

SALLY UNDER THE APPLE-TREE.

On the jolly old apple-tree,
With a little stand upon it,
To watch the rosy plums!
To watch the rosy plums!
To watch the rosy plums!
To watch the rosy plums!
To watch the rosy plums!
To watch the rosy plums!
To watch the rosy plums!
To watch the rosy plums!

But years have come and years have gone,
And all the world grows older,
And while our pockets fill with gold,
Our empty hearts grow colder.
I think of all the years have brought,
The joys I've bought and paid for,
(For many an empty foot the bill—
What else, pray, were they made for?)—
A palace on Fifth avenue,
A stylish clipper yacht,
A hunting stud, a Tally-ho,
The winning colt—what not?
A wife and daughter, a la mode
(Three dolls, well stuffed with straw),
Two larks, two dainty sons,
Two ditto son-in-laws,
A lovely heart, a loving home,
A world of toil and trouble,
And all for what? A bubble!

So, looking back with longing eyes
To days of sweet unrest,
When all our wealth was youth and love,
And apples—while in season—
How I do miss the rosy plums!
That bring me naught but sorrow!
For one sweet kiss from Sally's lips
I'd give it all to-morrow—
All to be given, Sally,
Beginning the tree for all I'm worth,
To win a kiss from you!

—Harper's Weekly.

A JEALOUS WIFE.

The Interesting Story of a Cryptogram.

Mr. and Mrs. Ronayne were generally considered by their friends and acquaintances to be an exceptionally happy and fortunate couple. They had a pretty house at Chiswick, got up in the latest aesthetico-fashionable style. Mrs. Ronayne drove out daily either in her neat victoria or nearer brougham, drawn by the most spanking pair of chestnuts that ever came out of Tattersall's. Mr. Ronayne was known to be "something in the city," though what the "something" was no one knew precisely; but the resulting income must be, every one argued, considerable. No small economies were apparent in their ménage, even to the eyes of the most critical and prying of spinster ladies. Mrs. Ronayne had her gowns made at the best of West End "houses," and her bonnets and other accessories of attire were quite beyond reproach. As for Ronayne himself, Poole and Smalpage tailored for him. Hoby shod him and Lincoln and Bennett covered his slightly bald cranium with the most immaculate and glossy of silk hats.

The little dinners given by this fortunate pair were quite epicurean in their way. Though limited as to the number of guests—for it was seldom that more than ten or twelve sat down to the Ronaynes' exquisitely decked table—the hostess was noted for her skill in getting pleasant people together, and therefore her invitations were rarely, if ever, declined, and her guests were never bored. All the married folks of their acquaintance quoted them to each other as a realized ideal of matrimonial felicity.

"Oh Arthur, if you treated me with half the deference and affection with which Mr. Ronayne treats his wife," said Mrs. Fitzhugh to her mild-faced lord and master, "what a happy woman I should be!"

"My dear Mathilda, don't you get a gown to fit you as Mrs. Ronayne's fit her? But I suppose it's not the fault of your gowns, after all; it's the dowdy woman inside them," snarled Mr. Brown to his patient spouse, whose only answer was a weary sigh. "Ronayne is a lucky fellow."

And so the Fitzhughs and the Browns thought themselves very much to be pitied, while their more fortunate neighbors were to be envied, admired and lauded.

Every body was civil, nay, more than civil to the Ronaynes. Mrs. Ronayne's gowns and bonnets were copied by all the maids and matrons in Linden Park; her drawing-room was always full of overhanging on her "At Home" days, and compliments and pretty speeches floated like incense on the air whenever she put her daintily-shod foot inside her neighbors' doors.

The fortunate Mrs. Ronayne lacked nothing; her two children were as pretty and picturesque as any to be seen portrayed in all the glory of golden hair, plush and well-turned legs on the walls of Burlington House. Just as a rose looks best with an unfolded bud or two near it, so a pretty woman never looks more charming than when a flower-faced child or two hangs about her. Mrs. Ronayne knew this, and "darling Evie" and "darling Robbie" were generally to be seen in the drawing-room on her Thursday afternoons, or in the carriage when she drove in the Park. Was there any looked-upon board holding its grinning, bony inmate in that gorgeously furnished suburban villa? Was there one little rift in the lute that made music for the Ronaynes? One crumpled leaf in their couch of roses? One black, coarse thread in the cloth-of-gold web of their lives? Let us peep, like Asmodeus, under the Ronaynes' roof and see.

