

# 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, NOVEMBER 10, 1881.

NO. 10.

## 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 Vesper Lodge No. 55, I. O. O. F., will take place every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, at their Lodge room, Middle St., East.  
G. E. Wright, Sec'y.

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

**Drs. Robertson & Champlin, PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,**  
Office on Main Street (Over Holmes' Dry Goods Store).  
CHELSEA, MICHIGAN.  
v-16-6m

**R. M. SPEER, DENTIST,**  
(Formerly with D. C. Howland, 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. v-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. v-28-1y

**G. E. WRIGHT, D. D. S., F. H. SLILES, DENTISTS,**  
Office with Dr. Palmer, over Glazier & Armstrong's Drug Store.  
CHELSEA, MICH. v-17-13

**INSURANCE COMPANIES**  
REPRESENTED BY  
**Turnbull & Dewey,**  
Assees.

Home of New York, \$3,100,000  
Hartford, \$2,000,000  
Underwriters, \$4,000,000  
American, Philadelphia, \$1,200,000  
Etna, of Hartford, \$2,000,000  
Fire Association, \$1,500,000  
Office: Over Post-office, Main street Chelsea, Mich.

**M. W. RUSH, DENTIST,**  
OFFICE OVER W. R. REED & CO'S STORE, CHELSEA, MICH. v-31

**New Restaurant**  
S. D. HARRINGTON would respect-fully 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 a white table and red table 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 Freeman's Store, 23 1/2 Main street, Chelsea, Mich.

**RESTAURANT.**  
C. HESKEL HWERDT wishes to announce to the people of Chelsea and vicinity, that he has opened a first-class restaurant, one door north of the Chelsea House, and is prepared to accommodate a white table and red table at all hours. A share of public patronage is solicited.  
Chelsea, Mich. v-11

**TONSorial Emporium.**  
F. SHAWER would respectfully announce to the inhabitants of Chelsea and vicinity, that he is now prepared to do all kind 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 Bond & Co's Drug Store. Main street east, Chelsea, Mich.

## Selected Poetry.

### THE TWO ARMIES.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

As life's unending columns pour,  
Two armies on the trampled shores  
That death flows black between.

One marches to the drum-beat's roll,  
The wide-mouthed clarion's bray,  
And bears upon a crimson scroll,  
"Our glory is to slay."

One moves in silence by the stream  
With sad, yet watchful eyes,  
Calm as the patient planet's gleam  
That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,  
No blood-red pennons wave;  
Its banner bears a single line,  
"Our duty is to save."

For those no death-bed's lingering shade,  
At honor's trumpet call,  
With knitted brow and lifted blade,  
In glory's arms they fall.

For those no flashing falchions bright,  
No stirring battle cry;  
The bloodless stabber calls by night—  
Each answers, "Here am I!"

For those the sculptor's laureled bust,  
The builder's marble piles,  
The anthem's pealing o'er their dust  
Through long cathedral aisles.

For these the blossom sprinkled turf  
That floods the lonely graves  
When spring rolls in her sea-green surf  
In flowery foaming waves.

Two paths lead upward from below,  
And angels wait above,  
Who count each hurrying life-drop's flow,  
Each falling tear of love.

Though from the Hero's bleeding breast,  
Her pulses freedom drew,  
Though the white lilies in her crest  
Sprang from that scarlet dew—

While valor's haughty champions wait  
"Till all their scars are shown,  
Love walks unchallenged through the gate  
To sit beside the throne!"

### THE WHITE DEVIL.

One night in June, ten years ago,  
The sentinel pacing up and down  
Before the gates of Fort Defiance,  
In the north-eastern part of Arizona,  
Suddenly heard the hoof-beat of a horse.

"Halt! Who comes there?" rang  
out the challenge, but there was no answer.

It was a starlight night. Two or three hundred feet away the sentinel caught sight of a white horse approaching him at a brisk walk. When he could see the horse he could also see that it had no rider. Drove of wild horses and still wilder mustangs were frequently seen from the fort, and the sentinel was rather pleased that one of them was being led by curiosity to approach the gate.

The horse grew whiter and larger as he came nearer, and when he halted he was not over ten feet from the guard. He was tall and powerfully built, mane hanging almost to his knees, and a tail sweeping the ground, and he was as white as snow. Head up, ears pointed forward, and eyes opened to their widest extent, the wild horse stood for a long minute and looked into the soldier's face. His nostrils dilated, his tail moved in his powerful chest and legs stood out in bold relief. The soldier's surprise and admiration were so great that he stood like a statue, musket on his shoulder, and his mind almost doubting what his eyes saw.

Suddenly, and without an instant's warning, the horse sprang forward to the attack. Catching the sentinel by the shoulder with his teeth, he raised him clear off the ground, and shook him right and left as if he was an empty grain bag, and then hurled him against the heavy gate with terrific force. The yell of pain and alarm uttered by the sentinel had scarcely died away before the relief came hurrying out. They found him lying in a heap beside the stockade, unconscious and his uniform in tatters. There was no enemy in sight—not even a wolf skulked away through the darkness. A general alarm was sounded, the drums bent to arms, and for a quarter of an hour the excitement was intense, every one believing that a large force of Indians was on the point of attack.

When the sentinel recovered his senses and related his adventure, no

one would believe his story until a sergeant had examined the earth and discovered the hoof-prints of the horse. It was, however, such a singular adventure that no one felt easy until morning came. Then the trail of the white horse could be followed far out on the prairie; and soon after sunrise the horse himself was discovered bearing down on the fort from the direction of the mountain range three miles away. As the word went round, every man turned out to catch sight of the animal about which so much had been said. He came forward at a sweeping trot, head up, tail streaming far behind, and his knee-action as perfect as if he had been trained on the course for years. He swerved neither to the right nor left, and never halted until he was within pistol shot of the crowd at the stockade.

The sentinel had not exaggerated in his statements. The color was snow white, and such strength and symmetry no one had ever before seen in a horse. The ears were pointed, the eyes as bright as stars, and the sun glistened on his hide as if it had been varnished. For two or three minutes not a word was spoken by any man, and the horse did not move a foot. Then a scout and hunter, who had come into the fort about half an hour before, said to the commander:

"Why, that's the boss known among us and the Indians as 'White Devil!' I've seen him four or five times, and I've heard of him at least once a week for the last five years. He's the ugliest, slyest, and most treacherous beast standing on four legs."

The scout related that the horse before them came to his notice about five years before, when the Indians made several attempts to capture him. He was singled out from the drove and pursued for several days, and in despair of securing him, one of the red men sought to kill him, so that no one else should secure the prize. The horse was only wounded by the bullet that was meant to take his life. He at once separated himself from the drove and followed his former pursuers like a shadow. He dashed into their camps at night, attacked their ponies when he found them grazing, and had, on several occasions, attacked lone Indians and quickly killed or disabled them.

"I'll give two hundred dollars to the man who captures that horse for me!" said the commander, as he noted every fine point about the majestic animal.

"You might just as well offer ten thousand," replied the scout. "That 'ere boss can pace, trot and gallop, and that isn't a wolf in the hul Sierra range which can smell of his heels. I'd as quick take the job of cleaning out all the reds in Arizona as catchin' the White Devil. See that foot go up! See them ears go back! He'll charge the hull crowd in less'n a minute!"

Before a word of warning could be spoken, the horse made a dash upon the men, screaming out as a troop-horse does when badly wounded in battle. The soldiers rushed for the gate. One of the hindmost was a private named O'Meara, scarcely up to the regulation height, and run down by sickness until his weight did not exceed a hundred pounds. The White Devil seized him by the back, lifted him off his feet by a toss, and when the soldiers next looked, O'Meara was being borne away with the swiftness of the wind. The horse had a firm grip of clothing and flesh, and keeping his head well up, he swept over the prairie with the soldier held almost perpendicularly before him. He was out of range before anybody could pick up a gun. There were a dozen or fifteen horses at the post, and in five minutes as many men had mounted them and were galloping away in pursuit.

The horse and his victim had disappeared over the swell about a mile from the fort. As the horsemen reached the crest they found the dead body of their companion on the grass, bitten and stamped and kneaded to a bloody mass. The horse stood facing them, forty rods away,

as if he had waited for them to come up. As the remains were being conveyed to the fort, several hunters came in, and in a short time a force of twenty mounted men left the gates to try and effect the capture of the vicious animal. The men had lassoes, hobbles and ropes, and the instructions were to drive the horse from the neighborhood if he could not be captured. He stood on the ridge and looked down upon the band as it left the fort. The four lasso-throwers rode directly at him, while the rest of the men separated and rode to cut off retreat by way of the mountain.

