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ENCOURAGEMENT.

When storms and tempests threaten rise
About thy toilsome way,
And lowering clouds alight the skies,
Observe the light of day,
When all around seems dark and drear,
Be this thy watchword—persevere!

When barriers bold, like mountains high,
Confront on every side;
Learn still in hopefulness to try,
And then the issue bide,
Though small the strength, the work is great—
Learn thus to labor and to wait!

Thy doubts, and fears, and grim despair
Thy anxious bosom thrill;
Thy friends forsake, most nobly dare
To do thy duty still;
In small trust, work as you may—
The darkest hour precedes the day!

Thy fortune on thy labors frown,
And bring discouragements;
Still, weary soul be not cast down—
The faltering heart repulse;
When precious things in life are dear—
Be hope thy watchword—persevere!

HELEN OF TYRE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

What phantom is this that appears
Through the purple mist of the years,
I feel but a mist like these?
A woman of cloud and of fire,
It is she; it is Helen of Tyre,
The town in the midst of the seas!

O Tyre! in thy crowded streets
The phantom appears and retreats,
And the heralds, that sell
Thy lilies and lions of brass,
Look up as they see her pass,
And murmur "Jezebel!"

Then another phantom is seen
At her side, in a gray cardigan,
With beard and hair to his waist;
It is Simon Magus, the Sorcerer,
His robes and she passes to hear
The words he utters in haste.

He says: "From this evil fate,
From this life of sorrow and shame,
I will lift thee and make thee mine
Thou hast been Queen Candace,
And Helen of Tyre, and shalt be
The Intelligence Divine!"

Oh, sweet as the breath of morn,
To the fallen and forlorn,
Are whispered words of praise,
For the faithful heart believes
The falsehood that tempts and deceives,
And the promise that betrays.

So she follows from land to land
The wizard's beckoning hand,
As a leaf is blown by the gust,
Till she vanishes into night!
O reader, stoop down and write
With thy finger in the dust.

O town in the midst of the seas,
With thy rafters of cedar trees,
Thy merchandise and thy ships;
Thou, too, art become as naught,
A phantom, a shadow, a thought,
A name upon men's lips.

—Atlantic Monthly.

A FLYER IN THE FANCIES.

From the Boston Commercial Bulletin.

He wanted to speculate, he wanted of everybody making money in stocks, the newspapers were full of it, the stock sale reports began to stretch from one third of a column in length to two columns in the newspapers. The money articles were continually reporting how every species of stock was advancing, and chronicling a general activity in the market.

Young men, meety, with arms akimbo and hats knowingly cocked up on one side invited him to lunch or dine, and spoke of making five hundred or a thousand "on the street" in this or that "fancy." Even older heads, which were white with the experience of many winters, spoke with each other in his hearing of "the rise in Erie," of "the start in Atchison," of "the rise in Calumet," &c. From day to day, hot as was the summer of 1879, hotter became the "coopers" and other fancies.

Hosts of forgotten companies were paraded in the stock list, some that operators of a dozen years ago considered dead and buried past resuscitation, began to appear among the quotations, rising like a fresh crop of asparagus after a recent cutting; new names that Eastern operators were unfamiliar with except such as had been in the California mining district, or had read Bret Harte's stories, became plentiful. Street brokers that had for a long time been swapping jack-knives suddenly became important and busy, and made so much money amid the rush of outsiders that half a dozen of the lords by paying their office rent. Ninkum was determined to look into this matter himself. The day he got a friend to take him down among the stock brokers that dealt in "Spangies," "Red Dogs," "Bulge," "Swellington Farm," "Big Bullion," and all those stocks which he had seen quoted in the newspapers and heard his friends talk so knowingly about. Every thing was "booming"—100 of this and a 1,000 of that—"Go yer 200 seller thirty," "take'em," "sold," "What's bid for any part of a 1,000 Hard-Yeller Gulch?" "one dollar margin"—"buyer sixty"—"my option at thirty days." Ha, ha, ha, I'll take 100 more. These were a few of the expressions that came out of the almost undistinguishable mass of swiftings and shoutings that he listened to coming from a crowd of apparently half-ranting men that seemed to have recently escaped from a lunatic asylum.

What wonder that he had a touch of the speculative fever was introduced to a lively broker who would "do his business for him." "Yes, Mr. Sharpt, just the man, spoke quickly, had a glossy silk hat on awry and a hand that was grasped full of powers of attorney, memoranda and other papers, a lead pencil behind his ear and a jerky style of interrupting you as though he fully understood by your eye all you were going to say, and didn't want you to take the trouble to repeat it. He shook hands with Ninkum, glad to see him—"going to be big biz—money easy—things only half value now"—going in for a flyer, eh?" and Ninkum, who was half confused by the telegraphic style of talk, thought he'd go in.

"Tip-top change," said Sharpt, "everything booming—now then what do you think of Spangies?" "Ah," said Ninkum, "they are small affairs." "Yes, but sure to go up—shall we say a hundred Spangies?" "A hundred ain't many spangies," said Ninkum, somewhat bewildered and thinking of metal instead of stock. "Ah, I see, go yer 500 then. Now what d'yer say to a hundred Red Dogs?"

"Hundred red dogs," said Nink; "thunder, I rather sell a hundred dogs than buy one." "All right, old boy," said the brisk broker, making a memorandum; "now then, anything of the 'Slap Up'?" "Slap Up?" said Nink, "what a puzzle look, and wondering what the broker was talking about, and trying to look as if this was a species of slang that he understood.

"Yes! new mine—forty foot thick just open—copper vein six foot level; news from the mine every day; better say a thous and Slap Ups; cheap thing at a dollar."

"I should say so, too, with copper six feet thick."

"Yes, all right—now then, shall I buy you some shares in the Bulge?"

"Yes! oh, yes," said Ninkum, "that's what I came down for, to buy something on the bulge; that's what an old California friend told me—'when there's a bulge,' says he, 'go in for yer thousand dollars.'"

"Very well," said Sharpt, "I'll manage that. Now, don't want to sell something? say Allright, for instance."

"Sell," said Nink, looking puzzled, "why if I had anything to sell, I should, of course, sell all right."

"No matter whether you've got it or not, my boy, you're good for a thousand Allrights, I s'pose." "Of course I am, sir," said Nink, straightening up; "my Allrights you can depend on." "Very well, my boy, I've got your order; I'll fix things," and he dashed off. Ninkum could stop him to say a word more, or ask what stock he was to buy.

Ninkum turned to his friend who had introduced him to Sharpt, but he was gone. He asked of a bystander whom he had seen in conversation with him, and was informed that he had gone into the board, whither it appeared numerous brisk and anxious-looking individuals, with long books under their arms, were tending.

"Glad to see you doing something in stocks, Mr. Ninkum," said the party addressed, whom he then recognized as a business friend of old times that he had for some time lost sight of, and who appeared to be going to the board himself.

"Doing something?" said Ninkum, "why I am not doing anything, yet—only getting posted up."

"No matter," said the broker, knowingly, "Sharpt is a good fellow, keeps his customers' business to himself—you needn't be afraid I shall mention your doings, Mr. Ninkum."

N. bowed stiffly, and walked off wondering what the man meant.

The next morning he found out to his astonishment what he had been doing in his brief dialogue, which he supposed to have been harmless "chaff," by the following statement.