The breakfast hour at Honeywood Villa was nine o'clock, rather an early hour for Londoners, but Mr. Ronayne liked to get down to his office by half-past ten, and Mrs. Ronayne liked to preside over her husband's maternal repast, pouring out his coffee with her own fair hands, and casting a solicitous, not to say curious, glance at him as he looked over his correspondence. Indeed, so anxious was she that her lord should lack none of the *petits soins* which were his due, that she always entered the breakfast-room at least a quarter of an hour before him, and cast a housewife's regard over the table, to

see that every thing was arranged in accordance with his somewhat fastidious tastes. At the same time, and for her own satisfaction, she was in the habit of scrutinizing pretty closely the covers of all Mr. Ronayne's letters.

One bright spring morning Mrs. Ronayne emerged fresh and fair as Aurora's self from her chamber, and descending the stairs rather more quickly than usual, entered the cozy little breakfast-room, and went straight to the table where Mr. Ronayne's extensive correspondence was spread out imposingly. Running the array of letters over rapidly, she finally singled one out. "At last!" she said, her color deepening and her fine eyes growing bigger and brighter as she fixed them indignantly on the address of the letter. "Post-mark, London, W., and the same handwriting. I should know those ps and ys anywhere. I will find out who is the writer!" And she slipped the letter in question into the pocket of her artistic morning-gown; and then, as she caught the sound of her husband's footsteps crossing the hall, she turned nonchalantly towards the window and bent over a *jardiniere* of white and pink primulas that were putting forth their delicate blossoms to enjoy the morning sunshine.

Mr. Ronayne sauntered into the room and went at once to look at his letters. A slight shade of disappointment crossed his face as he shuffled them about like a pack of cards, and he uttered an impatient exclamation. "What is the matter, dear?" said his wife, sweetly. "Has any thing gone wrong?"

"A letter which I expected hasn't come, that's all," replied Mr. Ronayne, in a tone of vexation. "Perhaps it will come by the next post. Was it a very important letter—a business letter?" inquired Mrs. Ronayne, looking her husband full in the face.

"Well, yes—it would be rather an important letter—at least it might be."

"I wonder how much of that is true?" thought his wife. Aloud she said: "I am so sorry, Dolph. But eat your breakfast; here are some of the *rognons sautes* you like so much."

But that morning Mrs. Ronayne had no appetite; she trifled for a few minutes with his knife and fork, and then gulped down his coffee, opened and read some of his letters, none of which seemed to give him any satisfaction, glanced hastily at the *Times*, and finally went off to the city without bestowing upon his wife a single caress, or uttering one of those endearing epithets the constant and public use of which had won for the Ronaynes the reputation of being "such a happy pair."

When her Adolphus had taken his departure, Mrs. Ronayne ran up to her boudoir, locked the door and took the purloined letter out of her pocket. "It's a woman's handwriting—I know it is," she said to herself as she held it between her trembling fingers. "Now, I should like to know what business my husband has to receive letters from any woman but his wife." She turned the offending missive over and looked at the back. It was not sealed, only secured in the ordinary manner. Nothing could be easier than to open it in such a way that none could suspect that it had been tampered with. Running down stairs, she re-entered the breakfast-room and held the letter to the steam of the kettle, which still stood on the brass trivet beside the fire. In five minutes the envelope had been forced to yield its secret, and Mrs. Ronayne was free to indulge her curiosity. With a quickly-beating heart she unfolded the single sheet of note-paper the envelope contained, ran her eyes over it, then read word by word what followed:

"I can not yet realize to find run around mile quarter scurrier runner pol ce and share's in the ambush fire HHH condition so will come enfolded sound mine 18 break from my heart to years ago thoroughly prepared so doubtless unavailing fall 20 makes me indeed vexated exception to mult tules little solitude/puffs to have spent seven in all ivory remember please impend ag."

That was all. There was neither date nor signature to the letter. Mrs. Ronayne read it over at least a dozen times, and her delicately pencilled brows drew together in a puzzled frown. What on earth did it all mean? Was the letter a foolish hoax? Was it written by some inmate of Bodlam or Colney Hatch? Or, stay, yes; this surely explained the mystery. The letter was in cipher, a cryptogram of the Donnelly-Bacon-Shakespeare order. "I'll find it out!" panted Mrs. Ronayne, fiercely—"I'll find it out—and then tax Adolphus with it—"

As she had not yet settled in her own mind the precise nature of the crime of which her Adolphus had been guilty, Mrs. Ronayne could not complete her sentence. All sorts of conjectures were floating in her excited brain. Perhaps it was on this account that although she spent the whole morning in puzzling over the purloined letter, the only thing she got out of it was a racking headache, which not even her favorite remedy, sal volatile, could cure.

