

ADVERTISING RATES.

Space.	1 w	1 m	3 m	6 m	1 y
1 inch.....	50¢	1.00	2.00	3.50	6.00
2 ".....	1.00	2.00	4.00	7.00	12.00
3 ".....	1.50	3.00	6.00	10.50	18.00
4 ".....	2.00	4.00	8.00	14.00	24.00
5 ".....	2.50	5.00	10.00	17.50	30.00
6 ".....	3.00	6.00	12.00	21.00	36.00
7 ".....	3.50	7.00	14.00	24.50	42.00
8 ".....	4.00	8.00	16.00	28.00	48.00
9 ".....	4.50	9.00	18.00	31.50	54.00
10 ".....	5.00	10.00	20.00	35.00	60.00

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST.—Rev. T. Robinson. Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at 12 M.

CATHOLIC.—Rev. Wm. Considine. Mass every morning at 8 o'clock. Sabbath services at 8 and 10:30 A. M. Catechism at 11 A. M. and 2:30 P. M. Vespers, 8:00 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—Rev. John A. Kuyper. Services at 10:30 A. M., and 7 P. M. Young people's meeting, Sabbath evening, at 8 o'clock. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock. Sunday School, immediately after morning services.

LUTHERAN.—Rev. Gottlieb Robertus. Services, one Sabbath at 10:30 A. M., alternate Sabbath at 2 P. M. Sunday School at 1 A. M.

METHODIST.—Rev. Wm. Campbell. 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.



90th MERIDIAN TIME.

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

GOING WEST.

Nat. Train.....	8:52 A. M.
Grand Rapids Express.....	9:05 P. M.
Evening Express.....	9:52 P. M.

GOING EAST.

Night Express.....	5:35 A. M.
Grand Rapids Express.....	9:55 A. M.
Nat. Train.....	8:59 P. M.

Wm. MARTIN, Agent.

O. W. ROGERS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago.

Tickets may be obtained at this station in any part of U. S. or Canada, by giving twenty-four hours notice to the ticket agent, Jas. Sheer.

MAILS CLOSE.

GOING EAST.	GOING WEST.
9:30 A. M.	8:30 A. M.
4:40 P. M.	10:35 A. M.
7:30 P. M.	5:45 P. M.
	7:30 P. M.

THOS. McKONE, P. M.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CUTY BARBER SHOP.

FRANK SHAYER.
Two doors west of Woods & Knapp's hardware store. Work done quickly and in first-class style.

FINE JOB PRINTING.

We are prepared to do all kinds of plain and fancy job printing, such as Posters, Note Heads, Bills, Heads, Tickets, Programs, Tags, Cards, Pamphlets, etc. etc. etc.

NEW BARBER SHOP.

Call on Jas. S. Willsey the Tonsorial Artist for good work. Hair cutting and shaving a specialty. Under L. Winans drug store, 34 North Main St., Chelsea, Mich.

RUPTURE!

EGAN'S IMPERIAL TRUSS, Spiral Spring, graded from 1 to 6 pounds in pressure.

Worn Day and Night.

by an infant a week old, or an adult 80 years.

Ladies' Trusses a perfection. Enclose stamps for testimonials of cures, etc.

EGAN IMPERIAL TRUSS CO., ANN ARBOR, MICH.
Dr. Shaw, Agent Chelsea, Mich.

FIRE! FIRE!!

If you want insurance call on Giltner & Crowell. We represent companies whose gross assets amount to the sum of \$45,000,000.

NOTICE!!

If you want the cheapest and best farm, consisting of 187 Acres, for your money, call on J. M. Burchard, 4 miles west of Chelsea, 4 miles east of Francisco, and 1/2 mile west of Sylvan Center, on the P. road. Must be sold on account of age and health. Price \$45 per acre. Will exchange for small place. Apply to J. M. Burchard on the farm. Also one house and two lots on Orchard street. Inquire of W. R. Reed on the premises.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Salt, 85c.

Eggs, 11c.

Oats, 30 cents.

Butter, per lb., 16c.

Apples, per bushel, 25c.

Wheat, per bushel, 70 cents.

New Potatoes, per bushel 65 cts.

Additional local on the last page.

Fine tomatoes \$1.25 per bushel at Blain Bros.

The weather for the past week has been quite cool.

Mrs. T. Holmes made a visit to Battle Creek last Tuesday.

Try 1 lb. of the great 50c. tea—Tycoon brand. Blain Bros.

Weather signals will hereafter be displayed at Griggs Lake.

Miss Libbie Dewey took a trip to Francisco last Tuesday.

The recent rains were greatly appreciated, if they did come late.

After September 26, a license will have to be taken out previous to marriage.

Geo. P. Glazier, has arrived home from an extended tour throughout the west.

Miss Westfall arrived home last Wednesday from New York after a two years visit.

The watermelon and muskmelon crop is large, but the fruit is not up to the standard.

Quite a number of people from here attended the ball game at Manchester last Tuesday.

Samuel Hook, of Detroit, is here spending a few days in taking stock at Housekeepers' Bazaar.

Died, at Sylvan last Tuesday morning, Miss Cora Burchard, of typhoid fever, aged about 20 years.

Mr. Boyd, of Tecumseh is to open a meat market and provision store in the Wilkinson building soon.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. S. Hook, of Detroit, last Friday. It is a bouncing boy and mother and son are doing well.

Chas. Steinbach has just received the finest assortment of whalebone whips ever offered for sale in this village.

The HERALD is somewhat behind time this week on account of a big run of job work.

There is much sickness in this community, mostly bowel complaints and fevers.

Mrs. Bert Van Orden left for northern Michigan last Wednesday, to visit her parents.

The union raisers about here are not succeeding this summer as well as they expected.

Miss Vina Guilfoz, of Detroit, has been visiting Mrs. Wm. Bury and friends for the past three weeks.

Mrs. T. Sears left last Tuesday for York State to spend about ten weeks among relatives and friends.

Mrs. Geo. Crowell and daughters, left last Wednesday to spend a few days with Mrs. Crowella parents.

Try 1 lb. of the best, 50c. chewing tobacco sold in Mich.—Blain Bros. Kangaroo—at Blain Bros.

Farmers expect \$1 per bushel for very poor potatoes this year, and will lose money on the investment at that price.

We were in error last week when we said that L. E. Sparks would locate at Michigan Center. It ought to have read Jackson.

Geo. Beckwith and Frank Young have just finished a school house at Francisco. It is neatly gotten up and shows the good taste of its builders.

Now is the time to walk up and pay your village taxes. The Marshal will be at the town hall every Friday and Saturday to receive the same.

We would advise all young men when they take their best girl out riding and intend to treat her, to remember and not leave the treat in the buggy box.

The regular monthly meeting of the Sabbath School Workers will be held at the Baptist church Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. All interested are invited.

Attention is called to the change of Kempf & Schenk's "ad" on first page. Call on them and see the great bargains they are giving on all kinds of goods.

Kellogg's Columbian Oil is a thorough remedy on Kidney Complaints and Rheumatism, and on acute aches and pains it cures are almost instantaneous. For sale by Glazier, Deputy & Co.

Thos. Fleming, of Waterloo, was in town last Monday with a wagon load of delicious peaches, which he sold to Blain Bros. for \$2 per bushel. This is about the first load of home peaches brought to market this season.

Nelson G. Westfall, of Lima, was married to Lulu Bush, of Sylvan, August 1st, by Rev. Horace Palmer. The marriage occurred in Lima and the bride and groom are each eighteen years of age. We wish the young couple happiness and prosperity through life.

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft, or Calloused Lumps and Blisters from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ringbone, Stiffness, Sprains, Swellings, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted. Sold by R. S. Armstrong, druggist, Chelsea. v10037

L. P. Klein is spending the present week at Detroit.

W. Reimenschneider and wife went to Detroit last Tuesday.

Woods & Knapp are building a warehouse opposite the town hall.

Gilbert & Crowell commenced operation at the Apple Drier last Wednesday.

Mrs. E. R. White has just returned from a few days recreation at Wolf Lake.

Mrs. Alonzo Newton, of Jackson was in town last Wednesday visiting friends.

We call special attention to change of "ad" of E. G. Hoag & Co., on 4th page.

Buy 1 lb. of good baking powder and get six napkin rings for 50c. Blain Bros.

Rev. T. Robinson, pastor of the Baptist church of this place, has returned home from a two weeks vacation.

