

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, OCTOBER 20, 1881.

NO. 7.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

OLIVE LODGE, NO. 156, F. & A. M., will meet at Masonic Hall in regular communication on Tuesday evenings, on or preceding each full moon.
Theo. E. Wood, Sec'y.

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

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

Dr. Robertson & Champlin,
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,
Office on Main Street (Over Holmes' Dry Goods Store).
CHELSEA, MICHIGAN.
v-10 45 6m

R. M. SPEER,
DENTIST.
(Formerly with D. C. Hawhurst, M. D.; D. D. S., of Battle Creek.)
Nitrous oxide gas for the painless extraction of teeth administered.
ROOMS OVER HOLMES' DRY GOODS STORE, CHELSEA, MICH. v-10 23

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

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

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

Monies Loaned on First-Class Security, at Reasonable Rates.
Insurance on Farm and City Property Effectual.
Chelsea, March 25, 1880. v-28 1y

G. E. WRIGHT D.D.S. F.R.S.S.S.
WRIGHT & STILES,
DENTISTS.
Office with Dr. Palmer, over Glazier & Armstrong's Drug Store.
CHELSEA, MICH. v-17 13

INSURANCE COMPANIES
REPRESENTED BY
Turnbull & Depew.

Home, of New York, \$6,109,522
Hartford, 3,292,914
Underwriters, 4,600,000
American, Philadelphia, 1,296,666
Etna, of Hartford, 7,078,224
Fire Association, 4,165,710
OFFICE: Over Post-office, Main street, Chelsea, Mich.
It is cheaper to insure in these stalwarts, than in one horse companies. v-6 1

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

New Restaurant

S. D. HARRINGTON would respectfully announce to the inhabitants of Chelsea and vicinity, that he has opened a first-class Restaurant, one door north of the Chelsea House, and is prepared to accommodate all with warm and cold meals, at all hours. A share of public patronage is solicited.
Chelsea, Mich. v-11

GO TO
FRANK DIAMOND'S
FOR YOUR
Shaving, Hair-Dressing,
Etc., Etc.

I am prepared to do all kinds of first class work in the Barber's line. Give me a call, at my place of business, (over French's Shoe Store,) Middle street, Chelsea, Mich.

RESTAURANT.

HESELSCHWERTD wishes to thank the people of Chelsea and vicinity for the liberal patronage they have bestowed upon him during the past year, and hope for a continuation of the same. He is prepared at all times to furnish hot and cold meals for the "inner man." He also keeps on hand Cigars, Candles, Nuts, etc. Remember a good square meal for 25 cents. South Main street, Chelsea, Mich. v-11

TONSorial EMPORIUM.

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

Selected Poetry.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

BY G. W. RAMSEY.

Gazing down with glances tender
Into orbs of deepest blue,
Clasping waist so slim and tender,
Whispering words of love so true.

These two young hearts slowly wandered
By a quiet rippling stream,
Thinking not of the hours squandered,
As they revel'd in love's dream.

Through the trees the sun came gleaming
With sweet rays of golden light,
And it tinged with lustrous beaming
A girlish figure fair and bright.

It flashed upon her silken tresses,
Turn'd to gold each shifting hair,
Shone on cheeks he so caresses,
With a beauty rich and rare.

As he told a heart's sweet story,
His low'd voice her senses thrilled,
And her face beamed with the glory
That her pure soul had filled.

And as she so shyly listened,
Nestling fondly by his side,
With what joy her blue eyes glistened
When he said, "Wilt be my bride?"

Then as face lit up with gladness,
Came her answer soft and low,
And her words they banished sadness,
For her answer—"twas not no."

As the answer, lowly given,
Fell upon his eager ear,
Like soft music sent from heaven,
It allayed his every fear.

Then he kissed the face so glowing,
Resting on his strong young breast,
And by that stream so gently flowing,
Two young hearts found love's sweet rest.

THE LAND OF SLEEP.

Where lies the land of which thy soul
Would know?
Beyond the weared world, the songless
dell,

The purple grape, and golden asphodel,
Beyond the zone where streams baptismal
flow.

Where lies the land to which thy soul
would go?
There where the unweared senses darkly
dwell,

Where never haunting, hurrying footfall
fell,
Where toil is not, nor builded hope laid
low.

Rest! rest! to thy hushed realm, one by
one,
Old Earth's tired ages steal away and
weep,
Forgotten or unknown, long duty done,
Ah, God! when Death in seeming peace
shall sleep,
Life's loud turmoil, and Time his race hath
run,
Shall heart of man at length find rest
and sleep.

Self-Convicted.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD.

CHAPTER IV.

"What has happened?" faltered Jane.

"We have taken a man, miss, on strong suspicions that he is the one who killed Mr. Darnley. We have been upon the scent this week past. You must be in readiness, ladies, for you'll be wanted on the trial, and it will come on next Tuesday or Wednesday. You'll get your summons on Monday morning."

"Good heart alive, constable!" cried the startled Mrs. Armstrong. "You don't mean to say that Ronald Payne was innocent!"

"Why, ma'am, that have got to be proved. For my part, I think matters would be best left as they are, and not rake 'em up again. He have been treated so very shameful if it should turn out that he wasn't guilty!"

It was even as the constable said. A man had been apprehended and thrown into the county gaol at Worcester, charged with the wilful murder of James Darnley.

Late on Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, with their daughter, drove into Worcester, to be in readiness for the next day's trial. It was a dull, rainy evening, and Jane leaned back in the carriage, almost careless as to what the following day

would bring forth, since Ronald Payne had gone away forever.

At five minutes past nine in the morning the presiding judge took his seat on the bench. The crowded, noisy court was hushed to silence, the prisoner was brought in, and the trial began.

The chief fact against the accused was, that the pocket-book, with its contents—known to have been in Darnley's possession on the ill-fated morning, had been traced to the prisoner. The bank-notes he had changed away, and a silver pencil-case, that was in it, he had pledged. All this he did not deny; but he asserted that he had found the pocket-book hid in the hedge close to the spot, when he had been prowling about there a few hours subsequent to the murder. It might be as he said, and the counsel chattered wisely to each other, saying there was no evidence to convict him.

The last witness called was Jane Armstrong, and her sensible, modest and ladylike appearance prepossessed every one in her favor. She gave her testimony clearly and distinctly. The deadly struggle she had heard, the groans of the victim and his shrieks of murder, the words uttered by the assailant, the blows which had been dealt, and the fall of the ill-fated man—all this she separately deposed to. Still, the crime was not brought home to the prisoner. Jane thought her testimony was over, and was waiting for her dismissal from the witness-box, when the counsel for the prosecution, addressed her.

"Look around you, young lady. Can you point out any one present as the murderer?"

Jane looked attentively round the court; but as she had not seen the murderer on the dark morning, the effort was vain. But, though she felt it was fruitless, she once more gazed minutely and carefully at the sea of faces around her—at the prisoner among the rest; and turning again to the judge, she shook her head.

At this moment a voice was heard, rising harshly above all the murmur of the court. Jane's back was toward the speaker, and she did not know from whom it came, but the tones thrilled upon her ear with horror, for she recognized them instantaneously. They were addressed to the judge.

"My lord, she's going to swear my life away."

"THAT'S THE MAN!" uttered Jane, with the startling earnestness of truth. "I know him by his voice."

The prisoner—for he had been the speaker—quailed as he heard her, and an ashy paleness overspread his face. The judge gazed sternly, but somewhat mournfully at him, and spoke words that are remembered in Worcester unto this day.

"Prisoner, you have hanged yourself."

The trial proceeded to its close. A verdict of GUILTY was returned against the prisoner, and the judge, placing on his head the dread black cap, pronounced upon him the extreme sentence of the law.

Before he suffered, he confessed his guilt, with the full particulars attending it. It may be remembered that on the stormy evening when the chief actors in this history were introduced to the reader, the unfortunate James Darnley spoke of having just returned from a neighboring fair. At this fair, it seemed, he had entered a public house, and finding there some farmers of his acquaintance, he sat down with them to drink a glass of ale. In the course of conversation he spoke of the stock, cattle, etc., he had just sold, and the sum he had received for it, the money being then—he himself gratuitously added—in his breeches pocket. He mentioned also his intended journey to Worcester market the following day, and that there his business would be to buy.

The wretched man, afterwards his murderer, was present, among various other strangers, which a fair is apt to collect together; and he formed the diabolical project of robbing him that night; but by some

means or other the intention was frustrated. How, was never clearly ascertained; but it was supposed through Darnley's leaving for home at an unusually early hour, that he might be in time to pay a visit to the house of Miss Armstrong. The villain, however, was not to be so balked. Rightly judging that Darnley would not remove his money from his breeches pocket, as he would require it at Worcester market the following day, he made his way to his victim's house in the early dawn of the ensuing morning, and called him up. A strange proceeding, the reader will say, for one with the intentions he held. Yes. There stood James Darnley, shivering at his chamber window, suddenly roused from a sound sleep by the knocking; and there, underneath, stood one in the dark, whose form he was unable to distinguish; but it seemed a friendly voice that spoke to him, and it told a plausible story. That Darnley's cows had broken from their enclosure, and were strolling away, trespassing, and that he would do well to rise and hasten to them.

