

THE CHELSEA HERALD.

VOL. XII NO. 17.

THURSDAY, DEC. 28, 1882.

WHOLE NO. 589.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CONGREGATIONAL.—Rev. Thos. Holmes, D. D. Services, at 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M. Young people's meeting, Sabbath evening, at 6 o'clock. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock. Sunday School, immediately after morning services.

METHODIST.—Rev. H. C. Northrup. Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock. Sunday school immediately after morning services.

BAPTIST.—Rev. E. A. Gay. Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock. Sunday school, at 12 M.

CATHOLIC.—Rev. Father Duhig. Services every Sunday at 8 and 10:30 A. M. Vespers at 7 o'clock P. M. Sunday school at 12 M.

LUTHERAN.—Rev. G. Robertus. Services every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Sunday school at 9 A. M.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

I. O. O. F.—THE REGULAR weekly meeting of Vernon Lodge, No. 85, I. O. O. F., will take place every Wednesday evening at 6 1/2 o'clock, at their Lodge room, Middle st., East. J. G. WACKENHUT, Sec'y.

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

Mrs. F. H. Paine, SOLICITS the patronage of all in need of either plain or fine sewing done. Gent's and ladies' underwear a specialty. All work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed—also, Agent for the sale of Sewing Machines. v12-5-3m.

M. W. BUSH, DENTIST, OFFICE OVER W. R. REED & Co's STORE, CHELSEA, MICH. 31

F. H. STILES, DENTIST, Office with Dr. Palmer, over Glazier, DePuy & Co's. Drug Store. CHELSEA, MICH. v11-46.

WILLIAM B. GILDART, ATTORNEY at Law and Notary Public, Agent for the Liverpool, London, and Globe Insurance Company. The largest company doing business. Deeds, mortgages and all legal papers neatly, carefully and correctly drawn. Office, CHELSEA MICHIGAN.

GEO. E. DAVIS, Resident Auctioneer of 16 years experience, and second to none in the State. Will attend all farm sales and other auctions on short notice. Orders left at this office will receive prompt attention. Residence and P. O. address, Sylvan, Mich. V-11-28.

ATTENTION! THE UNDERSIGNED is now prepared to do all kinds of auctioneering, on short notice. Parties who intend to sell out, or have any specialties to sell, will find it to their profit to call on me, as I have had considerable experience. Orders can be left at the HERALD Office, or address G. H. FOSTER, Chelsea, Mich.

RESTAURANT.

C. HESELSCHWERDT 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 "inner man." He also keeps on hand Cigars, Candies, Nuts, etc. Remember a good square meal for 25 cents. South Main street, Chelsea, Mich. v-11

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. v6

INSURANCE COMPANIES

REPRESENTED BY
Turnbull & Depew.
Assets.
Home, of New York, \$6,109,527
Mankattan, 1,000,000
Underwriters, 4,600,000
American, Philadelphia, 1,296,661
Fire Association, 4,165,716
Office: Over Post-office, Main street Chelsea, Mich.
It is cheaper to insure in these States, than in one horse companies. v6-1

M. C. R. R. TIME TABLE.

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

GOING WEST.
Local Train..... 5:50 A. M.
Mail Train..... 9:25 A. M.
Grand Rapids Express..... 5:52 P. M.
Jackson Express..... 8:05 P. M.
Evening Express..... 10 K. P. M.

GOING EAST.
Night Express..... 5:50 A. M.
Jackson Express..... 7:50 A. M.
Grand Rapids Express..... 10:07 A. M.
Mail Train..... 3:58 P. M.
H. B. LEYARD, Gen'l Sup't, Detroit.
O. W. RUGGLES, General Passenger and Ticket Ag't, Chicago.

Toledo, Ann Arbor & G. T. R. R.

Time Card of November 5th, 1882.

GOING NORTH.				GOING SOUTH.			
Mail.	Accom.	STATIONS.	Express.	Mail.	Pass.	Express.	Mail.
A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		
8:25	6:30	Lv Toledo Ar	9:45	5:40	11:20		
8:40	6:50	Detroit Jun.	9:33	5:25	1:07		
*8:46	*7:05	Hawthorn...	*9:25	*5:18	12:58		
8:53	7:20	Samaria...	9:15	5:12	12:48		
9:10	7:48	Monroe Jun.	8:41	4:57	12:38		
9:20	8:00	Dundee...	8:30	4:50	12:29		
9:32	8:22	Azalia...	8:18	4:37	12:13		
9:48	8:50	Milan...	8:05	4:20	11:55		
9:56	8:58	Nora...	*7:55	*4:13	11:48		
*10:04	*9:15	Urania...	*7:48	*4:07	11:42		
10:18	9:30	Pittsfield...	7:38	3:55	11:33		
10:32	9:45	Ann Arbor...	7:35	3:40	11:20		
10:56		Wordens...	*7:15	10:51			
*11:12		ArS Lyon L	*7:05	10:35			

†Daily Except Sundays. *Flag stations. Trains will be run by Columbus time, as shown by the clock in the Superintendent's office in Toledo.

H. W. ASHLEY, SUPERINTENDENT.

MAILS CLOSE.

GOING EAST.		GOING WEST.	
9:50 A. M.	9:00 A. M.	4:20 P. M.	11:10 A. M.
9:00 P. M.	5:35 P. M.		9:00 P. M.

G. J. CROWELL, P. M.

If you have any business at the Probate Office, make the request that the notice be published in the HERALD. Such a request will always be granted.

WHISPERINGS.

More sleighing—coming.

Did Santa Claus use you well?

Did you make some one happy?

We can not accept C. J. B's correspondence.

Look out for Holmes' new ad. next week, it's going to be a "whopper."

Owing to S. Drury's taking a vacation, Foster's drayman has his hands full.

Several papers in this vicinity will not issue this week—will enjoy the holidays.

Adjourned session of the board of supervisors, will commence January 2d, 1883.

Mrs. S. D. Harrington was made the recipient of a nice card stand by her class on Christmas.

Geo. H. Foster, the village marshal, collected up to Dec. 21, \$518.34, of the village taxes.

The Oakland county Advertiser came to us last week as an 8-column quarto—its Christmas number.

The soldiers who ordered "Michigan in the war," in this vicinity, are now receiving them at the post-office.

Woods & Kaapp, our hardware firm, made each of their employees a present of a nice turkey on Christmas.

No doubt Wood Bro's ad. would have been changed during the holidays, had they not continued to be so busy.

A Texas wild cat was in the post-office window several days last week, and attracted considerable attention. It was brought to this place by Wm. Judson.

Eisenberg, the tailor, says the holidays might just as well stay away awhile yet, because he is so rushed. Not a night since we are here, has he closed his room before 11 o'clock.

The Sabbath school of the M. E. church held a very pleasing and successful exercise in the church last Sabbath evening, after which, each scholar in the school received a present.

On Saturday last we had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. Bailey, of the Argus, and find him a very nice man, such a one as we are not ashamed of, to point out as a newspaper man. He was looking after his interests in this section.

A happy new year to you.

Many holiday goods will be carried over.

All of the merchants report an immense trade on Saturday last.

Of the large lot of dolls J. Bacon & Co. had, not a half dozen remain on hand.

W. R. Reed & Co. did a very large trade in holiday goods, and they think they will not carry over many after new year's.

A real owl adorns the window of Reed & Co.; a plaster paris one that of Glazier, DePuy & Co., and a Crane, that of Dr. Armstrong.

According to the December crop report, there were 109,684 bushels of wheat marketed in Wastewau county, during Nov.

Of this, 38,313 bushels were marketed in Chelsea, or over one-third.

We will not this year give a review of the business done in Chelsea; but all know an immense business is transacted here; but we hope the business in the coming year will be far ahead of the present one.

John Howard, for burglarizing the store of Farrell & Boardman, has been committed to jail by Justice Smith until the next term of circuit court.—Register, of Dec. 20. True, and all this was noted in the HERALD Nov. 16.

The Dexter Sun evidently intends to shine on its readers for a long time to come, for when we were in Detroit a few days since, we saw editor Allen laying in such a stock of type, it made our heart ache to possess as much "ready cash" as he paid out.

It was an interesting sight to see the crowd of people who thronged our stores on Saturday last, buying presents, varying in price from a few cents to many dollars.

By the number of people in town we should judge everybody received a present on Christmas—at least, we hope so.

There will be an old fashioned watch-meeting in the Methodist Episcopal church next Sabbath evening. Sermon in the morning, but no services at 7 P. M. The church will be opened at the close of the evening services in the other churches. Services will not begin until 9 o'clock.

Why will our village council not make a small appropriation to put walks over the gutters where Main and Middle streets intersect? In such weather, as we had a few days last week, a person not wearing rubber boots, had difficulty to cross without getting wet feet. Twenty dollars would do away with this nuisance.

When we dropped into that beautiful store—the bank drug store—on Saturday evening last, one of the proprietors said to us: "We must cut down our ad. in the HERALD, we can not stand the rush," and it was about so too, for all day—yes, for weeks, they have had all they could do—and Saturday their sales were the largest of any since the store was opened.

County clerk Clark has issued a circular to clergymen particularly, and to all others authorized to marry people, to report on the 28th of this month all marriages solemnized to that date, which have not been heretofore reported. Clergymen are very lax in complying with this law.—Argus.

We understand several of our ministers are among the "slow" ones, and will probably be looked after legally.

From a letter received from Jackson Stafford, now in Industry, Clay Co., Kansas, we extract the following:

The weather is mild at present (Dec. 18), although it was very cold when I arrived here (Dec. 7), the thermometer showing ten degrees below zero. The crop this year was fair. Wheat is now worth 65c., corn (shelled) 25c., but fuel is scarce, coal being worth \$3.50. The town of Abilene, Dickinson Co., during the past year, has done a \$4,000,000 business.

The following officers were elected by the K. O. T. M. society at its last meeting:

P. S. K. C.—Jas. L. Gilbert,

S. K. C.—J. D. Schmittman,

S. K. L. C.—E. Hammond,

S. K. R. C.—C. W. Maroney,

S. K. P.—Thomas Shaw,

S. K. F. K.—J. Bacon,

S. K. Pre.—C. M. Davis,

S. K. S.—B. A. Wight,

S. K. M. A.—George Irwin,

S. K. M. G.—W. Canfield,

S. K. Ad M. G.—G. H. Foster,

S. K. Sen.—D. W. Maroney,

S. K. Picket.—D. D. Dixon.

A piece of poetry starts out:

"A stocking hung from the mantle-piece;

"'Twas decidedly poor and holey"—

we wont read any farther, but presume the remainder of his apparel was in the same condition.