When the first horseman was within a hundred feet White Devil, who had been standing like a block of stone, threw up his head and started off at a sharp trot. Ten rods beyond the first ridge was a second, with a little green valley between. Ridges and valleys ran straight away to the west for twenty miles, and as the horse headed that way, one of the hunters said:

"The beast is in for a long race. He will go down to the end of this valley, turn to the left, and before noon he will be back here, returning on the fort side of the first ridge. Three of us will push him along as fast as we can to the end of the valley. The rest of you drop out in squads here and there, and race him as he comes back. Let three or four men halt right here to give him a last push."

The wild horse courted pursuit. Half a mile away he was racing up and down, throwing his heels into the air, snorting and pawing the sod in his impatience to be off. With a whoop and a yell, three lasso-throwers started in pursuit. They were almost near enough for a throw when the horse headed away at a trot. They could not gain an inch, though they had three of the best mustangs in the Territory, and the animals were pushed to the top of their speed. Head up, mane rolling back over his shoulders like a wave of foam, and his massive tail streaming out like a flag, the White Devil lifted his feet and put them down as steadily as clockwork. While they were doing their best, they could see that he was not using all his power. They kept a continual yelling for the first five miles, hoping to break his pace, but neither shouts nor the reports of rifles lost him a step.

In seventy minutes the White Devil was at the end of the valley, fresh as a daisy, while the mustangs, half a mile behind, were reeking and blown. He waited for them to come up, and then turned to the left and swept away at such a gait that he was soon out of sight. Ten miles to the east was the first squad of men. They sighted him a mile away, and were all ready for pursuit. Coming straight ahead, with the grass almost smoking under his feet, the wild charger passed them not more than a hundred feet away. He laid back his ears at their yell, but went straight ahead at his thundering pace. In ten minutes the men could hardly see him. A second and a third squad were treated in the same manner, and as the last one was reached, White Devil changed his pace to gallop, threw up his heels, and headed for the range. He was soon out of sight, and the chase was abandoned.

At daylight next morning the strange horse looked down from the ridge again, and by and by walked down to within pistol shot of the fort. A band of sixty friendly Indians, out on a hunt, had halted at the fort the night previous, and they were anxious to organize a new chase. More than eighty well-mounted pursuers were ready soon after breakfast. Some rode to cut off retreat to the range, and others galloped down the valley. An hour after they were out of sight the main body made a dash for the horse, which had been grazing for the last half hour. He took to the valley as before, and men dropped out at every mile to push him as he returned.

White Devil was pushed faster than before, but he would neither break his trot nor let a horseman get within a hundred feet of him. The In-

dians who had gone on ahead were expecting him to turn to the left, as before, but the wild horse kept straight ahead as he reached the mouth of the valley. He ran out on the prairie for twenty miles, tiring out every horse in pursuit, and then wheeled and returned over his route of the previous day. Men were waiting for him, but he scarcely appeared before he was out of sight. He was pacing and trotting by turns, and not until he reached the end of that eighty-mile chase did he break into a run. When near the fort he crossed the ridge, shook off the last pursuer, and entered a dark canon in the mountains. The Indians traced him until the canon split into three or four rocky defiles, and then they camped down with the determination to wait till hunger and thirst should drive the fugitive out. Darkness came, midnight came, and the watchers had heard nothing.

With the soft tread of a wolf, almost, a foe stole upon the Indians sleeping under the walls of the fort. Step, step, step, and a white object stood within ten feet of the first sleeper and peered this way and that. It was White Devil. The red men were still waiting in the dark canon, but the horse had emerged from the range by some defile known and used before.

The sentinel at the gate heard a shrill neigh, saw the smouldering brands of the dying camp-fires flung high in the air, and the next moment the Indians were yelling and screaming in affright. Back and forth charged the horse, striking, kicking, and uttering wild neighs, and he did not disappear until the roll of the drum called the soldiers to arms.

The Indians had suffered such damages that they were determined to kill the strange tormentor as soon as daylight came, though his life had heretofore been held sacred. He was heard racing up and down while night lasted, and when morning broke he was in plain sight. The Indian heart almost relented at the sight of the strong limbs, milk-white coat and silver eyes, but White Devil dared them to the attack by prancing up and down and flinging his heels about.

Separating into squads of ten the red men rode out on the prairie. The horse stood still, ears flat to his head, lip down, and one forefoot raised a little. When three of the squads were within pistol shot they halted, and thirty rifles covered the brave lone horse. While they were thus held, he gathered his feet like a cat and dashed at the nearest horseman. A roar of rifles and a volley of bullets stopped him. Struck by a score of balls, he halted, reared up, shook his beautiful head in agony of pain, and fell and died without a groan. The Indians gathered around but they did not exult. As they stroked his glossy neck and sleek sides, they said to one another:

"He was brave! We will paint his picture on our war shields, and the body shall be buried from the wolves."

### Gen Grant's Gifts.

Mrs. U. S. Grant is busy in this city unpacking the numerous cases containing President Grant's presents. When Gen. Grant gave up his house in I street, Washington, all the presents he had received up to that time were packed and stored. He has now 82 cases of valuables to be unpacked. Mrs. Grant recently said that she really did not know how much the family had. The magnificent service of silver presented by Mexico to Gen. Grant about the time he became president, and by him transferred to his wife, have been ordered from the vaults of the bank where it was deposited, and will be used for the first time in what is termed "Grant's New York palace."

The service of silver is said to be finer than that owned by G. W. Childs. Gen. Grant will have in his new house a side-board that will arouse the envy of all lovers of unique furniture. It was made of Mexican onyx, and was presented to him by Mexico. It is the rarest and costliest buffet in New York. The parlor of the new house will be crowded with

presents, some of which will be kept in a burglar-proof safe. Col. and Mrs. Fred Grant with their two children will reside with the parents. Mr. and Mrs. Ulysses Grant, Jr., will reside at the Chaffee mansion. Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris and their three children are expected in New York next month, and it is probable that they will also make their home here. The value of the presents contained in Gen. Grant's treasure boxes is fixed by the gossips at a fabulous sum—New York Sun.

### Who Punches the Coins.

A reporter asked James N. Sampson, the veteran detective employed at the sub-treasury, to what the government detectives attributed the sudden increase in the number of clipped and punched coins, which has attracted so much attention of late. Mr. Sampson said that it was perfectly well known that nine-tenths of the punching was done in this city by Cubans. A number of silver coins were clamped together in a roll, and in less times than it takes to write an account of it a hole is drilled through the whole lot. The value of the silver obtained by punching a hole of usual size in a coin amounts to about one-twenty-fifth of the value of the coin, so that for every roll of twenty-five quarter-dollars the value of one-quarter dollar is obtained in a moment by running a drill through the roll. Mr. Sampson says also, that many of the punched coins come from Mexico and South America, where our silver coins circulate freely, and rarely escape mutilation. Several attempts have been made of late years to break up the systematic punching of coins, but with little success. Only two convictions for the offense have been made in ten years. Mr. Sampson remarked that while the business of punching and filing coins was almost wholly in the hands of the Cubans, the business of sweating gold coins by shaking them up in a buckskin bag is attributed by the detectives to the dozens of Chatham street.

By shaking a bag containing 100 eagles for three hours, the result in gold dust will be worth about \$20. Mr. Floyd, the chief clerk of the assay office, said that the Government rules relating to light-weight gold coins were defective, and tended to keep such coins in circulation. When a gold coin less than twenty years old is abraded to more than 1 per cent. of its value, it is stamped with an "L" at the sub-treasury and returned to whoever offers it, instead of being sent to the mint. The object is to force the holder to take it to the assay office or mint to be sold at its real value, instead of which it goes into circulation again. The trouble is, that Congress has never made any provision for redeeming mutilated or even abraded coin. Many persons think that all pieces that have been worn down beyond recognition in actual service should be redeemed at par. The difficulty is to tell when a piece has been worn smooth through use or brought to that condition by sweating or other artificial means. Mr. Floyd considers that the mutilation of silver coins does not need Government interference because, unlike the abrasion of gold, the mutilation of a silver coin can be detected at once, and it rests with the public to drive such coins out of circulation.—N. Y. Eve. Post.

### Lord Lorne's Costly Magazine.

"Would you like to buy that Harper's Magazine?" asked the soft-voiced and timid penman on the east-bound Union Pacific train the other day, to a middle-aged passenger who was looking over the October number of Harper, and reading Judge Goodwin's article on the Mormon situation.

"No," said the middle-aged party. "It is my own magazine and therefore I do not care to buy it."

"Excuse me," said the poor little frightened penman, while the tears came into his eyes, "I fear you want to cheat a poor orphan boy out of his books. Please pay me, sir, or let me have my magazine back again. Ah, sir, you would not rob me of my books."

"No," said the stern stranger, "I do not wish to rob you of your book, my boy, but I bought this on the Utah Northern road and paid for it. When I went into the eating-house for breakfast the train-butcher took it out of my seat and sold it to me again in the afternoon."

"I was in the middle of an article when we got to the dinner-station, so I turned down the leaf and left it again in my seat. I had to buy it once more. Now the magazine has

cost me \$2, and you want me to give it to you so you can sell it through Nebraska, no doubt. No, my poor little orphan lad, you may go and soak your head for an hour or two and bathe your tear-bedimmed eyes, but I cannot give you my \$2 magazine."