With a few cordial thanks to the unknown warner, with a pithy anathema on his cows, Darnley thrust on his knee-breeches—the breeches, as his destroyer had foreseen—and his farm jacket. As ill chance had it, no man-servant slept in doors. He went down stairs, and departed hastily on his errand. The reader need be told no more.

This was the substance of the man's confession; and on the appointed day he was placed in the cart to be drawn to execution. At that period the gallows consecrated to Worcester criminals was erected on Red-hill; a part of the London road, situated about midway between Worcester and Whittington; and here he was executed. An exhibition of the sort generally attracts its spectators, but such an immense assemblage has rarely been collected in Worcester, whether before or since, as was gathered together to witness the show on the day of his execution.

In proportion as the tide had turned against Ronald Payne, so did it now set in for him. The neighborhood, one and all, took shame to themselves for their conduct to an innocent man, and it was astonishing to observe how quick they were in declaring that they must have been fools to suspect a kind-hearted honorable man could be guilty of murder. Mrs. Armstrong's self-reproaches were keen; she was a just woman, and she knew that she had treated him with bitter harshness. Sir John Seabury, however, did not waste words in condolence and reproaches, as did the others; he despatched a trusty messenger to Liverpool, in the hope of catching Payne before he embarked for a foreign land; and, as vessels in those times did not start every day, as steamers do now, he was successful.

CHAPTER V.

It was a beautiful afternoon in the middle of March. The villagers were decked out as for a holiday; garlands and festoons denoted that there was some unusual cause for rejoicing; and the higher class of farmers and their wives were grouped together, conversing cheerfully. Jane Armstrong stood by her mother, a happy flush upon her pleasing countenance. It was the hour of the expected return of Ronald Payne, and a rustic band of music had gone forth to meet the stage-coach.

Everybody was talking, nobody listening; the buzz of expectation rose louder and louder. Soon the band was heard returning, half of it blowing away in "See the Conqueror Hero Comes," the other half (not having been able to agree among themselves) drumming and whistling "God Save the King." Before the audience had time to comment on the novel effect of this new music, horses' heads were seen in the distance; and, not the heavy coach, as had been expected, but the open barouche of Sir John Seabury came in sight, containing himself and Ronald Payne.

Ronald was nearly hugged to death. Words of apology and congratulation, of excuse and good will, of repentance and joy, were poured into his ear by all, save Jane; and she stood away, the uncontrollable tears coursing down her face. It was plain, in a moment, that he bore no malice to any of them; his brow was as frank as ever, his eyes as merry, his hands as open to clasp theirs. He was the same old Ronald Payne of months ago.

"Ronald Payne!" exclaimed Mrs. Armstrong, standing a little before the rest, "I was the first to accuse you; I was the foremost to rail at and shun you; let me be the most eager to express my very painful regret; and so far—which is all I can do—make reparation. For the future, you shall not have a more sincere friend than myself."

"And allow me, Mr. Payne, to be the second to speak," added Sir John. "Although I have no apology to make, for I never believed you guilty, as you know; but all these good people did, and it is useless, you are aware, to run against a stream. As some recompense for what you have suffered, thereby offer you a lease of the farm and lands rented by the unfortunate James Darnley. It is the best vacant farm on my estate. And—a word yet; should you not have sufficient ready money to stock it, I will be your banker."

Ronald Payne grasped in silence the offered hand of his landlord. His heart was too full to speak; but a hum of gratification from those around told that the generosity was appreciated.

"But Mrs. Armstrong," continued Sir John, a merry smile upon his countenance; "is there no other recompense you can offer him?"

Jane was now standing amongst them, by Ronald's side, though not a word had passed yet between them. His eyes fondly sought hers at the last words; but her glowing countenance was alike turned from him and from Sir John Seabury.

"Ay, by all that's right and just, there is, Sir John!" burst forth good Farmer Armstrong. "He deserves her, and he shall have her; and if my wife still says no, why I don't think she is any wife of mine."

Sir John glanced at Mrs. Armstrong, waiting no doubt, for her lips to form themselves into the negative; but they formed themselves into nothing save an approving smile cast toward Ronald Payne.

"And with many thanks, grateful thanks—which I am sure he feels—for your generous offer of being his banker, Sir John," continued Mr. Armstrong, "you must give me leave to say that it will not now be needed. My daughter does not go to her husband portionless."

"You must let me have notice of the time, Miss Armstrong," whispered Sir John, as he leaned forward and took her hand; "for I have made up my mind to dance at your wedding."

But the secret was not confined to Sir John Seabury. The crowd had comprehended it now; and suddenly, as with one universal voice, the air was rent with shouts,—"Long live Ronald Payne and his fair wife when he shall win her! Long life and happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Payne!"

THE END.

PIN MANUFACTURE IN THE U. S.
—The pins used in this country are made by fourteen factories, chiefly located in New England. Their annual production for several years past has been about 7,000,000 pins. This number has not varied much for some years, the demand remaining about the same. Two years ago the competition among the nine principal companies then existing for the manufacturing of toilet pins led to such a cutting of prices that the business became unprofitable, and the market was flooded with goods. A year ago a combination was formed of three wire companies, and now all of the pins made by them are shipped to New York, and handled by the head agency of that city. From their common warehouse they are sent to every part of

the country. The importations of English pins are small, and the exportations of pins from the United States is confined to Cuba, South America and parts of Canada. England supplies almost the whole world outside of the United States, although the American pins are not inferior in quality. The raw material—the brass and iron wire from which all American pins are made—is from the wire mills of this country, and much of the machinery is of American invention and patent.

Mistakes.

The good and bad in life lie side by side; although we distinguish a very great difference between a good and an evil act, at the same time we recognize the fact that a gulf, narrow yet deep, divides them. Indeed, at times, nothing but the purpose shows that there is any distinction between them. A man with motives sinister may be performing deeds of charity, but when he is found out his acts cease to be looked upon as praiseworthy. The world is influenced more by the evil in it than by the good. Some love the former, and others shun it, but the latter influences only its followers, for none shun the good.

In this way men are made better by bad examples; they are taught to be on their guard lest they fall. Mistakes do not always result to the disadvantage of the one making them. "Adversity is the mother of fortune." Many a man can trace his prosperity from the time when he arose strengthened after being well nigh overwhelmed by some disaster. It is said that there is but one mercantile firm in the city of Buffalo that has failed once in business. Yet there are others who have learned a great lesson from their errors—have been purified by the fire, and stand as beacon-lights in the mercantile sea.

Then why give up life's active battle because, perchance some great mistake has altered the tenor of your way? You have better chances before you. You ought to be made a better man by your reverses. You cannot expect to make life's voyage without running upon some hidden shoal or rock, or making many false reckonings; but in steering by life's chart you may mark those dangerous rocks and hidden shoals for future reference, both for yourself and others, and with past experience as a guide your future cannot but be a success, and you shall surely attain the object for which you are laboring.

KISSING IN ALL AGES.—When William, the stout Duke of Burgundy, saw his fair and haughty cousin, the Princess Matilda, riding by, he was instantly smitten with the pangs of love. But Matilda, like a true woman, refused to accept the homage of the eye. When the bold wooer rushed forward and kissed her before the whole train—she was won. History is full of instances of the conquering prowess of the kiss. When Walter Raleigh received back his soiled jacket from the capricious Queen, the kiss implanted on the spot where her foot rested gained him the favor that years of sighing and devotion had not won—the handsome and proud Leicester. When the poor student in Nuremberg fell on his knees and avowed to the royal Princess that he had wagered with his companions that she would kiss him in the public place, the guerdon of his temerity was the presentation of this royal Gretchen's rosy lips, and the smack resounded in the ears of the whole corps of stupefied young reprobates. It is depriving womanhood of half its joy and all its mastery to remit the kiss. It should be taught to boys with their first pistol. It should be made the subject of prizes at schools. Mothers should encourage it; daughters should practice it—on their brothers—and no man should be considered eligible who cannot kiss in all the moods and tenses. The poetic side of the question has been merely touched here. The practical opens up a field too exhaustive for present treatment, but it need only be suggested that kissing properly encouraged would be a means of enforcing temperance, since neither coffee beans nor peppermint could disguise from a well-grounded maiden the flavor of such tipples as night have defiled the masculine lips.

Scene on Main street east—Young gentleman to young lady: "Have you seen Amos?" "No—what?" "A mosquito." Coroner's jury found verdict of justifiable homicide.

"I'd laugh if I should fall and break my neck," jestingly remarked James Maloney, of Tappan, N. Y., while in the act of descending from a tall pear tree. The next moment he lay on the ground with his neck broken. But he didn't laugh.

