

Three Words of Strength.  
There are three lessons I would write—  
In tracing of eternal light,  
Upon the hearts of men.  
Have Hope! Though clouds environ round,  
And gladness hides her face in scorn,  
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—  
No night but hath its morn.  
Have Faith! Where'er thy bark is driven—  
The calm'st of port, the tempest's mirth—  
Know this, God rules the hosts of heaven—  
The inhabitants of earth.  
Have Love! Not love alone for one;  
But man, as man, thy brother call,  
And scatter, like the circling sun,  
Thy charities on all.  
Thus grave these lessons in thy soul—  
Hope, Faith and Love—and thou shalt find  
Sire night, when life's surges roll,  
Light when thou close wert blind.  
—Schiller.

The River of Life.  
The more we live, the more brief appear  
Our life's succeeding stages;  
A day to childhood seems a year,  
And years like passing ages.  
The gladsome current of our youth,  
Ere passion yet disorders,  
Seems lingering like a river smooth  
Along its grassy borders.  
But the careworn cheek grows wan,  
And sorrow's shafts fly down,  
We start, that measure life to man,  
Why seem your courses quicker?  
When joys have lost their bloom and breath  
And life itself is rapid,  
Why, as we near the Falls of Death,  
Do we its tide more rapid?  
It may be strange, yet who would change  
Time's course to slower speed,  
When one by one our friends are gone  
And years of fading strength  
Indemnify for loss;  
And those of youth, a seeming length  
Proportioned to their sweetness.  
—Campbell.

### THE RACE FOR LIFE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.  
Towards the middle of July, 1840,  
a party of us city-hived mortals deter-  
mined to take a cruise upon the salt  
water, and no sooner did the idea pre-  
sent itself than we set about putting  
the plan into effect. At Atkin's  
Wharf, at the North End, we found a  
small schooner, the "Othello," of about a  
hundred and twenty tons burden. She  
was a Baltimore built craft—regular  
clipping-shore, long and handsome,  
carrying fore-top-sail and top gallant-  
sail, and a gaff-top-sail upon the main.  
She had been used some in the West-  
India trade, and perhaps for other  
trades. She had four port-holes, and  
some of our party could detect the marks  
upon her deck where gun-carriages had  
run, though the faint marks might  
have been made by a thousand other  
things just as well. The owner's name  
was Johnson—a short, dark-complex-  
ioned lane man, but a good seaman  
and a good man. The moment we  
proposed hiring his schooner for a  
pleasure trip he was pleased with the  
idea. He proposed that we should fur-  
nish a new mainsail, find provisions  
and other necessary fixings, engage our  
own skipper, and take him as a pri-  
vate member of the party. He asked  
no more. Of course we accepted his  
offer.

We found Tom Phillips lying on his  
oars. We knew him to be a good ship-  
master, and we engaged his services.  
Then we got a good cook, a steward,  
and one other experienced seaman, and  
finally all our arrangements were com-  
pleted, and on the 17th of July the  
"Othello" left Boston harbor, under a  
fair breeze, and with a happy crew on  
board. There were twenty-four of us  
in all. Johnson had had the vessel  
thoroughly cleaned, and she was not  
only neat and tidy, but we found her  
also a splendid sailer—gliding through  
the water like a dolphin, and riding  
like a duck for gracefulness and ease.  
As soon as we were out of sight of  
land we took a vote to decide which  
course we should pursue. There were  
twenty of us privileged to vote, and  
each one placed his wish first to visit,  
it was deposited in a box by the bin-  
nacle. When the votes were all in,  
we examined them. Sixteen were for Ha-  
vana, one for Gibraltar, and three for  
"Anywhere." So to Havana we went.  
We had a splendid run, and when we  
reached the queen city of the Antilles,  
we found no difficulty in landing. We  
remained there a week, and having  
taken in a good quantity of fruit, we  
prepared to set sail again.  
"Which way now?" asked Senor  
Torrijos, as we were preparing to leave.  
"To Saint Domingo," answered Phil-  
lips.

"A fine trip," returned the old mer-  
chant, "but," he added, with a sort of  
serious smile, "you may meet Tradi-  
llo on your way."  
"Tradi'llo?" repeated Phillips; "who  
is he?"  
"What have you been here a week  
and not heard of Tradi'llo? Why, he  
is one of the most daring villains that  
ever lived—a pirate who has infested  
these seas for over three months, and  
whom no amount of strategy has been  
able to conquer. His hand is turned  
against the world, and he fears nothing.  
He has a crew as bold and bloody  
as himself, and he leaves no witnesses  
to tell of his deeds."  
"Then he kills all whom he captures,  
does he?"  
"Yes. He goes upon the principle  
that 'dead men tell no tales.' He was  
formerly a native of this place; but  
some time during the year 1836 he was  
apprehended for robbery, and con-  
demned to be whipped, and then im-  
prisoned. He was whipped in public,  
but he made his escape from prison,  
and now he has made his appearance  
among our islands as a most terrible  
avenger. But he must soon be ap-  
prehended, for many vessels are after him."  
"Does he sail in a large craft?"  
asked Phillips.

"No, his vessel is not larger than  
yours. It is a schooner of United  
States build, and not a bit larger than  
yours; yet he carries from fifty to a  
hundred men and six guns."  
"But how do you know so well his  
crew, when he kills all his prisoners?"  
"From two sources. First, he has  
two letters to the captain-general; and  
three men escaped from him about a  
month ago. They were all in a brig  
that he captured at night, and they  
jumped overboard with life-preservers  
on, and were picked up in the morn-  
ing."  
"And is he about here now?"  
"There is no knowing where he is.  
The last that we heard of him, he took  
a French barque of Aguililla, and mur-  
dered the whole crew. But I think  
there won't be much danger, for I think  
it very likely he is down on the Brazil  
coast now."  
This was very cheering intelligence,  
but then we had no real fears—our  
hearts were too light for that. It was

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after dinner when we have up our  
anchor and made sail, and before dark  
we had passed the headland of Matan-  
zas harbor. Through the night we  
northerly wind, and kept our course  
with flowing sheets. We concluded to  
run to the north of the island of Thuy,  
and on the morning of the fourth day  
from Havana we had made the north-  
easterly cape of the island. Here we  
had the wind from the southeast, and  
we had to make a tack to the eastward.  
The wind was steady, and we chose  
to make a "long leg" on the easterly  
tack, so as to come down well on the  
next one. Our course by the compass  
was east-by-north, and by looking at  
the map it will be seen that this course  
lay clear to the northward of all the  
islands morning when we belayed the  
sheets on this tack, and in half an hour  
we were once more out of sight of  
land. I was sitting upon the main  
hatch, engaged in peeling an orange,  
when some one sung out, "Sail-ho!"  
"Where away?" returned, sportively.  
And then Phillips asked the same  
question.

"Right there—just over the larboard  
quarter," returned the man who had  
spoken.  
We looked, and sure enough there  
was a sail in plain sight, which must  
have come out from behind Samana.  
Johnson went below and got his glass,  
and when he returned he examined the  
stranger and was soon confident she  
was a schooner.  
"Suppose it should be the pirate?"  
suggested one of our party, a Milk  
street book-keeper named Paine. There  
was a tremulousness in his tone as he  
spoke.  
"No, there's no danger of that," said  
Phillips. "I don't imagine we're going  
to fall in with a pirate so easily. I've  
followed the sea now going on twenty  
years and never saw one yet."  
"Unless that's one," persisted Paine.  
"Pooh—nonsense!"  
Our vessel was close-hauled upon  
the larboard tack, and the stranger  
was coming down almost before the  
wind, with fore-top-sail and top-gallant-  
sail set, and the larboard studding-  
sails drawing. In half an hour more  
the fellow was in plain sight. It was  
a schooner, long, low and black, and  
just such an one as Senor Torrijos had  
described the pirate to be. There was  
no mistaking this. And then her deck  
was full of men, as we could plainly  
see with the glass.

"What do you think now?" asked Paine,  
tremulously.  
"By the piper, there may be a snuff  
of powder here after all," returned  
Phillips, and he raised his glass.  
"Minutes later, and ere long the  
schooner was within a couple of miles.  
There was no more room for doubt.  
Her whole contour was rakish and  
bloody, and then no other craft would  
carry such a quantity of men.  
"Well, boys," said Phillips, "there  
can't be any mistake about that fellow,  
and now what shall we do?"  
"Why—run, of course," said Paine;  
and we all coincided.  
So without further consideration our  
helm was put up, the sheets eased off,  
and in a few moments more we were  
in the bowling off before the wind in fine  
style. For some ten or fifteen minutes  
we watched the pirate with the utmost  
anxiety, and at the end of that time it  
became evident that he was gaining  
upon us. The thought was a fearful  
one.  
"They never spare anybody," whis-  
pered a young salesman by the name  
of Bolster. He spoke to Phillips, and  
seemed to hope that something might  
be done to increase our speed.  
But Bolster was not the only one  
who bore fear marks upon his face. I  
think we all came in for our share of  
that. Whether the pursuer was a pri-  
vate or not had been settled in our  
minds, and the only thing upon which  
we now hung was the thought of  
escape. To be captured was sure  
death, and that, too, most horrible.

