

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 24, 1881.

NO. 12.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

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

I. O. O. F.—THE REGULAR weekly meeting of Vernon Lodge No. 85, I. O. O. F., will take place every Wednesday evening at 8 1/2 o'clock, at their Lodge room, Middle St., East.
G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.

WASHTEAW ENGAGEMENT, No. 1, I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings first and third Wednesday of each month.
J. A. PALMER, Scribe.

Dr. Robertson & Champin,

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,
Office on Main Street (Over Holmes' Dry Goods Store).
CHELSEA, MICHIGAN.

R. M. SPEER,
DENTIST,
Formerly with D. C. Hawxhurst, M. D., D. D. S., of Battle Creek.
Nitrous oxid gas for the painless extraction of teeth administered.
Rooms over HOLMES' DRY GOODS STORE, CHELSEA, MICH. [10-33]

H. 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. [10-28-1y]

WRIGHT & STILES,
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, \$6,109,227.
Hartford, 3,392,914.
Underwriters, 4,694,000.
American, Philadelphia, 2,396,661.
Etc. of Hartford, 7,078,224.
Fire Association, 4,107,716.
Office: Over Post-office, Main street, Chelsea, Mich.

M. W. BUSH,
DENTIST,
Office over W. R. Reed & Co's Store.
CHELSEA, MICH. [31]

New Restaurant

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

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

It is prepared to attend to all kinds of first-class work in the Chelsea Hotel. Give me a call, and my place of business, over French's Shoe Store, Middle street, Chelsea, Mich. [11-11]

RESTAURANT

CHELSEA HOUSE wishes to inform the public that they have been renovated and are now open for business. It is prepared at all times to furnish hot and cold meals for the "latter end" and also keeps on hand cigars, candies, etc. Remember a good square meal for 25 cents. South Main street, Chelsea, Mich. [11-11]

TONSORIAL ENFORCEMENT

FRANK 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, also keep on hand sharp razors, nice clean towels, and everything first-class to suit his customers. He is up to the job, and can give you a new shave, and a fashionable hair cut. A share of the public patronage is solicited. Shop under Reed & Co's Drug Store. Main street east, Chelsea, Mich. [11-11]

Selected Poetry.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

What should I seek, and what desire,
So that my days may joyous be?
Where shall I find the hidden fire
For faith that never may cease to be?
First, in myself the search must rest,
Breath its forth upon its quest.

Bright my own soul, pure my intent,
So shall I walk to find my joy;
Swift to uplift, slow to destroy;
Knowing each heart hath secret good,
Often not known or understood.

Welcome must each true impulse seem,
Felt by brother, or friend, or foe;
Never be held in light esteem
The blessings another's work may show.
So must the measure be just and fair
For another's goodness, toll or care.

To walk where the sunshine loves to fall,
Or kneel in the shadow, subdued and still;
Hear every voice that in love may call,
Patient in strife, resigned in ill
So shall each day hold something blest,
And the soul attain its longed-for rest.

O, thou whose heart is a world of care,
Whose thoughts in a fever come and go;
Strive with the strength that is born of prayer,
Peace in thy spirit first to know;
And seeking ever some human good,
Find a crown of gold for thy cross of wood.

THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD.

CHAPTER II.

"Coffee in this heat!" retorted Lady Sarah, "it would be adding fuel to fire. We will have some tea when we return. Alice, you must make tea for the Colonel; he will not come out without it. He thinks this weather just what it ought to be; rather cold, if anything."

Alice had taken the bracelet-box in her hands as Lady Sarah spoke, and when they departed carried it up-stairs to its place in Lady Sarah's bedroom. The Colonel speedily rose from the table, for his wife had laid her commands on him to join them early. Alice helped him to his tea, and as soon as he was gone she went up-stairs to bed.

To bed, but not to sleep. Tired as she was, and exhausted in frame, sleep would not come to her. She was living over again her interview with Gerard Hope. She could not, in her conscious heart, affect to misunderstand his implied meaning—that she had been the cause of his rejecting the union proposed to him. It diffused a strange rapture within her, and though she had not perhaps been wholly blind and unconscious during the period of Gerard's stay with them, she now kept repeating the words, "Can it be? can it be?"

It certainly was so. Love plays strange pranks. There was Gerard Hope, heir to fabulous wealth, consciously proud of his handsome person, his herculean strength, his towering form, called home and planted down by the side of a pretty and noble lady, on purpose that he might fall in love with her—Lady Frances Chenevix. And yet the well-laid project failed; failed because there happened to be another at that young lady's side, a sad, quiet, feeble-framed girl, whose very weakness may have seemed to place her beyond the pale of man's love. But love thrives by contrasts, and it was the feeble girl who had won the love of the strong man.

Yes; the knowledge diffused a strange rapture within her as she lay there that night, and she may be excused if, for a brief period, she gave range to the sweet fantasies it conjured up. For a brief period only; too soon the depressing consciousness returned to her, that these thoughts of earthly happiness must be subdued, for she, with her confirmed ailments and conspicuous weakness, must never hope to marry aside other women. She had long known—her mother had prepared her for it—that one so afflicted and frail as she, whose tapers of existence was likely to be short, ought not to become a wife, and it had been her

earnest hope to pass through life unloving and unloved. She had striven to arm herself against the danger, against being thrown into the perils of temptation. Alas! it had come insidiously upon her; all her care had been set at naught; and she knew that she loved Gerard Hope with a deep and fervent love. "It is but another cross," she sighed, "another burden to surmount and subdue, and I will set myself, from this night, to the task. I have been a coward, shrinking from self-examination; but now, that Gerard has spoken out, I can deceive myself no longer. I wish he had spoken more freely, that I might have told him it was useless."

It was only towards morning that Alice dropped asleep; the consequence was, that long after her usual hour for rising, she was still sleeping. The opening of her door, by some one, awoke her; it was Lady Sarah's maid.

