

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 15, 1881.

NO. 2.

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.

WASHTENAW ENCAMPMENT, No. 7, 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. M. SPEER, DENTIST.
(Formerly with D. C. Hawklurst, M. D.; D. D. S. of Battle Creek).
Nitrous oxide gas for the painless extraction of teeth administered.
ROOMS OVER HOLMES' DRY GOODS STORE, CHELSEA, MICH. [30-23]

R. Zempft & 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. v9-28-1y

(J. E. O. 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, \$6,102,527
Hartford, 3,292,911
London & Lancashire, 4,900,000
American, Philadelphia, 1,296,041
Etc. of Hartford, 4,900,000
Etc. Association, 4,165,224
Office: Over Post-office, Main street Chelsea, Mich.
It is cheaper to insure in these old-worlds, than in one horse company. v6-1

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

New Restaurant
S. D. HARRINGTON would respectfully announce to the inhabitants of Chelsea and vicinity, that he has opened a first-class Restaurant, one door north of the Chelsea House, and is prepared to accommodate all with warm and cold meals, at all hours. A share of public patronage is solicited.
Chelsea, Mich. v-11

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, (over French's Shoe Store), Middle street, Chelsea, Mich.

RESTAURANT.

HESELSCHWERDT wishes to thank the people of Chelsea and vicinity, for the liberal patronage they have bestowed upon him during the past year, and hope 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, Candies, Nuts, etc. Remember a good square meal for 25 cents. South Main street, Chelsea, Mich. v-11

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 hair cut. A share of the public patronage is solicited. Shop under Reed & Co's Drug Store. Main street east, Chelsea, Mich.

Selected Poetry.

THE BROOK-SIDE.

BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

I wandered by the brook-side,
I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow—
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no hum of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree;
I watched the long, long shade,
And, as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not—
The night came on alone—
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening wind passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder—
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer—nearer—
We did not speak one word.
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

ONLY A BOY.

Only a boy, with his noise and fun,
The veriest mystery under the sun;
As brimful of mischief, wit, and glee,
As ever a human frame can be,
And as hard to manage as—what? ah me!
Than hard to tell,
Yet we love him well.

Only a boy, with his fearful tread,
Who cannot be driven, must be led;
Who troubles the neighbors' dogs and cats,
And tears more clothes, and spoils more hats,
Loses more kites, and tops and bats,
Than would stock a store
For a year or more.

Only a boy, with his wild, strange ways,
With his idle hours or his busy days;
With his queer remarks and his odd replies,
Sometimes foolish and sometimes wise,
Often brilliant for one of his size,
As a meteor hurled
From the planet world.

Only a boy, who will be a man,
If nature goes on with her first great plan,
If intemperance, or some fatal snare,
Conspire not to rob us of this our heir,
Our blessing—our trouble—our rest—our care,
Our torment, our joy!
"Only a boy."

RUPERT HALL

A LOVE STORY.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD.

CHAPTER I.

The long dark train swept down the avenue, through the line of trees. There was no hush, no mourning-coach; it would have been superfluous to employ them, for the church stood within sight of the avenue gates. The clergymen, the doctors, the mourners and the followers, all were on foot, and the dreary Autumn wind, whistling through the trees, scattered the falling leaves over them in showers. That burden! I stood at one of the upper windows convulsed with grief, for it was all that remained of my revered and darling mother. I was young to be left in the world without her; my fifteenth birthday had but just come round.

They were soon back; so soon—as it seemed to me. The visitors remained down stairs, but my father came in search of me. He sat down on the sofa and drew me to him; his eyes were red and swollen, and his face was pale. "Jane," he whispered, drawing me to his breast, "henceforth we must be all in all to each other."

We were in my mother's dressing-room, where I had wandered to watch that departing train. As my head rested where he had placed it, my eyes fell on a pair of fur slippers which she had used to slip on when her feet were cold, and which must have been overlooked when Charlotte put away her things after all was over. These familiar objects of everyday life brought our loss more forcibly

home to me, and I cried out aloud in my desolation:
"Oh, papa! if I could but have died with her!"

"Hush, hush, my child. For you, time will arise with healing on its wings."
How long we sat there, and how hopelessly we wept I cannot tell. That day appears, even now, so full of misery, that I care not to recall it. Ay, and for many, many days after that, I know that we both shed bitter tears; apart, if not together.

"We must have some one to supply—in a measure, her place to you," my father said to me, when a few weeks had gone by. "I cannot part with you for school."
"School!" I interrupted. "Oh, papa! Why cannot the masters continue to come to me as usual?"

"I do not speak particularly of your studies, Jane, but you must have a companion here, one to train and guide you. If I could but find a judicious governess."
"Oh, papa," I again pleaded, in excitement, "not a governess! Anything but that!"

"Be calm, Jane, and reasonable. I tell you it would be more of a companion than a governess. It is not well for you to live on here alone. The neighbors, I hear, are already saying that I am careless of your interests. Your mother would counsel the step; let that reconcile you to it."

And I said no more.
Living at the other end of Teversham, more than a mile away—for our village was long and straggling—were some relatives of my dear mamma's. Old Mrs. Rupert and two daughters. I never liked them; even as a child I could see they were selfish and most insincere. They were of good family, always boasting of their connection with the Ruperts at the Hall. There was quite a colony of Ruperts in and about Teversham; all very proud and very poor—save the family at the Hall. They were rich enough. When Jane Wall, the daughter of old Colonel Wall, married my father, Robert Dixon, because she was slightly connected with the Ruperts at the Hall, while he and his father before him, had made their money in business as solicitors.

