





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

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 No communication will be published unless accompanied with the real name and address of the author, which we require, not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.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

## The Chelsea Herald.

CHELSEA, JAN. 26, 1882.

### A Downhill Flight.

One of those curious and dangerous episodes that characterize the miner's life in the snowy mountains of Colorado was brought to the attention of the reporter yesterday. Tom Cox and Jim Null are two miners working far up on the bleak, snowy slopes of Mount Elbert, near Twin Lakes. They sleep in a tent near the mouth of the Golden lode in which they were working. Yesterday morning the two men, who had been working all night, went in the tent for the purpose of going to sleep. One of them got in bed, and, enveloping himself with the blankets, was snug and comfortable and drowsy in a moment. The other, not in so great a hurry, noticed that the melting snow was dripping through the roof of the tent and right on the spot where he had to sleep. He couldn't stand a wet couch, and, arousing his companion, asked him to get up so that the bed might be moved to a position where the melting snow would not touch it. His sleepy partner growled out a refusal. There was not a word in less time than it takes to write it, the two men were engaged in a fierce personal encounter. They were both clad in their night-shirts alone, and a small tent is but a limited space for two angry men to fight with each other. They had hardly clinched before one carried the other through the front flaps of the tent. Right here it is necessary to say that the tent was pitched on the fearfully steep slope of Mount Elbert, and there wasn't more than two feet of level ground between the front of the tent and the precipitous slope of the mountain. The slope was covered with four feet of soft snow, and it extended down for two thousand feet before there was a resting place. In the fierce fight between the two miners they were carried down the dizzy slope, and with their hands upon each other's throats, they went whirling down the mountain like a pair of boulders. They had gone but a short distance when anger vanished in the presence of a possible death, and each man turned his attention to the paramount work of saving his life. Down they went along the fearful slant of the great mountain, and at each revolution they sunk in the soft snow, sometimes head and sometimes feet first. They were paralyzed with fright, and no sound escaped their lips. The further down they went the greater momentum they took, and when about five hundred feet from the point where they started bounded in the air and alighted in snow so deep that they stuck fast. After arduous efforts they managed to extricate themselves and get back to their tent, bruised and bleeding and their quarrel healed. No matter what the future has in store for these two men, they will never forget the time when they were whirling down the snowy slope of the continental divide of North America, and a snow-drift saved them from landing fifteen hundred feet below in a condition in which none but the coroner and undertaker would feel any practical interest in them. They are the best of friends now, and will doubtless continue so.—Leadville Democrat.

Woman suffrage appears to be the coming question in the politics of this country. The advocates thereof have so far triumphed, that a special Congressional committee has been appointed to consider their claims. The party composed of the greater portion of the intelligence and education of the country will be the one through whom this question of Woman Suffrage will be decided. Which of these two political parties will it be?

### Earth-Worms.

The London Saturday Review has the following summary of some of the remarkable statements made in the new work, by Mr. Darwin, on the influence of earth-worms upon the soil:

"From careful measurements of the weight of earth ejected from a single burrow and from a number of burrows within a given space, he has come to results which strikingly show the important part played by these seemingly insignificant agents in the economy of nature. In a field near Nice the castings within one square foot of surface were found to weigh twelve ounces a year, equivalent to 14.58 tons per acre. Upon a chalk down in Kent 83.87 lbs. were accumulated in the square yard, equal to 18.12 tons per acre. Near Leith Hill, Surrey, the yield was calculated at 7.56 tons annually on one piece of land and 16.1 tons on another. If uniformly spread out over the surface, the castings ejected would amount, Mr. Darwin estimates from a number of instances, to a thickness of about one and a half inches in ten years. The number of worms to be met with in an acre of garden land has been estimated by Hensen at 53,767; but, taking half this amount as the yield of average land, it may be inferred that each worm ejects some twenty ounces a year in about the same number of castings. Considering that many a burrow extends to three, four or even five feet in depth, it is easy to conceive the amount of change perpetually going on in the amount of sub-soil, fresh and virgin mould being brought up by these retiring miners to renew and fertilize the upper earth. At the same time they carry on the process of burying objects resting on the surface—stones, brick and other debris sinking to all appearance with the lapse of time; the fact being that the worm-casts are heaped up alongside and over them till they become entirely hidden from view.

"Instances are given of great stones, the apparent sinking of which has been measured. One which had lain in a grass field for thirty-five years has been buried to the extent of one and one-half inches below the original surface; another larger stone about two inches, the mould rising to several inches higher against the sides of the stone from the fact of the worms working under it having to eject their castings clear of the under surface, and thus piling them to a height above the average level. A sloping field near Mr. Darwin's house, had been so thickly covered with flints, great and small as to be called 'the stony field.' As his sons ran down the field, the stones clattered together. In thirty years they had been so thoroughly buried that a horse could gallop from one end of the field to another and not strike with his shoes a single stone. A flagged path was similarly covered up in about the same space of time. A layer of coal ashes strewn upon the surface was found in a distinctly marked line, within eighteen years, seven inches under the soil. In New Zealand there was found, from three to six inches underground, a layer of rude weapons and implements, flints and chips of basalt, dropped by the aborigines upon the surface. Farmers are wont to speak of lime, clods and heavy stones working themselves downward; and Mr. Darwin throws out a hint for surveyors as to the possibility of their 'clench stones' in the ground to mark the level being turned by the undermining of worms into false standards.

"Still more curious are the results indicated by remains of ancient buildings. The floors and walls of Roman villas at Abinger, Chedworth, Silchester, and Brading, penetrated and buried by worm casts, form an excellent index to the rate of accumulation. Pavements have been lowered by the gradual withdrawal of the underlying soil. At Silchester, the centre tesserae are found five and three-quarters inches below the line where those at the sides of the apartments join the wall, being thereby kept from subsiding. The ponderous trillions of Stonehenge have undergone for ages the process of slow interment by the accumulation of mould around them, at the same time that they are in danger of tottering and falling from being undermined by these tiny assailants. On the other hand, we are often indebted to them for the preservation of coins, weapons and ornaments of metal and stone, and relics of all kinds. Archaeologists are reminded by Mr. Darwin of what they owe to the despised earth-worm. The agriculturist, the lover of the picturesque, the economical philosopher, the practical statesman, may join in grateful acknowledgment of services which have so largely helped to clothe the earth with richness and beauty. All lovers of nature, we may add, will unite in thanking Mr. Darwin for the new and interesting light he has thrown upon a subject so long overlooked, yet so full of interest and instruction, as the structure and the labors of the earth-worm."

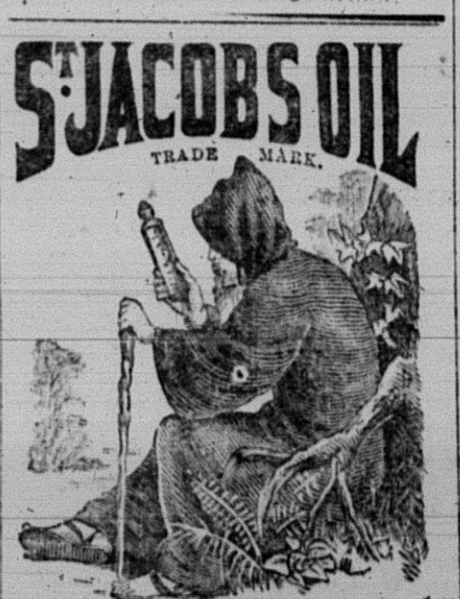
A traveler who had just read on the guide post, "Dublin two miles," thought to make game of a passing fisherman by asking, "If it's two miles to Dublin, Pat, how long will it take to get there?" "Futla," returned Pat, "if yer heels is as slow as yer wits, ye'll get there about the judgment day, bebad."