"Why, miss! are you not up? Well, I never! I wanted the key of the jewel-box, but I'd have waited if I had known."

"What do you say you want?" returned Alice, whose ideas were confused, as is often the case on being suddenly awakened.

"The key of the bracelet box, if you please."

"The key?" repeated Alice. "Oh, I remember," she added, her recollection returning to her. "Be at the trouble, will you, Hughes, to take it out of my pocket; it is on the chair, under my clothes."

The servant came to the pocket, and speedily found the key. "Are you worse than usual, miss, this morning," asked she, "or have you overslept yourself?"

"I have overslept myself. Is it late?"

"Between nine and ten. My lady is up, and at breakfast with master and Lady Frances."

Alice rose the instant the maid had left the room, and made haste to dress, vexed with herself for sleeping so long. She was nearly ready when Hughes came in again.

"If ever I saw such a confusion as that jewel-case was in!" cried she, in as pert and grumbling a tone as she dared to use. "The bracelets were thrown together without law or order—just as if they had been so much glass and tinsel from from the Lowther Arcade."

"It was Lady Sarah did it," replied Alice. "I would have put them straight, but she said leave it for you. I thought she might prefer that you should do it, so did not press it."

"Of course her ladyship is aware there's nobody but myself knows how they are placed in it," returned Hughes, consequently. "I could have gone to that, or to the other jewel-box, in the dark, and take out any one thing my lady wanted without disturbing the rest."

readily accorded. Alice's office in the house was ready, a square; when she had first entered upon it, Lady Sarah was ill, and required some one to sit with and read to her, but now that she was well again but now that she was well again Alice had little to do.

Breakfast was scarcely over when Alice was called from the room. Hughes stood outside.

"Miss," said she, with a long face, "the diamond bracelet is not in the box. I thought I could not be mistaken."

"But it must be in the box," said Alice.

"But it's not," persisted Hughes, emphasizing the negative; "can't you believe me, miss? What's gone with it?"

Alice Seaton looked at Hughes with a puzzled, dreamy look. She was thinking matters over. It soon cleared again.

"Then Lady Sarah must have kept it out when she put in the rest. It was she who returned them to the case; I did not. Perhaps she wore it last night."

"No, miss, that she didn't." She wore only those two—

"I saw what she had on," interrupted Alice. "But she might also have put on the other, without my noticing it. Then she must have kept it out for some other purpose. I will ask her. Wait here an instant, Hughes; for of course you will like to be a certainty."

"That's cool," thought Hughes, as Alice went into the breakfast room, and the Colonel came out of it with the newspaper. "I should have said it was somebody else would like to be a certainty, instead of me. Thank goodness, it wasn't in my charge, last night, if anything dreadful has come to pass. My lady don't keep out her bracelets for sport. Miss Seaton has left the key about, that's what she has done, and it's hard to say who hasn't been at it; I knew the box had been ransacked over."

"Lady Sarah," said Alice, "did you wear your new diamond bracelet last night?"

"No."

"Then did you put it into the box with the others?"

"No," languidly repeated Lady Sarah, attaching no importance to the question.

"Oh, yes, it is in the box, no doubt," said her ladyship somewhat crossly, for she disliked to be troubled especially in hot weather. "You have not searched properly, Hughes."

"My lady," answered Hughes, "I can trust my hands and I can trust my eyes, and they have all four been into every hole and crevice of the box."

"Lady Frances Chenevix laid down the Morning Post and advanced. 'Is the bracelet really lost?'"

"It cannot be lost," returned Lady Sarah. "You are sure you put it out, Alice?"

"I am quite sure of that. It was lying first in the case, and—"

"Yes, it was," interrupted Hughes. "That was its place."

"And consequently the first that I took out," continued Alice. "I put it on the table; and the others around it, nearer to me. Why, as a proof that it lay there—"

What was Alice going to add? Was she going to adduce as a proof that Gerard Hope had taken it up, and it had been a subject of conversation between them? If so, recollection came to her in time, and she stammered, and abruptly broke off. But a faint, horrible dread, to which she would not give a name, came stealing over her, and her face turned white, and she sank on a chair trembling visibly.

"Now look at Alice!" uttered Frances Chenevix; "she is going into one of her agitation fits."

"Do not allow yourself to be agitated, Alice, cried Lady Sarah; that will do no good. Besides, I feel sure the bracelet is all safe in the case; where else can it be? Fetch the case, Hughes, and I will look for it myself."

Hughes whisked out of the room, inwardly resenting the doubt cast upon her eyesight.

"It is so strange," mused Alice, "that you did not see the bracelet when you came up."

"It was certainly no there," returned Lady Sarah.

"Perhaps you will look for yourself now, my lady," cried Hughes, returning with the jewel box in her hands.

Sarah. "Don't you remember, Frances? You looked up as if you noticed it."

"Did I?" answered Lady Frances in a careless tone.

"At that moment, Thomas happened to enter with a letter, and the question was put to him. Who knocked? His answer was ready."

"Sir George Danvers, my lady. When I said the Colonel was at dinner, Sir George began to apologize for calling, but I explained that you were dining earlier than usual, because of the opera."

"Nobody else called?"

"Nobody knocked but Sir George, my lady."

"A covert answer," thought Alice; but I am glad he is true to Gerard."

"What an untruth!" thought Lady Frances, as she remembered the visit of Alice's sister. "Thomas's memory must be short."

All the talk—and it was much prolonged—did not tend to throw any light upon the matter, and Alice, unhappy and ill, retired to her own room. The agitation had brought on a nervous and violent headache, and she sat down in a low chair, and bent her forehead on her hands. One belief alone possessed her; that the unfortunate Gerard Hope had stolen the bracelet. Do as she would, she could not put it from her; she kept repeating that he was a gentleman, that he was honorable, that he would never place her in so painful a position. Common sense replied that the temptation was laid before him, and he had confessed his pecuniary difficulties to be very great; nay, had he not wished for this very bracelet—that he might make money—

A knock at the door. Alice lifted her sickly countenance, and bade the intruder enter. It was Lady Frances Chenevix.

