

Forever the sun is pouring his gold
On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow;
His warmth he squanders on suns and cold;
His wealth on the homes of want and sorrow.
To withhold his largesse of precious light
Is to bury himself in eternal night.
To give
Is to live.
The flower shines not for itself at all;
Its joy is the joy it freely diffuses;
Of beauty and loveliness it is prodigal;
And it lives in the light it freely loses.
No choice or the rose but glory or doom,
To exhale or smother, to wither or bloom.
To deny
Is to die.
The sea land silver rays to the land,
The land its saplings streams to the ocean;
The heart sends blood to the brain of command,
The brain to the heart its lightning motion;
And over and over we yield our breath,
Till the mirror is dry and the images death.
To live
Is to give.
He is dead whose hand is not open wide
To help the need of a human brother;
He doubles the length of his life-long ride
Who gives his fortune place to another;
And a thousand million lives are his
Who carries the world in his sympathies.
To deny
Is to die.

MR. EARL'S INVESTMENT.

I once knew an excellent old lady, Pharesse, who had a thorn in the flesh, in the shape of a betting brother. How he could waste his time in so foolish a pursuit, and how he could lose so much money in it which he might otherwise have given to deserving relatives, was the constant theme of her reprobation and regret. But I noticed that when he was lucky, and came home boasting of how he "pulled off" a cool hundred or two, she was not vehement in her reproaches. "People," she then said, "must have their amusement; and if they were not attained at the expense of their families, there was at least something to be said for them." Not that she didn't abhor gambling from the bottom of her heart, only when you had won, you see, it was not gambling, because the risk was over.

One day her brother called at the old lady's house in the highest spirits. He had put £200 on Mahomet for the Derby, and took great pains to explain to her that his winning £2,000 in consequence was a moral. In this case, of course, he did not succeed; but he convinced her that it was a certainty, "if you were to take £10 of it, for instance, off my hands, my dear," he said, "you would be absolutely sure of £100."

"The idea of my making such a horrible thing as a bet!" she exclaimed with indignation. But as he was going away that night, she slipped a £10 note in his hand, and whispered: "If it is really an absolute certainty that Mahomet will win; I think it's wrong, my dear Dick, not to take advantage of your kind suggestion for increasing my little income."

As it happened, Mahomet—as is the manner with favorites for the Derby—was strangled in his stable the night before his destined victory; so that she lost her two pounds. But that's neither here nor there. I only mentioned the anecdote as a proof of the great theory of hereditary luck, for the old lady was a near relative of mine, and I take after her in the matter of wagers. As a general rule I never bet, save when I am quite sure to win. I felt quite sure of the claimant in the Tichborne case being Arthur Orton long before he was proved to be so. What satisfied me on this point was the production of a letter to one of his backers in which he said, "I have got a capital affidavit of my own identity from Captain Barker" (but cannot persuade Major Rowe).

Now, as a student of human nature, I was thoroughly convinced that no man who was what he pretended to be would write in that manner. He would have written of Captain Barker's affidavit as a matter of course, and have denounced the Major as a born idiot. At all events, such was my opinion, and I backed it. Among others who took a contrary view was a certain Mr. Barnabas Earl, with whom I had £50 upon the subject. When Mr. Orton was sentenced to captivity I naturally looked for my money; but, as it happened, Mr. Earl himself had come to grief in the mean time—was put into York jail for debt—and had not fifty pence to pay me quietly. I should have taken that very quietly, as a misfortune that might have happened to anybody (though I objected to it, having happened to me); only, a year or two afterward, it occurred that Mr. Barnabas Earl had become a rich man—by what means I never sought to discover—and then I naturally looked for my £100. I heard of his fine house in town; of his patronage of the fine arts, and of a number of other things; but I heard nothing of the little debt of honor he had contracted with me. Very unwilling, but certainly without scruple, I wrote to him of it, and to that polite (but, I flatter myself, firm) reminder I received no reply. Upon that, I desisted, and didn't write again; but I need not say that I blotted out of the list of my acquaintances from that moment the name of Barnabas (or, as I henceforth playfully entitled him, Barnab) Earl, and determined never to speak to him again. Sometimes, however, you are obliged to meet people in this world, whether you want to do so or not, and it was fated that he and I should come together again.

In the spring of last year I exchanged for a few weeks my little place at Barstead-by-the-Sea with my friend John Celadon for his house in Hendon street, Mayfair. Most people who have seen that temple of art, and also my own modest dwelling, will be probably of opinion that I got the best of it. Indeed, "The Laurels," Barstead, may be described as an unfinished residence as compared with his gorgeous home; but, on the other hand, you can move about in it without keeping your hands to your sides lest you should knock down some rickety table laden with brittle objects of surpassing rarity; or holding your hand away from the walls for fear you should bring down an etagere full of costly ceramics. What Celadon suffered down at "The Laurels," where the carpets have patterns of flowers on them, and everything is contrary (for all I know about them—which is nothing) to the great principles of art, I cannot tell. I only remember his complaining of "the vain lumberance" of a certain "dissolute parallelogram" upon his dining-room wall-paper in terms which would have been severe if they

had been evoked by the drunkenness of the maid-servant we had left in charge. On the other hand, I had something to put up with in Hendon street, where progression in the drawing-room was like an egg dance in which the eggs were worth fifty guineas a piece at the very least. The whole house, indeed, was a gigantic china shop; and so stinging to fury was I by the constant appeals made to me by my wife to be careful of this, that and the other piece of finery, that I felt very like the bull in it. I would have given a good round sum—though certainly not one-tenth of what it would have cost—to have gone through these rooms of Celadon's with a big stick and the privilege of hitting out right and left. It is certain that no hero of romance would ever have destroyed more monsters; and whatever was ugliest seemed to be more prized by its proprietor. If the reader has never seen a ky-lin, for example—a cross between the lion and the dog of China—he may consider himself fortunate, and there were half a dozen ky-lin between the drawing-room door and the hearth. The walls, as it seemed to me, were decorated economically enough by the simple means of sticking on them (with a hammer and nails) a couple of dinner services taken from the kitchen dresser. But I was assured that they were in reality priceless specimens of Early Worcester, ornamented "in blue salmon scale," and that what made them so extremely valuable was a certain square mark on their backs, which, of course you could not see. Celadon is an excellent fellow, but on the subject of china, I do not hesitate to say, as mad as a hatter. I have heard him speak of biscuits and butters—or what sounded like them—with a reverent hush to his tone such as I have never noticed in his responses in church; and when upon the subject of "Pompadour pink," you would have thought him anything but a respectable married man with a proper horror of the goings on of a king like Louis XV. He made me a present of a sort of china table—that is, a book on china—which he regarded with reverence only second to that in which he held the Scriptures—in order that I should duly estimate all these things; but when I had read it I thought less of them than ever. One hint, however, I did derive from that most uninteresting treatise; it said that the real china could always be known from the imitation by giving it a gentle tap with a coin or other hard substance; in one case the object always returned a certain ring, in the other it emitted a dull thud. But when, having provided myself with a penny-piece, I endeavored to carry this into effect with Celadon's art treasures, he was quite put out about it, and declined to submit them to my such ordeal.

We had had a good many arguments upon his favorite subject, and on a recent occasion, when we had met at a common friend's in town, and he was talking about the craze (an appearance resembling the crackling of roast pig) in old Chelsea I could not help dropping a sly remark about the craze not being peculiar to Chelsea, but extended to every description of china, old and new, and especially to its collectors. Every one knows how a man resents being accused of a folly when he is secretly conscious of having deserved it, and the fact is a little coolness had sprung up between us (though we were actually living in each other's houses), which Celadon was the first to put an end to in a very graceful way. He sent my little daughter a charming service of delft house china, with a mock-serious letter with it describing the pieces one by one as if they had been of priceless rarity, and vouching for his own ceramic weakness in a most good natured way.

On the very afternoon we received it I was going out at the street door, when whom should I meet on the doorstep, coming to call on Celadon, of course (not me), but my quondam acquaintance Mr. Barnabas Earl! He was dressed in the height of fashion, and had just descended from an admirably appointed mail phaeton; but these advantages altogether failed him, so far as demeanor went, when he saw who stood before him. It is very hard to cheat a man out of £100, but it is even worse (to some people) to find themselves in the company of those they have defrauded. He stammered out something about how long it was since he had the pleasure of seeing me; and—forgetting how exquisitely miserable it would make him—I asked him to walk in; and he did so.

"You come to call on Celadon, I conclude?"

