

# THE CHELSEA HERALD.

VOLUME 14.

CHELSEA, MICH., THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1885.

NUMBER 44.

Go to Glazier's Bank Drug Store for pure Paris Green.

Go to Glazier's Bank Drug Store for all kinds of machine oil.

Save money by buying gasoline at Glazier's Bank Drug Store.

Save money by buying machine oils at Glazier's Bank Drug Store.

Gasoline 11 cts. per gallon at Glazier's Bank Drug Store.

Save money by buying Paris Green at Glazier's Bank Drug Store.

Machine oils 15 cts. per gallon at Glazier's Bank Drug Store.

Save money by buying all groceries, drugs, medicines, etc., at Glazier's Bank Drug Store.

**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.

The Fourth passed by very quietly at this place.

On Monday last Chauncey Staffan broke his leg.

Look at Hoag's Bazaar's new advertisement.

Quite a heavy rain storm visited this place last Monday afternoon.

Mrs. J. A. McIlwain and son left yesterday for a visit with relatives in New York state.

Mrs. J. G. Hoover spent several days of last week with relatives in Jackson.

Miss Blodgett, who went from this place to Ypsilanti a few weeks ago, is very sick and is unable to return.

Miss Maggie Kelly, of Jackson, spent several days of the past week with her parents in the place.

Mrs. L. E. Sparks spent Sunday with friends in Jackson.

Bachman & Yocum have completed the school house in Dist. No. 2.

Frank Staffan has just completed a good job near the Warner farm, by taking up the tile and building a bridge in its place.

Miss Carrie Purchase, who has been spending several weeks at Ypsilanti, returned to this place, Tuesday.

Emancipation Day will be observed at Jackson, Monday, August 3.

Editor Kittredge, of the Ann Arbor Register, is taking a trip around the Lakes.

Send fifty cents for a year's subscription to the *Public Herald*, of Philadelphia. It exposes all the frauds.

Mr. Sayles, of Plainfield, visited friends in this place on Tuesday last.

Mr. S. Drury started for New York last Tuesday, to see his father who is dangerously ill.

Rev. A. Roedel, of Waterloo, was in town on Tuesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Congdon spent several days with the former's sister, Mrs. Snell, at Whitmore Lake.

Mrs. Chase and Mrs. Armstrong, of Detroit, have been spending several weeks with Mrs. Lewis, of this place. They started for Parma yesterday.

Miss Mary Wright left for New York Monday evening. She will spend her vacation there.

Married, at the residence of Mr. Romain Chase, on Wednesday, July 8th, 1885, by the Rev. H. M. Gallup, Mr. Wm. Canfield and Miss Lois Chase.

All members of the Good Templar's Lodge, are requested to meet at Good Templar's Hall, Saturday evening, July 11th, for the purpose of reorganizing.

The annual meeting of Chelsea Library Association will be held at the parlors of Chelsea Savings Bank Friday evening, at 6:30, P. M., sharp. All members of association are requested to be in attendance.

According to the papers, W. D. Chadwick, of Sharon, who has been teaching in Cadillac, will accept a position as instructor of penmanship in the Grand Rapids school, with a salary of \$1000.



HON. DWIGHT M. SABIN.

Although the name of Mr. Sabin has but recently appeared prominently in the political world outside of his adopted State of Minnesota, he has nevertheless borne no small share of the work, and no few of the burdens that have wrought success for the Republican party of the country. Mr. Sabin was born at Maulins, LaSalle county, Ill., April 25, 1843, where his father carried on a business of farming on a scale that gave little time for his son to devote to his studies, even in the winter.

Soon after the son became of age, his father died, leaving so little patrimony that the son gathered his few worldly goods and emigrated to Stillwater, Minnesota, where he began dealing in lumber to such extent as his limited resources would permit. This was in 1867, and in the following year, Mr. Sabin having plunged into politics, played them for some penitentiary contracts, which proved a most successful venture, and aided him in extending his transactions both with the public and with the state government, whose Legislature had come to recognize Mr. Sabin as the only one entitled to benefit from its contracts. With the profits from his contracts and his general business he launched out year by year, buying and building mills, forming joint stock companies, and establishing various business enterprise, in all of which he has been remarkably successful, for the reason principally that he has devotedly attended to them.

A goodly number of our citizens spent the Fourth at Jackson, Dexter, and Cavanaugh Lake.

The Chelsea Cornet Band took the first prize in the Jackson contest Saturday. The prize was \$35, we are informed.

Stockbridge will not "hello" with neighboring towns this season.

J. L. Gilbert's mother, who is totally blind, has just completed a parlor rug, of woolen yarn in colors, sewed upon a piece of sheeting, which is a very remarkable piece of work. The colors are very systematically and tastefully arranged. The aged lady did the work entirely alone, at odd spells, and the family knew nothing about it until it was presented to her son, J. L., who sent it to his brother at Glenn Falls, N. Y.

There was a picnic at Mr. G. Boynton's, July 4th. About fifty persons were present.

Frank Leach and a young man from Ann Arbor ran a race at this place last Monday afternoon. The man from Ann Arbor carried off the cake.

Bartholdi modeled his statue after his mother. He made her the size she used to seem to him in his boyhood days when he was caught going in swimming without permission.—*Jackson Citizen*.

John Kempf, of Ann Arbor was in town Monday last.

Born, on Sunday, July 5th, 1885, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Emmert, of Saline, a son.

Dr. G. A. Robertson of Battle Creek, spent several days of last week in this place.

-CARD OF THANKS.

The exercises to which we have looked forward so many years have finally closed and we have received our diplomas, to which we shall ever look with pride, feeling that it is an honor to graduate from Chelsea High School. We wish to tender our thanks to our teachers in general for their kindly interest and patient efforts during all these years.

To the School Board for their liberality in providing instructive apparatus for our use in studying the sciences, and their thoughtfulness in providing appropriate cards, diplomas, programs, a commodious hall, etc., for our graduating exercises.

To the singers and musicians who discoursed for us such good music.

To the Revs. Holmes, Kaley, McIlwain, and Gallup, for their presence and assistance in giving dignity to the occasion.

To the young men who performed the duty of usher so ably.

To Mr. S. Guerin for the use an organ.

To R. S. Armstrong for the use of a beautiful parlor set with which to furnish the stage.

To numerous others whom we are unable to name for plants, flowers, vases, tables, ornaments, etc., to decorate the stage.

And last but not least the teachers and members of the High School who worked on Thursday at the hall to decorate it and make it look as beautiful as ever before on such an occasion. CLASS OF '85.

A NATION'S WOE.

The approach of the dog days has driven from the haunts of malaria and embryo statesman around Washington many of the best families; but a few remain, and these remnants of a once proud race have discovered that the new President does his literary work sans coat and vest; or, in other words, that while inditing proclamations, signing commissions, or perusing the many applicants for office, forwarded by the faithful, President Cleveland casts aside his outer wrappings, and carelessly throwing his suspenders on the bed sits down to quiet ease. There is no charge that Mr. Cleveland receives visitors in this undress parade style of architecture; but those nearest the throne have seen the chief magistrate *en deshabille*, and the scandal has passed from mouth to mouth, until it threatens not only to disrupt a proud party, but render society life in Washington a pretentious mockery.

This great nation pays its chief magistrate a trifle over \$136 per day including Sundays and holidays, and it has a right to expect that he will buy summer clothes when the hot reason comes around so that nervous ladies and effeminate men may not be outraged at the sight of the equal of a king, sitting with nothing but a pair of ready made trousers between him and a state of nature.—*Evening Journal*.

Wm. Canfield dealer in all kinds of fresh and salt meat lard, fish and game. All kinds of vegetables a speciality in season.

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

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

Willard, Parker & Co's sugar cured hams at CANFIELD'S.

For rent! Two nice rooms in the Durand & Hatch Block, suitable 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.

LIMA ITEMS.

LIMA, July 7.—Mr. J. Cooley fell from a load of hay one day last week and was quite badly hurt.

Jean Freer and family spent part of last week at Jackson.

Mr. R. Hammond and daughter were called to Williamston last Thursday to attend the funeral of Mr. Webb, Mr. H's brother-in-law.

Mrs. Alice Wood, from near Grass Lake, came to visit her parents last week and was taken sick and has been under the doctor's care ever since.

At about 3 o'clock, Saturday morning both old and young were awakened by the firing of guns, firecrackers and ringing of bells. At 4 o'clock a young couple were seen driving around at a fast rate with sleigh bells and cow bells on the horse. In the morning a two wheeled cart belonging to O. B. Guerin was standing by I. Storms' horse block. In the cart was a large arm chair with the image of a man, in behind him was some berry boxes. At Mrs. Brown's gate was a sulky. A wooden horse was hitched at O. B. Guerin's parlor gate. J. Wheelock's grind stone was found in the road, and one of his buggy wheels was found at D. Hammond's. And in fact every movable article was found where it did not belong. During the day some of the people went to Jackson and Dexter. In the evening there was a very good display of fireworks.

Sugar cured hams and sausages too, All finely chopped so fresh and new, Will find the best of every kind, On East Middle st. always on time. Salt pork and flour at every hour, Strawberries and cheese That will not make you sneeze. And, in fact, every thing that belongs to a first-class market at CANFIELD'S.

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

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the post-office at Chelsea, for week ending July 4th, 1885:

Alexander, Mr. Henry, Grady, Mrs. Lydia, Hogan, Mr. Chas., Koll, Mr. Joseph, Neilson, Mr. Ed., Lawrence, Mrs. E. B.

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

G. J. CROWELL, Postmaster.

When we heard that Dexter was going to celebrate the Fourth we thought that Chelsea was far behind but when we saw the races and the small amount of fireworks, and considered where part of the money came from, we changed our mind. The representing of the States and Territories was excellent, and the Juvenile Band did well.

## CHELSEA HERALD.

### ADVERTISING RATES.

Space.	1 w	1 m	3 m	6 m	1 y
1 Inch.....	\$1.50	\$3.00	\$8.00	\$15.00	\$30.00
1/2 Column.....	1.00	2.00	4.00	6.00	10.00
1/4 Column.....	.50	1.00	2.00	3.00	5.00
1/8 Column.....	.25	.50	1.00	1.50	2.50
1/16 Column.....	.12	.25	.50	.75	1.25
1/32 Column.....	.06	.12	.25	.37	.62

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

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

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

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

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

Address all communications to

THE HERALD.

### 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. Young people's meeting, Sabbath evening, at 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, Thursday 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 in first-class style.