We went to call upon old Mrs. Rupert, and told her it was decided that I should have a governess. She spoke much against it, and her daughter, Betsy and Louisa, abused goodness to my heart's content. They assured my father there was not a governess in the three kingdoms but would snap him up and marry him, if she got the chance; and it was decided on the spur of that unlucky moment, that Louisa Rupert should take up her residence with us, and be to me in the light of a mother. I did not like the proposal in the abstract, but it was more urgent than a governess, and I paltered it. Not that she needed urging.

She came to our house the next week, with all her luggage. Louisa Rupert must have been then about eight-and-thirty—a little younger than my dear mamma. She began by being indulgent and deferent to me, always talking to me, always praising me up to papa more than I liked—more than I thought was genuine. She deferred to my father's tastes, she humored his prejudices, she humored mine, and she was ever lively and pleasant, and made things comfortable. We had used to think Louisa Rupert ill-tempered, but she now appeared to be quite an example of sweetness.

They, these Miss Ruperts, had warned my father against governesses; they had more cause to warn him against themselves. I feel ashamed to write it, but I cannot record anything but the truth. Ere fifteen months had elapsed since our heavy day of mourning and sorrow, Louisa Rupert had become my father's wife—the second Mrs. Dixon.

Nothing was said to me of the projected match. The first person to whisper the rumor to me was Charlotte, one of our long-attached servants. I had thought it odd when, in January, Miss Rupert left our

house to pass a month, as she said, at a distant watering-place. She had a married sister living there, a Mrs. Arrowsmith; but still I wondered that she did not choose a more genial season. Three weeks afterwards papa also left, and then Charlotte told me what people said—that they were gone to get married.

How angry I was!—with Charlotte. Had she told me I was going to be married, I could not have been more indignantly disbelieving.
"Charlotte, how dare you assert so disgraceful a calumny?"

"Dear Miss Jane," she answered, "you are the only person who has not foreseen it for some months past. I fear you will find it true."
Alas! I did. In two or three days a letter came from my father, setting all doubt at rest. He had just married Louisa Rupert. He said he hoped the step would conduce to the happiness of us all, and that he had entered upon it as much for my sake as for his own.

Happiness! For my sake! I am not naturally passionate, but a storm of passion, of agony, shook me then. It was not because Louisa Rupert was exalted to authority over me; I thought not of that; but that he should so soon have forgotten my angel mother—should have lowered himself to take another wife in haste so unseemly. At least it seemed so to me. I think it must seem so to all daughters who have to experience the like. I cannot describe the wretched feeling that oppressed my heart, and it is not fit I should. It seemed as if the shame of the act was reflected upon me.

I had thrown myself on the sofa, sobbing with all my might and main, when someone, who must have come in unheard, touched me on the sleeve and spoke half laughingly "Jane how foolish you are!"

It was Lionel Rupert. A fine-grown, handsome youth of twenty, sunny-tempered as the day, and merry-hearted, a rare favorite in Teversham. He was first cousin to Betsy and Louisa, and since the latter's residence with us, had been frequently at our house. My father liked him.

I sat up and strove for calmness, rather annoyed that Lionel should have seen me giving way so, for he had a propensity for ridicule and joking. However, he did not ridicule me then.

"If I were you, Jane, I should show myself more of a man than to sob like that."
"You don't know the cause; you don't know the—the shameful!" I hesitated in my choice of a word, and then brought out a bad one—"news I have received this morning."
"I have heard it," he replied. "But all your sobbing and distress will not mend it."
"Where did you hear it, Lionel?"

"Oh, all Teversham has heard it. And Charlotte rushed to the door, full of it, when she saw me coming."
"Oh, Lionel!" I cried out in my grief, as I had once before cried out to my father, "if I had but died with mamma!"

"Of course you cannot enter into my feelings, or take my part," was my resentful answer. "As your cousin, you naturally regard this marriage with a favorable eye. She is your cousin, you know. Had she chosen to marry papa in mamma's lifetime, perhaps you would have seen no harm in it."
Lionel laughed, and bent on me his clear, bright eyes, in which I read a sympathy he would not suffer his lips to utter.

"Jane, I'll bring an action against you for calumniating me. You know my sweet cousin Louisa was always my bete noire. Betsy's an old dragon, but she is better than Louisa. For my part, I would have espoused the ancient apple-woman at the corner rather than Miss Louisa Rupert."
And so Lionel talked and soothed me into reason. Somehow he could always comfort me.

At the end of the week they came home. I had schooled myself into calmness. I could not receive my father as I used to; I could not; for

the feeling of reverence, the respect and veneration due to a parent from a child had left my heart forever. He must have noticed the difference, but he said nothing, and went out for a stroll in the village. I was cool to Mrs. Dixon, too cool, but I was not insolent—true friend in Teversham had given me judicious Christian counsel, and I was really striving to profit by it. But when Mrs. Dixon went up-stairs to take possession for the first time, of the bedroom and dressing-room which had been my dearest mother's, I ran up to my own chamber and sobbed aloud in my great sorrow.

Papa brought Lionel Rupert back to dinner. I think now, though it did not strike me then, that he feared the family party, that first evening, might be awkward, and deemed it not amiss to ask a stranger to it. Lionel laughed and talked as usual, and began telling them what had transpired in the village during their absence.

In the midst of it, Phillis threw open the drawing-room door, and spoke. "Dinner is on the table—sir." She hesitated between the two last words, as I have marked it. In my mother's time, she used to make the announcement to her; since, she had always made it to me; and now she preferred to make it to her master, rather than to her new mistress. I thanked the girl in my heart; but I don't know what that new mistress thought.