"Peddle out your bead moccasins made by the hostile Indians of Chicago. Sell out your stock of niceating apples at \$27 per barrel, with two prize worms in each and every apple, but do not disturb me while I read my expensive periodicals."

"I will not bother you while you sell your fancy mixed candies that have been running back and forth over the road since '69. I would not interfere with you while you sell your Indian curiosities made in Connecticut. Go ahead and make all the money you can, but give me a chance to peruse this article without the regular assessment."

The hurt and grieved orphan boy went to the sleeping-car conductor and asked who that sarcastic old cuss over yonder might be, and the conductor said it was the Marquis of Lorne.

And it was, too.—Ex.

### STATE NEWS.

Quincy has been greatly pestered by petty thieves of late.

Jonah cows have the run of the Jonah cemetery, where they find good pasturage.

Douglas Beahan has been arrested at Ann Arbor on a charge of stealing a watch and chain.

Charles Montague, of Caro, has made preparations for erecting a large brick hotel at that place.

Memphis seeks to obtain telephonic communication with the Detroit, Port Huron, Mt. Clemens and St. Clair circuit.

Hughes and Ward, temperance talkers, have finished a reforming campaign at Three Rivers and gone to Centerville.

Mason's contributions for the fire sufferers consist of over \$6,000 worth of goods, wheat, money, etc., all sent to Port Huron.

The Manistee salt makers show up for the first time in last month's report of the state salt inspector. They made 667 barrels of the stable.

The We-que-ton-sin club of Grand Rapids pleasure seekers will repair their headquarters at Harbor Springs and build a new summer cottage.

The Tuscola county circuit court is in session, and the trial of Fred Packard, charged with an attempt to poison his son-in-law, is in progress.

And now an Ann Arbor professor is charged with plagiarism to the extent of incorporating a student's essay in a book he has published. Next!

An agent is canvassing Charlotte with pictures of Garfield, which he claims "resemble cravon drawing and will make a beautiful memento."

Bay City dock laborers now demand and get 60 cents per hour for loading and unloading vessels, and have all they can do, working early and late.

Julius Caesar Burrows openly announces himself as a candidate for the speakership of the house of representatives, and has gone to lay pipe for the place.

The baby which its mother threw upon the railway track at Fort Gratiot immediately after its birth was arrested and detained at Inlay City. The child has since died.

A Grand Rapids girl who mysteriously disappeared has been found alive inside the curb of a sifter. She was clad only in her nightgown, and was a little off her mental base. She had loved a masher.

Dr. McGraw, of Detroit, and a resident physician of Ortonville Thursday amputated one of the legs of Oscar Wilson, of the latter place, who had suffered from scrofula for many months. The bone was sawed twice and the patient is very low.

The sheriff of Bay county and an assistant went up to West Branch to arrest one Johnson, an escaped prisoner. Johnson set his father's big bloodhound upon the officers, one of whom shot the beast, and the old man Johnson then began shooting at the officers, and also told his boys to join in the firing. Finally the officers succeeded in overpowering the Johnson family.

H. F. Fox, a prisoner incarcerated in the penitentiary on a charge of bigamy, was released Thursday by order of the supreme court. It appears by the decision of this tribunal he was absolutely guiltless of the crime alleged. His sentence was for two years, one-half of which he had served. For the disgrace and great wrong done him it is said there is absolutely no remedy, but in justice he should have some remedy against the jury that convicted and the judge that sentenced him.—Jackson Patriot

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.

### The Chelsea Herald.

CHELSEA, NOV. 10, 1881.

#### SPACE WITH THE TIMES.

It is an indisputable point that genuine wealth has the soil for its birthplace. But success from this source must, from the very nature of things, be very gradual. Competency can only come from an accumulation of small profits. I firmly believe that a greater share of the failures, misfortunes, and actual slavery of farmers comes as a direct result of not keeping space with the times, and turning to advantage many things that now, from either neglect or want of knowledge, go to swell the loss column of the farm account.

Farming, I hold, is a business that needs close watching, snug calculations, and none the less foresight than mercantile or other business ventures. Worked on the loss and profit plan, i. e. calculating that so much invested in putting in crops will return so much; that such a field will produce so much and so on, and with outgoes gauged upon the outlook, there need be but small chances for failure. To keep space with the times the farmer needs to abandon the "guess so" plan, and in its stead find a sure basis and know that the financial ground beneath him is firm.

This implies the keeping of a debt and credit account with his farm, and knowing that a crop has or has not paid for land, labor and fertility. Keeping space with the times also sees that each individual cow in the herd pays her keeping and leaves beside a fair return for the labor involved in caring for her. Profit in dairying can never come in averaging a dairy. A good cow should never be compelled to share her profit with a poor one. Individualism should be made to apply to the entire stock of a farm, and when the standard has been raised so that each head contributes to the net increase, success has been attained.

Appropos of this subject of dairy stock, or any farm stock for that matter is a word of caution in regard to fancy or high-priced stock. The needs of a farm can be as well subserved by sound, solid horses, well built cows developing milking qualities, sheep well kept and graded up to the requirements of the farm, as to invest a respectable fortune in pedigrees. Keeping space with the times can be as successfully accomplished by the wisdom and foresight of the farmer in prudent selections and a studied inquiry into the wants and needs of his farm, as by trying to adopt the well-worded advertisements of some stock journal to his needs.

There are but few farmers but can have their incomes increased by special crops. A prosperous farmer once told me that he estimated that his expenses would be about "so much" each year, and if he wanted an extra hundred dollars for some purpose, or thought his estimate would be too low, he put in an extra acre of potatoes or five acres of corn, or some crop that promised to bring him the needed money to meet the increased outlay. In this may be found a key to success. An element of loss may be found in this neglect of providing for future contingencies. Usually the farmer keeps about in a regular channel as regards his income, plows about so much, keeps about so many cows, and if an unexpected demand arises for money, the usual income is treasured upon and either an undesirable economy has to be practiced, or else there has been a "running behindhand" which is premonitory of financial distress.

Keeping space with the times means keeping a strict account with one's business, turning the losses of the past into profit, grading the stock up to better conditions, providing for unexpected demands upon the treasury, and a temperance that "maketh all things pure." E. V. M.

#### PRESIDENTS AND THE CHURCH.

The Rev. Mr. Power, pastor of the church to which the late President of the United States belonged, said of Mr. Garfield while he was yet living:

been called to the position of President of the United States.

Mr. Power did not speak of the one branch of the Church which he ministers in, but of the Church in general. We have been asked to state the precise facts in the case. There is a dispute in regard to the relations of Gen. Washington to the Church. He was an attendant upon the Episcopal church, a pew-holder, but it does not appear certain that he was a communicant. It is reasonably certain that he communed in the Presbyterian church, at Morris-town, N. J., on one occasion, and his remark to Dr. Johnes, the pastor, intimates that his habit was to commune with Christians at the Lord's table, without regard to their denomination. John Adams and John Quincy Adams were Unitarian in their religious opinions. Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and James Monroe were not members of the Church. Many of our public men at the time of the Revolution, and after it, were infected with French Infidelity, and were philosophers rather than Christians. Andrew Jackson joined the Presbyterian Church after his retirement from the Presidency. Martin Van Buren was not a member. Gen. Harrison, James K. Polk, Gen. Taylor, Mr. Pierce, Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Lincoln, Gen. Grant and Mr. Hayes were not communicants in any church while they were in office, so far as we are informed.

With a single exception, all the Presidents have held the Christian faith, and not one of them in office has been added to vice. In this respect the example of the several elected Presidents has been favorable to public and private virtue.

We are also asked to state the views of the church to which Mr. Garfield belonged. The Disciples or Campbellites as they are called, followers of Alexander Campbell, himself a Scotch Calvinistic Presbyterian by descent, are evangelical Baptists, each church being independent. They are said to hold, but they repudiate the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, teaching that repentance and faith are pre-requisites to Baptism, which must be by immersion. There are 5,000 congregations of that order, but many of them very feeble, and their ministers are better instructed than they formerly were. Four colleges are already established by them, and the denomination is increasing.—N. Y. Observer.

#### Village Board.

CHELSEA VILLAGE, Nov. 7, 1881.

Regular meeting of the Village Board.

Meeting called to order by President Gilbert.

Present, J. L. Gilbert, President.

Trustees Present—Thatcher, Vogel and Cushman.

Trustees Absent—Woods, Armstrong and Robertson.

Minutes of three previous meetings, read and approved.

On motion, the bill of Geo. Cross was allowed as presented, \$1.50.

On motion, the Marshal's report from M. J. Lehman, was referred back for correction.

On motion, the following bills were allowed and orders given: Jas. Beasley, \$15.75; A. Allison, \$12.50; T. McNamara, \$37.50.