**K. O. T. M.**—Chelsea Tent No. 281, of the K. O. T. M., will meet at Odd Fellows' Hall the first and third Friday of each month.

WM. BACON, R. K.

#### F. H. STILES.

#### DENTIST.

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

#### GEO. E. DAVIS, Resident Auctioneer of 16

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

For Reliable Insurance Against

#### FIRE OR TORNADO,

CALL ON

#### GILBERT & CROWELL,

—OR—

#### GEO. W. TURNBULL.

We Represent—	Assets.
Home, of New York,	\$7,308,480.
Continental, of New York,	4,450,534.
Phenix, of New York,	3,295,325.
Underwriters, of New York,	5,121,956.
Hartford, of Conn.,	4,067,976.
Springfield, of Mass.,	3,395,288.



TIMELY TOPICS.

A BACHELOR German immigrant who went west three years ago, and who had succeeded in getting a farm under a good state of cultivation, recently sent to Castle Garden to have a wife selected for him. His request was published in a New York paper, and he now prays that the marriageable maidens be informed that he is no longer in the market. He has been deluged with letters from all sorts of feminine creatures—slim, fat, tall, short, blonde, brunette, fair, freckled, and with black, brown, red and gray hair, and coming from every part of the country. He says that he would require the bank account of a Gould and a regiment of stenographers to reply to the letters he has received, which ask him about the size and value of his property, the climate soil, products, population, schools, churches, and age and description of the minister. He is married now.

AMONG other reasons for fearing a visitation of the cholera this summer, the peculiar climatic conditions that have prevailed during June are especially noticeable. The very sudden and severe changes from excessive heat to cold are conducive to interference with the healthy action of the bowels, and persons who are affected by these changes are thus predisposed to cholera. A sudden chill to the digestive organs is sometimes fatal even without the symptoms of cholera. In the East Indies this danger is so well understood that Europeans take special precautions against it, wearing at all times next the skin a band or close-fitting apron of flannel, covering the whole abdomen. The bowels are thus protected against sudden changes of temperature.

THREE prominent men in New York are stated to have lately tested the "oxygen cure." The first drew a long, deep breath from the receiver, and reported that the sensation was delightful; he felt it tingle to the ends of his fingers. The second took an inspiration, and became pale and agitated; he was told that the oxygen had found the weak spot in his anatomy. The third man declared he felt nothing; he could take the stuff in all day. Then it was discovered that the "Professor" had forgotten that morning to connect the tube with the oxygen reservoir. The patients had been breathing ordinary atmospheric air.

In an address to young men, Dr. W. Pratt of London says that married life is by far the most healthy. In 1,000 married men of 25 to 39 years of age there are 6 deaths; 1,000 bachelors furnish 10 deaths, and 1,000 widowers 22 deaths. In young men married before 20 years the figures are unfavorable, being 50 per 1,000. In unmarried men under 20 the rate is but 7 per 1,000. If girls marry before 20, a like mortality befalls them. Married people from 18 to 20 die as fast as people from 60 to 70. After 21 marriages should be contracted as soon as practicable.

WE now have in this country that benignant new system of postage which makes an ounce, and not half an ounce, the standard for letters. Every lover and every sweetheart will now be able to double the endearing length of their affectionate communication. How much this will add to the sum of human happiness it is not necessary to estimate.

A WRITER in the New England Medical Monthly says that unreasonable apprehension of possible calamity depresses the vitality and thus indirectly increases the power of disease. He cites the case of a man so panic stricken about cholera that he rushed immediately out of his town, leaving his family to follow. He died in a few days, not of cholera, but of fright.

JUSTICE has been meted out to one villain at least, in the sentence of James D. Fish, ex-president of the Marine bank. Fish was concerned with Ward in the swindles that ruined Gen. Grant and his family. A cell in the penitentiary now yearns for Ward, and when he is safely incarcerated under a long sentence the public will heartily applaud.

BLEMISHES BELOW PAR.

Disfigurements Abolished by Means of Electricity.

A man with a small mole on his chin climbed up the stoop of a doctor's office in West Nineteenth street, New York, not long ago.

"I want to get rid of the mole," he said, when the young doctor came out and asked what the matter was. "Step right in and I'll do it," the doctor responded, as he reached for a large mahogany box containing a polished electrical machine, with insulated wire running from the battery to a neat carved handle. The doctor sat the patient down in an easy chair, threw his head back and dressed the mole deftly with a local anesthetic that gradually benumbed the flesh until it was robbed of all sensitiveness. Then the doctor fitted a tiny strip of platinum into the handle and turned on the full force of the battery. The platinum was aglow with a pure white heat in a twinkling. The doctor drew it slowly and carefully through the mole as if he were using a razor blade. The patient felt the glow of the intense heat through the cheeks, but the burning away of the mole was as painless as it was rapid. When a soothing salve had been applied the doctor sent the patient away happy. He told him that in less than a month the wound would heal without leaving a scar.

"Few of the public know of the process, although it is simply an elaboration of the one used to remove cancer and similar growths on the neck and body," young Police Surgeon Satterlee said. "Ladies who would be otherwise faultless in complexion can have blotches painlessly removed by the same process without marking the flesh. Superfluous hair can be permanently eradicated in a second's time by a single touch of the platinum needle. Its greatest usefulness is in removing tattooing marks from the arms and hands. About nine boys out of every dozen are crazy to disfigure themselves that way; and they regret it for years afterward, because they think the disfigurement is for life. Nobody ever made a bigger mistake."

"Any kind of tattooing upon the body can be entirely removed, and if properly done no scar need be left. The process is a gradual one, because the eradication has to be done piecemeal, and care exercised to prevent the platinum needle from burning more than half through the cuticle. This caution will render scarring of the skin after the wound heals impossible."

"Well, I swan!" cried one of Capt. Williams' sergeants, suddenly baring his arm and displaying some fine sailor tattooing; "I'll come around to-morrow and have you begin on that. It's made me unhappy for twenty years to look at it."—New York Journal.

The Cigar Factories of Madrid.

Before the every-day tourist had learned to babble of Velasquez and Murillo, and regarded it essential to his reputation as a man of taste to go into ecstasies over Moorish arches, the cigar factories of Madrid were among the principal show-places of the uninteresting capital which, for some military or other reasons, has been dropped down in the middle of one of the dreariest areas in Christendom. You know you are approaching it by the odor of tobacco, and the babel of voices which hails the arrival of the "Gringo," can be compared to nothing except a gigantic boarding school with all the masters' backs turned to the pupils. Thousands of women—young, middle-aged, and old—are busy rolling up cigars so deftly that the unpracticed eye has some difficulty in catching the movement of the artists' fingers. A pinch of leaf here, a turn of the wrist there, the slightest possible touch of the tongue when the case demands it, and a "Claro," or a "Maduro," or "Colorado" is ready for the market. Here cheroots are being turned out by the thousands, here cigarettes by the tens of thousands. In another building boxes are being made, labeled, and tied up, and in and around and over all resound the noisy hum of female tongues that will not be tied. But not a hand is for a moment idle. The workers, like science teachers at Southern Kensington, are "paid by results," and it requires a great number of government cigars before the madrilena can earn the wherewithal for an olla podrida, a gay mantilla, or the measure of sour wine which tempers on high days and holidays the frugal fare of the water-drinking Spaniard. Some of the old cronies are as hideous as any of the ancients whom Gustave Dore loved to draw. But many of the matrons are slightly ladies, while the flashing eyes and roguish fun of the young ones somewhat embarrass a visitor who is unaccustomed to face such a battery of criticism without being able to exchange a compliment with the company who are so ready to express their individual opinions of the caballero. In truth, it requires some courage to venture into the great cigar manufactory of Madrid, though those who are fond of a picturesque sight and not afraid of the smell of tobacco or the play of Spanish eyes might wander through the peninsula from Vigo to Malaga and not come across a spectacle which would live half as long in their memories.—London Telegraph.

A Good Article.

"That article you had in last week's paper, was the funniest thing I ever read," said a lady to an editor. "I am glad to hear you say so." "Oh, not at all. It would make a dog laugh. I thought my husband would split his sides."—Arkansas Traveler.

THE BLACK REPUBLIC.

A Failure of Democracy in Hayti—Characteristics of the People—A Sickening History.

Sir Spencer St. John, who was for some years the English minister resident and consul general in Hayti, has recently published a history of that country, showing what a failure it is as a republic, and how long in the scale of civilization. Sir Spencer has lived for more than thirty-five years amongst various colored races; for twelve years he was in familiar intercourse with Haytiens of all ranks. He thinks Santo Domingo one of the finest islands in the world, in regard to geographical position, soil, climate, scenery, and health, and yet it has been so ruined by misgovernment that of all countries it is the one to be most avoided. The political history of the island has, from its beginning, been a sickening record of murder, robbery, revolution, plots, and every form of selfishness; but there have been a few intervals of comparative peace, during which the island has had some prosperity. Under French rule, during the greater part of the eighteenth century, Hayti became one of the richest colonies of its size in the world, made so by the large importation of negroes from Africa, and by a very harsh system of slavery. It is to this slavery and slave trade that Hayti now owes its depressed, barbarous and disgraceful position. In its history before independence there is one interesting and noble episode, the life of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the only real hero and patriot to be found in the dismal records of Haytian wars, and he fell a victim to the despotism of Napoleon. In 1804 Hayti declared itself independent, and chose Gen. Dessalines governor general for life. His first act was a massacre of nearly all the French in the island. Soon after, following the example of Napoleon, he declared himself emperor, thus causing an insurrection, in which he was shot; and from that time to this insurrections, new constitutions, and the murder of presidents and ministers have followed each other in rapid succession. At present Gen. Salomon is at the head of the government; he was elected in October, 1879, for seven years, and it seems probable that he will complete his term of office—a rare occurrence in Hayti. His administration has been marked by illegal military executions, murder and pillage.

