

THE CHELSEA HERALD.

A. ALLISON, Editor and Proprietor.

"OF THE PEOPLE AND FOR THE PEOPLE."

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XI.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1881.

NO. 1.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

OLIVE LODGE, NO. 156, F. & A. M., will meet at Masonic Hall in regular communication on Tuesday Evenings, on or preceding each full moon.
Theo. E. Wood, Sec'y.

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

WASHUTENAW ENCAMPMENT, No. 17, I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings first and third Wednesday of each month.
J. A. Palmer, Scribe.

Dr. Robertson & Champin, PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,
Office on Main Street (Over Holmes' Dry Goods Store).
CHELSEA, MICHIGAN.
r 0 45 6m

R. M. SPEER, DENTIST.
(Formerly with D. C. Hawhurst, M. D., D. D. S., of Battle Creek).
Nitrous oxid gas for the painless extraction of teeth administered.
ROOMS OVER HOLMES' DRY GOODS STORE, CHELSEA, MICH. [10-23]

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

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

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

Monies Loaned on First-Class Security, at Reasonable Rates.
Insurance on Farm and City Property Effectuated.
Chelsea, March 25, 1880. x9-28-ly

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

INSURANCE COMPANIES
REPRESENTED BY
Turnbull & Dewey.
Assets:
Home, of New York, \$6,109,287
Hartford, 3,292,914
Underwriters, 4,600,000
American, Philadelphia, 1,296,661
Etna, of Hartford, 7,078,224
Fire Association, 4,165,710
OFFICE: Over Post-office, Main street west, Chelsea, Mich.
It is cheaper to insure in these stalwarts, than in one horse companies. v6-1

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

GO TO FRANK DIAMOND'S FOR YOUR Shaving, Hair-Dressing, Etc., Etc.

I am prepared to do all kinds of first-class work in the Barber's line. Give me a call, at my place of business, French's Shoe Store, Middle street, Chelsea, Mich.



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

TONSORIAL EMPORIUM.
F. SHAYER would respectfully announce to the inhabitants of Chelsea and vicinity that he is now prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, also keep on hand sharp razors, nice clean towels, and everything first-class to suit his customers. He is 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.

THE TRAMP PRINTER.

On a morn' in dreary winter,
Came a worn and weary printer
With his bundle on a splinter
O'er his back;
Travel-stained he was, and needy,
And his appetite was greedy
For a "snack."

For the printing-office steering
Till within the door appearing,
Where he bowed, as one revering,
When he spoke,
Saying, in a voice as solemn
As a gratis Buchu-Colum:
"I am broke!"

"In your city I'm a stranger,
Dusty, sooty as a Granger—
For I slumbered in the manger
Of a barn."

THE POET'S SONG.

A poet sings of a beautiful isle,
To be found in the river of time.
It is crowned with flowers and richest
Fruits,
And glories of every clime.

This beautiful isle is the rarest gem,
That mortal on earth may find
A blessing that e'en the humblest claim,
This isle, in the river of time.

But ah! does he sing of the dangers near,
In this peaceful harbor of life,
Of the reefs that lie hidden 'neath treacherous
waves
That cover their unseen strife.

Does he tell of the breakers that hid in the
mist,
From the unwary sailor afloat,
The deep sunken shoals in the river of
time,
That wreck the poor mariner's boat.

When the current is bearing him gently
along,
Not dreaming of dangers to find,
A storm swiftly gathers and vessel and
crew
Are wrecked in the river of time.

Methinks this beautiful isle is a myth,
Not given to mortal sight,
That we never shall reach its beautiful
shores
Till day is turned into night.

D. B.

A Story of the Tide.

On the coast of Normandy, near
Granville, the rise and fall of the
tide are very great, being about 44
feet at spring tides. It comes in very
rapidly, and in particular places may
be seen making up in a great wave
two or three feet high. In a book
on Normandy the following adventure
is narrated of two English gen-
tlemen. They had been out on the
sands watching the manner in which
sand-seals were caught, and examin-
ing the structure of the rocks, which
were like sponges, when of a sudden
one of them, whose name was Cross,
shouted, "I forgot the tide, and here
it comes!"

His companion, whose name was
Hope, turned toward the sea and saw
a stream of water running at a rapid
rate, and replied quickly, "I suppose
we had better be off."

"If we can," replied Cross, "by
crossing the rocks we may yet be in
time."

They began to scramble up the
rocks, and walked as fast as they
could toward the nearest shore; but
it was some time before they reached
the highest point. On gaining it
they looked round, and saw that the
sand was not yet covered, though
lines of blue water here and there
showed how fast it was rising. They
hastened on but had not gone far
when they found that the sand was
in narrow strips, with sheets of wa-
ter between; but seeing a girl before
them who was familiar with the
beach, they cried: "We shall do yet?"
and ran forward.

The girl, however, instead of going
toward the shore, was running to
meet them, and almost out of breath
cried, "The wave! the wave! it is
coming. Turn, turn!—run, or we
lost."

They did turn, and saw out at sea
a large wave rolling toward the shore.
Out of breath as they were, they yet
increased their speed as they retraced
their steps toward the rocks they had
just left. The little girl passed them
and led the way. The two friends
strained every nerve to keep pace
with her, for as they neared the rocks
the wave still rolled toward them,
the sand becoming gradually covered.
Their last few steps were knee-deep
in water.

"Quick, quick!" said the girl;
"there is a passage to cross, and if the
second wave comes, we shall be too
late."

She ran on for a hundred yards
till she came to a crack in the rock
six or seven feet wide, along which
the water was rushing like a mill
race.

"We are lost!" said the girl;

cannot cross; it will carry me away."
"Is it deep?" said Cross.
"Not very," she said; "but it is
too strong."

Cross lifted the girl in his arms,
plunged into the stream, and, though
the water was up to his waist, he
was soon across. His companion fol-
lowed, and all three now stood on
the rock.

"Come on, come on!" cried the
girl; "we are nery there!" and she
led the way to the highest point of
the rocks, and on reaching it, cried,
"We are safe now!"

All were thoughtful for a moment,
as they saw the danger which God
had delivered them from; looking
round, the sand was one sheet of wa-
ter.

"We are quite safe here," said the
girl; "but we shall have to stay
three or four hours before we can go
to the shore."

"What made you forget the tide?"
said Cross; "you must know the tide
well."

"I did not forget it," she replied;
"but I feared, as you were strangers,
you would be drowned, and I ran
back to tell you what to do."

"And did you risk your life to save
ours?" said Hope, the tears starting
to his eyes.

"I thought, at any rate, I should
get here," she replied; "but I was
very nearly too late."

Hope took the little girl in his
arms and kissed her, and said, "We
owe you our lives, you brave little
maid."

Meanwhile, the water was rising
rapidly, till it almost touched their
feet.

"There is no fear," said the girl;
"the points of the rocks are always
dry."

"Cold comfort," said Hope, look-
ing at them; "but what shall we do
for our young friend?" he said to
Mr. Cross.

"If we put all the money in our
pockets into a handkerchief and tie
it round her neck, it will warm her,
I warrant, for she looks cold
enough."

One of them had twenty and the
other seventeen francs, and binding
these in a knot Mr. Hope passed it
round her neck. On receiving it she
blushed with delight, kissed both
their hands, and cried, "How jealous
my sister Angela will be, and how
happy my mother!"

Just then a wave rolled past, and
the water began to run along the
little platform they were sitting upon,
they rose and mounted on the rocky
points, and had scarcely reached them
when the water was a foot deep
where they had just been seated.
Another wave came—the water was
within six inches of their feet.

"It is a terrible high tide," said
the girl, "but if we hold together we
shall not be washed away."

On looking to the shore they saw
a great many people clustering to-
gether on the nearest point; a faint
sound of cheers was heard and a
boat was seen approaching them, the
water was still rising, and when as-
sistance arrived it was close upon
them. They were safely taken to the
shore by the sturdy boatmen, thank-
ing God for their deliverance.

The Oldest City in the World.

Damascus is the oldest city in the
world. Tyre and Sidon have crum-
bled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin;
Palmyra is buried in a desert; Nine-
veh and Babylon have disappeared
from the Tigris and the Euphrates.
Damascus remains what it was be-
fore the days of Abraham—a center
of trade and travel—an island of ver-
dure in the desert; "a president
capital" with martial and sacred as-
sociations extending through thirty
centuries. It was near Damascus
that Saul of Tarsus saw the light
above the brightness of the sun; the
street which is called Strait, in which
it was said "he prayed," still runs
through the city. The caravan
comes and goes as it did a thousand
years ago; there is still the sheik,
the ass, and the water-wheel; the
merchants of the Euphrates and the
Mediterranean still occupy the streets
"with the multitude of their wares."

The city which Mahomet surveyed
from a neighboring height, and was
afraid to enter, "because it was given
to man to have but one paradise, and
for his part he was resolved not to
have it in this world," is to-day what
Julian called the "Eye of the East,"
as it was, in the time of Isaiah, "as
the seat of Syria."

