

THE CHELSEA HERALD.

ME 14.

CHELSEA, MICH., THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1885.

NUMBER 43.



This space will be filled next week.

CHELSEA HERALD.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Space.	1 w	1 m	3 m	6 m	1 y
1 line	\$1.00	\$2.00	\$4.00	\$7.00	\$12.00
2 lines	2.00	4.00	8.00	14.00	24.00
3 lines	3.00	6.00	12.00	21.00	36.00
4 lines	4.00	8.00	16.00	28.00	48.00
5 lines	5.00	10.00	20.00	35.00	60.00
6 lines	6.00	12.00	24.00	42.00	72.00

We solicit communications and news from all the surrounding towns.

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

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

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

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

Address all communications to THE HERALD.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

METHODIST. — Rev. J. A. McIlwain, 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.

CONGREGATIONAL. — Rev. John A. Kaley, services at 10:30 A. M., and 7 P. M. People's meeting, Sabbath evening, 6 o'clock. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock. Sunday School, immediately after morning services.

BAPTIST. — Rev. Mr. Gallup, services at 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting, Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock. Sunday school, at 12 M.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CITY

BARBER SHOP
BOYD & SHAVER.

Two doors west of Woods & Knapp's hardware store. Work done quickly and at lowest style.

K. O. T. M. — Chelsea Tent No. 1, of the K. O. T. M., will meet at Fellows' Hall the first and third Friday of each month.
WM. BACON, R. K.

H. STILES,

DENTIST,
See with Dr. Palmer, over Glazier, Pay & Co's. Drug Store.
CHELSEA, MICH. v11-46.

GEORGE E. DAVIS, Resident Auctioneer of 16 years experience, and second to none in the State. Will attend all farm sales and other auctions on short notice. Orders at this office will receive prompt attention. Residence and P. O. address, Sylvan, Mich. V-13 5.

For Reliable Insurance Against FIRE OR TORNADO,
CALL ON
ALBERT & CROWELL,

—OR—
GEO. W. TURNBULL.

Representatives of:
The New York,
The Mutual, of New York,
The Commercial, of New York,
The American, of New York,
The Hartford, of Conn.,
The Springfield, of Mass.,

MAILS CLOSE.

GOING EAST.	GOING WEST.
9:35 A. M.	9:35 A. M.
5:15 P. M.	10:35 A. M.
8:15 P. M.	5:45 P. M.
	8:15 P. M.

G. J. CROWELL, P. M.

You should read H. S. Holmes & Co's. new advertisement.

Miss Mina Geddes spent Saturday at Ann Arbor.

Mr. Truman Baldwin has been confined to the house a few days from the kick of a horse, on Friday last.

We saw a man ejected very expeditiously and unceremoniously from a certain store in this town, last Saturday.

Wm. B. Gildart of the Stockbridge Sun was in town on Monday last and made this office a visit.

Mr. M. Foster, who has been sick for the past month, is slowly recovering.

Miss Libbie Foster, of Jackson, spent Sunday with relatives hereaway.

School will commence again on the first Monday in September.

Mrs. Gildart and family, of Stockbridge, are visiting their many Chelsea friends.

Married, at the M. E. Church, on Wednesday evening, July 1st, 1885, by the Rev. J. A. McIlwain, Mr. James Geddes and Miss Amelia Schenk.

Mr. Ed Winters is the possessor of a very fine garden. He had the first new potatoes of the season for dinner the other day.

Will. Wither left last Tuesday to work for the McCormick Company.

In our last issue we stated that J. Hesel-schwerdt's cattle got into Chas. Fish's field. It should have been L. B. Lawrence's field.

On Monday evening last while two brothers named Donaghue were having a tussle about some horses one of them drew a revolver and shot it at the other making a bad flesh wound.

Mrs. M. J. Noyes and children left this morning for Port Huron where they will spend several weeks.

Last Monday Frank Shaver shaved Mr. B. Lamoneux, of Iosco. Mr. L. Is 97 years of age and is as spry as a cricket.

Prof. and Mrs. Parker started for Quincy, Monday, with horse and buggy. It will require about two days to make the journey. They will spend the vacation in that village, their former home.

Saturday was a big wool day, and trade was lively.

Miss Amanda Burkhardt is visiting friends in Lima.

On Thursday last a "little daughter of Mr. J. W. Wallace fell from a fence and broke her leg.

Mrs. R. S. Armstrong and daughter who have been spending several weeks in Corunna, returned home last Friday.

A Marchal Niel rose tree at the new garden in Whitney, England, is twenty years old and has 3,000 buds on it this season.

An Ann Arbor man was in town Saturday, and said he saw dozens of men from the very near vicinity of his city in Chelsea with wool. There is no use of other towns blowing, Chelsea buys more wool by at least double than any other place within a radius of fifty miles, and the figures are at hand to prove this assertion.

THE HERALD contained an article two weeks ago, to the effect that in a certain village of this county there was a school, the principal of which refused to graduate a colored girl, because of her color. The statement was made on what we supposed to be the best authority, but it is just as strongly denied by the principal of the school and the young lady herself. We have known the principal of the school to be a hard worker and, as we believe, to be a competent teacher, and can scarcely think he would be guilty of so disreputable an action. The young ladies who graduated at this particular school, are ladies indeed, and it is not probable that they objected to their colored sister graduating with them. The rumor was so general and out spoken at the time we mentioned the matter that we could not doubt its reliability. We are pleased

Demorest's Illustrated Monthly Magazine for July is unusually bright and entertaining. It contains some exceedingly readable articles, among which are "Among the Sea Islands of Georgia;" "The Chinese Exhibit at the New Orleans Exposition," both of which are illustrated; "The Con-jugal Poets," "Edward Jenner," the originator of Vaccination; "Chautauqua Lake and Chautauqua School;" and "Shall I get a Camera?" by Professor Barnard. Jenny June furnishes a paper, "Can Women Travel Alone?" and the various depart-ments are, as usual, replete with instructive information. The frontispiece is an oil picture, "Spring-time of Love."

It is proposed to establish a botanic garden at Montreal, Canada.

GRADUATING EXERCISES.

The graduating exercises of Chelsea High School took place in the Town Hall, Thursday evening, June 25th. At an early hour the building was packed to its utmost capacity, not only seats but standing room was full. Promptly at the appointed hour Professor Parker began the exercises by calling for the "Overture" placed at the head of the programme. This was finely rendered by Miss Maggie Gates at the organ and Mr. M. Freer with the violin. Prayer was then offered by Rev. J. A. McIlwain. The male quartette had charge of the principal part of the singing for the evening. Their first piece, "What Phrase so Sad," was a fine effort. Miss Aggie McKune followed with the class history. All the facts, imaginary and material were set forth in a most entertaining style. Then following the track of all previous historians the writer opened the the door of prophecy and revealed the future of years yet to be.

Miss Ella M. Barber followed with an essay on "Scientific Research promotes Civilization." It was a very able paper, studied and written with great attention and care, and would have done honor to older heads.

Miss Josie Watson came next with a solo, "The Way thro' the Wood." It was as the girls say "just splendid," and took every one clear through the wood.

Then came an essay by Miss Edith L. Congdon entitled "There's Always Morning Somewhere in the World." The essay was an exceedingly fine one, and so well recited that every one could hear it plainly.

"The Leaden Cross," a splendid composition was recited by Miss Cora Bowen. It is a favorite everywhere and was duly appreciated by the large audience.

"Hither Trip" as given by the quartette was not a trip at all but a good substantial song.

"Silence," the closing essay was by Miss Florence N. Bachman. The place of honor was nobly filled and the young lady showed that her reputation for scholarship was not overdrawn.

Rev. Dr. Holmes followed with a brief address. Mr. Holmes always does well but here he did better than usual. The time and occasion seemed to take him back to his life work and give him an inspiration that nothing else could do.

"A Merry Heart" that "doeth good like a medicine" was given by the quartette with a will, and received with pleasure.

It fell to the lot of Rev. J. A. Kaley, pastor of the Congregational church, to make the closing address and present the diplomas. It has not been our fortune of late to listen to anything so appropriate and well-timed. It gave a beautiful finish to an evening's splendid work. Professor Parker with his able assistant, Miss Wright, may well be proud of the High School of Chelsea. But the High School could not be at all if it were not for all there is before it. So to each of the other teachers belongs a large part of each year's success. The foundations properly laid make all the after building more easily done. Those who do the work out of sight in the primaries ought to be remembered with affection and gratitude because they make possible the things that so highly please us all.

"The Hunter's Chorus" was splendidly sung by the quartette. Rev. H. M. Gallup, of the Baptist church pronounced the ben-ediction, and closed the exercises and labors of the "Class of '85."

The exercises taken together were more than creditable, and of a very high order.

WATERLOO ITEMS.

WATERLOO, June 30.—Spencer Howlett has bought the David Leek farm of 140 acres. He paid about \$6,000.

John Hubbard has sold the D. Quigley farm of 80 acres for \$4,000.

Miss Seba Furgeson, of Charlotte, is visiting friends in this vicinity.

The young married folks of this vicinity will hold a pic-nic at Clear Lake on July Fourth.

Fred Reithmiller has not been heard from yet.

Nearly all the wool in the vicinity has been sold. The most of it was taken to Chelsea. Average price 23 cents.

Farmers, don't buy a stack cover, binder cover or any thing in the line of covers until you see our prices.
H. S. HOLMES & CO

The infamous lie that was hatched by some miscreant, probably for spite, is man-fully and satisfactorily contradicted in the following from the Stockbridge Sun:
CHELSEA, June 24th, 1885.

Wm. B. Gildart, Ed. Sun:—Please insert in your paper that the reports so maliciously and designedly circulated in your vicinity that S. G. Ives has lost \$40,000.00 in wheat deal, and that Geo. P. Glazier made considerable money in years past in wheat options, are unqualifiedly and entirely false. On the contrary neither of us ever invested nor countenanced investment in dealing in wheat options, nor any form of gambling, but have always and at all times deprecated and denounced the method as reckless, wrong and fraught with danger to all who undertake it, if continued. We are happy to say that not a dollar of our means was obtained except in honorable, legitimate business, we are now too old to make haste to get rich by stepping out of the regular beaten path, successfully trod, and grab at the bubble speculation in wheat options.

SAMUEL G. IVES,
GEO. P. GLAZIER.

J. A. Crawford, the barber, has employed an assistant and will be pleased to wait on all who will patronize him.

The war papers of the July number of The Century are profusely illustrated, and comprise a description of the Confederate pursuit during "McClellan's Change of Base," by General D. H. Hill; "Rear Guard Fighting at Savage's Station," by General W. B. Franklin; "The Seven Days' Fight-ing about Richmond," by General James Longstreet; and points of minor interest in "Memoranda." Of timely importance is the Indo-Afghan paper, "The Gate of India," by W. L. Fawcett. It deals only briefly with the present political situation, its chief interest being in the way it shows that the evident Russian trend towards the Khyber Pass—which has always been known as the gate of India—is only one of a long succession of advances from the direction of Afghanistan upon the wealth of India, from before the time of Alexander the Great's conquest down to 1750, the year the founder of the Afghan invaded India.

St. Nicholas for July has very properly a decidedly patriotic flavor. The number opens with an interesting sketch by Ed-ward Eggleston, entitled "A School of Long Ago," which shows us the odd methods in which some of our forefathers gained their education; while in "Washington's First Correspondence" we can read the first letter ever written by the Father of his Country; "Among the Law-makers" contains an instructive and entertaining description of the organization of our National Government from the time that the bell of Carpenter's Hall rang out the good news of the Declaration of Independence. The popular serial stories: "Driven Back to Eden," by E. P. Roe; "His one fault" by J. T. Trowbridge, and "Sheep or Silver?" by William M. Baker, all continue to increase in interest with each install-ment.

The Arabs consider that the two great-est enemies of the horse are rest and fat.

A new chrysanthemum is represented as being over nine inches in diameter.

A factory for the manufacture of artifi-cial flowers is in operation at

Paints, Varnish's, Oils & Brushes!

In this line of goods we can offer you de-cided advantages. We handle none but the best grade of White Lead, pure Raw Oil, and GENUINE Kettle Boiled Oil. A very large line of Paint Brushes, White wash and Kalsomine Brushes, Scrub Brush-es, Horse Brushes, Blacking Brushes, etc., including a complete assortment of Whit-ing's Paint Brushes. Our VARNISHES, Colors, Distempers, Turpentine, Dryers, etc., are the VERY BEST made. We handle only SHERWIN WILLIAMS & CO'S. celebrated colors in oil.

LIQUID PAINTS.

These paints have grown into such gen-eral favor in the past few years that we now carry a complete stock of the two best paints made, the Tyler Liquid Paint and F. Hammar Paint Co's Prepared Paint, which we guarantee to be a strictly pure White Lead, Zinc and Oil paint. If in any instance, after being applied according to directions, they fail to give entire satisfac-tion, we agree to forfeit the cost of apply-ing and the value of the paint. We have this paint in pint, quart, half-gallon, and gallon cans in all colors. Do you intend to paint your house or barn? If you do, this is the paint to use. It will cost you only 95c. per gallon in either white or col-ors. REMEMBER, We guarantee this paint.

GLAZIER, DePUY & CO.