When Mr. Ronayne came back from the city about five o'clock, he found his wife reclining gracefully on the sofa in her boudoir, looking pale and heavy-eyed.

"What's the matter, Julia?" he asked, kindly. "You seem seedy."

"I've a horrid headache," she answered, crossly. "You don't look particularly bright either," she added, glancing at Mr. Ronayne's puckered forehead and haggard eyes.

"Oh, I've been rather bothered to-day—about business. Nothing of much consequence."

"Oh—is that all?" answered Mrs. Ronayne, with one of her quick suspicious glances. She had passed the afternoon shut up there in her room alone, and had worked herself into a perfect fever of doubt and surmise, and finally of jealousy, for jealousy was charming Mrs. Ronayne's besetting weakness. It is no doubt very flattering to a man's vanity that his wife should think so highly of his personal attractions that he is in constant dread lest some other woman should fall a victim to them. But, on the other hand, it is a dreadful nuisance when one can't address half-a-dozen words to a pretty girl, or remark that Mrs. So-and-so is a very agreeable woman, without enduring a

subsequent *peine forte et dure* of reproaches and sneers—and tears.

Mrs. Ronayne pored perseveringly over that, to her, nonsensical—and unintelligible letter, and at length arrived at the conclusion that it was a cryptogramic love-letter. The handwriting was undoubtedly feminine, and why, argued Mrs. Ronayne, should a woman write a letter in cipher to her husband unless she desired to hide something disgraceful?

Mrs. Ronayne made up her mind to solve that wicked cryptogram or perish in the attempt. She resolved also to watch her husband carefully during the next few days. Now, Julia Ronayne, though quite clever enough to hold her own in the conventional small-talk conversation usual in her set, had never guessed a conundrum or solved an acrostic in her life. To puzzle nature was quite beyond her power. Baffled and angry, she was at last compelled to own herself nonplussed by the ingenuity of the woman who had written that horrid letter. She, however, resolved to carry out the other part of her plan of campaign—namely, to watch her husband.

Certainly, Adolphus was greatly changed since the eventful morning when she had perceived herself of that queer letter. Each day saw him looking more and more anxious and careworn and distrustful.

"He must be very fond of that—that creature," thought Mrs. Ronayne, angrily. And she hardened her heart against her husband. She felt that things were coming to a crisis of some sort. Adolphus was evidently depressed and wretched. He ate little and slept less; even the children's chatter failed to rouse him from his fits of gloom. At last the crash came. One evening he returned earlier than usual from the city and went straight up to his wife's boudoir. Mrs. Ronayne saw at once that some catastrophe had befallen. Disaster was written on her husband's white, drawn face.

"Julia," he said, huskily—"Julia, my dear"—he took her hand and gazed wistfully into her face—"do you care very much for—for all this?" He just indicated the luxurious furnishing of the room with a gesture of his left hand.

"What do you mean, Dolph?" asked Julia, started out of her usual lazy indifference.

"I mean, dear, would it distress you very much to leave Honeywood Villa—and give up?"

"O Dolph, something has happened!" interrupted his wife, with a scared look. "Something has gone wrong in the city."

Mr. Ronayne smiled a wan tired smile. "Yes, Julia," he said, quietly, "something has gone wrong—very wrong. I am ruined for—"

"Ruined!" almost shrieked Mrs. Ronayne. "O Dolph, you have been speculating! Haven't I warned you a hundred times against that horrid Stock Exchange? Haven't I often begged you to devote all your energies to the business?"

"Don't cry 'I told you so' at me now, Julia," said Mr. Ronayne, wearily. "It is so easy to be wise after the event. This speculation would have made a millionaire of me had it not been for a most unlucky *contretemps*."

"Of course! That is always the case," wailed his wife, hiding her face in her pocket-handkerchief and dissolving into tears.

"Come, come, don't cry, my dear," said Mr. Ronayne, who hated to see his wife cry, which was perhaps the reason why she did it so often. "Things may turn out so badly after all. You didn't let me finish my sentence just now. I was going to say that I am ruined for the time being. But with a year or two of retrenchment and hard work, I shall pull through, I daresay. What troubles me most is that I must deprive you of so much that I know you care for—your pretty house, your carriage—and unlimited credit at Madame Eulalie's," he added, with a smile.

