

"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet," the swallow sung,  
From the nest he builded high;  
And the robin's raptured echo rung  
From his leafy perch close by.  
"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet," sang the joyful tune  
"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet, is the world in June."  
"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet," the maiden said,  
As she twined her hair with flowers;  
From bird and blossom the echo sped  
Through the long and blissful hours.  
"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet," sang the joyful tune  
"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet, is the world in June."  
"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet," the swallow sung  
On the summer's dying night;  
And "Sweet, sweet, sweet," the echo rung,  
As the robin plumed for flight;  
"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet, when life is done,"  
"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet, when life is done."

But the maiden, never a word she said,  
As she donned her weeds of woe;  
The bird that sang in her heart was dead,  
With the summer of long ago;  
The sweet, sweet, sweet, of the bloom and bird  
As idle mocking her dull ear heard.

Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet, is the whole glad  
earth,  
When the summer days are here;  
And sweet, sweet, sweet, is the time of death,  
Though the autumn days are dear;  
If only deep in the heart is heard  
The glad song of the "singing bird."

## MISS BRACKENTHORPE.

It was an hour after the table d'hôte dinner, but still too soon to go to bed, too early even for the "early-to-bed-early-to-rise" members of three distinct walking parties, who were conversing in the long low salie of the small hotel at G—. It was twilight, yet of a dual kind. Outside the open windows, the summer sky had deepened into the lovely gray tints, with a broad streak of tender green where the red-gold sunset had but lately faded away; the mighty range of mountains had lost all detail of form, and was massed in purple, almost violet shadows, the jagged outlines standing grandly out against the pallid sky. Indoors, the semi-darkness was made visible by the yellow flicker of half a dozen miserable oil lamps, that seemed to throw curious shadows on ceiling and walls, and to bring into startling prominence the defects of everybody's face and features. Yet in this little light the group of English travelers was conversing pleasantly, nay, merrily enough.

The first walking party consisted of four people: Mr. and Mrs. Gray who were a young couple; the middle-aged and Reverend Timothy Browne; and a relation of Mr. Gray, an elderly spinster, who owned the name of Brackenthorpe. This lady was known to everyone as "poor Miss Brackenthorpe," the exact reason why, 'tis hard to tell. She was not good-looking; but neither was she especially the reverse; she was not blessed with remarkable talents, but we are not all born clever; she was certainly far from rich, but in this particular she was not unlike a good many of her neighbors. Yet she was never spoken of amongst her friends and acquaintances except as "poor Miss Brackenthorpe."

The members of the second company were brother and sister, a strong "languid pair" of Aberdonians; whilst the third walking party consisted of nobody but himself. He was a young, good-looking "party" on a solitary excursion through Switzerland; he had ascended most of the high peaks, and crossed the most dangerous passes, and having but few new worlds to conquer in those parts, he was "doing" Switzerland for the last time, he said. He had a favorite guide and loved him like a brother; at least that was the young Englishman's own version of their relations, as he pointed with a lazy gesture over his shoulder to the porch of the hotel, which was visible through one of the open windows, and where two or three guides, his own included, stood smoking their pipes, and arguing noisily in their horrible Swiss-German.

"Awful muffs, these guides, as a rule," quoth the young man, stretching himself out in the tortuous combination of wickerwork, creaking white wood and leather straps that was by courtesy misnamed an easy-chair, and looking the while with defiant eyes at the great chain of violet mountains his ten toes had so successfully overcome. Miss Brackenthorpe paused in her tattling glance up at him; he was a young giant, a noble specimen of youthful manhood, she thought, unconsciously judging as many dimes and dandies had doubtless judged before. He was brown altogether except his eyes, which were brilliant and blue like sapphires as he sat staring at the landscape; his hair was light brown, thick and curly; his beard was dark brown, dense and silken; his complexion was tanned to a warm ruddy brown; and his limbs, glorious in their strength and beauty of proportion, were cased in garments of an indistinct brown hue. Poor Miss Brackenthorpe admired him vastly; she immediately classed him in her ardent mind as nothing less than a demigod. She gave a little sigh as her errand eyes returned to her tattling; she was a great tatter, and tattling was to her what smoking is to some of us, or what drinking, or whist, or shopping, or intellectual conversation is to others. She could talk at breakfast or during supper, in the train or on the mountains; it was a harmless pursuit and one easily carried about; it interfered with no one's happiness.

And yet young Mrs. Gray had said that very morning to her husband, "It positively gets on my nerves, John; the old thing reminds me of one of the Fates, you know. It is just as if she were always weaving her own shroud, you know."

"Yes, my dear, but the Fates really didn't—"  
"No, of course not; but I feel it all the same, you know."  
From whence it will be seen that young Mrs. Gray was of a sensitive nature, if not always strictly accurate in her classical allusions. Yet, except for the fact that she possessed two pale gray rays that were altogether her own, Miss Brackenthorpe was not unlike one of the Fates, after all. She was tall and angular, slightly bowed in figure, with thin wisps of hair straying over her weary forehead. It was difficult to guess at her age; probably no one took the trouble to guess much; she was a dreamy, solitary creature who seemed to have wandered with feeble, uncertain feet from girlhood into middle life without any intervening womanhood at all. There was a curious mixture of youth and age about her; the features were worn and old, the smile was young and fresh; the figure had lost that roundness of form it might have formerly possessed, but every movement and trick of manner was hesitating, shy, and almost childlike.

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As for Miss Brackenthorpe's influence on pretty blooming Mrs. Gray, it will perhaps be scarcely credited that the former was a decided thorn in the side of this prosperous young matron, yet so it was. Poor Miss Brackenthorpe, like many others of her kind, had no tact, nay, she was strangely deficient in that quality, being unfortunately gifted with the fatal talent of saying the wrong thing at every opportunity.

When John Grey had called upon her one evening late in July, and announced his intention of taking his wife for an easy walking-trip through the prettiest scenery in Switzerland, poor Miss Brackenthorpe had suddenly brightened up.

"How very, very delicious," she had said in hushed enthusiastic tones. "How I wish you would take me too, John! I am a very economical traveler; I wonder if I couldn't join you!"

"I daresay you could," was John's curt rejoinder, and then he had walked to the window and looked out and sucked the top of his cane, whilst Miss Brackenthorpe sat blissfully dreaming dreams, and planning plans of pleasure. Her lodging seemed so close and hot; the July sun poured in through the faded carpet, on the stuffy woollen chairs, and on the gaudy paper flowers that decorated the fire-stove, and which were the only summer flowers she had expected to see; whilst Switzerland was a cool, delightful Paradise on earth, the home of the Alpine rose and the Edelweiss; there were green pastures and gurgling streams.

"What else could I do, my dear?" argued poor John an hour afterward in answer to his wife's reproaches; there was absolutely nothing else to say.

"My dear John! you might surely have invented some excuse. Well, as it is, our trip is spoilt, and there is only one thing to be done, you know."

"What?"

"We must counterbalance her. Poor Miss Brackenthorpe must have a man, of course—we must be four, you know. But a young man won't do, because you never will talk to poor Miss Brackenthorpe yourself, John, you know, and of course I can't be left to talk to her. We must find a middle-aged, respectable, steady man."

"We had better advertise for a butler, my dear, or else for one of the keepers of a lunatic asylum."

"Nonsense, John! I have thought of the very thing—you know the rector down in the country at my father's place, the Reverend Timothy Browne?"

And so it came to pass that the Reverend Timothy Browne, much delighted by his young friends' invitation, was called upon to counterbalance poor Miss Brackenthorpe in Switzerland. He fulfilled his mission very well. He gave his arm unflinchingly to the spinster whenever Mr. Grey requested him to do so. He sat beside her at table d'hôte whenever it was so ordered by Mr. Grey, and he had a fund of historical biblical knowledge that came in opportunely, and made him, as Miss Brackenthorpe herself averred, a most interesting companion.

Yet the young matron was not satisfied. Miss Brackenthorpe was her bete noire, which is, I suppose, a poetical French equivalent for the black-beetles so universally detested by Englishwomen. And it was all the worse, because the old maid was in a measure the guest of Mrs. Grey, who was too much of a lady to be openly or aggressively rude. She merely ignored, and so to speak, sat upon Miss Brackenthorpe with a negative though crushing displeasure. But this poor lady was used to being sat upon, and merely bowed her head a little lower under the treatment. Nature, or perhaps the fossilizing result of long, lonely years of hardship, had given her a kind of outside crust, an appearance of indifference that was as good as a reality. Thus, also, nature gives shells to snails to protect them as much as possible from blackbirds and other destroying fowls of the air. Miss Brackenthorpe seldom attempted to conciliate her young relative (partly because she doubtless knew that it was impossible, and partly because she did not know how to begin), and she was curiously regardless of Mrs. Grey's little mental piques and pokes. You may hit a snail pretty hard on its shell; he curls himself up very tight, but he does not seem to suffer from the shock. Miss Brackenthorpe was a simple-minded woman; she never took a hint and never appreciated an innuendo; dark sayings were sayings dark as night to her. If you frowned or winked at her, she asked if the light was too much for your eyes; if you made faces, she inquired if you suffered from toothache. Mrs. Grey was as kind to her as were most people. John Grey was her cousin. The spinster looked on the young couple with a mild cousinly affection, that might easily have been stirred into a feeling more intense. Yet she had the effect of a moral blister on the soft, fair skin of young Mrs. Grey.

Miss Brackenthorpe was always losing her things; she dropped a bracelet into a crevasse, she left her only pair of gloves in the last hotel; the waiters and chambermaids were continually running after her with the stray waifs of her property as much to her own surprise as to Mrs. Grey's vexation. Poor Miss Brackenthorpe was always astonished to discover that she had lost her things, equally astonished that anybody else had found them; and she was foolishly eager to bestow on the finder a reward that was three times the value of the miserable object she had mislaid.

"Dear Miss Brackenthorpe, one would think you were a millionaire, you know," Mrs. Grey would pleasantly murmur

at such times, and Miss Brackenthorpe always answered with unwavering simplicity:

"Oh, no, Clara; I assure you I am not at all well off."

In general conversation Miss Brackenthorpe did not shine, and on the present occasion, whilst everybody was discussing the great subject of guides, she had but little to say. John Grey in answer to the deprecatory term "duffers," which had been so lightly used by Miss Brackenthorpe's young demigod, had discoursed for upward of ten minutes on the subject, most exhaustively, as he and his wife silently agreed.

"In fact, considering all things," added Mr. Grey, winding up his peroration, "I think we may consider that the Swiss guides are excellent good fellows."

There was a moment's silence; he seemed to have the argument all to himself. The demigod, as far as could be seen in the darkening twilight, was sinking into a placid slumber; the Reverend Timothy, who seldom volunteered an opinion, nodded his head slowly.

Mrs. Grey, of course, had no opinion of her own, and felt no need of capping her husband's remarks.

Then in the silence and the twilight, arose a faint hesitating voice:

"I do think some of the guides are very handsome, don't you?"

