

# THE CHELSEA HERALD.

A. ALLISON, Editor and Proprietor.

"OF THE PEOPLE AND FOR THE PEOPLE."

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM.

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CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1881.

NO. 15.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY

**OLIVE LODGE, NO. 150, F. & A. M.**, will meet at Masonic Hall in regular communication on Tuesday evenings, on a preceding each 11 o'clock. Thos. E. Wood, Sec'y.

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

**WASHTENAW ENCAMPMENT, NO. 1, 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.

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

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

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

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## Selected Poetry.

### THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

I count my treasures o'er with care—  
The little toy that baby knew,  
The little sock of faded hue,  
The little lock of golden hair.

Long years ago this Christmas time,  
My little one—my all to me—  
Sat robed in white upon my knee  
And heard the merry Christmas chime.

"Tell me, my little goldenhead,  
If Santa Claus should come to-night  
What shall he leave my baby bright,  
What treasure for my boy?" I said.

And then he named the little toy,  
While in his round and mournful eyes  
There came a look of glad surprise  
That spoke his trustful, quiet joy.

And as he hoped his evening prayer,  
He asked the boon with childish grace,  
And toddled to the chimney place  
And hung his little stocking there.

That night as length'ning shadows crept,  
I saw the white-winged angels come  
With heavenly music to our home  
And kiss my darling as he slept.

They must have heard his baby prayer,  
For in the morn with anxious face  
He toddled to the chimney place  
And found the little treasure there.

They came again one Christmas tide—  
That angel host, so fair and white,  
And singing all the Christmas night,  
They lured my darling from my side.

A little sock—a little toy—  
A little lock of golden hair—  
The Christmas music on the air—  
A watching for my baby boy

And if again that angel train,  
And golden head come back for me,  
To bear me to eternity,  
My watching will not be in vain.

## THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD.

### CHAPTER VI.

"In my private opinion, it certainly is," was the reply; "though he carries it off with a high hand. I suppose, colonel, you still wish the bracelet to be searched for?"

"Search in and out and high and low; search everywhere. The rascal! to dare even to enter my house in secret!"

"May I inquire if the previous breach, with your nephew, had to do with money affairs?"

"No," said the colonel, turning more crusty at the thoughts called up. "I fixed upon a wife for him, and he wouldn't have her; so I turned him out of doors and stopped his allowance."

"Oh," was the only comment of the officer.

It was in the following week, and Saturday night, Thomas, without his hat, was standing at Col. Hope's door, chatting to an acquaintance, when he perceived Gerard come tearing up the street. Thomas's friend backed against the rails, and Thomas himself stood with the door in his hand, ready to touch his hair to Mr. Gerard as he passed. Instead of passing, however, Gerard cleared the steps at a bound, pulled Thomas with himself inside, shut the door, and double-locked it.

Thomas was surprised in all ways. Not only at Mr. Hope's coming in at all, for the colonel had again forbidden the house to him, and the servants to admit him, but at the suddenness and strangeness of the action.

"Cleverly done," quoth Gerard, when he could get his breath. "I saw a shark after me, Thomas, and had to make a bolt for it. Your having been at the door saved me."

Thomas turned pale.

"Mr. Gerard, you have locked it, and I'll put up the chain, if you order me, but I'm afraid it's going agin the law to keep out no detectives by force of arms."

"What's the man's head running on now?" returned Gerard. "There are no detectives after me; it was only a seedy sheriff's officer. Pshaw! Thomas! there's no worse crime attaching to me than a slight suspicion of debt."

"I'm sure I trust not, sir; only master will have his own way."  
"Is he at home?"

"He's gone to the opera with my lady. The young ladies are up-stairs alone. Miss Seaton has been ill, sir, ever since the bother, and Lady Frances is staying at home with her."

"I'll go up and see them. If they are at the opera, we shall be snug and safe."

"Oo, Mr. Gerard, had you better go up, do you think?" the man ventured to say. "If the colonel should come to hear of it—"

"How can he? You are not going to tell him, and I am sure they will not. Besides, there's no help for it; I can't go out again for hours. And, Thomas, if any demon should knock and ask for me, I am gone to an evening party up at Putney; went out, you know, by the side door."

Thomas watched him run up the stairs, and shook his head. "One can't help liking him, with it all; though where could the bracelet have gone to, if he did not take it?"

The drawing-rooms were empty, and Gerard made his way to a small room that Lady Sarah called her "boudoir." There they were; Alice buried in the pillows of an invalid chair, and Lady Frances careering about the room, apparently practising some new dancing step. She did not see him; Gerard danced up to her, and took her hand, and joined in it.

"Oh," she cried, with a little cream of surprise, "you! Well, I have stayed at home to some purpose. But how could you think of venturing within these sacred and forbidden walls? Do you forget that the colonel threatens us with the terrors of the law, if we suffer it? You are a bold man, Gerard."

"When the cat's away, the mice can play," cried Gerard, treating them to a pas seul.

"Mr. Hope," remonstrated Alice, lifting her feeble voice, "how can you indulge these spirits while things are so miserable?"

"Sighing and groaning won't make them light," he answered, sitting down on a sofa near to Alice. "Here's a seat for you, Fanny; come along," he added, pulling Frances to his side. "First and foremost, has anything come to light about that mysterious bracelet?"

"Not yet," sighed Alice. "But I have no rest; I am in hourly fear of it."

"Fear!" uttered Gerard in astonishment. Alice winced, and leaned her head upon her hand; she spoke in a low tone.

"You must understand what I mean, Mr. Hope. The affair has been productive of so much pain and annoyance to me, that I wish it could be ignored forever."

"Though it left me under a cloud," said Gerard. "You must pardon me if I cannot agree with you. My constant hope is that it may all come to daylight; I assure you I have specially mentioned it in my prayers."

"Pray don't, Mr. Hope!" reproved Alice.

"I'm sure I have cause to mention it, for it is sending me into exile; that and other things."

"It is the guilty only who flee, not the innocent," said Frances. "You don't mean what you say, Gerard."

"Don't I! There's a certain boat advertised to steam from London bridge wharf to-morrow, wind and weather permitting, and it steams me with it. I am compelled to fly my country."

"Be serious, and say what you mean."

"Seriously, then, I am over head and ears in debt. You know my uncle stopped my allowance in the spring, and sent me—metaphorically—to the dogs. It got wind; ill news always does; I had a few liabilities, and they have all come down upon me. But for this confounded bracelet affair, there's no doubt the colonel would have settled them; rather than let the name of Hope be doubtfully bandied by the public, he would have expended his ire in growls and

then gone and done it. But that is over now; and I go to take up my abode in some renowned colony for desolate English, beyond the pale of English lock-ups. Boulogne, or Calais, or Dieppe, or Brussels; I shall see; and there I may be kept for years."

Neither of the young ladies answered immediately; they say the facts were serious, and that Gerard was only making light of it before them.

"How shall you live?" questioned Alice. "You must live there as well as here; you cannot starve."

"I shall just escape the starving. I have got a trifle, enough to swear by, and keep me on potatoes and salt. Don't you envy me my prospects?"

"When do you suppose you may return?" inquired Lady Frances.

"I know no more than you, Fanny. I have no expectations but from the colonel. Should he never relent, I am caged there for good."

"I am sorry things go so cross just now, with you, Gerard, whispered Lady Frances. "You will be very dull, over there."

