

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, DECEMBER 22, 1881.

NO. 16.

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.
Thos. 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. 11, 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 4-5-6m

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. [10-23]

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

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

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

Monies Loaned on First-Class Security, at Reasonable Rates.
Insurance on Farm and City Property Effectuated.
Chelsea, March 25, 1880. v 9-28-ly

G. E. WRIGHT, D. D. S., F. H. STILES,
WRIGHT & STILES,
DENTISTS.
Office with Dr. Palmer, over Glazier & Armstrong's Drug Store.
CHELSEA, MICH. [7-13]

INSURANCE COMPANIES

Turnbull & Depew.
Home of New York, \$5,109,527
Hartford, 3,292,914
Underwriters, 4,690,000
American, Philadelphia, 1,296,661
Aetna, of Hartford, 7,078,224
Fire Association, 4,163,716
Office: Over Post-office, Main street Chelsea, Mich.
It is cheaper to insure in these stalwarts, than in one horse companies. v 9-1

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 times 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.

CHESEBROUGH wishes to thank the people of Chelsea and vicinity for the liberal patronage they have bestowed upon him during the past year, and hopes 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

TORSORIAL EMPORIUM.

F. SHAW would respectfully announce to the inhabitants of Chelsea and vicinity that he is now prepared to do all kinds of work in the 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 hair cut. A share of the public patronage is solicited. Shop under Reed & Co's Drug Store. Main street East, Chelsea, Mich.

Selected Poetry.

"ABIDE WITH ME."

BY A. H. THAYER.

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,"

A simple maiden sang; with artless feeling.

"The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide."

While in her voice the tender accents stealing.

Fell, softly as the dying day,

From those sweet lips, and died away.

"Abide with me," she could not know the plea—

The utter consecration, in her dreaming;

Joy, like a bird, made life a melody,

And Spring, its sun, along her pathway beaming.

Stirred her young heart with gentle fires,

And quickened her with sweet desires.

"The darkness deepens," slowly fell the sound,

As if with plaintive grief the notes were laden.

Yet not a sorrow had her bosom owned,

Nor ever sadness touched the lovely maiden;

How could she sing "Abide with me,"

Or know its hidden mystery?

"The darkness deepens," and the years go by;

The maiden 'neath the shadows oft has wandered;

Joy, like a bird, has left its nest to fly,

And bonds of love and happiness are sundered;

Lo, all the friendliness of earth

Has taken wings, with joy and mirth.

Despair, the tearless offspring of all woe,

The lonely progeny of a world of sorrow,

Has turned upon her, like a sudden foe,

To snatch Hope's only legacy—To-morrow.

And, shuddering, in her dumb distress,

She drinks the cup of bitterness.

O Life! she knows the anguish of its cross,

Love turned to hate and blessings to reverses—

She, too, has felt the fever of remorse,

With its deep dregs of agony and curses;

When helpers fail and comforts flee,

She dare not ask, "Abide with me."

Her voice, it will not sing, the notes are dead;

But in their stead, like some pale phantom,

haunting,

Weird echoes, through her memory, mock-

ing dread.

Breathes the dead song her aching heart is wanting;

"Abide with me," she cannot sing,

But mutely brings the offering.

"Fast falls the eventide," yet, to her eyes,

The golden light of morn is faintly dawning;

"Earth's joys grow dim," but from eternal

skies

Is borne the answer to her spirit's longing;

And now, as "falls the eventide,"

She whispers, "Lord with me abide."

She knows it now, the Faith that comes at last;

Child of the pang and travail of her spirit,

Born of the withering passions of the past,

Its Heavenly Voice, she lingers long to hear it;

Lo, through the Valley of Despair,

Her song has sung itself to prayer!

tion Mr. Netherleigh. I am positive

it is the bracelet. Here comes Lady

Sarah."

"I supposed Frances has been tell-

ing you," observed Lady Sarah Hope

to her brother-in-law. "I feel con-

vinced it is my own bracelet."

"But—as I have just remarked to

Frances—other bracelets than yours

may have been made precisely simi-

lar," he urged.

"If it is mine, the initials 'S. H.' are

scratched on the back of the

middle star. I did it one day with a

penknife."

"You never mentioned that fact

before, Lady Sarah," hastily respond-

ed the merchant.

"No. I was determined to give

no clue; I was always afraid of the

affair's being traced home to Gerard,

and it would have been such a dis-

grace to my husband's name."