STORM SIGNALS DURING HARVEST.—Parties at Washington have sent out circulars for the purpose of inducing a general co-operation in warning the people, and especially the farmers, of all approaching storms. It is known by all readers that the telegraph keeps railway stations posted as to the coming of storms, and premonitory facts are generally published by the daily press.

It is only necessary to know where a storm is raging, the course it is taking, and the rapidity of its movements, to tell when it will reach a certain point. Hence, if at the county seats and principal towns provision shall be made for firing a cannon on receipt of the news by telegraph, all the farmers in harvest time will be warned to stop cutting grass or grain and at once secure what they have cut from damage.

It is proposed to indicate the nature of the approaching storm by firing a cannon three times, at intervals of one minute, if a tornado, hail-storm or destructive gale; at intervals of three minutes if a rain storm is approaching rapidly; and at intervals of six minutes if a rain storm is approaching slowly. A good sized cannon can be heard ten or fifteen miles, and the officials at county seats might be instructed by law to attend to this warning. It is supposed that 500,000,000 worth of crops were saved in Europe and America last season by the use of storm signals.

Such signals would also be of great advantage to commerce as well as to agriculture.

THE CURSE OF SCOTLAND.—A few evenings before the battle of Culloden, there were gathered in the apartments of the Pretender, at Inverness, a few of his friends, for the purpose of playing at cards. In the course of the evening, the nine of diamonds belonging to the pack with which they were playing was lost. On the night after the battle, which resulted so disastrously for the rebel army, the Duke of Cumberland entered Inverness, and as was his invariable custom, took up his quarters in the apartments which had so recently been occupied by Prince Charles Edward. On the following morning, a scout brought in word that a small portion of the rebel army had taken shelter in a deep gorge among the mountains. The Duke at once directed an officer to take a number of men, surround the party, and put every man to death who was found in arms. The officer, reluctant to execute this inhuman order, and perhaps fearful of after consequences, declined to take the command without written order. The Duke looked round the room for a piece of paper on which to write the order, when some one picked up the lost card, and presented it to the Duke, who wrote his order on the back of it, and handed it to the officer. The soldiers departed on their errand of butchery, and so well did they execute the Duke's commands, that not one of the devoted band of Highlanders escaped death. Hence it is that the nine of diamonds is called the curse of Scotland.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.—The celebrated preacher Bourdaloue had had a habit of preparing himself for the pulpit with—a fiddle! He was to preach on a Good Friday, and the proper officer came to attend him to church. As the officer ascended the stairs he heard the sound of a violin, and as the door stood a little ajar, he saw Bourdaloue in his cassock, playing a lively tune, and dancing to it about his study. He thought the reverend man raving mad. He knocked gently on the door. The father threw down his fiddle, hurried on his gown, and approached him saying, "O, is it you, sir? I hope I have not kept you waiting, I am quite ready to attend you." The officer, as they went down stairs, could not help mentioning his surprise at what he had heard and seen. Bourdaloue laughed. "The whole of the matter is this," said he, "in thinking over the subject of the day, I found my spirits too much depressed to speak as I ought to do, so I had recourse to my usual method of music and a little dancing. It has had its effect. I am quite in a proper temper, and go now with pleasure to what I should else have gone to in pain."

"I'd laugh if I should fall and break my neck," jestingly remarked James Maloney, of Tappan, N. Y., while in the act of descending from a tall pear tree. The next moment he lay on the ground with his neck broken. But he didn't laugh.

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, Waukegan Co., Mich.

The Chelsea Herald.

CHELSEA, OCT. 30, 1881.

CRIMINAL ARRIVED.

A PLEA OF NOT GUILTY, AND HIS TRIAL SET FOR NOV. 1.

THE DEFENSE WILL BE INABILITY, AND THAT MALPRACTICE WAS THE CAUSE OF GARFIELD'S DEATH.

Guiteau was from the jail at Washington to the City Hall, in the Black Maria, at 11:30 a. m., on Friday last. There was not the slightest disturbance of any kind. After the indictment had been read, Guiteau asked to be allowed to make a statement, but Judge Cox said it would be out of place at this time. Guiteau's counsel then entered a plea of not guilty.

District Attorney Cockhill asked that the trial be set down for Monday.

Mr. Scoville, counsel for defense, said a fair trial could not be had if it occurred this week. He should need at least 30 days to get necessary witnesses for the defense. He claimed the right to get the same number of witnesses for the defense that the Government had (44), and that the State should pay for them. He wanted a number of witnesses in the first place, to prove Guiteau's insanity. He expected to prove by experts and long-life acquaintance, that the defendant was of insane lineage and was insane at the time of the act alleged. He also expected to prove by Dr. Hammond, Sims and others, that the wound alleged to have been inflicted was not necessarily fatal, but was made so by malpractice. He also desired time to get counsel to assist him.

Col. Corkhill argued that the court had no right to promise to pay the expenses of any experts or other witnesses than to prove the alleged insanity. He said the Government was willing to do all justice for the defense, but it had no right to order summoned witnesses beyond a radius of 100 miles. He desired the court to definitely determine the day of trial and make it as soon as possible. He also asked that the question of jurisdiction be argued before the day of trial.

Justice Cox said he fully appreciated the circumstances of the defense, and thought the time most convenient for all parties, would be on the 7th of November, and that day was fixed. It was decided that the question of jurisdiction should be argued October 31.

The Western Corn Crop.

The Chicago Times of Saturday, in summarizing exhaustive reports on the condition and prospects of the corn crop in the Western States, says: "With due allowance for exceptional localities, stocks of old corn in the hands of farmers and local shippers in this State, Indiana, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska, are unusually light, being in many places only one-half, and in some but one-fifth or less of the amount ordinarily held at this season. Almost everywhere the corn crop shows a substantial falling off as compared with last year. A shortage, as compared with last year, of 30 or 40 per cent. is reported from a long list of representative points, and while few report corn a good average or even something more than an average, other reports show a reduction of two-thirds or three-quarters in the crop. In a few places recent rains benefited corn, but for the most part those are localities where a few weeks ago the prospect was peculiarly bad. Several dispatches say that the rain improved the corn, but they go on to show that in spite of the improvement the crop is short as compared with that of 1880, by 20 or 30 per cent. For the most part the rain has done damage rather than good. It came too late to repair the harm wrought by the dry weather, and when it came there was too much of it. Corn is sprouting in many places as the result of it. In the central part of Illinois, rains have seriously injured the corn crop. Reports from Kansas and Nebraska are generally better than those from Illinois and Iowa, though some of the reports from Kansas and Missouri are particularly bad. A result of this year-

city of old crops and relatively poor prospect for the new crop, is a large falling off in the number of hogs being fattened for the market. The official statistics of Indiana report 1,480,212 hogs this year, against 2,003,923 last year, a falling off of 11 per cent., but the reports received from the pork-producing region generally indicate a considerable reduction in the number of hogs being fattened—from 25 to 50 per cent. less than last year in large portions of the corn and hog-raising States."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Foster's plurality, 24,000.

Frosts seriously damage New Jersey's cranberry crop.

Portland, Oregon, contributes \$600 to Garfield monument fund.

Pink-eye spreading among the horses of Denver, Col., and the far west.

Defense in Jennie Cramer murder case rest, and court adjourns till Monday.

Pennsylvania owes Standard Oil company for \$3,000,000 back taxes and penalties.

Thompson and Hayward, carriage makers of Oakland, Wis., fail; liabilities, \$85,000.

Dick Ellison, an escaped negro prisoner, pursued and lynched near Hot Springs, Ark.

King, the balloonist, has six passengers in his air-ship, and was all right when last hailed.

Edward Earl hanged at Sagerville, N. Y., for murder of his wife and child in February, 1877.

Mike Devine and Silas Whitney, railroad hands, run over by a locomotive and killed at St. Louis.

Fire in Rock Island government arsenal destroys \$30,000 worth of paints, oils and carpenter's supplies.

Wreck of unknown schooner comes ashore between Milwaukee and Racine. Supposed all on board were lost.

Shortage in winter wheat in Illinois stated to be nearly 50 per cent below last year's crop, and the shortage of corn about 30 per cent.

Chicago Parnell sympathizers held an indignation meeting on Monday last, and those in Cincinnati will do likewise as soon as arrangements can be made.

Two small fishboats left Erie, Pa. on Tuesday last for Ashtabula, O. One got ashore after severe sufferings, Thursday night; but the other, containing two men is still missing.

Drs. Gun and Andrews, of Chicago whom Guiteau's counsel wants summoned to prove malpractice in Garfield's treatment, both deny that they have ever said or believed there was any malpractice in it.

George H. Bethard, who claims to be a lawyer and a former member of Garfield's regiment in the army, taken into custody in Washington for trying to shoot Guiteau while the latter is being arraigned in open court.

Senator David Davis has appointed James E. Harvey, a life-long democrat and Washington correspondent of the New York Sun, as his private secretary, much to the disgust of the president's republican constituents.

Gen. Sheridan as president of the society of the army of the Cumberland has appointed a committee to take measures for the erection of a monument to Gen. Garfield. Gen. James Barnett, of Cleveland, is chairman of the committee and Gen. J. G. Parkhurst, of Michigan, is a member.