"Yes," he said eagerly, like a man who seldom flinches himself speaking the truth, and is delighted with the novelty of the situation. "Celadon and I are great friends." (Here he was more composed, for he was lying). "We have one delightful taste in common—a passion for art."

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Paper Pulp From Wood.

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The notion of this scoundrel having a passion for anything, except getting out of his debts of honor, tickled me very much.

"Like him," said I, "I suppose you are fond of china?"

"I do not say," exclaimed Barnabas. "I said I didn't know much about it; to which he replied that our friend Celadon, of all men in this world, was most competent to teach me. Then he fell to expressing extravagant admiration for the upstairs—that most trophy on the way upstairs—for all the walls were ornamented with plates and dishes, as though one was going to dine there at right angles. In the drawing-room—where I don't think he had been more than once before (and then

most probably, on false pretenses; I could not imagine that even a morbid passion for cracked china could have cemented Celadon to a man like him)—he was still more profuse in his laudation of the crockery. No doubt it was as much to prevent the conversation turning upon the Tichborne case as to impress me with the notion that he was a man of taste, and he went on about hard and soft porcelain as enthusiastically. But I never lost sight of that £100 he owed me; and as for the impression he made on my mind, he might just as well have been descending on the comparative merits of hardback and lollypops.

The back drawing-room communicated with a little boudoir, where a careful person could move about without breaking much; and on the hearthrug was the hamper just arrived from Celadon with the present for the doll's house, and some of the Lilliputian ware had been arranged upon the carpet for a doll's dinner party.

"Dear me! what are these?" exclaimed Barnabas. "How exquisitely beautiful! But how dangerous to put such frail and costly things upon the floor!"

"Are they costly?" said I, with an indifferent air. "They have just been sent us as a present from Celadon; but they are quite thrown away upon me."

"But, my dear sir, anything that Celadon has selected must be the right thing," urged Barnabas gravely. "He is not a man to be taken in, by any dealer in Christendom. The very fact of his having chosen a set of china is a guaranty of its genuineness."

"He seems to think rather highly of this particular set," said I, producing my friend's letter. He says here: 'I dare say you will not appreciate the 'bleu du Roi,' but there is no Sevres like it in my opinion.'"

"Good heavens!" cried Barnabas. "If it is true 'bleu du Roi' it must be priceless. I never saw such small pieces. Yes, by jingo, they have all the fleur de lis at the back of them. And do you mean to say he has given you these as a present?"

"Well, he says so in his letter," said I, laughing. "It is hardly likely that he would expect me to pay for them, since he knows that I would not give five shillings for them."

"Five shillings!" cried Barnabas, in whom, I could see, the last of lawless gain—the desire of making a good bargain out of an ignorant man—was beginning to work. "Why, the set is worth £200 if it is worth ten shillings."

"I should like to see the man who would give me £200 for it," said I, cautiously.

I felt that he would have given me three; but I did not want to impose upon him—beyond a certain point; I only wanted my own money back—with the proper interest.

"Well, you see one of it is cracked and mended," returned Barnabas in a deprecating tone. "If that had been the case, its value would have greatly increased. There is always a doubt about the whole china. I should think £100 would be a fair price."

"Well, you see it's a present," said I. "That makes it valuable in my eyes. It may be worth intrinsically nothing, but it puts a fancy price on it from sentimental motives."

"What do you call a fancy price?" he asked with pretended indifference.

"Well I dare say you will laugh at me for being so blind to my own interests, but for this set of doll's-house china—for the set it looks to me on the nail!—I would take £120 down on the nail!" And I said the last words a little significantly. I did not wish to remind him of his dishonorable conduct under what was temporarily my own roof—the duties of hospitality forbade it; but it was necessary that there should be no mistake this time as to hard cash.

"I'll write you out a check for £120," he said, "if you will let me take the set away with me."

The scoundrel was afraid that I should take counsel's opinion (in china) upon the matter in the meantime, if he left the thing with me, and that I should then, perhaps, withdraw from my bargain.

"Just as you please," answered I as indifferently as before. And I took him then and there to an elaborate shell ink-stand that he told me was from the Luen Retira factory (to which I said "Very likely") and with a china penholder which I would not have handed for five pounds, he wrote me out his cheque to bearer.

When I had seen him off with his hamper in a cab I took another and drove to his bank and got his cheque changed, for fear of accidents; after which I felt the glow of satisfaction which a good man feels when he has got the better of a rogue.

Then I sat down and wrote a note to Celadon, describing the whole transaction, lest it should chance to be misrepresented—which, however, it never was. Mr. Barnabas Earl was too shrewd a man to explain how he was persuaded to settle old debt of honor. My friend wrote back in a transport of delight at hearing how the creature had overreached himself. "You rightly say," he added, "that Polly's dolls must not lose their dinner service. An exactly similar set, or half a dozen of them, can be procured at the Lilliputian Ware-Shop in Gulliver street (with the fleur-de-lis mark on every one of them) for five-and-twenty shillings."—Belgica.

Bolled Cider Pie: A bolled cider pie may be a novelty to some one; take four tablespoonfuls of bolled cider, water, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one egg, beat all together. Bake in a deep plate and with upper and under crusts.

Whistling in the Mines.

What the Spirits of Good Luck did to Jack Richards—A Tragedy of the Mines Metold.

A Carbondale (Pa.) letter says: Most old miners believe that a "good luck spirit" lurks in every mine, and that at a sound of whistling it flies and leaves the miners at the mercy of the spirits of evil. If it befalls any of the workmen that day, the believers in the superstition ascribe its cause entirely to the frightening away of the good luck spirit by the fatal whistle.

In 1840 there was a great mine disaster at this place. Several miners were buried in one of the Delaware and Hudson canal company's mines by a sudden caving in of the roof. Although the cause of the caving was known to have been a lack of proper support by pillars and timbers, at least one old miner, a survivor of the disaster, still living here, has always maintained, and still maintains, that it was caused by a "dare-devil miner," named Jack Richards, whistling in the mine while working with his gun, against the protests of his comrades. Richards was a skeptical young Welshman, who ridiculed all the superstitions of his fellow-workmen. With the old miner mentioned above and fifteen others, he was working in the mine, a mile from the entrance, on the day of the catastrophe. The mine was well-known to be scantily propped, and the miners were "robbing" it preparatory to its abandonment. It is described as having been a merry fellow, fond of teasing his companions. On this occasion he suddenly laid down his pick, and announced to his fellow-workmen in the chamber that he intended to "whistle them up the 'Rigs o' Barley.'" The miners were agitated at the thought of Richards thus deliberately flying in the face of mine luck, and they begged him not to chase the good luck spirit away. He laughed at their fears, and with clear, loud notes made the chamber ring with the lively Scotch air. Not content with that, says the old miner, shuddering at this day over the sacrilegious temerity of the merry Welshman, he rattled off a jig known by the miners as the "Devil Among the Tailors," and ended by telling the good luck spirit to "take a dance to that, and he blowed to it." None of the miners could speak for some time. Some of them tried to go to work again, but the fear of disaster was so strong upon them that they all made preparations to quit the mine. The old miner who recalls this incident says that he had a brother and a son working in another mine, and he made up his mind to go to them, tell them of Jack Richards' foolhardiness, warn them of its consequences, and escape with them from the mine. Jack Richards could not convince any of them of the childishness of their intended course.

Suddenly, while they were gathering up their tools, a noise like the sound of distant thunder came to the ears of the agitated miners. They knew too well what the sound presaged. The roof was "working," and a cave-in threatened. The miners turned to Jack and charged him with bringing disaster upon them by his defiance of the good luck spirit of the mine. Jack replied that if the roof was falling it was because of insufficient support, and not because of his whistling, and knowing the danger that encompassed them all, he counselled his comrades to lose no time in "getting atop." But before they could take the first step toward reaching the surface a second shock ran through the mine. This time it was like a clap of thunder near the earth. It was followed by a crash that could be made but by the falling masses of rock and coal from the roof, and by a gust of wind that hurled the miners against the jagged walls of their chamber. Then the mine fell in all about them, and the seventeen miners and the car-horse were imprisoned behind a wall of fallen coal and rock, in a space not more than forty feet square. Their lights were extinguished, and there was not a match in the party. With death awaiting them in one of its worst forms, they cursed Jack Richards, and one of the miners tried to find him in the dark to brain him with a pick. To ascertain whether any of the gang had been killed by the falling coal the name of each one was called by one of the miners. All responded but Jack Richards. He was found dead, half buried beneath the wall of rock and coal. The miners gave themselves up to despair, as they did not dream it was possible for any aid to reach them from without, and to dig their way through a mile of rocky debris was a task they knew was hopeless. Among the imprisoned miners was a young man named Boyden. He was a son of Alexander Boyden, the superintendent of the mine, and, like his father, was a man of great nerve and courage. He encouraged his imperiled companions with the assurance that the air in the mine would not be poisoned by the gases for at least two days, and that as long as the horse's body lasted they need not starve. He said that his father would leave nothing undone to rescue all who were shut in the mine, and that, meantime they themselves could aid his efforts by digging out to meet him. Only three picks could be found, the others being buried beneath the coal. With these the men went to work with a will. Those who had no picks worked with their hands in digging into the barrier between them and their freedom. The body of poor Jack Richards was uncovered and laid tenderly in a safe place in the chamber. The horse seemed to understand the terror of the situation, and gave voice to frequent piteous neighs.