The remark, despite the last two words, was apparently addressed to the entire company; no one replied, but a suppressed laugh went round the group.

"Really, dear Miss Brackenthorpe, we couldn't guess, you know—"

Mrs. Grey.

Fortunately there was not sufficient daylight left to betray the blushes that rose to the cheeks of poor Miss Brackenthorpe; for once in her life she knew she had said the wrong thing, and feebly tried to retrieve her position.

"I mean," she stammered—"that is to say—of course one can't help thinking—"

But the demigod had awakened from his slumber.

"I tell you what it is," he said in his cheeriest tones, "a guide is like an old servant. You have heard the adage: 'If the first seven years a good servant, the next seven a kind master, the next seven a cruel tyrant.' But as regards Swiss guides, you must substitute days for years. My guide has been with me more than a fortnight, so you may guess at my subject."

The young hero laughed as he said this, with an air of good-humored power and knowledge of his own strength and capabilities that amused everyone, and positively enthralled Miss Brackenthorpe. She felt impelled to talk to him; the increasing darkness gave her courage; besides, John Grey had entered on a fresh argument with the Scotchman, and under cover of the sound of their voices she was able to carry out her intention. Fortune, furthermore, favored her; she was sitting closest to the demigod; and Mrs. Grey, whose satire she dreaded without understanding it, was furthest from her in the group.

"Do you," she murmured softly, "do you like the little mountain flowers?"

"Do I?" replied the demigod with affability. "Indeed, I hardly know; I am afraid I am not at all learned about flowers."

"But you pick them? Oh, I think they are so exquisite! I love them better than all our English garden flowers. There is a sort of atmosphere of the mountains about them, something so wild, so free."

Her new friend looked puzzled.

"What brutes we men must be," he answered gently. "Do you know, I am almost afraid to tell you, but I have sometimes felt a real pleasure in treading on the gentians, and trying to cut off the heads of the big daisies with my stick."

"Really!" Miss Brackenthorpe gave a little sigh. "I—I always thought that the strongest nature should be the tenderest and the most pitiful," she murmured very softly; "I can't bear to think otherwise. It is one—of the most beautiful thoughts in the world," added this romantic creature in an undertone.

Her interlocutor was astonished; he stroked his beard thoughtfully. He felt no inclination to laugh as Mrs. Grey would have done, on the contrary, there was something in the tremulous timidity of her tone which touched him, whilst it removed all absurdity from the words she uttered.

"I believe you are quite right," he answered with honest conviction. "Well, I won't tread on the flowers more than I can help for the future, but I am afraid that all big lumbering fellows—"

Miss Brackenthorpe talking to you about her favorite flowers? asked Mrs. Grey, shifting her position and taking a seat between that lady and the young man. She has quite a passion for these tiny flowers, and so have I for that matter, you know. I always was fond of flowers, wasn't I, John?

"Yes, my dear," said John somewhat impatiently. He was gathering all kinds of interesting facts about the "law of hypochres" from the Aberdonian, and resented the intrusion.

"I think all ladies are fond of flowers," said the demigod, who was still stroking his beard meditatively.

"The earliest mention that we have in the Scriptures on this subject," began the Reverend Timothy in a sermonizing tone, "is, curiously enough, not where our sister Eve—"

"Don't you think it is time to go to bed?" asked Mrs. Grey, jumping up suddenly. "I feel quite restless and tired, you know. Dear Miss Brackenthorpe, are you ready?"

"Quite ready," replied that meek spinster, putting her tattling hurriedly

away in an ugly little contrivance, made of American cloth and blue ribbon, which she always carried in her pocket. Yet perhaps in all her life she had never felt so little ready. She would have given a few years of that dreary life to continue her pleasant converse at this moment. It was so converse that she talked to a young man, a bona fide, handsome, unmarried, amiable young man! For to the shame of young men be it spoken, they did not usually seek out the companionship of poor Miss Brackenthorpe! Above all young men that she had ever seen, this gentle giant, this courteous demigod, pleased her the best. She felt a sudden and great sympathy with him, though he was as the sphinx; and she was as nothing. Strange to say, though they were so dissimilar, and though she never for an instant expected aught of him, she was certain that had he been allowed the chance, she would have poured out to him the whole of her pent-up, stagnant, old-maidish heart. Absurd as it may seem, she had an intuitive consciousness of his sympathy, and she fancied that somehow, by a strange freak of mesmeric influence, he could understand and appreciate that heart that was so sadly unaccustomed to be either understood or appreciated.

At Mrs. Grey's order everyone jumped up. It was certainly full time to go upstairs; the ladies had packed to do, and everybody said good-night to everybody else. Miss Brackenthorpe rose with the rest, but she had replaced her tattling in its accustomed receptacle with more than her usual negligence, for, as she rose, the ball of thread rolled down to the floor, and wound itself round the stalwart legs of the demigod, who was politely intending to open the door for her exit. These stalwart limbs knew nothing of the slender shackles that bound them, but Miss Brackenthorpe felt a sudden pull at her pocket.

"Dear me, dear me, my thread," cried the poor lady appearing to grope with outstretched hands in the semi-darkness that surrounded her. "Here—there; no—here; oh, I beg your pardon, yes—here."

"What is—?" asked every voice, that of the offender included. He walked quickly back to his former place, and broke the thread as he came; then, when he saw what had happened, he tried to extricate himself and mend matters, but only made them worse, for as he turned round and round, he wound the thread all the more about his legs, and twisted it again and again.

"I am so sorry," he said, humbly. He was red in the face from the efforts he made to disentangle himself. At last John Grey, who was in fits of laughter, released him. Mrs. Grey was gracefully amused.

"Dear Miss Brackenthorpe, your pretty work! I am afraid we shall never make the gentlemen appreciate it, though."

Poor Miss Brackenthorpe looked nervous and guilty.

"Can you forgive me?" asked the little giant with a sweet smile, as he offered her his hand for a "good-night" salutation. It was such a bewilderingly sweet smile, that Miss Brackenthorpe felt she would like to spend her substance in buying balls of thread to win such smiles. She gazed up into his face with silent rapture; no one before now had ever asked her to forgive him. She knew not how to answer.

"I told you I was a great lumbering fellow," he went on.

"Oh, no, no."

His tremulous hand lay fluttering in his, which closed upon it with what he thought was a gentle squeeze. Poor Miss Brackenthorpe bit her lips; but pleasure is akin to pain.

"Dear Miss Brackenthorpe," said Mrs. Grey, "I really must ask you to let me pass; I am so very tired of standing."

The spinster "effaced" herself against the door; her moment of happiness was over; someone put a lighted candle into her hand, and she followed Mrs. Grey and the Scotch lady upstairs. She had scarcely reached the landing when she thought of the very thing she ought to have said to the demigod. What a pity she had not thought of it before! She leaned over the balustrade, though she knew it was too late, for there was not a soul in sight. She could hear some many voices at the front door; then she smelt a whiff of cigar smoke.

"Dear Miss Brackenthorpe, are you looking for one of the waiters?" asked Mrs. Grey, pausing on the way.

"Oh, no, not a waiter," answered the poor thing with unnecessary candor; "that is, I mean, no one at all."

Miss Brackenthorpe was, by predilection, a late riser, and when forced by circumstances and Swiss custom generally to rise earlier than she liked, she was seldom punctual, but generally made a tardy and somewhat untidy appearance at the breakfast-table. She was one of those people who are always losing their keys, whose buttons will never get buttoned, whose strings have a trick of tying themselves into knots; whenever she hurried herself in any way, pins ran into her fingers, and the things she most wanted hid themselves away into odd corners of the room. But, on the following morning to her meeting with her young hero, Miss Brackenthorpe was alert and ready—the first of her party. She dressed herself with unusual precision and care, and made her way down to the salie, while Mrs. Grey was yet turning in her bed, wondering whether it was absolutely impossible to indulge in one more scanty snooze before John looked in to exclaim for the tenth time:

"Really, my dear!"

There was nobody in the salie but a

waiter, who, in his shabby black

clothes and dirty but elaborate shirt-front, looked as if he had been up all night. He was noisily placing the thick white cups and saucers and plates at that end of the long dining-table where the Greys and the Scotch friends were to breakfast. There were no signs of breakfast as yet, however; only the usual glass bowl or honey, wherein countless flies had already drowned themselves, and toward which, across the wide expanse of tablecloth, many other flies, eager for suicide, were rapidly wending their way. But there was something else on the table that immediately attracted Miss Brackenthorpe's gaze; it was a bunch of wild flowers, hastily tied together, and simply laid upon a plate, on Mrs. Grey's plate evidently.

Poor Miss Brackenthorpe's heart palpitated with a crowd of varied feelings as she drew near, and took up the flowers in her tender hands.

"Ah, yes," the waiter said spasmodically, "de gentleman, he leave dem for de lady."

"What gentleman?"

"De gentleman who gone away dis morning."

"Gone away?"

"Yes, yes, de tall Englishman; him gone away on de mountains wid his guide. He very early gentleman."

Gone! and so also were gone the pleasant dreams and fancies that, like a pack of cards, the poor soul had built up within her own mind; dreams and fancies thoroughly intangible truly, and misty, yet none the less precious to her. It was not much she had looked for! Only two or three more kind words, a glance, a smile of sympathy, a few of those small tokens of goodwill which the strong (and therefore the rich ones of the earth) can bestow on their poorer, weaker brothers or sisters—tokens which are so easy to give, so blessed to receive! But her hero was gone, and in going, had left behind him sweet memories. Poor Miss Brackenthorpe could scarcely believe her eyes; there was a small piece of paper attached to the flowers, and on it was written:

"For Miss Brackenthorpe; a peace-offering."

Her eye grew dim, her pulse beat high.

"He not come back," said the waiter, shaking his head solemnly as he handed the chairs about, and pretended to dust them with a greasy napkin; "he walk many miles to-day over de mountain, and then take de train to Geneva."

Miss Brackenthorpe sat down; the fresh wind blew in at the open window; she held her hand over the flowers to shield them; she longed foolishly to press them to her lips. But who can sympathize with a romantic heart that is no longer young? Perhaps the poor soul was conscious herself that what might have been pardonable in others was impossible for her; at any rate, she stole swiftly upstairs, and opening the knapsack that held her slender luggage, she laid the flowers away reverently and lovingly in a small box. It is true that in order to make room for them, she was obliged to turn out her best cap.

Mrs. Grey inquired for it some days afterward, having missed it from its owner's head at table d'hôte, but she was not surprised to learn that it was only one of the many things that poor Miss Brackenthorpe had "left behind."

That wary strategist was sitting innocently occupied with her tattling when the other travellers came down to breakfast. Everybody was much surprised and disappointed to hear of the early departure of the young Englishman, a piece of news which Miss Brackenthorpe had apparently casually learned from the waiter. Mrs. Grey especially was loud in his praises, and it was she who anxiously scanned the pages of the visitors' book to find his name. But it was not there. The other names were there in full, the Greys having written them down immediately on their arrival.