Last Tuesday evening a number of guests were delightfully entertained by Miss Lillie Blain, in honor of Miss McClure, of Lansing.

R. J. West has built a fine large hall at Cavanaugh Lake, and will dedicate it with a social dance on Friday evening, August 26th. Everybody is invited.

Mrs. Jas. Cassidy and son, and Mrs. Mills and son, of Exira, Iowa, are visiting their father, Mr. D. Thomas, of this place. They intend to remain about two weeks longer.

All ye lovers of good tea, now is your time to get a good cup, that will brighten your spirits and cheer you up, is at Blain Bros. See new "ad" on 4th page. Give it a trial.

When Secretary Mitchell was at Norwalk, Ohio, arranging for the fair printing, he was presented with a very fine Stylographic Shading Pen by the Fair Publishing House of that place.

Rev. T. Holmes delivered an able and impressive lecture to the young people at the M. E. church last Saturday evening. The church was filled to overflow, and the speaker was listened to with marked attention.

Competition is the life of trade. New farm—new goods and low prices is the motto of Wells & Canfield at the Chelsea feed and provision store in the Knapp building, South Main street. See new "ad" on 4th page.

There was a large picnic held at Whitmore Lake last Saturday. Gov. Luce was there and made quite a speech to the several thousand people that were present. He was not "rotten egged" either; but was highly appreciated.

Geo. Wackenhut while at his post in the store of Glasgow Bros. & Duck, of Jackson, took suddenly ill last Tuesday and was brought home Thursday. He is now feeling better and intends to resume his labors next Monday.

A law was passed by the last legislature to provide for the compiling and printing of a directory containing the names of every ex-soldier, sailor or marine living in the State. A copy of the same will be presented to each U. S. R. Post.

Not much cholera morbus is expected in this community this season and the doctors are putting on long visages, as there is but little green corn and cucumbers, which is generally supposed to be the first, last and only cause of that body-twister complaint.

Everyone who reads a newspaper becomes familiar with the business houses whose names appear in it, and naturally they patronize them. Merchants who advertise make many friends through the columns of a newspaper, as their names become familiar as household words.

On Monday night last as John Shuter was crossing the bridge on mill creek, south of John Wade's in Lima, with his threshing engine, the entire bridge went down with Mr. Shuter and ox team. The engine pitched over on its side. It took all day Wednesday to get it righted up and out on dry land. Damage about \$25. The bridge was a thirty foot span and eight feet high, and is a complete wreck.

The Michigan Central have recently added a new 75-ton passenger locomotive to the road. It is 75 feet long, has four drive wheels on a side and rests on two trucks, four and six wheels respectively and requires three men to handle her, an engineer and two firemen. The locomotive was built expressly for making fast time, and will be used to draw the fast express on the main line. It is claimed it can make 60 miles an hour easily. —Ex.

Dissolution.

The copartnership heretofore existing under the name of Sparks & Cooper is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All accounts are payable at the flourishing mill of Cooper & Wood. I. E. SPARKS, F. COOPER.

Chester, Mich., Aug. 15, 1887.

Church to Build.

Sealed bids will be received by Building Committee of said church to build and furnish all material. Plans and specifications may be seen at Spencer Boyce's in Evadon. All bids to be in by two o'clock p. m. Sept. 1st. The Committee reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

A. J. BOYCE, Sec.

For Sale.

All Real Estate and Personal Property owned or controlled by the undersigned.

H. P. SENK.

Chester, Mich., Aug. 4, 1887.

The Coming Fair.

The time has come when questions in regard to the second annual Fair of the Washtenaw and Jackson Agricultural Association, are in order. The exhibition will take place September 27-30, and it is to be hoped that we may have fair weather, at all events it will be a Fair week, for the most of the local Fairs of the State are held upon those dates. An effort has been put forth by the Officers and Directors of the Society, to make the Fair of 1887 a better show by far than that of last year, which was acknowledged by all to be a success, and we trust and believe, that the people "whose fair it is" will come to the front and execute the plans that have already been laid. Let us do away with the idea of one big day, all days are to be big days and new and varied.

On the third day an auction sale will be interesting to many, and afford an opportunity for those having stock and articles to sell, to dispose of them to advantage; and the grand cavalcade on the last day will interest all.

The premium books and posters will soon be on hand. A few premium books have already been received, and everybody will be supplied. Should anyone miss getting a copy, apply in person or through the postoffice to the Secretary and they will be promptly supplied.

Make your entries as early as is convenient and avoid the rush of entry days. You will be provided with an entry blank upon application.

The officials will hold themselves in readiness to answer any and all questions, who by courtesy on their part, hope to merit the confidence of the fair going people.

A MEMBER OF THE BOARD.

Council Proceedings.

CHELSEA, Aug. 23, 1887.

Board met in special session at council rooms.

Meeting called to order by the President.

Roll called by Clerk BeGole.

Present, J. A. Palmer, President.

Trustees, Holmes Schnaitman, Light-hall and Bachman.

Absent, Karcher and Schumacher.

Motion made and carried that, bill of M. J. Lehman of \$50, Jacob Shaver \$2.00, Gilbert Martin \$6.85, be referred to Finance Committee.

Motion made and carried, that the following bills be allowed, and orders drawn for the amounts:

Geo. Foster, 4th month salary..... \$35.00

Geo. BeGole, 2nd quarter..... 10.00

A. Allison, 2nd quarter..... 0.25

Chas. Smith, 1 day work..... 1.37

Chas. Van Orden, 1 1/2 days work..... 2.05

Ben Hawley, 1 1/2 days work..... .68

H. Lighthall, 1 1/2 days work team..... 4.80

H. Lighthall, extra wagon..... .75

Motion made and carried, that the Street Committee have authority to do such work upon the streets as may be absolutely necessary in their judgment.

Motion made and carried, that we adjourn.

GEO. A. BeGole, Clerk.

The Homeliest Man in Chelsea.

As well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on F. P. Glazier & Co. Druggist, and get free a trial bottle of Kempf's Balsam for the throat and lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to cure and relieve all chronic and acute coughs, asthma, bronchitis and consumption. Price 50 cents and \$1.

North Lake Items.

Prof. Morris and Dr. Allen broke camp last Tuesday.

Unadilla people are trying to rid the town of fire bugs.

Not enough rain to plow sod ground yet. A little more please.

Many farmers are selling their hogs, not having the corn to fatten them.

Corn will not yield over 20 bushels of bushels per acre this year. Potatoes still lighter.

A heron four feet high was shot by one of the young men of Ann Arbor camping here.

Mr. Geo. Burkhardt, wife and daughter, of Terry, are visiting relatives and friends in this neighborhood.

Prof. Dupont, of Ann Arbor, is here camping with his family. He says this is good weather for camp life.

Mr. Lealand, of Putnam, was buried last Monday. Elder Marshall of this place preached the funeral sermon.

The Farmers Picnic at Whitmore Lake last Saturday was a grand affair. The people being estimated at about 10,000.

In Brief. And to the Point.

Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature.

The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order.

Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics.

But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy.

Remember—No happiness without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle. Seventy-five cents.

'87 FOR FALL '87

KEMPFF & SCHENK

50 pieces new fall Dress

Goods in beautiful shades

and patterns. Elegant

Braid Trimmings, Jet Gimps

and Braids, and Buttons to

match.

See our Colored and

Black Jet trimmings. We

are in the front rank with

elegant goods in this line.

Big stock of new Do-

mestics in Prints, Ging-

hams, Shirting, etc.

Our Fall Clothing is

now in and ready for in-

spection. Give us a call

and see for yourself.

KEMPFF & SCHENK.

Base Ball.

The second annual game of ball between the fat and lean men of Chelsea was played at Recreation Park on Thursday, Aug. 25th, in the presence of about 3000 people. The following is the score:

FAT MEN.

	A	B	H	P	O	A	E
Wilsey, c. p.	9	8	4	4	6	14	
Congdon, lb. c.	9	7	4	5	5	9	
Harrington, 3b.	9	4	1	1	2	9	
Glazier, p. lb.	9	5	3	2	3	8	
Barth, 2b.	8	0	4	0	3	13	
Holmes, ss.	8	5	3	0	3	10	
Bluish, lf.	8	7	5	0	3	7	
Hoover, cf.	8	7	2	0	3	7	
Lehman, rf.	8	6	1	3	3	7	
Totals.	73	53	27	15	30	81	

LEAN MEN.

	A
--	---

THE COWBOY.