The population of Hayti is not accurately known, but must be more than 1,000,000. Nine-tenths of the population are black and one-tenth colored, and the colored is more and more approaching the black type. The mulattoes are superior to the blacks in intelligence, and have greater capacity for government, but even they have had no marked success. Both races desire political power for the sake of the spoils, and the general motto is that "to take government money is not theft." Between blacks and mulattoes there is bitter hostility; and mulattoes hate the whites also. The characteristics of the different races in Hayti appear in the popular fables. One of these relates that God once asked a white man, a mulatto, and a negro what each most desired. The first asked for a knowledge of the arts and sciences, the second for fine horses and beautiful women, the third for a bit of gold lace. Again, it is said that if arrested, a white man demands paper and ink, in order to draw up a protest, the mulatto looks about for means of escape, while the negro lies down, sleeps twenty-four hours, wakes, grumbles, turns over and goes to sleep again. This perpetual quarrel between the black and the mulatto is as bitter now as it has ever been, and is the principal cause of the barbarism of Hayti. The blacks still retain the religion and many of the customs of their African ancestors. Voodoo worship and cannibalism is common among them. This is the worship of the non-venomous serpent, and is accompanied by dancing, drinking, horrible crimes, and the most extravagant and disgusting debauchery, carried on under the direction of Voodoo priests, both male and female. No words can describe the loathsome scenes. One sect of the Voodoos condemn human sacrifices; but the accepted Voodoo religion includes not only the killing, cooking, and eating of children at religious gatherings, but the use of human beings as food—cannibalism for pleasure as well as for worship. The Voodoos are so numerous that their practices are seldom interfered with by the government. They are ignored in order to avoid political trouble. The Voodoo priests have also a wonderful knowledge of vegetable poisons, with their antidotes, and this gives them immense power. The snake-worship and debauchery of the Haytian blacks seem even worse than that of the Moqui Indians, which resembles it in many respects. Among the strangest things in modern history are Lieut. Burke's recently-published account of the serpent worship of the Moquis and this chapter on Voodoo worship and cannibalism. Sir Spencer St. John gives the proofs of these horrible things. They are of great importance, but are sickening in their vile details. He says, at the close of this account, that it must be remembered that the republic of Hayti is not a savage region in Central Africa, but an island in the midst of civilized communities; that it has a government modeled on that of France, all the paraphernalia of courts of justice and police, a free press, and a Catholic church, yet no power (with the exception of President Geffard during one year) has yet dared to grapple with

this wide-spread barbarism. The Voodoos have added to their disgusting worship a sort of film or veil of Catholicism. They seek the blessing of Catholic priests, and in the places where the huge sacred snakes are kept they hang pictures of the Virgin Mary and of Jesus.

Sir Spencer St. John gives full information in regard to the present political and commercial condition of Hayti. He has carefully studied the problems of race and government there. His conclusions are important. He says that one by one his illusions have passed away. He now believes that the negro is incapable of holding an independent position. As long as he is influenced by contact with the white man, as in our southern states, he gets on very well. But away from such influence, as in Hayti, he falls back to savage customs. The negro is an inferior type of man. He may be greatly improved, but he is incapable of self-government, or making progress by himself. Politically speaking, the Haytiens are a hopeless people, and the best educated among them are more and more inclined to despair, as they see the cruelty, incapacity, weakness, wickedness, and violence of each government in turn that comes into power. The present government is in fact a military despotism, with every department badly and dishonestly managed. Neither the white man nor the colored man has any rights which the black man is bound to respect.

These are very serious charges, but they are founded on trustworthy evidence collected in Hayti, and supported by the persons who have the best knowledge of the country. Mr. J. J. Aubain, a Haytian mulatto, who has held many important offices, and who has been banished several times, has recently, in New York, given an account of Hayti quite as that given by Sir Spencer St. John, excepting that Mr. Aubain thinks cannibalism infrequent, although he acknowledges that the Voodoo worship is widespread and powerful. Both Mr. Aubain and Mr. Lazare, who is one of the representatives of the United States in Hayti, speak in the severest terms of the government there. Hayti has nothing good to show as the result of her eighty years of independence. The blacks increase in power and in barbarism; the mulattoes, once the hope of the country, are disappearing. What Hayti needs is annexation by some civilized country. In that lies her only hope of salvation.—Boston Advertiser.

Springs in Bavaria.

The Allgemeine Zeitung gives some interesting particulars of remarkable success in indicating the presence of water springs on the part of a man named Beraz, who seems to be a recognized authority in such matters. The scene of his performance was in the Bavarian highlands, at a height of more than 1,300 feet above the level of the sea. The commune of Rothenberg, near Hirschhorn, suffered greatly from want of water, and invited Beraz last autumn to endeavor to find some source of supply for them. He inspected the locality one afternoon in presence of the public authorities and a reporter of the Allgemeine Zeitung, and announced that water was to be found in certain spots at depths which he stated. The first spot was in the lower village, and he gave the likely depth between 62 feet and 72 feet, adding that the volume of water which the spring would give would be of about the diameter of an inch and a quarter. After incessant labor for four weeks, consisting mainly of rock blasting, the workmen came on a copious spring of water at a depth of almost 67 feet. What he declared about a water source for the upper village was very singular. He pointed to a spot where, he said, three water courses lay perpendicularly under one another, and running in parallel courses. The first would be found at a depth of between 22½ and 26 feet of about the size of a wheat straw, running in the direction from south-east to northwest. The second lay about 42 feet deep, was of about the size of a thick quill, and ran in the same direction. The third, he said, lay at a depth of about 50 feet, running in the same direction, and as large as a man's little finger. The actual results were as follows: The first water-course was struck at a depth of 27½ feet, running in the direction indicated, and having a diameter of one-fifth of an inch. The workmen came on the second at a depth of 42½ feet; it had a diameter of seven twenty-fifths of an inch. The third was found at 62½ feet below the surface, and having a diameter of three-fifths of an inch—all three running in the direction Beraz had indicated. Unfortunately, no hint is given of his method of procedure.

The Small Boy as a Relic-Hunter.

Scientists and their imitators have suggested that the young of any species betray during their process of development the instincts and habits of their prehistoric progenitors. Apply this theory to the small boy, and it becomes plain that one of man's earlier states was that of the bower bird. Restless, inquisitive, and acquisitive, the bower bird collects every brightly colored or oddly shaped object it can find, and with this plunder decorates its bower. So the small boy at the bower bird period wanders up and down the face of the earth after bird's eggs, stamps, coins, postmarks, newspaper headings, autographs, monograms, buttons, advertising cards, and seals.—Boston Advertiser.

The Chinese language has several thousand letters, but T is the one most used.

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels constive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dimness, Fluttering at the heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with full dreams, Highly colored Urine, and CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 50c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR or WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of \$1. Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

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Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic

It will purify and enrich the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS, and RESTORE THE HEALTH and VIGOR of YOUTH! In all diseases requiring a certain and efficient TONIC, especially Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength, etc., its use is marked with immediate and wonderful results. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power.

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Purely Vegetable; No Gripping. Price 25c. All Druggists

FREE! RELIABLE SELF-CURE.

A favorite prescription of one of the most noted and successful specialists in the U. S. (now retired) for the cure of Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Weakness and Decay. Sent in plain sealed envelope free. Druggists can fill it.

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THE BEST  
THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE  
ASK THE OLD FOLKS WHAT IT MEANS.  
THE CAMPAIGN TOKEN OF 1840.



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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.  
H. H. WARNER & CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

**FOR SKIN ERUPTIONS AND BAD BLOOD \$1.00 A BOTTLE.**

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W. T. HUDSON, of Brownsville, Ala., makes affidavit that four bottles of Warner's Tippecanoe Bitter cured him of a case of blood poisoning of twenty years' standing.

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REV. WM. WATSON, Watertown, N. Y., reports that his wife is indebted for her strength, to Warner's Tippecanoe, The Best.

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QUALITY NOT QUANTITY  
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PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

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STOMACH BITTERS

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# THE HERALD.

C. F. OVERACKER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1.40 PER YEAR.

## THE LATEST FOLLY.

Bleeding to Secure a Colorless Complexion.

"Bleeding is becoming fashionable among young society swells of both sexes, but it is mostly practiced by young men," said a society physician yesterday.

"By bleeding persons naturally become a little pale, and this gives them a kind of aristocratic appearance. For instance, if a young man has been rejected by the young lady who has upset his reason he can play upon her sympathies by having himself bled. The loss of blood would make him pale and interesting, and he could lounge around home for a few days and send out a report that he was dying of a broken heart. His paleness would show that something was the matter with him, and it might excite the lady's sympathy, if she had that element in her fashionable composition. The face could not be powdered or painted so as to represent illness. The ladies understand this artifice too well, and a great many are adopting the bleeding process. It is not that they wish to convey the impression they are dying by inches from grief. They don't do that now, but occasional bleeding makes them naturally pale, and their pretty faces are more easily colored in consequence. With a white background, or rather face, the face is colored without the preliminary trouble of washing it with a white compound before coloring is put on. The colors stick better, the paint does not show so plainly, does not close the pores of the skin so hermetically; a smoother appearance generally. Then, again, it is not the correct thing in fashionable society to appear too rosy and healthful. It would look as if they followed some occupation for a living. School girls, you know, eat pickles and slate-pencils under the impression that it will make them thin by drying up the blood. Bleaching is the latest device in fashionable society, and is resorted to by both sexes for opposite purposes. During the summer ladies are bleached, or bled, under the impression that the reduction of blood prevents an excess of perspiration—and nothing is considered more unfashionable than to perspire. That is why so many ladies look so cool and icy chilling in the red-hot months of summer. I do not know that the young men drink salt water after being bled like the other calves that are bleached for the market by cruel butchers, but no doubt salt water will soon become a fashionable craze in connection with the bleeding process."—N. Y. Times.

## OILING SHOES.

A Bootblack Grows Confidential and Tells the Secret to a Reporter.

A one-armed bootblack having taken the contract to oil the shoes of a reporter, after the preliminary brushing began by rubbing the leather with a wet cloth. When asked what it was for he explained: "When I began this business," said the operator, pausing a moment to cast an admiring glance at the high, aristocratic arch of the newspaperer's instep, "I used to keep on rubbing the oil into the leather until a man told me to stop. I thought they'd know when they had enough and I wanted to give satisfaction. Some of my customers complained that the oil soaked through their boots and saturated their socks. I thought perhaps I had been putting on too much oil, but the same fault was found in several

Finally an old shoemaker whom I knew came along and I asked him what I ought to do to save my trade. He told me never to oil a shoe until I had wet it first. The reason was that the water would penetrate the leather and, remaining there, keep the oil from soaking through. Besides the water would soften the leather and open it so that the oil would do the leather more good. My trade has prospered ever since.