### WHY IRELAND WEARS THE GREEN.

In your note on the Order of St. Patrick you suggest that the existing blue ribbon should be changed for a green one, on the ground that such an alteration would be well received by Irishmen. Will you allow me to point out that this suggestion arises from a totally unfounded, though very common, belief that green is the national color of Ireland? The truth, however, is that green was never heard of as a national or party color till 1778, when the United Irishmen adopted it for the following reason: The ancient flag of Ireland was a golden harp on a dark blue ground, as now depicted or emblazoned in the Irish quarter, the third of the royal standard, and the Revolutionary leaders being anxious to unite together all classes of Irishmen, being in that respect the exact converse of the present agitators, and to join the Orangemen to the rest of their fellow-countrymen, adopted green as their distinguishing color, which is of course produced by mixing together gold and blue. At the time, therefore, of the institution of the Order of St. Patrick, in 1783, the only and undoubted national color was dark blue, and that would probably have been the color of ribbon, but that it had already been appropriated by the Order of the Garter, which was originally light blue, but had been altered by the Hanoverian monarchs to its present color to distinguish their Knights from those whom the two Pretenders continued to invest with the old light-blue ribbon. (Hence, by the way, the expression, "True blue." Under these circumstances it was originally proposed that the St. Patrick ribbon should be orange, but, as this would have savored too much of party, it was ultimately determined that it should be the old color of the Garter—light blue.—London Truth.

**TRUTH AND HONOR.**  
Query.—What is the best remedy for the blood, to cure the skin, to remove the humors, and to give the system a healthy tone? Truth and Honor compels us to answer, Hop Bitters, being pure, perfect and harmless.—Ed. See another column.

**CONCERNING ALBUMS.**—An interesting fact exists concerning photographic albums. Nearly all are made abroad. A manufacturer was started in this country, but was transferred to Germany because hard labor was cheaper. Albums are sold at about one-third their former cost. The prevailing fashion, or one of them, in albums now is the plush-covered kind. Plush is the most generally employed fabric used for numerous purposes. The keeping of albums has a mania push about it. The owner not only fills it with portraits of his intimate friends, but with those of public characters, from the noted statesman to the noted actress. Albums are American in production, and are offered in endless quantities. Their use is confined chiefly to children, who delight to fill their pages with the pet-photos and photographs of their companions. If their is a time when an impractical man desires to tear and rend his name in an album under an original poem of one stanza. Album writers usually or often express themselves in dead or foreign tongues. It gives a kind of classical reputation to the signer. Any one can do it. There are many fine phrases in the latter pages of the dictionaries that can be made to fit anywhere. The young man who wrote *voire amie* made a good exhibition of the average album French. A small slice of a foreign tongue goes a great ways in an album.—Providence Journal.



**DR. JACOB'S 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, Frost-bitten Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.  
No Preparation on earth equals Dr. Jacob's Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap remedy. A trial will tell the comparative value of 40 cents, and every sufferer with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its value.  
Directions in Eleven Languages.  
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.  
A. VOGELER & CO.,  
Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY

WE SHALL OFFER ALL

## WINTER GOODS!

AT PRICES TO SELL,

And at the same time we shall give our customers our BEST PRINTS' at 6¢ cents.  
SHIRTING PRINTS, at 5¢ cents, and Extra Good Bargains in

Bleached and Brown Cottons!

Embroideries, Etc.

N. B.—WOOL BED BLANKETS, at Cost.

HORSE BLANKETS, ONE DOLLAR EACH

RESPECTFULLY,

# H. S. HOLMES,

CHELSEA, MICH.



**Elgin Watches.**  
D. PRATT,  
Watchmaker & Jeweler.

REPAIRING.  
Special attention given to this branch of the business, and satisfaction guaranteed. At the "Bee-Hive," 11 WELBY-ESTABLISHMENT, South Main St., Chelsea, -15

### RUPTURE.

"EGAN'S IMPERIAL TRUSS."

This is a new Truss, with a SPIRAL SPRING PAD, and a graduated pressure, easy, comfortable and cheap. Call at our office and be fitted.  
OFFICE OVER EXPRESS OFFICE, HURON STREET, ANN ARBOR.

A good comfortable fit or no pay.  
Ask your Druggist for "EGAN'S IMPERIAL TRUSS."  
For Descriptive Circular and Price List, address, with stamp,

KAYNE & GOODERHAM,  
Box 2378, Ann Arbor, Mich.

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

I am prepared to do all kinds of first class work in the Barber's line. Give me a call, at my place of business, (over French's Shoe Store) Middle street, Chelsea, Mich.

**HOP BITTERS.**  
(A Medicine, not a Drink.)  
CONTAINS  
HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,  
AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER HERBS.  
**THEY CURE**  
All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Rheumatism, Sciatica, and especially Female Complaints.  
**\$1000 IN GOLD.**  
Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything more or less, if found in their hands.  
Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.  
D. J. C. is an absolute and tested cure for Rheumatism, use of Hop Bitters, and especially Female Complaints.  
Send for Circulars.  
All stores sold by druggists.  
Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., 100 West St., N. Y. City, U.S.A.

**A NEW MEDICINE**  
**HOPS & MALT BITTERS**  
UNFERMENTED, NOT A BEVERAGE.  
Regulate the Liver, positively cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Sick Headache, prevent Constipation, remove Biliousness, relieve of Rheumatism, purify the Blood, cleanse the Kidneys, correct the Stomach and Bowels, and subdue Disease.  
**HOPS & MALT**  
It is rich in the material that nourish, invigorate, purify and strengthen. It truly supplies Brain, Muscular and Nerve force, Vigor to the Enfeebled, Force and strength to the Exhausted, and Nourishment to the Young and Aged.  
**HOPS & MALT**  
No matter what your condition, or how much overgrown by disease, TRY THIS. It creates a healthy action of the Liver, Forces, stimulating Salivary Secretion and promoting Good Digestion, Clearing the System, and restoring Health.  
**HOPS & MALT**  
If you are languishing from Indigestion, Constipation, Nervousness, or if your Brain is overtaxed, Muscles and Nerves weakened by loss of sleep, or appetite, or business strain, they will nourish, strengthen and restore you.  
BOTTLED BY  
**LAWRENCE & MARTIN'S**  
CHICAGO, ILL.