The men worked for hours, many of them working the flesh from their fingers in the sharp coal. Some of them lost all heart, and threw themselves upon the damp floor of their underground prison and bewailed their fate. Suddenly a ray of light broke through a small opening in the wall. Then a lantern was pushed through, followed by a man's head. The man cried out: "Is there a man here that is alive?" A glad shout from the miners was the reply. The man pulled himself through the opening into the chamber. It was Alexander Boyden, the superintendent. The miners took him up in their arms, wept tears of joy, and kissed the man whom they believed had come to deliver them. Mr. Boyden had found his way to the spot where the miners were imprisoned by crawling along a narrow passage that had been left in the falling coal and rock by the lodging of root timbers all along the way. It required a struggle for hours to make the perilous journey. He did not expect to find one man alive in the chamber, his great desire being to rescue the body of his son, if possible, and save it from being devoured by rats. He soon had the miners in readiness to follow him back toward the mouth of the mine. He took the dead body of Jack Richards on his back and led the way, and two hours afterward the miners were in the arms of wives, parents and sweethearts on top. Richards had no relatives but a crippled sister, who was dying with consumption. She died the next day. The brother and son of the narrator of this tragic incident and twelve other miners were never found. Three days after the fall, mine boss Hosie, who had been in a distant part of the mine when the roof caved in, emerged from its depths, worn to a skeleton. With his pick he had dug his way for more than a mile through an almost solid wall, without a taste of food or a drop of water to strengthen and sustain him.

This mine tragedy forms one of the favorite narratives of the old miners of this region, and, after relating it to inquiring visitors, they never fail to warn them not to whistle if they intend going down in a mine.

Wedding Presents.

Almost every week we read of some grand wedding, some splendid affair where everything is on a magnificent scale and presents superb. Now, the few homely suggestions here thrown out may be considered out of place on these occasions; perhaps they are, perhaps not; leastways we venture them, knowing they will apply to the more humble brides, whose gifts may be confined to the orthodox number of silver spoons and traditional linen of the unions from whence spring the cottage homes whose essence pervades our land with strength and sweetness far more than the loftier ones. The stout middle class, the staunch yeomanry, these are the sinew, muscle and nerve of our country. It is true we have no titled heads in America; it is also true mine is king. I do not suppose the rich and great are so very much happier than the poor and lowly. Life is short and time fleeting, and money-getting is not all, if it is the chief end of life. Men grow old, sick and die, become morbid, cross and unhappy, who roll in wealth, quite as often as the mechanic who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. But I believe I am digressing from the subject.

A wise woman once remarked she gave lady friends all, or a portion, of the following named wedding presents: Dust-clothes nicely made, and of different qualities, for various articles of furniture; brush and whisk-brooms, several sizes, in well-fitting cases; knitted dish-cloth, that will outlast twelve ordinary ones; holders in profusion; the latest invention in floor-cloths; newest in kitchen conveniences; set of table mats; dining-table brush and pan; and lastly a little velvet coffee-mat in the form of a slipper run down in the heel, worked with the words: "Do not get slipshod." Good Aunt Prudence was far-seeing when she gave this. How could the young house-keeper without, noticing the motto and profiting by it? If her back stairway became cluttered, her sleeping-room the least untidy, her pantry or cellar in need of airing, any small house matter which might run into positive neglect or uncleanness, the little mat with its neatly-worked letters is a positive reminder and preventer. By and by it becomes worn, the velvet is threadbare and letters barely seen, but its mission is accomplished, for, by this time, habits of uniform carefulness and neatness are fixed, and there is little danger of the housekeeper running down at the heels.

Such gifts as I have named are indeed trifling in expense, but they may be of great service and save one untold annoyances. Venetian glasses and gold-lined goblets are valuable. Fashionable and bronze card receivers, French lace, the bride, in high life or low, who receives these lessons presents and profits by the lessons they teach may well dispense with those more costly.

Chicken Pilau: Cut a chicken into pieces the size you wish to serve at the table. Wash clean, and put in a stew-pan with about one-eighth of a pound of salt pork, which has been cut in small pieces. Cover with cold water, and boil gently until the chicken begins to grow tender, which will be in about an hour, unless the chicken is old. Season rather highly with salt and pepper, and three teaspoonfuls of rice, which has been picked and washed, and let boil thirty or forty minutes longer. There should be a good quart of liquor in the stew-pan when rice is added. Care must be taken that it does not burn. Instead of chicken any kind of meat may be used.

Peeling onions. If the hands are kept in water while peeling and slicing onions the eyes will not suffer. It is particularly desirable that this should be done when preparing small onions to pickle.

Bacon, Ham and lean of bacon, which is usually hard enough, may be cooked so as to be perfectly tender and without waste of fat, by not allowing the water to boil. The English always cook it in this way.

Old scraps. All sorts of vessels and utensils may be purified from long retained smells of any kind, in the easiest and most perfect manner, by rinsing them out well with charcoal powder, after the grosser impurities have been scoured off with sand and water.

Children's plum pudding. Half pound raisins, half-pound sultanas, or chopped currants, half-pound suet, one pound of bread soaked in milk and beaten smooth, quarter pound flour, two ounces of candied peel, half-pound sugar, a little spice and pinch of salt; boil six hours or less, according to size.

Barley soup. Boil one pint of pearl barley in one quart of stock till it is reduced to a pulp, pass it through a sieve, and add as much more stock as will be required to make the puree of the consistency of cream, put the soup on the fire, the yolk of an egg beaten up with a gill of fresh butter, and serve with small piece of bread fried in butter.

Pound Plum Pudding: One pound of chopped beef suet, one of bird crumbs, one of currants, one of moist sugar, one of raisins, the last to be chopped with suet; two ounces of candied lemon peel and two of citron, some grated nutmeg, ground cloves, and a little brandy; mix all well together; put the mixture into a buttered bowl, tie it up in a cloth, and boil seven or eight hours. Serve with wine sauce.

Imperial Cake: This is a rich cake and a very delicious one. Cream together a pound of the best butter and a pound of white sugar. Then add eight eggs—yolks and whites beaten separately—a pound of raisins, stoned and chopped and half pound blanched almonds and quarter pound of citron—both thinly sliced—a little mace, two wineglasses wine and a pound of sifted flour. Bake in a steady oven and be sure the cake is thoroughly done.

Butterscotch: Take one pound of C. sugar and three ounces of butter; place them in a preserving kettle, or a clean, bright pan will do, keep stirring it, and watch closely that it does not burn on the edges; a trial is necessary to know when it is done; drop a little of the mixture in cold water, and if it is brittle it is right; just at the conclusion of the cooking a teaspoonful of grated lemon-rind improves the flavor; a piece of marble well buttered is the best to pour it out on, or take a tin pan, reverse it, and pour the candy on the bottom, always buttering it; score with a knife; to pour it on greased paper saves much trouble.

Are Your Closets Ventilated?