On motion, 50 yards of gravel was ordered drawn on Main street, north of the railroad.

Moved and carried, that an order of \$30 in favor of Geo. Foster, for services as Marshal, for the month of October, be allowed.

Resolved, That a copy of the following notice be served on James Taylor for the removal of obstructions from the east end of North street, viz:

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, Village of Chelsea.

The undersigned, President and Trustees of the Village of Chelsea, Commissioners of Highways of the said village of Chelsea, having ascertained that a part of North street, in said village, included within the limits of the following description, viz:

All that part of said street lying north of lots two (2) and three (3) of block eight (8), according to the recorded plat of said village and east of the east line of the street running north and south along the west side of block eight (8) is encroached upon by James Taylor, said encroaching fence as erected by said James Taylor, commencing on the east line of street that runs north and south, at a post four rods north from the northwest corner of said lot two (2) of said block eight (8), and running thence south into said North street, twenty-seven (27) feet and six inches, thence eastwardly near the center of said North street, one hundred and fifty-one feet, and having ascertained that all that strip or piece of land which lies under said encroaching fence, and between said encroachments, along the fence erected some years ago, along the north line of said North street, being twenty-seven feet and six inches wide at the west end, and twenty-seven feet and nine inches wide on the east end, and one hundred and fifty-one feet long east and west, is a part of said street or highway.

It is therefore ordered by the said President and Trustees of said village of Chelsea, Commissioners of Streets and High-

ways, in said village, that said fence be removed, so that said street or highway shall be open and unobstructed, and of the width originally intended, which was four rods.

Given under our hands, this Seventh day of November, A. D. 1881.

J. L. GILBERT, ORIN THATCHER, FREDRICK VOGEL, WARREN CUSHMAN, R. S. ARMSTRONG, H. M. WOODS, President and Trustees of the Village of Chelsea, Commissioners of Streets and Highways of said village.

GILBERT H. GAY, Clerk.

To James Taylor.

TAKE NOTICE That an order, a copy of which is herewith served upon you, has been made by us, and you are requested, according to the Statute in such cases made and provided, to remove the fence therein mentioned, within 30 days after service upon you of a copy of said order. Dated this Seventh day of November, A. D. 1881.

J. L. GILBERT, ORIN THATCHER, FREDRICK VOGEL, WARREN CUSHMAN, R. S. ARMSTRONG, H. M. WOODS, President and Trustees of the Village of Chelsea, Commissioners of Streets and Highways of said village.

GILBERT H. GAY, Clerk.

On motion, the Board adjourned until Monday evening, Nov. 14, '81.

GILBERT H. GAY, Clerk.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Twelve cases of small-pox at Madison, Ind.

Judge Folger is expected to take charge of the treasury on Saturday.

United Presbyterian church burned at Newville, Pa. Loss \$15,000.

Jewish fair at Cincinnati for the orphan asylum realized \$50,000 clear profit.

Ex-President and Mrs. Hayes will spend the winter in the south of France and expect to return to England in the spring.

Investigating committee has collected much testimony showing that the Ninth Massachusetts regiment sadly mishelamed at Richmond, Va.

Minister West, Sir Leonard Tilley, of Canada, and the United States authorities are endeavoring to frame a satisfactory international copyright law.

A young lady living near Erie, Pa., has had part of her under jaw removed in consequence of a cancer, and an effort will be made to replace the bone with celluloid.

Under a law passed in 1794 James Garvin was last week arrested in Erie, Pa., for profane swearing and fined \$6.70, or at the rate of 67 cents for each oath or curse, as the law provides. Garvin refused to pay and was jailed.

Col. Ingersoll threatens to sue a Philadelphia paper for libel for saying that he stole a speech on temperance. He says the speech was stolen from him by a certain temperance orator who afterward published it as his own.

Three enterprising boys chased a rabbit into a hollow log near Prairie-City, Iowa, the other day, and tried to blow it out with blasting powder. The experiment was successful, but killed two of the boys and seriously injured the third.

A family of German emigrants passed west the other day, consisting of father, mother, nine children, 46 grandchildren, and 11 grand-grandchildren. Enough of them were married to make the family circle number 95. They were bound for northern Iowa.

A collision on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, near Mansfield, on Saturday, killed Scott Forbes, conductor, and John Andrews, brakeman, and seriously injured Wm. Anderson, engineer, and Frank Howard, fireman. The homes of all the parties were in this city.

A bridge which spanned the Licking river on the Kentucky Central railroad burned Sunday night. Trains run as usual, making transfer at the scene of disaster. The track is torn up for a considerable distance on the east side. Rebuilding will commence at once.

### BALL'S HEALTH PRESERVING CORSET

EVERY CORSET WARRANTED SATISFACTORY OR THE MONEY REFUNDED.

A Perfect Corset Secured at Last.

Accommodation of Corsets Wm. Spoons, Wholesale and Retail, which is pronounced by ladies.

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.

What Leading Chicago Physicians Say of It: I have examined Ball's Health Preserving Corset and believe it to be the best I have ever seen. It is perfectly adapted to the health of the woman who wears it, and does not do any injury to the system, or of such a corset to be injured by tight lacing. It should receive the favorable endorsement of the physicians who have the opportunity of examining it.

Chicago, Oct. 23, 1880. I have examined Ball's Health Preserving Corset and believe it to be the best I have ever seen. It is perfectly adapted to the health of the woman who wears it, and does not do any injury to the system, or of such a corset to be injured by tight lacing. It should receive the favorable endorsement of the physicians who have the opportunity of examining it.

Chicago, Oct. 27, 1880. I have examined Ball's Health Preserving Corset and believe it to be the best I have ever seen. It is perfectly adapted to the health of the woman who wears it, and does not do any injury to the system, or of such a corset to be injured by tight lacing. It should receive the favorable endorsement of the physicians who have the opportunity of examining it.

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# "LITTLE MACK"

HO, HO, HO!

Roared the young man from the country, as he walked off with a SEVEN DOLLAR FALL AND WIN-TER SUIT, thinking we had made a mistake, giving him the wrong one. Well, wasn't that just as good as though he had found FIVE DOLLARS.

HE! HE! HE! Said the youngster, as he pranced about in his new KNOCK-ABOUT SUIT, which, as soon as he put it on, he put off with, leaving his Ma to pay the bill.

Observed the young man, as he marched off with the Excelsior DOLLAR SHIRT!

TO THE PUBLIC. We call special attention to our line of CHILDREN'S and BOYS' CLOTHING, as well as MEN'S and YOUTHS' for Fall and Winter wear, which for Stylish Cut and Latest Design, surpasses anything heretofore offered to the Trade. Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

LITTLE MACK, The King Clothier, REMEMBER THE PLACE! Opposite Kempf Bros. Bank, Chelsea, Mich. NO. 0 South Main Street, Ann Arbor, Mich.

NEW DRAY. J. D. SCHNAITMAN, would respectfully announce to the inhabitants of Chelsea, that he has opened business with a first-class Dray, and is ready at all times to accommodate all in his line. Having established headquarters at Sam & Van's store, all orders left will be promptly attended to. A share of public patronage is solicited. Wm. Winans, Drayman.

MISS NELLY M. WHEDON, TEACHER OF Vocal and Instrumental Music, AT L. BABCOCK'S RESIDENCE, CHELSEA, MICH. On Wednesday's of each Week. Reference—New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass. [v10 1-3m]

C. BLISS & SON, Have an elegant stock of WATCHES, JEWELRY, and SILVER WARE, REPAIRING—Neatly done, and warranted. No. 11 SOUTH MAIN STREET, ANN ARBOR.

Important to Travelers. SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS are offered you by the BURLINGTON ROUTE. It will pay to read their advertisement to be found elsewhere in this issue.

BLACKSMITHING. SID AND BURT, (North of Railroad) HORSE SHOEING in all its branches, by experienced workmen. A sure cure for quarter-cracks and all difficulties of the feet removed. GENERAL JOBBING and Blacksmithing in all its branches, on short notice and in the best manner. Good work. Low Prices. \$1.00.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you \$12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly and terms free. Money made fast, easily and honorably. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

Notice to Creditor's. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, made on the twenty-second day of September, A. D. 1881, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Abigail Beagle, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, on or before the 22d day of March next, and that such claims will be heard before said Court, on Thursday, the twenty-second day of December, and on Wednesday, the twenty-second day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days.

Dated: Ann Arbor, Sept. 22, A. D. 1881. WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Judge of Probate.

G. W. R. R. TIME TABLE. LEAVE. ARRIVE. (Detroit time) (Detroit time) Atlantic Ex. 4:00 a. m. 10:00 p. m. Day Express. 8:35 a. m. 6:30 p. m. Detroit & Buf. N. Y. Express. 7:45 p. m. 10:45 a. m. Except Monday. Sundays Excepted. J. F. McCLURE, Western Passenger Agent, Detroit. Wm. Edgar, Gen. Pass. Agt., Hamilton.

