

THE CHELSEA HERALD.

A. ALLISON, Editor and Proprietor.

"OF THE PEOPLE AND FOR THE PEOPLE."

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XI.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1881.

NO. 2.

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. 71, I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings first and third Wednesday of each month.
J. A. Palmer, Scribe.

Dr. Robertson & Champlin,
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,
Office on Main Street (Over Holmes' Dry Goods Store).
CHELSEA, MICHIGAN.
v 6 45m

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DENTIST.
(Formerly with D. C. Hawklurst, M. D.; D. D. S., of Battle Creek).
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Selected Poetry.

THE BROOK-SIDE.

BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

I wandered by the brook-side,
I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow—
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no hum of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree;
I watched the long, long shade,
And, as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not—
The night came on alone—
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening wind passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder—
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer—nearer—
We did not speak one word.
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

ONLY A BOY.

Only a boy, with his noise and fun,
The veriest mystery under the sun;
As brimful of mischief, wit, and glee,
As ever a human frame can be,
And as hard to manage as what? ah me!
Than hard to tell,
Yet we love him well.

Only a boy, with his fearful tread,
Who cannot be driven, must be led;
Who troubles the neighbors' dogs and cats,
And tears more clothes, and spoils more hats,
Loses more kites, and tops and bats,
Than would stock a store
For a year or more.

Only a boy, with his wild, strange ways,
With his idle hours or his busy days;
With his queer remarks and his odd replies,
Sometimes foolish and sometimes wise,
Often brilliant for one of his size,
As a meteor hurled
From the planet world.

Only a boy, who will be a man,
If nature goes on with her first great plan,
If temperance, or some fatal snare,
Conspire not to rob us of this heir,
Our blessing, our trouble, our rest, our care,
Our torment, our joy!
"Only a boy."

RUPERT HALL

A LOVE STORY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

CHAPTER I.

The long dark train swept down the avenue, through the line of trees. There was no hush, no mourning-coach; it would have been superfluous to employ them, for the church stood within sight of the avenue gates. The clergymen, the doctors, the mourners and the followers, all were on foot, and the dreary Autumn wind, whistling through the trees, scattered the falling leaves over them in showers. That burden! I stood at one of the upper windows convulsed with grief, for it was all that remained of my revered and darling mother. I was young to be left in the world without her; my fifteenth birthday had but just come round.

They were soon back; so soon—as it seemed to me. The visitors remained down stairs, but my father came in search of me. He sat down on the sofa and drew me to him; his eyes were red and swollen, and his face was pale. "Jane," he whispered, drawing me to his breast, "henceforth we must be all in all to each other."

We were in my mother's dressing-room, where I had wandered to watch that departing train. As my head rested where he had placed it, my eyes fell on a pair of fur slippers which she had used to slip on when her feet were cold, and which must have been overlooked when Charlotte put away her things after all was over. These familiar objects of everyday life brought our loss more forcibly

home to me, and I cried out aloud in my desolation:
"Oh, papa! if I could but have died with her!"

"Hush, hush, my child. For you, time will arise with healing on its wings."
How long we sat there, and how hopelessly we wept I cannot tell. That day appears, even now, so full of misery, that I care not to recall it. Ay, and for many, many days after that, I know that we both shed bitter tears; apart, if not together.

"We must have some one to supply—in a measure, her place to you," my father said to me, when a few weeks had gone by. "I cannot part with you for school."

"School!" I interrupted. "Oh, papa! Why cannot the masters continue to come to me as usual?"
"I do not speak particularly of your studies, Jane, but you must have a companion here, one to train and guide you. If I could but find a judicious governess."

"Oh, papa," I again pleaded, in excitement, "not a governess! Anything but that!"
"Be calm, Jane, and reasonable. I tell you it would be more of a companion than a governess. It is not well for you to live on here alone. The neighbors, I hear, are already saying that I am careless of your interests. Your mother would counsel the step; let that reconcile you to it."

And I said no more.
Living at the other end of Teversham, more than a mile away—for our village was long and straggling—were some relatives of my dear mamma's. Old Mrs. Rupert and two daughters. I never liked them; even as a child I could see they were selfish and most insincere. They were of good family, always boasting of their connection with the Ruperts at the Hall. There was quite a colony of Ruperts in and about Teversham; all very proud and very poor—save the family at the Hall. They were rich enough. When Jane Wall, the daughter of old Colonel Wall, married my father, Robert Dixon, they said she had lowered herself, because she was slightly connected with the Ruperts at the Hall, while he and his father before him, had made their money in business as solicitors.