He came from the land of the setting sun,
This cowboy of the old west;
A cowboy bold, all ripe for fun,
The home of the tenderfoot to go.
His eyes were black and his hair was long;
The rim of his hat was soft and wide;
And his gorgeous pants were of buckskin strong;
With wonderful fringes about the side.

His mustang was kinkly as ever you saw;
To the martial jingling of his spurs
The small boy listened with breathless awe;
He was a terror to city crows.
A pistol was thrust through his leathern belt,
And a knife reposed in his horseman's boot,
Every inch a king he doubtless felt,
A Western hero, right on the spot!

He smiled the ladies fair by day
As he gracefully ambled to take the air;
He was a daisy, this cowboy gay,
One of the brave who deserve the fair.
What sensitive maids, in his mind, were seen
Happily pining for him in vain,
What scapings of swains, with jealousy green,
Admired this conquering lord of the plain!

We welcomed the tanglefoot, hot and strong;
And terrible odds this cowboy bore;
For a deadly conflict he seemed to long,
His thirst was excessive for human gore.
He would attack a gentleman, mild and slim,
Who strolled daily a bloodless pine,
But "the sand" was there, all the same, in him;
And he went for the bragart right there and then.

He reached for that cowboy's ringlets long,
And pulled him down from his wild mustang;
He wiped the sweat from the buckskin strong
While the spurs resounded with merry clang.

And he left him a wreck, did this man of might
With the broadcloth suit and a hat of silk;
The small boy scoffed at the luckless knight
As he limped to the loupewack with milk.

No more with the cattle the cowboy dwells;
His pistol and knife in the pawnshop rest;
The mustang a tattered vice propels;
He will gallop no more in the far South-west.

And his master has studied his lesson well,
Let roughs and rowdies of this take note;
Tis the swagging cowards who boast and swell,
And a man may be brave in a broadcloth coat.

—Boston Globe.

AN INDIAN STORY.

Sol Taylor's Narrow Escape From
Torture and Death.

I came West when I was seventeen
years of age (said old Sol Taylor of
Georgetown, Colorado, the other day),
and now I'm a bit over sixty. You can
fetter that up and see how long I've
been skirmishing with Indians, griz-
lies, panthers, rattlesnakes, and the
other pesky varmints of mountain,
plain and prairie. There hasn't been
an Indian war for the last half century
that I haven't had a hand in, and I
reckon I've had as many stand-up
fights on my own hook as any scout or
hunter you can name. I have been
captured and put to the torture twice,
and been captured and got away with-
out torture three or four times. In
times of peace I have lived with the
Pawnees, Kiowas, Apaches, Sioux,
Cherokees, and Blackfeet, and in times
of war I have fought all these tribes.
Mebbe I am, therefore, a pretty good
judge of Indian nature, and when you
ask me which tribe of redskins has the
most honor I reply that I never yet saw
an Indian whom I would trust a rod.

The only reason that some of 'em have
served the Government as scouts and
trappers is because they happened to
hate their own kind just then a little
more than they did the white man.

However, you want some of my own
adventures, and I will give you one.

Before the days of railroads in the
West, a man who was spilling' for an
Indian fight could get it with rifle-shot
of Fort Kearney, and this state of af-
fairs continued up to 1866 and later.

The last time I was captured was on
the Smoky Hill fork of the Kansas
river, and it was while the railroad
was being pushed across the State of
Kansas. A railroad through the Indian
country meant good-bye to game and
good-bye to the Indian. The redskins
realized this as forcibly as the white
man, and he was on hand to fight the
progress of the road. He was foolish
enough to suppose that the killing off
of a few scouts and surveyors
would stop all work, and by the
time the State of Kansas was
every Indian who had any patriotism
about him was in front of it and doing
battle. The contractors had to employ
a great many scouts and fighters to
protect the advance men, and I was
one of those thus engaged. In the five
months of my employment I killed
thirty-nine Indians and brought thirty-
nine scalps to camp, and there were
other scouts who did as well, or better.

We did not lose near as many men in
proportion, as we fought entirely on
the defensive, and had all the advan-
tage.

My capture occurred one morning in
September. One of the engineers of
the road had been on a spree, and
while verging on delirium tremens had
left camp and wandered off. He had
been gone two or three hours before he
was missed, and at midnight of a rainy,
gusty night six of us started out on
foot to hunt him up. As no one knew
the direction he had taken, each of us
went his own way. There were plenty
of Indians around us, and a scout had
been wounded that afternoon within
half a mile of our camp. Each man of
us who went out took big chances of
being captured, but there was no hesi-
tating or hanging back on that account.

Our camp was close to the river, and
my first move was to cross the stream.
The water was not more than waist
deep, and I had no trouble in reaching
the other bank. The engineer, whose
name was Sewell, had gone off in his
shirt and trousers and boots. He was
bareheaded, out of his senses, and had
no weapons of any sort. My only hope
in finding him was that he would be
come exhausted before going far, and
sit down.

Once across the stream, I held to the
north for about a mile, and then turned
to the left and kept on until I had de-
scribed a quarter of a circle and come
to the river again. I then went back
to the starting point and bore to the
right, and it was while on my way to
the river that four Indians suddenly
rose up from the grass at my feet and
seized me. I can't say that I was off
my guard, but it did seem a bit queer
to me as I thought it over
afterward that I should have let

the skunks get such an advan-
tage of me. I could see fairly well for
twenty feet or more around me, but the
and I walked so straight into the trap,
that I was done for before I knew what
was going on. Not a yell was uttered
—not a word spoken. Two of them
tripped me up and the other two piled
on to me and disarmed me, and in less
than a minute my arms were jerked
behind me and made fast, and away
we went to the northwest on a trot.
This was maintained for about a mile,
when we came upon a party of fifty
mounted redskins, and in the midst of
them I found Sewell. He was prostrate
with exhaustion and fear, and when I
spoke to him, which act the Indians
seemed rather to encourage, he began
crying and sobbing like a child. I was
lifted up behind a warrior and off we
went at a gallop, riding to the west and
keeping close to the river until we had
made at least fifteen miles. Then we
came upon an Indian village, as it was
growing daylight.

My feelings during the ride were any
thing but agreeable. I can assure you,
the fact that I was not killed at the
moment of my capture had a signifi-
cance which I well understood. I was
just as certain to go to the stake for
torture as I remained a prisoner, and I
did a heap of thinking in hopes to get
a plan for escape. Mounted behind an
Indian, my arms tied so tightly that I
was a constant sufferer, and obliged to
keep my balance by the use of my legs
alone, there was no earthly show for
me to carry out any scheme. Sewell
was mounted on the horse just ahead
of me, and his conduct went far to dis-
turb and unnerve me. He kept up a
constant lamentation, and was contin-
ually beseeching me not to let the In-
dians do him harm. Drink had lost its
effect on him, and to come out of his
spell and find himself in the hands of the
relentless redskins had taken all the
pluck out of him. He was doing the
very worst thing he could have done,
for I heard the Indians gloating over
the prospect when he should come to
the stake. There was considerable
hurry when we rode into the village, and
I had not been able to understand
a word of the dialect, the looks and
actions of the Indians would have been
sufficient to tell me what fate they in-
tended to mete out to us. Sewell was
placed in one lodge and I in another,
and the war party were soon engaged
with their breakfast. It was not yet
fully daylight when I was pulled
out of the horse, and therefore I had not
yet been recognized. I was pretty
generally known to all the tribes, and
they had named me "The Long Death."

I got the name by killing some of them
with a rifle which knocked them over
when they supposed themselves far
beyond range. My only hope was that
no one in the crowd would be able to
identify me, as I had lately had my
hair cut close and my whiskers entirely
removed, but daylight had only come
when three warriors looked in on me,
gave a start of surprise, and one of
them called at the top of his voice:

"It is The Long Death! We have
got him at last. Here is the white
hunter who has killed so many of our
people."

The cat was out of the bag, as the
old saying goes, and I stood there and
faced them and knew that I was
doomed to the most horrible tortures
they could invent.

They did not keep me long in wait-
ing. The knowledge of my identity
whetted their savage appetites, and
while the warriors who captured us
were eating breakfast the rest of the
village were astir with preparations.
The camp was in a bit of valley, on the
left bank of Smoky Hill fork, and two
young trees were cut down, trimmed
to a proper length, and then driven in
the center of the village. The one in-
tended for me was almost in front of
my tepee, and I stood at the entrance
and saw the young men drive it into
the earth. More than that, I sung out
to them in a steady voice, in their own
dialect:

"A stake like that to hold The Long
Death! You shall see how he will tear
it up!"