There is nothing so handy in a house as an abundance of large, roomy closets; but because they are handy and extremely useful they are apt to be abused. There are many things, which, as a matter of course, are always put into a closet, of which the articles of outward wearing apparel make a large part. There are also things which ought not to go in a closet, i. e., a closet adjoining, or closely connected with, a living or sleeping room. Of such are all soiled undergarments, the wash clothes, which should be put into a large bag for the purpose, or a roomy basket, and then placed in the wash-room or some other well aired room at some distance from the family. Having thus excluded one of the fertile sources of bad odors in closets, the next point is to see that the closets are properly ventilated. It matters not how clean the clothing in the closets may be, if there is no ventilation that clothing will not be what it should be. Any garments after being worn for a while will absorb more or less of the exhalations which arise from the body, and thus contain an amount of foreign—i. e., miasmatic—matter which free circulation of pure air cannot remove; but if this is excluded, as in many close closets, the effluvia increases, and the clothes, closets, and adjoining rooms in time possess an odor that any acute sense of smell will readily detect. Every closet in daily use in which the night-clothes are hung by day and the day-clothing by night, should have an airing as well as the bed. If the closet can be large enough to admit of a window—and it is in some cases—an ample provision for sunlight and a circulation of pure air is provided in a short time each day. In the case of small closets a ventilator could be put over the door or even in it. In many cases such precautions for pure clothing are not practicable, and the next best thing is, to see that the door of the closet is left open for a half an hour or so each day, at that time when the windows are thrown up and the large room is purified with fresh air from out of doors. In this way, first, by keeping out clothes intended for the wash; and second, daily changing the air, the closets may be comparatively pure.—American Agriculturist.

How to Make Poor Butter.

Heat your cows by running, beating or exciting them. Keep your milk in temperature 70° or upwards, pour hot water in your churn, set your vessels

of milk around a fire, cook one side gently and then turn the other side and cook it also, wash your butter in warm water, or with your hands instead of a paddle, churn your butter back into the milk after it has risen to the top of the churn, until the grains are all broken and smashed into the particles of caseine—all of these ways produce a mass of cheesy grease and not butter, which should have its particles granulated. Keep all the milk vessels sour and dirty, and a few vegetables decomposing in the milk room, and the butter will be sure to have a bad flavor and be poor.—Ez.

The following interesting description of the process of making wood pulp is from an account of the opening of the Thorold Pulp Paper Company's establishment, published by the Thorold Post, Canada: The wood, four feet in length and of any thickness, is brought in at the basement, placed in the bark-jack (one stick at a time), where two men, with drawn knives, rapidly peel off the bark. It is then conveyed by the elevator to the first floor, sawed in two-foot lengths with cross-cut saws, passed on to the thrip saw, where it is slabs (that is, a small portion of wood on opposite sides taken off), to permit its resting firmly in the grinding engine. It is then passed to the boring machine (an upright and a one-half-inch auger, with foot attachment driven by power), where the knots are bored out. The wood is then placed in racks of the same size as the receptacle in grinding engine, and carried out to be ground. The grinding engines are upright, and receive at a filling one-twentieth of a cord of wood.

The wood is placed in a receptacle, and by a simple, variable automatic feed process is pressed flatwise between two outward revolving rolls, composed of solid emery, which are flooded with a spray of water, carrying off the fibrillized pulp in a stream through revolving screens to the tank or stuff-chest in the basement. It is then pumped up into a vat that forms part of the wet machine. In this vat is constantly revolving a large cylinder with fine brass wire cloth, which picks up the particles of pulp out of the water and places them on the felt (an endless piece of woolen goods which makes between rolls, for different purposes, a continual circuit of the wet machine). On the cylinder is turning a heavy roll, called the concha; between the two, where they meet, the cylinder leaves the pulp, with most of the water pressed from it.

The pulp now makes its appearance on the felt above the concha roll in a beautiful sheet, thirty-eight inches in width, and is carried along in a steady flow a distance of about eight feet, where it passes between but not beyond two heavy rollers, the upper iron, the lower wood; it adheres to the upper roll which is constantly turning, wrapping it up, and when a sufficient thickness is attained, is cut off by a knife being pressed to the roll, attached to the machine for that purpose. It now leaves the roll in a thick white sheet, which is received by the boy in attendance on a table conveniently attached to the machine, and folded into sheets 14x26 inches. It is then placed on scales until the weight is 100 pounds, when it is placed in the press and firmly tied into square, compact bundles. It is now ready for shipment to the paper mill to be made into printing and tea paper. The wood pulp paper has been placed in the market and found a ready sale.

The Irish Land Bill.

has introduced into Parliament, and which is greatly disturbing the conservative land owners, provides that fair rents shall be fixed upon the several holdings by the civil courts; that the

Legal Printing.—Persons having legal advertising to do, should remember that it is not necessary that it should be published in 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, Washington Co., Mich.

The Chelsea Herald.

CHELSEA, APR. 21, 1881.

THE TRICHINAE SCARE.

A Chicago firm recently received a copy of a manifesto that is being placarded in every locality throughout Great Britain warning the people against the use of pork and giving directions for cooking it when used. The correspondents of the above firm say that the effect of this manifesto, which is issued by the Local Government Board, will be to induce the people to change their diet, and greatly decrease the demand for pork. The largest retail dealers in England say that during the past three weeks they have not sold more than half the usual quantity, and American packers are advised not to ship any meat of a secondary character.

The Agricultural Gazette of March 21, contains an article on the horrors of trichinosis, followed by an editorial from which we make the following extract:

In view of the great prevalence of trichinosis in the pig herd of America, and the large importation of American pork into this country, the time, we think, has not arrived when some effectual means should be adopted in order to save the country from a painful and loathsome affliction. France and other continental nations have promptly and wisely forbidden further traffic in this article, and there is every reason to believe that the bacon factors of the United States will now seek to press it on our market at a price which must command a sale among a certain class of the trading community. Under these circumstances it is important to consider our present system of meat inspection, and to determine that amount of protection and security it affords to the people of this country against this pestilential viand.

The article advises entire exclusion of American pork from the country, as the only safeguard. We had given our cotemporary credit for more good sense than this article exhibits. The editor certainly reads his American exchanges and has seen, without doubt, these alarming statements set adrift by ignorance and designing cupid, emphatically contradicted, by authority that is not to be questioned. If he has not seen these contradictions, but made up his verdict from hearing only one side of the story, he has committed an error not to be overlooked in an editor of a largely-circulated industrial journal. But truth is mighty and will prevail. The pork trade with England can not be squelched by the fabrications of speculators, and other men preposterous in mind. It may be said that the Government are now learning the truth, and unless the trade is forbidden by the Government it will soon be as flourishing as ever. There is a strong feeling against American competition among the agricultural producers of Great Britain, but it would be infinitely better to take a manly stand against it, in stead of trying to secure relief by the propagation of falsehoods. The latter can only be temporarily successful at best. —Ohio Farmer.

HOW TO QUARREL WITH YOUR WIFE.—Wait until she is at her toilet, preparatory to going "out." She will be sure to ask you if her bonnet is straight. Remark that the lives of nine-tenths of the women are passed in thinking whether their bonnets are straight, seasoning the observation by a series of reflections on the whole sex as being a set of dressy inanities, and winding up with the remark that you never knew but one girl who had any common sense about her. Wife will ask you who that was. You, with a sigh, reply, "Ah! you never mind." Wife will ask you why you did not marry her, then. You say, abstractedly, "Ah! why, indeed?" The climax is reached by this time, and a regular row is sure to follow.

Origin of Sisters of Mercy.

In the year of 1617, when Vincent was one day going up the pulpit at Chatillon, a lady who had come to hear him preach detained him a moment with the request to make mention in his service of a poor family living about half a league from Chatillon, where there was much sickness and a great need of help. Vincent was asked to recommend this family to the charity of the congregation. This he did with such effect that several of the people set out, on leaving the church, to visit the poor family, and took with them bread, meat and other things for their relief. After vespers, Vincent went also to visit them, and was surprised to see so many people coming back. His practical eye at once perceived that the matter had been carried to excess. The poor people had received far more than they could use. Many of the provisions would be spoiled before they could be availed of, and the family for whose benefit these offerings were intended would be as badly off as before. Vincent began to think that system and organization was needed. He at once formed a parochial association, which he called the Confraternity of Charity, and out of this little streamlet of good works at Chatillon, grew a vast organization for the benefit of the poor.

POWER OF THE PLUG HAT.—The plug hat is virtually a sort of social guarantee for the preservation of peace and order. He who puts one on has given a hostage to the community for his good behavior. The wearer of a plug hat must move with a certain sedateness and propriety. He cannot run, or jump, or romp, or get into a fight, except at the peril of his head-gear. All the hidden influences of the beaver tend toward respectability. He who wears one is obliged to keep the rest of his body in decent trim, that there may be no incongruity between head and body. He is apt to become thoughtful through the necessity of watching the sky when-ever he goes out. The chances are that he will buy an umbrella, which is another guarantee for good behavior, and the care of hat and umbrella—perpetual and exacting as it must ever be—adds to the sweetness of his character. The man who wears a plug hat naturally takes to the society of women, and all its elevated tendencies. He cannot go hunting and fishing without abandoning his beloved hat, but in the modern enjoyment of croquet and lawn tennis he may sport his beaver with impunity. In other words, the constant use of a plug hat makes a man composed in manner, quiet and gentlemanly in conduct, and the companion of ladies. The inevitable result is prosperity, marriage and church membership.