PICTORAL ILLUSTRATIONS.—"The usefulness of pictures in a general way is seen by comparing the keenness of observation, the general intelligence, the accuracy of knowledge exhibited by children brought up in the midst of an abundance of wholesome illustrated literature, with the comparative dullness of vision and narrowness of information shown by those who have not been so privileged." The foregoing, which we take from the "Canada School Journal," truthfully applies to the 3,000 illustrations in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, in which more than 340 words and terms are illustrated and defined under the following twelve words: Beef, Boiler, Castle, Column, Eye, Horse, Moldings, Phrenology, Ravelin, Ships, Steam Engine, Timbers, as may be seen by examining the Dictionary.

That interesting law suit we spoke of in our last issue, came to a close on Wednesday night, at ten o'clock, the jury bringing in a verdict for Mr. Whitaker, of \$238.32.

This suit is of special interest to farmers, as it had reference to a McCormick reaper and binder. It seems Mr. J. Finkbeiner came to Whitaker last harvest and took home this machine, saying if it worked well, he would pay for it Oct. 1st, 1882.

Mr. W. went there the following day to set it up, but the Champion men were ahead of him, and Mr. F. took one of the Champion machines, and did not even hitch on to the McCormick. Mr. W., of course, claimed to have sold it, as he was confident the machine would do first-class work, and so left the machine where it was. As Mr. F. did not pay on the first of October, Whitaker brought suit for full amount and interest from Oct. 1. The jury consisted of Simon Goodyear, James Guthrie, J. H. Durand, Timothy Wallace, Frank McNamara, and E. Hammond, and were out only about five minutes. Mr. Finkbeiner will not likely carry it up. Mr. Turnbull represented the defense, and A. J. Sawyer and M. Lehman, Mr. Whitaker. The case was before Justice W. F. Hatch, and was in progress Tuesday and Wednesday of last week.

How to Make a Merry Christmas.

Among the numerous family reunions held in town Christmas day, none was more successfully carried out, than that of our esteemed citizen and friend, J. Bacon, whose home on Railroad street was by invitation invaded by his numerous family to the number of twenty, including Mr. S. Hook, brother of Mrs. Bacon, and his wife of Detroit.

A feast in good old English style had been prepared, and we are assured that the good things, especially Mrs. Bacon's famous plum puddings suffered very severely from the numerous onslaughts made on them by the jolly, good natured, and fun loving faces assembled round the festive board. According to established custom, a Christmas had been provided for the youngsters, each of whom was made happy by kind remembrances from father Santa Claus, who had in fact provided for all, many of the presents exchanged being costly and elegant tokens of the love and friendship that cements this happy family.

Had any of your readers dropped in to see this gathering, toward evening, they would have found as jolly a crowd of youngsters and "oldsters" too, as they ever saw. Over the folding doors had been arranged this motto worked in evergreen, "A Merry Christmas, Welcome" pendant from which hung a horse shoe for "good luck," while the Christmas tree that occupied a good share of the front room, was all resplendent with wax candles and goodies, and a glance round at the tables, revealed them loaded with apples, nuts, oranges, &c., from which the children helped themselves in blissful freedom and noisily joined in the song and merry go-round of the "older children," the whole entertainment being well calculated to make a lasting impression on the minds of every one present.

At a late hour the festivities broke up with mutual interchange of good wishes in which we heartily join, and hope it may be our good fortune to chronicle many more such happy reunions.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Cole, of the Star, was in town yesterday.

Miss McCain, of Jackson, is the guest of H. M. Woods.

Mr. J. M. Allen, of the Dexter Sun, made us one of his pleasant calls on Saturday last.

Charles P. Osius, and wife of Hillsdale, are visiting the former's cousin, John P. Buss of Freedom.

Geo. H. Purchase, attending the Normal at Ypsilanti, is spending the holidays with his friends at this place.

Miss Jennie Hoag left on Saturday last for Chicago, to spend the holidays with her brother, who is studying medicine.

Prof. P. M. Parker left for Quincy, Mich., on Saturday last, where he will spend the holidays, to return on New Year's day.

Mr. Wm. Tryon, of Williamston, who has been visiting at Mr. Jacob Shaver's for several weeks past, returned to his home last week.

W. R. Purchase returned to his home six miles north of here, on Friday last, after spending about seven weeks with friends at Denver, Colorado. Mr. P. seems very much "in love" with that city, and thinks it just the place for people who have plenty of money. Mr. Purchase gained twenty pounds in weight while away.

Ex-Soldiers!

Attention! Ex-Soldiers!! Fall into line, was the command some seventeen years ago, and again that command comes to you, from all sections of the country, and we find that in every northern state the old comrades are again mustering into one grand army—The Grand Army of the Republic—and are showing their colors to the people at large. Comrades, let us come to the front, and around the camp-fire renew old times, gone by, but not forgotten. How many of us recall those grand days, when at the front we were so full of mirth and hard-tack, and how often we wandered forth to view the beautiful scenery that was around us, and returned to camp with our haversacks full of chickens that had gone there to roost. How well do we remember, just before a great battle, the dread that comes over us, that we would be among the many that would be slain, and afterwards, the joy we had, knowing that we were not among the fallen ones, but could lay ourselves down and dream of friends at home. But when that dread cry of "pork in camp" was heard, how quick we would form in battle array, resolved that that porker, must suffer or die.

How well do we remember, when after one of those long tiresome marches, that upon getting into camp, wondering how we stood it to travel so far, and ready to drop to the ground from our exertions, yet, when the mention of that there was plenty of apple-jack and honey, only a few miles from camp, what a change occurred; each and every one slung canteens, and hunted up pails, and we went marching to that haven of rest, to the tune of "Johnnie Comes Marching Home Again."

But to come to the main feature of the case: There has been organized in Chelsea a Grand Army Post, composed of ex-soldiers, and there is an opening to all those that have been honorably discharged from the army, and now let us muster ourselves into a band, to commemorate those times that have passed, but are not forgotten. Let each and every one of us endeavor to renew those glorious times of old, and help keep up the only institution that will unite us all without regard to politics, religion, or color. Stand by the old flag, comrades!

A COMRADE.

MARRIED.

WALLACE—PALMER.—At Lima, Dec. 10th, by the Rev. D. W. Giberson, Miss Clara Palmer, to Mr. Thomas Wallace.

HALLECK—SIBLEY.—At Chelsea, at the residence of the bride's mother, Dec. 23, 1882, by Rev. Thomas Holmes, D. D., Louis H. Halleck, M. D., of Sutton's Bay, Lelenaw Co., Mich., and Miss Nellie E. Sibley, of Chelsea.

Dr. Halleck takes from our midst to his frontier home, one of our most worthy and estimable young ladies. May peace and prosperity attend them.

SOMEBODY.

Sombody thinks the world all wrong,
And never has a word in its praise;
Sombody sings the whole day long,
Likes the world and all its ways,
Sombody says it's a queer old place,
Where none of the people do as they should.
Then, sombody thinks it full of grace,
And wouldn't change the folks if he could.

Sombody calls it cruel and cold,
Full of sin, and sorrow, and pain,
Where life is but a search for gold,
And souls are lost in selfish gain,
Sombody merrily laughs—and cries,
"Hurrah for such a dear old earth,
Success shall crown the man who tries
To make his mark by honest worth."

Sombody groans and shakes his head,
Calls his lot a wretched one;
Sombody wishes that he were dead,
"Cause sombody else has all the fun.
But still, I fancy, you're sure to find,
Tho' good or evil, or pain or care,
One certain fact—so make up your mind,
That—sombody always gets his share.

IN THE GLASS.

The village of Slapton was as quiet a village as can be. There are few houses in it; and the congregation that gathered every Sunday at the parish church came chiefly from the farms that were scattered broadcast over the surrounding country.

The vicar was the Rev. Herbert Gardner, and he was the happy father of some half dozen children, the eldest of whom, Mattie, was a charming girl of 20. There was little society in the village, and Mattie's chief ideas of the world at large were drawn from the occasional visits she made to a relative who lived in the neighboring country town. Still, though she was homely and unsophisticated, there was none of that affected simplicity you so often see in girls.

She was a frank, fearless, outspoken girl, full of life and spirits, and never so happy as when rambling about the old vicarage garden, picking basketfuls of roses for some sick boy or girl and carrying them with sunshine into some darkened home.

And in such works of real love and charity the last few years of her life had been mainly spent. Her father called her his "curate," and, as the living was a small one, she was the only curate he had.

Mattie had been free as yet from "heart disease," though a neighboring squire's son had made several awkward attempts at love making, and though Mattie quite recognized the compliment he paid her, she never for a moment regarded him in any other light than as a friend, and remained herself perfectly heart whole. This had happened when she was 18, and time had gone on smoothly enough, and at 20 she was still happy in her uneventful lot.

But the smooth run of life's wheel was interrupted at last, and the wheels were jolted out of their usual track; for about this time there came to the village a young surgeon who was looking out for a good opening for practice, and had determined to settle down here. As a matter of course he and Mattie often met in the houses of the poor, and, although not a word of love had passed between them, people began to associate their names together, and to speak of what might happen as a certainty.

One day when Mattie was, as usual, among her roses, a servant came to say that Dr. Robertson had asked for her father, and, as he was from home for her. When she entered the room with her basket of roses on her arm, the doctor might well be excused if he wondered which were the fairer—the roses in the basket or the rose with the basket. If such thoughts passed through his mind he quickly put them aside, for he said:

"I came to ask Mr. Gardner if he would step down to old Silas Jones', who is very ill with fever. They are very poor, and any help you could give them would be of more use than medicine."

"Papa is from home," she said, "and will not return till to-morrow. But I will take them some beef-tea and port, if you think that would be good for him."

"Nothing could be better," said the doctor. "But you must not go there yourself, for fear of infection. I am going past the house, and will take them myself, if you will give them to me."

"No, thank you, doctor," said Miss Mattie. "I never shirk my duty nor delegate it to others, so I will take them myself."

"Any way let me walk with you, if you are going now, and we can talk about the case as we go."

In a few minutes the beef-tea and the wine were ready, and Mattie sallied forth with the doctor. And this was the way they talked about the case:

"It's a beautiful day, isn't it?"

"Glorious!" said Mattie.

"What has become of you in the evenings lately? I used to see you frequently, but now you are never to be seen."

"Minnie has not been well lately, so I have stayed at home on her account. It is pleasant to know that some one misses me," she said, laughing.

