

It is really refreshing in these days of vegetarianism, and health reform, and domestic hygiene and all that, to read an article like the following, which we extract from the May number of The Sanitarian, which, by the way, is the most sensible medical journal that comes to our table. Commenting upon the Herald report of a New York journalist who had for many years been afflicted with dyspepsia to such an extent that he could eat only the most delicate fruits, but who found himself able, after spending a little time in Arizona, to eat fried salt pork three times a day, the editor says:

Had he tried the same diet before going, possibly he would have fared quite as well. He might have required a few trips to Coney Island or Long Branch and back, or a daily walk before dinner from Printing House square to his up-town home, to stimulate his appetite, when he would have found the same good effects from fried salt pork in New York as in Arizona. By "fried salt pork" we would be understood as recommending it, or some other kind of food containing a sufficient amount of digestible fat.

The difference between salt pork and bacon in this respect, if equally well prepared, is a matter of taste, and with either one, properly cooked and well-made hot griddle cakes, daily, for breakfast, journalists would rarely find it necessary to seek a better climate than may be found within easy access to New York, or a diet which will better fortify them against the common dangers of city life.

Fried salt pork or bacon, to be good, should be first simmered or parboiled in a sufficient quantity of water to dissolve out the excess of salt, and to make it tender, and then fried brown—not to a crisp. For some persons, a more delicate way is, after the parboiling, to turn the slices in wheaten flour, and then fry them.

"Delicate fruits" diet, particularly for breakfast, which ordinarily means abstinence from substantial fats, is the death of many journalists as well as of other persons, whom journalists should teach to know better. Restore the old-fashioned "hog and hominy" to its wonted place, and there would be such a falling off in the death rate hereabouts as would even astonish the keeper of the streets—so much better would people be able to withstand their vile emanations. In short, editors should teach the people in these latitudes, that, in one way or another, every full-grown man and woman, and every youth, requires about two ounces of some kind of fat daily, as a portion of his or her diet, and if not taken as food, the time is hastened when it has to be a medicine, to simply prolong—it may be for a year or two—a miserable existence with consumption or other fatal disease in consequence; "dyspepsia" and loss of fat being commonly the first admonitions. A journalist, or any other person in this latitude, who neglects to take a due proportion of fatty food to maintain bodily temperature, will soon find himself growing lean, his system will live upon its interstitial fat—that which is distributed throughout the bodily tissues of healthy persons—and he will shortly begin to have dyspeptic symptoms, on account of the deficiency in his food to maintain healthy nutrition.

And for this condition, it is unfortunately too often the case, medicine or moonshine is given in promotion of the danger. Fortunately, indeed, is it, if such persons can be dispossessed of their infatuation by a trip to Arizona, or anywhere else, to restore them to a sense of their wants, and the wit to use them. Many persons, who, from the cultivation of a vitiated taste for delicacies, or under the influence of bad advice, have lost the power of assimilating the fat of meats, may do much towards regaining the lost power by the use of well made "shortened" bread—bread made of dough to which lard or butter is added; or some of the preparations of ground wheat or Indian meal. Of this latter, Johnny cake and mush are particularly commendable.

Johnny cake is made of coarse corn meal, mixed with boiling water and sufficient salt, shortened by the addition of lard. It should be well beaten or thoroughly stirred, and of such consistency as to be easily spread on a smooth board. Thus prepared, place it upright against proper supports on the hearth before the fire and bake it; when one side is baked turn it on the board and bake the other, and when well done on both sides serve it hot.

Cush is coarse corn meal stirred in hot water to the consistency of a stiff paste, with sufficient salt, and shortened, but instead of softening before the fire, put the dough into a skillet over a hot fire, and stir constantly till done—about forty minutes; serve it hot.

The use of butter and olive oil, both at table and in cookery, should be encouraged, especially for young persons, whose taste for fat should be assiduously cultivated.

THE CHELSEA HERALD.

TERMS—One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Annum

"ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY"

Invariably in Advance.—Single Copies Five Cents

VOL. X.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1881.

NO. 43

MY JUNE BOY.

Sweet as the pink wild rose wake,
And freshness from his petals shake,
As from his head to his small feet
He wakes, all rosy and dew sweet,
His eyelids like white clouds of morning dew,
And clear like heavenly blue for me, for me!

The wonder of the baby's eyes!
Forget-me-nots and morning glories,
And all things blue that lie between,
I named 'em blue ere they were seen!
His violets, by the rosy rim
Of pools, where lights and shadows swim,
Seeing your soft reflections there,
Do you know what things can best compare;
Though in his eyes are depths of mystery
Which never yet were seen, sweet flowers, in these.

O rose bud, rose-bud of the South,
Say, can you match the baby's mouth?
And a benediction petals softly part,
And a benediction petals softly part,
And tell me, who has ever heard
Of a white pearl in a baby's heart?
Has ever a white pearl-bud cooed?
And can you bud, O rose-bud, say,
And bloom and bud, a hundred times a day?

A dimple is an angel's kiss;
Were dimples ever placed amiss?
O apple blossoms, do not speak,
To say you're like the baby's cheek,
All white and pink, and fragrant through and through,
Have apple blossoms little dimples too?

The sunshine's fairest, finest thread
Graces and crowns his princely head.
Sometimes it gleams a halo faint,
And turns him to a baby saint,
Lo, should I gird him with a little fleece,
The infant St. John of the Vernese!

I give the palm to his sweet chin;
Yes, of his little feet will win—
So many ways my fond heart finds him fair,
That I would give the world for his hair,
It makes each breath a grateful little prayer.