"Ay; fit to hang myself, if you knew all. And the bracelet may turn up, and Lady Sarah be sporting it on her arm again, and I never know that the cloud is off me. No chance that any of you will be at the trouble of writing to a fellow."

"I will," said Lady Frances. "Whether the bracelet turns up, or not, I will write you sometimes, if you like, Gerard, and give you all the news."

"You are a good girl, Fanny," returned he, in a brighter accent, "and I will send you my address as soon as I have got one. You are not to turn proud, mind, and be off the bargain, if you find its an cinquieme."

Frances laughed. "Take care of yourself, Gerard."

So Gerard Hope got clear off into exile. Did he pay his expenses with the proceeds of the diamond bracelet?

### CHAPTER VII.

#### THE BRACELET FOUND.

The stately rooms of one of the finest houses in London were open for the reception of evening guests. Wax-lights, looking innumerable, when reflected from the mirrors, shed their rays on the gilded decorations, on the fine paintings, and on the gorgeous dresses of the ladies; the enlivening strains of the band invited to the dance, and the rare exotics emitted a sweet perfume. It was the west-end residence of a famed and wealthy city merchant of lofty standing; his young wife was an earl's daughter, and the admission to the house of Mr. and Lady Adela Netherleigh was coveted by the gay world.

"There's a mishap!" almost screamed a pretty-looking girl. She had dropped her handkerchief and stopped for it, and her partner stopped also; in his hurry, he put his foot upon her thin white dress, she rose at the same moment, and the bottom of the skirt was torn half off.

"Quite impossible that I can finish the quadrille," quoth she to him, half in amusement, half provoked at the misfortune. You must find another partner, and I will go and get this repaired."

She went up stairs; by some neglect, the lady's-maid was not in attendance there, and, too impatient to ring and wait for her, down she flew to the house-keeper's parlor. She was quite at home in the house, for she was the sister of its mistress. She had gathered the damaged dress up, on her arm, but her white silk skirt fell in rich folds around her.

"Just look what an object that stupid—"

And there stopped the young lady; for instead of the house-keeper and lady's-maid, whom she expected to meet, nobody was in the room but a gentleman, a tall, handsome man. She looked thunderstruck and then slowly advanced and stared at him as if not believing her own eyes.

"My goodness, Gerard! Well, I should just as soon have expected to meet the dead here."

"How are you, Lady Frances?" he said, holding out his hand with benediction.

"Lady Frances! I am much obliged to you for your formality! Lady Frances return her thanks to Mr. Hope for his polite inquiries," continued she, in a tone of pique, and honoring him with a swimming courtesy of ceremony.

He caught her hand. "Forgive me, Fanny, but our positions are altered; at least, mine is; and how did I know that you were not?"

"You are an ungrateful—raven," cried she, "to croak like that. After getting me to write you no end of letters, with all the news about everybody, and beginning 'My dear Gerard,' and ending 'Your affectionate Fanny,' and being as good to you as a sister, you meet me with 'My Lady Frances!' Now don't squeeze my hand to atoms. What on earth have you come to England for?"

"I could not stop there," he returned, with emotion; "I was fretting away my heart-strings. So I took my resolution and came back—guess in what way, Frances; and what to do."

"How should I know? To call me 'Lady Frances,' perhaps."

"As a clerk; a clerk to earn my bread. That's what I am now. Very consistent, is it not, for one in my position to address familiarly Lady Frances Chenevix?"

"You never spoke a grain of sense in your life, Gerard," she exclaimed, peevishly. "What do you mean?"

"Yes; look at the sight they have made me," replied she, shaking down dress for his benefit. "I am waiting for some one to mend it for me; I suppose Mr. Hope's presence has frightened them away. Won't mamma be in a rage when she sees it, for it was new to-night?"

Gerard Hope shook hands with Lady Frances; and Mr. Netherleigh, who had a word of direction to give him, walked with him into the hall. As they stood there, who should enter but Colonel Hope, Gerard's uncle. He started back when he saw Gerard.

"C—ca—can I believe my senses?" stammered he. "Mr. Netherleigh, is he one of your guests?"

"He is here on business," was the merchant's reply. "Pass on colonel!"

"No, sir, I will not pass on," cried the enraged colonel, who had not rightly caught the word business. "Or if I do pass on, it will only be to warn your guests to take care of their jewelry. So, sir," he added, turning on his nephew, "you can come back, can you, when the proceeds of your theft are spent! you have been starrin' it in Calais, I hear; how long did the bracelet last you to live upon?"

"Sir," answered Gerard, with a pale face, "it has been starvin', rather than starrin'. I asserted my innocence at the time Colonel Hope, and repeat it now."

"Innocence?" ironically repeated the colonel, turning to all sides of the hall, as if he took delight in parading the details of the unfortunate past. "A little wholesome correction at the penitentiary might have made an honest man of you. Good-night, Mr. Netherleigh; if you encourage him in your house, you don't have me."

Lady Frances Chenevix, her dress all right again, at least to appearance, was sitting to get her breath, after a whirling waltz. Next to her sat a lady who had also been whirling; Frances did not know her.

"You are quite exhausted; we kept it up too long," said the cavalier in attendance on the stranger—"What can I get you?"

"My fan; there it is. Thank you. Nothing else."

"What an old creature to dance herself down!" thought Frances. "She's forty, if she's a day."

The lady opened her fan, and proceeded to use it, the diamonds of her rich bracelet gleamed right in the eyes of Frances Chenevix. Frances looked at it, and stared; she strained her eyes and looked at it again; she bent nearer to it, and became agitated with emotion. If her recollection did not play her false, that was the lost bracelet.

She discerned her sister, Lady Adela Netherleigh, and glided up to her.

"Adela, who is that lady?" she asked, pointing to the stranger.

"I don't know who she is," replied Lady Adela, carelessly. "I did not catch the name. They came with the Cadogans."

"The idea of your having people in your house that you don't know!" indignantly spoke Frances, who was working herself into a fever—"Where is Sarah? do you know that?"

"In the card-room, glued to the whist-table."

Lady Sarah, however, had unglued herself, for Frances only turned from Lady Adela to encounter her.

"I do believe your lost bracelet is in the room," she whispered in agitation; "I think I have seen it."

"Impossible!" responded Lady Sarah Hope.

"It looks exactly the same; gold links interspersed with diamonds; and the clasp is the same; three stars. A tall, ugly woman has got it on, her black hair strained off the her face."

"The hair strained off the face is enough to make any woman look ugly," remarked Lady Sarah—"Where is she?"

"There; she is standing up now; let us get close to her. Her dress is that beautiful maize color with blonde lace."

Lady Sarah Hope drew near, and

obtained a sight of the bracelet. The color flew into her face.

"It is mine, Fanny," she whispered.

(To be Continued.)

## STATE NEWS.

They think they have a magnetic well at Brighton.

Four Herdion coaches are now driven about the streets of Jackson.

Two boys at Niles were recently fined \$10 each for being drunk on the street. They began early in that city.

Among Niles' other recent booms there looms up a chair factory that will give employment to about 100 men.

John R. Martin, who was murdered near Rio Grande, Texas, Dec. 1, while collecting taxes, was a son of Rev. John Martin, of Ovid.

At Monroe Friday a load of wood and a team of runaway horses conspired to break Charles Cherrline's left leg in two places.