OFFICE OF R. SHARPT & CO.,
Bullion Avenue, Room 64.
Bought for account of A. Ninkum,
500 Consolidated Spangies @25%..... \$1,250 00
1,000 Slap Up Copper @.61%..... 610 00
250 Bulge Mining Co. @.64..... 1,600 00

Sold for account of A. Ninkum,
1,000 Red Dog @.65%..... \$650 00
1,000 Allright Copper @.90%..... 900 00

Commission 1/4 on \$7,500 shares..... \$1,875 00
N. B. Please send round check for \$4,215 75 and the powers of 1,000 Red Dog and 1,000 Allright before 3 o'clock.

Ninkum's fair fairly stood on end. "Check, and powers"—why, what in the name of all that's extravagant does this mean?

Just then Charley Fliers came in. "I say, Ninkum, lend us five hundred for a couple of days, will yer? Saw you down street—yesterday giving Bob Sharpt an order—hope you made a hit."

"Bother Bob Sharpt, I gave him no order at all."

"Come, old fellow, that won't do," said Fliers; "why, I stood right beside you and heard you say you were going in on the Bulge, and that you would sell Allright."

"Why, yes," said Ninkum; "I always mean to sell all right, and to buy when anything is on the bulge."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed his friend; "are you really so jolly green as not to know that Allright and Bulge are two of the biggest mines in the market?"

"What? Bulge—Allright? then these infernal bills are—"

"That," said Charley, taking the paper out of his hand—"that's what that one of Sharpt's statements; I ought to know it, I've seen enough of 'em."

"Whew," said he, as he glanced at it; "he's let you in on Spangies, Slap Up and Bulge all at once; why, bless you, those have all gone down a dollar since the first board yesterday. Why, Nink, you are out seventeen hundred and fifty dollars already."

"What?" gasped Ninkum—"seventeen hundred and fifty lost in one day?" "Certainly, my boy; you went in at the very top of the market—claiming at second board, shares—market every minute this morning."

"Great heavens! what shall I do," said Ninkum, whose available capital in the ready was not over five hundred, "and here's his other bill," and he handed it to his voluble friend.

"What? By George! you have sold the very thing, old boy; couldn't have done better—now you'll lend me the five hundred."

who was tearing up paper and scattering the bits about, that "there would be a reaction to-morrow after such a tremendous slump," and the paper-scatterer hoped "those infernal scamps who locked up funds in New York might get stuck themselves."

Ninkum met two men with long books going into the side entrance to an up-stairs office who stopped to say to each other that things were "off like a jug-handle" and "it had been a big drop." Crossing the street he met a broker whom he had frequently seen with Fliers, and ventured to ask if he had seen that worthy.

"Seen him! yes; just left me; gone up to the Parker House to dine. Charley made a big hit to-day sellin' short, I believe, and he feels pretty well over it."

Ninkum passed on, and as he reached Parker's went in. There sat Fliers at one of the tables, a plate of venison and a bottle of champagne before him, evidently enjoying himself after the fatigues of the day.

"Ah, Ninkum!" said he, espying that worthy, and extending both hands in welcome, "is that you, sit down old fellow; take some champagne; I was coming round after dinner to see you."

"Did you," gasped Nink, in a faint voice, "did you manage to get me out of that scrape, the forty-two hundred dollars, you know, and that lot of stock I never had—eh?"

"Get you out, I reckon I did; why see here," and taking his pencil and a fragment of paper from his pocket, he wrote the memoranda and handed it over to the astonished Ninkum:

Difference on 1,000 Red Dog @.65%..... \$2,900 00
Difference on 1,000 Allright @.90%..... 3,300 00
Paid Sharpt's bill and brokerage..... \$5,200 00

Sold 500 Spangies @.61%..... \$325 00
Sold 1,000 Slap Up @.75%..... 750 00
Sold 250 Bulge @.63%..... 157 50

Due you less my commission..... \$5,288 50
"There, my boy, what do you think of that?"

"Due me," his eyes sticking out like lobsters—"due me; what do you mean?"

"Mean! why I mean I went to the party whom your broker sold the 1,000 Red Dog to; the market was busted and he knew it; down two and a quarter and he was glad to pay a difference of two instead of taking the stock; ditto the party who bought Allrights at nine, which is now down to four, he was glad to settle at three and a half difference, you see, gave us \$1,282 profit, after paying Sharpt, if we hadn't anything else, but we still had the stock he bought for you, such as it was."

"But I tell you," persisted Ninkum, "I never told him to buy for me. I only had a chat about red dogs and my being all right and something else. I don't recollect what."

"Well, he thought you did, and it's all well for you both that he did, for I sold out the Spangies, the Slap Ups and the Bulge for just what they would bring—a loss to be sure, but added to our profits on differences, and we've got over three thousand dollars on hand. Now, how much shall I allow you for brokerage?"

"Charge me just what you please, my boy," said Ninkum, grasping his hand and upsetting a glass of champagne upon the floor. "Why, I ought to pay you for getting me out of such an infernal scrape. It's all Greek to me even now, and I cannot understand it. Do just as you like."

"Well, would you be satisfied if I brought you two thousand dollars as your share to-morrow?"

"Two thousand dollars! why, Charley, it's downright robbery to take it—your must be joking."

"Well, it does seem like robbery, from a commission point of view, but you will give me a receipt in full for that amount?"

"Certainly I will."

"Well, then excuse me now, for here's old Cutemuck coming to settle with me, and I'll see you to-morrow."

Ninkum went off wondering whether he was dreaming or whether Fliers was playing a practical joke upon him. It was his first experience in fancy stocks and he was bewildered; however, about noon the next day Fliers came in, and tossing a bundle of banknotes on his desk, told him to count them.

Mechanically Ninkum began, "one hundred, two hundred, three hundred, four hundred" (they were all one hundred dollar notes), growing more agitated as he counted, till he counted up two thousand, and then paused and looked up, with his hands trembling and heart beating quickly, and mouth wide open, at his friend who was watching him.

"Are you satisfied?" said Fliers. "Satisfied! Why, you can't be in earnest that this is all for me; that what I accidentally said to Sharpt has brought me in all this money—here, take half of it."

"No," said Fliers, laughing; "I've taken the lion's share already. If you are satisfied, sign this receipt in full." Ninkum had his name written in a second.

"Now," said he, "tell me how I came to make such a hit."

"Why," said Fliers, "fools rush in where angels fear to tread. No sane man would have thought either of buying or selling as you did, and it's just such men as you make these 'hits' this season, and almost in the same manner. You made it on a fortunate break in the market that you did not know enough to anticipate; in fact, boy, it's the Ninkums that have generally made in the fancies, not experienced operators. But take advice, don't try it a second time."

As a matter of experience, it is said that the mixture of cut straw root pulp, alternate layers of each, laid up for at least twenty-four hours before being fed, after which it comes heated of itself, and the cattle eat it with great relish.

Select Sayings.

The hours are priceless angels,
That still go gliding by,
And each minute's record up
To Him who sits on high.
C. P. Cranch.

Brevity is the greatest of eloquence.
—Cicero.

As if you could kill time without injuring eternity.—Thoreau.

The pulpit as a platform three feet above contradiction.—Sidney Smith.

We follow the world in approving others, but we go before it in approving ourselves.—Lafayette.

An avowal of poverty is a disgrace to no man; to make no effort to escape it is indeed disgraceful.—Thucydides.