He sweetly lingers in baby rest,
On the dear comfort of his breast.
For love, he forgets, nor a weak tear
A tear falls on the baby's cheek,
What, art thou a grief as this—
A tear warmed by thy mother's kiss!
No more shall I weep for dew,
Will soft winds vex the lilies too?
Again in perfect rest he lies,
White eyelids drooped on bluest eyes,
So violets and snowdrops not together,
And sleep in night-times of the sweet spring

What shall a happy mother bring,
Who hath no costly offering?
No spices from beyond the sea,
No white doves even, ownest she,
No lamb, no unicorn, nor a stem
Of Mary's lilies. On the hem
Of the Lord's garment just a touch
Of fat brought blessings overmuch.
There may be lay a mother's kiss,
So white with love he will not miss
Spices, nor fragrant lilies, nor the glow
Of costly gems, nor doves as white as snow.
—Christine Chaplin Brush, in Harper's Magazine.

THE BRAKEMAN'S STORY.

A rough-looking man? Yes, perhaps I am. We ain't all of us responsible for our outside husk, no more than a horse-chestnut or a hazel nut is. The kind of life I lead can't be lived in white kid gloves and dress coats. I wasn't brought up with many advantages, and I'm only a brakeman on the Rensselaer & Saratoga Line. Old Jones was telling you about me, was he, sir? He'd better hold his tongue. There's more profitable subjects of conversation than I am. But old Jones means well enough, and if he told you to ask me how that stripe of white hair came on my black mane, I ain't the man to go back on him. Oh, you needn't beg my pardon, sir! I don't mind talking about it now, though the time was when I couldn't speak of it without a big lump coming in my throat.

We hadn't been married long, Polly and me, when it happened. Polly was as trim and bright-eyed a slip of a girl as ever you'd wish to see. She was one of the waitresses in the Albany lunch room; and the first time I ever set eyes upon her I made up my mind to make that girl my wife. So, when they raised my wages, I took heart and asked her if she would have them with me, with a wedding ring thrown into the bargain.

"Do you really mean it, Jake?" said she, looking no fully in the face, with those dark blue eyes of hers, that are like skies in the night.
"I do really mean it, Polly," said I.
"Then, say so, putting both her hands into mine, 'I'll trust you. I've no living relative to advise me, so I can only take counsel with my heart.'"

So we were married. I rented a little one-story house, under the hill on the height that overlooked the Hudson valley at the rear, for winter meant winter at those parts and the snow would be drifted up even with our door yard fence many and many a cold grey morning. And everything went smooth until Polly began to object to my mates at the White Blackbird, and the Saturday evenings I spent with the boys after my train was safely run on the side track at the junction.

"Why, Polly, girl," said I, "where's the harm? A man can't live by himself, like an oyster in its shell, and a social glass never yet harmed any one."
"No," said Polly, "not a social glass, Jake, but the habit. And if you would only put every five cent piece that you spent for liquor into our little 'Bessie's' tiny savings bank—"

"Bessie!" said I. "I'm not a drunkard, and I never mean to become one. And no one likes to be preached to by his wife, Polly. Remember that, my girl, and you'll save yourself a deal of trouble."

I kissed her and went away. But that was the beginning of the little, grave shadows, that grew on my Polly's face, like a creeping fog over the hills, and that she has never got rid of since.

be persuaded into drinking something stronger than beer; and my brain wasn't the kind that could stand liquid fire with impunity. And Polly cried, and I lost my temper, and—well, I don't like to think of all these things now. Thank goodness, they are over and gone.

That afternoon, as I stood on the back platform of my car, with my arms folded and my eyes fixed on the snowy waste of flat fields through which the iron track seemed to extend itself like an endless black serpent, I looked my own life in the face. I made up my mind that I had been behaving like a brute.

"What are those senseless fellows at the White Blackbird to me," muttered I, "as compared with one of Polly's sweet, bright looks? I'll give the whole thing up. I'll draw the line just here now. We shall be off duty early to night. I'll go home and astonish Polly!"

But as night fell, the blinding drift of a great snow storm came with it. We were belated by the snow which collected on the rails, and when we reached Earldale there was a little girl who had been sent on in the care of the conductor, who must wait either three or four hours for a way train in the cold and cheerless station, or be taken home across a snowy field by some one who knew the way.

I thought of my own little children. "I'll take her," said I—and lifting her up, I gathered my coarse, warm coat about her, and I started for the long, cold walk under the whispering pines along the edge of the river.

I honestly believe she would have frozen to death if she had been left in the cold station until the way train could call for her. And when I had left her safe in charge of her aunt, I saw by the old kitchen time-piece that it was ten o'clock.

"Polly will think I have slipped back into the Slough of Despond," I said to myself with a half smile; but I'll give her an agreeable surprise!

Plowing down amid the snowdrift through a grove of pine trees that edged a ravine at the back of my house, I sprang lightly on the doorstep; the door was shut and locked. I went around to the front. Here I effected an entrance, but the fire was dying on the hearth, and little Bertie, tucked up in his crib called out:

"Papa, is that you?"
"Where is mamma, my son?" I asked, looking eagerly around at the desolate room.
"Gone out with the baby in her arms to look for you," he said. "Didn't you meet her, papa?"

I stood a minute in silence.
"Lie still, Bertie," said I, in a voice that sounded strange and husky even to myself. "I will go and bring her back."

And I thought with dismay of the blinding snowstorm outside, the treacherous gorges which lay between there and the White Blackbird, the trackless woods, through which it was difficult enough to find one's way even in the sunshine of noonday, and—worst of all—the lonely track, across which an "express" shot like a meteor a few minutes before midnight. Oh, heaven! what possible doom might I not have brought upon myself by the wretched passion in which I had gone away that morning!

The town clock, sounding dim and muffled through the storm, struck eleven as I hurried down the hill. Eleven—and who knew what a length of time might elapse before I could find her? And like a fiery phantasmagoria before my mind's eye, I beheld the wild rush of the midnight express, and dreaded—a knew not what. For all that I could realize was, that the storm was growing fiercer with every moment, and Polly and the baby were out in my fury!

As steadily as I could, I worked my way down toward the track, but more than once I became bewildered, and had to stop and reflect before I could resume my quest. And when at length I came out close to a ruined wood and water station on the edge of the track, I knew that I was full half a mile below the White Blackbird.