"I came to—Alice! how wretched you look! You will torment yourself into a fever."

"Can you wonder at my looking wretched?" returned Alice. "Place yourself in my position, Frances; it must appear to Lady Sarah as if I had made away with the bracelet. I am sure Hughes thinks so."

"Don't say unorthodox things, Alice. They would rather think that I had done it, of the two, for I have more use for diamond bracelets than you."

"It is kind of you to tree to cheer me," sighed Alice.

least, as regards my sister," she hastily added, "for he did not let her in."

"Then it is all quite easy; and you and I can keep our own counsel."

(To be Continued.)

STATE NEWS.
Muskegon longs for a chain factory.

The St. Clair city hall has been conducted as unsafe.

The St. Clair neighborhood is being coming noted for its fine apples.

About 400 rods of the new railroad was washed out by the recent heavy rains at Niles.

Hood, Gale & Co's new \$50,000 hotel at Big Rapids is complete and ready for business.

Two cases of small-pox were reported at St. Joseph—brought by a visitor from Chicago.

Lewis Martin, a prominent business man of Grand Rapids, dropped dead in his store yesterday.

The L. S. & M. S. company is constructing a new iron bridge over the Bean river at Morenci.

The Methodist church at Ionia is said to be haunted. The clock in the tower struck 250 Tuesday night.

Hon. Charles Baldwin, of Pontiac, has contributed part of a finger to satisfy the maw of a corn-sheller.

John Skinner, a wealthy citizen of Orion, unmarried, is missing, and his friends fear insanity on his part, or foul play.

Johnson A. Corbin, editor of the Alpena Reporter, died a few days ago of congestion of the lungs, at the age of 55 years.

A little daughter of August Dehning was fatally burned by her clothes taking fire from a log heap near Imlay City, yesterday.

Henry Crump, a Mullet Lake farmer, wound up a big spree at Chenevix by shooting himself through the lungs, fatally.

Somebody who has watched matrimonial tendencies in Michigan says the plumper the girl the slimmer her chances of getting married.

J. B. Barnes, of Clinton county, had a valuable team ruined at Lansing by coming in contact with a barbed wire fence during a runaway.

Thomas Nestor offers any man a good bargain who will buy his pine timber. It only needs the trifle of about \$1,000,000 to make the purchase.

Corunna has put lamps on several of her streets. They were lighted on the first time Friday evening, and the delighted burglars sat up all night to see 'em flicker. Gasoline is used.

The Chicago & Grand Trunk railroad has surveyed two lines from Pontiac to Jackson, with the idea of completing the Michigan Air line either by the original survey via Pinkney and South Lyons or by way of Pinkney and Stockbridge.

Some loud young men called upon an amateur scientist at Kalkaska, and finding him out had a high old time with a jar of whisky they found in his room. They have been quite sober since they learned that for several months the liquid had been in process in preserving a curious snake.

The recent storm at St. Ignace demonstrated to the inhabitants the folly of building their houses on the sand. The heavy sea washed away the sand foundations of several houses, and they toppled over into the bay.

The office of the Mackinac independent was considerably damaged.

N. W. Green, patentee of the "American driven well," proposes to collect a royalty of every farmer in Genesee county that has a driven well on his premises. The farmers are much agitated, and are combining to resist the payment of the royalties. Of the farmers who have flowing wells he proposes to collect \$50 extra for each of such wells.

Dr. Spiegleberg, who lives near Dowagiac was an inveterate smoker. You could smell him across a fence, and he couldn't buy up a cent. Three years ago he swore off and has saved enough to buy a magnificent 200-acre farm. The atmosphere in his immediate vicinity is also greatly improved. What a awful lot of tobacco he must have used. The Dowagiac Times will carry the story in time.

A man giving his name as James Miller but whose real name is Macker made his appearance at the relief committee rooms this morning and made affidavit that he had lost \$3,750 worth of property by the fire near Minden, and that he had 10 children burned to death. He also forged the name of the supervisor of Minden. The falsity of the story was soon discovered, and Sheriff Hilson took him into custody, when he confessed the whole thing. He is now in jail, but what disposal will be made of his case is uncertain.—Port Huron times.

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. 24, 1881.

Degrading the Press.

The invasion of private life, and the publication of unverified rumors, are the two offences that are rapidly sinking the character of the press. The time was when a "great New York Daily" would revolt with disgust from making the private grief of a respectable family the subject of remark, spreading before thousands of acquaintances painful facts of the possible importance to the general public, but rendered doubly humiliating to the feelings when blazoned in the newspaper.

Perhaps it is worse, as the manner of some is, to seize upon the gossip of the day, and, without investigation into the truth; to publish rumors affecting the integrity and good name of individuals, who are vaguely hinted at, while the offence is charged in such general terms that no reply or defence can be attempted.

Both these are grievous abuses of the press. No man of high moral tone would willingly suffer his columns to be degraded by being made the channel for such vile publications. We know that so many of the men required to bring out a "great daily," it is impossible for one person to control the matter that finds its way in, and so on into the world. But the sensitiveness of journalism ought to be so instinctively honorable, that the publication of private family matters, and of injurious rumors unverified, would be impossible.

In the rush and rage for news the bounds of propriety, are often ruthlessly invaded, and unspeakable grief and injury caused by the hasty and ill-considered, putting into print what is no benefit to the public. Certainty the evil now complained of is growing, and ought to be checked. We speak what we know, and testify to what we have seen, when we say that no reputation for enterprise can be any compensation to an honorable journalist for the wanton injury done by such publication.—N. Y. Observer.

Losses in the Postal Service.