"I was oiling a man up one day and he asked the same question you did. When I explained the reason he said that was on the same principle as that of painting kerosene oil-barrels. I told him I thought they were painted blue just to look nice. He said it was to prevent the barrels from leaking. During a long voyage or a long journey by rail sometimes half a barrel would leak through the pores of the wood and evaporate. So some sharp fellow began to study some way of preventing such loss. He first painted the barrel blue on the outside and then filled it with water and allowed it to stand until it had soaked up all it would. Then the oil was put in. The water kept the oil from soaking into the wood, and the paint on the outside kept the water from coming out. He got a patent on his discovery and now he sits in his office and draws his royalty of one cent on every barrel made to hold kerosene oil for shipment. He's got a mighty soft thing on oil barrels."

By this time the master of the art of oiling shoes, having rubbed a quart bottle of neat's-foot oil into the reporter's fifteen dollar gaiters, rested from his labors, and gracefully accepted the half-dollar which was dropped into his palm.—Chicago News.

Chelsea, July 1st, 1885.  
To The Public: During the month we will make it to your advantage to buy

# Crockery

Our stock is the largest and most complete ever shown in this market.

## 4 Patterns 4

Our line of glass was never so complete in all grades and kinds. We also carry a full assortment of fancy and common flower pots, hanging baskets, bird cage hooks, cuspadors, bird cages, rock and yellow ware. In bedroom set we can show you some very beautiful patterns at very low prices. Being unable to purchase any more of one of our decorated patterns, we will sell what is left of at cost. The pattern is a very desirable one and first quality in every respect.

We now have the exclusive sale of that new and attractive pattern, "Ivory Brown Warwick," which for appearance and durability has no equal. We take great pleasure in showing our line of crockery.

Sign of the striped awning.

Respectfully.

E. G. Hoag.

N. B. Look in at our window.

We warn our readers against "Patent roof-paint agents." They will paint your barn roofs free, and then ask you to sign a recommendation.

Then will turn up at the depot 100 gallons or more of paint at \$2.25 per gallon, and you will find your name to an order for it. Don't sign anything; and yet, though warned, some will do it.—Leader.

Samuel Hook and family of Detroit spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. Bacon.

The annual school meeting of Dist. No. 3, will be held Monday evening, July 12.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. DePuy, of Stockbridge, spent Sunday last in this place.

The farmer feeds the bloating u u,  
The sailor sells the c c,  
The gardener plants the p p, he does,  
The printer takes his c c,  
The sinner wipes his weeping i t,  
The farmer swarms his b b,  
The printer daily sets his m m,  
The teamster yells his g g,  
The lawyer gathers in his v v,  
When he has tried his k k;  
The sheriff's ever on the c c,  
The gambler risks his a a.

A SCHOOLBOY spelled d-e-c-i-m-a-l and pronounced it dismal. "What do you mean by calling that dismal?" exclaimed the teacher. "Cause it is," answered the boy. "It's dismal fractions. All fractions are dismal. There isn't a bit of fun in any of 'em."

A LITTLE boy was walking with his mamma, and there fell from above his head an avalanche of soot blown by the wind from a neighboring chimney. "Hello!" cried he, quite astonished, "some nigger snow!"

SAID a crafty husband to his business partner, "I have promised my wife an immense surprise for her birthday." "More extravagance?" "I shall give her nothing, it will be an immense surprise."

"WHEN you order a new covering for your parasol, of a particular color, you should always give the shade, my dear," said a lady to her daughter, who exclaimed, "Give the shade, mamma! Why, the parasol will do that!"

THERE is no indignation more terrible than that of an elderly man in a horse-car offered a seat by a sympathizing lady, when he snorts, "Kup your seat, mom; they hain't a stronger man in this car'n me!"

Six medical experts examined a man as to his sanity and were evenly divided. After they had wrangled about it for a week it was discovered that they had examined the wrong person altogether.

## Songs.

Prof. Blackie, in the course of some remarks about songs, recently made at Manchester, Eng., said: "The mixing of music with words—words that stir the soul and instruct the mind—is the most intellectual of all possible entertainments." This suggests that the song-makers of America should exercise greater care in the composition of the words. Many songs have had a brief season of favor in the theaters, which, had the sentiment been as well expressed in the words as in the music, might have become as thoroughly suggestive of the American nationality as the "Annie Laurie" or "Scots wha hae" of Scotland.—Current.

A new idea at Newport is to serve watermelon in the middle of a dinner instead of at the end. It fills the guests' chock full, and they can't eat so much. Providence (R. I.) Journal.

Slaughter of Birds for Ladies' Hats—What Mr. Bergh Thinks of It.

Walking up Broadway one fine afternoon lately, a Tribune reporter noticed an unusually large display of plumage on ladies' hats. He saw the wings, plumes, heads, and bills of red birds, yellow birds, robins and humming-birds, and almost every variety of the feathered songster known, doing duty in adorning the headwear and trimmings of the enthusiastic devotees of fashion. In many instances the birds that looked so pretty on these jaunty hats were complete, and the stuffed songster looked as gay as in life. In the windows of a millinery store, frequented mainly by wealthy ladies of fashion, the reporter saw many hats thus decorated. With a hesitating step he went in, and was met by a stout dame, who wore an elaborate dress dotted with dead fire-flies. In life these fire-flies had undergone a squeezing process, which caused the phosphorus in them to exude, and has the effect of making a brilliant costume.

The store-keeper informed the reporter that the fire-flies are imported from warm countries, mainly the Indies, where they are prepared for market. She had them for sale. One of the large counters was almost entirely covered with stuffed birds and various parts of birds, ready to be placed on hats and trimmings, as the fancy or taste of the wearer might suggest.

"Are you not afraid of being arrested for cruelty?" asked the reporter.

"No, indeed! We import them," replied the woman, looking the reporter out of countenance. "They would not arrest a woman?" she asked, or rather stated, in the most assuring manner.

The reporter called on President Bergh, who said: "I have noticed lately that this cruel onslaught is increasing. There is a greater display of these little tortured creatures than ever before. I notice it in the fashionable stores in upper Broadway, in cheap Sixth Avenue, and down in Eighth Avenue. This wanton slaughter, flaying birds alive and tearing feathers from their quivering bodies is the most barbarous cruelty that can be practiced. It is an insult to the civilization which we boast. The savages can do no more than that. If he does take a few feathers from a fowl it is the pride of a warrior that prompts him, not a merciless vanity, and he is therefore more excusable than our more cultivated and refined people. The feathers are plucked from these living birds, and their limbs are torn from them while in the agonies of death, under the impression that if the feathers are cured while the blood is warm they have a fresher and more lasting tint.

"They may import a few," continued Mr. Bergh, "but the demand for birds has become so great of late that the Jersey farmers are now trapping pigeons and raising squabs for this market, to be sacrificed to cruel fashion's whims. The squabs are killed when only a few weeks old and their plumage is fresh and bright. A stuffed squab sometimes looks more 'cunning' on a hat than a full-fledged pigeon. Stuffed squirrels are also largely used. What is more ridiculous and yet suggestive of insatiable vanity than to see a couple of squirrels on a woman's hat? These squirrels are brought over from Jersey and the Long Island bogs by boys who sell them at fifteen or twenty cents each. The young squirrels are generally selected for this bloody sacrifice because of their more desirable size. Cats were formerly used, but there was so much trouble in cutting their skins down to the proper size that kittens have been substituted.

"It seems that nothing—not even the most defenseless and prettiest of God's creatures—the birds of the air, can escape the merciless hands of fashion's slaves. Fashion has such an unlimited power that our women are not only deaf to mercy, but ruin their own health and sacrifice their lives in following its arbitrary decrees.

# 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.



## MISCELLANEOUS.

Certain doctors insist that hydrophobia is simply a disease entirely of the imagination.—*N. Y. Sun.*

"Times is so hard that I feel like holding up a stage," murmured a half-famished prospector. And then he added musingly, "but what 'ud be the use? Nine out of ten of the fellers wouldn't have a cent, and the tenth 'ud have a gun."—*Denver Opinion.*

Rev. J. Walter Lowrie, a Presbyterian missionary to China, has the only four-wheeled vehicle in Pekin—an ungraceful but useful covered depot wagon, built in Ohio. The natives are amazed at its wheels, so light and yet strong.

A sportsman at Cumberland, Va., sighted a flock of turkeys the other day and told his dog to lie down. The dog obeyed, and he went after the fowls. Five hours afterward the man came back to look for the dog, and found him lying where he had left him.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Thomas Macdonald, who since the 28th of November last has been confined as a lunatic in the Hudson River Asylum at Poughkeepsie, labors under the delusion that he neither eats nor sleeps. He also believes that his legs are drying up and that if a knife were stuck in them it would not draw a drop of blood.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The pawnbrokers of Boston are considerably agitated and fear a loss of patronage in consequence of an order issued recently by the police commission compelling them to send to headquarters at the close of each day a description of each article presented to them, the amount of money loaned on the same, together with the name and description of each person offering it.—*Boston Globe.*

The camphor laurel, a native of China, and the tree from which most of the camphor of commerce is obtained, seems to have been introduced successfully into California, one tree in Sacramento having attained a height of thirty feet. The wood, every part of which smells strongly of camphor, is light and durable, not liable to injury from insects, and much favored by cabinet-makers.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Oscar Wilde said the other day, in his lecture at Glasgow, that nothing distressed him more than to see in a paragraph that such and such a color was going to be fashionable next season, and he held that it would not be more ridiculous to read in a musical magazine that "B flat" was going to be a fashionable note. I certainly think that if "B flat" can not possibly make itself fashionable, "A flat" can, and very often does.—*London Truth.*

A little strip of sidewalk about five feet wide in front of the United States Court House in Boston is constantly the refuge of the street peddlers of bouquets who wish to evade payment of the license fee which the city ordinances require. As the strip is the property of the United States, they can here bid defiance to the police, but it not infrequently happens that their eagerness to sell lures them out, and then, if caught, they are brought to court and fined.—*Boston Journal.*

## GAMBLING IN NEW ORLEANS.

The Prevalence of the Vice in the Chief Southern City.

The publicity with which gambling is carried on is one of the peculiar characteristics of the city. There are seventy-five gambling houses within a block of the intersection of St. Charles and Canal Streets, and they thrive all over the city. Many of these are large, gilded dens conducted with the same openness as any legitimate business. City officials and policemen can be seen in these illegal resorts at almost any hour of the day or night. The laws against gambling are about as strict as in New York, but they are a dead letter. On the contrary, one source of the city revenue is from what is called the Gamblers' Fund. Each gambling house is required to pay so much a month to the Mayor, according to an extra legal arrangement maintained by common consent. Failure to pay is followed by an enforcement of the law closing the house of the refractory proprietor. At least such is the theory on which the fund is conducted. It is supposed to be applied to the maintenance of the almshouse. But there is no public accounting, and in the hands of a ring of corrupt politicians it is easy to guess what that means. Proprietors of gambling houses generally have political "influence," and doubtless many of them pay nothing for the privilege of running their dens of vice night and day. Sundays included. Outsiders are not allowed to come here and share in the profits.