STATE NEWS.

John W. Rhodes, the superintendent of bridge construction on the Port Huron and Northwestern railroad, fell through a bridge near Vassar on Friday, and received injuries from which he died soon after.

Josiah Weston, the horse thief recently taken in Mecosta county, was captured by a mere boy, who pointed a bit of wood at him and scared him into the idea that he would be shot if he did not surrender.

"Jimerax" Hine, of the Lowell Journal, goes to Yorktown from pure motives of pity and kindness of heart. He will weep for Cornwallis, because he feels that no one else will be there to weep for him.

Michigan people going to Yorktown have been notified that rooms without board will be \$10 per day. The haughty, albeit hard-up Southern has not forgotten how to charge when he meets foemen worthy of his steel.

M. Monroe, of the Port Huron rifle team, was the man who won the prize for the best individual score, at 200, 500 and 600 yards, at the state military rifle match. His prize is an elegant and costly Sharpe's rifle, with its case, etc.

W. Fowler, a Fort Gratiot butcher, has been arrested on a charge of obtaining goods on false pretenses. He bought cattle for which he gave a check on a bank where he had no deposit. Since then he has been in Canada until recently.

Certain parties in Williamston having preferred charges against Justice White, of that village, the Governor has ordered an investigation. The charges were habitual drunkenness and failure to pay over money which should go into the county treasury.

Three high-toned weddings on the tapis at Niles.

The two sympathetic Grand Rapids gentlemen who went bail for a pickpocket arrested at the fair in that city, can now pay up there bonds the p. p. having fled.

At Ponton on Friday, as a horseman named Will Brown was exercising the running mare "Jennie G," she stumbled and fell, injuring her sides to an extent which is feared will prove fatal.

There is trouble afoot at Grand Rapids over a charge that the internal revenue collector has not treated all lumbermen alike in the matter of issuing licenses for the sale of tobacco at their camps.

Geo. H. Pond, late local editor of the Ann Arbor Courier, is now installed as editor of the Tuscola Advertiser. "By their fruits ye shall know them," and Mr. Pond's work on the Courier has been first-class. Here's hoping he may prosper in his new enterprise.

Michael Raggio, engineer at McGraw & Co.'s great saw mill at Bay City, was instantly killed on Friday. He gave the order to start up the engine while he was sitting up, and got caught in the machinery. He was only 30 years old and unmarried.

In the Hall murder case at Ponton on Friday the missing hotel registers turned up again. A sensation was created when Ed. Clifford, one of the men who hid Mrs. Hall's body under a straw stack, refused to testify. He had previously told his story, however, and his refusal did the defense very little good.

Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT having been made in the condition of certain mortgages bearing date the twenty-ninth day of August, 1878, executed by James Conaty and Mary Ann Conaty to Rose Conaty, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds, for the county of Washtenaw in the State of Michigan, on the seventh day of November, 1878, in liber 53 of mortgages on page 519, and by said Rose Conaty, assigned to Katherine Conaty and Rosanna Conaty by assignment of mortgage dated April fourth, 1878, and recorded in said Register's office on the seventh day of November, 1879, in liber 6 of assignment of mortgages on page 308, by the non-payment of money due thereon, by which the power of sale therein contained, has become operative, and on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, the sum of eight hundred and thirty-five dollars and twelve cents. There are yet to become due upon said mortgage three installments of two hundred dollars each, viz: Six hundred dollars with the interest thereon, according to the terms of said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding at law having been instituted to recover the amount secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof. Notice is therefore hereby given, that on Saturday, the twelfth day of November, 1881, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon at the south front door of the Court House in the City of Ann Arbor, in the county of Washtenaw, and State of Michigan, there will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount due & to be paid with the interest thereon & the costs, charges and expenses allowed by law and provided for in said mortgage. Said premises being described as follows: All the following described piece or parcel of land, situated in the township of Lyndon county of Washtenaw, State of Michigan. The south part of the north-west fractional quarter of section number thirty-four, lying north of the Waterloo and Chelsea road—Township number one, south of range number three east, containing seventy acres of land, more or less. Said sale will be made subject to the lien and payment of the said three installments of two hundred dollars each, viz: Six hundred dollars, with the interest to become due, according to the terms of said mortgage.

Dated August 18th, 1881.
KATHERINE CONATY and
ROSANNA CONATY,
Assignees of Mortgage.
TURNBULL & DEWEY,
Attorneys for Assignees.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,
Backache, Soreness of the Chest,
Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation is equal to St. Jacobs Oil as a sufferer, severe, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 25 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.
Directions in Every Language.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

A WISE DEACON
"Deacon Wilder, I want you to tell me how you kept yourself and family well the last season, when all the rest of us have been sick so much, and have had the doctors visiting us so often?"
"Brother Taylor, the answer is very easy. I used Hop Bitters in time, kept my family well and saved the doctor bills. Three dollars' worth of it kept us well and able to work all the time. It warranted its cost you and the neighbors on to two hundred dollars apiece to keep sick the same time."
"Deacon, I'll use your medicine here after."

Chelsea Market.

CHELSEA, OCT. 30, 1881.	
FLOUR, 9 cwt.	\$3 50
WHEAT, White, 9 bu.	1 35
CORN, 9 bu.	25 30
OATS, 9 bu.	40
CLOVER SEED, 9 bu.	5 00
TIMOTHY SEED, 9 bu.	3 50
BEANS, 9 bu.	3 50
POTATOES, 9 bu.	1 12
do. dried, 9 bu.	5
HONEY, 9 lb.	18 30
BUTTER, 9 lb.	23
POULTRY—Chickens, 9 lb.	10
LARD, 9 lb.	10 35
TALLOW, 9 lb.	12
HAMS, 9 lb.	08
Sausages, 9 lb.	16
BEER, live 9 cwt.	3 00 3 50
SKEEP, live 9 cwt.	3 00 3 50
HOGS, live 9 cwt.	3 00 3 50
do. dressed 9 cwt.	5 00 5 40
HAY, tame 9 ton.	10 00 12 00
do. marsh 9 ton.	5 00 6 30
Wool, 9 lb.	32 35
CHERRIES, 9 bu.	1 00 1 50

Probate Order.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, ss.
COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss.
At a session of the Probate Court, for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Monday, the tenth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.
Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Elizabeth Cullinane, deceased.

John Cullinane, the Administrator with the will annexed, of said estate, comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to render his final account as such Administrator.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Saturday, the fifth day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing such account, and that the devisees and heirs at law of said estate, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, in said County, and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed: And it is further ordered that said Administrator give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Chelsea Herald, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN,
Judge of Probate.

[A true copy.]
WILLIAM G. DOTY, Probate Register.

Probate Order.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, ss.
COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss.
At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Tuesday, the fourth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Mary A. Glenn, deceased.

Charles M. Glenn, the Administrator of said estate, comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to render his final account as such Administrator.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Friday the fourth day of November next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing such account and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, in said county, and show cause if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed: And it is further Ordered, that said Administrator give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Chelsea Herald, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN,
Judge of Probate.

[A true copy.]
WILLIAM G. DOTY,
Probate Register.

Go to your Druggist for Mrs. Freeman's 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.

BALL'S
HEALTH PRESERVING
CORSET
A PERFECT CORSET SECURED AT LAST.
A combination of CORSET WITH SPANISH White-bone and Corset Steel, which is pronounced by ladies
The Perfection of Corsets.
Fits perfectly a greater variety of forms than any other.
Yields readily to every respiration, and is equally comfortable in any position assumed by the wearer.
Warranted to retain its perfect shape till worn out. By it you secure a more graceful figure than with any other Corset. Please give it a single trial and you will wear no other.

What Leading Chicago Physicians Say of It:
I have examined Ball's Health Preserving Corset and believe it is in every respect best calculated to preserve the health of the woman who wears it. It does not seem possible for the wearer of such a corset to be injured by tight-lacing. Physicians who have the opportunity of examining it.
JAMES NEVINS HYDE.
CHICAGO, Oct. 25, 1880.

I fully endorse what Dr. Hyde says in the above note.
W. H. DRYDEN.
CHICAGO, Oct. 25, 1880.

I have examined Ball's Health Preserving Corset and believe it to be the least injurious to the wearer of any Corset I have seen.
A. J. BARTER, M. D.
CHICAGO, Oct. 27, 1880.

I do not advise any woman to wear a Corset, but if she will do so—and she generally will—I advise as it is less likely to do her injury than the Corset which I am acquainted. A. REYNOLDS JACKSON.
For sale only in Chelsea, by
H. S. HOLMES.
Sept 1st, '81 Sm

"LITTLE MAGK"

HAS ARRIVED AND IS READY FOR BUSINESS

FROM ANN ARBOR WITH THE FINEST ASSORTMENT OF
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CLOTHS,
Ever Shown in this Town!

