

# THE CHELSEA HERALD.

VOL. XII NO. 48.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1883.

WHOLE NO: 620.

## 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 8 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 Duhiag. 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 8 1/2 o'clock, at their Lodge room, Middle st., East. F. H. STILES, 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.

**I. O. G. T.—Charity Lodge** No. 335, meets every Monday eve. at 1 o'clock, at Good Templars hall. GEORGIA VOSSBURG, Sec.

**K. O. T. M.—Chelsea Tent No. 81,** of the K. O. T. M., will meet at Odd Fellows' Hall the first and third Friday of each month. C. W. MARONEY, R. K.

**G. A. R.—ATTENTION X SOL-**diers! R. P. Carpenter Post, No. 41, Department of Michigan, Grand Army of the Republic, holds its regular meetings at Odd Fellows' Hall, Tuesday evenings, after the full moon in each month. Special meetings, second Tuesday after regular meeting. By order of J. D. SCHNAITMAN, Post Commander. Adjutant.

**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.

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

**WILLIAM B. GILDART, ATTOR-**ney 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, Resi-**dent 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-13-5.

## RESTAURANT.

**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

## INSURANCE COMPANIES

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**Turnbull & Depew.**  
Assets.  
Home, of New York, \$6,109,527.  
Manhattan, " 1,000,000  
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Office: Over Post-office, Main street Chelsea, Mich.

It is cheaper to insure in these companies, than in one-horse companies.

Subscribe for  
**—THE—**  
**HERALD.**

## MAILS CLOSE.

GOING EAST.	GOING WEST.
10:10 A. M. ....	9:25 A. M.
4:40 P. M. ....	11:30 A. M.
8:45 P. M. ....	5:50 P. M.
	8:45 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.

That cross walk now has the proper width.

School begins four weeks from next Monday.

Geo. H. Kempf Sundayed with friends at Albion.

Mr. Callohan spent Sunday and Monday at this place.

The *Washtenaw Post* has reached number 200 and is still going.

If the weather turns out favorable, the oat crop will be very large.

New potatoes have been selling in this place at 65 cents per bushel for some time.

The Congregational society has enclosed its church property with a high board fence.

No reason to complain of hot weather so far this season with the exception of two or three days.

Judge Harriman has returned from his eastern trip, and is again ready for Probate business.

"If it wasn't for hope the heart would break," as the old lady said when she buried her seventh husband.

There are several very bad spots in Main and Middle streets that should be filled with gravel, at once.

Last week Peter Gorman Jr., received a new Birdsall separator. It was ordered for him by Henry Gorton.

The Western Union Telegraph Company operates 425,000 miles of wire. Other companies about 40,000 miles.

Burnett Steinbach has one Dennett twine binder out which is giving Thomas Fletcher excellent satisfaction.

It's quite a treat to see Mr. Lighthall at his office again. With the aid of crutches he hobbles around quite lively.

Dr. R. B. Gates has sold his fine team of Clydesdale mares to Detroit parties for \$500. They will be used for draying purposes.

S. W. Clarkson, of Manchester, has been appointed cashier of the First National Bank of Ann Arbor, vice Knight resigned.

While H. T. Gilbert was driving to North Lake one day last week, the horse shyed, and threw him out, bruising him severely.

The charm advertised as lost by Mrs. Alva Freer, was a present from her son now deceased, and is therefore highly valued as a keepsake.

We saw a man mail a letter the other day, which, he said, he had carried three days! Some lady will wonder why she hasn't an answer to it.

Although John R. Moore only lives a few miles out of town, he had not been on our streets after dark in five years before last Thursday evening.

Green corn was found among other delicacies on the table of the Hon. S. G. Ives, for dinner, last Sunday, but owing to his illness, Mr. Ives dared not partake of it.

Some time ago we stated that Charles Wunder, the baker, would vacate the room in the Chelsea House block, July 1, but he is there yet and may be for some time to come.

Chelsea leads all villages of its size and a great many cities on the quantity of wool marketed. We have heard of no larger clip either than that of Backus Brothers, 3,488 pounds.

Not only does Chelsea lead on the price of wheat, wool etc., but now comes James Geraghty who paid twenty cents per pound for spring chickens to send an Ann Arbor Professor.

We understand an excursion is being talked of to be given some time after harvest under the auspices of the Congregational and Methodist churches. We hope this will become a reality.

Mr. Fred Vedder, of Hudson, is the guest of Mr. Orrin Burkhart.

Miss Luella Townsend is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, at Saline.

While Tommy McNamara was in Detroit last week, he was considerably injured by being thrown from a buggy in a runaway.

For several days past Ed. G. Hoag has been somewhat under the "weather," but we are pleased to state is now able to be around again.

D. B., and John C. Taylor having dissolved partnership, the former has opened an office in the McKune block. Mr. Taylor will continue to practice law, and buy wheat, seeds, pork etc.

A soap vender visited our place last Thursday evening, paid one dollar for a license, and sold about one-dollar's worth of soap. That's the way to serve these move-about chaps.

Will some of our subscribers who have taken the paper for years, without paying please let us know how much we owe them yet, and when our time expires? We want to renew!—*Ypsilanti Sentinel*.

It is as dry as a powder house.—*Sanford (Fla.) Journal*.

Wish we could change with you for a time. We have had rain enough every week for the past two months to float a boat!

Uncalled for letters:

Bruster, Mr. Willis Bradshaw, William 2 Fann, Mr. John Iselbar, Mrs. Annie Long, John B. 3 Leram, Mr. E.

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

The latest paper added to our exchange list is the *Sanford Journal*, published at Sanford, Florida. It is a neat, newsy, 8-column folio, and any Northern people wishing a Florida paper, will do well to send for the *Journal*.

\*Not often is a clock met with that can be depended upon, but the regulator in Wood Bros. store is an exception. In the year and a half prior to March 1st, it only lost four minutes. Since that time it has not varied 30 seconds.

One day last week Dan. McLaren cut eighteen acres of wheat with a McCormick binder. Who can beat it?—*Dexter Leader*. Dan's a pretty hard man to beat, but if anyone has cut more in one day this season, we would like to know it.

F. E. Beissel, who has clerked for Thos. McKane some time, will, in a few weeks go on the road for a Philadelphia house selling suitings. We are of the opinion Frank would do better to remain, but as he has made up his mind to travel, we wish him the best of success.

Several weeks ago we were informed that Chelsea's favorite tailor, F. W. Eisenberg, would leave this place as the business did not pay here. Mr. E. is constantly crowded with work, but he does not receive the price he should for the quality of work done. He will remain however for a time.

A number of our exchanges are finding fault with the *Ann Arbor* papers because they appropriate so many items without giving the proper credit. It pleases us to see items taken from the *HERALD* but we don't want to be abused by the paper clipping them. "Speak well of the bridge that carries you safely over."

"There's something about your daughter," Mr. Wanghop said reflectively—"there's something about your daughter!" "Yes," said old Mr. Thistlepod, "there is; I have noticed it myself. It comes every night at 8 o'clock, and it doesn't get away usually till about 11 o'clock. And some of these evenings I am going to lift it all the way from the front parlor to the side gate, and see what there is in it."

There is one street in this village that needs filling in very much. It is in the southeastern part, and, although there is but one residence directly on it, yet that man, Mr. L. G. Baldwin, the milk man, misses it very much as he must in consequence drive several blocks out of the way in going and coming several times each day. As it will not cost over \$15 or \$20 to put it in a fair condition, we believe our excellent town board will do what is right.

Miss Jennie Franklin, of the Centre, has for several years went huckleberrying using the same horse. The other day she hitched up, and went to the house for pails etc., but the horse thinking all was ready, went huckleberrying on his own account, at least he went some distance before being overtaken.

Now that the roof is on, work on the new market is going rapidly forward. The cornices, and the frames for the plate glass are in place, and carpenters, painters and masons are busily engaged changing the interior. Not only will Mr. Bagge have a model market, but a pleasant and convenient home. Mr. B. expects to be ready for business about the middle of this month.

While Ira Glover was driving along the road near Sylvan, a few days since, with a reaper, Christ Forner's cow stepped in front of the machine. The rake striking her on the back, she kicked, striking the knife in such a manner as to sever the fetlock. Messrs. Beckwith and Boyd did all they could and we understand she is doing well. The cow is a valuable one, and was being "watched" on the road by Mr. Forner's son.

Last Thursday we had the pleasure of witnessing the working of a McCormick twine binder on the farm of Mr. Jay Everett about six miles south of here, and if all work as perfect as this one did, we do not wonder at the success Fin. Whitaker has had in placing so many in this vicinity. We followed the machine five or six rounds and it did not miss a bundle. A good point in this machine is that the cutterbar can be raised very high leaving the straw on the field where it is wanted, not only as a fertilizer, but to protect the clover. Mr. Everett was cutting and two men were hauling it in the barn. These machines are a great help to the farmers' wife as there is no extra help to cook for.

Not only do Northern papers tell some extraordinary stories, but Southern papers also. The following is from the *Sanford (Fla.) Journal*, and is a little out of our line: "On the 14th day of June, Messrs H. M. Harrell, Wm. Merritt and Robert Merritt, all of Sumpter county, went fishing. Their small boat was savagely attacked by a tremendous alligator and a terrific fight for dear life or a watery grave ensued. Having a good rifle aboard, his "gatorship" received an unexpected welcome in the shape of four rifle balls. A noose was then thrown over his neck and he was then dragged ashore. If the rope had not been long enough to permit the gator to touch the bottom of the Lake, he would undoubtedly have sunk the boat. His measure was over 15 feet long, and weighed over 800 pounds. When he was cut open a large hog was carefully stowed away in his stomach. This report was handed us by one of the gentlemen and will be vouched for by his party.—*Sumterville Times*.

## LITERARY NOTES.

*Our Little Ones* and *The Nursery* for August is at hand, and as usual, is filled with such matter as will greatly interest not only the little ones, but the mother also. An attractive feature of this magazine is its illustrated articles which are to be found throughout.

The *Art Amateur* for August contains a striking four-page design of lilies and butterflies for a South Kensington screen panel, a design of daisies for a dessert plate, three pages of designs and suggestions for monograms and jewelry, and three pages of wood carving designs. The most important article is an exceedingly interesting account of "Japanese Pictorial Art and Artists," profusely illustrated. There is a page of drawings from Paris Salon pictures; the very creditable work of American women in the Paris Salon is editorially reviewed, and "My Note Book" gives a spicy record of foreign art-events. Among the subjects practically treated are landscape painting in oils, lettering on china, wood carving, and mural decoration. There are also articles of much interest on early English pottery, ornamental iron work, old illuminations, the remarkable print collection of Prof. West of Brooklyn, and numerous other art topics. Price, 35 cents; per annum, \$4. Montague Marks, publisher, 33 Union Square, N. Y.

## PERSONAL.

Mr. F. E. Ives, of Unadilla, spent Sunday with friends at this place.

J. Hepfer was away all of last week doing work for Plainfield parties.

Mr. Geo. C. Minnis, of Vicksburg, was in town the latter part of last week.

Mr. Geo. A. BeGole and wife spent last week with relatives and friends at Saline.

Mr. A. J. Sawyer, of Ann Arbor, spent part of Saturday and Sunday with friends in this vicinity.

Mr. Jas. L. Vernom, of Henderson, Pa., is visiting his wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Goodwin, of Lyndon.

Mrs. John Gregg, of Wayne, is paying her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Shaver and her numerous friends a visit.

Mrs. T. C. Gould, of New Windsor, Ill., is spending several weeks in this vicinity with her brother Dr. R. S. Armstrong, and other friends.

Mrs. E. A. Avery, of Grand Junction, Iowa, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Congdon, and numerous other relatives in this vicinity.

Charles Downer, of South Chicago, is in this vicinity taking care of his twenty-eight acres of wheat. He is engaged in a lumber yard but will take a lay off for three weeks.

In a foot note to his letter, Prof. Parker says his wife and self feel greatly improved by the change of climate. The party who brings the meals thinks there must have been an "increase" in his son-in-law's family.

The many friends of Mrs. J. C. Wortley of Saline, formerly of this place, will be deeply grieved to learn of her sudden death which occurred last Friday evening in a railroad collision at Carleton, N. Y. In the same accident 18 others were killed, and 30 injured, among the latter being Mrs. A. L. Briggs, also of Saline, and who was with Mrs. Wortley, who may not recover. Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Kempf and daughter, of this place, were not on this train but reached their destination in safety.

**HIAWATHA** Chewing Tobacco 65c.  
Glazier, DePuy & Co.

**MACHINE OILS!**

To those who have not examined our machine oils, we wish to say that we have a large line, representing all grades from an Oil at 30 cents a gallon, to the best Oils to be obtained, and having bought them at the most favorable time in the past year we are confident of being able to offer better bargains and better goods than any other parties in Chelsea.

The best proof of this statement is the fact that our sale of Machine Oils has been three times as great this season as ever before, and not in a single instance have the goods failed to give the satisfaction guaranteed.

In Lard Oils, particularly, has this been the case, where in the past parties have got more kerosene than lard.

**HIAWATHA** Chewing Tobacco 65c.  
Glazier, DePuy & Co.

Notices in this space will be inserted at ten cents per line.

Lost! A charm, consisting of a five dollar and a fifty cent gold piece held together by a link. The \$5 piece has a staple in place of an eye. Receive liberal reward by leaving with Mrs. ALVA FREER.

Wanted! Two good threshermen, and one with team. S. Seney.

FOR SALE! Good house and barn, 1 1/2 acres with orchard, small fruits. Good location, especially for physician. Inquire, H. A. CARR, M. D., 48\* Lima, Washtenaw Co., Mich.

For Stack and Machine Covers, and binding twine go to J. Bacon & Co's.

Notice! All those wishing their tombstones and monuments cleaned, repaired and re-polished, to look as good as when taken from the factory, will do well to call on S. K. Edwards who has had 12 years experience at the business. All work warranted. Also a horse and buggy for sale cheap! 49



# Chelsea Herald.

WM. EMMERT, JR., Pub.

CHELSEA.

MICH

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A REUNION of the ancient and honorable family of Dickinson will be held at Amherst, Mass., on August 8 and 9, and everybody of that blood who wishes to attend is requested to seek necessary information from F. W. Dickinson, secretary of committee, No. 144 State-st., Springfield, Mass. There will be addresses, poems, songs, a visit to the town of Old Hadley, which Nathaniel Dickinson helped to found 223 years ago, and an excursion to Mt. Holyoke.

THE King of the Sandwich Islands, though he has not officially declared that "the Chinese must go," has formally notified the Chinese government that no more could come into his kingdom. It was only a few years ago that he was so anxious to increase the population of his country that he advertised for immigrants, and the Chinese were welcomed with open arms. But the adoption of the anti-Chinese laws by the United States caused the Celestials to pour in upon him in such numbers as to threaten the over-running of the islands. And yet so vast is the population of the Chinese Empire, that the loss of so many subjects as to threaten the existence of another nation was no more noticed than the loss of a single egg out of a full barrel would be.

Of the colonies of Russian refugees established in different parts of this country probably the most successful is the one in Burleigh county, Dakota, which has already risen to the rank of a town and been named Wechsler, in grateful recognition of the assistance rendered by Rabbi Wechsler, of St. Paul. Mr. Berger, the prominent Hebrew resident of Vienna, who has recently visited all the colonies in this country, and reported to the Alliance Israelite Universelle of that city, says of the colony at Wechsler: "My attention was especially attracted to the thrifty and diligent habits of these emigrants, and I admired the zeal of a sixteen-year-old maid, who alone, with a spade uncovered and planted an acre with potatoes. It is needless to add that this colony is a deserved success."

THE "hay-bunker" is a vagabond peculiar to San Francisco. He passes his nights on one of the wharves, peacefully reclining on the soft side of a bale of hay. San Francisco harbors about 300 individuals of this species. And they are, in truth, a queer company. They live under a sort of social organization, which, though elastic in most respects, has at least one inviolable rule. Smoking among the bales of hay is rigidly forbidden, and any member caught violating it is at once expelled. If he attempts to sneak back into fellowship he is thrown into the dock, and only pulled out in time to save his life. He is then ordered to depart forthwith, under penalty of another ducking. The hay-bunkers are Socialists, dividing the results of thieving and the collections from stray beer-kegs with fractional impartiality.