A company of Jackson youths have organized themselves into a society for the pursuit of scientific study. The scheme does them credit.

Fred. Burleigh, the notorious Grand Rapids three card monte and confidence operator, has been released from prison on a legal flaw in the proceedings.

The eight saw mills of Spring Lake have this season cut 120,000,000 feet of lumber. Of this 100,000,000 feet has been shipped. 10,000,000 is still on hand, and 10,000,000 was recently burned.

In the case of *Batterson vs. the Chicago & Grand Trunk Railroad* company a verdict of \$5,000 has been rendered in favor of the plaintiff. Batterson was a brakeman injured while in the discharge of his duty. The case was tried in Ingham county.

Three young men of Tecumseh have been arrested for creating a disturbance in the vestibule of a church, and now the trustees of the village are to be asked to provide an ordinance forbidding young men to hang about the church doors waiting for their girls to come out.

The census reports show that Michigan stands second as an iron producing state in a list of 23 states where iron is mined. The figures for 1880 show that the mines of this state produced 1,334,712 tons of ore, Pennsylvania leading with 2,185,675 tons. New York was third, with 1,262,127 tons. Pennsylvania and Michigan yield over half the entire product of the Union.

The Ann Arbor Democrat flatly accuses some of the officers of that city of arresting and imprisoning innocent and by no means vicious persons on the pretense that they are vagrants, the real point being that the officers can get certain fees by running in these defenceless victims. Specific cases are mentioned, and the whole respectable business seems to be one in which the officers are in cahoots with others to rob the county.

Henry Bleck a nine-year-old boy whose parents live at 506 Watson street Detroit, attempted to catch a ride on a Lake Shore train near the South street crossing on Saturday, and was instantly killed, the wheels crushing his head and shoulders in a frightful manner. Young Bleck had just returned from school, and was sent by his mother on an errand to a grocery. His dreadful fate should be a warning to reckless boys in the neighborhood who are in the habit of catching on trains.

A few years ago Col. Copeland, the lecturer, who is a Berrien county man, or at least is well known down there, was persistently accused in certain Berrien newspapers of being in various respects a very naughty man. Now comes an announcement from Ann Arbor that he was not allowed to lecture at University hall because Regent Van Riper (who hails from Berrien county) has made certain charges against his moral character. It is truly refreshing to see how virtuous the university people are getting to be of late.

George W. Hathaway, the engineer of the steam fire engine "City of Goldwater," who was arrested Friday for complicity with Hemingway who is accused of firing various places in this city, has just finished making a startling confession before Judge Shipman. He confesses the incendiarism and implicates three other parties, all of whom were members of the fire department. He says they not only fired armory hall, but also Selye's hall, E. R. Clark's oil warehouse and the old Bulster house. Hathaway says his part of the business was to furnish the box and material for kindling the fires. He has been released on \$1,000 bonds to await sentence. It is perhaps needless to say that the great excitement brewed here over the revelations made by the officers and the confession of Hathaway.

Legal Printing.—Persons having legal advertising to do, should remember that it is not necessary that it should be published at the county seat—any paper published in the county will answer. In all matters transpiring in this vicinity, the interest of the advertisers will be better served by having notices published in their home paper, than to take them to a paper that is not as generally read in their vicinity, besides it is the duty of every one to support home institutions as much as possible.

To Correspondents.—Correspondents will please write on one side of the paper only. No communication will be published unless accompanied with the real name and address of the author, which we require, not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. All communications should be addressed to "THE HERALD," Chelsea, Washington Co., Mich.

### The Chelsea Herald.

CHELSEA, DEC. 15, 1881.

#### Salem Witchcraft.

New York Observer: The trials and executions for witchcraft have excited some discussion of late. By permission of the author, we make an extract on this subject, from the forthcoming "History of the American People," by Prof. J. H. Patton of this city. Much has been said and written, more or less justly, in condemnation of these strange proceedings; however, from this time forth the belief in witchcraft began to wane in New England, and the civil authorities noticed it no more. In justice to the misguided actors in this sad tragedy it ought to be remembered that for half a century afterward, the law of the mother country, as it always had done, still made witchcraft a capital crime; and within thirty years after these terrible scenes in Salem, persons accused of witchcraft were condemned and put to death, both in England and in Scotland; in the former a mother and her daughter—nine years old—perished together on the same scaffold; in the latter, six years after an old woman was burned as a witch; and even Blackstone, when writing on the laws of England in the latter half of the eighteenth century, deems witchcraft a crime.

No one of these persons of Salem suffered by that barbarous form of execution—burning; nor were they put to the rack and torture. What a tribute it is to the integrity of these twenty victims that they refused to stain their souls with the crime of falsehood, "and went to the gallows rather than soil their consciences by the lie of confession." For if they confessed themselves to be witches, "and promised blameless lives for the future, they were uniformly pardoned."

The seven magistrates composing this illegal court held at Salem were evidently sincere in the performance of their official duties, yet the sternness of Stoughton, the chief judge, seems to savor of fanaticism, as shown in his permitting the trials to be hurried through without proper deliberation; had they been postponed to the regular meeting of the General Court, some months distant, the issue no doubt, would have been far different. The magistrates in Plymouth Colony were more enlightened, for when, many years previous to this time, two persecutions for witchcraft having been brought before them, the accused were declared not guilty.

Notwithstanding this mistaken zeal in punishing imaginary crime, it is but justice to notice that the penal laws enacted by the Puritans of New England were in their human characteristics far in advance of those of the same period in Europe, especially in England, with which the comparison may be more properly made. Even down to 1819 there were in England two hundred and twenty-three offences punishable with death, while in the very first formation of the government in the colonies of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Haven, the crimes punished capitally were limited to seventeen, and some of these with express reservations, "leaving the execution of the supreme penalty to the discretion of the court."

"Larceny above the value of twelve pence was a capital crime in England;" also, "to kill a deer in the king's forest, or to export sheep from the kingdom." It is but just to compare the laws enacted in these colonies with the contemporary ones in the Motherland, and not with those of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. The marvel is that, coming from a century where such barbarous laws were in force, the colonists had the moral power to rise above the prejudices and brutalities of the age, and frame penal laws so much more humane. It may serve as an explanation that the Puritans of New

England fell back upon the code of Moses as a model, deeming that to be an embodiment of the law of God for his people; sometimes forgetting, however, that these laws did not fully apply in the seventeenth century of the Christian era. In the recognition of human rights these colonial lawmakers were far in advance of the contemporary legislators of Europe.

