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THE LONG AGO.

The long ago's a mystic isle,
Hid in a mystic sea;
And phantom waves with saddened moan,
Beat on its drowsy lee.

Mysterious music soft and sweet,
Breaths in its whispering dells;
And o'er its dreamy hills roll
The chimera of magic bells.

The fairy forms of other times
Back by its silvery streams;
And on the sighing willows hang
Our sweet, departed dreams.

The hopes that perished years ago--
The visions of the past--
Are buried here with precious hours
That were too sweet to last.

The golden sands of many a life,
Lie on this island's shores;
And every heart has treasures laid
Among its garnered dross.

Sweet echoes from this magic isle,
Strike soft on memory's ear;
And for the dear old days of yore
We often drop a tear.

THE FUN OF IT.

Yes, Jack and I have quarreled, vowed to part
Forever, and his image from my heart
I've sworn to tear, and both are to forget
That we have ever loved, or even met.

We said farewell forever. That was--oh,
It seems a far-off age!--three days ago.
I've not beheld him since, and you can see
I'm just as miserable as can be.

And Jack is quite heart-broken; that I know;
For when we quarrel, always he is so.
Although he won't acknowledge it, yes, we
Have had two other quarrels. This makes
three.

What is the fuss about? Just naught as it all;
We fell like quarreling, and that was all.
We went to work and had a tiff,
You say you think we're very foolish, if
There is no cause for disagreement. Oh,
What splendid fun it is to do not know!
Parting heartbroken, never to meet again,
I partly hard to bear, I'll own. But then
For that you have repayment, ten times o'er;
The ecstasy of making up once more.

—Boston Post.

Aunt Priscilla's Green Silk.

BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

And to my niece, Arabella Stewart,
I give and bequeath the green silk
dress which has been in my possession
for the last five-and-twenty years.

The old lawyer, who was reading
the will of the late deceased to the
assembled relatives, came to an abrupt
pause, and glanced over his gold spec-
tacles with a mischievous twinkle in
his eyes.

"Stingy old thing!"

Miss Stewart's vinegary face took on
a more acid expression than usual, she
drew herself up to a fearfully erect
attitude, and glared around the room
with a baffled fury in her ferret-like
eyes.

"Stingy old thing," she reiterated, "to
treat me so--the best friend she ever
had. I've waited on her day and night;
toiled and slaved, and borne with her
caprices. Everybody knows she was
rich, and yet she dies and leaves me
unprovided for--a poor and friend-
less orphan girl--and wills all her
money to charitable institutions. Then
not content with that, she adds insult
to injury by bequeathing that old green
silk! Looks as if it had come out of
the ark!"

Miss Arabella, the friendless orphan
girl of some thirty-eight summers (and
winters) dried her eyes--the tears had
not been shed for the loss of her only
relative, but for the loss of the fortune
she had confidently expected to inherit
--and seizing the offending garment,
would have tossed it upon the fire which
blazed and sparkled in the grate.

But a slim little figure started for-
ward, and a pair of small hands caught
the antiquated green silk, while two
pleading blue eyes were turned upon
Miss Stewart.

"Oh, please, cousin Arabella," cried
a sweet voice, half-choked by tears,
"please don't destroy Aunt Priscilla's
dress! It seems a sacrifice. She's
dead and gone, and we ought to treat
her property with respect. Besides
she left it to you, and you should--"

She pruned abruptly as Miss Ara-
bella's hand came down upon her
shoulder with a firm grip.

"Out of my sight!" shrieked the irate
spinster; "you're always in the way
where you've no business to be, Nellie
Hunter. Since you think so much of
the dress, it's a pity she didn't will it
to you, instead of leaving you nothing
You were her niece just as much as I;
yet she forgot your very existence.
Perhaps you'd better take the dress--
I'm sure I don't want it, and I refuse
to claim it."

The old lawyer, who had witnessed
the entire scene with interest, smiled
lightly.

"If Miss Nellie wishes the garment,"
he remarked blandly, "I should advise
her to take it."

"She's welcome to it!" snapped Ara-
bella, savagely.

Nellie took the despised dress, and
folded it carefully.

"I thank you, Cousin Arabella!" she
ventured timidly.

"Well, you needn't! I want nobody's
thanks! I've been living on thanks all
my life, and now would like something
more tangible!"

Lawyer Wilder's dark eyes wore a
slightly contemptuous look.

"Miss Stewart," he said mildly; "I
should think you would have some
collection of past benefits. You have
lived with your aunt for ten years or
more, and during that time the entire
expense of your maintenance has been
cheerfully borne by the good old lady.
And now that she has died, and left
her fortunes elsewhere (being her own,
she certainly had a right to dispose of
it as she saw fit) you indulge in unseem-
ly exhibitions of temper. If anyone
has a right to complain or feel slighted,
I should think your Cousin Nellie
was the one, for she has been literally
forgotten in your aunt's will!"

"And I might as well be snarled
at," said Arabella, "but Nellie can have that old

dress, maybe it will serve her as a wed-
ding-dress!"

"And the irate spinster dashed out of
the room with head erect and eyes
flashing fire. Lawyer Wilder laid his
hand on Nellie's brown hair.

"Don't mind her, little one!" he cried
cheerfully, "and don't think your Aunt
Priscilla forgot you! She loved you
dearly, and I'm sure there is some ser-
ious mistake in this will, for I have
often heard her say that little Nell was
provided for. Do not be discouraged,
my dear, now that you have no home.
Come home with me, my wife will be
delighted, and--as for Harry--"

The old man paused, and shook his
gray head wisely. Nellie blushed "celes-
tial rosy red."

"You are very kind indeed, Mr. Wil-
der," she answered, "and God will re-
ward you for your goodness to a home-
less girl. I will accept your offer for a
few days, and at the end of that time I
trust I shall find employment."

When Arabella discovered that the
despised Nellie had actually been in-
vited to make Lawyer Wilder's house her
home her rage knew no bounds.

"I always knew you were a designing
minx!" she cried, "and I know it now.
You have got your eyes on Harry Wil-
der. But let me tell you something--
he does not admire you and never did.
He told me only the night before Aunt
Priscilla died, that there was no other
woman in the world like me, in his es-
timation. What do you think of that,
miss?"

Nellie's face was very pale, but she
answered quietly, biting her lip to re-
press its quivering:

"Mr. Wilder has a right to his own
opinion, Cousin Arabella; and if he
likes you so much I suppose there will
be no termination, and--and--I
congratulate you."

Arabella smiled and tossed her ring-
leted head.

"Bah! All that trash of course.
Resigning with sweetness what you
couldn't get. Make a virtue of neces-
sity and all that sort of thing. Well,
when do you propose going to Mr. Wil-
der's?"

"This evening," replied Nellie, with
dignity. "Since this house must pass
into the hands of strangers, and the
home where we used to live is now
the property of others, I see no way
but to leave at once. Where are you
going, Arabella?"

"I suppose I can find a refuge with
my brother's family for a few days,"
sighed the maiden dolorously; "but I
trust it will not have to be for long!"

And doubtless her brother's family
shared the same feeling.

In an hour Nellie appeared, arrayed
in a neat black suit, with her little
travelling-bag in her hand.

"Going, eh?" sneered Arabella. "Well,
it's the best thing you can do. I hope
you've got that precious dress with you."

"Yes; I have it in my valise," answered
Nellie, humbly. "Do you want it, Ara-
bella?"

"No! Haven't I told you no? I
want nothing belonging to that un-
grateful old woman. Keep it for your
own wedding-dress!"

"Do so, Miss Nellie!"

Nellie glanced up.

Harry Wilder was standing beside
her--tall, manly, handsome. Nellie's
face grew fearfully red, and her eyes
drooped beneath his keen gaze.

"You are going to my father's house,
I believe? He went on rapidly. "Well,
father sent me here with the carriage
to convey you home. Will you accom-
pany me?"

And right before the incensed Ara-
bella Nellie accepted the proffered es-
cort, and soon, seated in the comfort-
able carriage, they were driving down
the wide country road, beyond to Law-
yer Wilder's handsome mansion.

"Nellie!"

Harry Wilder's hand was resting on
hers, and his face had somehow gotten
into close proximity to the pretty one
beside him.

"Nellie, will you be my wife?"
She started as with an electric
shock.

"Why," she faltered, "I understood
that--that you did not like me--that
you cared for Arabella."