ONLY seventy-five spectators saw the game of baseball played in Philadelphia the other day by two nines of one-legged men, but there was fun enough to have kept a thousand laughing. The game began with the "Crips" of Trenton in the field and the "Hoppers" of Philadelphia at the bat, and resulted in a victory for the "Crips" by a score of eight to six. It was remarked that the players who used crutches generally ran as well as their brethren with wooden legs. But the only home run was made by Naylor of Trenton, a "peg-legger," who having knocked the ball into the center-field, hopped around to the third base with surprising agility, while his adversaries were gathering from various points to look for it, and then stole home on a wild throw, waving his arms like wind-mills to preserve his equilibrium, and very much out of breath.

A SUIT of armor that originally belonged to King Francis I. of France has had a strange history in modern times. It was bought, says a correspondent in The St. James's Gazette, by the late Sir Anthony Rothschild for £100, and sold by him to the late Lord Ashburnham for £1,000. Some years afterward it was sold by Lord Ashburnham for

£4,000 to a dealer in curiosities, who resold it within twenty-four hours to a wealthy customer for no less a sum than £17,900. The subsequent history of the armor is even more remarkable. It was deposited by its purchaser in the Belgrave-square Pantheon, and when that unfortunate building was destroyed by fire the armor was buried beneath the ruins. Dug out of the debris, it was sold for a few pounds as old iron. It survived however, even this degradation; for, after undergoing a process of renovation, it was subsequently sold for £12,000 to Mr. Spitzer, of Paris, where it is said to be now on sale for £20,000.

Nobody except the unfortunate man himself can be held responsible for the death of Captain Webb, the celebrated English swimmer who was drowned in attempting to "shoot" the rapids and whirlpool in Niagara river. The undertaking was fool-hardy in the extreme, but it was entirely his own, and undertaken without any encouragement whatever. The sporting fraternity, who are always ready to stake money upon such hazardous feats, on this occasion held themselves aloof, and did all in their power to prevent the man from carrying out his scheme. But it was of no avail. He sought notoriety, and if a man is determined to risk his life in the pursuit of that *Ignis fatuus*, he will always find some way to do it. Experience is a hard school, but there is a certain class who will not learn in any other. Capt. Webb was a brave man, and so remarkable were his feats as a swimmer that it is to be regretted that the lesson which he set for himself to learn has been so sad a failure.

In Omaha a man his wife and seven children have not stirred out of their house for ten years, except a night, when they occasionally walk out in the dark of the moon. They deal with one grocer for meat, fuel and provisions. The supplies in the evening are taken in through a window in the rear. He has never seen any of the family. His bill is paid regularly, and there seems to be no lack of money. They keep a coffin in the house for each member of the family, and order a new one as often as it is increased in number. These coffins, from the East, are all of adult size, so that they will be sure to be large enough. They are stored in the attic of the cottage. A physician has attended the family regularly. He has never seen one of them, though he has ushered all the children into the world. He always receives a fee of \$25 in gold for each visit, however trifling the ailment. The windows and doors are kept closed in the warmest weather, and it seems to be a vacant house. No one knows the reason of such conduct, and it is presumed that they are ashamed of being seen in Omaha. There are people who feel that way.

It is said that the Indians on the Fort Berthold Reservation in North Dakota are looking with anxiety to the fulfillment three years hence of a prophecy made in a speech to them by a white man seventeen years ago, that in twenty years they would have to give up their wild habits and adopt the habits of white men. There are 1,200 of these Indians, and they have made remarkable progress in agriculture, having now under successful cultivation about 900 acres. There is little doubt that if the proper encouragement was given them the majority of the Indians of the West would in a comparatively few years become industrious farmers; but how many white men would take any interest in cultivating land when they were as certain as they were of day following night that they would soon be ordered to abandon their fields and move on to strange ground? Yet that has been the experience of the red men of America almost from the day the Pilgrims landed to the present. The only apparent salvation for the Indians is to devise some plan by which he may become a citizen and a voter; when he acquires the latter right he will find a continued abode.

### He Could Put Up With Most Anything That Was Handy.

Little Sam Wrinkler, on visiting a neighboring family last Saturday, was addressed by the lady of the house: "What can I do for you, my little man," she asked. "I dunno," said Sam. "Mamma told me not to ask for a cake or pie, as I did last time, and I'm sorter at a loss to know what to ask for, for I don't know what else you've got in your pantry, anyhow, but I can put up with most anything that's handy."

Mr. Burdette, a brother of the humorist, has entered the Baptist ministry.

## Dress Reform.

Brooklyn Eagle. "I want to call your attention to our system of dress reform," commenced an ancient dame with a very wide mouth, as she entered the managing editor's sanctum and threw her hat on the table.

"Looks very pretty," murmured the managing editor, surveying the Bloomer costume with a critical eye.

"See how free and easy every thing is," continued the woman, brandishing her arms and skipping around. "Did you ever see anything to equal that?"

"Don't think I ever did," replied the managing editor calmly. "I'm prepared to say that I never saw anything anywhere that bore any resemblance to it."

"Comfortable, pretty, accommodating all the limbs and giving free play to all the muscles. Notice that?"

"Don't really see anything else," clamored the admiring editor. "That element seems to be the mainstay of the whole business."

"Now I want this paper to pick this scheme up and make it popular among the ladies of the nation. Are you prepared to go into that branch of philanthropy?"

"It's a little out of the line of my duties," responded the managing editor. "I'll call in the religious editor. He knows about such things."

"I see, I see," muttered the religious editor as he took the show in at a glance. "You keep those pantaloons up with suspenders, I reckon."

"That's just it," replied the delighted reformer. "That is where this costume approaches that of a man, and therefore is perfectly comfortable."

"Suppose you bust a suspender, what do you propose to do about that?" asked the religious editor, delicately.

"Sew it up," replied the woman promptly.

"But suppose you're on a picnic and there is no needle handy?"

"I don't know," murmured the woman meditatively.

"Tell me frankly," demanded the religious editor sternly, "do you know how to fasten a suspender with a stick?"

"No, I don't," retorted the woman. "Have you ever seen a woman who does?"

"I don't believe I ever have," returned the reformer.

"I supposed so," commented the religious editor. "I thought so. Now another thing. Do you know how to tie a button on with a string?"

"I have never tried to," stammered the woman.

"I wouldn't have believed you if you said you had," continued the religious editor. "You begin to see where your dress reform will come out in case of accident. But there is something else. You have suspenders for your pants and another pair for your socks. Now suppose you were dressing in a hurry and those suspenders got mixed, and you put the pair for the socks on the pants and the pants pair on the socks. And suppose you hoisted the socks up to the collar bone and you found your pants were beginning to slip—"

"You're a brute!" howled the woman, as she made a break for the door.

"That was rather tough, wasn't it?" asked the managing editor regarding the disappearing figure with an emotion of relief.

"I don't know," replied the religious editor, looking longingly at the bottom drawer of the managing editor's desk.

"Underneath all her dress reform she was strapped up like a mule in a blacksmith's shop, and I knew it. If she hadn't scattered on that last question, she would on the next, so it was only a matter of time. How do you like that apple-jack I saw you tasting an hour or so ago?"

## The Juice.

Life. "Policeman Gilligan, who had been transferred to avenue A, was asked how he liked his new beat.

"It's the devil's own beat intirely," replied the important official; "but the wust av it is the juice."

"Indeed, is the whiskey so bad down here?"

"It ain't the whiskey I'm complainin' av, sor. Whiskey is whiskey, whiver yez foind it. It's the Juice—thim bloody Pagans that made the Holy Vargin an orfin. Bad cess to nim. I can't get along with thim, at all at all."

"What is the matter with the Jews, Mr. Falligan?"

"Phwat dir yez think av this, now? There's wan av thim wid a jawbreaker? name that kapes his old clo'shorter open wake in an' wake out. I wint in to arrest him wan Sunday, and he told me he kept Saturday for Sunday accordin' to his religion. I didn't believe him, but sixty-sivin other Juice colloqued in wid him an' they said to me, 'He does,' sez they."

"Then I layed for him the nixt Saturday, an' the shore was wide open; but when I arrested him he said it wasn't Sunday. 'Yez tould me,' sez I, 'that yez kep' Saturday for Sunday. 'But I've changed me religion' sez he."

"So I shotopped in on a Sunday, an' the shore was full av people, an' he was busy as the devil shwindlin thim right an' left. 'I've got yez now,' sez I. But he up an' tould me, 'that the corpse av his brother was in the back room an' the neighbors had come into the wake, an' he was fittin' thim out with funeral close at his own expence, on' it was a big cost to him intirely. I wint into the back room an' sure enough, sor, there was the hook-nose corpse in a chape coffin, an' the shmell av kimmel dhruv me out."

"I had to let him go, but I sint a de-

tective aroun' the nixt day, an' the detective found the wax mask av that hook-nose corpse, in a corner. Phwat can yez do wid thim Juice, anyhow?"

## The Trustworthiness of Early Traditions.

Brooke Herford in Atlantic Monthly.

Is memory capable of preserving through successive generations the facts of history, or whatever else people are continuously interested in knowing?

At first one is apt to say "No," remembering how seldom two people can agree in their recollections of even the briefest saying or commonest occurrence. But look into the matter. Note how the power of memory differs in different people, and how it may be cultivated, and especially how it strengthens when systematically depended on, while when little is left to it, it weakens.

It is a small fact, but not without significance, that among the first things which children are set to fix in their memories, apart from any idea of sacredness, are long series of historical names, dates and events—English kings, American colonists and presidents far exceeding in difficulty those Israelitish histories which Kuenen thinks cannot be trusted because only preserved by memory. This shows that it is less a question of the power of memory than of how far memory is looked on as sacred, and guarded so as to hand on its contents unimpaired.

As for evidence of the power of memory, what better can we desire than the well-known fact of the transmission of the Iliad, with its 15,677 lines, for generations, perhaps for centuries, before it was even written? Yet even that is a mere trifle compared with the transmission of the Vedas. The Rig-Veda, with its 1017 hymns, is about four times the length of the Iliad. That is only a part of the ancient Vedic literature, and the whole was composed and fixed and handed down by memory—only, as Max Muller says, "by memory kept under the strictest discipline."

There is still a class of priests in India who have to know by heart the whole of the Rig-Veda. And there is this curious corroboration of the fidelity with which this memorizing has been carried on and handed down; and they have kept on transmitting in the ancient literal form laws prohibiting practices that have nevertheless become established. Suttas are now found to be condemned by the Vedas themselves. This was first pointed out by their European students but has since been admitted by the native Sanskrit scholars. Nothing could show more clearly the faithfulness of the traditional memory and transmission. It has, too, this further bearing on the date of the so-called Mosaic legislation: it shows that the facts of customs existing in a country for ages unchallenged does not prove that laws condemning such customs must necessarily be of later origin. But there is more that is instructive in the transmission of this Vedic literature. There has been writing in India for twenty five hundred years now, yet the custodians of the Vedic traditions have never trusted it. They trust, for the perfect perpetuation and transmission of the sacred books, to disciplined memory. They have manuscripts, they have even a printed text, but, says Max Muller, "they do not learn their sacred lore from them. They learn it, as their ancestors learned it thousands of years ago, from the lips of a teacher, so that the Vedic succession should never be broken. For eight years in their youth they are entirely occupied in learning this. They learn a few lines every day, repeat them for hours, so that the whole house resounds with their noise; and they thus strengthen their memory to that degree that, when their apprenticeship is finished, you can open them like a book and find any passage you like, any word, any accent." And Max Muller shows, from rules given in the Vedas themselves that this oral teaching of them was carried on exactly as now, at least as early as 500 B. C.

Very much the same was it with those Rabbinical schools amid which the Talmud gradually grew up. All of that vast literature, exceeding many times in bulk Homer and the Vedas and the Bible altogether was, at any rate until its later periods, the growth of oral tradition. It was prose tradition, too, which is the hardest to remember, and yet it was carried down century after century in the memory; and long after it had been all committed to writing, the old memorizing continued in the schools. Indeed, it has not entirely ceased even now, for my friend Dr. Gottlieb, of New York, tells me that he has had in his study a man who thus knows the entire Talmud by heart, and can take it up at any word that is given him, and go on repeating it syllable by syllable, with absolute correctness.

Adolphus Was Not Satisfied.

Peck's Sun. Murphy heard cows in his orchard the other night, and slipped out the back way appeared suddenly near the front steps and yelled. "He-ah Tig! He-ah Tig! He-ah!" Just then a figure rushed past, cleared two fences and vanished in the gloom. "Take 'im! take 'im!" screamed the old man, but his daughter Miranda, who had unaccountably appeared on the scene, secured the dog by the collar and refused to let go. "What ye doin'," yelled the old man, "don't you know them cows has been in here three or four times?"

"Oh, pa!" was the answer, "but this was only a calf." The old man was pacified, but Adolphus, who was standing out in the road awaiting development, wasn't, and Miranda will never understand the coldness that has sprung up between them.

## But One Opportunity.

Joseph Cook has said: "Gentlemen, this universe, up to the edge of the tomb, is not a joke. There are in this life serious differences between the right hand and the left. Nevertheless, in our present career a man has but one chance. Even if you come weighted in to the world, as Sindbad was with the Old man of the Sea, you have but one chance. Time does not fly in a circle, but forth, and right on. The wandering, squandering, dissipated moral leper is gifted with no second set of early years. There is no fountain in Florida that gives perpetual youth; and the universe might be searched, probably in vain for such a spring. Waste your youth; in it you shall have but one chance. Waste your middle life; in it you shall have but one chance. Waste your old age; in it you shall have but one chance. It is an irreversible natural law that character attains final permanence, and in the nature of things final permanence can come but once. This world is fearfully and wonderfully made, and so are we, and we shall escape neither ourselves nor these stupendous laws. It is not to me a pleasant thing to exhibit these truths from the side of terror; but, on the other side, these are the truths of bliss; for by this very law through which all character tends to become unchanging a soul that attains a final permanence of good character runs but one risk and is delivered once for all from its tortures and unrest. It has passed the border from behind which no man is caught out of the fold. He who is the force behind all natural law is the keeper of his sheep, and no one is able to pluck them out of his hand. Himself, with out variability or shadow of turning, he maintains the irreversibility of all natural forces, one of which is the insufferably majestic law by which character tends to assume final permanence, good, as well as bad."

"Who held the pass of Thermopylae against the Persian host?" demanded the teacher. And the editor's boy at the foot of the class spoke up and said: "Father, I reckon, he holds an annual on every road in the country that runs a passenger train."—[San Francisco Argonaut.

"Longfellow said, 'In this world a man must be either anvil or hammer.' Longfellow was wrong, however. Lots of men are neither the active hammer nor the sturdy anvil. They are nothing but bellows."—[Philadelphia News.

A New York darkey who furnishes blood for transfusion and so saved the life of one Okenberg, who was at death's door, now sues for \$250 damages. A nice little bill to pay for being repulsed.—[Pittsburgh Telegraph.

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COLUMBUS TIME

Through time table in effect June 1st, 1882.