We went to call upon old Mrs. Rupert, and told her it was decided that I should have a governess. She spoke much against it, and her daughter, Betsy and Louisa, abused governesses to my heart's content. They assured my father there was not a governess in the three kingdoms but would snap him up and marry him, if she got the chance; and it was decided on the spur of that unlucky moment, that Louisa Rupert should take up her residence with us, and be to me in the light of a mother. I did not like the proposal in the abstract, but it was more palatable than a governess, and I urged it. Not that she needed urging.

She came to our house the next week, with all her luggage. Louisa Rupert must have been then about eight-and-thirty—a little younger than my dear mamma. She began by being indulgent and deferent to me, always talking of me, always praising me up to papa more than I liked—more than I thought was genuine. She deferred to my father's tastes, she humored his prejudices, she humored mine, and she was ever lively and pleasant, and made things comfortable. We had used to think Louisa Rupert ill-tempered, but she now appeared to be quite an example of sweetness.

They, these Miss Ruperts, had warned my father against governesses; they had more cause to warn him against themselves. I feel ashamed to write it, but I cannot record anything but the truth. Ere fifteen months had elapsed since our heavy day of mourning and sorrow, Louisa Rupert had become my father's wife—the second Mrs. Dixon.

Nothing was said to me of the projected match. The first person to whisper the rumor to me was Charlotte, one of our long-attached servants. I had thought it odd when, in January, Miss Rupert left our

house to pass a month, as she said, at a distant watering-place. She had a married sister living there, a Mrs. Arrowsmith; but still I wondered that she did not choose a more genial season. Three weeks afterwards papa also left, and then Charlotte told me what people said—that they were gone to get married.

How angry I was!—with Charlotte. Had she told me I was going to be married, I could not have been more indignantly disbelieving.

"Charlotte, how dare you assert so disgraceful a calumny?"

"Dear Miss Jane," she answered, "you are the only person who has not foreseen it for some months past. I fear you will find it true."

Alas! I did. In two or three days a letter came from my father, setting all doubt at rest. He had just married Louisa Rupert. He said he hoped the step would conduce to the happiness of us all, and that he had entered upon it as much for my sake as for his own.

Happiness! For my sake! I am not naturally passionate, but a storm of passion, of agony, shook me then. It was not because Louisa Rupert was exalted to authority over me; I thought not of that; but that he should so soon have forgotten my angel mother—should have lowered himself to take another wife in haste so unseemly. At least it seemed so to me. I think it must seem so to all daughters who have to experience the like. I cannot describe the wretched feeling that oppressed my heart, and it is not fit I should. It seemed as if the shame of the act was reflected upon me.

I had thrown myself on the sofa, sobbing with all my might and main, when someone, who must have come in unheard, touched me on the sleeve and spoke half laughingly "Jane how foolish you are!"

It was Lionel Rupert. A fine-grown, handsome youth of twenty, sunny-tempered as the day, and merry-hearted, a rare favorite in Teversham. He was first cousin to Betsy and Louisa, and since the latter's residence with us, had been frequently at our house. My father liked him.

I sat up and strove for calmness, rather annoyed that Lionel should have seen me giving way so, for he had a propensity for ridicule and joking. However, he did not ridicule me then.

"If I were you, Jane, I should show myself more of a man than to sob like that."

"You don't know the cause; you don't know the—the shameful!" I hesitated in my choice of a word, and then brought out a bad one—"news I have received this morning."

"I have heard it," he replied. "But all your sobbing and distress will not mend it."

"Where did you hear it, Lionel?"

"Oh, all Teversham has heard it. And Charlotte rushed to the door, full of it, when she saw me coming."

"Oh, Lionel!" I cried out in my grief, as I had once before cried out to my father, "if I had but died with mamma!"

"Of course you cannot enter into my feelings, or take my part," was my resentful answer. "As your cousin, you naturally regard this marriage with a favorable eye. She is your cousin, you know. Had she chosen to marry papa in mamma's lifetime, perhaps you would have seen no harm in it."

Lionel laughed, and bent on me his clear, bright eyes, in which I read a sympathy he would not suffer his lips to utter.

"Jane, I'll bring an action against you for calumniating me. You know my sweet cousin Louisa was always my bete noire. Betsy's an old dragon, but she is better than Louisa. For my part, I would have espoused the ancient apple-woman at the corner rather than Miss Louisa Rupert."

And so Lionel talked and soothed me into reason. Somehow he could always comfort me.

At the end of the week they came home. I had schooled myself into calmness. I could not receive my father as I used to; I could not; for

the feeling of reverence, the respect and veneration due to a parent from a child had left my heart forever. He must have noticed the difference, but he said nothing, and went out for a stroll in the village. I was cool to Mrs. Dixon, too cool, but I was not insolent—a true friend in Teversham had given me judicious Christian counsel, and I was really striving to profit by it. But when Mrs. Dixon went up-stairs to take possession for the first time, of the bedroom and dressing-room which had been my dearest mother's, I ran up to my own chamber and sobbed aloud in my great sorrow.