Colonel Barker, Chief of Post Office Inspectors, has transmitted to the Postmaster General a report of the operations of his division for the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1881. From this report it appears that 461 persons were arrested during the year for depredations upon the United States mails. 424 of these persons were prosecuted in the U. States Courts, and 37 in the courts of the several States where the arrests were made. In the U. S. Courts 188 persons were convicted, 26 were acquitted, 3 escaped, 5 forfeited bail, proceedings against 24 were dismissed, 1 was killed while resisting arrest, and 177 await trial. The number of cases referred to inspectors for investigation during the year was 31,649, as follows: Registered letters reported lost, 3,365; registered packets reported lost, 337; ordinary letters reported lost, 16,562; ordinary packets reported lost, 6,508; robberies of post offices, 323; post offices burned, 92; mail stations robbed by highwaymen, 86; depredations by postmasters, 135; mails burned in railway accidents, 11; mails lost by carriers in floods, snow storms, etc., 65; miscellaneous, 3,845; total 31,649. The total number of cases reported on by inspectors during the year is 59,971. The disbursements of moneys collected and received in cases of lost and rifled registered letters and packets amounted in 578 cases to \$13,057.90; and of the 4,636 registered letters and packages reported as lost, rifled or tampered with, 2,575 were recovered or satisfactorily accounted for, leaving 2,061 cases still under investigation, or finally closed as hopeless, including losses by fire; highway robberies and ordinary thefts.

The duty on wheat from Manitoba to the United States is fifteen cents a bushel; on the other hand, Canadian wheat is protected by a duty of twenty cents a bushel. Farmers in Dakota always realize about twenty cents a bushel more for their wheat, than the Manitoba producer can get.

Foolish Extravagance.
Because a man has money is no reason that he should make a fool of himself, and pay a hundred dollars when twenty-five cents would answer every purpose. Vanderbilt, whose money has been hoarded from the pocket of the profligate, has not only who also pay the proportion of the taxes which justly belong to him, but he has been remarkably foolish in many of his expenditures. He has indulged in fast horses, mansions, obelisks and such like extravagances until he has earned the fame of a sportsman to a considerable degree. Mr. Vanderbilt has set a sufficiently bad example and exercised a sufficiently unhealthy influence upon the people, especially the younger portion, in the way in which he and his father accumulated his fortune, without setting the example of extravagance, or further irritating a people whom he and his family have been robbing for many years. The interest of no country are served by such men as Vanderbilt, and unless the people speedily make a check to further unjust accumulations on his part, they will very soon find it out. The most patriotic thing that he could do, would be to live in as quiet a way as possible, and not flaunt his ill-gotten gains continually before the eyes of the public. One hundred men like Vanderbilt would ruin any country that ever existed or ever will exist.

It is upon such men that Mr. Delmonico, the New York restaurateur, who recently died, lived so sumptuously and accumulated a fortune of \$2,000,000. The prices often paid for a supper were almost fabulous, and some of those who indulged in such extravagance did it upon other people's money, with as much coolness as if it were their own. It is related that Jim Fisk ordered sumptuous supper for 160 upon two hours' notice. The money came out of Western farmers and the owners of the Erie Railroad. Bill Tweed paid \$30,000 for the supper which he provided at his daughter's wedding, every dollar of which was stolen from the people. Delmonico was accustomed to call such expenditures foolish, but he took the money all the same. Now, \$1.50 will supply a very elaborate dinner, more than any one person can eat, and of the very best. That sum is extravagant for a dinner, and anything over that sum is downright foolish extravagance, indulged in only to make a show.

Extravagance is a vice which should be reprobated. Its results are manifold and destructive not only to the individual but to society; and when it comes to paying from \$500 to a \$1,000 a plate for meal, the extravagance assumes a positively wicked character.

A House with a History.

The President's home at Washington, which is officially termed the Executive Mansion, commonly called the White House, has a history that runs back ninety years. Its cornerstone was laid under the superintendence of Capt. James Hoban, as architect, on the 13th of December, 1792. Capt. Hoban was an Irish architect, direct from Dublin, via Charleston, who took the award of \$500 for the design. He is buried in the Catholic cemetery at Washington, and his descendants are still living in that city. The British destroyed the building in 1814. It was afterward rebuilt by Capt. Hoban, and was first opened for the reception of visitors on January 1, 1819. The portico of four lofty columns, on the north side, was added in 1820, during the administration of President Jackson. It is a lofty building, two stories high, having a frontage of 170 feet, and a depth of 130 feet. The vestibule within the front door is 50x40 in dimensions. The famous east room, which was finished only fifty years ago, is 80 feet long by 40 wide and 23 feet high. The President's office, which is in the second story, is also the cabinet room, and is not a very large apartment for the White House, although about 35 or 40 feet in depth, by perhaps 30 feet wide, and with a high ceiling. A long table is in the middle of the floor, with leather-seated chairs around it; the windows have long lambrequin curtains of a dark bluish-gray color. A large map of the United States is on the wall. The general effect of the room as one enters, is that of a library without books. Every one of our Presidents, except Washington, has lived in this house.

Near President Harrison's grave at North Bend there is to be built a memorial church bearing his name. It will be of the Methodist persuasion.

Guilty Trial.
Wm. Jones, charged with shooting at Guiteau on Saturday last, was taken to the police court at 6 o'clock Monday morning. Judge Snell was on the bench, with counsel, R. K. Hildreth, was on the stand. A charge was made against Jones of assault and battery with intent to kill Guiteau.