THEY WILL BE CUT, TRIMMED AND MADE ACCORDING TO THE LATEST STYLES. HE WILL ALSO BRING A FULL LINE OF

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING,
AND A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF
Gent's Furnishing Goods!

He kindly invites the public to call and examine his stock, whether they wish to purchase or not. His Cutter and Manager is Mr. CHAS. GRÜNER.

"REMEMBER THE PLACE."
Opposite Kempf Bros. Bank, - - - - - CHELSEA, Mich.

THE BEE HIVE.

MISS NELLY M. WHEDON,
—TEACHER OF—
Vocal and Instrumental Music,
AT L. BABCOCK'S RESIDENCE,
CHELSEA, - - - - - Mich.
On Wednesday's of each Week.
Reference—New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass. [v10 1-3m]

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

DURAND & HATCH,
GROCERS,
CORNER MAIN AND MIDDLE STS
CHELSEA, MICH.

WHAT WE SELL.

Allspice,	Ginger,
Pepper,	Tears,
Cinnamon,	Coffee,
Mustard,	Cigars,
Cloves,	Tobacco,
Citron,	Sardines,
Nutmegs,	Fish,
Indigo,	Extracts,
Bird Seed,	Chinese,
Cr'm Tartar,	Prunes,
Bk. Powder,	Butter,
Starch,	Eggs,
Soaps,	Lard,
Matches,	Produce,
Raisins,	of all kinds,
Honlay,	Cand Goods,
Tapicoca,	Candies, etc.

[v9-35] **DURAND & HATCH.**

Notice to Creditor's.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, ss.
COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss.
Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, made on the twenty-second day of September, A. D. 1881, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Abigail Begole, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, on or before the 23d day of March next, and that such claims will be heard before said Court, on Thursday, the twenty-second day of December, and on Wednesday, the twenty-second day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days.
Dated, Ann Arbor, Sept. 22, A. D. 1881.
WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN,
Judge of Probate.

[A true copy.]
WILLIAM G. DOTY, Probate Register.
All kinds of plain and fancy job work done at the HERALD office.

Probate Order.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, ss.
COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss.
At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Saturday, the eighth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Eldad Spencer, deceased.

William E. Dewey, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to render his final account as such executor.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Friday, the eleventh day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing such account, and that the devisees and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, in said County, and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed: And it is further ordered that said executor give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Chelsea Herald, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN,
Judge of Probate.

[A true copy.]
WILLIAM G. DOTY, Probate Register.

All kinds of plain and fancy job work done at the HERALD office.

G. W. R. R. TIME TABLE.


GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY—
of Depot foot of Third street and foot of Brush street. Ticket office, 161 Jefferson avenue, and at the Depots.

LEAVE	ARRIVE
Atlantic Ex.	4:00 a. m.
Day Express.	8:35 a. m.
Detroit & Buf.	6:30 p. m.
Ind. Express	2:45 noon
N. Y. Express.	7:05 p. m.
Except Monday.	Sundays Excepted.

Western Passenger Agent, Detroit.
Wm. Edgar, Gen. Pass'r Ag't, Hamilton.

Unclaimed Letters.

LIST of Letters remaining in the Post Office, at Chelsea, Oct. 31, 1881:
Beckwith, Mrs. Mary
Butterfield, Mr.
Fornier, Miss Katie
Matts, Mr. Jack
Mills, Mr. Charles 2
Ryan, J. Jacob
Stricker, Jacob
Tatton, Miss Annie E.
Tinga, Mr. George
Tingay, Mr. George
Thatcher, A.
Persons calling for any of the above letters, please say "advertised."
Geo. J. CROWELL, P. M.
Subscribe for the Chelsea Herald

M. C. R. R. TIME TABLE.

Passenger Trains on the Michigan Central Railroad will leave Chelsea Station as follows:

GOING WEST.
Mail Train..... 9:22 A. M.
Local Passenger..... 9:35 A. M.
Grand Rapids Express..... 9:52 P. M.
Jackson Express..... 9:58 P. M.
Evening Express..... 10:38 P. M.

GOING EAST.
Night Express..... 5:50 A. M.
Jackson Express..... 6:03 A. M.
Grand Rapids Express..... 10:07 A. M.
Mail Train..... 4:40 P. M.
H. B. LADD, Gen'l Sup't, Detroit.
HARRY C. WESTWORTH, General Passenger and Ticket Ag't, Chicago.

Time of Closing the Mail.
Western..... 7:15 A. M., 11:15 A. M., 9:00 P. M.
Eastern..... 9:50 A. M., 4:15 P. M., 9:00 P. M.
Geo. J. CHOWELL, Postmaster.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

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

M. E. CHURCH.
Rev. H. C. NORTHRUP, Pastor. Services at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock. Sunday School immediately after morning services.

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

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

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

The Chelsea Herald.

IS PUBLISHED

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

OUR TELEPHONE.

A heavy frost on Wednesday morning.

Hon. Jas. Gorman was in town Saturday.

Wm. E. Depew and family have removed to Ann Arbor.

Look out for the next Good Templars Social, which is coming off soon.

It is reported that Miss Lillie Allen is quite ill with typhoid fever.

Frank Congdon is working for a lumber company at Muskegon.

We know from experience St. Jacobs Oil will cure rheumatism.—Pecora (Ill.) Peorian.

Please observe the change of L. H. Field's advertisement in this week's issue, on second page.

A new sidewalk has been laid in front of Mrs. Callahan's millinery establishment. Much needed.

George Kempf has been in the northern regions the past two weeks purchasing apples.

We call attention to the business card of C. Bliss & Son, of Ann Arbor, on second page.

We are having plenty of rain. Would it be a wise idea, if it should continue so, to build and ark.

It has been decided to hold the next annual fair at Ann Arbor, the week following the State fair.

Courier: A. J. Sawyer left for the East on Wednesday of last week. He will probably visit Yorktown, before he returns.

Jas. Speer has gone to Delhi to take charge of the telegraph, ticket and express business. Our best wishes go with him.

We received a pleasant visit from I. M. Whitaker, of Lima, last Tuesday. He is one of those genial fellows, whose company is always pleasant. Call again.

We are informed (although it rained most of the time), that there was a large attendance at the Stockbridge fair, and it was a success.

Dr. Carr, of Lima, accompanied by his brother, left for the East last Monday. The doctor and his brother are going to join two other brothers, at a family reunion.

Oh! that big slush-hole in front of T. McKone's dry goods store, makes us sick to look at it. Has our town "dada" gone to sleep?

The Good Templars will nominate officers to serve the next quarter, on Friday night of this week. Election of officers one week from Friday night.

Last Monday a young tornado, accompanied with rain, thunder and lightning, passed over our town, doing a little damage to the trees, fences, etc.

Owing to the wheat blockade for the past week on the M. C. R. R., there has been very little wheat shipped, and very few loads came into market—mostly all the elevators on the line are overflowing.

Joe T. Jacobs the one price clothier is, doing a rushing business. Why? Because he keeps good goods, and sells cheap for cash. See change of advertisement on fourth page.

We call the attention of our readers to the large advertisement of A. L. Noble, the Clothier, of Ann Arbor, and to the improvement he has made in his store by the way of a fine sky-light—so that everybody who purchase goods can see them clear and distinct, as to quality and price. See advertisement on third page.

Mrs. Charles Downer started for Grand Rapids on Monday evening, as a delegate from Charity Lodge No. 335 I. O. of G. T., to the Grand Lodge which holds its annual session at that city this week.

The Guerin brothers returned home last Friday, from their rowing trip from Dexter to Lake Erie. They report having a good time hunting and fishing. They killed over seventy ducks, and caught nearly a boat load of fish, besides having lots of fun.

The oyster supper held at the McKune House on Tuesday evening, for the benefit of the Library Association, had a fair attendance. The amount cleared after paying all expenses, was \$9.75. We think it pays to have the ladies undertake such noble enterprises, as they are sure to succeed—try again ladies.

BURGOLARS.—Our Marshal's residence was entered by burglars about 8 o'clock last Saturday morning. It seems that Mr. Foster had a friend staying with him that evening—and hearing a noise in the parlor—supposed it was his friend, called out, and getting no response, got up and saw a light—at this moment the light was blown out. But before the light disappeared he observed a man standing in the room and another outside, looking in at the window. The man inside got out of the door in a hurry. Mr. F. fired his revolver at the man at the window, but missed him. The two then ran down the street on the double-quick. There was no damage done—only some window-glass broken. Get your revolvers ready.

DIED.—At the residence of her mother, October 15, 1881, Mrs. H. McGlothlin, of Spivan, after an illness of seven long and weary months; leaving to follow, when God calls them, a husband and six small children. Also, a mother, sisters and brothers, who deeply mourn their great and heavy loss. It is always those we love, we wish to have with us. So it is with God; those He loves, He calls away from this world of sin and misery; He takes them home to Heaven, where grief and pain cannot find them. That is why He calls away from our midst, this, His patient sufferer. Her life work is done, and nobly has she done it. Then why should we wish her to stay longer, when God's Angels were waiting to receive her; for if we walk in her path, soon we shall meet her, and great shall be her joy, when she welcomes her loved ones to Heaven.