The master of the hotel, when appealed to, was much annoyed to find that the Englishman had departed so suddenly, and without giving the requisite details of his name, occupation and residence, according to custom. He swore roundly at the waiters, but they, having received largesse from the stranger, cared but little for their employer's angry words, and shrugged their shoulders carelessly as they went on their way rejoicing to smash some more of his china.

The guide was also a stranger, apparently.

"But what on earth can it possibly signify, my dear?" asked John Grey indignantly at last. "What does it concern us whether the fellow's name was Smith, or Jones, or Robinson? For Heaven's sake, pour out the coffee; he may go to Zermatt, or to Jericho, for all I care!"

And so the matter ended. At least, it nearly ended so.

A year afterward, somewhat suddenly, poor Miss Brackenthorpe died. Her demise was not wholly unexpected; she had been known to have a heart complaint. Nor did it materially distress anyone. Mrs. Grey was a friend of hers, and she was obliged to put off a dinner-party, to which, amongst other guests, the Prime Minister and an archbishop had promised to come.

But if no one grieved, no one benefited, for poor Miss Brackenthorpe had but little property to will away. A friend of New South Wales received a quaint old ring, the Greys a silver teapot, a cousin in Hampshire a few other trifling legacies. One of the said cousin's daughters, a happy-faced girl of eighteen, became the possessor of the spinster's little writing desk and old-fashioned thing of rosewood. It was

empty of all papers, except a few unimportant notes; but one day as the girl lifted the lid somewhat roughly, a secret spring gave way, and an inner drawer was suddenly disclosed. Within the drawer lay a bunch of withered wild flowers, so dried up that they cracked and fell to pieces at the first touch. Tied to them was a piece of paper, wherein was written in bold many characters:

"For Miss Brackenthorpe; a peace-offering."

"Only think, mamma," exclaimed the young girl with a little laugh, "poor Miss Brackenthorpe must have had a romance after all!"—Temple Bar.

## The Tree Peddlers.

The Prairie Farmer advises its readers to give traveling agents a wide berth, and to purchase trees, etc., that they may desire to raise, from established nurseriesmen. Go for want you want to the nursery, if possible. If you cannot be there in person, then order from those who advertise in respectable journals, and when doing this, select those only whom you think have a reputation at stake if he swindles you. There is no swindling so easily done as in nursery products, nor any that results in more serious and lasting damage to the person swindled, and none so hard to condone as he that does a careful selection of 100 apple-trees from one of these harpies, and has his order filled with two or three varieties, such as the "agent" can buy or furnish the cheapest (the agent-labeling, of course, to suit the contract), and plants and cares for them six or eight years, and finds he has not a tree of the variety ordered, is a man cruelly and outrageously abused; and yet we have certain knowledge that just such swindles are being perpetrated every day, and what is very unfortunate is that this nor any other journal can help the great mass of these unfortunate who are being swindled in any way whatever, for the reason that a majority of these persons do not read agricultural journals or anything else; they would not read such papers if they were placed free of all cost in their hands, and a great many of them would not believe them if they did read them. The only tongue-tied agent would be much better authority for them than the president of the American pomological society.

## Humorous Matters.

\*Water colors—So does whisky.

\*Street "jams" lead to "tart remarks."

\*Neatest thing in silks—Pretty women.

\*Pelicans and plumbers have enormous bills.

\*Funny items are made by the adroit turns of the humor-wrist.

In looking at a lady's head, you can't always tell which is swivel.

An artist painted a bent pin on a chair so naturally that a piece was knocked out of the plastering.

A young lady of our city, who is receiving the attentions of a clothing clerk, speaks of him as her new suit.

He put his arm around her waist, and swore an awful oath, remarking as he drew it back, "I've felt that Pin afore."

Jones says "X may represent the 'unknown quantity' that a growing boy will eat, but then an X won't begin to pay for it."

Arkansas is a poor place to get along in. A young man on his wedding day was taken out and hung for stealing a five-dollar horse.

A singular fact—A Galveston gentleman has observed that when he goes out hunting and has his gun with him, and wants to ride on the street cars, he has never yet had to signal a street car driver twice.

In an article on a recent fair the editor of a Macon paper took a valuable premium; but, an unkind policeman had him put it right back where he took it from.

The Syracuse Standard asks: will some one tell us what Mrs. Langtry's maiden name was? Certainly. Her maiden aim was to marry Mr. Langtry.

Wendell Phillips has been trying to tell what constitutes a true orator. And he didn't get within a mile of it. A true orator is a man who knows when it is time to dry up.

A three-year-old little girl was dancing on the bed, the other morning, and suddenly gave a little cry. "What is it, darling?" said mamma. "I shut up my leg a way I didn't want to!"

Farm laborers in Japan receive \$35 a year with board, or \$50 without board. If a farm laborer in Japan eats as much as a farm laborer in America, he makes \$390 by working for \$35 a year in that way.

Corn.—William H. Hills of Pleasanton, N. H., says that his idea about the distance that corn should be planted has undergone a radical change within a few years. Formerly he believed that the hills should be wide apart; now he thinks they should be as close as they can be worked with a horse cultivator. He has found most dense ears where his corn stood the thickest. He plants three by two feet apart and leaves four stalks in a hill. He thinks level culture the best; raised 58 baskets of corn from one-quarter of an acre of land, of which 72 pounds of ears made 64-pounds of shelled corn. D. H. Good-

dear of Antrim, N. H., says he raised last year 193 baskets to the acre from old, worn-out, hardback pasture land taken up two years ago. To raise good crops of corn the land must be fed liberally with the right kind of food.

## THE FARM.

## Agricultural Hints.

Trimming Apple Trees: Push this work now. When cutting off limbs cut each one off far enough out so as to leave the stump of the limb as long as the diameter of the limb, whether it is large or small.

Work in Small Fruits: The old wood should now be cut out of the raspberry and blackberry rows and the canes tied with carpet yarn to the wires. If stakes are used, twine for tying wool will be required.

The best Raspberries: My experience is that the Turner is the best red raspberry, and the Gregg the most productive and profitable of the black caps. Both are indispensable in my list.



**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.

**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.

## The Chelsea Herald.

CHELSEA, MAR. 24, 1881.

### School Law.

The question so frequently discussed by school officers, parents and teachers, as to the extent of the control which a teacher may legally exercise over his pupils in respect to the time and place, it being contended by some that he has no concern with them in the way of authority or responsibility after school hours or beyond the school-house premises. The following positions, as general rules, in reference to this matter, are fully sustained in law.

1. In the school room, the teacher has the exclusive control and supervision of his pupils, subject only to such regulations as may be prescribed or given by the school board.

2. The conduct of the pupils on any part of the premises connected with the school-house or in the immediate vicinity of the same (the pupils being thus virtually under the care and oversight of the teacher), whether within the regular school hours or before or after them, is properly cognizable by the teacher, and any disturbance made by them or offences committed by them within this range, injuriously affecting in any way the interests of the school, may clearly be the subjects of reproof and correction by the teacher.

3. In regard to what transpires by the way in going to and returning from school, the authority of the teacher may be regarded as concurrent with that of the parent. So far as offences are concerned for which the pupils committing them would be amenable to the laws, such as larceny, trespasses, etc., which come more particularly within the category of crimes against the state, it is the wisest course generally for the teacher (whatever may be his legal power), to let the offenders pass into the hands of judicial or parental authority, and thus avoid being involved in controversies with parents and others, and exposing himself to the liability of being harassed by prosecution at law. But as to any misdemeanors of which the pupils are guilty in passing from the school-house to their homes which directly and injuriously affect the good order and government of the school and the right training of the scholars, such as truancy, wilful tardiness, quarrelling with other children, the use of indecent language, etc., there can be no doubt that these come within the jurisdiction of the teacher, and are properly matters for discipline in the school.

A decision in the supreme court of Vermont illustrates and fully accords with the foregoing positions. The court decided that such misdemeanors have a direct and immediate tendency to injure the school by subverting the teacher's authority and beguiling disorder and insubordination among the pupils. The same doctrine is substantially recognized in the decisions of supreme courts in some other states. Respecting this and some other kindred topics, attention is called to the elaborate opinion of Chief Justice Shaw in the case (Sherman vs. the inhabitants of Charlestown: 8 Cushing's Mass. reports, 160). The governing principle in all cases like the Vermont case is, that whatever in the misconduct of pupils under like circumstances, as to time and place etc., has a direct tendency to injure the school in its important interests, is properly a subject of discipline in the school. It is sometimes objected to the foregoing views that the responsibilities of teachers are in this way enlarged to an improper extent; that if their authority extends beyond the school-house limits and the school hours, their responsibilities must be increased in a corresponding ratio. But to this it may be answered that the matter is to have a reasonable construction; that it cannot be expected that a teacher will follow his pupils into the street to watch their conduct when beyond his view and inspection; the extent of his duty in this respect can only be to take cognizance of such misconduct of his pupils, under the supposed circumstances, as may come to his knowledge incidentally, either through his own observation or other proper means of information.

4. Teachers may, at their discretion, detain scholars a reasonable time after the regular school hours, for reasons connected with the discipline, order or instruction of the school. This practice has been sanctioned by general and immemorial usage, among the schools and by the authority and consent of school boards, expressed or implied, and has been found useful in its influence and results. There is no law defining precisely the school hours, as they are termed, or the hours within which the schools are to be kept. This is regulated by usage, or by the directions of the school boards, varying in different localities, and also in different seasons of the year. The practice under consideration, of occasionally detaining pupils after the regular school hours for objects connected with the school arrangements, rests precisely upon the same authority. The same superintending power that regulates and controls in the one case does the same thing in the other; yet the right in question should always be exercised by teachers with proper caution, and a due regard to the wishes and convenience of parents. It may be urged, by way of objection to the practice in question, that if a teacher can detain a pupil a quarter of an hour, he can an hour or two hours, and indeed to any extent whatever without limitation. The answer to this is obvious, that the abuse of a practice is no argument against its general propriety and expediency; that teachers are supposed like other agents, to be governed by reason and sound judgment in the performance of their duties, and if in any case they should grossly pervert the confidence and authority reposed in them in respect to this matter, they would, as in other like cases, be held responsible for the perversion.

### Our Chip Basket.

Why is the North Pole like an illicit whisky manufactory? Because it's a secret still.

It was a grateful wife, when her husband was brought home intoxicated, thanked God he was not a blood relation.

An up-country editor says one lung is worth a dozen love letters, and they can't be produced as evidence in a breach of promise suit, either.

A Wisconsin theorist says that hay will satisfy hunger. There may be something in this, for a couple of straws will frequently satisfy thirst.

The rule that the old ladies favor; the you-knit rule.

A tramp calls his shops "corporations," because they have no soles.

To succeed, a young man must work—unless he succeeds to an estate.

Is it the office of the faculty to serve as suspenders for college breaches?

The glazier who was cheated out of his pay complained that he got only his trouble for his pains.

