

THE LONG AGO.

The long ago is a mythic tale,

THE FUN OF IT.

Yes, Jack and I have quarreled, vowed to part

Aunt Priscilla's Green Silk.

BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

And to my niece, Arabella Stewart,

What to Teach the Boys.

A philosopher has said that true ed-

What is it they ought to know, then?

1st. To be true--to be genuine.

2d. To be pure in thought, language

3d. To be unselfish. To care for the

4th. To be self-reliant and self-help-

When a boy has learned these four

The Polyphemus, as described by the

Some people tell about life, so

dress, maybe it will serve her as a wed-

And the late spinster dashed out of

Don't mind her, little one! he cried

cheerfully, and don't think your Aunt

Priscilla forgot you! She loved you

dearly, and I'm sure there is some ser-

ious mistake in this will, for I have

often heard her say that little Nell was

provided for. Do not be discouraged,

my dear, now that you have no home.

Come home with me, my wife will be

delighted, and as for Harry--

The old man paused, and shook his

gray head wisely. Nellie blushed "ce-

lestial rosy red."

"You are very kind indeed, Mr. Wil-

der," she answered, "and God will re-

ward you for your goodness to a home-

less girl. I will accept your offer for a

few days, and at the end of that time I

trust I shall find employment."

When Arabella discovered that the

despised Nellie had actually been in-

vested to make Lawyer Wilder's house her

home her rage knew no bounds.

"I always knew you were a designing

minx!" she cried, "and I know it now.

You have got me out of my home, Wil-

der. But let me tell you something--

he does not admire you and never did.

He told me only the night before Aunt

Priscilla died, that there was no other

woman in the world like me, in his es-

timation. What do you think of that,

miss?"

Nellie's face was very pale, but she

answered quietly, biting her lip to re-

press his quivering:

"Mr. Wilder has a right to his own

opinion, Cousin Arabella; and if he

likes you so much I suppose there will

be but one termination, and--and--I

congratulate you."

Arabella smiled and tossed her ring-

leted head.

"Bah! All that is trash of course.

Resigning with sweetness what you

couldn't get. Make a virtue of neces-

sity and all that sort of thing. Well,

when do you propose going to Mr. Wil-

der's?"

"This evening," replied Nellie, with

dignity. "Since this house must pass

into the hands of strangers, and the

home where we used to live is now

the property of others, I see no way

but to leave at once. Where are you

going, Arabella?"

"I suppose I can find a refuge with

my brother's family for a few days,"

sighed the maiden dolorously; "but I

trust it will not have to be for long."

And doubtless her brother's family

shared the same feeling.

In an hour Nellie appeared, arrayed

in a neat black suit, with her little

travelling-bag in her hand.

"Going, eh?" sneered Arabella. "Well,

it's the best thing you can do. I hope

you've got that precious dress with you."

"Yes, I have it in my valise," answered

Nellie, humbly. "Do you want it, Ara-

bella?"

"No! Haven't I told you no? I want

nothing belonging to that un-

grateful old woman. Keep it for your

own wedding-dress."

"Doso, Miss Nellie!"

Nellie glanced up.

Harry Wilder was standing beside

her--tall, manly, handsome. Nellie's

face grew fearfully red, and her eyes

drooped beneath his keen gaze.

"You are going to my father's house,

I believe? he went on rapidly. "Well,

father sent me here with the carriage

to convey you home. Will you accom-

pany me?"

And right before the incensed Ara-

bella Nellie accepted the proffered es-

cort, and soon, seated in the comfort-

able carriage, they were driving down

the wide country road, beyond to Law-

yer Wilder's handsome mansion.

"Nellie!"

Harry Wilder's hand was resting on

hers, and his face had somehow gotten

into close proximity to the pretty one

beside him.

"Nellie, will you be my wife?"

She started as with an electric

shock.

"Why," she faltered, "I understood

that--that you did not like me--that

you cared for Arabella."

He laughed merrily.

"I was in the library where father

had sent me for some papers," he ex-

claimed, "and overheard your entire

conversation. Nellie, you must know

that the idea of my caring for that

cross old maid is preposterous. Why,

I have loved you ever since I first met

you at your Aunt Priscilla's, and saw

you toiling away like a young slave

while your Cousin Arabella sat in the

parlor and played lady. But answer

me, darling--do you care for me, will

you be my wife?"

And Nellie did not say no. An hour

or so later the old lawyer and his rosy-

cheeked wife were giving the lovers

their blessing in the most orthodox

fashion.

"Couldn't have pleased me better,

Harry," shouted the old man, "not if

you had married the daughter of a mil-

lionaire!"

"But, Mr. Wilder, faltered Nellie, I

am very poor, you know, and, perhaps,

in many instances, no doubt, death was hasten-

ed by fatigue, deprivation and home-

sickness. And still the mournful pro-

cession to the woods goes on, and still

people are found, well-meaning or, other-

wise, who are willing to take the re-

sponsibility of stimulating a false hope."

"Is your wife a democrat or republi-

can," asked one Rockland citizen of

another, in a store, recently. "She's

neither," was the prompt response, and

then, glancing cautiously around, and

sinking his voice to a hoarse whisper,

he explained "She's a Home Ruler."

ly into the sewing-room, holding aloft

Aunt Priscilla's old green silk.

"My wedding-dress!" she cried.

Mr. Wilder glanced up in consterna-

tion.

"My dear," she began; but Nellie cut

the remonstrance short with a kiss.