A. E. B.

Notes from Abroad.

Correspondence of the Chelsea Herald:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., October 12, 1881.

This bright autumn morning finds me comfortably domiciled at 390 Sixth street, in the suburbs of the beautiful city of Brooklyn.

We arrived at the Grand Central depot, on Forty-second street, New York, Oct. 6, at 10 A. M., after a pleasant ride of twenty-four hours through Canada, central New York and down the banks of the Hudson, noted for its beautiful and varied scenery, all of which we found more than verified.

Arrangements for board being soon made, I found myself ready to begin my winter's work. The change from the daily routine of a medical practice, to that of student life, is somewhat abrupt, and how well I shall be able to content myself in my new relations remains yet to be told. Suffice it to say, they have been pleasant thus far, and anticipate my stay here will prove to be both pleasant and profitable. My time will be divided between attending lectures at the Homoeopathic college and visiting the hospitals of the city, of which matriculants of medical colleges have free access.

The college is situated on the corner of Third avenue and Twenty-third street, N. Y. Its lecture course commences on the first Tuesday in October, and closes the third week in March. The class is large, and representatives are here from nearly every State in the Union. As yet, I have had very little time to look about and take in the "sights" which are numerous in a great city, of which "Gotham" is no exception. With her many parks, libraries, elevated railways, suspension bridges, and numerous fine buildings, the tourist can spend weeks with pleasure and profit to himself; I shall endeavor to avail myself of these privileges as opportunity offers.

Brooklyn, just across the East River, and on the southern extremity of Long Island, is a city of considerable importance also. It contains about 500,000 inhabitants, is the fourth city in size in the Union, and is called the "City of Churches," of which it has nearly three hundred. Among them Plymouth, that of Drs. Talmadge, Storrs, Cuyler, and many others less distinguished. Having never heard Henry Ward Beecher, and being desirous of doing so, I availed myself of the opportunity last Sabbath.

Plymouth Church is located on Orange street, near Fulton ferry, and is a large, homely structure, much resembling an overgrown barn at a distance, but convenient, and capable of seating 2,500 people. The inside of the church is plainly furnished, and has a gallery extending around three sides of it; the pulpit consists of a raised platform with a small desk; the platform is adorned with immense bouquets of flowers. Long before time for services to commence, the crowd begins to gather in front of the church until the street is nearly filled. They remain waiting until half-past 10 o'clock, when the doors are thrown open and the seats are filled up respectively of their owners.

Mr. Beecher impresses one at once, as being a man of power and commanding personal presence. His delivery is easy and natural, his powers of expression wonderful; as a preacher, he has the reputation of being liberal and progressive; an expounder of "liberal Christianity." For fear of making this communication too long, will close, but may at a future time, have more to say concerning points of interest here.

GEO. A. ROBERTSON.

The Richmond (Va.) State writes: Ex-Mayor J. A. Gentry, of Manchester, this State, was cured of rheumatism by St. Jacob's Oil.

DIED.—At Manchester, Oct. 6, 1881, John B. Gilman, aged 59 years.

On Thursday, October 6th, 1881, at a little past twelve, his spirit passed from his home on earth to that home above, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

The funeral was under the direction of the Odd Fellows. At about 10 o'clock Sunday morning the members of Raisin River Lodge No. 27, accompanied by brothers from Saline, Chelsea and Tecumseh, marched from their lodge room to Mr. Conklin's residence, on Ann Arbor street, from whence they conducted the remains of the deceased brother to the Presbyterian church, where they found a large concourse of friends—all mourners—assembled. Rev. Mr. Knickerbocker of Wayne, an old friend of Mr. Gilman's, preached a grand sermon, when the solemn procession marched to Oak Grove cemetery, where the remains were deposited in the vault with impressive ceremony.

Deceased was an honored member of the Odd Fellows and the Masonic fraternities. Thus closed the mortal career of a good man.

THE END OF THE WORLD.—Leonardo Arellino, an Italian of the 14th century predicted the end of the world for the 15th of November, 1881. Behold the program of this catastrophe:

Nov. 1. The ocean will overflow its shores.
Nov. 2. The earth will be soaked with water.
Nov. 3. The fish in the rivers will die.
Nov. 4. All the water fowl and fish will die.

Nov. 5. The birds in the air will die.
Nov. 6. The horses will fall down.
Nov. 7. The rocks will fall down.
Nov. 8. The earth will tremble.
Nov. 9. The mountains will fall.
Nov. 10. The men will become speechless.

Nov. 11. The tombs will open.
Nov. 12. The stars will fall.
Nov. 13. All the men and all the women will die.

Nov. 14. The heavens will disappear and the earth will be no more.
Nov. 15. A general resurrection and the last judgment.

Tuomey Bros.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DRY GOODS HOUSE,
JACKSON

The Leaders of Small Profits.

Offer extraordinary inducements to purchasers this season. The extent of our business enables us to buy at much lower prices than others—to do our business at very much less expense—to sell at much smaller margins of profit. The rapid and steady growth of our business, is evidence that we do all we advertise.

Our Dress Goods and Silk stock is more than double the size of any former season—the goods were selected with the greatest of care. We are selling many goods over our counters at less than other merchants pay for them, and as a result, our Dress Goods and Silk Department is doing more than double the business of any former season.

We have in stock, Black and Colored Gros Grain Silks, Black and Colored Satin, Black and Colored Brocade Silks and Satins, Black Satin Merveux, Satin De Lyon, Moire Antique Silks and Satins, Brocade Surrah Silks and Satins, Black and Colored Velvets and Velvetens, Black and Colored Plushes, in all the new shades.

Black and Colored Cashmeres, Cordurettes, Chuddals, Camel's Hair Cloths, Mornies, Armures, Wool Brocades, Alpaccas, Mohairs, and the Novelties in Plaids and Stripes to match all these.

Waterproofs, All Wool Sackings and Suitings, Beaver Cloths, Cloakings, Wool Flannels, Cassimeres.

Silk Fringes and Beaded Gimps, Ornaments, Knit Underwear and Hosiery. Cloaks, Jackets, Ulsters, Shawls and Skirts, Woolen Blankets.

65 cents is the railroad fare to Jackson. You will save four times that much on Ten Dollars worth of Dry Goods bought of us; besides you will find such an assortment to select from, that you can please yourself fully.

One Price to all—Plain Figures—No Credit.

TUOMEY BROS.

The Leaders of Small Profits,

Jackson, Mich.

Stores also, at Eaton Rapids and Mason. P. S.—Orders for samples will have our best attention. Describe closely the kind of goods wanted, the color, about how much you wish to pay; we will serve you better than if you were here in person.

C. BLISS & SON,

Have an elegant Stock of

WATCHES,

JEWELRY, and

SILVER WARE,

REPAIRING—Neatly done, and warranted.

No. 11 SOUTH MAIN STREET,
ANN ARBOR.

DON'T KNOW HALF THEIR VALUE.

"They cured me of Ague, Biliousness and Kidney Complaint, as recommended. I had a half bottle left, which I used for two little girls who the doctors and neighbors said could not be cured. I would not given them Hop Bitters. They did them so much good I continued their use until they were cured. That is why I say you do not know half the value of Hop Bitters, and do not recommend them high enough."—B. Rochester, N. Y. See other column.

No. 35

South Main Street,

ANN ARBOR,

Is the place to find the Largest
and best Selected Stock of

CLOTHING!

GENTS'

FURNISHING GOODS,

In the County.

Having recently added a large room with Sky-Light, I have the BEST
LIGHTED ROOM IN THE CITY.

A. L. NOBLE.

Come In!!

SEE OUR

NEW

GOODS!

No trouble to Show Them. Our
Prices are Right!

Respectfully,

H. S. HOLMES.

"Excelsior is Our Motto."

EUREKA!!

WE HAVE A JEWELER AT WORK IN OUR STORE, AND
WE ARE PREPARED TO DO ALL JOBS OF

Watch,
Clock, and
Jewelry
REPAIRING!

WITH DISPATCH, AND WARRANT EVERY JOB PERFECT.
WE SHALL ALSO INCREASE OUR STOCK OF

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry,

LARGELY, AND BE PREPARED TO

Compete with any Jewelry Establishment anywhere!

WE WANT TO SHOW YOU OUR..... \$10 WATCH.									
"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	12
"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	15
"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	17
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"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	35
"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	40
"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	48

WE WANT TO SHOW YOU

WATCHES OF ALL PRICES!

Both Ladies and Gent's Gold and Silver. Also,
Rogers Bros.

BEST PLATED TABLE WARE!!

ALL FOR SALE

Cheap as the Cheapest!

All Goods Marked in Plain Figures,
And No Jockeying.

DON'T BUY A DOLLAR'S WORTH OF GOODS UNTIL YOU
HAVE SEEN OUR STOCK, AND WE WILL SAVE
YOU 10 to 25 PER CENT.