#### Canada's Mounted Police.

The special correspondent of the London Times, who made the Northwest tour with Lord Lorne, praises up the mounted police, of whom (he says) it would be difficult to speak too highly. Lord Lorne, always very keen in military matters since the days when he himself worked *con amore* in a volunteer artillery corps, and for an amateur, therefore, an unusually good judge, pronounced them "as fine a troop as he ever saw." They are ludicrously underhanded for the ground they have to cover, and the number of Indians, and white men, often more unmanageable than Indians, whom they are expected to keep in order. They are 300, and the Indians may be counted by tens of thousands. Yet, if a crime be committed out on the prairie, a handful of mounted police seize the criminal, a chief it may be, surrounded by his tribe, and carry him off to the nearest fort as coolly as a policeman would take up a pickpocket in Cheapside. Not long ago some Cree chiefs, considering themselves aggrieved by the Government, seized upon some Government cattle passing through their territory, killing and eating three. Colonel Herghimer and six of his men happened to come to the place almost the same day. They at once summoned the chiefs to surrender. The chiefs refused, armed themselves and their immediate followers, and as the police approached, fired a volley over, but pretty near, their heads, to intimidate them. Had the fire been returned the police, far outnumbered, would probably have been slain to a man; but, calmly relying on the majesty of the law, they walked under the bullets right into the Indian camp, handcuffed three chiefs and carried them off, amid loud protestations and threats, but no actual violence. A still more striking case occurred quite recently among the Blackfeet. One of the mounted police was murdered, shot in the back—by a young Blackfoot Indian, whose father had, or thought he had, a grievance against the government, and on his death-bed bequeathed the legacy of vengeance to his son. The murderer at first escaped over the American frontier, but, coming back, was taken by a small body of police from the very midst of his tribe, to whom he appealed in vain, though they knew enough of English customs to know that he was being carried to death. He is now in Fort MacLeod, to which we are on our way, and though his execution is a certainty, and the Blackfeet, many of them armed with Winchester, are quite numerous and powerful enough to avenge—as they might have rescued—him, indeed, powerful enough to raise war, not the slightest apprehension is felt of their making any serious difficulty, or the governor general, I need scarcely say, would not be allowed to go among them, except under the strongest protests from those responsible for his safety. The Indians know well that nothing more than strict justice has been or will be done. What is perhaps still more curious than their submitting to the control of the police rather than resist it by force is that they voluntarily make use of it themselves. If an Indian nowadays has his horse stolen, instead of going at once on the war-path, and trying to recover it himself, together with the thief's scalp, he appeals to the police and expects them to recover it, which they usually do.

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#### Murder and Suicide.

**GOLDWATER MICH., Dec. 13.—A** terrible double tragedy of domestic nature occurred here last night resulting in the death of two persons, a man and his wife. The facts are as follows: Mrs. Nettie Wheeler, better known as "Net Davis," proprietress of a house of ill-fame in this city, or rather just outside the city limits, was entertaining some visitors at her house about 1 o'clock this morning, the company being assembled in the parlor of the house. Her husband called her out into the kitchen and immediately shot her, the bullet penetrating the left breast. She succeeded in reaching the parlor again after the shot and then fell dead. After shooting her the murderer shot himself in the left breast, and this wound in his body walked into the parlor, than returned to the kitchen and finished his dreadful work by putting two more bullets into his body in nearly the same spot pierced by the first shot, and then fell dead.

To say that the affair causes great excitement but feebly expresses the state of feeling here. A coroner's jury is now holding an inquest on the bodies.

#### LATER—THE CAUSE.

The cause of the killing seems to have been jealousy. Mrs. Wheeler and her girls were entertaining her company with songs of a vulgar character, and Wheeler, not liking it, called her out into the kitchen and said, "I don't like to have you sing those songs," to which she replied, "I won't if you don't want me to," when he immediately shot her. She walked into the sitting room and threw up her hands, exclaiming, "Oh, Frank," and fell expiring immediately. There had been no trouble between the parties during the evening.

**OVERFEEDING WITH HAY.**—Now that cows are going into winter quarters, a hint about feeding hay may not be out of place. We often hear dairymen talk as if the height of skill in taking care of cows in the winter was to get all the hay down that it is possible to cram into them. "I give my cows all the good hay I can get them to eat," is the boastful remark often heard from a spirited and aspiring dairyman, though in doing so he is wasting good provender, without promoting the best welfare of his animals. It is a good thing to feed cows well and to be sure that they have food enough to sustain them fully, but it is neither wise nor economical to crowd them with a great bulk of hay of any quality. It is not wise to crowd any animal with a great bulk of coarse food. Cows should have no more hay than they have time to re-masticate, and if this is not enough for their necessities they should have some easy-digesting concentrated food along with it. The quantity of hay given should never exceed what they will eat up clean, and twice a day is often enough to give time for properly ruminating.—Live Stock Journal.

The water in the Hudson River has been salt this fall as far north as Kingston. The drought is supposed to cause the unusual occurrence. Newburg is generally the dividing line between salt and fresh water.

The forests of Delaware and Sullivan counties, N. Y., are fast being stripped to furnish fuel to the acid factories, each of which consumes from 3,000 to 5,000 cords of four-foot wood annually.

#### Chelsea Village.

**NOTICE.** It is hereby given, that by order of the village board, sealed proposals will be received at the office of the Village Clerk, until December 16, 1881, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the grading, constructing and laying of sidewalks on certain parts of Main street, Middle street, and East street, which have not been laid as required by Special Ordinance No. One, in front of certain property owned by the following persons: Timothy McKone, Thos. McNamara, Wm. Yocum, Mrs. Griffin and Martin McKone. Specifications and particular can be seen at the Clerk's office. Dated December 5, 1881. GILBERT GAY, Clerk.

#### Important to Travelers.

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

#### Enclosed Letters.

LIST of Letters remaining in the Post Office, at Chelsea, Dec. 1st, 1881: Alekinder, Sarah; Ciseo, James F.; Durand, Mr. Charles; Franciso, Mr. James F.; Halsh, Martin; Krueger, Mr. Charles; Kinross, Mr. James; Lohy, Mr. Jolly; Olson, Mr. Albert; Rollo & Hiltchek. Persons calling for any of the above letters, please say "advertised." Geo. J. CHOWELL, P. M.

#### GENERAL NEWS.

Pork houses of Rose Bros. burned at St. Louis; loss \$80,000. Chung Iseo Ju, the new Chinese minister, arrived at San Francisco yesterday. A strong effort will be made at the present session of congress for a new bankrupt law.

D. M. Osborne & Co.'s reaper storehouse burned at Chicago, involving a loss of over \$300,000. Postmaster General James will retire January 1 to take the presidency of the Lincoln national bank, New York. Striking coal miners at Belleville, Ill., ask for arbitration by a committee of business men not concerned in the coal trade.

Graff, Bennett & Co.'s rolling mill burned near Pittsburgh, Pa. The loss will be \$300,000 and 1,000 men are thrown out of work. The loss to the Wabash by the falling of the Missouri river bridge at St. Charles is over \$120,000. Official investigation began Wednesday.

Lacy Fowler, cook at the White House, has sued Steward Crump for \$10,000 damages for alleging that she systematically robbed the pantry. It is reported that Mr. Scoville will endeavor to get some facts in regard to Giteau, that are inadmissible in court, before the public by means of a lecture this week.

Ellsworth Craininger ravished the person of Miss Gertrude Dyker, aged 20, at New Brunswick, N. J., on Saturday afternoon. He was shot dead before night by the girl's brother.

The wife of August Fisher, Millwaukee, killed her husband with an ax because she saw in the papers an announcement of the same name. Gov. St. John, of Kansas, has issued a proclamation offering heavy rewards for liquor sellers in the large cities of the state. He says prohibition is as well enforced as any law in Kansas.

F. Stone & Co., wholesale grocers, Indianapolis, overhauled their building with goods and it collapsed Sunday while proprietors and clerks were at church. Loss heavy, the building being entirely ruined and goods greatly damaged.

An old lady named Winchester, living near Kinsbury, Tenn., was beaten to death by eight young men, and her granddaughters were horribly outraged by the villains. The house was burned to the ground. None of the demons were captured.