"Dear Mrs. Wilder," she said gently,

"really, I prefer to be married in this

dress. It can be remade, and will look

lovely. See! it's real moire; and, as I

am to be married here, in the country,

can I not be allowed to dress according

to my own idea, and not follow fashion

so strictly? Remember I am a poor

girl--"

She paused in surprise. While she

was speaking she held the dress, and

her busy fingers had detected something

hidden away in the lining. Paper--a

piece of paper. A pair of scissors soon

laid the lining open, and Nellie drew

it forth. This was what she saw written

on the paper, properly signed and wit-

nessed:

"I, Priscilla Burnham, do give and

bequeath all the balance of my estate

--amounting to fifty thousand dollars

--to my nieces, Arabella Stewart and

Nellie Hunter, to be equally divided

between them.

And so it turned out like a story

book. Arabella--to do her justice--

was overwhelmed by her aunt's kind-

ness, and heartily ashamed of her own

gross errors. She became a wiser and

better woman.

And as for Nellie, there never was a

more deserving heiress, nor ever a

sweeter bride than the one who stood

at Henry Wilder's side one fair spring

morning, and was married in Aunt

Priscilla's old green silk.

Sad Plight of English Landowners.

Bracebridge Hall, of which Washing-

ton Irving wrote, with all its family

portraits and quaint furniture, is to be

sold at auction. This fact calls atten-

tion to the condition in which the land-

owners of England find themselves.

"A state of things," says The Saturday

Review, "has undoubtedly existed for

some time, and still exists, which

"justly awakens great anxiety for the

"future of the country, and profound

sympathy for the sufferers.

A recent return, compiled by a Mr.

Sturge, shows that in sixteen counties

agricultural affairs are practically un-

der water. In Lincolnshire land can

be had if the tenant will only keep

down the taxes. In Huntingdon on

marsh land, with no clay, the old occu-

pants remain in possession without

rent. In Shropshire some farms cannot

be let at any price. One parish in

South Warwickshire returns six

hundred acres let, out of three thou-

sand. Northampton, Hertfordshire

and Wiltshire, all echo the same story,

and even in Sussex one owner has five

thousand acres unlet. To realize what

this means we must understand the

position of the landed interest in Eng-

land: 95 per cent of the small estates

are mortgaged; often for a half or two-

thirds of their value. This leaves not

much more than a third of the income

available, out of which all taxes not

paid by the tenant have to be met.

Besides this the country squire must

submit to many local claims, which,

though not levied as rates, are just as

unavoidable.

Such a position has not been a bed

of roses for some time; but what is it

now? The fall in rents has wiped out

the ostensible owner entirely, and the

returns are insufficient to meet even the

interest on the mortgages. To whom

are the mortgages due? Chiefly to the

trustees of wills and settlements for

the benefit of the same class, the dower

of their widows and trusts for their

younger children. As a class they

have clung to the land, preferring it as

an investment even to consols. Many

a Bracebridge Hall in England has sad

and gloomy prospects. Families, such

as Washington Irving described, who

have fulfilled their local duties for gen-

erations, are in distress, and deserve

the deepest sympathy in their misfor-

unes.

Of the two the farmer is much bet-

ter off. He can sell what stock remains

and emigrate with his sturdy children

to the great West. But the landlord

with his family of highly educated sons

and delicately nurtured daughters has

a much more difficult problem to

face. All he has is sunk in the land.

The advertisements in the London

Times bear eloquent testimony to this

state of things. Columns are filled

with notices of old country residences,

broad demesnes, wooded parks and

snug country houses, to be sold.

A mournful illustration of the cruel

wrong which is done by spreading

broadcast the delusion that persons in

the last stages of consumption can be

cured by a change of climate is fur-

nished by this year's experience in the

Adriatic. The number of victims this

season to an exaggerated belief in

the curative properties of the Adriatic

dock region has been unprecedented.

Sixteen persons during the present

month have died in the woods or en

route, and their bodies have been car-

ried back through Plattsburg. All

those died in want of the comforts

and consolations which would have sur-

rounded them at home, and in many

instances, no doubt, death was hasten-

ed by fatigue, deprivation and home-

sickness. And still the mournful pro-

cession to the woods goes on, and still

people are found, well-meaning or, other-

wise, who are willing to take the re-

sponsibility of stimulating a false hope."

"Is your wife a democrat or republi-

can," asked one Rockland citizen of

another, in a store, recently. "She's

neither," was the prompt response, and

then, glancing cautiously around, and

sinking his voice to a hoarse whisper,

he explained "She's a Home Ruler."

runaway, she had her laugh also. And,

being a fair-minded woman, she told

Elbert, when he came home to dinner,

that it was very thoughtful in her to

have stayed so long at Mrs. Brown's.

And Elbert gave her a hug, and said

he was "glad he didn't leave the baby,

cause she might have burned up, you

know."--Harper's Young People.

Reading and Reflection.

Reading, to be useful, should be

combined with reflection. Books can

afford but little improvement to those

who do not think as well as read. Thus

we see the great necessity of reading

with deliberation, and, may I not add,

that in this respect laboring people

and those whose pursuits give to them

almost constant engagement have ad-

vantages which they are not apt to ap-

preciate. By reading at intervals some

portion of a good book, and then carry-

ing the matter with them to their place

of business as a subject for thought and

conversation, they will soon discover

that the subject grows upon them in

interest, that their views insensibly

become clearer and more enlarged, and

that useful reflections, not suggested

by the author, rise before their minds.

And thus it is that men of active pur-

suits are more apt, as all experience

testifies, to accumulate useful knowl-

edge than those whose lives are passed

in leisure and in the midst of books.

Let me advise, then, that books be read

deliberately. The old maxim that "if

a thing be worth doing at all it is worth

doing well," is peculiarly applicable to

reading. A book run over hastily is

rarely understood; if not understood it

is not remembered, and if not remem-

bered, the time spent in reading it is

lost. By deep and diligent meditation

we acquire something which may truly

be called our own; for as Milton says,

"Incessantly, and to his reading brings not

A spirit and judgment equal or superior;

Uncertain and unsettled still remains,

Deep versed in books, but shallow in a truth."

Concentration.