"Did you speak to her?—did you

ask where she got the bracelet?" in-

terrupted Frances.

"How could I?" retorted Lady

Sarah. "I did not know her."

"I will," cried Frances, in a reso-

lute tone.

"My dear Frances!" remonstrated

Mr. Netherleigh.

"I vow I will," persisted Frances,

as she moved away.

"Lady Frances kept her word. She

found the strange lady, and dashed

at once to her subject.

"What a beautiful bracelet!"

"I think it is," was the stranger's

reply.

"Where did you buy it?" pursued

Frances.

"Garrard's are my jewelers."

"We—one of my family—lost a

bracelet exactly like this. When I

saw it on your arm, I thought it was

the same; I hoped it was."

The lady froze directly, and laid

down her arm.

"Are you—pardon me, are you

sure you purchased this at Gar-

rad's?"

"I have said that Messrs. Garrard

are my jewelers," replied the stran-

ger. "More I cannot say; neither

am I aware by what law of courtesy,

you thus question me, nor who you

may be."

"I am Lady Frances Chenevix,"

and the other bowed, and turned to

the table.

Away went Lady Frances to find

the Cadogan, and inquire after the

stranger.

It was Lady Livingstone. Her

husband had been knighted, and now

they were launching out into high

society.

Frances Chenevix went home;

and told her strange tale to Alice

Seaton, not only about Gerard's

being in England, but about the

bracelet. Next morning she got

possession of Lady Sarah's carriage,

and down she went to Haymarket, to

Garrard's.

"Alice, it is the bracelet. I am

more certain than ever. Garrard

says they have sold jewelry to Lady

Livingstone, but not a diamond

bracelet; and moreover, that they

never had one, of that precise pat-

ter, but the bracelet Colonel Hope

bought."

"What is to be done?" exclaimed

courtesy, and at the length with in-

an arm for a big man."

"I should say this looks like star-

vation, Joe."

"Some at night akin to it."

A pause of unsuspicion, and the

handcuffs were clapped on the aston-

ished man. He started up with an

oath.

"No need to make a noise, Nich-

olls," said the detective, with a care-

less air. "I have got two men wait-

ing outside."

"I swear I wasn't in the plate rob-

bery," passionately uttered the man.

"We'll talk of the plate robbery

another time," said the officer, as he

raised his hat; "you have got those

bracelets on, my man, for another

sort of bracelets. A diamond one.

Don't you remember me?"

"I thought that was over and done

with, all this time—I don't know

what you mean," he added, correct-

ing himself.

"No," said the officer, "it's just

beginning. The bracelet is found,

and has been traced to you. You

were a clever fellow, and I had my

doubts of you at the time; I thought

you were cleverer to go on long."

"I don't know about any bracelet."

"Don't trouble yourself with in-

ventions, Nicholls. Your friend is

safe in our hands, and has made a

full confession."

"What friend?" asked Nicholl,

too eagerly.

"The lady you got to dispose of it

for you to the Jew."

"She hasn't split has she?"

"She split to save herself."

"Then there's no faith in woman."

"What did you get for it?" asked

the officer.

The skeleton shook his head.

"Thirty-four pound, and I had

counted on a hundred and fifty. She

took an oath she had not helped her-

self to a sixpence."

"Evil courses never do prosper,

Nicholls," said the officer, as he

called in the policeman, and con-

sented the gentleman to their care.

So Gerard was innocent!

"But how was it you skillful de-

tectives could not be on this man's

scout?" asked Colonel Hope of the

officer, when he heard the tale.

"Colonel, I was thrown off it.

Your positive belief in your neph-

ew's guilt infected me, and appear-

ances were very strong against him.

Miss Seaton also helped to throw me

off; she said, if you remember, that

she did not leave the room; but it

now appears that she did leave it

when your nephew did, though only

for a few moments. Those few mo-

ments. Those few moments suf-

ficed to do the job."

"It's strange she could not tell the

exact truth," growled the colonel.

"She probably thought she was

exact enough, since she only remain-

ed outside the door, and could an-

swer for it that no one entered by it.

"It is a confoundly unpleasant

affair for me," cried the colonel; "I

have published my nephew's disgrace

and guilt all over London."

"It is more unpleasant for him,

colonel," said the officer.