Johannes Renkes, a wealthy farmer of Johnston, Mich., was thrown from his wagon as he was returning home from Hastings on Saturday evening, and the wheels passed over him, crushing his ribs in upon his lungs from which he died in 20 minutes. He was intoxicated at the time.

Hon. Henry S. Smith, ex-mayor of Grand Rapids, and greenback candidate for governor in 1880, died Sunday night, aged 61 years. All the flags in the city are at half-mast, and there is a general feeling of sorrow. His remains will be taken to Onondaga county, New York, for burial.

Kate Cahill, of New York aged 13 years, was on Sunday discovered to be dangerously ill. Investigation showed that on the 13th of November she accepted an invitation from her uncle, Patrick Kehoe, to visit her mother's grave in Greenwood cemetery, and that after visiting the grave he took her to a lonely part of the cemetery, under the pretense of picking chestnuts, where he outraged her. The girl has been rapidly falling ever since her uncle having threatened to kill her if she divulged what had occurred. The discovery was made by the family physician.

Emory A. Storrs, the well-known criminal lawyer of Chicago, has returned from Washington. Speaking of the Guiteau case, in which he testified, he says: "looking at the case in its present stage I think Guiteau will be convicted. Nothing has so far appeared in the case to indicate that he didn't at the time of the assassination, before if, and during all the time since then, fully comprehend the difference between right and wrong, and the consequences of the act he committed. I am assured that the evidence for the government will be simply overwhelming against the plea of insanity, as will leave a vestige of that defence."

#### Sheriff's Sale.

**NOTICE** is hereby given, that by virtue of a writ of *Fieri Facias* issued out of the Circuit Court for the County of Washington, in favor of Frederica Bush, against the goods and chattels and real estate of Mortimer W. Bush, in said county, to me directed and delivered, I did on the 11th (eleventh) day of November, A. D. 1881, levy upon and take all the right, title and interest, of the said Mortimer W. Bush, in and to the following described real estate—that is to say, all that certain piece of parcel of land situated in the village of Chelsea, County of Washington, and State of Michigan, known and described as follows: Lot number fifteen (15) in block number seventeen (17) according to Eliza Congdon's third addition to the plat of the village of Chelsea, County of Washington, State of Michigan, all of which I shall expose for sale at public auction or vendue to the highest bidder at the north front door of the Court House in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county, on the 11th day of February, A. D. 1882, next at seven o'clock in the forenoon of that day. Dated the Thirteenth day of December, A. D. 1881. EDWIN W. WALLACE, Sheriff.

#### Sawyer & Knowlton, Plaintiffs' Attorneys.

FOR SALE CHEAP—House, Barn and four Lots north of Railroad. Enquire at Chelsea Sunday. C. E. CLARK, Chelsea, Nov. 3, 1881. v11-0

#### NEW DEAT.

J. D. SCHNAITMAN, would respectfully announce to the inhabitants of Chelsea, that he has opened business with first-class Dry, and is ready at all times to accommodate all in his line. Having established headquarters at South & Van's street, all orders left will be promptly attended to. A share of public patronage is solicited. W. M. WINANS, Drayman.

#### GO TO THE NEW MILLINERY STORE.

FOR YOUR Millinery Goods and Dress-making! We have just received a full stock of Midnight Yarns, Zephyrs, Knitting Silk, and Fancy Furnishing Goods, and HOLIDAY GOODS. Give us a call, At the "Old P. O. Stand." MRS. E. SUTTON, PHOEBE TURNBULL, Chelsea, Nov. 22, 1881.

#### MISS NELLY M. WHEDON,

—TEACHER OF—Vocal and Instrumental Music, AT L. BABCOCK'S RESIDENCE, CHELSEA, MICH. On Wednesday's of each Week. Reference—New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass. [v10 1-5m]

#### ELISS & SON,

Have an elegant Stock of WATCHES, JEWELRY, and SILVER WARE. REPAIRING—Neatly done, and warranted. No. 11 SOUTH MAIN STREET, ANN ARBOR v8

#### GOLD.

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

#### REPAIRING.

Special attention given to the repairing of watches and jewelry. D. PRATT, Watchmaker & Jeweler, 110 N. W. 10th St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

#### PATENTS.

We continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, etc. for the United States, Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany, etc. We have had thirty-five years' experience. Patents obtained through us are noticed in the *EXTENSIVE AMERICAN*. This large and splendid illustrated weekly paper \$1.25 a year shows the progress of science, is very interesting, and has an enormous circulation. Address: MUNN & CO., Patent Solicitors, Publishers of the *EXTENSIVE AMERICAN*, 37 Park Row, New York. Hand book about Patents free.

#### G. W. R. R. TIME TABLE.

**GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.** Depots foot of Third street and foot of Brush street. Ticket office, 151 Jefferson avenue, and at the Depots. ARRIVE. (Detroit time.) (Detroit time.) Atlantic Ex. 14:00 a. m. 10:00 p. m. Day Express. 8:35 a. m. 6:30 p. m. Detroit & Buffalo Express. 12:45 noon 7:00 a. m. N. Y. Express. 7:05 p. m. 12:45 a. m. Except Monday. Sundays Excepted. J. F. McCURE, Western Passenger Agent, Detroit. Wm. Edgar, Gen. Pass' Agent, Hamilton.

#### THE SUNDAY SEN.

The SUNDAY SEN, each number of which is a Glebe of interesting literature, with the best poetry of the day, prose every line worth reading, news, humor—matter enough to fill a good-sized book, and infinitely more varied and entertaining than any book, big or little? If our idea of what a newspaper should be pleases you, send for The SEN. Our terms are as follows: For the daily SEN, a four-page sheet of twenty-eight columns, the price by mail, post paid, is 50 cents a month, or \$5.00 a year; or, including the Sunday paper, an eight-page sheet of fifty-six columns, the price is 65 cents per month, or \$7.70 a year, postage paid. The Sunday edition of The SEN is also furnished separately at \$1.20 a year, postage paid. The price of the WEEKLY SEN, eight pages, fifty-six columns, is \$1 a year, postage paid. For clubs of ten sending \$10 we will send an extra copy free. Address: L. W. ENGLAND, Publisher of The SEN, New York City.

#### FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.

A house, lot and barn, situated on Marsh street. Enquire at this office. n-13

# Holiday Trade!!

We have now opened our display of HOLIDAY GOODS and invite the attention of all purchasers, to a large and carefully selected stock of BLACK SILKS, of the famous Cachemire-Favorita Brand, universally acknowledged to be equal to any imported brand, at \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2.90.

For the next 30 days we shall offer as an inducement, Special Bargains in COMFORTABLES, BLANKETS, BEDQUILTS, TABLE LINENS, COTTONS, FLANNELS, Etc. Just Received a new line of MITTS, LEGGINGS, HOODS, NUBIAS and SCARVES, at very low prices.

Full Lines of KID GLOVES, including the Saxon Beauty, Josephine, Seamless, Foster and Royal LACING GLOVES, bought direct from the manufacturers. A Full Line of CLOAKS and DOLMANS, at 50 per cent. less than cost of manufacture. During the Holidays, we shall offer the entire stock at very low prices. 3 Button Real Kid, \$1.00, worth \$1.50. 4 " " " " \$1.25, " \$1.75. A full line of LINED KID MITTS and GLOVES.