"Can we escape?" was a question  
asked by more than one, and asked by  
one more than once. Capt. Johnson  
knew most about our vessel's sailing  
qualities, and he was appealed to; but  
he only shook his head in doubt.  
It was a stern case, and we felt sure  
it must be a long one. Perhaps we  
could hold off until night, and then  
steal away.  
"I'm afraid not," said Phillips, who  
had been watching the pirate narrowly,  
as the hope was spoken to him. "The  
case'll be settled before night."  
It was now ten o'clock, and the wind  
was moderate, our schooner running  
off seven knots. It was a fixed fact  
that the pirate was gaining upon us—  
he was very slowly doing so, but yet  
he would see it. The fellow's develop-  
ment came gradually more plainly  
before our sight, and one after another  
his ropes became defined against the  
blue sky. It was just twenty-five  
minutes past ten when he fired a gun.  
We had not been able to see any ports  
before, but now that point was set-  
tled.  
"That means for us to heave to,"  
said Johnson, as the sound of the re-  
port had fairly died away.  
"But we won't leave to!" exclaimed  
half a dozen voices.  
"Of course we won't!" cried Paine.  
"We'll use the only means of safety  
that we've got left."  
And this was the general impression.  
To calmly stop and let the rascals come  
up and cut our throats was something  
we were not prepared to do, for we  
were not prepared to die. The pirate  
was gaining upon us, though the pirate  
was so slowly that there was a  
strange sense of hope while the dis-  
tance was anything between us. Per-  
haps some other sail might have  
happened to help us.  
At eleven o'clock we could plainly  
see the heads and shoulders of the pi-  
rates, and we could now see that her  
ports were open, and the guns run out.  
They were brass guns, for we could  
see them glisten in the sunlight.  
There was not now much over a mile  
between us. But remember a mile at

sea does not look like a mile on the  
land. Go on the frozen lake, when the  
ice is clear and smooth, and you shall  
skate a mile and think it a very few  
rods. We could see the white crest  
that rolled away from the pirate's  
bows, and we fancied we could hear  
the rushing of the water as she cleared  
it. At any rate we could see the dark  
faces of the crew, and fancied we could  
detect the scowls of triumph that light-  
ed up their diabolical features.  
By-and-by another gun fired, as be-  
fore, to leeward; but of course we took  
no notice of it. At twelve o'clock the  
villain fired again. He was gaining on  
us.  
"Look!" spoke Phillips. "She's yaw-  
ing."  
"Father guess not. That's for a  
shot at us."  
And so it proved; for hardly had the  
words passed from our skipper's mouth  
when a wreath curled up from the fel-  
low's deck, and just as the report reach-  
ed us a shot came plowing up the  
water under our quarter rail. A score  
of cheeks turned pale. Powder was  
ahead of wind at that game. A few  
shots like that upon our deck would  
be dangerous. We were not fighting  
men—not even sailors; inured to no  
hardship but that of sea-sickness, and  
all of us wanted to get home again  
safe and sound. We could see four-  
and-twenty bloody corpses on our deck,  
and we were to make the scene. It  
was an hour of terrible trial. We  
looked involuntarily for a means of  
escape. Had there been a stone wall,  
a fence, a wood, a hill, or even a few  
trees, we might have had some hope;  
but nothing of the kind was to be seen.  
Only that endless boundless waste  
all about us! We had our limbs free  
and strong—only cooped within those  
fatal limits.

Another shot struck the water along  
side, and sent the spray dashing upon  
our deck. The pursuer lost something  
in distance by this firing, for she had  
no bow-port, and consequently had to  
yaw in order to bring her guns to bear.  
It was just one o'clock when she had  
more than gained all she had lost by  
firing, and at that time she fired the  
fourth gun. The ball struck the main  
throat-halyards, and the sail was on  
the next instant flapping.  
"We're lost!" gasped Paine, as he  
saw what had happened.  
And so it would seem, for our head-  
sails were checked, and ere we could  
splice the halyards the pirate would be  
up with us. We turned our eyes over  
the taffrail and there was the villain  
not over a mile distant, his deck  
arms plainly to be seen. We were  
lost! We were lost! In fact, Capt. John-  
son and Frost (the latter was the sea-  
man we had engaged) had spliced the  
halyards, and the gaff of the main sail  
was again in its place. Hope had once  
more dawned dimly upon our deck,  
when a savage messenger came and  
drove it all away.  
The pursuer was now within a quar-  
ter of a mile, and as the smoke curled  
up again from her gun, a round shot  
and a stand of grape came upon us—  
the former carrying away our fore-top-  
mast, and the latter tearing the throat  
of our foresail in pieces.  
"By heavens! boys, let's not die like  
cowards!" cried Johnson. "We have  
guns on board—muskets which we  
brought to shoot our birds with. We ought  
to have thought of them before; but it  
is not too late now. Let's load 'em at  
once, and when we've fired 'em we can  
use 'em for clubs."  
We had taken a lot of fowling pieces  
with us, and in a few moments they  
were brought upon deck, and each man  
requested to take one and load it. I  
was fear-struck, I acknowledged it,  
very much so, but yet I know there  
was a smile upon my face as I looked  
around upon some of my companions,  
whose excited fears had also quite un-  
manned them.

In ten minutes from the time our  
fore-topmast came down the pursuer  
was alongside. I uttered one prayer,  
and then turned to home and friends,  
and then turned to the coming enemy.  
Our vessel had braced to, and as we  
lay with our head half way up to the  
wind, the pursuer came up to under  
lee quarter, and in a moment more a  
score of men were upon our deck. I  
looked at them, and their leader I  
recognized. I had known him on board  
the old Brandywine.  
"Rogers!" I gasped, starting for-  
ward.  
"What old mate, is this you?" he re-  
turned, grasping my hand. "But this  
schooner?"  
"The Othello," I answered. "We are  
out on a pleasure trip. And that  
schooner?" I added.  
"Why, it is the United States schoo-  
ner Grampus, and I am commander.  
What a precious fool I've made of my-  
self! I was sent after a pirate. I  
chased him from Trinidad, and lost  
him off Saint Domingo. May I be  
blessed if I didn't think you were the  
same chap. You look as like him as  
one pea to another."  
"And we took you for the same fel-  
low," I said. "We had had a descrip-  
tion of him, and you came up to it so  
well we felt it safe to run."  
A hearty laugh followed this strange  
and bloodless denouement, and after  
a while we understood, I sat down and  
had a social chat together, while the  
carpenters of the Grampus were fixing  
our fore-topmast. Rogers settled with  
Johnson for the damage done, and by  
three o'clock we started in company  
for the coast of Hayti. The rest of  
our cruise we performed without much  
excitement, and, in fact, we needed  
none, for that race for life was enough,  
and has afforded food for conversation  
and laughter ever since.

He that falls into sin is a man, that  
grieves at it is a saint, that boasts  
of it is a devil; yet some glory in that  
shame, counting the stains of sin the  
best complexion of their souls.—Thom-  
as Fuller.

There is a well-known gentleman of  
this city who does business in Aurora,  
Ind. His place is business and resi-  
dence are connected by telephone. He  
has been in the habit of returning  
every evening on the five o'clock train,  
or when press of work detained him, of  
telephoning his faithful better half to  
that effect. This arrangement was  
eminently satisfactory until recently.  
It isn't so now, and this is the why and  
wherefore:  
A few days ago Head (we call him  
Head because that's a long way from  
his name) called up his wife and in a  
troubled tone informed her through  
loaded with business and wouldn't be  
able to leave until the late train.  
"Very well, dear," she replied; "come  
as soon as you can."  
Just as he received this message, a  
friend sitting in the office started up  
and remarked:  
"Hello, Head, there go the Misses  
Blank that I promised to introduce you  
to."  
"That so?" said Head, "call them in;  
I would like to know them."  
A moment later and the ladies were  
introduced, and the overworked Ben-  
edict was bowing and smiling and get-  
ting off neat little speeches, something  
like this:  
"I am really delighted to meet you,  
ladies. It is so refreshing to have  
such pleasant society in our dusty,  
musty office. The time has been hang-  
ing so wearily on our hands we have  
absolutely nothing to do."  
Here the telephone bell began to  
jingle.  
"Well, what is it?" impatiently asked  
Mr. Head.  
Then a sweet voice, in which were  
blended mild anger and sad reproach,  
softly murmured over the wire from  
the city thirty miles away:  
"My dear, couldn't you catch that  
five o'clock train if you were to try?"  
The unhappy young man had been  
talking in too close proximity to the  
microphone.—Cincinnati Times.