"I miss you a great deal, Miss Mattie—almost as much, if not quite as much as your own people do. This is Jones' cottage; so now let me take the things in."

"No, indeed; I shall go in myself," said Mattie.

"No, decidedly no," said the doctor. "It can never be your duty to rush into un-called-for danger. I am obliged to see these people, so let me take the basket in."

From that day it began to dawn on Mattie's heart that there was one man who had missed her when she was absent and who tried to keep her out of danger.

And little by little this thought grew bigger and took root, until there came a sort of echo to it, which said, "I miss him, too. I wish he had not to risk his life by going to see fever cases."

And from that day there was less cordial friendship and there was more shy reserve in her intercourse with the doctor. And sometimes Dr. Robertson did not know what to make of it, and one evening he said:

"What have I done to vex you, Miss Mattie?"

To which she replied: "Vex me. Why, nothing, of course! Whatever made you think you had?"

"My own stupidity, I suppose," replied he. "I should be very sorry to vex you, Miss Mattie."

"Then don't talk about it, else you will," she said.

"What a lovely rose that is! Would you mind giving it to me to show that you are not vexed?" said the doctor.

"There are plenty on that bush," she answered. "You can take as many as you like."

"But won't you give me that one? I am going away for a fortnight and it will be a keepsake—if you will give it to me. Do please."

"If you really want it you shall have it," she said, as she took it from her bosom and gave it to him.

And he, as he pinned it to his coat, said: "It will remind me of a rose even fairer than itself."

"For shame doctor," said Miss Mattie. "I will not stop to hear such gross flattery"—and away she ran toward the house.

"Shake hands first," he cried. "I am going to-morrow, early. One may get smashed up on the journey, so I should like to part friends. It is a long way to Manchester."

She gave him her hand, saying: "Good-bye, Dr. Robertson; I wish you a pleasant journey."

He had been gone about a week when as Mattie was coming down the street, if street it could be called, the doctor's housekeeper was standing at the door with a paper in her hand. When Mattie drew near the old woman cried out: "Laws a massy, Miss Mattie, but do-ee just read this paper. My own eyes binna so good as they onceest was," and the old lady held out a crumpled newspaper.

And Mattie read: "On the 24th inst., at the parish church, Manchester, James Robertson, M. D., only son of Peter Robertson, M. R. C. S., and L. S. A., of Manchester, to Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of the late Isaac Jefferson, of Bolton."

For a moment Mattie was speechless with mingled feelings. Then came the reflection that this garrulous old woman must not see her pain. And summing up all her resolution, she said:

"If you write to him wish him much happiness for me."

In the solitude of her chamber she looked into her heart and learned her secret. This man, who was another's husband, had made himself dearer to her than any one on earth could be; and she had been mistaken in supposing that he cared for her. Oh, shame, shame, to love where she was not loved—to give her heart unasked! Still she never told her love—the secret was her own and she could keep it inviolate and meet him on his return without flinching. And although she had no power to put him out of her heart, she could and would prevent her mind from dwelling upon him.

One morning she heard that the doctor had come home. She was standing among the roses with a very sad heart when she saw Mr. Robertson passing up the road with a lady. He lifted his hat to her and she tried to return his salutation as she would any other friend, but somehow the warm blood came to her cheeks and it was but a stiff unfriendly bow she gave them. And while she stood thinking of it all, and wondering why she could be so unhappy, she heard footsteps behind her on the gravel walk, and turning saw Dr. Robertson advancing eagerly to greet her. Again the crimson tide flooded her face, making her look very lovely in her confusion. But she managed to stammer out something about "Glad to see you," when the doctor broke in with:

"Not half so glad as I am to see you. I have been to a wedding since I left Slapton, and enjoyed my holiday immensely."

"Yes, I know, she said: 'I saw your wife walking with you this morning.'"

"Did you, indeed?" he said, while a smile of quiet joy lit up his face. "And where were you looking when you saw her. In the glass?"

She looked at him quickly, then her eyes dropped before the expression of his, and again the tell-tale blush overspread her face and neck.

"Where did you see my wife, Mattie?"

"In the road," said Mattie.

"No, that was my sister," he replied.

"In the newspaper," she urged.

"That was my cousin," he explained.

"Come here. Did you look in the glass this morning?"

"Yes," whispered Mattie.

"Then that's where you saw my wife—if you saw her anywhere."

And, of course, that settled it; and you all know what happened as well as I can tell you.

Prehistoric joke: "Did you present your account to the defendant?" inquired a lawyer of his client. "I did, sir." "What did he say?" "He told me to go to the devil, sir." "Well, and what did you do after that?" "Why, I came to you, sir."

Curtains of fishermen's twine are new and likely to be fashionable.

A Chinese New Year's Celebration.

The Chinese New Year's day in 1882 fell on the seventeenth of February. They have a week of holidays at their New Year, just as we do between the twenty-fifth of December and the first of January.

In the cities they make a fine display of fireworks, but none of the Chinese people in Santa Barbara are rich, so there were no fireworks, except crackers; but there were barrels and barrels full of these, and the Chinese boys do not fire off crackers on their New Year's day as American boys do, a cracker at a time, or one package at a time: they bring out a large box full, or a barrel full, and fire them off, package after package, as fast as they can, till the air is as full of smoke as if there were a fire, and the ground is covered with red, half-burned ends.

Long before we reached the part of the town where most of the Chinese live, we heard the noise of the crackers going off; but the Chinese did not seem to mind it at all. They were hopping about in the smoke, pouring the crackers on the ground, box after box, barrel after barrel. You could not see their faces clearly for the smoke. Groups of American boys stood as near as they dared, looking on. Now and then one would dart in and snatch up one cracker, or a string of them, which had not gone off.

I thought the American boys had almost as much fun out of it as the Chinese.

Every Chinese family keeps open house on New Year's day. They set up a picture or an image of their god in some prominent place, and on a table in front of this they put a little feast of good things to eat. Some are for an offering to the god, and some are for their friends who call.

It was amusing to watch the American boys darting about from shop to shop and house to house, coming out with their hands full of queer Chinese things to eat, showing them to each other, and comparing notes.

"Oh, let me taste that!" one boy would exclaim, on seeing some new thing; and, "Where did you get it? Which houses give that?" Then the whole party would race off to make a descent on that house, and get some more. I thought it wonderfully hospitable on the part of the Chinese people to let all these American boys run in and out of their houses in that way, and help themselves from the New Year's feast.

Some of the boys were very rude and ill-mannered—little better than street beggars; but the Chinese were polite and generous to them all.

In some of the stores there were men playing a game which has been played, under different names, all over the world. It consists simply in one man holding out his hand, with part of the fingers closed and part open, and his antagonist calling out, instantly, how many of his fingers are open. One would think nothing could be easier than this. But when the movements are made rapidly it is next to impossible to call out the number quickly without making a mistake. For every mistake a fine of some sort, according to the agreement of the players, is to be paid. These Chinese men played it with such vehemence that the perspiration stood on their foreheads, and their shrill crying out of the numbers sounded like unbroken sentences; there did not seem a breath between them. They rested their elbows on the table, and, with every opening and closing of the fingers, thrust the fore-arm forward to its full length, so there was violent exercise in it.

TEA TABLE QUEENS.—De Quincy said the ideal of luxury was a room crowded with books and a beautiful woman perpetually pouring out tea, and Washington Irving gives us this rapturous description of a Dutch tea table: "Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of Ichabod Crane as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the busy of buxom lassies, with their luxurious display of red and white; but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea table in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds known only to experienced Dutch housewives. There were the doughy doughnuts, the tendered oly kock and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And there were apple pies and peach pies and pumpkin pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and moreover, delectable dishes of preserved plums and peaches and pears and quinces, not to mention broiled shad and roasted chicken, together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly teapot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst—heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves. Happily Ichabod was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty."

STORY OF HAWTHORNE.—A charming story of Hawthorne was told to Mr. Conway by an intimate of the novelist. One wintry day Hawthorne received at his office notification that his services would no longer be required. With heaviness of heart he repairs to his humble home. His young wife recognizes the change, and stands waiting for the silence to be broken. At length he falters, "I am removed from office." Then she leaves the room; soon she returns with fuel and kindles a bright fire with her own hand; next she brings pen,

paper, ink, and sets them beside him. Then she touches the sad man on the shoulder, and, as he turns to the beaming face, says, "Now you can write your book!" The cloud cleared away. The lost office looked like a cage from which he had escaped. "The Scarlet Letter" was written, and a marvelous success rewarded the author and his stout-hearted wife.

Taking Offense.

There is immense wisdom in the old proverb: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty." Hannah More said: "If I wished to punish an enemy, I should make him hate somebody." To punish ourselves for others' faults is superlative folly. The arrow shot from another's bow is practically harmless until our thought bars it. It is our pride that makes another's criticism rankle, our self-will that makes another's deed offensive, our egotism that is hurt by another's self assertion. Well may we be offended at faults of our own, but we can hardly afford to be miserable for the faults of others. A courtier told Constantine that the mob had broken the head of his statue with stones. The emperor lifted his hand to his head saying: "It is very surprising, but I don't feel hurt in the least." We should remember that the world is wide—that there are thousand millions of different human wills, opinions, ambitions, tastes, and loves; that each person has a different history, constitution, culture, character from all the rest; that human life is the work, the play, the ceaseless action and reaction upon each other of these different living atoms. We should go forth into life with the smallest expectations, but with the largest patience; with a keen relish for, and appreciation of, everything beautiful, great, and good, and with a temper so genial that the friction of the world cannot wear upon our sensibilities, and equanimity so settled that no passing breath or accidental disturbance shall agitate or ruffle it, and with a charity broad enough to cover the whole world's evil, and sweet enough to neutralize what is bitter in it, determined not to be offended when no offence is meant, not even then unless the offence is worth noticing. Nothing short of a malicious injury or flattery should offend us. He who can willfully injure another is an object of pity rather than of treatment, and it is a question whether there is enough of a flatterer for a whole-souled man to be offended with.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"I dess I know what memory is," said a little four-year-old. "It's the ting I forget wid."

One of human nature's oddities—The girl with the biggest feet always wants to play Cinderella.

Boston is a town with ends to it instead of sides. That's one reason why she can never square herself.

A New England paragrapher has discovered that a dog's lungs is the seat of its pants.

Some men are born slight, some achieve slowness, but most men have slights put upon them.

Mince pie is not only the most healthy of any sort, but you may eat six of 'em for supper and have no bad dreams.

An engaged girl is happiest when she is telling about it to another girl who is not engaged and is not likely to be.