We are receiving Novelties every day, and are prepared to show the finest line of LACE GOODS ever shown in Jackson, Fichus, Ties, Scarfs, Kerchiefs, in Spanish, Mirecourt, Vermicelli Lace, Etc.

HANDKERCHIEFS! HANDKERCHIEFS!! A magnificent line of SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, from 25c to \$3.50; Fancy Bordered HANDKERCHIEFS, Ladies' and Gents' Hemstitch Hdkfs, in an endless variety. XMAS, XMAS GOODS.

In Addition to the above, we have added to our stock, \$5,000 worth of NOVELTIES, of Foreign and Domestic manufacture, suitable for CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS. Want of space prevents us from mentioning the thousand and one things we have placed upon our counters. We only urge you to call and see for yourselves. It will not only be a treat, but it will certainly pay you. RESPECTFULLY, L. H. FIELD, BUSHY BEE HIVE DRY GOODS HOUSE, JACKSON, MICH.

#### THE SUN.

**M. C. R. R. TIME TABLE.**

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

GOING WEST.	
Mail Train.....	9:22 A. M.
Local Passenger.....	7:35 A. M.
Grand Rapids Express.....	5:52 P. M.
Jackson Express.....	8:00 P. M.
Evening Express.....	10:38 P. M.
GOING EAST.	
Night Express.....	5:50 A. M.
Jackson Express.....	8:33 A. M.
Grand Rapids Express.....	10:07 A. M.
Mail Train.....	4:40 P. M.

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

**CHURCH DIRECTORY.**

**CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.**  
Rev. T. H. HOLMES, D. D., Pastor. Services at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 12 M.

**M. E. CHURCH.**  
Rev. H. C. NORTHROP, Pastor. Services at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock. Sunday School immediately after morning services.

**BAPTIST CHURCH.**  
Rev. E. A. GAY, Pastor. Services at 10 1/2 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. Services every Sunday, at 8 and 10 1/2 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.**

Dead hogs are lively in town.  
We are having an open winter thus far.  
Farmers in this vicinity have been plowing lately.  
Prof. Steere closed his course of lectures on Tuesday night.  
Tea and Chamber Sets, in large varieties, at Wood Bros.  
On account of having so much rain, the roads are in a bad condition.  
It is bad weather for the pork and chicken market. Rather damp.  
Anthony Shaw's Lustre-band ware, at Wood Bros.  
Business has been lively at the Justice court the past week, with whisky suits, etc.  
Lustre-band and decorated Tea Sets. Just the thing for Christmas Presents, at Wood Bros.  
Wheat comes to this market freely now at \$1.28@1.30 per bush. Pork at \$6@ \$7; clover seed \$4.50@4.75.  
F. B. Whitaker has moved into the Baker property in this village, and is going to Texas soon with sheep.  
The ladies are making arrangements and will undoubtedly have Neal Dow here on temperance, some time soon.  
The S. vart Concert given at the M. E. church last Wednesday evening, was a grand success. About \$50 was realized.  
The merchants' windows present a fine appearance with Christmas Holiday goods.  
Lighthall lost a valuable horse last week. The horse had been diseased for some time and had to be shot.  
We like St. Jacobs Oil, and observe too that the Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmore indorses the remedy.—Baltimore (Md.) Catholic Mirror.  
The Ypsilanti Commercial wonders not at boys learning the use of tobacco, when Sunday school teachers and superintendents use it.  
The thirty first annual meeting of the Michigan State Teachers' Association will be held at Representative Hall, Lansing, December 27, 28, 29, 1881.  
Concerts, Christmas trees or other festivities for the children are being prepared by all churches for the approaching holidays.  
From the Wilmington (Del.) Republican: Mr. J. M. Scott, corner Third and Madison streets, had a remarkably fine horse cured of the scratches by St. Jacobs Oil.  
The Knights of the Maccabees of the world are said to have come to life again and are going on with business. There is a large tent of them here.  
Fred Vogel will receive boxes for Sylvan at his wagon about every day and at Wood & Knapp's store, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings of this month.  
We were presented with one of the largest eggs that we have seen for some time, by Fred Sagar, of Lima. It weighed nearly a pound.  
Miss L. P. Rowley, of Ypsilanti, the Grand Worthy Vice Templar of Michigan, will visit Charity Lodge I. O. of G. T. next Friday evening.  
The Marshal arrested several "drunks" the past week, and as a result, the Justice court was doing a running business in liquor suits.

An Indianapolis exchange mentions that St. Jacobs Oil cured Mr. J. H. Mattern, a letter-carrier of that city, of a severe sprain contracted in the war.—Detroit (Mich.) Western Home Journal.  
It will pay our readers who intend to visit Jackson during the holidays, to call on L. H. Field, and see the goods he is giving away to his friends for a mere song. See change of advertisement on 2d page.  
Our new Cornet Band has consolidated with the old one, and has now over twenty-five members. Next summer we may expect to have wind and music enough to charm all the inhabitants of the village.  
Joe T. Jacobs the cheap Clothier of Ann Arbor, is offering large inducements by way of cheap and good goods. He will pay all expenses there and back, and will save them 50 per cent. by doing so. See holiday "ad" on 4th page.

Justice Lehman sent a tramp up to Ionia House of Correction for four months for vagrancy last week. Officer Staffan accompanied the knight of the road. Tramps take warning and give Chelsea a wide berth.  
Our friend, A. Steger, the poultry dealer, is making large shipments of poultry every day for the eastern market. He says the damp weather is somewhat against him—but he buys and sends to other markets, just the same. He pays the highest market price for all kinds of poultry. Pay him a visit.  
Do not buy Rogers & Bros. XII goods for the best; they are third quality. The best goods are stamped "12" for Table Spoons and Forks, "8" for Dessert Spoons and Forks, "6" for Teaspoons and goods of same size. All goods sold by us, are warranted as represented.

**Wood Bros.**  
A rather novel death of a poor old dog. He stood at the wind-mill with his tail up, and was determined to stop the fast train bound west last Monday noon. He made a rush down the hill and caught the driving wheel of the passing engine, but he found it was too much for him—he was drawn underneath the train and cut in pieces. Lo! the poor dog.  
8,000 DOLLARS WORTH OF GOODS purchased from the creditors' lawyer, (which formerly belonged to a Detroit, Woodward avenue firm,) at about one-half their value, and are now offering the same to our customers, at a small advance above price paid by me, which makes the goods so cheap, we expect to move them lively. Stock consists of Notions, Underwear, Hosiery; Fancy Goods, etc., must be seen to be appreciated. Respectfully,  
H. S. HOLMES.

There will be a Temperance meeting in the M. E. Church next Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Prof. Steere will occupy the first hour, describing intemperance among the savages, or rather the modes the savage tribes of South America, have of procuring something that will intoxicate, that they either eat or drink. The remainder of the evening will be devoted to five minute speeches by our home orators. No admission fee will be charged, but a collection will be taken up to defray the expenses of the meeting. The meeting will be held under the auspices of Charity Lodge 335, I. O. of G. T.

**A CARD OF THANKS.**—To all who helped and worked so heroically to save my house last week, to keep it from burning: I will take this opportunity to sincerely thank them. Not being at home at the time of the fire, I feel under double obligation to you all. Considering the high wind which prevailed at the time, and the short distance of the fire, you must have worked like heroes to save my building. Again I sincerely tender my thanks to you all, hoping that you may never be visited with such a calamity as fire.  
N. B.—Call and get a good cigar at my brother's, (C. Steinbach,) harness shop.  
Yours, Respectfully,  
B. STEINBACH.