GOING NORTH.		STATIONS.		GOING SOUTH.	
Express.	Passenger.			Express.	Passenger.
5:30 PM	8:30 AM	LV	Toledo	9:24 AM	10:24 AM
6:30 PM	9:30 AM	LV	Manhattan Jct.	10:24 AM	11:24 AM
6:45 PM	9:45 AM	LV	Alexia Jct.	11:24 AM	12:24 PM
6:55 PM	9:55 AM	LV	Monroe Jct.	12:24 PM	1:24 PM
7:05 PM	10:05 AM	LV	Dundee	1:24 PM	2:24 PM
7:15 PM	10:15 AM	LV	Ann Arbor	2:24 PM	3:24 PM
7:25 PM	10:25 AM	LV	Ann Arbor	3:24 PM	4:24 PM
7:35 PM	10:35 AM	LV	Ann Arbor	4:24 PM	5:24 PM
7:45 PM	10:45 AM	LV	Ann Arbor	5:24 PM	6:24 PM
7:55 PM	10:55 AM	LV	Ann Arbor	6:24 PM	7:24 PM
8:05 PM	11:05 AM	LV	Ann Arbor	7:24 PM	8:24 PM
8:15 PM	11:15 AM	LV	Ann Arbor	8:24 PM	9:24 PM
8:25 PM	11:25 AM	LV	Ann Arbor	9:24 PM	10:24 PM
8:35 PM	11:35 AM	LV	Ann Arbor	10:24 PM	11:24 PM
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4:55 AM	7:55 PM	LV	Ann Arbor	12:24 AM	1:24 AM
5:05 AM	8:05 PM	LV	Ann Arbor	1:24 AM	2:24 AM
5:15 AM	8:15 PM	LV	Ann Arbor	2:24 AM	3:24 AM
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6:05 AM	9:05 PM	LV	Ann Arbor	7:24 AM	8:24 AM
6:15 AM	9:15 PM	LV	Ann Arbor	8:24 AM	9:24 AM
6:25 AM	9:25 PM	LV	Ann Arbor	9:24 AM	10:24 AM
6:35 AM	9:35 PM	LV	Ann Arbor	10:24 AM	11:24 AM
6:45 AM	9:45 PM	LV	Ann Arbor	11:24 AM	12:24 PM



## A VETERAN BENEFACTOR.

His Past Life, Present Plans, and What He Has to Say Upon a Subject That Astonished Him.

New York Times.

Nearly forty years ago a young man, of unusual endowments, began to mould public opinion upon a subject of vital importance. Like all pioneers, his early efforts were unheeded, but his ability and the value of his work soon won public confidence, and to-day there is not a village or hamlet in the country that has not been influenced by Dr. Dio Lewis. When, therefore, it was learned yesterday that he contemplated the establishment of a large magazine in this city, the fact was deemed so important that a representative of this paper was commissioned to see him and ascertain the truth of the rumor.

Dr. Dio Lewis is a gentleman of sixty years and two hundred pounds, with snow-white hair and beard, but probably the most perfect picture of health and vigor in the metropolis. He is a living exponent of his teachings, and notwithstanding the amount of work he has already done, promises still greater activity for years to come. He received the interviewer most courteously, and in reply to a question said:

"It is true I have come to New York to establish a monthly magazine. I have come here for the same reason that I went to Boston 25 years ago. Then Boston was the best platform in the country from which to speak of education. New York has now become most hospitable to progressive thoughts, and especially so to movements on behalf of physical training."

"I have reason to know the great and abiding interest of the American people in this subject. They have come to realize that the future of our country pivots upon our physical vitality, and especially upon the vigor of our women. My new magazine will bear the title 'Dio Lewis's Monthly,' and be devoted to Sanitary and Social Science. I hope through its pages to inaugurate a new departure in hygiene."

"Have you not written several books on the subject?"

"Yes, nine volumes, and some of them like 'Our Girls,' published by the Harpers, have had an enormous circulation, but the best work of my life I shall give the world in the new magazine. Forty years of skirmishing ought to conclude with ten years of organized warfare."

"Doctor, what is the occasion of this new interest in health questions?"

"It has come through suffering, which seems the only road to self knowledge. The stomach, heart, kidneys or liver fall into trouble, happiness is gone, and then people give attention to their health."

"Which of these organs is most frequently the victim of our errors?" asked the reporter.

"Within the last few years diseases of the kidneys have greatly multiplied. When I was engaged in practice, thirty-five and forty years ago, serious disease of the kidneys was rare; but now distressing frequent and fatal."

"To what do you attribute this great increase of kidney troubles?"

"To the use of stimulating drinks, adulterated food and irregular habits of life."

"Doctor, have you any confidence in the remedy of which we hear so much now-a-days, 'Warner's Safe Cure'?"

"I believe in the ounce of prevention, rather than in a ton of cure."

"But have you noticed the remarkable testimonials of Warner's remedy?"

"I have, and confess that they have puzzled and astonished me. The commendations of proprietary medicines usually come from unknown persons residing in back counties. But I see in our most reputable newspapers the warmest praise of Warner's Safe Cure from College Professors, respectable physicians, and other persons of high intelligence and character. To trust such testimony aside may be professional, but it is unmanly. No physician can forget that valuable additions to our Materia Medica have sprung from just such sources. I was so impressed with this cloud of witnesses that I purchased some bottles of Warner's Safe Cure at a neighboring drug store, and analyzed one of them to see if it contained anything poisonous. Then I took three of the prescribed doses at once, and found there was nothing injurious in it. I do not hesitate to say that if I found my kidneys in serious trouble, I should use this remedy, because of the hopelessness of all ordinary treatment, and because when a hundred intelligent and reputable persons unite in the statement that a certain remedy has cured them of a grave malady, I choose to believe that they speak the truth."

"But as you may know, my great interest in life lies in prevention. For forty years I have labored in this field. One of the phases of my work in New England was the establishment of the Ladies' Seminary at Lexington, Mass. My aim was to illustrate the possibilities in the physical training of girls during their school life. This institution became before I left it, the largest and most successful Seminary for young women owned and managed by one person, in our country. I sat down to dinner every day with a family of two hundred persons. The remarkable results of this muscle training among girls, were given in my paper published in the North American Review of December, 1882."

"Besides, I established the Normal Institute for Physical Training in Boston, and for ten years was its President and Manager. Dr. Walter Channing,

Dr. Thomas Hoskins, Professor Leonard, and others were among its teachers, and more than four hundred persons took its diploma and went out into all parts of the land to teach the new school of gymnastics. And now the years left to me I propose to devote to the magazine which I have come here to establish. It will be the largest periodical ever devoted to this field of literature, and will present the hundred and one questions of hygiene with the simplicity of a child's talk. To this end all so-called learning will be subordinated. The magazine will be more or less illustrated, and will strive to reach a high place in the confidence and heart of the people. In a few weeks our first number will appear, and we shall fondly hope for it a hearty welcome."

The facts above narrated are indeed most important. It is gratifying to know that the life long experience of a gentleman who stands without a peer in successfully demonstrating the principles of hygiene; whose heart has always been in sympathy with the afflicted, and whose brain has also been active in planning for their relief, are to be given to the public through the pages of a magazine. And it is especially significant and proof positive of rare merit that a proprietary medicine even with such high standing as Warner's Safe Cure is known to have, should be endorsed and recommended by a man so able, so reputable and of such national renown as Dr. Dio Lewis.

Why the Ladies Eyed Him so Closely.

"I don't know," said the thin Indianapolis drummer with the tight pants and toothpick shoes as he sat in front of the St. George in the most killing attitude, "why all your Evansville ladies gaze at me so. Don't you have any handsome men of your own here?"

"Oh, yes, we have a few," said the drug clerk.

"Then why do they eye me so closely? I've made more mashes sittin' right here than I ever did in any town before."

"Yes, but I don't think these were mashes you made here exactly."

"Well, what makes them eye me so closely then?"

"I tell you what I think," said the clerk, "the women here all have the croquet fever, but they can't get mallets to suit them. They are probably thinking what nice light mallets your legs would make if they were cut off and dried, and with your feet left on the end, they could shut their eyes and strike and never miss a ball. They'd sweep off every ball on the whole ground."

They Were There.

"Sir!" he called over the fence to his neighbor, "your hens are in my garden again!"

"Is that possible?"

"Yes, sir; you can see them if you step this way a little."


"Oh, never mind—I'll take your word they are in there. If the man on the other side would only have a little public spirit in him and spade up a few beds my hens would do well this summer. Twelve hens require at least two gardens for a running ground. Can you lend me your wheelbarrow and shovel, and rake and hoe?"

I am convinced that we have a degree of delirium, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others.—Burke.

If the fountain is pure the stream will be pure also. So with the blood. If that be pure the health is established.

Parson's Purgative Pills make new rich blood, and taken one a night will change the blood in the entire system in three months.

Beats awl—the shoe machine.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

**HOSTETTER'S**  
CELEBRATED  
  
**STOMACH BITTERS**

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, by increasing vital power and rendering the physical functions regular and active keeps the system in good working order and protects it against disease. For constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaint, nervousness, kidney and rheumatic ailments it is invaluable, as it affords a sure defense against malarial fevers, besides removing all traces of such disease from the system.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

Tactful people always inspire respect. It is difficult to believe that one has no secret to keep but that of his own insignificance.

MISHAWAKA, Ind., Dec. 1, 1882.

Dr. PENNELL: Dear Sir:—Overwork has done for me what it does for many. Desiring to benefit suffering women, I add my testimony to the value of Zoa-Phora. For five years I suffered greatly with Prolapsus, being obliged to use a supporter during all these painful, weary years; but thanks to your medicine, I wear it no more. I laid it off after using one and a half bottles. I am not well, but I work all the time and am better than I ever expected to be. You may better than I ever expected to be. You may better than I ever expected to be. You may better than I ever expected to be.

For more information, give them my full address.

The sympathy of most people consists of a mixture of good humor, curiosity, and self-importance.

Liver disease, headache, and constipation, caused by bad digestion, quickly cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

The simplest and most familiar truth seems new and wonderful the instant we ourselves experience it for the first time.

We know of no way that we can benefit our readers more than by calling attention to Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

It is the oldest and most valuable patent medicine in the world. Everybody should keep it in the house. It will check diarrhoea and dysentery in one hour.

Santa Cruz is the noblest rum'un of them all.—N. Y. News.

A Partially Dead Man.

The Morning Herald, Baltimore, Md., states: Major B. S. White, of this city, describes his miraculous cure as follows: "I have been a partially dead man for ten years. Doctors attributed my sufferings to the enlargement of certain glands. The quantity of medicine I took without relief would be sufficient to set up a first-class apothecary shop. Finally St. Jacobs Oil was recommended. I had my spinal column rubbed with it. All those knots, kinks and stiffness have passed away, and I am myself again."

Two for ascent.—A pair of balloons.—New York Journal.

A DIAMOND WEDDING.

The seventy fifth anniversary of the marriage of a veteran of the war of 1812 was recently celebrated, and all who contemplate matrimony should take warning, and send their name and address to Chas. Colahan Marine City, Michigan, and they will receive a set of beautiful illuminated cards by return mail.

The people whom we never contradict are those whom we either love most, or respect least.

LEWIS, IOWA.—Dr. M. J. Davis says: "Brown's Iron Bitters give the best of satisfaction to those who use it."

Those people in whom heart and understanding balance each other develop late.

Modernized Bo-Peep.

Little Sis Claire lost her hair And didn't know where to find it; But she was seen to buy Carboline And now she does not mind it.

We usually learn to wait only when we have no longer anything to wait for.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Express and Carriage Hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can be better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

To be content with little is difficult; to be content with much, impossible.

Cure that Cold.

Do not suffer your Lungs to become diseased by allowing a cold to continue without an effort to cure it. Thousands have died premature deaths, the victims of Consumption, by simply neglecting a cold.

DR. WM. HALL'S BALM FOR THE LUNGS will cure Colds, Coughs and Consumption—surer and quicker than any other remedy. It acts almost like magic in many cases, and in others, its effect, though slow, is sure if persisted in, according to directions.

Henry's Carbolic Salve

Is the Best Salve for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, Freckles and Pimples. Get Henry's Carbolic Salve, as all others are counterfeits. Price 25 cents.

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TRADE MARK  
  
**THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.**

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BRUISES AND ACHES. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Centa bottle. Directions in 11 Languages. 8

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

A Specific FOR EPILEPSY, SPASMS, CONVULSIONS, FALCING SICKNESS, RAGE, YETUS, RAGE, ALCOHOLISM, OPIUM EATING, SCROFULA, KING'S EYE, ULCERS, ETC., DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, WEAKNESS, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, BLOOD SORES, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY TROUBLES and all IRREGULARITIES.

25 CENTS PER BOTTLE AT DRUGGISTS.

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NEVER FAILS  
  
**THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR**

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD.

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 13 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (For Internal and External Use). CURES Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Chronic Diarrhoea, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Lungs, etc. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now residing in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and will make any horse or cow as fat as a buttered roll.

DAVID PATTERSON

MANUFACTURER OF GRANITE STATUARY & MONUMENTAL WORK

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ESTABLISHED 1855

There are nearly 6,000 Americans residing in Paris.

Consider existence as a task, and you will be able always to endure it.

GARFIELD, IOWA.—Dr. A. T. Henak says: "Once using Brown's Iron Bitters proves its superiority over all other tonic preparations. Those to be feared are not those who dispute, but those who concede."

STINGING irritation, inflammation, all Kidneys and Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Pain." Frazer Axiol Grease is best in the world. Frazer Axiol Grease is best in the world.

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE. "Rough on Lice," clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, etc. A Fact Worth Remembering.

A severe cold or cough can be soonest cured by taking, according to directions, Allen's Lung Balm. It can be procured at any drug store. It is harmless to the most delicate person.

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores and vigor cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, etc.

**PERRY DAVIS' Pain-Killer!**

A SAFE AND SURE REMEDY FOR

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cramps, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Toothache, Headache.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PAIN-KILLER is the well-tried and trusted friend of all who want a sure and safe medicine which can be freely used internally or externally without fear of harm and with certainty of relief. Its price brings it within the range of all, and it will annually save many times its cost in doctor bills. Price 25 and 50 and 100 per bottle. Directions accompany each bottle.

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Free of Charge.

An elegant song book free of charge containing humorous and sentimental songs, sung by Wizar Oil Companies in their open air concerts. Address: Hamilton Wizar Oil Co., Chicago, Ill.

Wizar Oil cures rheumatism lame back, sprains, bruises, burns, scalds, ulcers, fever sores, inflammation of the kidneys, neuralgia, tooth-ache, carache, sore throat, catarrh, hay-fever, allays inflammation and relieves pain in any part of the system. Sold by druggists at 10 cents, don't forget to use it. And you will banish pain and be happy.

WELLS' "ROUGH ON CORNS," Etc. Ask for it. Complete permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

ELLIS SPAIN CURE

TRADE MARK.

The most remarkable Remedy of the age. The only preparation that will cure Spavin. A valuable remedy for cure of Lameness. Removes swellings and inflammation. Ellis's Spavin Cure does not blister or bleed. We furnish positive evidence of absolute cures. We send undisputed testimonials of Spavins removed.

Ellis's Spavin Cure will cure Splints and Ringbones. Descriptive books with testimonials sent free. Any sportsman reader may secure free pamphlet. Owners of lame horses send postal card to us. Hundreds of cures described in our book. Read carefully and you will be convinced. We only ask a fair trial for Ellis's Spavin Cure. We prepare Condition Powders, and Hoof Powder. Heave Powders Worm Powder, and Cough Powders. All these on sale at Drug Stores and Hardware Dealers. Price of Ellis's Spavin Cure, \$1 per bottle. For further particulars, free books, etc., write to ELLIS'S SPAIN CURE CO., No 10 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass., or 20 Fourth Ave., New York.

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Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I Could not move!"

I shrunk! From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver; but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81. R. FITZPATRICK.

CHAPTER II.

"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen—I suffered with attacks of sick headache. Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner. No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I used Hop Bitters."

"The first bottle Nearly cured me;"

"The second made me as well and strong as when a child."

"And I have been so to this day."

My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint, 'Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—'Incurable!'"

Seven bottles of your bitters cured him and I know of the

"Lives of eight persons"

In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters.

And many more are using them with great benefit.

"They almost 'Do miracles!'" —Mrs. E. D. Slack.

How to GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much—without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised; and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

A SURE CURE for epilepsy or fits in 24 hours. Free to poor. Dr. KATZ, 234 Arsenal St., St. Louis Mo. \$7.50 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 out free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

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YOUNG MEN! If you want to learn telegraphy in a few months and be sure of a situation, address, Valentine Bros. Janelville, Wis.