A mule is not generally considered an aesthete; but give his hindquarters half a show and he is big on art decorating.

"When will this car go?" asked a gentleman the other evening. "As soon as it has a cargo," was the prompt reply.

The reason why some of the street lamps burn all night is because the light is so small it is afraid to go out alone in the dark.

"Every cloud has a silver lining," said a despondent diner, as he saw the dusky waiters pocket the quarters of the guests.

The earth is said to have two motions, but to a drunken man coming home at 11 o'clock at night it doubtless has more than 200.

Seventeen thousand names were added to the pension rolls this last year. It is never too late to find out that you were disabled.

Forney's Progress claims that billiard balls can be made of potatoes. Perhaps they can, but what's the use of wasting the potatoes?

Cairo, Ill., is the place where an English sparrow carried a lighted cigar stub to its nest under the eaves and burned up the house. Sparrows haven't the right sort of mouth to smoke cigars.

"Well madame, how's your husband to-day?" "Why, doctor, he's no better." "Did you get the leeches?" "Yes, but he only took three of them raw—I had to fry the rest."

Young housewife: "What miserable little eggs again! You must really tell them, Jane, to let the hens sit on them a little longer, or we must change our grocer."

A young gentleman who was pledged to take a young lady to a party remarked to her on the afternoon previous to the event, that he was going home to take a sleep, in order to be fresh.

"That's right," she replied, "but do not sleep too long." "Why?" he asked. "Because," she answered, "I do not want you to be too fresh."

It may be all imagination, but when a man is drawn as a jurymen he thinks every man he sees smiling is grinning at his misfortune, and it is as tormenting as fleas.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Despise no one; for every one knows something thou knowest not.

Emulation embalms the dead; envy, the vampire, blasts the living.

To a guilty soul the fall of a leaf sounds like the crack of doom.

It is the enemy whom we do not suspect who is the most dangerous.

Women's friendship is a theory that has never yet been put to practice.

Suffering itself does not less afflict the senses than the fear of suffering.

Fellowship with God produces, strengthens and increases hatred to sin.

Recreation is only valuable as it unbinds us; the idle can know nothing of it.

Cast your nets in the right water, and they may take fish while you are sleeping.

Experience is the trophy composed of all the weapons we have been wounded with.

Language is not an instrument into which if a fool breathes it will make a melody.

In memory's mellowed light we behold not the thorns; we see only the flowers.

Seeing much and suffering much and studying much are the three pillars of learning.

Get your money ready before getting out of an omnibus, and—before going into law.

The defects of the understanding, like those of the face, grow worse as we grow old.

As a sandy hill is to the feet of the aged, so is a woman of many words to a quiet man.

One who is never busy can never enjoy rest, for rest implies relief from previous labor.

Fame is to give our heart's blood that a violet may bloom from our dust in a hundred years.

Don't scowl; it spoils faces. Before you know it your head will resemble a small railway map.

The pages of our lives that to the world seem darkest in God's eyes may be luminous as stars.

Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense true living.

If you should have just what you really deserve—no more, no less—would you be as happy as you are now?

Successes in society are the most difficult of accomplishment—you have to sacrifice your vanity to other people's.

If our whole time was spent in amusing ourselves, we should find it more wearisome than the hardest day's work.

Some rocks cannot prevent the course of a river; over human obstacles events roll onward without being turned aside.

Burton describes idleness as being "the cushion upon which the devil reposes." Johnson designates it as "the rust of the soul."

The history of most lives may be briefly comprehended under three heads—our follies, our faults, and our misfortunes.

It is better for the memory to have a distinct idea of one fact of a great subject than to have confused ideas of the whole.

There are few persons in the world whose discourse does not soon, like the diphthongs in spoil, boil, etc., degenerate into I.

The secret of universal success is caution in attempting. Great men can what they will, because they only will what they can.

There are some faults in conduct, and some in conversation and writing, which are not to be condemned or pardoned, but forgotten.

Ignorance is one of those infirmities that are insensible; and, though it be ever so desperately sick, feels no pain or want of health.

In religion talk is brass, action is gold. The old darkey said, "Pears like I could say more in five minutes than I could live in five years."

As a want of faith is fatal to all goodness, so it is a deficiency far more frequent among men than a careless observer would imagine.

In judging of others, a man laboreth in vain, often erreth, and easily sinneth; but in judging and examining himself he always laboreth fruitfully.

More hearts pine away in secret anguish from the want of kindness from those who should be their comfort than from any other calamities in life.

It is not in great deeds of kindness only that the blessing is found. In "little deeds of happiness," repeated every day, we find true happiness.

It is a great blunder in the pursuit of happiness not to know when we have got it; that is, not to be content with a reasonable and possible measure of it.

There is a secret pleasure in hearing ourselves praised; but on such occasions, a worthy mind will rather resolve to merit the praise than be puffed up with it.

This life is not ordained in vain; it is constituted for a grand purpose; if through its lessons of experience we become convinced that this life is not all.

Experience the great teacher: "If ever I marry I shan't seek for mind; mind's too cold. I'll choose an emotional woman." "Don't do it," eagerly exclaimed his baldheaded friend. "Don't do it, I implore you. My wife's an emotional woman."

How is it those schools of philosophy never turn out a philosopher?

The Chelsea Herald,

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THURSDAY, DEC. 28, 1882.

GATHERINGS.

The new post-office at Ann Arbor will be ready for business about January, 1st.

Fred. H. Belser will give bonds to the amount of \$150,000, as deputy county treasurer.

James McMillan, of Detroit, makes the library of the University a present of 750 volumes.

The Peoples Bank of Manchester, now has a burglar proof safe, with a Sargent time lock.

J. E. Robinson, of the literary department of the university, will be deputy county clerk.

During the month of November 3,843 immigrants entered the United States at Port Huron.

Mrs. C. Muehling fell and broke her ankle while walking on North street last week Tuesday.—*Argus*.

Argus.—Hon. John J. Robison and family will remove to this city next week, and occupy the Gregory house on Bowery street.

C. Hamilton's team took a straight mile run with a load of hay Friday afternoon, but did no damage, not even spilling the hay.—*Grass Lake News*.

Mr. B. W. Morgan, who is the oldest member of the bar, and the president of the association, has been practicing law in this city fifty-two years.—*Courier*.

John Sander, of Bridgewater, brought in a winter radish that weighed thirteen pounds and measured thirty-one and one-half inches in circumference.—*Enterprise*.

Courier.—Wm. Kennedy of Hiscok St., has already received his Christmas present. It was in the shape of a pair of twins, a boy and a girl—together, weighing 17 pounds.

A vein of gas was tapped in an oil well on the Connolly farm, two miles from Sarnia, at a depth of 110 feet. The gas ignited from a lantern and is now burning in a pillar of fire forty feet high—all efforts to extinguish it having failed.

Isaac VanAuken, a convict in the prison, in an ugly fit Monday night, set his bed on fire. The flames burned him in a frightful manner before he could be reached, and he died Wednesday night from his injuries. He was sent from Detroit in 1866, for life, having committed a brutal murder.—*Star*.

A remarkable incident occurred in Ann Arbor last Wednesday night. Thomas Leonard, of the Leonard house, was presented with a little daughter by his wife. The singularity of the fact is the extreme old age of the parents, Mr. Leonard being 64 years old, and his good spouse 54.—*South Lyon Excelsior*.

Ypsilanti.—Seth B. Mereness was the victim of a painful accident Tuesday forenoon. While at work in his shop he ran his hand against a circular saw in some unaccountable manner, nearly severing three fingers at the knuckles. Dr. Batwell, who dressed the hand, hopes to save the fingers; but it was a close call for them.

Grass Lake News.—Some two days since, the little two-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Aylesworth, of North Leoni, while sitting near where his father was working with a hammer, was struck in the eye by a splinter of steel, presumably from the head of the hammer. In a few days, the danger of losing the eye became so imminent, that the child was taken to Ann Arbor, and Dr. Frothingham removed the obstruction, and the eye will probably be saved.

Last Saturday afternoon, while Mrs. Walker, of Rawsonville, was driving in a cutter in company with Mrs. Dr. Frazier, to the depot, the horse became unmanageable, and turning sharply to the sidewalk, opposite W. B. Hewitts, threw the ladies out, and ran into the yard in the rear of the house. Mrs. Walker was picked up by the next sleigh, in an insensible condition, and carried to the residence of Mrs. Frazier, who was unhurt. Fortunately it proved, on arriving at the depot, that she had only swooned, from fright or excitement, and was able to ride home when recovered. Mr. Walker, who was on Congress street at the time, was soon informed of the accident, and hastened to the assistance of his wife.—*Sentinel*.

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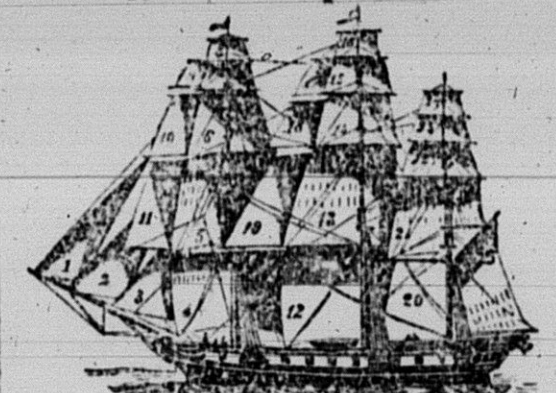
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and lung affections, also a positive

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THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by R. S. Armstrong. v11-51.

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NARROW ESCAPE

OF A MASSACHUSETTS ENGINEER—TIMELY WARNING OF MR. JOHN SPENCER, BAGGAGE MASTER OF THE B. & A. R.R.

Marvellous Cure of Stone in the Bladder—Large Stones Removed by "Kennedy's Favorite Remedy."

From the Pittsfield (Mass.) Eagle.

Stone in the bladder is a very dangerous ailment; but many most remarkable cures have of late been wrought by "Kennedy's Favorite Remedy"—the invention of Dr. Kennedy of Boston, N. Y. Another striking case is now added to the list. Mr. Peter Lawler, of Dalton, Mass., states in a letter to Dr. Kennedy that he had been troubled with bladder complaint for 14 years, and had consulted at different times seven physicians; but nothing beyond temporary allayment of the pain had been worked. Towards the end of last January Mr. Lawler called on Dr. Kennedy. Examining him, the doctor "struck stone." He decided that Mr. Lawler should first try the "Favorite Remedy," as it was possible, to avoid an operation. And here is the remarkable result: "Dear Doctor Kennedy—The day after I came home I passed two gravel stones, and am doing nicely now. If you would like to see the stones I will send them to you." This letter bears date "Dalton, Mass., Feb. 6th," and is signed "Peter Lawler." The stones, which are so large as to warrant for "Kennedy's Favorite Remedy" the claim that it is the most successful specific for Stone yet discovered, are now in Dr. Kennedy's possession. Incidentally Mr. Lawler also states that the "Favorite Remedy" at the same time cured him of a stubborn case of Rheumatism; and it is a fact that in all affections arising out of disorder of the liver or urinary organs it is a searching remedy and works marvellous benefits. It is in itself almost a medicine chest. Order it of your druggist. Price \$1.00 a bottle.

