

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 Vernon Lodge No. 58, I. O. O. F., will take place every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, at their Lodge room, Middle St., East.
G. E. Wright, Sec'y.

WASHTENAW ENCAMPMENT, No. 12, I. O. O. F., Regular meetings first and third Wednesday of each month.
J. A. Palmer, Scribe.

Dr. Robertson & Champlin, PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,
Office on Main Street (Over Holmes' Dry Goods Store).
CHELSEA, MICHIGAN.
v-10-16m

R. M. SPER, DENTIST,
(Formerly with D. C. Hawhurst, 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-9-28-1y

G. E. WRIGHT, D. D. S., F. H. SLILES, WRIGHT & SLILES, DENTISTS,
Office with Dr. Palmer, over Glazier & Armstrong's Drug Store, CHELSEA, MICH. [7-13]

INSURANCE COMPANIES
REPRESENTED BY
Turnbull & Depew.

Home, of New York,	Assets.
Home, of New York,	\$4,100,000
Underwriters,	\$2,300,000
American, Philadelphia,	\$4,000,000
Union, of Hartford,	\$1,200,000
Fire Association,	\$2,000,000
Overseas, Over Post-office, Main street Chelsea, Mich.	\$4,500,000

It is cheaper to insure in these states, than in one horse company. v-6-1

M. W. RUSH, DENTIST,
Office over W. R. Reed & Co's Store, CHELSEA, MICH. 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 large number of guests at all hours. A variety 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, and you will be satisfied. (over Freeman's Store) 61 Middle street, Chelsea, Mich.

RESTAURANT.

C. HESLIN, HERRICK wishes to thank the people of Chelsea and vicinity for the liberal patronage they have bestowed upon him since the past year, and to announce that he has opened a new and more comfortable place, and is prepared to accommodate a large number of guests at all hours. A variety of public patronage is solicited. Remember a good square meal for 25 cents. South Main street, 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 kinds of work in his line, and keep on hand sharp razors, nice clean towels, and everything first-class to suit his customers. He is up to the times, and can give you an easy shave and fashionable haircut. A share of the public patronage is solicited. Shop under Reed & Co's Drug Store. Main street east, Chelsea, Mich.

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 pile,
The anthem's pealing or their fight
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 hating 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, motionless 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 skulking 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 horse 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 horse 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 that cat-in' 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 foot 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 Indians 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 smoldering 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 Punched 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 than ten minutes 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 denizens of Chatham street.

By shaking a bag containing 100 eagles for three hours, the resultant 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 peanutter 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 peanutter, 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-buncher took it out of my seat and sold it to me again in the afternoon."

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 nice-looking 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 Ionia 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 Port 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.
All communications should be addressed to
"THE HERALD,"
Chelsea, Washburn Co., Mich.

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.

Apropos 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:

"He is the only communicant of Church of Christ who has ever

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 of 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 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, and encroaching fence so 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 of piece of land which lies under said encroaching fence, and between said encroaching fence, and the fence erected some years ago, along the west end 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 Highways, that you, James Taylor, do remove said fence and obstructions from said street, within the time specified, or you will be liable for the cost of removing the same, and for the cost of restoring said street to its original condition.

Witness my hand and seal of office, this 7th day of November, 1881.

J. L. GILBERT, President.

THATCHER, VOGEL, Trustees.

CUSHMAN, Village Clerk.

By the undersigned, President and Trustees of the Village of Chelsea, Commissioners of Streets and Highways.

Witness my hand and seal of office, this 7th day of November, 1881.

J. L. GILBERT, President.

THATCHER, VOGEL, Trustees.

CUSHMAN, Village Clerk.

By the undersigned, President and Trustees of the Village of Chelsea, Commissioners of Streets and Highways.

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,
THATCHER, VOGEL,
CUSHMAN, Trustees.

President and Trustees of the Village of Chelsea, Commissioners of Streets and Highways in 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,
THATCHER, VOGEL,
CUSHMAN, Trustees.

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 misbehaved 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 great-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.