**THE GREAT APPETIZER, TONIC, AND COUGH CURE**  
FOR  
COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, AND All Diseases of the THROAT, CHEST AND LUNGS.  
The BALMAM of TOLU has always been one of the most important weapons wielded by the Medical Faculty against the chronic diseases of the above diseases, but it has never been so advantageously compounded as in Lawrence & Martin's TOLU, ROCK and RYE. Its soothing Balsamic properties afford a diffusive stimulant, appetizer and tonic, to build up the system after the cough has been relieved.  
**GREEN B. RAUM, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Washington, D.C., Jan. 26, 1882, says:** "TOLU, ROCK and RYE is an agreeable remedy in Pectoral complaints and is classed as a Medicinal preparation under the U. S. Revised Statutes, and when so stamped, may be sold by DRUGGISTS, GROCERS, and other persons, without special tax, or license."  
**CAUTION!** who try to pull off Rock and RYE, which is the only MEDICATED article on the genuine, has their name on the Proprietary stamp on each bottle.  
Put up in Quart Size Bottles. Price \$1.00.  
**LAWRENCE & MARTIN, Proprietors, CHICAGO, ILL.**  
Sold by DRUGGISTS and GENERAL DEALERS Everywhere.  
FECHHEIMER BROS., D. Hall, and HART & AMBURG, Grand Rapids, St. Louis Agents.

Unclaimed Letters.  
List of Letters remaining in the Post Office, at Chelsea, Jan. 1, 1882.  
D. M. C  
Lee, Fred E  
Mullany, James  
Smith, Henry  
Wellington, Mr Thomas  
Persons calling for any of the above letters, please say "advertised."  
Geo. J. CROWLEY, P. M.

REMEMBER

That One Dollar Saved is as good as Two Dollars Earned.

—CALL ON—

# JOE. T. JACOBS,

—THE—

ONE-PRICE,

SQUARE DEALING CLOTHIER!

WHEN IN NEED OF

## CLOTHING!

Hats, Caps, and

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

He is Headquarters.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION IS CALLED TO HIS STOCK OF

Hosiery, Gloves and Mittens.

Room: Corner Main and Washington Streets,

ANN ARBOR,

Opposite . . . . . Hangsterfer's.

G R E A T

## Closing Out!

—A N D—

## Cost Sale

—AT—

# JACKSON MICH.

100,000 Dollars Worth of

## DRY GOODS!

—AND—

CARPETS, At Actual Cost!

REWARD!

We will pay 100 dollars to any one charged more than cost for Goods in our establishment during the next 45 days.  
Camp, Morrill & Camp.

Everything in our IMMENSE STOCK, at EXACT COST. Our Stock MUST BE REDUCED SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, WITHIN

## THE NEXT 45 DAYS.

What is OUR LOSS is YOUR GREAT GAIN. Buy all the Goods you need for the next year, as your purchases will pay over 33 1/3 per cent. interest.

# CAMP, MORRILL & CAMP.



Passenger Trains on the Michigan Central Railroad will leave Chelsea Station as follows:	GOING WEST.	GOING EAST.
Mail Train.....	9:22 A. M.	5:50 A. M.
Local Passenger.....	9:35 A. M.	6:02 P. M.
Grand Rapids Express.....	9:55 P. M.	10:38 P. M.
Evening Express.....	10:38 P. M.	
Night Express.....	10:38 P. M.	
Jackson Express.....	10:38 P. M.	
Grand Rapids Express.....	10:38 P. M.	
Mail Train.....	10:38 P. M.	
H. B. Ledyard, Gen'l Supt. Detroit.		
O. W. Rugles, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago.		

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

**The Chelsea Herald.**  
IS PUBLISHED  
Every Thursday Morning, by  
A. Allison, Chelsea, Mich.  
**BUSINESS DIRECTORY**

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

**I. O. O. F.—THE REGULAR** weekly meeting of Vernon Lodge No. 58, I. O. O. F., will take place every Wednesday evening at 6 1/4 o'clock, at their Lodge room, Middle st., East.  
J. G. Wackenhut, Sec'y.

**WASHTENAW ENCAMPMENT, No. 17, I. O. O. F.** will meet at the City of Ann Arbor, on Wednesday of each month.  
J. A. Palmer, Scribe.

**Dr. Robertson & Champlin, PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.**  
Office on Main Street (Over Holmes' Dry Goods Store).  
CHELSEA, MICHIGAN.  
v 0-45 CHN.

**R. M. SPEER, DENTIST.**  
(Formerly with D. C. Hawhurst, M. D.; D. D. S. of Battle Creek.)  
Nitrous acid gas for the painless extraction of teeth administered.  
ROOMS OVER HOLMES' DRY GOODS STORE, CHELSEA, MICH. [10-23]

**R. Kempf & Brother, BANKERS, AND PRODUCE DEALERS.**  
CHELSEA, MICH.  
Interest Paid on Special Deposits.  
Foreign Passage Tickets, to and from the Old Country, Sold.  
Drafts Sold on all the Principal Towns of Europe.

**The Laws of the State of Michigan hold Private Bankers liable to the full extent of their Personal Estate, thereby securing Depositors against any possible contingency.**

**Monies Loaned on First-Class Security, at Reasonable Rates. Insurance on Farm and City Property Effectuated.**  
Chelsea, March 25, 1880. v9-28-ly

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

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

	Assets.
Home of New York,	\$6,100,527
Hartford,	3,292,914
Underwriters,	4,600,000
American, Philadelphia,	1,296,091
Edna, of Hartford,	7,078,224
Fire Association,	4,163,710

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

**RESTAURANT.**  
C. HESSELSCHWERDT wishes to thank the people of Chelsea and vicinity for the liberal patronage they have bestowed upon him during the past year, and hope for a continuation of the same. He is prepared at all times to furnish hot and cold meals for the "honorable" host. He also keeps on hand Cigars, Candles, Nuts, etc. Remember a good square meal for 25 cents. South Main street, Chelsea, Mich. v-11

**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

**TONSorial EMPORIUM.**  
F. SHAVER would respectfully announce to the inhabitants of Chelsea and vicinity, that he is now prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, also keep on hand sharp razors, nice clean towels, and everything first-class to suit his customers. He is up to the times, and can give you an easy shave and fashionable hair cut. A share of the public patronage is solicited. Shop under Reed & Co's Drug Store, Main street east, Chelsea, Mich.

**CHURCH DIRECTORY.**  
**CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.**  
Rev. THOS. HOLMES, D. D., Pastor. Services at 10 1/4 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 12 M.  
**M. E. CHURCH.**  
Rev. H. C. NORTHRUP, Pastor. Services at 10 1/4 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. GAT, Pastor. Services at 10 1/4 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 1/4 A. M. Vespers, 7 o'clock P. M. Sunday School at 12 o'clock A. M.  
**LUTHERAN CHURCH.**  
Rev. LOUIS BACH. Services every alternate Sunday at 2 o'clock P. M.

The ice harvest has commenced.  
We are having cold, snug winter weather.  
A few "drunks" reported last week.  
Chelsea doctor's are busy vaccinating. Some two hundred complain of a sore arm.

The ice-men need not grumble now, as ice is about ten inches thick.  
The many slay-bells, O! where have ye gone?  
Miss Lillie Allyn, is spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. O. N. Allyn.  
Albert Yocum and son and Geo. Rowe, all of Lyndon, left last Tuesday for Texas.  
Two accident grinders enlivened our town one day last week.