"My son," said an illicit distiller, "remember that it is the early bird that catches the worm." "Perhaps so, father," replied the slothful young man, "perhaps so, in some localities, but around here it strikes me that it is the early revenue officer who catches the worm."

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After January 1st, 1883, the price of CABINET Photographs will be as follows:

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Per 1-4 Dozen, - - - 1.40

6x10 Photographs will be \$2.00 for the first one, duplicates 50 cents each.

Respectfully,
E. E. SHAYER,
ARTIST.

Unclaimed Letters.

LIST of Letters remaining in the Post Office, at Chelsea, for the week ending Dec. 28, 1882:

Mrs M Sittenbacher, G A Cook, Christian Wills,

Persons calling for any of the above letters, please say "advertised."

GEO. J. CROWELL, P. M.

A Vexed Clergyman.

Even the patience of Job would become exhausted were he a preacher and endeavoring to interest his audience while they were keeping up an incessant coughing, making it impossible for him to be heard. Yet, how very easy can all this be avoided by simply using Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Trial bottles given away at Armstrong's Drug Store.



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An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
CONDUCTED BY
ALBION W. TOURGEE.
\$4 a year; \$2 six mos.; 10c. a copy
FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS DEALERS

Every Wednesday—Ten Cents.

NOTABLE ATTRACTIONS FOR 1883.

SERIAL STORIES

from Authors of wit and established fame, as follows:

1. "HOT PLOWSHARES," a story of the Anti-Slavery Struggle (now appearing), by Judge ALBION W. TOURGEE.

2. "DUST," a novel of English Society during the early part of this century (now appearing), by JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

3. "JUDITH," a tale of "Old Virginia," by MARION HARRIAND.

4. "THERE WAS ONCE A MAN," a novel on a fresh and attractive subject, by "ORPHEUS C. KERR." The author has devoted much care, during the long interval since he has published, in making this his most curious and elaborate work. It is full of novel situations and subtle humor.

5. "TOO LATE," a tender and pathetic story, by ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

6. "DORCAS," a story of the Early Christians, by NATHAN KOUNS.

7. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE will publish a story in an early number of Our Continent.

8. E. P. ROE is writing a story for publication in a short time.

9. RHODA BROUGHTON, author of "Red as a Rose is She," "Cometh Up as a Flower," etc., will contribute a new novel shortly.

10. REV. WILLIAM M. BAKER has in preparation for us his latest novel—a sequel to his celebrated novel: "His Majesty Myself."

11. H. H. BOYESEN and others are engaged to write stories for the coming year.

12. ANTHONY TROLOPE's latest novel, "LAND LEAGUERS," in the preparation of which he has spent the summer in Ireland, will appear in our pages AT ONCE.

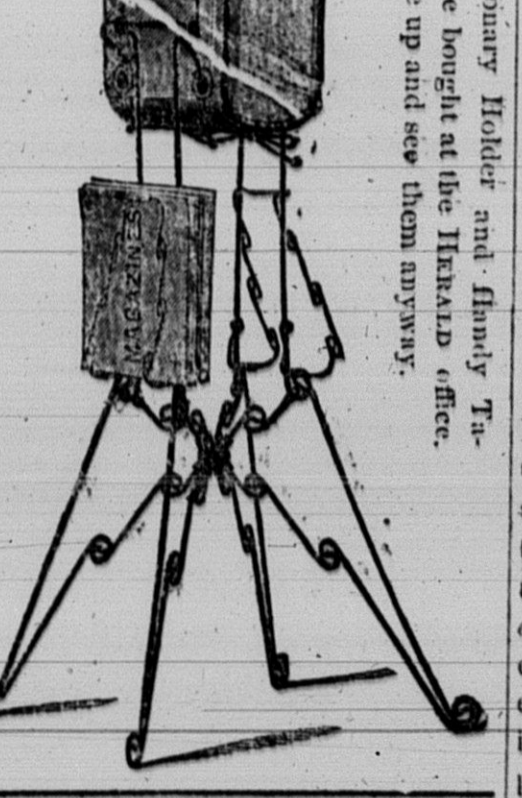
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Treated in the best manner known to literature and art, will be abundantly served to the readers of Our Continent. They will be descriptive of travel, famous and interesting features of this and other countries, notable groups of celebrated men and women with portraits, curious and valuable industries, notable art work, house and home interests, and popular science.

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The Dictionary Holder and Family Tables can be bought at the Herald office. Come up and see them anyway.



WINTER DE-COTE.

T. L. MILLER CO.,
BREEDERS AND IMPORTERS OF

HEREFORD CATTLE.

COTSWOLD SHEEP.

BERKSHIRE SWINE.

Breeder, WILL CO., ILLINOIS.

We were obliged to cut some of our correspondence short this week.

A nice Christmas tree adorned the German Lutheran church, on Sunday last.

The Good Templars had a very pleasant and large gathering last Monday evening.

A surprise party was given Mrs F Downer last Friday evening, about forty persons being present. They surprised her with a beautiful library lamp. It was Mrs D's 65th birthday.

Francisco Gatherings.

From our own Correspondent.

Miss Maulnight is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. Nollen.

Miss Nora Row received a nice watch as a Christmas gift.

Albert Nollen, the hunter, has sold \$13 worth of fur.

A Kalmbach was the guest of John Schenk, Christmas.

The Lutheran church, of this place had Christmas tree Monday evening.

Miss Tillie Mensing left on Saturday for Toledo, where she will visit friends during the holidays.

While R. Hoppe was riding along the road a few days ago, a fox, followed by a dog, crossed the road ahead of him.

Remedy for sore eyes: Don't stay up late Sunday nights and get up early Monday morning. [We presume the correspondent speaks from experience.—Ed.]

LITERARY NOTES.

COPP'S GUIDE. The third edition of Copp's Settler's Guide, a popular exposition of our public land system, is before us. It is edited by Henry N. Copp, of Washington, D. C. Its price is 25 cents in paper, 75 cents in cloth. The chapter on surveys is illustrated, and shows how to tell section and township corners, etc.

From the appearance of Vick's Floral Guide, which is on our desk, we should judge that the young Vicks are "chips of the old block," as the Floral Guide with its lithographed cover is handsome enough for the parlor table. It is printed on the best of paper, has three colored plates of Flowers and Vegetables, and is full of useful information. Those who send 10 cents for it cannot be disappointed, as the plates alone are worth the amount. Address, as in past years, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

THE JANUARY CENTURY is as interesting as usual. "A look into Hawthorne's workshop" is a very remarkable feature of the January Century, when we consider that the paper consists of Mr. H's own notes for a romance. "Hydraulic Mining in California" (illustrated); "The Planting of New England," "The Led Horse Claim," "The Trip of the Mark Twain," "The Rudder Grangers in England," another paper of "Through One Administration," "A Woman's Reason," and many other interesting articles fill the 150 pages this magazine contains.

Wants Others to Know it.

Samuel Morse, of Jonesville, Vt., says "I am over seventy years of age, and for years I have been troubled with an itching sore on my ankle. During the time I have tried nearly all remedies and have paid many doctor's bills in the vain endeavor to cure it, but without success, until a short time since, when I commenced the use of Cole's Carbolic Salve. It has worked a most wonderful cure, and I am so thankful that I want to let others know of the great benefit I have received from it." Small boxes, 25 cents; large boxes, 75 cents.

The Enjoyment of a Bath

Is materially enhanced by the use of Cole's Carbolic Soap. It is refreshing, purifying and invigorating to the skin, and preserves, freshens and beautifies the complexion. It is purely vegetable and guaranteed free from all impurities. It produces a soft, creamy emulsion even in hard water, and is in every respect superior to any other soap in the market for toilet, bath and nursery purposes as well as for medical use. The label on the genuine is black and the letters green. Price 25 cents.

One of the finest presents you can make to your wife or husband, is one of Noyes' Handy Tables, or Noyes' Dictionary Holder's. To be had at the

HERALD OFFICE.

If you want to save from 10 to 25 per cent, buy your Groceries at

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Subscribe for the HERALD only \$1.25 to January 1884.

Some bargains in stoves and plated ware

J. Bacon & Co's.

Chelsea Herald.

WM. EDMERT, JR., Pub.

CHELSEA.

MICH.

IN FORESTS OF STONE.

Petrified Trees that are Found in Many Parts of the World.

New York Sun.

"I had a queer experience once," a gentleman who had been examining the collection of trees and woods in the old Arsenal building, Central Park, said, "and these hardwoods remind me of it. I was prospecting in Arizona with a party of friends, and we had rough luck. We had a young Irishman as cook that I had picked up in Omaha, who was worth more than any ten men I ever saw in keeping up the spirits of the crowd. The lower the provisions the more jovial he was, and I'm hanged if he didn't seem to have the blues one day when we shot a bear and were on the edge of starvation. One day when he had been out picking up wood for fire he came to me and said: 'Beggin' yer pardon, Master Tom, but at it's all the same I'd like to take the back track.'"

"What's the trouble?" I asked. "It might be that I be afraid av gettin' so fat I couldn't walk back, but divil a bit o' that," said he solemnly. "But did ye ever hear tell o' the story av Ara-bayen Noights? Sorrow the toime I've heard Father Clineby relate it in the old country. It's all about a country where the men, women and childer turned to stone. I always took it to be a joke, the result of too much larnin', but divil a bit when we've struck the self same place. Ye laugh, is it? Cast yer eye on that," and he held out a perfect limb of a tree of hard rock, while in the other hand he had a large petrified oyster.

"Why, that's petrified wood I exclaimed.

"Yes," rejoined Pat, "and we'll all be in the same fix if we kape on. I'm for the back trail."

"It was a long time before we could make him understand the situation. But it was a curious sight. We had camped on the edge of a forest that had actually turned to stone. All about were the great stumps that at first we taken for stones, but found, on closer examination, to be trees turned into stone. Some were flat on the ground, others broken into hundreds of pieces, while all around were bones and shells all turned to stone also. How long they had been there no one knows.