My words were received with shouts
of satisfaction. No people on earth re-
spect courage in a man as much as the
Indians. They are no less cruel to a
game man, but his gameness will
shorten his torture. Feeling that my
time had come, and hoping to provoke
some of them to shoot or tomahawk
me, I called out the names of half a
dozen of the tribe whom I had sent to
the happy hunting grounds. Some of
the young men fairly raved to get at
me, but the order of the chief was to
outlive and outrun their best men, and
offered to fight any six of them if they
would turn me loose, but all this talk
only gave them the more satisfaction
in thinking of the torture in store for
me. On the same principle that
people eat their pie last, the Indians
led Sewell out first. His condition
was such that but little fun could be
anticipated from his torture. He was
a large, fine-looking man, but the re-
sult of his spree and of his capture was
to break him down. He had no more
courage than a child, and it was pitiful
to see him weep and hear his lamenta-
tions. I begged of the Indians to let him
go, stating that he was a civilian who
had never injured them, and was so
broken down that he could not live
long, and but for the hot-headed young
men of the tribe I should have got him
off. They urged that he was assisting
to build the railroad which was driving
the game and the Indian out of the
country, and that the white men never
spared a warrior because he was ill.

Such talk as this settled it, and the en-
gineer was led out, stripped of his
clothing, and tied securely to the stake.
Had I refused to look on at an act
of cowardice on my part. Realizing this,
I stepped outside the lodge and stood
within ten feet of the stake. Sewell
wept and begged while being made
fast, but when they stepped back he
suddenly grew calm and asked of me:

"Taylor, what does this all mean?
What are they going to do with me?"

"They are going to torture you, Mr.
Sewell."

"Are you a prisoner, too?"

"Yes, and they will torture me after
finishing you."

"My God! but this is awful. I have
eight hundred dollars at the camp.
Won't they take that and release us?"
I replied that if we were worth a
million dollars apiece we could not
purchase our liberty under the circum-
stances, and advised him to fall up his
courage and seek to die like a man.
His sign of weakness on his part would
excite contempt and increased torture,
and the better way was to defy them
to do their worst. I believe he tried
his best to brace up, but his nerves
were dreadfully shattered, and after
three or four minutes he began crying
again. This had just the effect I pre-
dicted. Half a hundred boys were
sent off to cut switches, and when they
returned they were told to go ahead
and apply them to the engineer. The
idea was to whip some courage into
him, but it was a flat failure. Almost
at the first blow the man cried out like
a woman, and his feet not having yet
been tied, he danced about like a pup-
pet. I called out to him to kick his
tormentors, but he paid no heed to my
voice, and after a time stood stock still
and let the boys whip him until blood
was drawn in a score of places. All
this time he cried like a boy four or
five years old, and I heard some of the
old warriors say that he was the most
cowardly white man they had ever met.
He may have lacked courage, but
I always believed his conduct to have
been the result of his shattered
mental and physical condition.

After the boys had switched him for
ten minutes they were called off, and a
couple of warriors advanced with their
muzzle-loading rifles and began to fire
charges of powder into the poor fel-
low's flesh. Does it hurt? Well, sir,
hell can't be any worse. I've had a
dozen charges fired into me, and I never
felt any pain to equal it. I'll take two
bullets in preference to one charge of
powder every time. The first charge
set him to dancing and screaming, and
at the third or fourth he kicked one of
the warriors over, and became so sav-
age that they had to fully blind him to
the stake. They fired thirty-four
charges in all, and by the time they
had finished you could not have told
that Sewell was a white man. His ag-
ony was something awful, and he writ-
hed about with such strength that
the stake had twice to be driven deeper.

His shrieks and screams, as I after-
ward knew, were heard a distance of
more than two miles, and yet this was
only the beginning of what they had in
store for him.

The next move was to apply the
burning sticks. Some green sticks had
been put upon the fire for purpose, and
three or four warriors applied the burn-
ing ends to various portions of the en-
gineer's body. The pain fairly drove
him crazy, and in a short time he
fainted. Water was brought from the
stream and dashed over him, and dur-
ing this interval many warriors crowded
around me to see how I was bearing
up.

"Dogs! Do you think you can make
The Long Death cry like that?" I
shouted at them. "Here, pull up my
trousers and see where the cowardly
Sioux shot powder into my legs. Pull
off my boots and find where the Chey-
ennes applied the fire sticks. Did I
weep like a woman? Go ask them.
And when you ask that, inquire who
killed the Black Eagle, Red Horse, Big
Mountain, Great Buffalo and Black
Feather. They will tell you, The Long
Death."

But for the presence of four or five
chiefs, I should have been done for
on the spot, so excited were the young
men. By this time Sewell had regained
his senses, and was sobbing and wait-
ing again, and they went back to their
sport. A warrior approached him with
a sharp knife and slashed him in fifty
different places, each cut being deep
enough to be painful, but none of them
very serious. The gush of blood soon
turned the man into a horrible looking
object, and several times he would
have fainted had they not had water at
hand to throw over him. He had
screamed so loud and long that his
voice was now entirely gone, and the
only sound he could utter was a groan.

He had long seemed unconscious of my
presence, and I was glad of this. I do
not think he was in his full senses after
the burning. After the warrior had cut
and slashed with his knife he fell back
to give place to another. This second
one meant to do finer work. He
meant, as a first move, to cut the vic-
tim's tongue out, but as he reached for
it with his left hand Sewell snapped at
him like a dog, got the black hand
firmly between his jaws, and then there
was a grand uproar. Every body en-
joyed the fix the Indian was in, and
whenever he motivated as if he meant
to use his knife they shouted to him to
give the victim fair play. Sewell held
him for fully five minutes, lacerating
the hand like a bull dog; and then three
or four warriors seized him and
made him let go. The bitten warrior
relished the knife to another, and
during the next quarter of an hour
Sewell suffered the loss of his nose,
ears, fingers and lips. He shrieked
in agony when his nose was sliced off,
but after that he never even groaned,
and I consoled myself with the hope
that he was dead. The Indians finally
became satisfied that they could get no
more "fun" out of him, and he was
scalped, and the faggots at his feet
were lighted to consume the body.

My time had come. There was a
grand yell from every warrior as the
two yards led me to the stake. How
did I feel? Well, I was recklessly de-
sertate. I hated to go without having
revenge on some of them, and, as
there was no other way, I gave them a
tongue lashing. I called them women
and cowards; I cited fictitious cases,
when one hunter had licked six of
them; I dared and defied them to do
their worst. I had them worked up
until they fairly screamed for my
blood, and reasoned that the torture
would not last long. I was stripped
of every vestige of clothing, bound
with hand and foot to the stake, and, as
in the engineer's case, two warriors made
ready to shoot powder into me. They
were loading their guns when, out
from the heavy growth of cottonwoods
behind the camp, came a line of forty
men on a run, and just in the rear of
them seventy-five army troopers. I
saw the men before any one else in
camp. Indeed, they were not a pistol

shot away when the alarm was given.
It was the quickest and bloodiest fight
on record. Six of the dismounted men
pushed straight for me, knowing I was
likely to be killed by some savage, and
I was cut loose and a revolver was
given to me before the fight was hardly
on. In ten minutes not a living buck
was left in camp. We killed twenty-
two and the rest broke out of reach.
Seven or eight old men, nine or ten
young fellows, and six squaws were
likewise killed. We captured ninety-
two ponies, a great lot of powder and
lead, several hundred dollars' worth of
robes, and dealt the tribe a blow it
never recovered from. What we could
not carry away we burned, and not an
article they could make useful was
left.—N. Y. Sun.

GROWING CORK-OAKS.

A California Industry Which Will Soon
Prove to Be Remunerative.

The growth of cork-oak in California
is not a matter of experiment; its suc-
cess was demonstrated long ago. The
distribution of cork oaks by the Pat-
ent Office about twenty-five years ago
may not have accomplished much in
other parts of the country, but it gave
us a start, and there are now trees
yielding cork and bearing acorns at a
number of different places in the State.

There are trees growing on Mr. Rich-
ardson's place at San Gabriel. There
were samples of cork and acorns shown
at the Sacramento Citrus Fair by H. A.
Messinger, of Calaveras County. There
are trees of similar age in Sonoma,
Santa Barbara and Tulare, and perhaps
other counties. The State University
is growing seedlings from California
cork oaks, and will be likely to have
the trees for distribution next year.