The spirit of gambling rules the city. In the windows of cigar shops, news stands and such places are displayed for sale the tickets of the Louisiana Lottery Company, for selling which large commissions are paid. On days when a drawing takes place the newspapers have an extra edition, and much excitement is shown among the poorer people who can least afford to be stripped of their small earnings. This lottery company has a fine building here, but the chief proprietors live in luxury in New York and elsewhere. They are said to contribute \$40,000 a year to an asylum, which is all they pay for the privilege of enticing the people of the country to throw away hundreds of thousands of dollars annually. The company runs its finances on the lottery system. Its bonds are distributed into series, which are placed in a wheel, and the lucky numbers draw prizes every two months.—*N. O. Cor. N. Y. Trib.*

## KINDLING WOOD.

A Great Industry in New York City That is Little Thought About.

With winter comes kindling wood. And what an immense amount of it, too! The fires in furnaces, stoves and grates are constantly going out, and as constantly require relighting. The rattle of the sticks dumped from the cart down the coal hole is a sound almost as familiar as a campaign cheer, while in front of every grocery are tall columns of the more aristocratic kindling that is tied up in round bunches and piled one on top of the other.

By the uninitiated kindling wood is considered a mere bagatelle in household arrangements—a convenient domestic economy that utilizes all the odds and ends of wood that will accumulate and otherwise would prove a nuisance. But the odds and ends don't supply the demand, or begin to. The manufacture of this insignificant article is a great and growing industry that employs hundreds of men and consumes as many cords of wood in this city every day.

Where is it all made? A Herald reporter went to see. Most of the yards are on the West side, in the vicinity of Gansevoort Market, yet there are others, and no inconsiderable number either, scattered along both water fronts from the Battery to Harlem River.

The reporter, searching for a yard, threaded his way through those narrow, dirty and obstructed streets that branch out of the old Greenwich village, and are cut short in their bewildering course by the North River. The peculiar odor of pine and fresh cut wood greeted him as he went along. Within a couple of blocks of the river was a long row of straggling sheds, with a tall brick chimney rising from their midst. The buildings, chimney and everything connected with the establishment was painted lead color. Sawdust floated everywhere, and the hum of buzz saws drowned all other sounds. Under the eaves of a one-story building were eight little roofs projecting over eight apertures, from which fitful streams of kindling wood were tumbling into eight carts drawn up underneath. In less than ten minutes a cart was filled, and its place quickly taken by others that were constantly arriving, the streams never stopping meanwhile. Through an archway farther down an intermittent procession of one-horse carts was filling up from the docks loaded with straight grained and sound looking cord wood. The reporter followed a cart into the enclosure.

"Is this all going to be kindling wood?" is the first thought that strikes a beholder. The place was only typical of dozens of others. A description of one will answer for all. A large yard, nearly filled with tiers of cord wood, that rise in steps from the height of a man to over a score of feet. On the steps are laborers, with blue blouses and overalls, passing up the sticks to other laborers above. Under the sheds are rows of sawing machines, from which the chunks, as they come out, are dropped into a slide that places them into an upright position under a "splitter," an arrangement of crossed knives that descend with trip hammer force on the end of the stick. From each cutter is a revolving belt, with brackets attached, that carries the split wood away and dumps it in the carts outside.

In another building are the bundlers, the men who make up the little bundles of short sticks. Each bundler has a reservoir in front of him with an opening in the bottom, from which he takes the pieces to fill the gauge by which they are measured. The deftness displayed by the bundlers in picking out sticks that fit the required erevice, and the rapidity with which they fill the gauges, are remarkable. When full, a lever power is applied by the foot, and the bunch squeezed down to dimensions of about a foot in diameter. By an ingenious arrangement a cord is in constant readiness to be knotted around the bunch.

"It is a rather odd economy that kindling is made out of one of the most expensive timbers—Virginia pine," said an old dealer.

"What does it cost?"

"Never less than six dollars a cord. It is all brought up here from Virginia in sloops. But it is getting higher and less plentiful each year, and it is only a question of a short time when the supply will give out altogether."

"What will you do then?"

"Oh, get it from some remote point. The center of wood supply has gradually been moving away from New York and the consumption of wood done away with as much as possible."

"The time was," he continued, "when every New York family used to have an open wood fire, and cheerful embers glowed on many hearths—the center of everything homelike. Now we are a city without hearths, and with much less of a home feeling about our abodes than of old. In those days the fuel was brought down from the banks of the Hudson, and it was possible to burn it prodigally and still not be extravagant."

"How much wood is used now in kindlings?"

"I can only give you an idea of what the factories use—and that will surprise you."

"There are about fifty factories in the city. They each use on an average about twenty cords a day at this season. That is, one thousand cords of first-class pine timber are used every day to light the fires in this city."



The  
Rockford  
LEADS  
WOOD  
BRO'S  
Agents.



## 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 convalescent. In a month 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 fore-armed. The liver, the stomach, the bowels, the kidneys are rendered disease proof by this great invigorator. Ruinous 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, DePay & Co.

## Home Markets.

APPLES, Ptbl.	75	@ 1.50
BRANS	75	@ 1.00
BARLEY	1.00	@ 1.25
BUTTER	30	@ 10
CORN	30	@ 30
DRIED APPLES	3	@ 3
EGGS	10	@ 10
HIDES	5.50	@ 6
HOGS, dressed	5.00	@ 5.00
LARD	8	@ 8
OATS	32	@ 25
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.

## SPECULATING IN MARRIAGES.

How Poor Young Men are Enabled to Marry Rich Wives.

"Larry is speculating in marriages now, I believe," said one of a party of gentlemen who were seated in the reading-room of the Fifth Avenue hotel last night.

"Speculating in marriages!" repeated another of the party. "For goodness sake what kind of business is that?"

"Why, he lends money to young fellows who have prospects of marrying rich wives," said the first speaker. "Not long ago a good-looking young fellow with charming manners, but poor, came here from Philadelphia. He was admitted into good society and the pretty daughter of a rich merchant fell in love with him. The young Philadelphia was about to drop the courtship because he did not have the necessary money to keep it up. He knew Larry, and when he met him one day he told him of his love affair."

"If you are sure you can win the girl," said Larry, "I will furnish the money and you can pay me back when you get your rich wife." With the money he got from Larry he was able to dress better and to go out a great deal more.

The young lady's parents thought the young man had money, and they readily consented to his union with their daughter. They were finally married and the young man was started in business by his father-in-law. He has been able to pay back the principal to Larry with heavy interest. Larry was so encouraged that now he has another young man in training. The young fellow is very popular with the ladies, and he has a fair chance of securing a rich wife before the winter is over. Larry is also arranging to carry on this line of speculation with strangers. He made his money in Colorado by "staking" miners, and as he puts himself, he is now going to "stake" men who are trying to strike gold in matrimonial ventures. Whenever man can convince by the production of love letters and other reliable evidence that he is reasonably sure of marrying a rich wife, Larry will lend him the money to go on. He runs a great risk of losing, but he charges 100 per cent. interest and keeps the love letters for security, besides taking a note which states for what purpose the borrower expects to use the money. If he comes out all right in his calculations, he is sure to pay as he is in Larry's power, and even if he is unsuccessful he will be very apt to try and relieve himself of the obligation, as an exposure would be, to say the least, unpleasant.

"I once knew a gambler who backed up a young man," said a third member of the party, "about the same way. The person had once been quite well off and belonged to an excellent family. But he got down in the world and was in a bad way, as he was incapable of making a living in any business."

"Why don't you marry a lady with plenty of money and be independent," asked his gambling friend one day. "Can't do it, because I have not the money to appear in society, and besides people are beginning to find out that I have lost my fortune," replied the young fellow. The gambler agreed to furnish the money with which to make the trial. That season the fellow visited all the leading watering-places, dressed in the height of fashion, and appeared to have no end of money, which he spent in the most princely manner. He met a beautiful girl, with a rich father, and married her the following winter. On the wedding day her father gave her \$50,000 as a starter. When the bridegroom came to settle up with his friend, the gambler, he was indebted to him \$5,000. Three months afterward he gave the gambler \$15,000. The couple are living happily to-day on Fifth Avenue."

In Chicago a number of pawnbrokers will advance money for this purpose.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

## How Honeycomb is Filled.

Dr. C. Spencer has been prying into the business secrets of the bee, and thus tells of what he has learned: "In my observatory hive one cell was built against the glass, and that afforded an excellent opportunity of seeing how bees deposit honey in the cell. First, a bee deposited a thin coating of honey upon the base of the cell, making a sort of varnish, as it were, to the base of the cell. The next bee that came with honey raised up the lower edge of this film of honey and forced its honey beneath; the next bee did the same, and the film acted as a kind of diaphragm, keeping honey in the cell. When the cell is full enough to be sealed, the bees commence contracting the opening with wax until there is only a small hole left in the centre, when they appear to take one little flake of wax and pat it down over the opening. At any time during the process of filling the cell the honey could be withdrawn with a hypodermic syringe, and the 'diaphragm' left hanging in the cell."—*Boston Transcript.*

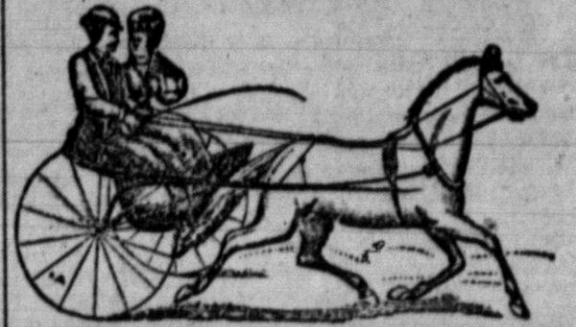
Among other idealistic dresses is an oriental creation of gold silk and cream tissue, figured with green palm leaves woven into the sheen-like fabric, the leaves being in clusters, the corsage loopings of the skirt and hair all being furnished with pendants and borderings of oriental pearls, with marvelously beautiful effect. Its sister dress is of a new material, embossed with wild roses, combined in lace net in the same design, with edge to match, the looped back and train being of the embossed fabric, while the front is formed of the lace in underskirt and most artistically draped over apron.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

## C. E. CHANDLER,

GENERAL BLACKSMITH,

—A S D—

CARRIAGE MANUFACTURER.