"And I have kept him short of

money, and let him go and live

fer thus to affect you?" he remon-

strated.

"I will tell you, Gerard," she re-

sponded, a deeper hectic rising to her

cheeks. "I could not have confess-

ed my fear, even in dying; it was

too distressing, too terrible; but now

that it is all clear, I will tell it. I

believed my sister had taken the

bracelet."

"I have believed it all along. She

had called to see me that night, and

was, for a minute or two, in the

room alone with the bracelets; I

knew at the time, she was short of

money, and I feared she had been

tempted to take it."

"Alice, this must have been a

morbid fear."

"No; so—if you knew all. But

now that I have told you, let us not

revert to it again; it is at an end,

and I am very thankful. That it

C. R. TIME TABLE.

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

GOING WEST.	GOING EAST.
Train No. 100..... 9:22 A. M.	Train No. 101..... 5:50 A. M.
Train No. 102..... 7:35 A. M.	Train No. 103..... 8:03 A. M.
Train No. 104..... 5:52 P. M.	Train No. 105..... 10:07 P. M.
Train No. 106..... 8:05 P. M.	Train No. 107..... 10:39 P. M.

Time of Closing the Mail.
 Chelsea, Mich., 11:15 A. M., 9:00 P. M.
 Detroit, Mich., 4:15 P. M., 9:00 P. M.
 Geo. J. Chowell, Postmaster.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
 Rev. T. H. Holmes, D. D., Pastor. Services at 10:45 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 10:45 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday and Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock. Sunday School immediately after morning services.

BAPTIST CHURCH.
 Rev. E. A. Gay, Pastor. Services at 10:45 A. M. and 7 P. M. Young people's meeting at 7 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 12 M.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.
 Rev. Father Dunn, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 8 and 10:45 A. M. Vespers, 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 12 o'clock A. M.

LUTHERAN CHURCH.
 Rev. Mr. Metzger. 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.

Mad is the order of the day.
 A mild rain all day Tuesday.
 Geo. P. Glazier arrived home last Wednesday from New York city.
 We wish one and all of our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.
 Jabez Freer returned home from his winter trip last week.
 F. J. Beman, Adrian, is in town for a few days, visiting "old acquaintances."
 Christmas tree at the M. E. Church, tomorrow (Friday) evening. All are invited.
 The warm weather causes business to be dull—especially during the holidays.
 By paying your taxes before the first of January you will save one per cent.
 Almanacs for 1882 are nearly ripe enough to be picked.
 There will be fifty-three Sundays in 1882.
 Make your purchases of those who advertise.
 According to rumors, Chelsea will undergo a great many business changes next month, January, 1882.
 Business men and many others would welcome about two feet of snow, as it would make trade lively for the holidays.
 The teachers and scholars of our Union school will have one week's vacation between Christmas and New Years.
 A portrait of the late President Garfield appears on the new five-cent postal stamps.
 There are fifteen lady medics in the freshman class of the department of medicine and surgery, at Ann Arbor.
 Died.—At Mason on the 18th inst., Mrs. Belle G. Thompson, aged 42 years. She was formerly a resident of Sylva township.
 The Menasha (Wis.) Press says: A. Granger, Esq., of this city, uses St. Jacobs Oil on his horses with decided success and profit.
 The outlook for an ice crop is not flattering. The ice company is waiting for a big freeze in order to commence operations.
 Rubbers and mud scows are in order now, instead of skates and coasting sleds the usual accoutrements of pleasure parties at this time of the year.
 Extra precautions should be taken at this season of the year to keep the feet and body well protected, as this weather is conducive to colds and sickness.
 The next meeting of the Pioneer Association of Washtenaw county, will be held at Saline, on the first Wednesday in March, 1882.
 The stores of our several merchants are looking up very nicely with different kinds of Christmas presents of the "first quality."
 "Spring time has come gentle Annie," if we should judge by the present weather we are having. Several robins and blue birds were seen last week—the lilac and rose bushes are beginning to bud.
 Ere another issue of the HERALD, Christmas have come and gone. We hope Santa Claus will pay a visit to all the young people and fill their stockings with an abundance of the good things to suit the tastes of the "little ones."
 A. Steger has done a very large business in the poultry line the past week. In front of his shop could be seen any amount of teams loaded with poultry, all waiting their turn to be unloaded. We venture to say that Mr. Steger has bought and shipped more poultry than any other dealer in the county. Bally for home enterprise.