When a man can't keep his head above water, he may console himself by having a large floating debt.

One of Barnum's Zulus has run away from the show. Show this to your wife, if she wishes to venture out on a picnic.

An advertisement of cheap shoes adds: "Ladies wishing these cheap shoes will do well to call soon, as they will not last long."

This is the latest for wedding invitations in Boston: "Come around and see us capture a mother-in-law at eight o'clock sharp."

"Have you cologne?" she asked. "No, ma'am," replied the druggist; "I have no scents at all." And she said she thought so all the time.

The worst case of favoritism on record is that of a youth whose mother put a larger mustard plaster on his younger brother than she did on him.

Native to a stranger: "We have always an east wind in Galveston." "But I see the wind right now is in the west." "Oh, that's the east wind coming back, you know."

A poor corset got his skull fractured, and was told by the doctor that his brain was visible. He replied: "Write and tell my father, for he always swore I had none."

It is only the female mosquito that bites, but when a man gets a chance to belt one with a towel, he's going to do it without stopping to inquire its gender.

A husband telegraphed to his wife: "What have you for breakfast, and how is the baby?" The answer came: "Buckwheat cakes and the measles."

"Speaking of Dr. Tanner," said Jones, I once knew a man who died without eating or drinking for thirty-nine days." "And did he die then?" asked Smith. "No, he was dead all the time."

A party of Boston capitalists are reported to be "preparing to establish an Angoria goat industry." Let them anger a goat once, and they'll find all the industry displayed they'll want to get away from.

A clean "check."—Examiner: "What is the meaning of the verb 'prepare'?" Small boy: "Dunno, sir." Examiner: "What did you do before you came up for examination?" Small boy: "Er—washed my face!"

WORKINGMEN.—Before you begin your heavy spring work after a winter of relaxation, your system needs strengthening and cleansing to prevent an attack of Ague, Bilious or Spring Fever, or some other spring sickness that will unfit you for a season's work. You will save time, much sickness and great expense if you will use one bottle of Hop Bitters in your family this month. Don't wait. See another column.

Mamma—"You are very naughty children, and I am extremely dissatisfied with you all?" Tommy—"That is a pity, mamma! We're all so thoroughly satisfied with you, you know."

A member rose to make his first speech, and in his embarrassment, began to scratch his head. "Well, really," exclaimed Sheridan, "he has got something in his head, after all."

Col. Ingersoll says the chief use of a vice-president is to stand around and wait for a funeral.

"Well, wife, you can't say I ever contracted bad habits." "No, sir. You generally expand them."

Why is the meat in a sandwich like the middle class in society?—Because it lies between the upper-crust and the under-bred.

A 'gem of thought' writer says: "No star ever rose without influence somewhere." It is the same way with a hen.

Proof-readers are a very incredulous body of men. They won't take anybody's word for anything. They must have the 'proofs.'

Texas papers are speaking of the late "George Eliot" as "a very gifted but very immoral man." Yes, poor old fellow, he had his weakness; but, as a pugilist, he stood unrivalled. England will not soon forget his celebrated "Mill on the Floss."

Carving isn't fun. A young man was invited to carve a turkey at dinner recently, and before the knife was finally taken away from him he had upset a glass of water, wrenched his shoulder, shot the bird across the table into a lady's lap, and nearly jabbed a man's eye out, and it wasn't a tough bird either.

As several neighbors of a rather dishonest man, who kept a turner's shop, were discussing his wonderful skillful as he was, there was one thing which he couldn't "turn." "What is that?" was the general inquiry. "An honest penny," was the satisfactory reply.

Son, to his father, who has asked him where he is in his class now: "Oh, pa, I've got a much better place than I had last quarter." "Indeed! Well, where are you?" "In the fourteenth." "Fourteenth! lazy bones! You were eighth last term. Do you call that a better place?" "Yes, sir. It's nearer the stove."

"I don't like a cottage-built man," said young Sweeps to his rich old uncle, who was telling the story of his early trials for the hundredth time. "What do you mean by a cottage-built man?" asked his uncle. "A man with only one story," answered young Sweeps. That settled it. Young Sweeps was left out of his uncle's will.

Said a prim teacher to the class in composition: "Make a rhyming couplet including the words nose, toes, corn, kettle, ear, two and boil." There was silence for a little while and then a boy held up his hand, in token of success. "Read the couplet," said the teacher, and the boy read:

"A ball in the kettle is worth two on the nose, And a corn on the ear is worth two on the toes."

The Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald evidently does not like girls who bang their hair; for it says they are trying to wear chin whiskers on their foreheads.

ADVICE TO THE RISING GENERATION.—Boys, do you wish to make your mark in the world? Do you wish to be a man? Then observe the following rules:

Hold integrity sacred. Observe good manners. Endure trials patiently. Be prompt in all things. Make few acquaintances. Yield not to discouragements. Dare to do right; fear to do wrong. Watch carefully over your passions. Fight life's battle bravely, manfully.

Consider well, then decide positively. Sacrifice money rather than principle. Use all your leisure time for improvement.

Attend carefully to the details of your business.

A MISTAKEN IDEA.—It is a mistake to fancy education is thrown away upon a woman whose mission in life is to be a housewife. So far as my observation goes—and I have kept my eyes open for several years—I have found that those women who have had the benefit of thorough education are the best housekeepers. A woman who has been taught accuracy by a course in chemistry, who has had her eyes enlightened by the study and practice of painting, who has learned the necessity of precision by long hours at the piano, will make her house the richer and the better ordered for this training. If she brings to her work the right spirit she is certain to find a use for all that she has ever learned, beside having the aid which her habits of order and perseverance will constantly give her. The coming housekeeper ought to be a happy as well as a privileged woman.

"See here, mister," said a lad who was treed by a dog, "if you don't take that dog away I'll eat up all your apples."

A grave error—Burying a man alive.

We should never forget that home is the residence not merely of the body, but the mind; and that the object of all ambition should be to be happy at home and to render home happy.

### Our Budget.

The hangman's day—the day before Christmas—as far as stockings are concerned.

How strange it is that salt air at the seashore doesn't cure some people of their freshness.

If a singer went down cellar and sat on the hot furnace, would his voice come out clearly in the upper register?

If you ask the average man what time it is three seconds after he has restored his watch to his pocket, he can't tell you.

The most afflicted part of a house is the window. It is always full of panes; and who has not seen more than one window blind?

"It's only a spring opening, ma!" exclaimed that awful boy, as he exhibited his torn trousers after a leap over the fence.

A little girl sent out to hunt eggs came back unsuccessful, complaining that "lots of hens were standing around doing nothing."

Coal is so scarce in some parts of the West that young people engaged in courting have to sit in each other's laps to keep warm.

"Mary Jane, have you given the gold-fish fresh water?" "No, ma'am. What's the use? They haven't drunk up what's in there yet."

"I am a man of few words," said Pendergast. "True enough," replied Fogg—"true enough; but you never tire of repeating them."

Bishop Berkley proved that there was no such thing as matter in existence. Which leads to the supposition that the Bishop never had a boil.

A writer on physiognomy would like to know "if large ears denote a miserly disposition, why a mule is so miserly to squander his hind legs?"

"How shall we get the young men to go to church?" is the title of an article in a religious weekly. Get the girls to go, brother; get the girls to go.

On the gate leading to a house in the rural section of Philadelphia is the suggestive placard: "Nothing wanted but milk and the morning paper."

A lady in Jericho, Vt., hearing a great deal about "preserving autumn leaves," put up some, but afterwards told a neighbor that they were not fit to eat.

Street row: First gamin—"I'll fill yer mouth with gravel." Second gamin—"Yer'll have a big job doing it." First gamin—"Oh, I'll get a steam shovel."

The young woman who had many suitors, and from time to time she was 16 until she was 21 rejected them all, referred in her later life to that period as her "declining years."

A young lawyer in Arkansas, having a case decided against him by the court, said, "Well, now, I'll just take this case before another judge, and let him make a guess what the law is, too."

### MAINE NEWS.

Hop Bitters, which are advertised in our columns, are a sure cure for ague, biliousness and kidney complaints. Those who use them say they cannot be too highly recommended. Those afflicted should give them a fair trial, and will become thereby enthusiastic in the praise of their curative qualities.—Portland Ad.

"Brilliant and impulsive people," said a lecturer on physiognomy, "have black eyes, or if they don't have 'em, they're apt to get 'em, if they're too impulsive."

In a French paper we find the "announcement" of a M. Kenard, public scribe, who audits accounts, explains the language of flowers, and sell fried potatoes.

An individual who was drawing up some good resolutions for the New Year, absently added: "Resolved—That a copy be sent to the family of the deceased."

I have no objection to a man parting his hair in the middle, but I shall always insist upon his finishing up the job by wearing a short gown and petticoat.—Josh Billings.

Extract from an Irish orator's temperance speech: "Drink," said he, "is a curse. It makes a man bate his landlord, and miss him too."

A Dutchman says that his neighbors are "te vorst neighbors people dot ever vas. Mine little pigs und mine hens come mit dere ears split und todler day two of dem come missing."

"He is a very unfortunate man," said Dr. Spooner, speaking of a gentleman whose ill-luck is proverbial, "and I really believe if he should fall on his back, that he would break his nose."

A Galveston man, who has a mule for sale, hearing that a friend in Houston wanted to buy a mule, telegraphed him: "Dear friend; if you are looking for a number one mule, don't forget me."

An English girl writes that no man will stare long at a woman who does not stare back. That sounds very well. But, if she does not stare back, how is she to know whether the man, has stopped staring or not.

### SUNBEAMS.

A New York lady examining an applicant for the office of maid-of-all-work interrogated her as follows:—"Mary, can you scour tinware with alacrity?" "Perhaps I could, ma'am; but I generally scour with sand."

Just heard from Tom Harris of Virginia City, Nevada, he writes that the doctors had given up all hopes of saving him, he had Albumenaria in the worst form, he was induced to try Spring Blossom, he is now bossing his Stamping mill as usual. Prices 50c. and \$1. Sold by W. R. Reed & Co.

The first day after a Leadville man, who had always been too poor to afford anything but whisky straight, struck it rich he went in for mixed drinks, and called for lemonade with a stick in it. And when he had his glass refilled, he said, "Mr. Bartender put in the whole wood pile this time."

NOTHING BETTER.—No key opened the heart like a true friend, and no specific for the cure of Biliousness, Indigestion or disorders of the stomach is better than Spring Blossom. Prices, 50c. and \$1. Sold by W. R. Reed & Co.

An Illinois tramp, desiring to commit suicide, tried in vain to beg a dose of laudanum, to borrow a knife and to steal a pistol. Then he hanged himself with a halter in a stable, but was cut down and kicked out. His final and successful resort was to lay his head on a railroad track in front of a locomotive.

The "London Lancet" says: "Many a life has been saved by the moral courage of the sufferer, and many a life has been saved by taking Spring Blossom in case of Bilious, Fever, Indigestion or Liver complaints. Price, 50c. and \$1. Sold by W. R. Reed & Co."

