA, MICH. 10-23

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. W-28-1y

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

INSURANCE COMPANIES REPRESENTED BY WM. E. DEPEW. Assets: Home of New York, \$6,109,527; Hartford, 3,292,914; Underwriters, 4,690,000; American, Philadelphia, 1,290,000; Union, of Hartford, 7,078,224; Fire Association, 4,165,716.

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

Elgin Watches, 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, Graham Flour, Buckwheat Flour, &c. Custom Work a Specialty. Farmers, please take notice and bring in your grists. Satisfaction guaranteed. W-28

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 show of the reliable patronage solicited. Shop under Reed & Co's Drug Store, Main street, Chelsea, Mich.

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. Young people's meeting Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 12 M.

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 DUHOI, 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. METZER, Services every alternate Sunday at 2 o'clock P. M.

OUR TELEPHONE.

Please observe additional local on second page.

Elder Gay held service at Saline on Saturday last.

Rev. D. R. Shier and wife spent Sunday in Chelsea.

\$42.25 was raised Monday last by subscription to defray Decoration exercises.

D. R. Shier addressed the Reform Club meeting at the Baptist church last Sunday afternoon.

Bert Congdon and Levi Palmer spent Sunday at Grass Lake. Must be some attraction there.

The place to get your lemonade cool in the shade is at Reed & Co's. drug store. Don't you forget it.

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

The annual children's day will be celebrated at the Methodist church the second sabbath in June—June 12th.

Burnet Stienbach christened his new barn last Friday evening with a dance. The boys report a good time and a good attendance.

Dr. F. S. Schlotzer, one of the best veterinary surgeons in the state, contemplates to locate in Chelsea in a few months.

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.

Charity Lodge No. 335 I. O. of G. T. of Chelsea carried off the banner at the district lodges of Wayne and Washtenaw Co's. at Ypsilanti last Wednesday.

A change of weather took place last Monday and gave us a few showers of rain up to Wednesday noon. It will do the farms, gardens etc., a heap of good.

Mr. Jas. Lucas, proprietor of the Peninsula Flouring Mill at Dexter, paid us a visit last Thursday. He says business is lively and is running day and night.

Chas. P. Russell, of Detroit, the presiding officer of Independent Order of Good Templars will address the people of Chelsea next Sunday eve. Everybody turn out.

There will be no preaching at the Methodist church next Sunday on account of the absence of the pastor. The sabbath school and Sunday evening class meeting will be held as usual.

Occasionally a wedding takes place in this vicinity and the parties thereto even fail to let us know the names of the unfortunate victims, therefore we cannot make heroes and "heroesses" of them by emblazoning their names in gilt in the columns of this first-class local paper. Report to us with money or cake and your names shall be published and placed under the corner-stone of the next public building erected, and you will be immortalized. Your lives will be a failure if you don't, and you will go down to the grave unknown.

The Expense of a Trip

To Jackson is but very little—The saving to you in the prices of Dry Goods will repay you well, both for railroad fare and time spent. Aside from the pecuniary advantage it will do you good to come here, as there are many things of interest in this city that you would be glad to see.

If you wish to buy any Dry Goods, and can't come here, we will cheerfully send you samples of any goods—that can be sampled—Describe closely the kind of goods, color and price you wish to pay. Our price is the same to all.

TUOMEY BROS. DRY GOODS HOUSE, 173 MAIN STREET WEST, JACKSON MICH.

Does Your Husband Approve of Your

Paying \$1.50 for Bed spreads that you can buy of us for \$1.15?

Paying \$1.50 for Napkins that you can buy of us for \$1.10?

Paying 25c for Towels that you can buy of us for 18c?

Paying \$1.00 for a white shirt for him when you can buy a much better one of us for 75c.

Paying 25c for white plaids which we sell for 15c?

Paying from 1 1/2 to 3c more for every yard of cotton cloth you buy than we sell the same quality for?

Does he think that is economy? Do you?

There are many who do not. We are ready to wait upon you when ever you come. TUOMEY BROS.

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.

Mr. R. Kempf, of this village, has bought a fine residence in Ann Arbor. When finished it will cost \$6,000. He intends to move his family about the first of August. Mr. K. has no intention of going into business there. The purpose he has in purchasing is for the benefit of his family for school facilities. He will attend to business as usual in Chelsea, and go to his new home once a week.

Mr. W. Cary Hill (formerly principal of our Union School) arrived in this village last Friday from Colorado. He had been sick for some time, on the following morning he expired. Mr. Hill was a brother-in-law to Mr. Geo. P. Glazier and highly respected by all who knew him. His remains were interred in Oak Grove cemetery last Sunday. The funeral was largely attended.

Foster, Denman & Co., are doing a driving business in Tubular wells. They have been to work at Ann Arbor for the past weeks stocking that town with tubular wells. They use a two inch galvanized pipe. Those who wish to have a good well on their grounds cannot do better but call on the above firm, they work cheap and will drive you a good well that will last you a life time.

Hear what the press of St. Louis, Mich., says of one of Chelsea's fair daughters: "Miss Belle Tuttle received special notice Monday and Tuesday evenings at the opera house, and had frequent applause from the audience, in appreciation of her fine musical ability. Miss Tuttle will make St. Louis her home for the present, and those desiring a first-class music teacher, will do well to take lessons of this accomplished lady."

Rev. Hudson left last Monday night for the northern part of the state, Petoskey and Mackinaw for a few days rest. The people of Sylvan gave him a happy surprise last sabbath. After he had preached Mr. Geo. Davis arose and asked the privilege of making a few remarks, and then said: "It is evident that Bro. Hudson needs a rest and I for one have two dollars to assist in paying his expenses. Then in true Methodist style he passed his hat and so a nice little sum of money was presented to the pastor who for once knew not what to say."