He laughed merrily.

"I was in the library where father
had sent me for some papers," he ex-
claimed, "and overheard your entire
conversation. Nellie, you must know
that the idea of my caring for that
cross old maid is preposterous. Why,
I have loved you ever since I first met
you at your Aunt Priscilla's, and saw
you toiling away like a young slave
while your Cousin Arabella sat in the
parlor and played lady. But answer
me, darling--do you care for me, will
you be my wife?"

And Nellie did not say no. An hour
or so later the old lawyer and his ros-
y-cheeked wife were giving the lovers
their blessing in the most orthodox
fashion.

"Couldn't have pleased me better,
Harry," shouted the old man, "not if
you had married the daughter of a mil-
lionaire!"

"But, Mr. Wilder," faltered Nellie, "I
am very poor, you know, and, perhaps,
in many instances, no doubt, death was hasten-
ed by fatigue, deprivation and home-
sickness. And still the mournful pro-
cession to the woods goes on; and still
people are found, well-meaning or other-
wise, who are willing to take the re-
sponsibility of stimulating a false hope."

"Is your wife a democrat or republi-
can," asked one Rockland citizen of
another, in a store, recently. "She's
neither," was the prompt response, and
then, glancing cautiously around, and
sinking his voice to a hoarse whisper,
he explained "She's a Home Ruler."

ly into the sewing-room, holding aloft
Aunt Priscilla's old green silk.

"My wedding-dress!" she cried.
"Mr. Wilder glanced up in consterna-
tion.

"My dear," she began; but Nellie cut
the remonstrance short with a kiss.

"Dear Mrs. Wilder," she said gently,
"really, I prefer to be married in this
dress. It can be remade, and will look
lovely. See! It's real moire; and, as I
am to be married here, in the country,
I can not be allowed to dress according
to my own idea, and not follow fashion
so strictly? Remember I am a poor
girl--"

She paused in surprise. While she
was speaking she held the dress, and
her busy fingers had detected something
hidden away in the lining. Paper--a
piece of paper. A pair of scissors soon
laid the lining open, and Nellie drew
it forth. This was what she saw written
on the paper, properly signed and wit-
nessed.

"I, Priscilla Burnham, do give and
bequeath all the balance of my estate
--amounting to fifty thousand dollars
--to my niece, Arabella Stewart and
Nellie Hunter, to be equally divided
between them.

And so it turned out like a story
book. Arabella--to do her justice--
was overwhelmed by her aunt's kind-
ness, and heartily ashamed of her own
gross errors. She became a wiser and
better woman.

And as for Nellie, there never was a
more deserving heiress, nor ever a
sweeter bride than the one who stood
at Henry Wilder's side one fair spring
morning, and was married in Aunt
Priscilla's old green silk.

Sad Plight of English Landowners.

Bracebridge Hall, of which Wash-
ington Irving wrote, with all its family
portraits and quaint furniture, is to be
sold at auction. This fact calls atten-
tion to the condition in which the land-
owners of England find themselves.

"A state of things," says The Saturday
Review, "has undoubtedly existed for
some time, and still exists, which
justly awakens great anxiety for the
future of the country, and profound
sympathy for the sufferers.

A recent return, compiled by a Mr.
Sturge, shows that in sixteen counties
agricultural affairs are practically un-
der water. In Lincolnshire land can
be had if the tenant will only keep
down the taxes. In Huntingdon the
marsh land, with no clay, the old occu-
pants remain in possession without
rent. In Shropshire some farms can-
not be let at any price. One parish in
South Warwickshire returns six
hundred acres let, out of three thou-
sand. Northampton, Hertfordshire
and Wiltshire, all echo the same story,
and even in Sussex one owner has five
thousand acres unlet. To realize what
this means we must understand the
position of the landed interest in Eng-
land: 95 per cent of the small estates
are mortgaged; often for a half or two-
thirds of their value. This leaves not
much more than a third of the income
available, out of which all taxes not
paid by the tenant have to be met.
Besides this the country squire must
submit to many local claims, which,
though not levied as rates, are just as
unavoidable.

Such a position has not been a bed-
of roses for some time; but what is it
now? The fall in rents has wiped out
the ostensible owner entirely, and the
returns are insufficient to meet even the
interest on the mortgages. To whom
are the mortgages due? Chiefly to the
trustees of wills and settlements for
the benefit of the same class, the dowry
of their widows and trusts for their
younger children. As a class they
have clung to the land, preferring it as
an investment even to consols. Many
a Bracebridge Hall in England has sad
and gloomy prospects. Families, such
as Washington Irving described, who
have fulfilled their local duties for gen-
erations, are in distress, and deserve
the deepest sympathy in their misfor-
tunes.

Of the two the farmer is much bet-
ter off. He can sell what stock remains
and emigrate with his sturdy children
to the great West. But the landlord
with his family of highly educated sons
and delicately nurtured daughters has
a much more difficult problem to
face. All he has is sunk in the land.
The advertisements in the London
Times bear eloquent testimony to this
state of things. Columns are filled
with notices of old country residences,
broad demesnes, wooded parks and
snug country houses, to be sold.

A mournful illustration of the cruel
wrong which is done by spreading
broadcast the delusion that persons in
the last stages of consumption can be
cured by a change of climate is fur-
nished by this year's experience in the
Adriatic. The number of victims in
this season to an exaggerated belief in
the curative properties of the Adriatic
climate has been unprecedented. Sixteen
persons during the present
month have died in the woods or en
route, and their bodies have been car-
ried back through Plattburg. All
those died in want of the comforts
and consolations which would have sur-
rounded them at home, and in many
instances, no doubt, death was hasten-
ed by fatigue, deprivation and home-
sickness. And still the mournful pro-
cession to the woods goes on; and still
people are found, well-meaning or other-
wise, who are willing to take the re-
sponsibility of stimulating a false hope.

"Is your wife a democrat or republi-
can," asked one Rockland citizen of
another, in a store, recently. "She's
neither," was the prompt response, and
then, glancing cautiously around, and
sinking his voice to a hoarse whisper,
he explained "She's a Home Ruler."

FOR THE CHILDREN.

The New Scholar.

Elbert Collins had never been mark-
ed absent or tardy since his first going
to school in September; and it was his
ambition to finish the whole year with-
out a "mark," partly because he liked
to be prompt, and partly because he
thought it would be so nice to see his
name in the paper at the end of the
year.

December had come; and the short
mornings were very lively ones in his
mother's little kitchen, because of so
many things to be done before the nine
o'clock bell. There was the wood-box
to fill, the canary to feed, and generally
the cradle to rock, while the mother
attended to such work as could be done
best while there was some one to look
after the baby. On this particular
morning, however, the mother had gone
to Mrs. Brown's around the corner, for
a cup of yeast, and had become so in-
terested in a receipt for chocolate cake,
a pattern for a boy's blouse, and the
pound party at the Methodist minis-
ters, that she entirely forgot the time
of day.

Meanwhile, little Elbert, with his
overshoes and scarf on, and cap in
hand, rocked the cradle, and kept his
eyes on the clock. Five, ten minutes
passed away. The long hand was
crawling alarmingly near last-bell
time. He tied his scarf, pulled his
cap over his ear, and rocked harder
than ever. Still no mother. Then he
went to the door, looked anxiously to-
ward the corner, and sent a lusty
shout. "Mamma--a come ho--oo--ome!"
but no response except the baby. "Oh,
dear! dear!" he exclaimed, as he rub-
bed back to the cradle; and just then
his expectant ears heard the first slow
ring-clang of the last bell. It would
ring for five minutes, the school house
was only three streets away, and there
was time enough yet if he could only
start. One thing was certain--he
would never leave his little baby sister.
He remembered a story of a poor baby
who was burned to death because her
brother, who had promised to take
care of her, left her and ran out on the
street to play.

He went to the door and shouted
again. It was something like the case
of Casablanca. But, when two moth-
ers are talking about patterns, who ever
knew them to notice every little out-
side noise? Elbert's shout ended in a
big sob. A man losing his entire for-
tune couldn't feel worse than this little
fellow did with that dreadful "tardy"
mark hanging over his head. Then a
happy thought flashed into his mind.
Running to the cradle, he caught-up
the baby, scattering pillows and blan-
kets right and left, bundled an old
shawl over her, and snatching her
half-filled milk-bottle, dashed out of
the house and ran in the direction of
that clanging bell as fast as his stout
young legs could carry him. The baby
was a little mite, only two months old,
and Elbert was nearly six years, and
large for his age.