"How did it happen? Tell me all about it," said Mrs. Ronayne, drying her eyes. Curiosity put grief to flight. She looked up at him with her rosy lips parted eagerly. She had never looked prettier. "Was it this terrible business that has made you look so anxious lately?" she added, quickly.

"Yes; you see, all this trouble might have been averted had it not been that an important letter miscarried."

Mrs. Ronayne's heart stood still for an instant and then beat furiously. "An important letter—miscarried," she repeated, in a dazed tone.

"Yes; it was like this. You remember the Thurstons? Well, Thurston and I invested largely in Fourcross mine shares last year. It's a long story, and I know you don't like business details, so I'll cut it as short as I can. The Fourcross mine is in South America, and Thurston went over a couple of months ago to see whether the thing was bona fide or not—whether the shares were worth sticking to, or only good for speculation. You know the sort of woman Mrs. Thurston is?"

"O yes; a dreadful dowdy and wears spectacles," interpolated Julia, contemptuously.

"A shrewd woman of business though—Thurston's right hand. It was arranged that Mrs. Thurston should communicate to me the result of her husband's investigations, which he sent to her by cable in cipher. I dare say you can guess why I did not wish him to communicate with me direct; it was imperative that my connection with him should be kept secret. Unluckily, a few weeks ago scarlet fever broke out among the Thurstons children, and I would not go to the house for fear of bringing the infection here; therefore, Mrs. Thurston agreed to write to me in a cipher of a very simple kind, but which would not be intelligible to every one in case any of the letters were tampered with."

"O Dolph, will you ever forgive me?" burst out Mrs. Ronayne suddenly, throwing herself on her husband's breast. "It was I who stole the letter—it is I who have ruined you!"

"You!" cried Mr. Ronayne, incredulously.

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Julia drew back with a pale, frightened face; she dared not meet her husband's eyes. Then she rose mechanically, unlocked her escritoire, and took from it the letter, which she tremblingly put into his hand.

"There it is, Dolph," she said, in a low voice. He took the letter, opened and read it in silence.

"How did you get it?" he said at last, fixing his eyes sternly on his wife's tear-stained face. "Julia, I can scarcely believe that even you could be such a fool as to have intercepted this letter."

"I did. But, O Dolph! it was in a woman's handwriting—and I thought—"

"It's that idiotic jealousy of yours, I suppose!" he interrupted. "Look here! Will this convince you that Mrs. Thurston hasn't written me a love-letter?" he added with grim irony. Then he held the letter towards her, and with a shaking forefinger, indicated first the numerals and then the corresponding words of the cryptogram. "It is a very simple cipher. 'Realize shares Fourcross Mine. Fall impending.' If I had received this letter a week ago, I should have sold the shares at a high figure and realized a fortune. As it is they are little better than waste paper; if you look at this morning's money market you will see why. The Thurstons are all right; for I happened to hear to-day that Mrs. Thurston—acting on the private information she had received—

instructed her broker to sell a week ago—at the time when she wrote me this letter. But for your folly—or my anxiety about the children, if you like to put it that way—I should have been able to retire from business altogether. As it is, we must let this house for a few years, and live in lodgings as cheaply as we can. It will be a hard trial for you, my poor girl; but I hope it will have cured you once and for all of your foolish and groundless jealousy. And," he added with a smile, "perhaps in future you won't think it necessary to tamper with my letters."—*Chambers' Journal*.

A SCENE AT WORTH'S.

The Paris Genius Who Constructs Ravishingly Beautiful Costumes.

