

# THE CHELSEA HERALD.

VOLUME 16.

CHELSEA, MICH., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1886.

NUMBER 9

## ADVERTISING RATES.

Space.	1w	1m	3m	6m	1y
1 Inch.....	\$ 50	\$1 00	\$2 00	\$3 00	\$5 00
1 Column.....	1 00	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
2 Column.....	2 00	4 00	8 00	12 00	20 00
3 Column.....	3 00	6 00	12 00	18 00	30 00
4 Column.....	4 00	8 00	16 00	24 00	40 00
5 Column.....	5 00	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00
6 Column.....	6 00	12 00	24 00	36 00	60 00
7 Column.....	7 00	14 00	28 00	42 00	70 00
8 Column.....	8 00	16 00	32 00	48 00	80 00
9 Column.....	9 00	18 00	36 00	54 00	90 00
10 Column.....	10 00	20 00	40 00	60 00	100 00

## CHURCH DIRECTORY.

**METHODIST.**—Rev. Wm. Campbell. Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock. Sunday school immediately after morning services.

**CONGREGATIONAL.**—Rev. John A. Kelley. Services at 10:30 A. M., and 7 P. M. Young people's meeting, Sabbath evening, at 6 o'clock. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock. Sunday School, immediately after morning services.

**BAPTIST.**—Rev. H. M. Gallup. Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at 12 M.

**LUTHERAN.**—Rev. Gottlieb Robertus. Services, one Sabbath at 10:30 A. M., alternate Sabbath at 2 P. M. Sunday School at 9 A. M.

**CATHOLIC.**—Rev. Wm. Considine. Mass every morning at 8 o'clock. Sabbath services at 8 and 10:30 A. M. Catechism at 12 M. and 2:30 P. M. Vespers, 8:30 P. M.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### MAILS CLOSE.

GOING EAST.	GOING WEST.
9:31 A. M. ....	8:30 A. M. ....
4:40 P. M. ....	10:35 A. M. ....
8:15 P. M. ....	5:45 P. M. ....
	8:15 P. M. ....

THOS. McKONE, P. M.

### CITY BARBER SHOP.

FRANK SHAVER.  
Two doors west of Woods & Knapp's hardware store. Work done quickly and in first-class style.

### F. H. STILES.

DENTIST.  
Office with Dr. Palmer, over Glazier, DeFay & Co's. Drug Store.  
CHELSEA, MICH. v11-46.

### PHOTOGRAPHER.

E. E. SHAVER.  
We are making Cabinet Photographs at the reduced price of only three dollars per dozen; Card size \$1.50 per dozen. Gallery over H. S. Holmes & Co's. store.

### GEO. E. DAVIS.

Resident Auctioneer of sixteen years experience, and second to none in the State. Will attend all farm sales and other auctions on short notice. Orders left at this office will receive prompt attention. Residence and P. O. address, Sylvan, Mich. V-13-5.

### CHELSEA HOUSE BARBER SHOP.

J. A. CRAWFORD  
In basement of Chelsea House, has a spacious, pleasant room, runs two chairs, does first-class work and cuts ladies' bangs in very style.

## Doctor Champlin's

### OFFICE HOURS

—ARE—  
**8 to 9 a. m.**  
**1 to 2 &**  
**7 to 8 p. m.**

**FINE** We are prepared to do all kinds of Plain and Fancy Job Printing, such as Posters, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Ticket Programs, Tags, Cards, Pamphlets, Receipts, Etc., Etc., Etc. **PRINTING**

### Notice to Butter Makers and Consumers.

I will be constantly on hand at my new stand under the postoffice to pay the highest market price, in cash, for all the first class butter I can get, and will also retail first class butter to any who may want, at all times, and at as reasonable figures as any one can sell a good article for. And guarantee satisfaction.  
Cash paid for eggs. A. DURAND.

**GO TO HESSELSCHWERDT'S** for fresh oysters, DIRECT FROM BALTIMORE, by the plate or can, the best Free Press and Spanish Pink Clams, and warm meals at all hours.