Stone forests are in many parts of the world. A number of stony trees have been recently received at the Smithsonian Institute from the west. In many cases they are hardened by the peculiar atmosphere as they stand, and in others they are buried, the parts being replaced by mineral matter. The Little Colorado River in Arizona has long been a famous locality for such finds. At one place more than 1,500 cords of trunks and sections of logs were found by government surveyors. Most of them were silicified. Many are 7 feet or more in diameter and 20 to 70 feet in height. The greater part of them have probably been covered in the marl that originally was 1,000 feet thick. Some of the trees are changed to jasper, assuming numerous hues, while others resemble opal, and, when broken open the core is often found lined with crystals of the most beautiful tints. Louisiana and Ohio are noted localities for fossil trees. In the former state several years ago, in turning up the ground an ancient forest layer was unearthed, and in succession two others below it; and scientists judge, from the size of the trees, that from the time of the first layer to the last 50,000 years must have elapsed. In the remains of the glacial drift in Ohio old forests are often discovered. Some have been buried beneath the water by the sinking of the land. Some of the Ohio trees are not entirely changed into stone, being yet soft, while others are found in all stages from rock to porous sponge matter.

In some parts of the island of Antigua, one of the British leeward group, there are most remarkable examples of stone forests. These trees are in many instances of great size, presenting a curious sight with living birds perched upon their leafless and stony limbs.

The fossil palms are the most remarkable of all these stony forms. They generally have a cylindrical stem.

Some wonderful stone forests have been unearthed by the workers in the building-stone quarries of the Isle of Portland from which comes the famous building stone. The workmen had cut down to what they termed a dirt bed, and suddenly came to a stony forest standing upright. There were hundreds of trees a few feet apart. The tops appeared to have been wrenched off, but many were forty feet in height. On some of the limbs were the delicate stems, and here and there leaves and twigs. In Van Diemen's Land similar forests are known, the great trunks being calcified and partly silicified, while others are changed into chalcedony. They were found in most cases erect, with the branches and limbs scattered about their roots. So natural were many of these that a newly arrived laborer sent out to collect wood brought in a load, complaining of its heaviness. They are used, however, being burned into lime.

Seum invariably rises. Remember, young man, there is always room at the top.

The Romance of Commander Gorrings's Boyhood.

Chicago Tribune.

He is descended from an ancient Swedish family named Gorrings. His father went to the Barbadoes immediately after taking his degree at Oxford, and there settled down as a clergyman of the church of England. He married the daughter of a fellow clergyman and it was in this charming sea-home that the two young people reared their five children. They had everything heart could wish for—position, means, health and prosperity. The worst troubles they had to encounter were vicarious—for they suffered only through their parishioners—and their days of joy grew to months and years, and still the sun shone.

The first jar came when the second boy, Harry, walked into his father's study one day and announced that he could not stand school-going, but must be a sailor, adding with the honesty that has never left him:

"I tell you, papa, because if you do not let me go, I will run away."

Mr. Gorrings thought it over, and next morning had a talk with the boy, out of which grew the following treaty: He was to return to school and stay one year, which would bring him to the age of fourteen; then, if he still felt his happiness lay in a sea life, he was to be shipped with a friend of his father's to learn his chosen profession. The subject was then dropped, and matters went on so quietly that Mr. Gorrings forgot all about it. Not so the boy; on the last day of the year of probation, he went to his father and quietly said:

"The year is up, papa."

"What year, my boy?"

"My year of waiting; and now I want to go to sea."

Poor gentleman! He went in dismay to his wife—as the wisest man will do when family puzzles arise—and it was decided in solemn conclave to send the boy a-sailing under a captain who would disgust him with sea-life once and forever. A vessel was in from England, commanded by an old commercial friend of the pastor; and to him he unfolded the case. He shipped his son as cabin-boy; and after putting a sum of money and a kit of "store-clothes" in the captain's charge, bade adieu to him and went home heavy-hearted.

Captain Gorrings says his first taste of sea-life came as he hung over the rail, with a lump in his throat, and looked and looked at his home. As he gazed at it through a haze of tears that twisted and distorted its outlines into all sorts of fantastic shapes, a rough hand took him by the ear, and a rough foot kicked him forward with an oath-garnished order to go aloft, or else take a taste of rope's end. After this he did see sea-life in its most trying phases, but reached England undismayed, and was there arrested by his uncle, and shut up until a letter from the West Indies assured him that his nephew had not run away, and that the whole social system of the Barbadoes had not gone to wreck, even though its pastor's son was shipped as a sailor before the mast on a merchant-man.

By the time this letter came the first ship had sailed; but the plucky boy enlisted on another and started for India. Off the Congo coast a wonderful meteor was seen, and the crew became almost unmanned by an unreasoning superstition that took possession of them. They waited listlessly the misfortune which an old fore-castle hand said was impending.

Off the Cape of Good Hope a gale struck the vessel, which dismasted her and sent her scudding under bare stumps through a sea so wild that many of the men let go their hold of hope and never thought to see the stars again. But the hull wallowed through somehow, the gale blew itself to shreds, and a week after saw her, with jury-masts rigged and torn sail-ends set, working slowly up toward the coast of Hindoostan.

Night-watches were told off, but somehow they were badly kept, and so it chanced that in the luminous darkness of a tropical night the ship went on a rock and broke her backbone clean in two. There was only time to snatch a few ratons and put off from the wreck before she slid into her grave. On reaching shore the captain took one look at the spot where his honor had gone down, and turning his face to England, blew his brains out with the only firearms in the party. A grave in the sand was scooped for him and the crew started up along the shore-line. There were twelve men and the little English boy.

The day's heat drove them into the jungle, and their marches were forced and slow, for night brought out death in a hundred dreadful forms, and they were obliged to move by light. They found no food except the grass and herbs and some poisoned berries, which last left two of the men with blackened faces turned to the brazen sky. Three others were prostrated by disease brought on by the uncongenial food, and had to be left to die.

One day, when their number was reduced to seven, they met a tiger face to face in the forest. The great cat crouched at them, throwing its head from side to side, and purring, but second after second passed, and it did not spring. They stood scarcely daring to breathe, and, finally, to their surprise and relief, the beast rose on all fours and stalked off into the woods.

To make the story short, they worked along the coast until they reached a village of natives, among whom an English missionary had settled. He, hearing that a brother clergyman was represented among the castaways, hastened to welcome them, and provide them with food and clothing.

Finding the boy what he was, he in-

terested himself sufficiently to secure him a passage home in an American schooner that was bound for Cuba with a load of fruit. Our boy was landed at home six months from the time he left its shelter, and after the first week again calmly announced his intention of following the sea as a professional! His wish was gratified, and he rose steadily from rank to rank until, when he was nineteen years old, he found himself in New York Harbor at the end of a cruise, with the offer of a ship the next voyage.

He Wanted to be a Newspaper Writer.

The other day Col. Gillit, of Black Fork, accompanied by his son, visited the Traveler office. "I've been layin' off for some time," he said, "to fetch my boy in, but we've had to save the fodder and git the fattenin' hogs outen the woods. I know that you want somebody to help you on this sheet, for it's man's natur' to git tired. Now, my boy Tom, here, has had a heap of money spent on his eddycation, and I don't think that it's right to waste him on the farm. The fust indication we had that he was fitted for newspaper work was when he writ somethin' on the fence with a piece of charcoal an' got into a fight about it. What was it you writ, son?"

"I writ that Ben Buckle, was a liar," answered the boy.

"Now, don't you see what stuff there's in him? Just look, a boy only—how old are you, son?"

"Twelve, goin' on thirteen."

"Just look at a boy only twelve goin' on thirteen writin' sich a political article as that. The man who writ the paper of independence couldn't do any better than that. And you ought to see him with a pen. Son, show the gentleman how you can freeze to the end of a pen and rar like a hoss."

The boy took up a pen, pressed it upon the table and capered around.

"That's what I call complishment," continued the father. "That's what's I call snap. Son, show the gentleman how you can throw your whole nature into liar."

The boy took the pen and wrote "liar" with bold smear.

"Now, son, write hoss thief."

The boy wrote "hoss thief," and capered around with a juvenile grin of malignity.

"That's what I call the result of eddycation," resumed the father. "That's what I call newspaper ability. Now sir, how much is he worth a month?"

"I would dislike to place a hurried estimate of value upon such active service as the young man could render," said the editor. "Besides, we could not utilize him here, for this is not a political paper. Your son is a political writer, and I would advise you to see the proprietor of a daily sheet."

"I reckon you are right. This is a sorter tame establishment. Come on, son, I mus' git you a place whar you can sling your jints."—Arkansas Traveler.

A Lady Who Wanted Mottoes.

A gentleman, whose wife had instructed him to purchase a few nice, appropriate mottoes, became inebriated, and forgot just what was wanted of him. He had a confused notion that his wife's request was in some way relative to his purchase of something in the way of sign cards, so he called upon a dealer and purchased quite a variety.

"I've got 'em—hie—my dear. He-he-here's a whole lot nice uns," he said, as he triumphantly produced his package. With a sigh over his maudlin condition, she opened the parcel and found the following: "Hands Off," "Your Choice for five cents," "Look Out for the Locomotive," "Keep off the Grass," "No Dogs Admitted," "Ham Sandwiches, ten cents each," "Tom and Jerry," "For Rent," "Oysters in All Styles."

Then the lady went down town and made her own selections, and when her husband woke up one morning after a spree that cost him four hundred dollars, a playcard stared him in the face from his bedroom wall. "Rum Did It," and when he turned over with a groan, he noticed the warning, "Shun the Bowl." Shifting uneasily to the other side, he caught sight of "Death in the Cup."

He hasn't been drunk since.

Whittier's Birthday.

Whittier, in celebrating his birthday anniversary at Boston, said: "It is a rather queer thing to congratulate a man upon that he is 75 years old," smilingly adding, "Perhaps it is something to live so long in this wicked world." He thought the New England climate somewhat trying, and quantly said: "I am a New Englander and I love New England, but my 75 years living here has failed to fairly acclimate me." He says of the amount of literary work he was doing this winter, that it was not much; nothing to speak of. "I have done too much already, such as it is." Then, "I have so many letters to write that I scarcely find time to do much literary work worth the name. There is no man who ought to write much after he is 70, unless perhaps it may be Dr. Holmes. He ought to write from now until he is 100. There is such wonderful variety in his work that it seems a pity he should ever stop." Mr. Whittier had many tokens from friends in different parts of this country and from England.