Papa brought Lionel Rupert back to dinner. I think now, though it did not strike me then, that he feared the family party, that first evening, might be awkward, and deemed it not amiss to ask a stranger to it. Lionel laughed and talked as usual, and began telling them what had transpired in the village during their absence.

In the midst of it, Phillis threw open the drawing-room door, and spoke. "Dinner is on the table—sir." She hesitated between the two last words, as I have marked it. In my mother's time, she used to make the announcement to her; since, she had always made it to me; and now she preferred to make it to her master, rather than to her new mistress. I thanked the girl in my heart; but I don't know what that new mistress thought.

Charlotte stood in the dining-room as we went in. I advanced to the place at the head of the table. After mamma's death, no one had occupied it till Miss Rupert came, and then my father had desired me to take it, which I did, and had taken it ever since. I had no intention to be rude to Mrs. Dixon in taking it now; I declare it had never once crossed my mind that that seat must be mine no longer. I was thinking, but of Charlotte—that she need not have troubled herself to come in for only Lionel Rupert; it not being customary for her to help to wait, except when there was company. Though perhaps the servants thought this a special day. I bent my head down towards the cloth, expecting my father to say grace; but there seemed a delay, and I looked up. Standing by my side, waiting for me to vacate the seat, was Mrs. Dixon, and in the same moment Charlotte came up and whispered:

"Miss Jane, Phillis has put your seat here to-day."

I darted from the place as if a hornet had stung me, and went to the side seat, where Louisa Rupert used to sit. Had I committed a crime, I could not have felt more wretchedly confused and guilty; my throat felt choking, my cheeks were burning, and I glanced across the table at Lionel, to gather what he could think of me. I gathered nothing, for his face was turned up towards the lights of the chandelier, and he began telling of a new-fashioned one just introduced at the hall, which had come sliding down on, to the floor, in the midst of an evening party, narrowly escaping the wig and head of old Sir Acteon.

Dinner passed off pretty well; thanks, I believe, to Lionel; and the maids quitted the room. Papa cracked some fiberts and handed them to me.

"Thank you," I said. "I will pass these to Mrs. Dixon."

"Keep them yourself, Jane; I will crack more for your mamma," was the reply, with an unmistakable emphasis.

"I prefer not to take any, papa," I answered. "Mrs. Dixon can have these." And my emphasis on Mrs. Dixon was quite as forcible as his own.

"No quarrelling about fiberts," interposed Lionel, in his straightforward, off-hand way; "they need not go begging. If Jane won't eat them there are plenty of us who will. Try this fine pear, Jane. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Dixon, I did not perceive that the salt stopped with me."

Ah, well! Lionel might rattle on and make peace if he liked, but my heart felt as if it were breaking.

There was no change at home for

several months, no perceptible one. Sir Acteon will have another fit."

"What will Sir Acteon care for me? I shall be far enough away. They may never hear of me, and I dare say will never ask after me. But I told you I had a word to say. It has struck me, Jane, that when my fortunes are built up, I shall want somebody to share them. I would rather have Jane Dixon than anybody else in the world."

I was so confused as scarcely to understand him. But my heart beat against my side with a sensation of rapture which had never yet had a place here.

"And as I may be building up this castle in the air while I build up my fortunes," went on Lionel, "I thought it well to assure myself, beforehand, that it was one not entirely without foundation. What say you, Jane?"

I said nothing. Lionel drew my face to his.

"God bless you, Jane!" he whispered. "Remember, it may be years."

STATE NEWS.

An electric light company has been organized at Alpena.

Bad Axe has vindicated its claim to be called a helve place.

The Grand Rapids Democrat has got a handsome new dress.

Alpena mill men threaten a strike unless the time is reduced to ten hours.

All the effects of the State hatchery at Pokagon have been removed to Paris, Mecosta county.

Lacey's shingle mill at Nirvana, Lake county, burned yesterday; loss \$2,500, will no insurance.

The Cedar Springs fair association have 25 acres of ground, and are fitting up a first-class half mile race course.

At the present rate the output of the the upper peninsular iron mines for the present year will be about 2,250,000 tons.

Augustus Carpenter, a prominent citizen and pioneer of Barry county died at Carlton, Wednesday night of cholera morbus.

David Depue, of Pittsfield, Wastown county, exhibits a handsome chair made of 20 varieties of wood, all of which were grown in Pittsfield, except one.