He met two women whom he knew,
who began, "Why Elbert?" and "What
on earth!" But he bounded past them,
and reached the school-house just as
the bell gave its last clang, and handed
over his funny burden to his astonished
teacher.

"I couldn't leave her, and I couldn't
be late. She'll go to sleep and be real
good," he said, as the teacher began to
unwind the shawl. And then the
whole room saw a surprised, half-smothered
looking baby, still in her night-
gown, one bare foot sticking out, and
her little fists tightly clenched, as if
defying anybody to send her home. The
teacher was a good-natured young lady,
and she laughed so that she almost
dropped the baby on the floor, and then
the whole room laughed, and finally
Elbert joined in; for he was glad he had
escaped the tardy mark; and the baby
certainly did look funny in school.

Of course there could be no order.
Nearly all the scholars had babies at
home, or were well acquainted with
those of their neighbors; but they acted
as if they had never seen one before,
and every move of the little pink heads
and every turn of the small bald head
made them scream with laughter, until
the principal of the school came in
to the room to see what the disturbance
was, and, after trying to look severe
for five seconds, she laughed too.

And, while all this fun was going on,
Elbert's mother was running wildly
through the four rooms of her little
house, calling her boy's name, feeling
sure that the children were either killed,
or thrown into the cistern, or else
carried off, like Charlie Ross, and lost
forever. Just then the women whom
Elbert had met stopped at the gate, and
said to the mother, "I, anything the matter,
Mrs. Collins?"

"Oh, I don't know where my chil-
dren are! I left them while I ran into
Mrs. Brown's a minute, and the kitchen
is all upset, and I'm afraid--"

"Why, we just met Elbert with the
baby, sitting along like the wind. Least-
ways, we supposed it was the baby
from the way he carried it. And he
never--"

"He's taken her to school!" cried the
mother in dismay.

Ten minutes later, a flushed little
woman rapped at the door of the First
Primary Room, and inquired for a baby.
It was needed to her, along with an
empty milk-bottle; and, wrapping them
both in a red cloak which she carried,
she thanked the smiling teacher and
walked home.

At first, she had felt very sorry to
leave Elbert; but when she remembered
his horror of being late she softened
toward him considerably, and by the
time she had got the baby home, she
found her nose the worse for her little

runaway, she had her laugh also. And,
being a fair-minded woman, she told
Elbert, when he came home to dinner,
that it was very thoughtful in her to
have stayed so long at Mrs. Brown's.
And Elbert gave her a hug, and said
he was "glad he didn't leave the baby,
because she might have burned up, you
know."--*Harper's Young People.*

Reading and Reflection.

Reading, to be useful, should be
combined with reflection. Books can
afford but little improvement to those
who do not think as well as read. Thus
we see the great necessity of reading
with deliberation, and, may I not add,
that in this respect laboring people
and those whose pursuits give to them
almost constant engagement have ad-
vantages which they are not apt to ap-
preciate. By reading at intervals some
portion of a good book, and then carry-
ing the matter with them to their place
of business as a subject for thought and
conversation, they will soon discover
that the subject grows upon them in
interest, that their views insensibly
become clearer and more enlarged, and
that useful reflections, not suggested
by the author, rise before their minds.
And thus it is that men of active pur-
suits are more apt, as all experience
testifies, to accumulate useful knowl-
edge than those whose lives are passed
in leisure and in the midst of books.
Let me advise, then, that books be read
deliberately. The old maxim that "if
a thing be worth doing at all it is worth
doing well," is peculiarly applicable to
reading. A book run over hastily is
rarely understood; if not understood it
is not remembered, and if not remem-
bered, the time spent in reading it is
lost. By deep and diligent meditation
we acquire something which may truly
be called our own; for as Milton says,
who reads

"Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep versed in books, but shallow in a useful
Concentration."

The weakest living creature, by con-
centrating his powers on a single ob-
ject, can accomplish something. The
strongest, by dispersing his over-many,
may fail to accomplish anything. The
drop by drop, continually falling, bores
its way through the hardest rock. The
hasty torrent rushes over it with hide-
ous uproar, and leaves no trace behind.

To urge that mental power is weak
is no excuse; it is an aggravation. The
feeblest faculties the more necessary
to concentrate them. No matter how
insignificant the end to be achieved, or
how weak the instrument to achieve it,
the more undivided the attention be-
stowed upon it the more perfect will be
the result. As heat is the great found
of force, so is concentration the great
fount of human achievement. And
there was no wiser word spoken by the
"weary king ecclesiast" than that which
he said, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth
to do, do it with thy might."--*Cassell's Magazine.*

Men Who Require Presence of Mind.

Many railroad accidents are prevent-
ed by a presence of mind on the part
of engineers. A passenger train on the
Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road
was rounding a sharp curve just under
a piece of tall timber. The vateful
engineer saw a tree lying across the
track 60 feet ahead of the locomotive.
The train was running at a rate of
thirty-five miles an hour, and to check
its momentum before reaching the ob-
struction, was out of the question. The
engineer took in the situation at a
glance. He threw the throttle wide
open, and the engine shot ahead with
the velocity of an arrow, and with so
tremendous force that the tree was
picked up by the cow-catcher and flung
from the track as if it had been only a
willow withe. A man with not so cool
a head would have made the best pos-
sible use of those sixty feet in the way
of checking the speed of the train.
That would have caused a disaster.
Bradford, an engineer, was bringing an
express train over the Kankakee line
from Indianapolis. As the engine shot
out from the deep cut and struck a short
piece of straight track leading to a
bridge, a herd of colts were discovered
running down the road. The distance
to the river was only one hundred feet.
Bradford knew he could not stop the
train, and also knew that if the colts
beat the locomotive to the bridge they
would fall between the timbers, and the
obstruction would throw the train off
and probably result in a frightful loss
of life. It took him only half a second
to think of all this. The other half
second was utilized in giving his en-
gine such a quantity of steam that it
covered that one hundred feet of track
in about the same time that a bolt of
lightning would travel from the tip of
a lightning rod to the ground. The
colts were struck and hurled down the
embankment just as they were enter-
ing the bridge.

Squire's daughter: "What is this
hear about your father and mother
quarreling so, Peggy?" Peggy: "The
evil had a little money in 'em, miss,
and I think father he likes the lot.
Anyways, they can't agree no-how
whether her money is his'n, or his'n, or
his'n and hers'n."

Paddlers of the revised New Testa-
ment do tolerably well in cities and
large villages, but make hardly any
sales in the country, where any altera-
tions of the sacred book is generally
regarded as a sacrilegious profanation.

When an American colt wins the
Derby, it's about time for England to
discover trichinosis in American horses.

ILLIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

One of the greatest blessings you
can enjoy is a tender, honest, enlight-
ened conscience.

Thus the whole universe teaches man
else that he is corrupt or that he is
redeemed; everything teaches him his
weakness or his misery.

Christians, forget not I beseech you,
that you have come into this life to the
end, not that you might enjoy it, but
that in it ye may get be trained for
another and a better.

One of the English princesses, when
her tutor, a Bishop of the church of
England, said to her; "I find that my
instructions have made you but little
better," replied; "Ah, but my lord, you
do not know how much worse I should
have been without them."

"The child is vastly more pleased with
the finding of an object unaltered, than
by having that object found for it, be-
cause the 'real' mental energy always
affords the more pleasurable emotion.
Hence every true system of education
is based upon some plan of setting the
young mind up in a course of discover-
ing truth. All that can be given to
the young in it is what should not be
given in any other.

Walking along the street, how many
children do you see all covered with
filth and dirt, while water is so plenti-
ful, and oftentimes so near at hand! Yet
there they are. They seem happy in
their dirt, they have no wish to be clean.
Could we look into the hearts of many,
how close a correspondence should we
find to the bodies of these children! And
yet within their reach the means of
cleansing is provided, the fountain
opened, they have only to wash and be
clean. The reason of their position is
a very sad one--they have no desire
after salvation.