The weakest living creature, by con-

centrating his powers on a single ob-

ject, can accomplish something. The

strongest, by dispersing his over-many,

may fail to accomplish anything. The

drop by drop, continually falling, bores

its way through the hardest rock. The

hasty torrent rushes over it with hide-

ous uproar, and leaves no trace behind.

To urge that mental power is weak

is no excuse; it is an aggravation. The

feeble faculties the more necessary

to concentrate them. No matter how

insignificant the end to be achieved, or

how weak the instrument to achieve it,

the more undivided the attention be-

stowed upon it the more perfect will be

the result. As heat is the great fount

of force, so is concentration the great

fount of human achievement. And

there was no wiser word spoken by the

"weary king ecclesiast" than that in

which he said, "Whatsoever thy hand

findeth to do, do it with thy might."--

Cassell's Magazine.

Men Who Require Presence of Mind.

Many railroad accidents are prevent-

ed by a presence of mind on the part

of engineers. A passenger train on the

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road

was rounding a sharp curve just under

a piece of tall timber. The vateful

engineer saw a tree lying across the

track 60 feet ahead of the locomotive.

The train was running at a rate of

thirty-five miles an hour, and to check

its momentum before reaching the ob-

struction, was out of the question. The

engineer took in the situation at a

glance. He threw the throttle wide

open, and the engine shot ahead with

the velocity of an arrow, and with so

tremendous force that the tree was

picked up by the cow-catcher and flung

from the track as if it had been only a

willow with. A man with not so cool

a head would have made the best pos-

sible use of those sixty feet in the way

of checking the speed of the train.

That would have caused a disaster.

Bradford, an engineer, was bringing an

express train over the Kankakee line

from Indianapolis. As the engine shot

out from the deep cut and struck a short

piece of straight track leading to a

bridge, a herd of colts were discovered

running down the road. The distance

to the river was only one hundred feet.

Bradford knew he could not stop the

train, and also knew that if the colts

beat the locomotive to the bridge they

would fall between the timbers, and the

obstruction would throw the train off

and probably result in a frightful loss

of life. It took him only half a second

to think of all this. The other half

second was utilized in giving his en-

gine such a quantity of steam that it

covered that one hundred feet of track

in about the same time that a bolt of

lightning would travel from the tip of

a lightning rod to the ground. The

colts were struck and hurled down the

embankment just as they were enter-

ing the bridge.

Squire's daughter: "What is this we

hear about your father and mother

quarreling, Peggy?" Peggy: "They've

each had a little money left 'em, miss,

and I think they're both wanting the lot.

Anyways, they can't agree no how

whether her money is his'n, or his'n, or

his'n and hers'n."

Peddlers of the revised New Testa-

ment do tolerably well in cities and

large villages, but make hardly any

sales in the country, where any altera-

tions of the sacred book is generally re-

garded as a sacrilegious profanation.

When an American colt wins the

Derby, it's about time for England to

discover trichina in American horses.

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, JULY 7, 1881.

Flouring Mills.

The difference between the mill now used for the manufacture of flour and those of a half a century ago are as marked as those between the modern woolen mill and the old-fashioned loom in which homespun cloth was manufactured for the purpose of providing stout and serviceable garments to clothe the hard-working farmer and his sons. In ancient times wheat bread was the exception; the daily bread of the rural household was made of rye and Indian corn. Two or three bushels of wheat was regarded as a sufficient allowance for a moderate family, and that ground into flour was kept for such state occasions as quillings, weddings, Thanksgiving and other holidays, when the good wife was wont to exercise her culinary skill in compounding shortcake to grace the bountifully-spread table. It was also considered the proper thing to have a loaf or two of wheat bread on hand in the house should the clergyman or other respected visitor come to take tea. The grinding of the wheat was usually a matter of considerable solicitude on the part of the owner of the grist. A bushel or two was measured up in a bag and thrown across the back of a gentle and trusty farm-horse, and the owner would wend his way to the grist mill, where, while waiting for it to be ground, he would have an opportunity to indulge in a little social gossip with the dusty-coated miller, who was generally well posted in all the local news. The miller, having satisfied the farmer that the run of stone was perfectly clean and that there was no danger of an admixture of rye flour or corn meal, the wheat would be transferred to the hopper and ground; and, when finished, the farmer would joyfully wend his way homeward, knowing that the good wife would test the flour on his arrival and that his chances were favorable for an excellent supper of shortcake and golden butter. This was the grist mill of early days.

The modern flouring mill is a huge structure, employing many men, and the wheat is turned into flour by the freight train load daily. One of the monster mills in Minneapolis, Minn., covers an area of 380 by 80 feet and is several stories in height. Its capacity is 4,200 bushels of wheat, or fifty car-loads, to keep the mill in operation. It does not depend upon the old-fashioned burr mill-stones to convert wheat into flour, but the process of manufacture is to first run the wheat through a brushing machine, the old-fashioned smut machines having been discarded. After the wheat has been cleaned by being run through the brush machine, it is run through corrugated iron rollers, which split the crease of the berry open, thus liberating the dust which lies in the crease, so that it can be removed by bolting. A very small percentage of low-grade flour is made during this first reduction. The grain then passes through a process technically known as a scalping reel, to remove the dirt and flour, after which it passes through a second set of corrugated rollers, by which it is further broken. Then it is passed through a second reel, which removes the flour and middlings. This operation is repeated successively until the flour portion of the berry is entirely removed from the bran, the necessary operations being made after each reduction, sometimes requiring five or six. The middlings from the several operations are reduced to flour, after being run through the purifiers, by successive reductions, on smooth iron or porcelain rollers. One of the principal objects sought by this system of grinding is to avoid all bruising of the grain; another, to extract all the dirt from the crease of the berry; and a third, to thoroughly

free the bran from the flour, in order to obtain as large a yield as possible.