From Damascus came the damson,
our blue plums, and the delicious
apricot of Portugal, called damasco;
damask, our beautiful fabric of cot-
ton and silk, with vines and flowers
raised upon a smooth, bright ground;
the damask rose introduced into
England in the time of Henry VIII;
the Damascus blade, so famous the
world over for its keen edge and
wonderful elasticity, the secret of
whose manufacture was lost when
Tamerlane carried the artist into
Persia; and that beautiful art of in-
laying wood and steel with gold and
silver, a kind of mosaic, engraving
and sculpture united—called damas-
keening—with which boxes, bureaus,

and swords are ornamented. It is
still a city of flowers and bright wa-
ters; the streams of Lebanon and the
"silk of gold" still murmur and spar-
kle in the wilderness of the Syrian
gardens.

AN IMPERTINENT MIMIC.—Young
ladies who expect attentions from
young men, should not keep a too-
well-educated parrot. A family in
Nashville has a parrot noted for his
wonderful powers of imitating the
human voice. The family also has a
daughter whose special duty is the
care of the parrot.

The young lady has a friend; a
young man, who called at the house
one evening and pulled the door bell.
The parrot, sitting in an up-stairs
window, heard the jingle of a bell
and called out:

"Go to the window!" The young
man was startled.
He looked at the windows below
and found them closed. He pulled
the bell knob again.

"Next door!" shouted the parrot,
in a voice not unlike the young
lady's.

The young man looked up and
down the street in a puzzled sort of
a way, as if it had suddenly dawned
upon his mind that he had made a
mistake in the house. Concluding
that he had not, he again rang the
bell.

"Go to the house!" cried Poll
from his perch in the upper window.
"What house?" exclaimed the
young man angrily.

"The workhouse!" shrieked the
parrot. The young man concluded
to leave for his boarding house.

The Art of Advertising.

The art of advertising is one that
requires study and exercise of judg-
ment to make it a success, and the
following from the New Haven Reg-
ister, may be read with profit: If
you have goods to sell, advertise.

Hire a man with a lamplack ket-
tle and brush to paint your name and
number on all the railroad fences.
The cars go whizzing by so fast that
no man can read them, to be sure,
but perhaps the obliging conductor
would stop the train to accommodate
an inquisitive passenger.

Remember the fences by the road-
side as well. Nothing is so attrac-
tive to the passer-by as a well-painted
sign: "Millington's Medical Mixture
for Mumps."

Have your card in the hotel regis-
ter by all means. Strangers stop-
ping at hotels for a night, generally
buy a cigar or two before they leave
town, and they need some inspiring
literary bed sides.

If an advertising agent wants your
business advertised in a fancy frame
at the depot, pay him about 200 per
cent. more than it is worth, and let
him put it there. When a man has
three-quarters of a second in which
to catch a train, he invariably stops
to read railroad advertisements, and
your card may take his eye.

Print in the blackest ink a great
sprawling card on your wrapping pa-
per. Ladies returning from a shop-
ping tour like to be walking bulle-
tins, and if the ink rubs off and
spoils their finery, no matter, They
will never stop at your store again.

A boy with a big placard on a pole
is an interesting object on the street,
and lends a dignified air to your es-
tablishment. Hire about two.

Advertise on a calendar. People
never look at a calendar to see what
day of the month it is. They merely
glance hurriedly at it so as to be
sure that your name is spelled with
or without a "p," that is all.

When the breeze blow, wafted by
a paper fan in the hands of a lovely
woman, 'tis well to have the air redol-
ent with the perfume of the carmine
ink in which your business address
is printed. This will make the mar-
ket for decent fans very good.

Patronize every agent that shows
you an advertising Bible if one, if
offered at reasonable price. The map
must make a living.

But don't think of advertising in
a well established, legitimate news-
paper. Not for a moment. Your
advertisement would be nicely print-
ed and would find its way into all the
thrifty households of the region, of
the farmer, the mechanic, the trades-
man in other lines and into the fam-
ilies of the wealthy and refined, all
of whom have articles to buy and
money with which to buy them; and
in the quiet of the evening, after the
news of the day had been digested, it
would be read and pondered, and the
next day people would come to your
store and patronize you, and you
might have to hire an extra clerk or
two, move into a larger block and
more favorable location, and do a
larger business, but of course it
would be more expensive—and bring
greater profits.

RELIGION OF THE PRESIDENTS.—
Washington and Garfield were the
only ones who were church members;
but all, with one exception were men
who revered christianity. Adams
married a minister's daughter, and
was inclined to Unitarianism. Jef-
ferson was not a believer—at least
not while he was chief magistrate.
Madison's early connections were
Presbyterian. Monroe is said to have
favored the Episcopal church. John
Quincy Adams was like his father.
Jackson was a Methodist and died in
the communion of that church. Van
Buren was brought up in the
Reformed Dutch church, but after-
ward inclined to the Episcopal
church. Polk was baptized by a
Methodist preacher after his term of
office had expired. Taylor was in-
clined to the Episcopal communion.
Fillmore attended the Unitarian
church; and Franklin Pierce was a
member, but not a communicant, of
a Congregationalist church at Con-
cord. Buchanan was a Presbyterian.
Gen. Grant attended the Methodist
church, and President Garfield is a
member of the Church of the Disci-
ples.

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.
At Halifax, Nova Scotia, last week,
William Baker, thirteen years old,
tried to hit a bird with a pistol heav-
ily loaded with shot. The weapon
missed fire and he put it into one of
his pockets, where it went off, tear-
ing open his lower part of the
stomach and killing him instantly.

Two men were killed and two fa-
tally injured by an explosion of nitro-
glycerine at the Carnoo and Fayor
Mining Camp, near Gunnison, Colo-
rado, on Thursday last. The explo-
sion took place prematurely during
the preparation of a blast.

The fog gun at Bird Rocks, Cana-
da, several days since, exploded a
stock of powder at the station, kill-
ing three men.

Two children were killed and a
third dangerously injured by the fall
of a gravel bank in East Newark, N. J., a few days ago.

A through freight train going west
on the Grand Trunk was wrecked at
near Vicksburg, Mich. A brakeman
named E. Grover, of South Bend,
was killed. Ten cars were badly bro-
ken, causing damage amounting to
about \$12,000.

Joseph Frey, a mechanic of Battle
Creek, was fatally injured by heavy
machinery falling upon him in a mill
he was fitting up at West Alexan-
dra, O.

Patrick Conklin, fell from his
wagon on Saturday last, near Howell,
Mich., and received injuries from
which he died next day.

A man named Elliott, employed as
a track walker on Gerrish's railway,
at Farwell, Mich., was struck by a
train and dangerously, perhaps fatal-
ly injured. He was sitting on the
track asleep when the train struck
him.

On Wednesday, an unknown
man was run over by a locomotive
about a quarter of a mile below the
Flint & Pere Marquette depot in
East Saginaw, and killed. He was
lying on the track between the rails.
There was nothing found on his per-
son by which he could be identified.
He was apparently about 30 years of
age, with a slight sandy moustache.

A railroad collision near Warsaw,
Wis., killed engineer Michael Gray,
fireman Robert Beburger, and a
brakeman, name unknown.

A storm at Charleston, S. C., de-
stroyed \$140,000 worth of property,
and swept one white and three col-
ored men into the sea, where they
were drowned.

Mrs. A. Doornbos of Muskegon,

SUNDAY / SLEEPING.—A person
whose brain is wearied with intel-
lectual work during the week, or
whose nervous system is exposed to
the strain of business or professional
life, ought to sleep within an hour or
two after his Sunday dinner, if he
can. It is surprising how much like
a seven-day clock the brain will work
if the habits of a "Sunday nap" be
once formed. Nature will take ad-
vantage of it as regularly and grate-
fully as she does of the nightly sleep,
and do her best to make up lost time.
People, on the other hand, whose
week of toil is chiefly physical, may
well give their minds activity while
their body is resting. Two sermons
and three or four hours of solid read-
ing are a real rest to some on Sun-
day, while to others such a course
amounts to a positive Sabbath break-
ing. Sunday is a day of rest, not
work, religious or otherwise. It is a
day for repose, not for exhaustion.
But what the dogmatists on one side
and the illiberal liberals on the other
are apt to overlook is the fact that
all men do not rest alike any more
than they labor alike, and what may
help one may kill another.

LEVI SMITH, a young desperado,
whose parents live at Leavenworth,
Ind., has been hanged by a Ken-
tucky mob in Harrison county. He
killed a man and fled, but was pur-
sued and hanged. He had commit-
ted several murders and narrowly
escaped each time.

On Wednesday morning an east
bound freight train on the Detroit,
Lansing & Northern railroad went
through a bridge over a creek a mile
north of the small village of Shiloh,
Ionia county, and 18 cars, mostly
loaded with lumber, shingles, etc.,
were dived and smashed. A brake-
man named Chester Roller, whose
home is at Stanton, was fatally in-
jured, but lived until daylight, suffer-
ing terrible agony, being fast in the
wreck, his comrades unable to rescue
him until after his death. He was a
young man but recently married.
The bridge had been weakened by
fire, and the engine and one freight
car got safely over before the crash
came.