For Sale Cheap. One Brewster spring, top buggy. Geo. BeGule, at Holmes & Co's clothing store. tf.

House and lot for sale. Inquire of Mrs. M. E. BALDWIN.

For rent! Two nice rooms in the Durand & Hatch Block, suit-able for millinery, dress making or law office. Inquire of Durand or Hatch.

House and lot for sale, on South Main-st. Inquire of F. McNamara.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

CHELSEA, June 26.—Board met in regu-lar session. Called to order by the presi-dent. Roll called by the clerk.

Present Thos. Shaw, president, trustees Wood Loomis and Scumacher.

Trustees absent, Palmer, Cushman and Holmes.

Moved and supported that the following bills be allowed and orders drawn on the treasurer for the same:

Geo. Foster.....	\$35 00
Thos McNamara.....	1 50
G Forner.....	5 00
Wm Page.....	1 88
Ed Winters.....	12 00
M Lowry.....	7 55
G Martin.....	10 61
O Webster.....	1 00
N M Garrett.....	6 24
J Hesel-schwerdt.....	1 88
T E Wood.....	2 00
H S Holmes.....	2 00
Thos Leach.....	16 84

Moved and supported that we adjourn to next regular meeting subject to call of president.

GEO. A. BEGOLE, Clerk.

LIMA ITEMS.

LIMA, June 30.—There will be fire works here the evening of July Fourth.

Mrs. Lulu Buchanan has returned home.

Mr. R. Hammond has been visiting his son in Gratiot county.

Rev. A. B. Storms and wife, of Tipton, will spend this week visiting friends hereaway.

J. Storms and William Covert are having a large yield of strawberries.

Mrs. Phoebe Easton, of State Cen-ter, Iowa, is visiting relatives here.

Arl Guerin, who has been spend-ing a couple of weeks at Tecumseh, says they have the best land, the fin-est crops, and the prettiest girls he ever saw. We wonder if these bles-sings are real and universal or are the imaginary and only possessed by one farmer.

Two couple from here spent Sun-day at Clear Lake.

MICHIGAN NEWS.

Reducing Salaries.

The following changes have been made at the postoffice department in Michigan postmasters' salaries, to go into effect July 1. These changes are made on the basis of the amount under the two-cent postage reduction. It will be observed that in some cases the salaries are increased. The total number reviewed was 2,353—first class 71, second class 382, third class 1,760, relegated to fourth class 134. The new presidential offices are all third class, and on July 1, the total number of presidential offices will be 2,231. The aggregate of all postmasters' salaries in the United States is \$3,102,790. Following is the list of changes in Michigan, so arranged that they may be seen at a glance:

Place	Old Salary.	New Salary.
Detroit	\$3,700	\$3,700
Albion	2,000	1,800
Allegan	1,700	1,600
Alpena	1,900	1,700
Ann Arbor	2,600	2,500
Berrien Springs	1,400	1,400
Big Rapids	2,300	2,100
Buchanan	1,500	1,400
Cadillac	2,000	1,700
Calumet	1,700	1,600
Caro	1,800	1,300
Charlottesville	1,800	2,000
Cheboygan	1,600	1,500
Chelsea	1,100	1,000
Coldwater	2,200	2,100
Constantine	1,200	1,100
Decatur	1,200	1,000
Dowagiac	1,600	1,500
Eaton Rapids	1,500	1,400
Escanaba	1,700	1,600
Evart	1,800	1,000
Grand Haven	1,700	1,700
Greenville	1,800	1,700
Hancock	1,700	1,600
Hastings	1,600	1,500
Holly	1,300	1,100
Houghton	1,500	1,400
Howell	1,600	1,400
Hudson	1,700	1,500
Ionia	2,300	2,100
Iron Mountain	1,500	1,400
Ishpeming	1,700	1,800
Lapeer	1,700	1,600
Lawell	1,500	1,400
Leland	1,800	1,700
Leelanau	2,300	2,000
Manistee	2,300	2,100
Marquette	2,300	2,100
Menominee	1,600	1,700
Midland	1,400	1,300
Milford	1,100	1,000
Montague	1,300	1,000
Mr. Pleasant	1,400	1,300
Negaunee	1,500	1,400
Oscoda	1,300	1,100
Otsego	1,300	1,100
Ovid	1,400	1,300
Paw Paw	1,400	1,300
Petoskey	1,800	1,500
Plainwell	1,200	1,100
Pontiac	2,000	1,900
Portland	1,900	1,800
Quincy	1,400	1,300
Reading	1,300	1,100
Reed City	1,500	1,400
Romeo	1,400	1,300
Saginaw	2,300	2,100
St. Clair	1,700	1,300
St. Ignace	1,400	1,300
St. Joseph	1,700	1,600
St. Louis	1,300	1,500
South Haven	1,200	1,100
Stanton	1,600	1,500
Sturgis	1,500	1,400
Three Rivers	1,800	1,400
Union City	1,300	1,100
Vassar	1,300	1,100
Whitehall	1,300	1,100
White Pigeon	1,200	1,100
Williamston	1,100	1,000

The saving thus effected in salaries is \$3,800.

The following officers have been relegated to the fourth class: Cassopolis, Edmore, Olivet, Fremont, Harrison, Howard City, Kalkaska, Leslie, Manchester, Marshall, Morenci, Norway and Spring Lake.

An Old Landmark Gone.

Another ancient landmark of Detroit, of Michigan, indeed of American history, has reached the end of its course. The Pontiac tree is dead. For some years its virility has been waning, and it has been known that this interesting relic of the forest primeval and survivor of the Bloody Run massacre was dying. Last year it was noticed that the end was approaching, and the saps of his life have just run out altogether. The Pontiac tree was one of the historic trees of America. Its antiquity was demonstrated by its size. Its interest, however, came from the fact that it was a surviving witness of one of the most melancholy events of the history of Michigan. It was an old whitewood, and in its prime a fine looking monarch of the forest. The following account of the event that gave the old tree its celebrity appeared in Harper's Magazine in May, 1862, in an illustrated sketch of the leading American historical trees:

"In July, 1763, Pontiac was encamped behind a swamp a mile and a half north of the fort at Detroit. Capt. Dalzell, who had arranged with Putnam in Northern New York, arrived with reinforcements at the close of the month and obtained permission to attack Pontiac immediately. A perilous Canadian informed Pontiac and he made ready for the attack.

"At little past midnight Dalzell marched to Pontiac's camp. The darkness was dense. A thousand eager ears were listening for their approach. Five hundred dusky warriors were lurking near the rude log bridge in the wild ravine through which Pontiac's creek flowed. Dalzell's advance was just crossing the bridge when terrific yells in front and a blaze of musketry on the left flank revealed the presence of the wily foe. Half of the advance party were slain, and the remainder shrunk back appalled. The main body, advancing, also recoiled. There came another yell, when the voice of Dalzell in the van inspired his men. With his followers he pushed across the bridge and charged up the hill; but in the darkness the skulking enemy could not be seen and his presence was known only by the flash of his guns. Word now reached Dalzell that the Indians in large numbers had gone to cut off his communication with the fort. He sounded a retreat and in good order pressed toward Detroit, exposed to a most perilous sniping fire. Day dawned with thick fog; and now for the first time the enemy was seen. They came darting through the mist on flank and rear, and as suddenly disappeared after firing deadly shots upon the English. One of these slew Capt. Dalzell while he was attempting to bear off a wounded sergeant. The detachment finally reached the fort, having lost sixty-one of their number in killed and wounded. Most of the slain fell at the bridge; and Pontiac's Creek has ever since been called from that circumstance, Bloody Run. The bridge was much nearer the river than Jefferson avenue, and the huge tree, sixteen feet in circumference, and scarred by the bullets of that battle, stood in a thicket in a ravine between the assailants and the assailed."

There are no surviving landmarks that are to be compared with the old tree in historical interest, except the old Ste. Anne's Church, Detroit, which is itself soon to follow, full of years and crowded with tender memories.

Ag. Notes.

Gov. Alger has vetoed the Eagan prison labor bill, and sends his objection to the legislature and people through the columns of a Detroit paper, the legislature having adjourned. He writes from Old Orchard Beach, Maine, and says:

The measure was recommended in my first message to the legislature, but, I must frankly confess, without the mature thought so important a measure deserves. I should have added in my recommendation that the change be not made until some practical substitute could be matured and adopted.

The bill provides for abolishing contract labor, but practically substitutes nothing in its place except to lock the prisoners in their cells day and night, which amounts to solitary confinement, after the contracts expire upon which they are laboring, until capital is furnished for a new business and it is put in successful operation.

Senator Belknap offered an amendment to the bill that \$50,000 be appropriated for carrying on the work on state account, and Senator Brown offered an amendment to the amendment to make the amount \$300,000, the latter of which in my judgment, and according to the experience of the state of New York, would be an insufficient sum.

Both amendments were defeated, and there is no appropriation that can be used for the purpose except \$10,000, which was set apart for the piece system now carried on in a limited way in our prisons, which sum would not last a week if used to carry out the purposes of this bill.

It must be borne in mind that our prisons average over 1,200 inmates, an immense force to furnish employment for.

What, then, would we have were this bill to become a law? A large force idle in a short time, with no capital with which to purchase material and the appliances necessary for carrying along the works, establishing agencies, etc., and, in fact, building up an enormous establishment, manufacturing many kinds of goods, from the commencement, without any practical experience in such matters.

It must also be remembered that the present contractors own their business, trade marks and trade, none of which would be transferred to the prison authorities. When the new system is adopted the prison authorities must first determine what kinds of goods they will manufacture and then "work up a trade," proving that they can produce goods that will compete in the market and sell, otherwise an immense amount of extra capital must be furnished by the taxpayers to pile up goods till a market can be found, or sell at prices that will ruin private competition and honest labor.

The change, when made, must also necessarily be very gradual and of slow growth, and will then require the best business talent in the state to conduct it with any degree of success. Under the present law the wardens of our prisons, upon whom the success or failure of the system would depend, are liable to be changed every two years, and their successors would probably know nothing of the duties connected with such an immense establishment.

No private business could be successfully conducted in this manner, as every business and laboring man knows. The convicts in our prisons are sentenced for their terms "at hard labor," and unless employed, as I have said before, must necessarily be locked in their cells day and night, which is practically solitary confinement, and is both illegal and inhuman. Many other equally forcible reasons for not precipitating this change without first providing the necessary capital and then laying out and perfecting definite plans will suggest themselves to every business and laboring man who gives the subject careful thought.

(Signed) A. R. ALGER.

After Hidden Gold.

The reigning sensation in Howard City has been the fact that a party was soon to start for New Orleans to excavate and reclaim three and one-half millions of dollars which it is claimed was buried near there some 70 years ago by a band of pirates. The story is as follows: Lafitte, a noted pirate of Spanish origin, had a band of pirates preying on vessels in the Gulf of Mexico about the year 1813. His headquarters for himself and men was on an island about 40 miles below New Orleans. On this island Lafitte had erected a brick house and here it was that their prizes and trophies were brought for secretion. Things became too warm and risky for the pirate and his men and it was decided to bury the gold and silver concealed in the house. Starting from the southeast corner of the brick house on this island and going in many rods in the various directions, using the compass, so as to have the "signs and tokens" in after years correct, they buried at the foot of a gigantic live oak tree, four feet below the surface, this unlawfully accumulated wealth. The amount buried was three and one-half million of dollars, composed mostly of Spanish gold doubloons, with some English and American gold and silver. The weight of this specie was several tons, and it was placed in nine wooden chests. Ill-luck soon came to the pirates. They were driven from their haunts and all killed, with the exception of one man named Antonio. Lafitte died on the island of Cuba. This man Antonio, three weeks before his death in the city of New Orleans, called to his side a tried, old time friend, Capt. Crabtree, then commanding a vessel in the Southern waters. Antonio related to Capt. Crabtree the entire details of the burying of the gold and every mark and sign by which the place could be discovered. Within three weeks from this time Antonio was dead, but not until Capt. Crabtree had had a second talk with him about the matter so as to be perfectly sure of every mark and sign. Capt. Crabtree went on a foreign cruise immediately after Antonio's death and fully explained to your correspondent, a few days ago, his reasons for his not returning earlier to this hidden treasure. He married and had a large family and being in reduced circumstances has never seen the day that he could stand the expense of the trip. Capt. Crabtree at the present time lives twelve miles northeast of Howard City. He has been nearly blind for eighteen years, is a very old man in feeble health and constantly led by an attendant. He has been urging several prominent business men in Howard City to advance money for the expenses of the party to go there and finally the arrangements were completed. On a recent morning a party of four, including Capt. Crabtree and his eldest son, William, started for New Orleans, where they are confidently believe they will unearth three and one-half millions of money as that they will reach their destination. A good many citizens were at the train to see the party off, and opinions are evenly divided as to the success of the expedition.

The New Libel Law.

The new libel law is so important to journalists that we give it entire:

SECTION 1. In any suits brought for the publication of a libel in any newspaper in this state the plaintiff shall recover only actual damages if it shall appear that the publication was made in good faith and did not involve a criminal offense, and its falsity was due to mistake or misapprehension of the facts, and that in the regular issue of said newspaper after such mistake or misapprehension was brought to the knowledge of the publisher or publishers, whether before or after suit brought, a correction was published in as conspicuous a manner and place in said newspaper as was the article sued on as libelous.