The next meeting of the Washtenaw County Pioneer society, will be held at Saline on the first Wednesday in March.  
Died at Ann Arbor, on Monday last, Major Seth T. Otis, of heart disease, aged 71 years.  
Last Saturday and Sunday was two of the coldest days that we have experienced this season.

Wm. Jackson, is fattening a large number of ewes, and is preparing to take them to Texas next month.  
Religious meetings are held at the M. E. church, three times a week, and the good work still goes on.  
The wheat seems keep coming into market in abundance. Price being paid \$1.31, and a tendency to go higher. We counted 150 teams last Saturday.

It is useless to groan with rheumatism when a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil will cure it as everybody knows.—Columbus (Ohio) Daily Times.  
I. O. of G. T.—The next meeting of the District Lodge, composed of Wayne and Washtenaw counties will meet in Chelsea, on the first day of March.  
Poison are being thrown around the streets, to send the dogs to the "happy hunting ground." Those who have valuable dogs look out.

The Good Templars initiated fifteen candidates last month, they have the names of three pastors on their roll of membership. There is some talk of organizing a Degree Temple.  
Died in this village last week, Mrs. Chapman, daughter of Mrs. Barris, of consumption, aged 32 years. Mrs. C. came from New York state about four weeks ago.

At the School House, next Saturday evening, Jan. 28th, the ladies of the Library association will give an entertainment, consisting of recitations and songs, by the "little folks."  
Admission 10 cts.  
The Ann Arbor Courier has just entered upon its 22nd year. It is one of the best local papers in the county. It is always full of good reading matter, rich and spicy. We wish it success.

The cost sale of Camp, Morrill & Camp of Jackson is still in progress. Dry goods, Carpets, etc., are going off with a rush. Now is your time to buy goods and save 50 per cent. Pay them a visit.  
At the circuit court last week, Samuel T. Guthrie and Adalbert H. Guthrie vs. George Taylor. Action to recover value of personal property upon farm purchased of defendant. Verdict for plaintiff of \$8.

The Des Moines (Iowa) Tri-Weekly Tribune says: "A Harrisburg, Pa., Journal mentions that Mr. D. Bessinger, No. 4 Market Square, that city, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of a violent attack of rheumatism."  
Last week as a farmer named William Guthekunst, whose home was in Pittsfield township, was returning from Ann Arbor he was thrown from his cutter and his neck broken. The accident happened about two miles from the city.  
Myatt-Kyan the Karen, will lecture at the Baptist church, on next Friday evening the 27th, at 7 1/2 P. M. giving a history of his people, manners and customs, under the auspices of the Ladies' Society.  
Admission 10 cts.

The Independent Order of Good Templars is by far the strongest temperance organization on the globe; their ritual has been translated into thirteen different languages. One hundred and twenty-four new lodges were organized in Michigan last year.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, wishes to say to the inhabitants of Chelsea and vicinity, that Robert E. Frazer of Ann Arbor, will give them a lecture on temperance, next Monday night January 30, at the Baptist church, admission five cents.  
Please come one and all, and give him a crowded house; you will be well paid in bearing what he has to say.  
By order of Com.

**Golden Wedding.**  
Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Taylor of this village, celebrated their golden wedding last Friday. Their sons six in number, stood up the occasion unbeknown to the old folks until the morning of the occasion, when they came provided with a rich dinner, accompanied by a few other relatives to celebrate the anniversary. Rev. H. C. Northrup of the M. E. church, made some very appropriate remarks, after which on behalf of the children, he presented the father with a fine gold headed cane and the mother with a pair of gold spectacles and a breast pin. The six sons present are all they ever had, and each had a wife and children there. The grand children thirteen in number were all present. It was a very pleasant affair and one long to be remembered by all present. Few families have been so favored with health, strength and prosperity.  
Mr. & Mrs. Isaac Taylor has our best wishes and thanks for a nice wedding cake. The cake had the inscription beautifully marked upon it, 1832 and 1882 as an emblem of their 50th anniversary of their wedding day. We hope Mr. & Mrs. Isaac Taylor may live to see their diamond wedding, seventy-five years.

**ELECTION.**—At a regular meeting of Verner Lodge No. 85 I. O. O. F., the following officers were duly installed into their respective positions for the ensuing year:  
N. G.—A. Mensing,  
V. G.—Thos. Krick,  
R. S.—J. G. Wackenhut,  
P. S.—W. D. Arnold,  
Treas. J. Schatz.

The Ann Arbor News says that a project is on foot to establish a \$50,000 boarding house in that city for the use of college students of the episcopalian persuasion. This huge feeding place will be presided over by a clergyman of the kind who knows how to handle young men. It is also stated that \$45,000 of the amount required has been raised.

**THE BEST ANTIDOTE AGAINST INFECTION.**—It is terrible to read of infectious diseases with which we are still troubled. There are whole districts now trembling for fear that small-pox will invade them spread within them; towns are dreading the coming of malarial fevers; others are already suffering under diphtheria, while scarlet fever, measles, etc., are not even mentioned.  
We think that a certain class of antidotes have never become sufficiently appreciated in these cases. There is one especially which we would wish to mention, the fumes of boiling malt vinegar.  
They dispel infectious particles rapidly and kill their virulence, particularly if used in time. Where these fumes are used, windows and doors should be closed and not opened for about twenty minutes. After this time the fresh air can be freely admitted. When these fumes are used repeatedly, disease will usually be kept off. This is also an excellent preventative among cattle and sheep against infection, and even a curative in certain cases. The great power of acids to dispel and kill malarial particles is not sufficiently appreciated, and any one can make a trial in the simplest form by allowing the fumes of boiling vinegar to spread about.

**BABY SAVED.**  
We are so thankful to say that our baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The Parents, Rochester, N. Y. See another column.

**Humbag Advertisements.**  
The time never has been and never will be when the people of this or any other country can buy a gold dollar for seventy-five cents. Neither can you, dear reader, purchase an organ worth three or four hundred dollars for \$50. This is all nonsense. Still we have no objection to other people doing their business just as they see fit. We are selling a good, honest made Piano at from \$195 to \$275, and a good, honest Organ (not all stops) for from \$48 to \$475. All our goods are made upon honor, and we send to any part of the world on test trial, and if no please no keepee, as the Chinaman would say. For the past ten years we have sent both Pianos and Organs to every part of the world, and our instruments give the most universal satisfaction. If you wish a good instrument, one that will always last you, we shall be pleased to send you our catalogue and prices; and if you purchase one of the Thomas Brothers Silver Tone Instruments you will get what you require, and one instrument sold in a neighborhood always sells us more. Address, for prices, etc.,  
Jas. H. Thomas,  
Successor to Thomas Brothers,  
Catskill, N. Y., U. S. A.