A gang of robbers boarded a rail-
road train at Grenada, Colorado, blew
out the lights, and began searching
the passengers. A colored soldier in
the United States army, refusing to
give up his \$500, was shot and
wounded by one of the robbers. In
turn the soldier shot and killed one
of the gang, whereupon the others
ran off without having secured any
booty.

Suppressing Mormonism.
A bill has been introduced, and it
is thought will pass the Legislature
to suppress Mormonism in Georgia.
It provides "that any person con-
victed of teaching such principles or
endeavoring to decoy emigrants to
Utah, shall be fined not exceeding
\$1,000, or imprisoned not more than
a year or both, in the discretion of
the court."

We are glad to notice in any State
of the Union a disposition to enact
stringent penal laws to prevent pro-
gress of the Mormons. Our Ameri-
can idea, that a man may say what
he will, provided he does nothing
criminal, is founded on a mistaken
notion of liberty. It is as dangerous
to the good of the State to incite
others to crime, as it is to commit
the crime. Often the instigators are
far more to be blamed than those
whom they lead astray.

But, after all, very little can
be done in this way to break up the
system. It must be attacked in the
citadel of its strength and over-
thrown by such legislation, so en-
forced by adequate power, as will
make its existence as dangerous to
the criminals as larceny or murder.
We have a great work before us if
we are to maintain the character of a
civilized people in the eyes of the
world. So vast is our territory, so
heterogeneous is our population, so
wide is our liberty, such is the law-
lessness of our frontiers, and so great
are the opportunities for crime and
the enforcement of law is so difficult,
it is not strange that such foreign
critics as Mr. Russell should find ma-
terial in Western travel to represent
us as a semi-barbarous people. And
the existence of Mormonism is a re-
proach and a positive injury. It is a
standing evidence that the United
States Government has not the pow-
er to execute its own laws. This is
not only disgraceful, but it constan-
tly encourages disregard of law. It
demoralizes other people besides the
Mormons. What is needed besides
moral elements of schools and
churches and missionaries, is the
strong arm of law, to suppress the
institution of polygamy, and to scat-
ter its advocates and professors. A
moral war must be waged against it,
with military or police force suffi-
cient to execute righteous law. And
the sooner the country awakes to
this duty, and does it, the less diffi-
cult will be the task which must be
done. Therefore the sooner it is
done, the better.

On Sunday week, Robert F. White
of Hoboken, N. J., while eating some
water melon, accidentally swallowed
a few of the seeds. A day or two
afterwards he became suddenly ill,
and on examination, it was ascer-
tained that the seeds had caused an
abscess to form in his intestines.
The young man suffered excruciating
pain until Thursday evening, when
he died.

FOREIGN.
Cholera has broken out in Japan.
France is preparing to send more
troops to North Africa.
Destructive earthquake near the
Island of Scio, Asia Minor.
A scarcity of gold in England is
reviving the bi-metallic agitation.
The harvest prospects in England
are more cheering.
Athens is suffering terribly from
excessive heat and prevalence of ty-
phoid fever.
The crops in the Lancashire (En-
gland) section are ruined by heavy
rains.
Dr. Korum, the new Catholic bish-
op in Germany, will be installed at
Strassburg, Sept. 9.
American capitalist are building
a street railway in Tokio, Japan, and
also railroads in the provinces.
The sultan intimates that if his
rights as sultan of Egypt are med-
dled with by the powers, he will
fight.
Gambetta presided at an educa-
tional meeting in London, Thurs-
day, and was enthusiastically wel-
comed.
Twelve hundred Arabs attacked a
French camp at Hammamet, Alge-
ria, on Friday, and were repulsed with
great loss.
The International chess congress
opened at Berlin with 120 noted play-
ers present, a few of them from the
United States.
The Ameer of Cabul is rapidly ad-
vancing upon Ayob Khan. The
latter has only seven weak regiments,
and the former is recovering his lost
ground.
The Socialists of one Berlin elec-
toral districts will attempt to elect Herr
Bebel, a socialist, to a seat in the
Reichstag, and the government will
attempt to prevent it. Trouble is
apprehended.
The British mail steamer Teuton
was wrecked on Quoin Point, near
Algon Bay, South Africa, and only
27 out of 147 passengers saved. The
vessel struck a rock and sank while
endeavoring to get back to port. All
the officers were drowned.
The reported discovery of petrole-
um springs near Hanover has created
a sensation in Germany, which, dur-
ing last year, imported from Ameri-
ca 64,979,932 gallons of refined and
2,703,109 gallons of raw petroleum.
An Arab fanatic who "ran amuck"
through the streets of Susa on the
13th inst., calling on the Arabs to
join him in a holy war, was brought
before the Bey at Tunis, on the 20th,
who had him hanged forthwith.
The yellow fever continues to rage
in the French colony at Senegal,
West Africa. Up to August 8, there
have been eighty deaths from the
disease.
A Dutch gentleman and two lad-
ies of his family have been killed by
a landslide on the road to the Tete-
Noire, Switzerland.
The British member of the De-
limitation Commission was attacked
by brigands near the frontier in Epi-
rus, and after a sharp encounter, in
which the commander of the Turk-
ish escort was killed, the brigands
were beaten off.
Two of the brigands who captured
the Englishman, Mr. Suter, near Sa-
lonica, Roumelia, in April last, have
been arrested at Athens. One had
11,000 francs in his possession. It
is suspected that two more of the
band are hiding in Greece.
Private advices received in Paris
say that the explorer Stanley, was ly-
ing dangerously ill half way between
Stanley Pool and the mouth of the
Congo, in Africa.
Last Wednesday night as the
through west-bound express train on
the Grand Trunk, which is due in
Detroit at 9:30 p. m., was between
Ridgeway and Smith's Creek, the
conductor in passing through one of
the coaches, looked into the closet
and found it on fire, an oil lamp hav-
ing exploded. The train was stop-
ped at a point about three miles east
of Ridgeway and the passengers—
some of whom were asleep when the
fire was discovered—were told to
leave the car as quickly as possible,
and in a few minutes the coach was
a mass of flames. There was nothing
to do but cut the train on each
side of the burning car and let it
burn. This rendered the truck im-
passable, and the section of the train
in the rear of the burning car, con-
sisting of sleepers, was sent back to
Port Huron, while that in front of it
came on to the Junction. Some of
the passengers had narrow escapes in
attempting to get out their hand-
luggage, and in searching the burn-
ing cars for their sleeping fellow-
passengers, but no one was hurt.
There was a rumor that a woman and
child were burned to death, but it
has been since shown to be false.

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, Washington Co., Mich.

The Chelsea Herald.

CHELSEA, SEPT. 8, 1881.

Circumstantial Evidence.

The execution of Greenfield, at Syracuse, N. Y., has given a fresh start to the outcry against circumstantial evidence. Several newspapers, of high standing and large intelligence, have declared their firm belief in the guilt of the man, but, after all, they say he was convicted on circumstantial evidence only. As if that were the weaker sort of testimony, and only to be received when eye-witnesses are wanting. But they forget for the moment that the testimony of men or women who are mixed up with murders is the most unreliable of all evidence, and one blood-stain may tell a more convincing tale than the oaths of twenty such witnesses.

Fifty or sixty years ago a couple of men were on trial for murder in Vermont. They were convicted and sentenced to be hung. Before they were executed, the man whom they were convicted of murdering turned up alive, and they had never hurt him at all! That case of Bourn and Colvin, in which Lemuel Haynes, a famous colored preacher, was the agent in God's hands, for the discovery of Colvin, who had wandered from Vermont into New Jersey, has been the means of saving many guilty men from the gallows. In hundreds of murder trials, the story has been told to frighten juries into acquitting the prisoner for fear of sending an innocent man to his death. But the case ought never to be used for such a purpose. The accused men, seeing that several circumstances told strongly against them, confessed that they murdered the man! His body was never found. Silly dreams were relied on as guiding to the place of his burial. But the whole story was one of credulity, fear fraud and delusion, and ought not to have any effect upon the minds of a jury. It proves, if anything, that human testimony, even when the accused confess, is not necessarily true. But circumstances are facts. They may be misconstrued and misunderstood. But there they are, and their existence cannot be accounted for except by the necessary guilt of the accused; the evidence is more reliable than the word of bad men and women.

There is nothing more silly than the remark that a man was convicted of murder on circumstantial evidence only. There is nothing more unreliable than the testimony of profligate witnesses. In this city, and in any large city, men can be found to swear to anything. When Rubenstein was on trial for the murder of a woman in Brooklyn, a dozen of his Jewish brethren and sisters swore positively that he was with them in New York at the time the murder was committed, five miles off. He was convicted on circumstantial evidence only, but his guilt was proved beyond the shade of a doubt. We were present at a murder trial when witness after witness, to the number of six or eight, swore positively that the prisoner was in their company, ten miles from the scene of the murder, when the crime was committed, but the jury knew that the whole gang of witnesses were unworthy of credit, and the man was hung.

In the case of Greenfield, just executed, it is said that Judge Huntington, his counsel, is the only one who believes him innocent, and one of the papers is not afraid to intimate that the counsel now shares in the universal opinion. Yet the man was convicted on circumstantial evidence only.