THE NOBILITY OF LIFE.—There is no action so slight nor so mean, but it may be done to a great purpose, and ennobled therefor; nor is any purpose so great but that slight actions may help it, and may be so done as to help it much, most especially that chief of all purposes—the pleasing of God. We treat God with irreverence by banishing him from our thoughts, not by referring to his will on slight occasions. His is not the finite authority or intelligence which cannot be troubled with small things. There is nothing so small but that we may honor God by asking his guidance of it, or insult him by taking it into our own hands; and what is true of the Deity is equally true of his revelation. We use it most reverently when most habitually; our insolence is in ever acting without reference to it; our true honoring of it is in its universal application. God appoints to every one of his creatures a separate mission; and if they discharge it honorably, if they quit themselves like men, and faithfully follow the light which is in them, withdrawing from it all cold and quenchless influence, there will assuredly come of it such burning as, according to its appointed mode and measure, shall shine before men, and be of service constant and holy. Degrees infinite of luster there must always be, but the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which, worthily used, will be a gift, also, to his race forever.

Married People Would be Happier.

If home trials were never told to the neighbors.
If they kissed and made up after every quarrel.
If household expenses were proportioned to receipts.
If they tried to be as agreeable as in courtship days.
If each would try to be a support and comfort to the other.
If each remembered the other was a humane being, not an angel.
If women were as kind to their husbands as they were to their lovers.
If fuel and provisions were laid in during the high tide of summer work.
If both parties remembered they married for worse as well as for better.
If men were as thoughtful for their wives as they were for their sweethearts.
If there were fewer silks and velvet costumes for the street and more plain, tidy house-dresses.
If there were fewer "please darlings," in public, and more common manners in private.
If wives and husbands would take some pleasures as they go along and not degenerate into mere toiling machines. Recreation is necessary to keep the heart in its place, and to get along without it is a big mistake.
If men would remember that women can't always be smiling who have to cook the dinner, answer the door-bell half a dozen times, and get rid of a neighbor who has dropped in to tend to a sick baby, tie up the out-finger of a two-year-old, gather up the playthings of a four-year-old, tie up the head of a six-year-old on skates, and get an eight-year-old ready for school, to say nothing of sweeping, cleaning, etc. A woman with all this to contend with may claim it is a privilege to look and feel a little tired sometimes, and a word of sympathy would not be too much to expect from the man, who, during the honeymoon, wouldn't let her carry as much as a sunshade.

Our Budget.

"Ma, what is revenge?" "It is when your father scolds me, and I hit him with a broomstick."
Time is money and money is time, for when you give 25 cents to a couple of tramps it is a quarter to two.
A great many pious people resemble the old cathedrals in one particular, viz., their dim religious light.
Young ladies and elephants attain their growth at 18. But here analogy ceases. One trunk is enough for an elephant.
This has been a very healthy spring. Quite a number of western rivers, that have been confined to their beds for years, are now leaving them.
When a man can talk stuff of which neither he nor anybody else can tell the meaning, he is called either a philosopher or a fool, just as luck happens to set folks.
A little four-year-old, being asked by his mother if he would like to have wings and be an angel, replied: "No, ma, I'd rather be a hawk and live on chicken."

In describing a new organ, a rural musical critic says: "The well died away in a delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bed-clothes."
"The strongest propensity in a woman's nature," says a careful student of the sex, "is to want to know what is going on, and the next thing is to boss the job."
"WOMAN'S WISDOM."—She insists that it is of more importance that her family should be kept in full health than that she should have all the fashionable dresses and styles of the times. She therefore sees to it that each member of her family is supplied with enough Hop Bitters, at the first appearance of any symptoms of ill health, to prevent a fit of sickness, with its attendant expense, care and anxiety. All women should exercise their wisdom in this way.—Ed.

A three-year-old discovered the neighbor's hens in the yard scurrying. In a most indignant tone she reported to her mother that Mr. Smith's hens were "wiping their feet on our grass."
"Sweets to the sweet," said the funny young man, as he handed the waiter-girl a faded bouquet. "Beets to the best," returned the girl, as she pushed him a plate of the vegetables.
How often persons have been annoyed by burrs clinging to their dress or clothing, and how seldom have they, when cleaning them, given it a thought that Burdock root is the most valuable blood purifier and purifier known, and is sold by every druggist under the name of *Burdock Bitter*. Price \$1.00. Sold by W. R. Reed & Co.

Some men have hard luck. A Boston, artist painted a picture of a bull-frog having a spasm in a pot of red paint, and the critics pronounced it a fine copy of Turner's great painting, "The Slave Ship."

The Chicago Inter-Ocean asks what have our babies done that they should not have a column in the census reports? And suggests that they should be enumerated in the schedule of "domestic products."

TRouble SAVED.—It is a remarkable fact that *Thomas Electric Oil* is as good for internal as external use. It cures rheumatism, neuralgia, crick in the back, wounds and sores, it is the best known remedy, and much trouble is saved by having it always on hand. Sold by W. R. Reed & Co.

When Miss B— started for Paris she said to her aunt, a practical lady. "I shall bring you back a shawl! Now, what color would you like?" The aunt after reflection: Black and white, my child—your poor uncle is so sick."

A judge and a joking lawyer were conversing about the doctrine of the transmigration of the souls of men into animals. "Now," said the judge, "suppose you and I were turned into a horse and an ass, which would you prefer to be?" "The ass, to be sure," replied the lawyer. "Why," rejoined the judge, "because," was the reply, "I have heard of an ass being a judge, but of a horse—never."

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.—To persons about to marry, Douglass Jerrold's advice was "don't!" we supplement by saying, without laying in a supply of *Spring Blossom*, which cures albuminaria, and other kidney and bladder complaints. Price 50 cents; trial bottles 10 cents. Sold by W. R. Reed & Co.