A 10 dollar Caster for \$8.
An 8 dollar Caster for \$6.
A 6 dollar Caster for \$4.75.

AND OTHERS AT THE SAME PROPORTION

The Goods are so Beautiful that we love to Show
Them, whether you buy or not.

ALL KINDS OF HAND AND MACHINE

ENGRAVING,

DONE TO ORDER.

REMEMBER!

Our Clocks are Bankrupt Stock,

BOUGHT AT PRICES WHICH MAKE COMPETITION
RIDICULOUS.

Yours Respectfully,

WOOD BRO'S.

BEFORE AND AFTER THE FOURTH.

The small boy of yesterday
Was strong and stout of limb;
Dangle he laughed and scolded;
To-day what ailed him?
A crutch doth him support;
His arm is in a sling;
His head is bowed and drooping;
He may not play nor sing.
His face is scorched and black;
He hath but half a nose;
One ear hath jumped the track;
Both eyes are on the close.
Filled to the very crown
Is suffering's bitter cup;
It burns him to the down;
It hurts him to stand up.
Still the uncomprehending
Half speechless, whispers yet,
You dear old pop, I had
A bully Fourth, you bet!"
—Van Housen Register.

"AN OLD NUISANCE."

Mind, I quote those three words. They are none of mine. Only, thinking over three or four equally appropriate titles, I chose the one I use as being the oddest; and I always had a fancy for odd things. And now for my story. In what my aunt (by marriage) and her family founded their claims to aristocracy I never could discover. My uncle had been a merchant, it is true, and one of considerable prominence in his day. I have heard told, and so had been his father before him, and his father's father before that. That his business in his most prosperous time was intimately connected with China is impressed upon my mind (I became an inmate of his house when I was about six years of age, in consequence of the death of both my parents within a week of each other, leaving me with no means of support, and no other relative by the fact that every first of June saw bright new matings laid on our floors, to remain there until cold weather came again, and that our mantels and what-nots were decorated with many pretty, dainty little, or a pair cups, thin as egg-shells—tasteful in design, but in these plenty and cheap enough.

Now, according to all I have learned on the subject, real, simple pure aristocrats look down upon trade even of the grandest scale, and never have anything to do with it further than once in a while marrying one of its sons or daughters who have come into possession of millions enough to offset the honor.

However, our family (I ventured to include myself, none of my cousins being within hearing) assumed all the airs of the "blue bloods" of the old country. Eleanor, our second, wore a look of deep indignation for several days after a manly, clever, good-looking fellow, the brother of one of her old schoolmates, with a comfortable income, but who was the junior partner of a firm keeping a retail store on Sixth Avenue, proposed for her hand.

"The presumption of the man!" she exclaimed, raising her arched eyebrow in astonishment, and curling her full, red upper lip in scorn. "To imagine for a moment that because I honored him with my company to the opera two or three times, I would marry him! If his business had been wholesale, it would have been bad enough; but fancy a person who sells pins and needles by the paper, and lace by the yard! Never! I would die first."

Minerva, our fourth, was equally horror-stricken at the effrontery of a young book-keeper whom her brother Laurence had introduced into the family circle—a rare thing for one of her brothers to do, for, like all other men, as far as my limited experience goes, they scarcely ever thought their companions to be good enough to be the companions of their sisters. When he ventured to express his admiration for her, the young man soon after succeeded to a very handsome property, and became a great swell—"a perfect too-too," as I believe the fashionable way of expressing it now is—a kind of being after Minerva's own heart; but she was never invited to ride behind his fast horses, and, what was much worse, never again asked to take the head of his table.

And in like manner the graceful and enthusiastic professor of music, the stout, good-natured proprietor of the extensive iron works ("wholesale and retail") on the next block, the young artist, who has since risen to wealth and fame, and sundry others, all falling short of the aristocratic standard set up by our family, were snubbed by my lady cousins, aided by their brothers, and not wholly unassisted by their mother. I never had had, at the time this story commences, been then in my eighteenth year, a chance to snub any one; for, lacking the personal attractions of my relatives, as well as their "high-toned" natures—truth to tell, having decidedly democratic tendencies—I was kept in the background on all occasions.

Let it be remarked in passing that Eleanor eventually married, when rather an old girl, a widower in the milk business—very wholesome, however—the father of four children. At the same time Minerva, a few years younger, designed to become the wife of an elderly bachelor, something or other in a shoe manufactory. But they held their heads as high as ever, and declared they had sacrificed themselves for the family, uncle having failed in the second time—through no fault of his own, dear old man—a few months before the double wedding.

That their "sacrifice" was for the good of the family I don't deny; but there still were left at home to be taken care of after the departure three old maids, a young one, and two helpless young men, who, having been brought up to do nothing, did it to perfection. After the fairer, uncle got a situation as superintendent of one of the many departments in the large establishment of the gentleman who sold "pins and needles by the paper, and lace by the yard" (he was now head of the firm, and had a pretty, lady-like wife and two pretty children), and we dismissed one of our servants and moved into a much smaller house.

But in spite of all our efforts at economy our income proved vastly inadequate to our expenses, and this was the cause of so much bewailing and bemoaning that our house seemed to be bereft of all gladness and sunshine. And one evening, after Ethel, our youngest daughter, had burst into tears because aunt had declared it would be impossible to have ice-cream mornings, wine jellies, and similar dainties every day for dessert, for the two sufficient reasons that we couldn't afford them and our present cook couldn't make them, I ventured to suggest to the weeping damsel that if she found life positively unbearable without the above-mentioned luxuries (let the Roberts, by-the-way, were extra fond of sweet things to eat), she might knit and crochet some of the worsted

articles she was in the habit of making so artistically for herself, and sell them to—"Mr. Lee, uncle's employer, I was about to say, when I was interrupted by a shrill shriek.

"Work for a store!" she cried. "I'd starve first."

"You wretched girl!" added my aunt. "How dare you even think of such a thing? Ethel, my darling, calm yourself."

"It is not enough that strangers should presume upon our poverty," joined in Cleopatra, also frowning upon me, "but one bound to us by ties of blood, though it must be confessed more alien than many a stranger would be, must advance ideas that shock and wound us. Imagine"—turning to her brother Roland, who lay on the only lounge in the room, complacently regarding himself in the mirror on the opposite wall—"that impertinent Mrs. Bradshaw coming here this morning, with the air of doing a kindness, too, to offer me a position in her academy!"

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Roland, springing to his feet—and the cause must be a mighty one that brings Roland to his feet. "One of my sisters a teacher! Great heavens! and he went stamping about the room in the new suit of clothes aunt had just paid for by parting with her handsome pearl ring."

"Whatever is done, we can do nothing," sobbed Ethel.

"Of course not," replied Roland, grandly; "the women of our family never work."

I thought to myself, "Nor the men either, except poor old uncle, who is tagging at a desk from morning until night."

"But our income must be increased," said Alethea, looking up from her novel, and joining in the conversation for the first time. Alethea was our eldest, and still wore her hair in the fashion of her youth, a loose curl dancing over each cheek-bone, being fully persuaded that no other fashion was half so graceful or becoming.

"Discharge the chambermaid," proposed Ethel, "and let Dorothea (I am Dorothea) do her work. It is about all she is fit for. She never had a bit of fine feeling or style about her."

"No, she never had," she always would bite her bread," sighed my aunt, "and she has seemed sadly out of place among my children. She comes of a working race, and her ideas and tastes all smack of trade—trade—trade. I discovered in a few years that my aunt's grandmother on the maternal side made a fortune out of tobacco."

"But discharging the chambermaid won't help very much," said Alethea.

"It will not," agreed Roland. "What is saved thereby will no more than find me in the little extras no society man can do without."

"Dear! dear!" aunt took up the burden again, "could I have foreseen that your father would have come down in this way, I never would have married him. I really don't know what is to be done, unless we emigrate to some country place where we are unknown, and where it doesn't matter how we live."

"The country!" screamed her children, in chorus. "Better death at once."

I can't imagine where I got the courage to do so after my late sharp rebuffs, but at this moment I blurted out some thing that had been in my mind for several weeks: "Why could not Alethea and Ethel room together, and Alethea's room, which is the pleasantest in the house, be let to a lodger—one who would—"

But here I paused abruptly. Alethea had fainted in the arms of my aunt, who, glancing at me over the top of her eldest daughter's head, commanded me in her deepest tone (aunt has rather a bass voice) to "leave the room—instantly."

But in a short time, during which things had been getting worse, and we had been reduced to rice puddings for dessert on week-days and apple tarts on Sundays, I was allowed to prepare an advertisement for the morning paper, in which was offered to "an elderly gentleman, who must have excellent references, a fine room in the house of a family of refinement, who had never before taken a lodger, for the privilege of occupying which he would be expected to pay a liberal equivalent."

I disapproved highly of the wording of this call for help, but my aunt and cousins insisted upon its being couched in these very terms, and so I was compelled to yield, inwardly convinced that it would bring no reply.