Chicago Burlington and Quincy.

FOR ALL POINTS EAST & WEST.

THE GREAT BURLINGTON ROUTE.

No other line runs through Passaic, Trenton, New York, and New Jersey, as follows: Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, Omaha, Lincoln, St. Joseph, Atchison, Topeka and Kansas City. Through 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. B. & Q. Palace Drawing-Room Cars, with Horner's Reclining Chairs. No extra charge for Reclining Chairs. 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 to this Celebrated Line for sale at all offices in the United States and Canada.

All information about Rates of Fare, Sleeping Car Accommodations, Time Tables, etc., will be cheerfully given, and will send Free to any address an elegant Company 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.

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COCKET

EVERY CORSET WARRANTED SATISFACTORY OR THE MONEY REFUNDED.

A Perfect Corset Secured at Last.

A combination of CORSET WIRE SPRINGS, WHOLE BONE and CORSET JEAN, 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.

Wanted 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 single 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, and to do so it is generally well the wear 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.

JAMES M. HAYES, M.D.

Chicago, Oct. 24, 1880.

I fully endorse what Dr. Hayes says in the above note.

W. H. BYRON.

Chicago, Oct. 25, 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, and to do so it is generally well the wear 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.

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, she should wear the Health Preserving Corset, as it is less likely to do her injury than any other Corset.

JAMES M. HAYES, M.D.

Chicago, Oct. 28, 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, and to do so it is generally well the wear 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.

H. S. HOLMES.

Sept. 1st, '81

AN NEW MEDICINE

HOPS & MALT BITTERS

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Regulate the Liver, positively cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Sick Headache, prevent Constipation, remove Bile, cleanse the blood, and promote the action of the bowels, correct the stomach and bowels, and subdue Disease.

It is such in the treatment of Neuralgia, Irritability, Parity and Strangeness. They supply Brain, Muscular and Nervous Force, Vigor to the Exhausted, and Strength to the Enervated, and subdue the Nervous System.

HOPS & MALT

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HOPS & MALT

M. C. R. R. TIME TABLE.

Passenger Trains on the Michigan Central Railroad will leave Chelsea Station as follows:

GOING WEST.	GOING EAST.
Night Express..... 9:32 A. M.	Night Express..... 8:50 A. M.
Local Passenger..... 9:45 A. M.	Local Passenger..... 9:03 A. M.
Grand Rapids Express..... 9:55 P. M.	Grand Rapids Express..... 10:07 A. M.
Jackson Express..... 10:05 P. M.	Jackson Express..... 10:15 A. M.
Evening Express..... 10:35 P. M.	Evening Express..... 10:45 A. 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. CHOWELL, Postmaster.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Rev. THOS. HOLMES, D. D., Pastor. Services at 10¹⁵ 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 10¹⁵ A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock. Sunday School immediately after morning services.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. E. A. GAY, Pastor. Services at 10¹⁵ A. M. and 7 P. M. Young people's meeting Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 12 M.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Rev. Father DUNN, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 8 and 10¹⁵ A. M. Vespers, 7 o'clock P. M. Sunday School at 12 o'clock A. M.

LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Rev. Mr. METZGER, Services every alternate Sunday at 2 o'clock P. M.

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, 28 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 service. This is a good move, and ought to be an example to all the churches to do likewise.

Judson and Cummings 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 \$480.28 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 "Relief 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 Dufing. The following are the names of the happy couples:

John Harris and Catharine Murphy. Michael Walsh and Mary Ryan. Jeremiah White and Catharine Dolson. 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. 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. Ida 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.—Mrs. Harrington. W. L. H. B.—Hattie McCarter.

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

Mrs. IRA FREER, Nurse and Midwife Enquire at Olmsted & 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 drought 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 conflagration.

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 gold 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 sing 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 requires 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 there 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 of sun 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 even 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 salit 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 Main 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.

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., etc. Thanking my old patrons for past patronage, I would say; Call and examine my Goods and prices, before buying elsewhere.