Charlotte stood in the dining-room as we went in. I advanced to the place at the head of the table. After mamma's death, no one had occupied it till Miss Rupert came, and then my father had desired me to take it, which I did, and had taken it ever since. I had no intention to be rude to Mrs. Dixon in taking it now; I declare it had never once crossed my mind that that seat must be mine no longer. I was thinking but of Charlotte—that she need not have troubled herself to come in for only Lionel Rupert; it not being customary for her to help to wait, except when there was company. Though perhaps the servants thought this a special day. I bent my head down towards the cloth, expecting my father to say grace; but there seemed a delay, and I looked up. Standing by my side, waiting for me to vacate the seat, was Mrs. Dixon, and in the same moment Charlotte came up and whispered:

"Miss Jane, Phillis has put your seat here to-day."
I darted from the place as if a hornet had stung me, and went to the side seat, where Louisa Rupert used to sit. Had I committed a crime, I could not have felt more wretchedly confused and guilty; my throat felt choking, my cheeks were burning, and I glanced across the table at Lionel, to gather what he could think of me. I gathered nothing, for his face was turned up towards the lights of the chandelier, and he began telling of a new-fashioned one just introduced at the hall, which had come sliding down on to the floor, in the midst of an evening party, narrowly escaping the wig and head of old Sir Acteon.

Dinner passed off pretty well; thanks, I believe, to Lionel; and the maids quitted the room. Papa cracked some fiberts and handed them to me.

"Thank you," I said. "I will pass these to Mrs. Dixon."
"Keep them yourself, Jane; I will crack more for your mamma," was the reply, with an unmistakable emphasis.

"I prefer not to take any, papa," I answered. "Mrs. Dixon can have these." And my emphasis on Mrs. Dixon was quite as forcible as his own.

"No quarrelling about fiberts," interposed Lionel, in his straightforward, off-hand way; "they need not go begging. If Jane won't eat them there are plenty of us who will. Try this fine pear, Jane. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Dixon, I did not perceive that the salt stopped with me."
Ah, well! Lionel might rattle on and make peace if he liked, but my heart felt as if it were breaking.

There was no change at home for

several months, no perceptible one, for Mrs. Dixon knew well how to play her cards, and she let it come on gradually. Miss Dixon's wishes were still consulted, Miss Dixon's pleasure was still deferred to; if the servants demanded instructions, they would occasionally be told to "ask Miss Dixon." She was weaving her meshes round my father to mold him to her entire will; she was working to make herself first in all things, and his daughter second; and to have striven for that too palpably in the early days of her authority, would have been a dangerous game.

Do not let the reader mistake me. Of course, I did not expect to be first now. I could not and did not wish it; but I felt sure she was only acting a part, and I knew not where it would land me.

Before the change came—for it did come—Lionel Rupert was gone. The only child, of a proud and needy man it was intended that he should be proud and needy too. The Ruperts had never soiled their hands with a profession, not they. Sir Acteon Rupert, the reigning baronet, lived in profusion at the Hall, and the other branches of the family lived in genteel pinching elsewhere, never forgetting that they were Ruperts. How the funds had been found to bestow upon Lionel the noble education he had received, nobody could imagine; unless Sir Acteon, who had a liking for his young kinsman, had supplied them. But of what service was Lionel's education likely to be to him? His father would not let him use it. He was too poor to buy him a commission, and little else would have suited the pride of the Ruperts. So Lionel remained perforce at home, shooting, fishing, idling, and plunging into young men's mischief. But at length his father died, and there came liberty for Lionel. He decided forthwith to betake himself to London.

It was in July when he came to bid us farewell, six months after my father's marriage. The pony-carriage was at the door when he came in; papa was going to drive out with Mrs. Dixon. The latter came down with her things on.

"I cannot make out what is taking you to London, Lionel," she said. "You surely cannot contemplate any step that would dishonor the family?"

"Not I," cried Lionel. "I'll take care of the honor of the family."
"Not put yourself into any office—any profession; in short, not attempt any means of earning money to eke out your income," went on Mrs. Dixon. "It would be a disgrace upon the Ruperts forever."
"One they would never get over," gravely answered Lionel.

Lionel took leave; papa and Mrs. Dixon drove out; and I leaned my aching head on the arm of the sofa, for some feeling, akin to despair, had laid hold of me. But Lionel suddenly came back; I heard his step outside. In a moment he was in the room and had closed the door. I started up, and blushed like a guilty thing.

"Jane, I have a word to say to you, and I may as well say it now, for it is hard to tell when we shall meet again. I shall not come back here until I have built up my fortunes. I don't know how it is to be done, yet. I have the will, and I must make the way."
"Lionel!" I exclaimed in surprise. "Build up your fortunes! What have you just been saying to Mrs. Dixon?"

Lionel burst into a laugh. It seemed to intimate that what he said to Mrs. Dixon need not always be taken for gospel. Before he spoke, his voice and manner had changed to seriousness.

"I told her I would not disgrace the Ruperts; I hope I never shall. But their notions of disgrace differ from mine, Jane. They attach ignominy to; I, on the contrary, think it lies with idleness. I feel, as an accountable being, that my time and talents were not given me to waste, and I purpose to employ them in the best way that fate or fortune may offer."
"Whatever will they say, Lionel?"

Sir Acteon will have another fit." "What will Sir Acteon care for me? I shall be far enough away. They may never hear of me, and I dare say will never ask after me. But I told you I had a word to say. It has struck me, Jane, that when my fortunes are built up, I shall want somebody to share them. I would rather have Jane Dixon than anybody else in the world."

I was so confused as scarcely to understand him. But my heart beat against my side with a sensation of rapture which had never yet had a place here.

"And as I may be building up this castle in the air while I build up my fortunes," went on Lionel, "I thought it well to assure myself, beforehand, that it was one not entirely without foundation. What say you Jane?"

I said nothing. Lionel drew my face to his.
"God bless you, Jane!" he whispered. "Remember, it may be years."
(To be Continued.)

STATE NEWS.