A Telephone Story.  
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The Catcher Caught.  
An Illinois Sheriff was noted for his  
activity in looking up unlicensed ped-  
dlers. Taking his walk abroad one  
day he came across an old fellow whom  
he at once concluded was an illegal  
trader, and inquired if he had got any-  
thing to sell.  
"Hev I got anything to sell, 'Squire?"  
was the response. "Guess I hev got  
blackin' that'll make them old cowhide  
boots of yours shine so you can shave  
beards. Got Balm o' Klumby too, only  
a dollar a bottle, good for the ha'r and  
assisting poor human natur."  
The Sheriff bought a bottle of Balm  
of Columbia, and then desired to see  
the Yankee's license for peddling.  
The document was produced, exam-  
ined, pronounced genuine, and handed  
back to its owner.  
"Then," said the disappointed official  
"I don't know now that I care about  
this stuff; what will you give for it?"  
"Waal," answered the peddler, "I  
don't want it, 'Squire; but seein' its  
I'll give you thirty-seven cents for  
it."  
The Sheriff passed him the bottle  
and pocketed the money, when the ped-  
dler said:  
"I say, I guess I hev suthing to ask  
you now. Hev you got a peddler's li-  
cense about?"  
"No," said the Sheriff. "I haven't any  
use for one myself."  
"Waal, I guess we'll see about that  
pretty soon," replied the Yankee. "Ef  
I understand the law, Sheriff, it's a  
clear case that you, Sheriff, it's a  
peddler's Balm o' Klumby on the high-  
way, and I shall inform on you."  
Thus he turned the tables;  
and the Sheriff was duly fined for ped-  
dling without a license.

The American Husband.  
At night he comes home with a  
rush, hangs his hat upon the floor,  
throws his coat upon the first chair,  
sends his boots flying in another di-  
rection, works his feet into his slippers  
while unfolding his paper, reads, eats,  
reads again until bedtime, throws his  
paper down for some one to pick up  
and rush off to bed. This is the pro-  
gramme, with exceptions, until Satur-  
day night. Sunday morning he bolts  
his breakfast and tears around while  
getting into his "Sunday best," and  
rushes off to church: comes home and  
bolts his dinner (never eats), reads a  
little, sleeps a little, and away he goes  
again. When he tries to keep quiet he  
is sure to make the more noise; if he  
starts to go around a mild puddle he is  
sure to step into it; if he crosses a  
paper carefully he is sure to kick a  
table leg or fall over a chair; and let  
him go to a table and you will see more  
has been spread, and in five minutes  
of his "decorative art" he will see  
what you ever dream could be ac-  
complished in so short a time. He is  
temperate, naturally hot-hearted, at-  
tends strictly to business and pays his  
debts like a man; was nice chatty and  
domestic, fond of his family and home,  
but has allowed himself to drift with  
this rushing, reading habit, until now  
nothing could break it up short of  
breaking his neck. Fancy a wife try-  
ing to cuddle such a reek of light-  
ning.

Many persons are pained to un-  
derstand what the term "fourpenny,"  
"sixpenny," and "tenpenny" mean as  
applied to nails. "Fourpenny" means  
four pounds to the thousand nails, or  
"sixpenny" means six pounds to the  
thousand, and so on. It is an old  
English term, and meant first "ten  
penny" nails (the thousand being un-  
derstood), but the old English clipped  
it to "tenpenny," and from that it de-  
generated until "penny" was substituted  
for "pounds." When a pound and a  
half is used, it is called a "penny and  
a half," and when a pound and a half  
is used, it is called a "penny and a  
half."—London Standard.

The United Kingdom of Great  
Britain has long been considered the  
wealthiest power on earth, but accord-  
ing to comparative estimates recently  
made, France takes the lead in this  
respect. Quoting from these estimates  
we find the value of private and pub-  
lic property in France amounts to  
about \$46,110,000,000, and the same  
value in England, Ireland and Scot-  
land, \$42,500,000,000.

Centennial Relics.  
Our Philadelphia neighbors appear  
to have a white elephant on their  
hands in the Centennial building—a  
thing to glory over, but hard to feed.  
Most of our readers remember the  
splendid pageant which these showy  
houses, set in the midst of Fairmount,  
flowers and fountains of Fairmount,  
offered in 1876, and will be interested  
in their fate. The large and solid  
houses were torn down and sold  
for lumber at a merely nominal price.  
The quaint Swedish schoolhouse is in  
our own Central Park. The Depart-  
ment of Public Comfort, where we all  
struggled madly for thin sandwiches  
last summer, is being torn down and  
the city of Philadelphia has never shown  
as much energy in keeping a good  
thing as it does in getting it. It has  
allowed one historic landmark after  
another to be sacrificed for the educa-  
tion of the people. The people, however,  
founded is given over to destruction.  
The same policy is followed in the  
management of these later buildings  
which mark the second noteworthy  
point in the history of the town. The  
curious Japanese house, a unique spec-  
imen of architecture in this country  
was formerly presented by the mika-  
do to the city, but was left, uncared  
for, to the ravages of boys and dogs  
until a month or two ago, when a build-  
ing dealer bought it. The main build-  
ing has been occupied by the Perma-  
nent Exhibition, which was an ambi-  
tious attempt to continue the Ex-  
position in a small way for the education  
of the people. The people, however,  
refused to be educated, and the show  
has been kept up only by "Baby Pi-  
nacles," hops and skating rinks. The  
park commission, as landlords, have  
given these tenants notice to quit, and  
it is probable that the building will  
soon be torn down. Horticultural  
Hall, with the surrounding grounds,  
is still a marvel of beauty; no fair  
palace could be richer and more deli-  
cate in color than its masses of gorge-  
ous tropical flowers, with the dark  
background of South American ferns  
and Eastern palms.—N. Y. Tribune.

Rapid Photographing.  
Mr. Muybridge's method of photo-  
graphing horses in rapid motion has  
lately been applied in San Francisco to  
the study of human action, particularly  
that of athletes while performing their  
various feats. In order to display as  
completely as possible the movements  
of the actor's muscles, they were brief  
trunks, only white, and the actor's  
and tumbling were instantaneously  
and exactly pictured.  
The first experiment was in photo-  
graphing an athlete while turning a  
back somersault. He stood in front of  
the camera motionless, and at a signal  
sprang into the air, turned backward,  
and in a second was again in his origi-  
nal position, and in his very tracks.  
Short as was the time consumed in  
making the turn, fourteen negatives  
were clearly taken, showing him in as  
many different positions.  
The same man was also taken while  
making a running high jump. The  
jumping gag was placed at the four  
foot notch, in order to give an easy  
jump, as in making it fourteen stop  
photographs had to be taken, as in  
photographing trotting horses. From  
the camera to a point beyond the line  
on which the jump was made, a num-  
ber of strings were stretched. The  
two base lines were only a few inches  
above the ground, and from them to  
the apex the strings were placed at  
equal distance apart. In jumping,  
seven of the strings were broken in  
ascending and seven in descending.  
The strings were tautly drawn, and so  
connected with the camera that as  
each one parted a negative was pro-  
duced. Other pictures were taken of  
men raising heavy dumbbells, and the  
various movements of boxing, fencing,  
and the like.—Scientific American.

An Ancient Rose Tree.  
Herr Leunis, a well known botanist  
of Hildesheim (Hanover), thus de-  
scribes a remarkable rose tree (or  
rather climber, for it is supported  
against the wall of a church) growing in  
his town, and which was in existence  
when Christianity itself was little  
more than 1,000 years old; and, if tra-  
dition is to be believed, had even then  
been blooming nearly 300 summers.  
The oldest known rose tree in the world,  
he says, is one at present growing  
against the wall of the cathedral of  
this town (Hildesheim), remarkable  
alike for its extreme age and for the  
scanty nourishment with which it has  
sustained itself for so many centuries.  
It varies but slightly from the com-  
mon dog rose; the leaves are rather  
more ovate, the pedicels and lower  
leaf surfaces more hairy, and the fruit  
smaller and more globular. The stem  
is two inches thick at its junction with  
some the root, and the whole plant  
covers some 24 square feet of the wall.  
Bishop, Hezilo, who flourished be-  
tween 1054-1070, took special interest  
in this rose as being a remarkable  
monument of the past; and when the  
cathedral was rebuilt, after being  
burned down in 1041, he had it once  
more trained against the portion of the  
wall which had been spared by the  
fire. Its roots are buried under the  
alter of the cathedral, and conse-  
quently inside the building, the stem  
being carried through the wall to the  
outer air by a perforation made ex-  
pressly for it.

The United Kingdom of Great  
Britain has long been considered the  
wealthiest power on earth, but accord-  
ing to comparative estimates recently  
made, France takes the lead in this  
respect. Quoting from these estimates  
we find the value of private and pub-  
lic property in France amounts to  
about \$46,110,000,000, and the same  
value in England, Ireland and Scot-  
land, \$42,500,000,000.

The birds are singing on the boughs  
The bell is ringing on the oar;  
But sorrow fills my weary breast,  
What is the matter may be guessed—  
I love Matilda.