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.—Walter Scott.

When Death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we regret, but our severity.—George Eliot.

The forgiveness of enemies solely because it is healing coils of fire on their heads is a vice, not a virtue.—F. A. Durtage.

The fortunate have many parasites; hope is the only one that vouchsafes attendance upon the wretched and the beggar.—Shenstone.

I never had a man come to me for advice, but before he got through he had more advice to offer than to ask for.—Josh Billings.

There is no real life but cheerful life; therefore valetudiniarians should be sworn, before they enter into company, not to say a word of themselves till the meeting breaks up.—Addison.

With every exertion, the best of men can do but a moderate amount of good, but it seems in the power of the most contemptible individual to do incalculable mischief.—Washington Irving.

In youth we are mad for persons. Childhood and youth see all the world in them. But the larger experience of men discovers an identical common nature appearing through them all.—Emerson.

Do not think of knocking out another man's brains because he differs in opinion from you. It would be as rational to knock yourself on the head because you differ from yourself ten years ago.—Horace Mann.

Of all the agonies of life, that which is most poignant and harrowing—that which for the time annihilates reason, and leaves our whole organization lacerated, mangled heart—is the conviction that we have been deceived where we placed all the trust of love.—Bulwer Lytton.

How often a new affection makes a new man! the sordid, cowering soul turns heroic. The frivolous girl becomes the steadfast martyr of patience and ministrations, transfigured by deathless love. The career of boundless impulses turns into an anthem of sacred deeds.—Chapin.

For ourselves we own that we do not understand the common phrase, "A good man, but a bad king." We can as easily conceive a good man and an untruthful father, or a good man and a treacherous friend. If in the most important of all human relations we find him (Charles I.) to have been selfish, cruel, and deceitful, we shall take the twenty call him a bad man, in spite of all his temperance at table, and all his regularity at chapel.—Macaulay.

A Bear Story.

After all, gentlemen, said old Col. Neblett, the best way to kill a bear is to shoot him, provided a man has a good rifle, and knows how to use it. Bears were plenty when I settled on Little River, and we used to make up parties to hunt them. A bear hunt was made up for the second week in the November after I moved on to my new place.

I was asked to join in the hunt, and I was much acquainted in the neighborhood, and the people didn't know my ways; so I thought I might run a joke on them, and make them supply me with bear meat to lay in for the winter. It is one thing, you know, to kill a bear, and another thing to get him home. Some ten days before the hunt was to come off I went out and baited the bears, and then went out and watched for them. By good luck I struck three of them that day, but didn't kill them—not a bear, I don't suppose, gentlemen, that there was a man in Kentucky who could outshoot me in those days. I marked each of them exactly like by shooting off the tip of the right ear and putting a bullet through the left ear. That was all I wanted of the bears just then. When the day for the hunt came along, and the party called at my place to pick me up, I told them that I was under the weather and didn't allow that I felt well enough to go. "I wish I could go," I said, "because I've got some tame bears loose in the woods and would like to look them up." They stared at me as if they allowed that I was crazy. "Perhaps you don't believe me," I said, "but I tell you it is a fact. There are five of those bears that I raised and petted, and they are marked with my dog mark. I have been meaning to get them home before winter and lay in the meat of three or four of them." At this they laughed in my face. "There's no joke about it, gentlemen," said I, "my mark is a crop of the right ear and a hole in the left. If you happen to shoot any bears with that mark on them you may know that they belong to me." They promised that if they got any bears marked in that way they would bring them home to me, and went off laughing. Now, gentlemen, it is the truth, if I ever told the truth in my life, that that party got just four bears on that hunt, and three of them were marked with my mark. They brought those three bears home to me, and I had plenty of bear meat for the winter, and after that nobody in the settlement ever thought of disputing my word about anything.

GENERAL SOCIETY NOTES.

Mrs. James, the widow of G. P. R. James, the novelist, is living at Eau Claire, Wisconsin. She is eighty years old and is cared for by her sons.

Mrs. Hicks-Lord, who has been giving informal receptions on Thursdays leaves next month for Washington where she will be the guest of Chief Justice Waite.

Miss Susan Adele Washburne, the eldest daughter of the former Minister to France, has just entered society, being introduced at a large entertainment at her father's house in Chicago.

Mr. Charles Sprague Pearce, the grandson of Charles Sprague, the poet, is mentioned as one of the most promising of the American artists in Paris. He is twenty-seven years of age, a pupil of Bonnat.

Mr. Edwin B. Morgan, of Aurora, New York, has made a gift to the Cayuga Lake Academy in that village of \$10,000, in addition to \$5,000 which he gave some time ago for a library for the institution.

Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker has been spending a week or two in Philadelphia, where she witnessed the initial performance of her nephew W. Gillett's play, "The Professor," at the Arch Street Theatre.

Mr. J. C. Flood has just made a pleasant little gift of pin-money to his daughter, Miss Jennie Flood. He has registered \$2,500,000 in United States bonds in her name. This gift provides for her an income of \$100,000 a year.

The ex-khedive is again in trouble. He wished to borrow from the Bank of Naples 700,000 francs on the security of objects of value, but the bank, in conformity with its regulations, would only lend 500,000 francs, which sum the khedive refused to accept.

Professor Nordenskjöld will probably not reach home until the last of March, leaving the Vega at Naples, and going the rest of the way overland. It is thought that he may visit England on his way. His voyage home thus far has been full of enthusiastic receptions, the professor himself taking all the lionizing very quietly, for he is not a man who looks for any such reward for his work.

The lord mayor of London draws the line between juveniles and young people at fifteen. Below fifteen you are a "juvenile" and must bring your mother to the ball; above that age you are a "young person" and can go it alone. In consequence, there has been a very general jumping of this imaginary line by "juveniles" who heretofore have visited entertainments half-price. Age is a merely relative matter after all.

A very aristocratic French fashion is that of white toilets for paying or receiving visits in the day-time. This fashion commenced in country chateaux, and seems likely to be continued in Paris. Dresses of white cloth are exceedingly pretty and quite unique in style. Several brides have paid their visits recently in dresses of white Hindoo cashmere, trimmed with ivory white plush, with the mantle and bonnet of plush to match.

Queen Victoria is said to have a long memory for persons and faces. Her whole thoughts now seem centered in her soldiers, especially in those who have been wounded in her service; and in looking over paintings of subjects in the recent wars, she knows and remembers the names of all those soldiers—even privates—who have been conferred the Victoria Cross or other honors, at once picking them out in the painting and asking after them by name.

Marshal Bazaine has asked permission of the French Government to pass through France for the purpose of arranging certain family affairs, whereupon the Paris Gossip speaks of him as "the person called Bazaine, the man of Metz, the fugitive of Sainte-Marguerite," and says, "This traitor has prepared us for anything, but his audacity passes all bounds." Not very pleasing reading this for the man who conquered Mexico, and was one of the chief pillars of the second French empire.

There are in London now two Japanese princes, the first children of "the magic land" who have visited England publicly as representatives of the wealth and resources of their country. To those who have been led away by the charming description of the Japanese prince in Eugene Sue's romance of the "Juif Errant," much disappointment has been conveyed by the appearance of Prince Gondoway and his son. Sue's fancy prince is represented as being as delicate in limb and features as a Greek statue, lithe and supple as a young tiger, graceful and swift of foot as the antelope. The Japanese prince in London, on the contrary, is of middle height, inclined to be stout, their complexions of the dark yellow of the Malay race, and their hair, black and rather oily, hangs straight down each side of the face. Their costume is rich and highly ornamented, without any of the gaudiness of contrasting colors so loved of the Hindoos and in general their whole aspect conveys an impression of more serious aims and views of life than does that of any other Oriental race.