An electric light company has been organized at Alpena.
Bad Axe has vindicated its claim to be called a helve place.
The Grand Rapids Democrat has got a handsome new dress.
Alpena mill men threaten a strike unless the time is reduced to ten hours.

All the effects of the State hatchery at Pokagon have been removed to Paris, Mecosta county.
Lacey's shingle mill at Nirvana, Lake county, burned yesterday; loss \$2,500, will no insurance.
The Cedar Springs fair association have 25 acres of ground, and are fitting up a first-class half mile race course.

At the present rate the output of the upper peninsular iron mines for the present year will be about 2,250,000 tons.
Augustus Carpenter, a prominent citizen and pioneer of Barry county died at Carlton, Wednesday night of cholera morbus.

David Depue, of Pittsfield, Wastewater county, exhibits a handsome chair made of 20 varieties of wood, all of which were grown in Pittsfield, except one.

Lumber and shingles to the value of \$16,000 were burned at Sand Lake on Wednesday night. The property belonged to Winegan & Shaw, of Grand Rapids.

During the late gale off the Alpena coast the steamer Lehigh threw overboard part of her cargo, and now the beach at Middle Island is lined with revised testaments for miles.

The new high school building at Kalamazoo threatens to tumble down before it is built up. A large crack has appeared in the great arch and work is stopped till this can be repaired.

The Ypsilanti Light Guard feel badly over its failure to get on the Yorktown excursion. It claims to have made a better showing on examinations than any of the successful competitors.

During the gale of Tuesday night, a scow from Milwaukee, the Chris, loaded with coal and bound for Frankfort, tried to make the harbor of Manistee, but was blown on the beach and had a hole stove in her bottom. The crew was taken off by the life-saving crew.

While Jack Tomlin was working in a well 80 feet deep, near Nashville on Thursday morning, an iron pipe broke near the top of the well, and the point falling, struck Tomlin on the thigh, splitting the flesh from the bone nearly the whole length of his leg.

As stated some time ago, the Bay City Tribune has been in financial distress. It tried to compromise with its creditors by paying 25 cents on the dollar, but failed, and yesterday the sheriff took possession of the establishment to foreclose some \$6,000 worth of mortgages.
"Come, clear out of this," said a Marquette constable, sternly to a disorderly crowd on the sidewalk, "if you want to fight, get into the middle of the street!"
Elijah Benn, a Sandstone farmer, has harvested a 40 acre field of wheat which yielded an average of 21 bushels to the acre, the best large crop of the season yet reported.
Fire destroyed Wood & Reynold's shingle mill at Carrollton, Thursday afternoon, together with valuable machinery and stock. Loss about \$20,000; insurance, \$15,000. The salt block, drill houses and docks adjacent to the mill were saved.

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, SEPT. 15, 1881.

The Forest Fires.

Rev. Mr. Grenell, of Detroit, says: At sunrise Monday, the air at Sand Beach was as clear as usual. At about 1 p. m., the people began to observe a singular copper-colored appearance of the whole firmament. A little later this deepened to a deep red, and by 2 o'clock it was so dark that people were compelled to take lanterns to find their way about out doors. Mr. Jenks, a well-known citizen, said that he passed his hand back and forth before his face and could not see. This fearful darkness continued all the afternoon, with an occasional rift through which the rays of the sun darted furtively with unnatural brightness to be succeeded immediately by still more blinding blackness. Many thought the end of the world was at hand, and were filled with terror. The horrors of the imagination were soon intensified by the approach of the flames, the stories of the universal desolation to the west of them, the dread that they were fated to a frightful death, and then by the arrival of the charred, blackened and shapeless remains of the poor victims.

The scenes of horror in the woods were too frightful for any pen to portray. The dead were found everywhere, very rarely recognizable, and in most cases undistinguishable as human remains. Many were mere masses of burnt meat, which fell apart when touched, and in very few could sex or age be distinguished. From one body the head fell when it was lifted up, from another—that of a young woman—the leg separated and hung suspended by the tendons. In some places, families were found reduced to an undistinguishable heap of roasted and blackened blocks of flesh, where they fell together, overwhelmed by the rushing flames.

The manifold horrors of the calamity were multiplied by fearful tornadoes, which cut off retreat in every direction. The awful heat of the atmosphere raised the smoke a little from the ground, and it hung above the earth in an impenetrable mass, shutting out every ray of light, and leaving the poor creatures below helpless and blind, until the fire caught them and closed their agony in death. Now and then the flames shot up in tremendous masses, which would be seized by a tornado and carried bodily a quarter of a mile away and then hurled down again to start the flames in a new quarter. In this way helpless fugitives flying for life were punned in by seas of flame and roasted like rats in a cage. One farmer a few miles from Sand Beach, who was plowing with oxen, hurried to his house on noticing the approaching darkness, and thinking he had plenty of time, waited to turn his cattle and horses loose. He then hurried to the house, and finding his wife had gone to a neighbor's took two children himself and gave three others in charge of his oldest daughter. Before they had got many rods from the house, the flames had got before them. He hurried off in another direction, with his two youngest, but the girl pushed on over the burning grass with the other three. He escaped; the bodies of the other four were afterwards found in a heap charred beyond recognition.

William Humphrey, the mail carrier from Argyle to Elmer, started on his route Monday, but was stopped midway by the flames. He unhitched the horse from the wagon made a saddle of the mail bags, and mounting the beast turned back at a gallop. This incident is only imagined, for the horse arrived without rider or mail bag at Argyle. There the people, believing the worst had occurred, tied a tag to the horse's neck and urged him back alone over

the road. The poor beast followed the habit of his daily duties, and dashed over the road. He reached Elmore safely, and the people there learned the story of his adventures from the tag. Humphrey's burned body was afterwards found in the wilderness in one place, the mail bag half consumed in another, and the wagon utterly consumed elsewhere.