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

Chelsea Market.

UNDETERA, Nov. 3, 1881.

FLOUR, # cwt.....	\$3 50
WHEAT, White, # bu.....	1 25
CORN, # bu.....	25 00
OATS, # bu.....	40
RYE, # bu.....	4 75
BARLEY, # bu.....	3 50
BEANS, # bu.....	5 00
POTATOES, # bu.....	75
APPLES, green, # bu.....	1 12
do, dried, # bu.....	1 25
HONEY, # lb.....	18 00
BUTTER, # lb.....	23
POULTRY—Chickens, # lb.....	10
LAND, # lb.....	05
HAMS, # lb.....	13
SHOULDERS, # lb.....	08
EGGS, # doz.....	17
BEEF, live # cwt.....	8 00 3 50
WHEAT, live # cwt.....	3 00 5 00
HOGS, live, # cwt.....	3 00 5 40
do dressed # cwt.....	5 00 5 40
HAY, tame # ton.....	10 00 12 00
do marsh # ton.....	5 00 6 00
SALT, # bbl.....	1 30
WOOL, # lb.....	33 05
CHAMBERLAIN, # bu.....	9 00

Mercenary 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—to sell 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, and at a very low price, over our country 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 Sating, Black and Colored Brocade Silks and Satins, Black and Colored Tulle, Black and Colored Vests and Skirts, Black and Colored Velvets and Velveteens, Black and Colored Plushes, in all the new shades.

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

Waterproofs, All Wool Sackings and Suitings, Beaver Cloths, Cloakings, Wool Flannels, Cashmeres.

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. \$5

Quit your job. No risk. No capital required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, 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., Portland, Maine. v11-9

GET OUT DOORS!

The close confinement of all factory work gives the operatives pallid faces, poor appetites, languid, irritable feelings, poor blood, headache, dizziness, and primary 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, sunshine and only a dash of Bitters. 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!

GENTS' 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."

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!

WE WANT TO SHOW YOU OUR..... \$10 WATCH.

" " " " " " 12 " " " " " " 15 " " " " " " 17 " " " " " " 20 " " " " " " 23 " " " " " " 25 " " " " " " 28 " " " " " " 35 " " " " " " 40 " " " " " "

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 ruffled 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 tiny squashes leaned away,
In mottled heaps 'neath sunny shades.

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 hilly 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 hurried away through shadows
Glim,
And where the eastern vision closed
The ocean showed a slender rim.

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

The horses stood with manes outstreak
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 romping 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 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 almost
of discovery, and right glad
was he to learn from Postmaster
Blake, of the smart town of Grandville,
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-yard to the
front door of a one-story house, built
of wide pine boards, sided upright
and unpainted. 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 husking
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 complexion
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 interior 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, Cuyahoga
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?"

"Owosso," rejoined his wife.
"Yes, Owosso; 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.
Twelve 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 grain we raise is
hailed 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 man 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 Boynton, second
and third consins 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, 1878, executed by James Conant and
Mary Ann Conant to Rose Conant, and re
corded in the office of the Register
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 Conant,
assigned to Katherine Conant and Rosanna
Conant by assignment of mortgage dated
April 1st, 1878, and recorded 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 become due 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 part or part ac
cruing 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 or parcel 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 lien and payment of the said
three installments of two hundred dollars
each, viz: Six hundred dollars, with the
interest to become due, according to the
terms of said mortgage.

Dated August 19th, 1881.

KATHERINE CONANT and
ROSANNA CONANT,
Assignees of Mortgage.

TURNELL & BROWN,
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

—OF—

CENTRAL MICHIGAN.

THE STORE is the Lightest in the State, and Goods are NEVER
MISREPRESENTED. We always sell Goods for WHAT
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

—OF—

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,

= I N =

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
MERES, PLUSHES and DOMESTICS.

SPECIAL LOW PRICES

—ON—

Satin de Lyons and Satin Rhe
dame,

FOR CLOAKS.

RESPECTFULLY,

M. W. ROBINSON.