Minister White was presented to Count Molke at one of the court entertainments of Berlin. A noted statesman, who had read a biographical sketch of the American minister, which appeared shortly after his appointment in the Deutsche Rundschau—a German magazine—performed the introduction in the following mode: "Count, let me present to you a gentleman from America, who was borne in Homer, lives in Syracuse, and has founded a university in Ithaca." The count looked very much puzzled at the union of America with so many classical names. The lecturer hastened to explain the geographical mode by saying that the custom formerly had been in America to select names from antiquity for the many new towns

coming into existence, but that now names of the heroes of modern times were chosen, and that in the far West of the United States there were already places which had been christened Molke. The minister's next turn of the matter created a general smile, in which the count joined, saying that he should like nothing better than to go to America and visit one of his geographical namesakes.

Future of Electricity.

Marvelous as have been the applications of electricity during recent years as a message bearer, light giver, health restorer, and otherwise, it requires no prophetic vision other than that which knowledge gives to foresee an extension of the use of electricity in the immediate future infinitely beyond anything that the multitude now anticipate. The truth is, men have but barely begun to suspect the capacity of electricity to serve their kind. However numerous the means devised for harnessing the subtle power or great the social changes brought about by its employment, as in the telegraph and the telephone, the vast field for the application of electricity to human affairs has hardly been entered upon.

Men of middle age have witnessed the more remarkable of the stages of social revolution brought about during the past fifty years. Ten years ago it did not seem possible that any power could ever again enable men to repeat the giant strides of progress which steam, in our factories and on the highways of commerce, by sea and by land, had made possible. To-day even greater and more rapid revolutions are impending from the utilization of electricity, and men now living will probably see them brought about.

The future of electricity in the sphere of light giving is daily becoming more apparent. The impossibilities of last year are the achievements of this year; and even if we were compelled to say that hitherto the electric light has not passed beyond the experimental stage, the positive gains made during the past few months are a guarantee that in several directions practical success is assured.

The transmission of power by electricity both for short and for long distances, is not only practicable but economical; and the sanitary and other advantages of drawing power from a distance, for small manufacturing and for operating domestic machinery, are so enormous that the new system is sure to work great changes in all branches of industrial affairs. In every department for life this most nimble and willing servant of humanity is becoming useful, or rather men are beginning to discover how infinite is his capacity for usefulness and the marvelous economies possible throughout his employment. He is as ready to work for us as to run our errands, or watch our property against thieves and fire. And it is no stretch of imagination to say that our children if not ourselves will see the small steam engine everywhere displaced by the electric motor, which will convert into motive power the subtle energy conveyed by wires from central sources of energy—huge furnaces constructed on the most approved scientific principles, out of the way waterfalls, tidal currents, even the sun himself. And doubtless this cleanly and trusty servant will serve humanity in ways we do not dream of now, and at a cost that will be, by comparison with the present, cost of light and heat and working energy, almost nominal.—Scientific American.

QUEER SURGERY.—The doctors of Bellevue Hospital at New York are transforming Thomas Coulter's finger end into a nose. Coulter is twenty-two years old, and lost his nose by a railroad accident, a malady closely related to cancer, which destroys every tissue with which it comes in contact. The progress of the disease was arrested at Bellevue Hospital two years ago, but it left the face woefully disfigured, with a depression where the nose should have been, and the skin so contracted that the lower eyelids were inverted, exposing the mucous membrane of the eye. A plastic operation was performed at the hospital a year ago which nearly restored the eyes to their normal condition, and having heard that an English surgeon at Birmingham had built up a nose for a man, Coulter besought the Bellevue doctors to try the same experiment on him. His entreaties prevailed, and last November preparations began by repressing the middle finger of the left hand, removing its nail and destroying its matrix with nitric acid so that no nail would grow again. Two flaps were raised from the surface of the nailless finger end, December 12, the patient being under the influence of an anesthetic, and were attached to flaps raised from the face, the end of the finger being placed in a pocket made in the skin where the nose had been. The whole was then kept in place by plaster of paris bandages, the patient being also kept under the influence of morphine. The extemporized nose is already knitting into place, and the digital arteries having been tied up, the finger is to be amputated at the middle joint, and the wonderful new nose will be complete.

WOMANLY PHILOSOPHY.—Very often the most exquisite touches of human nature are found in out-of-the-way corners of existence. A journal was produced the other evening that had been kept by the owner when eighteen—now a charming lady, the very soul of hospitality and kindness. At the time she wrote it, being a beautiful girl, she naturally had an idea that her journal was attractive and interesting. So one day the journal began this way: "Mr. Watson called to-day to see me, but he talked to Mary." What a world of womanly philosophy and experience lies in that plaintive remark! They all come to us, but they all talk to Mary.

Care of the Teeth.

As I am not aware of anything practically new in the way of dentifrices, I can only allude to them as auxiliaries, or assistants in promoting cleanliness, and in neutralizing the abnormal acidity so commonly present in the oral cavity. No one has yet discovered the magic prophylactic, notwithstanding the absurd claims of the vendors of various nostrums, such as "Sododent." Of that article I will testify to what is also well known by most dentists, namely, that it destroys the color of the teeth, turning them to a decidedly dark yellow.

There is, of course, quite a general use of tooth brushes by the people, but not uncommonly an abuse of them for want of proper instruction. It is getting to be better understood by both dentists and patients, now than formerly that a crosswise brushing is not wise, but that the upper teeth should be brushed downward, and the lower teeth upward. It is a common mistake not to brush thoroughly the buccal and posterior surfaces of the third molars, and the lingual surfaces of the lower front teeth. I am sure that nothing like an adequate amount of care is given to this preventive service. It cannot be too strongly impressed on the minds of the guardians of children that they should see that the practice of brushing the teeth thoroughly is begun as early as possible, so that it shall become a habit to be continued through life.

Concerning the forms of brushes, I will say that straight brushes are utterly impracticable on the surfaces to which I have referred as the ones most neglected. Curved brushes with a tuft end, bud-shaped or convex, are the best. There are several favored forms that are quite efficient in the line I have spoken of. One of these, named the "Windsor," I have faithfully tried for twenty months past, and introduced it very generally in my practice, and I feel that it meets the indications better than any other within my knowledge. The faithful use of floss silk between the teeth ought to be earnestly recommended; also the quill toothpick. The wood toothpicks so generally furnished at public eating places are a source of much evil to the soft tissues between the teeth. All kinds of metallic toothpicks are objectionable, though I am aware that it is the practice of some dentists to commend them, because they are so easily operation performed; the facility with which such teeth can be kept clean is evident; and although this condition may have been secured at considerable expense, yet it is an investment that will pay a good rate of interest. I do

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, Washenaw 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, FEBRUARY 5, 1880.

The Women at Home.
In reading and talking over the circumstances of the countless embezzlements and defalcations that of late years have dragged into the dust names once and for long time honorable, few people give much thought to the part that women have to bear in the matter. Much denunciation on the one hand, much excuse and sympathy on the other, are lavished on the criminal, but little of either do the women of his family receive. In the eye of the general public they are as much like ciphers as if they did not exist.