At places of public resort, such as
the summit of a lofty mountain, or the
or the site of some famous monument,
you may see on vacant spaces inscrip-
tions have been chiseled so thickly that
you could not now find a vacant spot to
plant a letter on. The characters are
various--some, old, some new, some
well-formed, some irregular scrawls,
some mere scratches on the surface
which a winter's storm will wash out,
some so deep that they will be legible
for ages. As to matter, some are re-
cords of personal ambition, others are
expressive of thoughts, jollity, others
the date of some great event; the table
let there, the happiness of ideas
good or bad, that stray comers may
chance to impress on it; in many re-
spects how like the Last of man!

Advice to a Mother.

The first book read, and the last book
read by every child is the conduct
of its mother.

1. First give yourself, then your
child, to God. He is giving him his
own. Not to do it is ruling God.

2. Always prefer duty to wealth--
the honor that comes from God to the
honor that comes from man. Do this
for yourself, do it for your child.

3. Let your child's course be to raise
your child to a high standard. Do not
sink into childlessness yourself.

4. Give not a needless commands,
but when you come and require prompt
obedience.

5. Never indulge a child in cruelty,
even to an insect.

6. Cultivate sympathy with your
child in all lawful joys and sor-
rows.

7. Be sure you never correct a child
unless you know it deserves correction.
Heat its story first and child.

8. Never allow your child to whine
or fret, or to bear grudges.

9. Early inculcate frankness, can-
dor, generosity, magnanimity, patriot-
ism, and self-denial.

10. The knowledge and fear of the
Lord are the beginning of wisdom.

11. Never mortify the feelings of
your child by upbraiding it with dull-
ness; but do not inspire it with self-
conceit.

12. Pray with and for your child
often and fearfully.

13. Encourage all attempts at self-
improvement.

14. Never receive, nor break a
promise to a child.

15. Reprove not a child severely in
the presence of strangers.

16. Remember that life is a vapor,
and that you and your child may be
called out of time into eternity any
day.

ANON.

An Instructive Anecdote.

The celebrated mystical writer Taulo-
rus gives an interesting account of a
certain divine, who, being ignorant of
true religion, most earnestly besought
God, with strong cries and fervent
prayers, for the space of eight years,
that he would direct him to some one
who would point out to him the way to
heaven. At length he received an in-
timation that if he would go to the
church he would there find one who
would satisfy the longing desires of his
soul. When he came to church, he saw
no person but a poor, care-worn beggar,
clothed in tattered garments. He saluted
the beggar thus--

"God grant that this may be a pleas-
ant morning to thee."

The beggar replied, "Sir, I do not
recollect of ever having experienced an
unpleasant morning."

"What is this thou sayest?" exclaimed
the astonished divine. "I hope that
God may confer every favor upon you."

The beggar replied, "Sir, God's favors
have as yet been upon me."

A New Jersey milkman drives his
cow from door to door and milks her
in the presence of his patrons. This
is enough to win a year's from a hy-
drant.

The export trade in beef and cattle
has not been profitable of late, owing
to the English market being overstocked
by reason of excessive shipments
from the United States and Canada.
Some Montpeliers ships are daily
lost heavily. Shippers agree that Bos-
ton is the best port on the coast to ship
trains. Shipments from New York have
been very light during the past week.
Cattle freight has very low. A steamer
may now be chartered from Boston to
Liverpool or London for \$7.50 to \$10,
while last year at this time the freight
was \$25 per ton. Some steamers
clear up from Boston to carry upwards
of 300 head of cattle at a trip.

His Scheme for the Detection of the Rebel
Condor.

"I think, Vest," said Senator Butler,
the other day, "that the story you tell
about that fellow in Richmond who
went to have his picture taken, is about
the best you can get off. Let's have it."

"Well," said the humorous little Sen-
ator from Missouri, "we had a man by
the name of Peter Wilkes, who was
elected to the Confederate Congress
from Springfield, Mo., District, and he
came down to the seat of Government
with the air of a Webster about him,
and just looked and talked for all the
world as if the entire responsibility of
the cause rested upon his individual
shoulders. I knew him at home, and
hence was spared the anxiety of being
disturbed about his greatness. It was
not long before the close of the war,
when Garland and I were walking
down Grace street, and Peter ran into us.
He had a benign smile on his face, and I
knew he had been engaged in some
agreeable sport. Coming up to us he said:
"Vest, I've been down here to a photo-
grapher's. Got a card the other day,
asking me to call and sit for a picture.
He wants to get up the whole Confed-
erate Congress--something historic, eh?
and Peter's waistband stretched
perceptibly at the thought of being thus
embalmed for posterity. Tipping a
wink to Garland, I said:
"What shop do you mean, Peter?"
"Oh, down there on main street,
giving a certain number. Just then I
turned to Garland, and, with alarm
osted on my face, said:
"Why Peter, you big ass, where
have you been in the last two weeks?
Haven't you heard anything about that
fellow down there pretending to take
historic pictures? He is a spy in the
employ of the Federal Government.
We've just about proved it on him,
and he's come to Richmond to photo-
graph all us members for the Federal
gallery; and when this thing blows up,
the other side will have all our pictures
to aid them in the search and prosecu-
tion! Fact, Garland ain't it?"
"So I've heard, Vest," said he.
"Well, Peter didn't stop only long
as it took him to say 'My God!' and in
two minutes he was just out of my
sight. That evening he came rushing
into my room with:
"Vest, you've done me a great fa-
vor, and I'll not forget it until my dy-
ing day."
"Find your man, Peter?"
"You lost I did. The d--d rascal
has that machine of his in the back
room and was oiling me up. I just
went up to him with this trusty six-
shooter (it was a about a yard long)
and put it in his ear, and says I, "Shell
out!" Well, he shelled kinder lively
like, and I smashed it in a thousand
pieces. No Federal gallery in mine."
"Well, when the surrender came,
Peter was under the conviction that
the whole Federal Government had
combined to capture him, and he set
out for California on foot. Yes, he's
out there yet waiting for the animosity
against him to cool."--*Washington
Capital.*

What to Teach the Boys.

A philosopher has said that true ed-
ucation for boys is to "teach them what
they ought to know when they become
men."

What is it they ought to know, then?
1st. To be true--to be genuine. No
education is worth anything that does
not include this. A man had better not
know how to read--he had better never
learn a letter in the alphabet, add be
true and genuine in intention and in
action, rather than, being learned in all
sciences and in all languages, to be at
the same time false in heart and coun-
terfeit in life. Above all things teach
the boys that TRUTH is more than
riches, more than culture, more than
any earthly power or position.

2d. To be pure in thought, language
and life--pure in mind and in body.
An impure man, young or old, poison-
ing the society where he moves, with
sneaky stories and impure examples, is
a moral ulcer, a plague spot, a leper who
ought to be treated as were the lepers
of old, who were banished from society
and compelled to cry unclean, as a
warning to save others from the pesti-
lence.

3d. To be unselfish. To care for the
feeling and comfort of others. To be
polite. To be just in all dealings with
others. To be generous, noble and
manly. This will include a genuine
reverence for the aged and things sac-
red.

4th. To be self-reliant and self-help-
ful, even from early childhood. To be
industrious always, and self-supporting
at the earliest proper age. Teach them
that all honest work is honorable, and
that an idle, useless life of dependence
on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these four
things--when he has made these ideas
a part of his being--however young he
may be, however poor, or however rich,
he has learned some of the most im-
portant things he ought to know when
he becomes a man. With these four
properly mastered, it will be easy to
find all the rest.--*Alfred L. Sewell.*

The Polyphemus, as described by the
London papers, carries no guns, and
can never be fitted to carry any. Her
weapons are a powerful ram and
Whitehead torpedoes, both of which
she is designed to use with much suc-
cess and deadly effect. The ram,
which forms the bow (although it can
be removed at will), is twelve feet long
and is submerged when the vessel is
aloft, so as to be capable of striking
most ironclads of modern construction
well below their armor plating. The
torpedo fittings, which form the other
fighting feature of the vessel, can be
used in all directions with equal effi-
ciency. The Polyphemus is cigar-
shaped, and submerged, except in the
centre, where a conical deck, sur-
mounted by a slight superstructure,
rises above the water. Her length is
240 feet, breadth 40 feet, and displace-
ment, 2,600 tons. Engines of 5,550
horse-power will propel her at the rate
of seventeen knots an hour. Mr.
Ward Hunt, who authorized her con-
struction, says: "This vessel must, of
course

Legal Printing.—Persons having legal advertising to do, should remember that it is not necessary that it should be published at the county seat—any paper published in the county will answer. In all matters transpiring in this vicinity, the interest of the advertisers will be better served, by having the notices published in their home paper, than to take them to a paper that is not 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, JULY 7, 1881.