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

**GARDEN SEEDS DIRECT FROM THE GROWER.**  
We are in receipt of Harris' Moreton Farm Seed Catalogue for 1882, containing a list of choice field, garden and flower seeds grown and for sale by Joseph Harris, Moreton Farm, Rochester, N. Y.  
Mr. Harris is an old seed grower and has had unusual opportunities for obtaining and testing all the new varieties of farm and garden seeds. He is a well-known agricultural editor and author of thirty years standing. He was for many years editor and proprietor of the Genesee Farmer and afterwards one of the editors of the American Agriculturist. He has a fine farm of nearly 300 acres near Rochester, N. Y. His "Walks and Talks on the Farm," have made his farm and his neighbor "The Deacon," familiar to thousands of agricultural readers. He is the author of Harris on the Pig and "Talks on Manures." In 1866 he was elected the first resident Professor of Agriculture in Cornell University, but preferred to continue to "Walk and Talk" on his own farm. His seeds are exceptionally good. They are warranted fresh, of the choicest strains and sure to grow. Mr. Harris informs us that he will be glad to send his Catalogue for 1882, with directions for cultivation, free to every reader of the Chelsea Herald who will send his name and postoffice address on a postal card. Send for a Catalogue and then order some seeds. You will not regret it.  
Address,  
JOSEPH HARRIS,  
Moreton Farm, Rochester, N. Y.

**\$30.00 Worth of New and popular Music for \$1.00.**  
Thomas Brothers' Musical Journal for January is undoubtedly the finest and best journal of its kind published. The reading matter is varied and original, being news from all parts of the world. The Journal will have a new feature this year in being beautifully illustrated and printed on fine heavy calendered paper. Each number will have in over Two Dollars worth of Sheet Music, printed from our best plates; and as you receive one number each month, at the end of the year you have for binding one of the finest collections of vocal and instrumental music imaginable. Don't fail to subscribe for the Journal at once. Price per year, \$2.00; or with a beautiful Chromo, \$2.35; being the actual cost of packing and postage or express on the Chromo. Sample copy of the Journal, 10c. We want an agent in every village and city in the United States and Canada to take subscriptions for the Journal. Address  
Jas. H. Thomas,  
Successor to Thomas Brothers,  
Catskill, N. Y., U. S. A.

**SMALL POX**  
**PREVENTED AND CURED**  
BY THE USE OF  
**BROMO-CHLORALUM**  
USED IN HOSPITALS OF NEW YORK, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, WASHINGTON, CHICAGO, NEW ORLEANS, and other Cities.  
Patients should be sponged with it, according to directions, several times a day. The virus of the disease is by this means neutralized, and contagion is prevented; pit-marks are also prevented.  
Sold by all Druggists. Send for a Pamphlet.

**BROMO-CHEMICAL COMPANY,**  
24 Liberty St., New York City.

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

**REPAIRING—Neatly done, and warranted.**  
No. 11 SOUTH MAIN STREET,  
ANN ARBOR.

**Chelsea Market.**  
CHELSEA, Jan. 26, 1882.  
FLOUR, 50 lbs. \$3 50  
WHEAT, White, 50 lbs. 1 21  
CORN, 50 lbs. 30 25  
OATS, 50 lbs. 40  
CLOVER SEED, 50 lbs. 4 50  
TIMOTHY SEED, 50 lbs. 3 50  
BEANS, 50 lbs. 75  
POTATOES, 50 lbs. 1 13  
APPLES, green, 50 lbs. 6  
do dried, 50 lbs. 6  
HONEY, 50 lbs. 18 20  
BUTTER, 50 lbs. 18 20  
POULTRY—Chickens, 50 lbs. 7  
LARD, 50 lbs. 8  
TALLOW, 50 lbs. 12  
HAMS, 50 lbs. 08  
SHOULDER, 50 lbs. 20  
EGGS, 50 doz. 3 00  
BEEF, live 50 cwt. 3 00  
SHEEP, live 50 cwt. 3 00  
HOGS, live 50 cwt. 3 00  
do dressed 50 cwt. 5 00  
HAY, tame 50 ton. 10 00  
do marsh, 50 ton. 5 00  
SALT, 50 bl. 1 30  
WOOL, 50 lb. 33 25  
CRANBERRIES, 50 bu. 2 00

**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 Washtenaw, 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 twenty-eighth (28) 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 or parcels of land situated in the village of Chelsea, County of Washtenaw, and State of Michigan, known and described as follows viz: 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 Washtenaw, 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 third day of February, A. D. 1882, next at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of that day.  
Dated this Thirtieth day of December, A. D. 1881.  
EDWIN W. WALLACE,  
Sheriff.

**Sawyer & Knowlton, Plaintiff's Attorneys.**  
15

**Probate Order.**  
STATE OF MICHIGAN, ss.  
COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, }  
At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Friday, the thirtieth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.  
Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate.  
In the matter of the estate of Alfred B. Bird, James P. Bird, Agnes E. Bird, and Daniel B. Bird, minors.  
On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of William F. Bird, Guardian, praying that he may be licensed to sell certain real estate belonging to said minors.  
Thereupon it is ordered, that Tuesday the thirty-first day of January, 1882, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the next day of kind said minors, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county, and show cause if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted: And it is further Ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Chelsea Herald, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.  
WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN,  
Judge of Probate.

[A true copy]  
WILLIAM C. DOTY,  
Probate Register.

**1882.**  
**GARDEN SEEDS.**  
DIRECT FROM THE FARM.  
WARRANTED TO GROW, OR MONEY REFUNDED.  
Seeds sent prepaid by mail, and their safe arrival in good condition guaranteed.  
Money may be sent by Draft or Post-Office Order or (when this cannot be obtained) by Registered Letter, at my risk. My seeds are fresh, pure and good, and will certainly please you. Catalogue for 1882, with directions for cultivation, FREE. Please send for it. Address  
JOSEPH HARRIS,  
MORETON FARM,  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

**MANHOOD**  
How Lost, How Restored!  
Just published, a new edition of DR. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY on the radical cure of SPERMATORRHOEA or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, IMPOTENCY, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, CONSUMPTION, EPILEPSY and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, etc.  
The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.  
This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land. Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps. Address  
THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.,  
41 Ann St., New York.  
Post Office Box, 450. 18

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

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.—A house, lot and barn, situated on Marsh street. Enquire at this office.  
n-13  
All kinds of plain and fancy job work done at the HERALD office.

**MY STOCK**  
**MUST BE REDUCED,**  
**AT Least One-half!**

**IMMENSE SACRIFICE.**  
**I SHALL MAKE PRICES TO MAKE THE STUFF GO!**

**Remember!**

This is not Simple Newspaper Talk, but a Case of Actual Necessity. where the Goods

**MUST BE SOLD.**

**LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS!**

**Yours Respectfully,**

**M. W. Robinson,**

**JACKSON, MICH.**



## SMILE AND FROWN.

O the happy, happy morn.  
When love, in his hour, was born;  
As a bird, earth's sweetest song,  
Flung his notes of love and song.  
By joy made wild,  
And the very air did beat,  
In responsive notes of love,  
To the song of his feet.  
—For she smiled!

O the wretched, wretched night!  
When the stars refused their light,  
And the black waves of despair,  
Closely crept from out their lair,  
And his soul was drowned,  
O the cruelty of fate!  
O the foolishness of hope,  
On an empty world, bereft  
Of its god when love hath left!  
—For she frowned!

And we older-headed sinner,  
And we older-headed sinner,  
Through a silly, girlish wit,  
That a man's great heart appear  
So weak or strong?  
That a smile, or frown, will  
Cause a heaven to silence still,  
Or the sad old earth can thrill  
To joy and song?