You may say what you please, but there is no luck in horseshoes. A woman nailed one up against the woodshed a month ago and last week her husband eloped with the hired girl. The man had not earned a cent for more than two years.

"No, Mr. Editor," said he, "I don't object to your politics and you haven't slandered me, but you are always publishing descriptions of new styles of bonnets, and I want to know if that's the sort of reading matter for a wife and six grown-up daughters?"

RUN IN.—John Lockman, 274 Clinton street, Buffalo, N. Y., says he has been using *Thomas Electric Oil* for rheumatism. He had such a lame back that he could do nothing, but one bottle entirely cured him. Sold by W. R. Reed & Co.

Nothing is more tantalizing to a gentleman paying his addresses to a young lady than to see her kissing a pet dog and hear her calling it darling. "You never treated me so," observed a youth to his beloved. "No," she replied, "you ain't that sort of a puppy."

Bergh is always getting up something new in the philanthropic line. It is understood that he offers a large cash prize for the best essay in answer to the question "How shall we make out-door life attractive to the mosquito?" We've got it! "Go out-doors yourself!"

VIRILE IMPROVEMENT.—Mr. N. Bates, Elmira, N. Y., writes: "About four years ago I had an attack of bilious fever, and never fully recovered. My digestive organs were weakened and I would be completely prostrated for days. After using two bottles of your *Burdock Bitter* the improvement was so visible that I was astonished. I can now, though 61 years of age, do a fair and reasonable day's work." Price \$1.00. Sold by W. R. Reed & Co.

Leasing, the German philosopher, being absent-minded, knocked at his own door one evening, when the servant, looking out of the window, and not recognising him, said: "The professor is not at home." "Oh, very well," said Leasing, composedly, walking away, "I'll call another time."

"Who," asked Lampy of the slave who attends to the sordid advertisements, "who is the most disagreeable tradesman to deal with?" "My shoemaker," for I have booted from his shop," "Nay," smilingly responded the jester, "it is my shirtmaker, for he collars and cuffs his customers."

THE BONES UNLOOSED.—Chas. Thompson, Franklin street, Buffalo, says: "I have suffered for a long time with constipation, and tried almost every purgative advertised, but only resulting in temporary relief, and after constipation still more aggravated. I was told about your *Spring Blossom* and tried it. I can now say I am cured, and though some months have elapsed, still remain in it. I feel, however, always keep some on hand in case of old complaints returning." Price 50 cents; trial bottles 10 cents. Sold by W. R. Reed & Co.

MARRIAGE.—How much or how little the institution of marriage may mean! Looked at simply in its visible form, it is only a ceremony uniting two persons in legal and moral bonds, who afterwards form one family, instead of parts of two. But what are its invisible truths, its higher realities, its poetry? Does it not suggest holy affection, pure delight, rich possibilities of mutual aid, improvement, and sympathy? Does it not hint at family life, with its responsibilities and duties, its self-sacrifice, its trials, its rewards, the inspiration it gives to energy, the sweets it confers on labor, the consolation it has in store for sickness or sorrow, the honor it bestows on old age? What though these may never be wholly realized? They are no less the great truths of marriage, to which some may be forever blind, and some may convert from beautiful conceptions to happy realities.

WORRY.—If you find yourself disposed to give way to that mind-weakening, happiness-destroying disease of worry, try to recuperate your nervous system. Go to bed and sleep your imaginary troubles away. If you cannot sleep, it is a sign that your blood is sluggish; your nervous system is used up; your muscular system has had little or no employment. Then do something to tire the muscles and start the blood. Do not fall into the delusive snare of "gentle exercise;" that is admissible only for invalids. Whatsoever you do, do it with all your might. Take a tramp on the hills; saw wood; ride horseback; give fifteen minutes to an Indian club or a pair of not too heavy dumb-bells; run; jump; anything to exert your body and stop the exertion of your mind, to set your nerves at rest. Get into a glow and a perspiration, and make yourself feel thoroughly, healthily tired. Then take a bath, get on clean clothes, eat a light meal with a good appetite, and go to bed; and, ten chances to one, you will go to sleep and wake on the morning cheerful and hopeful, prepared to laugh at your former melancholy.

RAISE THE GOOD HEIFERS.—Every heifer calf from good cows should be raised in order that the number of good cows may become larger. After the first three or four days the calf may be taken from the cow and learned to drink, and when a week old skim milk may be gradually substituted for new milk. Then a gruel made of well-boiled oat meal may be gradually substituted for the skim milk if it is desirable to have that for other use. Cotton-seed meal added to the gruel has sometimes been recommended and might be cautiously tried. Where the calves can soon be turned into a good pasture, they do nicely on skim milk and oat-meal gruel if well attended to.

DIARRHOE IN CALVES.—In some localities in some seasons diarrhoea in calves is very bad. The Live Stock Journal gives the following directions in regard to the ailment: "Give, according to size and age, from two to three ounces of castor oil, with a draehm of laudanum. After four hours, and as long as necessary, give twice or thrice daily, the following mixture in one dose: Two drachms of compound chalk powder, with opium, one dram of powdered gentian root, one ounce of peppermint water, and two ounces of starch emulsion. By way of prevention the animal should have milk in small quantities at a time, and it is best to give it mixed with an equal quantity of flax-seed tea, which greatly tends to prevent the milk from souring or curdling in the stomach, which, causing irritation, produces the diarrhoea."

A young gentleman the other day asked a young lady what she thought of the married state in general. "Not knowing, I can't tell," was the reply; "but if you and I were to put our heads together, I could give you a definite answer."

There is a boy in Galveston who will never be a musician. He is too independent. His teacher was trying to make him play the right notes, and said to him: "You must not reach away over there on the treble. That's not right." "I guess I'll reach where I please on this piano, I reckon. I'll put my foot upon it, if I see fit."