When at least thirty thousand of the fair sex are to be gotten up in elegant garbs for any special occasion, an animation is created among the milliners and dressmakers that rapidly assumes colossal proportions. At Worth's establishment, for instance, feverish activity reigned till late in the night. Ladies were coming to have costumes altered, or to make sure of their completion, or to buy new dresses from among the pattern dresses of the house, and work-women were charging to and fro with freshly-completed corsages or skirts in their hands, and M. Worth was having the life worried out of him with questions from his employees and suggestions from his customers, and his admirable forewoman, Mademoiselle Marie Barre, almost lost her patience (she never does, I believe), and altogether chaos itself had come again in the great establishment on the Rue de la Paix. For not only was the next day that of the Grand Prix, but on that evening the Princess de Sagan gave a dinner of eighty covers, followed by an evening fete champetre (a decided novelty in garden parties), and all fashionable Paris was in a whirl accordingly. I got into a quiet corner late in the afternoon and sat and looked on, an amused spectator, at all the excitement. Here comes the Duchesse de Leuchtenberg, elegant, graceful and quiet of demeanor, altogether satisfied with the exquisite toilet in mauve peau de sole embroidered with silver spangles and garlands of lilacs in shaded silks on the skirt front, a very dream of a dress for which she desires a mantle. Worth's quick eye discerns for her just the shade of green in velvet that will harmonize with the mauve and match the shades of green in foliage of the lilac garlands, and she glides away after a consultation of ten minutes. Next the Countess of Croyle makes her appearance to try on her red-velvet coat, all embroidered with steel and silver beads and silver and gold thread on a scarcely discernible groundwork of the fine old gold cloth. Mrs. Lee-Child, whose husband is a nephew of the late General Robert E. Lee, a gentleman who for love of the defunct Confederacy has renounced his fatherland forevermore (she was formerly *Mlle. de Sartiges*), is having the last touches given to her toilet in silver-spangled tulle, with a red-velvet coat in sea-green Bengaline bordered with an embroidery of small pale pink roses and silver spangles. There is a sash in pale pink watered ribbon to be looped over the aerial folds of the skirt, and Worth's dexterous touch alone can impart to it just the proper curve. Next comes a lady who wants to know if the hat which her maid brings with her in a huge hand-box is just the thing to wear with the dress M. Worth has sent her the evening before. He looks at it, sends for a box of artificial flowers, and substitutes for a rather stiff spray of pink roses a graceful cluster of sweet peas, and the hat is artistically instead of being overloaded. Then a dress is brought to him, a lovely cloud in pale peach-kernel crape, with watered stripes of the same hue—the work-woman can not decide whether the sash in watered ribbon to be worn with it should be in pale blue or pale pink. Worth sweeps all the colored ribbons aside and finishes the dress with a white sash knotted as only his swift, dexterous fingers know how to tie a ribbon.—*Philadelphia Telegram*.

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COOPER & WOOD

PROPRIETORS OF THE

Chelsea Roller Mills

ARE PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF
CUSTOM WORK.

ALL KINDS OF
FLOUR AND FEED ON HAND.

The Highest Market Price Paid for Wheat.

COOPER & WOOD.

GREAT CUT!

See our Great Cut on Pants, 100 Pants laid
out at just One-half Price. We have
too many Pants

THEY MUST GO!

\$7.00 PANTS FOR	\$3.50
6.00 "	3.00
5.00 "	2.50
4.50 "	2.50
4.00 "	2.00
3.50 "	1.75
3.00 "	1.50

Suits Former Price \$17.00 now \$8.60
" 10.00 " 6.60
" 8.00 " 4.60

J. T. JACOBS & CO.,

Headquarters for Clothing.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

ST. JOHN'S CATHOLIC SCHOOL, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Conducted by the Sisters of Providence, St.
Mary's, Indiana.

To afford children an opportunity for a proper religious instruction,
before and after First Communion, the Sisters will take a limited number
of boarders at \$10.00 per month—board and tuition.

Besides this religious instruction the pupils will also receive a
thorough education in the school. The higher branches will also be
taught. German, plain and fancy needle work, etc., without extra charge.

Pupils will not be received for less than five months.
Instrumental music, piano, organ and guitar, painting and drawing
form extra charges.

Pupils may go home Fridays if they return on or before Monday
morning.

For particulars, address,

SISTER SUPERIOR or W. DeBEVER,
Ypsilanti, Michigan.

MY NAME

Is as familiar to the people of this vic-
inity as a household word, still when you
see it in print continually it is a remind-
er that I carry the most

Beautiful,

Bedazzling,

Bewitching,

Stock of Carpets, Rugs and Mattings.
Headquarters for Ladies and Gent's Fine
Shoes and Slippers. Ladies Fine Dongola
Patent Leather Tip Shoes.

A windmill given away with every
pair of childrens shoes worth from \$1.00
upwards. Remember the place.

JOHN BURG,

Ann Arbor, Mich.

JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA

For LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, PURIFYING THE BLOOD

Used for 30 Years. Best Preparation in the World for
Sick Headache, Pain in the Side or Back, Consti-
pation, Pimples on the Face, Skin Diseases, Salt
Rheum, Gout, Piles and all Diseases that arise
from a Disordered Liver, Stomach or an Impure
Blood. It is a powerful tonic for the weak and feeble, especially
children. It can not hurt the most delicate constitution, and is one of
the best medicines in use for regulating the bowels. PRICE \$1.00.
Three bottles for \$2.50. Delivered free of any charge. Sold by all Druggists.
Send for Circular. W. JOHNSTON & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

Cain's Wife.

Where did he get her?
Who was her brother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a mother?
Was she pre-Adamic—
Born before history—
With her identity
Shrouded in mystery?
Maid of Phoenicia,
Egypt, Arabia,
Africa, India,
Or sun-kissed Susia?
Who was her father?
Was he a viking,
Cruising about
Just to his liking;
Out of the Whenceness,
Over the water,
Into the Where,
Bringing his daughter?
Native of Norway,
Denmark or Sweden?
Lured by the charms
Of the Garden of Eden?
Blonde or brunet?
Round or slender?
Piercy or frigid?
Haughty or tender?
Why are her graces
Unknown to fame?
Where did Cain meet her?
What was her name?
Whisper it softly—
Say, can it be
The lady we seek
Was R. Haggard's "She"?
Tell me, ye sages,
Students of Life,
Answer my query:—
Who was Cain's wife?
—Chicago News.

What Mrs. Grundy Says.

That the sidewalk in front of certain
stores on Main street needs repairing.

That, as community demoralizers, it is
nip and tuck between baseball and horse
racing.

That railroad excursion tickets were
never so very reasonable as they are this
season.

That for the shopkeepers in town these
are the melancholy days—the dullest of
the year.

That in a quiet, undemonstrative way,
many heretofore democrats now have a
change of heart.

That out-and-out servant girls are
scarce, but there is an abundance of
"ladies" who hire out.

That a number of men resolved to
keep cool have ruled not to talk any
politics before October next.

The Vestibule Limited.

Leaving Chicago, 3.10 p. m. daily.
Arriving at Detroit 10.45 p. m. daily.
Buffalo 6.15 a. m. daily, New York
8.50 p. m. daily, Boston 10.57 daily.
Through cars between these points
via Michigan Central, "The Niagara
Falls Route." New York Central
& Hudson River and Boston & Al-
bany Railroads. Solid Vestibuled
train Chicago to Buffalo via Niagara
Falls. New and magnificent equip-
ment. All classes of passengers.
No extra charge. O. W. Ruggles,
Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent. W.
R. Bueenbark, Ass't General Pass.
Agent.

Notice.

I do hereby forbid any person
trusting or harboring Nora Cush-
man on my account, as I shall not
be responsible for any debts con-
tracted by her.
n50 OLIVER CUSHMAN.

Removal.

C. Heselschwerdt has moved his
restaurant from the Kanteleher
block to the Wilkinson block, East
Middle street, and has furnished
some fine bedrooms, and will now
take regular or transient boarders.
He will be happy to meet all his old
friends and as many new ones as will
favor him with a call. He also
thanks old patrons for past favors
and hopes for a continuance of the
same. Ice cream by the dish or by
the quart, and a square meal for 25
cents. 46

One of Many.

Mr. O. F. Woodward, Dear Sir: Send
me 1/2 gross Kemp's Balsam, 50c size, and
a few samples. I certainly know that
Kemp's Balsam is the best selling cough
cure. I have fifteen other cough and
lung remedies on my shelves, and Kemp's
Balsam sells 10 to 1 beat of all. Respect-
fully yours, F. E. Conn. Sold by F. P.
GLAZIER, at 50c and \$1.00. Sample bottle
free.

Notice to Butter Makers and Con- sumers.

I will be constantly on hand at my new
stand under the postoffice to pay the
highest market price, in cash, for all the
first class butter I can get, and will also
retail first class butter to any who may
want, at all times, and at as-reasonable
figures as any one can sell a good article
for. And guarantee satisfaction.
Cash paid for eggs. A. DURAND.

A Few Painters.

The recent statistics of the number of
deaths show that the large majority die
with Consumption. This disease may
commence with an apparently harmless
cough which can be cured instantly by
Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs,
which is guaranteed to cure and relieve all
cases. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial size
free. For sale by F. P. GLAZIER.

To the Stockholders of Recreation Park Association.