In a paper published in Rhode Island in 1762, the following account of a protracted drought is given:—"Our cows are drying up, our pumps are dry, there is no water and the minister of the Baptist Church is dead."

Henry Clement, Almonte, writes: "For a long time I was troubled with chronic Rheumatism, at times wholly disabled; I tried anything and everything recommended, but failed to get any benefit until a gentleman who was cured of Rheumatism by Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil told me about it. I began using it both internally and externally, and before two bottles were used I was radically cured. We find it a household medicine, and for Croup, Burns, Cuts and Bruises, it has no equal. Sold by all druggists. For Sale by all druggists."

One of the gentlemen who purchased a medical certificate of "Dr." Buchanan declared, after a 3 months course, that he was quite able to cure a child of any disease, and that in 3 months more he hoped to be able to do the same for a full grown man.

He kissed the tip of his fingers at girl across the street. And the host of her big brother, raised him clean from off his feet. He picked himself up, and went straight home, though his bones they ached with pain.

Yes music hath power o'er the wide wide world. A power that's deep, and endearing, that's more than has power on me, Ever in my heart of heart.

The very best way your hearing to get back. To effect a radical cure. Is to get to a druggist without any delay. And Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil procure. Sold by all druggists.

It kind took a fellow down to go to church yesterday morning, and after flourishing about a Christmas handkerchief for some time, to discover a label on the corner of it bearing the legend, "35c. Warranted fast colors."

### FEES OF DOCTORS.

The fee of doctors is an item that very many persons are interested in just at present. We believe the schedule for visits is \$3, which would tax a man confined to his bed for a year, and in need of a daily visit, over \$1,000 a year for medical attendance alone! And one single bottle of Hop Bitters taken in time would save the \$1,000 and all the year's sickness.—Ed

"Joe, my dear," said a fond wife to her husband, who followed the piscatory profession, "do brighten up a little, you look so slovenly. Oh, what an awful recollection it would be for me if you should get drowned looking so!"

One of the most celebrated authors of Paris is thus viewed by his barber: "He comes here nearly every day. He likes to look well, but as far as brains, judge for yourself. He might enjoy my conversation; he prefers to read the newspapers."

### THE STONEWALL MINING COMPANY.

HUGO PREYER, President. A. C. EDWARDS, Vice-President. C. C. BABCOCK, Secretary. M. M. POMEROY, Treasurer.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE 433 LARIMER ST., DENVER, - - - COLORADO.

The mines of this Company, 4 in number, are situated near Crosson, on the line of the Denver and South Park Railroad, and are 48 miles from Denver. This camp is considered one of the best in the State and its easy access certainly commends it to the favorable consideration of the public. The Stonewall Mining Company is organized under the laws of Colorado, and has an authorized capital of \$1,000,000 divided into 100,000 shares of \$10 each, and are placed on the market for the present at \$2 per share or a discount of \$8 from the face value, thus enabling those who purchase at once to derive the benefit not only of dividends, but also from the advance in price of stock which will soon be made.

The mines of the Stonewall Mining Co. are all true fissures, and as a guarantee of ore will be sent to anyone who will send ten cents to the Secretary to pay postage, or to anyone visiting the office of the Company samples will cheerfully be given. Write at once for prospectus. Address all orders for stock to either.

HUGO PREYER, President. 433 Larimer St., Denver, Colorado.

CHEAP Job Printing done at the HERALD office.

**CLOTHS**  
—AND—  
**SUITINGS**  
FOR MEN'S WEAR, OF THE LATEST PATTERNS.  
Please call and examine them.  
ALSO A NEW LINE OF

**Embroideries.**  
Thos. McKone.  
Chelsea, Feb. 10, 1881. v-9-51

**AT COST!**  
**AT COST!!**  
ON AND AFTER FEB. 7th, 1881, and until our Stock of  
**BOOTS & SHOES**  
GLOVES, MITTS & RUBBER GOODS ARE  
**CLEARED OUT!!**  
we shall sell the same at COST, and many goods at MUCH LESS.  
We have as fine an  
**ASSORTMENT**  
as can be found, and  
**BOUGHT VERY LOW!**  
which will give our patrons a double advantage. Come one and all, and avail yourselves of this desirable chance. Will take in exchange  
**Wood and all kinds of Produce,**  
and will give an extra price for  
**A No. 1 BUTTER AT ALL TIMES**  
[v-9-51] **DURAND & HATCH.**

**REED'S**  
**GILT EDGE**  
**TONIC**  
IS A THOROUGH REMEDY  
In every case of Malarial Fever or Fever and Ague, while for disorders of the Stomach, Torpidity of the Liver, Indigestion and disturbances of the animal forces which debilitate, it has no equivalent, and can have no substitute. It should not be confounded with triturated compounds of cheap spirits and essential oils, often sold under the name of Bitters.

FOR SALE BY  
Druggists, Grocers and Wine Merchants everywhere. v-9-43-1y

**USE**  
**TOLU**  
**ROCK**  
**AND**  
**RYE**  
MADE IN MARYLAND

**SURE CURE**  
Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, And All Diseases of THROAT and LUNGS.

Put up in Quart-Sizes for Family Use. Scientifically prepared of Balsam Tolu, Crystallized Rock Candy, Old Rye, and other tonics. The Formula is known to our best physicians, is highly commended by them, and the analysis of our most prominent chemist, Prof. G. A. MARINE, in Chicago, is on the product. It is well known to the medical profession that TOLU ROCK and RYE will afford the greatest relief for Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Weak Lungs, and Consumption, in the infant and advanced stages.

Used as a BEVERAGE and APPETIZER, it makes a delightful tonic for family use. It is pleasant to take; if weak or debilitated, it gives tone, activity and strength to the whole system.

(CAUTION. DON'T BE DECEIVED) Be who try to palm off cheap imitations. Ask your Druggist for it! Ask your Wine Merchant for it! Children, ask your Mother for it!

Sold by DRUGGISTS, GROCERS and WINE MERCHANTS everywhere. v-9-14-8m.

**ED. & FRANK, FASHIONABLE BARBERS.**  
When you wish an easy shave As good as barber's ever gave, Just call on them at their saloon. At noon, at eve, or busy noon. They curl and dress the hair with grace. 'Tis suit the contour of the face. Their room is neat, their towels clean, Scissors sharp and razors keen, And every thing I think you'll find To suit the taste and please the mind, And all their art and skill can do. If you'll just call them'll do for you. Please call on them and judge of their merits.

**G. W. R. R. TIME TABLE.**  
GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.  
Depots foot of Third street and foot of Brush street. Ticket office, 151 Jefferson avenue, and at the Depots.

LEAVE (Detroit time) ARRIVE (Detroit time)  
Atlantic Ex. 14:00 a.m. 10:00 p.m.  
Day Express 8:35 a.m. 6:30 p.m.  
Detroit & Buf.  
Daily Express 12:45 noon 7:15 a.m.  
N.Y. Express 7:00 p.m. 9:45 a.m.  
[Except Monday. Sundays Excepted.]  
Daily.

W. H. FIRTH,  
Western Passenger Agent, Detroit  
WM. EDGAR, Gen. Pass'r Ag't, Hamilton.



The Michigan Central Railroad, with its connections at Chicago, affords the most direct and desirable route of travel from Michigan to all points in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Texas, Minnesota, Dakota, Manitoba, etc. Michigan Central trains make sure and close connections at Chicago with through express trains on all Western lines. Rates will always be as low as the lowest. Parties going West this Spring will find it to their interest to correspond with Henry C. Wentworth, General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Line, at Chicago, who will cheerfully impart any information relative to routes, time of trains, maps and lowest rates. Do not purchase your tickets nor contract your freight until you have heard from the Michigan Central.

**HELP** Yourself by making money when a golden chance is offered, thereby always keeping poverty from your door. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, will not become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need free. No one who engages fails to make money very rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STRONG & CO., Portland, Maine.

The damp weather and chilling winds of the approaching season subjects all to exposure, no matter how healthy, we are none the less susceptible to an attack of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Spitting of Blood, Catarrh of the head, which if not properly attended to ends in Consumption.

Power's Bronchial-Syrup is a positive cure. With but the nominal cost of 75 cents you procure this truly sovereign remedy.

Bronchial Syrup is guaranteed by all druggists and dealers in medicine to give entire satisfaction. Try it and be convinced of its real merit.

Marceus Liver and Anti-Bilious Compound cures all Liver and Bilious diseases, purifies the blood, equalizes the circulation and restores to perfect health the enfeebled system.

Farrand, Williams & Co., Agents, DETROIT.

Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything, \$10 a day and upwards easily made without staying away from home over night. No risk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once. Ladies make as much as men, and young boys and girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Address H. HALLERT & CO., Portland, Maine. [v-10-10-ly]



**FRANK STAFFAN, 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.**

Hearse in attendance on short notice. FRANK STAFFAN.

**MISS NELLY M. WHEDON,**  
—TEACHER OF—  
**Vocal and Instrumental Music,**  
AT L. BABCOCK'S RESIDENCE,  
CHELSEA, - - - - - MICH.

On Wednesday's of each Week. References—New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass. [v-10-1-3m]

Read's Gilt Edge Tonic cures Dyspepsia. Read's Gilt Edge Tonic prevents Malaria. Read's Gilt Edge Tonic restores the appetite. Read's Gilt Edge Tonic cures Fever and Ague.



# M. 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.  
Local Passenger..... 9:50 A. M.  
Way Freight..... 12:55 P. M.  
Grand Rapids Express..... 5:52 P. M.  
Jackson Express..... 8:55 P. M.  
Evening Express..... 10:38 P. M.

**GOING EAST.**

Night Express..... 5:50 A. M.  
Way Freight..... 6:45 A. M.  
Jackson Express..... 8:02 A. M.  
Grand Rapids Express..... 8:40 A. M.  
Mail Train..... 4:40 P. M.

H. B. LEVY, Gen'l Supt. Detroit.  
HENRY C. WESTWORTH, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago.

# Time of Closing the Mail.

Western Mail..... 11:15 A. M. and 5:30 P. M.  
Eastern..... 10:00 A. M. and 4:20 P. M.

Geo. J. Crowell, Postmaster.

# The Chelsea Herald,

IS PUBLISHED  
Every Thursday Morning, by  
A. Allison, Chelsea, Mich.

# BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

**OLIVE LODGE, NO. 156, E. & A. M. W. will meet at Masonic Hall in regular communication on Tuesday Evenings, on or preceding each of them.**

**L. O. O. F. THE REGULAR** weekly meeting of Vesper Lodge No. 85, L. O. O. F. will be held every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock at their lodge room, 10th St. East.

G. E. WRIGHT, Secy.

**WASHTENAW ENCAMPMENT, NO. 17, L. O. O. F. - Regular meetings first and third Wednesday of each month.**

J. A. PALMER, Secy.

# R. M. SPEER, DENTIST.

(Formerly with D. C. Hawhurst, M. D., D. D. S., of Battle Creek.)