\$66 a week \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly out-fits free. Address True & Co., Augusta Maine.

Dr. LAFFITE'S FRENCH MOUSTACHE VIGOR Grows a beard on the smoothest face in 20 days; money refunded. Never fails. Sent on receipt of 50c stamps or silver; 3 packages for \$1. Beware of cheap imitations; none other genuine. Send for circular. Address, T. W. Saxe, box 22, Warran, Ind., U.S.A.

AGENTS WANTED Everywhere to sell the best family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with Hoel and Xoe complete in 30 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Thomby Knitting Machine Co., New York.

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THE GOLDSMITH Bryant & Stratton Business UNIVERSITY, Detroit, is the oldest, largest, most thorough and practical, has the most able and experienced teachers, finest rooms, and better facilities ever way, than any other business college in Michigan. Ask our graduates and the business men of Detroit, about our School. Call or send for Circulars. Shortened by a Practical Reporter.

**ZOA-PHORA**

Began life 12 years ago under the name of

**WOMAN'S FRIEND**

Without puffery, simply on the good word of those who have used it, it has made friends a every State in the Union.

**NOT A CURE ALL,**

but a gentle and sure remedy for all those ailments which destroy the freshness and beauty, waste the strength, mar the happiness and usefulness of many GIRLS AND WOMEN.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Testimonials or our Pamphlet on "Diseases of Women and Children" sent gratis. Every woman above 15 years of age, especially mothers, should read them. Address R. PENNELL & CO., Kalamazoo, Mich.

All letters marked private are read by Dr. Pennell only. W. N. U. NO. 31.

**Ladies**

Do you want a pure, blooming Complexion? If so, a few applications of Hagan's MAGNOLIA BALM will gratify you to your heart's content. It does away with Saltness, Redness, Pimples, Blotches, and all diseases and imperfections of the skin. It overcomes the flushed appearance of heat, fatigue and excitement. It makes a lady of THIRTY appear but TWENTY; and so natural, gradual, and perfect are its effects, that it is impossible to detect its application.

**Ladies**

**Ladies**

**Ladies**



—AT—  
**F. O. CORNWELLS,**  
 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-**  
**KIN RINGS, ROGER BRO'S**  
**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.

**CHANDLER**  
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**DRISLANE,**  
 GENERAL BLACKSMITHS,  
 —AND—  
 CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS.  
 We are now prepared to do  
**Horse Shoeing**  
**Repairing**  
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 —AND—  
**TRIMMING**  
 on short notice.

We warrant all our work FIRST CLASS,  
 and as we buy Cheaper we can and do un-  
 der sell our competitors.

Horse Shoeing a Specialty.  
 We also have in connection a  
**First Class Livery**  
 consisting of Good Drivers and Rigs.  
 Shop north of Railroad, opposite Foundry.  
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**\$1,000** can be made  
 in six months  
 selling  
**TUNISON'S MAPS & CHARTS**  
 For 50 page catalogue, free,  
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 Cincinnati, Ohio, N. Y. City,  
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**Valuable Time**  
 is lost by farmers on account of their  
 horses having sore necks and shoul-  
 ders. This can easily be avoided by  
 using Cole's Veterinary Carbolisolve.  
 It prevents inflammation, cures collar  
 and saddle galls quickly, while the  
 horse is being used, and invariably  
 brings the hair in its original color.  
 W. W. Preston, St. Orlaff, Minn., says  
 "For bad collar galls, fresh cuts or  
 old sores, there is nothing equal to  
 Cole's Veterinary Carbolisolve. It is  
 a big thing for horses and can not  
 be too highly recommended. I would  
 not be without it for many times its  
 cost." Pound cans, \$1; small cans,  
 50 cents. 51

**HOW WATCHES ARE MADE**  
 In a SOLID GOLD WATCH, aside from  
 the necessary thickness for engraving and  
 polishing, a large proportion of metal is  
 needed only to stiffen and hold the engrav-  
 ed portions in place, and supply strength.  
 The surplus gold is actually needless. In  
 James Doss' Patent Gold Watch Cases this  
 waste is saved, and SOLIDITY and  
 STRENGTH increased by a simple process,  
 at one-half the cost. A plate of SOLID  
 GOLD is soldered on each side of a plate  
 of hard nickel composition metal, and the  
 three are then passed between polished  
 steel rollers. From this the cases, backs,  
 centers, bezels, etc., are cut and shaped by  
 dies and formers. The gold is thick  
 enough to admit of all kinds of chasing,  
 engraving and engine turning. These  
 cases have been worn perfectly smooth by  
 use without removing the gold. This is  
 the only case made under this process. Each  
 case is accompanied with a valid guarantee  
 signed by the manufacturers warranting it to  
 wear 20 years. 150,000 of these Cases  
 now carried in the United States and  
 Canada. Largest and Oldest Factory.  
 Established 1854. Ask your Jeweler.

**A General Stampede.**  
 Never was such a rush made for any  
 drug store as is now at Armstrong's for a  
 trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery  
 for consumption, coughs and colds. All  
 persons affected with asthma, bronchitis,  
 hoarseness, severe coughs, or any affection  
 of the throat and lungs, can get a trial bot-  
 tle of this great remedy free, by calling at  
 Armstrong's drug store.

**The Chelsea Herald,**  
 IS PUBLISHED  
 Every Thursday Morning, by  
**Wm. Emmert Jr., Chelsea, Mich.**  
**THURSDAY, AUG. 2, 1883.**

**Boston and Vicinity.**  
**NEWTON, Mass., July 21, '83.**  
**FRIEND EMMERT:**

Having spent several  
 vacations in the New England states,  
 I am not much surprised when I  
 see much that is peculiar to Eastern  
 people, and I might say, much that  
 should be suggestive to any observ-  
 ing mind.  
 During my short stay so far, this  
 season, I have been looking around,  
 and while my visit was ostensibly to  
 visit my daughter here, and while I  
 have given a share of my time to  
 that particular pleasure, I have vis-  
 ited some of the farming localities of  
 Connecticut and Massachusetts, and  
 have also visited some of the manu-  
 facturing towns in these states, New  
 Haven, Bridgeport, Mendon, Hart-  
 ford, Springfield, Chicopee, Holyoke,  
 and Northampton, I have also look-  
 ed around in Boston and some of its  
 suburban towns, to-wit: Newton,  
 Watertown, Brighton, Fenuil, Cam-  
 bridge, Concord and Roxbury, and  
 the first peculiarity in all these plac-  
 es, is, every body has something to  
 do, and it is generally a legitimate  
 and remunerative business. Every  
 body works. Perhaps the fact that  
 the price of labor and the cost of an  
 honest and comfortable living are so  
 nearly equal, compels this incentive  
 for labor. Be that as it may, there  
 are but few idlers here in sight.  
 That they exist is evident from the  
 fact that placards are posted almost  
 everywhere, "positively no loafing  
 allowed on this platform; or on this  
 street corner; or about this stable;  
 or about this depot," etc. The re-  
 sult is, street corners and public  
 places are not obstructed by any  
 persuasion, male or female.

In visiting the public gardens, Mt.  
 Auburn Cemetery and other public  
 grounds where plants, shrubs, and  
 flowers of every clime lend a beauty  
 which can be known only when seen,  
 I have often betrayed my covetous  
 disposition in the declaration, "I  
 wish I might transplant some of these  
 into Chelsea," and have as often  
 thought that not one of these flow-  
 ering shrubs could more perfectly  
 beautify the little villages of Michi-  
 gan, than the successful growth of,  
 "No loafing on this corner, or on  
 these grounds."

I will mention one other peculiar-  
 ity that seems to be as national as  
 potatoes or cabbage,—churches.

The churches are models of beau-  
 ty and magnificence. The most ex-  
 travagant good taste must be, will  
 be satisfied on entering a house of  
 Christian worship, for, all that mon-  
 ey, science, and art can provide, will  
 be found in the churches here. They  
 are simply grand outside and in.

The public school houses are, as a  
 rule, very plain. They all seem to  
 have the finger-marks of Puritanism  
 upon them; and so plainly is this  
 visible that one is impressed with the  
 idea that a portion of Plymouth  
 Rock if not the corner stone, is yet  
 the "key stone of the arch" of school  
 houses, and the children as they sit  
 perched upon an uncomfortable  
 straight-backed seat look as if they  
 were doing penance for the deprav-  
 ity that would inevitably follow if  
 they were allowed a comfortable  
 place to sit, but those I have visited  
 have ample seating room above  
 ground, and passably good ventila-  
 tion.

The people of Boston take a great  
 deal of pains to perpetuate the re-  
 membrance of many details that help  
 to make up the early history of our  
 country as a nation. The burial plac-  
 es of many of the early settlers here

are preserved with great care. I have  
 visited two of them in the heart of  
 the city, where the only marks of  
 their remains are the coarse brown  
 stone slabs that were placed there  
 over two hundred years ago, the in-  
 scriptions on many of them being  
 nearly obliterated, but to preserve  
 their remembrance there have been  
 tablets of brass erected with the  
 original inscriptions engraved there-  
 on.

I visited the "Elliott Monument."  
 It is the identical ground where the  
 Rev. John Elliott preached his first  
 sermon to the Indians Oct. 28, 1646;  
 and founded there the "First Chris-  
 tian Community, of Indians in the  
 English Colonies." His burial place  
 is but a few rods distant from the  
 ground where the said sermon was  
 preached.

To-day I visited the "Great Elm"  
 under which Geo. Washington re-  
 ceived the command of the United  
 States troops July 3d, 1775. This  
 tree is protected by an iron fence.  
 Its history is perpetuated by the  
 erection of a very heavy marble slab  
 with the historical event engraved  
 thereon.

I will weary your patience with  
 but one more item of historical char-  
 acter, it being the ground where the  
 boys of Boston appealed to the Brit-  
 ish General that his soldiers had de-  
 stroyed their sports by spoiling their  
 sliding down hill ground, and with  
 the spirit of independence so preva-  
 lent at that time among the Ameri-  
 can people, demanded a redress of  
 grievances at the hands of the Brit-  
 ish General and received it. That  
 "sliding down hill ground" is pre-  
 served and kept in good order by the  
 city of Boston, being on Boston Com-  
 mons, and reserved for the special  
 use of coasting for the American  
 boys and all others who take pleas-  
 ure in such sports, and I am credi-  
 bly informed that there is no more  
 popular place for sport in winter for  
 the people here both old and young  
 than the coasting ground on Boston  
 Common.

And by the way, as I looked the  
 ground over it occurred to me that  
 this same Common with its grace-  
 ful elms, would be a good place for  
 a school pic-nic. Wouldn't it be  
 nice?

Respectfully your friend,  
**P. M. PARKER.**

**Booth and His Theater.**  
 Booth has never recovered from the  
 grief of his failure as the head of the  
 noble playhouse identified with him,  
 because the failure was that of an ideal  
 aim, and wrought the defeat of a most  
 generous aspiration. For a long while  
 he could not bear to think of the theater  
 he tried at one time to have the title  
 changed, so painful was the association  
 but the court ruled adversely to his pe-  
 tition. It was only after long urging  
 that he consented to appear there under  
 Henry E. Abbey's management, in the  
 spring of 1880, and when he did appear  
 he said the granite structure was  
 peopled to his fancy with countless  
 ghosts. An effort was made to secure  
 him for the final performances at  
 Booth's Theater; but it was unavailing.  
 It was thought that his engagement  
 would be a most fitting close of the  
 beautiful house and that it would draw  
 immensely. It would have been what  
 might be considered an illustrious event  
 in the history of the American drama.  
 It would have proved so, doubtless. The  
 playgoers of this community would have  
 rejoiced at such an opportunity to honor  
 the man and actor who had done so  
 much to advance and elevate his art,  
 though they would have purchased their  
 pleasure by any pain to him. Afflictive  
 as his associations have been, and are,  
 with the noted structure, its recon-  
 struction and devotion to mercantile  
 employment can hardly be less afflictive  
 to his sensitive nature. I have heard,  
 indeed, that he has written from abroad  
 that he would rather not be at home  
 while the architectural transformation  
 scene was occurring; and yet he believes  
 he will feel vastly better when Booth's  
 Theater has been obliterated, hoping  
 that his mind will be no longer tor-  
 mented with the haunting retrospect.  
 But this is unlikely to be. He never  
 can forget the mimic life of that splen-  
 did pile, nor will persons interested in  
 the drama forget it either. Genera-  
 tions now unborn will doubtless point  
 out the site where Edwin Booth, the  
 first tragedian of the nineteenth cen-  
 tury, won his greatest and enduring re-  
 nown.—N. F. Cor. Boston Advertiser.

—An Atlanta drug clerk says he could  
 kill some one every day in the year by  
 following doctors' prescriptions as  
 given.

**GUNS! GUNS**

—AND—

**Ammunition**

**Oil and Gasoline**  
**STOVES!**

**BINDING TWINE**

—FOR ALL—

**HARVESTERS,**

—AT—

**J. BACON & CO.**

**FRED C. SHELDON,**  
**JACKSON, MICH.**



**PIANOS**  
**AND**  
**ORGANS.**



**CHICKERING, GUILD, MATUSHEK and NEW**  
**ENGLAND PIANOS,**  
**ITHACA, PEERLESS, ESTEY and NEW ENGLAND**  
**ORGANS.**

Sheet Music and Books. Send for Catalogue and Price List.



## CATHERINGS.

Some 68 trees were blown down by the recent storm in Ann Arbor. The old Baptist church has been damaged by Philip Bach and others in the city for \$1,500.—*Democrat*.

The Huron river is now about 10 feet higher than it usually is at this time of the year.—*Dexter Leader*.

Young men from the country visited Dexter Saturday nights to have a good time. Some Dexter Justice in consequence has a case or two to try Monday morning.

Late White had a horse killed at last Manchester Monday night, by the train. The horse was turned loose in the street and got on the track.—*Enterprise*.

W. F. Riemenschneider, of Frankenmuth, was considerably shocked by lightning Saturday morning, which entered his store by the telephone wire.—*Grass Lake News*.

Fred. Belser, the deputy county treasurer, on Saturday paid over to Sheriff Wallace \$885.20—three-fourths of the latter's bill for the quarter ending June 30.—[*Register*].

A. A. Wood, of Lodi, Mr. Burns and Messrs. Bland & Buchanan, of Texas, shipped some five carloads of sheep to Texas Monday, the entire lot starting from Adrian.—*Observer*.

Tony Schiappacasse forced a colored man's head through grocer Hall's window last week, and smashed three lights of glass and broke the glass. The head was not injured.—*Democrat*.

During the storm on Monday, William Jacobus was struck by lightning when near the fourth ward school house. It knocked him down and cured him of a headache he had some time.—*Courier*.

The government has drawn on ex-master Clark's bondsmen, but they refuse to "whack" up until it is proven that Clark is a defaulter. When this is done they say they are ready to settle.—*Democrat*.

They say that lightning never strikes twice in the same place; but it does once in a while. Fred Warner's barn was struck the second time last Tuesday, and in the same place it was a week ago.—*Leader*.

Among the large clips of wool brought by Mack & Schmid during the past week were 2,000 of W. Muir, New York; 1,500 of Prof. Steere; and 800 of Robert Campbell. The prices still remain at 28 and 30 cents.—*Register*.

George Wood, a lad about 10 years of age, whose father lives just west of town was drowned July 26, while swimming. He waded out until the water reached his neck and when he tried to return the current carried him into deeper water and he being unable to swim, was drowned. The body came up town after Gus. Bowler who recovered the body. Drs. App and Sheldon hastened to the scene but all efforts to resuscitate the little fellow proved of no avail.—*Enterprise*.

Judge Joslyn has fixed the dates for holding the terms of court in the twenty-second circuit, for the years 1884 and 1885, as follows: In Monroe county, on the second Monday of September, the first Monday of September, the first Monday of February, and the first Monday of April. In Washtenaw county, on the first Monday of October, the first Tuesday of December, the first Tuesday of March, and the first Tuesday of June. At present the regular terms are held in Monroe in February, April, June and November, and in Washtenaw in January, March, May and September.