Flouring Mills.

The difference between the mill now used for the manufacture of flour and those of a half a century ago are as marked as those between the modern woolen mill and the old-fashioned loom in which homespun cloth was manufactured for the purpose of providing stout and serviceable garments to clothe the hard-working farmer and his sons. In ancient times wheat bread was the exception; the daily bread of the rural household was made of rye and Indian corn. Two or three bushels of wheat was regarded as a sufficient allowance for a moderate family, and that ground into flour was kept for such state occasions as quiltings, weddings, Thanksgiving and other holidays, when the good wife was wont to exercise her culinary skill in compounding shortcake to grace the bountifully-spread table. It was also considered the proper thing to have a loaf or two of wheat bread on hand in the house should the clergyman or other respected visitor come to take tea. The grinding of the wheat was usually a matter of considerable solicitude on the part of the owner of the grist. A bushel or two was measured up in a bag and thrown across the back of a gentle and trusty farm-horse, and the owner would wend his way to the grist mill, where, while waiting for it to be ground, he would have an opportunity to indulge in a little social gossip with the dusty-coated miller, who was generally well posted in all the local news. The miller, having satisfied the farmer that the run of stone was perfectly clean and that there was no danger of an admixture of rye flour or corn meal, the wheat would be transferred to the hopper and ground; and, when finished, the farmer would joyfully wend his way homeward, knowing that the good wife would test the flour on his arrival and that his chances were favorable for an excellent supper of shortcake and golden butter. This was the grist mill of early days.

The modern flouring mill is a huge structure, employing many men, and the wheat is turned into flour by the freight train load daily. One of the monster mills in Minneapolis, Minn., covers an area of 380 by 80 feet and is several stories in height. Its capacity is 4,200 bushels of wheat, or fifty car-loads, to keep the mill in operation. It does not depend upon the old-fashioned burr mill-stones to convert wheat into flour, but the process of manufacture is to first run the wheat through a brushing machine, the old-fashioned smut machines having been discarded. After the wheat has been cleaned by being run through the brush machine, it is run through corrugated iron rollers, which split the crease of the berry open, thus liberating the dust which lies in the crease, so that it can be removed by bolting. A very small percentage of low-grade flour is made during this first reduction. The grain then passes through a process technically known as a scalping reel, to remove the dirt and flour, after which it passes through a second set of corrugated rollers, by which it is further broken. Then it is passed through a second reel, which removes the flour and middlings. This operation is repeated successively until the flour portion of the berry is entirely removed from the bran, the necessary operations being made after each reduction, sometimes requiring five or six. The middlings from the several operations are reduced to flour, after being run through the purifiers, by successive reductions, on smooth iron or porcelain rollers. One of the principal objects sought by this system of grinding is to avoid all bruising of the grain; another, to extract all the dirt from the crease of the berry; and a third, to thorough-

ly free the bran from the flour, in order to obtain as large a yield as possible.

THE NOBILITY OF LIFE.—There is no action so slight nor so mean but it may be done to a great purpose, and ennobled therefor; nor is any purpose so great but that slight actions may help it, and may be so done as to help it much, most especially that chief of all purposes—the pleasing of God. We treat God with irreverence by banishing him from our thoughts, not by referring to his will on slight occasions. His is not the finite authority or intelligence which cannot be troubled with small things. There is nothing so small but that we may honor God by asking his guidance of it, or insult him by taking it into our own hands; and what is true of the Deity is equally true of his revelation. We use it most reverently when most habitually; our insolence is in ever acting without reference to it; our true honoring of it is in its universal application. God appoints to every one of his creatures a separate mission; and if they discharge it honorably, if they quit themselves like men, and faithfully follow the light which is in them, withdrawing from it all cold and quenchless influence, there will assuredly come of it such burning as, according to its appointed mode and measure, shall shine before men, and be of service constant and holy. Degrees infinite of luster there must always be, but the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which, worthily used, will be a gift, also, to his race forever.

Married People Would be Happier.

If home trials were never told to the neighbors.
If they kissed and made up after every quarrel.
If household expenses were proportioned to receipts.
If they tried to be as agreeable as in courtship days.
If each would try to be a support and comfort to the other.
If each remembered the other was a humane being, not an angel.
If women were as kind to their husbands as they were to their lovers.
If fuel and provisions were laid in during the high tide of summer work.
If both parties remembered they married for worse as well as for better.
If men were as thoughtful for their wives as they were for their sweethearts.
If there were fewer silks and velvet costumes for the street and more plain, tidy house-dresses.
If there were fewer "please darlings," in public, and more common manners in private.
If wives and husbands would take some pleasures as they go along and not degenerate into mere toiling machines. Recreation is necessary to keep the heart in its place, and to get along without it is a big mistake.
If men would remember that women can't always be smiling who have to cook the dinner, answer the door-bell half a dozen times, and get rid of a neighbor who has dropped in tend to a sick baby, tie up the out-finger of a two-year-old, gather up the playthings of a four-year-old, tie up the head of a six-year-old on skates, and get an eight-year-old ready for school, to say nothing of sweeping, cleaning, etc. A woman with all this to contend with may claim it is a privilege to look and feel a little tired sometimes, and a word of sympathy would not be too much to expect from the man, who, during the honeymoon, wouldn't let her carry as much as a sunshade.

Our Budget.

"Ma, what is revenge?" "It is when your father scolds me, and I hit him with a broomstick."
Time is money and money is time, for when you give 25 cents to a couple of tramps it is a quarter to two.
A great many pious people resemble the old cathedrals in one particular, viz., their dim religious light.
Young ladies and elephants attain their growth at 18. But here analogy ceases. One trunk is enough for an elephant.
This has been a very healthy spring. Quite a number of western rivers, that have been confined to their beds for years, are now leaving them.
When a man can talk stuff of which neither he nor anybody else can tell the meaning, he is called either a philosopher or a fool, just as luck happens to set folks.
A little four-year-old, being asked by his mother if he would like to have wings and be an angel, replied: "No, ma, I'd rather be a hawk and live on chickens."

In describing a new organ, a rural musical critic says: "The swell died away in a delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bed-clothes."
"The strongest propensity in a woman's nature," says a careful student of the sex, "is to want to know what is going on, and the next thing is to boss the job."
WOMAN'S WISDOM.—She insists that it is of more importance that her family should be kept in full health than that she should have all the fashionable dresses and styles of the times. She therefore sees to it that each member of her family is supplied with enough Hop Bitters, at the first appearance of any symptoms of ill health, to prevent a fit of sickness, with its attendant expense, care and anxiety. All women should exercise their wisdom in this way.—Ed.

A three-year-old discovered the neighbor's hens in the yard scorching. In a most indignant tone she reported to her mother that Mr. Smith's hens were "wiping their feet on our grass."
"Sweetie to the sweet," said the funny young man, as he handed the waiter-girl a faded bouquet. "Beets to the best," returned the girl, as she pushed him a plate of the vegetables.
How often persons have been annoyed by burrs clinging to their dress or clothing, and how seldom have they, when cleaning them, given it a thought that Burdock root is the most valuable blood cleanser and purifier known, and is sold by every druggist under the name of *Burdock Blood Bitters*. Price \$1.00. Sold by W. R. Reed & Co.

Some men have hard luck. A Boston, artist painted a picture of a bull-frog having a spasm in a pot of red paint, and the critics pronounced it a fine copy of Turner's great painting, "The Slave Ship."

The Chicago Inter-Ocean asks what have our babies done that they should not have a column in the census reports? And suggests that they should be enumerated in the schedule of "domestic products."

TROUBLE SAVED.—It is a remarkable fact that *Thomas Electric Oil* is as good for internal as external use. For diseases of the lungs and throat, for rheumatism, neuralgia, erysipelas, the back, wounds and sores, it is the best known remedy, and much trouble is saved by having it always on hand. Sold by W. R. Reed & Co.

When Miss B— started for Paris she said to her aunt, a practical lady, "I shall bring you back a shawl! Now, what color would you like?" The aunt after reflection: Black and white, my child—your poor uncle is so sick."