SEC. 2. In any action or suit for the publication of a libel in any newspaper in this state, the plaintiff shall not be entitled to recover, in addition to actual damages, any greater sum than five thousand dollars.

SEC. 3. The words "actual damages" in the

foregoing section shall be construed to include all damages the plaintiff may show he has suffered in respect to his property, business, trade, profession or occupation, and no other damages.

Samson Causes a Sensation.

During the performance of Cole's circus in Lapeer the other afternoon, Samson, the monster elephant, became infuriated, and, uncontrollable, and turned himself wild on the 8,000 people assembled under the canvas, tearing up the seats, smashing furniture, and making sad havoc generally. Women fainted, children screamed, boys climbed trees, and a general stampede was caused. Human life for a time, was seemingly at the mercy of the infuriated brute.

The enraged elephant, after clearing the spectators out from the canvas, made a break for the woods nearby, and mired himself in an adjacent swamp. After much difficulty he was extricated, with five bullets of submission in his hide. Amid the panic numerous limbs were broken, and property was lost and damaged. Great consternation on the show grounds and excitement throughout the city prevailed for several hours. It seems a miracle that no fatalities occurred.

His Last Circus.

Thomas McCann of Columbiaville, attended Cole's circus in Lapeer. He started for his home the next morning, and when near Columbiaville he fell from the train, was run over and both legs were amputated. McCann died before assistance could reach him. He had a family.

GENERAL STATE ITEMS.

There are now 736 prisoners in Jackson. A huckleberry canning institution is talked of in Rosebush.

Cadillac has 15 saw mills, 10 shingle mills, and five planing mills.

Michigan bicyclists hold a "meet" in Coldwater some time in July.

The jury in the Dibble shooting case at Howell failed to agree.

The legislature adjourned sine die with due formality at noon June 30.

Edward Furnace of Chase, fell from a logging train near Baldwin and was killed. George Gorton of Brighton, Lenawee county, is the proud owner of a three-legged chicken.

Many thousands acres of land in the Upper Peninsula are being turned into cattle ranches.

Manistee boasts of the largest salt block in the world. Its capacity is 60 barrels per day.

Work has been begun on the new Mecosta county court house, to be erected at Big Rapids.

Manistee claims to have pine enough in that vicinity to keep all her mills running for 20 years.

Some Jackson capitalists are about organizing for the manufacture of the Ester plover.

The Edison company of Detroit will furnish 750 lights for the northern asylum for the insane.

Francis B. Eagan has been appointed deputy commissioner of labor with headquarters in Detroit.

Gen. Logan will not be able to attend the Benton Harbor soldiers' and sailors' reunion August 17-21.

John N. Wilson, aged about 55 years, suicided at the Central hotel in Grand Rapids by taking morphine.

Charles Sinclair of Paw Paw will meditate in Jackson two years upon the folly of having more than one wife.

In Tuscola county, wheat, oats, barley and buckwheat are looking well, but corn is much damaged by the cut-worm.

The stockholders of the Marquette, Houghton & Ontonagon railroad will meet at Marquette to elect directors July 16.

A project is contemplated of building a street railway through the principal street of Adrian from the depot to the college.

Wm. McGargle fell into a salt vat at Winsor's salt block in Port Austin and was seriously scalded. He will probably recover.

James Schermerhorn son of the late editor of the Hudson Gazette, passed both the mental and physical examination at West Point.

Col. Stewart Ives, a prominent lumberman of Grand Rapids has become insane. His property has been taken from his control.

Mathew Young, aged 19, living near Kalamazoo, went on a protracted spree a few days ago, and ended by suicide with strychnine.

Marquette's military company has received a complete new outfit, consisting of uniforms, guns and equipments, from the state.

Vicksburg spiritualists will hold a camp meeting in Frazier's grove, south of the village, beginning August 27 and closing September 7.

The Deyo coal mine, east of Jackson junction, has been cleared of water and the proprietors will soon be lifting 200 tons of coal per day.

Some of the farmers of Leoni, Jackson county, have planted their corn three times this summer on account of its having been eaten by grubs.

A Frenchman, who says he assisted Napoleon in his disastrous defeat at Waterloo, is among the inmates of the Saginaw county poorhouse.

James Catlin of West Bay City, will get \$11,500 damages for being crushed between the cars, the railway's application for a new trial having been denied.

The body washed ashore near Forest, Ont., was that of Hank Farrington, the Isosco county murderer. His remains were buried on the Canadian side.

J. E. Secord, a Port Huron man, has returned home to New York from Panama with the only rebel canon from the Ishman war safely packed in his trunk.

C. J. Kinter of the patent office, Washington, will hold an examination of candidates for fourth assistant examiner in the U. S. patent office, on July 2, at Ann Arbor.

Ex-President Durgin of Hillsdale, neglected to make a return of marriages performed during his administration, and he has been fined \$5 and costs for the dereliction.

Fred Moss of Owosso, thinks he is the sole surviving heir to the \$10,000,000 estate of Robert Moss Bart of London, Eng., and will soon begin litigation to establish his claim.

The water works strike in Lansing is ended, most of the men accepting the contractor's figures of \$1.30 per day for 10 hours' work, with no stint, or piece work at five cents per foot.

Mrs. Yette Lowenstein of Lapeer, has filed a claim against the \$63,000,000 Levi-Well estate now in chancery in Germany. There are 435 applications ahead of Mrs. Lowenstein's.

In the case of Eugene Salsbury, charged with murder in the killing of Peter Miller at Union City, the jury after being out all day brought in a verdict of guilty of manslaughter.

A small white worm is working mischief in corn in several counties. It lodges in the young shoot above the ground, and it is found in the most careful search that it can be found.

Charles E. St. John of Hillsdale, a graduate of the normal in '76, has been appointed by the state board of education assistant professor of chemistry in the normal for the ensuing year.

Charles R. Steele of Reed City, an attaché of Forepaugh's circus, was instantly killed at Flint a few days ago by falling beneath the wheels of one of the chariots during the parade.

C. H. C. Rynd, the postal clerk who was released from the Detroit house of correction under the recent decision of the supreme court, was at once re-arrested, charged with the same offense.

SALISBURY'S CABINET.

THE POLITICAL DEAD-LOCK BROKEN--THE NEW CABINET.

Other Foreign News.

The political dead-lock in England has at last been broken, Lord Salisbury having consented to form a new cabinet. All differences between the Whigs and Tories were adjusted at a meeting of the leaders of both parties before the announcement was made that Salisbury had formed a cabinet.

As a result of this conference and the efforts of the Queen the Marquis of Salisbury has resolved to accept Mr. Gladstone's promise to use his influence with the Liberals to prevent factious opposition. Lord Salisbury has announced the formation of a cabinet with Mr. Bourke, probably, as Chief Secretary of Ireland. Writs have been issued for the re-election of the cabinet members.

The following is an authentic list of the new cabinet:

Prime Minister and Secretary for Foreign Affairs--the Marquis of Salisbury.

First Lord of the Treasury--Sir Stafford Northcote.

Chancellor of the Exchequer--Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.

Lord High Chancellor--Sir Hardinge Gifford.

Lord President of the Council--Viscount Cranbrook.

Lord of the Privy Seal--the Earl of Harrowby.

Secretary of the Home Department--Sir Richard Asheton-Cross.

Secretary of the Colonial Department--Col. Frederick Stanley.

Secretary of War--Rt. Hon. Wm. Henry Smith.

Secretary of State for India--Lord Randolph Churchill.

First Lord of the Admiralty--Lord George Hamilton.

President of the Local Government Board--Arthur James Balfour.

President of the Board of Trade--The Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

Vice-President of the Council--Hon. Edward Stanhope.

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland--Earl of Carnarvon.

Lord Chancellor of Ireland--Rt. Hon. Edward Gibson.

The minor offices have not yet been filled.

Gladstone has promised Lord Salisbury that he will give the new government as much time as possible during the remainder of the session, and is believed that no serious trouble will follow.

In addition the following are officially but definitely announced as members of the new Ministry:

Postmaster-General--Lord John Manners.

Attorney-General for Ireland--Mr. Holmes.

Solicitor-General for Ireland--Mr. Monroe.

Rt. Hon. Edward Gibson, besides being Lord Chancellor of Ireland, will have a seat in the Cabinet--an unusual honor.

Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster--Henry Chaplin.

It is believed that the Rt. Hon. Sir Wm. Hart Dyke will be Chief Secretary of Ireland.

First Commissioner of Works--Rt. Hon. David R. Plunkett.

Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury--Rowland Winn.

Parliamentary Secretary to the India Office--Lord Harris.

Secretary to the Admiralty--Chas. T. Ritchie.

Civil Lord of the Admiralty--Ellis Ashmead Bartlett.

French troops are dying by the score daily in Tonquin.

An explosion occurred in a powder mill near Lucca, Italy, resulting in the death of twelve men.

Official reports state that over 3,000 persons were killed by the recent earthquakes in the Cashmere Valley.

The seals of office were formally transferred from Gladstone to Salisbury the day following the formation of the new cabinet.

Cholera continues its dreadful ravages in the Spanish provinces. Hundreds are dying daily. About one-half of the cases prove fatal.

The Russian government has issued an order forbidding the newspapers to make any reference whatever to the action of Russia in Afghan affairs.

An American who recently passed through a town in Asiatic Russia on the Black sea says that many gun factories are in operation there, under such names hospitals, asylums, etc.

Charles Warner Adams and Miss Mildred Cluridge, daughter of the lord chief justice of England, were married recently. Lord Cluridge was asked by his daughter to attend the wedding, but refused.

The marquis of Salisbury has telegraphed Gen. Wolsley in Egypt that he is in full sympathy with his views regarding the withdrawal of the British troops from the Sudan, but that the government is unable, for various reasons, to continue the expedition.

GENERAL NEWS.

DISSATISFIED DAIRYMEN.

The dairy men of New York state are not satisfied with the recent decision of the court of appeals in the recent oleomargarine case. They state that "that case (the people vs. Farx) was not a test case at all, but a bogus suit gotten up by the oleomargarine manufacturers against one of their own number and pushed on the court of appeals upon a pretended statement of facts, which did not exist in the case at all, and with no evidence offered on the part of the people to counteract it."

GROWTH OF THE G. A. R.

In his annual address before the secret executive session of the G. A. R., in Portland, Maine, the Commander-in-Chief said that on March 31, 1885, there were 239,634 members of the organization, and that there was a cash balance on hand of \$15,224. He said that a special committee had been appointed to lay the nature and workings of the Grand Army before the proper Catholic authorities, and that assurances had been received from Archbishops Gibbons and Ryan that nothing in the aims of the society prevented good Catholics from becoming members. He also deprecated participation in politics as an organization. San Francisco was selected as the place for holding the next annual encampment.

A STATEMENT OF EXPORTS.

The Chief of the Bureau of Statistics reports that the total values of the exports from the United States of domestic cattle, hogs, beef, pork and dairy products during the month of May, 1885, and during the five months ended May 31, 1885, also of beef and pork products during the seven months ending May 31, 1885, as compared with similar exports during the corresponding periods of the preceding year were as follows: May, 1885, \$7,222,672; May, 1884, \$7,541,940; five months ended May 31, 1885, \$40,172,54

IN THE DEEP WOODS.

There is a spring-time in my soul to-day,
An attitude of peace I seldom reach,
As I stroll through the woods my footsteps stray,
Where brooks have voices and the shadows speak.

As one who treads dark ministerial stairs,
I wander onward past these leafy shrines,
While sunset thro' green casements softly
And swings its rosy censers mid the pines.

Overhead the beech-trees' spreading net,
Lies in faint glimpses of the sky's blue roof;
The tired leaves, dyed scarlet by sunset,
Fall tangled in the brown earth's dusky wool.

Heard the young brook whisper to the leaves,
And mark its scattered silver on the moss;
In dreamy air the spider deftly weaves
A filmy sail for life winds to toss.

Beside the altars of the trees,
Where incense floats from every budding
spray,
And like some distant sighing of the sea,
Sound the soft wind-harps waking far away.

The air seems as a chalice, and its rim
Is overflowed by sunlight's yellow wine,
And some falling shadows softly dim
The mystery of its coloring divine.

Smell the vague, sweet odor of the grass,
The perfume of past spring-time come again,
And every breeze that down the glades doth
pass,
Bears whispers of the silvery, summer rain.

In these deep woods immortal yearnings wake
The cares of yesterday become as dreams;
All lesser things my soul would e'er forsake
To linger here, where such enchantment
seems.

That bliss to wander from the world set free,
To feel the soft air blow upon my face;
Oh! nameless rapture, he who knows not thee
Hath never known life's one supreme grace.

The leaves and flowers are poems, every brook
That laves the slim stalk of some bending
reed,
But a sentence in that wondrous book
Where Genius finds its grand, eternal creed.

Here Nature wakes about her haunts divine
For sweeter anthems than earth's feeble
hymns,
That survive aerial haunts the dusky pine,
Whose blackened sunde the star of evening
dime.

All better, nobler feelings come once more
To linger with me as I wander here,
The sky's returning from a brighter shore,
I greet them with the silence of a tear.

How would I dwell forever here alone
In these great woods unmoted and forgot,
In every calm about me thrown,
The stars of eve to sentinel the spot.