And in the distance I heard the long, shrill shriek of the midnight train.
Some one else had heard it, too, for as I stood thus, I saw, faintly visible through the blinding snow, a shadowy figure—issue from the ruined shed and come out upon the track, looking with a bewildered, uncertain air, up and down—the form of Polly, my wife, with the little baby in her arms!

I hurried down to her as fast as the rapidly increasing snow drifts would let me, but it was only just in time to drag her from the place of peril, and stand, breathlessly holding her back, while the fiery-eyed monster of steam swept by with a rush and a rattle that nearly took away my breath.
"Polly! I cried. 'Polly! speak to me!'"
She turned her wandering gaze toward me, with her vague eyes that seemed scarcely to recognize me.
"Have you seen my husband?" said she; "one Jacob Cotterel, brakeman on the local express?"
"Polly! little woman! don't you know me?" I gasped.
"And I thought, perhaps," she added, vacantly, you might have met him. It's very cold here, and—"

breast all the while. But if I hadn't happened to be close by them at that instant, the night express would have ground them into powder.
And the white stripe came into my hair upon the night of that fearful snow storm. That's how it happened, sir.

A Pretty German Custom.

There is a beautiful custom among the Germans of having chorals played from the church towers at regular hours of the day. A correspondent of the Springfield Republican says: It is said they first derived the idea from the Arabs, who at certain hours of the day and night are called to prayers by the long wailing cry of the muezzins from the minarets of the mosques. When I first heard this music in Stuttgart, coming as it appeared to me from the heavens, I was puzzled to know its object and the sources whence it came. I gazed above and around me, but I failed to detect its source. The beautiful melody, softened by distance, was floating in the air. It was like the invisible, heavenly choir that enraptured St. Cecilia. A few days afterward, happening to be in the same neighborhood, and at the same hour of the day, I was more fortunate in my discoveries. I again heard the music from above, its pealing notes coming to me from some far distance like the strains of a church organ. Near me was the Stifts Kirche, an old church built in 1308, which has attached to it an immense octagon tower rising up to a height of nearly two hundred feet. Encircling this tower, near the top, is a balcony on which I at last espied the authors of the strange music. Several men with brass instruments were perched on that giddy height, playing sacred music. When they had finished one piece, they moved to another position on the balcony and played a different tune. Four sections in all were employed, one toward each point of the compass. On making inquiries afterward, I found that the playing from the church tower had been in practice for more than a hundred years. A German lady, "once upon a time," belonging to one of the noble families, bequeathed a sum of money, the income of which was ever after to be devoted to paying the expenses of this religious observance. The clause in her will stated that chorals or selections of sacred music were to be played from this church tower twice a day, punctually every morning at the rising of the sun, and also from half-past 11 to 12 at noon. The musicians for their services are paid two marks (fifty cents) a day each—a mark for the morning and a mark for the noon service—which, for walking up and down that long flight of steps, in addition to playing several pieces of church music, is a small enough remuneration. Chorals are also played from another of the church towers in Stuttgart by a brass band, and also from church towers in Ludwigsburg, Rosenstein, Friederichshafen, near Stuttgart, and in others of the very old German cities and towns.

Grant's Generalship.

A Review of the Combinations which Brought the Rebellion Down.
From *Butcher's Life of Grant*.

His entire career was up to this point a prelude and preface of what was to follow. Events were educating him for the position he was destined to occupy. He learned the peculiar characteristics of American war. He found out that many of the rules applicable to European contests would fail him here. He discovered years before the Germans, the necessity of open-order fighting; his troops became proficient in field fortifications; his cavalry was used to the system, after so successfully employed by the Union, of mounted infantry; he limited the use of artillery, he perceived that the day for cavalry charges was nearly past. He also invented the long campaign without a base, which astonished the enemy and the world. But, above all, he understood that he was engaged in a people's war, and that the people as well as the armies of the south must be conquered before the war could end. Slaves, supplies, crops, stocks, as well as arms and ammunition—everything that was necessary in order to carry on the war, was a weapon in the hands of the enemy; and of every weapon the enemy must be deprived.

This was a view of the situation which Grant's predecessors in chief command had failed to grasp. Most of the national generals in every theatre, prior to him, had attempted to carry on their operations as if they were fighting on foreign fields. They sought to out-nerve armies, to capture posts, to win by strategy pure and simple. But this method was not sufficient in a civil war. The passions were too intense, the stakes were too great, the alternatives were too tremendous. It was not victory that either side was playing for, but existence. If the rebels won they destroyed a nation; if the government succeeded they annihilated a rebellion. It was not enough at this emergency to fight as men fight when their object is to outwit or even outnumber the enemy. This enemy did not yield because he was outwitted or outnumbered. It was indispensable to annihilate armies and resources; to place every rebel force where it had no alternative but destruction or submission, and every store or supply of arms or munitions or food or clothes where it could be reached by no rebel army.

Grant's greatness consisted in his perception of this condition of affairs, and his adaptation of all his means in meeting it. When he became a general-in-chief he at once conceived the idea, and understood the terrible nature of the task he must assume. He made all his plans and combinations with this in view. The scope of those plans including the entire republic. The army of the Potomac at the east and Sherman's forces at the west constituted the two great motive powers; but in Virginia Butler on the James and Sigel in the valley were to assist Meade on the Rapidan, while at the west Banks was to meet Sherman, both marching toward Mobile. All were combined and directed with a common purpose and a central aim. These combinations were sometimes interrupted and thwarted in their development. Grant and Sherman each met many obstacles before either set down in front of the strategic objective point of his army. Butler and Sigel both failed in their operation in Virginia, while Banks failed to co-operate before Mobile. Grant himself entered upon an campaign as terrible as that of Christian with Apollon in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The struggle was prolonged and bitter, and the national commander received as well as inflicted appalling loss; but he persisted in his advance amid carnage and assaults with that awful composure and confidence which to many natures is not conquerable, but absolutely repelling, but which nevertheless was the special quality which enabled him to succeed. He pushed his army through such a month of ceaseless and seemingly resultless battle as the world has hardly ever seen, dealing, however, as he knew, the blows from which his antagonist would never recover. The Wilderness the rebellion met its death-stroke. It lingered months afterwards, and all the skill and strength of the nation and its soldiers were required to push the blade to the heart, but the result would have been deferred or different.