A judge and a joking lawyer were conversing about the doctrine of the transmigration of the souls of men into animals. "Now," said the judge, "suppose you and I were turned into a horse and an ass, which would you prefer to be?" "The ass, to be sure," replied the lawyer. "Why," rejoined the judge, "because," was the reply, "I have heard of an ass being a judge, but of a horse—never."

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.—To persons about to marry, Douglas Jerrold's advice was "don't," we supplement by saying, without laying in a supply of *Spring Blossom*, which cures albuminaria, and other kidney and bladder complaints. Price 50 cents; trial bottles 10 cents. Sold by W. R. Reed & Co.

You may say what you please, but there is no luck in horseshoes. A woman nailed one up against the woodshed a month ago and last week her husband eloped with the hired girl. The man had not earned a cent for more than two years.

"No, Mr. Editor," said he, "I don't object to your politics and you haven't slandered me, but you are always publishing descriptions of new styles of bonnets, and I want to know if that's the sort of reading matter for a wife and six grown-up daughters?"

RUN IN.—John Lockman, 274 Clinton street, Buffalo, N. Y., says he has been using *Thomas Electric Oil* for rheumatism. He had such a lame back that he could do nothing; but one bottle entirely cured him. Sold by W. R. Reed & Co.

Nothing is more tantalizing to a gentleman paying his addresses to a young lady than to see her kissing a pet dog and hear her calling it darling. "You never treated me so," observed a youth to his beloved. "No," she replied, "you ain't that sort of a puppy."

Bergh is always getting up something new in the philanthropic line. It is understood that he offers a large cash prize for the best essay in answer to the question "How shall we make our life attractive to the mosquito?" We've got it! "Go outdoors yourself!"

VIRILE IMPROVEMENT.—Mr. N. Bates, Elmira, N. Y., writes: "About four years ago I had an attack of bilious fever, and never fully recovered. My digestive organs were weakened and I would be completely prostrated for days. After using two bottles of your *Burdock Blood Bitters* the improvement was so visible that I was astonished. I can now, though 61 years of age, do a fair and reasonable day's work." Price \$1.00. Sold by W. R. Reed & Co.

Lessing, the German philosopher, being absent-minded, knocked at his own door one evening, when the servant, looking out of the window, and not recognizing him, said: "The professor is not at home." "Oh, very well," said Lessing, composedly, walking away, "I'll call another time."

"Who," asked Lumpy of the slave who attends to the sordid advertisements, "who is the most disagreeable tradesman to deal with?" "My shoemaker," for I issue booties from his shop." "Nay," smilingly responded the jester, "it is my shirtmaker, for he collars and cuffs his customers."

THE HORNS UNLOOSE.—Chas. Thompson, Franklin street, Buffalo, says: "I have suffered for a long time with constipation, and tried almost every purgative advertised, but only resulting in temporary relief, and after 'constipation' still more aggravated. I was told about your *Spring Blossom* and tried it. I can now say I am cured, and though some months have elapsed, still remain as well as I shall, having always kept a supply on hand in case of old complaint recurring." Price 50 cents; trial bottles 10 cents. Sold by W. R. Reed & Co.

MARRIAGE.—How much or how little the institution of marriage may mean! Looked at simply in its visible form, it is only a ceremony uniting two persons in legal and moral bonds, who afterwards form one family, instead of parts of two. But what are its invisible truths, its higher realities, its poetry? Does it not suggest holy affection, pure delight, rich possibilities of mutual aid, improvement, and sympathy? Does it not hint at family life, with its responsibilities and duties, its self-sacrifice, its trials, its rewards, the inspiration it gives to energy, the sweets it confers on labor, the consolation it has in store for sickness or sorrow, the honor it bestows on old age? What though these may never be wholly realized? They are no less the great truths of marriage, to which some may be forever blind, and some may convert from beautiful conceptions to happy realities.

WORRY.—If you find yourself disposed to give way to that mind-weakening, happiness-destroying disease of worry, try to recuperate your nervous system. Go to bed and sleep your imaginary troubles away. If you cannot sleep, it is a sign that your blood is sluggish; your nervous system is used up; your muscular system has had little or no employment. Then do something to tire the muscles and start the blood. Do not fall into the delusive snare of "gentle exercise;" that is advisable only for invalids. Whatsoever you do, do it with all your might. Take a tramp on the hills; saw wood; ride horseback; give fifteen minutes to an Indian club or a pair of not too heavy dumb-bells; run; jump; any thing to exert your body and stop the exertion of your mind, to set your muscles into exercise and give your nerves a rest. Get into a glow and a perspiration, and make yourself feel thoroughly, healthily tired. Then take a bath, get on clean clothes, eat a light meal with a good appetite, and go to bed; and, ten chances to one, you will go to sleep and wake on the morning cheerful and hopeful, prepared to laugh at your former melancholy.

RAISE THE GOOD HEIFERS.—Every heifer calf from good cows should be raised in order that the number of good cows may become larger. After the first three or four days the calf may be taken from the cow and learned to drink, and when a week old skim milk may be gradually substituted for new milk. Then a gruel made of well-boiled oat meal may be gradually substituted for the skim milk if it is desirable to have that for other use. Cotton-seed meal added to the gruel has sometimes been recommended and might be cautiously tried. Where the calves can soon be turned into a good pasture, they do nicely on skim milk and oat-meal gruel if well attended to.

DIARRHOE IN CALVES.—In some localities in some seasons diarrhoea in calves is very bad. The Live Stock Journal gives the following directions in regard to the ailment: "Give, according to size and age, from two to three ounces of castor oil, with a draehm of laudalium. After four hours, and as long as necessary, give twice or thrice daily, the following mixture in one dose: Two drachms of compound chalk powder, with opium, one dram of powdered gentian root, one ounce of peppermint water, and two ounces of starch emulsion. By way of prevention the animal should have milk in small quantities at a time, and it is best to give it mixed with an equal quantity of flax-seed tea, which greatly tends to prevent the milk from souring or curdling in the stomach, which, causing irritation, produces the diarrhoea."

A young gentleman the other day asked a young lady what she thought of the married state in general. "Not knowing, I can't tell," was the reply; "but if you and I were to put our heads together, I could give you a definite answer."

There is a boy in Galveston who will never be a musician. He is too independent. His teacher was trying to make him play the right notes, and said to him: "You must not rush away over there on the treble. That's not right." "I guess I'll reach where I please on this piano, I reckon. I'll put my foot upon it, if I see fit."

A Chicago man at Plainfield, Ind., desired to leave his traveling bag and overcoat while he walked to a place 30 miles distant. He put them in a field unprotected from thieves except by the sign "Small-pox—beware!" and when he returned, they were right there in the field. But they were 30 feet under ground, buried by health officers.



The Michigan Central Railroad, with its connections at Chicago, affords the most direct and desirable route of travel from Michigan to all points in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Texas, Minnesota, Dakota, Manitoba, etc. Michigan Central trains make sure and close connections at Chicago with through express trains on all Western lines. Rates will always be as low as the lowest. Parties going West this Spring will find it to their interest to correspond with Henry C. Wentworth, General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Line, at Chicago, who will cheerfully impart any information relative to routes, time of trains, maps and lowest rates. Do not purchase your tickets nor contract your freight until you have heard from the Michigan Central.

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Info Express 12:45 noon	7:00 a. m.
N. Y. Express 7:05 p. m.	12:45 a. m.
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GLOVES, MITTS & RUBBER GOODS ARE
CLEARED OUT!!
we shall sell the same at COST, and many goods at MUCH LESS.
We have as fine an

ASSORTMENT

as can be found, and
BOUGHT VERY LOW!
which will give our patrons a double advantage. Come one and all, and avail yourselves of this desirable chance. Will take in exchange

Wood and all kinds of Produce,

and will give an extra price for

A No. 1 BUTTER AT ALL TIMES

(v-9-35) DURAND & HATCH.

NOTICE TO FARMERS!!

BRAM and SHIPSTUFF, per ton \$14. Fine MIDDINGS, " 15.
At the PENINSULAR MILLS, Dexter, April 21, 1881.

JAMES LUCAS.

MISS NELLY M. WREDDON,
—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. [v10-13m]

Subscribe for the Chelsea Herald.