The Sunday Argus, Louisville (Ky.) observes, A. Woodbury (N. J.) paper mentions the cure of the wife of Mr. Jos. H. Mills, of that place, by St. Jacobs Oil. She had rheumatism.

Lost.—Wednesday, December 14th, between Chelsea and Lyndon Centre, a FUR MUFF. The finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving the same at the Post-office in Chelsea. J. H. MUMBY.

During the pleasant weather preceding the rain, grain and other farm products began to move freely, and the market was quite brisk. The dampness has had a bad effect upon all kinds of business, and the market generally has been dull.

Our streets are so full of teams on Saturdays that there is no hitching room, especially on Main street. Will the merchants put up a few more hitching-posts for the benefit of the farmers who come to town to do their trading.

Attention is called to the change of "ad" M. W. Robinson of Jackson. See large advertisement on fourth page. Read it carefully over, and call on him and get the benefit of cheap goods during the holidays.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.—At a meeting of Olive Lodge No. 166 of F. & A. M., held last Tuesday evening, at their hall, the following officers were duly installed into their respective positions:

W. M.—M. J. Noyes.
 S. W.—J. D. Schnaitman.
 J. W.—J. A. Palmer.
 Treasurer.—H. S. Holmes.
 Secretary.—T. E. Wood.
 S. D.—H. M. Woods.
 J. D.—L. H. Van Antwerp.
 Tyler.—James Bachman.

We are requested to state to our readers that the new meat market of Wm. Canfield is doing a rushing business. Why? because he keeps the best of meats and sells the cheapest. He has now the largest and best stock of meats in town, and intends to increase it daily. Fresh, salt and pickled meats, and every variety that can be found in a city market. He also, keeps on hand, hams, poultry and a host of other things to numerous to mention. "Good and cheap meats, is his motto." Give him a call.

ABOUT AUCTION BILLS.—To the farmers of Washtenaw county who think of making an auction: I want to say a word—don't go to Ann Arbor or Jackson to get your bills printed. I have had several sales this fall where they have done so, and they never gave satisfaction. They will not get in half you want, and all they care for is to get your money. Go to the HERALD office, Chelsea, and they will take pains to get you a good bill, put in what you want and charge you less money than elsewhere. GEO. E. DAVIS, Auc'r.

Village Board.

CHELSEA VILLAGE,
 Dec. 19, 1881.

Board met pursuant to adjournment at 7:30 P. M.

Meeting called to order by President Gilbert.

Present, J. L. Gilbert, President. Trustees Present—Thatcher, Woods, Vogel and Cushman.

Minutes of the previous meeting, read and approved.

On motion, the bill of J. D. Schnaitman, for \$2.25, was allowed and an order drawn on the Treasurer for the amount.

On motion, the bill of E. L. Negus for \$10.79, was allowed and order drawn on Treasurer for the amount.

E. L. Negus being the lowest bidder for constructing sidewalks ordered that are not completed, his proposal was accepted.

PROPOSAL.

To the President and Trustees of the Village of Chelsea:

I will construct and lay the walks in front of Mrs. Griffin's lot, one-inch plank, four feet in width, three stringers 2x4, pine, for 18 cents per foot, front foot.

Also, in front of Martin McKone's land, a like walk, on each of his said parcels, for 18 cents per foot, front foot.

Also, in front of Thos. McNamara, a like walk, for 18 cents per foot, front foot.

Also, William Yocum, like material, 5 feet in width, 23 cents per foot, front foot.

Also, Timothy McKones, 2-inch plank, etc., as per ordinance, 45 cents per foot, front foot.

Dated Dec. 14, 1881.

E. L. NEGUS.

On motion, the Village Attorney was instructed to enter into contract with E. L. Negus for the constructing of the sidewalks, and that the time be limited for their completion to January 10, 1882.

On motion, the Board adjourned subject to the call of the President.

GILBERT H. GAY, Clerk.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood and keep the liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system. See other column.

Important to Travelers.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS are offered you by the BURLINGTON ROUTE. It will pay to read their advertisement to be found elsewhere in this issue.