Judge Snell fixed the amount of bail at \$3,000 in default of which, he committed Jones to jail, and postponed his trial to Monday. Guiteau had sufficient reason to be satisfied with the result of the trial, and on Monday morning, no less than the right mounted policemen being detailed to guard him on the way to court. He arrived at the court house at 7 o'clock, but even at that hour a crowd numbering 300 people had assembled. When he descended from the van he showed evident nervousness. As he was proceeding up the long opening, lined each side with people, his teeth chattered with fear. He sped along at an increased pace, decisions of getting out of the crowd as quickly as possible. Arriving within the walls of the building, he gave a sigh of relief, and was hurried up the stairs to the assembly room of the court, which was called to order at 10:08 o'clock. There was a larger crowd than usual outside, and the seats were all taken within.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Dr. Hammond, of New York, summoned as a witness in Guiteau's trial. Contributions to the Garfield memorial hospital fund now amount to \$80,000. Directors of broken Mechanics' bank of N. Y., to be prosecuted by depositors. Iron Mountain railroad bridge burned at Benton, Ark. Passenger and freight ferried over.

David Ross, murderer of John D. Bohrenberg, near Greenfield, O., goes to prison for life, 10 years to be solitary confinement.

A St. Louis & Mississippi Valley transportation company's large sink near New Orleans with \$75,000 worth of corn and cotton.

The postal department has issued orders that hereafter postmasters must not redeem spoiled cards under any circumstances.

Central and Southern Illinois have been flooded by the great rains to an extent never before known at this time of year.

Seven masked men attacked a freight train near Palestine, Texas, and stole the train's cargo and carried off the goods in seven cars.

Sheriff Becker, of Bourbon county, Ky., earns the \$15,000 reward offered for the capture of Dick Lidd, a leader in the recent train robberies.

Insurance Commissioner Brooks, of Connecticut, has ordered the affairs of the Atlas Fire Insurance company to be wound up. Risks will be reinsured.

Rains weaken foundation of Wash-bank trestle bridge four miles from Springfield, Ill., and train falls through, injuring 15 passengers. No one killed.

Entire front of M. Merkle's house at Minersville, Pa., blown out with dynamite powder, and by mistake destroyed the building. Merkle is a coal operator. No one hurt.

At the next session of congress a law will probably be introduced providing for the payment of bank examiners by the government, instead of by the banks, and holding them strictly responsible for their work.

Daniel Johnson, colored coachman of Mrs. Van Bliorom, St. Louis, ravished the person of Katie Farrell, a domestic in the same house, and was arrested. The girl got a revolver and tried to kill him, but failed, because she did not know how to fire it.

Two young men named Carroll and McManahan were arrested and jailed at Flint on Saturday. They are charged with the burglary of H. H. Gay & Co.'s store at that city. Wm. Hewitt pleaded guilty to horse stealing in the circuit court.

On Monday morning a freight train brakeman named Farwell fell from his train, about two miles south of Mt. Clemens, as the train was going at the rate of 20 miles an hour. Strange to say he was not killed, and will probably recover, though he was badly bruised about the head and shoulders.

Later advices concerning the asylum fire near Columbus, O., on Friday, state that it is now thought to have been the work of incendiaries. Supt. Doren is firmly convinced that such is the case. Several strange men busied themselves during the fire in piling all that was possible from the rooms of inmates. The books of the institution were in the fire proof safe and are saved. Total loss \$250,000.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.
A combination of Colored Wine, Serravallo's Tonic, and Cod Liver Oil, which is pronounced by the highest medical authorities to be the most perfect and complete of all medicines.

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"LITTLE MACK"
The young man from the country, as he walked off with a SEVEN DOLLAR FALL AND WINTER 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?

Excelsior DOLLAR SHIRT!
"Just what I wanted!" And so the laugh goes merrily round. Stop in and join in the fun.

LITTLE MACK, The King Clothier,
Opposite Kempf Bros. Bank, Chelsea, Mich. No. 9 South Main Street, An Arbor, Mich.

TWO JACKSON BELLES.
"Good morning, Jerusha. How balmy the air!"
"Too balmy, Semantha, to suit my despair."
By gloomy disaster I'm wrapped round about;
With torn gloves and laces, and that's my story out;
A month ago, new 'tis the tale I have shed;
Over darning and patching that maked my hose red.
By painter or poet the tale is untold, yet I tell;
So I tell it myself, that in buying I'm sold.

THE SUN.
NEW YORK, 1881.
The Sun for 1882, will make its fifteenth annual year under the present management, and will be published at \$12 a year, and upwards made up 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 more than we. No one can fail to make enormous profits by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily and honorably. Address: CHASE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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. v10-49-3m.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who have taken 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 in their own way. Any one can do the work profitably more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfits 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.

C. BLISS & SON,
Watches, Jewels, Silver Ware.
REPAIRING—Neatly done, and warranted.
No. 21 SOUTH MAIN STREET, ANN ARBOR.
Important to Travelers.
Special inducements are offered you by the BURLINGTON ROUTE. It will pay to send their advertisement to be found elsewhere in this issue.

N. C. R. TIME TABLE.

Passenger Trains on the Michigan Central Railroad will leave Chelsea Station as follows:
Mail Train... 5:30 P. M.
Night Express... 5:50 A. M.
Grand Rapids Express... 10:07 A. M.
H. B. LADYARD, Gen'l Supt., Detroit.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
Rev. Tros. Holmes, D. D., Pastor. Services at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M.
M. E. CHURCH.
Rev. H. C. Northrup, Pastor. Services at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M.
CATHOLIC CHURCH.
Rev. Father Dunn, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 8 and 10 1/2 A. M.

The Chelsea Herald.

Every Thursday Morning, by A. Allison, Chelsea, Mich.
OUR TELEPHONE.
Our "devil" is going to have a goos for his Thanksgiving dinner.

CHESAPEAKE HIGH SCHOOL.

ROLL OF HONOR—INTERMEDIATE DEPT.
Katie Crowell, Mary Harrington, Gus. Helmrich, Willie Goodyear, Harry Morton, Cora Royce, Cora Krick, Harry Donner, Fred. Morton, Harry Royce, Libbie DeFoe, Belle Calhoun, Libbie DeFoe, Teacher.