Volcanic Eruption in Idaho.

A volcanic eruption took place in the mountain south of the South Fork of the Clearwater, about twenty miles east of Mount Idaho, on August 9, sending forth a column of fire and smoke several hundred feet in height, and a rock which fell at a distance of several miles from the place of eruption. The shock was distinctly felt at Mount Idaho, on the extreme west of the Campas Prairie and at the mouth of the Salmon River, a distance of about seventy-five miles. Later news from Campas Prairie reports that a column of smoke is issuing from the opening which is distinctly visible from the prairie. No one as yet has approached the place. Evidence of volcanic action at some former periods exist in many places in the immediate vicinity. So far as appears the opening is less than a thousand feet above the bed of the South Fork of the Clearwater and within three miles of the Milner trail, between Mount Idaho and Florence.

PECULIARITIES OF DEEP-SEA ANIMALS.

Deep-sea animals, as a rule, have either no eyes at all, or have very large eyes. As an example, may be cited the crustacean, *Ascaulus zalenicus*, most closely allied to the common cray-fish which Prof. Huxley has lately made illustrations. It is from 450 fathoms. It has no eyes at all, but one of its uppers is extraordinarily long and delicate, and possibly the animal uses it to feel its way with, as a blind man uses his stick. There are also abundant hairs on the animal's surface, which are probably organs of touch. Many deep-sea crustacea, however, have very large eyes, indeed, evidently for the purpose of making use of some small quantity of light which must exist in all depths. In the absence of sunlight the only other source of light must be phosphorescence of certain of the deep-sea animals themselves. No doubt many animals, as in shallow water, emit light in the deep sea; and the deep-sea animals with eyes probably congregate round them or grope their way in the gloom from one bunch to another as they lie scattered over the bottom, just as we half-see, half-feel our way from lamp-post to lamp-post in a night fog. Some lose their way, as we do sometimes, and get into shallow water and a good many deep-sea animals have been from time to time picked up near the shores at Madeira and elsewhere, and have found their way into museums as great rarities. No doubt the sense of touch is the one mainly relied on by most deep-sea animals. Very many are provided with special organs of touch, such as long hairs, or, in the case of fish, enormously long fin-rays.

A NOBLE FELLOW'S MISFORTUNE.

—Michael McEvoy, of Newark, N. J., while at work last week at a rolling-machine in the steel works, through which heated iron bars are passed with great velocity, saw a fellow-workman in danger of being pierced through the body by one of the bars. McEvoy sprang to him and drew him aside, and at the same time he failed to notice that he himself stood directly in front of another machine. In an instant an iron bar twelve feet long and an inch and a half in diameter, was shot out of the roller through McEvoy's leg, inflicting a terrible wound, and the limb may have to be amputated.

A newspaper and a newspaper editor that people don't talk about and sometimes abuse, are rather poor concerns. The men and business that an editor sometimes feels it a duty to defend, at a risk of making enemies of another class, are often the very first to show their ingratitude. The editor who expects to receive much charity or gratitude will soon find out his mistake; but he should go on and say and do what he conscientiously thinks right without regard to frowns and smiles.

"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady one day, during a conversation about the old saints and the apostles. "Ah, he was a good, clever old soul, I know," replied the landlady. "For he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."

FOREIGN.

A famine in Tunis is deemed inevitable.

Land League receipts, \$6,500 last week.

The French commander at Tunis demands 20,000 more troops.

Methodist ecumenical conference at London decidedly favors continuance of the itinerary.

The village of Reichenbach, Switzerland, was destroyed by falling masses of stone from the mountains.

The Manchester cotton manufacturers are taking action to stop work until the cotton speculating ring is broken up.

The British man-of-war *Martin*, has returned with 100 police, after evicting 120 tenants at the Island of Inisturk, county of Mayo.

The North German Gazette says that measures will be presented to the landtag for the re-establishment of a legation at the Vatican.

In a fight at Matagalpa, Central America, between 5,000 Indians and some 500 troops and volunteers, the former were defeated with a loss of 500 killed.

Kaiser Wilhelm, crown prince, and Bismarck, meet the Czar and suite at Neufahrwasser, a village of West Prussia, four miles from Dantzig, on the Vistula.

A Cairo dispatch says 4,000 troops with artillery surrounded the residence of the Khedive, and demanded reforms. The Khedive concedes, and appoints Chierif Pasha president of the council. Foreign occupation is deemed imperative.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Forest fires are ravaging Delaware.

There are 900 hostile Indians in Arizona.

Ex-Congressman Waldo, of Connecticut is dead.

Eight notorious robbers arrested at Denver.

Yankton D. T., now has a 500-foot artesian well, flowing nearly 10,000 barrels per day.

Columbus, O., was enveloped in smoke on Friday, from the Michigan fires.

Great loss of property near Stratford, Ont., by the burning of Ellice swamp.

Sumner Fairbank's has sold his interest in the Jonesville woolen mills to Lyman S. White of New York.

Moody and Sankey go to England in a week or two, and will extend their work into Ireland and Scotland.

The Pennsylvania road and Vanderbilt western roads have shut off the Erie from connection.

H. H. Warner, of Rochester, N. Y., offers a prize of \$200 for the best essay on comets—their composition, purpose and effect on the earth.

Indian affairs are quieter in Arizona, reinforcements of troops and volunteers having arrived in sufficient numbers to avert further danger.

Celia J. Robinson was refused admission to the bar, by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, because she was a woman.

The trial of the Malley brothers, at New Haven, Conn., for the murder of Jennie Cramer, commenced on Monday last. Circumstantial evidence is strong against them.