Though we smile and though we frown,  
Is it not a little to be seen,  
As it turns up the face of fate,  
Of a dear, dear fate,  
When she smiles, as she frowns,  
So the earth's spinning round,  
Through a path of love and flowers,  
Of the earth's spinning round,  
For you and I!

For 'tis love, and 'tis love,  
That the heaven and earth do move  
Through its fervent, tender love,  
All her beauty doth disclose  
To the sun;  
And if the dreams may be  
—Faded immortality!  
'Tis of dawn the victory  
Love hath won!  
—Hettie A. Morrison.

## SURROUNDED BY FIRE.

Life upon the "border" is always attended with more or less danger and excitement, and, even Iowa, in her advanced stage, is not exempt from it.

There are still large tracts of unsettled prairie over which devastating flames sweep annually, notwithstanding the fact that our laws attach heavy penalties to the crime of setting out fires at this season of the year. On the evening of November 2, 1890, I rode out for the distance of seven miles, to witness a prairie fire, that I might accurately describe it to our readers.

The settlement extends about five miles east of Bur Oak Grove, and from thence an unincultivated prairie, twenty-five miles in width, offers a grand scope for the flames. On the evening in question, we ascended in a canoe and held one unbroken line of fire extending from north to south, as far as the eye could reach, now bending to the east for a mile or two, and now to the west, bounded on one side by a blackened waste, on the other by a brown expanse, over which the flames were steadily advancing.

As it moved over the short upland grass, it was not more than a foot in height; in other places it shot skyward in very jets, as it struck the swampy ground, where reeds and grass grew rank and tall, while, scattered over the blackened space huge pyramids of flame lighted the scene for miles around, marking places where tons of hay were making midnight fires.

The wind was low, and the line moved leisurely along, in strong contrast with the evening before when a young man residing with his widowed mother upon the outskirts of the settlement, had discovered the fire sweeping down upon them, home by a fierce head-wind that threatened to sweep all before it.

The usual mode of protecting isolated farms, is to plant a strip of land about twenty feet in width around the premises, and in ordinary cases the fire will not pass over; but it was evident that, with such a breeze, plowing would be of but little avail, and in company with the nearest neighbor, the young man undertook the hazardous work of fighting it by back fires, that is, by burning the prairie in small patches before it has time to sweep down into an extended line. In places, it took the effort to keep it from getting beyond their control. For several hours they kept it within bounds, but suddenly a whirlwind passed through the fire, scattering the sparks and burning grass in a luminous shower about them.

The fire started anew in a thousand places, as sparks caught and ignited, expanding in flaming sheets of light, which grew wider and wider with every breath of the wind.

"Merciful Heaven! we are surrounded!" exclaimed the older man, as he escaped hastily about for some means of escape.

There was no time for consultation; the flames were sweeping down from the east, borne by the resistless force of the wind which caught the tall grass as it burned off at the roots, and hurled it forward upon the inflammable vegetation beyond.

If they retreated before it, they must pass over a piece of swampy ground, where grass and reeds grew rank and strong, with every prospect of being overtaken in a worse place than where they were.

On came the flames like a wrathful fiend. Every moment the air grew hotter and the sparks thickened as the dangerous element was borne toward them on the wings of the wind, and each acting upon his own impulse fled in opposite directions. The younger man ran straight toward the flames, and although the burning space appeared to be only a line, he found it much wider than he supposed, and instead of clearing it by a back fire, as he had intended, he was obliged to pass over several rods of blazing grass, and when he reached the space already burned his hair and eyebrows were badly singed and his coat on fire. Quickly drawing off the garment, he succeeded in extinguishing it, and then looked around expecting to see his neighbor, but the older man had run out into the flames, and lay down with only his head above the water to await the coming of the flames. In a few moments the place was completely hidden from view by the crimson sheet that swept over it; how a human being could live in the midst of so much flame and smoke seemed too deep a mystery, and as soon as the grass had burned sufficiently away the young man returned to look for his missing comrade. When the smoke had cleared the man rose from his place of doubtful refuge and stood gasping upon the edge of the burning sea.

"How are you?" asked the younger, advancing toward him.

"I am very nearly boiled, that's about how I am," he said, as soon as he could recover breath enough to speak.

"The flames heated the air until I was obliged to duck my head under, then the burning reeds fell into the water till they set it to steaming, and when I raised my head I got a breath of hot air, that made me think my choice lay between boiling and roasting. I'd like to see the fellow that kindled the fire in my place awhile; how far'd you?"

"I am scorched some, but very glad to escape so easily, although I have not the least desire to try it again. But hark! what was that?"

The two men listened anxiously for a moment, and the sound was repeated, striking a chill to their hearts far more terrible than anything they had before experienced.

"It was a human cry, and so full of agony and despair that the two men trembled as it came borne across the waste, fearfully wild and distinct above the roar of the flames.

"It's a woman's voice," said the older man, as a shudder ran through his frame at thought of a fellow-being perishing horribly, so near that they could hear the heart-rending shrieks.

"Look, look!" shouted the younger man, pointing in the direction from which the sound proceeded, where, darkly outlined against the lurid sky, a female form was visible retreating before the flames which every moment gained upon her.

"O God! it is my Lily! my own precious child! Is there no way to save her?" exclaimed the older man despairingly, as his gaze fell upon the fleeing girl.

"Alas, none," were the unuttered words that rose to the lips of his companion, as he eyed the distance, and he saw that utterly futile would be any attempt at rescue.

The father comprehended that a single glance had revealed to the other, that the flames would overtake her before she could traverse half the distance and it would only involve a useless sacrifice of two more lives. He raved in agony. A lifetime of torture seemed to concentrate in the moments as they watched the fragile girl, as she sped hopelessly on as if striving to evade, if only for a moment, the fate that awaited her.

"Look! look!" again shouted the young man, pointing at a dark object which neither had previously observed.

It was a horseman, riding at full speed toward the fleeing girl, dashing straight in toward the fire as if willing to meet the flames half-way.

To the men who watched his course it seemed like rushing into the very jaws of death, but the horseman never faltered. With an encouraging shout to the girl, who now ran to meet him, he dashed onward, unheeding the current of heated air and stifling smoke that was wafted toward him.

"Too late! too late! He cannot reach the ground," groaned the father, as his eye measured the hopeless distance which lay between his child and safety.

"If there is a man in the world who can save her it is John Harper," said his companion encouragingly.

"John Harper! Is it he?" gasped the father, and it was only yesterday that he told her never to be seen in his company again, and now the brave fellow is riding straight into the flames to perish with her! and the hopeless father groaned in anguish.

"See! he has reached her; he swings her to a seat behind him, and wheels about to recross the ground," and with a cheering shout the young man endeavored to encourage the heroic fellow.

"Has he gone mad?" he asked a few moments later. "He is not taking the shortest cut, but is bearing away to the right!"

"It matters not; 'tis but a hopeless race with the winds, and no horse in America could run it. O my poor child, O my brave boy!" and the father covered his face with his hands and groaned in agony.

The rider knew the strength of the animal as well as any one; he could feel the panting sides and the slackened speed of the willing beast, and clearly realized the inability of the horse to carry his double burden across the intervening space, but if he could urge him to make a few more desperate bounds, he could reach the solitary tree that stood like a lone sentinel in the midst of that scene of terror and desolation.