[By request of the friends of the deceased, we copy the following from the Dakota Pioneer:]  
"A very sad death occurred at the Sherman House last Friday morning. Chas. F. Foster, a young man about 25 years of age, who had been employed as a carpenter on the Sherman House, was taken sick some two weeks since with typhoid fever, but was supposed to be getting along nicely. A change took place through the night, and he died about 5:30 Friday morning. All that could be done for him by kind friends and medical aid was done, but it is sad to be among strangers at such a time. He was a young man of exemplary habits and kind impulses, and had gained many friends by his straightforward, manly course while in our midst."

Professor Tice, the distinguished Meteorologist and Weather Prophet of St. Louis, has issued his Annual National Weather Forecasts for 1882, in which besides foretelling the weather for every day in the year, and clearly explaining the theory on which his predictions are based, he gives much other information concerning atmospheric phenomenon—the whole designed not only to give the facts as to the weather, but to teach the masses the facts determining weather changes. Other matter concerning the farm, garden, and household, of special interest, is added—the whole serving to make it the most complete and practical of his long series of annual issues. Its value to everyone, and especially the farmer, is apparent. For sample copy and terms of the trade and to agents, send 20 cents to Thompson, Tice & Livingston, St. Louis, Mo.

**A LADY'S WISH.**  
"Oh, how I wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," said the friend. "How," inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters, that makes pure rich blood, and blooming health. It did it for me, as you observe." Read it.

**Burglary.**—Our town had a raid by thieves last Thursday night. They entered the residence of L. E. Sparks, on South street, and found on a shelf a pocket-book containing about \$40, which they took and put out. We heard of them about three miles west of here, where they entered a dwelling and appropriated some wearing apparel and other articles. They next went to the farm of John Forbes in the same neighborhood, and took a horse, harness and buggy, and then put out for Jackson county—they went into the woods and tied the horse and left it. A farmer coming through the woods on Friday, found it and gave information. The sheriff of Jackson county got the \$25 reward, and Mr. Forbes got his horse, buggy and harness. The pocket-book and its contents, and the other articles stolen, have not been found. The thieves escaped.

**CAUSE AND EFFECT.**  
The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood and keep the liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system. See other column.

**WAVERLY MAGAZINE,**  
BOSTON, MASS.

This popular periodical has sixteen large pages, size 11x15 inches, set in small type, and contains double the reading of any other weekly literary paper in the country. It will contain no advertisements, but be filled with Stories, Music, Poetry, Anecdotes, Enigmas, etc. The Music will consist of Anthems, Songs, Dances and Marches, which in one year will be worth at least \$12. It is the cheapest and best Family Paper in America. Terms—one year, \$4; six months, \$3; three months, \$1. Sixteen back numbers, all different, will be sent, post-paid, to any address for \$1. Try it, if only for three months. A new volume goes to press early in December. Address MOSES A. DOW, Lock Box 172, Boston, Mass.

**Chelsea Market.**

CHelsea, Dec. 15, 1881.

Flour, 9 cwt.....	\$3 50
Wheat, White, 7 bu.....	1 38
Corn, 8 bu.....	30@ 35
Oats, 7 bu.....	40
Clover Seed, 7 bu.....	4 00
Timothy Seed, 7 bu.....	3 50
Beans, 7 bu.....	75
Potatoes, 7 bu.....	1 12
Apples, green, 7 bu.....	6
do dried, 7 bu.....	18@ 20
Honey, 7 lb.....	19@ 22
Butter, 7 lb.....	17
Poultry—Chickens, 7 lb.....	18
Lard, 7 lb.....	08
Tallow, 7 lb.....	13
Hams, 7 lb.....	08
Shoulders, 7 lb.....	20
Eggs, 7 doz.....	3 00@ 3 50
Beef, live 7 cwt.....	3 00@ 5 00
Sheep, live 7 cwt.....	3 00@ 5 00
Hogs, live, 7 cwt.....	5 00@ 6 75
do dressed 7 cwt.....	10 00@ 12 00
Hay, tame 1 ton.....	4 00@ 5 00
do marsh 1 ton.....	1 80
Salt, 7 bb.....	33@ 35
Wool, 7 lb.....	2 00
Crabapples, 7 bu.....	2 00

**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. 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 Satin Merveaux, Satin De Lyon, Moire Antique Silks and Satins, Brocade Surrail Silks and Satins, Black and Colored Velvets and Velvetens, Black and Colored Plushes, in all the new shades.  
Black and Colored Cashmeres, Corduroys, Chaddals, Camel's Hair Cloths, Mornies, Armures, Wool Brocades, Alpaca, Mohairs, and the Novelities in Plaids and Stripes to match all these.  
Waterproofs, All Wool Sackings and Suitings, Beaver Cloths, Cloakings, Wool Flannels, Cassimeres.  
Silk Fringes and Beaded Gimps, Ornaments, Knit Underwear and Hosiery.  
Cloaks, Jackets, Ulsters, Shawls and Skirts, Wollen 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 Eaton 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 Outfit free. No risk. Every thing new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to L. H. LETT & CO., Portland, Maine. v119

**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.**

**HOLIDAY**

**GOODS.**

When buying your CHRISTMAS GOODS, don't forget we have a great many articles suitable for  
**CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.**

We have just received PILES OF NEW GOODS FOR DECEMBER TRADE, and are able to offer a great many Goods FOR LESS PRICE than early in the season. We INVITE ALL to come and see our Goods, get prices, etc., whether buying or not.  
RESPECTFULLY,

**H. S. HOLMES,**

**CHELSEA, MICH.**

**Remember**

**THE**

**HOLIDAYS!**

And do Not Fail to See Our Prices on

**Watches,**

**Clocks,**

**Jewelry and**

**PLATED WARE!**

Before purchasing elsewhere, as we will certainly SAVE YOU MONEY and do your ENGRAVING, FREE OF CHARGE. And in the meantime, don't forget that we HAVE A FULL STOCK OF

**DRY**

**GOODS,**

**Boots, Shoes, Crockery, Glass-Ware, Etc.,**

All at **BOTTOM PRICES.** All Goods Sold by us Are Warranted as Represented.

**WOOD BRO'S.**

LA PETITE

In your rambles did you meet With her lightly tripping feet? With her wind-blown, tangled hair— With her cheeks like roses fair? Ah, her face is rarely sweet, Laughing, roguish, gay Petite!

Half her charms I may not tell, For my pulses bound and swell As I watch her starry eyes In their merry, shy surprise, Bent upon my moving pen, Till I turn and smile, and then, Ah! what words can paint the sweet, Tender joy of fair Petite!

Soft she stands, with folded hands, Meekly waiting my commands; Then will gaily kiss my face With her dainty, airy grace, Lightly laughing at restraint— Pouting, if I make complaint, Oh, she's all that's fair and sweet, Roguish, winsome, gay Petite!

Off for the Woods.