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Names of those who have neither been absent nor tardy during the month ending Oct. 25th, 1911.
Eddie Baisell, Andrew Gulde, Maude Flieger, Claude Flieger, Minnie Kantaner, George Hank, Ella Morton, Geo. Strambach, Freddie Miller, George Miller, Bertie Taylor, Louis Vogel, Lulu Hepler, Clyde Youm, Cora E. Lewis, Teacher.

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HUMBUGGED AGAIN.
I saw so much said about the merits of Hop Bitters, and my wife, who was always doctoring and never ill, had been urged to get her son, a child who had been humbugged again; and I am glad I did, for in less than two months' use of the Bitters my wife was cured, and she has remained so for eighteen months since. I like such humbugging.—H. T., St. Paul.

CHESAPEAKE HIGH SCHOOL.

We like St. Jacobs Oil, and observe too that the Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour indorses the remedy—Baltimore (Md.) Catholic Mirror.
FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.—A house, lot and barn, situated on Marsh street. Enquire at this office. -118

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We have just received a full stock of Midnight Yarns, Zephyrs, Knitting Silk, and Fancy Furnishing Goods, and

CHESAPEAKE HIGH SCHOOL.

HOLIDAY GOODS.
Give us a call, and we will be glad to show you our stock of goods. At the "Old P. O. Stand." MRS. E. SUTTON, PHOENIX TURNBULL. Chelsea, Nov. 23, 1911.

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Chelsea Market.
FLOUR, 7 cwt. \$3.50
WHEAT, White, 7 bu. 1.25
CORN, 7 bu. .25 @ 30
OATS, 7 bu. .25 @ 30
CLOVER SEED, 7 bu. .50
TIMOTHY SEED, 7 bu. .50
BEANS, 7 bu. .50
POYATORS, 7 bu. .50
APPLES, green, 7 1.15
do red, 7 1.15
HONEY, 7 lb. .20
BUTTER, 7 lb. .20
POULTRY—Chickens, 7 lb 1.10
LARD, 7 lb 1.10
TALLOW, 7 lb .05
HAMS, 7 lb .12
SHOULDERS, 7 lb .08
EGGS, 7 doz. .75
BEEF, live 7 cwt. 3.00 @ 3.50
SHEEP, live 7 cwt. 3.00 @ 3.50
HOGS, live 7 cwt. 3.00 @ 3.50
do dressed 7 cwt. 6.00 @ 6.50
HAY, tame 7 ton. 10.00 @ 15.00
do marsh, 7 ton. 6.00 @ 6.50
SALT, 7 ton. 2.00
WOLF, 7 2.00
CRANBERRIES, 7 2.00

CHESAPEAKE HIGH SCHOOL.

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.

CHESAPEAKE HIGH SCHOOL.

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. We are selling many goods over our counters 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 Velvets, Black and Colored Flannels, in all the new shades.
Black and Colored Cashmeres, Corduroys, Chaddahs, Camel's Hair Cloths, Mornies, Armures, Wool Brocades, Alpaca, Mohairs, and the Novelties in Plaids and Stripes to make up the list.
Waterproofs, All Wool Sackings and Gaitings, Beaver Cloths, Cloakings, Wool Flannels, Cashmeres.
Silk Fringes and Beaded Gimps, Ornaments, Knit Underwear and Hosiery.
Cloaks, Jackets, Vests, Shawls and Skirts, Woolen Blankets.
65 cents is the railroad rate for Chelsea. 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—No Specials—No Credit.
TUOMEY BROS.
The Leaders of Small Profits.
Stores also at Eaton Rapids and Mason. P. S.—Orders for samples will have our best attention. Describe exactly the kind of goods wanted, the color, about how much you wish to order, and we will save you more than if you were here in person.

CHESAPEAKE HIGH SCHOOL.

We present to our readers in this week's issue, in supplement form, the proceedings of the Board of Supervisors. Let all our readers read it carefully over, so that they can see for themselves as to what they are doing.

Chelsea, Nov. 23, 1911.
A Chelsea fire on the 10th inst., destroyed the village and the mill. A little money in some hooks, ladders, axes, buckets, and such like useful articles, in cases of fire, than to have put so much money on the windmill for ornament. The village marshal and the windmill are very ornamental luxuries but there are people who think they cost altogether too much for the good they do.

We agree with the above scribe when he says this town ought to expend a little money in some hooks, ladders, axes, buckets and such like useful articles, in cases of fire—the day may not be far distant, when some large fire may take place—lives and property may be sacrificed all for the want of necessary implements to extinguish it. In regard to the Marshal and windmill being more ornamental than useful, we disagree with him. The Marshal has shown himself to be one of the best and most efficient officers that has held that position for the past ten years. In reference to the windmill and well, it is indispensable—it supplies water for our business houses—it also furnishes water for the dairy houses and cattle. In fact, it is one of the greatest benefits that Chelsea can boast of.

Argus Lyndon Cor: Mr. Young, across whose farm the projected railroad from Jackson to Pontiac is expected to pass, is quite enthusiastic over the prospects of leaving convenient facilities, not only for himself but for his neighbors within a radius of many miles, for shipment of produce. Now, farmers are compelled to draw products to Chelsea, over hills and through mud, a distance in some cases, of 15 miles or upwards. With a depot and storehouse on Mr. Y's farm, midway between Waterloo and Unadilla villages 8 miles apart, fully one-third, if not a greater proportion of products that seek Chelsea for a market, will be provided a purchaser at Young's station offers fair prices, stop there, thereby saving much labor in transportation. This road, whichever route it may take, either through Stockbridge or Lyndon, cannot help but take away a very large portion of business from Chelsea. The latter route would offset it the greater.

While Mr. Orman Clark was at Ann Arbor on Friday, he endeavored to seek out an acquaintance in the evening. He made a misstep, the night being very dark, and plunged off a sidewalk, receiving several slight bruises upon his face.

Two brothers (Baisters) employed by the Grand Trunk railroad, have taken the level of our new railroad. The road will run either through Stockbridge or Lyndon, most likely the latter, because of right of way secured and \$100,000 laid out in grading, and 2 1/2 miles laid out to build between Pincinoy and Jackson, a distance of 30 miles.