Unclaimed Letters. LIST of Letters remaining in the Post Office, at Chelsea, Nov. 1st, 1881: Bartholomew, Charles; Gross, Mr. Fred; Judson, Mr. John; Reutter, John; Riggs, Mr. Emil; Smith, Mr. Lige. Persons calling for any of the above letters, please say "advertised." Geo. J. CROWELL, P. M.

Probate Order. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Saturday, the eighth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one. Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Eldad Spenser, deceased. William R. Dewey, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to render his final account as such executor.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Friday, the eleventh day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing such account, and that the devisees, legatees and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, be required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, in said county, and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed; And it is further ordered that said executor give notice to the persons interested in said estate of the pendency of said account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Chelsea Herald, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Judge of Probate. (A true copy.) WILLIAM G. DOTY, Probate Register.

All kinds of plain and fancy job work done at the HERALD office.

TRY, AND SEE. L. H. FIELD, 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 any thing in the musical line, than can be obtained at any other place in Michigan. Wilsey's Music Store, opposite Court House, east side. v10-40-3m.

ALMOST YOUNG AGAIN. "My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy, inactive condition of the whole system, headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family."—A lady in Providence, R. I.

GOLD. Great chance to make ways take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address, STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

Subscribe for the HERALD.

### JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK.



### THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM.

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No preparation with equal success. It is a safe, pure, simple and cheap Eminent Remedy. A trial will convince the comparatively trifling cost of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can obtain cheap and positive relief of its directions in German Language.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

### THE GREAT BURLINGTON ROUTE.

For All Points East & West.



No other line runs Three Through Passenger Trains Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Lincoln, St. Joseph, Atchison, Topeka and Kansas City. Best connections for all points in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho, Oregon and California.

The Shortest, Speediest and Most Comfortable Route via Hannibal to Fort Scott, Denison, Dallas, Houston, Austin, San Antonio, Galveston and all points in Texas.

The unequalled inducements offered by this Line to Travelers and Tourists, are as follows: The celebrated Pullman (16-wheel) Palace Sleeping Cars, run only on this Line, C. R. & Q. Palace Drawing-Room Cars, with Horton's Reclining Chairs. No extra charge for Seats in Reclining Chairs. The famous C. R. & Q. Palace Dining Cars. Gorgeously Smoking Cars fitted with elegant High-Backed Rattan Reclining Chairs for the exclusive use of first-class passengers.

Steel Track and Superior Equipment, combined with their Great Through Car Arrangement, makes this, above all others, the favorite route to the South, South-West, and the Far West.

Try it, and you will find traveling a luxury instead of a discomfort.

Through Tickets via this Celebrated Line for sale at all offices in the United States and Canada.

Information about Rates of Fare, Sleeping Car Accommodations, Time Tables, &c. will be cheerfully given, and will send Free to any address an elegant County Map of United States, in colors, by applying to:

JAMES H. WOOD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

T. V. POTTER, General Manager, Chicago.

Subscribe for the HERALD.

M. C. R. R. TIME TABLE.

Passenger Trains on the Michigan Central Railroad will leave Chelsea Station as follows:
GOING WEST:
Mail Train... 9:22 A.M.
Local Passenger... 9:45 A.M.
Grand Rapids Express... 5:32 P.M.
Evening Express... 8:35 P.M.
Chicago Express... 10:38 P.M.

Time of Closing the Mail.
Western... 7:15 A.M., 11:15 A.M., 9:00 P.M.
Eastern... 9:50 A.M., 4:15 P.M., 9:00 P.M.
Geo. J. CROWELL, Postmaster.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
Rev. Thos. Holmes, D. D., Pastor. Services at 10 1/2 A.M. and 7 P.M. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 12 M.
M. E. CHURCH.
Rev. H. C. Northrup, Pastor. Services at 10 1/2 A.M. and 7 P.M. Prayer meeting Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock. Sunday School immediately after morning services.

The Chelsea Herald.

IS PUBLISHED
Every Thursday Morning, by
A. Allison, Chelsea, Mich.
OUR TELEPHONE.

The first snow storm of the season occurred last Thursday. It was quite a little snow storm.

Our new Cornet band has thirteen members. Chelsea can now boast of having two of the best bands in the State.

The Marshal arrested during the months of September and October, 23 persons for being drunk and disorderly.

Vast merit is inherent in St. Jacobs Oil, and we heartily recommend it to our readers.—Chicago (Ill.) Western Catholic.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Winans, of Plymouth, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. E. A. Gay.

Kemp Bros. have purchased and shipped this season 10,000 barrels of apples. Wood Bros. have also shipped 3,000 barrels of winter fruit.

Henry Norgard left last Monday for a trip to the northern part of the State, for the purpose of prospecting for a farm. We wish him success.

A. Steger has shipped 60 barrels of poultry this week—consisting of chickens, turkeys, ducks, etc. He also intends to ship 3,000 turkeys this week. How is that for a poultry dealer in Chelsea.

The congregation of the M. E. Church have commenced to build a large shed for the accommodation of horses during church services. This a good move, and ought to be an example to all the churches to do likewise.

Judson and Cumings left last Friday night with three carloads of sheep (452 in number), for Morgan, Texas. There was fifteen carloads of sheep in all, shipped between here and Grass Lake, all bound for the same State.

Supervisor Cooper wishes us to state that there is a good many of our tax-payers who are not aware that Sylvan township was \$400.28 in debt when he took hold of the tax roll. He also says, that the tax-payers need not be surprised if their taxes should be a little higher this year.

NOTICE.—On Wednesday afternoon and evening, Nov. 23, 1881, the ladies of the M. E. Church, will have a "Relic Social." Any person having articles "old and curious," will confer a favor, by sending them to the committee.

Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Noyes, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. J. Wood, Mrs. J. Taylor, Mrs. Shaw.

SOMETHING RARE IN CHELSEA.—Three couples were married on Tuesday, at St. Mary's church, by Rev. Father Dufig. The following are the names of the happy couples:

John Harris and Catharine Murphy. Michael Walsh and Mary Ryan. Jeremiah White and Catharine Dolsen. All from the Pinckney district.

CHARITY LODGE No. 335 of G. T. of Chelsea, begins the present quarter full of zeal, and with a determination that will prove good seed growing up in our hearts of renewed purpose and earnest endeavor for our cause. Last Friday evening, the following officers were installed by the G. W. W. T. Miss Louise P. Rowley, of Ypsilanti:

W. C. T.—Godfrey Kempf. W. V. T.—Mrs. Louise Downer. W. S.—Mrs. A. D. Harrington. W. T. S.—Mrs. Isa Dower. W. T.—Charles Dewey. W. M.—William Canfield. W. I. G.—Flora Randall. W. O. G.—Z. Fenn. W. C.—Adolph Redell. P. W. C. T.—George Whitaker. W. A. S.—William Bacon. W. D. M.—Lila Winans. W. E. M.—Thos. Harrington. W. L. E. B.—Hattie McGarler.

Please observe the change of L. H. Field's advertisement on second page.

Mrs. IBA FREEER, Nurse and Midwife Enquire at Glazier & Armstrong's drug store.

It has been published that "the Government has reduced the value of all coin clipped, bored or mutilated." This is not quite true; any officer of the Government who should attempt to do so would be liable to indictment and a heavy fine, as Congress has passed a severe law to protect the people against sharpers. The law is, however, that clipped or bored or mutilated coins are not a legal tender, and are worth exactly their weight in the metal of which they are composed, and this has a fixed standard value by law, out of the reach of speculators. Don't submit to this pretended reduction of 65 cents for a dollar, 35 cents for a half dollar, 15 cents for a quarter, and 5 cents for a dime. Go to the bank and they will weigh your coin, and pay you accordingly, and the deduction is not often over 2 to 5 cents on a dollar. This is a game of the sharpers, and should be stopped. The Secretary of the Treasury, in behalf of the "Government," has lately published a card denying that the Government has fixed any rates of deduction on coin of any sort.

Notes from Abroad.

Correspondence of the Chelsea Herald: BROOKLYN, N. Y., October 31, 1881.

I was told before coming here, that the climate was very changeable, that storms and fogs were prevalent. Thus far my experience has been the reverse. The weather has remained pleasant nearly all the time. The foliage has not yet turned, and, altogether, it reminds one of October weather in Michigan. There is much complaint here about the drouth and falling of the water supply, strange as it may seem to those living in the country, our supply of water is brought to us from lakes fifteen miles distant, and a well is hardly known. The water supply in New York is even less than here. The rain-fall has been so light that the Croton river, the source of supply, fails to afford a sufficient quantity. The average daily consumption is about 93,000,000 of gallons. The present daily flow of Croton river, is about 8,000,000 gallons; at this rate, it is estimated that the supply would be exhausted in about nineteen days, unless rain should fall. The large reservoirs are located in Central Park, and when full, would supply the city for a long time. No greater calamity could befall a city, than have her supply of water cut off. As a result of it, there would be much suffering among poor people, and the city would be at the mercy of a contagion.