But it did. The very afternoon of the morning it appeared, a carriage with a trunk strapped on behind drove up to our door. An old gentleman got out, hobbled up our steps, and rang our door-bell.

"You must see him, Dorothea," said my aunt, leaving the parlor, followed by a train of her children. "It is your affair altogether. I will have nothing to do with it."

"We none of us will have anything to do with it," chimed in my cousins. "We were not born with the souls of lodging-house keepers," and away they sailed as I opened the door to the second—a little louder than the first—ring of the caller.

He was a short, slightly-formed old gentleman, with big, bright, black eyes, bushy white eyebrows, and a long, white mustache and beard.

eyes and strong will power of the frail-looking old man, and totally forgetting to ask for the "reference," insisted upon the advertisement. Where upon he stepped to the front door and beckoned to the man outside, who, taking the trunk upon his back, followed him, as he followed me, to the second story front room.

"Ah," said our lodger, as he entered it, "this is not a bad room at all."

And it was not a bad room at all before, it was the pleasantest room in the house, and I had arranged it as prettily as I could with the means at my command. Fortunately these included a number of nice engravings and vases and a spacious bamboo chair with a crimson cushion, and footstool of like color. And the fragrance of the honeysuckles that stood in at the window from the balcony, and the two or three sunbeams that found their way through the half-closed blinds and danced in triumph on the wall, and the half-dozen gayly-bound books (mine) on the mantel, and the ivy growing from a red pot on the bracket in one corner, all combined to make the room a pleasant place indeed.

Mr. Griffin had been out of town exactly two years, during which I had prepared and superintended the serving of his breakfasts and taken entire charge of his room, "as well as though I had been brought up to that sort of thing," as my cousin's Cleopatra remarked, and the rest of the family, with the exception of uncle, who became quite friendly with me, had only met him some dozen times—at which times they assumed their most dignified dignity—when he was taken sick.

"It's an old complaint, which will carry me off some time," said he to me; "but I hope not this time. Anyhow, Little Honesty" (a name he had given me from the first—I hope I deserved it), "live or die, I intend to remain here. Nowhere else could I be as comfortable. You must engage an extra servant, and you and she together must nurse me. I should certainly die of a professional. By-the-by, who is your family physician?"

I told him.

"If I am not better, send for him tomorrow. I am going out now—only a few steps," meeting my look of surprise, "I want to see my lawyer, and I shall take to my bed for several days yet."

That afternoon, taking care not to repeat the old gentleman's exact words, but putting his remarks in the form of a request to be allowed to remain, I stated the case to the family.

"Going to bed!" exclaimed Alethea. "Dear me! how disagreeable!"

"I'm sure I don't want him to stay; he might die here," said my aunt, who had the utmost horror of death.

"He's an old nuisance, anyhow," proclaimed Ethel, "and always has been, and I blush that any relative of mine should have degraded herself so far as to become his servant-maid."

Here I will mention that my cousin Roland, a month or so before this, had married a young lady with a large fortune, and out of this fortune he generously proposed to make the family a liberal yearly allowance, besides which came many gifts from the married sisters, whose husbands had prospered, and thereupon been obliging to their wives to share their prosperity with us, that we might live at least as Minerva expressed it, "with elegant economy." And so we were not entirely dependent upon our lodger for desserts and several other things.

But to go back. "He is not an old nuisance," said I, indignantly. "He is a kind-hearted old man, and I'm very fond of him."

"Good gracious!"

"Yes, Miss Ethel," I went on, "I repeat it, I am very fond of him. And if my aunt will allow me—I am sure my uncle will—I will take all the extra care resulting from his sickness upon myself, and no one else shall be annoyed in the least. After living beneath our roof for two years, and contributing so beautifully to our comforts—our needs—I am quite certain no one else would have paid us so liberally—I would be the basest ingrate, not to say ungrateful, to send him among strangers now that he most needs care and kindness."

"Are you quite through, Miss Reynolds?" asked my aunt, sarcastically. "I had no idea you were so eloquent, never having heard you preach before. But of one thing I am determined: you shall not call in our doctor to your patient. He is a perfect aristocrat, and has no idea we keep a lodger, and I do not wish him to know it."

"There's a young saw-bones a few doors below," drawled my youngest gentleman cousin, who resented my waiting upon any one but himself, "he'll do for your fine old nuisance."

That very evening Mr. Griffin had a bad turn, and I sent for the "young saw-bones a few doors below" in great haste. He proved to be a Dr. Rice, a frank-looking, brown-haired, gray-eyed, and quick, light hearted, and the old gentleman, taking a great liking to him, decided on retaining him—a decision that relieved me greatly, bearing in mind as I did my aunt's embargo in regard to our family physician.

And from that time for three months, although very seldom confined to his bed, our lodger never had a well day. At the end of the three months, however, he began to mend slowly, and at the end of two more was on his feet again. And then he told me his real name, and his mind to return to England.

"I am sorry, very sorry, to part with you," I replied. "But it is right that you should go."

Well said, Little Honesty. And now let's begin to pack," said he. Dr. Rice and I went with the old gentleman to the station—that was to carry him away, and waved a last farewell to him—in the midst of a crowd also waving last farewells—from the pier, as the vessel slowly moved out into the stream; and then we returned to our respective homes to read the letters he had placed in our respective hands with his final good-by.

Now I read in the privacy of my own room at first, and when I had partly recovered from my astonishment and delight, I flew down stairs, called the family together, and read it to them. It was as follows:

"DEAR LITTLE HONESTY.—Had I died, which I didn't, thanks unto God to you and Dr. Rice—I should have left a slight bequest to you. I have ten thousand dollars in my will, which I have just now bequeathed to you. I have lived long, I am going to a much pleasanter life—I am going to give them the ten thousand at once. My lawyer will see you both to-morrow."

"P.S.—I have also left a slight bequest to Miss Ethel Robert. She will find it on the lower shelf of the closet in the room I occupied when I was her cousin Dorothea's lodger."

ATTENTION!
ATTENTION!

To the People of Chelsea and Vicinity:

Any person buying TWENTY DOLLAR'S WORTH OF GOODS, or more, at my Store, I will PAY THEIR FARE on Railroad to and from Ann Arbor.

In case a person did not want that amount, if a neighbor should want to send (in order to make up the amount) for a Boy's Suit or anything else, and if the Goods don't suit, the money will be refunded.

I Have an IMMENSE STOCK to select from, and will guarantee my Prices the Lowest.

JOE. T. JACOBS,
THE CLOTHIER

Washtenaw County.

P. S.—When any of the people of SYLVAN are down, we would be glad to see them whether they want any Goods or not.

J. T. JACOBS.

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CHICAGO BURLINGTON AND QUINCY RAILROAD FOR ALL POINTS EAST AND WEST.

THE GREAT BURLINGTON ROUTE.

No other line runs Three Through Passenger Trains Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Lincoln, St. Joseph, Atchison, Topeka and Kansas City. Direct connections for all points in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho, Oregon and California.

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And if you will find traveling a luxury instead of a discomfort, Through Tickets via this Celebrated Line are at all offices in the United States and Canada.

All information about Rates of Fare, Sleeping Car Accommodations, Time Tables, and Ticket Agents, will be cheerfully given, and will send free of any address an elegant County Map of United States, in colors, by applying to:

General Passenger Agent, Chicago, T. J. POTTER, General Manager, Chicago.

A NEW MEDICINE HOPS & MALT BITTERS.

Regulate the Liver, positively cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Sick Headache, prevent Constipation, relieve Bile, purify the Blood, cleanse the Kidneys, correct the Stomach and Bowels, and induce Sleep.

HOPS & MALT. It is rich in the medicinal salts, Nourish, invigorate, Purify and Strengthen the system. It is a powerful tonic, and a perfect food, and is the best remedy for all cases of Indigestion, Nervousness, and Debility.

HOPS & MALT. No matter what your condition, or how much you may be afflicted with Indigestion, Sick Headache, or any other ailment, if you take this medicine, you will find it the best remedy for all cases of Indigestion, Nervousness, and Debility.

HOPS & MALT. It is a powerful tonic, and a perfect food, and is the best remedy for all cases of Indigestion, Nervousness, and Debility.

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SILKS

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Desiring 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 \$74, \$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.

M. W. Robinson.

Jackson, Mich.

Respectfully,

ALVIN WILSEY,

Ann Arbor, Mich.

DEALER IN

Flutes, Organs, Sheet Music, Instruction Books, Violins, Guitars, and all kinds of musical merchandise—expenses reduced to the minimum—and better bargains given on any thing in the musical line than can be obtained at any other place in Michigan.

Wilsey's Music Store, opposite Court House, east side. v10-49-3m.

HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS HOPS, RICH, MANDRAKE, DANDELION, AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

THEY CURE All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, and especially Female Complaints.

\$1000 IN GOLD.

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything more or less than found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.

D. J. C. is an absolute and irrefragable cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. SEND FOR CIRCULAR. All shown sold by druggists. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.