On a requisition of the Governors of Arizona and New Mexico, arms will be furnished to the white settlers in danger from the hostile Indians.

Heresy charges were fully sustained by verdict against Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, on Friday night last, which sends the case to the conference for trial.

John Kane, Buck Collins, James McFarlane, Pat Dolan, Barney Flood, Mike Dolan and James Reagan, the Molie Maguire's charged with Maurice Healy's murder, were indicted by the grand jury at Uniontown, Pa.

Engineer Wm. Kipperly and fireman Charles Parker, killed on the Philadelphia and Erie road by running into a burned bridge at Silver Creek.

Rev. Jacob Milford, a well-known temperance lecturer, dismissed from his pastoral charge three weeks ago for drunkenness, suicided on Friday last.

When C. Hunston was sent to the Maryland Penitentiary, he left a box with a Philadelphia hotel keeper. The box was opened and found to contain \$19,000 in United States bonds.

Gov. Crittenden, of Missouri, has issued a proclamation calling upon the people to rise en masse and exterminate the train robbers who sacked the train at Glendale on Wednesday night last. One thousand men have been organized and are scouring the country. The express agent says the robbers only got \$500 from the safe.

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

A Frenchman on the point of being guillotined was asked if he had any last wish to make. The dying man's wish is held sacred. "Yes," he replied, "I want to learn the English language."

"What is the meaning of the word *tantalizing*?" asked the teacher. "Please marm," spoke up little Johnny Holcomb, "it means a circus procession passing the school-house, and the scholars not allowed to look out."

Our Budget.

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

FOOD FOR MOCKING BIRDS AND THRUSHERS.

Two parts corn meal, 2 parts pea meal and one part of moist meal, fry in hard sweeter with molasses, keep in covered jar.

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

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

IS IT POSSIBLE
That a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, etc., makes so many and such marvelous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do? It must be, for when old and young, rich and poor, Pastor and Doctor, Lawyer and Editor, all testify to having been cured by them, we must believe and doubt no longer. See another column.

A man was boasting that he had an elevator in his house. "So he has," chimed him 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 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, Poor fellow instead of grunting, moaning and crying, You'd better by far Spring Blossom be trying. Prices: 50c and \$1. W. R. Reed & Co.

Kansas school teacher: "Where does our grain go to? 'Into the hopper,' 'What hopper?' 'Grass-hopper,' triumphantly shouted a scholar.

HOW IS IT?
How is it that a tall man generally marries a short woman, and how is it that Spring Blossom will cure any case of Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache or Sour Stomach. Prices: 50c and \$1. W. R. Reed & Co.

A dead heat—cremation.

Mamma—Look Cissy—here is the doctor coming! What a favorite he is! See, even the little chickens run to meet him! Cissy—'Yes ma, and the little ducks cry "Quack, quack!"

Physic to agriculture they'll apply, And write prescriptions for a sickly crop, With fever mixtures, when the land's too dry, Inflammatory action they will stop, But when Rheumatism does the body rack, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, will cure it in a crack.

For sale by all druggists.

"How well he plays for one so young," said Mrs. Partington, as the organ boy and his monkey performed near the door; "and how much his dear little brother in the calico dress looks like him, to be sure."

Orpha M. Hodge, of Battle Creek, Mich., writes May 16, 1878: "I upset a teakettle of boiling hot water on my hand, inflicting a very severe scald. I applied Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, and take great pleasure in announcing to you that the effect was to allay pain and prevent blistering. I was cured in three days. We prize it very highly as a family medicine." For sale by all druggists.

Old Jackson is sure that goats can read, for he caught one the other morning demolishing his Sunday hat, which had fallen out of the window near a fence, on which was painted in big letters, "Chew Jackson's Best Plug."

Mrs. Beutler, 78 Delaware Place, Buffalo, N. Y., says: I have used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for Neuralgia, and found permanent relief from its use. For sale by all druggists.

A curious correspondent, "George J." wants to know if editors shears are sharp. No, George, dear, no; there is nothing sharp about a newspaper office. People who drop in to show the editor how to run the paper furnish all that—or would like to.

THE PERFECTION OF CORSETS.

Fits perfectly a greater variety of forms than any other.

Yields readily to every respiration, and is equally comfortable in any position assumed by the wearer.

Warranted to retain its perfect shape till worn out. By its use you secure a more graceful figure than with any other Corset. Please give it a trial, and you will wear no other.

What Leading Chicago Physicians Say of It:

CHICAGO, Oct. 23, 1880.
I have examined Ball's Health Preserving Corset and believe it is in every respect best calculated to preserve the health of the woman who wears it. It does not seem possible for the wear of such a corset to be injurious to tight lacing. It should receive the favorable endorsement of the Physicians who have the opportunity of examining it.
JAMES NEVINS HYDE.

CHICAGO, Oct. 26, 1880.
I fully endorse what Dr. Hyde says in the above note.
W. E. BYRON.

CHICAGO, Oct. 13, 1880.
I have examined Ball's Health Preserving Corset and believe it to be the least injurious to the wearer of any Corset I have seen.
A. J. BAXTER, M. D.

CHICAGO, Oct. 27, 1880.
I do not advise any woman to wear a Corset, but if she will do so—and she generally will—I advise her to use Ball's Health Preserving Corset, as it is less likely to do her injury than any other which I am acquainted with.
A. HAYES JACKSON.

For sale only in Chelsea, by
H. S. HOLMES,
Sept. 1st, '81, Sun

How to Get Sick.
Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised; and then you will want to know

How to Get Well.
Which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters! See another column.

Go to your Druggist for Mrs. Freeman's New National Dyes. For brightness and durability of color, are unequalled. Color from 2 to 3 pounds. Directions in English and German. Price, 15 cents.