The numerous instances in which the law has recently been executed in the case of murderers, argues an increased conviction in the public mind, of the necessity of capital punishment. If crime abounds, the

greater the importance of upholding the majesty of the law and giving the criminal classes circumstantial evidence that crime will not go unpunished.—N. Y. Observer.

Village Board.

CHELSEA VILLAGE, Sept. 5th, 1881.

Regular meeting of the Village Board.

Meeting called to order by President Gilbert.

Present, J. L. Gilbert, President, Trustees present—Woods, Vogel, Robertson, and Cushman.

The Committee on side and cross-walks submitted the following, and on motion, it was adopted.

Your Committee on side and cross-walks, would recommend that a cross-walk be laid across the alley in the rear of L. McKone's block, north side of Middle street east, to be constructed of plank—width of said walk to be six feet.

Geo. A. Robertson,

Warren Cushman,

Com. on side and cross-walks.

The Street Committee also made the following recommendation, and on motion it was adopted:

That eighty (80) loads of gravel be put on Summit street, 50 loads on Middle street west, and 70 loads on Main street.

H. M. Woods,

Warren Cushman,

Committee.

On motion Special Ordinance No. One, was accepted and adopted.

Moved and supported, that the President be authorized to hire a man to assist the Marshal in completing the sewer on the west side of North Main street. Carried.

On motion, an order of \$30 in favor of Geo. Foster, for services as Marshal, to the first of the month, was ordered drawn.

Also, \$12.50 in favor of G. W. Turnbull, and \$10 in favor of Gilbert Gay, for second quarter's salary.

On motion, the bills of Wm. Campbell for \$1.50, Jas. Beasley, Sr., \$10.50 and Joseph Beasley, \$5.25 were allowed, and orders given.

M. J. Lehman's report was accepted.

On motion, the Board adjourned, subject to the call of the President.

GILBERT H. GAY, Clerk.

STATE NEWS.

The Looking-glass river at Portland is alive with eels.

The Broun village authorities have set up a fire alarm bell.

Ex-State Senator M. B. Hine, of Lowell, is seriously ill.

Patrick Gaffney, a salt maker of East Saginaw, died on Tuesday.

A son of Patrick Kehoe, of Bronson, was kicked to death by a horse.

The Jonesville cotton mill will soon be making 5,000 yards of cloth per day.

The mine under the Jackson state prison property at Jackson, yields eight tons of coal per day.

Beware of the seedling machine swindlers. They are running loose in the State, and hail from Indiana.

The work of erecting the new building for the Normal school at Ypsilanti has begun.

The average price paid for lots at the United States reservation sale at Port Huron, was \$116.

Hon. W. M. Harford has sold the Muskegon Chronicle to Messrs. McKay & Dana.

Peter Nichols of Bay City, who was robbed of \$450, has had \$420 of it returned to him.

The Detroit News fears that while Howgate was at it, he stole Michigan's share of the good weather.

The premium list of the ninth annual fair of the Armada Agricultural Society is out. The fair is to be held Oct. 5, 6, and 7.

The fish hatchery buildings at Crystal Springs, which cost this State a snug sum of money, were sold for \$130. The knot-holes were worth more than that.

Mrs. Shunto, of East Saginaw, went to the saloon where Mr. Shunto was being up, and invited him home to dinner. Thereupon he went out and cruelly beat her. He was promptly arrested.

The Adrian Press says 80 cents was the former price one was required to put up against a ticket from Mores to that city. The Butler road put the fare at 45 cents, and now comes the Lake Shore and reduces its price to 40 cents.

The trouble with the Caro youth who committed suicide a few days ago, was that he was engaged to two girls. One lived at Caro and the other at Flint. The Flint girl went up to Caro to see about it, and cut the knot by killing himself.

Rev. James Hemingway, a pioneer Methodist minister, died at Hadley, Lapeer county, at the advanced age of 93 years. He had been in the ministry for 69 years, and was probably one of the oldest men in the northwest engaged in that work.

Gov. David H. Jerome will be one

of the attractions at the Stanton fair to be held September 20, 21, and 22.

The Grand Rapids fire commissioners couldn't find a man in that city fit to be secretary, so they imported one.

A telephone line between Grand Rapids and Grand Haven is now being built, and will be in operation in a few weeks.

D. J. McCarthy, a Grand Rapids lawyer, who was sent to the Lonia House of Correction for 90 days, is out again has returned to Grand Rapids.

The iron on the Port Huron, and Northwestern railroad will be laid as far as Mayville, the present week, and it is expected that it will be laid to Vassar by September 20th.

During the recent heavy thunder storm at Port Huron the people were forcibly reminded that it is better to let their telephones alone during an electrical disturbance.

The Dowagiac Republican has been under charge of the present publisher just a year, and it looks as if Mr. Kellogg was a handy man to have about a newspaper office.

Alphonso Perry has been trying to create a sensation at Niles by attempting to drown himself. He says he is from Toledo, and having squandered \$30,000 thought it best to die off as quickly as possible.

The motion for a new trial in the Hale Hazlett case, in the Lenawee circuit court, has been denied. Mrs. Hazlett, the defendant, is the well-known lady lawyer and stump speaker, and the action against her was based on a land sale in which she was charged with crooked dealing and a judgment for \$800 was obtained.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The village of St. Jean Baptiste, P. Q., was nearly destroyed by fire.

James F. D. Lanier, a well-known New York financier, is dead.

A 2,000 barrel oil tank in Cleveland exploded Sunday; loss \$8,000.

Rice crops reported seriously damaged by the recent southern hurricane.

John Hooper, a farmer, shot dead by unknown parties, near Romney, Ind.

An Indian massacre is reported at Eureka, N. M., in which about 70 citizens were killed.

Alex. Mosley, for many years editor of the Richmond, (Va.) Whig, is dead.

The repair shops of the McCormick reaper works at Chicago burned. Loss, \$50,000; insurance, \$10,000.

Great damage reported to crops in Canada from the drought, and bush fires are prevalent.

Forty-six inquest have already been held on bodies drowned at Savannah, during the hurricane of Sunday.

Dr. Otis, who killed his brother-in-law near Jasper, Ind., without provocation, was sentenced to prison for 99 years.

Four farmers—Berkaw, Ferrell, Laspie, and Rindisell—of Lockport, Ind., were drowned while bathing at Raymond Kiffe, that State.

Gov. Sheldon, of New Mexico, authorizes the formation of the independent military companies on the frontier, to be ready for emergencies.

Mr. Baker, a New Yorker, speculating in Chicago, lost \$90,000 in the wheat market, and applied to the Cook county judge to help him get it back.

The city of Richmond, Va., was restrained from drawing water from the canal for the water works, and will be without water Monday, unless the matter is compromised.

John L. Sullivan, a Boston pugilist, challenges Paddy Ryan, of Troy, N. Y., to fight in Cincinnati for \$5,000 to \$10,000 a side, and forwards \$1,000 forfeit to the New York Herald.

Gen. B. F. Butler moves in the U. S. circuit court in New York, to dismiss the various actions against him for damages aggregating \$475,000, growing out of seizures made during the war, on the ground that he acted under the President's orders, and is not liable.

Investigation into the affairs of the Alpaca company, at Chicopee, Mass., shows that it has been swindled out of \$225,000 by the absconding Musgrave, whose whereabouts are unknown.

A fire in Cincinnati on Wednesday morning, destroyed a feed store, and nearly suffocated seven persons sleeping above. One man was killed by jumping from a window and others may die of their injuries.

At Creston, Iowa, on Thursday last, the thermometer ranged from 104 to 106 deg., the hottest weather ever known there. At Des Moines, Iowa, the same day, the thermometer indicated 103 deg., the hottest day of the season.

The American Bar Association, in session at Saratoga last week, elected Clarkson N. Potter, of New York, President; Edward Otis Hinckley, of Baltimore, Secretary, and Francis Rawle, of Philadelphia, Treasurer.

It is proposed to erect a monument to Capt. Smith, of the "Seawanhaka," upon the sunken meadow where the boat was beached by this brave officer.

Miss Ellis, a young lady employed as an inspector in the Custom House, discovered a few days ago, a quantity of smuggled goods upon the person

of a lady passenger on one of the arriving steamers from Liverpool. Most ingeniously concealed on the passenger's person were the following articles: Six pairs of gold bracelets, three switches of human hair, three fancy portonnaises, two fine shawls, 64 yards of merino, two pairs of silk mitts, seven guard chains and one necklace.

Our Budget.

A dead heat—cremation.

Catching the train—picking up the end of a lady's dress.

FOOD FOR MOCKING BIRDS AND THRUSHES.

Two parts corn meal, 2 parts pea meal and one part of moss meal, fry in lard sweeten with molasses, keep in covered jar.

The best cure in the world for indigestion, Biliousness, Kidney and Bladder complaints is Spring Blossom. Price: 50c and \$1. W. R. Reed & Co.

A school of design is a mother and her six marriageable daughters.

Miss Lizzie Dollar was recently married to a Southern gentleman. He says he never wants to change her.

BEAUTIFIERS.

Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of Europe or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such good, healthy, strength, buoyant spirits and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof. See another column.

A man was boasting that he had an elevator in his house. "So he has," chimed his wife; "and he keeps it in the cupboard, in a bottle."