Would not hear the far off city's hum,
The tumult of the outside life should cease,
To this dim refuge naught should ever come
To mar the blissful perfectness of peace.

Oh! immortal! oh! divinity!
Where shall I find thee, if it be not here?
Will no more return unto the throng;
Here will I rest and dream thee ever near.

The woods shall yield their secrets unto me,
The sky smile softly thro' these leafy bars,
And evermore my feet shall follow thee
Up paths leading to a land of stars.

—Ezra Sidon Miller, in *The Current*.

FOURTH COUSINS.

In the early summer of 1860 I went upon a visit to a distant relative of mine who lived in one of the Shetland islands. It was early summer with myself then; I was a medical student with life all before me—life and hope, and joy and sorrow as well. I went north with the intention of working hard, and took quite a small library with me; there was nothing in the shape of study I did not mean to do, and to drive at; the flora of the Ultima Thule, its fauna and geology, too, to say nothing of chemistry and therapeutics. So much for good intentions, but I may as well confess it as not—I never once opened my huge box of books during the five months I lived at—, and if I studied at all it was from the book of nature, which is open to every one who cares to con its pages.

The steamboat landed me at Lerwick, and I completed my journey, with my boxes, next day in an open boat.

It was a very cold morning, with a gray, cold, choppy sea on; the spray from which dashed over the boat, wetting me thoroughly, and making me feel pinched, blue-eyed and miserable. I even envied the seals I saw easily sleep in dry, sandy caves, at the foot of the black and beetling rocks.

How very fantastic those rocks were, but cheerless, so cheerless! Even the sea-birds that circled around them seemed screaming a dirge. An opening in a wall of rock took us at length to a long, winding fiord, or arm of the sea, with green bare fields on every side, and wild, weird-like sheep that grazed on us for a moment, then bleated and fled. Right at the end of this rock stood my friend's house, comfortable and solid-looking, but unsheltered by a single tree.

"I shan't stay long here," I said to myself, as I landed.

An hour of two afterward I had changed my mind entirely. I was seated in a charmingly and easily furnished drawing-room upstairs. The windows looked out to and away across the broad Atlantic. How strange it was; for the loch that had led me to the front of the house, and the waters of which rippled up and down the very lawn, was part of the German ocean, and here at the back, not a stone's throw distant, was the Atlantic! Its great, green, dark flows rolled up and broke into foam against the black breastwork of cliffs beneath us. The immense depth of the waves could be judged of by keeping the eye fixed upon the tall, steep, rocky rocks which shot up here and there through the water a little way out to sea—at one moment these would appear like lofty spires, and next they would be almost entirely swallowed up.

Beside the fire, in an easy chair, sat my gray-haired old relation and host, and not far off his wife. Hospitable, warm-hearted and genial both of them were. If marriages really are made in heaven, I could not help thinking

theirs must have been, so much did they seem each other's counterpart.

Presently Cousin Maggie entered, smiling to me as she did so; her left hand lingered fondly for a moment on her father's gray locks, then she sat down unbidden to the piano.

On the strength of my blood relationship, distant though it was, for we were really only third or fourth cousins, I was made a member of this family from the first, and Maggie treated me as a brother. I was not entirely pleased with the latter arrangement, because many days had not passed ere I concluded it would be a pleasant pastime for me to make love to Cousin Maggie. But weeks went by, and my love making was still postponed; it became a sine die kind of a probability. Maggie was constantly with me when out of doors—my companion in all my fishing and shooting trips. But she carried not only a rod but even a rifle herself; she could give me lessons in casting the fly—and did; she often shot dead the seals that I had merely wounded, and her prowess in rowing astonished me, and her daring in venturing so far to sea in our broad, open boat, often made me tremble for our safety.

A frequent visitor for the first two months of my stay at R— was a young and well-to-do farmer and fisher who came in his boat from a neighboring island, always accompanied by his sister and they usually stayed a day or two. I was not long in perceiving that this Mr. Thorforth was deeply in love with my cousin; the state of her feeling toward him it was some time before I could fathom, but the revelation came at last and quite unexpectedly.

There was an old ruin some distance from the house, where, one lovely moonlight night, I happened to be seated alone. I was not alone, however; from a window I could see my cousin and Thorforth coming toward the place, and thinking to surprise them, I drew back under the shadow of a portion of the wall. But I was not to be an actor in that scene, though it was one I shall never forget. I could not see his face, but hers, on which the moonbeams fell, was pained, half-frightened, impatient. He was pleading his cause, he was telling the old, old story, with an earnestness and eloquence I had never heard surpassed. She stopped it at last.

"Oh! Magnus," she cried. "Oh! Magnus Thorforth, I never dreamed it would come to this! Oh! what grief you cause me, my poor Magnus, my poor Magnus, my more than friend!"

What more was said need not be told. In a few moments he was gone, and she was kneeling on the green sward, just on the spot where he had left her, her hands clasped, and her face upturned to heaven.

Next day, Magnus Thorforth went sadly away; even his sister looked sad. She must have known it all I never saw them again.

One day, about a month after this, Maggie and I were together in a cave close by the ocean—a favorite haunt of ours on hot afternoons. Our boat was drawn up close by. The day was bright and the sea calm, its tiny wavelets making drowsy, dreamy music on the yellow sands.

She had been reading aloud, and I was gazing at her face.

"I begin to think you are beautiful," I said.

She looked down at me where I lay with those innocent eyes of hers that always looked into mine as frankly as a child's would.

"I'm not sure," I continued, "that I shan't commence making love to you, and perhaps I might marry you. What would you think of that?"

"Love!" she laughed, as musically as a sea-nymph, "love? Love betwixt a cousin and a cousin? Preposterous!"

"I dare say," I resumed, pretending to pout, "you wouldn't marry me because I'm poor."

"Poor!" she repeated, looking very firm and earnest now. "If the man I loved were poor I'd carry a creel for him. I'd gather shells for his sake; but I don't love anybody and don't mean to. Come!"

So that was the beginning and the end of my love-making with Cousin Maggie.

And Maggie had said she had never meant to love anyone. Well, we never can tell what may be in our immediate future.

Hardly had we left the cave that day, and put off from the shore, ere cat-paws began to ruffle the water. They came in from the west, and before we had got half way to the distant headland, a steady breeze was blowing. We had hoisted our sail and were running before it with the speed of a gull on the wing.

Once round the point we had a beam wind till we entered the fiord, then we had to beat to windward all the way home, by which time it was blowing quite a gale.

It went round more to the north about sunset, and then, for the first time, we noticed a yacht of small dimensions on the distant horizon. Her intention appeared to be that of rounding the island and probably anchoring on the lee side of it. She was in an ugly position, however, and we all watched her anxiously till nightfall hid her from our view.

I retired early, but sleep was out of the question, for the wind raged and howled around the house like wild wolves. About 12 o'clock the sound of a gun fell on my ears. I could not be mistaken, for the window raised in sharp response.

I sprang from my couch and began to dress, and immediately after, my aged relative entered the room. He

looked younger and taller than I had seen him, but very serious.

"The yacht is on the Ba," he said solemnly.

They were words to me of fearful significance. The yacht, I knew, must soon break up, and nothing could save the crew.

I quickly followed my relative into the back drawing-room, where Maggie was with her mother. We gazed out into the night, out and across the sea. At the same moment, out there on the terrible Ba, a blue light sprang up, revealing the yacht and even its people on board. She was leaning well over to one side, her masts gone, and the spray dashing over her.

"Come," cried Maggie, "there is no time to lose. We can guide their boat to the cave. Come, cousin!"

I felt dazed, thunderstruck. Was I to take part in a forlorn hope? Was Maggie—how beautiful and darling she looked now—to assume the robe of a modern Grace Darling? So it appeared.

The events of that night came back to my memory now as if they had happened but yesterday. It is a page in my past life that can never be obliterated.

We pulled out the fiord, Maggie and I, and up under the lee of the island, then, on rounding the point, we encountered the whole force of the sea and wind. There was a glimmering light on the wrecked yacht, and for that we rowed, or rather were borne along on the gale. No boat save a Shetland skiff could have been trusted in such a sea.

As we neared the Ba, steadying herself by leaning on my shoulder, Maggie stood half up and waved the lantern, and it was answered from the wreck. Next moment it seemed to me we were on the lee side, and Maggie herself hailed the shipwrecked people.

"We cannot come nearer," she cried; "lower your boat and follow our light closely."

"Take the tiller, now," she continued, addressing me, "and steer for the light you see on the cliff. Keep her well up, though, or all will be lost."

We waited—and that with difficulty—for a few minutes—till we saw by the starlight that the yacht's boat was lowered, then away we went.

The light on the cliff-top moved slowly down the wind. I kept the boat's head a point or two above it, and on she dashed. The rocks loomed black and high as we neared them, the waves breaking in terrible turmoil beneath.

Suddenly the light was lowered over the cliff down to the very water's edge.

"Steady now," cried my brave cousin, and the next moment we were round a point and into smooth water, with the yacht's boat close beside us. The place was partly cave; partly "noss." We beached our boats and here we remained all night, and were all rescued next morning by a fisherman's yawl.

The yacht's people were the captain, his wife and one boy—Norwegians all, Brinster by name.

My story is nearly done. What need to tell of the gratitude of those whom Maggie's heroism had saved from a watery grave?

But it came to pass that when, a few months afterward, a beautiful new yacht came round to the fiord to take those shipwrecked mariners away, Cousin Maggie went with them on a cruise.

It came to pass also that when I paid my very next visit to R—, in the following summer, I found living at my relatives house a Major Brinster and a Mrs. Brinster was my Cousin Maggie, and Major Brinster was my Cousin Maggie's "fate." —Gordon Stables.

The Happy Men in Hospitality.

The Canadian, as any one will admit who has been his guest, possesses in an eminent and most enjoyable degree the virtue of hospitality. In him are happily blended the best characteristics of the Englishman and the American. The Englishman, hearty as the welcome which he extends to a guest, still compasses his house and his heart round about with barriers of reserve and suspicion, which it is not always easy to surmount, or to throw down. The American on the other hand, for all his prompt courtesies and willingness to oblige and to entertain, is often apt to carry what we might call the hotel and business atmosphere into his acquaintanceships. He entertains royally, but it often seems as if he grudged the time and the personal attention which are requisite in order that the guest may enjoy himself to the utmost. The Canadian, as we have already said, blends in a happy measure the best traits of his British progenitor and his American neighbor. —Philadelphia Record.

A Faithful Secretary.

Sir Henry Taylor's "Autobiography" is a very entertaining work, and contains many good stories of well-known characters. He tells an amusing anecdote of how he once called at the foreign office to see the present Lord Hammond, then the permanent under secretary, of whom it used to be said that he never was absent from his post. On this occasion he was away, and when the doorkeeper was questioned, he said: Mr Hammond has gone to funeral and it's the only day's pleasure he has had for two years." Sir Henry thus distinguishes between the wit of three bright spirits: "While the wit of Rogers was the wit of satire, and that of Sydney Smith the wit of comedy the wit of archbishop Whately might be described as the wit of logic." —London Truth.

DISCIPLINE IN THE NAVY.

Commodore Hollins' Amusing Substitute for Floggings.

"Veritas," in a letter to *The Sun*, supplies the following interesting reminiscences of the late Commodore Hollins, who was the first officer to put in force the new system of punishing insubordinate seamen after the abolition of flogging in the United States navy. The letter, suggested by reading a condensation of Commander Farquhar's prize essay before the naval institute, which was published in *The Sun* of April 6, is as follows:

On reading an article in this morning's issue of *The Sun* discussing a prize essay by Commander Farquhar, I recalled an episode in the life of the late Commodore Hollins that I think will be of interest to those who remember that gallant officer and excellent seaman.

Some time between the years 1848 and 1850 the navy department sent circulars to all the senior officers of the navy, asking their opinions and sentiments as to abolishing corporal punishment in the navy, and suggestions as to the best methods of improving the condition of the sailors in the government employ. Three officers only advocated the abolition of corporal punishment, or, as it used to be termed, "flogging," in the navy. They were Capt. McKeever, Capt. Levy, and (then) Commander Hollins.

Commander Hollins, than whom no officer ever had better discipline when in command of men, urged the abolition of flogging, and at the same time commutation of the spirit ration, giving the men money instead of grog.

At that time he was stationed at Pensacola. His suggestions caused both to be chafed by his brother officers, who thought the service would go to the "d—l" if flogging and grog were done away with. He bore their laughter and jokes with his unvarying amiability and good humor; but remained in a woful minority.

In 1852 he was detached from the naval station in Florida. In the meantime the law had been passed by congress abolishing whipping in the navy. Hollins came north. A sloop-of-war (I think the *Cyan*) was at that time being fitted out for sea. Although the law had been passed, there was no substitute enacted for the proper enforcement of discipline, and many of Hollins' brother officers suggested to the secretary of the navy that he should be sent in command of the sloop, on the ground that Hollins advocated "no flogging," and they were curious to see how he would get on without it. He received orders at once, and with his usual promptitude proceeded to take command of the first man-of-war (I imagine) that ever went to sea without rules and regulations. Shortly after the vessel had sailed the officer of the day appeared in the cabin with the report that one of the seamen was openly insubordinate, and refused positively to do his duty. The officer retired and Capt. Hollins remained in thought as to what measures he should adopt. His ready wit soon suggested an experiment. He went on deck and ordered the delinquent to his presence. The man appeared, a healthy, hardy-looking fellow of fine physique and in full vigor.