"Why, John, where have you been all night?" was the greeting, as he stumbled up stairs. "Comet party, my dear, that's all." "Comet party? Why, it ought not to take all night to see the comet." "If you zee as many comets as I did, I would take you, poor, weak woman, a whole week. Yeshit would."

Quaint Things Said by Little Ones.

Children say many quaint things. Sometimes, too, there is a sort of wit in the piercing directness with which they go to the heart of a question. Mr. Howard Paul, in a collection which he has just published of "Clever Things Said by Children," makes them too clever by half.

The story of the Board school student who could not be made to understand the nature of a miracle, and who, instead of giving the answer expected from him, declared that if he saw the moon shining in the daytime he would say it was the sun, and that if his master assured him it was not the sun he should say his master was drunk, appeared originally in an official report.

The mingled dullness and ingenuity with which children will sometimes throw new light on a question by their mode of answering it is often very amusing. In order to explain in a strikingly intelligible manner the necessity of regulating one's conduct, a schoolmaster asks a boy what, when a watch goes sometimes too fast, sometimes too slow, the owner ought to do with it. "Sell it," replies the boy.

The reputation for veracity enjoyed by George Washington in America has been made by his admiring fellow-countrymen the subject of innumerable jests; and it appears that some lecturer on moral philosophy, having questioned a pupil as to why Washington's birthday was celebrated more than the lecturer's own birthday, received the prompt answer, "Because he never told a lie."

There can be no doubt as to the sharpness (or as to the insolence) of the boy who, as he was removing the outer part of a piece of cheese, and was told by his father in the tone of remonstrance that he ate the rind, answered, "I am cutting this off for you." Many of the savings ascribed to innocent little children are at least as rude as they are witty. What else can be said of the daring repartee uttered by the boy who wished first to know whether his grandpapa had been with Noah in the ark, and, being answered curtly in the negative, inquired of the old man how it was that he escaped drowning?

There is deep pathos, on the other hand, in the tale of a child who, having been presented with a half-crown, and assured moreover that it was a good one, expressed his regret, saying that if it had been bad he might have kept it, but that as it was good his parents would take it from him.

There is drollery sometimes in the naïveté with which a child will mistake the character of an action. A young man, for instance, coming home from a party so late that he thought it desirable to take off his boots before walking upstairs, was told by his infant brother from a commanding position on the staircase that he need not be afraid of waking the family, since they were "all up."

How Candor Pays.

Atlanta Constitution.

"We had better understand each other," he said deprecatingly, as he shambled into the editorial room. "before we begin. I'm a book agent!"

Unmindful of the groans that met this statement he went on: "I'm not a white-haired philanthropist from New Haven, who has come south through sympathy for your stricken people. I'm a fair, square, bald-headed book agent."

Encouraged by the reception of this frank avowal, he took a seat, and dropping his feet in a waste-basket said:

"I'm not a retired clergyman who seeks to scatter religious instruction while he builds up his worn out frame in your balmy clime. I'm not an apostle of art who has consented to seek your benighted region, and educate your people by parting with a few picture books in parts. I'm not a temperance lecturer from Bangor who pays expenses by dispensing of literature on commission while he regenerates the rum-sucker. I'm not all of these—nor either. I'm an unmodified book agent, with none of the corners rounded, running on cheek in pursuit of tin."

"Here's a candor at least," remarked the young man who writes the puffs of hardware stores.

"Yes; candor at best. I'm not a gilded sham. You don't pick me up for a prince in disguise, or art or morality going incog. I do not fly the skull and cross bones hid behind a holiday flag till I've grappled and boarded you. I've got the regular old Death's head nailed to the mast, and I'm a pirate from keel to center-board, and if you don't want that kind of company blow me out of the water."

He had the whole force on deck at this point.

"I've got no off-hand preamble to my bloody work. I do not lead you through the flowery paths of ease to where I've got the trap sprung. I do not beguile with anecdote, inspire with eloquence, soothe with persuasion or pique with local gossip. I was not directed to you as a leader of culture or a person who'd be likely to buy. I won't show you a list of high-toned decoys who have put their names down to get rid of me and to draw you in. I don't show the work I'm selling, and I've never been able to learn the idiot's soliloquy that explains the pictures."

Here he paused while the manager called for the cash-boy.

"That's about the size of me and my business. The book's right here—fifty parts, fifty cents a part, plenty o' pictures and big type for the reading, written by somebody or other and means \$10 clear money to me every-time I work one off. Do you take, or do I go?"

By this time eleven copies of the first part were ordered, and the "eleven

able" resumed their work, while the office boy indites this tribute to a man who ain't ashamed of his little racket.

Hoffenstein's Prize Brogan.

Hoffenstein was busily marking the selling price on some clothing which had just arrived, when suddenly stopping in his work he turned to the clerk and said:

"Herman, I had forgot if we sell all of dose plack jean pants vat was damaged. Vas any more of dem in de sdore yet?"

"Yes, Misder Hoffenstein. I dinst dere vas three bairs left. I hef been drying to sell dem, but de beople say dey don't vant to go around de sdore mit bants on vat makes dem look like a circus brocession. Dere vas yellow spots all ofer de bants, you know."

"Vell, subbose dey had got spots on dem, vas you goin to let de beople dinst dey vas damaged? My gr-gr-acton, Herman, de longer you vas in de pianose de more you don't learn nodding. Vv, ven a man comes in de sdore and dells me dot dose bants vas damaged I dells him he vas misdaken; and I asks him if he know a biecc of quadruple, vvas finish, needle point, hand dvised roof from a biecc vat vas von ply, cotton stiches and mit a beveled edge. Ven I asks him dot he don't can say nodding. Dey I dells him dot de bants vas not damaged, und dot dey vas made of vot vas called in de old world Spanish wool, de best article made dere. In a couple of minutes afder I dalk to de customer he bays de bants, und I half sell nine bairs in dot vay."

Hoffenstein had scarcely finished speaking when a negro with a bundle in his hand and considerable excitement entered the store.

"Vell, my frent, vat can I do for you?" said Hoffenstein, advancing toward him and smiling pleasantly.

"You can't do anything for me," replied the negro angrily, "but I wasser to gib back my money whar I paid fur des hyar shoes or I see gwine to take de matter fore de law. I gib four dollars for dem shoes, an' I nebbor wasser dem but six days fore de soles drapped off, an' when I zamed dem dar wasser a blessed ting dar but paper. I see cheated, an' when a man thinks he can come miratin' around me an' I ain gwine to say nuffin' he's apt to find his self in de nine hole."

"My frent," said Hoffenstein, quietly, "did you find anyding in de soles of dem shoes?"

"No, sah," replied de negro.

"Vell, dot vas a piece of hard luck, my frent. De shoes vat you buy vas Louisiana brize shoe, und ven you dalk a pair of dem you vas liable av any moment to find a twenty dollar gold biecc in de soles of dem. If de soles of dem brize shoes was made of hard ledder dey wouldn't wear out, and de gwine quence would be you don't can find a twenty dollar biecc, und dot vas de reason do soles vas made of bapar dot dey vill wear oud soon, und let de beople know if dey get a brize, you know."

"Is dese hyar shoes de regerler prize shoes?" inquired the negro, greatly interested.

"Vell, my frent, if ye see a man vvas come in de oder day und show me a couple of dwendy dollar biecces vot he got oud of dem shoes, you would say de vas a gold mine."

"If de shoes is de regerler prize shoes I'll take 'er nudder pair."

"Certainly, my frent. Herman wasser shentleman up a bair of dose Louisiana brize shoes, and dake dose vot you dink de money vas in."

When the shoes had been paid for and the negro had gone, Hoffenstein said:

"Herman, did you see how I vorked dose old star brogans?"

"Yes, Misder Hoffenstein."

"Vell, ven ofer a customer comes de sdore, regcolleck dot dey vas Louisiana brize shoe mit a dwendy dollar gold biecc in de sole of dem, think I vill learn you something ab de business yet."

Rather a Mistake.

Chamber's Journal.

Occasionally very awkward consequences have been known to follow from acting on the spur of the moment. It is related of Lord Ellenborough that when on one occasion he was about to accompany him, a proposition which his lordship assented, provided there were no band-boxes tucked under the seat of his carriage, as he had often found there had been when he dined with her ladyship's company before. Accordingly they both set off together, but had not proceeded very far before the judge, stretching out his hand under the seat in front of him, kicked against one of the flimsy receptacles which he had specially prohibited. Down went the window with a crash, and out went the bandbox into the ditch. The startled coachman immediately commenced to pull up, but was ordered to drive on and let the thing lie where it was. They reached the sized town in due course, and his lordship proceeded to robe for the evening.

"And now, where's my wig?" he demanded, when nothing else had been donned. "My wig, my lord," replied the servant, "is in the bandbox."

Lordship threw out of the window the came along.

The Fabian policy: A bear, wishing to rob a bee-hive, laid himself down in front of it and overturned it with paw. "Now," said he, "I will be perfectly still and let the bees sting me till they are exhausted and powerless; then their honey may then be obtained without opposition." And it was so done, but by a fresh bear, the other bear died.

CHelsea HERALD.

We solicit communications and news items from all the surrounding towns.

Every communication must contain the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

If you have any business at the probate office, make the request that the notice be published in the HERALD. Such a request will always be granted.

Our market report will invariably be found correct, as we give it our personal attention and take great pains to give correct quotations. The prices quoted are those paid by dealers.

We must not be held responsible for sentiments expressed by writers.

Address all communications to
THE HERALD.

THURSDAY, DEC. 28, 1882.

To Each and Every Reader.

As the old year will soon be gone, we will take this opportunity of saying a few words to our many and worthy readers. When the next issue of the HERALD reaches you, the year 1882 will be counted among the things that have passed away. To many, no doubt, the year was an eventful one—one to be long, and perhaps always remembered—the latter applying to us. We have seen and lived in several localities during the year—have met thousands of strange faces—and only several months ago, cast our lot among you. That we have every cause to be thankful, we will confess, for, with the many with whom we have transacted business, or have met socially, we have always had the best of treatment, and trust you have been as well treated. Our business has prospered, our list of subscribers has been more than doubled, our advertisers have been liberal, and in our job work department we have been well favored. True, many of our business houses have not favored us with advertisements, but we trust that in the next year they will see the benefit to be derived, by placing an ad. in the HERALD. Most of those who have not had an ad. in the HERALD, think all of our readers know them, and will consequently call on them when in need of goods in their line, but here they are mistaken. A live business man is always on the lookout for bargains, that he may make it profitable to the people to purchase of him, and is usually the one to find such bargains. The advertiser, also, as a rule, is the one who is not close to his customers, and as he usually buys in large quantities, gets inside figures, and in turn gives his customers the benefit. An ad. placed in the HERALD does not cost much, yet, it makes the business known to thousands of persons every week. Some may say, "what do you know about mercantile trade?" we answer, for ten years we have followed it, serving clerkship for several houses (thereby learning different methods of doing business), and for several years controlled a business of our own, therefore speak from experience. We have in the past two months not accepted any ad's from Ann Arbor or Jackson parties, thinking our own dealers would appreciate our efforts; but in this we have been disappointed by several of our otherwise good houses. To those who have given us encouragement, and to the many new and old subscribers, we hereby return our thanks, trusting you may all in the year and years to come, be happy and prosperous. We should be pleased to have you call on us whenever you have the time to spare, as we want to get acquainted with all of our readers.