The best wheat crop raised in Lyndon this year, was by Lawrence Shanahan, 1,000 bushels from 50 acres.

CANED.

Hon. A. J. Sawyer Caned in his own house, and in the presence of his family.

PARTICULARS OF THE AFFAIR.

Last Friday evening, Nov. 18th, in the storm and darkness, about 7 o'clock p. m., several licks stopped in front of Mr. Sawyer's residence in Ann Arbor, and as he after another of the occupants emerged therefrom, a looker-on might have counted twenty-three persons, carefully and cautiously marshaling themselves in order and under the guidance of a leader, they made a rush for the front door, which, by chance, was left unlocked, and in less than no time they were inside of the house. They were met at the threshold by A. J., but he was so completely taken by surprise, that for a few moments he seemed to think it was a call from some of his neighbors, and even shook hands heartily with each one as they crowded past him. Once inside the house, they seized Mr. Sawyer and proceeded to administer to him a gold-headed cane, which was done in a very neat speech by Mr. O. Thatcher, of Chelsea, and then the whole matter was made plain; these were Sawyer's old friends and neighbors from Chelsea, and this was his 47th birthday. He was so completely surprised, that to say he broke down, would fail to express it. He collapsed, so to speak, and was obliged to leave the room to collect his scattered senses. Mr. Sawyer had been prepared for the "surprise," and consequently was not "surprised," but here was only temporary, for Mrs. Negus turned to her and presented her with a silver coffee cup and saucer, and then the surprise was complete. The company was then served with a bountiful repast, and spent a very enjoyable evening. Congressmen Willets, who happened to be in town, was sent for, and spent the evening with the company. The names of those present from Chelsea, were Orrin Thatcher, Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Crowell, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Negus, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. James Hudler, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Turnbull, Mrs. Libbie Tichenor, and Miss Sawyer. Several others were intending to be present, but were prevented by the storm. The case was a very valuable affair, and was purchased in Detroit, by Glazier & Co. The cup and saucer were of silver, and were purchased at Wood Bros. The case was surprised by Hon. A. J. Sawyer from Chelsea friends, and the engraving was very handsomely done by Frank Corwell, jeweler for Wood Bros.

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No. 35

South Main Street.

W. MANN 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

To the People

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 with 2 columns: Item and Price. \$10 WATCH, 12, 15, 17, 20, 22, 25, 28, 35, 40, 48.

WATCHES OF ALL PRICES!

Best Plated Table Ware!!

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.

ENGRAVING,

REMEMBER!

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

Yours Respectfully,

WOOD BROS.

BY ROSE LYNN.

(Written at the age of thirteen years.)
Wandering o'er the frozen Alps,
The weary travelers go,
Until they reach the mountain's top
Amidst perpetual snow.

Not the deep, white drifts of snow
The holdest eagles fly;
And there, with sweetness and perfume,
The flowers bloom and die.

And there amidst the snow and ice
Which form a scene so grand,
The traveler thinks, with throbbing heart,
Of his home in his native land.

Of grassy fields and mossy woods,
Of laughing, singing streams,
Of swings suspended from the trees
Where he dreamed his boyhood dreams.

He pictured himself a noble man,
Of greatest deeds and fame;
In all his dreams he ne'er forgot
To win an honored name.

But now, alas! his dreams of fame
Are vanished quite away;
He's not a hero as he dreamed,
But a man of the present day.

An Interrupted Wedding.

Uniontown (Ky.) society has been given a shock from which it will take a long while to recover. The about-to-be bride was young, refined, and, as her masculine acquaintance aver, beautiful. The groom had been introduced into the best circle of Uniontown people a few months before and had completely won the confidence of the young woman's parents. He was handsome, scholarly, and of fascinating manners. A week or so ago the friends of the bride met at the church where the ceremony was to be performed, and soon the bride herself entered, with flowing veil and rosy cheeks. The clergyman whose services had been secured for the occasion, eyed the bridegroom closely, and, when the latter drew near, the good man dropped his book as though both amazed and horrified.

"I cannot marry this man," he said, recovering quickly.
"Why not, sir," asked the bride's father, rising in anger from his seat and moving toward the clergyman.
"Because I married this man to another woman at Evansville, Ind., less than a year ago."

Some of the ladies fainted, the bridegroom-elect gesticulated violent protestations, and the wedding party collapsed. Investigation showed that the charge was well founded.

Romance in Real Life.

A Romance in real life is the talk of the gossips in a town near Pittsburgh, Pa. Seven years ago a young man, named George Arthur Brebb, landed in New York from Liverpool. He was the son of the superintendent of one of London's public libraries, who was also a large stockholder in the Queen's Theatre, London. At home young Brebb had lived a quiet life, which brought about a quarrel between him and his father, and he determined to emigrate. In New York Brebb fell in with fast friends and soon his small sum was exhausted. Having no trade, Brebb started out with a gang of tramps, and for five years roamed from state to state, dirty and ragged. In April, 1879, he was, with dirty companions hanging around Cadiz, Harrison County, O. One Sunday, John H. Fair, a small farmer and coal operator, with his family was out walking, and as the roads were muddy they took the railroad track. After walking some distance they came upon young Brebb and his gang, huddled around a fire. Mr. Fair got into conversation with the men, and Mrs. Fair noticed Brebb's speech that he was a native of her own country. Mr. and Mrs. Fair asked Brebb to cut loose from his companions and stay with them. This Brebb agreed to do, and next day he was put to work. Shortly after Brebb became one of the Fair household, a widowed sister of Mrs. Fair came over from England to make her home with the Fairs. She was told the story of Brebb, and Brebb and Mrs. Tweedie soon grew to be very warm friends. Friendship in time ripened into love, and ere many months passed by Mrs. Tweedie consented to marry Brebb, although she knew nothing as to who he really was, and only knew of his life in this country from his own account. He was a redeemed tramp, and that was all. The ceremony was performed in December of that year, after which matters went along as usual for several months. Finally, Brebb concluded he would write home and let his people know of his whereabouts and situation. After a lapse of a short time he received an answer stating that his father had died two years ago, and that in his will he had left his wayward son \$10,000. Brebb

then disclosed his identity to his wife and relatives, and soon after left with his wife for London, where, from a letter received only they arrived in due time and had immediately received the inheritance of about \$50,000.