I SAY DON'T BUY YOUR HOLIDAY Presents until you have examined my very fine, selected stock of finger-rings—diamonds, bloodstones, stone cameos, pearls, and garnets. Also, a fine stock of solid plain and band rings. I would call your attention to a fine assortment of ladies' necklaces, solid gold ladies' guard chains, and a very fine stock of gent's chains. Ladies' gold and silver watches. Breastpins, earrings, charms, sleeve-buttons, solid silver trinkets, etc. You will find it for your interest to call. Nothing misrepresented here.

D. PRATT, the Watchmaker.

Chelsea Market.

CHELSEA, Dec. 22, 1881.

FLOUR, 40 lbs.	\$3.50
WHEAT, White, 40 bu.	1.25
CORN, 40 bu.	30¢
OATS, 40 bu.	40
CLOVER SEED, 40 bu.	4.00
TIMOTHY SEED, 40 bu.	3.50
BEANS, 40 bu.	2.50
POTATOES, 40 bu.	75
APPLES, green, 40 bu.	1.12
do dried, 40 bu.	6
HONEY, 40 lb.	18¢
BUTTER, 40 lb.	18¢
POULTRY—Chickens, 40 lb.	17
LARD, 40 lb.	18
TALLOW, 40 lb.	15
SHOULDER, 40 lb.	12
Eggs, 40 doz.	20
BEEF, live 40 cwt.	8.00@3.50
SHEEP, live 40 cwt.	8.00@5.00
HOGS, live 40 cwt.	8.00@5.00
do dressed 40 cwt.	5.00@6.75
HAY, tame 40 ton.	10.00@12.00
do marsh, 40 ton.	5.00@6.00
SALT, 40 bbl.	1.20
WOOL, 40 lb.	33¢
CRANBERRIES, 40 bu.	2.00

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 Merveilleux, 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, Cordettes, Chuddahs, Camel's Hair Cloths, Morris, Armures, Wool Brocades, Alpaca, 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.

RUPTURE.

"EAGAN'S IMPERIAL TRUSS."

This is a new SPIRAL SPRING TRUSS, with a graduated pressure, easy, comfortable and cheap. Will be at the CHELSEA HOUSE, Chelsea, on

TUESDAY, December 27, 1881.

CALL AND BE FITTED.

"A good comfortable fit or no pay."

Ask your Druggist for "EAGAN'S IMPERIAL TRUSS."

For Descriptive Circular and Price List, address, with stamp,

KAYNE & GOODERMAN,

Manufacturers of "Eagan's Imperial Truss." Box 2278, Ann Arbor, Mich.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address, STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

\$66 a week in your own town. \$5 a week Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. H. ALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. v11-9

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.

HOLIDAY
GOODS.

RUPTURE.

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Manufacturers of "Eagan's Imperial Truss." Box 2278, Ann Arbor, Mich.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address, STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

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CHELSEA, MICH.

The Chelsea Herald.

CHELSEA, MICH.

POPPING CORN.

[Not new but seasonable.]
And there they sat a popping corn,
John Stiles and Susan Cutter;
John Stiles as stout as any ox,
And Susan fat as butter.

And there they sat and shelled the corn,
And raked and stirred the fire,
And talked of different kind of ears
And hitched their chairs up higher.

Then Susan she the popper shook,
Then John he shook the popper,
Till both their faces grew as red
As saucers made of copper.

And then they shelled and popped and ate,
All kinds of fun a-poking;
And he haw-hawed at her remarks,
And she laughed at his joking.

And still they popped and still they ate—
John's mouth was like a popper—
And stirred the fire and sprinkled salt,
And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine, the clock struck ten
And still the corn kept popping;
It struck eleven, then struck twelve,
And still no sign of stopping.

And John he ate, and Sue she thought:
The corn did pop and patter,
Till John cried out: "The corn's a fire!
Why, Susan! what's the matter?"

Said she: "John Stiles, it's one o'clock!
You'll die of indigestion!
I'm tired of all this popping corn!
Why don't you pop the question?"

An Amateur Agricultural.

"This," said Mr. Spoonpendyke, as he gazed around on his new acquisition of six acres, "this, my dear, is what I have always wanted. A farm and a farmer's life are the high ways to happiness. Mrs. Spoonpendyke, don't you think so?"

"It's perfectly lovely," rejoined Mrs. Spoonpendyke. "I was born on a farm, and I was always healthy, though I had to go a good ways for water."

"I'll fix that," rejoined Mr. Spoonpendyke. "I'll bring in the water. Now where are my Agricultural Reports? I must plant right off if we're going to have any crops, and when they're ripe we'll take 'em to market."