A Chicago man at Plainfield, Ind., desired to leave his traveling bag and overcoat while he walked to a place 20 miles distant. He put them in a field unprotected from thieves except by the sign "Small-pox—beware!" and when he returned, they were right there in the field. But they were 20 feet under ground, buried by health officers.



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.

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	ARRIVE
(Detroit time.) (Detroit time.)	
Atlantic Ex. 7:40 a. m.	10:00 p. m.
Day Express 8:35 a. m.	6:30 p. m.
Detroit & Buf.	
Indo Express 12:45 noon	7:00 a. m.
N. Y. Express 7:05 p. m.	12:45 a. m.
Except Monday. Sundays Excepted.	

J. F. McCURE,
Western Passenger Agent, Detroit.
Wm. Egan, Gen. Pass'r Ag't, Hamilton.

We have now in Stock a fine Line of
SHOES
—AND—
BOOTS,

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.

Please give us a call on the East Side of Main street.

Thos. McKone.

Chelsea, Apr. 21, 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.**

NOTICE TO FARMERS!!

BRAN and SHIPSTUFF, per ton \$14.

Fine MIDDINGS, \$15.

At the PENINSULAR MILLS,

Dexter, April 21, 1881.

JAMES LUCAS.

MISS NELLY M. WREDON,

—TEACHER OF—

Vocal and Instrumental Music,

AT L. BABCOCK'S RESIDENCE,

CHELSEA, Mich.

On Wednesday of each week.

Reference—New England Conservatory

of Music, Boston, Mass. (v-10-13m)

Subscribe for the Chelsea Herald.

GRAND SPECIAL

—AND—

UNPRECEDENTED

—S—A—L—E—

—OF—

BLACK, PLAIN COLORS and FANCY

SILKS

FOR THE NEXT

30 DAYS!!

Desirous of Reducing our Stock as much as possible previous to Inventory, we offer for NEXT 30 DAYS our entire Stock (some \$25,000) AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Black Silks, 45c to \$3.50 per yard; well worth 25 per cent. more. One Lot Plain Colored Silks, recently sold at \$7½, \$1.00 and \$1.25, all go in at 75 cents per yard.

Fancy Silks, Checks and Stripes, 100 Pieces to select from—45 cents to 85 cents per yard—cheap at 15 cents per yard more.

DON'T FAIL to examine. It will pay you to go miles to see them.

RESPECTFULLY,

M. W. Robinson.

Jackson, Mich.

MICHIGAN.

Oliver B. Farmer, a farmer in Ann Arbor township, was run over and killed near Ann Arbor by the Grand Rapids express. The coroner's jury exonerated the railway company from all blame.

Three gangs of men are at work upon the telephone line along the Detroit railroad, and it is going up at the rate of 10 miles per day.

A week-old young named Bird who attended the Pleasant Valley camp meeting with his parents last week wandered away and has not been found since.

T. D. Dewey of Owosso, carried a \$500 watch to the Grand Rapids races, and a thief carried it away from him.

Morris Topping has been postmaster at Plainfield, Livingston county, for 28 years.

On Sunday morning the M. C. R. engine house at South Haven was burned to the ground and engine No. 50 was ruined.

A few days ago, at Saranac, one Henry Harvey put his dog in the baggage car on the Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee train for Grand Rapids, paying for it, as he claims, 25 cents, but on his arrival there the dog was gone, and now Henry is in a suit against the railroad company, claiming for \$50.

L. B. Kendall, of Kalamazoo, administrator of the estate of the late Lieutenant General Robinson, of Colorado, has disposed of one of the mining interests of Mr. Robinson for \$100,000, three-fourths of which is cash. The heirs are his mother and sister who live near Kalamazoo.

The new post office building at Battle Creek is completed according to the government contract.

The examination in the case of Judge Crofoot as to his sanity is concluded. Over 50 witnesses have so far been examined and all concur unanimously in the opinion that he is perfectly sane.

Peter Houghaling, another of the Cheesing circus clowns, has been caught.

VanBuren county has had a severe storm. Miles of fence were blown flat, large numbers of fruit trees uprooted, barns unroofed and whole fields of wheat and oats were destroyed. One house near Antwerp was blown down. There was a tremendous rain and hail storm, accompanied by severe thunder and lightning. The wind seemed to have a circular movement, twisting and uprooting large and solid trees.

Michigan postal matters: A new office has been established at Groveland, Oakland county. Special service from Kelly's corners has been discontinued. The mail service will be discontinued from Brockway, St. Clair county, after June 30.

The Jackson miners have struck again. This time they want the men discharged who worked during the former strike.

It is reported that Dan B. Hibbard of Jackson, has recently made \$20,000 to \$25,000 by speculation.

The treasurer of the board of regents of the university reports \$15,457 in the treasury. 1,813 books and pamphlets have been added to the library during the year.

A tornado in Van Buren Co., blew down a house and did great damage to buildings, fences, fruit trees and crops.

Rusty wheat is reported in the vicinity of Kalamazoo.

By report of a special committee of Regents of the university, no change is to be made in the matriculation or graduation fees. The year tax in the several departments has been increased as follows, to take effect September, 1885: Law, residents \$30, non-residents \$50; Medical, residents \$25, non-residents \$35; Homoeopathy, residents \$25, non-residents \$35; Dental, residents \$25, non-residents \$35; Literature, science, and arts, residents \$25, non-residents \$35; Pharmacy, residents \$25, non-residents \$35. Plans for the new library building were adopted. It was decided to locate the library building in the center of the campus, and the regents proposed to do the best they know now to the \$100,000 the legislature voted them for this purpose.

Dr. Jones charges irregularities in the doings of the homeopaths at the university.

The soldiers and sailors' association of southwestern Michigan will hold their annual encampment this year at Placemont lake, near Cassopolis, August 24, 25 and 26.