A WISH.

I wish I was a foreigner, Hottentot or Heathen Turk.

Or else I lived in China, where they use no knife or fork.

For my health is really horrid, I'm feeling very sad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

And I have got Dyspepsia, and got it very bad.

Additional Local.

It is very easy for stay-at-home families to imagine themselves at the seashore. All they have to do is to catch a few flies and stick them in the butter.

Let other seek a cool retreat by seaside and by mountain; We're content to have a seat Beside a soda fountain.

A NEW MOTHER SHIPTON.

When lawyers fail to take a fee, And juries never disagree; When politicians are content, And landlords don't collect their rent; When parties smash all the machines, And Boston folks give up their beans; When naughty children all die young, And girls are born without a tongue; When ladies don't take time to hop, And office-holders never stop; When preachers cut their sermons short, And all folks to the church resort; When back subscribers all have paid, And editors have fortunes made; Such happenings will sure portend This world must soon come to an end.

Government authorities have reached a conclusion in relation to the circulation and value of mutilated coin that will do much toward putting a stop to "clipping" and "boring." While they refuse to receive any such money at the post-office and other places of public receipt, they declare a damaged dollar to be worth but seventy-five cents; fifty cent pieces, thirty-five cents; and five and three cent pieces of no money value whatever. This is a step in the right direction, of which dealers and customers had better take notice.

BE COURTEOUS AT HOME.—Do not save your smiles, your brightness, your cheerfulness, for friends or for visiting alone; use them daily, hourly in your own home. You will find you will have a plenty of them, and of a truer and more spontaneous kind, for society afterward. You find it no trouble to be polite, attentive and tolerant of the opinions and peculiarities of others when those others are outside of your own family.

Make it your business then, to be polite and tolerant to the ideas and peculiarities of those with whom you are most intimately associated. You can be interested in listening to matters that interest your most ordinary acquaintance, because politeness demands that you should be so. Surely, then, you ought to manifest an interest in the aims and thoughts of those at home. Often an affectionate word of sympathy from a daughter or sister will have the power of lifting half the weight from an anxious heart, or encourage budding thoughts and aspirations that a cold or indifferent manner may effectually blight.

It was considered an excellent pun when the Princess Louise was married, to state that now she was all for Lorne. At present, she is enjoying all the privileges of a grass widow, and the forlorn individual is the marquis himself, as he prowls disconsolate among the Canadian thistles, and feels as blue as the traditional noses of his quasi subjects.

TO CLEAN A SPONGE.—Sponges long in use are sometimes affected with sliminess, which is caused by the sponge not being wrung as dry as possible immediately after use. When this has once formed, it increases rapidly. A London paper says that one of the most effectual receipts for cleansing sponges, and certainly one of the cheapest, is a strong solution of salt and water, in which they should soak for four hours, and then be thoroughly dried. Sponges should not be left in a sponge dish; they should be kept suspended where the air can freely circulate around them. Quick evaporation of the dampness is the main thing to keep them in good order.

A BEE TREE?—A short time ago a couple of bee hunters discovered a bee tree on a neighbor's lot. They kept the matter shady until evening, when they "felled" the tree, and plugging up the hole to imprison the bees, cut off the part containing their prize. After laboriously lugging the piece home and withdrawing the plug, they discovered it was a wasp's nest.

Too BAD.—A wicked exchange gets off the following.—When a girl crops her front hair, and pulls it down over her face like a Mexican mustang, and then ties a piece of red velvet round her neck, who can wonder at the number of pale-faced young men that throw away their ambition, and pass sleepless nights trying to raise down on their upper lips?

Beware of the "Madoc Gold" swindle. Glib tongues, directed by sharp brains, are playing it very successfully upon the innocents in the interior. The game is to sell a two cent pocket-book for 50 cents and give away various articles of Madoc Gold jewelry, "just to advertise the gold." It is one of the cheekiest swindles on the continent.

Unclaimed Letters.

LIST of Letters remaining in the Post Office, at Chelsea, Sept. 1st, 1881:

Askin, George

Bender, Rosie Miss

Hoffberger, Amelia Miss

Judson, Charles

Oliver, Mabel Miss

Porter, Sarah Miss

Patterson, Dr. R. Mrs

Stoll, Jacob

Persons calling for any of the above letters, please say "advertised."

Geo. J. CROWELL, P. M.

RESTAURANT.

J. HEISELSCHWERTD wishes to thank the people of Chelsea and vicinity, for the liberal patronage they have bestowed upon him during the past year, and hopes for a continuation of the same.

He is prepared at all times to furnish hot and cold meals for the "inner man." He also keeps on hand Cigars, Candles, Nuts, etc. Remember a good square meal for 25 cents. South Main street, Chelsea, Mich.

Chelsea Village.

SPECIAL ORDINANCE No. 1.

A Special Ordinance relative to the construction of side-walks on certain parts of Main street, Middle street, South street, East street and Summit street.

It is hereby ordained by the Board of Trustees of the Village of Chelsea.

Sec. 1. That on the north side of South street, west of Main street, side-walk Five (5) feet in width, is hereby ordered to be laid and constructed in front of lands and premises respectively owned by Lewis L. Randall and Daniel Fitchner.

Sec. 2. That on the east side of Main street, north of railroad, side-walk Four (4) feet in width, is hereby ordered to be laid and constructed in front of the lands and premises respectively owned by Thos. McNamara, Martin McKone and Mrs. Griffin.

Sec. 3. That on the west side of Main street, north of the railroad, side-walk Four (4) feet in width, is hereby ordered to be laid and constructed in front of lands and premises owned by Martin McKone.

Sec. 4. That on the east side of Main street, between railroad and Loren Babcock's store building, side-walk Six (6) feet in width, is hereby ordered to be laid and constructed in front of the lands and premises respectively owned by Ross Wunder, Jas. L. Gilbert, Michael J. Novak and Debrah Hoag.

Sec. 5. That on the east side of Main street, between Park street and Orchard street, side-walk Five (5) feet in width is hereby ordered to be laid and constructed in front of the lands and premises owned by Timothy McKone, being a gap from the southwest corner of Mary A. Durand's land to where said McKone has already laid a side-walk.

Sec. 6. That on the north side of Middle street, east of Main street, between the southwest corner of Christopher Kline's land, a walk heretofore laid by Timothy McKone, a side-walk six (6) feet in width, is hereby ordered laid and constructed in front of lands and premises owned by Timothy McKone.

Sec. 7. That on the south side of Summit street, side-walks Four (4) feet in width is hereby ordered to be laid and constructed in front of lands and premises respectively owned by Edw'd J. Smith, Jay Eversett, Jennie McNamara, Mortimer L. Bush, Chas. H. Robbins, Lorenzo H. Jones, Mrs. Clara C. James, Philip Keusch, Frank Staffan, Charles E. Chandler and Timothy Dreslane.

Sec. 8. That on the north side of Middle street, west of East street, a side-walk Five (5) feet in width, is hereby ordered to be laid and constructed in front of lands and premises of William Yocum.

Sec. 9. That on the west side of East street, north of Middle street, a side-walk Five (5) feet in width, is hereby ordered laid and constructed in front of the lands and premises of William Yocum.

Sec. 10. That on the west side of Main street, south of street running to the yard, a side-walk Five (5) feet in width is hereby ordered laid and constructed in front of the lands and premises owned respectively by Arthur Congdon and Mrs. Frederick Kodel.

Sec. 11. It is hereby ordered that all of the foregoing side-walks herein ordered, except that ordered in section (5) five, to be laid and constructed, shall be made of sound plank, one inch at least in thickness, laid crosswise upon three lines of sleepers, at least two by four inches in size, for four feet walks, and four strings of sleepers for five and six feet walks, all each plank nailed with at least two suitable nails to each sleeper, and to be laid upon such grade as shall be determined by the Marshal of said Village. The walk ordered by Sec. 5, to be constructed of two-inch plank laid lengthwise on sleepers same size as other walks, and all nailed with suitable nails.

Sec. 12. The time allowed to the owners of the respective parcels of land in front of which such side-walks are ordered to be laid, in which, under the direction and supervision of the Marshal, they are hereby allowed to lay and construct such side-walks, is thirty (30) days from the date of the publication and service of a copy of this Special Ordinance, upon such person or persons respectively, and failure to construct such side-walks within such period of time by the respective owners, such side-walks will be constructed as provided by Ordinance No. one (1) of the general ordinances of said Village.

Sec. 13. The construction of all such walks as are herein ordered, except as the same is provided for by this Ordinance, are governed and controlled by Ordinance No. one (1) of the ordinances of the said Village.

Sec. 14. This Ordinance shall take effect and be in force, from and after its publication.

Approved, September 5th, A. D. 1881.

JAMES L. GILBERT, President.

GILBERT H. GAY, Clerk.

G. W. R. R. TIME TABLE.

WESTERN RAILWAY.

Depots foot of Third street and foot of Brush street. Ticket office, 151 Jefferson avenue, and at the Depots.