"Do the crops all get ripe at the same time?" asked Mrs. Spoonpendyke.

"Of course they do," replied her husband. "They're all planted at the same time, and they grow together. You don't suppose they run races, do you? You haven't got a notion that the first crop in wins the pot, have you? Now, we want to put in some cabbages, and the Agricultural Report says they must be planted where turnips and radishes grew the year before. I wonder what they put in that corner last year."

"Why not put cabbages where turnips and radishes grew before?" asked Mrs. Spoonpendyke.

"Because it makes the cabbages taste of 'em," replied Mr. Spoonpendyke.

"Well, then," said Mrs. Spoonpendyke, "we'll plant them where water-melons grew, or asparagus. Would they taste of water-melons and asparagus if we did?"

"Of course they would. And if we planted them where the hens had scratched they'd taste of the poultry, or if we planted them alongside of a church they wouldn't boil on Sunday. I'll put them in that corner over there, and then we'll have raspberries in the other corner."

"I don't like raspberries," objected Mrs. Spoonpendyke. "I'd rather have hickory-nuts. Can you plant hickory-nuts where any thing else has grown?"

"No," replied Mr. Spoonpendyke, solemnly. "You can't. They wouldn't stay down. I'll tell you. We might have our meadow in that corner, and fill in between the meadow and the cabbages with—"

"Hollyhocks!" interrupted Mrs. Spoonpendyke, "and we can train them against the fence."

"Who wants any dod gasted hollyhocks?" blurted Mr. Spoonpendyke. "Maybe you'd like to plant some old glass bottles and raise a hothouse! I raps your idea is to put down some old rags and a bent wire and raise spring bonnets! I tell you, we'll put onions in there, and that fills up that end of the farm."

"We'll have a right to have your pasture at this end," recommended Mrs. Spoonpendyke.

"No, I'm going to put my orchard here, and on that far side between the orchard and the cabbages I'll plant some—some—what can we put in there?"

"I'd have a row of bushes, or—"

"Or, or, what? Maybe you want to plant some buck-hair and raise wigs! How'd you like to put in that old barrel there and raise wash-tubs?"

"I was thinking of a lake," mumbled Mrs. Spoonpendyke. "A lake looks so pretty on a farm."

"Of course it does!" roared Mr. Spoonpendyke. "All you've got to do is plant a bucket of water and watch it grow. Maybe you're thinking of training a measly lake up against the fence! Now I'm going to put some buckwheat in there, and that makes cabbages, two acres; meadows, one acre; onions, two acres; buckwheat, half an acre; orchard, half an acre; which just fills the farm comfortably. Where are you going to have

your pasture?" asked Mrs. Spoonpendyke.

"Probably out doors, somewhere," responded her husband. "There's more room out doors. Don't you know that crops don't grow in the winter, and then that cow can have the whole farm for a pasture?"

"That's so," said Mrs. Spoonpendyke. "I hadn't thought of that. Now we want some chickens."

"One chicken will be enough," said Mr. Spoonpendyke. "I'm not going to have a lot of measly hens scratching up my meadow, and one will give all the eggs we want. I'm going to lay my money out in farming implements and not hens. You see we've got to have a steam reaper and mowing machine."

And a steam hoe, suggested Mrs. Spoonpendyke. And we ought to have some geese.

Yes we must have geese. I'll look around for white ones. I don't like the gray geese. Now, I see by the reports that a cow ought to be dry at least six weeks before calving. You be careful not to give that cow any water; you hear? Where can we put the pig?

I don't know, replied Mrs. Spoonpendyke, biting her thumb. Can't we put him in the orchard?

Yes, and along in the spring we'd find the orchard in him. That's an idea. One year fruit and the next pig, turn and turn about.

But you can tie him in the orchard and keep the cow in the wood-shed. That reminds me, I must have a grindstone. What kind of trees shall we put in the orchard?

Willow trees give the most shade, ventured Mrs. Spoonpendyke.

That's it! howled Mr. Spoonpendyke, you're an Agriculturist! All you want now is a dry season and a mortgage to be a model farm! If I had your intelligence and a yellow cover, I'd hire out as an almanac! Don't you know that willows don't give fruit? I'm going to put in quince-trees and olives. There you get your fruit and shade together. Then, around in the corners of the fence I'll plant strawberry vines.