It is often quite possible, to take one view of the case, that these women, sitting happily in their homes when the shock comes, have contributed causes to the catastrophe, and so deserve censure, and it is quite as possible that they have not done so. In either case they merit as much pity and commiseration as the positively sinning party receives. Even if they have been guilty of extravagance that has goaded the criminal operation to its end, their conscious punishment is in excess of their conscious error. The number of women is small that continue in extravagance after circumstances forbidding any such conduct on their part have been explained to them, or have merely been stated to them without any effort to convince their reason. If a man keeps his business affairs to himself, never condescends to tell his wife how things stand with him in the counting-room, lets her go on with the supposition that everything else is going on as usual, and with sufficient prosperity, of course she sees no motive for retrenchment, and while her husband has every luxury and pleasure, is not going to save and scrimp and make herself and the household uncomfortable. If, on the contrary, having been told of the vital-necessity of economy, she still persists in the gratification of every wish, never pausing to picture to herself the inevitable consequences, she has no more than she deserves when the final crash comes, and perhaps disgrace with it as well as poverty.

But in the far greater number of instances the women of the family are ignorant of the true state of the case concerning the business of the bread-winner, and utterly innocent of assisting improperly in bringing about the disastrous end. What horror and shame, then, are theirs, and what unutterable grief, when suddenly the fatal bolt falls out of a clear sky, and the being on whom they have been wont to look as almost faultless, and whom they would fain have all the world hold faultless, stands clearly revealed in his cowardice and cupidity, and they are obliged to know that, in whatever degree their own affection still remains, the rest of mankind regard him as a thief! Surely their torture and agony over the ruin of the object of their idolatry, over the discovery of his real character, over its revelation to the world, over his sins and his suffering, over the degradation of children and family and good name, over the approaching destitution, whose shadow already falls—all this is something beyond expression, and too great woe for one to do anything but veil the face in its presence.

In the meantime one dwells and expatiates on the career of the criminal, and recounts the incidents of his downward course, and one speculates on his sensations, and one thinks hardly at all of those agonized women at home from whom the light of the world is shut out, and whom, if the falling blow has not crushed, it is only because they must live for others. The peace of their home is destroyed; the home itself has probably been surrendered and abandoned;

done; the husband and father is within prison walls in misery; and in all the freshness of grief, mortification and bitterness, while every nerve is throbbing bare to the cruel touch, must come the exposure that work, and contact with the world in order to procure work, bring about. What, then, is endured by these wretched women, on whom the thoughtlessness and folly, to say no word of the criminal wickedness, of others have precipitated all this misery, is seldom even carelessly considered by the general mind. Perhaps if it had been more dwelt on, the desolation of the wife, the aching sorrow of the mother, the shame of the child, the weariness of the two white hands, unused to labor, on which the support of the family must fall, then the man who brings about the desolation, the sorrow and the weariness would think twice before taking the irrevocable step that brings it all to pass.

Without doubt the first step toward crime is taken very frequently with the desire to give that wife and mother and those children luxuries beyond what they at that moment enjoy, to increase comfort and wealth and pleasure for them during the rest of their lives; but one thought of the dark possibilities, with all their horrors, that may ensue, the result that may come instead of the pleasures and luxuries hoped for, independently of any remembrance of the sin and crime of the act, might restrain many a plotting defaulter from plunging into that Styx of false accounts which flows only around the place of shadows.

FRESH EGGS DURING WINTER.—The people of the United States will purchase forty-five million eggs every day during the cold weather, if they can obtain them fresh. It is therefore desirable to know how to obtain new and fresh eggs during the winter. Give hens warm and comfortable sunny quarters, plenty of suitable food, and the means of keeping themselves free from parasites and diseases, and they will furnish a bountiful supply of eggs. Hens one, two and three years old will lay annually from one hundred to one hundred and thirty-five eggs. Before and after this age not so many. Poultry raisers differ about the food best suited to hens. Corn is better to fatten than to produce eggs. Finely-ground oats, scalded, about the consistence of mush, are highly commended as a staple article of food.

Frequent feedings of buckwheat and barley, unground, are valuable. Hens should also have free access to some succulent vegetable, such as cabbage, turnips, squashes, pumpkins, and the like, scraps of food from the table, especially bread, potatoes and fresh meat. At least once a week hens should have a good feeding of liver, well-boiled, chopped, and sprinkled freely with cayenne pepper or common warm peppers chopped fine. Burnt bones and oyster shells, well-pounded, lime and sand mortar, should also be constantly within their reach. They should have constant access to large boxes of wood-ashes and air-slacked lime, and always a plentiful supply of pure water. Hens are very much like human beings as to their food—they are the most healthy and perform the most labor on a good variety of nourishing, stimulating food. Feed them regularly, treat them kindly, protect them from cold and storms, give them plenty of air, sunlight and exercise when the weather is fine, collect the eggs every day, and they will be found among the most profitable animals about the farm-house or the barn.

Sense and Nonsense.

Grate style—an open fire-place.

A woman's rite—the marriage ceremony.

An African proverb says the idle are dead, but cannot be buried.

If one little mouse in the plural is mice, The plural of house should be certainly mice.

One advertisement in the newspaper is worth two on the side of an old shed.

The light of experience has shown, 'Tis no more fatal, alas!

For a man to carelessly blow in the gun, Than 'tis to blow out the gas.

"How far is it to D—, if I keep straight on!" "Wall, if you're a goin' to keep straight on, it's about twenty-five thousand miles, but if you turn round t'other way it's about half a mile!"

Do not wait for luck to bear you on to fortune. If nothing turns up, roll up your sleeves and turn something up. Fortune and fame await the man who will pursue them with sufficient determination.

The exploits of umbrella thieves in Philadelphia during the Grant week were exceedingly audacious. A

man standing in the main hall of the Continental Hotel swinging an umbrella between his legs, was relieved of all the public property he had. Before he could turn about the thief had vanished in the crowd.

A pet dog fell into the hands of the professors at the Detroit Medical College, who used him for vivisection. A part of the skull had been removed, and some of his brains taken out, when his master found him. The brute was put under curative treatment, and is recovering; but will never know as much as he did before the operation.

"Do you raise pears in Louisiana, Mr. Sheridan?" said the President of the United States to our genial Recorder of Deeds, last week at the White House, while a delegation of horticulturists were present. "We do whenever we hold three of a kind," replied the gentle George,—at which various of the fruit-growers smiled audibly.

FASHION NOTES.—Fur Collars are little worn by ladies this season, and this will give rise to many severe Coughs and Colds. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is a certain and safe cure in every case. Price 25 cents.

Business Locals.

If you do not want gray hair, use Hall's Vegetable Sulfur Hair Renewer, which will not stain the skin, or soil linen.

ONLY five cents per dozen for old newspapers. Call at this office.

"There is danger in delay." Would you be free from Catarrh? Try Ely's Cream Balm. It is curing hundreds of Chronic cases. Sold by all Druggists. Price 50 cents.

"BUSINESS PRINCIPLES."—When you want something to attend strictly to business, cure a cough or cold in the head, get Dr. Fennell's Improved Cough Honey. It will relieve any case in one hour. Try a sample bottle at 10 cents. For sale by Glazier & Armstrong, Chelsea. v9-13-y

JOB PRINTING, from a Mammoth Poster to a Visiting Card, done at this office.