Lumber and shingles to the value of \$16,000 were burned at Sand Lake on Wednesday night. The property belonged to Winegan & Shaw, of Grand Rapids.

During the late gale off the Alpena coast the steamer Lehigh threw overboard part of her cargo, and now the beach at Middle Island is lined with revised testaments for miles.

The new high school building at Kalamazoo threatens to tumble down before it is built up. A large crack has appeared in the great arch and work is stopped till this can be repaired.

The Ypsilanti Light Guard feel badly over its failure to get on the Yorktown excursion. It claims to have made a better showing on examinations than any of the successful competitors.

During the gale of Tuesday night, a scow from Milwaukee, the Chris, loaded with coal and bound for Frankfort, tried to make the harbor of Manistee, but was blown on the beach and had a hole stove in her bottom. The crew was taken off by the life-saving crew.

While Jack Tomlin was working in a well 80 feet deep, near Nashville on Thursday morning, an iron pipe broke near the top of the well, and the point falling, struck Tomlin on the thigh, splitting the flesh from the bone nearly the whole length of his leg.

As stated some time ago, the Bay City Tribune has been in financial distress. It tried to compromise with its creditors by paying 25 cents on the dollar, but failed, and yesterday the sheriff took possession of the establishment to foreclose some \$6,000 worth of mortgages.

"Come, clear out of this," said a Marquette constable, sternly to a disorderly crowd on the sidewalk, "If you want to fight, get into the middle of the street."

Elijah Benn, a Sandstone farmer, has harvested a 40 acre field of wheat which yielded an average of 21 bushels to the acre, the best large crop of the season yet reported.

Fire destroyed Wood & Reynold's shingle mill at Carrollton, Thursday afternoon, together with valuable machinery and stock. Loss about \$20,000; insurance, \$15,000. The salt block, drill houses and docks adjacent to the mill were saved.

Whatever will they say, Lionel?

New National Dyes. For brightness and durability of color, are unequalled. Color from 2 to 5 pounds. Directions in English and German. Price, 15 cents.

A Plague-Spot in Danger.

The hope of sudden gain and of extorting fortune from chance is one of the most common of all delusions, and it is a chimera which seizes upon all classes of people, even good men and good business-men. There is a peculiar fascination in the offer of a chance to make large sums of money without laboring for it, or waiting the slow processes of routine and time to accumulate it, and no amount of experience suffices to warn the dupes of gambling in all its varied forms of the fallacy of their hopes. The gaming-tables on our principle thoroughfares continue to draw their victims, though those who enter these dens must leave all hope behind. Young men impatient of the slow and sure routes to wealth still rush into speculations, regardless of the fate of thousands before them. Wall Street devours its victims like Moloch, but there are plenty to take their places. The American temperament is nervous and impulsive, and peculiarly susceptible to the fascinations of acquiring sudden wealth by chance, and with such examples as Jay Gould, Vanderbilt, and others constantly before our young men, it is little wonder that they rush into the whirlpool and are swept away. Prone as our people are, however, to the allurements of card-gambling and business-gambling, pools, lotteries, betting, and all illegitimate ways of making money, it is questionable whether all our forms of gambling have not had a more terrible fascination and destructive influence on the Casino of Monte Carlo in Monaco, notorious the world over for the broken hearts, broken homes, broken fortunes and suicides it has occasioned. It is a community which preys upon the people of all nations. It is the only business which has no fluctuations or reverses. When everything else suffers, Monte Carlo drives a more flourishing business, for wretches and men and women rush there to retrieve their losses and get another start in the world. It invites all nations there by the gorgeousness of its attractions, and has but recently constructed the handsomest theater in the world, built out of the wrecked fortunes of its victims. Access to it is made easy and attractive. Everything that can appeal to the sense is made beautiful and alluring. The spot itself has always been the very acme of natural and artificial beauty, and yet fresh objects of luxury and all that taste can suggest and money provide are continually added to lure people there. Besides these outside attractions for tourists, the great gambling-houses themselves exhibit glowing descriptions of the games, publish fictitious accounts of wonderful fortunes made by players, and ingenious systems by which the banks may be broken, and yet no car of juggernaut was ever surer of its victims. Last year more than 300,000 railway tickets were delivered at the Monte Carlo station, and as nothing is done at Monte Carlo but gambling, it is sufficiently evident what attraction lured these thousands of people there. None in the clutches of this monster, the victim rarely escapes. Always hoping to recover his losses, he plays on and on, sinking deeper and deeper into every thing is gone—money, honor, and often life. The crack of the revolver is no uncommon accompaniment to the chinking of money on the gaming tables of Monte Carlo. Ruin is constant. Where the winners are no one knows. Where the losers are is evident enough by the pale and haggard faces that swarm about the tables and by the ghastly records of self-destruction.