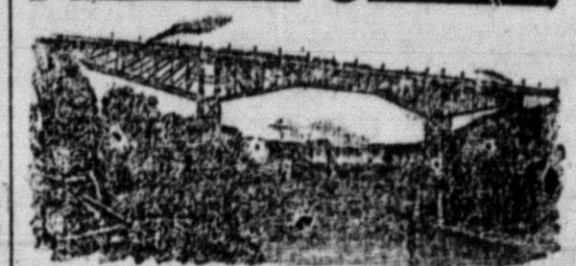
A nice assortment of New and Second-hand Carriages for sale at Bottom prices. Call and see!

I also have in connection a

## First Class Livery

consisting of Good Drivers and Riggs. Shop north of Railroad, opposite Foundry. 696

## MICHIGAN CENTRAL



The Niagara Falls Route.

## 90th MERIDIAN TIME.

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

GOING WEST.  
Mail Train, Air line from Jackson to Niles.....9:57 A. M.  
Grand Rapids Express.....6:07 P. M.  
Evening Express.....9:00 P. M.  
GOING EAST.  
Night Express.....5:33 A. M.  
Grand Rapids Express.....9:57 A. M.  
Mail Train.....5:17 P. M.  
WM. MARTIN, Agent.  
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## MALARIA.

As an anti-malarial medicine

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S

## 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 of great value 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, 5 for \$5, by all druggists.

## BOILERS

STEPHEN PRATT'S

STEAM BOILER WORKS,

(Established 1865.)

Manufacturers of high & low pressure and steam heating boilers of all kinds; smoke pipes, breechings, etc. Old boilers taken in exchange for new. Rivets, boiler plates and boiler tubes for sale. Cor. Foundry-st. and Mich. Cent'l R. R. track, Detroit, Mich. 21

## NIMROD

Plug Tobacco.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS AND TOBACCO DEALERS. NOTED FOR ITS EXCELLENT CHEW, DELICIOUS FLAVOR AND CHEERFUL TASTE. THIS TOBACCO IS MANUFACTURED OF FINEST LEAF PUREST SWEETENING EVERYBODY CHEWS NIMROD. SEND FOR SAMPLES. S. W. VENABLE & CO., Petersburg, Va.









I sent an eagle from my ark.  
When a land was dull and dark,  
And watched it as it took its flight  
Over and upward to a height  
Supreme and grand; its wings outspread  
Made a black canopy overhead.  
Through which no ray of comfort stole,  
Nor promise of a peaceful goal.

I sent a dove from out the ark,  
When all around was dull and dark,  
And watched it as it sailed on high,  
Its white wings brightening the sky—  
As if heaven's gate stood wide apart—  
Until the radiance reached my heart,  
And on the pinions of a dove  
I found the anchorage of love.

Too oft ambition clouds the gaze,  
Removes the sunshine from life's ways,  
And, like an eagle in its flight,  
Is lost upon some giddy height;  
While on white wings the carrier dove  
Bears the poor burdened soul above,  
Into an atmosphere of peace,  
Where all these surging billows cease.

—Josephine Polard, in *Independent*.

THE TWO SISTERS.

"Joan," said Grizzle, "have ye seen  
my black cat the morn?"

"O, ay. I saw the beast an' gave  
him a kick for his thiev'." He had a  
bit of my tripe in his mouth, an' was  
shokin' an' glowerin' as though he  
had gang clean out o' his head. Gin I  
catch him at his tricks again there'll  
be eneuch o' him left to mak' a  
dinner for Auld Sandy's dog."

"Hoot, hoot, Joan! Ken ye no the  
words o' Holy Writ: 'The merciful  
man is merciful unto his beast,' an'  
with what measure ye mete it shall be  
measured to you again?"

"Weel, Grizzle, the beast is nane o'  
mine, an' gin any mon catches me  
eatin' his dinner frae him he may  
erve me as he chooses."

"There now, Joan, ye're clean wrang.  
The paur beast hae no the sense to ken  
he a human. An' his nature bein' to  
eat, it is clear that he maun hae been  
predestined to live in that way for the  
very o' God. Hoo, then, can ye re-  
cuse it wi' yer ain conscience to  
use the paur beastie?"

"An' hoo cud I hae kicked him for  
gin I had nae been predestined to  
it? Answer me that noo, Griz-  
zle."

"Hech. I sadly fear ye were so pre-  
sented, an' that it shows ye to be yet  
the gall o' bitterness an' the bond o'  
guilt, bein' even as Pharaoh,  
whose heart was hardened by the  
Laird."

"Gin Pharaoh were like ye, Grizzle,  
I'd care mair for a beast than for a  
man, 'twas na a hard matter to  
ken his heart."

"The Laird kens weel that a paur  
beastie is better nor a human, whiles.  
I misdoit me sair that He'll  
some o' them in glory, for though  
Gude Book says 'Without are dogs,'  
ye nae word o' cats."

"Hoot, toot, what blasphemy are ye  
in, Grizzle? I fear ye are ane o'  
seunary souls 'wrestling the Scrip-  
tures to their ain description,' as Paul  
sae. Min' ye not the words o' John:  
'any mon shall add anything to  
the book, God shall add unto him the  
plagues in this book?' Haud yer  
gue, Grizzle, an' be more carefu'  
speyke o' the Laird's decrees."

"It's nae blasphemy. Let no mon  
bo' himself more highly than he  
thinks, said the Gude Book;  
I hae thought lang syne, Joan, ye  
sae takin' too much upo' yersel'.  
Laird did na ask you aboot His de-  
crees, an' whan gat ye private inform-  
ation o' them?"

"Gin ye speyk that gait to me, Griz-  
zle, I'll never speyk to ye again."  
"Laird's loss will it be then Joan, gin  
ye'er ye time tellin' me the Laird  
predestined me to the ill place. I  
sae wish to hear ye talk ye can  
something pleasanter to hear nor  
the fury of the sisters was now at  
heat. They sat, each with kilted  
on her own side of the fireplace  
speaking for an hour. Then  
suddenly rose and, going to her  
work basket that stood on the  
window ledge, took out a piece of  
red string. Coming back she  
dressed accurately from the middle  
of one door the little cot-  
ton-possessed, to the mid-  
dle of the fireplace, and drew a chalk  
connecting the two. Some arti-  
ficial Grizzle's that were on her side  
across this line, and then sat  
and, taking up the big old Bible,  
to read. Grizzle watched her a  
moment, but she went on—"may come  
to herself an' let me forgive her ere she  
gaes awa"—an' ye suld not do it—ye  
ken that the Laird's a hard task-mas-  
ter, an' He'll be sair displeased wi' ye,  
Mr. Maclesie."

The old man looked at her with  
keen, sad eyes. "I'll pray for Grizzle,  
Joan, but—"

She broke in eagerly. "Ye might  
forget, Mr. Maclesie. Ye're gettin' an  
auld mon, ye ken. Mibbies ye cud  
pray her, an' now, an' then I suld  
know that a' had been done that cud.  
It's a fearsome thing, sir, to think o'  
me bein' inside the gate a-singin' an'  
a-harpin' an' a-dancin' for joy an' my  
paur Grizzle, that was sic a bonnie  
lass whan she was young, skreelin'  
outside in the dark an' the cold. She  
was a safer'd o' the dark, Grizzle, an'  
she was sic a bonny young thing an'  
gude to me. Hech, sir! it seems as if  
it were only last week when McPherson  
was droun, an' she cam' to me  
an' sent awa' a' the auld women an'  
tulk me in her young arms an' cried  
o'er me, an' said she'd serve me a' her  
life. An' she was gude to me. Aye,  
gude for mony a weary year an' lang.  
Mr. Maclesie, think ye that she'll no  
ken anything again before she gaes  
awa?"

"I canna tell, Joan."

"Hech, sir! It's sair to bide here  
an' she not ken. It's mony a year I  
micht hae taled to her an' did na, an'

trangement. It was a sight to make  
angels weep when the two knelt down,  
each at her own bedside, at night, and  
prayed the Lord to have mercy upon  
the heathen, and those in foreign lands,  
to prepare His true servants for their  
entrance into glory, ending with the  
awful cry, "Come Laird, Jesus, come  
quickly, an' tak' Thine ain name, an'  
let Thine enemies who will na repent  
perish in the ill place forever. An'  
Thine shall be the glory. Amen!"—  
or, at morning, when the rosy flush  
of the dawn came through Joan's win-  
dow and tinged the gray faded forms  
with a lovely hue, as they knelt by  
their separate little stands and said  
"Our Father!"—or to watch them  
walking on the Sabbath day to kirk,  
and sitting decorously side by side in  
the narrow pew, while they joined in  
the psalm-singing or said Amen, with  
solemn unction to the prayers, or lis-  
tened to the Gospel of peace and for-  
giveness. A strange and horrible  
sight, and one never seen before or  
since. Yet hold! Are there no hus-  
bands and wives, no brothers and sis-  
ters and friends, who have knelt down  
with hot hatred in their hearts and  
said the "Our Father" together? Let  
him that is without sin among us cast  
the first stone.

The neighborhood everywhere came  
in, of course, to remonstrate with the  
wretched pair and to go home and gos-  
sip about them, but the sisters turned  
a deaf ear to all remonstrance, and  
even when occasion demanded sent a  
stone into the enemy's camp that  
mightily discomfited them. For to more  
than one Joan made answer: "Look at  
hame an' min' yer children that quar-  
rel like cats on a summer night. As for  
me I pray daily that Grizzle may be  
converted gin it be the Laird's will, for  
I wad na dictate to him what he sail  
do."

And Grizzle, in answer to all en-  
treates to leave, said: "Na, na. There's  
room enough, an' I maun be here. Gin  
Joan repents, I maun be at hand to  
forgie her, though I sair misdoubt her  
heart has grown as hard as the nether  
millstone, being, as the Apostle says,  
without natural affection."

The summers went and came and  
went and came again with late sweet  
flowers and tender breaths of wind  
across the hills, and the sisters watched  
them, Joan from the east window,  
Grizzle from the west. The winter  
storms howled around the cottage, and  
the snow drifted high against the win-  
dows, and the sisters listened as they  
sat, each on her own side of the fire,  
in dreary, uncompanionable compan-  
ionship.

And twenty years went by.