But the rebels felt that this commander could neither be deterred nor avoided; that no skill or fortitude could elude or withstand the man who wielded such weapons with such unmitigated power. They lost not only force, but heart, in the Wilderness campaign.

When finally everything was ready and the great blow was struck, it was seen how complete had been the preparation and combinations which had preceded the end; how absolute the execution of the scheme devised a year before. Lee surrendered because he had nothing else to do. He could not run away. Johnson and Maury, and Richard Taylor and Kirby Smith surrendered for exactly the same reason. The various victories were not haphazard; it was not that each man chanced to come out right. All the arrangements were made in advance. Army after army came in to surrender, like the pieces of chess in a completed game, when the beaten has only one move for each, and that to give it away. Nor was it only because of Appomattox, or because they had lost heart; that the lesser rebels yielded, Johnston was absolutely surrounded.

Telegraph Projects.
The Steamer Faraday has successfully laid one cable across the ocean within the past month without making any particular fuss about the exploit. The shore end will soon be laid on the other side. Another cable will also be laid; and both will be in working order on or before the 1st of September.

These cables are under the control of the new Consolidated Western Union, but it is said that a grand telegraphic scheme is being mapped out, which is to be put into operation this summer, whereby new wires are to be erected to every point in this country now covered by the Western Union system. This scheme is said to have secured \$25,000,000 in subscription, with such capitalists as Samuel J. Tilden, William H. Vanderbilt, Cyrus W. Field and several Western capitalists, who have fully resolved that a system of perfect telegraphy can be erected throughout this country from San Francisco to Calais, from the Rio Grande to the lakes, and all not to cost over \$20,000,000, the remaining \$5,000,000 to be held for working expenses. Should the break indicated above be made with the Anglo-American Cable Company, it will afford an excellent opportunity for that company to make a new connection, and thus enable Mr. Cyrus W. Field to indulge his beloved American fellow-citizens with what has been his professed hobby for the past ten years—namely, a cable tariff from New York to London of six cents per word, and a land tariff from New York to any part of this continent of ten cents for every twenty words.

It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly. It is a great mistake to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mould all dispositions alike; not to yield to immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation, as far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything; to consider everything possible which we cannot perform. The greater of all mistakes is to live only for time when any moment may launch us into eternity.

The number of rainy days is greatest near the sea, and decreases in proportion the farther we penetrate into the interior.

How To Prevent Drowning.

An English gentleman has lately published in *Nature* a valuable letter showing how persons who ignorantly of swimming may keep themselves afloat in the water for a considerable space of time and with very little exertion. The method of preventing drowning described in the letter in question is one understood by all swimmers, but, unfortunately, known to few people who cannot swim, and is what is called "treading water." All animals practice it instinctively. A cat, dog, horse or cow finding itself out of its depth has no difficulty in keeping its head above the surface by making nearly the same motions it makes in walking; while a man who cannot swim throws up his arms, makes a few spasmodic motions and drowns. Yet the brute has no advantage over the man in the water. On the contrary the advantage of physical conformation is with the man, for his hands and feet are admirably shaped to act as paddles and keep him afloat.

The human body is a little lighter than the quantity of water it displaces, and consequently some portion of it will keep above the surface in accordance with the law of specific gravity. All that is necessary to do to escape drowning is to manage the hands and feet so that this portion shall be the head. If the arms are kept under water the head can be kept up, but if the arms are thrown up the head goes under. Swimming requires practice and confidence, and is an art few acquire; but every man, woman and child that can walk on land can tread water without any prior instruction or practice. It is only necessary to move the hands and feet up and down alternately, the right hand and foot coming up while the left hand and foot are going down. The motion is not particularly fatiguing, and may be kept up for a long time without producing exhaustion. If rest is required, it is only necessary to close the mouth and throw the head well back in the water in order to float without any motion of hands or feet.

While no instruction is required to tread water, it would be a good plan to become accustomed to keeping the body afloat in this way; in order to overcome the feeling of terror which people who cannot swim experience on being thrown into the water by an accident. A few experiments would be sufficient to give them the sense of ability to take care of themselves in deep water, which is all that is necessary for safety.

The position of a person who treads water is safer and easier than the sprawling attitude assumed in swimming. The difference between the two acts is that to swim is to propel the body through the water by vigorous movements, while to tread water is merely to support it by gentle movements in an upright position so as to keep the head in the air.

Never Quite Content.
Robert Collyer holds that it is both the curse and blessing of American life that we are never quite content. We all expect to go somewhere before we die, and have a better time when we get there than we can have at home. The bane of our life is discontent. We say we will work so long, and then we will enjoy ourselves. But we find it just as Thackeray has expressed it. "When I was a boy," he said, "I wanted some taffy—it was a shilling—I hadn't one. When I was a man I had a shilling, but I didn't want any taffy." But we say not one word against that splendid discontent that all the while makes a man strike for something better.

We like this idea that every boy born in America dreams of being President. No man has any right to be content to do his best, and not to do better to-morrow than he is doing to-day. But all that will come by keeping close to a manly and dutiful life.

While we are going steadily along to whatever future awaits us, the grandest thing we can do is to feel sure that what we are doing for a day's work, with all that we do besides, is just the most blessed thing, so far as we can do, and that we are very likely having the best time that can ever come to our life; that this work and wife and home and children, all they are and all they mean, beat the world.

An amusing story is told of a lady, a Roman Catholic, who, in her last illness, promised the priest to leave him a sum of money for charitable uses. When she was dying, she begged the priest to come nearer to the bedside and to say a prayer for her. The priest, who was a very good man, and who was very anxious to have as many witnesses as possible to the expected statement, "I will call in the family," and opening the door he beckoned them all in.