ROOMS OVER HOLME'S DRY GOODS STORE, CHELSEA, MICH. [10-23]

# R. Kempf & Brother, BANKERS, AND PRODUCE DEALERS, CHELSEA, - - MICH.

Interest Paid on Special Deposits.  
Foreign Passage Tickets, to and from the Old Country, Sold.  
Drafts Sold on all the Principal Towns of Europe.

**The Laws of the State of Michigan hold Private Bankers liable to the full extent of their Personal Estate, thereby securing Depositors against any possible contingency.**

**Monies Loaned on First-Class Security, at Reasonable Rates.**

**Insurance on Farm and City Property Effectuated.**

Chelsea, March 25, 1880. [10-28-1y]

# GEO. E. WRIGHT, D. D. S., OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL DENTIST,

OFFICE OVER THE CHELSEA BANK, CHELSEA, MICH. [10-13]

# INSURANCE COMPANIES REPRESENTED BY WM. E. DEPEW.

Home, of New York, \$1,000,000  
Hartford, 3,200,000  
Underwriters, 4,000,000  
American, Philadelphia, 1,200,000  
Etna, of Hartford, 2,000,000  
Fire Association, 4,100,716

OFFICE: Over Kempf's Bank, Middle street, west, Chelsea, Mich.

It is cheaper to insure in these companies, than in one horse company. [10-1]

# M. W. BUSH, DENTIST,

OFFICE OVER W. R. REED & CO'S STORE, CHELSEA, MICH. [10-31]

# Elgin Watches

10 O'CLOCK TIME TO GO!  
D. PRATT, Watchmaker & Jeweler

REPAIRING—Special attention given to this branch of the business, and satisfaction guaranteed, at the "Bee Hive" Jewelry Establishment, South Main St., Chelsea.

# Chelsea Flour Mill.

L. E. SPARKS, Proprietor of Chelsea Flour Mill, has secured a full set of machinery, and is now running a first-class mill, and is now running a first-class mill, and is now running a first-class mill.

# TONSORIAL EMPORIUM.

ED & FRANK would respectfully announce to the inhabitants of Chelsea and vicinity that they are now prepared to do all kind of work in their line, also keep on hand sharp razors, nice clean towels, and everything first-class to suit their customers. They are up to the times, and can give you an easy shave and fashionable haircut. A share of the public patronage is solicited. Shop under Reed & Co's Drug Store, Main street at Chelsea, Mich.

# CHURCH DIRECTORY.

## CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Rev. THOS. HOLMES, D. D., Pastor. Services at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 12 M.

## M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. J. L. HUBBARD, Pastor. Services at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 12 M.

## BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. E. A. GAY, Pastor. Services at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 12 M.

## CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Rev. Father DUNN, Services every Sunday at 8 and 10 A. M. Vespers, 7 o'clock P. M. Sunday School at 12 o'clock P. M.

## LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Rev. Mr. METZGER, Services every alternate Sunday at 8 o'clock P. M.

## OUR TELEPHONE.

Will our town "dads" inform us who is the Marshal of the village?

The wheat market is rather dull, probably caused by low figures and bad roads.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Jacob Van Huse, of Jackson, was in town last Monday.

Miss KATIE HOOKER and Josie Oxtoby attended the Junior Exhibition at Ann Arbor; guests of Miss Nellie Whendon.

SOME men are like wagons—they make a big noise, and do not amount to a "hill of beans."

TRAMPs are now on the war path. The fine weather is bringing them out of their holes.

PERSONAL.—Mrs. C. S. Laird has had quite a spell of sickness but is now getting better.

The Chelsea Coronet Band contemplates attending the band tournament at Lansing next June.

The poor and humble, alike with the rich and "powerful, find in Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup a true, tried and trusted friend. Price 25 cents a bottle.

WORK will soon be commenced on the double track of the M. C. R. R. between here and Grass Lake.

PERSONAL.—L. H. Van Antwerp, our P. O. assistant, has been sick for the past few days—he is now getting better.

FOR SALE.—A good house and lot in the village of Chelsea convenient to business part of town and will be sold cheap. apply to D. B. TAYLOR.

This is fine weather for maple sugar making. Maple sugar has been in market the past two weeks, and sells at 18 cents per pound.

Two Show-cases for sale cheap at Reed & Co's drug store.

THERE is some talk of a new meat market being started in town. If so we may expect to buy beef steak at 8 cents per pound.

At a meeting of the Washtenaw county bee-keepers, held recently, they resolved to change their name to the South-Eastern Michigan Bee-keepers Association, and adjourned to meet again on the 5th of May.

MOVED.—Ed. and Frank, barbers, moved their place of business to the basement under Reed & Co's drug store, east side of Main street. Friends and patrons make a note of this.

A NUMBER of "drunks" have been seen on the streets lately. We propose that our town "fathers" make the sidewalks a little wider to give those inebriates a little more space.

A MEETING for the examination of teachers for the township of Sylvan will be held at Chelsea Union school building, March 26, 1881. All those expecting to teach in the township the coming term are requested to be present at that time.

GEO. A. ROBERTSON, Supt. of schools.

REMOVAL.—Frank Diamond, barber, has moved up stairs over French's store, Middle street east, where he will be happy to meet his customers.

DIED.—At her residence in Lyndon, March 10th, Mrs. W. R. Purchase, aged 60 years. An obituary will appear next week.

THAT uncertain individual, the weather, gave us last Saturday a heavy rain, all day, on Sunday, a change to snow, Tuesday and Wednesday bright, clear and sunshine.

FAIR WARNING.—If that rowdy, passing back and forth on West Middle Street, will quit pulling the pickets off my fence, he will spare himself and parents much trouble and expense. J. D. SCHNAITMAN.

It would make a stone image turn green with envy to observe the expression of profound disgust that settles down on the face of the doctor when he hears his patient praising Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

ONE week from Monday will be town-meeting-day. We advise all those committees who intend to hold their caucuses, to have it early. We will print election tickets cheap—so remember and send them on.

THE March moon will be in conjunction with Mars on the morning of the twenty-sixth. There will be a new moon the twenty-ninth and it will be near Jupiter and Saturn on the thirty first. The March full moon determines the time for celebrating Easter. Easter Sunday will come April 17.

WE are told that entrance to fire-proof safes is not often done these days—at least by cracksmen—by blowing them with powder. That is done the last thing and serves only as a blind. It is said an expert can, by turning the combination, easily discover by sound the setting, and open the safe nearly as easily as can its owner.

# "SAY, MISTER," said a man, as he entered the CHELSEA HERALD office, "is the editor in?"

"Yes," replied that overworked individual, looking over his glasses. "Well, I thought you was the chap. I wanted to tell you about a boy of mine; you ought to have him; he's just the fellow you ought to have on your paper; he's the darndest fool I ever see."

THE musical and ice-cream Festival held at the residence of John R. Gates, in this village, on last Tuesday, was a very pleasant affair and a good time was enjoyed by all. The amount realized was about \$13.00. The printers came in for something nice. The ladies will please accept their thanks.

A GOOD HOUSEWIFE.—The good housewife, when she is giving her house its Spring renovating, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than many houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the diseases arising from spring malaria and miasma, and she must know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines. See other column.

NOTICE.—The Republicans will meet at the Hoag House in Chelsea, Thursday the 31st, inst, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of nominating candidates for the several Township offices.

J. L. Gilbert, S. E. Cooper, Hiram Pierce, } Com.

March 22d, 1881.

# Town Board.

CHELSEA VILLAGE, Mar. 16, 1881.

The Board met pursuant to adjournment.

Roll called—Quorum present.

The reading of minutes of the previous meeting read and approved.

Committee on finance reported the following bills and recommend they be allowed at the sums stated:

Jay M. Woods, \$77.16  
Jacob Staffan, 13.19  
C. H. Robbins, 10.00  
Horace A. Smith, 7.00  
Israel Vogel, 2.85  
Orin Thatcher, 5.00  
Geo. W. Turnbull, 7.50  
R. H. Depew, 3.00  
Arnon Burkhardt, 4.00  
C. H. Robbins, 1.89  
J. Bacon & Co., 1.50  
R. H. Depew, -2.25  
Miller & Lighthall, 80  
Woods & Knapp, 5.05

And would recommend that the bill of E. L. Negus, be returned as it properly be presented to the township Board.

On motion the report was accepted and adopted.

The finance committee also reported they had examined the report of the Treasurer and find the whole amount received the past year was \$1824.97, and expended \$1821.01, leaving a balance in the treasury of \$3.96. Said committee also find \$94.57 in the hands of the Marshal of Highway tax, and \$13.00 Poll tax, total, \$107.57. They find the total indebtedness of the Village to be \$701.87, and assets, in the hands of Marshal and Treasurer, to be \$111.53. Moved and carried that the report of the committee be accepted, and committee be discharged from further consideration of the subject.

Moved and supported that the Treasurer be allowed fifteen dollars (\$15), for past services, and an order drawn on the Treasurer for the amount.

Carried. Communication from J. S. Gorman informing the Board that he could get the amended Charter copied for \$4.50.

Moved and carried that the attorney of the Village send for a certified copy of the Charter at once.

Moved and carried that an order be drawn on the Treasurer in favor of Orrin Thatcher and James Hinder, each \$4.00, for services on Board of Registration and Election.

Moved and carried that a deed be drawn of the old Gravel bed in favor of Mrs. Sibley.

Moved and carried that the Board adjourn, subject to the call of the President. ORRIN THATCHER, Clerk, pro tem.

# MONDAY EVENING, March 21, '81.

Board of the Village of Chelsea, met pursuant to the call of President.

Present—President Jas. L. Gilbert. Trustees present—Orrin Thatcher, R. S. Armstrong, H. M. Woods, G. A. Robertson, Warren Cushman, Frederick Vogel.

Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

The President appointed his committees as follows:

Finance trustees—Armstrong, Vogel and Robertson.

Ordinances—Thatcher, Woods and Vogel.

Streets—Woods, Thatcher and Cushman.

Side and Cross-walks—Robertson, Cushman and Armstrong.

Moved and supported that the bill of G. H. Robbins, of four dollars, for sitting on board of registration and election, be accepted, and an order

be drawn on the Treasurer for the same. Carried.

Moved and supported that a committee of three be appointed, who shall determine the duties of the Marshal and Village attorney, and report at next meeting. Armstrong, Thatcher and Woods were appointed as such committee. Carried.

Moved and supported that a committee be appointed to consult with the Attorney's of the Village in regard to securing their services for the coming year. Carried.

Moved and supported that the committee have until next meeting to make a report.

Moved and supported that the Assessor be instructed to make the annual assessment at once. Carried.

Moved and supported that the President be instructed to confer with Mr. Allison in regard to printing. Carried.

Moved and supported that we adjourn until Friday evening, March 25th, at 7 o'clock. GILBERT GAY, Clerk.