LEAVE	ARRIVE
(Detroit time)	(Detroit time)
Atlantic Ex. 1:40 a. m.	10:00 p. m.
Day Express 6:35 a. m.	6:30 p. m.
Detroit & Buf. 1:40 p. m.	7:00 a. m.
1:40 Express 12:45 noon	7:00 a. m.
N. Y. Express 7:05 p. m.	10:45 a. m.
(Except Monday.)	Sundays Excepted.



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.

DURAND & HATCH,
GROCERS,
CORNER MAIN AND MIDDLE STS
CHELSEA, MICH.

WHAT WE SELL.

Allspice	Ginger
Pepper	Tea
Cinnamon	Coffee
Mustard	Cigars
Cloves	Tobacco
Citron	Sardines
Nutmegs	Fish
Indigo	Extracts
Bird Seed	Cheese
Cr'm Tartar	Prunes
Bk. Powder	Butter
Starch	Eggs
Soaps	Lard
Matches	Produce
Raisins	of all kinds
Hominy	Can'd Goods
Tapioea	Candies, etc.

[v9-25] DURAND & HATCH.

AGENTS WANTED FOR
Heroes of the Plains
By J. W. BULL

Embracing the Lives and Wonderful Adventures of WILL BILD, BUFFALO BILL, KIT CAISON, CAPT. PAYNE, CAPT. JACK, TEXAS JACK, CALIFORNIA JOE, and other celebrated Indian Fighters, Scouts, Hunters and Guides. A true historical work of thrilling adventures on the Plains, and in western progress and civilization. Fights with Indians! Grand Buffalo Hunts! Desperate Adventures! Narrow Escapes! Wonderful Shooting and riding! Wild Life in the Far West! 100 Illustrations! 16 Full-Page Colored Plates! A grand book for Agents. Outsets everything. 54 pages, price \$2.00. Agent's complete outfit, 50 cents. Outfit and copy for \$2.00.

Write at once for agency, or terms and illustrated circulars to N. D. THOMPSON & CO., Publishers, 520 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

We have now in Stock a fine line of
SHOES

—AND—
BOOTS,

For the SUMMER WEAR.

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

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

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

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

RESPECTFULLY,

M. W. Robinson.
Jackson, Mich.

NOTICE TO FARMERS!!
BRAN and SHIPSTUFF, per ton \$14.
Fine MIDDINGS, \$15.
At the PENINSULAR MILLS,
Dexter, April 21, 1881.
JAMES LUCAS.

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

Subscribe for the Chelsea HERALD

GRAND SPECIAL

—AND—

UNPRECEDENTED

SALE

—OF—

BLACK, PLAIN COLORS and FANCY

SILKS

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 \$74, \$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.

M. W. Robinson.
Jackson, Mich.

Subscribe for the HERALD

PITH AND POINT.

The balloonist's home is one flight up.
TALL soft hats supply a long-felt want.
A humorous article—A baby with the rash.
Puck wants to know if "the soft, soothing sounds of the far-distant mill" refers to the mill's tone.
Made of the mist—Drizzling rain. Maid of the mister—His sweetheart. Made of the mystery—Hush.
An exchange says: "Streams all over the country are running dry." This is a canard. When a stream is dry it can't run.
"I'm a man of few words," said Prendergast. "True enough," replied Fogg, "true enough; but you never tire of repeating them."
LITTLE Jimmy is laid up with measles and suffering a great deal, but when he was asked how he liked the measles he brightened up and exclaimed: "The doctor says I can't go to school for a week or two. That's how I like it."
A BOVISH novice in smoking turned deadly pale and threw away his cigar. Said he: "That's something in that air-cigar that's made me sick." "I know what it is," said his companion, pulling away. "What?" "Tobacker."
A QUESTION OF THE OVER-SOUL.
A chicken died; a chicken died; The drumsticks and his wings were fried, His feathers by a dealer dried. And, very shortly after, dyed.
Soul he had none; admitting that, How comes it? There upon her hat, His plumes—a mortal chicken's-rise A glorious bird of paradise.
MAIDEN aunt to young nephew— "As I stood by you in church, Percy, I could not help being struck by your hair." Percy— "Very sorry, aunt, but there was such an awfully pretty girl the other side the aisle I couldn't help sighing!"
I SAID to my little girl one day: "What a large forehead you have. It is just like your father's; you could drive a pony carriage round it. To which her brother, 5 years old, said: "Yes, ma, but on pa's you can see the marks of the wheels."
HERE is an inscription on a soldier in the kirkyard of Dumfries:
Here lies Andrew Macpherson, Who was a peculiar person, He stood six feet two Without his stoop, And was seen At Waterloo.
THE GILVESTON boy is progressive. He was standing in a crowd of boys on the sidewalk when his mother called to him to go down town and bring her a demijohn of whisky. The boy was too busy to go, but he called out: "Send the old man; I've got considerable confidence in him."
He was a fine-looking man, and he proudly strutted down the sidewalks with the air of proprietorship in every movement. "Beg pardon," said a stranger, as he stepped up to him, hat in hand, in utmost humility. "Do I have your permission to remain in town over night?"
Mons. DUPONT, who was a widower, re-married. It was in full honeymoon, and he made countless tender protestations. "I will always love you," he said to her. "Always, always?" "As long as I live." "And afterward, when I will not love me in eternity?" "But I have already promised that to my first wife."
He was a great bore, and was talking to a crowd about the coming local election. Said he: "Jones is a good man. He is capable, honest, fearless and conscientious. He will make the very kind of an officer we need. He once saved my life from drowning." "Do you really want to see Jones elected?" said a solemn-faced old man. "I do, indeed, sir." "Do anything to see him elected." "Then never let anybody know he saved your life." The meeting then adjourned.
A JOLLY-LOOKING German was quietly walking down Third avenue, looking up occasionally at an elevated-railway locomotive and perhaps wishing he could smoke as much as it could, when he was familiarly approached by a man who said, "Hello, Joe! What are you doing here?" The old man looked and said, "But I am not here at all." "Not here?" said the man. "What do you mean by that?" "Well, now, you see my name is not Joe, and so how could I be here?" —New York Herald.

It is beautifully remarked that a man's mother is the representative of his **MAKES**—mistakes and mere crime set **MARKS**—between her and her son. While his mother is a man has one friend on earth who will not desert him when he is needy. Her affection flows from a pure fountain and ceases only at the ocean of eternity.

When a boy walks with a girl as though he were afraid some one might see him, the girl is his sister. If he walks so close to her as to nearly crowd her against the fence, it is the sister of some one else.

A Mountain in Mexico Sinks Out of Sight.
Adjacent to the hacienda of Santa Catarina, about twenty leagues to the east of the city, a very remarkable freak of nature has occurred, the facts concerning which we have received from a gentleman who visited the scene. On the 7th inst. the people of the hacienda and vicinity were aroused by a startling noise resembling thunder. Upon assembling to see what was the matter, it was soon discovered that a small mountain in the immediate vicinity had sunk into the earth, and it must have gone out of sight like a flash. Our informant, with others, made observations, and learned that the aperture thus opened was 200 metres in length, 150 in width, and its depth from 150 to 150 metres. It was with great difficulty the rim of the cavern was approached, as all about there were great yawning fissures which threaten to open still wider. To miss a step there was danger of finding a grave in the depths beneath. Some stones, weighing about two pounds each, were thrown into the cavern, and it took from nine to ten seconds before they struck the bottom, their contact with the surface beneath making a great report. After these brief observations, the exploring party retired hurriedly from the scene, as the earth was trembling and shaking as if upon a balance. The location of this strange phenomenon is situated in the tierra caliente (warm region), and mesquites and palm trees flourish all about. Whenever any portions of the earth along the rim of the cavern fell into the depths immense clouds of white dust issued forth. This dust was carried about by the winds and made all the trees in the vicinity perfectly white. Speculation is rife as to whether the mountain sank owing to earthquake influences or from the result of gas explosions. It could not be attributed to the former very well, as no shocks were felt in the neighborhood. —La Union Democrat, San Luis Potosi, Mexico.

WORTHLESS STUFF!
Not so fast, my friend; if you could see the strong, healthy, blooming men, women and children that have been raised from bed-ridden weakness, suffering and almost dead, by the use of Bigg's, you would say: "Glorious and invaluable remedy." See another column.

ALVIN WILSEY,
Ann Arbor, Mich.
DEALER IN
Pianos, Organs, Sheet Music, Instruction Books, Violins, Guitars, and all kinds of musical merchandise—expenses reduced to the minimum—and better bargains given on anything in the musical line, than can be obtained at any other place in Michigan.
Wilsey's Music Store, opposite Court House, east side.

ALVIN WILSEY,
Ann Arbor, Mich.
DEALER IN
Pianos, Organs, Sheet Music, Instruction Books, Violins, Guitars, and all kinds of musical merchandise—expenses reduced to the minimum—and better bargains given on anything in the musical line, than can be obtained at any other place in Michigan.
Wilsey's Music Store, opposite Court House, east side.

ALVIN WILSEY,
Ann Arbor, Mich.
DEALER IN
Pianos, Organs, Sheet Music, Instruction Books, Violins, Guitars, and all kinds of musical merchandise—expenses reduced to the minimum—and better bargains given on anything in the musical line, than can be obtained at any other place in Michigan.
Wilsey's Music Store, opposite Court House, east side.