GRAND SPECIAL

—AND—

UNPRECEDENTED

—S A L E—

—OF—

BLACK, PLAIN COLORS and FANCY



FOR THE NEXT

30 DAYS!!

Desirous of Reducing our Stock as much as possible previous to Inventory, we offer for NEXT 30 DAYS our entire Stock (some \$25,000) AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Black Silks, 45c to \$3.50 per yard; well worth 25 per cent. more. One Lot Plain Colored Silks, recently sold at 87 $\frac{1}{2}$, \$1.00 and \$1.25, all go in at 75 cents per yard.

Fancy Silks, Checks and Stripes, 100 Pieces to select from—45 cents to 85 cents per yard—cheap at 15 cents per yard more.

DON'T FAIL to examine. It will pay you to go miles to see them.

RESPECTFULLY,

M. W. Robinson.

Jackson, Mich.

M. C. R. R. TIME TABLE.

Passenger Trains on the Michigan Central Railroad will leave Chelsea Station as follows: GOING WEST. All Trains..... 9:23 A. M. Local Passenger..... 7:55 A. M. Rapid Express..... 8:05 P. M. Michigan Express..... 8:32 P. M. Evening Express..... 10:28 P. M. GOING EAST. Night Express..... 5:30 A. M. Jackson Express..... 8:03 A. M. Grand Rapids Express..... 10:07 A. M. All Trains..... 4:40 P. M. H. B. LEVY, 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 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 o'clock, at their Lodge room, Middle St., East. G. E. WRIGHT, Sec'y.

WASHTENAW ENCAMPMENT, No. 1, I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings first and third Wednesday of each month. 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.

Kemp & 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.

Notes Loaned on First-Class Security, at Reasonable Rates. Insurance on Farm and City Property Effectuated.

LEO 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.

Home of New York, \$1,100,527 Hartford, 3,292,914 Fire Association, 4,990,000 American, Philadelphia, 1,295,691 Eas. of Hartford, 7,078,324

Office: Over Kemp's Bank, Middle Street, West, Chelsea, Mich. It is cheaper to insure in these companies, than in one horse company.

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. E. SPARKS, Proprietor of Chelsea Steam Flour Mill, keeps constantly on hand A No. 1 Wheat Flour, Graham Flour, Buckwheat Flour, etc. Custom Work a Specialty. Farmers, please take notice and bring in your grain. Satisfaction guaranteed. 49-53

TONSORIAL EMPORIUM. ED & FRANK would respectfully announce to the inhabitants of Chelsea and vicinity that they are now prepared to do all kinds of work in their line, also keep on hand sharp razors, also clean towels, and everything first-class to suit their customers. They are up to the times, and can give you an easy shave and fashionable hair cut. 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 10 A. 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.

A 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 10 A. M.

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

LUTHERAN CHURCH. Rev. Mr. METZER. Services every alternate Sunday at 3 o'clock P. M.

OUR TELEPHONE.

Gilbert Gay has returned home from his visit. Money to loan—from \$1 to \$5000, and upwards. Thos. Taylor.

New potatoes are in market at one dollar per bushel. The people of Lima had an old fashioned 4th of July celebration last Monday.

Mrs. L. Wood will please accept our thanks for a nice head of lettuce accompanied with radish.

Our school board were prospecting the school and grounds on last Saturday, to see if any repairs were needed.

Mr. A. K. Conrad of Moravia, N. Y., is the guest of Hon. S. G. Ives and B. Parker of this village.

The children of the Sunday schools of Francisco and Waterloo had a gay time at Cavender lake on the 4th.

There was about 500 one-fare tickets sold at this depot during Saturday and Monday, July 2nd and 4th.

Rev. J. W. Campbell of Dexter, will occupy the pulpit at the M. E. church in this village next Sunday.

Mr. Wm. Morton and family of Detroit, were spending the 4th of July among friends in this village.

The editors family was treated to a mess of new potatoes July 1st, by Mr. Alva Freer, for which he returns thanks.

I say Jim—where do you get the best lemonade in town? It is at Reed & Co's drug store. It is refreshing, cool and nice.

Rev. G. L. Bailey gave a very interesting lecture on Rome, at the Baptist church in this village on Thursday last, to a fair audience.

Billy Butler a son-in-law of Asa Blackney, died very suddenly of consumption, in this village on Wednesday last, aged 33 years.

On Friday evening, July 1st, Albert Ingram and Miss May Scott, of Stockbridge, called at the Congregational parsonage, and the twin were made one by the aid of Rev. Dr. Holmes.

Mr. W. J. Dancer resigned his position as clerk at the store of Parker & Babcock, and has gone to the old homestead farm at Lima to labor.

Dr. Gates had a barn raised one day last week. A large number were present. The Dr. furnished plenty of lemonade, and when they got through gave them a good lunch.

Mrs. Ed. McNamara and family, left last Thursday for Traverse City to join her husband, where he has got a steady position as foreman in a large boot and shoe manufactory. We wish them success.

Mr. James F. Smith presented us on the 4th of July with a large mess of new potatoes. They were early rose, and all of them was as large as goose eggs. He says he has three acres of the same. We appreciate favors.

The 4th of July passed off very quietly in this village. A good many of the inhabitants went to neighboring towns to celebrate. In the evening our neighbors O. H. Kempf and Sidney Harrington made a display of some beautiful sky-rockets.

A Baptist social was held at the residence of Mr. J. P. Wood on last Friday. There was a good many present, and all enjoyed themselves. The sum of ten dollars was raised to donate to Elder Gay, to help to make up the loss he met with by burglars on the night of Thursday last. It is to be hoped that others will follow suit, and do likewise.

Chelsea & Clinton base ball clubs, played a friendly game at Manchester during the 4th of July celebration for a prize of \$10. The score stood, Chelsea 33, Clinton 9.—Chelsea winning the prize and bringing home with them all the honors.

A neighborly 4th of July supper was held on the lawn in front of J. Palmer's residence on railroad street. Everyone present satisfied the inner-man and a good time was realized.

G. W. Turnbull and W. E. Depew of this place, have formed a co-partnership in the law business and have opened an office at No. 3 Hill's opera house, Ann Arbor, which will be occupied by Mr. Depew. Mr. Turnbull will continue in the office now occupied by him in the McKune building in this place.

The annual meeting of the Chelsea Library Association, will be held in the basement of the Congregational church, Friday, July 8th, 1881, at 8 p. m., for the election of officers and such other business as may properly come before the meeting. All interested in the success of the Library are earnestly invited to be present.

We have been favored with a call from Mr. A. K. Conrad, who is a relative of Hon. S. G. Ives and B. Parker. He is selling rubber stamps & printing wheels, from an inspection of his samples, we must say they are simply perfect, and bespeak for him a liberal patronage from our citizens, who will find him a genial courteous gentleman to deal with.

The following is the amount of wool purchased this season in Chelsea, and by whom: Kempf Bros. \$15,000, Babcock & Gilbert, 110,000, Taylor Bros., 60,000, Durand & Hatch, 40,000. Total amount of pounds, 425,000.

RUNAWAY.—A spirited team runaway on last Tuesday afternoon—the buggy containing a Mr. Joslin of Unadilla, and his brother and family from Detroit, who were visiting. Mr. J. was going home, and when crossing over the bridge at Lett's creek, in this village, the tongue of the buggy slipped down, causing the horses to run off, and throwing Mr. Joslin, brother and family, six in all, to the ground. It seems it was thought at first that there was limbs broken—but an investigation showed that there was none—but all of them got more or less bruised. They are getting along as well as could be expected under the circumstance.

A social game of base-ball took place in Chelsea on Friday last, between the Chelseas and the Dexters. The Dexters did well—but the Chelseas were too much for them—the game standing 12 to 8 in favor of the Chelseas, up to the sixth innings. On their sixth the Dexter boys run in 4 tallies. This woke our boys up, and on their seventh innings they "rolled in" 13 scores. At the end of the eighth innings, the Chelseas had 32, and the Dexters 10. Our boys white-washed them on their ninth, and they gave up the game, leaving the Chelseas one innings yet to play. Score, 32 to 10—time of game—2 hours and 45 minutes. Umpire, B. J. Billings, Sec., M. McAllister.

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 GIMES which you can buy of us for 75c?

To pay 75c for GIMES which you can buy of us for 50c?

To pay 50c for GIMES 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 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 65c?

We sell the "TROMBY" KID GLOVE, 2 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?