WHEN NOT TO DO IT.—If you are a wife, never tease your husband when he comes home weary from his day's business. It is not the time. Do not ask him for expensive outlays when he has been talking about hard times; it is most assuredly the wrong time.

If he had entered upon any undertaking against your advice, do not scize in the moment of its failure to say, "I told you so!" In fact, it is never the right time for those four monosyllables.

If people only knew enough to discriminate between the right time and the wrong, there would be less domestic unhappiness, and less silent sorrow, and less estrangement of hearts! The greatest calamities that ever shadow our lives have sometimes their germ in matters as apparently slight as this. If you pause, reader, before the stinging taunt or the biting sneer, the unkind scoff passes your lips—pause just long enough to ask yourself, "Is it the right time for me to speak?" you would shut the door against many a heartache.

The world hinges on small things, and there are not many more trivial than the right time and the wrong.

COULD DO BETTER.—Some years ago there lived in an eastern town an old man who had a propensity for "hooking" small and portable articles that came in his way. As he was poor and past labor, and well known about town, no further notice was taken of his peculiarities than to keep a sharp look out when he was around a dealer had a quantity of fish landed on the wharf at an hour too late to get them into his store, and as he was about covering them with an old sail-cloth, he espied old B., apparently reconnoitering. Selecting a couple of fish he said: "Here, B., I must leave these fish out here to-night, and I will give you these two if you promise me that you will not steal any." "That's a fair offer, Mr. A., but well—I don't know," with a glance at the offered fish and then at the pile, "I think I can do better!"

MUCH-MIXED RELATIONSHIP.—Adolphus A. Hoagland, of Shaderville, Va., has had a curious succession of marriages. He is now 70 years of age, and has been three times married. The first was a widow when he married her, and had a little daughter. When his wife died her daughter was a widowed mother, and Hoagland, within a few years, married her. Ten years ago the second wife died. Her daughter was then 16. Five years elapsed, and then Hoagland again married his step-daughter, who was also his step-grand-daughter. She is still living, and her husband's age aside from the fact that she had no daughter when she became his wife, precludes the idea of his peculiar system being carried any further. Hoagland declares that his matrimonial experience, covering about 50 years, has been exceptionally happy. The last two wives inherited the good qualities of their mothers, and all were so much alike that they have seemed to him the same woman, with her youth occasionally renewed. There are children by all three wives and endless complications in relationship.

PATERFAMILIAS.—"I cannot conceive, my love, what's the matter with my watch; I think it must want cleaning." "Pet child—"Oh, no, papa, dear, I don't think it wants cleaning, because baby and I had it soaking in the basin ever so long!"

To make an American joke, take two-thirds profanity, one-third humor, and mix with imbecility and bad taste. To make an English joke leave out the profanity, humor and bad taste.

There is a patient in one of the New York hospitals who in his delirium, continually calls out: "Next! Next!" The physicians are undecided whether he is a barber or a college professor.

"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady one day, during a conversation about the old saints and the Apostles. "Ah," said she, "he was a good, clever old soul, I know, for he once said, you know, that we must cut what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."

# Is DYING PAINFUL?—A physician says, in the New York Evening Post that in all ordinary cases there is little physical pain in dying. A previous correspondent had said that, "as a physical fact, in 99 cases out of 100, the act of death is suffering and agony which only those familiar with it can understand." To which the physician replies:

"I beg leave, as a physician, to object very decidedly to this statement. Since I began my novitiate on the battle fields of the South, I have been a frequent observer of the passing out of my fellow-beings, in army and navy, in large hospitals—civil and military, and in private life, and hence cannot help feeling that what I have seen must be a fair sample of the methods of dying peculiar to our race.

"The result of these sad observations, covering 18 years, is, that the vast majority of persons do not find death 'suffering and agony.' Many suffer more in the various illnesses from which they recover than most do in the article of death. A very large proportion become unconscious and hence pass away without distress to themselves; while, as regards those who retain a good measure of intelligence till life is extinct, I have been greatly surprised, considering my early religious teaching, to discern in them an almost general indifference to their fate.

"I have always supposed that, in spite of apparent mental lucidity, disease clouds the intellect so that apathy becomes the ordinary state of the dying. Of the few deaths I have seen that mere onlookers might call horrible, there was good reason to believe the patients unconscious."

# ERRORS IN BUTTER MAKING.

There are several prominent errors in making butter which are quite common, easily remedied. The greatest obstacle in the way of reform is to get the necessary instructions before those who commit the errors; to get their attention, win their confidence by showing them that the remedy is less laborious, and the grand result a larger and better product, consequently a much better price is obtained for the surplus than is possible under the old erroneous method in butter making.

The errors of butter making are:

1st. Uncleanliness.

2d. Too much acid in the cream.

3d. Caseine or buttermilk in a decomposed state.

4th. Too much friction in churning and working the butter.

Foul milking stables, impure water, odors from various sources, known and unknown, are errors vital in their consequences, and not generally thought of as any importance.

Good sweet milk contains one-fourth more of sugar than it does of butter; this sugar turns to acid, and if this acid is too much developed before churning, the coveted aroma of good butter is lost.

# Chip Basket.

The pugilist sometimes fails in his particular business, even when he makes a hit.

The poor old negro preacher was more than half right when he said, "Breddren, if we could see into our own hearts as God does, it would most skeer us to death."

Extract from a letter from Angelina: "Dear Henry, you ask if I return your love. Yes, Henry, I have no use for it, and return it with many thanks. By-by, Henry."

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Motherly, last night, as she arose from the supper table, "my shoulder aches from buttering bread for those children. 'Tis as the poor tired."

"What trade would you like to be brought up to, my son?" asked a gentleman of a boy. "The trustees trade, 'cause ever since pa has been trustee we've had puddin' for dinner."

Emma Abbott tells a St. Louis reporter that the stage-kiss is "a cold, dim, pale phantom; unsatisfactory, elusive, and empty." Miss Abbott should get a new tenor at once.

A London cabman called out after a smart, dapper little gentleman who affects particularly large hats. "Come out of that hat, will yer? I knows yer in it, 'cos I sees yer feet."

"I see you are generally full," remarks a person who sends a poem; "but I hope this may get in." Notwithstanding the cruel charge of the writer, her request was granted as soon as the basket could be emptied.

The Battle Creek Moon hazards the opinion that "a girl who will talk of the 'limbs' of a table, will, after marriage, chase you around a two acre lot with a rolling pin and a regular kerosene conflagration in both eyes."

A young lady on "meeting a handsome young man remarked that she had often heard of his wit. He straightway asked her if she would take a joke. She answered, "Yes." He quickly replied, "I'm a joke." To be continued.

# Notice.—There will be an examination of Teachers, at Lima Center, on Friday, April 1st, 1881, at 9 o'clock a. m.

MARCEUS S. COOK, Supt. of Schools.

# Estate for Sale.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, ss. COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. In the matter of the Estate of ALBERT CONGDON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned, administrator of the estate of said deceased, by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Washtenaw, on the fifth day of February, A. D. 1881, there will be sold at Public Vendue, to the highest bidder, at the office of Gen. W. Turnbull, in the village of Chelsea, in the County of Washtenaw, in said State, on Saturday, the ninth day of April, A. D. 1881, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day (subject to all encumbrances by mortgage or other lien existing at the time of the death of said deceased, and subject to the right of dower, of Isaac Congdon, widow of deceased thereby) the following described real estate, to-wit: Lots six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve and thirteen, of block five, James M. Congdon's second addition to Chelsea village, Washtenaw County, Mich., commencing at the north west corner of lot one, of block two, according to the recorded plat of said village, and running thence east to a point on the east line of said lot one, two rods south of the north east corner of said lot, thence eastwardly parallel with the south line of the Michigan Central Railroad, to the east line of lot twenty-six (26) of said block, thence north two rods to the north east corner of said lot twenty-six, thence westwardly along the south line of the Michigan Central Railroad lands to the place of beginning; in Washtenaw County Michigan.

ORRIN THATCHER, Administrator.

Dated February 5th, 1881.

# Notice to Creditor's.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, ss. COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, made on the 23rd day of February, A. D. 1881, six months from date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Martha H. Royce, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said estate are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in said County of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, on or before the 29th day of August next, and that such claims will be heard before said Court, on Saturday, the 25th day of May, and on Monday the 29th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days.

Dated, Ann Arbor, February 28, A. D. 1881.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Judge of Probate.

# Commissioner's Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY of Washtenaw, ss. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Mary A. Glenn, late of said County deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date are allowed, by order of said Probate Court, for Creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, at the residence of Charles M. Glenn, in the town ship of Dexter, in said county, on Wednesday, 8th day of June, and on Thursday the 8th day of September next, at ten o'clock A. M. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated, March 8th, 1881.

WILLIAM E. STEVENSON, FRANK A. BURKHART, Commissioners.

# Good Sugar, 7 cts. per lb.

Kerosene Oil 18 cts. Gallon.

We warrant it inferior to none.



## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

### MICHIGAN.

Michigan's population is estimated at 700,000.

There is a good prospect that the Bay City and Alpena "shore" railroad will be built.

A. C. Crippen of East Saginaw is a defaulter to the amount of \$8,000, and has absconded.

A. H. Hogue, one of the best posted peach raisers of Van Buren county, pronounced the peach buds on his farm all right for a moderate crop.

Some of the snow drifts were very deep about Grand Rapids last week. Wednesday a man climbed to the top of one and hung his hat on the top of a telegraph pole—a feat to long remember this winter.

Michigan, according to a census bulletin just published, has within its borders 382,276 males and 774,055 females.

In the Calhoun circuit court John D. Batte, a man living near Spring Lake, Ottawa county, was sentenced to six years at Jackson prison.

There are 250 students in the agricultural college.

Little Brown & Co., of Boston, say the most successful book they published last year was Judge Cooley's "Elements of Constitutional Law."

There is no more Little Traverse. By act of the legislature it is now called Spring Lake.

A knitter has been established at Flint. About 40 persons are to be employed, and 25 knitting machines in operation. About 600 pairs of stockings will be made per day.

The Adventist rulers at Battle Creek have issued a "testimony" forbidding the members of their church to take out life insurance.

It is a commerce with the world which God does not approve of.

Some further testimony for the plaintiff in the divorce case of Senator Christy against his wife has been given. Dr. O. M. J. testified that Mrs. Christy had been treated by another woman, met G. H. at the residence, at the Washington depot on arrival there on December 24, and that on the evening of Christmas day he followed her to her room, and saw a man, whom he could not distinctly recognize in the darkness, get out of the back and enter the house.

Samuel Lewis, a well known mining speculator, killed himself with strychnine at Detroit. He formerly lived at Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti.

The Hillsdale county fair will be held at Hillsdale, beginning October 4 and continuing four days. Several of the prizes offered are to be expended in improving the grounds and buildings.

W. E. Clark, of Bridgeport, who is charged with horse stealing, resisted the officers who came to take him, and shooting Deputy Sheriff Deven in the shoulder and cutting his assistant Schull, in the hand. He is now in the Saginaw jail. It is feared Deven will die.