There is no doubt about the adaptation
of the tree to the State as the widely
separated places named above all fur-
nish proper conditions for its growth.
It is of course a crop of which one has
to wait some time to gather, and there-
fore needs patience in the planter.

All the cork-wood of commerce
comes from the Spanish Peninsula,
where the trees abound, not only in
cultivated forests, but also grow wild
on the mountains. The tree is like
an American oak, with leaves
similar to the oak, and acorns. It
takes ten years for the bark to become
a proper thickness to be manu-
factured into bottle-stoppers, life-preservers
and seine-corks. When stripped from the
tree it is to be boiled for two hours,
cured in the sun for a week and pressed
into flat plates for baling and shipping.

The denuded trunk, like a hen robbed
of her eggs, does not sink and quit the
business, but throws out a fresh cov-
ering for a fresh spoliation. One tree
has been known to yield half a ton of
cork-wood. One pound of cork can
be manufactured into 144 champagne
corks. The baled cork bark is sold to
cork manufacturing centers. The
most extensive manufacturer in Ameri-
ca is at Pittsburgh. Besides the ordi-
nary demands for cork bark, a good
supply of the buoyant material, after
being burned to make it still lighter
than the original bark, is shipped to
Canada and New England, where it
is made into seine-corks. The average
annual importation of cork-wood into
this country, entirely at the port of
New York, is 70,000 bales a year. A
bale weighs 160 pounds and is worth
on this side of the water \$20, making a
total value of the importation of \$1,400,000. It comes in duty free.—Pa-
cific Rural Press.

THE SOCIETY GIRL.

Some of the Elements Essential to Her Suc-
cess in Polished Circles.

Many people believe that the society
girl is synonymous with "the tailor-
made girl," that she who can lay claim
to the most elaborate wardrobe, to the
most ambitious toilette, to the latest
Parisian wrinkle, to the services of the
most extortionate modiste, may call
herself a society girl; but while they
are right in a degree, they leave out
the essential elements. She is not
merely a society girl by virtue of her
clothes any more than she is a student
on account of her library. Good
clothes are very excellent as far as they
go, and sometimes they do not go as
far as they ought, and the society girl
should take care not to follow this
style too closely. She must have a
rare fund of health to endure the wear
and tear of the season—late hours,
standing on her feet, tight garments,
draughts, unwholesome food at unseason-
able hours; she must attract, not on
account of her toilettes—although
there is no denying that a pretty and
becoming costume shows art and en-
hances the peculiar charms of the
wearer, if she happens to have any—
and not always, by any means, on ac-
count of her beauty, since some of the
most successful have been plain
bells. But she must have tact
and taste, and especially discre-
tion; she must discover art and
culture, and know how to keep the
ball rolling under the most depressing
circumstances; she must not only know
how to talk, but how to listen elo-
quently; she must not be disputatious,
nor seem to show too much earnest-
ness in the vital questions of the day.
Society is not the place in which to
preach woman's rights or other hob-
bies; and she who would undertake to
do a dinner-table by the ears, so to
speak, with an expression of her deep-
est convictions, would be pretty certain
to receive no second invitation. There
are those who go so far as to say that
the society girl should have no convic-
tions but the conviction of her own ac-
ceptability. She may have interests,
no hobbies; at the same time she
must not be shallow. Still, the girl
who ignorantly aspires to society puts
clothes first and culture last, has more
or less contempt for every thing but her
fallals. It is manner that carries the
day, and good nature and kindness,
even in society—the art of making oth-
ers happy, of amusing without ap-
parent effort, of being invariably agree-
able. Moods should not belong to a
society girl if she would be a success;
she must allow herself to be bored with
a smile, she must submit to disappoint-
ments with a bonnet, for society has its
price like other worldly things.—Har-
per's Bazar.

—The man who thinks "this is a cold
world" has gone South for the summer.
—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

ARE you sad, despondent, gloomy?
Are you sore distressed?
Listen to the welcome bidding—
Be at rest.
Have you aches and pains unnumbered,
Painstaking the Golden Cure?
Think not there is no pain in Gland and
Gland.
Give it up.
A Golden Remedy awaits you—
Golden not alone in name—
Reach, oh, suffering one, and grasp it,
Health restoring.

There is but one "Golden" Remedy—Dr.
Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It
stands alone as the great "blood-purifier,"
"strength-renewer" and "health-restorer,"
of the age! The Liver, it regulates, re-
moving all impurities. The Lungs it strength-
ens, cleansing and refreshing them. The
whole system it builds up, supplying that
above all other things most needed—pure,
rich blood.

THERE are three co-operative manufac-
turing concerns in New York, namely:
The Fulton County Co-operative Leather,
Glove and Mitten Manufacturing, with a
capital stock of \$10,000, managed by labor-
ing men at Johnston, N. Y.; the Co-operative
Shirt Co., all K of L hands; and the
K. of L. Co-operative Oil Refining Co., of
Olean, N. Y., with a capital stock of \$50,000.

In cat-boats regattas the starting line is ap-
propriately called "the scratch."—Yonkers
Gazette.

If Badly Out of Order.
Or only slightly so, constipated and irregu-
lar bowels resume their functions when in-
gested with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,
giving a general laxative, which produces an
action closely akin to that of nature. Sub-
stitute, if you have hitherto used drenching
drugs, this far more salutary and safe pro-
cedure of regularity. Bear in mind, that it
it subdues malaria, liver complaint, rheuma-
tism, and bladder and kidney ailments.
Don't use it by its fits and starts, but with regu-
larity, if the case is chronic.

RAILROAD builders are greatly encour-
aged by the favorable earnings of the past
six months, and new projects involving
the construction of 2,000 miles have re-
cently come to light. Reports from 107 roads
show an increase of fifteen per cent. for
the first half of this year over the first
half of last year. Railroad building and
shop labor are in demand everywhere.

The average boarding-house is having a
fine time of it just now.
Harvest Excursions.
The Great Rock Island Route (C. R. I.
& P. R. Y.) will sell Aug. 30, Sept. 20,
and Oct. 11, Harvest Excursion tickets at Ovs
Fair rates from Chicago to points in
Kansas, Nebraska, Northwestern Iowa,
Minnesota and Dakota—limit 30 days from
date of sale. For tickets or further infor-
mation address E. A. McLaughlin,
Gen. Ticket and Passenger Agent, Chicago.

There is a scarcity of skilled labor in
electrical establishments. Blocks of cheap
houses are being fitted up with the finest
electrical appliances, and electrical supply
manufacturers are expanding their plants
rapidly.

A bad spell of weather—the lamb-like
compositor's effort in dropping the letter
"a" from the first syllable.

"I Don't Want Relief, But Cure."
is the exclamation of thousands suffering
from catarrh. To all such we say: Catarrh
can be cured by Dr. Sanford's Catarrh Rem-
edy. It has been done in thousands of cases;
why not in yours? Your danger is in delay.
Enclose a stamp to The World's Dispensary
Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for
pamphlet on this disease.

WHATVER purpose a pump may serve in a
dairy, it does not account for the milk in the
cocoanut.—Texas Siftings.

Why is a chicken pie like a gunsmith's
shop? Because it contains fowl in pieces.
R. W. TANSILL & Co., Chicago:
YOUR "Tansill's Punch" cigars are as
staple as sugar and they never fail to give
perfect satisfaction. H. W. MAHAN,
Champaign, Ill.

"How is business?" asked one convict of
another. "We are driven to death," replied
the other, who was en route for the galows.

In answer to casual question.
How easy and profitable is tell it's
A cure for the most indigestion.
To take Pierce's Purgative Pellets.

The girl who calls out "What do you say?"
has taken possession of the entire west end
of Coney Island.

FABRICS and Cuticles are rendered mar-
velously white by Glenn's Sulphur Soap,
Hill's Hair Dye, Black or Brown Soap.

RIGHT on their tape—the shoemaker and
the drummer.
Pier's Remedy for Catarrh is agreeable to
use. It is not a liquid or a snuff. 50c.

ARTICLES of separation—knives, scissors,
etc.—Merchant Traveler.
I'm afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac
Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 50c.

It is a bold man, indeed, that will not
dodge a boulder.—New Haven News.