George Scott was arrested yesterday on the charge of cruelty to animals. It is alleged by the complainant, Willis Bliss, that he knocked down a blind horse with a club, and otherwise abused and misused the beast.—*Democrat*.

There is a young man at this place that should be arrested on that charge.

Robert K. Ailes, of this city, who is at the head of the firm operating the new Ann Arbor Central Mills, has probably had more experience in the construction of mills than any other man in this section. He came to this state in 1841, and since that time has built in Indiana, Canada and Michigan, fifty-three flouring mills, six paper mills, and several plaster and saw mills.—*Register*.

Early last Friday morning the house owned and occupied by Chas. Schulz, at Ann Arbor, was totally destroyed by fire. Loss, \$1,500; insured in the Washtenaw Mutual for \$800. The furniture which was also destroyed, was insured for \$400. Mr. Schulz is a German carpenter, and having lived there twenty years, had this summer spent considerable money enlarging and beautifying his home, and was just finishing the painting.

## SYLVAN NEWS.

People of Corunna are visiting at this place.

Miss Lucy Riemenschneider left for Dakota yesterday.

Mr. M. Lehman consulted with Dr. Wright of Ann Arbor last week.

Mr. William Ceck, of Syracuse, N. Y., visited friends in this vicinity last week.

An ice cream festival was held at Wm. Riemenschneider's last Saturday evening.

Mr. Herman Mensing and family, of Toledo, visited relatives in this vicinity the past week.

Elder Brown of Detroit, presided at the quarterly meeting of the German M. E. church last Sunday.

We saw Jessie James' noted cream horse, Charley, last week. This horse was owned and ridden by him for two years.

Mr. John Wall, who is working for H. Mensing, met with a singular accident the other day. While holding the horses, something moved, which caused them to start, pulling him from the wagon and cutting his leg. A physician was summoned.

## LIMA ITEMS.

Mr. O. B. Guerin is on the sick list.

Mrs. Maggie Ormsbee, of Chelsea, is visiting friends here.

Mr. VanFleet of New York State is visiting Lewis Freer.

Mrs. Sally Crane, of — is visiting her brother, Geo. H. Mitchell.

Mrs. S. J. Guerin, of Chelsea, spent part of last week with O. B. Guerin's.

Mrs. James McLaren has gone to Niagara Falls and the White Mountains.

Mr. R. Hammond, of Gratiot county, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. C. Palmer.

It would be a great accommodation to Lima people if there were more hitching posts in Chelsea. One young man last Saturday evening couldn't find a place to hitch his horse any nearer Chelsea, than Hiram Pierce's.

## JOB PRINTING.

Pamphlets, Posters, Handbills, Circulars, Cards, Ball Tickets, Labels, Blanks, Bill-Heads and other varieties of Plain and Fancy Job Printing executed with promptness, and in the best possible style, at the

## Lost Rivers in the West.

About nine miles above the town, on the line of the old military road, the little Santa Cruz River disappears forever, working one of those strange phenomena so often found in this country—lost rivers. Old residents say you can hear its rumbling underground. It could, no doubt, be recovered. This furnishes a plain illustration of the truth of the theory so often broached of the existence all over the inter-mountain country of subterranean streams, from which it is possible to secure what in this arid belt may be regarded as an ample supply of water. A friend predicts that it will not be ten years before the chief assaults of the Eastern press on the corrupt and lavish expenditure for internal improvements will no longer be directed toward rivers and harbors, but that it will hinge upon a more or less comprehensive scheme for the preservation of water, the means of its distribution, the construction of reservoirs, and the recovery of lost rivers, with expensive plans of forestry; all of which my friend declares Congress will be considering and the country east of the Mississippi opposing. The people here aver that one-half of this vast mountain table land, which within the boundary of the United States may be roughly estimated at one thousand miles north and south and the same distance east and west, can by the careful reclamation and preservation of the water to be found within it be made entirely useful for agricultural and pastoral purposes.—*Arizona Cor. Philadelphia Press*.

## Confederate Relics.

Of the five field Generals of the Confederate army, J. E. Johnston and Beauregard survive. General Johnston is the general agent of a prominent New York insurance company, and General Beauregard is the Adjutant-General of the State of Louisiana (where he has created the finest body of militia in America.) He is also one of the Commissioners of one of the old Louisiana State banks, besides which he has other important business connections. There were twenty-one Lieutenant-Generals in the Confederate army from first to last, and all of these were from the United States army but four, viz.: Richard Taylor, N. B. Forrest, Wade Hampton and John B. Gordon. Of them the following are living: D. H. Hill, who is in North Carolina; Stephen Lee, Early, Buckner, Wheeler and A. P. Stewart, besides the two not from the old United States army mentioned above. Gustavus W. Smith is the ranking Major-General living and is State Commissioner of Insurance in Kentucky. W. T. Martin lives at Natchez and is a railroad president. C. W. Field and L. L. Lomax are in Florida, and both are in the employ of the United States corps of Engineers. Marmaduke Johnson is in St. Louis and is wealthy. William Preston lives in Kentucky and has a fortune he inherited. Humes lives in Memphis, Tenn. Wirt Adams is an agent for Mississippi and lives at Jackson. Frank Armstrong lives here and in St. Louis, and is connected with the Gould system of railroads in the Southwest. Churchill was Governor of Arkansas, and lives at Little Rock. Colquitt was Governor of Georgia, and is United States Senator-elect from that State. Colston has returned from Egypt, and is living somewhere in Virginia. Tibrell is a member of Congress from Tennessee. Lyon, who commanded one of Forrest's divisions while, lives at Eddyville, Ky. I do not know what Mackall, who was a Brigadier-General and Chief of General Bragg's staff, is doing, but I believe he lives in Georgia. McGowan is a member of the Supreme Court of South Carolina. Miles, W. R., is a cotton-planting magnate on the Yazoo River in Mississippi. R. A. Pryor is a prosperous lawyer in New York, and a *mirabile dictu*, I hear he is an enthusiastic advocate of Governor B. F. Butler for the Presidency. Ripley, "Old Rip," as he was called, is in London, the agent of an American rifle company, and Roddy is there with him. John G. Walker is in Mexico and is getting rich in silver mining, and Holmes is his partner. Wm. C. Wickham is a prominent railroad man and Republican in Virginia. Of the three Lees who were Generals, Custis, who was Mr. Davis's Chief of Staff, is the President of the Washington and Lee College in Virginia; Wm. Henry Fitzhugh Lee, a cousin of the others, and a famous cavalry officer, owns the "Ravenwood" estate, on the Potomac, about fifty miles below Washington, where he is living like a fine Virginia planter of the old time. Robert Lee, the General's youngest son, who served in the ranks a greater part of the war, lives on the James River and owns a handsome estate there. Longstreet lives at Gainesville, Ga., and is United States Marshal. General Early practices law at Lynchburg. Lieutenant-General A. P. Stewart is President of the University of Mississippi at Oxford, and Lieutenant-General S. D. Lee is President of another Mississippi institution of learning. R. H. and Patterson Anderson are dead. General B. Frank Cheatham is the Superintendent Commissioner of the Tennessee Penitentiary. General Bate is Governor of Tennessee, and W. H. or "Red," Jackson, one of Forest's division commanders, is living near Nashville on a magnificent plantation. General Wheeler, who commanded all of General Johnston's cavalry, is a planter in North Alabama. General Lawton, the Quartermaster-General of the Confederacy, is a leading member of the Savannah (Ga.) bar, and General Gorgas, the Confederate Chief of Ordnance, died in Alabama the other day. Cockrell, the ranking Confederate General from Missouri, is a United States Sena-

## Convalescing.

When Mr. Boliver Bascom came in to Kansas City from a trip down in the Arkansas bottoms, he looked like Death just after the pale horse had got away from him.

"Where have you been?" inquired an acquaintance.

"Sick," replied Boliver, lugubricously. "You do look badly, for a fact," said the acquaintance. "You are convalescing, ain't you?"

"Not much," replied Boliver; "I'm done convalescing. It's too blamed expensive, this convalescing business, especially where I've been—down in Arkansas. I'm getting better slowly every day, thank you; but don't let on to any of our home doctors that I am slowly convalescing. If you do, I'll kill you. You see, I had the malarial fever, was taken down sick in a small, yellow-dog town that only had one physician to its back, and I was sick, sicker'n a horse, and for a plum week I didn't know whether I was in Arkansas, Oregon, or extreme danger. About the first thing I remember, I woke up and saw the doctor. He had his watch out and his hand on my pulse; and I hadn't much more than taken in the situation when he told me to run out my tongue, and he looked at it until my jaws ached, holding them open so long, and then he leaned back closed his eyes, and murmured: 'Thank heaven! He's better. He is now slowly convalescing. Bring up a bottle of brandy.' He poured out a pretty good snifter, and told me to take about four such drinks every day, while I was convalescing; and so a bottle didn't last more than two days, and each one of them cost \$2.50. Well, I lay there slowly convalescing and getting drunk every day, for three weeks, and the doctor making two regular daily trips at three dollars a trip, and one day when I had a lucid interval I spoke to him about my condition, and asked him if I was not pretty near well enough to dig out and go home.

"Well," said the doctor, "after awhile. You are slowly convalescing, and if you keep up the brandy—increased, say, to six drinks—I'll have you out in three or four weeks."

"Then the doctor collected his three dollar fee and went away, while I relapsed into a mild species of jim-jams, and tore up fifteen yards of the carpet and broke all the glass out of a book-case, trying to let in some fresh air and ventilate the sick-room. When the doctor came the next morning, I asked him if I was any better. He examined my pulse, tried my temperature, and said I still had some fever, but on the whole, I was convalescing all right.

"Is there any danger of its striking in?" I inquired.

"What do you mean?" said the doctor.

"Why, the fact is," I said, "if this convalescing becomes chronic, I'm busted!"

"What!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Why, you see, I'm dead broke."

"Mebbe I'd better diagnose your case again," said the doctor.

"Mebbe you had," said I.

"Then he went to work and felt my pulse, took my temperature, looked at my tongue, and finally said:

"Please turn your pockets inside out."

"I did so, and then the doctor took his hat and cane off the centre-table and said:

"I don't see but you are all right enough. You have had a narrow escape from a relapse, young man, but I guess you had better be making arrangements to leave this locality. I don't think the climate agrees with you. When you get back to your friends, you can remit the three dollars you owe me."

"Then he lit out and I didn't see him again before I left. I rolled up the mattress and took out seventy-five dollars I had left, and started for home the next day; but don't you let on to the folks in this neighborhood that I'm convalescing to slow music, because, if you do, some medical sharp will want me to pay for it."—*Texas Siftings*.

## Pursued by the Furies.

Sheriff Cunningham of San Joaquin County, arrived here this afternoon from Tulare County with John Lintine, who stands indicted in this county for the murder of Marguerite Trol, nine miles east of Galt, on the night of February 22, 1882. She was his sister-in-law, so it was understood. He had been to Galt and returned drunk, had a fight with her husband, Samuel, about the child of Lintine, went away, got a musket and returned to kill Trol. The woman opened the door when Lintine knocked. He immediately shot and killed her and then fled. These are the circumstances briefly narrated. He was seen once by the officers of Galt the next day. They pursued him and he fired two shots at them and escaped. He then wandered south. Sheriff Cunningham notified the Tulare officers some time ago that the murderer was probably in that county, and made one trip there to see a man who had been arrested on suspicion. Lintine has been herding sheep in the mountains for several months, but his crime seems to have weighed upon his mind.

One day recently he went to a house, and in conversation with the people informed them that he had murdered a woman near Stockton fifteen months ago, and that the Sheriff was after him. While engaged in this conversation a loud clap of thunder was heard, and the excited man shouted, "There is the Sheriff's buggy now." He also declared that a number of poles near by was an army of Sheriffs. Trembling with terror he then ran until overtaken and arrested. He now seems perfectly sane.—*San Joaquin (Cal.) Bee*.

## Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

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. v11-5.

## Free of Charge.

All persons suffering from coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, loss of voice, or any affection of the throat and lungs, are requested to call at Armstrong's drug store and get a trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, free of charge, which will convince them of its wonderful merits and show what a regular dollar-size bottle will do. Call early.

## Fortunes for Farmers and Mechanics.

Thousands of dollars can be saved by using proper judgment in taking care of the health of yourself and family. If you are bilious, have sallow complexion, poor appetite, low and depressed spirits, and generally debilitated, do not delay a moment, but go at once and procure a bottle of those wonderful Electric Bitters, which never fail to cure, and that for the trifling sum of fifty cents.—*Tribune*. Sold by R. S. Armstrong.

## A Common-sense Remedy.

**SALICYLICA.**  
No more Rheumatism, Gout or Neuralgia. Immediate Relief Warranted, Permanent Cure Guaranteed.

Five years established and never known to fail in a single case, acute or chronic. Refer to all prominent physicians and druggists for the standing of Salicylica.

## SECRET.

THE ONLY DISSOLVER OF THE POISONOUS URIC ACID WHICH EXISTS IN THE BLOOD OF RHEUMATIC AND GOUTY PATIENTS.

SALICYLICA is known as a common-sense remedy because it strikes directly at the cause of Rheumatism, Gout and Neuralgia, while so many so called specifics and supposed panaceas only treat locally the effects.

It has been conceded by eminent scientists that outward applications, such as rubbing with oils, ointments, liniments, and soothing lotions will not eradicate these diseases which are the result of the poisoning of the blood with Uric Acid.

SALICYLICA works with marvelous effect on this acid, and so removes the disorder. It is now exclusively used by all the celebrated physicians of America and Europe. Highest Medical Academy reports 95 per cent. cures in three days.

## REMEMBER

that SALICYLICA is a certain cure for Rheumatism, Gout and Neuralgia. The most intense pains are subdued almost instantly.

Give it a trial. Relief guaranteed or money refunded. Thousands of testimonials sent on application.

\$1 a Box, 6 boxes for \$5.

Sent free by mail on receipt of money. Ask your druggist for it but do not be deluded into taking imitations or substitutes or something recommended as "just as good." Insist on the genuine with the name of WASHBURN & CO. on each box, which is guaranteed chemically pure under our signature, an indispensable requisite to insure success in the treatment. Take no other or send to us.

Washburn & Co. Proprietors, 287 BROADWAY, COR. READE ST. N. Y. For sale by Dr. R. S. ARMSTRONG.

## Michigan Central Time Card.

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

## GOING WEST.

Mail Train.....9:45 A. M.  
Grand Rapids Express.....6:12 P. M.  
Jackson Express.....8:18 P. M.  
Evening Express.....10:33 P. M.

## GOING EAST.

Night Express.....6:54 A. M.  
Jackson Express.....8:10 A. M.  
Grand Rapids Express.....10:28 A. M.  
Mail Train.....4:18 P. M.

H. B. LEDYARD, President, Detroit.  
O. W. RUGGLES, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago.

## Commercial.

## Home Markets.

BEANS—Unpicked are in good demand at \$1.00 @ \$1.25 bu.  
BARLEY—Is quiet at \$1.25 @ \$1.50 7/8 cwt.  
BUTTER—In good demand at 13c. 7/8 lb. for choice.  
CORN—In the ear is steady and brings 25c. 7/8 bu. for old and new.  
DRIED FRUITS—Apples, are in good demand at 7c 7/8 lb. Peaches, 7/8 lb., 10c.  
EGGS—Are in good demand at 13c.  
HIDES—Bring 51c @ 6c 7/8 lb.  
HOGS—Live—Dull, at \$6.00 7/8 cwt.  
LARD—Lard quiet at 11c 7/8 lb.  
OATS—Are steady, at 30c @ 35c.  
PORK—Dealers offer 11 cents 7/8 lb. for salt pork.  
POULTRY—Turkeys, 8c @ 10c 7/8 lb., and Chickens at 8c. Ducks 8c. Geese, 7c.  
POTATOES—Bring 40c 7/8 bu.  
SALT—Remains steady at \$1.35 7/8 bbl.  
Rock, \$1.75.  
WHEAT—No. 1, white or red, 99c 7/8 bu.  
HUCKLEBERRIES—\$2.50 @ \$3 7/8 bu.

## Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this County we would say we have been given the Agency of Dr. Marchisi's Italian Pile Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or itching Piles. Price 50c. a Box. No Cure, No Pay! For sale by R. S. ARMSTRONG, Druggist.



## MICHIGAN NEWS.

Witter J. Baxter, secretary of the state board of charities, visited the Iowa poor house, and in his report he does not deal with it in very complimentary terms. The keeper of the house replies through the press, and makes a very lame effort to palliate or excuse the matters in point. Baxter tells of finding an idiot girl in a room where she is exposed naked to the gaze of others. The keeper says it is only her own sex who can see the poor creature. An idiot boy is corralled in a yard without cover, but the keeper says he has a high fence around him, and thus can get some shade.

Herman Koch was wantonly murdered in Detroit a few days ago by Julius Resta. The murder is the outcome of a neighborhood quarrel.

During a fire at West Bay City a girl 45 years old darted back into the burning house and rescued a baby which had been left there forgotten. Both were burned, but not fatally.

An enterprising undertaker at Pontiac has organized and engaged a choir singing at funerals.

Hillsdale has secured the Rev. A. T. Sally pastor of the Roger Williams church at Providence, R. I., as its professor of Greek and Hebrew.

Grotius Thompson was killed by a stroke of lightning while playing with his little child at his home near Portland, in Ionia county, but the child was not injured.

Ed. Donley of Howell, took morphine a few days ago with suicidal intent. He had been sober and realizing his situation he decided to end his wretched life. He procured twenty grains of morphine and took it all. Some boys, discovering what he was doing, tried to get it away from him, but failed. A physician was immediately summoned, and applied an electric remedy and the young man is now out of danger.

Warren Abbott a fireman fell from his engine in Jackson, and was so badly injured he died in a few hours.

Commissioner Davis has decided that Frank Cobb, the murderer of his brother near Kalamazoo several months ago, is insane, and has ordered his removal from the jail to the Michigan asylum for the insane.

Mrs. Kate King, living near Jackson, was killed by a car bringing coal from the mines. She was talking to a friend and carelessly stepped upon the track as the car approached.

A few days ago a man named Thomas Sutton, aged 60 years, died at the house of Richard Lewis, of Vicksburg. While the body of Sutton was being laid out Lewis died suddenly.

Several American ladies have been engaged as teachers by the government of the Argentine Republic of South America, among them being Miss Frances Wall, of Jackson county. The contract is for five years at salaries of from \$1,200 to \$2,000. The ladies sailed for that country several days ago.

The damage to hay and grain in Oscoda Co. is very great and farmers are discouraged.

A man living 14 miles from Cadillac wheels his flour home from that place on a wheelbarrow.

Dr. William D. Wilson, a prominent physician of Mt. Clemens, has been arrested on charge of adultery with the wife of William T. Campbell.

William W. Page of Bay City who was so terribly injured in a railroad accident on the Grand Trunk in May last died a few days ago.

A five-year-old son of Clark Webb, of Hudson, swallowed a dose of colic acid, and died in frightful spasms.

Charles Reep, and Wm. Shields from Kent county and Wm. Carroll from Lenawee are the last ones whom Gov. Begole has pardoned. The "Public Servant" is doing his level best to clear out the prison.

Frank Hammond of Rollin, Lenawee county, had his jaw all torn to pieces by a kick from a horse.

The Northwestern Amateur Regatta held at Muskegon was a very successful affair and a great deal of interest was manifested. The Hillsdale crew won several races while the junior four-oared and the junior double-scul races were won by the Minnesotas.

Loren B. Austin, a Branch county pioneer, is dead.

L. L. Weston, a farmer of Cambria, Hillsdale county, has some sweet Rambo apples which were gathered in September last, almost 11 months ago. They are said to be as sound and as good flavor as when gathered.

Work has been commenced on the new Academy of Music in Saginaw. It will be completed in about three months, and knowing persons say it will be the finest structure in the state.

A barn belonging to John Moses about eight miles south of Charlotte, was burned, together with all its contents, a few days ago. The fire was incendiary.

Richard Wilson, while drunk, was riding past Ryan Cole's farm near Battle Creek, when Cole's bull began bellowing. Wilson determined that the noise must be stopped, and, jumping from his wagon, he procured a rail and chased the bull over a quarter of a mile. Not being able to catch the bull, he went to Cole's house and broke in the glass of the front door and one window. For this he was arrested and pleaded guilty.

A few mornings ago at Adrian, a Texan and his wife were horrified while eating breakfast at a hotel to see a colored man enter and take a seat at the farther end of the dining room. The Texan sent for the landlord and wanted the colored man turned out. The landlord replied that he knew no distinction between the money of guests, but he knew some colored men who behaved better than some white men. Thereupon the Texan, walked out highly indignant.

A Bay City couple got married a few days ago, and started on the bridal tour on a street car. The conductor came along to collect their fare, when the bridegroom proceeded to flog him, and then skipped out leaving his bride.

Owing to high water and bad weather there is a great delay in the Muskegon river drive, the rear of which will leave Houghton lake August 1 under the management of Superintendent S. P. Foster. The drive is nearly 60 days behind the usual time.

Fifty-two years ago the 22d of July, Allen Tibbits preached the first sermon ever delivered at Col'dwater. The audience was gathered in a log hut, situated where the elegant home of H. C. Lewis now stands. On the 32d anniversary of that day, Mr. Tibbits lectured in the elegant opera house, owned by his son, in the same place.

Mr. Wilson of Kalamazoo has over 300,000 celery plants in his garden. He has a novel device for breaking marsh land. He has erected a windmill on the upland, and a horse moves around this and by the aid of pulleys draws a plow back and forth across the marsh.

Ten water-sprouts 150 feet high were seen on Saginaw Bay the other day.

Dr. Wilson, whose removal as a trustee of the Flat asylum was ordered by Gov. Begole some time ago, has been informed by the Attorney-General and Auditor-General that he is still recognized as a trustee of that institution. All this in spite of the fact that he was removed by the Governor "for cause."

George Sidney, a wealthy and well-known farmer of Sturgis, fell from a wheat stack and broke both bones of his right leg below the knee.

Peter Gorty and August Gerlock, two citizens of Monroe, have discovered perpetual motion—in their mind.

The Monroe county soldiers and sailors will have a reunion at Dundee August 23.

The hay and potato crops in Houghton county will be far beyond the average this year.

The damages in Grand Haven by the recent

flood have not been heavy. When the break at Grand Rapids commenced, everything was done to strengthen the big boom at Nortonville, and the boom men report the boom and logs safe, except a few that escaped over the boom and banks of the river.

Chas. N. Ayers of Detroit has been awarded the contract for furnishing the state stationary for the next two years.

Lou. Watts, a drunken Negro of Kalamazoo shot his wife fatally, a few days ago.

A man named Wm. Thompson, an employee of the Detroit, Bay City & Alpena Railroad Company, met with an accident at East Tawas, which terminated in his death. Thompson was about to couple some empty timber cars on to the rear end of a train loaded with logs, but missing the coupling, he was caught between the bunk of the empty cars and the projecting logs on the loaded car and crushed in a terrible manner. At first his injuries were not considered fatal, but it was soon ascertained that he was hurt internally. He lingered along for several days when death put an end to his sufferings. Mr. Thompson is a native of Canada and a married man.

The postoffice at Acton, Isoco county, has been discontinued. Send the letters to Maple Ridge, Bay county.

The new Michigan & Ohio railroad is about completed, and a mixed train will soon be put on for regular runs.

Prof. R. S. Avann, of Claverack, N. Y., has been appointed to the Latin chair in Albion college. He is a successful teacher and eminent linguist. He graduated from Baldwin university in 1873, subsequently went to Harvard for post graduate work in philology, receiving the degree of A. M. at the same time taking the degree of Ph. D. at Boston university for studies in philology and philosophy. He is 34 years old, and an enthusiast in his profession.

Mrs. Elliott Bellows was drowned in Flat River, Langston the other night. She was walking with her husband, when she left him, rushed to the river and jumped in. Her husband sprang after her, but could not find the body. He got out, gave the alarm, and in a few hours the body was found.

Wm. Wi-n, a young man about 18 years old, was run over by the cars at McBrides and killed. Both legs and arms were cut off.

Eunice Potter, a 16-year old daughter of Henry Potter, of Williamsburg, attempted to poison her father Wednesday night a week ago. She put raisins into raisins and the raisins into a rice pudding, and gave the pudding to her father. He was taken very ill, and it was only by the use of a stomach pump that his life was saved. L. Roberts and Sheriff J. Dunn, of Traverse City, were sent after and came down Friday, and an examination was held and she confessed the crime. Frank Vinton, Deputy Sheriff, started to Adrian with her last Monday, where the justice kept her for five years.

George H. Stephens, of St. Johns, has been appointed a trustee of the Ionia House of Correction.

The Vanderbilt Gazette says: Last Saturday night Frank Dion and wife, living with Mrs. Dion's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Noecker, near Dallas, Crawford county, were aroused by a noise supposed to be a burglar. They aroused Mr. Noecker but neglected Mrs. Noecker, who is deaf. Dion got a gun and warned the burglar not to attempt to enter. No heed was given to the warning. Dion fired and the supposed burglar fell dead. Upon examination it was found to be Mrs. Noecker.

A curious marriage took place at the State House of Correction the other day. Horace Abbott, sent from Newaygo county for burglary, to a four years' term, was married to a Miss Squires by the chaplain. The bride was 20 and the bridegroom 19 years of age.

As the 4:45 freight train was going north the other morning at McBrides the engineer saw an object across the track which he mistook for a limb or something of the kind, but before he could stop his train he struck the object, which proved to be Wm. Wi-n, a young man 18 years old. On stopping and investigating it was found that the victim was intoxicated. Both legs and arms were cut off by the car wheels. He lived about an hour. It is believed his people live at Adrian.

A marriage took place at the Ionia House of Correction the other day. Horace Abbott, sent from Newaygo county for four years, and Miss Squire being the high contracting parties and the prison chaplain performing the ceremony.

## DETROIT MARKETS.

Wheat—No. 1, white.....	95	@	1.05
Flour.....	5.00	@	5.50
Corn.....	45	@	50
Oats.....	35	@	40
Clover Seed, @ bu.....	7.00	@	9.25
Apples, @bbbl.....	2.25	@	3.50
Dried Apples, @ lb.....	8	@	8 1/2
Peaches.....	14	@	15
Cherries.....	15	@	16
Butter, @ lb.....	14	@	15
Eggs.....	15	@	16
Potatoes old, @ bu.....	25	@	50
Potatoes new, @ bu.....	1.75	@	2.00
Honey.....	18	@	20
Beans picked.....	2.10	@	2.15
Beans, unpicked.....	1.00	@	1.50
Hay.....	9.00	@	10.00
Straw.....	7.00	@	7.50
Pork dressed, @ 100.....	9.00	@	9.25
Porkness.....	17.00	@	17.50
Pork, family.....	19.00	@	19.50
Beef extra mess.....	12.50	@	13.00
Wood, Beech and Maple.....	8.40	@	8.60
Wood Hickory.....	8.00	@	8.00

## Plantation Philosophy.

Arkansas Traveler:  
De hones' tear is de jewelry ob de soul.

De tongue dat will tell a lie, will lick lasses dat don't long ter it.

It ain't de little scrub man dat is de leas' account. Sometimes de bigges' stalk in de field ain't got no corn on it.

In de eyes ob de world 'de death ob a po' man is a pity, but de death ob a rich man is a calamity.

When a man ain't got de money it is de berry time dat folk's want s him ter pay a debt. Ef he's got plenty ob money, it doan make so much difference.

Dar neber was a man dat was such a dead beat dat he could s'an' off 'de collector ob death. When natur' presents de bill, de man doan dispute de figgers.

I spises ter see folks pay mos' ten tion ter de 'oman what is de bes' dressed. De peacock is got finer clothes dan de dominican hen, but she ain't haf so good ter hab aroun' de house.

Although hope is de suthin' dat hol's a pusson up, yit it ken be 'bused. De lazy man is full ob hope, and sets in de shade, while de 'dustrious man, what ain't got so much, chops de weeds outen de cotton.

It were better if all small fighters chose large enemies. The cur that barks at the moon is as self-satisfied as it he had accomplished wonders, while the moon sails majestically on, unconscious of it all; and thus no one is injured, and all are satisfied.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

### WASHINGTON.

#### CO-EDUCATION FOR THE SEXES.

By the national bureau of education a circular is published, giving reports from school officers of 340 towns and cities of the United States relative to the results of the co-education of the sexes, the general tenor of which is that the system is natural, impartial, economical, convenient and eminently beneficial.

#### CONSCIENCE MONEY.

The Secretary of the Treasury received a draft the other day for \$4,900 drawn by the Exchange National Bank of Atchinson, Kas., on the First National Bank of Chicago, with the following request: Please place the amount of inclosed draft to the credit of the United States for benefit of same.

#### UNKNOWN DEBTOR.

The amount was credited to the conscience fund.

#### "AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION."

The Secretary of the Treasury cabled to the American Consul-General at London, and the Consul at Liverpool, to appoint at once sanitary inspectors, whose duty shall be to inspect all vessels leaving the United Kingdom for the United States, and to notify by cable the health authorities of this country of all such vessels having disease on board or which are liable to develop disease on the voyage. This action is taken in consequence of a rumor that cholera had appeared in London docks.

#### EGYPT'S ENEMY.

To add to the horror of the situation, leprosy has appeared in several Egyptian villages. Mortality from cholera is increasing, the death toll on the 23d, ranging from 87 at Damietta to 205 at Cairo.

#### THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL SUED.

M. A. Dauphin, of the Louisiana Lottery Company has entered suit in the District Courts through his attorneys, C. W. Moulton and Jeff. Chandler, against Walter Q. Gresham, Postmaster-General, for \$100,000. Hill says forth that he is engaged in a legitimate business, and has complied with all the legal requirements of the State in which his business is conducted. It recites the action of Postmaster-General Key in directing the action of the postmaster at New Orleans not to pay any money order to complainant, and to otherwise refuse him the privileges of the mails, and the subsequent order by which this order was rescinded, and then charges that on July 9, 1883, defendant, without reasonable cause, and without hearing any evidence whatever concerning the matter, made an order restoring the order issued by Postmaster-General Key in 1879, to full force and effect. This order complainant claims was wilfully, maliciously and oppressively made, and by it he was grossly injured and his business damaged.

#### BRING IN YOUR BONDS.

A call has been issued by the Secretary of the Treasury for \$31,000,000 three and one-half per cent government bonds.

#### REDEMPTION OF STAMPS.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue recently referred to the First Comptroller of the Treasury the application of the Diamond Match Company to have redeemed a large quantity of stamps on hand and credit to their account. On July 1, last the Diamond Company had a considerable quantity of matches, which had been stamped but had not been sold or removed for consumption. The First Comptroller has given the opinion that the request can legally be granted.

#### DEATH OF MONTGOMERY BLAIR.

Hon. Montgomery Blair, ex-postmaster general, died at his home near Washington a few days ago.

#### MAJOR FARQUHAR'S SUCCESSOR.

Among the orders issued by the Secretary of War is one directing Col. O. M. Poe, Corps of Engineers, to proceed to Detroit as successor of the late Maj. Farquhar, in charge of the river and harbor improvements. Col. Poe has been on duty at the War Department as aide-camp to Gen. Sherman. Although stationed at Detroit, he will remain on the staff of Sherman till the retirement of the latter.