"Well, my man," said Hollins, "I hear you do not want to work; are you sick?"

"No, sir."

"What, well, and not want to do your work?"

"Oh, you must be ill. Quarter-master," called Hollins—the quarter-master was there. "Take this man and carry him below. Put him to bed carefully, tuck him in; don't let him catch cold; put a screen around his cot and place a sentry, and see that he is not disturbed. He does not like work nor exertion. Feed him yourself; put a napkin under his chin, keep him warm and comfortable, but by no means let him exert himself."

The whole ship's crew were on the alert to see what was to be the result of this (no doubt) test case. The man, W., I will call him, was escorted below, and the captain's orders were carried out to a letter. W. was put to bed, tucked in, fed by the quarter-master, his meals served on a waiter, and tended with great care. He was also screened from view, but the men were seen getting on gun-carriages or anything else, peeping from a distance to get a glimpse of the invalid. Had severe measures been adopted he would have had the sympathy and support of the crew, but this treatment excited ridicule and amusement, not sympathy for suffering or a feeling that their messmate was a martyr to tyranny and oppression. Thus matters rested for perhaps thirty-six hours. At the expiration of that time, when Hollins appeared on deck after breakfast, he observed a group of sailors at the mizenmast. As he approached they touched their hats, and he knowing by the position they occupied that they wanted a parley, remarked to the leader:

"Well, do you want anything?"

"Yes, sir," said an old salt, "we come to speak for W., sir."

"Speak for W.?" said Capt. Hollins.

"Why, is he not comfortable and well cared for?"

"Oh, yes, sir," was the reply, "he's too comfortable, and we've come to speak for him, sir. I think he'll die, he's so ashamed, sir, and we"—with a wave of his hand toward his companions—"we are willing to stand for him and go his security, sir."

"Well," replied the captain, "under these circumstances, I'll let him go up."

From that day there was no insubordination on board that ship, and on more than one occasion when any one of the men in the watch was suspected of a desire to skulk some of his messmates were overheard saying, "You'd better look out; the old man will put you to bed."

It was an experiment that acted admirably, and was always a source of great satisfaction to Capt. Hollins, as it proved to him that men could be governed by other means than flogging. On another occasion, when Hollins went on board to take command of another ship, and while being shown around, he saw a mysterious-looking concern, and said: "What's this?"

"A sweat-box."

"A what?" he asked. "A sweat-box? Open the door." He looked in, perhaps got in, and then said: "Call the carpenter." The carpenter came. "Knock that thing down and throw it overboard," said he. It was done at once. "Jack" was looking on, and the incident had its effect on those hardy, brave, and often ill-used sons of Neptune, for there was little or no trouble on that cruise. Doubtless Capt. Farquhar's suggestions will have most excellent effects, if carried out, for, as he says, the men must be educated and trained, and, if this is done, success will be the result. —Baltimore Sun.

The Tyrant Habit.

The Emperor William is a man of exceedingly economical habits, and the study lamp on his work-table is a simple oil lamp of a pattern such as since the introduction of petroleum lamps can hardly be met with on the table of the humblest citizen of Berlin. But it was not economy that accounts for the fact, so much as the difficulty which an old man has in changing a habit. The explanation is given by *The British American Register*.

The Emperor has for years been accustomed to screw down the wick whenever he ceases writing or reading or leaves the room. When the petroleum lamps finally came into general use, the Emperor's valet, Krause, brought one and put it on the work-table.

True to his habit, his imperial master screwed down the wick on leaving off writing; and, as a matter of course, the room was soon filled with an insupportable smoke, which greatly affected the nose and eyes of the monarch, and necessitated the opening of doors and windows.

Krause finally volunteered the remark: "No, your Majesty, that sort of lamp will not suit."

"But what are we to do, Krause? Had we better get our oil lamp back again? You know my eyes are weaker, and require a brighter light."

"Well, your Majesty, we can have a new lamp made with an extra large burner, so as to do away with petroleum altogether."

"Quite right, Krause; let us try it."

And Krause got a lamp of the old pattern, had the burner enlarged to an almost colossal size, a green glass shade added to it, and to this day the new lamp, defying all innovations, asserts its place of honor on the work-table of the most diligent of all monarchs. —Youth's Companion.

Snuffing.

A High School girl in a West End car, yesterday afternoon, took a flat oxidized silver box from her hand-bag, carefully removed the cover, pinched a few grains of snuff-colored powder on the pink tips of her dainty fingers, and pushed it up her nostrils with a dexterous grace that a confirmed snuff-taker would have envied. Half a dozen passengers stared at her in amazement. She smiled placidly, brushed off her upper lip with a lace handkerchief, and remarked to her companion:

"Oh, I've such a cold."

"So've I," was the meek response.

Off came the cover again, the silver box was passed over as a man hands out a paper of tobacco and another pinch of the brown powder vanished up another charming little nose. Both girls sneezed once, very mildly, and got off the car.

A fashionable jeweller said: "We have frequent calls for snuff-boxes, silver and gold ones, from young men as well as young women. It is simply what you might call a 'notion.' I can't say whether anything is put in the boxes, but I do know that young people buy them and carry them."

A druggist said: Oh, no; it wasn't snuff. The girls have an idea that it is fashionable to carry those boxes, and naturally enough they want something to put in them. Genuine fermented tobacco snuff would make them sick. We mix them up a harmless compound, perfumed like sachet powder, put in a little pearlash to keep it damp, and just enough Scotch yellow to tickle them a little and make them sneeze. When a girl puts one of those boxes on the counter and says that she wants something to clear a cold in the head, we know what she means." —Nashville American.

A Dakota Town.

"We've got a beautiful town," said a Dakota man at the Palmer house. "Eighteen months ago it was a bare prairie. Now we have 2,000 population, forty stores, seventeen saloons—elephant, some of them—an opera-house, four variety shows, eight beer gardens, thirteen hotels, two breweries and a stock for another one all sold, a dime museum, three gambling houses, a distillery, a paid police force, and two steam fire engines."

"How many churches and schools?"

"Oh, yes; and they're talking about building a church and a school." —Chicago Herald.

COUNTY COLLATION.

Judge Harriman is in Vermont, visiting his parents.

Judge Lawrence, one of the oldest and best known attorneys in this part of the state, died at his home in Ann Arbor, Thursday evening, of heart disease.

T. McKone and F. B. Whitaker are after the Chelsea post-office, but the present incumbent's commission does not expire until a year from next July.—*Democrat*.

The editor of the Stockbridge *Sun* advertises for rocks on subscription. We have known of almost every thing else being taken on subscription, but never before bowlders.

The *Courier* advocates the establishment of a stone-yard in that city, for the employment of tramps who are taken in by the authorities. Such a movement by all the villages and cities would soon destroy the miserable tramp nuisance.

According to a recent readjustment of postmaster's salaries in Michigan the Ann Arbor postmaster receives hereafter \$2,500 per year instead of \$2,000. At Chelsea \$1,000 instead of \$1,100, and the Manchester office has been relegated to the fourth class.—*Courier*.

The Manchester postoffice has changed from a third to a fourth-class office, which requires the appointment of a new postmaster, and the probability is that some good, inoffensive partisan, in other words some sound Democrat, will receive the appointment.

Manchester is a very quiet, sleepy village, as the following from the *Enterprise* attests: "One of our village ladies overslept a few mornings since and hearing the ward school bell ringing mistook it for an alarm of fire. It must be a quiet neighborhood or she would have been aroused before 9 o'clock."

The *Saline Observer* was issued by C. F. Overacker last week. It is an open question as to whether Orin Stair, Overacker or the sheriff will publish that paper this week. The fight over the office is becoming somewhat ludicrous, and is a little like the *Journal* fight, in Detroit, a year ago.

The editors of the *Saline Observer* and *CHelsea Herald* are running a race to see which can find the most withering terms in the English language to apply to each other. It might be well for the *HERALD* man to take unto himself some advice he gave the *Courier* and *Register* recently, to the effect that the people are not interested in his private quarrels and he might better fill up the space so occupied with locals. There's this much difference however: the Ann Arbor papers were sparing for fun—not blood.—*Courier*. Your advice is good, coming, as it does, from so reliable a source, and we will proceed to act upon it.

The secret of sustaining a good reputation, always has, and always will depend upon the quality of the commodity. H. A. & L. J. DeLand & Co. of Fairport, N. Y., the great manufacturers of Saleratus and Soda, realize this to its greatest extent, and the thousands of patrons who use DeLand's Saleratus and Soda, testify to its wonderful purity and strength, always uniform, always reliable and full weight.

—When Colonel Chaille Long, who accompanied General Gordon to the Sudan in 1874, visited King M'Tesa, his appearance upon a white horse, something that had never been seen there, threw the King's subjects into the wildest panic, as they believed the horse and its rider to have come from celestial regions.

—In the Agricultural Department at Washington 160 women are employed in putting up seed, and fifty-eight men are also engaged in the same work. The men get \$150 and the women \$125, although the work done by the women is identical in quantity and quality with that done by the men.—*Washington Post*.

The volcano Kilauea, on the Island of Hawaii is 14,000 feet high and is said to be again showing a bad disposition. Five years ago it gave the town of Hile a free show, which it ended by running down the curtain of oblivion on the town itself. The mass of lava was half a mile in width, thirty to fifty feet in thickness, and buried Hile much as Vesuvius did Pompeii.

—A story came to me the other day of an engineering party in Dakota that had seated themselves at their dinner table in a tent, when a party of cowboys rode up. One of them dismounted, and thrusting his pistol in the middle of a rice pudding that was placed in the center of the table, called out: "Whoever wants pudding must ask me." No one seemed to care for dessert that day.—*Chicago Rambler*.

FIREWORKS

—AT—

HOAG'S BAZAAR.

As in previous years, we are prepared to sell you FIREWORKS in large or small quantities, and will make special prices to those desiring fireworks for private display. Come early and leave orders. We sell the No. 1

Extra Gold Dragon-Chop Fire Cracker.

Our assortment of flags is very complete from 1c. to 25.

We are headquarters for Balls, Bats, Fishing Tackle, Swimming Suits, Hammocks, Croquet, Confectionary, Nuts, etc., etc.

Hoag's Bazar,

One Door West of Bacon's Hardware.

SCHOOL REPORT.

The following is the report of the Chelsea Union School for the month ending June 24, 1885

	No. enrolled.	No. attending.	Pr. of attendance.
First Primary,	115	75	90
Second Primary,	51	46	96
Second Intermediate,	53	41	92
First Intermediate,	62	58	95
Grammar Room,	42	46	95
High School,	68	41	90

ROLL OF HONOR.

FIRST PRIMARY.

Percy Brooks	Cora Foster
Howard Brooks	Earle Foster
Nellie Bacon	Lina Lighthall
May Congdon	Myron Lighthall
Mamie Drislane	Ulysses Paine
Henry Foster	Charlie Paine.

FOR TERM.

Nellie Bacon	Mamie Drislane
May Congdon	Amy Foster
	Myron Lighthall.

FOR YEAR.

Nellie Bacon.

S. E. VAN TYNE, Teacher.

SECOND PRIMARY.

Bennie Bacon	Donald Harris
Nellie Congdon	Eva McNamara
Addie Clark	Alice Mullen
George Clark	Willie Schnaitman
Mamie Crane	Leavitt Taylor
Paula Gribach	Eva Taylor
Bertie Gerard	Lester Winans
Ida Keusch	Minnie Wackenhut
Jennie Taylor	Floyd VanRiper
	Joanna Zukke.

FOR TERM.

Bennie Bacon	Jennie Taylor
Nellie Congdon	Alice Mullen
Ida Keusch	Floyd VanRiper
	Joanna Zukke.

MARY A. VAN TYNE, Teacher

SECOND INTERMEDIATE.

Katie Staffan	Chauncey Staffan
Alva Steger	Etta Hepfer
Anna Bacon	Annie Bessel
Emma Ahnemiller	Edith Foster
Nellie Lowry	Tillie Gribach
Monson Burkhardt	Oren Thacher
Flora Kempf	George Hinckley
	Estella Crane.

FOR TERM.

Katie Staffan	Alva Steger
Chauncey Staffan	Etta Hepfer
Emma Ahnemiller	Annie Bacon
Edith Foster	Nellie Lowry
Tillie Gribach	Monson Burkhardt.

DORA HARRINGTON, Teacher.

FIRST INTERMEDIATE.

Geo Ahnemiller	Louisa Gulde
Andros Gulde	Maggie Keusch
Guy Lighthall	Mary Negus
Ida Schumacher	A. Simmer
Bert Taylor	Luella Townsend
	Lewis Vogel.

FOR TERM.

Andros Gulde	Maggie Keusch
Guy Lighthall	Mary Negus
Ida Schumacher	Bert Taylor
	Lewis Vogel

TILLIE K. MUTSCHEL, Teacher.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Flora Hepfer	Nina Wright
Frances Wallace	Amelia Neuberger
Geo Staffan	Oliver Campbell
Jeannie Hudler	Max Pierce
Fannie Hammond	May Judson
Julius Klein	James Bacon
Otto Steinbach	Henry Stienbach
Ransom Armstrong	Geo Patterson
Lillian Armstrong	Fanny Hinckly

FOR TERM.