Ransom E. Wood, a prominent citizen and property-holder of Grand Rapids, died at New York on his return trip from Europe.

Two young men by the name of Zacharias and Garrett met with an accident while working on the barn of Supervisor Moore in Richmond, Genesee Co. The scaffold broke and both fell to the ground, twenty-eight feet, and it is believed both are fatally injured.

One of the bills of the Detroit First National bank, stolen recently, was recovered. It was arrested. He is supposed to be implicated in the robbery.

At the recent university commencement 225 students received degrees. Among the honorary degrees conferred was that of master of arts, bestowed upon the famous sculptor, Daniel Rogers of Rome, formerly a resident of Ann Arbor.

Albert H. Benton, baggage man on the Flint & Pere Marquette railroad, was killed at the city of Pontiac. He fell from the car while attempting to throw a package to the platform of the station while the train was in motion, fracturing his skull and breaking both legs. He lived for half an hour after the accident.

Any person who pays \$10 per annum as an honorary member of any company of state troops is exempt from poll tax, jury duty and fire duty.

James Wood, a farmer residing six miles from Farwell, committed suicide by cutting his throat. It is supposed to be religious excitement is supposed to be the cause.

Fire.—A six thousand dollar saw mill was burned in the township of Pinora.—A planing mill, two houses and some other property were burned at Spring Lake.

The Board of Regents of the university have established a school of political science, with a course of three years' study and six professors.

A 12-year-old son of H. Fretsch, of Grand Haven was caught on a rapidly revolving shaft in Boyden & Akely's shingle mill and mangled to death.

The remains of Mrs. N. C. Hall Davisburg who died April 17, 1885, whose body was stolen from the cemetery in this place last fall were found in a field near an old straw stack about a half mile from the cemetery. The body was doubled up in a barrel. The authorities exhumed the body, and it was fully identified by the grave clothing and by the former post-mortem that had been made. The decomposition was sufficient to prevent recognition by the features. Dr. W. B. Hall, an ex-actor, of Pontiac, and Dr. B. Hall, an ex-actor, of Pontiac, removed portions of the body for subsequent chemical examination. Dr. Hall and his sister, who they desire to have the matter fully investigated. The doctor has offered a reward for the remains of his wife, and says he is ready to pay it when the remains of Mrs. Hall are recovered and satisfactorily identified. There is a good deal of excitement in the neighborhood, many believing Dr. Hall to be guilty in connection with his wife's death and the removal of the remains.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Prof. Henry Draper has successfully photographed the comet at his observatory on the Hudson river. The pictures will be distributed to some of the leading astronomers.

The attorney general has decided that the government forces must remove the lands of the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations from the hands of the Indians as teachers, mechanics, and skilled agriculturists. The right of holders of permits to remain is terminated by the expiration of their permits.

Combing has given up his rooms at Washington.

A frightful storm of thunder and lightning occurred in Washington Monday evening, doing great damage to houses. The medical museum for Henry Ford's theatre, where President Lincoln was killed, and the Masonic temple were both unroofed.

A crazy cook on the steamer Estancia from Manila for San Francisco, stabbed the captain and blew up the vessel; but the crew quickly got away in the boats before the explosion. They were picked up and brought to San Francisco.

Another rain and wind storm has been raging in Kansas.

Russian Destroying Angels.

Sophie Bardin, of Tamboff, a young lady of noble birth, was the first to familiarize the public with the spectacle of a Russian revolutionary heroine.

She had not finished her studies and passed her final examinations when she had decided to dedicate her life to the service of "her brothers."

At 18 years of age she went to Zurich to study the labor question in Switzerland and in Germany, and to sit at the feet of Bakunin, "the apostle of universal destruction," and the prophet of anarchy.

She soon returned to Russia, confirmed in the faith as to the necessity for remodeling society, and resolved to lose no time in setting to work. She assumed the name of a soldier's widow, and began to work at daily wages in a factory, the better to be able to carry on the work of proselytism among the disinherited of the world.

A year after her descent among the workers she was arrested. The authorities took two years to prepare her indictment, and she was not tried before the Spring of 1877. She conducted her own defense, and surprised every one by the courage and passion with which she pleaded her cause. Thousands of copies of her address were sold in St. Petersburg, and the fate of the eloquent speaker gave force and emphasis to her closing words: "The association will be terrible. Let your hangmen and judges massacre and destroy us now, during the short time that force is still on our side. We set against you our moral liberty, and that will triumph. Progress, liberty, and equality fight for us, and through these ideas no bayonet can triumph." Her eloquence availed not, and Sophie Bardin was sent to labor in the Siberian mines for nine years—a dreary expiation for one year's propaganda of revolutionary doctrine.

Sophie Bardin was the first, and Sophie Peroffski the third, of the popular heroines of the Russian revolution.

The second was occupied by Vera Sassulitch, whose name is perhaps even more familiar in the west than that of either of the others. Vera, who achieved notoriety by the shot she fired at Gen. Treppoff to avenge the chastisement inflicted on a prisoner, Bogolouboff, who was personally unknown to her, was four years older than Sophie Bardin at the time of her trial.

After only 17 years old she was flung into jail as the friend of the sister of Netchaieff, the well-known conspirator.

She lay there two years without trial, and after her release she spent three years in exile, being passed on by the police from town to town as a suspect.

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All other means of publicity being denied her, she resorted to the revolver. Her plea found favor in the eyes of a Russian jury, and her acquittal, which was applauded by almost every newspaper in St. Petersburg, started Europe. Immediately after her acquittal, amid a scene of riotous enthusiasm, she disappeared. It was said she had been arrested by "administrative order" and banished to Siberia.