That'll be nice, chirruped Mrs. Spoonpendyke. And when we kill the pig, I'll make some little oil-silk bags to put the sausages in.

What bags? demanded Mr. Spoonpendyke.

Those oil silk bags that always come around sausages.

O! yes, those. They will do any time. Say, I think I'll get some sheep and then during the long winter evenings we can shear them at our leisure.

Won't they hurt us? asked Mrs. Spoonpendyke.

I will get some quiet ones without horns, replied Mr. Spoonpendyke, or else some that have the horns all curled around so they can not stick in us. I must find out how to make honey, and the first thing we want is a wind-mill.

Then we can always tell which way the wind blows, exclaimed Mrs. Spoonpendyke. Get one with a man holding a spy-glass to his eye. I saw—

Who cares a dod gasted cent what ye saw! raved Mr. Spoonpendyke. Do you know what a wind-mill is? I think it has got eyes all over it like a measly old maid? Got a notion that a wind-mill goes around with its skirts hoisted up and a dod gasted spy-glass under its arm? Well, it don't, I tell ye, and it does not go skyking about with men either! It is a mill and it will pump water whenever you want it to. Understand what it is now?

Certainly, dear, rejoined Mrs. Spoonpendyke, but I thought you meant something to put on the chimney when it don't draw. Now, where could we keep a wind-mill?

Chain it up behind the house! thundered Mr. Spoonpendyke. It will have a collar on, and we can bring it in nights or have a kennel built for it. Got it now? Think you would know a wind-mill if I asked one home to dinner?

I know what it is now, whimpered Mrs. Spoonpendyke. It is a thing that turns around.

That is it, snorted Mr. Spoonpendyke. It waltzes. You have struck the idea; with what you know now and what you have got to find out, you only need a good breeze and a fight around the corner to be a whole flour-mill.

I see the report says that you must give your hen chopped turnips once in a while, said Mrs. Spoonpendyke, putting her thumb on the paragraph.

Either that or cabbages, returned her husband. I do not know whether we will have cabbages enough, he continued musingly.

You might have less buckwheat, suggested Mrs. Spoonpendyke. I should think, though, that two acres would be enough for one hen, and if it is not, you can buy a load now and then from the neighbors.

I will think that over, replied Mr. Spoonpendyke. Here is one thing I do not understand. It says we should test a few seeds before planting to make sure they will germinate, but it does not say how to do it.

Maybe it means to boil them, suggested Mrs. Spoonpendyke, or perhaps you—

Or perhaps you think it means to crack them with an ax to see if they are hard! I suppose you have got an idea you stick straws into them as you do into bread to see if they are done! Well, you do not; you put acid on them. I will get some acid and drop them in, and if it discolors them they are no good, and if it does not they are all right. I think we ought to have some weevil for that pig.

I do not know where you are going to plant it, said Mrs. Spoonpendyke, unless it will grow with buckwheat or onions. You can not put it in with the cabbage, because the pig and hen would fight.

Do you know what weevil is? demanded Mr. Spoonpendyke, glaring at his wife. Got a notion that it is some kind of weed for the pig to

smoke, have you not? Imagine its gilt-edged note-paper with a monogram for him to write on, do you not? Well, it is not either one; nor it is not a swallow-tail coat or a plug hat for him to go to church in, neither! You do not plant weevil, Mrs. Spoonpendyke, any more than you do soap, or clothes-pins, or stair-roads. You buy it in barrels, and I will order some.

I think we ought to have some lace curtains for the front windows, suggested Mrs. Spoonpendyke, anxious to change the conversation.

Yes, and we want a folding bedstead for the cow, and we have got to have a new arm-chair for the pig, and I am afraid those cabbages will not do well without a weetruse! squealed Mr. Spoonpendyke. I suppose I have got to hire a man to see that the meadow does not go fishing Sundays and upset your religious notions. O! you are a farmers wife, you are! If I had time to write an index to you and get some dod gasted binder to fit you up with a fly-leaf, you would make a whole agricultural report!

And Mr. Spoonpendyke shot into the house and to bed, while his wife having put all the oil-lamps into buckets of water, so they could not explode during the night, fell asleep dreaming that the cabbage-patch had eloped with the onions, while the cow and the pig had died of weevil and the wind-mill had abandoned agricultural pursuits and started off through Ohio preaching the gospel.

—STANLEY HUNTLEY.

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