Something was said about Churches and pastors in my previous communication. Since then, I have been to hear Dr. Tabernacle, of the Tabernacle Church, and I was not as favorably impressed with him as with Mr. Beecher. His manner is very different, and the tone of his sermons much more after the cold Presbyterian style of theology. Nevertheless he is a very popular preacher, and his church is always crowded. Tabernacle, like Plymouth, is a large, plain and unimposing structure, and is similarly arranged inside. The singing is entirely congregational and is really beautiful and inspiring. The chorists and the singing with a cornet. Both churches have immense pipe organs whose tones are like the low mutterings of distant thunder, when they get way down to business. My next visit will be to hear Dr. John Hall, of New York, who has but recently been appointed Chancellor of New York University.

My attendance at college in New York quires me to daily cross the East River by ferry, but until last Sabbath, had not as yet, caught sight of old ocean. The nearest point from here is Coney Island, which has of late, become quite a summer resort. The season now is really over, and we found only deserted buildings, where a few weeks ago was all life and animation, but the sea was here just the same, which was of more importance to me than the crowds. An hour was pleasantly spent in wandering along the beach, gathering shells and listening to the ceaseless roar of the waves, quite new and inspiring music to me. Bouts from New York daily during the season, and communication is had by rail from South Brooklyn. Its nearness to the city, and its many pleasant features, make it a favorite resort.

I have only met two persons thus far, whom I had ever met before. It is like being alone with ten thousand all around. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Osborne were the parties. Mrs. O. was formerly Miss Dolly Willis. They called upon us quite unexpectedly, on their wedding trip, and we were more than pleased to see some one from Michigan. They expect to return home the last of the week.

The manners and customs of people here, differ considerably from those in the West. If one goes into a store, will notice a custom of the trade of putting up seven pound packages, ask the price of an article and it will be so much for seven pounds. Prices of goods will be in odd numbers as, one ninety-nine, two ninety-nine, or three sixty-seven. Why so, I do not know, unless to indicate that they mark goods very closely.

A peculiarity of New York people is, they are always in a hurry. They go to and from the ferry, to the cars and to their places of business on the run. Business hours for many of the houses, are from ten o'clock until three, and during this time, all is life and activity, after three the streets are comparatively deserted.

Another peculiarity, and I think an evidence of good taste, no dogs are allowed upon the streets.

The foreign element is large here, and of all nationalities, especially the Irish element, with a large sprinkling of Chinese, and before I forget it, I wish to say, for the benefit of old bachelors in Michigan, that Brooklyn is particularly noted for its beautiful women. Further your dependent salt not.

Geo. A. ROBERTSON.

Rev. Dr. Holmes delivered a very able sermon last Sunday morning at the Congregational church, on the Garfield memorial hospital fund. The discourse consisted of an analysis of the character and virtues of his life. It was largely attended, and highly appreciated by all present. In the evening, the Elder gave a very interesting lecture on temperance, at the M. E. Church to a large audience.

The New York Evening Telegram says, Tony Pastor was cured of rheumatic pains by St. Jacobs Oil. He praises its efficacy.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—A house, lot and barn, situated on Beach street. Enquire at the office.

FOR SALE CHEAP—House, Barn and four Lots, north of Railroad. Enquire at Chelsea Foundry. C. E. CLARK. Chelsea, Nov. 3, 1881. v11-9

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—A yoke of oxen—weight 3,600 pounds. Enquire at this office.

A FINE DISPLAY OF MILLINERY—A fine display of Fall and Winter Millinery will be seen at Miss Clark's Millinery Rooms, and goods sold the Cheapest. Good Hats trimmed for 50 cents. Good Feathers for 15 cents, etc. Thinking my old patrons for past patronage, I would say I call and examine my Goods and prices, before buying elsewhere.

Miss S. F. CLARK. Chelsea, Nov. 3, 1881.

Chelsea Market.

Table listing market prices for various goods like Flour, Wheat, Corn, Oats, Beans, Potatoes, Apples, Butter, Eggs, etc. with prices per bushel or barrel.

Mercurial marriages which result, as they should, in divorce may be compared, like adjectives, as follows: Positive, money; comparative, matrimony; superlative, alimony.

Tuomey Bros.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. DRY GOODS HOUSE, JACKSON

The Leaders of Small Profits.

Offer extraordinary inducements to purchasers this season. The extent of our business enables us to buy at much lower prices than others—to do our business at very much less expense—so all at much smaller margins of profit. The rapid and steady growth of our business, is evidence that we do all we advertise.

Our Dress Goods and Silk stock is more than double the size of any former season—the goods were selected with the greatest of care, 175¢ worth of goods over our counter at less than other merchants pay for them, and as a result, our Dress Goods and Silk Department is doing more than double the business of any former season.

We have in stock, Black and Colored Gros Grain Silks, Black and Colored Satin, Black and Colored Brocade Silks and Satins, Black and Colored Lyons, Moire Antique Silks and Satins, Brocade Surrah Silks and Satins, Black and Colored Velvets and Vervettes, Black and Colored Plushes, in all the new shades.

Black and Colored Cashmires, Cordettes, Chaddahs, Camel's Hair Cloths, Mornies, Armures, Wool Brocades, Alpaca, Mohairs, and the Novelities in Plaids and Stripes to match all these.

Waterproofs, All Wool Sackings and Suitings, Beaver Cloths, Cloakings, Wool Flannels, Cashmires, Silk Fringes and Beaded Gimpes, Ornaments, Knit Underwear and Hosiery, Cloaks, Jackets, Ulsters, Shawls and Skirts, Woolen Blankets.

65 cents is the railroad fare to Jackson. You will save four times that much on Ten Dollars worth of Dry Goods bought of us, besides you will find such an assortment to select from, that you can please yourself fully.

One Price to all—Plain Figures—No Credit.

TUOMEY BROS., The Leaders of Small Profits, Jackson, Mich.

Stores also, at East Rapids and Mason.

P. S.—Orders for samples will have our best attention. Describe closely the kind of goods wanted, the color, about how much you wish to pay, we will serve you better than if you were here in person.

\$66 a week in your own town. \$5000 Cash. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. If you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. H. A. LETT & CO., Piquette, Mich. v11-9

GET OUT DOORS! The close confinement of all factory work gives the operatives pallid faces, poor appetites, headache, dizziness, nervous troubles, and all the physicians and medicine in the world cannot help them unless they get out of doors or use Hop Bitters, the purest and best remedy, especially for such cases, having abundance of health-sustaining and strengthening elements. They cost but a trifle. See another column.

No. 35

South Main Street, ANN ARBOR,

Is the place to find the Largest and best Selected Stock of

CLOTHING!

FURNISHING GOODS, In the County.

Having recently added a large room with Sky-Light, I have the BEST LIGHTED ROOM IN THE CITY.

A. L. NOBLE.

SALES

Daily Increasing!

Which shows our prices, as a rule, are from

10 to 20

PER CENT. LOWER

THAN OUR COMPETITORS.

Our Goods are Bought Right, and we Sell them Right. Don't fail to look us through. Will certainly save you money.

Respectfully, H. S. HOLMES.

Excelsior is Our Motto. EUREKA!!

WE HAVE A JEWELER AT WORK IN OUR STORE, AND WE ARE PREPARED TO DO ALL JOBS OF

Watch, Clock, and Jewelry

REPAIRING!

WITH DISPATCH, AND WARRANT EVERY JOB PERFECT. WE SHALL ALSO INCREASE OUR STOCK OF

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry, Largely, and be prepared to

Compete with any Jewelry Establishment anywhere!

Table listing watch prices: WE WANT TO SHOW YOU OUR... \$10 WATCH, 12, 15, 17, 20, 22, 25, 28, 35, 40, 48.

WE WANT TO SHOW YOU WATCHES OF ALL PRICES!

Both Ladies and Gent's Gold and Silver. Also, Rogers Bros. BEST PLATED TABLE WARE!!

ALL FOR SALE! Cheap as the Cheapest!

All Goods Marked in Plain Figures, And No Jockeying.

DON'T BUY A DOLLAR'S WORTH OF GOODS UNTIL YOU HAVE SEEN OUR STOCK, AND WE WILL SAVE YOU 10 to 25 PER CENT.

A 10 dollar Caster for \$8. An 8 dollar Caster for \$6. A 6 dollar Caster for \$4.75.

AND OTHERS AT THE SAME PROPORTION

The Goods are so Beautiful that we love to Show Them, whether you buy or not.

ALL KINDS OF HAND AND MACHINE ENGRAVING, DONE TO ORDER.

REMEMBER! Our Clocks are Bankrupt Stock, BOUGHT AT PRICES WHICH MAKE COMPETITION RIDICULOUS.

Yours Respectfully, WOOD BROS.