More than one effort has been made to suppress this horrible institution. The authorities of Nice, Mentona, and all along the Riviera, have taken great pains to diffuse information as to the character of the place, and distribute circulars warning broadcast, so that no one shall approach it in ignorance of its real purposes and practices. The same authorities have more than once appealed to the French Government, as well as to the Italian, but though it is surrounded by French territory and cannot be entered except from French soil, France will take no steps because the Principality of Monaco is not hers, nor will Italy take any steps, because it is under French influences. At last an International Association has been formed which is appealing to the European Governments and to public opinion to assist it in the suppression of these tables. As no one seems to have any special control over this Principality, and as it is preying upon the whole world, there seems to be no good reason why the world should not treat it as a common enemy and suppress it as it would a roving gang of banditti, or as it would wipe out a plague-spot.—Chicago Tribune.

Our Best Young Men Talk It Over.

"Somebody's tellin' me," the best young man with the blood-stained ring said, "Conkling and Pratt resigned. Who's goin' to be Governor now?"

The best young man who writes in the Collector's office, and is consequently well posted in politics, said:

"Why, Conkling was at Govnah. He was only Senator; something like that. Him and Pratt, both Senators, like. B'lieved the Govnah held ovah 'nohah term. Something like that. Same Govnah."

The rest of the best young men were quiet a moment, wondering why the well-posted best young man wasn't Governor himself; but presently the best young man who sucks inspiration out of the head of a rattan cane, said:

"But say, you know, that ain't Pratt that lives down here just this side of Fort Madison, you know? Cause he ain't resigned. He's there yet, you know, for I was there one week ago."

The best young man who supports himself playing billiards, said: "Twan't that Pratt. Indiana man, lived in New Albany. Something to do with car shops."

But the well-posted best young man said: "Oh, no. Nothin' of the sort; Twan't New Albany. Just Albany, where he lived. New York man. Albany, New York."

The best young man with the sadiron neck tie said: "Nevah heard of such a 'own beway. Twan't in New York City, was it?"

No, the first best young man said, "It was New York State. He knowed where it was. Went through there once in the night. But say, who can they do to Conkling and Pratt for resignin'?"

The best young man who drew his intellectual sustenance from the ivory-headed cane, said he "didn't b'lieve they could make out case against them. He heard man say that Conkling an' Pratt was law proof."

The best young man whose mother buys his clothes would sentence "guessed Governor Gardner would sentence 'em pretty heavy; read in paper somewhere other day that Governor Gardner told Secretary Blaine he's goin' to put 'em through."

"Is Gardner the Govner now?"

asked the best young man who makes one shirt and a hat of roses scarlet last thirteen collars.

"Yea," the well-informed best young man said, "Gardner's Govnah, but guess he can't do anything with Conkling an' Pratt, 'cept just make 'em give bonds. Can make 'em give heavy bonds."

"What for?" asked the best young man with the ivory-topped cane.

The well-informed best young man looked at him in amazement.

"What for?" He said, "Why, because. Just give bonds of course. Give bonds, you just have to give 'em. He'll make 'em give bonds."

"Course," echoed the rest of the best young men. "You'll see Gardner 'll make 'em give big bonds. That's the kind of a Governor Gardner is."

And then the meeting adjourned, and the awe-stricken reporter, gathering up the meager tools of his trade, felt that the future of the country was indeed safe in the hands of our best young men.—Burlington Hawkeye.

About Kissing Babies.

Maternal pride is a beautiful thing at a distance, but close at hand it is narrow, aggressive and sometimes appalling. If it would exhaust itself in the eloquent patois of the nursery—that marvelous piquant dialect that obfuscates the infant mind for at least six months longer than the most serious and sensible conversation would do—nobody could complain. But the homage which young mothers pay their offspring does not in their minds constitute a complete discharge of necessary obligations. What they so passionately give themselves they think should be exacted from others, and that much they take for granted without asking any questions. As a consequence baby-kissing invitations have become much more customary than is agreeable to at least the average masculine mind. Unfortunately, a baby when put by its maternal relative under a man's nose to be kissed cannot be refused, like a proffered piece of roast pig or a section of tripe. The calm but highly wrought expectancy with which this assumed privilege is offered will intimidate the stoutest heart. The person of whom this service is demanded may not be a Chesterfield in his manners, and perhaps scorns the conventionalities of polite society. He may even affect a pride in brusqueness and a disregard of common courtesies, but he will not refuse to kiss a woman's baby, ordered up on the short notice usually given, unless he is made of different clay from that which enters into the composition of the great mass of humanity. His cowardice or powerlessness may make him angry with himself, but that fact will not affect the result when he is brought face to face again with the same disagreeable expression of moral compulsion.