Belles give "tone" to society.  
Wrestlers work when they wrest.  
Air-tight—Intoxicated with music.  
An undesirable uncle—Carb-uncle.  
A man who goes fishing should take  
luncheon along. He may get no other  
bite.  
Boots—Eight o'clock, surr! Voice  
(from the deeps)—Why didn't ye till  
me that before, confound you?  
Speak of a man's marble brow and  
he will glow with conscious pride, but  
allude to his wooden head and he is  
mad as a hatter.  
A Yankee taking a hole with a  
stone and minding the hole with  
clay, smearing it over with fresh but-  
ter and selling it for cheese.  
Tramps would be more numerous  
than ever were it not for the self-sac-  
rificing woman of the land who mar-  
ry and support so many men.

A facetious old lady, describing the  
rambling sermons of her minister,  
said—"If the text had the smallpox his  
sermon would never catch it."  
A youth with a turn for figures had  
five eggs to boil, and being told to give  
them three minutes each, boiled them  
a quarter of an hour altogether.  
A lad in school being asked, "What  
is Rhode Island celebrated for?" re-  
plied, "It is the only one of the New-  
England States which is the smallest."  
It seems paradoxical to say that a  
thing can be bigger inside than out,  
but if you eat a pint of dried apples  
and drink a quart of water you'll find  
that such a thing can be.  
The Bangor Commercial says the  
tracks of a Jersey mosquito have been  
discovered in the interior of New  
York State, and a large body of men,  
well armed, are in pursuit.  
A young man sent 25 cents to a  
New York firm for the purpose of  
learning "how to get along without a  
blotter in writing," and received this  
answer: "Write with a lead pencil."  
If a man does not make new ac-  
quaintances as he advances through  
life he will soon find himself left alone.  
A man should keep his friendship in  
constant repair.—Johnson.

Young Wife (shopping).—"I'm giv-  
ing a small dinner to-morrow and I  
shall want some lamb." Butcher—  
"Yes'm, fore-quarters 'o lamb, 'm?"  
Young Wife—"Well, I think three-  
quarters will be enough!"  
As they who, for every slight sick-  
ness, take physic to repair their health,  
do rather impair it, weaken it.—Mif-  
flin.

When two goats met on a bridge that  
was too narrow to allow either to pass  
or return, the goat which lay down  
that the other might walk over it was  
a finer gentleman than Lord Chester-  
field.—Cecil.  
Lord Beaconsfield made the following  
cynical remark when some one called  
the Zulus uncivilized: "Uncivilized. I  
do not quite see that. They have  
routed our armies, out-witted our gen-  
erals, killed a prince, and converted a  
bishop. The most civilized nation  
could do no more."  
A minister once told Wendell Phil-  
lips that if his business in life was to  
save the negroes, he ought to go to the  
South, where they were, and do it.  
"That is worth thinking of," replied  
Phillips; "and what is your business in  
life?" "To save men from going to  
hell," replied the minister. "Then go  
there and attend to your business,"  
said Mr. Phillips.  
Modesty is a somewhat rare virtue,  
and yet it is a dangerous thing to pre-  
tend to possess qualities or abilities  
which you never had. The advice  
which Jerold one day gave to a youth  
has a meaning for most of us also. It  
was: "Young man, be advised by me;  
don't take down the shutters until  
there is something in the window."  
There is no worse occupation for an  
earnest physician than to listen to the  
complaints of people who pretend to  
be ill. A well-known doctor, who was  
called on by one of his patients for  
nothing about once a week, ended by  
inquiring, "Then you eat well?"  
"Yes." "You drink well?" "Yes."  
"You sleep well?" "Certainly."  
"Wonderful!" said the doctor as he  
prepared to write a prescription. "I  
am going to give you something that  
will put a stop to all that."

An unusual scene for Europe—that  
of the sun not setting, but shining  
through the whole night—is to be wit-  
nessed from the summit of Mount  
Aavax, in Finland, near Torneo, at 66  
deg., northern latitude. Every year on  
June 23, a multitude of people of  
different nations visit that  
mountain to witness the interesting  
spectacle. According to the reports of  
the Finn journals, this year there were  
on Mount Aavax about 300 travellers;  
three of these were Englishmen, two  
Frenchmen, one was a Russian; and  
there were several Germans, Danes,  
and Swedes, and the rest were Finns.  
The government of Finland is now erect-  
ing on Mount Aavax a hotel for the  
accommodation of travellers.  
Another poet has arisen in the land,  
who bids fair to successfully rival Ju-  
lia A. Moore. He is the owner of a  
wife and five children, and for forty  
years has held his restive music in  
check, until, in the full maturity of her  
powers, he turns her loose and she  
sweeps over the track with all com-  
petitors distanced. Below is a speci-  
men which we shall preserve for fu-  
ture use. And we hereby notify all  
these young ladies with hereditary  
tendencies to photograph albums who  
have so honored us by requesting  
"something sweet" that we won't pre-  
carnate any longer. Bring on your  
albums again. We are ready for you  
this time.  
The birds are singing on the boughs  
The bell is ringing on the oar;  
But sorrow fills my weary breast,  
What is the matter may be guessed—  
I love Matilda.

The Disobedient Clam.  
"O, 'twas only an ancient cross-eyed Clam,  
With her children three around her,  
But, soft and low, I heard her speak,  
As she lay down her wrinkled cheek  
And she winked at the flat old Flounder,  
"You must stay at my side," she plaintively  
cried  
In a voice quite hoarse with emotion;  
"The Twisted Turtle has taken flight,  
The Queer Quabag is abroad to night,  
And a fog broods over the ocean."  
But alas, for those foolish little clams!  
They listened not to their mother;  
And one was lost in the ocean fog,  
And one got bit by the Queer Quabag,  
While the Turtle devoured 't other.

FOR THE CHILDREN.  
Johnny's Essay on Providence  
Mister Pichel, that's the preacher,  
he said: "Johnny, how merciful is the  
way of Providence, the rattlesnake, which  
is pison, is compel for to wear a neck  
lace of bones on his tail to give notice."  
Uncle Ned he spoke up and he said:  
"Jest so, Johnny, it was too much  
trouble for to not put the pison in, and  
the rattles was the next best thing."  
Then my sister's yung man he said:  
"Yes, Johnny, them rattles bones is  
mity usef to the frogs, and to the, and  
little birds, which they parolize with  
terror so they cant hurt themselves a try-  
in to get away from the snake."  
Then Mister Giggie he sed, Mister  
Giggie did: "And you see, Johnny,  
the boy constricter which aint got any  
rattles wasnt made pizen."  
Then my father he spoke up and  
sed: "I hope you pious folks will excuse  
a pore blitted infiddele for remarkin  
that Providence has forgot to put enny  
rattle on a woman's turg."  
And now for a story about ole Gaffer  
Tees.

One day Jack-Brily, wich is the  
wicked sailor, swears and everything,  
he was got by old Gaffer house, and  
he found him digin a well, and a boy was  
pulin up the rocks in a bucket with a  
windlass. So Jack he giv the boy 2  
bits, and sed: "You go and get some  
candy, and Ile pull up for you till you  
git back," and the boy done it. Then

To Correspondents.

Correspondents will please write on one side of the paper only. No communication will be published unless accompanied with the real name and address of the author, which we require, not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

All communications should be addressed to "THE HERALD," Chelsea, Washburn Co., Mich.

Legal Printing.—Persons having legal advertising to do, should remember that it is not necessary that it should be published at the county seat—any paper published in the county will answer. In all matters transpiring in this vicinity, the interest of the advertisers will be better served, by having the notices published in their home paper, than to take them to a paper that is not as generally read in their vicinity, besides it is the duty of every one to support home institutions as much as possible.

CHELSEA HERALD.

CHELSEA, SEPT. 18, 1879.

Autumn.

'Tis the golden gleam of an Autumn day, With the soft rain falling as if in play; And a tender touch upon everything, As if Autumn remembered the days of Spring.

In the listening woods there is not a breath To shake their gold to the sward beneath; And a glow as of sunshine upon them lies, Though the sun were hid in the shadowed skies.

The cock's clear crow from the farm-yard comes, The muffled bell from the belfry booms; And faint as a dim, and from far away, Come the voices of children in happy play.

O'er the mountains the white rain draws its veil, And the black rocks, caving, across them sail, While nearer the swooping swallows skim O'er the steel-gray river's fretted brim.

No sorrow upon the landscape weighs, No grief for the vanished Summer days, But a sense of peaceful and calm repose, Like that which age in its Autumn knows.

The Spring-time longings are past and gone, The passions of Summer no longer are known, The harvest is gathered, and Autumn stands Scarcely thoughtful, with folded hands.

Over all is thrown a memorial hue, A glory ideal the real ne'er knew; For memory sifts from the past its pain, And suffers its beauty alone to remain.

It ponders the past that has hurried by, As if it were new, and it loves it all, Content it has vanished beyond recall.

O, glorious Autumn, thus serene, Thus living and loving all that has been! Thus calm and contented let me be, When the Autumn of age shall come to me.

From the Quater.

Knight and Fair Lady. A gallant knight of the First Crusade, A lion in battle was he; And she, with rarest beauty crowned, A lady of high degree.