Flora Hepfer	Jennie Hudler
A Neuberger	May Judson
Nina Wright	Geo Staffan
Oliver Campbell	Max Pierce
Otto Steinbach	Henry Stienbach
	Ransom Armstrong.

LIBBIE DEPEW, Teacher.

HIGH SCHOOL.

Kittie Crowell	Loa Conly
Belle Chandler	Maud Congdon
Willie Goodyear	Rolla Heath
Annie Klein	Fred Morton
Harry Morton	Harry Nichols
	John R. Pierce.

FOR TERM.

Kittie Crowell	Belle Chandler
Rolla Heath	Fred Morton
Harry Morton	John R. Pierce.

Following are the names of pupils whose standing is 80 per cent and upwards in the High School Departments for month ended May 29:

Ella Barber.....	59	Cora Bowen.....	88
Flo Bachman.....	95	Kittie Crowell.....	92
Edith Congdon.....	95	Hattie Chipman.....	80
Della Campbell.....	84	Belle Chandler.....	94
Maud Congdon.....	95	Fred Everett.....	80
F Hammond.....	84	Rolla Heath.....	90
Annie Klein.....	96	Myra Kempf.....	93
Emma Lewis.....	93	Alice Mills.....	83
Aggie McKune.....	85	Harry Morton.....	80
Hattie Noyes.....	81	Harry Nichols.....	83
Tressa Staffan.....	80	Lottie Taylor.....	80
S VanRiper.....	88	R Wright.....	96
F Waller.....	95	Lizzie Winters.....	80
Chas Winans.....	92	Hattie Purchase.....	90

P. M. PARKER, Principal

MARY L. WRIGHT, Preceptress.

BIG PROFITS.

What the Grocery Keepers in the New York Tenement House Region Make Out of Their Patrons.

The corner groceryman in tenement house districts charges the highest prices for the necessities of life, and reaps therefrom the greatest profit. Bread, butter, coal, tea, coffee, potatoes, and the like—on all these he makes a profit of 100 or 150 per cent. The continual mortgage on the poor man's salary at the close of the week by the claims of the grocery the uncompromising refusal to take a cent less than the amount shown on the pass-book, the threat to sell him out if he won't pay, the necessity of feeding his wife and children—all combine to make hundreds of honest and hard-working men subject to the leeches who cling to their purses and grow fat and sleek. The cost of living to a poor man is considerably greater, in proportion, than that incurred by the richest railway magnate in the country. He is taxed for everything. When the Government reduces the taxes on tea or coffee the consumer derives no advantage. The price of the adulterated article is the same as that of the unadulterated. The extremely poor man may theoretically be the child of the State, and his interests as carefully conserved as those of the East India Company, but in reality he is allowed to shift for himself and to defend himself from all the enemies that his paltry income of two dollars or three dollars a day raises up against him.

Good potatoes can be bought at the market for \$1.80 a barrel. They are not the highly cultivated vegetable—the Early Rose or such varieties—but they are big, wholesome potatoes that contain fully as much nutriment as the more expensive kinds. The price charged at the corner grocery for a small measure of ordinary potatoes is ten cents. As not a few of the measures are arranged with false bottoms, there is sometimes five of them to the peck. But allowing that the men are honest enough to give fair measure, the cost of a peck is forty cents, or \$1.60 a bushel, and \$6.40 a barrel. This method of selling potatoes enables the grocer to obtain a profit of 225 per cent. on a single barrel of potatoes. The profit when the question of credit arises is considerably larger. Then the customer is required to pay fifteen cents a small measure, sixty cents a peck, \$2.40 a bushel and \$9.60 a barrel, or a modest gain to the dealer of 500 per cent. Corner grocerymen say that they would rather sell a barrel of potatoes than a ton of coal, notwithstanding the fact that they make 150 per cent on the latter commodity. When false measurements are reckoned, the enormous profit on a single barrel of potatoes will become nearly double.

—It seems, from all that can be learned from the fair sex, that Worth and his compeers in Paris charge a round hundred thousand francs, say twenty thousand dollars, to outfit a young lady for the matrimonial voyage. For this she is equipped from top to toe; everything is of the best and in the latest fashion. Of course this is not the limit. Ladies in Paris occasionally spend two hundred and fifty thousand francs for their trousseau, and are heard to complain, a few weeks after marriage, that they have nothing to wear.

ON SATURDAY

Next we commence selling

2,500 YARDS OF

DRESS

PRINTS

AT 3 3-4 CENTS PER YARD.

They are good prints and the same quality has been sold in every store in Chelsea for 5 and 6c. per yard.

25 pieces of DRESS GOODS worth 20 and 25c. per yd. reduced to 10 and 15c.

50 pairs of ladies' and misses shoes, lace and button at 1-3 and 1-2 less than price.

We have put the knife in to these goods and they must be sold.

Come early and secure a bargain.

Respectfully,

B. PARKER & CO.

It's A Fact.

Our trade at this season of the year was never as good. We are selling piles of Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Furnishing Goods Etc. The reason is plain: Money is scarce and most people are aware of the fact: therefore they look around before they buy, and this means business for us, as they soon convince themselves that our cash system enables us to sell the best goods at lower prices than any other store in Chelsea. Remember it does not cost anything to compare goods and prices. Let your eyes be your judge, and we guarantee that we will make it pay you.

French's Cash Store,
Chelsea, - Mich.

A FIREBALL.

At Intrepid Doctor Notes Its Course Along the Earth.

A few years ago Dr. Tripe was watching a very severe thunder-storm, when he saw a fireball come quietly gliding up to him, apparently rising from the earth rather than falling toward it. Instead of running away, like a practical man, the intrepid doctor held his ground quietly and observed the fiery monster with scientific nonchalance. After continuing its course for some time in a peaceful and regular fashion, however, without attempting to assault him, it finally darted off at a tangent in another direction, and turned apparently into forked lightning. A fireball, noticed among the Glendowan mountains in Donegal, behaved even more eccentrically, as might be expected from its Irish antecedents. It first skirted the earth in a leisurely way for several hundred yards like a cannon ball; then it struck the ground, ricocheted, and once more bounded along for another short spell, after which it disappeared in the boggy soil, as if it were completely finished and done for. But in another moment it rose again, nothing daunted, with Celtic irrepressibility, several yards away, pursued its ghostly course across a running stream (which shows, at least, there could have been no witchcraft in it), and finally ran to earth for good in the opposite bank, leaving a round hole in the sloping peat at the spot where it buried itself. Where it first struck it cut the peat as if with a knife and made a broad, deep trench which remained afterward as a witness of its eccentric conduct. If the person who observed it had been of a superstitious turn of mind, we should have had here one of the finest and most terrifying ghost stories on the entire record, which would have made an exceptionally splendid show in the "Transactions of the Society for Psychical Research." Unfortunately, however, he was only a man of science, untroubled with the precious dower of poetical imagination; so he stupidly called it a remarkable fireball, measured the ground carefully like a common engineer, and sent an account of the phenomenon to that far more prosaic periodical, the *Quarterly Journal of the Meteorological Society*. Another splendid apparition thrown away recklessly, forever!—*Cornhill Magazine*.

CARRYING THE BANNER.

One Way in Which Poor Men Earn Their Bread in a Large City.

"Do you want yer banner carried?" said an indigent fellow to the proprietor of a fifteen-cent eating-house on State Street yesterday.

"No, I've hired a man for the winter."

"I'll do it for grub," again remarked the fellow.

"No, don't want any one."

"What did he mean by 'carrying the banner'?" queried a reporter of the proprietor.

"What did he mean, eh? 'Tis a long story, but I'll give it to you in a nutshell. Do you see that fellow coming up the street," pointing to a man with a bill of fare on his breast.

An answer in the affirmative was made.

"Well, that's carrying the banner. I hire those fellows for carrying my bill of fare, and I've found it to be a good method of advertising."

The reporter bade the proprietor adieu, and was soon in conversation with the banner-carrier. "It's a tough business, but I can't starve," said the latter. "It's the only work I can get to do, as I'm too old to go laboring. All I get is fifty cents a day and my board, but there are five hundred fellows after the same job. I'm hired for the winter."

"Are there many in the profession?"

"There are over one hundred on the West Side carrying the banner, an they says they's paid well. On this side it is new, but the boys is catchin' on. After all, it's not bad; you get three square meals a day, and can lodge for ten cents; there's forty cents profit."

"Do you save it?"

"Never saved a cent in my life; fifteen years ago I had a hotel on Jackson Street, but the fire busted me. I've speeting to brace up soon an' get some good clothes. Then I'll travel."

"What's your name?"

"Slurk, sir; yes, Col'nel Slurk's my handle," and the banner-carrier, with a restaurant bill-of-fare hanging from his shoulders, passed on his way.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Analysis of Soil.

The fertility of the soil is governed by the proportion of fine impalpable powder which exists in it, this powder alone acting directly upon vegetable growth, which it does by entering the roots in solution with the water and acids with which it comes in contact. Put into a large (about a foot and a half long) glass tube the soil to be examined, the sample to be all the soil removed in digging a hole two inches square by eight inches deep in any part of the land to be tested, then fill the tube half full of water and vigorously shake the whole until the contents are well mixed, and afterward allow it to settle. The heavy grains sink first, layers will be formed, the most fine and impalpable being nearest the top, the amount of which will of course govern the degree of the fertility of the sample, and an intelligent inspection of the different layers will allow any one to form a pretty accurate analysis of the soil from which the sample was taken.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

A STRANGE PHENOMENA.

What an Eye-Witness Has to Say About the Underground Fires Now Raging in Highland County, Virginia.

Among the recent arrivals in the city was Mr. Edward B. Elder, of Highland County, Virginia. Of late there have been reports from that section of the country of a strange phenomena which was said to have been witnessed in the mountains a few miles from Monterey Court House, Highland County, where the earth was said to be one burning mass. The fact that Mr. Mulhatten was known to be in another quarter of the globe gave the story some credence, and more especially so as it was vouched for by responsible men. A reporter, learning of Mr. Elder's arrival, went in search of him last night to see if he knew anything concerning the matter. He was found comfortably ensconced in a cushioned chair at the Galt House, talking to some friends. When asked if he had heard of the strange performance nature was said to be guilty of, he replied:

"It is certainly true, and is the most remarkable thing I ever heard of. From present indications I should say that we are likely to have another edition of Mount Vesuvius produced in the mountains of Virginia. The phenomena consists of fires which seem to be raging under the earth, on top of the peaks in Highland County, and the ground for a considerable distance seems to be a smoldering mass. The first heard of it was a report brought by a boy who claimed to have walked over the place which was on fire. The country around is almost inaccessible, and it is very seldom that any one ventures so far up on the mountains, therefore it was only by accident that the discovery was made. A few days ago the boy, who was in search of some lost sheep, wandered on foot among the hills, until he got several miles from home. All at once he felt the air grow warmer, and experienced a strange sensation, as if some burning substance was beneath him. He was on an elevated plateau, probably a quarter of a mile square, on the top of one of the small mountains. At first he was greatly alarmed and started to run away. His curiosity overcame his fear, however, and he stopped to see if he could find the cause of the unusual warmth. He stooped and placed his hand on the earth, and was startled to find that it was so hot as to almost blister his flesh. He did not pursue his researches any further, but proceeded at once to his home, where he told of the strange occurrence. No faith was put in the narrative, and it was thought by the neighbors that the youth was going crazy."

"The news finally reached the town of Monterey, and some scientifically-inclined persons determined to investigate. Procuring the boy for a guide, they went to the place and found that all he had stated was true. When they returned they told even a more wonderful story than that told by the boy. This produced a great sensation throughout the immediate country, and a great many persons were nearly frightened out of their wits. The superstitious were of the belief that the day of judgment was close at hand and began to make preparations to respond to the call of the trumpet, which they momentarily expected to wake the silence of the mountains. I lived some distance away, but when the news reached me I determined to satisfy myself. After nearly a day's travel over the rough mountain road, which wound around cliffs at the foot of overhanging rocks, I arrived within a short distance of the region. I here left my horse, and, together with a couple of friends who had accompanied me, proceeded as best I could to the place indicated. I had heard exaggerated stories, and was almost prepared for anything, but I must confess that I was greatly startled. The earth for yards around seemed to be a smoldering heap and was as hot as an oven. In places a hard crust had formed over the clay, and large fissures made by the heat. The air seemed very dense and foggy, and in many places a bluish smoke broke through holes in the earth and spread over the mountain tops. We dug down to the depth of probably three feet and came to a yellowish sort of clay which was almost as soft as putty. When a shovelful was thrown out on the ground it smoldered like a heap of ashes, and a quantity of smoke seemed to rise from it. It was very hot, and glowed with a strange brilliancy, which lasted for hours. We tried the experiment of digging down in a number of places, and always with the same results. The deeper we went the more pronounced was the phenomena, and we found it difficult to stand over in opening. How long this has been in progress no one knows, and the most learned are baffled for a reason. It looks as if a volcano was at work and ready at any moment to burst an opening through the earth and throw out its volume of smoke and fire. Hundreds of people have visited the place, and all have come away more mystified than ever."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

—A farmer on Russian River, California, ten years ago owned one hundred acres of wheat land from which he derived an annual profit of \$1,000. He cut it into five-acre tracts and sold it to hop and fruit growers. Now the same one hundred acres supports eleven families and yielded this year a profit of \$32,000, a single acre producing \$600 in plums.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

—As an illustration of the depression in land values in England, it is stated that an estate in Devonshire, of 420 acres, for which £18,000 was refused a few years ago, has just been sold for £8,000.