THE MARKETS.
NEW YORK, Aug. 23.
LIVE STOCK—Cattle..... 13 1/2 @ 14 1/2
Sheep..... 3 00 @ 3 50
Hogs..... 5 50 @ 6 00
FLOUR—No. 1..... 2 00 @ 2 10
Patents..... 4 25 @ 4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Red..... 79 1/2 @ 81 1/2
No. 3 Spring..... 79 1/2 @ 80 1/2
CORN—No. 2..... 30 1/2 @ 31 1/2
OATS—Mixed Western..... 20 1/2 @ 21 1/2
BUTTER—Creamery..... 15 00 @ 15 1/2
POPK—Mess..... 15 00 @ 15 1/2
LARD—Steam..... 6 00 @ 6 10
Wool—Domestic..... 30 @ 31

CHICAGO.
BEEVES—Extra..... 87 00 @ 88 1/2
Choice..... 41 00 @ 42 1/2
Good..... 37 1/2 @ 38 1/2
Medium..... 35 1/2 @ 36 1/2
Butcher's Stock..... 27 1/2 @ 28 1/2
Inferior Cattle..... 17 1/2 @ 18 1/2
HOGS—Live—Good to Choice..... 40 1/2 @ 41 1/2
SHEEP..... 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2
BUTTER—Creamery..... 15 00 @ 15 1/2
Good to Choice Dairy..... 13 1/2 @ 14 1/2
Eggs—Fresh..... 13 1/2 @ 14 1/2
FLOUR—Winter..... 3 00 @ 3 10
Spring..... 3 00 @ 3 10
Patents..... 4 00 @ 4 10
GRAIN—Wheat, No. 2..... 68 1/2 @ 69 1/2
Corn, No. 2..... 30 1/2 @ 31 1/2
Oats, No. 2..... 20 1/2 @ 21 1/2
Rye, No. 2..... 44 1/2 @ 45 1/2
Barley, No. 2, October..... 60 1/2 @ 61 1/2
BROOM CORN..... 31 1/2 @ 32 1/2
Self-working..... 31 1/2 @ 32 1/2
Carpet and Hurl..... 3 1/2 @ 3 1/2
Crocked..... 2 1/2 @ 2 1/2
POTATOES (BU.)..... 75 @ 80 1/2
POPK—Mess..... 15 1/2 @ 15 1/2
LARD—Steam..... 6 1/2 @ 6 1/2
LUMBER.
Common Dressed Siding..... 19 00 @ 20 1/2
Floor..... 22 1/2 @ 23 1/2
Common Boards..... 12 00 @ 13 00
Fencing..... 10 00 @ 10 50
Lath..... 3 00 @ 3 10
Shingles..... 2 25 @ 2 50

EAST LIBERTY.
CATTLE—Best..... 44 1/2 @ 45 1/2
Fair to Good..... 30 1/2 @ 31 1/2
HOGS—Yorkers..... 35 1/2 @ 36 1/2
Butcher's Stock..... 27 1/2 @ 28 1/2
SHEEP—Best..... 42 1/2 @ 43 1/2
Common..... 20 00 @ 21 00

BALTIMORE.
CATTLE—Best..... 41 1/2 @ 42 1/2
Medium..... 30 1/2 @ 31 1/2
Oats..... 23 1/2 @ 24 1/2
Sheep—Fancy Choice..... 25 1/2 @ 26 1/2

COCKLE'S
ANTI-BILIOUS
P

E. G. HOAG & CO

It will be our aim to make this store more attractive than ever. To do this, we realize that goods must be sold at small profits; must be second to none in quality; and the assortment to select from unequalled.

We urge you to make us a visit and decide for yourselves.

E. G. HOAG & CO.

N. B.—Fall Opening September 1st in our New Store.

CHELSEA FEED STORE.

WELLS & CANFIELD

Dealers in Flour Feed & Provision.

Goods delivered free of charge.

Terms - - Cash.

In the Knapp building, Chelsea, Mich.



DALLER,
JACKSON'S BEST JEWELER,
Keeps the best and sells at the Lowest Price. Call and see his solid gold, 14 karat gold filled and solid silver watches.

DALLER,
Hibbard House, Jackson, Mich.

Handkerchief Sale

At the Busy Bee Hive

Friday & Saturday

OF THIS WEEK.

Over 300 dozen. Some of them slightly imperfect, just as received from the maker in Ireland. Some of them importers' samples and slightly soiled, but hardly any of them injured for actual use. You will get them

CHEAP.

Don't forget the date and come for a six months' supply.

Respectfully,

L. H. FIELD.

BUSY BEE HIVE.

Jackson, Mich.

Samples of Dress Goods, Silks and Trimmings sent to any address on application.

B. & A.

WHAT THE ANN ARBOR COURIER SAYS ABOUT THE LEADING DRY GOODS HOUSE OF ANN ARBOR.

The way Summer Silks went out the past ten days is a caution. Pulling, picking, cutting all day long. Some of the patterns are out, but the assortment is still good.

All Summer Silks that were \$1.00 and \$1.25, now 55 cents.

All Summer Silks that were 50 and 55 cents, now 35 cents.

At the Parasol Counter yesterday it looked as if the season was just opening. New Parasols at about half price don't go begging.

Ladies' all linen Handkerchiefs, worn colored borders, 10 cents each. You have paid 20 cents each for no better. In window this week you will find small assortments.

Women's white embroidered muslin dresses very cheap to close them out. No refuse or rubbish! Fresh, perfect and handsome. Have been \$4.50 to \$12. They're now \$3 to \$8.

SEERSUCKERS.

There are dozens of styles in which beauty seems to have been the last thing thought of. You think so when you see them in the piece; but who ever saw an ugly Seersucker when made up? The 9 cent Crinkles have been 12 1/2 and this week the 12 1/2 were 15 cents last week. Plenty of Creams at 5 cents. Plenty more at 6 cents. Ratting good quantity; either of them, for much more than the price.

CORDED GINGHAMS.

Among the newest, naggiest, neatest of the Cotton novelties. You'll likely think they're from Paris. The idea is; there's French fancy in every pretty thread, but the word is Yankee. Price 12 1/2 cents from 20.

PERCALE.

The tough, yard wide "shirting" so many ladies are buying. Forty to fifty styles. 12 1/2 cents from 1'.

There is pushing and crowding every day about the 17 cent Sateen counter. They're worth an effort to get. Light or dark colors. Every one has been 25 cents.

BACH & ABEL.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Acker's Blood Elixir is the only Blood Remedy guaranteed. It is a positive cure for Ulcers, Eruptions or Syphilis Poisoning. It purifies the whole system, and banishes all Rheumatic and Neuralgic pains. We guarantee it.

v17a36 R. S. Armstrong, Druggist

DELICATE SURGERY.

Successful Removal of a Portion of a Hospital Patient's Backbone.

One of the rarest and most dangerous operations in surgery has been performed at the Cincinnati hospital. It consisted in removing about three inches of the backbone and exposing the spinal cord. The patient was a young colored man about twenty-one years of age. When first admitted to the hospital he was suffering from disease which had broken out over the head, neck and back in the form of large abscesses, the chief of which was about the middle of the back, and had eaten away the backbone to a considerable extent. The poor fellow could not lie in a recumbent posture nor on his side, in consequence of the extreme pain attending such a position, and was compelled to lie all the while on his face. Slowly he had lost the power of motion and of sensation in his legs, so that he was completely paralyzed from the body down. It was decided that his only chance of life lay in an operation for the removal of a part of the backbone, so as to stop the process of decay. He was turned on his face, and the plucky surgeon made an incision right down the spine. A large quantity of pus was revealed, and the cavity was sponged out carefully in order to see just where the knife was going. In this region where one slip of the knife or one false move would have been fatal to the patient, the surgeon with a chisel and hammer went down on the bone until he cut out all that which was in any way affected, never touching the spinal cord. There lay the white shining cord at the bottom of the wound in all its pristine beauty, and not a scratch marred its surface. The operator smiled with complaisance when he saw how nicely he had accomplished his purpose. He had removed the cause of the suppuration, hence the abscess would disappear. He had also removed the cause of the paralysis, and felt assured power would now return to the paralyzed legs; and, more than all, he knew time would accomplish the filling up of the place where the bone had formerly been. The patient recovered from the other and was placed in bed on his face. In three days motion returned to the legs, and he was able to move his feet the first time in nearly a year. About the same time sensation began to return in the limbs. In about three weeks he could bear some weight on his legs, and at the same time he assumed the position on his breast and knees which he has kept ever since. He at length became strong enough to stand, with assistance, and take a step or two. He is now able to walk and sit down in a chair with comfort. Of course his back is yet weak, and probably never will regain its former power, but he will be a useful man. The wound has gradually closed up, leaving only a slight scar, and causes him little or no pain. His appetite has returned, and he eats as much as a laboring man.—N. W. Christ-

GERMAN RAILROADS.