ASSASSINATION.—Our village was thrown into the wildest excitement on last Saturday, by a message going over the telegraph wires with the sad news that President Garfield was shot by an assassin, who had put two bullets into the body of the President at the Baltimore and Potomac depot at Washington. The scoundrel is said to be a discharged government official. All day the people thronged the telegraph office to hear what was going over the wires. When they heard the good news that he still lived, they became more quiet—and when the evening papers arrived, they were grasped with wild despair—but on reading they found that there was still a hope of his recovery. The name of the assassin is said to be Chas. Gitteau, of Chicago, an ex-consul of the United States at Marseilles. We hope the fiend in human form will get his just reward, by being hanged by the neck until he is dead, dead. And may his body be thrown on the prairie to be picked by buzzards, and his bones lay there a whitened mass.

Since writing the above we have read the most cheering accounts that the President is slowly recovering—Let us thank God. BURGLARY.—Our town was infested by sneak-thieves last Thursday night. They commenced their deeds of evil by calling at the residence of B. J. Billings, but got frightened and put out without getting anything—next to the residence of T. Wilkinson, where they also got frightened—next to the residence of Dr. G. E. Wright, where they made another failure—next to the parsonage of Rev. E. A. Gay, where they succeeded in getting away with a valuable gold watch and chain and \$6.75 in cash. The watch and chain was worth one hundred dollars. The next and last raid they made was to the house of Philip Keusch, where they got a pocket-book containing twenty-cents—they took ten and left the other for seed. We think it is about time that the inhabitants were getting their shooting irons ready, and if another raid should take place, that they will be able to give them a few lead pills.

GIVE US A SHORT SERMON.—If in weather like this a preacher imposes an hour long sermon on his people he deserves to see empty benches hereafter as long as he lives. The desire to give a congregation a great deal for their money may be very honest at bottom, but this is an age in which quality is more valued than quantity—an age, too, in which hearers are so near the intellectual level of preachers that they are quick to detect any padding put into a sermon to increase the size. Not more than one long sermon in five hundred is listened to with any more pleasurable or profitable sentiment than that of mere endurance, and human endurance is taxed severely enough in hot weather without having unnecessary burdens laid on it by men who should tranquilize the soul instead of tormenting it. Nearly every sermon to be preached in Chelsea to-day would be better, stronger and easier remembered if boiled down to half its present bulk; nothing but words would be lost by the operation, for ideas are never thick enough in any risk of being lost. Let preachers just once astonish congregations with sermons of only 15 or 20 minutes duration, and they will not be long left in doubt about how to persuade people to come to church.

Think Before You Do It. The affixing of the stamp is in the majority of cases, the last stage of letter writing. It is a kind of sealing, signing, and delivering. It would not be a bad moral habit for a man to pause before affixing his postage-stamp, and to consider whether judiciously and conscientiously he had not better save his money. When once he has dropped his letter into the letter-box he has committed one of the irrevocable acts of his life. As you prepare to affix your stamp, one final thought conscience, whether you might not alter, improve or altogether obliterate that letter. There may be all sorts of wrong and evil—connected with letter-writing; but to specialize an instance, you may have been writing an angry letter. It may be a clever, caustic letter, and you feel rather inclined to regard it approvingly considered as a literary production. But it may be a passionate and unjust letter. It may be unreasoning and untrue. You may be giving unmerited pain by sending it. You may bitterly regret the moment when your hand obeyed the immoral behest of your mind. You have heard of the physician's prescription about the cucumber; to peel it carefully, all e it tenderly, be gingerly with your vinegar and pteous with the oil, sprinkle the pepper, brown or red—over it—and then fling the mess out of the window. So when you sit down to your letter, my dear and slightly excited friend, pile up your invectives, accumulate your adjectives, be caustic and cutting in your phrases; but just before you post it give a thought to the ethics of a postage-stamp, light your pipe with it, and save your money.

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

Those who are indebted to us on subscription, please call and settle.

TOUENEY BROS., Jackson Mich.

Chelsea Market.

CHLSEA, July 7, 1881. FLOUR, 7 cwt. \$2 75 WHEAT, White, 7 bu. 1 20 CORN, 7 bu. 20c OATS, 7 bu. 40 CLOVER SEED, 7 bu. 4 00 TIMOTHY SEED, 7 bu. 3 00 BEANS, 7 bu. 2 50 PEAS, 7 bu. 2 00 POTATOES, 7 bu. 20c APPLES, green, 7 12@ 15 do dried, 7 lb. 35c HONEY, 7 lb. 12c BUTTER, 7 lb. 12c POULTRY—Chickens, 7 lb 10 LARD, 7 lb. 05 TALLOW, 7 lb. 05 HAMS, 7 lb. 30 SHOULDERS, 7 lb. 08 EGGS, 7 doz. 11 BEEF, live 7 cwt. \$ 3 00@ 3 50 SHEEP, live 7 cwt. 3 00@ 3 40 HOGS, live 7 cwt. 3 00@ 3 40 do dressed 7 cwt. 5 00@ 5 40 HAY, tame 7 ton. 10 00@ 12 00 do marsh 7 ton. 5 00@ 6 00 SALT, 7 bb. 1 25 WOOL, 7 lb. 85c CRANBERRIES, 7 bu. 1 00@ 1 50

Estate of Elizabeth Begole.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW. 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.

Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Elizabeth Begole, deceased.

Dora A. Begole the Administratrix of said estate, comes into court and represents that she is now prepared to render her final account as such Administrator. Thereupon it is ordered, that Saturday the sixteenth day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing such account, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county, and show cause if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed: And it is further Ordered, that said administrator give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Chelsea HERALD, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Judge of Probate. [A true copy.] WILLIAM G. DOTY, Probate Register.

ED. & FRANK, FASHIONABLE BARBERS. When you wish an easy shave. As good as barber's ever gave. Just call on them at their saloon. At noon, at eve, or busy noon. They curl and dress the hair with grace. 'T suit the contour of the face. Their room is neat, their towels clean, Scissors sharp and razors keen, And every thing I think you'll find To suit the taste and please the mind, And all their art and skill can do If you'll just call they'll do for you. Please call on them and judge of their merits.

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.

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.

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

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.

Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known: Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. \$10 a day and upwards is easily made without staying away from home over night. No risk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once. Many makes as man as man, and young boys and girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

ESSEX HOUSE, No. 131, Sandwich St., (Opposite Turk's old Hotel), WINDSOR, ONT. JOHN R. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

The bar is supplied with the finest brands of liquors and cigars. Good stabling in connection with the house. Terms \$1.00 per day. This house has been thoroughly overhauled and is in excellent order to suit the wants of the traveling public.

If you are a man of business, weak and need the strength of your system, and need Hop Bitters. If you are young and need the strength of your system, and need Hop Bitters. If you are old and need the strength of your system, and need Hop Bitters.

200 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, 12c a pair.

Cheriot Shirts, 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.

Go to your Druggist for Mrs. Freeman's New National Ointment. For brightness and durability of color, are unequalled. Color from 3 to 5 pounds. Directions in English and German. Price, 15 cents.

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!

30 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.

Cheriot Shirts, 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.

MICHIGAN.

Oliver Bird, a farmer in Ann Arbor town, was run over and killed near Ann Arbor by the Grand Rapids express. The coroner's jury returned the railway company from all blame.

The excess of exports of merchandise over imports for the twelve months ending May 31, 1884, was \$22,732,826, an increase of more than one hundred millions over the excess of the previous year.

Russian Destroying Angels. Sophie Bardin, of Tamboff, a young lady of noble birth, was the first to familiarize the public with the spectacle of a Russian revolutionary heroine.

electors of which Scotland, with a population nearly two fifths smaller than that of Ireland had in 1879 307,941 against Ireland's 281,289.

THE FARM. "The Farmer's Fish." This is what Prof. Baird, the United States fish commissioner, declares the carp to be.

growing rapidly at the time, was at a standstill; and all kinds of insects and grubs which fowls devour with such relish, were nowhere to be found.

Tea-Tales. The Russian gentlemen drink their tea out of glasses; the ladies out of china. There is an amusing legend attached to this custom.

Michigan. The examination in the case of Judge Crofoot as to his sanity is concluded. Over 50 witnesses have so far been examined and all concur unanimously in the opinion that he is perfectly sane.

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