#### FRIGHTENED WASHINGTONIANS.

The arrival of yellow fever off Baltimore, Philadelphia and Norfolk has made quite a stir in Washington, and the papers are appealing to the local authorities to overhaul the city and put things in order. At the last session Congress placed at the disposal of the President \$100,000 to be used in his discretion in aid of state and local boards, or otherwise, in preventing and suppressing the epidemic and maintaining quarantine. It appears that nearly all the responsibility thus conferred on the President is to be shifted to the shoulders of Surgeon-General Hamilton, of the Marine Hospital Service.

#### A VICTORY FOR EDISON.

The Board of Examiners-in-Chief of the Patent Office have rendered a decision reversing the former decision of the Examiner of Interferences, and awarding priority of invention to Thos. A. Edison for the incandescent conductor for the electric lamp formed of carbonized paper. Wm. E. Sawyer and Albon Mann contest d the claim to the patent before the Examiner of Interferences, and a decision was rendered in their favor January 20, 1882. Subsequently the case was reopened for the admission of new evidence, and June 3, 1883, the Examiner of Interferences again decided in favor of Sawyer and Mann. From this decision Edison, too, appealed to the Examiners-in-Chief, with the result above stated.

#### NEWS NOTES.

##### CONFLICTING REPORTS.

The reports from different cities and towns concerning the telegraphers' strike are very conflicting, but are reliable enough to show that the situation has not improved. The operators stand firm, and from their reports it seems they have plenty of backing. The report that the cable operators had joined the strikers created considerable excitement, but the report was denied, and the subsequent reception of foreign news confirmed the denial.

##### LIGHTNING'S WORK.

During a terrific thunder storm which passed over Prince George's County, Md., two persons were killed by lightning and others injured on the farms of Mrs. Eleanor Belt, near Upper Marlboro. During the storm William Sears and his son, Harry Sears, Lizzie Washington, William Washington and William Willett took refuge in a house occupied by Washington and his family. While they were standing in the lower room the lightning came down the chimney, killing Lizzie Washington and William Willett, and throwing Washington unconscious to the floor. Sears was standing by the door when the shock came, and was only slightly stunned. Harry Sears, his son, jumped out of the window. When the lightning struck Washington was rocking the cradle, containing his youngest child, who was unharmed. His wife was walking toward the fireplace, with a knife and plate in her hand. She was found in front of the fireplace with a piece of broken plate in her hand. Wm. Washington remained unconscious for six or eight hours after being struck, and Dr. Beard, who was summoned, has but slight hope of his recovery.

##### A SHOCKING ACCIDENT.

A horrible accident occurred near Webster, Taylor Co., West Virginia. A farmer named William Carson was driving a moving machine on a meadow, holding in his arms a child aged 1 years. The horse became frightened and, starting threw the boy from his father's arms a front of the cutter. The father jumped to save the child and fell; the moving machine ran over both. The boy was cut to death and the father horribly mangled and fatally injured.

ed. The machine was broken to pieces and one of the horses killed.

#### ENGULFED BY THE WHIRLPOOL.

Captain Matthew Webb, the celebrated English swimmer who came to this country a few months ago, and at once began practice for the hazardous feat of swimming the whirlpool rapids in Niagara river, made the attempt a few days ago, and perished. He was rowed in a skiff to a point opposite the old Maid of the Mist landing by James McCloy, the ferryman at the Falls, and leaped from the boat at two minutes past four. The daring swimmer passed the big rapids all right, keeping in the middle of the stream. When he struck the whirlpool he was rushed to the American side, where the waves, it is estimated, are from thirty to forty feet high, and the last seen of him was throwing up one arm. His intention was to pass the whirlpool at the Canada side. His shoot of the rapids was intensely thrilling. The refusal of the railroads and hotels to have anything to do with what they termed, "he is going to his death," rendered the affair financially a failure. The river was searched for two miles below the whirlpool, but no trace of Webb could be found, and it is generally believed he was engulfed in the whirlpool. Capt. Webb leaves a wife and two children in England. Webb was watched by people in carriages, but they could not get ahead of him.

#### A WATER FAMINE FEARED.

St. Louis, Mo., is in considerable danger of a water famine. Only 4 feet of water remains in the reservoir, which supplies a large part of the city with drinking water, and the pumping capacity of the works is not equal to the demand of the present heated spell. The board of public improvement addressed a communication to the mayor as to the scarcity of water and the danger of a famine, and the mayor issued a proclamation stopping all street sprinkling, washing of sidewalks and use of hand-hose.

#### A GHASTLY DISCOVERY.

A carriage containing the skeletons of three grown persons and two children, sitting both upright as if in life, was found under a large tree near the road in Seane County Texas, a few days ago. The tree was shattered by lightning, and it is supposed they sought shelter under the tree, and that it was struck by lightning, killing the horses and inmates. The weather was so severe that the carriage and trappings look as if it was done a year ago. In a small trunk was found a letter addressed to John G. Chamberlain, London, England. The remains were found by a stockman driving cattle, and he reported it at once to the authorities. The parties are supposed to have been tourists. The spot where they were found is very secluded and far from any habitation.

#### THE STRIKERS.

Manifest a jubilant feeling because the American Rapid Company have effected a compromise with the operators by giving an increase of 10 per cent on salaries, extra pay for all work done over eight hours for a day and seven for night work, and extra for all Sunday work. The operators believe this action of the Rapid company will influence the Western Union and other companies, and that in a very short time all their demands will have been granted, although the Western Union are still determined that they will not yield. In several localities wire-cutting has been reported, but the perpetrators have been at once arrested. Several suits have been brought against the companies for non-transmission of messages, and boards of trade and business men are becoming restless over the length of the strike.

#### COSTLY REVENGE.

William Ripney, a hard character, bartender at the Cosmopolitan theater, Miles City, Minn., who had been imprisoned for most aggravatingly disorderly conduct, was taken from jail by a crowd of citizens and hanged. Shortly afterwards some of Ripney's friends in retaliation fired the theater, which was completely destroyed, together with six of the largest business houses there. Total loss \$100,000.

#### GOT HIS DESERTS.

The jury in the case of ex-Treasurer Poik brought in a verdict of guilty of embezzlement, fixing the penalty at imprisonment in the penitentiary for twenty years, and imposing a fine to the full amount of the embezzlement.

#### WEBB'S BODY FOUND.

The body of Capt. Webb was found floating in the river a short distance below Lewiston, N. Y. At an inquest held a verdict of found drowned was rendered. During the examination a ragged cut was discovered on the top of the head about three inches in length, which opened sufficiently to expose the skull. It appeared to have been cut by a rock or other hard, rough substance, and is supposed to have been done at the entrance to the whirlpool, where the rocks in places project above the surface of the water, and where the current is the wildest. This wound was considered sufficient in itself to have caused death, and it is thought he sank immediately after receiving it.

#### TELEGRAPHIC FACILITIES.

"Continue to improve daily" says the Western Union, while the strikers say "not so" and that the company must yield. There is no marked change in the situation.

#### DEATH DOOMED.

A Passenger Train Completely Wrecked.

THE LIFE CRUSHED OUT OF TWENTY PERSONS AND THIRTY MORE INJURED.

A terrible accident occurred on the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railway at Carlton Station, N. Y., by which twenty were killed and thirty wounded. The train, a double-header, was excursion train No. 53, and bound for Clayton with thousands of tourists, mostly from Michigan. It was behind time, and at the time of the collision was running at the rate of forty miles an hour. The wind was blowing a gale, and had blown a freight car from off the siding, partly on the main track. When the excursion train came thundering along a collision occurred, throwing one of the engines on its end and the other into the ditch. The baggage car and sleepers were completely demolished. The cars were piled one upon another until it was one vast heap of ruins. At the time a heavy thunder shower was passing over and the night was dark. The cries and shrieks of the dying and wounded were terrible. The country is but thinly settled, and it was some time before assistance could be obtained.

Aid was also sent for to Albion, and the work of recovering the bodies commenced. The following is a list of persons identified: Thomas Hayne, Chicago; Jane Carl, Lansing, Mich.; Prof. C. W. Stone, Battle Creek, Mich.; Lute J. Francis, Oswego, N. Y.; Willie Lafavey, Bay City, Mich.; Ashley Taylor, Camden, N. Y.; Thomas Stalls, Watertown, N. Y.; O. B. Troop and granddaughters, Mary Troop, Schenectady, N. Y.; J. N. Schack, Cleveland, O.; Thomas Dixon, 249 Pearl street, Cleveland; two ladies, with rings marked "Cornelia to Louis," and "T. J. B. to C. M. B." thought to be Mrs. Booth, of Bay City, Mich., and Mrs. J. C. Bentley, of Saline, Mich.; Henry McCormick, of Benton, Mich., and an unknown body thought to be that of Mr. Booth, of Bay City.

#### POLITICAL.

##### STUBBORN VOTERS.

On the 14th of June the New Hampshire legislature began voting for United States senator, and the end is not yet. The 34th ballot was taken on July 25, and Harry Blingham received 114 votes and Chandler 70, with 15 other candidates scattering.

##### VIRGINIA DEMOCRATS.

Met in convention at Lynchburg a few days ago, and adopted a platform opposing increas-

ed taxation, favoring a tariff for revenue only, and strongly denouncing mixed schools for whites and blacks. No nominations were to be made, the convention being simply for the more perfect organization of the party.

#### THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

Vote for senator was without result. Blingham held his own, while Chandler lost four from the preceding ballot.

#### STILL AT IT.

On the 37th joint ballot taken in the New Hampshire legislature, Chandler lost 25 votes. The prediction is made that in a few days the "dark horse" will be trotted out, and the matter settled.

#### CRIME.

##### HANGED HIS OWN SON.

Troy Gentry, a negro, living in Ashe county near Boone, N. C., hanged his little son by tying him by the neck to a rafter by a plow line. The unnatural father left the house and had gone to Tennessee. Neighbors on going to the house of Gentry, found the corpse of the boy swinging in the middle of the room. The boy it appears, had been ordered by the father to drive in some cattle by a specified time, with the threat that if he failed to do so he would hang him.

##### A MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

The body of a negro, cut in two, was found lying on the railroad a mile from Koonersville, N. C., the other day. An investigation developed the fact that a horrible murder had been committed, and that afterward the body had been placed on the track, so as to be cut in two by passing trains. The throat was scarred by deep and ghastly wounds, any one of which was mortal, and there were stains in the head. Ten feet from the body was found a pool of blood, which had been there so long that it had coagulated. In the pocket of the dead man's coat was found a paper addressed to "J. E.



## Philip Barton—Engineer.

DIED DEC. 18, 1882.

Philip Barton, of Denver—have you ever heard the name? To-night in his icy tomb, wrapped in the martyr's fame, Philip Barton, of Denver, slender and fair and young, never such deeds of daring has spirit or more of a soul. Only the great white mountains watch where the hero lies. Only the stars of heaven look down from the darkness of space; yet to-night and storm and darkness, to-night and wind and rain, and of his act of daring, I read of his death and pain. You do well, oh, Western mountains, to guard his resting place; his merry laughter, and white his boyish face, your wind-swept cedars bent in their ranks and sighed. That night of storm and darkness, that night when Barton died. Who was he? Simply an engineer, and the young man on the line; but many a year he held his place in the cat. Many a trip had he looked ahead, over that icy track. Something about the mountains and across the "Foster Back." Behind him he made the curve—never again he will—around the edge of Miller's Bend, just as it mounts the hill. An ugly bit of mountain road, whenever the upper snow. Chances to slide from its rocky nest, onto the falls below. Sixty miles from Denver, and the rocks, in solid wall, rising to the very stars—hung as if to fall. Down to where the swift Arkansas, in sudden flow, sweeps against its stony banks, a thousand feet below. And that night down the canon—running at "forty," no less—Plunged the two great engines, dragging the night express. On over the bridge at the river and into a forest of pines. With Barton's face at the window, watching for danger signs; Behind was the second engine, ahead was the wall of snow. Which the prong of the great plow lifted and hurled to the rocks below. Black was the midnight darkness over the curve ahead. Save for the little gleam of light which the rushing engine shed. Firm was the hand of the engineer, clear and cool his brain. As leaning out of the swaying cab, he peered before the train. On into the awful silence and darkness—like a wall. As if the mantle of the Dead lay stretching away. Straight ahead the rushing engines, swinging, swaying on the track. Gallant riders in the saddle, flying chambers at their back. Sudden shout of horror, wild as a cry of death. Came, while the train swept forward—swift as hurried breath—Sharp rang a warning whistle, from "49," ahead. "Danger—down brakes!" the signal, that quick whistle said. Danger—for that moment from the summit of the hill, Barton, watching out ahead, saw with sudden thrill. A mighty shadow deepen, "and heard a muffled roar. Like the deep-toned beating of a cannon the shore. An instant, and he understood—some broken cars of freight Were rushing down that incline, hurled by their heavy weight. Along the slippery track! a dozen, more or less. Black in the Drummond light, full at the night express. Never one moment for halting, scarcely a moment for fear, Firmer the grasp on the lever, calmer the engineer. He heard the rasping of the brakes, the slowing of the train. But only pushed his throttle in to pull it out again. "Jump!" he cried to his fireman, "jump for the landing, Phil!" "I'm going to stop the runaway, and break my coupling pin!" Out goes the trembling throttle—crack, and with a will, Old "49" and her engineer went charging for the hill. Up to meet the coming of those deadly dealing cars. Just as a gallant hunter spurs he leaps the track. Just as a charging trooper, with white but earnest face, Clings to his horse's saddle, as Barton kept his place. Swift as the equinox, wild as a whirlwind's breath. "Up" and he rider swept up to that awful death. The grandest charge of cavalry the world has ever known. The solitary Roman made who faced such odds alone. But now without an order, without one word or cheer. With half a prayer upon his lips, swept on that engineer. Up to the terrible crash, there 'mid the mountain snow. That hurled the cab, like an arrow, on the icy rocks below. Crushing the gallant body, till the wreck burst into flame. As martyr's spirits rise to God beyond man's praise or blame. Till the stars sent waving back their white signal ray. Telling that engineer below he had the right on way. Such is the story I read to-night, read in wind and rain. Till Philip Barton's face looked in from each wet window pane. Until the wind seemed bearing, where it's fury blows, The virtue of his hero deed from off the mountain snows. Where wrapped his icy mantle, but bright with martyr's flame. They guard with vigilance their dead—he of the Barton name. Geo. R. Parrish.

## THE CAMP FIRE.

Anecdotes Illustrating the Brightness and the Darkness of Life in the Army.

At Gettysburg, during the last desperate attempt of the enemy to carry Cemetery Hill, the ammunition of an Ohio battery that was taking a most prominent part in the engagement gave out. The moment was a critical one. General Meade, who was below with his staff, dismissed all of his attending officers, and rode with but a single orderly to where the battery was posted. He was in plain fatigue dress, and wore no easily recognizable insignia of rank. He was much concerned about the state of affairs, and said earnestly to the subordinate officers in command, that the will must be held—that there must be no retreating—that everything depended upon holding this position. The boys had been quick to see this, and had commenced the work of gathering rebel shells, which had struck near them without exploding. Many of these had been returned to the rebel lines with great effect, and in this last extremity the men were resorting to their use.

This struck the dignified Major General as an excellent move, and he proceeded to give his assistance. He picked up shells and carried them to the guns, but did not exhibit the readiness of the begrimed artillery men, dashing about with insane energy. The shells were apt to be heavier than he expected, and he was a little backward in raising them. Private John Snicker was one of the best men in the battery. He was much aroused now, however, and his sight was dimmed by perspiration, powder and dust. He disliked a slow man. General Meade attracted his attention. John thought his will was good, but he didn't know how to gather shells. As the General stooped to pick up a regular whizzer, John made a dash for the same shell, giving the stooper a sort of contemptuous shove, and saying snappishly: "Get out. Geont the way here, old ginger fingers. You're in the way here, you are." And then as the General stood aside to allow him to lift the shell, John, without looking up, said apologetically, "Your mind's willing but your body's weak."