Assessment No. 4 is now due, and
you are requested to pay the same
at once, so we may be able to clean
up, issue stock, etc.

L. BARCOCK, Pres.
JAS. GILBERT, Sec.
H. S. HOLMES, Treas.

Steam Powers for Sale.

S. Seney, agent for Ryan & Mc-
Donald, Russell & Co., and Huber &
Co., will sell very low and on easy
terms, 62 second hand engines, in
good order. All makes and sizes
sawmills, clover mills, water tanks,
swing stackers, Wide Awake, Massi-
lon and Huber threshing rigs, steam
outfits for heating, and boilers of
all sizes. Come and see me or write
S. Seney, Agent, Chelsea, Mich. 42

Markets.

CHICAGO, AUG. 16, 1888.

Eggs per dozen	14c
Butter, per pound	12c
Oats, per bushel	35c
Corn, per bushel	35c
Wheat, per bushel	80c
Onions, per bushel	80c
New Potatoes, per bushel	55c
Apples, per bushel	25c
Beans, per bushel	\$2.50

DR. J. C. LYND'S, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Offices lately occupied by Dr. Shaw.

Main St., Chelsea, Mich.

FIRE! FIRE!!

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

WARNER & DODGE

142 MAIN ST. JACKSON.

Hardware, Cutlery, Tools,

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,
Tinware, "Agate" Ironware, Step-
Ladders, Long Ladders, 12 to 40
feet, Stoves and Ranges, Mantels
and Grates, Pumps, Iron and Lead
Pipe, Rope, Chain, Barb and Plain
Fence Wire, Shovels, Spades and
Scoops.

Prices the very Lowest

SALESMEN WANTED

To canvas for the sale of Nursery Stock!
Steady employment guaranteed. SALARY
AND EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once,
stating age. (Refer to this paper.)
CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DRIVE WELLS.

A. L. BALDWIN, Chelsea, Mich.
is prepared to put in Tubular and Drive
Wells; repairing done on short notice.
Give him a call. v18n17

Probate Order.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw
ss. At a session of the Probate Court for
the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Pro-
bate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Sat-
urday, the 4th day of August, in the year
one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight.
Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Pro-
bate.

In the matter of the Estate of James
L. Mitchell, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly ver-
ified, of Martha Mitchell praying that Ad-
ministration of said estate may be granted to
herself or some other suitable person.
Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the
3rd day of September next, at ten o'clock in
the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of
said petition, and that the 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 to be holden at the Pro-
bate 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
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. DART, Probate Register. n52

Real Estate For Sale.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw—ss. In the matter of the estate of
Joseph H. Durand, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of
an order granted to the undersigned Adminis-
trator with the will annexed of the estate of
said deceased by the Hon. Judge of Probate
for the County of Washtenaw, on the tenth
day of July, A. D. 1888, there will be sold at
Public Vendue, to the highest bidder, at the
late residence of said deceased in the Village
of Chelsea in the County of Washtenaw in said
State, on Tuesday the 28th day of August, A.
D. 1888, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that
day (subject to all encumbrances by mortgage
or otherwise existing at the time of the death
of said deceased), the following described Real
Estate, to-wit:

Village lot number two (2), also the parcel of
land commencing at the north-west corner of
lot number three (3), block number sixteen (16),
according to the Plat of the Village of Chelsea,
running thence east long the north line of said
lot three, thirty-two feet, thence south twenty-
nine and one-half feet, thence west ten feet,
thence south eight feet, thence west ten feet,
thence south-westerly thirty-three feet to the
east side of a well and four feet east of said
north-east corner of lot number two in said
block sixteen, thence west four feet to the
west line of said lot number three, thence
three sixty-eight feet to the place of beginning;
all said block number sixteen, according to
Eliza Congdon's 3rd Addition to the Plat of
the Village of Chelsea, Washtenaw county,
Michigan.

Dated, July 10th, 1888.
GEORGE H. MITCHELL,
Administrator with the will annexed.

DON'T

FORGET

—THE—

GREAT

CLEARING

SALE

NOW

GOING ON

—A T—

BACON'S

IMPORTANT.

If you have repairing in Watches, Clocks,
or Jewelry, and if in want of a good
Watch or Clock, or Jewelry,
go to

L. & A. WINANS.
All Goods and Repairing Warranted to
give satisfaction.

CHELSEA — MICHIGAN.

CITY BARBER SHOP.

FRANK SHAVER.