Long had they loved with a love unknown In the days of chivalry; And many a doughty deed was done, For love of that fair lady.

For thus doth the strongest passion move: It binds with golden bands Hearts, whom a ruthless fate has thrown, In earth's far distant lands.

Sir Hubert, wrought by his spirit, thus To the Lady Constance spoke— "In battle my arm hath proved its might, And the spear and the lance hath broke."

"But never again in the tented field, Shall my helmet proud be seen; If thy heart refuse my proffered love, Mine own heart's love and queen!"

And he who had conquered oft in war, Was conqueror now in love; For their truth was plighted beneath the stars, Which gleamed in the vault above.

Once more to the East Sir Hubert went, But soon as the strife was o'er, Returned to claim the lady fair— His bride forevermore!

Points of Interest at Macinaw.

EDITOR HERALD: Mackinaw is famous for its beautiful scenery, its historic associations, and its high altitude, making it one of the most desirable points of interest and pleasure to the tourist. Its principal natural objects of curiosity are Robinson's Folly, Arched Rock, Sugar Loaf Rock, Devil's Kitchen, and Lover's Leap. The first is almost a perpendicular verge of rock, some 128 feet in height; just around the eastern corner of the island, and just back of the Mission House, the view from the top is surpassingly lovely—the waters of the lake, placid and skimming in the sun, make it a scene on which the eye delights to dwell.

The story as related was somewhat

in this wise: An English officer, stationed here, one night, after the wine had circulated freely, took a stroll, and while enjoying his pipe suddenly a fair form crossed his path. He dropped his cap, hoping to engage her attention, but she eluded his curiosity, only giving him one look, disappearing around a curve, and Robinson saw her no more. Two days passed, and still the Captain did not forget his lady apparition, but sought the same path where first he met her, and was rewarded by the sight of her again. Determined to secure the prize he pursued her, begging her to stop, to speak to him, but to no avail; she sped to this verge and seeking in vain, as it were, some place of escape from her pursuer, the Captain besought her again to stop, as she stood where the slightest loss of balance must prove her death. Quick as thought the Captain sprang forward and seized her by the arm; she sprang backwards, drawing her would be savior with her, and both were hurled down to pieces on the rocks below. His body was found, after a two days' search, on the rocks, but not a vestige of the lady he had sought to save—the ignis fatuus of his own excited imagination, induced by too liberal putations of French brandy.

Arched Rock is one of the greatest curiosities on the Island, spanning a distance of fifty feet; the height from the beach to the center of the arch is 140 feet, the width of the same about two feet in its narrowest point. I did not attempt its passage, although many did; but ere the trip was accomplished by most, they were upon all fours, as the eye could not dwell upon the depth below without a feeling of fear. One is spell bound in looking upon this great wonder, and one feels like exclaiming, "The hand that made it is divine."

Sugar Loaf Rock rises to a height of 80 feet, like the spire of a church, standing alone and majestic like a solitary sentinel on the plain. One can climb by the aid of a ladder and enter a small cave upon one side; the names are legion one finds penciled and carved upon its rocky sides—many, perhaps only records, that will be left of there having lived.

Lover's Leap is a bold precipitous rock or bluff, 125 feet in height, and named thus from the legend of a dusky maiden, who threw herself from the top of the waters below. Her devotion, but not her discretion.

Trade Notes.

The wheat trade of Philadelphia is growing enormously.

The average of the cotton crop in Western Texas is 50 per cent greater this year than last.

It was estimated, lately, that the total production of petroleum in Pennsylvania was increased to 50,000 barrels daily.

The manufacturing outlook of Lowell, Mass., is excellent, and a general revival of business in her industries is anticipated.

Manchester, N. H., has voted to exempt from taxation ten years all manufacturing enterprises, where not less than \$50,000 is invested.

Many of the Michigan lumbermen have been in a bad fix this summer. Millions on millions of feet of logs are "hung up" high and dry, and will not reach the mill booms this season.

Four-fifths of the gloves made in the United States are manufactured at Gloversville, Fulton county, N.Y., where a population of 25,000 find profitable employment in the industry.

Establishments for the refining of petroleum are increasing fast in Japan. The existence of petroleum in several of the provinces has been known for twelve centuries, but it was only six years ago that the Japanese learned how to refine it.

The Boston Herald sums up the business situation as follows:—"Scarcely a day passes without its instances of old industries resumed or new ones initiated. There is an abundance of capital seeking investment, and all it asks is a reasonable assurance that it will be secure and return a moderate profit. Every year adds 100,000 new farms to the real property of the country, and the readjustment of industry is going on as rapidly as possible. There are still cases of individual hardship here and there, but the general tendency of things is highly encouraging, and a comparison of our condition with those of other countries show that we possess advantages the value of which it is almost impossible to calculate."

ATTENTION.—Farmers and colonists, go look at Virginia lands and take our cheap excursion from Detroit to Richmond, Va., on Tuesday, September 22. Tickets for round trip only \$16.50, good for 30 days. The Chesapeake & Ohio Railway offers big inducements to settlers; new routes, magnificent scenery. For full particulars address, Eberts & Hulet, 1 Walker Block, Detroit, Mich.

SAM PATCH.

His Last Leap, as Described by an Eye Witness.

Sam Patch, as he was familiarly called, was a native of Patterson, N. J., the son of "poor but honest parents," and for some years lived there alone with his widowed mother. He is said by some persons to have been a lazy, shiftless and dissipated fellow, but I was assured by an old and reputable merchant of the place, a few years ago, who knew Sam well, that this was not so. The same gentleman kindly took me to the place where he made his first leap into the Passaic River, of some eighty or ninety feet, and which he repeated several times. During the summer of 1829, Patch went to Niagara Falls and made one or two successful leaps into the seething waters below. In October of the same year he came to Rochester, and gave out that he would leap from a small island above the upper falls. This was the last of October, and was an occasion that he called together more people than Bobo were on man's witness, for the first time, a daring feat that no other man had ever attempted in this country. On this occasion I took my stand below the falls, close to the water's edge, and nearly under the projecting rock from which he was to jump. Promptly at the hour announced, Sam, made his appearance on the spot and was greeted with cheers and a tiger such as any human might be proud of. After surveying the vast assemblage for a moment, he removed his outside garments and tied a red bandana around his waist. Then he waved a farewell to the people on all sides, which no doubt sent a chill through many a bosom, and with arms extended, leaped into the waters below. I shall never forget the sensation, as I looked up and saw him coming down. Just as he reached the water he brought his arms to his side, and went in without a ripple upon the surface. In an instant he reappeared and swam ashore, with no injury, save a slight bruise on his shin against a sunken tree. He was taken upon the shoulders of some present, and carried up the bank, where he received the hearty congratulations of all the vast, admiring crowd. On the 9th of November following, he made another and his last leap, this time from an elevated platform, twenty-five feet high, making the whole distance of the leap 125 feet. It was a chilly, unpleasant day, with some ice in the river, and, to protect himself from the cold, he drank rather too freely of brandy, as we noticed in following him close on to the island, from which he was destined never to return. He ascended the place of leaping with apparent ease and coolness, removed all his garments, except pants and shirt, and, tying the bandana again around his body, he motioned to all a last farewell, and walked off to almost instant death. He struck the water on his breast, and, as it closed over him, we felt sure that for him this was the "last of earth." Diligent search was at once made for his body, but all in vain. Early the next spring, however, it was found floating at the mouth of the river at Charlotte, with the handkerchief still on. His remains were decently interred in the village cemetery.—Exchange.

The latest Parisian novelty in bonnets is a hair of the President. The hair of the President is nearly a pure white, fine and smooth in its appearance.

That of John Adams is nearly the same in color, though, perhaps, a little coarser.

The hair of Jefferson is of a different character, being a mixture of white and brown, or a sandy brown. Jefferson's hair was remarkable for its bright color.

The hair of Madison is coarse, and of a mixed white and dark.

The hair of Monroe is a handsome dark auburn, smooth and free from any admixture whatever. He is the only President, excepting Pierce, whose hair had undergone no change in color.

The hair of John Quincy Adams is somewhat peculiar, being coarse, and of a yellowish gray in color.

The hair of General Jackson is almost a perfect white, but coarse in its character, as might be supposed by those who have examined the portraits of the old hero.

The hair of Van Buren is white and smooth in appearance.

The hair of General Harrison is a fine white, with a slight admixture of black.

The hair of John Tyler is a mixture of white and brown.

The hair of James K. Polk is almost a pure white.

The hair of General Taylor is white, with a slight admixture of brown.

The hair of Millard Fillmore is, on the other hand, brown, with a slight admixture of white.

The hair of Franklin Pierce is a dark brown, of which he had a plentiful crop.

It is somewhat remarkable, however, that since Pierce's time no one has thought of preserving the hair of his successors. There are vacancies in the case, but there is no hair either of Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson, Grant or Hayes, for the inspection of futurity.