MOTHERS, try Dr. Derby's Croup Mixture, it is guaranteed to cure croup in all its forms, and is the best and cheapest Medicine in the market for Coughs, Colds, and Diphtheria, and all throat and lung troubles. Only 50 cents a bottle. Try it. For sale by W. R. Reed & Co., Chelsea, Mich. v9-4-6m

Old Papers for sale at this office at five cents per dozen.

NOT SO BAD.—The agony of Neuralgia, Toothache, Headache, or any pain whatsoever, can be relieved instantaneously, by using Dr. Fennell's Golden Relief. It also readily cures Rheumatism, Backache, Kidney Disease, Colic, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Burns, Bruises, etc. Try a sample bottle at 10c. For sale by Glazier & Armstrong, Chelsea, Mich. v9-13-1y

Every variety of Job Printing done at the HERALD office.

JOHNSTON'S EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA.—It was but courtesy to call the attention of our readers to the invaluable preparation which will be found advertised in another column. It has in its favor very flattering testimonials from the most eminent practitioners in every part of the country where it has been used. There is beauty, taste and size enough in the bottles to induce purchase, even if the preparation itself were not one of the "saviors in the world," as every one must believe it is—that is, every one who would not resist a mass of documentary evidence conclusive enough to convert a Turk to Christianity. Buy one of the bottles gentle reader, and see whether you do not agree with us, on this latter point at least. Sold by W. R. Reed & Co., Chelsea, Mich.

Cancers and Tumors Cured!

A large Cancer killed in two or three hours, without pain. Patient may return home same day. The cancer falls out, and place heals in a short time. Cure warranted. Send stamps for Journal, which will give all particulars; also, a number of references of persons cured. Persons not able to visit my Infirmary, I will send them medicine sufficient to cure their cancer, for \$25. Dr. Thomas cures all Chronic, Nervous, and Private Diseases, Difficulties of the Blood, Catarrh, all diseases of long standing. Treatment confidential. Examination by letter, or otherwise, free. Address, H. S. THOMAS, M. D., Medical and Surgical Institute and Cancer Infirmary, 146 Mich. Ave., Detroit, Mich. v9-13-1y

LEGAL NOTICE.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN,

COUNTY OF WASHENAW,

At a session of the Probate Court, for the County of Washenaw, holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, on Monday, the nineteenth day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty.

Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the Estate of James Hatt, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly sworn to, of said Hatt, praying that he may be appointed Administrator of said estate.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the sixteenth day of February 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 Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this Order to be published in the CHLSEA HERALD, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing. [A true copy.]

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN,
Judge of Probate.

WILLIAM G. DOTY, Probate Register.

WOOD BRO'S
CHEAP
CASH STORE
IS NOW OPEN
FOR BUSINESS.

In the Stock may be found all varieties of

STAPLE AND FANCY

GROCERIES

FRESH AND CANNED FRUITS,

FLOUR, CORN, OATS AND

GROUND FEED,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

GENTS COLLARS AND CUFFS,

OVERALLS AND WORK

PANTS, GLOVES,

MITTENS,

SUSPENDERS, and a Great Variety of other Goods.

The public should bear in mind that all of our Goods are FRESH and NEW, all bought for CASH at the Lowest Price possible,—and we will sell them as

CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST

We propose to fully demonstrate that Goods can be sold Cheaper for CASH than Credit. Although a fact so evident should need no demonstration, as good customers do not want to pay for Goods that "Dead Beasts" have the benefit of, neither should they.

WE WANT

Wheat, Corn, Oats, Pork,

Clover Seed, Butter

and Eggs,

And in fact every variety of

COUNTRY PRODUCE,

For which we will pay the HIGHEST PRICE in CASH.

All Goods delivered free in the village.

WOOD BRO'S,

One Door South of Post Office.

Chelsea, Feb. 5, 1880. v9-10

RISLEY'S PURE DISTILLED

WITCH HAZEL,

OR, HAMAMELIS VIRGINICA.

Equal in quality to any made, and only half the price; 6 oz. bottles 25c; pints 50c.

Relieves Headache, Toothache, Earache, Sore Eyes, Nose-bleed, Bleeding Lungs, Painful Menstruation, Asthma, Redness Swellings, Piles, etc., etc. Cures Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Sprains, Wounds, Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Chills, Varicose Veins, Neuralgia, etc.

NATURE'S UNIVERSAL REMEDY

FOR INTERNAL & EXTERNAL USE.

If your Druggist has not got it have him order it of the Proprietor,

CHARLES F. RISLEY,

WHOLESALE DRUGGIST, No. 64 COURT-

LAND STREET, NEW YORK.

v9-18-3m

LEGAL NOTICE.

Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage, executed by Andrew Gulde and Maria Gulde, his wife, to James Taylor, dated the eighth day of July, A. D. 1876, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds, for the County of Washenaw, State of Michigan, on the third day of August, A. D. 1876, in Liber 55 of Mortgages, on page 5, which mortgage was duly assigned by said James Taylor to Maria Gulde, on the twenty-seventh day of November, A. D. 1877, by an assignment recorded in said Register's office, for said County of Washenaw, on the third day of December, A. D. 1877, in Liber 5 of Assignments of Mortgages, on page 569, and said mortgage was assigned by said Maria Gulde to said James Taylor, on the twenty-eighth day of November, A. D. 1877, by an assignment recorded in said Register's office, in Liber 5 of Assignments of Mortgages, on page 568, on the third day of December, A. D. 1877, and again on the sixth day of November, A. D. 1879, said mortgage was duly assigned by said James Taylor to said Maria Gulde, by an assignment recorded in said Register's office, for said County of Washenaw, in Liber 6 of Assignments of Mortgages, on page 367, on the seventh day of November, A. D. 1879, by which said default the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative, and no proceedings having been instituted in law or equity to recover the debt secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof, and the sum of one thousand and eight dollars being now claimed to be due on said mortgage; and also, an attorney fee of thirty dollars, as therein provided.

Notice is therefore hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed, by sale of the recorded premises therein described, or some part thereof, viz: The undivided one half of all that certain piece or parcel of land, situated in the Village of Chelsea, County of Washenaw, and State of Michigan, known and described as follows, to-wit: Lot two (2), John C. Taylor's subdivision of the north-east corner of Block number four, Village of Chelsea, according to the recorded plat thereof, at public vendue, at the east door of the Court House, in the City of Ann Arbor, on the seventh day of February, 1880, at one o'clock in the afternoon of that day.

Dated November 18th, 1879.

MARIA GULDE, Assignee.

DEWEY & LEMMAN, Attys for Assignee.

REMEMBER you can get old newspapers at this office at 5c. per dozen.

To My Friends
and Patrons.

I would say do not be alarmed about high prices, and the great advance that is talked about that is said will happen in the near future. It is mostly talk, for "any reasonable thinking person" will see at once that there is no excuse for it. The piece goods for Ready-Made Clothing for Spring and Summer Wear, was purchased by manufacturers last Fall when there was scarcely any advance, and with the great competition in the United States, one can see at once that there is no reasonable reason for an advance this Spring, and I intend (if not in person) in reality, to remain in the

CLOTHING,
HAT, CAP AND

FURNISHING GOODS
BUSINESS IN ANN ARBOR,

I will have something to say about Prices of Merchandise in my line. I might add here that I have not made as absolute a change in my business as I first desired and thought I would. But owing to present circumstances I am glad things have shaped themselves as they have. By having my Clearing Sale my friends have not only received a benefit, but I have got my Stock in better condition than I otherwise would have had it, and will have during the coming year

More NEW GOODS to Select from than
any other Clothing House in the County,

And would advise all to inspect my Stock before making their purchases, for I am consummating arrangements by which I will buy my Goods at Less Profits to the manufacturers that I ever did before, and will sell accordingly. During my absence my Store will be managed by CHARLES A. HENDRICK and TRUMAN H. WADHAM; and assisted by THEODORE A. REYER.