ENGLISH IGNORANCE OF AMERICA.

—Richard Grant White, in the April Atlantic, writes as follows:

One striking trait of British Philistinism is ignorance of other countries, and chiefly ignorance of America. To the Philistine this ignorance is his most cherished intellectual treasure. He guards it carefully, and plumes himself upon it. To enlarge and confirm it, he reads the travels of other Philistines of America, and in some cases visits the States himself, to return with a confusion of mind and perversion of fact upon the subject which is the occasion of profoundest self-congratulation, and which makes him for the remainder of his life an oracle upon American affairs among his untraveled friends and neighbors. Let me frankly confess, however, that a like ignorance and a confusion in regard to England among natives of other countries is sometimes courteously assumed by the Philistine. Some years before my visit to England a pretty and sweet-mannered, although not very high-class, Englishwoman was telling me, with the eyes and voice of a dove, of something that had happened in Manchester; and then, with gentle condescension, she added inquiringly, "You have heard of Manchester?" I said that I had, and she was satisfied. There are little courts and alleys in London which are called "news," and it was kindly informed by one or two friends, as we passed some of them, that news were places for the keeping of hawks in olden time. It was impossible even to laugh at instruction so kindly given; nor did I tell my good teachers that any school-boy twelve years old in America knew that as well as they did. The elegant and very clever woman who recommended me to read Kenilworth before going to see the castle displayed this same sort of Philistinism. What need of telling her, either, that school-boys in America read Kenilworth!

BLUBBERED DREADFULLY.—Mildly, a colored servant, on being told to pack up and leave, blubbered dreadfully and refused to be comforted. The lady of the house tried to comfort her, telling her not to give way so, that that she might call in on Sunday and see the family. "Taint that ar. I jess can't help bellerin' I always bellers when I quits a place. I has worked for some of de lowest-down, meanest folks, but when I comes to leab I allers bellers, and de meaner dey is de louder I bellers. 'Bohool! bohool! O Lordy! O Lordy! O Lordy! My heart will burst shuah!"

Our Budget.

A backwoods preacher once elucidated as follows in connection with the parable of the virgins: "In ancient times, my beloved hearers, it was the custom, after a couple had been married, for ten virgins to go out with lighted lamps and meet 'em on the way home, five of these virgins being males, and five females."

Elder sister (tired): "Do let us turn back; we are so far from home. Thunder storms are so frequent, too, and you know how frightened I am of lightning." Younger sister (not tired): "wants to go further: 'Come on. It's fine enough now. You needn't be frightened of lightning. It won't touch you. You're not particularly attractive.'"

Frank Bardal, North Bennett Street, Buffalo, says: I have tried your Spring Blossom as a family medicine, and have never come across anything to do so much good in so short a time in cases of Indigestion, Dyspepsia and Derangement of the Stomach, I strongly recommend it. Prices, 50c, and \$1. For sale by W. R. Reed & Co.

A little boy in Belfast, Maine, attended church last Sunday for the first time. On returning home, he was asked what was done at the church, to which he replied: "First they sung, then a man prayed, and then one passed round a corn-popper."

GRATEFUL WOMEN.

None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hov Bitters as women. It is the only remedy peculiarly adapted to the many ills the sex is almost universally subject to. Chills and fever, indigestion or deranged liver, constant or periodical sick headaches, weakness in the back or kidneys, pain in the shoulders and different parts of the body, a feeling of lassitude and despondency, are all readily removed by these Bitters.

"Are sisters Sally and Nancy resources, pa?" "No, my boy; why do you ask that question?" "Because I heard Uncle Joe say that if you would only husband your resources, you would get along a great deal better than you do. That's all, pa."

Treason does never prosper, what's the reason why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason when aches and pains prevail Electric Oil says try Renowned throughout the States. For sale by all druggists.

The gravestone in a Woonsocket cemetery bears, besides the ordinary inscription, the words, "This stone is not paid for," cut by the irate maker.

"I'm afraid that bed's not long enough for you," said a landlord to a seven foot guest. "Never mind," he replied, "I'll add two more feet to it when I get in."

Wuy is a person getting Rheumatism like a man locking a door! Because he is turning a key (achy) the best cure for Rheumatism or Neuralgia is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. For sale by all druggists.

It would be quite easy to pay the national debt by imposing a tax on beauty. There is not a woman living in the country who would not demand to be assessed.

An old lady who has several unmarried daughters, feeds them on fish diet, because it is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is the essential thing in making matches.

Mr. Garfield, his wife, and the young lady who is to assist in doing the honors of the White House have all been school teachers. The reins of government will now be kept tight.

JOHN WOERNER, 1173 Michigan street, Buffalo, says he has been troubled for years with Rheumatism of the knee, and until he tried Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, he could not find anything to relieve him, he is now cured and enthusiastic in praise of it. For sale by all druggists.

The all-night sessions sometimes held by Congress may not result in any good for the country, but just think how well it trains members for midnight matinees with snuffling children.

"Lena"—The pimples on your lover's face can of course be removed. There are two ways. Let him stop drinking, and then, if they will continue to appear, pull them out with a cork-screw.

A JEST.

A witty man can make a jest, a wise man can take one. It does not take either to find out the virtues of Spring Blossom in curing disorders arising from impurities of the blood, Constipation, Indigestion, etc. Prices, 50c, and \$1. Sold by W. R. Reed & Co.

Mrs. Jenkins is a clever old lady, and means well, but sometimes gets the wrong word. She hit it pretty close though, yesterday, when she said the storm looked ominous for the horse railroad.

SYMPTOMS.

Abdomen swelled, which fluctuates when struck upon the side, Face pale and puffed, and worse than that, with thirst and cough beside; Skin dry and breathing difficult; and pains in the Epigastrium, And weakness or partial sleep, with dreams 't would make the bravest dumb, To cure and restore your balance and make you well and spry.

Take Spring Blossom and you'll find, it's the best thing you can buy. Prices, 50c and \$1. Sold by W. R. Reed & Co.

There are some very economical girls in New Jersey. For a social entertainment the other evening a young lady chose to be a shepherdess, because, she said, she could afterward use the crook for a cistern pole.

Providence in Oregon.

"I never advise a man to leave his own town," he said to the small crowd surrounding him at the Union Depot the other day; but if any of you are bound to change locations, Oregon is the country to go to. I am now on my way back there, and there's nothing you can ask about Oregon that I can't tell you."

"How's the climate?" "Superb. It's never too hot nor too cold. Providence watches the weather out there like a hawk."

"Lots of Injuns."

"Yes; but they can't do any damage. Providence always gives the settlers ample warning, or else leads the red men into a trap."

"Some hard cases out there, aren't there?"

"Not very hard. When a man gets too bad Providence kills him off."

"How did you lose your leg?" asked a hack-driver, as the conversation flagged.

"I'll tell you about it, I've mentioned Providence and Oregon in the same breath, and I want to prove that there is a special dispensation out there. I was going up the Delros road to a grist mill one day last September when I found a four ounce bottle of chloroform in the road. About a mile further on I met a grizzly bear as large as a steer. I had no weapon, and I knew that I was boxed up. To run was useless, and no living man ever looked a grizzly out of countenance. I always try to make the best of every situation, and when I find myself cornered I opened the bottle of chloroform and inhaled sufficient to make me unconscious. While in this state the bear made a breakfast of my left leg, and I never felt one single twinge of pain."

There was a sensation in the crowd, and all pressed nearer.

"When I came to the bear, had disappeared, and just at that time the Red Valley coach drove up. Providentially, two of the passengers had fallen over a precipice, so that there was room outside. When we got to Brown's Hill we found a surgeon there who had been chased in by the Indians that very morning, and he fixed me up in an hour. I saw the hand of Providence all through it as plain as I see that hotel over there."

"Did Providence get that cork leg for you?" inquired a mean man at the door. "Certainly it did. I lay in bed for two months, and when I took the stage for Portland, we came across the body of a stranger who had been murdered by highwaymen. He had a cork leg, and it was just my fit. This is the identical leg, and let me add in conclusion that I haven't begun to give Providence and Oregon their just dues."

Life's Brightest Hour.