The horse already staggered with exhaustion, but with whip and voice he urged him on, until trembling in every limb, he paused beside the tree.

"Quick! climb for your life!" he said, standing erect in the saddle, and helping her as far he could reach, then swinging himself up he assisted her to a seat upon a branch out of the reach of the scorching flames.

The fire raged for a few seconds, as if to recover itself for a final effort, and freed from his burden, made another effort for his own safety. He staggered forward, and fell upon his knees, just inside the burned region, where the men were standing, and not a moment too soon. The father ran to him, and throwing his arms around his neck, caressed him with tears of gratitude.

"I'll take it all back, John. You're good enough for the President's daughter; take Lily and my whole farm with me, if you want to," he said, as he grasped the man's hands as he descended from the tree.

"I'll accept your offer, minus the farm," was the smiling reply.

"How came you out here, Lily?" asked the father.

"I came to look for you. You had been gone so long that we feared that the flames had overtaken you," she answered.

"Well, don't you ever get John into such a scrape again."

And she never did.—Arthur's Magazine.

## FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Have you begun a farm journal for 1892?

—Castor oil is said to be a safe and sure cure for warts on cow's teats.

—Hundreds of farmers are yearly giving up their common fowls for pure bred.

—An old locust post was recently exhumed at Easton, Pa., which formed part of a hotel sign 100 years ago. It was still sound.

—Save the soot that falls from the chimneys. A pint of soot to a pint of water will make a liquid manure of great value for flowers and plants of all kinds.

—The most essential point about the preservation of pork is to have it thoroughly cool before salting. Any man who neglects that precaution will suffer from it.

—It is asserted that the addition of antiseptic ash to the soil in moderate quantity assists in retaining moisture, and also acts mechanically to render a tenacious soil more friable.

—A heifer coming in at two years old is the best time for developing her future milking qualities. Comfortable quarters, generous feed, regularity in feeding and kind treatment will do much, however, in rearing a fine milker.

—Let the boys plow up say an acre of good, rich ground on the farm and then plant nuts—walnuts, hickory nuts, chestnuts, pecans, etc.—and let the boys take care of the grounds afterward. When the boys' beads grow the birds will be building nests in the trees.

—There are said to be six forms of "blind staggers" in horses, two only of which are regarded as essentially incurable. The first of these is the form known as "staggers," the formation of tumors in the brain, usually composed of a peculiar fat known as cholesterol.

—Coarse litter from horse stables is excellent mulch for strawberries. The purpose of mulching is not to keep the plants from being frozen, but to keep them frozen and avoid the danger of alternate thawing and freezing; at the same time the air must be admitted to the plants. Coarse mulch is, therefore, better than fine stuff, which packs upon the plants and is apt to smother them.

Horse manure is good for strawberries on clay land, but for sandy land it is too hot and dry, and cow manure is better.

—Delicious Salad can be made of salmon, either canned or fresh. If fresh, it must be boiled until it is tender and easily separated from the bone. Pick the salmon in bits, let it stand for half an hour, then drain off all the oil that collects. The salad should have one-third of celery to two-thirds of salmon.

For the dressing for an one-quart can of salmon, six hard-boiled eggs will be sufficient. Chop or cut the whites of the eggs in small pieces; rub the yolks to a smooth paste, mixing it with vinegar, pepper, salt, sugar, curry powder and olive oil or melted butter. Your own taste is the only safe guide in salad, making, as the quantity of vinegar, mustard, etc., varies, and sometimes implicit obedience to a rule results in insipid salad.

—In many, perhaps most, of our own States, similar laws forbid the dangerous employment of children in such public performances. But it is to be noted, that these laws only have a care for the physical safety of the infants who appear in public.

The child who is to these young performers is a child of the future, and it is the duty of the parent to see that the child is not injured by the performance. It is the duty of the parent to see that the child is not injured by the performance.

—Uncle Pete as a Financier. Uncle Pete has been confined to the house for a couple of weeks with a severe attack of rheumatism, but yesterday's sunshine revived him sufficiently to allow him to get out doors for a walk. He got as far as Third street, and then feeling tired stopped in a grocery store to rest. Presently his eye lighted upon a newly-opened package of fragrant black plug, and as the odor reached and aroused him he called to the proprietor and said:

"How much do you want for that box of tobacco?"

"Guess you don't want the whole box, do you?" replied the man behind the counter. "It's worth forty cents a plug."

"That's about three plugs for a dollar," said the customer.

"Not quite. About two and a half."

"Well, I don't care. You kin weigh me out about a dollar's worth."

The tobacco was handed out, and pocketing it, with the exception of an enormous chew, the old man rose, and stretching himself, turned to go.

"Hold on here, old coal tar," thundered the grocerman, "you haven't settled up for that little luxury."

"What—a what you mean, white man?" stammered Uncle Pete. "Who's a settler for, I say?"

"No one, no you don't, honey. You ax'n dis chile fur money in de wrong time of de moon. You jes' go back inter dat ar barriade o' yon's, and establish yourself on de head ob a sugar barrel, but don't you try to make no runs on dis bank. De cashier am out."

"You won't pay, won't you?" and the grocerman made a rush for him.

"Now, look here, white man," argued Uncle Pete, "you knows just as well as I do dat ain't got no business to pay you. Didn't I come into you store? Ain't I ax'd you how much was tobacco by de box? Ain't I say you kin weigh me out a dollar's worth? Ain't I paid you de money? Didn't I take it dat any man dat am chucklehead enough to leave a nigger alone wid a plug of tobacco, an nigger ax'd 'bout terms of compromise, should satisfy de consequences. Good evenin'!"—Burlington Hawkeye.

—Thou has all seasons for thy own, O poverty.—N. Y. News.

## Child Acrobats.

One of the most striking traits of our age is its humanity. In every direction attention is being paid, and relief given, to the hardships of the poor and the unfortunate. The severe treatment which used to be visited upon the insane has been relaxed. The prisons have been robbed of their more harsh and odious features. Societies, not only for the prevention of cruelty to animals and to children, but established to carry alleviation and comfort to every form of physical suffering and helplessness, have sprung up, and are constantly increasing.

A recent law in England deals with the employment of very young children in public performances. Not long ago attention was called to this form of cruelty in this country, by legal proceedings in New York in reference to a child-acrobat. It is a subject well worthy of the study of philanthropists and lawmakers.

For a very long time children, even little infants, have formed a part of circus and other public exhibitions. These puny creatures have been trained to very daring and dangerous feats. They have been taught to walk and dance on the tight-rope, at dizzy heights, over the heads of audiences, to be suspended in mid-air, to ride reckless horses, and in many other ways to endanger life and limb.

They have often acquired great skill in these perilous tasks; but, in very many, and perhaps in most cases, they have been compelled to undertake them by avaricious or needy parents, or heartless masters.

Some of the most touching passages in Dickens' tales describe the dangers and miseries of these little acrobats and rope-dancers; and unfold many a pitiful story of suffering and cruelty.

In his "Man Who Laughs," Victor Hugo has powerfully depicted a gentle and tender-hearted child, who was disfigured, so that he wore a perpetual grin, for the amusement of the audiences before whom he appeared.