London Statistics. The annual summary of births, deaths, and causes of death in the large cities of England, for 1878, furnishes some interesting statistics with reference to London. Its population exceeds 3,500,000, and if the suburbs are included, 4,500,000. It almost equals that of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, and with its suburbs it equals the population of the capitals of France, Prussia, Austria, and Russia. The area of the city is 122 square miles and the density of population 29.32 people to the square mile; the proximity of the population 11.04 yards from each other.

Slipper shoes are low shoes with four buttons on a wide, flat double bow and square buckle which set on the instep.

An odd and pretty fan is of brocade violet, it palm-leaf design, and is finished with the tips of peacock feathers.

Decorative art has got into the hair and all manner of things in the alleged Egyptians, and other lines are stuck in as ornaments.

The narrow scarfs used for trimming skirts are a Parisian whim in toilet garniture; the effect is graceful, producing a correct outline and giving an easy waying flow to the drapery of the overskirt.

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**N. C. R. R. TIME TABLE.**

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

**GOING WEST.**

Mail Train..... 9:22 A. M.  
Way Freight..... 12:55 P. M.  
Grand Rapids Express..... 5:50 P. M.  
Jackson Express..... 8:11 P. M.  
Evening Express..... 10:15 P. M.

**GOING EAST.**

Night Express..... 5:50 A. M.  
Jackson Express..... 8:02 A. M.  
Grand Rapids Express..... 10:07 A. M.  
Mail Train..... 4:40 P. M.

H. B. LEDYARD, Gen'l Supt., Detroit.  
HENRY C. WENTWORTH, General Passenger and Ticket Agt., Chicago.

**Time of Closing the Mail.**  
Western Mail, 9:00, 11:00 A. M. & 5:30 P. M.  
Eastern " " 9:50 A. M. & 4:10 P. M.  
Geo. J. CROWELL, Postmaster.

**THE CHELSEA HERALD,**  
IS PUBLISHED  
Every Thursday Morning, by  
**A. Allison, Chelsea, Mich.**

**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**

1 Square, 1 Week	1.00	1 Month	3.00	1 Year	15.00
1 Column, 1 Week	4.00	1 Month	10.00	1 Year	40.00
1/2 Column, 1 Week	2.00	1 Month	5.00	1 Year	20.00
1/4 Column, 1 Week	1.00	1 Month	2.50	1 Year	10.00

Business Directory, \$5.00 per year.

**BUSINESS DIRECTORY**

**CHELSEA BANK,** Established in 1868. Ocean Passage Tickets. Drafts drawn on Europe. United States Registered and Coupon Bonds for sale.  
v8-13 GEO. F. GLAZIER.

**OLIVE LODGE, NO. 156, F. & A. M.,** will meet at Masonic Hall in regular communication on Tuesday Evenings, on or preceding each full moon.  
G. A. ROBERTSON, Sec'y.

**L. O. O. F.—THE REGULAR** weekly meeting of Verbor Lodge No. 85, L. O. O. F., will take place every Wednesday evening at 6 1/2 o'clock, at their Lodge room, Middle st., East.  
GEORGE FANN, Sec'y.

**WASHTENAW ENCAMPMENT, No. 17, I. O. O. F.—**Regular meetings first and third Wednesday of each month.  
J. A. PALMER, Scribe.

**GEO. E. WRIGHT, D. D. S.,** OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL  
**DENTIST,**  
OFFICE OVER GEORGE P. GLAZIER'S BANK, CHELSEA, MICH. [7-13]

**FRANK DIAMOND,**  
—THE—  
\*\*\*\*\*  
**TONSORIAL ARTIST!**  
OF CHELSEA,  
OVER WOOD BRO'S DRY-GOODS STORE.  
Good work guaranteed. v8-36

**INSURANCE COMPANIES**  
REPRESENTED BY  
**W. E. DEPEW,**  
Assets: \$6,109,527  
Home of New York, 3,292,914  
Hartford, 3,235,919  
Underwriters, 1,296,601  
American, Philadelphia, 501,929  
Detroit Fire and Marine, 3,178,386  
Fire Association, 3,178,386  
Office: Over Kemp's Bank, Middle street, west, Chelsea, Mich. v6-1

**M. W. BUSH,**  
**DENTIST,**  
OFFICE IN WEBB'S BLOCK,  
CHELSEA, MICH. 31

**E. C. FULLER'S**  
**TONSORIAL SALOON!**  
Hair-Cutting,  
Hair-Dressing,  
Shaving, and  
Shampooing,  
Done in first-class style. My shop is newly fitted up with everything pertaining to the comfort of customers.  
A Specialty made in FULLER'S CELEBRATED SEA FOAM, for cleansing the scalp and leaving the hair soft and glossy. Every lady should have a bottle.  
Particular attention will be given to the preparation of bodies for burial in city or country, on the shortest notice. All orders promptly attended to.  
Give me a call, at the sign of the "Beehive" and Shavers', south corner of the "Beehive."  
E. C. FULLER, Proprietor.  
Chelsea, Mich., Sept. 18, 1879.

**FRANK STAFFAN, Jr.,**  
**UNDERTAKER,**  
WOULD announce to the citizens of Chelsea and vicinity, that he keeps constantly on hand, all sizes and styles of ready-made  
**COFFINS AND SHROUDES.**  
Hearse in attendance on short notice.  
FRANK STAFFAN, Jr.,  
Chelsea, Sept. 18, 1879.

**Unclaimed Letters.**  
LIST of Letters remaining in the Post Office, at Chelsea, Sept. 1, 1879:  
Bennett, Mrs Miriam  
Fox, Stephen  
Fyatt, Henry  
Hutchins, Mrs C H  
McCaslin, Miss Flora  
Malley, Mr James  
Miller, Mr Frank  
Perry, C H  
Perry, Charles  
Steward, James P  
Wilkinson, Mr John  
Persons calling for any of the above letters, please say "advertised."  
Geo. J. CROWELL, P. M.

Old Newspapers for sale at this office at 3 cents per dozen.

**CHURCH DIRECTORY.**

**CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.**  
Rev. THOS. HOOPER, Pastor. Services at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 12 M.

**BAPTIST CHURCH.**  
Rev. E. A. GAY, Pastor. Services at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M. Young people's meeting Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 12 M.

**M. E. CHURCH.**  
Rev. J. F. HUPSON, Pastor. Services at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock. Sunday School immediately after morning services.

**CATHOLIC CHURCH.**  
Rev. Father DUBOIS. Services every Sunday, at 8 and 10 1/2 A. M. Vespers, 7 o'clock P. M. Sunday School at 12 o'clock A. M.

**LUTHERAN CHURCH.**  
Rev. Mr. METZER. Services every alternate Sunday at 2 o'clock P. M.

**OUR TELEPHONE.**

WITH this number we commence our ninth volume. Those in arrears, please call and settle.

**WEATHER COOL.**  
PEACHES ARE SCARCE.  
CIDER APPLES ARE IN DEMAND.  
FARMERS ARE BUSY CUTTING CORN.  
THE MELON SEASON IS PLAYED OUT.  
SPORTSMEN CAN NOW HAVE A WILD DUCK HUNT.  
STATE FAIR COMMENCED LAST MONDAY AT DETROIT.  
CABBAGES ARE WANTED. How are your sour krauts?  
BARLEY IS IN GOOD DEMAND AT \$1.25 PER HUNDRED POUNDS.  
THE WALLS OF TIM. MCKONE'S BUILDING PROGRESS FINELY.  
WHEAT IS ADVANCING IN PRICE; IT BRINGS 93 CENTS TO \$1 PER BUSHEL.  
REMEMBER THAT THE YPSILANTI FAIR WILL COMMENCE NEXT TUESDAY.  
SEVERAL PIECES OF CORN WERE INJURED IN THIS LOCALITY BY THE LATE DROUGHT.  
AUTUMN WEATHER HAS COME. Go to Holmes & Parker's and get a ten dollar overcoat for five.  
GENERAL GRANT IS EXPECTED TO ARRIVE AT SAN FRANCISCO THIS WEEK. We do not mean our "Francisco."  
MRS. J. H. DURAND AND DAUGHTER HAVE ARRIVED HOME FROM THEIR EASTERN TRIP, MUCH IMPROVED IN HEALTH.  
THERE ARE SEVERAL HOLES IN THE SIDEWALKS ON ORCHARD, CHURCH AND RAILROAD STREETS. Will the Marshal see to them, and have them repaired?  
OUR CITIZENS WILL DO A KIND FAVOR BY SENDING TRAMPS, WHO TROUBLE THEM FOR SOMETHING TO EAT, TO MR. JAY WOODS, WHO WILL FURNISH THEM WITH Eatables.  
FRANK GLAZIER ARRIVED HOME FROM Poughkeepsie, N. Y., last Friday, on a short vacation, before entering upon his second year at Ann Arbor Laboratory.  
MRS. CONGDON & HOOKER, of this village, have gone East to purchase a large stock of millinery goods, for fall and winter wear. Ladies look out for bargains.  
ST. MARY'S CHURCH FAIR BUILDING IS ALMOST COMPLETED, and will be ready for occupancy next week. The building will be one hundred and twenty feet long by thirty wide.  
BY ALL MEANS DO NOT fail to attend the State Fair, and see our worthy President and Lady, to-day and to-morrow (Thursday and Friday). Half fare on all railroads.  
ACCIDENT.—On Monday last, Charles Coon, a laboring man at work on Tim. McKone's new brick building, fell into the cellar a distance of ten feet, and sprained both of his ankles.  
ALL THE WORLD OVER, baby governs. Yet often disease will overcome the baby and then it is that Dr. Ball's Baby Syrup proves its worth by conquering the disease. Price 25 cents a bottle.  
AN ASSAULT AND BATTERY CASE came up before Justice Noyes on last Saturday, between two Germans. The defendant got "saulted," and he carried the "battery" up to the Circuit Court.  
SEVERAL PARTIES on Orchard street complain that their wood piles disappear very fast—that is to say their wood pile shadow grows less. The party is suspected, and had better take the hint and "Dare to do right."  
PERSONAL.—We were glad to see our old friend Mr. W. H. Calkins, of this village, out in his buggy taking the fresh air, on last Tuesday. Mr. C. has been sick for some time, and is now getting somewhat better. We hope he will soon recover.  
FALL AND WINTER GOODS.—We call attention to the large shipment of goods that Wood Bro's & Co. are receiving daily, and, also, to the low prices which they offer their goods. Call and examine goods and prices. See advertisement on second page.  
OUR FRIEND George Villory, editor of the *Courrier de l'Illinois*, of Kankakee, Ill., paid us a flying visit on Saturday last. He presented us with a copy of the paper; but not being versed in the French language, we were unable to describe its merits and demerits.  
EPIGRAPH in a cemetery at Detroit, Mich.:  
Sarah Thomas is dead,  
And that's enough;  
The candle is out,  
Also the snuff.  
Her soul's in Heaven,  
Your need not fear;  
And all that's left,  
Is interred here.