ALVIN WILSEY,
Ann Arbor, Mich.
DEALER IN
Pianos, Organs, Sheet Music, Instruction Books, Violins, Guitars, and all kinds of musical merchandise—expenses reduced to the minimum—and better bargains given on anything in the musical line, than can be obtained at any other place in Michigan.
Wilsey's Music Store, opposite Court House, east side.

ALVIN WILSEY,
Ann Arbor, Mich.
DEALER IN
Pianos, Organs, Sheet Music, Instruction Books, Violins, Guitars, and all kinds of musical merchandise—expenses reduced to the minimum—and better bargains given on anything in the musical line, than can be obtained at any other place in Michigan.
Wilsey's Music Store, opposite Court House, east side.

FAIR BUT COY.
Her cheek's a sunny rose in advance,
A blush that's like the summer day;
Her status is like any lover,
And she's a wondrous sight to see.
Her eyes are ever wide awake,
To catch the eye of a lover to see,
The moon is a star of her own sweet sake,
The branch is drooping on the tree.
The lawn before her face for always
Toward the daisy, for and white,
No dew-drops, and none can stain
To be regarded by her side.
The lawn that in the shade doth stray—
The ideal of the face is she!
Those who did but see her, I pray
That I may never despair of thee!
To me, then art so coy and cold;
To others, ever kind and near.
Our quarrel is the kind of cold,
Both linger on from year to year.
All that is why the young cheek glows
With your ready blue so fair,
As though it were a distant rose
That takes for a veil to wear.

Story About Artemus Ward.
There are yet living in Pottsville, Pa., several gentlemen who never hear the name of Artemus Ward without a smiling recollection of a pleasant night spent with that droll comedian. In the winter of '80, of one earlier years of the war Artemus Ward was advertised to deliver his famous lecture on the Mormons in the Town Hall at Pottsville. Much curiosity was excited by the announcement of his coming, and there was every reason to expect that the hall would be crowded on the evening of the lecture. But one of the fiercest snow-storms that ever visited the town raged without intermission all day, and the night was wildly stormy when the lecturer was driven to the hall. He found awaiting him there only five men who had defied the storm. Advancing to the front of the stage, and beckoning with his finger as if to a single individual, Artemus said, in an ordinary conversational tone, "Come up closer." Not knowing precisely what to do, the audience of five compromised with their embarrassment by doing nothing. Artemus changed his tone to that used by one who wishes to coax, and said: "Please come up closer and be sociable; I want to speak to you about a little matter I have thought of."
Having succeeded in getting his audience to move up nearer the stage, the humorist said: "I move that we do not have any lecture here this evening, and I propose instead that we adjourn to the restaurant beneath and have a good time." He then put the motion, voted on it himself, declared it carried, and, to give no appeal from the chair, at once led the way to the restaurant. There he introduced himself to his intended auditors, and spent several hours in their company, richly compensating them for disappointment in the matter of the lecture by the wit and humor of the stories and anecdotes without number that he told. And that is how Artemus Ward lectured in Pottsville.

Cats and Proverbs.
The Spaniard, says a writer, like the Italian, plays the cat when he dissimulates, but it is not a dead one. He says the cat would be a good friend if it did not scratch, and he thinks a cat which meows is not a good mousser. An Italian says one had better be the head of a cat than the tail of a lion; a worthy German goes like a cat round his bowl, and believes it too late to drive the cat away when the cheese is eaten. Many believe that a good cat often loses a mouse, that no cat is too small to scratch, and that you cannot keep away the cat when it has tasted cream. The Russian thinks that play for cats means tears for the mice; the Arab says that when the cats and mice are on good terms the provisions suffer; the Turk tells us that two cats can hold their own against one lion. Another Turkish saying is, "It is fast day to-day, as the cat said when it could not get at the liver." The Englishman fancies that some people have as many lives as a cat—that a cat, in fact, has nine lives; yet he holds that care will kill a cat, and that May kittens should be drowned. He is scarcely alone in thinking that the more you stroke a cat's back the higher she raises her tail. In other words, that flattery feeds vanity. He lets the cat out of the bag; but so do others, and they all agree that it is in the nature of a cat always to fall on its feet. Only he talks of turning cat in put, and of ratching cats and dogs, or sees folks dance like a cat on hot bricks.

He Had Reasons.
One day last fall a queer sort of an old man hired a boat and rowed out on the river a little below Yonkers to fish. So far as could be observed from the banks he had no luck. He went out about 10 in the morning and at 4 in the afternoon he sat in the same position and held his fishpole the same way, and had evidently settled down to stay there all night.
Pretty soon a steambot came rushing along down the river. She was headed directly for the fisherman, who was in midchannel. She blew her whistle to warn him, but after a glance over his shoulder he resumed the old attitude. The steambot came nearer and nearer, and the old man was observed to give a sudden start and pay more attention to his line. When too late, the pilot tried to stop and avoid the accident. The skiff was struck broadside and splintered to pieces, and for two or three minutes it was believed that the old man was drowned. Then some one espied him in the wake of the boat, and he was fished out.
"Didn't you hear my whistle?" asked the Captain, as the dripping man stood before him.
"Yes; and I whistled back!" was the reply.
"We whistled for you to get out of the way."
"And I whistled to let you know that I'd be darned if I would."
"Had you any reasons for hanging to the channel?"
"Reasons! I guess I had! I had fished there for six hours without a nibble, and just as you came along I'd hooked a perch, which I honestly believe—weighed—mighty nigh a pound! Dat your old steambot, but I'll make you pay for that fish as well as the damages! I was six hours catching him, and I won't settle for a farthing less than 50 cents." —Wall Street Daily

Domestication of the Buffalo.
The early explorers of the Mississippi valley believed that the buffalo might be made to take the place of the domestic ox in agricultural pursuits, and at the same time yield a fleece of wool equal in quality to that of the sheep; but no persistent attempts have yet been made to utilize it by domestication. That the buffalo calf may be easily reared, and thoroughly tamed has been conclusively proved, but little attention has been paid to their reproduction in confinement, or to training them to labor. During the last century they were domesticated in various parts of the colonies, and interbred with domestic cows, producing a half-breed race which is fertile, and which readily amalgamates with the domestic cattle. The half-breeds are large, fine animals, possessing most of the characteristics of their wild parentage. They can be broken to the yoke, but are not so sober and manageable in their work as the tame breed—sometimes, for instance, making a dash for the nearest water, with disastrous results to the load they are drawing. It is somewhat difficult, also, to make a fence which shall resist the destructive strength of their head and horns. But the efforts at taming buffaloes have not been many or seriously carried on, and no attempt appears to have been made to perpetuate an unmixed domestic race. Probably after a few generations they would lose their natural intractableness, and would doubtless form superior working cattle, from their greater size, strength and natural agility. —Ernest Ingersoll, in the Pop.

The Mining Prospects.
Behold the prospector who wandereth over the face of the earth. He traverseth the hills and seeketh the barren mountains with his pick. The pangs of hunger grip his bowels in the morning, and at night he lieth down with a blanket to cover him. And the graybacks come forth and rend him.
And he lieth up a voice of lamentation in the wilderness and cries aloud to heaven:
"Why has this affliction come upon me, and why do the torments of hell compass me round about?"
And while he sleeps the wolves devour his substance.
And when he awaketh the croppings he digests in the ground and taketh up the location notice on the board.
Then he hieeth to the valleys and saith to the capitalist:
"Hearken unto me, for I have struck it big. Here are the samples from the ground, and behold the gold maketh lousy the rock with richness."
And the twin return to find others toiling upon the claim.
And the prospector graspeth his gun, saying:
"Gee's gone from here, for this is holy ground."
And a fire coming out of the bush smites him on the hip, and he calleth with a loud voice:
"I am done for; take off my boots."
And they hasten to take off his boots, and the fragrance of his socks reacheth unto heaven.
And he giveth up his ghost and is gathered to his fathers.
And behold, others work the mine. — Nevada Monthly.

Drinks for the Sick.
The sick, especially those afflicted with fever; often suffer from intense thirst. The quenching of this without injuring the patient is a matter which requires knowledge and good judgment. Dr. H. H. Kane says that plain water, when taken beyond a certain amount, is very apt to disorder the stomach and bowels, especially in fevers, where much fluid and but little solid food is taken. Enough water to quench the thirst would certainly be enough, in most cases, to disorder digestion, or rather further disorder it, and so important is the little that remains of this function that we cannot afford to abuse it.
Small pieces of ice held in the mouth and allowed to dissolve sometimes answer the purpose, but not in the majority of cases.
Up to a certain point, the action of water taken internally, in fevers, is excellent. Aside from allaying irritation by quenching thirst, it flushes the kidneys, carrying off much of the effete material produced by the high temperature of cases.
It has been found that the addition of certain substances to water greatly increases its powers to quench thirst.
This is especially the case with acids. One drachm of hydrochloric acid added to a quart of water will give it sufficient acidity to accomplish the desired purpose, while at the same time it adds to its pleasantness, and sometimes relieves nausea.
The use of acids in fevers is highly commended by some authors, and this is, I think, the best way in which to administer them. The same amount of sulphurous acid may be added to a quart of water when the bowels are loose or there is a tendency that way.
In these cases acidulated barley-water is pleasant and nourishing. The same may be said of toast-water.
In constipation, oatmeal water may be used in the same manner. A few tamarinds added to a glass of water will often assuage thirst and open the bowels gently.
Theory and experience both show that drinks made slightly bitter and somewhat acid slake thirst most effectually.
A weak infusion of cascarrilla or orange peel, acidulated slightly with hydrochloric acid, was with Graves, of Dublin, a favorite thirst-allaying drink for fever patients.
Raspberry vinegar is a useful drink. Sucking ice is very grateful.
Sweet fruits, although at first agreeable and refreshing, must be taken with care and moderation, for they often give rise to a disagreeable taste, and are apt to produce flatulence and diarrhea.