The occurrence of several terrible accidents to children who were thus forced to put their limbs and lives in peril for the recreation of the people, caused the English statesmen to pass the law which has been alluded to. By this law no child under fourteen years of age is permitted to take part in a circus or theatrical performance.

It adds that no child shall perform any such task as, in the opinion of a court of justice, is likely to endanger life and limb. The penalty for compelling a child to break this law is a heavy fine. If a child is injured, then the parent or the master is subjected to punishment for an assault.

In many, perhaps most, of our own States, similar laws forbid the dangerous employment of children in such public performances. But it is to be noted, that these laws only have a care for the physical safety of the infants who appear in public.

The child who is to these young performers is a child of the future, and it is the duty of the parent to see that the child is not injured by the performance. It is the duty of the parent to see that the child is not injured by the performance.

—Uncle Pete as a Financier. Uncle Pete has been confined to the house for a couple of weeks with a severe attack of rheumatism, but yesterday's sunshine revived him sufficiently to allow him to get out doors for a walk. He got as far as Third street, and then feeling tired stopped in a grocery store to rest. Presently his eye lighted upon a newly-opened package of fragrant black plug, and as the odor reached and aroused him he called to the proprietor and said:

"How much do you want for that box of tobacco?"

"Guess you don't want the whole box, do you?" replied the man behind the counter. "It's worth forty cents a plug."

"That's about three plugs for a dollar," said the customer.

"Not quite. About two and a half."

"Well, I don't care. You kin weigh me out about a dollar's worth."

The tobacco was handed out, and pocketing it, with the exception of an enormous chew, the old man rose, and stretching himself, turned to go.

"Hold on here, old coal tar," thundered the grocerman, "you haven't settled up for that little luxury."

"What—a what you mean, white man?" stammered Uncle Pete. "Who's a settler for, I say?"

"No one, no you don't, honey. You ax'n dis chile fur money in de wrong time of de moon. You jes' go back inter dat ar barriade o' yon's, and establish yourself on de head ob a sugar barrel, but don't you try to make no runs on dis bank. De cashier am out."

"You won't pay, won't you?" and the grocerman made a rush for him.

"Now, look here, white man," argued Uncle Pete, "you knows just as well as I do dat ain't got no business to pay you. Didn't I come into you store? Ain't I ax'd you how much was tobacco by de box? Ain't I say you kin weigh me out a dollar's worth? Ain't I paid you de money? Didn't I take it dat any man dat am chucklehead enough to leave a nigger alone wid a plug of tobacco, an nigger ax'd 'bout terms of compromise, should satisfy de consequences. Good evenin'!"—Burlington Hawkeye.

—Thou has all seasons for thy own, O poverty.—N. Y. News.

—An Ex-Cruelty Story. To the Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle: A late United States Consul at one of the English island ports, who is now a private resident of New York, relates the following interesting story. He objects, for private reasons, to having his name published, and, if necessary, to refer to him, in his private capacity, any person seeking such reference. Defering to his wishes, I hereby present his statement in almost the exact language in which he gave it to me.

On my last voyage home from England, some three years ago, in one of the Cunard steamers, I noticed, on one of the lower decks, a young man hobnobbing with a few of the crew, and, as I approached, he seemed to me with extreme diffidence and a little pain. He was well dressed and of exceedingly handsome countenance, but his limbs were somewhat emaciated and his face very yellow and bore the traces of long suffering. As he seemed to have no attendant or companion, he once attracted my sympathies, and I went up to him as he leaned against the taffrail looking out on the foaming track which the steamer was making.

"Excuse me, my young friend," I said, touching him gently on the shoulder, "you appear to be an invalid and hardly able or strong enough to trust yourself unattended on an ocean voyage; but if you require any assistance I am a robust and healthy man and shall be glad to help you."

"You are very kind," he replied, in a weak voice, "but I require no present aid beyond my crutches, which enable me to pass from my stateroom up here to get the benefit of the sunshine and the sea breeze."

"You have been a great sufferer, no doubt," I said, and I judge that you have been afflicted with that most troublesome disease—rheumatism, whose prevalence and intensity seem to be on an alarming increase both in England and America."

"You are right," he answered; "I have been its victim for more than a year, and after failing to find relief from medical skill have lately tried the Springs of Carlsbad and Vichy. But they have done me no good, and I am now on my return home to Missouri to die, I suppose. I shall be content if life is spared to me to reach my mother's presence. She is a widow and I am her only child."

"There was a pathos in this speech which affected me profoundly and awakened in me a deeper sympathy than I had felt before. I had no words to answer him, and stood silent beside him watching the snowy wake of the ship. While thus standing my thoughts reverted to a child—a ten year old boy—of a neighbor of mine residing near my consulate residence, who had been cured of a stubborn case of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and I remembered that the steward of the ship had told me the day before that he had cured himself of a very severe attack of the gout in New York just before his last voyage by the use of the same remedy. I at once left my young friend and went below to find the steward. I not only found him off duty, but discovered that he had a bottle of the Oil in his locker, which he had carried across the ocean in case of another attack. I readily parted with it on my representation, and hurrying up again, I soon persuaded the young man to allow me to take him to his berth and apply the remedy. After doing so I covered him up snugly in bed and requested him not to get up until I should see him again. That evening I returned to a stateroom and found him sleeping peacefully and breathing gently. I roused him and inquired how he felt. 'Like a new man,' he answered with a grateful smile. 'I feel no pain and am able to stretch my limbs without difficulty.' I told him to get up. 'No, don't get up to-night,' I said, 'but let me rub you again with the Oil, and in the morning you will be able to go above.' All right," he said, and he applied the Oil to his right arm, rubbing his knee and ankle and arms thoroughly, until he said he felt as if he had a mustard poultice all over his body. I then left him. The next morning when I went upon deck for a breezy promenade, according to my custom, I found my patient waiting for me with a smiling face, and without his crutches, although he limped in his movements, but without pain. I don't think I ever felt so happy in my life. To make a long story short, I attended him closely during the rest of the voyage—some four days—applying the Oil each night, and gradually his arms and legs became stronger, and he was able to get up and exposure to the fresh and drier breezes, and on landing at New York he was able, without assistance, to mount the hotel omnibus, and go to the Astor House. I called on him two days later, and found him actually engaged in packing his trunk, preparatory to starting West for his home, that evening. With a bright and grateful smile he welcomed me, and pointing to a little box carefully done up in thick brown paper, which stood upon the table, he said: 'My good friend, can you guess what that is?' 'A present for your steward?' I inquired. 'No,' he laughed, 'that is a dozen bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, which I have just purchased from Huggins, the druggist, across the way, and I am taking them home to show my good mother what has saved her son's life and restored him to her health. And with it I would like to carry you along also, to show her the face of him, without whom, I should probably never have tried it. If you should ever visit the little village of Sedalia, in Missouri, Charlie Townsend and his mother will welcome you to their little home, with hearts full of gratitude, and they will show you a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which I have just purchased from Huggins, the druggist, across the way, and I am taking them home to show my good mother what has saved her son's life and restored him to her health. And with it I would like to carry you along also, to show her the face of him, without whom, I should probably never have tried it. 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