**TRAMPS, KEEP AWAY FROM CHELSEA.**

By order of the Town Board, the Marshal has been instructed to arrest every man, woman and child, who are tramping around asking for something to eat. They will be sent to the workhouse, for a term not less than sixty days. Tramps beware of danger.

A. DURAND wishes to thank his friends and patrons for their liberal patronage during the past year, and hopes for a continuation of the same. Mr. D. is determined to sell his boots lower in price than any other firm in town, and give a better quality for the least money. See advertisement on second page.

"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE." Now is the time to treat Catarrh of long standing. Ely's Cream Balm reaches old and obstinate cases, where all other remedies fail. Do not neglect procuring a bottle, as in it lies the relief you seek. Sold by all druggists, at 50 cents.

The place to buy good goods cheap is at Gilbert & Crowell's. Their boots, shoes, and ladies gaiters, cannot be excelled in price and quality. Their groceries are first-class, fresh, and are lower in price, than any other store in town. Pay them a visit. See advertisement on second page.

"TOMMY, my son, what are you going to do with that club?" "Send it to the editor, of course." "But what are you going to send it to the editor for?" "Cause he says if anybody will send him a club he will send them a copy of his paper." The mother came near fainting, but retained consciousness enough to ask: "But Tommy, dear, what do you suppose he wants a club for?" "Well, I don't know," replied the hopeful urchin, "unless it is to knock down subscribers as don't pay for their paper."

GRAND FAIR AND FESTIVAL.—The congregation of St. Mary's Catholic Church, of this village, will hold a fair on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Sept. 23d, 24th and 25th, 1879, in the new building on Charles Tichenor's lot, where they will provide, for their friends, a variety of charming amusements. Several valuable articles will be drawn for; a costly watch will be given to the most popular candidate. Good music each night, and a sumptuous supper. Doors open at 7 o'clock P. M. Tickets, including supper, 50 cents.

A GENTLEMAN, in this vicinity, finding that the diminution of his stack of wood continued after his fires were out, lay awake one night in order to obtain, if possible, some clue to the mystery. At an hour when "all honest folks should be in bed," hearing an operator at work in the yard, he cautiously raised his chamber window, and saw a lazy neighbor endeavoring to get a large log into his wheelbarrow. "You're a pretty fellow," said the owner, "to come here and steal my wood while I'm asleep!" "Yes," replied the thief; "and I suppose you would stay up there and see me break my neck with lifting before you'd offer to come and help me!"

AT THE ANNUAL meeting for election of officers, by the Oak Grove Cemetery Association, the following officers were elected:  
President—James L. Gilbert.  
Treasurer—Aaron Durand.  
Clerk—George P. Glazier.  
Sixteen—Charles Congdon.  
Trustees, for four years—Thos. S. Sears, E. L. Negus.  
Trustees, for six years—James P. Wood, Harmon S. Holmes.  
The meeting was adjourned until Wednesday evening, Sept. 24th, 1879, at seven o'clock, at Geo. W. Turnbull's law office, when it is proposed to consider the project of building a cemetery vault, to belong to the association, and to be used for a general receiving vault, at a moderate charge.  
All citizens, interested in the cemetery, are requested to be present at the meeting, and express their views thereto.  
TRUSTEES.

THE VALUE OF A NEWSPAPER.—The following is the experience of a mechanic concerning the benefit of a newspaper:  
Five years ago I lived in the village of Chelsea. On returning home one night, for I was a carpenter by trade, I saw a little girl leave my door, and I asked my wife who she was. She said Mrs. — had sent her after their newspaper, which my wife had borrowed. As we sat down to tea my wife said to me, by name:  
"I wish you would subscribe for the Chelsea Herald; it is so much comfort to me when you are away from home."  
"I would like to do so," said I, "but you know I owe a payment on the house and lot. It will be all I can do to meet it."  
She replied: "If you will take this paper, I will sew for the tailor to pay for it."  
I subscribed for the paper, and it came in due time to the shop. While resting one noon and looking over it, I saw an advertisement of the County Commissioners to let a bridge that was to be built. I put in a bid for the bridge, and the job was awarded to me, on which I cleared \$300, which enabled me to pay for my house and lot easily, and for the newspaper. If I had not subscribed for the newspaper I should not have known anything about the contract, and could not have met my payment on my house and lot. A mechanic never loses anything by taking a newspaper.  
A SUBSCRIBER.

**Chelsea Market.**

CHELSEA, Sept. 18, 1879.

Flour, 70 lbs. \$2.50  
Wheat, White, 70 lbs. 90¢ @ 1.00  
Wheat, Red, 70 lbs. 90¢ @ .95  
Corn, 70 lbs. 20¢ @ .25  
Oats, 70 lbs. 20¢ @ .25  
Clover Seed, 70 lbs. 3.75  
Timothy Seed, 70 lbs. 2.75  
Beans, 70 lbs. 50¢ @ 1.00  
Potatoes, 70 lbs. 25¢  
Apples, green, 70 lbs. 50¢ @ .75  
do dried, 70 lbs. 10¢ @ .08  
Butter, 70 lbs. 12¢ @ .12  
Poultry—Chickens, 70 lbs. 08¢ @ .08  
Lard, 70 lbs. 06¢ @ .06  
Hams, 70 lbs. 08¢ @ .08  
Shoulders, 70 lbs. 04¢ @ .04  
Eggs, 70 doz. 10¢ @ .10  
Beef, live 70 cwt. \$3.00 @ 3.50  
Sheep, live 30 cwt. 2.00 @ 5.00  
Hogs, live, 70 cwt. 2.00 @ 3.00  
do dressed 70 cwt. 3.00 @ 3.00  
Hay, tame 70 ton. 8.00 @ 10.00  
do marn, 70 ton. 5.00 @ 6.00  
Salt, 70 lb. 1.25  
Wool, 70 lb. 28¢ @ .32  
Cranberries, 70 bu. 2.00 @ 2.50

**MEDICAL.**

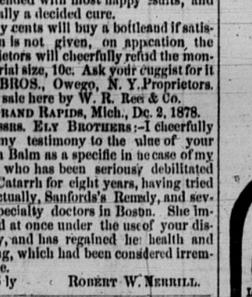
The facts fully justify every claim put forth in behalf of THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. Testimony of the most convincing nature, to which publicity has been frequently and widely given, and which can easily be verified, places beyond all reasonable doubt the fact that it fully deserves the confidence which the people place in it as an inward and outward remedy for coughs, colds, catarrh, sore throat, indigestion, bronchitis, and other disorders of the respiratory organs, as a means of removing pain, swelling and contraction of the muscles and joints, rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney disorders, excoriation and inflammation of the nipples and breast, lameness of the back, dysentery, colic, piles, burns, scalds, bruises, corns, and a variety of other diseases and lurs, and of abnormal conditions of the cuticle. It is inexpensive and safe as well as prompt and thorough. It is inexpensive and safe as well as prompt and thorough. Its merits have met with the recognition of physicians of repute, and many surgeons, horse owners and stock raisers administer and apply it for colic, galls, affections of the loof, sweeney, garget and troubles incident to horses or to cattle. Sold by all medicine dealers. Price, 50 cents and \$1 per bottle; trial size, 25 cents.