It was a wild, wet morning in  
March. Mr. Maclesie, the minister,  
was coming down the road that leads  
from the manse into the village, when  
a woman came running up to him.

"Oh, sir, come quick to the Gray  
Cottage. The sisters hae had a stroke,  
an' they're baith lyin' helpless in their  
beds. Hech, sir! it's an awsome sight!"

"Oh, when did this happen? when  
did this happen?"

"I dinna ken, sir. I gaed in this  
morn, for there was nae reek fro' the  
chimney, an' I thought it strange, an'  
I found them there, baith stricken in a  
single night. Hech, sir. Poor Grizzle  
has lost her mind, an' lies talkin' o'  
the cornfields fifty years syne, an'  
singin' auld sangs as gin she were a  
lass again. But Joan does na speyk."

They hurried to the cottage, and  
found it even as Elsie had said. The  
moment they entered Joan called the  
minister. He came to her.

"Send Elsie away," she said, speak-  
ing with difficulty but distinctly. "I  
wad speyk wi' ye."

Mr. Maclesie dismissed the old wo-  
man, and then returned to Joan's side.  
He sat down by the narrow bed and  
listened to what she had to say.

"I aye thought," she said, still  
speaking with difficulty, but yet clear-  
ly, "that the ministers were right  
when they said that the Laird's decree  
provided for the prayers o' the right-  
eous. He foreknowin' the same fro' a'  
eternity, an' I've heard ye preach that  
same doctrine, ye ken weel, Mr. Mac-  
lesie."

"I ken na ither way to reconcile the  
decrees o' the Laird wi' our ain free  
will," he answered thoughtfully.

"Now, gin the Laird has made pro-  
visions for ye to pray for paur Grizzle  
that she"—the hard voice shook for a  
moment, but she went on—"may come  
to herself an' let me forgive her ere she  
gaes awa"—an' ye suld not do it—ye  
ken that the Laird's a hard task-mas-  
ter, an' He'll be sair displeased wi' ye,  
Mr. Maclesie."

The old man looked at her with  
keen, sad eyes. "I'll pray for Grizzle,  
Joan, but—"

She broke in eagerly. "Ye might  
forget, Mr. Maclesie. Ye're gettin' an  
auld mon, ye ken. Mibbies ye cud  
pray her, an' now, an' then I suld  
know that a' had been done that cud.  
It's a fearsome thing, sir, to think o'  
me bein' inside the gate a-singin' an'  
a-harpin' an' a-dancin' for joy an' my  
paur Grizzle, that was sic a bonnie  
lass whan she was young, skreelin'  
outside in the dark an' the cold. She  
was a safer'd o' the dark, Grizzle, an'  
she was sic a bonny young thing an'  
gude to me. Hech, sir! it seems as if  
it were only last week when McPherson  
was droun, an' she cam' to me  
an' sent awa' a' the auld women an'  
tulk me in her young arms an' cried  
o'er me, an' said she'd serve me a' her  
life. An' she was gude to me. Aye,  
gude for mony a weary year an' lang.  
Mr. Maclesie, think ye that she'll no  
ken anything again before she gaes  
awa?"

"I canna tell, Joan."

"Hech, sir! It's sair to bide here  
an' she not ken. It's mony a year I  
micht hae taled to her an' did na, an'

noo the Laird has ta'en awa' the  
poo'er. O Mr. Maclesie! pray! pray!  
wi' a' yer might! I maun hear her  
speyk till me onet an' say, 'Joan, good  
night!' The voice of the speaker had  
risen almost to a scream, and sudden-  
ly it pierced the dull ears of the form  
that lay gibbering and laughing on the  
other bed.

"Joan, paur Joan!" it said. "I  
maun send the ither a' awa' an' com-  
fort Joan, for she has nane but me  
noo."

Then the voice died away in a sigh.

Mr. Maclesie went over to the other  
bed, and half lifting, half dargging,  
brought it across that little room,  
across that dividing line, and set it  
close to Joan's. As Grizzle's bed  
touched hers, Joan burst into tears.  
The old man lifted the poor, helpless  
hand and laid it on her sister's. "I  
forgive thee, Grizzle, as I hope to be  
forgiven," he said solemnly, and Joan  
repeated the words after him. Then  
he knelt and prayed.

Oh, what a scene was that! With-  
out, a leafless rose bush was tapping  
against the narrow little window in  
the wild March wind. Within, those  
two poor beds stood side by side and  
both inside the line that had divided  
them so long, and on the beds those  
stricken forms lay motionless as death.  
One "babbling o' green fields," and  
one, with face of agony, and wild, be-  
seeming eyes, lifted to the old min-  
ister's face as he lifted it to heaven  
and prayed.

"Father, forgive them, for they knew  
not what they did!" he said, and Joan  
sobbed "Amen!"

"They've been stumblin' along owre  
the reuch stanes, side by side, but far  
apart, hurtin' one another sair ilka  
day an' a day lang. Oh, tak' them  
hame to Thee and hap them up in one  
another's arms till they hae learned  
Thy name is love. An' Thine be the  
poo'er an' the glory. Amen."

As he rose from his knees and  
looked down at Joan, the tears were  
running down her face, but it had lost  
its look of hopeless helpless agony.  
He laid one hand on the head of either  
sister as he said:

"The Laird mak' His face to shine  
upo' thee. The Laird lift up the light  
o' his countenance upo' thee an' gie  
thee peace." Then he went away.

But at midnight there was a knock  
and a cry at the manse door. "Come  
to the Gray Cottage, sir, sune's ye  
can!"

The minister dressed himself hur-  
riedly and went down. There was a  
knot of neighbors at the door, but  
they made way for him to pass. And  
there with the moonlight streaming  
through the open door upon them,  
and the firelight on the old divided  
hearth flashing and dancing and  
throwing its kindly flames high as  
though it would fain see them more  
clearly, and the flickering of the dy-  
ing candle that the old woman who  
had been watching held above her  
head, casting the faces now in light  
and now in shadow, lay the two sis-  
ters dead in one another's arms.

"I had ga'en asleep, sir," said the  
old woman, "in the chimney neuk,  
whan of a sudden there cam' a screech  
fit to wak' the deid. I jumped up an'  
luiked an' there were Joan an' Grizzle  
happin' in one another's arms, sittin'  
up straight in bed. But before I cud  
get there they had fa'en back as they  
are now, an' baith were gane."

Two days afterward the sisters were  
buried in the old kirk yard. And  
over the grave the old minister put a  
simple stone with the words:

"In their death they were not divid'd."  
—Eula L. Ogden, in *Chicago Current*.

Buried Alive.

A word of caution against reckless  
haste in burial can hardly be uttered  
too often. It is not necessary to search  
the records of the past and bring for-  
ward many horrible stories of prema-  
ture burial which can be found in  
them, for, during the first month of  
the year 1885, the daily press reported  
two cases of this kind. One was that  
of a young man, the other a young  
woman. Both reports come from  
southern cities. Both tell how the po-  
sition of the body and other circum-  
stances discovered on re-opening the  
coffins, disclosed proofs that the unfor-  
tunate victims regained consciousness  
in the grave and found escape im-  
possible. It is, perhaps, in southern  
countries that such things are most  
likely to occur, owing to the custom  
of speedy burial; but in every country  
and in every case of supposed death  
some sufficient test should be applied  
before going on with the preparations  
for interment, and perhaps the safest  
way would be to wait for some small  
indication of dissolution. It is, south-  
ern countries there is danger of bury-  
ing a person alive through haste to  
get the body under ground, there is in  
northern countries a chance of sub-  
jecting living bodies to death in the  
ice-box. Any one expressing a prefer-  
ence in such matters would, of course,  
prefer to be frozen to death before be-  
ing buried rather than be buried alive.  
It seems horrible to contemplate the  
occurrence of either of these mistakes  
at this stage of science and civilization.

—Dr. Foote's *Health Monthly*.

A Cabbage Sent to the President.

A colored man toiled up the steps  
leading to the white house portico with  
a box about two feet square, recently,  
and said it was for the president. On  
one side of the box was "Grover Cleve-  
land, president of the United States,"  
and on the other, "From the Fort  
Worth Grocery company, Fort Worth,  
Tex." Through the apertures between  
the boards could be seen the leaves of  
a massive cabbage. It weighed twenty-  
one pounds.

FAMOUS MEN WHO SMOKE.

Mr. Arthur's Fragrant Havana—Gen. Sher-  
man's Odd Habit with a Cigar—Congress-  
men who are Fond of Smoking—  
Representatives Smoke Cheaper  
Cigars than Senators.

If Gen. Grant's use of tobacco was  
excessive, there are very many men in  
seeming vigorous health, and of very  
active habits, who must regard them-  
selves as very intemperate users of the  
stimulant. Many men smoke more  
cigars a day than Gen. Grant was ac-  
customed to do, although physicians  
say that it is not the number of  
cigars so much as the strength of them  
that effects the health. Among public  
men it is the exception to find one  
who does not use tobacco in one form  
or another, sometimes in two ways,  
and almost all of them firmly believe  
that tobacco does not hurt them.

Judge Kelley's case has been cited as  
one where cancer was caused by the  
excessive use of tobacco, but he told  
the writer that the cancerous affection  
of the cheek from which he suffered  
was due to the habit he had of going to  
sleep with a quid of tobacco tucked  
into his cheek, and resting his head on  
that side. Judge Kelley, now 70 years  
old, smoked and used the best fine  
cut in moderation for fifty years. The  
operation which he submitted to in  
Paris restored his health, and he has  
abandoned the habit.

Vice President Colfax for many  
years smoked ten to fifteen very strong  
cigars every day. He was suddenly  
attacked by a serious vertigo while  
vice president, and he attributed it to  
the narcotic poison. He at once stop-  
ped smoking; yet Vice President Wil-  
son, who never used tobacco, was  
stricken almost precisely as Mr.  
Colfax was. The late Senator Carpen-  
ter frequently smoked two boxes of  
cigars a week, and his sudden collapse  
is attributed by those who did not  
know how for twenty-five years he had  
burned the candle at both ends, to  
that habit. That Mr. Carpenter should  
have lived to the age of 55 after living  
a life of almost constant defiance of  
all the laws of health is regarded by  
those who knew him as remarkable.

Siro Delmonico and Mr. Ives, a well-  
known manufacturer of New Haven,  
died of perfectly well-defined symp-  
toms of narcotic poisoning, but both  
were well along in years, and both  
were never without the stimulant.