The Rockford Watch Co. Agents. LEADS WOOD BRO'S



The Secret of Wealth.

Broken down invalids, do you wish to gain flesh, to acquire an appetite, to enjoy a regular habit of body, to obtain refreshing sleep, to feel and know that every fibre and tissue of your system is being braced up and renovated? If so, commence at once a course of GOLDEN SEAL BITTERS. In one week you will be well. Do not despair because you have a weak constitution. Fortify the body against disease by purifying all the fluids with GOLDEN SEAL BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus fortified. The liver, the stomach, the bowels, the kidneys are rendered disease proof by this great invigorator. Ruminous bills for medical attendance may be avoided by counteracting the first symptoms of sickness with these Bitters. They are recommended from friend to friend, and the sale increases daily. We warrant a cure. They are a positive cure also for all female complaints. In these diseases they have no equal. Take no others. Sold by R. S. Armstrong and Glazier, DePuy & Co.

Home Markets.

APPLES, 70 lbs.	\$ 1.50
BEANS.	75 @ 1.00
BARLEY.	1.00 @ 1.25
BUTTER.	30 @ 10
CORN.	30 @ 30
DRYED APPLES.	11 @ 11
EGGS.	51 @ 6
WHEAT, dressed.	5.00 @ 5.00
LAND.	10 @ 10
OATS.	32 @ 35
POTATOES.	25 @ 25
SALT.	1.30 @ 2.00
WHEAT, red and white.	90 @ 92

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 HERALD OFFICE.

THE BANANA TRADE.

A Talk with the Man Who Brought the First Cargo to This Country.

Captain George Bush, the supercargo of the Peveril, is not only a veteran sailor, but also the father of the banana business in the United States. Captain Bush emigrated from Germany to this country when he was quite a young man. He was naturalized in the Circuit Court of this city in 1855. He has been a shipmaster since 1860, and is one of the best known sailors in the ports of the West Indies. In an interesting talk about the banana business with a *Sun* reporter, Captain Bush said: "I brought the first schooner-load of bananas ever seen in the United States. I sold them to Gilmartin, in New York, in 1859. People did not know what they were, and my little cargo of eleven hundred bunches overstocked the market. I secured them in Baracoa, Cuba. Three years after that cargo was landed in New York the trade had developed so fast that it required twenty-five or thirty schooner-loads alone to supply New York. Three large firms in New York monopolized the trade from Baracoa. They were Eneas Brothers, Douglass Brothers, and Pearsall Brothers. In 1867 the trade had grown so enormously that I began to look around for other places to get bananas. I had been to ports in Jamaica after oranges in previous years, but never for bananas. In May, 1867, I sailed for Oro Cabeza, Jamaica, in search of bananas. Arriving there I found Captain Jim Murdock, a quadroon native and a Christian, the last quality being rare on the island. I told him what I wanted, and he promised to buy them for me. Bananas had no value among the natives. They never ate them. They were planted simply as a protection to the coffee trees. The latter need protection from the sun, and the banana trees are planted in rows alongside them. Well, my friend Captain Jim Murdock couldn't get me more than 700 bunches of bananas at Oro Cabeza, and I induced him to sail with me to Port Antonio. Here I found a splendid land-locked harbor, with deep water. Captain Jim succeeded in buying 1,000 bunches of bananas for me in a short time. The natives were only too glad to sell them at six to eighteen cents a bunch. The people were very poor. They had no money and very little to eat, and no clothing to speak of. I paid \$250 for my cargo. I reached Boston in eleven days, and discharged 1,120 bunches of good bananas. For one very handsome bunch I got twenty-five dollars, and the man who purchased it sold it in ten minutes for thirty-five dollars. Since that time I have been engaged in the banana trade, and have seen the ports of Jamaica built up and the people growing rich. The natives don't spend much on their living. Their wardrobe principally consists of a coffee-sack, with holes for arms and the head, and belted around the waist with a rope. The other items in their living stand about in the same ratio in the matter of cost. They do not invest or bank their money. They know nothing of such things. They bury their money and hoard it. Some of them are quite rich. The banana tree is a species of the palm. It requires very rich and moist ground. It is a porous, fibrous tree, and attains from twenty-five to forty feet in height. It is indigenous to the soil of the islands, where bananas abound. The roots are planted in rows by the natives. They soon shoot a sprout about four feet out of the ground. Then three or four more appear at short intervals, until as many as eighteen show above the ground from one root. If all these are let grow there will be no bananas. So all the sprouts except two or three of the healthiest are destroyed. The first sprout will mature in ten to fourteen months. The first evidence of fruit is a brilliant purple flower. This soon gives place to innumerable little bananas, which rapidly grow to maturity. The next sprout comes in bearing from three to four weeks after the first, and others follow at regular intervals throughout the year. Each sprout bears one bunch of bananas, and is cut down when the fruit is harvested. The natives receive from thirty-five to seventy-five cents per bunch for bananas, according to size and quality.—*Baltimore Sun*.

The Art of Making Gifts.

In giving gifts let us consult minds and moods. It is not always literally the thing itself which is given that tells. It is the temper and domain of its reception. If there is not the proper breadth in the mind or potentiality for it, we must meditate to the condition with which we are to communicate. We can prompt and stimulate the slow mind, but we must not go beyond its possible approach. In gifts, as in eloquence and thoughts, the pearl of value lies in adaptation. One must mingle his thought and his personality somehow and in some way with his successful gift. He can not stand aside and expect that the few shillings or dollars that he expends are themselves sufficient. Gifts are not alone valuable to the recipient. They have a mission to perform upon the donor, too. They recall to him the doctrine that he is not alone in the world.—*The Hour*.

—The campaign processions made a deep impression upon the mind of Miss Nellie McKee, aged three, of New Brighton, Pa. As she was out walking with her mother on a recent starlight evening she exclaimed: "Mamma, mamma, they are having a parade up in heaven, ain't they?"—*Philadelphia Press*.

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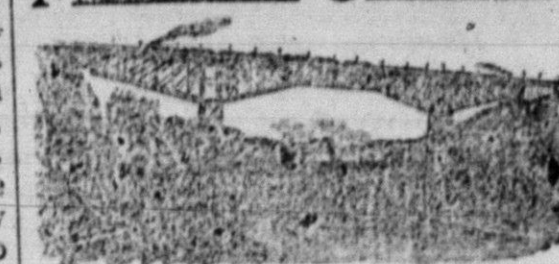
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FAVORITE REMEDY

has won golden opinions. No traveler should consider his outfit complete unless it includes a bottle of this medicine. If you are exposed to frequent changes of climate, food and water, Favorite Remedy should always be within your reach. It expels malarial poisons, and is the best preventative of chills and malarial fever in the world. It is especially offered as a trustworthy specific for the cure of Kidney and Liver complaints, Constipation and all disorders arising from an impure state of the blood. To women who suffer from any of the ills peculiar to their sex, Favorite Remedy is constantly proving itself an unfailing friend—a real blessing. Address the proprietor, Dr. D. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. \$1 bottle, 4 for \$4, by all druggists.

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TIMELY TOPICS.

The principal of one of the public schools in the state, in his address to the graduating class, gave them a most important bit of advice when he told them to "concentrate their energies." One of the alarming evils of the times is the inaction of young men just starting in life. First one thing is tried, and then another, in the vain pursuit of some means of earning a livelihood without work. All start out with an ambition to occupy positions of honor and trust, forgetting that those who hold such places are the ones who have labored long and indefatigably in a hand to hand fight with obstacles which have beset them on every hand. These men marked out a course in life, and for the attainment of the object sought brought to bear all the energies of mind and body. There are others, waiting Micawber-like, for something to turn up. Men who have tried law, medicine, the arts, and almost every profession except downright hard work, and are not as near the goal now as when in early manhood they started, for the very reason that the energy which, if rightly applied, would have been all potent in their aid, has been weakened in the aimless wandering after that which can be gained only by work.

The legislature of Pennsylvania has passed an act which provides that "from and after the first day of October, 1885, no persons within the commonwealth shall be joined in marriage until a license shall have been obtained." Licenses must be obtained of the clerk of the orphan's court in the county where the marriage is celebrated. This does not contain a clause declaring unlicensed marriages illegal; but decisions of state supreme courts in several other states where licenses are required agree in holding that unlicensed marriages are illegal under such a statute. The act provides for a special form of license for parties desiring to be married in unusual methods, especially when "the parties intend solemnizing their marriages themselves." And a record of each marriage must be filed. If, therefore, the governor approves the act, no marriage in Pennsylvania will be legal without a license. One intent of the law is to reduce the number of improper marriages, bigamies, elopements, and especially the marriage of children of immature age, and deception of women by mock marriages, etc.

Two men in New York, out of work, adopted rather a novel method to get money. Armed with a pail of bright colored paint and a brush, they went to a number of houses on one of the principal streets, and painted a panel of the front doors. They would ring the bell, and when the lady of the house appeared, politely inform her that they would paint the whole door the same color for only \$5. Several houses were visited, when one irate female had the painters arrested, the officers compelling the men to clean the paint off and restore the door to its original condition.

A RECENT London dispatch says that 341 Mormon recruits for Utah, mostly women, sailed on the steamer Wisconsin for New York. The authorities have stopped and arrested in New York nine Irish girls who came over to the United States to work in a linen mill. But we have no law to stop these Mormon immigrants. Men and women are prohibited by law of congress from entering this country under a contract to work, but Mormons, under a bargain to settle in Utah and swell the evil of polygamy, are unhindered.

KUDNER, of the Lapeer Democrat, has a shrewd head, as the following item from that worthy paper indicates. Hear him: "Oats thrive best in an elevator. A farmer who has 30,000 bushels of oats in an elevator need not worry about the weather. Always raise oats in a good elevator and keep out of a deal with the Chicago man."

THE Rev. Dr. Wells of San Francisco very tersely says that what the Apaches who have gone on the warpath need is "a gospel that will get hell out of the Indians—not a gospel that will get the Indians out of hell." Let it be so proved. At any rate the war department will do well to act upon this doctrine for the present.

INTRODUCING A NEW INDUSTRY.

A Scientist's Invention for Extracting Aluminium from Clay.

Important facts bearing on the extraction of aluminium from kaolin (clay) on a commercial basis have been developed in Cleveland, O., within the past few weeks. Aluminium has long been known as the metallic basis of clay but in its nature is so ethereal that heretofore its elimination has been attended with great difficulty and much expense. Within the past few years, however, French and English inventors have obtained results more or less important, so that the present importing price of aluminium in this country, duty free, is \$14.25 a pound. In England a man named Webster has established very large works for the manufacture of articles from the new metal, but the cost of production has as yet limited its use merely to tableware and small utensils for household use. The problem now is to devise a method of extraction which shall reduce the cost to from \$2 to \$3 per pound, at which figure it can be used for a great variety of manufactures, such as gun barrels, propeller blades, wire, and possibly bridge and railroad works. As aluminium is four times lighter than silver and three times lighter than iron, is non-oxidizable, of great tenacity and strength, ductile, and of superior electric conductivity, and is, moreover, very widely diffused throughout the country—appearing in all ordinary clay banks, but more particularly in the immense deposits of kaolin in Connecticut, New York, Virginia, and Georgia, and in a veritable mountain of sulphate of alumina in New Mexico—the importance of the present search for a cheap method of production is apparent. Aluminium will bear several times more strain than gun metal, and much more than Bessemer steel. It also possesses sonorous qualities superior to those of any other metal, and alloys beautifully with almost any known metal. When the secret of its cheap production is generally known a revolution in the metal world will be the certain result.

A Philadelphia chemist named Friessmuth about a year ago announced the discovery of a very cheap method, but it has remained for Cleveland parties to bring the much-desired end nearer practical accomplishment than ever before. Mr. F. J. Seymour, a well-known practical metallurgist, late of Bridgeport, Conn., has as the result of years of study, succeeded in producing aluminium at a low figure at cost, and by the aid of a novel furnace, just designed, asserts that he can extract the metal on a commercial basis and in large quantities. Not to go into all the technical details, which are extremely interesting to metallurgists, it is sufficient to say that Mr. Seymour has discovered that the close affinity existing between zinc and aluminium can be utilized in vaporizing, "capturing," and depositing the latter, the separation being effected by the application of heat through a furnace, or rather a series of furnaces, of peculiar construction. The charge for each furnace is: Zinc ore, 100 parts; kaolin, 50 parts; carbon, either anthracite coal or its equivalent in hydrocarbon gas, 125 parts; pearl-ash, or its equivalent, 15 parts; chloride of sodium, 10 parts, all intimately mixed. The retorts are of steel, and 36 inches long by 12 wide, sides 1/2 inches thick. The amount of heat necessary to produce the desired result is about 2,600 degrees Fahrenheit. Properly handled, one furnace should make two charges in 24 to 30 hours. Four men can operate fifty retorts. The number of retorts can be increased several hundred in a single system. Capitalists have already manifested an interest in this new process, and the prospects are that operations on an extensive scale will soon follow. Independent investigations in the same line in this city have resulted in the recent incorporation of a company with ample capital for the extraction of aluminium by means of electricity. Thus far the secret of the process has been strictly guarded, and nothing can therefore be given as to its details. —New York Times.