How to Alleviate His Enemies.
He did not have the right kind of face to inspire confidence, and his clothes looked as if they had served a third term, at least.
"Are you the fellow who makes fun of people in the News?"
The newspaper man owned up he was "thar or tharabouts."
"Well, I come to warn you. They are layin' for you with clubs. They are bad."
"Not to hurt; I reckon."
"Yes, they are; but don't be afraid; I'm your friend. I can stave my fist through a man and walk off with him on my arm, just like as he was an empty market basket."
"Oh, get out."
"I'm not joking. I'm your friend, and I am down on your enemies. Look here. Can't you lend a feller a quarter—temporarily, only, of course?"
"Now, you look here. Didn't you just now say you were my friend?"
"So I am."
"You don't talk like it, but I'll take you on your word."
"Just come on one."
"You say you want to help me, and you want to hurt my enemies."
"That's about the size of it."
"Then you go and borrow a quarter of them and loan it to me."
Adjourned.—Galveston News.

Utopia is the term invented by Sir Thomas Moore, and applied by him to an imaginary island which he represents to have been discovered by a companion of Amerigo Vesputci, and as enjoying the utmost perfection in laws, politics, etc. in one contradistinction to the defects of those which then existed elsewhere. The name has now passed into all modern languages to signify a state of ideal perfection.

Bill Burton's Tall Story.
One evening a crowd of young people congregated at Bill Burton's ranch, and when the first quadrille was over, he took a stand in front of the fire, and, parting his coat-tails in a comfortable manner, remarked:
"That wuz purty neat dancing; you all know the step and handle yer hoofs purty peert, but some of you young folks can't hold er candle to sum of us I've seed, an' that kinder reminds me of old Widow Harkins I knowed back in Georgia, when I wuz a boy."
"Oh, tell us about her, Uncle Bill," exclaimed a chorus of voices.
"Well, she wuz ther all fixedest ac-tivest old heifer I ever knowed. She lived up in the Peach Branch settlement, nigh to Bill Brown's, an' wuz kin—ant or suthin'—to the Millers from Albany. When I knowed her, she wuz crawlin' on to 80 years old, but she wuz tougher 'n er peean sapling, an' the way that 'ere old critter knocked dust that June day wuz er caution to er mustang colt."
"Was she scared, Uncle Billy?" inquired the crowd.
"Well, now, I guess she wuz kinder skeert, see one day I had jes' cum out on the field in the peach branch, an' old Job in ther lot. Durn that old mule, he had jes' busted a new pair of traces to flinders tryin' to kick er parcel of bumble bees of'em, his hind legs. He wuz allers gettin' in a yaller jacket's nest or suthin else, an' consarn his ole picture, he busted my left leg out er jurt jes' when camp-meetin' wuz cumin' 'bout er week arter that. As I wuz goin' on to say, I wuz huntin' round er stable, gettin' up er new set of gear, when I heered the durned yellin' an' er bell'wup ther, an' gettin' to me it wuz cumin' closer all the time, so I clim' on the fence an' 'gin to look. Ther fust thing I seed wuz er big cloud er dust, an' the next thing my eyes lit on wuz Bill Brown's ole brindle bull jes' er rippin' an' er rearin' an' er lifin' up his tail an' er chasin' ole Widow Harkins fur ev'rything she wuz worth. Ther wuz ther bull with his head down an' tail up, an' thar wuz ole Widew Harkins, with her balmoral histed, jes' er clatterin' down ther, I'm like er couple of race horses. I warn't much pions in those days, an' gettin' kinder excited, I tuk off my hat an' yelled, 'Slung out yer best hoof; go it, old gal, fill you make ther gap in the calf-pen, an' thar you're safe. When I hollered to her it braced her up. She pucker'd her mouth like ther butt end of er persimmon, 'hister her balmoral er little higher, an' I tell yer it fairly made me sweat to see ther way that ole citizen did climb over dirt. She sorter looked back over one shoulder an' saw that bull about ten-feet behind her, an' still er rearin' an' er rippin' an' er rearin'. But, feelin' she wuz safe, she jest pulled her balmoral over her head, an' ole bull stood still, astonished, an' went off kinder a kitten. I would jes' like to see some of you quadrille dancers try to take the rag of Widow Harkins."
"You, Bill!" shouted his wife, in dismay. He stopped dead short, and there was a pause—a long, dreary pause, until one of the young men looked out of the window and said he thought it would rain before morning. The young ladies said they thought it would, too, and old Bill Burton went down to the cow-pen to see if the calves had been turned out, and never came back in the parlor again that night.

What Was the Dialect?
If you don't know how to say in a foreign tongue what you want to say, don't say you don't know what. No a few Americans have been mortified, while airing their bad French in a Parisian store, to hear the polite clerk say:
"Monsieur will pardon me, but I understand English."
A story told of Representative Orth, of Indiana, illustrates the expediency of observing the above advice. He is of German descent, and is proud of his ability to speak the German language. Some years ago he was appointed United States Minister to Vienna. When he was presented at court, thinking to pay a delicate compliment to the Emperor of Austria, he delivered his official address in German. The Minister credited himself with having done his part well. But there are always two impressions made by an address—that made on the speaker himself, and that on the hearer.
A few days after Mr. Orth's linguistic success, an eminent gentleman of high position was presented to the Emperor. His Majesty alluded to Mr. Orth in complimentary terms, he asked:
"In what dialect did Mr. Orth deliver his address? I know, of course, that it was not English, and I thought that I detected faint traces of the Teutonic tongue in some of the words." —Youth's Companion.

ALTHOUGH painting is a difficult art to learn, most artists paint easely.

The Mining Prospects.
Behold the prospector who wandereth over the face of the earth. He traverseth the hills and seeketh the barren mountains with his pick. The pangs of hunger grip his bowels in the morning, and at night he lieth down with a blanket to cover him. And the graybacks come forth and rend him.
And he lieth up a voice of lamentation in the wilderness and cries aloud to heaven:
"Why has this affliction come upon me, and why do the torments of hell compass me round about?"
And while he sleeps the wolves devour his substance.
And when he awaketh the croppings he digests in the ground and taketh up the location notice on the board.
Then he hieeth to the valleys and saith to the capitalist:
"Hearken unto me, for I have struck it big. Here are the samples from the ground, and behold the gold maketh lousy the rock with richness."
And the twin return to find others toiling upon the claim.
And the prospector graspeth his gun, saying:
"Gee's gone from here, for this is holy ground."
And a fire coming out of the bush smites him on the hip, and he calleth with a loud voice:
"I am done for; take off my boots."
And they hasten to take off his boots, and the fragrance of his socks reacheth unto heaven.
And he giveth up his ghost and is gathered to his fathers.
And behold, others work the mine. — Nevada Monthly.

WORTHLESS STUFF!
Not so fast, my friend; if you could see the strong, healthy, blooming men, women and children that have been raised from bed-ridden weakness, suffering and almost dead, by the use of Bigg's, you would say: "Glorious and invaluable remedy." See another column.

ALVIN WILSEY,
Ann Arbor, Mich.
DEALER IN
Pianos, Organs, Sheet Music, Instruction Books, Violins, Guitars, and all kinds of musical merchandise—expenses reduced to the minimum—and better bargains given on anything in the musical line, than can be obtained at any other place in Michigan.
Wilsey's Music Store, opposite Court House, east side.

ALVIN WILSEY,
Ann Arbor, Mich.
DEALER IN
Pianos, Organs, Sheet Music, Instruction Books, Violins, Guitars, and all kinds of musical merchandise—expenses reduced to the minimum—and better bargains given on anything in the musical line, than can be obtained at any other place in Michigan.
Wilsey's Music Store, opposite Court House, east side.

ALVIN WILSEY,
Ann Arbor, Mich.
DEALER IN
Pianos, Organs, Sheet Music, Instruction Books, Violins, Guitars, and all kinds of musical merchandise—expenses reduced to the minimum—and better bargains given on anything in the musical line, than can be obtained at any other place in Michigan.
Wilsey's Music Store, opposite Court House, east side.

ALVIN WILSEY,
Ann Arbor, Mich.
DEALER IN
Pianos, Organs, Sheet Music, Instruction Books, Violins, Guitars, and all kinds of musical merchandise—expenses reduced to the minimum—and better bargains given on anything in the musical line, than can be obtained at any other place in Michigan.
Wilsey's Music Store, opposite Court House, east side.