# The Chelsea Herald.

CHELSEA, MICH.

## A MOUNTAIN PASTURE.

BY LAURA GARLAND CARR.

We rode for miles where pleasant farms  
In ruder greenness bound the way,  
Where in October's thousand charms  
The many-tinted woodlands lay.

Where orchard slopes were carpeted  
With shining rounds of red and gold,  
And shaking branches overhead  
The gleamer's hidden presence told;

Where pumpkins gleamed amid the corn,  
That stood at half-mast in the fields,  
And turkeys sought with looks forlorn,  
The hopping tribes that autumn yields.

Where loops of apples hung to dry,  
Or browned themselves on snowy  
spreads,  
And they squashes leaned away,  
In mottled heaps 'neath sunny sheds.

And then the road grew steep and space,  
We zigzagged up the ledgy height,  
While backward looks were turned to trace  
The widening view, in shifting light.

The pines gave out a balmy smell,  
And spicy hints of frost-nipped ferns  
From every bushy, wayside dell  
Came wafting up at sudden turns.

The path grew rougher all the time;  
We left the lubby public way,  
Up pasture rocks and steep to climb,  
Till all the land beneath us lay.

Green fields with patches placed askew,  
Crossed-off by many a random wall,  
With strips of forest rambling through,  
And fitting shadows over all.

Small ponds in sheltered vales reposed,  
Streams curved away through shadows  
dim,  
And where the eastern vision closed  
The ocean showed a slender rim.

A cow-bell clanged close at hand,  
A buxny scolded just below,  
And lazily across the land  
Went sailing by a cawing crow.

The horses stood with manes outstuck  
To follow us with startled eyes;  
With horned heads lifted high to look,  
The cattle gazed in mild surprise.

The spangled junipers outspread,  
Turning our eager steps aside;  
And loose stones tilted 'neath our tread,  
While rumping winds our arts defied.

The district schools, as we came down,  
Were dining in the open air,  
Like basket picnickers from town,  
Making bright pictures unaware.

—Boston Transcript.

### Gen. Garfield's Brother.

A drive of sixteen miles from the  
brisk city of Grand Rapids down the  
road to Grandville and beyond leads  
one to the northeast corner of Ottawa  
county, Mich., a country beautiful  
enough in the main, and covered  
with a heavy growth of beech and  
hickory, above which the tops of the  
pine appear, solitary or in clumps.  
Our mission was to find for the Inter  
Ocean, a brother of the late Presi  
dent Garfield, said to be living in  
comparative obscurity somewhere in  
that neighborhood.

Before starting, political friends of  
Gen. Garfield in Grand Rapids were  
sought out and questioned, and but  
few had heard of the brother. Major  
A. B. Watson, however, President of  
the Farmers and Mechanics bank,  
recalled the fact that three years ago  
the General had canceled an engage  
ment to speak near Grand Rapids in  
order to drive southwest to his brother's  
house. Major Watson was asked  
to accompany him, but could not,  
and hence knew nothing of the  
brother's exact whereabouts. Other  
people were equally uninformed, and  
a majority of citizens had never even  
heard that the President had a relative  
in the State. The mission of your  
correspondent, therefore, was one of  
almost of discovery, and right glad  
was he to learn from Postmaster  
Blake, of the smart town of Grand  
ville, that Thomas Garfield, a bona  
fide brother of the President, lived  
some six miles beyond, on the "Grif  
fith" place, purchased by him a  
number of years before. The road  
from Grandville to Garfield's is fol  
lowed with difficulty, for at almost  
every cross-road you turn south or  
west, until the highway is left far  
behind, and you reach the house of  
Thomas Garfield by a road so obscure  
as to resemble a bridle path.

Inquiries made of neighbors met  
along the way developed the facts  
that Mr. Garfield was at home, and  
that he was a worthy man, in moder  
ate circumstances, noted neither for  
superior intelligence nor thrift. But  
his home was reached shortly, and I  
climbed the hilly door-way to the  
front door of a one-story house, built  
of wide pine boards, sided upright  
and unplaned. Through the win  
dow of the principal room which  
occupied half of the house, a spin  
ning wheel, decked with fillets of  
wool, looked out.

A knock brought Mrs. Garfield, a  
stout, pleasant lady of 40 odd years  
to the door. "Was Mr. Garfield in?"  
"No," but she would call him from  
the field. The reporter offered to  
save her the trouble, and was directed  
to his whereabouts, "in the corn  
across the swamp," and so at the end  
of a half-mile field beside a shock of  
corn was found sitting the brother of  
the late lamented President of the  
United States. He was busy hank  
ing corn into a hand barrow.

As Thomas Garfield looked up

from under his broken straw hat his  
face disclosed little to remind one of  
his illustrious relative. His complex  
ion is light, and his hair turning  
from brown to gray, while the beard  
which grows full and thick entirely  
covers the lower part of the face, and  
all but hides the broken teeth.

"Yes," said he, "I am James A.  
Garfield's oldest brother. I am glad  
you have come to see me, and we'll  
go into the house to have a talk, and  
behold the way with a vigorous stride  
that seemed at variance with his age  
and stooped shoulders.

"I have been engaged all my life  
as you see me now, grubbing roots  
and splitting rails, and with these  
hands," holding them out, "I have  
to do the best I could in my humble  
way."

At the house the reporter was in  
troduced to Mrs. Garfield, and all  
were soon at ease in the sitting-room.  
The inferior suggested the tidy house  
wife who makes the most of her sur  
roundings. The room was plainly  
and cheaply furnished, to be sure,  
among the few pictures that hung  
on the walls lithograph or painting  
of General Garfield there was none.

"I shall be 59," said Mr. Garfield,  
"on the 16th of this month, and am  
the oldest son of Abraham Garfield,  
and the oldest child but one, a sister,  
Mrs. Trowbridge. In 1849 we were  
married at Warrensville, Cuyhoga  
County, Ohio. My wife's name was  
Mary J. Harper, a native of Maine.

"Fourteen years ago I sold what  
personal property I had and came  
out here to hunt a new home, and  
after going back again returned the  
next year and purchased forty acres.  
There were but few openings in the  
woods then, the only one here being  
on the spot where this house stands.  
We had at first intended to settle at  
—where was that, dear?"

"Owasso," rejoined his wife.  
"Yes, Owasso; but I finally came  
here and began clearing the woods  
from the place which I bought pay  
ing for it as I could. I frequently  
had fits which weakened my consti  
tution and mind, so that my memory  
now is poor. Everything seemed to  
go against me. Four years ago our  
house burned and we were able to  
save but few things from the flames,  
and, worse than all, we had no insur  
ance."

"Did not your brother James at  
that time manifest any sympathy for  
you in your misfortune?"

"Oh, yes, James has always been  
very kind to me; he gave me \$50."  
And has since," pursued the re  
porter, "aided you on various occa  
sions?"

"Oh yes, he gave me \$10 now and  
then, and was kind enough to come  
out here in the woods to see me three  
times."

"Then you have probably received  
in all about \$500 or \$1,000 from  
him?"

"No, not so much in money. Twel  
ve years ago he purchased forty  
acres adjoining the place and gave  
the deed to me. My son lives there,  
and you might have noticed his new  
frame house as you came along. He  
is 31 years of age now, a tall and  
likely young man who is out to-day  
with a party of surveyors. We named  
him after his uncle, James Abram  
Garfield."

"Yes," added Mrs. G. "and he is  
the picture of James. None of his  
family look so much like him. We  
have but one other child, a daughter,  
and she, too, is married, and we live  
here alone."

It was not a difficult task to turn  
the attention of Mr. Garfield to char  
acteristics of his illustrious brother,  
and their early life after the death  
of the father left Mother Garfield  
and her family of small children to  
face the world in poverty and alone.

"I was a child, between 10 and 11  
when father died," said the old gen  
tleman, "and James was the baby of  
eighteen months. Mother was often  
urged to find places for her children  
among neighboring friends, but she  
always refused, and sat in our hum  
ble home spinning and weaving for  
such people as would give her em  
ployment, while I set out working  
with all my might among the neigh  
bors to contribute what a child could  
for the family support. I used to  
earn twenty-five cents a cord for  
chopping fifteen-foot wood, and from  
my slender earnings paid nine shil  
lings a bushel for meal, which I  
baked two miles and a half from the  
mill, and this largely formed our  
diet."

"Wasn't it a mile and a half,"  
asked Mrs. Garfield.

"No," replied her husband, with  
a keen remembrance of his poverty,  
which had outlasted his brother's  
prominence, "it was two miles and  
a half. And that winter mother  
wove a large piece of cloth for the  
children, and I paid for the dyes to  
color it. James was seven years  
younger than the next oldest child,  
and was teaching school when we  
were married. I well remember car  
rying him on my back to the school  
house when he was a child. His  
mind seemed fully occupied with his  
studies, and, if I say it myself, James  
was a good and smart man."