Ex-President Arthur smokes less  
than formerly, lighting his cigar now  
seldom before dinner, but when in the  
late hours he was busied with work  
his companion was a cigar, sometimes  
three or four. Dr. Hammond is re-  
ported to have once said that generally  
three or four cigars after dinner harm-  
ed few men of average constitution, and  
Mr. Arthur thought they did him  
good. At all events, all of messages  
to congress were written under the  
stimulus of the fragrant Havana.

Most of Mr. Arthur's cabinet officers  
were good smokers. Mr. Frelinghuysen  
did not use tobacco, though the assis-  
tant secretary of state, Mr. Davis,  
liked good cigars, and plenty of them.

Tobacco was the only thing that ever  
made Secretary Chandler turn pale.  
It was a rank poison to him and though  
he tried many years ago to overcome  
the evil effects, as became a good  
politician, yet he never could. Al-  
cohol, except in almost homeopathic  
doses of the very best wine, affects the  
ex-secretary of the navy in the same  
way. But Gen. Gresham was a great  
smoker. He smoked on the public  
streets, at his work, and wherever he  
could. Secretary Teller liked a cigar  
that would last a long time and was  
not very strong. Secretary Lincoln  
smokes a good many pretty stiff cigars  
every day, and Atty. Gen. Brewster  
liked one with body to it.

Gen. Sherman is a pretty constant  
smoker, and he smokes as he does  
everything else, with nervous haste,  
so that the cigar is more than half  
chewed up. Gen. Sheridan likes a  
good black Reina after each meal,  
with one or two thrown in between  
whiles.

Nearly all the senators use tobacco,  
some of them constantly. Vice Presi-  
dent Hendricks likes a cigar, but he  
dearly loves the sweet Detroit fine  
cut, which he buys in bulk. Perhaps  
Senator Frye is the most persistent  
smoker of the senators. If there be a  
long session of the senate he will leave  
his seat several times in the course of  
it, and retire to the cloak-room for a  
smoke. In his committee room and  
other places of unrestraint he fre-  
quently lights one cigar at the stup of  
another. Poker Jack Bowen, from  
Colorado, smokes constantly, and  
when he can't smoke he has a paper  
of fine cut at hand. The two New  
Hampshire senators, Blair and Pike,  
do not use tobacco, nor do Senators  
Dawes and Hoar. The new Senator  
Chace, of Rhode Island, does not  
smoke, but Mr. Edmunds smokes a  
few choice cigars a day, and now and  
then rolls a little pill of navy plug  
under his tongue. Both Senators,  
Hawley and Platt, of Connecticut, are  
constant smokers. Gen. Hawley not  
disdaining a good old fashioned chew.  
It is hardly possible for anyone to  
smoke more, bigger, or stronger ci-  
gars than the living skeleton called  
Mahone does, and his colleague, Rid-  
dleberger, is an almost constant smok-  
er. All of the southern senators ex-  
cept Gorman and Joe Brown, use to-  
bacco, and the most of them use it in  
two ways. Jones, of Florida, is not  
particular about the flavor of his ci-  
gars, and it is a standing joke among  
senators when they get a poor cigar to  
send it to him. He smokes it as hap-  
pily as though it cost \$1. Jones, of  
Nevada, on the other hand, will smoke  
none but the best, and he makes away  
with ten or twelve every day. Beck,

aside from a few strong cigars every  
day, likes to titillate his nostrils with  
a pinch of snuff now and then, but he  
does not do it so publicly as Senator  
Thurman did. Young Senator Kenna is  
a great smoker, and John Logan  
pulls fiercely at big black cigars. John  
Sherman smoked little cigars, light  
colored, and has them made specially  
for him. Ben. Harrison likes a pipe  
in his office, but is oftener seen on the  
street with a cigar than without one.  
Senator Conger likes to smoke three  
cigars a day. Senator Allison would  
rather smoke a good cigar and bluff  
out a king full than to dine at the  
most epicurian table. David Davis  
was a great smoker. Senator Conkling  
practically gave up the habit some  
years ago, but he occasionally cuts a  
cigar in two and chews the cut ends.  
Dorsey has been for years a constant  
smoker from the time he arose till he  
retired. He always lights a cigar as  
soon as he gets out of bed, sometimes  
smoking two or three before breakfast.  
Blair, Chace, Gorman, and Camden  
not only used no tobacco, but are total  
abstainers from alcohol in all forms.

Mr. Randall does not use tobacco  
at all, but Speaker Carlisle would be  
frantic if he had to go long without a  
quid. He does not smoke. Holman  
chews constantly, but does not smoke.  
Sunset Cox does not use tobacco, nor  
does A. S. Hewitt, nor Gov. Dingley,  
but there are very few members of  
the house who do not smoke or chew,  
very many practicing both habits. A  
member of the lower house, as a gen-  
eral thing, buys a much cheaper cigar  
than a senator, two for a quarter  
being considered rather expensive,  
and a 25-cent cigar an extravagance.  
Three-for-a-quarter cigars are gener-  
ally bought, but there are many  
shrewd congressmen who have discov-  
ered that you can get the same cigar  
for 5 cents. Some representatives,  
however, smoke the very best. Con-  
gressman Muller, of New York, has  
made many friends with his superb  
Reinas, and ex-Congressman Morse,  
of Boston, was reputed to smoke the finest  
cigars that came to Washington.

Many of the most active business  
men in New York do not smoke or  
touch spirits until dinner time. Dr.  
Norvin Green, the president of the  
Western Union, tells with what sur-  
prise he discovered, when he came to  
New York to assume the management  
of the telegraph company, that many  
of the most busy men neither smoke  
nor drink until business hours are  
over.—*New York Sun*.

Osman Digma a Frenchman.

It may not be generally known that  
Osman Digma is a Frenchman by  
birth, and was born in 1832, in a small  
hotel in Rouen. His father dying a  
year or two after, his mother married  
an Alexandrian merchant in 1837, half  
French and half Egyptian, of the name  
of Osman Digma, who, (at that time  
taking a great fancy to young Os-  
man named Alphonse Vinet,) in-  
sisted on having his name changed to  
his own, and, dying in 1842, left him  
about 500,000 francs. After the death  
of his step-father he was left to the  
guardianship of Ali Khana, a kind of  
half partner of the elder Osman, a  
Mussulman, who, at the death of Mme.  
Digma, in 1844, took young Osman  
into his house. His religion at that  
time, being very much of the Christian  
unattached type, was soon converted  
into Mohammedanism. Ali Khana  
was a very wealthy man, and lived in  
great Oriental pomp and splendor.  
Though intending to be very kind to  
Young Osman, his kindness was of a  
very Spartan order, indeed. He had  
numerous professors for various  
branches of learning, and would often  
be examined by Ali himself, who, if  
he did not consider that he had made  
progress, would have him severely  
bastinadoed.

At the age of 15 he was sent to Cairo  
to an ex-French officer to be taught  
the various methods of European  
warfare. Capt. Meraie had some fifty  
boys residing in his house studying  
war in all its branches, two or three  
of whom have since become famous,  
not least among them being Arabi  
Pasha. It is strange, as illustrating  
the old saying that "the boy is father  
to the man," that both Osman and  
Arabi distinguished themselves as  
leaders in the mimic battles fought in  
the grounds of Capt. Meraie, the  
former in a dashing swooping kind of  
way, carrying everything before him,  
and the latter as a tactician. The  
consequence was that a rivalry exist-  
ed between the two, both having  
about an equal number of their school  
fellows siding with them. Osman re-  
mained here until his 19th year, when  
he was sent by his guardian to France  
on matters relating to Ali's business.

In 1866 he obtained the command of  
his regiment, but shortly afterward,  
offending the khedive, he had to leave  
Egypt, and had his property confiscat-  
ed. He then went to Suakin and en-  
tered business as a ship chandler and  
coal agent under an assumed name;  
but while on a hunting expedition, he  
was captured by a roving band of  
Arabs, and was sold as a slave to the  
man who at present calls himself the  
mehdi. The mehdi was charmed with  
his new slave, as a man of unbounded  
learning, and who would be able to  
train his numerous supporters in the  
art of war. He gave Osman his  
daughter in marriage, and has ever  
since treated him as a son.

Cloacal druggists sugar-coat dried pens  
and sell them for pills. On some accounts  
these are preferable to dough or bread pills.  
They will not digest as readily, and hence the  
patient, be it rounder than they are, is still  
doing business at the old stand, will have more  
faith in them.—*Peck's Sun*.



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## THE HERALD.

THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1885

LEGAL.

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

At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office, in the city of Ann Arbor, on Tuesday, the 23rd 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 CHASEA 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. DORT, Probate Register. 43

FARM NOTES.

Mowing fields that do not yield a profit can be plowed after the crop is taken off and re-seeded in August or sown next month with Hungarian grass or millet.

The depth to which sod land may be most profitably plowed depends greatly on the character of the grasses and somewhat on the time when plowing is done.

Careful experiments and records with sheep show that a line of twin ancestry on both sides will nearly always produce twin lambs with the "Downs" breeds.

Go out among the trees and vines at every opportunity; remove all suckers and shoots that are starting in places where they ought not to be; destroy all insect preparations.

A pumpkin vine should be grown on every waste place, as quite a large crop may be thus grown without occupying land required for regular crops.

A farmer in Marion county, Fla., has 165 acres planted in watermelons, which he expects will yield 448,800 melons at the rate of three melons to a vine.

The carbon or charcoal derived from decay of plants is of the highest utility to vegetation as an absorbent of water and fertilizing matter, and it also absorbs heat from the air.

A good way to thin many garden vegetables is to drop the seeds further apart. Unless the tops can be used for greens, as with beets, thinning will often be neglected and the crop much injured.

After apple trees begin to bear, the ground ought to be seeded in grass to keep down the weeds. The grass furnishes good sheep and hog pasture. Every second year at least the orchard will bear a dressing of good, well-rotted manure.

Millet and Hungarian grass may be sown now, as they are especially adapted for summer-crops, growing quickly and yielding largely of nutritious hay, which is highly relished.

Peas are a cheaper food for pigs than corn. They fatten them very rapidly although they do not make as solid pork as corn. They have this advantage over corn: they mature early and can be fed as soon as large enough for green peas, and the pigs consume vines and all.

The Register says that one Martin Clark, whose eyesight is a little dim, planted a lot of beads for peas; they did not come worth a cent, and so he planted them over again; but still none came for dinner.—Leader. Mr. Clark says he now has the finest peas in the county.

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