Five Separate Operations Necessary to Start an Ordinary Passenger Train.

I fear there would be a strike on every road in America if the employees saw the working of railroads in Germany. It seems as if the end in view were to see how many officials could be used, instead of how few; indeed I always feel as if the aim of German rule is to find sinucures for all the men. It has been a never-failing amusement to see our train arrive and depart from a station. The first impression one has is what gorgeous uniforms! Chief in plume and importance is the station-master. With his bright red military cap, dark blue coat with brass buttons everywhere that a button can stick, velvet cuffs half up his arm, and pantaloons to match coat, he carries the dignity of the Government and does nothing but oversee. A train carrying one hundred and fifty passengers is a heavy one; there will be at least four conductors, all in green and gold military uniforms. Then there is the porter, almost as brilliant as the station-master; he does no manual work except taking passengers' light traps and caring for them (for a fee.) Then on every train is a splendid official, the starter, distinguished by a brilliant red sash carrying his time book; he has his time of arrival written in by every station-master and starts the train. Then the post-office official at every station has his scarlet plume and rarely less than three uniformed men to run the little go-cart carrying the mail from his office to the train. With us, one good-sized boy would do the work of all four. The chief does nothing but strike attitudes and look as consequential as possible, after the station-master. Then there is a man specially employed to stick a little stamp on your ticket, if you stop over at a station (and who to you if you omit this formality). But perhaps the funniest sight of all to one used to the baggage on a Long Branch or Saratoga train is to see the handling of baggage; it looked as if six men licked stamps for every package; and with ten pieces, there were red, blue and white papers checked and handed around as if it were a State affair. The truck was in itself a load; so there were four men to lift these ten pieces on, one at the handle and an extra one to shove—six full grown men struggling with this load to the baggage car!—and even then a grey-headed fellow I had not seen before trotted alongside to see if the count was right. At every station is also a telegraph operator, not one of whom I have seen take a message during the time I have been in Germany.

Imagine this troupe of officials running or standing about every train! You would think, when it was time to start, one man could do it; but no, there are five separate operations. First, the starter blows or whistles as a signal to the station-master; the latter makes a dignified wave of the hand to an official I have not noted before, the bell-tapper; the tapper gives three taps, never more or less or off goes his official head; then the starter blows a whistle for the engineer, who blows his whistle, "now abdomen." So one evening the "hunter and the tenderfoot" started out after fresh meat.

They soon found it, for scarcely a mile from camp they ran on to a whole family of grizzlies, half a dozen in all. As the bear family showed a decided inclination for a closer acquaintance, the introduction at once took place, the rifles of the hunters serving as masters of ceremonies. Though the men fired as fast as they could and bear after bear was knocked down, the brutes rose to their feet again and the bruin family still came on. The rifles kept their incessant crack, however, and at a distance of twenty yards the old she-bear, the leader of the family, felt to rise no more. Forty shots had now been fired, and with only three cartridges left between them the hunters were glad indeed to see the remainder of the savage family party turn tail and disappear among the surrounding rocks and bushes.

On examination eight bullet holes were found in the old she-bear, five of the eight having lodged in vital parts. The next morning the hunters took the bloody trails leading in various directions, and in an hour's time all the remaining bears were found dead, making six bears bagged in a bunch.

During the fight the wounded brutes indulged frequently in their singular custom, called in hunter and trapper parlance "shaking up." Whenever a bear was struck by a bullet it would at once seize one of its companions and a rough and tumble fight would ensue. The old she-bear on several different occasions grabbed her cubs and tossed them high in the air, catching them as they fell, and unmercifully "chewing" them. It was to this singular custom that the hunters probably owed their lives, as it delayed the progress of the ferocious family until the deadly rifles were able to check it entirely.—Oheysenne Leader.

SVANSTIAN BREAD.

An Article of Food Which Would Defy the Digestive Powers of an Ostrich.

At last it has been discovered where the worst bread in the world is made—it is in Svanstia, among the Caucasian mountains. After reading the following description by a recent traveler, we ought to be thankful even if our bread should be slightly sour or a little heavy some times:

Conceive a thing like a large Sally Lunn, only flatter, made of a mixture of the coarsest oatmeal and sand, very heavy, more than half sour and very wet. When you have imagined this, you have imagined the thing which the sophisticated Svan looks upon as the staff of life. Still, bad as it was, only one of our party refused to eat of it, and that one our interpreter, Platon. At first I was very angry with him, considering that as he had been bred in the country, what was good enough for him, he ought to be good enough for him. But he was right for all that, as our disordered digestions and a violent attack of heart-burn told us next morning. To eat the bread of Svanstia with impunity, even an ostrich would require to be nourished on it from earliest infancy, otherwise it would assuredly be too much even for his digestion.—Youth's Companion.

MATCHING FINE GEMS.

The Difficulty of Getting Together a Satisfactory Diamond Necklace.

A fashionable-looking gentleman entered a well-known jewelry store one day last week in a great hurry.

"I want," he said, with some hesitation, "a diamond earring to match this one. I must have it by to-morrow without fail, as the pair is intended for a birthday present. I brought this one and its mate from Europe last week, and one was either lost or stolen."

The proprietor looked at the earring critically and smiled.

"You ask what is impossible," he said. "That is a very fine diamond, and can not be matched in weight and color without great care, if at all. I might have to look at a thousand stones before I could get one like it, and I might not be able to get one without having it cut to order. There is not a jeweler in the world who can match a stone like that at a day's notice, unless he stumbled on it."

The customer finally concluded to buy another pair of ear-rings and have the diamond he had put into a stud.

"That stone," said the jeweler, after the customer had gone, holding up the solitary earring so that it flashed a dozen brilliant colors, "is what is known to the trade as fancy fine. It is a pure blue white and of great value. I should say it was worth \$400 a carat. To match a stone of that quality it is very difficult. Although within one hour I can examine a million dollars' worth of diamonds, I would not find one of the same weight, color, and cut as this one. Formerly, if a jeweler had a customer who was desirous of matching a diamond of this quality, he would ransack the jewelry stores all over the world in order to obtain what he wanted. Of course, that made the price so much higher to the customer. Nowadays jewelers prefer to cut a stone to order. It is not always certain even then that the jewels will be exactly alike. One can not always judge to a fraction of a carat what the rough stone will weigh after it is cut."

With the less valuable diamonds this difficulty is not so great. While the supply of fancy fine diamonds in this country is limited, there are plenty of the poorer quality of stones. In fact, the supply of fine diamonds all over the world is limited.

"The most difficult thing for a jeweler to obtain is a necklace of fine diamonds. To begin with he takes one large diamond. After that all the diamonds in the necklace must come in pairs, one on each side. The jeweler must be even more careful about these than he would have to be if they were intended for earrings. In the latter case the jewels are separate, and a trifling fault might pass undetected. But in a necklace where the jewels are in one piece the slightest difference in color would not pass unnoticed even by an amateur. A stone of a yellow shade would look like a topaz beside a white diamond. Even the slightest difference in shape would be plain, and put the necklace around the throat of a woman in full dress and every fault would become doubly pronounced."

"It sometimes takes a jeweler years to make a perfect necklace of fine diamonds. After it is begun there are a great many changes before it is finished. The work of gathering the diamonds for a first-class necklace does not pay. The profit on diamonds is only ten per cent., at least that is all that a reputable dealer charges."

"A customer once came to us and asked us to make him a diamond necklace not to exceed \$10,000 in price. That is, of course, a small price for a necklace, in which there are from twenty-five to fifty stones. It took us nearly a year to get it satisfactory, and after counting the time and worry lost in the work we found that our profit was less than eight per cent. That sort of thing does not pay."

"We are now engaged in making a necklace that will cost \$25,000. I have standing orders with leading diamond merchants for a certain class of diamonds for this necklace. It is intended for a prominent Chicago society lady. We have about one-half the diamonds necessary. Before it is finished, however, I think it probable that the many changes necessary to get it satisfactory will compel us to lay aside half of the diamonds now selected."