Thanking my friends for many past favors, I am
Very Respectfully, Yours,

JOE T. JACOBS,
THE CLOTHIER.
Ann Arbor, Mich., Feb. 5, 1880.

THE ONLY LUNG PAD.
ABSORPTION,
APPLIED IN A SENSIBLE AND EFFICACIOUS MANNER.
THIS PAD CONTAINS PROPERTIES
WHICH DO ACTUALLY PENETRATE TO THE
BLOOD!
And to whatever organs are diseased, as has been repeatedly demonstrated by actual experiment,
PRODUCING IMMEDIATE RELIEF, AND LASTING AND POSITIVE CURES.
TRY ONE—It will help where all else fails. Write for testimonials.
For sale by Druggists, or sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, \$2.00.
9-21-3m
THE ONLY LUNG PAD CO., Detroit, Mich.

G. W. R. R. TIME TABLE.
Highest Medal at Vienna and Philadelphia.
E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
501 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Manufacturers, Importers and Dealers in
Velvet Frames, Albums and Graphoscopes; also,
STEREOSCOPES AND VIEWS,
Engravings, Chromos, Photographs,
And kindred goods—Celebrities, Actresses,
&c., &c., &c.
PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS.
We are Headquarters for everything in the way of,
Stereopticons & Magic Lanterns
Each style being the best of its class in the market. Beautiful Photographic Transparencies of Statuary and Engravings for the window. Convex Glass. Manufacturers of Velvet Frames for Miniatures and Convex Glass Pictures.

DEPOT DINING ROOM,
Ann Arbor, Michigan.
MEALS, 50 CTS. LUNCH AT ALL HOURS.

The traveling public will do well, when they stop at Ann Arbor, to call and get a Good Square Meal.

M. S. DAVISON,
Proprietors.

PRINTERS, send for Samples and Prices of Paper, Card Board and Printers Supplies to GEBHARD & KRAMER, No. 6 and 8 East Larned street, Detroit, Mich. v9-10-4w

Fifty Per Cent. Off.

GREAT

INDUCEMENTS!

At Gilbert & Crowell's.

A large stock of

BOOTS & SHOES

Will be sold one-third less than any other store in town. Call on them.

They have on hand a large supply of

GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS,

Which they are selling cheap for

Cash.

We sell

CHELSEA AND UNADILLA FLOUR.

Goods delivered to any part of the village.

CHELSEA, Sept. 18, 1879. v6-28

Elgin Watches

D. PRATT,

WATCHMAKER.

REPAIRING—Special attention given to this branch of the business and satisfaction guaranteed at the "New River" Jewelry Establishment, South Main st., Chelsea. 47

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 SHROUDS.

Hears in attendance on short notice.

FRANK STAFFAN, JR.

Chelsea, Sept. 18, 1879.

Ayer's

Sarsaparilla

Is a compound of the virtues of sarsaparilla, stillingia, mandrake, yellow dock, with the iodine, potash and iron, all powerful blood-making, blood-cleansing, and life-sustaining elements. It is the purest, safest, and in every way the most effective medicine known or available to the public. The science of medicine and chemistry have never produced so valuable a remedy, nor one so potent to cure all diseases resulting from impure blood. It cures Scrofula, and all scrofulous diseases, Erysipelas, Rose, or St. Anthony's Fire, Pimples and Face-grubs, Pustules, Blisters, Boils, Tumors, Fetter, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scald-head, Ringworm, Uicors, Sores, Rheumatism, Mercurial Disease, Neuralgia, Female Weakness and Irregularities, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, and General Debility.

By its searching and cleansing qualities it purges out the four corruptions which contaminate the blood, and cause decay and energy and strength. It restores and preserves health. It infuses new life and vigor throughout the whole system. No sufferer from any disease will marinate from the impurity of the blood need despair, who will give AYER'S SARSAPARILLA a fair trial. Remember, the earlier the trial, the speedier the cure.

Its recipe has been furnished to physicians everywhere, and they recognize its superior qualities, administer it in their practice.

For nearly forty years AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has been widely used, and its now-possession of the confidence of millions of people who have experienced benefits from its marvelous curative virtues.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

v9-8-1y

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PATENTS

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v8-25-y

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Attorney at Law.

Office at her Residence,

No. 26 West Catharine Street,

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Office Hours: From 9 o'clock A. M. to 1 o'clock P. M.

Done in fr

the comfort

A Special

BRATED

scrap and

Every body

Particular

preparation

country, on

promptly a

Give me

favor and

"Bee Hive"

Chelsea,

CALL at

cheap print

latest styles

specialty.

M. C. R. R. TIME TABLE.

GOING WEST.	
Mail Train	9:22 A. M.
Way Freight	12:55 P. M.
Way Freight Express	5:52 P. M.
Grand Rapids Express	8:11 P. M.
Evening Express	10:15 P. M.
GOING EAST.	
Night Express	5:50 A. M.
Way Freight	6:25 A. M.
Way Freight Express	8:02 A. M.
Grand Rapids Express	10:07 A. M.
Mail Train	4:40 P. M.

H. B. LEVYARD, Gen'l Sup't, Detroit.
HENRY C. WENTWORTH, General Passenger and Ticket Ag't, Chicago.

Time of Closing the Mail.
Western Mail, 9:00, 11:00 A. M. & 5:00 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 Week.	1 Month.	1 Year.
Square, \$1.00	\$8.00	\$15.00	
Column, 4.00	8.00	25.00	
Column, 7.00	10.00	40.00	
Column, 10.00	15.00	75.00	

Cards in "Business Directory," \$5.00 per year.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

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 Vernon Lodge No. 85, L. O. O. F., will take place every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, at their Lodge room, Middle St., East.
ASA BLACKNEY, 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
OFFICE OVER GEORGE P. GLAZIER'S BANK, CHELSEA, MICH. [7-13]

DENTIST,
OFFICE OVER GEORGE P. GLAZIER'S BANK, CHELSEA, MICH. [7-13]

Chelsea Bank,
Organized under the General Banking Law of Michigan.

CAPITAL STOCK, \$50,000.

DIRECTORS:
LUTHER JAMES, SAMUEL G. IVES,
THOS. S. SEARS, GEO. P. GLAZIER.

Hon. SAM'L G. IVES, President.

THOS. S. SEARS, Vice-President

GEO. P. GLAZIER, Cashier.

Chelsea, Feb'y 5, 1880. v9-18

FRANK DIAMOND,

THE

STARS

TONSorial ARTIST:

OF CHELSEA,

OVER W. R. REED & CO.'S DRUG STORE.

Good work guaranteed. v8-36

INSURANCE COMPANIES

REPRESENTED BY

W. E. DEPEW.

Assets.