"Hurrah for Little Mack."

HE IS COMING

FROM ANN ARBOR WITH THE FINEST ASSORTMENT OF

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CLOTHS,

Ever Shown in this Town!

THEY WILL BE CUT, TRIMMED AND MADE ACCORDING TO THE LATEST STYLES. HE WILL ALSO BRING A FULL LINE OF

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING,

AND A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF

Gent's Furnishing Goods!

He kindly invites the public to call and examine his stock, whether they wish to purchase or not. His Cutter and Manager is Mr. CHAS. GRUNER.

"REMEMBER THE PLACE,"

Opposite Kempf Bros. Bank, - - - - - CHELSEA, Mich.

FRIENDS

—IN—

CHELSEA & VICINITY,

VISITING THE

State Fair,

ARE INVITED TO MAKE THEMSELVES AT HOME AT

THE BEE HIVE,

AND IF INTERESTED IN DRY GOODS TO EXAMINE THE ELEGANT

New Fall Goods

—AND—

Many Superior Bargains,

JUST NOW OPENING!

VERY RESPECTFULLY,
L. H. FIELD,
BUSY BEE HIVE DRY GOOD HOUSE, JACKSON, MICH.

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.
v10-49-3m.

G. W. R. R. TIME TABLE.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY—
Departs foot of Third street and foot of Brush street. Ticket office, 151 Jefferson avenue, and at the Depots.

LEAVE	ARRIVE
Atlantic Ex. 4:00 a. m.	10:00 p. m.
Day Express 8:35 a. m.	6:30 p. m.
Detroit & Buf.	
Relo Express 12:45 noon	7:00 a. m.
N. Y. Express 7:05 p. m.	10:45 a. m.
(Except Monday.)	*Sundays Excepted

J. F. McCLURE,
Western Passenger Agent, Detroit.
Wm. Edgar, Gen. Pass'g Ag't, Hamilton.

Elgin Watches

10 O'CLOCK TIME TO GO!

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, Mich.

HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)
CONTAINS
HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,
AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs. Nervousness, Rheumatism, and especially Female Complaints.

\$1000 IN GOLD.

Will be paid for a case they will not cure of Lepra, or for anything human or inhuman found in Lepra.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take as a safeguard.

D. L. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Lepra, and all other skin diseases and eruptions.

SOLE AGENTS
BROS. VAN COTT, & CO.,
109 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Plague-Spot in Danger.

The hope of sudden gain and of exorbitant fortune from chance is one of the most common of all delusions, and it is a chimera which seizes upon all classes of people, even good men and good business-men.

More than one effort has been made to suppress this horrible institution. The authorities of Nice, Mentona, and all along the Riviera, have taken great pains to diffuse information as to the character of the place, and distribute circulars warning broadcast, so that no one shall approach it in ignorance of its real nature and practices.

Our Best Young Men Talk It Over.

"Somebody's tellin' me," the best young man with the blood-stone ring said, "Conkling and Pratt resigned. Who's goin' to be Governor now?"

"Why, Conklin wa'n't Governor. He was only Senator; something like that. Him and Pratt, both Senators, like. B'lieved the Governor held ovah 'no'ah term. Something like that. Same Governor."

"The best young man who supports himself playing billiards, said: 'I want to be Governor myself; but presently the best young man who sucks inspiration out of the head of a rattan cane, said: 'But say, you know that ain't this side of Fort Madison, you know? Cause he ain't resigned. He's there yet, you know, for I was there only a week ago.'"

"The best young man who draws his intellectual sustenance from the ivory-headed cane, said he 'didn't b'lieve they could make out case against them. He heard man say that Conklin an' Pratt was law proof.'"

"The best young man whose mother buys his clothes said he 'guessed Governor Gardner would sentence 'em pretty heavy; read in paper somewhere other day that Governor Gardner told Secretary Blaine he's goin' to put 'em through.'"

"Is Gardner the Gorner now?"

asked the best young man who makes one shirt and a fat ashes of roses scarf last thirteen collars.

"What's for?" asked the best young man with the ivory-topped cane.

"Well, all of them brie". I want to know whether they scrape off the gold from under the side of the ground, and wash the dirt off in the creek, or how is it?"

"Oh! that is it. I thought they first bored into the ground with a pay streak until they found the shaft, and then they drifted for the assessment and when they found that they just put a blast in the indications and salted the dynamo. Now, it seems that you don't do that way. You follow up the mica-quartz slate till you strike the bias fold. Then you see if you can find a color that matches with the copper-stained trilobites that you prospect, and you—"

"No, I must stop you there, you are getting a little off the vein. You probably have the right idea, but you are using terms that are not correct. After they get the vein of the rock in the dump and pinch out the right shaft, they go to work for a sucker until yesterday morning. Being a stranger in the city, he was walking about, admiring the wide and dusty streets and fine business blocks, and when near the City Hall was accosted by a young man with the salutation, 'Mr. Johnson, how do you do?' at the same time rushing up and extending a hand for a shake."

"What's that?" asked the best young man with the blood-stone ring.

"No, sir; my name is Harleman, and I am from Dayton, O.," responded the railroad.

"The fellow apologized most profusely, adding that Mr. Harleman was the dead image of James Johnson, of Chicago, who walked off."

"A few moments later," narrates Mr. Harleman, "another man came up and extended his hand, saying, 'Ah, Mr. Harleman, I am glad to have met you. I used to know you in Dayton, O., but I presume you have forgotten me. My father is Smith, the dry-goods merchant.'"

"Of course I tumbled to the racket, then, but I said, 'So you are young Smith, are you? What are you doing up here?'"

"By the Grand Trunk?"