"I have made a hundred changes in arranging the diamonds for a single necklace. With any other jewels this extreme care would be unnecessary, as defects of differences are not noticed in them that would be glaringly apparent in diamonds."

"One difficulty, which is equal in the amount of trouble it gives us to all the others put together, is the eyesight of our customers. Being in a critical frame of mind when they purchase diamonds, they see defects that do not exist, and it is hard to convince them that they are mistaken. The eyesight has to be educated in studying diamonds, and we often spend hours in explaining and showing the beauties of diamonds to customers. Some will insist that two diamonds are mates when they are as unlike as a mulatto and a white man in color."—N. Y. Sun.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A Haverhill paper talks about its first families. In a shoe town one would expect to hear about the last families instead.—Lowell Citizen.

—A girl in the Savannah Telephone Exchange answered 1,233 calls in eight hours, and said "hello" every time before shifting a plug for a new circuit.

—The young man who persuades himself that two people can live as cheaply as one can always find a girl to help him try the experiment.—Philadelphia Call.

—A remarkable well is now in use on a farm near New Madrid, Mo. The well is remarkable in the respect that its curbing is simply that of an old hollow tree and is twenty-five feet deep. The tree had sunk into the ground and when found and cut into good water was discovered and is now being used by the family. It has afforded water for some time and bids fair to hold out its water-giving capacity as well if not better than a carefully-constructed well by the hands of the skillful architect.—St. Louis Post.

TO THE LADIES

Of this vicinity: We wish to call your special attention to the

TYCOON TEA.

An absolutely uncolored Japan Tea. First pickings of new crop grown on the tea plantation of Uje, now the most celebrated tea lands in Japan, producing a leaf unsurpassed in quality and delicacy of flavor, for which we have secured the exclusive sale in this town. We are therefore in a position to guarantee the TYCOON TEA an absolutely pure tea, and the quality as choice as it is possible to import.

BLAICH BROS.,

HEADQUARTERS FOR CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, Oh, it will wear away, but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which we sell on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effects after taking the first dose. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial size free. Glazier & Co. Druggists.

He who buys a building site cheap doesn't give a great deal and gets a lot.

Babies that are fretful, peevish, cross, or troubled with Windy Colic, Teething Pains, or Stomach Disorders, can be relieved at once by using **Acker's Baby Soother**. It contains no Opium or Morphine, hence is safe. Price 25 cents. Sold by R. S. Armstrong, Druggist.

Texas is not for prohibition by 67,000 or thereabouts.

Worth Its Weight In Gold.

Albert Emminger, Covington, Ky., was afflicted with Catarrh three years. He says: "After trying every known patent medicine which I saw advertised, none of which helped me, I tried Pabillon (extract of flax) Catarrh Cure as a last resort. It has made complete cure, and is worth its weight in gold. I will give you other references from parties who have been cured. It is no experiment, but a positive cure." Large bottles only \$1 at Glazier, DePuy & Co's.

If you want to see a wild cat, simply hold up the domestic article by the tail.

Save the Children. They are especially liable to sudden Colds, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. We guarantee **Acker's English Remedy** a positive cure. It saves hours of anxious watching. Sold by R. S. Armstrong, Druggist.

Perplexity is the father of profanity.

The Greatest Medicine of the Age.

Kellogg's Columbian Oil is a powerful remedy, which can be taken internally as well as externally by the tenderest infant. It cures almost instantly, is pleasant, acting directly upon the nervous system, causing a sudden buoyancy of the mind. In short, the wonderful effects of this wonderful remedy cannot be explained in written language. A single dose inhaled and taken according to directions will convince any one that it is all that is claimed for it. Warranted to cure the following diseases: Rheumatism or Kidney Disease in any form, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises, Spinal Affection, Colic, Cramping Pains, Cholera Morbus, Flux, Diarrhoea, Coughs, Colds, Bronchial Affection, Catarrh, and all aches and pains, external or internal. Full directions with each bottle. For sale by Glazier, DePuy & Co. v17a37

When a man is alive he wants the earth when he dies the earth wants man.

Ordinance No. 21.

An Ordinance relative to the muzzling of dogs. It is hereby ordained by the President and Trustees of the village of Chelsea, Sec. 1.—It shall not be lawful for any dog or dogs to run at large within the corporate limits of the village during the months of July and August in any year, unless such dog or dogs are muzzled in such manner as to prevent them from biting persons or animals.

Sec. 2.—It shall be the duty of the marshal of the village whenever he finds any dog or dogs running at large, contrary to Sec. 1 of this ordinance, to shoot or cause any such dog to be shot.

Sec. 3.—It shall be the duty of the marshal of the village immediately after the publication of this ordinance, and on the 1st day of July in each year, to give notice in writing to the owners of all dogs running at large, setting forth this ordinance, and that the same will be enforced by him by shooting all dogs found running at large contrary to Sec. 1 of this ordinance.

Sec. 4.—All ordinances or parts of ordinances conflicting with this ordinance are hereby repealed.

Sec. 5.—This ordinance shall take effect and be in force after its publication.

Approved July 26, 1887, by order of the Village Board.

JOHN A. PALMER, Pres.
GEO. BROGLE, Clerk.

DETROIT MACKINAC.

Summer Tours.

Palace Steamers. Low Rates. Four Trips per Week Between DETROIT, MACKINAC ISLAND, St. Ignace, Mich., and Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. Every Week Day Between DETROIT AND CLEVELAND. Special Sunday Trips during July and August. OUR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS Rates and Excursion Tickets will be furnished by your Ticket Agent, or address: E. S. WHITCOMB, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Detroit & Cleveland Steam Nav. Co., DETROIT, MICH.

Mortgage Sale.

WHEREAS, default having been made in the payment of the money secured by a mortgage, dated the seventh day of May, A. D. 1879, executed by J. George Mackel and Mary C. Mackel his wife, of the township of Lima, county of Washington and state of Michigan, in said mortgage and the whole amount due thereon, to the township of Waterford, Jackson county and state of Michigan, which mortgage was recorded in the office of the said mortgagee for the county of Washington, in Liber 58 of Mortgages, on page 28, on the 22nd day of May, A. D. 1879, at 10 o'clock a. m.; and whereas, said mortgagee has departed this life on the 27th day of Aug. A. D. 1887, and upon the 15th day of January, A. D. 1888, J. G. H. Heydlauff, of Waterford, Mich., was duly and lawfully appointed administrator of the estate of said Fredericka Seybold and lawfully entered upon the execution of the trust and is now acting in said capacity. And whereas, the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice is the sum of eleven hundred ninety-two and forty-one hundredths dollars (\$1192.41) and interest and the further sum of thirty dollars as a reasonable attorney fee, stipulated for in said mortgage and the whole amount claimed to be due and unpaid on said mortgage is the sum of twelve hundred and twenty-two and forty-one hundredths dollars, and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law to recover the debt now remaining secured by the said mortgage or any part thereof, whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative, now, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of said power of sale, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale, the premises therein described at public auction to the highest bidder at the east front door of the court house in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county of Washtenaw, that being the place of holding the court for said county, on the 3rd day of September next at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, which said premises are described in said mortgage as follows: To-wit: All those certain pieces or parcels of land situated and being in the township of Lima in the county of Washtenaw and state of Michigan and described as follows: To-wit: Commencing at the north and south quarter of section twenty-one of township two, south of range four east, of the 3rd range of townships in the 3rd range of townships, thence north three degrees and forty-four minutes, west one chain and fifty links, thence north eighty-eight degrees, east eight chains, thence north three degrees and forty-four minutes, east three chains and seventy links, thence north eighty-seven degrees and six minutes west to the place of beginning, containing two acres and eighty-seven one hundredths of land more or less with the buildings and appurtenances thereon situated, together with the privilege of a standing head of water of seven feet in depth from the place of said water to the head gates of the old saw mill now standing on the premises, and the privilege of digging gravel to repair said mill race at all times along the margin of said race and dam, together with the privilege of digging gravel on the north side of the pond from a stake corner rods south of the northeast corner of the west half of the southwest quarter of said section twenty-one to the place of said race, and containing said sixty-seven degrees west until it intersects the pond and the privilege of raising the water one foot higher in the winter season according to the conditions of the deed given by Henry W. Nordman to Palmer Westfall.

Dated June 16, 1887.

J. G. H. HEYDLAUFF,
Administrator of the estate of Fredericka Seybold, deceased.

M. J. LEHMAN, Attorney.

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