Not long since I met a gentleman who is assessed for one million. Silver was in his hair, care, upon his brow, and he slightly stooped beneath his burden of wealth. We were speaking of the period of life he had realized the most perfect enjoyment, or rather, when he had found the happiness to be unalloyed. "I'll tell you," said the millionaire, "when was the happiest hour of my life. At the age of one and twenty I had saved up \$800. I was earning \$500 a year, and my father did not take it from me, only requiring that I should pay my board. At the age of 22 I had secured a pretty cottage outside of the city. I was able to pay two-thirds of the value down and also furnish it respectably. I was married on Sunday—a Sunday in June—at my father's house. My wife had come to me poor in purse, but rich in the wealth of her womanhood. The Sabbath and the Sabbath night we passed beneath my father's roof, and on Monday morning I went to my work, leaving mother and sister to help in preparing my home. On Monday evening, when the labors of the day were done, I went not to the paternal shelter, but to my own home—my own home. The holy atmosphere of that hour seems to surround me even now in the memory. I opened the door of my cottage and entered. I laid my hat on the little stand in the hall, and passed on to the kitchen—our kitchen and dining room were all one then. I pushed open the kitchen door, and was in heaven! The table was set against the wall—the evening meal was ready, prepared by the hands of her who had come to be my helpmeet in deed as well as in name—and by the table, with a throbbing and expectant look upon her lovely and loving face, stood my wife. I could only clasp the waiting angel to my bosom, thus showing to her the ecstatic burden of my heart. The years have passed—long, long years—and worldly wealth has flowed upon me, and I am honored and envied; but—as true as heaven—I would give all—every dollar, for the joy of that June evening, in the long, long ago."

Timber Resources.

The Forestry Division of the Department of Agriculture, National Government, has been engaged in attempting to ascertain the timber resources of the country, in connection with the tenth United States census. The work in the States of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota has been under the supervision of H. C. Putnam, of Eau Claire, Wis., whose researches have so far progressed that an approximate estimate of the amount of standing pine in the three States has been reached. From what we learn of the method pursued in obtaining the figures it is judged that the result will be a nearer approach to a knowledge of the actual timber resources of the country than has ever before been obtained. To be sure, there has been a reliance upon estimates, but they have been more closely scanned and compared and have gone more into particulars. The results secured in the three States named are these:

Minnesota is credited in the census reports with containing 6,150,000,000 feet of standing pine, distributed as follows: Rainy lake and tributaries, 350,000,000; Red river and tributaries, 600,000,000; St. Louis and Cloquet rivers, 1,500,000,000; Mississippi and tributaries, 2,900,000,000; north shore of Lake Superior, 800,000,000.

The State of Wisconsin is credited with 40,500,000,000 feet, distributed in districts as follows: St. Croix river and south shore of Lake Superior, 6,000,000,000; Chippewa and tributaries, 12,500,000,000; Wisconsin river and tributaries, 11,000,000,000; Lake Superior district, east of range 11, 2,000,000,000; east of the Wisconsin river, 9,000,000,000.

Michigan is credited with having 35,000,000,000 feet of standing pine—6,000,000,000 in the Upper Peninsula and 29,000,000,000 in the Lower Peninsula.

The aggregate in the three States is 81,650,000,000 feet.

This is much less than the amount of pine supposed to be standing in these States, but there is no means of ascertaining whether the figures given include only the bodies of pine which, in the present condition lumbering operations, are regarded as profitable to lumber, omitting lands which have been culled but which still contain a considerable amount of pine which will eventually be cut, when the decadence of timber shall sufficiently advance the price of lumber.

There is quite a probability that there will be a goodly quantity of pine cut in the three States after the reports show the 81,650,000,000 feet of the Census Bureau's finding have been manufactured, which will be about 11 years at the present rate of cutting.

At the present rate of cutting the pine in Michigan will last 10 years, if the figures above given are proper representatives of the amount now standing.

A western editor gives this sage advice to emigrants: "When you come west to grow up with the country, don't bring some other man's wife."

\$10 Outfit furnished free, with full instructions for conducting the most profitable business you can engage in. The business is so easy to learn, and our instructions are so simple and plain, that any one can make great profits from the very start. No one can fail who is willing to work. Women are as successful as men. Boys and girls can earn large sums. Many have made at the business over one hundred dollars in a single week. Nothing like ever known before. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. You can engage in this business during your spare time at great profit. You do not have to invest capital in it. We take all the risk. Those who need ready money, should write to us at once. All furnished free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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The mines of this Company, 4 in number, are situated near Crosson, on the line of the Denver & South Park Railroad, and but 40 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 of fine fissures, and as a guarantee that they are worthy of confidence, samples 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.

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For the SUMMER WEAR.

Our stock of LADIES' fine SHOES and SLIPPERS are complete, and Prices are Low.

Our Stock of GROCERIES are FRESH, and of the best quality.

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Thos. McKone.

Chelsea, Apr. 21, 1881. v-9-51

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Wood and all kinds of Produce,

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A No. 1 BUTTER at ALL TIMES

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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.

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SURE CURE

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

Put up in Quart-Size Bottles 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. MARINER, in Chicago, is on the label of every bottle. It is well known to the medical profession that TOLO ROCK and RYE will afford the greatest relief for Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Weak Lungs, also Consumption, in the most efficient and advanced stage. Used as a BRONCHIAL and APPETIZER, it makes a delicious tonic for family use. It is pleasant to take; if weak or debilitated, it gives tone, activity and strength to the whole human frame.

(CAUTION.) Don't be deceived. No one who tries to palm off upon you Rock and Rye in place of our TOLO ROCK AND RYE, which is the only medicated article made, the genuine having a GOVERNMENT STAMP on each bottle.

LAWRENCE & MARTIN, Proprietors, 111 Madison Street, Chicago.

Ask your Druggist for it! Ask your Wine Merchant for it! Children, ask your Mammas for it!

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

"CAUTION."

He who cares for his belly much more than his back.

To face friends in his rags, is uncommonly slack.

If Indigestion or Headache from indigestion arise.

Spring Blossom cures all who the Remedy tries.

Prices: \$1, 50 cts, and trial bottles 10 cts. W. R. Reed & Co.

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

'T 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 they'll do for you.

Please call on them and judge of their merits.

G. W. R. R. TIME TABLE.

LEAVE (Detroit time) (Detroit time)

Atlantic Ex. 4:00 a.m. 10:00 p.m.

Day Express 8:35 a.m. 6:30 p.m.

Detroit & Buf.

Auto Express 12:45 noon 7:15 a.m.

N. Y. Express 7:00 p.m. 10:45 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 connection 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 YOURSELVES 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, generally 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 STRASS & 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.

Town'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.

\$5 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. Many are making fortunes at the business. 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. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. [10-10-1y]

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.

Hears in attendance on short notice.

FRANK STAFFAN.

N. C. R. R. TIME TABLE.

GOING WEST.	
Local Passenger	9:22 A. M.
Way Freight	9:50 A. M.
Grand Rapids Express	12:55 P. M.
Jackson Express	5:30 P. M.
Evening Express	10:38 P. M.
GOING EAST.	
Night Express	5:50 A. M.
Way Freight	6:47 A. M.
Jackson Express	8:02 A. M.
Grand Rapids Express	10:07 A. M.
Mail Train	4:40 P. M.
H. B. LEVANDY, Gen'l Supt., Detroit.	
HENRY C. WENTWORTH, General Passenger and Ticket Ag't, Chicago.	
Time of Closing the Mail.	
Western Mail	11:15 A. M., and 5:30 P. M.
Eastern "	8:00 P. M., and 9:00 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, F. & A. M., will meet at Masonic Hall in regular communication on Tuesday Evenings, on or preceding each full moon.
Theo. E. Wood, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—THE REGULAR weekly meeting of Vernon Lodge No. 85, I. O. O. F., will take place every Wednesday evening at 6 1/2 o'clock, at their Lodge room, Middle St., East.
G. E. Wright, Sec'y.

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

R. M. SPEER, DENTIST.
(Formerly with D. C. Hawhurst, M. D.; D. S. O., 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. v9-28-1y

GEO. E. WRIGHT, D. D. S., OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL DENTIST,
OFFICE OVER THE CHELSEA BANK, CHELSEA, MICH. [7-13]

INSURANCE COMPANIES
REPRESENTED BY
WM. E. DEFEW.