If a protest will do any good, that protest should be uttered. Mothers put the public and their infants under too heavy tribute for their own pleasure in offering up to osculatory sacrifices to all their friends and acquaintances these piggish epitomes of men and women. There is a little satisfaction in kissing, unless there is mutual assent in the arrangement, either tacit or expressed. When men are called upon to kiss babies they do not comply willingly. They may preserve an exterior as placid as a summer lake, but within they are pent-up volcanoes of unutterable remonstrance, or perhaps profanity. No man, especially if he is a bachelor, and of that class there are a great many just now—knows what part of a baby is intended for kissing, and experience teaches him nothing. If he tries his lips, they are moist, irresponsible, and generally unsatisfactory; if its cheek, the clammy point of impact offers him no natural encouragement to repeat the operation. The infant is hardly more to be congratulated than the one who bows these compliments or tokens of affection. Even the kisses showered upon it by the warmth of maternal love it neither understands nor appreciates, and it may well protest with all the force of its unformed ideas and unregulated will against having its tender features invaded by a stiff, manly beard. "Nobody stands in awe of a baby to the extent of fearing to ask favors of it. Without any forced conditions in the matter, the baby will be kissed quite as much as their grown-up acquaintances desire, and doubtless more than is physically good for them."

We move for the abolition of the courtesies now customary in the nursery circles, or at least a transfer of the initiative, and will do our best to keep the terms of the treaty inviolate.—Chicago Tribune.

Treatment of Sprains or Strains of the Joints.

Sprains or strains of the joints are very painful, and more tedious of recovery than a broken bone. What we call flesh is muscle; every muscle tapers down to a kind of a string, which we call cord or sinew. The muscle is below it, or *vice versa*, and the action is much like that of a string over a pulley. When the ankle, for example, is "sprained," the cord, tendon or ligament (all mean the same thing) is torn in part or whole, either in its body or from its attachment to the bone, and inflammation—that is, a rush of blood to the spot—takes place as instantly as in case of a cut on the finger. Why? For two reasons. Some blood-vessels are ruptured, and very naturally pour out their contents; and second, by an infallible physiological law, an additional supply of blood is sent to the part to repair the damages, to glue, to make grow together, the torn parts. From this double supply of blood the parts are overgrown, as it were, and push out, causing what we call "swelling," an accumulation of dead blood, so to speak. But dead blood cannot repair an injury. Two things, then, are to be done, to get rid of it, and to allow the parts to grow together. But if the finger be cut, it will never heal as long as the wound is pressed apart every half-hour, nor will a torn tendon grow together, if it is stretched upon the ceaseless movement of a joint; therefore, the first and indispensable step in every case of sprain is perfect quietude of the part. A single bend of the joint will retard what Nature has been hours in mending. It is in this way that persons with sprained ankles are many months in getting well. In cases of sprain, then, children who cannot be kept still should be kept in bed, and so with many grown persons. The "swelling" can be got rid of in several ways: by a bagage, which in all cases of sprain should be applied by a skillful physician, otherwise mortification and loss of limb may result. A bandage thus applied keeps the joint still, keeps an excess of blood from coming to the part, and by its pressure causes an absorption of extra blood or other extraneous matter. Another mode of getting rid of the swelling is to let cold water run on the injured part for hours.—Balt. Journal of Health.

The Mysteries of Mining.

"I wish you would tell me all about the way men get gold and silver out of a mine, my dear," said a lady in East Laramie the other evening to her husband, as he peeled off his coat and sat down in three chairs for the evening.

"Well, what kind of mine do you wish to hear about; gold or silver, quartz or placer, deposit or defined lead?"

"Well, all of them briefly. I want to know whether they scrape off the gold from under the side of the ground, and wash the dirt off in the creek, or how is it?"

"Well, they don't scrape off the under side of the ground exactly. There you are in error. In placer mining they have to collect the dust and pan it out with a gold pan."

"Oh! they have to use a gold pan, do they? That must be what makes mining so expensive. Does the pan have to be solid gold?"

"No. It isn't made of gold. It is simply to pan gold, hence the name. In quartz mining the prospector finds, first, the float, and tracing it to the lead, he begins to dig for the purpose of ascertaining how extensive it is and what it will assay."