A moderate gale travels at the rate of sixteen feet in a second.
A blacksmith is always on the strike when he is not blowing.—*Earl Marley*.

for Stoneman and Thomas and Wilson were in his rear, while Sherman was approaching from the north. The troops that escaped from Mobile were between Canby and the cavalry, and if they had tried could have done no better than their fellows. The rebellion was conquered at all points at the same time. It had no arsenals, no armories, no railroads; and yet it surrendered a thousand cannon and a hundred and seventy thousand soldiers. This was not the result of brute force. This was not the mere outnumbering or overwhelming. It was the disposition of the national armies between, around and among the rebel forces, as well as the incessant blow dealt by these armies, which made it impossible, after Appomattox, for any organized rebel force to make a move in any direction that did not entail upon itself absolute and immediate destruction.

Chicago To-Day.
A correspondent of a Scottish paper has written so candid a letter concerning Chicago, that we give place to the following portion:
Chicago embraces 26,000 acres, and covers an area of forty square miles, and has besides numerous suburbs, governed by local magistrates, who are continually throwing in their lot, and becoming part and parcel of the whole. Thus these nurseries are ever adding to its territory, extending its limits, and augmenting its revenue. The city is divided by a natural river into three distinct divisions—South, West, and North. The first is the intense business district; the second embraces residences, manufacturing, and lumbering operations; and the third is entirely a residence district. The river is nearly fifty miles long, and is somewhat after the size of the Clyde between Renfrew and Glasgow, and navigable for the largest ships. It is spanned by thirty-six swing bridges, and is tunneled in two places—triumphs of engineering skill, for the conveyance of heavy freights. The city embraces 3,162 manufacturing, and employs in this way 113,000 operatives, and an invested capital of \$86,000,000. Chicago is the metropolis of the great Northwest, and consequently commands the patronage of an immense tributary country. Her business in grain, lumber, and live-stock has assumed tremendous proportions, and in these special lines of trade she leads the world. Last year the receipts in grain (bushels) were 163,427,000; hops, 7,059,254; cattle receipts, 1,382,397. This immense and ever-increasing trade she has obtained because of having become the purchasing-market of the entire Western states. Railroads now largely centre here; twenty-four different lines enter the city from every part of the Union, and 143 passenger trains arrive and depart daily. The city has 153 miles of street-railway, and passengers are conveyed almost any distance at a mere nominal charge. Her Board of Trade is one of her most notable institutions, has 1,800 members, and is probably the most enterprising element she possesses. In the matter of recreation for her citizens, Chicago is alike conspicuous. She possesses eleven public parks, and they cover an area of 3,000 acres; they are certainly beautiful places of resort, are quite equal to the parks of London. Some of them are modeled after the celebrated Avenue l'Impatrice in Paris, and it is proposed that the boulevard system shall in the near future, connect all her public parks. Whilst the city stands preeminent in the breadth of character of its resources for physical comfort and enjoyment, it has grand universities and schools equipped by teachers of rare ability, and distinguished alike for their scholarly attainments. There is also a perfect microcosm of churches for the promulgation of religion,—242 stately buildings are devoted to sacred worship, and they comprise twenty-six different denominations, and some of America's ablest orators are amongst the divines who grace the pulpit. Such are a few of the most prominent features which strike the eye of the casual visitor in the great and ever-increasing city. Of her future, of course, no one can tell. She is now conceded to be the second commercial city of the country, and if she has attained her present position in the short space of thirty years, it would be at least safe to assume that with her experience, her concentrated wealth, her facilities for maintaining the trade and disposing of the products of the fertile regions of the west, she will at least, during the next twenty years, double her present population, and also immensely increase in wealth.

Hours and Minutes.
Why is one hour divided into sixty minutes, and each minute again into sixty seconds? Why not divide our time as we do our money, by tens, counting ten, or fifty, or one hundred minutes to an hour? This question was asked by an intelligent boy a few days since, and the answer given him may both interest and instruct other young people. The answer is this: We have sixty divisions on the dial of our clocks and watches, because the old Greek astronomer, Hipparchus, who lived in the second century before Christ, accepted the Babylonian system of reckoning time, that system being sexagesimal. The Babylonians were acquainted with the decimal system; but for common practical purposes, they counted by fifties and sixties, the fifties representing sixty, and the sixties representing sixty, or thirty-six hundred. From Hipparchus, the mode of reckoning found its way into works of Ptolemy about 150 A. D., and thence was carried down the stream of science and civilization, and found its way to the dial plates of our clocks and watches.

FORGETTING THE PASSWORD.—Numberless amusing instances might be related of the six officers occasionally find themselves in by forgetting the password. Two sentries were mounting guard inside the walls of the prison at F—, one at each angle, with strict orders to detain any one attempting to pass without giving the sign. The Lieutenant on his round of inspection passed the first sentry, giving the word correctly enough. When half-way between the sentries, a sound on the outside of the wall attracted his attention, and, while endeavoring to investigate the matter, the word slipped his memory. Finding his suspicions groundless, he approached the second sentry, and was again challenged, but in spite of his utmost endeavors, he could not remember the word, "Can't pass me without the word," was all the reply given him. Returning to the first sentry, he was challenged as before, but as he could not give the word, was not allowed to pass him either. No entreaties could prevail. The sentries, not knowing but that he was testing them, and rather enjoying the joke, if the truth must be told, proved obstinate to all persuasion. Here, then, he was kept all night between the two shivering and cold, till the gray dawn appeared, when he was relieved by the change of guard.—*Chambers' Journal*

RAILROAD.
For \$40,000,000 a London Engineer, who has acquired some fame in the service of the East India Railway Company, will give the railroads a channel crossing that would be a novelty of construction. The *Pull Mall Gazette* describes his plan: "He would not tunnel under the channel at all, but cross it by means of a submerged suspension tubular bridge. A straight cylindrical steel tube sixteen feet in diameter, would be submerged forty feet below the lowest water level, or twelve feet lower than the deepest draft of the largest class of iron-clads. The tube would be so ballasted as to make it weigh one and one-quarter tons to the foot-run less than the water displaced, its buoyancy being counterbalanced by moorings at every 250 feet. At the shore ends the tube would be laid in dredged or excavated channels, and would be made to rise from the mid-channel depths by easy gradients."