The General smiled, made a deprecating motion with the hand, and took his stand, as an observer. In a few minutes Major General Warren and staff came up, Warren saluting Meade and reporting to him as his superior. John was astonished—dazed. He had hustled the General in command, and as that General rode away, after the crisis had passed, with a good word for the men for doing so well. John remarked: "That's a good one on me, boys. I came as near kickin' Major General Meade as a man could and not do it. It scares me to think of it. I thought he was some Captain or Lieutenant, and I gave him a pretty hard shove. Je-rusalem." And John, to ease his mind, turned a handspring. He has always contended that a Major General who could gather shells for use in battle, exhibited a mighty strong interest in the fight, and that this way of "stoopin' to conquer" was the clear thing.

## WHITAKER AND THE SPENT BALL.

A spent ball, striking with a dull thud like a stone thrown by some strong-armed man, often caused more pain to the man struck, and more commotion in the ranks, than a bullet that tore through a man's leg or arm. A spent ball always "slipped up" on you. It always came when you least expected it, from an unlooked-for direction, and struck a part of the body not expecting to be hit. So it always produced a stunning effect. In some regiments spent balls were universally called "stunners," and very many men had painful and uncomfortable experiences with them. Some day the men lounging in line of battle, protected by a hill, and listening to the volleys on the right, would be disturbed by the contortions of a man who had been asleep. A spent ball had struck his foot, and without breaking the shoe leather, had made him crazy with pain. Another would be hit in the regions of the stomach and labor under the impression that his entrails had been torn out. Another, struck on the hand, would yell like an Indian, whereas had a bullet gone through his body, he would have shut his lips and uttered not a groan. The boys had a theory that these spent balls came from the awkward squad of the enemy, and that the air up a little distance was full of them. The spent balls were no respecters of persons. They demoralized men in shoulder-straps as well as men in blouses. At Chickamauga, General Whitaker, storming forward at the head of his brigade, was struck in the abdomen. Deathly pale and faint, he called to General Granger: "General, I'm hit in a bad place. Who'll take charge of my boys?" Granger replied: "I'll do it myself," and sorrowfully sent his favorite brigadier to the rear. Whitaker riding along rearward, concluded to see the extent of his wound. Unbuttoned his coat but found nothing. Underclothing was not stained or punctured. There was no wound in the flesh. Realizing that he had been struck by a spent ball, Whitaker wheeled his horse, and in a towering rage galloped back to the scene of battle. Dashing up to the commander of the reserve, he roared: "I'm not wounded worth a damn; I'll run this brigade myself," and he did.

## NOT THAT KIND OF PEOPLE.

General Thomas was the model soldier. On this point there was little difference of opinion throughout the army. Thomas always seemed on duty. He was never in undress. He was always the stern, conscientious soldier in his bearing, and comes up in the memory of every soldier now as the representative commander of the war. He was not all "Iron Duke," as those who were nearest him during the war can testify. He loved a good story and often told the following with great relish:

After the battle of Perryville the army moved after Bragg to the mountains in southeastern Kentucky. Many of the Kentucky troops passed very near their homes and had a great desire to visit their families. In many cases they did without permission, but in other cases men more conscientious labored hard to secure permission. The Colonel of a regiment, raised in the mountain districts, one day received a call from a backwoods specimen of the Kentucky soldier, who was classed as a "six-footer." He proceeded to state his case in a deliberate, drawing tone: "Kernel, I'm now about four miles from home. I would like to go over and see the old woman and the young uns and get up a little wood and fix 'em for winter. I kin ketch you afore you get to Cumberland Gap."

"How do you know we are going to Cumberland Gap?" questioned the Colonel.

aal, yer headed that way now, and I could soon get up a little wood, and find you, unless Bragg chaws you up, which isn't likely."

He was informed that the Colonel could not grant a furlough; that the only person who could was General Thomas, but that before his application could reach the General in due form and be returned the army would be out of Kentucky.

"Six-footer" was disconsolate, but determined to visit General Thomas in person, and he did. He caught the General unawares, and was half through the story before "Old Pap" comprehended the situation. Surprised, he turned to hear: "About four miles from home—want to go over and get up a little wood—kin ketch you in a day or two, etc." "How long since you saw your wife and children?" questioned the stern old Major General. With a woe-begone expression, the six-footer replied, slowly and solemnly: "Waal, General, it's nigh on to t-w-e-l-v-e months since I was to home." "Why, man," said the General briskly, "I haven't seen my wife for two years, and don't expect to see her until the war is over."

The Kentuckian, putting on the air of one resenting an insult, said sadly: "Waal, General, me and my wife is not that kind of people."

This was too much, for the dignity of even General Thomas, and the old Kentuckian, wondering what tickled "Old Pap" so, departed with a furlough in his pocket.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

## The Home of John Brown's Widow.

On the summit of the highest mountain opposite the hotel, at Saratoga, Cal., and about three miles away as the crow flies, is the home of the widow of old John Brown. To reach it by the road to Saratoga is a long tramp up a steep mountain road, but the visitor is repaid by a succession of views, each more panoramic than its predecessor, until at the summit the entire Santa Clara Valley, from below Los Gatos, as well as half of San Francisco Bay, is spread out like a great map before him.

About ten acres are cleared and set out in fruit, the majority being French prunes. The house—a story-and-a-half frame structure, painted white, with a front and side porch—fronts the east. All that saves it from hopeless loneliness is the outlook over the valley, which is simply superb. Below, looking as though one might reach it with a stone, is the village of Saratoga. The great valley ranches look like truck gardens, while the mountains of the Coast range form the background of the picture. Turning one's back on this view of the outer world, and the little farm is seen to possess many homelike features in spite of its loneliness. Here lived until recently the widow Brown, her married daughter and her son-in-law, Fublinger, and their four little children. A neighbor, who had moved their household effects to the village of Saratoga on Wednesday last, explained the removal in this way: "You see," he said, "the old lady's going away this summer; the son-in-law is teaching school in Saratoga, so the daughter thought it best to move down into the town. She was left here all alone last summer, because her husband couldn't come home from teaching every night and her mother was awa. It's a lonesome place for a woman. I don't blame her for wanting to be with her man."—Correspondence San Francisco Chronicle.

## Far from the Giddy World.

A St. Louis correspondent visited the Home of the Friendless in that city, and writes: "Asking to meet some of the inmates my request was cordially granted. I found them a pleasant and agreeable party. Of the number was a lady whose sweet face and dignified manner impressed me most favorably. 'What a pretty, quiet place you have here,' I remarked to her. 'Yes,' she responded, 'it is a pretty place but rather too quiet; it soon becomes monotonous.' This had been my mental comment when I entered, as it seemed as if I could have heard a pin drop in any part of the house. 'You have entire freedom of action, I presume?' 'We have, of course, certain privileges; but it is not like one's own home,' she answered. Imagine my astonishment in the course of our conversation, to learn that she was Miss Tyler, maiden niece of President Tyler. She told me much of her family history. Alluding to her destitute circumstances and her residences in the 'home,' she said: 'If years ago I had been told that I should end my life in a charitable institution I would have laughed at the idea as absurd.' She has a sad face, and, as the French say, tears in her voice. She is a lady of medium height, scarcely past middle age, has bluish gray eyes, rather prominent features, and light brown hair. Much of her early life was spent at the white house. What a change from its gayety and fashion to her present abode!

The year 1713 was a great era in American naval annals, says the Century. In that year Captain Andrew Robinson built the first schooner ever seen. This was at Gloucester. As she glided into the water, a bystander cried: "Look how she scoons!" Catching at the word, Captain Robinson replied: "A schooner let her be!" The new rig came at once into wide acceptance.

A man who weighs 150 pounds on the Earth if transported to Jupiter would shake the ground with a ponderous tread of 45,000 pounds, or twenty-two and a half tons. A hickory nut falling from a bough would crash through him like a minnie ball. Water would weigh fifteen times as much as quicksilver. A moderate wave would shiver to atoms the strongest iron-clad.

## How The Old Testament Was Preserved.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

It is known to all that the Old Testament was written in Hebrew, and the New Testament in Greek. With respect to the original documents, nothing whatever is now known. We have not to-day the very books in external form that were written by Moses, the Prophets and the evangelists, but only copies of what they were inspired and commanded by the Lord to write, no two of these copies exactly agreeing with each other. But, we believe, that the Old and New Testaments are the inspired words of God, and that they have been preserved from generation to generation, from century to century, in their substantial integrity, so that in the Hebrew and Greek languages they are as much the word of God as they ever were.

The different books of the Old Testament were committed to the care of the Jews, and they have preserved them with remarkable fidelity. The Old Testament Hebrew text was written on skins, and rolled up in volumes, as may be seen in all Jewish synagogues. These parchments if kept dry, will last for thousands of years; and the Jews have copies of the Old Testament, thus written, which are very ancient. A distinct class of people arose among the Jews, called Scribes, who devoted their lives to making the most beautiful and accurate copies of those books, which they believed were dictated word for word to Moses and the Prophets, by Jehovah Himself. The Jews had every reason for preserving these books, since they contained their own history, and relate all of God's wonderful dealings with them as His chosen people. That nothing might be lost, every verse, word and letter, were carefully counted by the Masorites. They even counted the number of times each word and each letter was used in each book. In this way they would know if a single verse, word or letter were omitted in any manuscript copy of the Old Testament.

It is well known that the Eastern or Greek Christian church, adopted the Septuagint Greek version of the Old Testament, while the Western or Latin church took the Latin Vulgate as its authorized Bible. Hebrew was, therefore, entirely neglected in the Christian church, so that, if the Jews had not been providentially preserved as a nation to the present day, the original Hebrew text of the Old Testament would have been lost, and we should have had only imperfect human translations of that part of the sacred scriptures. When Hebrew ceased to be spoken in its purity, and the Jews were dispersed over the earth, the learned Jews established schools for the express purpose of preserving and transcribing the Hebrew text. Then the verses, words and letters were counted and vowel points and marks of accentuation invented, so that the correct pronunciation of the language might be retained for all time. Those who did this were called Masorites, and their work the Masorah, or tradition.

When printing was invented, very great pains were taken to produce accurate editions of the Hebrew Scriptures. The first Hebrew Bible was printed at Soncino, in the year 1488. Other editions followed from time to time, many manuscripts being consulted to render them more and more perfect. Finally, the editions of Joseph Athias, a Jew printer of Amsterdam, who published in 1661 a most beautiful Hebrew Bible in 8vo., were esteemed the most perfect copies of the printed Hebrew text. Athias, desiring that Christians should be purchasers of his editions of the Hebrew, applied to the celebrated Christian scholar Leusden to describe their merits in a preface. Leusden said: "You have here kind reader, the Hebrew Bible, published by Jews, and printed with extreme correctness and accuracy, and with a most beautiful type; wherefore I wish to recommend it to all Christians. I will briefly state what the Jews have performed in this edition of the Bible. This Bible has been corrected by the Jews, with scrupulous attention, after the famous editions of Bomberg, Plantin, and others, and after very ancient manuscript copies. The Pentateuch was, first, four times collated from beginning to end with the manuscript copies which are kept in the Jews' synagogues. I have myself compared it in a great many places with an Amsterdam manuscript of that kind, and have found the utmost agreement. The Jews have compared the whole Bible, both as to the consonants and the vowels, with two very ancient manuscripts, one of which is preserved at Amsterdam, the other at Hamburg. The former was written in the year 1229, and the latter about nine hundred years ago, at Toledo in Spain. Moreover, a Bible has hardly ever been printed in which all the rules delivered by the Masorites in the Masorah, have been so accurately adhered to as in this."

Athias printed, with the assistance of Leusden, another edition in 1667, which was regarded by Leusden as still more accurate than the former. These Bibles were much prized for their accuracy and beauty, and a gold chain and medal were conferred on Athias by the States General of Holland. But the edition that has taken the place of all others, and which is the basis of all our modern Hebrew Bibles, was the one produced at Amsterdam, in 1705, by the learned Christian scholar, Van der Hooght. A copy of the last edition of Athias was procured, which had been revised by Leusden for the purpose of printing a third edition from this type was

set up, "and the care of correcting the sheets was submitted," says Van der Hooght, "a first, second, and a third time to a Jew corrector, that he might, so far as man can, remove the typographical errors, before a proof was examined by me. I then read over the sheet, comparing it the first time with Bible of Stephen's, printed at Paris 1539-44. I then read over the sheet a second time, comparing it with the very accurate Bible of Bomberg, printed at Venice in folio, and thence called the great Venetian Bible. I again collated the sheet a third time, with Athias' edition of 1667, that I might be more than sure that neither the printer nor the Jew corrector had omitted or altered anything without my knowledge. All the sheets were, therefore, examined by me, at least three times, with the utmost diligence, before they were worked off."

From all this it will be seen that both Jews and Christians have united to do all that man could to give the world the Hebrew Scriptures in their substantial integrity. The Hebrew text has thus been firmly and permanently established, and all experience teaches that in seeking to remodel it, we should really introduce into it worse imperfections than those we seek to remove. The works of Biblical scholars have been, on the whole, more disfigured than adorned by the amendments of the Hebrew text they have suggested.

## "William I Am Yours."

Correspondence Chicago News.

Secretary Chandler is not generally regarded as a ladies' man. His face is plain. His voice is harsh as the sound of the filing of the buzz-saw. He is devoted to his family. His wife is a very accomplished lady. Yet, in spite of his plainness, and matter-of-fact ways, he is the hero of a gilded romance to one susceptible Virginia maiden. She came to Washington last week for the purpose of marrying the chief magistrate. She called at the White House to learn if the President had made any arrangements for the wedding day. Strictly speaking she could not be called beautiful. As described by the officer on guard, no one would predict for her a career as queen of loveliness. Her face was not much larger than a good-sized teacup. Her complexion was a mottled yellow, greenish brown. Her eyes were small gray, and crooked inward. Her narrow brow was wrinkled with ambitious lines. Her nose turned up in a sharp curve, and then slightly flared. Sun-bleached yellow hair shaded her peculiar but interesting face. A small straw hat trimmed with a faded blue ribbon was perched coquettishly upon the back of her head. A white string, emblem of simplicity, encircled her long neck instead of a collar. From underneath a dark dress stole timidly a pair of men's cowhide boots stained a reddish golden yellow—the shade of the mud of the Virginia roads.

"Another crank," muttered Sergt. Dinsmore. No, the President had not heard of the wedding. That happiness was yet to be unfolded to him.

"When will Chester get back?" asked the maiden.

"It will be some time," replied Dinsmore.

She called again at the White House. She was very grim and determined. "See here," said she, "I kum up yar to git a big man for to hitch with me, and you bet I'm goin' to get him. If Chester don't come back to day he might lose the chance."

"He won't be back to-day."

"Is any of his Cabinet men here?"

"Yes; Mr. Chandler is here. He got back to-day."

"Where mount I fetch on to him?"

Dinsmore pointed out the Army and Navy Departments. "Go up there," said he, "and some one can tell you where to find him." The virgin representative of wild, untrammelled beauty walked to a messenger in front of the department a few moments after and asked where she could find Mr. Chandler. So when Chandler came to go in to the department he found this heroic daughter of the wild mountain in his path.

"Be you William Chandler?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," said the Secretary trying to pass.

"Secretary of the Navy?"

"Of course."

"William, I am yours; take me. I have come up from Virginia to marry a big man, and I reckon you are big enough for me."

Chandler waited to hear no more. He darted to one side so quickly that he nearly lost his hat, and ran into the lower hall of the department, as the resounding cowhide boots of the Virginia woman came clattering behind him. A moment after he had reached his office two or three messengers ejected the crazy woman from the building. A policeman afterward took her to the long bridge, and did not leave guard duty until the Virginia beauty was lost in a cloud of yellow dust or the distant horizon.

John Lewis of Hoboken, N. J., is the owner of the silver coffee pot, sugar bowl and cream pitcher given to Gergo Washington by the noble Lafayette.

Hon. Joseph Grinnell of New Bedford, Mass., is the oldest living ex-member of congress. He is 95 years of age, still well and hearty, and president of a bank in that place.

James Russell Lowell wrote the inscription for the memorial window in honor of Sir Walter Raleigh recently given by American citizens, to St. Margaret's church, Westminster.