"Oh! that is it. I thought they first bored into the ground with a pay streak until they found the shaft, and then they drifted for the assessment and when they found that they just put a blast in the indications and sailed the dump. Now, it seems that you don't do that way. You follow up the mica-quartz slate till you strike the bias fold. Then you see if you can find a color that matches with the copper-stained trilobites that you prospect, and you—"

"No, I must stop you there, you are getting a little off the vein. You probably have the right idea, but you are using terms that are not correct. After they get the vein of rock on the dump and pinch out the night shift, they salt the contract and blast the verticle chiblain. Then they drift for the blossom rock, baled hay and poverty till they strike the varicose vein. After that it is a short job to put on the bias folds and sample the stockholders. Where the bituminous duplex bisects the broad-crooked porphyry and scollops the gouge with cross-eyed shirrings and bi-carbonate of bilious colic interlaced with more antique waste of gray copper and free milling erysipelas. This is not always the case, however, for indirectly or inversely, perhaps more, or sometimes less, as the case may be, and still we might or might not, and also besides, if not always, as already described, perhaps, yet I wouldn't be positive of anything which might be doubtful."

Then he laughed a cold, hard laugh, and went to bed. If husbands would always explain these things to their wives how much pleasanter our homes would be.—Balt. Nye's Boomerang.

The Wrong Man.

E. W. Harleman, of Cincinnati, for the past twenty-five years car inspector for the Erie Railroad, now of the Erie & Wabash line, was in the city yesterday in all his travels from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the lakes to the gulf he was never picked up for a sucker until yesterday morning. Being a stranger in the city, he was walking about, admiring the wide and dusty streets and fine business blocks, and when near the City Hall was accosted by a young man with the salutation, "Mr. Johnson, how do you do?" at the same time rushing up and extending a hand for a shake.

"You have made a mistake," said Mr. Harleman. "My name is not Johnson."

"What! ain't you James Johnson, of Chicago?"

"No, sir; my name is Harleman, and I am from Dayton, O.," responded the railroad.

The fellow apologized most profusely, adding that Mr. Harleman was the dead image of James Johnson, of Chicago, and walked off.

A few moments later," narrates Mr. Harleman, "another man came up and extended his hand, saying, 'Ah, Mr. Harleman, I am glad to have met you. I used to know you in Dayton, O., but I presume you have forgotten me. My father is Smith, the dry-goods merchant.'"

"Of course I tumbled to the racket, then, but I said, 'So you are young Smith, are you? What are you doing up here?'"

"Come on an excursion to see the town," responded Smith.

"By what road did you come?" queried Harleman.

"By the Grand Trunk,"

"Well, young man," said Harleman, "before you go any further with the confidence business you ought to post yourself on railroads. The Grand Trunk doesn't run to Dayton, as any ten-year-old boy could tell you. Then learn to distinguish between a real greenhorn and one who merely looks like one."

"And," added Harleman, "you ought to have seen that fellow's face as he scooted?"—Detroit Free Press.

No Use Chiseling.

The other day while old Skidmore was strolling through the Odd Fellows' Cemetery he came to what was evidently a new inclosure, the railing of which a bald-headed man was leaning and gazing, with what might be called lively resignation, at a simple marble slab in the center. This stone bore the somewhat curt inscription of: "Here lies Jane B. Diffey, aged forty-one."

"Relative of yours?" said old S., pausing sympathetically.

"Wife," explained widower, with a beaming smile. "Got her under yesterday week at 4:15 p. m."

Skidmore was disgusted at the man's cheerfulness, so he said: "Well, if it was my wife, seems to me I'd put more of an inscription over her than that. A trunk label would contain more information than that stone."

"Dare say—dare say," replied the surviving Diffey, "but you didn't happen to know Mrs. D., I reckon, eh?"

"Had not the pleasure."

"Pleasure—great Scott!—well, if you had known her you'd understand how I feel about the matter. My friend, the chisel wouldn't do her any good."

And with a smile like an electric light in his eye, the bereaved party unbent his ulcer and made a break for a passing car.—San Francisco Post.

The income of Jon Thorlakson, the poet and preacher of Iceland, was less than six pounds a year. He, in common with other pastors, had to eke out a support by all kinds of hard labor. He was a blacksmith; he made hay and tended cattle, and, no doubt, was willing to follow any honest calling, to keep himself and family from actual starvation. But, notwithstanding his miserable surroundings and his life of drudgery, Thorlakson, at the age of seventy years, finished a translation of Milton's "Paradise Lost," having previously translated Pope's "Essay on Man" into Icelandic.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Rheumatic gout has attacked the eyes of Mr. Wilkie Collins.

The widow of the German poet Uhland has just died in her eighty-second year. She wrote a biography of her husband, whom she survived nineteen years.

Jared Bassett, of North Haven, Conn., has and wears twelve silver buttons made in 1744. Had the money which they cost been invested at that time, the interest added to the principal would have made them worth \$4,764 at the present time.

Among recent valuable additions to the British Museum are some rare Mexican books, including a few of the earliest productions of the Spanish-American press, which belonged to the President of the Emperor Maximilian's first Ministry, Don Jose Fernando Ramirez.