Christmas at the Union School.

At the ringing of the bell on Friday afternoon the pupils of our school assembled in their proper places for their various exercises. The little ones were only nicely seated when a strange visitor arrived, a jolly old fellow dressed in a peaked white fur hat, a long white fur coat, and white fur pants; his back was covered with dolls, and from enormous pockets in his coat beautiful dolls peeped out. He carried a gold horn to let people know that some body was coming. Queer as it may seem every child knew that the visitor was good old "St. Nicholas." He had candy for all of the pupils and a string of beautiful beads made of pop corn for each teacher. He thought the pupils of the grammar department of the high school to large to eat candy, so he presented each of them with a Christmas card. He found Miss Lewis' pupils singing, Miss Harrington's singing, Miss Mitchell's speaking pieces, Miss Depew's having a social, and each of Prof. Parker's trying to conquer a huge "gob of lasses candy."

The school was then dismissed for one week, and the pupils all went to their homes with kind feeling for their teachers and for each other, and more than one little (big) one said: "Well, Prof. Parker, is the boss."

Waterloo Gleanings.

From our own Correspondents.

W. Cairns is having a vacation of one week; also, Peter Lehman.

Mrs. John Boyer is fast recovering from her illness, under the care of Dr. C. Suglandt, of Waterloo.

The Christmas tree in the Avery district was held on Monday evening, instead of Tuesday, as stated in last week's issue.

Jas. Mullen is now a resident of Chelsea place, as Mr. Brittenbach took possession of the farm on Dec. 19th. Mr. Mullen sold the farm about a year ago.

The debate in the Palmer district last Friday night, on the question: Resolved, "That the present school system of the United States, is not consistent with free government," resulted in a decision in favor of the negative.

Next Friday (to-morrow) night they will discuss the question: Resolved, "That man is a child of circumstances."

The social at Mr. J. H. Hubbard's last Friday night was a success. The weather being a little unfavorable, the company was not as large as was expected. A grand time was enjoyed by all present. Some music rendered by Mr. Louis Hubbard and Miss Sarah Green, on the cornet and piano respectively, was executed in a manner deserving of much praise, adding to the enjoyment of those present. The receipts were quite good.

Last Thursday night a party of about thirty persons gathered together for the purpose of serenading Christian Schumaker. The music (or rather noise) was rendered in a very energetic manner. The strains of the horns, intermingled with an occasional report of a gun and the chime of cow bells had no mercy on people within miles of there, who might happen to be in need of sleep. Not being content with serenading one party, the people on their way home were each respectfully requested to awake and listen to their music.

The meeting in the "Hall" school house, on the evening of December 19, for the purpose of organizing a lyceum, was a favorable one, and the following officers were installed:

President—E. Hall.
Vice-President—Daniel Preston.
Secretary—Willie Wickes.
Treasurer—William Cairns.

Committee of Programme: S. Straith, Miss Aggie Kline, and Miss Anna Knauff. Question discussed on last Tuesday night: Resolved, "That the evils of intemperance are greater than those of war?" ALPHA.

Our Sylvan Correspondent.

SYLVAN NEWS.

Mrs. Walter Holcomb, of Grand Rapids, Dakota, is visiting her brother and friends in this vicinity.

We were sorry we were not at home to attend the Christmas tree, but all report having a very pleasant time. I presume "Tir and Elwin" were there and will give full particulars.

We are glad to learn that the two children of Jas. O. Raymond, who so recently lost his wife by diphtheria, are out of danger and improving fast. Mr. Raymond has the heart-felt sympathy of this whole community, in his deep affliction.

We notice since we have been away, that poor "ELWIN" has had another bad spell—a little more overflow of the gall—that three hundred dollar water cure didn't seem to have its desired effect—and the woodchuck looked at the dog.

Having been away from home for the past three weeks we are not very well posted in the news of the day, but we are glad to notice you have several correspondents which we hope will continue in the future, as it will very much relieve us.

While traveling through the townships of Alidon and Vevay, Ingham county, we saw some very choice flocks of fine wool sheep, but none that compared with the fine flock now owned by M. Foster & Son, of this place—they have taken the only true road to success, having disposed of their grades, they have gone exclusively into the breeding of thorough breeds, and now have one of the finest flocks in southern Michigan.

It seems good to us, after being gone so long, to hitch up and drive down to our little burg and see the signs of industry everywhere—hear the noise of the busy mill wheel and the sound of the anvil, accompanied by the merry whistle of our genial wagon-maker, Geo. Beckwith, who we notice has some very fine Portland and swell box cutters nearly completed. We hope for him, as well as ourselves, that we will have three months sleighing.

More anon.

KARL.

—AT—

F. O. CORNWELL'S

is the Cheapest place in town to buy
WATCHES, CLOCKS and
JEWELRY.

CALL AND EXAMINE
his stock and you will find the best
—assortment of—
**GOLDRINGS, THIMBLES, SOLID
AND PLATED JEWELRY, NAP-
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KNIVES, FORKS AND
SPOONS.**

All goods sold by him Engraved FREE
OF COST. Special attention paid to the
repairing of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.
All work warranted.

NURSERY STOCK!

Parties wishing fruit stock, will find it to
their advantage to confer with me
before purchasing else-
where. I have just made arrange-
ments with the most extensive grape

GROWERS

in the United States for VINES and am
prepared to fill orders for any
Grape grown. The noted
PRENTISS Grape a speciality.

M. M. CAMPBELL, Chelsea.
apr 30 oed

FOR SALE.

**Bran, Shipstuff
& Middlings**

**At Peninsular Mill,
DEXTER, MICH.**

JAMES LUCAS,

Dexter Mich. Sept. 28th, 1882.

THE DIAMOND BARBER —SHOP—

UNDER BOARDMAN'S STORE.

The undersigned wishes to inform the people
of Chelsea and vicinity, that he has
come here to give satisfaction in all branches
of his business.

**LADIES AND CHILDREN'S HAIR-
CUTTING AND SHAMPOOING A
SPECIALITY.**

Thanking the people for previous patronage,
and hoping that it will be continued
in the future, I remain

YOURS TRULY,
F. L. DIAMOND.

Commercial.

Detroit Markets.

DETROIT, MICH., Dec. 27, 1882.

WHEAT—No. 1 white spot, 97c.
" " 2 " " 82c.
" " 2 red " 96c.

CORN—Weak. One car of No. 2 was

sold at 52c. per bu.

OATS—Quiet. Sales of two cars No. 2

white at 42c.; No. 2, 1 cars at 39c. per bu.

CLOVER SEED—Sale few bags prime

seed, December delivery, at \$6 65; No

2 at \$6 30 per bu.

APPLES—Firm and active at \$2 25@

\$3 00 per bbl.

BEANS—Unpicked at \$1 75@2 10 per

bu., and city handled at \$2 40@2 50.

BUTTER—Choice packages are in fair

demand at 26@27c. per lb.

EGGS—Are in light receipt at 27@28c.

per doz. for fresh stock, and 25@26c. for

pickled.

POTATOES—Car lots are steady at 55

@60c. per bu., and job lots from store 60@

70c.

Home Markets.

BEANS—Unpicked are in good demand

at \$1 00@1 60 per bu.

BARLEY—Is quiet at \$1 25@1 50

per cwt.

BUTTER—In good demand at 20@24c.

per lb. for choice.

CLOVER SEED—Per bu., \$6 00@

\$6 25.

CORN—In the ear is steady and brings

20c. per bu. for old and new.

CRANBERRIES—Per bu., \$3 00@3 50.

DRIED FRUITS—Apples, are in good

demand at 6c. per lb. Peaches, per lb., 13c.

EGGS—Are in good demand at 25c.

HIDES—Bring 5 1/2c. @ 6c. per lb.

HOGS—Live—Dull, at \$5 00@5 55 per

cwt. Dressed, \$6 00@6 50.

LARD—Lard quiet at 10c. per lb.

ONIONS—Per bu., 40c.

OATS—Are steady, at 22c. @ 25c.

PORK—Dealers offer 12 1/2 cents per lb.

for salt pork.

POULTRY—Turkeys, 8c. @ 10c. per lb.,

and Chickens at 8c. Ducks, 8c. Geese, 7c.

POTATOES—Bring 45c. per bu.

SALT—Remains steady at \$1 25 per bbl.

Rock, \$1 75.

WHEAT—No. 1 white or red is quiet at

90c. per bu.; damaged, 50c. @ 75c.

Subscribe for the HERALD.

Fresh can Oysters 20 cents at
Farrell & Boardman's.



**LOW PRICES,
AN IMMENSE STOCK,
AND GOOD GOODS**

Is what causes the RUSH at the Bank Drug Store.

Ladies solid GOLD Watches for

\$15.00,

DIAMOND RINGS FOR

\$18.00

are among the **RARE BARGAINS** we are offering, but
we have many others equally as good in SILVER WARE,
BOOKS, TOYS, GAMES, TOILET SETS,
BRUSHES, ALBUMS, DRESSING
CASES, PERFUMES

AND IN FACT ALL LINES OF HOLIDAY GIFTS.

REMEMBER WE

have with us one of the BEST ENGRAVERS in Michigan, and will
ENGRAVE FREE of cost all JEWELRY and
SILVERWARE that we sell.

Also that we have a line of the New York Book Exchange publications
which all admit we are selling at ruinously low prices.

Don't fail to see our display of PRANG'S Christmas cards.

GLAZIER, DE PUY & CO.



This space belongs to

WOOD BROTHERS

Who are so busy selling

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots

and Shoes, Crockery, Silver

PLATED

ware, Watches, Clocks &c.

that they have no time to

say more than that they are

SOLE AGENTS

in Chelsea for the ROCK

FORD quick train

WATCH!

the BEST watch made.