Under the Water in a Steel Cylinder.
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Last Monday Hilliard & Demott's great circus was in town. They made a fine parade and presented a splendid appearance on our streets.

The inhabitants of Chelsea has had two 4th of July's in June—one was the Devanport Bros, who performed on the tight rope, and done several feats of tumbling to the delight of all present—the other was Hilliard & Demott's great menagerie and circus.

That married man who was seen promenading through our streets with a young lady on circus day, had better look out, if not a message will be sent to his family.

A FRIEND.

There will be a basket picnic at Caven-der Lake, the 4th of July, 1881, by the Sun-day schools of Francisco and Waterloo—speaking by Rev. Mr. Fielder, Mr. Edward Cronan and Mr. Rudolph Hoppe. Music by cornet band—lemonade, ice-cream, pen-nuts & candies will be sold on the ground.

Reed & Co's drug store is the place to get your beautiful blended dyes for dyeing cloths, yarns etc., etc. Also, the place to buy cheap stationery, letter, note and other varieties of writing paper at low prices.

Unclaimed Letters.

LIST of Letters remaining in the Post Office, at Chelsea, June 1st, 1881: Barker, Miss Edith Dunston, Mr. Basil & Co. Dolan, Daniel Miller, Mr. Frank Mower, John Reynolds, Mrs. H. Whaley, Mr. Erastus

The inhabitants of Lima will celebrate the glorious 4th of July with a grand basket picnic at Nordman's Lake.

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.

Estate of Elizabeth Begole.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, ss. COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Thursday, the sixteenth day of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

Chelsea Market. CHELSEA, June 30, 1881. FLOUR, #1, 25; #2, 22; #3, 20; #4, 18; #5, 15; #6, 12; #7, 10; #8, 8; #9, 6; #10, 4; #11, 3; #12, 2; #13, 1; #14, 1; #15, 1; #16, 1; #17, 1; #18, 1; #19, 1; #20, 1; #21, 1; #22, 1; #23, 1; #24, 1; #25, 1; #26, 1; #27, 1; #28, 1; #29, 1; #30, 1; #31, 1; #32, 1; #33, 1; #34, 1; #35, 1; #36, 1; #37, 1; #38, 1; #39, 1; #40, 1; #41, 1; #42, 1; #43, 1; #44, 1; #45, 1; #46, 1; #47, 1; #48, 1; #49, 1; #50, 1; #51, 1; #52, 1; #53, 1; #54, 1; #55, 1; #56, 1; #57, 1; #58, 1; #59, 1; #60, 1; #61, 1; #62, 1; #63, 1; #64, 1; #65, 1; #66, 1; #67, 1; #68, 1; #69, 1; #70, 1; #71, 1; #72, 1; #73, 1; #74, 1; #75, 1; #76, 1; #77, 1; #78, 1; #79, 1; #80, 1; #81, 1; #82, 1; #83, 1; #84, 1; #85, 1; #86, 1; #87, 1; #88, 1; #89, 1; #90, 1; #91, 1; #92, 1; #93, 1; #94, 1; #95, 1; #96, 1; #97, 1; #98, 1; #99, 1; #100, 1; #101, 1; #102, 1; #103, 1; #104, 1; #105, 1; #106, 1; #107, 1; #108, 1; #109, 1; #110, 1; #111, 1; #112, 1; #113, 1; #114, 1; #115, 1; #116, 1; #117, 1; #118, 1; #119, 1; #120, 1; #121, 1; #122, 1; 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M. C. R. R. TIME TABLE.

Passenger Trains on the Michigan Central Railroad will leave Chelsea Station as follows: GOING WEST. 9:22 A. M. Mail Train. 9:35 A. M. Local Passenger. 10:07 A. M. Grand Rapids Express. 10:35 P. M. Jackson Express. 10:58 P. M. Evening Express. GOING EAST. 5:50 A. M. Night Express. 8:03 A. M. Jackson Express. 10:07 A. M. Grand Rapids Express. 4:40 P. M. Mail Train. H. B. LEVARD, 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. CHOWELL, 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 8 1/2 o'clock, at their Lodge room, Middle st., East. G. E. WATSON, 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. [7-13]

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

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, \$6,109,827 Hartford, 3,292,914 Underwriters, 4,800,000 American, Philadelphia, 1,390,061 Etna, of Hartford, 7,078,224 Fire Association, 4,165,716

Office: Over Kempf's Bank, Middle street, west, Chelsea, Mich. It is cheaper to insure in these stalwarts, than in one-horse companies. v9-1

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., &c. Custom Work a Specialty. Farmers, please take notice and bring in your grain. Satisfaction guaranteed. v9-23

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, also clean towels, &c. 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.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

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

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

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

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

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

OUR TELEPHONE.

Additional local on second page. Weather warm and sultry. The wool season is nearly over.

Next Monday will be the 4th of July. Our band gave us some fine music last Tuesday evening.

The health of our inhabitants is considered good at the present time. A great amount of wool has been brought into market the past week.

Venor predicts a hot and stormy July. Bert Congdon is clerking at Wood Bros. store.

Our wool firms are busy packing and shipping. Our village clerk Mr. G. Gay, is visiting friends at Hudson, Mich.

Our school will be closed up to September 1st. Mr. Moses Avery was in town last Friday.

Corn is looking well and a large yield is expected. Mrs. J. W. Speer spent a part of last week in Dexter, visiting friends.

Jas. F. Smith intends to have a mess of new potatoes on the 4th of July. Mr. John Watkins and family was visiting friends in Chelsea last week.