Home of New York, \$6,109,527

Hartford, 3,392,914

Underwriters, 3,233,510

American, Philadelphia, 1,296,661

Detroit Fire and Marine, 501,629

Fire Association, 3,178,380

Office: Over Kempf's Bank, Middle street, west, Chelsea, Mich. v6-1

M. W. BUSH,

DENTIST,

OFFICE OVER H. S. HOLMES' STORE,

CHELSEA, MICH. 31

Chelsea Restaurant!

ELZRA HOLDEN would respectfully an-

nounce to the inhabitants of Chelsea,

and vicinity, that he now occupies spacious

rooms at the new brick block of C. S.

Laird, Middle street west, where he keeps

on hand Tropical Fruits, Confectionery,

and all other delicacies. Warm Meals

at all hours, and a Good Square Lunch

for a very little money.

Chelsea, Jan. 29, 1880. v9-20-6m

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 CELE-

BRATED 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 "Ball,

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Rev. THOS. HOLMES. Services at 10½
A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting Thurs-
day evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School
at 12 M.

M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. J. L. HUDSON, Pastor. Services at
10½ A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting
Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7
o'clock. Sunday School immediately after
morning services.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. E. A. GAY, Pastor. Services at 10½
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.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Rev. Father DUNN. Services every Sun-
day at 8 and 10½ A. M. Vespers, 7 o'clock
P. M. Sunday School at 12 o'clock A. M.

LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Rev. Mr. METZER. Services every al-
ternate Sunday at 2 o'clock P. M.

OUR TELEPHONE.

Out! the sn—

THE weather is cool and bracing.

SEVERAL novelties at Wood Bro's.

A SNOW storm started on last Tuesday.

THERE is nothing more truly original

than original sin.

BEEF, pork, and other commodities, are

daily coming into market.

TIMES are better. Get out of debt and

then stay out.

DIPHTHERIA is depopulating the children

of Washtenaw county.

PAY a visit to our Union School, and

you will be kindly received.

Don't forget to buy a quart of Oysters

at Wood Bro's.

It now reads: "The girls will go home

with the boys in the morning."

THERE will be a heap of changes among

the business men of Chelsea this spring.

AN exchange says that chickens can be

bought in Florida for four cents each.

Tim McKONE is progressing slowly with

the inside work of his new brick block.

RELIGION must have mysteries. Relig-

ion without its mysteries is a temple with-

out its God.

Wood Bro's delivers all goods free of

charge in the village.

THAT was a wise colored man who, in

speaking of happiness of married people,

said: "Dat 'ar 'pends altogether how dey

enjoy themselves."

WE hear complaints every day of bad

sidewalks on Railroad, Orchard, and

several other streets, throughout the village.

We think it a shame. Why don't our town

"dads" see to it?

REMEMBER that the grand social ball of

the German Workmen's Benevolent As-

sociation will take place at Tuttle's Hall,

next Monday evening. An invitation is

extended to all.

OLIVE LODGE, No. 156, F. & A. M., of

Cheelsea, had a good time on last Tuesday

evening. After business their wives got

up a nice repast at their hall. The mem-

bers and their wives enjoyed themselves,

and a good time was realized by all present.

THE "bees" are humming all around

the "hive." It is a fact that they will get

the down in the "hive" on next Monday,

with a large and fresh supply of groceries,

boots and shoes, etc. So look out for the

grand "bee" social.

THE public should begin to know that

there is an absolute prohibition of mer-

chandise being sent from the United States

to Canada by mail. Every such package

is forwarded straight to the Dead Letter

office at Washington.

THE wise weather prophets of old pre-

dicted, if the sun should shine on the second

day of February, the ground-hog, bear, etc.,

will come out of his hiding place, and if

they can see their own shadows, will re-

turn back. So then it happened last Mon-

day, the sun did shine. So look out, this

winter is not going to be a very mild

one after all.

Buy your Groceries, Flour, Feed, &c.,

at Wood Bro's.

THE young people of the Chelsea High

School have organized a Literary Society,

which will meet every Wednesday evening,

in the High School room. For the present

only pupils of the High School can become

members, and their meetings will not be

public. The principal informs us that

there will be the best of order, and that no

parent need hesitate in regard to allowing

their children to attend. The exercises

OBITUARY.

DIED.—At her residence, in Chelsea, on

Wednesday, Jan. 21st, 1880, SARAH LETTS,

wife of John M. Letts, aged 79 years.

Mrs. Letts was born Oct. 16th, 1800, at

Canaghary, N. Y. She married her hus-

band at Waterloo, N. Y., March 12th, 1829.

They moved to Michigan in July, 1835,

settling first in Sharon, Washtenaw Co.

After a residence here of three years, they

moved to Henrietta, Jackson Co., where

they remained six years; next moving to

Lyndon, remaining ten years, and from

thence to Chelsea.

Mrs. Letts was a woman of great phys-

ical strength and endurance, industrious

and hard-working. She was the mother

of seven children, four of whom survive

her—Mrs. John Green, of California; C.

E. Letts, and Mrs. Horace Dean, of De-

troit, and Mrs. Wesley Canfield, of Chelsea.

As a neighbor she was kind and oblig-

ing; as a wife and mother she was loving

and devoted to the interests of her family.

She early professed an interest in Christ,

identifying herself with the Methodist

Church.

Her last illness was painful and pro-

tracted, and her sufferings great; but she

died happy in the Christian faith, mourned

by many friends, as well as her husband

and children.

"Why should our tears in sorrow flow,

When God recalls his own;

And bids them leave a world of woe

For an immortal crown.

"Their toll are past, their work is done,

And they are fully blest;

They fought the fight, the victory won,

And entered into rest." C. W.

OYSTERS by the quart at Wood Bro's.

BORROWED trouble is never returned.

So lend all you have.

A MUSIC seller announces in his window

a sentimental song, "Thou hast loved and

lost me," for three cents.

A LITTLE boy seven years old, traveling

in a mail train, asked: "Which go fastest,

mail or female trains, papa?"

Wood Bro's pay cash for Butter and

Eggs. See advertisement on second page.

THE household that keeps a baby can

afford to sell its alarm-clock very cheap.

WE don't suppose the man lives who

can tell whether Mother Eve stubbed her

toe or tread on her dress when she fell.

WE call special attention to the large

advertisement of Joe T. Jacobs, the Ann

Arbor Clothier, on second page.

If you would be pungent, be brief for it

is with words as with sunbeams—the more

they are condensed the deeper they burn!

If the young man who insists on steal-

ing kisses don't abandon the practice, he

will soon find himself behind the bars of

wedlock.

Wood Bro's are the "Boss" on Groce-

ries, Boots and Shoes.

It is leap-year, of course, but after all it

doesn't look very well for a young lady to

go home alone at two o'clock in the morn-

ing after sparkling her beau.

Rev. H. P. Ross gave a temperance

lecture, with oil painting illustrations, at

the Reform Club Rooms, on last Friday

evening; also, on Sunday evening, at the

Baptist Church, in this village.

If you are suffering from a cold, if your

lungs are affected, if you are an asthma

victim, if you have any trouble with your

throat, chest or lungs, we would advise

you by all means to buy a Lung Pad. It

will give you almost instant relief. See

advertisement in another column.

GIRLS are reminded that this is leap-

year, and any gentleman refusing an offer

of marriage has to purchase the proposer

a dress. The dry-goods merchants want

to keep their eyes open, for the first un-