Harper's Magazine prints a long and interesting letter from Hawthorne, written in 1831, in which he speaks hopefully of being able at no very distant day to buy a quiet and comfortable little home somewhere near the sea for \$1,500 or \$2,000. Literary men now-a-days are hardly so modest in their expectations.

A lady, Miss Mary Robinson, is said to be the coming English poet. She has trained herself in classic Greek until she knows the language better than a professor, and translates it into glowing English as correct as Robert Browning's and more intelligible. Her original work also shows signs of great promise, both lyric and dramatic.

Madame Carla Serena, a traveler well-known abroad, has been visiting the most remote countries of the East during the past few years and has written a narrative of her journey which is printed in twelve volumes. Madame Carla Serena is the only lady who has been made an honorary member of all the principal Geographical Societies of Europe.

The Paris *Gaulois* represents a passer-by as inquiring, at the funeral of Littré: "Who is this Littré?" and gives the various replies as follows: A woman—"He was the ugliest man in Paris." A young man—"He was a comical chap, who pretended that we are descended from the monkey." A business man—"He was the author of my dictionary." A priest—"He was a saint." An idler—"He was a worker." A friend—"He was a simple-hearted and good man, who lived between his wife and his daughter, both devoted to him."

HUMOROUS.

Condensed handbook for picnics this season—Carry ulsters, umbrellas, rubber overcoats; and, by the way, take a kerosene stove to warm the butter so 'twill spread.—New Haven Register.

How is this for a three-years-old? An old man was passing the house, Sunday, taking exceedingly short steps. The little one looked at him for several minutes and then cried out: "Mamma, don't he walk stings?"—Springfield Union.

A man who was fishing for trout in the Tionesta years ago, so the story runs, caught his hook on a bag of gold and brought it safely to shore. As he looked at the gold he sadly said, "Just my luck; never could catch any fish."—Oil City Derrick.

Young man, beware of stock and grain speculations! If you want an "option" that is safe, get the option of the hand of a good, sensible girl of marriageable age, and put up a lot and a neat little cottage, as a margin. It will be the grandest speculation you ever made, and will bring you big profits. You can stake your last dollar on that and be safe.—Burlington Hawkeye.

Small Harry had never seen a bass-viol, and when his eyes lighted on one at a public rehearsal one day, he naturally thought it the most enormous fiddle he ever beheld. He was full of questions and exclamations about it. Harry's excitement reached the highest pitch when the owner of the instrument seized and began to tune it. The little fellow rose from his seat in "his eagerness, his eyes stretched to their widest extent. The performer thrummed, and boomed and twanged awhile, got the viol tuned to his liking, leaned it against a chair and sat down once more. Small Harry sank into his seat with a deep sigh of disappointment and sympathy, exclaiming: "Ah, mamma, he can't do it!"—Boston Courier.

Beeswax as a Fee.

Many of the first settlers of Illinois were rude in speech and rough in manner. Money was scarce with them, and service was paid for in produce. Governor R— used to illustrate these incidents of frontier life by the following anecdote:

One day there came to his office a young man accompanied by a young woman.

"Be you the Squire?" asked the manly youth.

"Yes, sir."

"Can you tie the knot for us, right away?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much do you charge?"

"One dollar is the legal fee, sir."

"Will you take your pay in beeswax?"

"Yes, sir, if you can't pay cash?"

"Wall, go ahead and tie the knot, and I'll fetch in the wax."

"No," said the Squire, thinking there was a good chance for a little fun; "bring in the beeswax first, and then I'll marry you."

Reluctantly the youth went out to where was hitched the horse, upon which Darby and Joan fashion, they had ridden, and brought the wax in a sack. On being weighed, its value was found to be only sixty cents.

"Wall," said the anxious groom, "tie the knot, and I'll fetch more wax next week."

"No, sir, I don't trust; that is against the rules of the office."

Slowly the disappointed youth turned to go out, saying: "Come, Sall, let's go."

"I say, mister," answered Sall, with a woman's wit. "Can't you marry us as far as the wax will go?"

"Yes, I can and will," replied the Squire, laughing, and he did.—Youth's Companion.

In England a first-class telegraph clerk under the present system may, with good luck and good conduct combined, after eighteen years service, raise himself to a pecuniary pinnacle whereby he would be entitled to a salary of £120 per annum. The wages of a third-class clerk commence at sixteen shillings per week, and rise by gradual increments to the sum of twenty-seven shillings; and yet they are not happy, and, like Oliver Twist, "are asking for more."

All signs fail in dry weather. Even a sign of the pledge is sometimes overlooked.

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