The arrivals at Castle Garden of emigrants average one hundred per hour. Mrs. John Allan of Windsor, Ont., was visiting the editor and family for about a week.

A pleasant rain on last Saturday and Sunday night. It was rather hard on those who had their hay cut. There was about one thousand people in town Monday. Our merchants done a rushing business.

Rev. J. L. Hudson and family left last Monday on their western tour. We wish them a pleasant journey. Our post-master has added a few more drawers and boxes to his department. Much needed.

Jean Frisbie is visiting his parents in this village. He is going to California to work at his trade. We did not see a drunken individual on our streets circus day. How is that for Chelsea?

Miss Olive Conklin has returned home from New Orleans on account of so much sickness. She intends to return in September. Mr. Samuel Tucker who lives about three miles east of this village has built a fine residence, which cost two thousand dollars.

Rev. Geo. Mount of the Michigan conference will preach at the M. E. church in this village next Sabbath morning, and at Sylvan 2:30 p. m. The boys are having a fishing time. We can't say whether they bite or not. Bring us a mess and we will report accordingly.

Mr. Sidney Harrington, our neighbor has been confined to his bed with inflammatory rheumatism for the past three weeks. He is improving slowly. A German family at Lima, while attending the circus Monday afternoon, had their house broken open by thieves. We did not learn the amount of goods that were stolen.

H. V. Dains of this village will exhibit his steam engine and separator in Geo. Bachman's yard Summit st., next Saturday. An invitation is extended to all. FROM THE HUB—There is perhaps no tonic offered to the people that possesses as much real intrinsic value as the Hop Bitters. Just at this season of the year, when the stomach needs purifying, the cheapest and best remedy is Hop Bitters. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Don't wait until you are prostrated by a disease that may take months for you to recover in—Boston Globe.

Cherries are in market at \$3.00 per bushel.

Mr. J. G. Wackenbut of this village presented us with a head of lettuce, raised in his own garden, weighing three pounds, for which we return thanks. Who can beat it? Our Union school closed last Friday with an exhibition in the evening, which was well attended, and many were unable to obtain admission. There were two that graduated this year, Mr. E. G. Hoag and Miss Helen Everett.

Mr. Editor, Please let me say through your columns to those of Chelsea, who subscribed towards our benevolent fund on Sabbath, June 26th, that the cards are in the hands of Chas. Crane, to whom monies may be paid during my absence. J. L. Hudson. Is Chelsea getting to be a hard town? We observed the well-known face of David Wardell of Detroit, who has been on the police force for nearly 6 years. Mr. W., did not come here for the purpose of arresting any of our peaceful citizens—but on the contrary to pay them a friendly visit. He left last Tuesday for his home. Last Sunday was children's day at the Congregational church in this village. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and evergreens. The children were dressed nice, and the appearance all around reminded us of fairy-land. The children rendered their pieces to perfection, and everything went off harmoniously.

Mr. S. J. Asyuth who has been attending high school at Ypsilanti, was the guest of John C. Taylor of this village on Sunday last. Mr. A., went to hear Mrs. Lathrop deliver the annual missionary sermon at the M. E. church, and was well pleased. He left for his home at Stockridge, last Monday. A select party was given at the residence of D. Heim, who lives a few miles south of this village on last Thursday, the occasion being in honor of relatives, a Mr. J. A. Hetzer and wife, who came from Rochester, N. Y., on their bridal trip. In the evening a grand ball was gotten up for the guests. There was 50 couple present who joined in the dance. The music was furnished by Bachman's string band, and a gay old time was had by all, which will long be remembered.

A pleasant and profitable service was enjoyed at the M. E. church in this village last Sunday morning. It being their annual missionary day. After an excellent discourse by Mrs. Lathrop from John 3:16, a collection was taken up which amounted to about \$120. Another meeting was held at Sylvan in the afternoon, when \$16.45 were collected aside from a considerable sum that was paid by Francisco people, which was put into the hands of their pastor, Rev. John Shank. All this for outside work.

Does it suit You To pay 75c for FRINGES which you can buy of us for 60c? To pay \$1.00 for FRINGES which you can buy of us for 75c? To pay 50c. for FRINGES which you can buy of us for 35c? To pay \$1.00 for GIMPS which you can buy of us for 75c? To pay 75c. for GIMPS which you can buy of us for 50c? To pay 50c. for GIMPS which you can buy of us for 35c? To pay one-half more for LACES than we sell them for? To pay one-third more for EMBROIDERIES than you can buy them of us for? To pay \$1.50 for KID GLOVES that you can buy of us for \$1.00? To pay \$1.00 for a KID GLOVE that you can buy of us for 75c? We sell the "TOMMY" KID GLOVE, 3 buttons, for 88c; 3 buttons, \$1.00, and warrant every pair. If you order any sent by mail, send sample of goods you wish matched, and add 3c. for postage.

Does it suit you to pay as much or more for American-made Hose, (with great ugly seams to hurt your feet), as we sell Foreign-made for, in which the colors are bright and lasting? Does it suit you to pay fully one-third more for CORSETS than you can buy them of us for? Does it suit you to pay one-half more for LACE MITTS than we sell them for? Does it suit you to pay almost double the price we ask for every little article you buy to adorn yourself, your husband, your children or your home? Does it suit you to pay as much for a poor quality of UNDERWEAR as we sell a very good quality for? Does it suit you to pay 25c. for a LINES HANDKERCHIEF which we will sell at 12 1/2c. Count the difference in the price we sell goods at and what you pay for the same kinds and qualities—subtract from the expense of coming here. The difference will keep you in boots and shoes and many other things for a year.

Does it suit you to pay for a hundred voices from all around you will answer: "IT CERTAINLY DOES." TUOMEY BROS. JACKSON MICH.

! VARIETY !

IS THE SPICE OF LIFE; WHICH MEANS, THAT THE VARIETY STORE

WOODBROTHERS

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, GLASS WARE, 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.

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 I 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.