**CATARRH!**

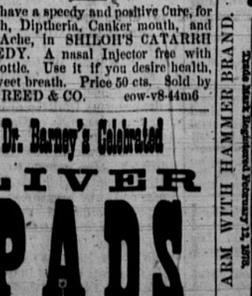
**ELY'S CREAM BALM**  
A Decided Cure.  
A Local Remedy.  
HARMLESS, EFFECTUAL, SIMPLE.  
Application easy and agreeable.  
The effect is truly magical, giving instant relief, and as a crutative, is in advance of anything now before the public.  
The disagreeable operation of forcing a quart of liquid through the nos, and the use of snuffs that only excite and give temporary relief, are already being discarded and condemned.  
CREAM BALM has the property of reducing local irritation. Sores in the nasal passage are healed up in a few days. Headache, the effect of Catarrh is dispelled in an almost magical manner. Expectorations are made easy. Sense of taste and smell is more or less restored. Bad taste in the mouth and unpleasant breath, here it results from Catarrh, is overcome. The nasal passages, which have been closed up for years, are made free.  
Great and beneficial results are realized in a few applications of the Balm, but a thorough use of it, in every instance, will be attended with most happy results, and generally a decided cure.  
Fifty cents will buy a bottle and if satisfaction is not given, on application the proprietors will cheerfully refund the money.  
Beware of cheap imitations. Ask your druggist for ELY BROS., Owners, N. Y. Proprietors.  
For sale here by W. R. REED & Co.  
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., Dec. 2, 1878.  
Messrs. ELY BROTHERS:—I cheerfully add my testimony to the value of your Cream Balm as a specific in case of my sister, who has been seriously debilitated with Catarrh for eight years, having tried ineffectually Sanford's Remedy, and several specialty doctors in Boston. She improved at once under the use of your discovery, and has regained her health and hearing, which had been considered irremediable.  
S-25 ly ROBERT W. MERRILL.

**Warranted**

Used all the Year Round.  
**Johnston's Sarsaparilla.**  
Is acknowledged to be the best and most reliable preparation now prepared for  
**LIVER COMPLAINT**  
**DYSPEPSIA,**  
And for Purifying the Blood.  
This preparation is compounded with great care, from the best selected  
Honduras Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Stillingia, Dandelion, Wild Cherry, and other Valuable Remedies.  
Prepared only by  
**W. JOHNSTON & CO.**  
Chemists & Druggists,  
161 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
Sold by all Druggists.



**USE THIS BRAND.**  
ARM WITH HAMMER BRAND.  
**CHURCH & CO'S**  
SODA WATER  
NEW YORK  
Best in the World.  
And better and healthier than any  
**SALERATUS,**  
although answering every purpose of Saleratus.  
Put up in handsome and convenient one pound boxes instead of in the usual paper packages, thus preventing all caking and discoloration of package.  
One teaspoonful of this Soda used with sour milk equals four teaspoonfuls of the best Baking Powder, saving twenty times its cost. See package for valuable information.  
If the teaspoonful is too large and does not produce good results at first, use less afterwards.  
Paties preferring Saleratus should always ask for our "ARM AND HAMMER" Brand, same style as Soda. 43-3m  
Cheap Job Printing done at this office.



**Dr. Barney's Celebrated**  
**LIVER**  
**PADS**  
PRICE \$1.00 EACH  
Are Guaranteed to Cure, Without Medicine.  
Liver Complaints, Fever and Ague, Dumb Ague, Diseases of the Kidneys, Constipation, Pain in the Back and Loins, Vertigo, Diptheria, Billionsness, Gastric Derangements, Colic, Coughs, Colds, Sore-Throat Inflammation, Headache, Neuralgia, Bowel Complaints, Nervous Debility and Rheumatic Pains.  
Price \$1.00 Each, by Mail.  
Manufactured and for sale by  
THE LIVER PAD & INSOLE CO.,  
120 Griswold St., Room 8,  
DETROIT, MICH.  
For sale by Druggists everywhere.  
Ask for Dr. Barney's Pad, and have no other.  
v8-29-6m

**LEGAL NOTICES.**

**Mortgage Sale.**  
DEFAULT having been made in the conditions of a Mortgage executed by William Kent and Eveline Kent, his wife, to Jay Everett, bearing date the 15th day of March, A. D. 1877, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds, for the County of Washtenaw, and State of Michigan, on the 23rd day of March, A. D. 1877, in Liber 52, of Mortgages, on page 736, by which default the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at this date, the sum of two hundred and eighteen dollars and sixty-two cents, (\$218.62) and twenty dollars (\$20) as an Attorney fee, as provided in said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding at law or in chancery having been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.  
Notice is therefore hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and of the Statute in such case made and provided, said mortgage will be foreclosed on Monday, the 1st day of December, next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of that day, at the south door of the Court House, in the City of Ann Arbor, in said County of Washtenaw, (said Court House being the place of holding the Circuit Court for said County of Washtenaw), by sale at public auction to the highest bidder, of the premises described in said mortgage, which said mortgaged premises are described in said mortgage, as follows, viz: All those certain tracts or parcels of land, bounded and described as follows, viz: The north part of the south-west quarter of the south-west quarter of section eleven (11), Town 3, south of Range three east, bounded north by north line of said quarter section, east by the highway, south by the north line of land, heretofore deeded by Lyman Tallman to one Frazer, being a part of said quarter section, and west by the west line of said section eleven; and containing about sixteen acres; also, the south half of the south-east quarter of the south-east quarter of section ten (10), in Township three (3), south of Range three east, containing twenty acres; also, the north half of the north-west quarter of the north-east quarter of section fifteen (15), in Township three, south of Range three east, containing twenty acres, in all about fifty-seven acres of land, more or less. All of said lands used and occupied by said Mortgagor, as one entire farm.  
Said sale to be subject to the payment of the principal sum of one thousand dollars, and interest yet to become due upon said mortgage.  
Dated Chelsea, September 3d, 1879.  
JAY EVERETT, Mortgagor.  
G. W. TURNBULL, Attorney for Mortgagor.

**Warranted**

**Eight Watches**  
D. PRATT,  
WATCHMAKER.  
REPAIRING—Special attention given to this branch of the business, and satisfaction guaranteed, at the "Bee-hive" Jewelry establishment, south Main st., Chelsea. 47



**USE THIS BRAND.**  
ARM WITH HAMMER BRAND.  
**CHURCH & CO'S**  
SODA WATER  
NEW YORK  
Best in the World.  
And better and healthier than any  
**SALERATUS,**  
although answering every purpose of Saleratus.  
Put up in handsome and convenient one pound boxes instead of in the usual paper packages, thus preventing all caking and discoloration of package.  
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120 Griswold St., Room 8,  
DETROIT, MICH.  
For sale by Druggists everywhere.  
Ask for Dr. Barney's Pad, and have no other.  
v8-29-6m

**CLOTHING! CLOTHING! CLOTHING!**

We have just received the Largest Stock of CLOTHING ever brought to Chelsea. Every article marked in Plain Figures and at uniform Low Prices. A Good Working Suit at \$5. We are also exclusive agents for J. Richardson & Co's BOOTS, which are the Best Boots in the Market for the Money. Please call and examine our Goods and Prices.

**HOLMES & PARKER.**  
CHELSEA, MICH. v8-13-y

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MICHIGAN.

A young man by the name of J. McLean left St. Ignace Saturday evening in a small boat bound for Chicago. Nothing has been heard from him since, he is supposed to have been drowned.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hanlan has agreed to row Courtney at Rochester, N. Y., for a purse of \$5,000. A strike of molders began at the Ohio Falls car works, at Jeffersonville, Tuesday morning.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Wm. Patton, D. D., who arrived from Europe Saturday, D. D., who arrived from Europe Saturday, D. D., who arrived from Europe Saturday, D. D.

FOREIGN.

It is estimated that 30,000 persons are still out of work in the iron trade only in the United States.

DETROIT STOCK MARKET.

Table with columns for various stock types (Flour, Wheat, etc.) and their prices. Includes sub-sections for 'Wheat Raising in the South' and 'Detroit Stock Market'.

THE GYPSIES.

Toward the earlier part of the fifteenth century the attention of various European nations was attracted toward the wandering and nomadic gypsies.

THE POWER OF THE WILL OVER DISEASE.

From Harper's Weekly. That some few persons of strong will could by a resolute effort check the process of actual disease in their internal organs, or excite processes of organic change resulting in cure, may be admitted.

DETROIT STOCK MARKET.

Table with columns for various stock types (Flour, Wheat, etc.) and their prices. Includes sub-sections for 'Wheat Raising in the South' and 'Detroit Stock Market'.

On sprouts which sprang up and seeding trees brought from the South. The Macomb Telegraph announced that for the first time in the history of Georgia the local mills find themselves abundant to run their own out-drawing supplies of wheat.