Optical Illusions.

"Many people," writes a lady correspondent from Newark, "are deceived by optical illusions. On a recent morning I looked into my brother's room, and saw him standing at his dressing-case. Then I remembered that I had heard him go downstairs, and I said to myself: 'This is an optical illusion.' Knowing that it was such, I looked at the figure until it slowly faded away. Let me add that I am in good bodily health, cheerful, and, I believe, sound in mind. A friend who died lately said in her last hours, when apparently she was rational, that she saw her dead parents and brother in her room. She exclaimed, addressing the friends who stood at her bedside: 'There they are, right there. Can't you see them?' I repeat that, as far as any one could judge, she was thoroughly conscious. But we will pass over her case, for it is not exceptional, and while we can not say she was delirious, neither can we affirm positively that she had her senses.

"But here, I think, is an unusual form of optical illusion, if it was an illusion at all. A few days ago a well-known business man of New York passed away. His widow is a clear-minded and educated lady, without any morbid or superstitious taint in her nature, or any belief in spiritualism. While bending over her husband shortly before his death she observed that the expression of his face was changing, and the next moment saw

there, instead, the dead face of her brother. The two men were entirely unlike in appearance, one being light and having a blond beard, and the other very dark. Shortly afterwards the lady saw on her husband's face the expression of another deceased friend, and a little later that of a third. Her morbid and overwrought fancy deceived her, someone says. Could two persons be deceived at the same time and in the same way? I ask this because three years ago this lady and her sister watched beside the dying child of the latter. The little girl's face suddenly changed. One of the ladies saw that the other observed this, and said:

"Emily, who was it?"

"Adelaide," was the answer.

"Yes, Adelaide."

"The two ladies have told me that they saw unmistakably the face of their dead cousin, a woman, shining out through the face of the dying child. I offer no explanation of these phenomena, and present them only because to me they seem very interesting. —Philadelphia North American.

Grant as a Smoker.

The cancer of the throat which is slowly but surely eating away the life of Gen. Grant, has by some medical authorities been attributed to the inveterate smoking for which the hero of Appomattox is noted. Others again ridicule the theory. The subject is one that has received considerable discussion in the medical journals.

In the popular imagination Gen. Grant has always been associated with a cigar. He has been called the greatest smoker in the world. It is a marked peculiarity of the man. When at The Hague, on his tour around the world, at the dinner tendered in honor by the Dutch King, cigars were either omitted in the menu, or perhaps it was thought discourteous to smoke in the presence of royalty. When Gen. Grant was, therefore, observed to take a cigar from his pocket and complacently light it—in the presence of the King, there was a murmur of surprise. "But, then," it was said, "he is a great man—a very great man." In the simplicity of the Dutch Court it was thought probably that none but the very great would dare to smoke on such an occasion. It is generally believed that Gen. Grant has been an incessant smoker ever since his boyhood. It may be news to many to learn that it is only since the famous battle of Shiloh that the General became so fond of the weed. A Commercial Gazette reporter, in conversation with an intimate Cincinnati friend of Grant, was told the story of the "cigar."

The General, in speaking to his Cincinnati friend of the popular idea that he was a life-long smoker, said that prior to the battle of Shiloh he rarely—very rarely—smoked; that only once in a great while did he "take a smoke," and that it had never been a habit, much less a pleasure. At the battle of Shiloh he chanced to smoke a cigar, while riding over the field, and the newspaper correspondents, seizing upon the incident, described it graphically in their accounts of the battle to the papers in the North. The idea of a victorious commander of a great army, in the midst of frightful scenes of carnage and destruction, surrounded by the dangers of battle, with a nation's life hanging on the result, looking on calmly and serenely—compacently smoking a cigar—when most men would be overcome with excitement, if not nervousness, was something that appealed irresistibly to popular admiration. Here was a man who was not to be frightened by the dangers of war; who knew that in war the mass of men are almost frantic with fire of battle; that it meant death and destruction; that this was the business of war; and the coolness of his mind seemed to say: "The only way to do is to strike blow upon blow, and thus crush the rebellion."

It was not the idea of a butcher, but the idea of war, and the mistake of the Army of the Potomac was in not recognizing it and failing to follow up a victory, or "leaving its work only half finished," as Gen. Grant expresses it, for fear that there would be greater losses.

Grant's admirers and friends, reading the accounts of the battle, supposed him to be a great smoker, and almost deluged him with cigars. Every express brought boxes of cigars as presents from his Northern friends. As the General said, "There were always two or three boxes on the table in my tent or headquarters free for the use of my staff and visitors. Having them always at hand, it was but natural that I should every little while take a fresh cigar, and in that way the habit grew upon me so that it became irresistible, and the people no doubt are right in calling me an inveterate smoker." —Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

She Got the Best of Him.

A wicked chap with plenty of money was taken into camp by a keen widow, who made him settle \$100,000 on her before marriage. Shortly after the wedding a friend was asking her about it.

"How did you happen to marry such a man?" she inquired impertinently.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the lady slightly embarrassed.

"And you are so attractive, too, and could have had your choice, while that man is no earthly good?"

"Don't worry about how good I am, or how bad he is, I got the best of him. Rest assured of that."

"How could you?"

"I got his money." —Merchant Traveler.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Dissolve four ounces of Paris white in one pint of water; boil it, and when cool add one ounce of ammonia. This will make a good silver polish.

Sulphur matches placed in flower pots, the sulphur ends down, have been found to destroy the worms which are so fatal to house plants.

A solution of six grains of chloride of tin and six grains of sulphate of copper dissolved in one quart of water will be useful in plating small articles with brass.

For a square hall or a dining room in a country house a dado of colored matting is very effective. It should be surmounted by a shelf, on which may be arrayed any ceramic treasures in the way of plates, cups, vases and the like.

To cause griddle cakes to brown nicely, add a little molasses or coffee to the batter; and to bake them without that blinding smoke use a soapstone griddle, and simply rub it over with a damp cloth each time before putting on cakes.

Polish salad is very easily made. Cut in very small pieces any sort of baked or roast meat (veal, mutton or beef,) add soft-boiled eggs and finely-minced onion, lettuce or endive. Mix all thoroughly with a dressing of oil, vinegar, mustard and pepper, and serve.

A charming panel for a square screen is made of plush of "old red" color, with conventionalized poppies in silk embroidery. The deep red and the brilliant flame color of the flowers, and the cool green of the foliage, are very effective upon the soft background.

A very good sugar cake may be made by this recipe: One cupful of sugar and a tablespoonful of butter, mixed together; two cupfuls of flour, two table spoonfuls of baking powder, one cupful of milk, a little salt and one well-beaten egg. Flavor with nutmeg or lemon, and bake in a loaf.

Try this recipe for cooking cabbage: Boil the cabbage gently until cooked, and drain it. Put two ounces of butter into a saucepan; set it on a good fire and, when melted, put in the cabbage with some salt and pepper. Add half a pint of cream or milk and one teaspoonful of flour, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon. Simmer until the sauce is reduced, and serve hot.

Don't put elaborate brass grates in your rooms unless you intend to use them. A showy brass grate unstained by smoke or ashes suggests in all its glittering newness a showroom and not a home. A fire place not consecrated to a fire, that has neither warmth nor suggestion of warmth, is a dreadful sham; it is not artistic; it is not decorative; it kills rather than gives pleasure.

Cold meat may be used to advantage in the following way: Rub half a pound of beef-dripping into one-half pound of flour, with a little salt. Moisten the paste with the water and roll it out half an inch thick. Mince any kind of cold meat, season it and add a few spoonfuls of gravy. Spread the minced meat on the paste and roll it up. Tie it up in a cloth buttered and floured and boil for an hour and a half.

To clean and freshen old matting rub it with a cloth wet in salt water. Being careful not to allow any drops of water to dry in the matting, as they will leave spots difficult to remove. Heavy varnished furniture should never rest directly upon the matting, for even good varnish, becoming soft in warm weather, will stain the straw. Matting may be turned if the loose ends of the cords are threaded in a large needle and drawn through to the other side.

Don't hang upon your walls huge black engravings set in vast spaces of white margin. Pictures of this sort are very depressing. Instead of white margins substitute a gray paper, and if you must have black prints select those that have a good deal of gray in them—pictures with tone and mellow effects. Etchings commonly have more softness and artistic effect than engravings. Don't hang chromos on your wall, or colored prints; don't display long lines of family photographs; don't hang mosses or colored leaves or dried grasses about.

You can iron a table cloth so as to have a good center piece to put your flower pot or glass of cut flowers on. Fold the cloth, whether square or oblong, in four, so that the center shall be in the doubled corner at your left hand. "Begin at this corner and turn over about an inch, creasing it sharply and pressing the iron firmly down on it. Then move this fold forward on the cloth and crease another half inch, not doubling under the part already ironed, but making a fresh crease. So proceed until you have as large a center square as you wish. You can vary the distance given to accommodate the thickness of your cloth.

An excellent rice pudding is made by this recipe: Wash four ounces of rice in cold water and set it on the fire with a pint of milk and the rind of half a lemon. When nearly done, if the milk be absorbed by the rice, add a little more, so that the rice may be nearly covered with it. When done, remove it from the fire and mix with it two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two ounces of butter, two tablespoonfuls of milk, three yolks of eggs, a pinch of salt, and, if liked a very little nutmeg. Put back on the fire for a minute, stirring constantly. Butter a mold well and dust it with sugar, and turn the rice in it. Bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Serve with a sauce.

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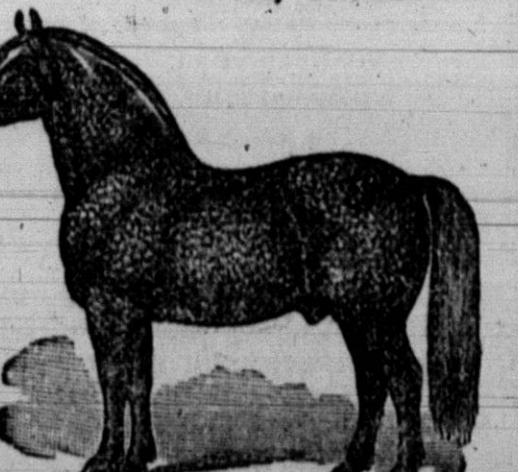
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THE HERALD.

THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1885

LEGAL.

STATE OF MICHIGAN,)
COUNTY OF WASHTENAW,) ss.

At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office, in the city of Ann Arbor, on Tuesday, the 23th day of June in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five.

Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of John C. Winans deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of George J. Crowell praying that a certain instrument now on file in this court purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, may be admitted to probate, and that he and Hannah S. Winans may be appointed executors thereof.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 27th day of July next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the devisees, legatees and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, and show cause if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted; and it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in THE CHESAPEA HERALD, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN,
(A True Copy) Judge of Probate.
WM. G. DOTY, Probate Register. 43

FARM NOTES.

Cheap American wheat has reduced rent rolls in England.

The average Kansas is said not to produce two per cent on low valuation.

There is a great advantage in deep soil for growing fruits and vegetables.

The past year has been a very disastrous one in English cheese markets.

Rich Jersey milk should be thoroughly cooled before being carried any distance in cans.

Experienced shepherds claim that no over fifty sheep should be together in one flock.

Peppermint is being more extensively cultivated than ever in the vicinity of Lyons, N. Y.

Most of the breeds of imported live stock have received their development in Great Britain.

Light crops oftentimes bring as much return to farmers owing to the increase in price.

The fences in the United States have cost nearly \$1,500,000,000, nearly equal to our national debt.

An apple tree in West Bath, Me., has yielded 25 bushels of apples every year for 30 years.

There is but little profit in the continued preservation of a forest which has attained its full growth.

Aroostook county Me., produced last year 7,000 tons of starch, made from 1,500,000 bushels of potatoes.

In soils deficient in vegetable matter phosphate often becomes insoluble before it can do any good.

Strong soapsuds, with a spoonful of carbolic acid to a bucket of suds, is an excellent remedy for currant worms.

The Montana Legislature is composed almost entirely of cattle men. There are only eight lawyers in that body.

Low tops on fruit trees are convenient for gathering fruit; no fruit trees should be allowed to grow like hop poles.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FIGHT AT
WHITE OAK BRIDGE.

From Gen. D. H. Hill's article, from a Confederate point of view, in the July Century, on "McClellan's Change of Base," we quote the following: "We had taken one prisoner, a drunken Irishman, but he declined the honor of going back with us, and made fight with his naked fists. A soldier asked me naively whether he should shoot the Irishman or let him go. I am glad that I told him to let the man go, to be a comfort to his family. That Irishman must have had a charmed life. He was under the shelter of his gun cloth coat hung on a stick, near the ford, when a citizen fired at him four times, from a distance of about fifty paces; and the only recognition that I could see the man make was to raise his hand as if to brush off a fly. One of the shells set a farm house on fire. The owner came out and told us that Gen. 'Baldy' Smith was taking a bath in the house at that time. I do not know how refreshing the Gen. found it, or whether the story was true. We learned, however, that Franklin's corps was in front of us, and that item of news

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