Chelsea & Vicinity

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Your are invited to partake freely of the Excellent Bargains we are now offering in every department at the BUSY BEE-HIVE.

BLA'K SILKS

Of the very best makes at but very slight advance from IMPORTERS PRICES.

BROCADE SILKS!

20 per cent. cheaper than any we have ever before seen.

FRINGES, TRIMMINGS, LACES & EMBROIDERIES,

All goods that are usually sold at large profits we can afford to sell on the close CASH plan. BECAUSE we sell larger quantities of them.

BUNTINGS, and other Dress Goods we sell cheap, and sell loads of them.

300 YARDS REMNANTS—18, 20 and 25c Dress Goods, we offer at 11c per yard. Just now 100 Dozen Gents 25c heavy knit cotton Socks at just half value, 12 1/2c a pair.

Cheviot Shirtings, and other Domestic Goods—we will save you money on—at the BUSY BEE HIVE every day in the week, TRY IT, TRY IT—TRY IT. RESPECTFULLY,

L. E. FIELD, Jackson, Mich.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MICHIGAN.

Frank Smith, a workman on the Chicago and West Michigan railway, fell between two cars while the train was at full speed...

MISCELLANEOUS.

George J. Sweeney of New York the rich Methodist who has given so much in benevolence lately, gave \$20,000 the other day to the Federal female college at Mason, Ga...

Felix Albert Vogel, convicted of attempting to abduct Rosa Sirobirger, in New York, pleaded guilty to one of three indictments...

A boiler explosion in the vicinity of Walla Walla, Texas, killed two men and wounded two others.

Total value of exports of domestic provisions and dairy products from the United States during the five months ended May 31...

The north bound stage on the San Antonio and Laredo Line, Texas, was stopped Saturday night near Rice Station on the line of the International Great Northern railway...

A train of cars was thrown into the river Sunday night at a point near the town of San Antonio, Texas, and 200 persons, mostly soldiers, were drowned.

DETROIT MARKETS. FLOUR—Michigan brand No. 1 \$5.75 @ 6.00. WHEAT—No. 1 white 1.17 @ 1.18 1/2.

DETROIT STOCK MARKETS. The cattle market was dull with prices on good butcher stock 25c lower and on stockers and feeders 15c lower than last week.

The Ex-Prisoners of War. The meeting of ex-prisoners of war at Music Hall, Detroit, on the 21st and 22d of June, was largely attended.

Foreign. A private dispatch from Mazatlan, of the 17th inst., reports the arrival of the male and four men of the schooner Bonanza...

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Scientific Notes.

A new use for glass is found in the manufacture of window shutters. These are now made of opal glass, decorated, and have the important advantages of being beautiful and easy to keep clean.

Powdered shellac is softened in ten times its weight of strong water of ammonia, which becomes fluid after keeping some little time without the use of hot water.

The British house of commons rejected a bill for the abolition of capital punishment by 175 to 89 votes.

The census of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland indicates a population of over thirty-five millions, an increase of four millions in the last decade.

Two hundred additional police sent to help suppress the riot in the city of London.

An international agreement to suppress kidnapping and the slave trade in the western Pacific is under consideration.

The tobacco monopoly in the Philippine islands has been abolished by the Spanish government.

A new ministry has been found for the Australian government.

The sanitary condition of Panama is very bad, and yellow fever has made its appearance.

A waterspout burst at Dobson, Australia, flooding a considerable tract of land and partly destroying the crops.

A train of cars was thrown into the river Sunday night at a point near the town of San Antonio, Texas, and 200 persons, mostly soldiers, were drowned.

DETROIT MARKETS. FLOUR—Michigan brand No. 1 \$5.75 @ 6.00. WHEAT—No. 1 white 1.17 @ 1.18 1/2.

DETROIT STOCK MARKETS. The cattle market was dull with prices on good butcher stock 25c lower and on stockers and feeders 15c lower than last week.

The Ex-Prisoners of War. The meeting of ex-prisoners of war at Music Hall, Detroit, on the 21st and 22d of June, was largely attended.

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How They Did It.

The abolitionists of Oberlin, O., in the slaveholding days, were noted for aiding slaves to escape from their masters and pursuers.

At another time slaveholders arrived in town about dusk. Observing them, the students appointed a large deputation to look after their comfort while in town.

The electric light has found new employment at Sandy Hook. A buoy has been placed there furnished with a machine which, by means of the rise and fall of the waves, compresses air.

An ingenious application of expansion and contraction in metals was made use of in France, and has frequently been taken advantage of since.

Human Trees. The most ingenious device to escape capture is that shown by the Bheel robbers of India. It often happens that a band of these robbers are pursued by mounted Englishmen, and unable to reach the jungle, find themselves about to be overtaken upon one of those open plains which have been cleared by fire.

Choosing a Profession. Dr. Holland and others, who have been discussing the question of how a young man should choose a profession, can profit by the experience of a young man who promised his dying father that he would adopt a profession, and that it should be one that his conscience told him he was fitted to.

Gymnastics as a Cure of Disease. Physical vigor is the basis of all moral and bodily welfare, and a chief condition of permanent health.

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

Those are the best Christians who are more careful to reform themselves than to censure others.

Humility and repentance are the result of large acquaintance with God. Humility is produced by the sight of his greatness, repentance by a knowledge of his purity.

The practical life of a Christian comprehends three distinct elements. We have to do the will of God in our business; this is working. We have to oppose our sin, and resist the temptation; this is fighting.

Remember that God is no curious or critical observer of the plain expressions that fall from his poor children when they are shut in their closets.

The Religious Herald quotes a lady as saying that when she was a school girl she heard an old minister, who was fond of homely, practical illustrations, say that reading the Bible was like eating fish.

Such is the attitude of true nobility, irrespective of tenet or practice, how shall one characterize the folly of many Christian professors, whose habit it is to jest so freely with every belonging of their own confessed belief?

Little does the world think what tremendous capital is required to carry its travel, traffic and commerce. The railroad net, woven all over the globe, consists of 300,000 miles.

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