"What truth," asked the Inter  
Ocean reporter, "is there in the story  
about James hiring out as driver for  
a canal boat?"

"Why," replied Mr. G., "James  
never was regularly employed in the  
business. He hired to his cousin,  
Amos Letcher, until something bet  
ter turned up, and drove one round  
trip, and was preparing to start on  
the second, when he fell sick and  
quit the business. He was then fif  
teen or sixteen years old."

"When did you first hear of the  
assassination of the President?"

"On the evening of the day it oc  
curred, at 5 o'clock. A neighbor  
coming from Grand Rapids brought  
a copy of the Eagle with him for me.  
A dispatch signed by Mr. Judd, was  
brought to the house from the near  
est railroad station later in the eve

ning, and every day afterward until  
Harry Garfield returned to Williams  
College he sent me a dispatch, which  
was brought over from Hudsonville  
or Grandville by friends. After  
Harry went back to college I heard  
nothing direct from the President  
until the dispatch came from Elberon  
announcing his death and signed by  
Mr. J. Stanley Brown.

"Why did you not go to Washing  
ton to visit the President during his  
illness?" asked the reporter.

The old gentleman hesitated, and  
the reporter kindly suggested that  
perhaps the great expense incident  
to the trip hindered him.

"Yes," said Mr. Garfield, "that  
was it, and beside I had been told  
that nobody would be admitted to  
see him."

"Did you attend the funeral at  
Cleveland?"

"Yes, sir. I was gone from home  
three days, and when I reached Cleve  
land was directed to go to the house  
of Mrs. Col. Sheldon, where mother  
and sister were."

"I read," said Mrs. Garfield, "that  
Mother Garfield had said that James  
was her only son. This must be a  
mistake, for Mother Garfield was not  
the kind of woman to disown her  
own children. She had too good a  
heart for that."

"What do you think will be the  
ultimate effect of the death of James  
upon his mother's health?"

"I think," said Mr. Garfield, "that  
she will yet experience a relapse, for  
she was so much wrapped up in James.  
I can never forget," added he, "the  
last time I met him. It was at Men  
tor last New Year's, when we held  
the family meeting. No money could  
buy of me the remembrance of our  
parting. He took me kindly by the  
hand and said: 'You are going back  
to your peaceful home while I must  
encounter trouble and anxiety in  
creasing.'"

The reporter shook hands with  
the President's brother and his wife,  
and Mr. Garfield said in conclusion:  
"You may tell your people that you  
have seen the humble farmer," to  
which Mrs. Garfield added a request  
that a report of the interview might  
be sent to them "Jamestown, Ot  
tawa County. We live on section  
11," she said.

A glance around the place showed  
few improvements. An arbor hung  
with grapevines led down to the gate,  
and a corn crib and one other small  
dwelling were visible, but there was  
no sign of barn or stable or shelter  
for a possible and unseen horse or  
cow.

"How often do you go up to  
Grand Rapids?" asked the reporter  
turning about.

"Only once a year," said Mr. Gar  
field, and we go up then to buy our  
clothing. What gran we raise is  
hauled to neighboring villages, gen  
erally by James, my son."

The reporter, as he closed the in  
terview, was not quite prepared to  
think with Grand Rapids friends of  
Gen. Garfield that all the brains in  
the Garfield family was condensed  
into the head of the late President,  
but the impression on his mind was  
very vivid that while thousands of  
dollars subscriptions to the widow  
and children attest the noble impul  
ses of his countrymen, a contribution  
of a very few dollars would not go  
amiss on the "humble farmer" who  
"backed" the meal from the mill for  
the future President and giving up  
all hopes of individual advancement,  
toiled on with his hands at grubbing  
roots and splitting rails to assist the  
noble mother to keep her family to  
gether and to rear his baby brother.

A number of the Boyntons, second  
and third cousins of the President,  
reside about Grandville, and among  
them is the husband of Mrs. A. J.  
Arnold, who was killed in the same  
railroad accident in which President  
Garfield's uncle lost his life.—Inter  
Ocean.

### Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT having been made in the  
conditions of a certain mortgage,  
bearing date the twenty-ninth day of Aug  
ust, 1875, executed by James Conaty and  
Mary Ann Conaty to Rose Conaty, and re  
corded in the office of the Register of  
Deeds, for the county of Washtenaw in the  
State of Michigan, on the seventh day of  
November, 1879, in liber 53 of mortgages  
on page 519, and by said Rose Conaty,  
assigned to Katherine Conaty and Rosana  
Conaty by assignment of mortgage dated  
April 1st, 1878, and second in said  
Register's office on the seventh day of  
November, 1879, in liber 6 of assignment  
of mortgages on page 368, by the non-pay  
ment of moneys due thereon, by which the  
power of sale therein contained has be  
come operative, and on which mortgage  
there is claimed to be due at the date of  
this notice, the sum of eight hundred and  
thirty-five dollars and twelve cents. There  
are yet to be done upon said mortgage  
three installments of two hundred dollars  
each, viz: Six hundred dollars with the  
interest thereon, according to the terms of  
said mortgage, and no suit proceeding  
at law having been instituted to recover  
the amount secured by said mortgage, or  
any part thereof. Notice is therefore hereby  
given, that on Saturday, the twelfth day  
of November, 1881, at eleven o'clock in the  
forenoon at the south front door of the  
Court House in the City of Ann Arbor, in  
the county of Washtenaw, and State of  
Michigan, there will be sold at public auc  
tion to the highest bidder the premises de  
scribed in said mortgage, or so much  
thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the  
amount due as above specified with the in  
terest thereon & the costs, charges and ex  
penses allowed by law and provided for in  
said mortgage. Said premises being de  
scribed as follows: All the following de  
scribed piece of land, situated in the  
township of Lyndon county of Washtenaw,  
State of Michigan. The south part  
of the north-east fractional quarter of sec  
tion number thirty-four, lying north of the  
Waterloo and Chelsea road—Township  
number one, south of range number three  
east, containing seventy acres of land,  
more or less. Said sale will be made sub  
ject to the 1st and payment of the said  
three installments of two hundred dollars  
each, viz: Six hundred dollars, with in  
terest to become due, according to the  
terms of said mortgage.

Dated August 16th, 1881.

KATHERINE CONATY and  
ROSANA CONATY,  
Assignees of Mortgage.

TENNELL & BERRY,  
Attorneys for Assignees.

# THE

## "Old Mammoth,"

### JACKSON MICH.

#### THE BEST GOODS!

#### THE LARGEST STOCK!

#### AND THE

#### Headquarters for LOW PRICES.

#### FOR OVER FORTY YEARS THIS HOUSE HAS BEEN

#### THE LEADING

#### Dry Goods AND Carpet House

#### CENTRAL MICHIGAN.

THE STORE is the Lightest in the State, and Goods are NEVER MISREPRESENTED. We always sell Goods for WILAT THEY ARE! Not what they should be. All Goods sold in our establishment, are Guaranteed FIRST-CLASS, and Prices as Low or Lower than they can be bought for elsewhere, or money.

CHEERFULLY REFUNDED.

When in Jackson, call upon this firm, and you will not only SAVE MONEY, but will be perfectly SATISFIED WITH YOUR PURCHASES.

### CAMP, MORRILL & CAMP.

#### ATTENTION.

## ATTENTION!

#### To the People of Chelsea

#### and Vicinity:

Any person buying TWENTY DOL  
LAR'S WORTH OF GOODS, or more, at  
my Store, I will PAY THEIR FARE on  
Railroad to and from Ann Arbor.

In case a person did not want that  
amount, if a neighbor should want to  
send (in order to make up the amount)  
for a Boy's Suit or anything else, and if  
the Goods don't suit, the money will be  
refunded.

I Have an IMMENSE STOCK to se  
lect from, and will guarantee my Prices  
the Lowest.

### JOE. T. JACOBS,

#### THE CLOTHIER

#### Washtenaw County.

P. S.—When any of the people of  
SYLVAN are down, we would be glad to  
see them whether they want any Goods  
or not.

### J. T. JACOBS.

# M. W. Robinson,

## JACKSON, MICH.

#### SPECIAL BARGAINS,

#### —IN—

#### AMERICAN

## BLACK

## SILKS!

#### FROM \$1.95 TO \$1.75 PER YARD.

### Cloaks & Cloakings

#### SILK AND FUR-LINED DOLMANS AND CIRCULARS.

#### SEAL AND PLUSH MANTLES.

#### FUR TRIMMINGS!!

OUR WINTER STOCK is now very complete, and we are offer  
ing UNUSUAL ATTRACTIONS in every Department, HOSIERY,  
UNDERWEAR, DRESS GOODS, FLANNELS, GLOVES, CASH  
MEREES, PLUSHES and DOMESTICS.

#### SPECIAL LOW PRICES

#### Satin de Lyons and Satin Rhe dame,

#### FOR CLOAKS.

RESPECTFULLY,  
M. W. ROBINSON.