Probably at a thousand towns there are men now waiting for transportation to the camps, or hanging around looking for jobs. They are not burdened with Saratoga trunks, and few of them have even white shirts. Their days are merry ones when they are sojourning in places of civilization, and after they have all departed the saloon keeper will detect a material decrease in his receipts. It would be strange if at some places special policemen have not been appointed to hold in check the strangers who are stopping among them. It would be somewhat out of the natural order of events if some of these strangers have not slept in the calaboose over night, and perhaps occasionally some one of them has asked of a citizen for a little money to enable him to pay his board bill a day or two longer or until he can strike a job. These favors, however, are never asked as a gift, but are accompanied by a promise that the money will be returned immediately after the first pay day, and it might be possible to find better dressed, and more polished men who would not remember their debts as well.

We do not infer by this description that these loggers are really bad men. Many a good man has worn a woollen shirt, and been enabled to carry his entire wardrobe in a big handkerchief. Noble-hearted fellows, many of them are, who would share their last dollar with a companion disabled by a falling tree, or prostrated by sickness in camp, and the hat that is passed among them for a suffering comrade would often make the contribution plate, that circles around among many an elegant church for the cause of charity, look mighty sick. The men in the woods will swear at one another, fight often, and are always ready to beat a fellow-workman out of his last cent at poker, but when it comes to helping the unfortunate their hearts are in the right place.

The majority of the men who go into the pines do not leave behind them pleasant homes. In fact, many of them are homeless, and virtually wanderers—in the mills in summer, on the drives in the spring, and in the woods in the winter. They float from Maine to Canada and from Canada to the Northwest, ready at any season to travel in any direction where inclinations or a promise of increased pay may lead them. They can wield an ax, "yank" a saw, flourish an ox-goad, or hold a pair of reins, and feel that these qualifications will earn them a living anywhere in the lumber regions. Their stock is easily carried, and they tramp, tramp, but always with an object in view.

The dangers of a camp are many. The giants of the forests will crush many a man the coming winter under their heavy bodies and spreading limbs as they go down before the ax that year after year is cutting them away. The treacherous binder will sweep scores of drivers from their beds into eternity, and often, when loading and unloading, a log will roll over the man or men in its way, breaking limbs, or destroying life. The ax will go amiss, and instead of being imbedded in the wood, will strike some poor fellow standing in its course. The men are subjected to these dangers, and others as well. The wages they obtain would be little inducement for others than habitual woodmen to chance the risk, but they go into the woods in a mood that tells little of a thought that before the season shall end some of them maimed, will, with blankets thrown over them, be carried to the nearest hospital, and the bodies of others drawn on ox sleds to the nearest settlement and thence forwarded to their friends or buried in graves that will never be wept over, or even sought. They probably think little of this phase of the life they are entering upon afresh, and it is just as well they do not.

These men possess an enviable virtue—the virtue of good health. No weakened consumptive, no one debilitated by any disease, can be included in this great army. Every

member of it must have muscle and endurance adequate to the work that must be performed. If he does not, nothing is surer than that the law regulating the survival of the fittest will force him to abandon his position to be filled by some one else. They must be men who can eat pork and beans and molasses, who can get along without butter and the delicacies of the table, and who can work in the snow, sleet and cold, from daylight until dark, for six days in the week month after month. The business in which a logger is engaged calls for more endurance than that of a soldier, for in addition to exposure, the logger is called upon to do severe manual labor. During the civil war many of the most enduring men in the army, and as brave men as ever faced a gun, came from the pines of the three great lumbering states.

It need not be supposed that, because of the hard work in the woods, and a lack of so many of those privileges which are commonly supposed to make up civilized life, the loggers go drearily to their tasks. They gravitate to their forests as naturally as a smallfooted belle seeks the ballroom. It is their life. They are used to work and do not expect to live without it. They feel at home under the great trees, and in the camps, where of an evening they tell their stories through clouds of smoke. The fashions and ambitions that agitate the outside world, if known to them, cause them no unrest. In a certain sense they are happy, inasmuch that they eat heartily and sleep soundly. They are doing a more important work than they are aware of. They are filling a great niche in the world that is necessary to be filled, and which, if it were not filled, would be disastrous to trade and progress. The blow of the axe, and the click of the saw are the forerunners of many of the blessings that we enjoy, and which the ones who do so much to produce them are forbidden to enjoy, even if they had a desire to.

We feel sure that no one who has a perception of the importance of the work that will be done the coming winter by the army of 50,000 rough loggers who are now marching into the woods, will hesitate to breathe a "God bless you" after them.—Northwestern Lumberman.

Advice to Husbands.

Bob Bardette, the Hawkeye man, remarks that the world resounds with "Advice to wives"—always to wives. Everybody is familiar with the old story. "Always meet him with a smile" (whatever may be his delinquencies); to be "always neatly dressed" (whatever work on hand); to never complain to him (whatever the weight of your cares), and all the rest of it. For the sake of a more evenly-balanced state of things, let us administer a little of the same dose to the other side of the house, on the old principle that "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." So Bob proceeds to give the "gander" a bit of the same old sauce: Husbands should always appear before their wives in a neat and becoming attire. Remember that was one of your chief attractions during courtship. A man is not at all beautiful or dishiable, and now can you expect to retain a woman's love if you suddenly drop all the blandishment that won it? Husbands, be neat. Never wear a clouded or angry countenance in the presence of your wife. No matter what the cares or annoyances of the day may have been, before her you should be all sunshine. Thus you will make her happy and forget your troubles. In her own sphere she has petty vexations to bear that would break the spirit of any alive. Don't add the burden of yours, too. If the children are noisy or peevish, quiet them with as much tact as possible, in order that you disturb not their mother, who, in the evening, should find the rest and tranquility that will prepare her for another day. Above all, allow no impatient word to arise to your lips should your wife object to your money on such selfish gratifications as expensive and choice cigars, while she is economizing in many little ways. Though you may think her in the wrong, you had better be ruled by her wishes, as you may thus avoid future unpleasantness.

Some Familiar Sayings.

Shakespeare gives us more pithy sayings than any other author. From him we call: "Count their chickens ere they are hatched." "Make doubly sure," "Look before you leap," "Christmas comes but once a year." Washington Irving gives us the "Almighty dollar." Thomas Norton queried long ago, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" while Goldsmith answers, "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs." Thomas Tasser, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives us "It's an ill wind that turns no good," "Better late than never," "Look ere you leap," and "The stone that is rolling will gather no moss." "All cry and no wool" is found in Butler's "Hudibras." Dryden says: "None but the brave deserve the fair," "Men are but children of the larger growth," "Through thick and thin," "Of two evils I have chosen the least," and "The end must justify the means," are from Matthew Prior. We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that "Richard is himself again." Cowper tells us that "Variety is the spice of life." To Milton we owe "The Paradise of fools." From Bacon comes "Knowledge is power," and Thomas Southorne reminds us that "Pity's akin to love." Dean Swift thought that "Bread is the staff of life." Campbell found that "Coming events cast their shadows before," and "This

distance lends enchantment to the view." A thing of beauty is a joy forever" is from Keats. Franklin says "God helps those who help themselves," and Lawrence Sterne comforts us with the thought that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

On Saturday Miss Lizzie V. Barber, of Hartford, Conn., 21 years of age, applied to a physician for relief from pain produced by the cutting of a wisdom-tooth. He gave her a prescription, with directions how to take the mixture. Instead of taking the prescribed dose, she took a double quantity, and soon after went for convulsions. The doctor was sent for, but his efforts to save her proved unavailing, and the young lady died on Sunday. The fatal poison was a mixture of chloral and morphine.



JACOBS' OIL

TRADE MARK. THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

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