Home, of New York, \$6,109,527
Hartford, 3,292,914
Underwriters, 4,000,000
American, Philadelphia, 1,296,661
Etna, of Hartford, 7,078,224
Fire Association, 4,165,716

OFFICE: Over Kempf's Bank, Middle street, west, Chelsea, Mich.
It is cheaper to insure in these stalwarts, than in one horse companies. v6-1

M. W. BUSH, DENTIST,
OFFICE OVER W. R. REED & CO'S STORE, CHELSEA, MICH. 31

CHLSEA FLOUR MILL.
L. E. SPARKS, Proprietor, of Chelsea Steam Flour Mill, keeps constantly on hand A No. 1 Wheat Flour, Graham Flour, Buckwheat Flour, &c. &c. Custom Work a Specialty. Farmers, please take notice and bring in your grain. Satisfaction guaranteed. v9-23

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 sherry robes, nice clean towels, & 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 east, Chelsea, Mich. v9-43-1y

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

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

M. E. CHURCH.

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

BAPTIST CHURCH.

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

CATHOLIC CHURCH.

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

LUTHERAN CHURCH.

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

OUR TELEPHONE.

The farmers are busy plowing.

It rained all day last Sunday. It done a heap of good.

Hon. James Gorman was in town Saturday.

L. TICHENOR is building an addition to his residence.

Our justice courts have been doing a big business in whisky cases the past week.

We noticed that Bert Congdon has returned from Texas.

Mr. G. J. CROWELL and family spent last Friday in Sharon.

We congratulate our new P. O. assistant Mr. Fred Turnbull.

Miss Anna Rowley, formerly of this place, is now in Dakota.

Mr. J. Taylor, Unadilla, in town Tuesday and Wednesday.

Miss Belle Tuttle, is now at Grand Lodge.

The busy buzz of Art Congdon's steam-sawing machine, was heard last week.

What has become of the High school Literary club?

Lord Beaconsfield is dead! Peace to his ashes.

Mrs. W. J. Knapp, is visiting her relatives at Ypsilanti.

Our ex Marshal Jay Woods, has returned from his country trip.

Rev. Holmes and Rev. Hudson, exchanged pulpits on Sunday morning last.

That April shower come—we expect soon to have beautiful flowers.

Horse—Mr. Noyes says, "the horse trade booms right along."

We call special attention to the new advertisement of T. McKone, on 2nd page.

Mrs. Isaac Taylor, is still sick and confined to her bed. She is somewhat better.

While here, Capt. Lindcott, was the guest of C. H. Kempf.

The Marshal was taken aback last Friday—"Dick" got his liberty and gone to parts unknown.

Is Ole Bull any kin to the Cough Syrup man? We think not, but they are about equally well known and advertised.

Our farmers report very little damage done to the wheat the past winter. They anticipate of having a large yield.

Hope—A Band of Hope for the little ones was organized at Baptist church, on Monday afternoon.

Miss Nellie Randall who has spent part of the winter with her cousin Flora, has returned to her home in Kansas.

Mr. JOHN GREGG and family have moved to Detroit, where they intend to make it their home for the present.

HELP is scarce, and we notice our boys do not have to look elsewhere than their native place to find employment.

DIED.—Little Willie, son of Walter Dancer, died at Lima, April 14, 1881, aged 2 years and 3 months.

THERE was 200 rats caught on the farm of James Allen, within the past month. Bring on your Chinamen.

And now doeth your wife put on her sweetest smiles, and best coffee, and best buttered toast, and—ask for a new spring hat!

HAS'NT Chelsea some rather young drunks? Temperance people! Where are you? Why don't you go out and get the boys?

Miss Dora Harrington, Miss Lila Winsans and Miss Flora Randall spent the last of last week, with Mrs. S. K. Edwards of Jackson.

On last Friday noon, the mail-bag for this place was thrown from the express, it bounded underneath the locomotive, receiving a gentle squeeze.

CAPT. S. ALLEN and Lindcott, visited our High school last Friday afternoon. They talked a little, and illustrated by oil paintings the effect of alcohol on mankind.

JOSH BILLINGS' Almanac says: "About this time look out for cold weather." And it should have added: Keep Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in readiness.

NOTICE.—Dr. Wright, will on and after the first day of May, 1881, be in his office, from 9 A. M., to 12 M., from 1 P. M., to 5 o'clock P. M. These hours will be strictly adhered to.

A FINE RESIDENCE.—The undersigned offer for sale his House and Lot, situated on Main street, north of the railroad. It is convenient to business and will be sold at a bargain. F. McMANAMA, Chelsea, April 7, 1881.

Golden Wedding.

One week ago last Saturday night, April 9th, 1881, a pleasant company were invited to the beautiful home of Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Sears, to celebrate with them the 50th anniversary of the marriage of her Father and Mother, Mr. & Mrs. Chas. Congdon. Soon after the company had gathered, and the introductions common to such occasions, they were seated, some in the dining room, and others in the parlors, and each fared sumptuously.

The supper being ended, the party assembled in the parlors. The honored couple were seated in the bay-window, underneath a marriage bell, wrought in evergreen and gold, on either side of which were the figures 1831 and 1881.

A little time was then given to exercises as follows:

The Rev. Mr. Hudson, read a review given below. Judge Cheever of Ann Arbor, in presenting some gold pieces from the children, made some very pertinent remarks. Rev. Dr. Holmes led in fervant and appropriate prayer. Mrs. Sears read letters containing expressions of affection and good wishes of an absent son and daughter. The aged couple who seemed in excellent spirits, were the recipients of many congratulations and good wishes from the company. The party then gave themselves up to jovial sociality. Surely our old friends Father & Mother Congdon are to be congratulated, not only on the long and happy life they have spent together, and the many blessings they have received from God—but also upon the filial affection of loving children, with which they are so richly favored in their declining years.

We fondly hope that they may be spared yet many years, and that increasing filial affection, may make their descent down the western slope of life's hill easy and gentle.

Ceaslessly the weaver, Time,
Sitteth at his mystic loom,
Keeps his arrowy shuttle flying—
Every thread aneers our dying—
And with melancholy chime,
Very low and sad and still,
Sings his solemn madrigal,
As he weaves our web of doom.
"Mortals!" thus he, weaving sings,
"Bright or dark" the web shall be,
As ye will it; all the tissues
Blending in harmonious issues,
O discordant coloring:
Time the shuttle drives, but you
Give to every thread its hue,
And elect your destiny. [Burleigh.]

So the years have been, and are talking to us, we are hurried over the track that spans the space between the cradle and the grave.

"Time in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decipit with his age;
Behold him when passed by; what then is seen,
But his broad pinions swifter than the wind."

To some of us there seems to be a long time, ere we shall reach the age of three-score years and ten—to others it seems but a little while since they were young.

From youth to old age seem a long, long journey—but from old age back to youth seems but a morning walk.

We ask you not to anticipate the future to-night, but with us take one hasty glance at the past.

We ask some of you to go back in memory, and others in imagination to sixty years ago. At that time there might have been found in Norwich, Conn., a boy eleven years of age, with black hair and hazel eyes, not overly tall, but erect and sprightly, the youngest son of a respectable Baptist family. His boy name was Charley, let him be the hero of our biography.

But what is a hero without a heroine. In the same town might also have been found a bright miss of eight summers, with golden hair, blue eyes and rosy cheeks, a perfect picture of health, and an ideal of a new England girl.

She was the daughter of a respectable Congregational family, her girl name was Hattie, she shall be our heroine.

These two born and reared in the same town, were school-mates and friends. In the course of time they became next door neighbors and still friends.

As the months and years passed pleasantly, their friendship intensified, until it became more than mere friendship, for affection was forming a golden link to bind two hearts together.

On one bright day in 1824, our hero 14 and our heroine 11, during one of their pleasant interviews, a ring was slipped upon her fore-finger.

We have no authority to define the meaning of that ring, but we doubt not that the deepening of the rose on Hattie's cheek, was testimony conclusive to our hero, that she whose finger-graced the ring, appreciated fully its significance.

As pleasant as it would be to trace

the events that followed, we must permit it to suffice when we say, that seven years of happy association passed, which brought them to the time and event fifty years ago, which we celebrate to-night. Doubtless our hero could have said of those seven years as was said of the seven years that Jacob wrought for Rachel. "They seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had for her."

So fifty years ago to-night in the quiet home of the widow Manning in Norwich, Conn., two hands were joined, two hearts were united, and two destinies were linked together forever.

The next issue of the Norwich Courier (a paper, by the way, which still makes its weekly visits to the home then formed) contained a notice something like the following:

"Married at the residence of the bride's mother, April 9th, 1831, by the Rev. Chas. Hyde, Mr. Charles Congdon and Miss Harriet M. Manning both of Norwich."