"Well, young man," said Harleman, "before you go any further with the confidence business you ought to post yourself on railroads. The Grand Trunk doesn't run to Dayton, as any ten-year-old boy could tell you. Then learn to distinguish between a real greenhorn and one who merely possibly look like one."

"And," added Harleman, "you ought to have seen that fellow's face as he scooted?"—Detroit Free Press.

"No Use Chiseling.

The other day while old Skidmore was strolling through the Odd Fellows' Cemetery he came to what was evidently a new inclosure, the railing of which a bald-headed man was leaning on and gazing, with what might be called lively resignation, at a simple marble slab in the center. This stone bore the somewhat curt inscription of: "Here lies Jane B. Dickey, aged forty-one."

"Relative of yours?" said old S., pausing sympathetically.

"Wife," explained widower, with a beaming smile. "Got her under yesterday week at 4:15 p. m."

Skidmore was disgusted at the man's cheerfulness, so he said: "Well, if it was my wife, seems to me I'd put more of an inscription over her than that. A trunk label would contain more information than that stone."

"Dare say—dare say," replied the surviving Dickey, "but you didn't happen to know Mrs. D., I reckon, eh?"

The Mysteries of Mining.

"I wish you would tell me all about the way men get gold and silver out of a mine, my dear," said a lady in East Laramie the other evening to her husband, as he peered off his coat and sat down in the chair for the evening.

"Well, what kind of mine do you wish to hear about; gold or silver, quartz or placer, deposit or defined lead?"

"Well, all of them brie". I want to know whether they scrape off the gold from under the side of the ground, and wash the dirt off in the creek, or how is it?"

"Oh! that is it. I thought they first bored into the ground with a pay streak until they found the shaft, and then they drifted for the assessment and when they found that they just put a blast in the indications and salted the dynamo. Now, it seems that you don't do that way. You follow up the mica-quartz slate till you strike the bias fold. Then you see if you can find a color that matches with the copper-stained trilobites that you prospect, and you—"

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PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

"Rheumatic" gout has attacked the eyes of Mr. Wilkie Collins.

The widow of the German poet Uhland has just died in her eighty-second year. She wrote a biography of her husband, whom she survived nineteen years.

Jared Bassett, of North Haven, Conn., has and wears twelve silver buttons made in 1744. Had the money which they cost been invested at that time, the interest added to the principal would have made them worth \$4,764 at the present time.

Among recent valuable additions to the British Museum are some rare Mexican books, including a few of the earliest productions of the Spanish-American press, which belonged to the President of the Emperor Maximilian's first Ministry, Don Jose Fernando Ramirez.

Harper's Magazine prints a long and interesting letter from Hawthorne, written in 1831, in which he speaks hopefully of being able at no very distant day to buy a quiet and comfortable little home somewhere near the sea for \$1,500 or \$2,000. Literary men and days are hardly so modest in their expectations.

A lady, Miss Mary Robinson, is said to be the coming English poet. She has trained herself in classic Greek until she knows the language better than a professor, and translates it into glowing English as correct as Robert Browning's and more intelligible. Her original work also shows signs of great promise, both lyric and dramatic.

Madame Carla Serena, a traveler well-known abroad, has been visiting the most remote countries of the East during the past few years and has written a narrative of her journey which is printed in twelve volumes. Madame Serena is the only lady who has been made an honorary member of all the principal Geographical Societies of Europe.

The Paris Gaulois represents a passer-by inquiring, at the funeral of Littré: "Who is this Littré?" and gives the various replies as follows: A woman—"He was the ugliest man in Paris." A young man—"He was a comical chap, who pretended that we are descended from the monkey." A business man—"He was the author of my dictionary." A priest—"He was a savant." An idler—"He was a worker." A friend—"He was a simple-hearted and good man, who lived between his wife and his daughter, both devoted to him."

Condensed handbook for picnics this season—Carry ulsters, umbrellas, rubber overcoats; and, by the way, take a kerosene stove to warm the butter so 'twill spread.—New Haven Register.

How is this for a three-years-old? An old man was passing the house, Sunday, taking exceedingly short steps. The little one looked at him for several minutes and then cried out: "Mamma, don't he walk stings?"—Springfield Union.

A man who was fishing for trout in the Tionesta years ago, so the story runs, caught his hook on a bag of gold and brought it safely to shore. As he looked at the gold he sadly said, "Just my luck; never could catch any fish."—Oil City Derrick.

Young man, beware of stock and grain speculations! If you want an "option" that is safe, get the option of the hand of a good, sensible girl of marriageable age, and put up a lot and a neat little cottage, as a margin. It will be the grandest speculation you ever made, and will bring you big profits. You can stake your last dollar on that and be safe.—Burlington Hawkeye.

Small Harry had never seen a bass-viol, and when his eyes lighted on one at a public rehearsal one day, he naturally thought it the most enormous fiddle he ever beheld. He was full of questions and exclamations about it. Harry's excitement reached the highest point when the owner of the instrument seized and began to tune it. The little fellow rose from his seat in his eagerness, his eyes stretched to their widest extent. The performer thrummed, and boomed and twanged awhile, got the viol tuned to his liking, leaned it against a chair and sat down once more. Small Harry sank into his seat with a deep sigh of disappointment and sympathy, exclaiming: "Ah, mamma, he can't do it!"—Boston Courier.

Beeswax as a Fee.

Many of the first settlers of Illinois were rude in speech and rough in manner. Money was scarce with them, and service was paid for in produce. Governor R— used to illustrate these incidents of frontier life by the following anecdote:

One day there came to his office a young man accompanied by a young woman.

"What do you want?" asked the manly youth.

"Yes, sir."

"Can you tie the knot for us, right away?"

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.

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 SHIPSTEUFF, 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. [v10-1-2m

Subscribe for the Chelsea HERALD



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.

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

WHAT WE SELL.

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