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After a short time it was discovered that she had not been in safe hiding, and soon afterward she was feted as a heroine by the revolutionary refugees of Geneva and Paris, among whom she continues to live on a livelihood to this day. Sophie Bardin is in Siberia; Vera Sassulitch is in exile; Sophie Peroffski is dead. But although these three leading actors in the tragic drama are thus accounted for, there are many whose names appear and reappear in the blood-stained annals of Russian sedition. Of these we catch but passing glimpses, some of which, it must be admitted, are by no means calculated to attract. Olga Rassogolski, who sent a bullet through the head of a police sergeant; Anna Makharevna, who fled with a passport forged by two other revolutionaries from the punishment due for her share in the violation of the law of Goronovitch, and Achistoff, the 17-year-old priest's daughter, who made love to the detective Lavrovski in order to betray him into the hands of the nihilists, who cut off his ears and sliced off his nose, are among those who, ruthless as destroying angels, keep up the red terror in Russia.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Russian Destroying Angels.

Sophie Bardin, of Tamboff, a young lady of noble birth, was the first to familiarize the public with the spectacle of a Russian revolutionary heroine.

She had not finished her studies and passed her final examinations when she had decided to dedicate her life to the service of "her brothers."

At 18 years of age she went to Zurich to study the labor question in Switzerland and in Germany, and to sit at the feet of Bakunin, "the apostle of universal destruction," and the prophet of anarchy.

She soon returned to Russia, confirmed in the faith as to the necessity for remodeling society, and resolved to lose no time in setting to work. She assumed the name of a soldier's widow, and began to work at daily wages in a factory, the better to be able to carry on the work of proselytism among the disinherited of the world.

A year after her descent among the workers she was arrested. The authorities took two years to prepare her indictment, and she was not tried before the Spring of 1877. She conducted her own defense, and surprised every one by the courage and passion with which she pleaded her cause. Thousands of copies of her address were sold in St. Petersburg, and the fate of the eloquent speaker gave force and emphasis to her closing words: "The association will be terrible. Let your hangmen and judges massacre and destroy us now, during the short time that force is still on our side. We set against you our moral liberty, and that will triumph. Progress, liberty, and equality fight for us, and through these ideas no bayonet can triumph." Her eloquence availed not, and Sophie Bardin was sent to labor in the Siberian mines for nine years—a dreary expiation for one year's propaganda of revolutionary doctrine.

Sophie Bardin was the first, and Sophie Peroffski the third, of the popular heroines of the Russian revolution.

The second was occupied by Vera Sassulitch, whose name is perhaps even more familiar in the west than that of either of the others. Vera, who achieved notoriety by the shot she fired at Gen. Treppoff to avenge the chastisement inflicted on a prisoner, Bogolouboff, who was personally unknown to her, was four years older than Sophie Bardin at the time of her trial.

After only 17 years old she was flung into jail as the friend of the sister of Netchaieff, the well-known conspirator.

She lay there two years without trial, and after her release she spent three years in exile, being passed on by the police from town to town as a suspect.

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electors, of which Scotland, with a population nearly two fifths smaller than that of Ireland had in 1879 307,941 against Ireland's 231,289. This Parliament represents everything in the Empire but the people. Property, land, hereditary right, universities, beer, railways, the Bible, atheism, republicanism, the Peerage, the turf, the newspapers, the Land League, Scotch Presbyterianism, the Established Church, are all in Parliament. The people are not there, only a picked-out body of favored persons calling themselves "electors"—what Americans in political apoplexy would call "a ring"—who themselves elect the commons. The result is that the great interests of the Empire are overlooked. India is remanded to a bureau. Canada is a department of the Colonial Office. The only questions that really excite the attention of this curious, incongruous Parliament are the Game laws, the malt tax, and the possibility of having a fight with some other country. If Ireland wishes to be heard she must push her agitation to the verge of revolution. If India desires justice she must mutiny. Ireland claims she does not have her proper voice in the Imperial councils. Her people believe that what Parliament wishes is not to satisfy Ireland but to silence her. Parliament does not wish to be bothered with the Irish question, nor with any question that does not concern the prosperity of the country gentlemen of England.

Crops of a Decade.

The Census Office has just issued the report of J. R. Dodge, special agent for the collection of statistics of agriculture, giving the result of the first count of area and product of cereals of the several States and Territories. Mr. Dodge says:

It is a census taken in 1880 of the crops of 1879, and the acreage on which they were grown. It is given with the production of 1869, reported in the census of 1870. The most striking suggestion of these figures is the unprecedented advance in production during the last decade, amounting to nearly 100 per cent for all kinds taken together, while the increase of the ten years preceding was only 12 per cent.

This wide difference is largely real, from obvious causes, though in part only apparent, by reason of the partial failure of the corn crop of 1880, and the heavy yield of 1879.

Corn.—The apparent increase in corn is 133 per cent, the three great growing States, Illinois, Iowa and Missouri, producing more than the entire country in 1880. The cotton States show a gain of about 40 per cent since 1870. The Pacific coast, a region not specially well suited to this crop, exhibits creditable increase, in fair proportion to the advance of population.

Wheat.—A comparatively steady and rapid increase of wheat-growing is shown by comparison with former enumerations, the gain being 73 per cent. In the last decade, and 66 and 60 respectively in those immediately preceding. While all the States and Territories, except Florida and Wyoming, report an increased yield of wheat, several on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts show diminished production, and seven-tenths of the entire crop is produced in nine States, in the following order of precedence: Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, California, Missouri and Wisconsin. The low rate of yield in the Southern States is not altogether due to unsuitable soil or unfavorable climatic condition, but to the practice of using wheat fields for winter pasture, a consideration often deemed more important than the harvesting of the ripened grain.

Oats.—The production of oats has been extended mainly in the West and South. Four-tenths of the area of this crop, with nearly half of its product is found in four States—Illinois, Iowa, New York and Pennsylvania.

Barley.—California and New York still produce nearly half of this crop. Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota have made the heaviest increase, and now produce the largest part of the remaining half. It is making no appreciable advance