The Sturgis fire department turned out to a fire in a garage, Ind., 12 miles distant. The fire was extinguished and got to work within 34 minutes after the alarm was given. They were rewarded by \$50 in gold.

El Bodeite, of Deerfield, lately walked nine miles, to Adrian, and back the same day. He was 100 years old, and had been lame since childhood.

Some challenges the country to produce his equal.

A Fairbank man named Worden took his mill, to R. Baker's cheese factory last year, and on getting home his cows netted him just \$5 each.

Marquette's big summer resort hotel, the Northwestern, has been sold to the Marquette & Mackinac Island railway for \$100,000.

The law students who graduate from the university next week will be subjected to a written examination, which is something new in that department.

Teachers' institutes have been appointed as follows: Bay county, West Bay City, Prof. J. W. Sankens; Branch county, Coldwater, Prof. S. C. Hall; Calhoun county, Albion, Prof. E. C. Thompson; Clinton county, Ovid, Prof. W. S. Webster; Ionia county, Ionia, Prof. H. M. Bank; Lapeer county, Lapeer, Prof. W. C. Owen; Leelanau county, Hudson, Prof. W. W. Wendell; Cass county, Holt, Prof. W. Sankens; Mackinac county, Cadillac, Prof. H. M. Bank; all during the week beginning March 24. Kent county, Sparta Center, Prof. A. H. Smith, week beginning April 4.

The balance of cash in the state treasury, March 7, was \$2,000,000; receipts for the week ending March 12, \$27,773 24; payments for same time \$2,047 97, leaving balance March 12, 1887, of \$2,020,725 27; of which \$500,000 belong to the sinking fund, and \$1,520,725 27 are available for general purposes.

Old fishermen say this is the best season they have ever had here. There is yet about 10 inches of ice in Saginaw bay, and teams are passing daily, but a break up is expected, and the fishermen are working toward the ice, and there are now 1,000 shanties on the ice, and fish are selling at two cents a pound.

Capt. C. J. Ingersoll of Buchanan is probably the oldest Mason in the state, having belonged to that order since 1821. He was initiated in the 5th line, N. Y. lodge.

William Francisco was arrested last night, charged with the murder of Joseph Arson in Holton township, Michigan county. Arson was murdered with a ax, and then robbed of \$24.

At Harrisville, Mich., three business buildings were burned; the Revue office and post-office damaged; loss \$50,000.

Cyrus P. Black, of Tuscola county, was nominated for congress by the Democratic convention of the county.

Jackson has raised the railroad amount of money to secure the state fair.

Grand Haven fishermen are plying their trade with unusual good luck. They brought in 12,000 pounds of whitefish and trout Monday, which bring them 10 cents per pound in Chicago.

The discovery of brine at Manistee has set business booming in that neighborhood.

A murderous assault was made Wednesday upon Thos. E. Johns, produce dealer of Wikom. The circumstances are as follows: Mr. Johns, who resides with his father some four miles south of this place, left here about 10 o'clock yesterday afternoon for home. Arriving at the house of A. N. Kimmis, a wealthy farmer, 2½ miles south from here, he stopped to supper. Among other things was a young man known as George, who has been in the employ of Mr. Kimmis since last fall. He has been the terror of the young men and boys of the neighborhood, and has made threats of violence against some of the residents, and has been in the habit of shut up in the granary violence to the milk master. After supper George took the milk pail and was supposed to be milking. Johns, who was sitting at the table, known as the Henderson place, a part of the Kimmis farm, and about three quarters of a mile west of the Kimmis house, when he was assaulted by George. Kimmis, who lives in the employ of Mr. K., who lives in the Henderson house, from the house saw George leading a horse and buggy with one hand and dragging a man with the other, and he called out to him. He gave the alarm to the first one passing his house. After some delay the neighbors visited the premises and found Johns in his house with all but his front door nailed up and he, with a hatchet, was in the act of attacking him. Johns was found in the granary, upon his knees in the oats, with his head terribly mangled and unconscious. He was conveyed to Norton's house. His horse and buggy were found back of the barn, tied to the fence. The young villain has been traced to Ann Arbor and has been offered \$500 for his arrest. Mr. Johns is supposed to have \$500 on his person. This was not with him when found.

The locating committee of the state agricultural society has concluded to take what is in the last and hold the next fair at Jackson. This will give the state four large fairs next fall, one each at Grand Rapids, Lansing, East Saginaw and Jackson.

A large spring of pure cold water has been found on the highest point of land on the View camp grounds near Petoskey, and arrangements are being made to bring the water down in pipes for the use of the hotel and cottages. A large addition has been made to the grounds since the last camp meeting. The next meeting begins May 20.

Some men near Moscow found a pebble in the heart of an ash tree, 20 feet from the ground, where the tree was 30 inches through.

A man meeting is called to meet March 25 at Berrien Springs, to discuss the road laws.

and the propriety of changing the system radically, especially to substitute a money tax for a labor tax.

The Republican judicial convention at Coldwater, Ind., 200 times for a candidate without a nomination and then adjourned until Thursday.

When the grand lodge of Odd Fellows met in Grand Rapids last month, a man pretending to be a prominent delegate and merchant of high standing from Ithaca, Gratiot county, obtained a list of goods from three merchants, who discovered he was a fraud in time to recover their shipments from the railroad freight houses, where their destination had been changed from Ithaca to Detroit. A fourth merchant, E. P. Kider, was not so fortunate. He sold the swindler a seal sack worth \$250, taking his worthless acceptance for that amount, on his pretended firm at Ithaca. The same merchant, the same swindler, of merchants in Detroit, giving the name of Crawford, and is now in jail in Detroit very sick.

A man living near Spring Lake, Ottawa county, has pumped the water out of a frog pond on his place, and now has a lot of tadpoles in the water, which is about five feet deep, from the bottom. When that job is completed he will have a beautiful lake covering about an acre and a half, and fed by several springs. He is going to stock it with choice varieties of fish.

This winter has been unprecedentedly severe on bees. Andrew Balch of Kalamazoo has lost all of his 150 colonies except one, and many others have been almost as severely dealt with.

Joseph Janat of Muskegon, having a slight scratch on his arm, foolishly took some old granny's advice to dip it in the brine of an old pork barrel, which he so poisoned the wound that his life is in great danger.

At a recent meeting of Grand Rapids, Michigan, the police that Marrella Brooks, another deaf mute, had been using insulting, indecent and immoral language toward her.

Oceanus county has procured 43,000 more speckled trout at the state hatchery to stock their streams.

A \$12,000 fire occurred at Hillsdale Saturday morning. A grocery and bakery were burned, and the Methodist church building caught but the fire was extinguished after burning the steeple and part of the roof.

An Ashland, New Jersey county man bought some phosphorus, which the druggist carelessly wrapped up in paper, and the man put it in his pocket. A few minutes later he took it out, and the man's clothing and hands were badly burned.

A Durham cow belonging to Jasper Braydon of Chester, Eaton county, gave birth to four well-formed and healthy calves the other day.

A disatch from Stanton gives the particulars of the murder of Henry Bright of 19 and a half street of that town. She was a girl of 19, and he left her as a servant at a hotel. He went into the woods as a lumberman. He says that he and after he got a "kick" from the alleged seducer, and feeling he found her boarding at the Stanton house, followed her as she was trying to escape from his house, and he killed her in the street.

Morgan Vaughan, an ex-banker at Eaton Rapids, has been arrested on a capias on a charge of libel by Charles E. Merrill, real estate and grain dealer, with damages claimed at \$5,000. Vaughan, it is claimed would let the Merrill family to go to the city, and there who are Eastern men, against him in regard to real estate transactions, and published a "damaging article in the Journal. Vaughan was released under \$2,000 bail.

The Cincinnati Fair current crop report indicates decreased production of wheat for 1887.

Our ministers to France and England have been notified to go to the city of Paris.

The American swine, set adrift in Europe in the interest of pork speculators, by the British consuls at Chicago and Philadelphia.

Gen. Upton has committed suicide at San Francisco. The cause of self-destruction was a fear that he must give up his system of reserved tactics as a failure and thereby lose his military reputation.

A fire at Newburyport, Mass., burned Bartlett's hotel. Insurance \$350,000; loss probably larger.

The house of A. Simons, a printer and stationer of New York city, was entered by a gang of burglars and robbed of \$1,000,000 and other valuables, and of complete bonds, and \$2,000 worth of jewelry.

At Petersburg, Ind., William Hays shot and killed a man apparently named Burt, who came to Hays' house with the avowed intention of whipping Hays.

Samuel Langston was fatally shot in his head by Valley George, Pa., Friday morning by a burglar whom he had seized.

The negotia-tion with Great Britain in regard to the Fortuna bay have resulted in a proposition for the British government, that the whole matter be referred to arbitration.

Another "worst storm of the season" set in at Chicago Saturday morning. The snow fell to the depth of six inches, and it was so wet and compact that the streets were impassable. The pavement was so much ice, so pedestrians walking on top of it without perceptibly reducing its height. The horse roads were blocked, and business men greatly hindered. Passenger trains were stopped, and the city abandoned. A lot of the roads sent out by one through passenger train during the day. The same state of things existed at Milwaukee.

St. Louis, Mo., has been the scene of a riot. The telegraph to the Northwest was interrupted, and in some cases held where the storm caught them.

The count de Brazza, an Italian explorer, who has been traveling in southern Africa, reports having met Henry M. Stanley, with his men in December, at a point near the Congo river.

Terkoff, chief of the nihilists in Paris, and David, a German socialist, have been arrested.

The pope instructs the Russian priests under his authority to say masses for the dead czar and write pastoral letters in favor of the new one.

War between Greece and Turkey is regarded as almost inevitable.

CONGRESS.

March 14—Two new senators, McMillan of Iowa, and Cameron of Wisconsin, took the oath.

Mr. Pendleton (Dem., O.) called up the resolution for the appointment of the committee on the subject of the proposed treaty with the United States.

Mr. Allison (Rep., Ia.) moved to go into executive session. Lost; yeas 35, nays 37.

Mr. Mahone voting with the Republicans in the affirmative, the resolution was adopted.

The resolution appointing the committee on the subject of the proposed treaty with the United States was adopted.

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who said that he had received information which showed that it would be impossible to enforce the committee this morning.

March 15—In the senate, the credentials of Mr. Fry (Rep., Me.) were presented, and he was sworn in.

Mr. Pendleton (Dem., O.) called up his resolution appointing the committee on the subject of the proposed treaty with the United States.

Mr. Mahone voting with the Democrats in the negative, and Mr. Maho also voted, but changed his vote afterward.

The Vice President voted in the affirmative, and the resolution was adopted.

Mr. Anthony then offered a resolution appointing the committee on the subject of the proposed treaty with the United States.

Mr. Mahone voting with the Democrats in the negative, and Mr. Maho also voted, but changed his vote afterward.

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