Two doors west of W. J. Knapp's
hardware store. Work done quickly and
in first-class style.



Parker's SPAVIN CURE

IS UNEQUALLED
as an application to horses for
the cure of Spavin, Rheu-
matism, Splints, Navicular
Disease, and all other Lam-
eness, also for track use when
reduced.

Price \$1.00 per bottle,
Sold by druggists. Strong testi-
monials on application.

E. W. BAKER,
Sole Proprietor, ANN ARBOR, MICH.
Trade supplied by Jas. E. Davis
& Co., Detroit, Mich.; Peter Van
Schick & Sons, Chicago, Ill.;
Meyer Bros. & Co., St. Louis, Mo.



90th MERIDIAN TIME.

Passenger Trains on the Michigan Cen-
tral Railroad will leave Chelsea Station as
follows:

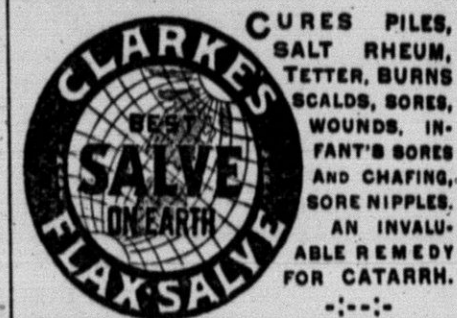
GOING WEST.

News Passenger.....5:27 A. M.
Mail Train.....9:22 A. M.
Grand Rapids Express.....6:05 P. M.
Evening Express.....10:00 P. M.

GOING EAST.

Night Express.....5:27 A. M.
Atlantic Express.....7:10 A. M.
Grand Rapids Express.....10:12 A. M.
Mail Train.....2:04 P. M.

WM. MARTIN, Agent.
O. W. RUGGLES, General Passenger
and Ticket Agent, Chicago.



CLARK'S
SALVE
ON EARTH
25 CTS.
RELIABLE DRUGGISTS SELL
IT ON A POSITIVE GUARANTEE.
PAPILLON SKIN CURE.
CATARRH CURE
For Sale at GLAZIER'S DRUG STORE.



MILLINERY.
MRS. STAFFAN,
Hatch & Durand Block, Chelsea.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

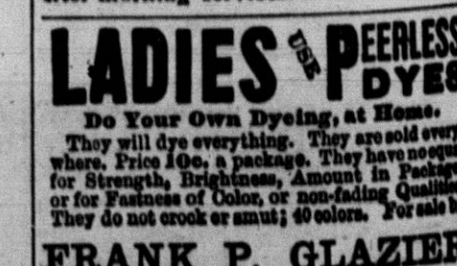
BAPTIST.—Rev. T. Robinson. Services at
10.30 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting,
Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock. Sunday
school at 12 M.

CATHOLIC.—Rev. Wm. P. Considine.
Mass every morning at 7 o'clock. Sunday
services at 8 and 10:30 A. M. Catechism at
12 M. and 2:00 P. M. Vespers, 8:00 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—Rev. J. E. Reilly.
Services, at 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer
meeting, Sabbath evening, at 7 o'clock. Prayer meeting, Thursday
evening, at 7 o'clock. Sunday School, im-
mediately after morning services.

LUTHERAN.—Rev. C. Haag. Ser-
vices, one Sabbath at 10:30 A. M., alter-
nate Sabbath at 2 P. M. Sunday School at
9 A. M.

METHODIST.—Rev. J. H. McIntosh. Ser-
vices 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.



LADIES' PEERLESS
DYES
Do Your Own Dyeing, at Home.
They will dye everything. They are sold every-
where. Price 10c a package. They have no equal
for strength, brightness, and permanency. They
do not crack or smudge. 40 colors. For sale by
FRANK P. GLAZIER.

TO MACKINAC

Summer Tours.

PALACE STEAMERS. LOW RATES

Four Trips per Week between

DETROIT, MACKINAC ISLAND

St. Ignace, Mackinac Island, St. Ignace,
Mackinac Island, St. Ignace, Mackinac Island,
St. Ignace, Mackinac Island, St. Ignace, Mackinac Island.

Every Week Day between

DETROIT AND CLEVELAND

Special Sunday Trips during July and August.

OUR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS
Dates and Excursion Tickets will be furnished
by your travel agent, or by
E. B. WHITCOMB, Gen. Pass. Agent,
Detroit & Cleveland Steam Navigation Co.,
DETROIT, MICH.