Thus began the wedded life of the beloved couple, who are the most honored guests to-night at this hospitable home of their son and daughter.

These fifty years of married life to them, as to all who are thus spared and preserved, have been checkered with sunshine and shade. Together they have clambered up the hills of pleasure, and together they have passed through the vales of sorrow.

Ten times the birth angel has visited them, lighting their home with the gleam of its silvery wings, and filling their hearts with parental pride and joy.

Four times has the death angel thrown the shadow of his sable wings over their hearth-stone and home, and they have heard the Master say, "I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod."

Two little forms were laid away near the home of their childhood, and two forms in their newer western home.

These fifty years of married life has been equally divided between their native State Conn., and this their adopted State.

In the beginning of their wedded life they gave their hearts and lives to God, and to-day their united testimony is that God has been wonderfully good to them all the way, and their abiding trust is, that he will not turn them off in their hoary age, but according to his promise will never leave nor forsake them.

Seven of their ten children lived to manhood and womanhood, six still live to call them blessed. So, surrounded by children and children's children, in the happy twilight of life's day, we greet to-night the new England boy and girl of sixty years ago. Their hair, then so bright and glossy, is white and scanty now, and the gleam of eternities sun glistens upon their brows. Their eyes, so sparkling then, have now grown dim and have a far off gaze like those of pilgrims going home.

Their steps, so elastic then and quick, are slower now and tremulous, yet happily in the beaten path by which travelers gone, have reached their rest.

In short "the outer man perisheth, but the inner man is renewed day by day."

I believe Sir Walter Raleigh expressed only a half truth when he wrote:

"Even such is Time, that takes our trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust—
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways
Shuts up the story of our days."

Rather the sentiments of another for me.

Struggle not my foolish Soul,
Let Time's garment round the roll,
Time, God's servant—think no scorn,
Gathers up the shavings of corn,
Brightly through the orient far,
Soon shall rise a glorious star—
Time shall fold his pinions hoar,
And be named the evermore.

The old reaper will have to get a new lease of life and change his name before he can write up the record of the best part of our existence.

"For they live twice who live the first life well."

O let us bless God to-night, that the gospel of his Son hath gilded the closing hours of a faithful life, with more than earthly luster. When the bright unclouded light of eternities dawn, blends harmoniously with the golden rays of life's setting sun, that's the beginning of glory.

Its grander still when the brave soul kneels before the King of kings (who is our elder brother) to receive his crown, while angels relieve him of his heavy helmet and battle-stained armor, and yet that is only the beginning of glory.

If a united pilgrimage of fifty years here, calls for a golden wedding—what shall be our celebrations there, where the years are not numbered—in the city whose streets are gold, whose walls are precious stones, and whose gates are solid pearl.

"O what will it be to be there."

Father & Mother Congdon, may

He whose you are, grant you an abundant entrance into that heavenly city, and may all of us who greet you here to-night, greet you there on the resurrection morning.

THREE cheers for our band! On Monday night, the music was perfectly delicious! It made us want to shake our light fantastic "number nine" in the dance.

Go to Reed & Co's. drug store, to get your perfumery and toilet articles. They keep the best and sell the cheapest. They have also received a fine line of fresh Groceries which they are selling at "Bottom Prices." A trial will convince you.

A large number of our citizens are remodeling their residences. Let not these, nor others, forget the houses of our dead. Now that the spring has come—receive from her beauties of nature to ornament those silent homes.

The temperance revivals closed at the Baptist church last Monday night, with Capt. Lincoln's popular lecture, "Life on the ocean wave," which was a very instructing and interesting discourse, giving a description of a four years whaling voyage, in which he took part when a young man.

IS THE LIQUOR LAW PLAYED OUT IN CHELSEA? A most disgraceful scene was witnessed on our Main street last Saturday night. Three young men (miners), who are of good families, and who last week signed the pledge, and donated the ribbon were seen reeling a long under the influence of rot-gut whisky, and making night hideous with their curses. Now the question is, where did they get their liquor? There ought to be some one to take this matter in hand, and give the parties who sold it the full extent of the law.

PROFIT, \$1,200.
To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness, costing \$200 per year, total \$1,200—all of this expense was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it, for their benefit.

NOTICE TO FARMERS!!

BRAN and SHIPSTUFF, per ton \$14.
Fine MIDDINGS, " 16.
At the PENINSULAR MILLS,
Dexter, April 21, 1881.

JAMES LUCAS.

NOTICE.

The Annual Assessment Roll for the year 1881, for the village of Chelsea, containing a description of all the property both real and personal liable to taxation in said village, with the names of the owners or occupants, thereof having been prepared by Orrin Thatcher the Assessor of said village.

Notice is therefore hereby given that the President and Assessor of said village, will hold a session on the 25th day of April, 1881, from 8 o'clock A. M. until 5 o'clock P. M. of said day, at the office G. W. Turnbull in said village, for the purpose of reviewing said Assessment roll, that any person or persons deeming themselves aggrieved may be heard, and the roll may then and there be altered, if it shall be made to appear that any person has been wrongfully assessed. All persons will therefore govern themselves accordingly by order of the Board of Trustees.

Dated April 11 1881.

J. L. GILBERT, President.
O. THATCHER, Assessor.
GILBERT GAY, Clerk.

Commissioner's Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY of WASHTENAW, ss. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, Commissioner 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, and that they will meet at the residence of Charles M. Glenn, in the town 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. BURET,
Commissioners.

Notice to Creditors.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, ss. COUNTY OF WASHTENAW. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, made on the eleventh day of April, A. D. 1881, six months from date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Elizabeth Bale, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, on or before the 11th day of October next, and that such claims will be heard before said Court, on Monday, the 11th day of July, and on Tuesday the 11th day of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days.

Dated, Ann Arbor, April 11th, A. D. 1881.

WILLIAM D. HARRMAN,
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 Elizabeth Cullenne, 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, and that they will meet at the office of M. J. Lehman in Chelsea, in said county, on Thursday the seventh day of July, and on Friday the seventh day of October next, at ten o'clock A. M. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated April 7th, 1881.

HIRAM PIERCE,
ELKANAH DOWNER,
Commissioners.

Chelsea Market.

CHELSEA, APR. 21, 1881.

WHEAT, White, # bu.	\$2 75
CORN, # bu.	20c
OATS, # bu.	15c
BEANS, # bu.	4 75
PEAS, # bu.	3 00
POTATOES, # bu.	50c
APPLES, green, # bu.	40c
do, dried, # bu.	3 1/2
HONEY, # lb.	18c
BUTTER, # lb.	20c
POULTRY—Chickens, # lb.	06
LARD, # lb.	07
TALLOW, # lb.	05
HAMS, # lb.	08
SHOULDERS, # lb.	06
Eggs, # doz.	3 00
BEER, live # cwt.	3 00
SHEEP, live # cwt.	3 00
do dressed # cwt.	5 00
HAY, tame # ton.	8 00
do marsh # ton.	5 00
SALT, # ton.	1 25
WOOL, # lb.	35c
CRANBERRIES, # bu.	1 00

ORDINANCE NO. 16.

An Ordinance defining the duties of the Marshal and Village Attorney.

It is hereby Ordained by the President and Trustees of the Village of Chelsea.

Sec. 1st. It shall be the duty of the Marshal to do and perform all the requirements of his office, imposed upon him in the Charter of said Village as contained in Act No. 36 of the Session Laws of the State of Michigan, for the year A. D. 1869, and in the Acts passed by the Legislature of said State, amendatory thereto, and also to enforce all the ordinances of said village.

Sec. 2d. It shall also be the duty of the said Marshal, without any compensation except his salary, which shall be fixed by the Board of Trustees, to collect all taxes and licenses, to serve all warrants and notices placed in his hands for service, attend the Justice Courts where cases are being tried wherein the village is a party, to make complaints for violations of Ordinances, and in all cases where the offenders are not arrested by him in the act, to consult the village attorney, and be directed by him in making complaints against such offenders, as shall not be arrested by him in the act of committing such offenses.

To attend all meetings of the village board, to take the possession and care of all the tools and implements belonging to the village. To keep and care for lock-up. To oil and care for wind-mill when necessary, shall be upon the streets evenings, performing the duties of a policeman until after the usual hour of closing all business places.

To work on the streets, sidewalks and other property of the village as directed by the President or Board of Trustees. To report monthly to the board all complaints made by him, with the names of persons complained against, and the result so far as he may