The Jeannette Search.

Commander Perry, of the United States steamship Rodgers, exploring the northern seas in search of the Jeannette and other missing vessels, reports to the navy department under date of Sept. 27, latitude 71 deg. 55 min., longitude 175 deg. 10 min. He refers to a previous report giving an account of the partial exploration of Herald island, sent by the white bark Coral, but which has not reached the department. He says he attempted to examine the remainder of the island, but the boat sent could not effect a landing at the eastern end. He found it impossible to go further north this winter as it is difficult to conjecture in what direction the Jeannette drifted after becoming fast in the ice. He proposes next going to the coast of Siberia and following it west, looking there for tidings of missing vessels, and find a suitable harbor from which to send out sledges parties to succor any who may reach the coast. Failing to find a harbor he proposes to leave a party with provisions for one year, and proceed to winter in St. Lawrence Bay and send parties from there also. In the spring he will proceed to Plover bay, fill up with coal and renew the search. From what Commander Perry said in this report and from the dispatches received, it is inferred that the report sent by him by the whaling bark Coral, last month, gives details of a trip around Wrangell island, which he found to be only an island and a very small one at that. He sends with the communication received to-day a small map of Wrangell island, the first information received of its actual shape. The map shows the island to be in form a parallelogram, the corners rounded, the northwest portion being strongly indented. In length the island is about 60 miles from east to west, and in width about 20 miles. On its northern coast two mountains or elevations of considerable height are marked. This is the first information received by the department that Wrangell island, formerly supposed to be part of the main land, is really an island. The delayed report of the trip around the island is looked for with much interest.

Commander Perry credits the report that a vessel drifted to the coast of Siberia last November, and believes it to have been the Vigilant. She is described by whalers as having deer horns on her flying jib-boom, her masts cut away and hanging over the sides, and dead bodies within her. She again drifted out to sea. Some small articles taken from her have been recognized as belonging to the Vigilant.

A Frightful Fall.

A young man named J. M. Zern, who has been prospecting and contracting around Ashcroft for some time past, had, in connection with another man a contract to run in a tunnel on a claim very near the summit of slate mountain. The claim is known as the Shamokin lode. They had nearly completed the contract and Zern was making his preparations to get out of the country for the winter. The trail leading from the cabin occupied by the two contractors to the claim winds its sinuous and perilous way along the steep slope of slate mountain, frequently zigzagging to avoid the ledges and ease the grade. But there is one piece far up toward the summit, where the slope is almost perpendicular for quite a distance, and under the best condition about 18 inches wide, is cut out of the mountain side, and it would make a tenderfoot's hair stand on end to look down. There has been a crust of snow several inches thick on and near the summit of slate mountain for a week or more past, and the cold nights have frozen this snow where it has been pressed down along the trail until it is as slippery as glass. The passage along the trail at the steep part mentioned above is a fearful one these days, and a misstep along the treacherous pathway on frozen snow will send a man down to bloody and inevitable death. Last Wednesday morning Zern and his partner were proceeding along the trail to the Shamokin lode, and at the dangerous and precipitous spot referred to Zern missed his footing. The misstep carried his body off the trail, and in an instant the doomed miner was whirling down the snowy slope, wildly grasping at the air and attempting in vain to secure some foothold on the frozen ground. His horror-stricken partner, utterly unable to render him any assistance, stood gazing at the terrible sight with emotions past description. Down, down the poor fellow went, and when his bruised and bloody frame reached the bottom it was 1,800 feet from where it started, and bore but little semblance to its original self. Zern's partner hastened down the trail for help, and when that had been secured the party were compelled to follow a long and toilsome course to reach the body. It was a ghastly-looking corpse they found crushed and beaten out of human shape, and strong men shuddered as they looked upon it. It was carried to Ashcroft and there buried. Zern was very popular in the camp—a bright, earnest young miner, and his terrible death is greatly mourned

It is not known what part of the east he was from.—Leadville Democrat

THIRTY TONS OF BONES.—Thirty tons of human bones have just been landed at Bristol from Turkey. Picked up in the immediate neighborhood of Eryva, scattered thence to Rodosto, they now go to enrich English soil. To those who do not give to such a matter much consideration, it may be well to mention that thirty tons of bones mean the skeletons of thirty thousand men. They do not include, probably, many stones or pieces of wood, but in all likelihood are the actual bones of the gallant men who from the inside and outside of the wonderful earthworks which Osman Pasha made fought as hard as they could for the nations to which they belonged. The battles of September, 1877, alone contributed nearly all this number of skeletons; but there were other terrible fights in July and August, and again when the place surrendered. Each contest furnished its quota of bones, and of these a large proportion now comes to England. It is appalling to think what was the actual loss of human life in the space between the Danube and the Egean. But one thing is certain; the thirty tons of skeletons just landed at Bristol do not at all adequately represent the slaughter that took place.

Abraham Holt, aged 11, of Sarnia township, was attacked by a wildcat while roaming in the woods a few days ago, but with the aid of a faithful dog and a good club succeeded in killing it. The animal was 30 inches in length.

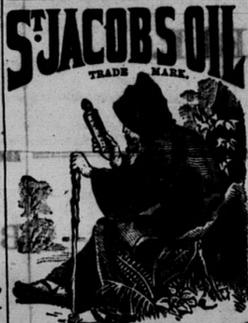
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