Quite a serious accident occurred on Saturday last at the farm of Thos. Jewett, in the south-east part of this township. Mr. Jewett was having the framework of his new barn raised and during the process by some mishap a bent slipped and in its fall struck a german by the name of Matt. Janson cutting his head in a fearful manner. A Mr. Wood was also injured but to what extent we were unable to hear. Dr. Palmer was called and we understand the injured man is doing well and will recover.

There is considerable improvement going on in Chelsea at the present time in the way of new sidewalks, repairing old ones, new fences, and a host of other improvements. We note two, that of Dr. Ultes, who has graded all his lot down, which makes it have the appearance of a beautiful lawn. It shows the good taste of the Doctor, for which he deserves credit. The other is H. S. Holmes, our dry goods merchant, who has added quite an addition to his residence, and has made a wonderful improvement toward comfort and beauty.

"In the spring a livelier iris comes upon the burnished dove; In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

A young gent and lady of this place have been keeping company for some time and it came into their minds that they wanted to be married. The young lady was living here with friends who strongly opposed the match, but in case the old saying that "love laughs at bolts and bars" proved true, for by the young lady secreting wearing apparel at the neighbors they were enabled, on Friday morning last, with the aid of a horse and buggy to elude the watchful friends and the last seen of them was driving north at a furious rate with their eyes on a "bee line" for a minister. In the words of "Rip Van Winkle" we will say "Here's to you and your families, and may you live long and prosper."

Very often a young man imagines himself to be a perfect brick, when he really isn't more than half-baked.

Somebody Said

(If that party were still alive he would be very old.) There is Nothing New Under the Sun—But there are lots of things that come under the roof our stores, Every Day, that are Bran Span New, New Shapes, New Colors and New Figures. A steady stream of customers use up our goods, necessitating us to purchase constantly, enabling us to keep fresh goods the year round.

Our firm is noted for low prices. The merchants of the state as the consumers of dry goods know this to be a fact. We allow nothing to be misrepresented no matter how little its value may be, we would much rather keep our goods on our shelves than sell them to any one who would not be satisfied—Our aim—"A customer once is a customer for all time."

Our prices are marked on every article in Plain Figures from which there will be no deviation to any one.

Credit is not given under any form. Goods purchased of us must be paid for With Cash on the Spot.

Will it not pay you to come and see us when you come to Jackson to buy Dry Goods? Most assuredly it will.

TUOMEY BROS. 173 MAIN STREET WEST, JACKSON MICH.

! 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.

Any one wishing to purchase a Clock, can save 25 per cent, by buying of us. If you want a watch, we will save you 10 to 20 per cent. If you want Jewelry, we will save you 25 to 50 per cent. All the Best Makes of Clocks on hand. Waltham, Elgin and Springfield movements in

GOLD AND SILVER CASES,

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

RODGER BROS., Triple-plated Goods and Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co's Quadruple Plated-ware always in stock.

BELOW WE GIVE A FEW OF OUR PRICES AS FOLLOWS:

Black Cashmere, all wool, 85 cents—usual price \$1.00. Black Cashmeres, 75 cents—usual price 90 cents. Prints, 5 to 8 cents. Cheviot Shirtings, 10 to 12 1/2 cents. Beautiful Table Linen, very wide 45 cents. Splendid Quilts, \$1.00 to \$1.50. Corset Jeans, 10 cents.

Bleached and Brown Sheetings, at lowest prices. Towels, Crash, Hosiery and Gloves at reduced prices.

Special attention is called to our 50 cent Corset—would be cheap at 75 cents.

Best Water-white Kerosene, Oil 13 cents. Beautiful Loose Muscatel Raisins, 12 1/2 cents. All styles and sizes of common lamp chimneys, 5 cents, or 6 for 25 cents. Matches, 300 in a box for 5 cents. Five bars of Anti-Washboard soap for 25 cents. German I X L Soap, 15 cents a bar. And other groceries in proportion.

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.

A good fine or coarse boot, \$2.50. We show a large line of Men's and Boy's shoes. A large line of Lady's and Misses shoes, and in fact, a good assortment of everything in that line.

Yours Respectfully,

WOOD BROS.

THE BEE HIVE.

THE BOTTOM

Has FALLEN Out

OF THE

DRESS GOODS MARKET,

THAT'S THE REASON

We are selling a Beautiful, All-Wool Double Width Cashmere for 50c. We have them in all the favorite Spring Colors.

ONLY

Buying on a broken market would enable us to sell handsome Lace Bunting, in colors and blacks, at 12 1/2c per yard.

Demoralized market, the only thing that helps us to buy a good All-Wool, Black Bunting to sell at 20c per yard.

WONT IT PAY YOU

To think of BLACK SILKS at 25c per yard less than the closest price any one else will sell them for? Every piece of our silks this season we get directly from the importers. They are the VERY BEST MAKES. WE KNOW they are cheap.

SOME PARTIES

Who have looked a good deal and are well posted, have sent A GOOD MANY MILES for our \$1.50 Black Silk during the last week.

WE HAVE

EXTRA GOOD bargains in Brocade Silks, Colored Trimming, Silks & Satins, Fringes, Buttons and all other Trimmings.

DID YOU EVER

Hear of Such a 46 inch Black Cashmere as we are selling for \$1.00 per yard. It is doing our customers good.

WE THINK

We are selling Table Linens and Towels CHEAP. PERHAPS WE DONT KNOW.

Elegant Furniture CRETONES and Fringes to Match.

L. H. FIELD, Jackson, Mich.