# CLOSING OUT SALE! OF PARKER, KEMPF AND SCHENK.

Every dollar's worth of goods in our three stores has got to be sold by JANUARY 1st. Nothing reserved in this great sale.

You will buy

## MORE GOODS FOR ONE DOLLAR

at our stores for the next two months than at any other place in this county.

## CLOAKS! CLOAKS!!

We are showing a very large and stylish line of LADIES' SHORT WRAPS and NEW-MARKETS, MISSES' and CHILDREN'S GARMENTS, at greatly reduced prices. All on first floor, marked in plain figures, and they **MUST BE SOLD.**


## DRESS GOODS! DRESS GOODS!!

This department is well worth your attention, as we are greatly overstocked from Silks and Satins and Novelty Dress Goods to the cheapest fabric. These have got to go with the rest.

## HOSIERY, BUTTONS, CORSETS,

Velvets, Dress Trimmings of all kinds, Underwear, both Ladies', Gents' and Children's, must go.

## CLOTHING! CLOTHING!!



Remember this stock is all new. No bankrupt or damaged goods in this stock. Suits that sell at other places for \$12.00 and \$15.00 you get of us for

**\$10.00!**



## BOOTS AND SHOES! BOOTS AND SHOES!

We are the exclusive agents in Chelsea for the celebrated Robinson & Burtenshaw Shoes. These are acknowledged to be the best goods in Michigan.

**PARKER, KEMPF & SCHENK.**

## THE Housekeepers' Bazaar

Will offer special inducements in GLASSWARE AND CROCKERY, during the month of November, to make room for an immense stock of Holiday Goods to arrive next month.

### GLASSWARE AT COST.

### CROCKERY

20 per cent lower than former prices.

LAMPS AND LAMP TRIMMINGS.

A LARGE STOCK OF YARNS—

Germantown, Saxony, Shetland, Zephyrs, Angora and German Knitting Yarns in all shades. Remember our Yarns are the celebrated Golden Fleece brand.

**F. W. DUNN & CO.,**

Chelsea, Mich.

### LOCAL BREVITIES.

Additional locals on last page.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Durand have gone to Grand Rapids to spend a fortnight visiting.

G. W. Turnbull Esq., with Capt. Manly, held a democratic rally at Sylvan Center last Saturday evening.

Rev. J. Patchin closed his pastoral labors with the Congregational Church at Grass Lake last Sabbath.

M. J. Lehman Esq. and Orla B. Taylor addressed the Democrats of Lyndon at Lyndon Center last Saturday evening.

Gen. Booth, commander in chief of the salvation army, was in Jackson last Friday with 500 of his soldiers from various posts in the state.

Alvin Wilsey, of Ann Arbor was in town last Friday. We think that his time was divided between collecting dues and talking prohibition.

Col. Atkinson, of Detroit, made a very able, logical, convincing speech at town hall, last Saturday, p. m., to a full house on the tariff question.

During Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin's visit in the state of New York, Mrs. Baldwin met three sisters who had not been together in more than 55 years. Their united ages amounted to 290 years.

Last Tuesday, our election board and several others in town were treated by Sam Guerin to ripe strawberries, just picked from the garden of I. Storms, Lima.

John Ryan, the convict who escaped from the state prison at Jackson a week ago last Sunday is still at large, notwithstanding immediate and earnest efforts to recapture him. Not far off we fancy.

J. Bacon commenced his clearing sale of \$10,000 worth of hardware last Saturday at from 10 to 25 per cent discount. It will close Saturday, Dec. 4th. Now is your time to buy all kinds of hardware goods cheap for cash.

On Friday, Nov. 12, 1886, at 10 o'clock, a. m., Charles K. Dixon will sell at public auction, on the James L. Mitchell farm, one mile east and one mile south of Lima Center, his stock, farming utensils, grain, hay, etc. Do not forget the day.

Raspberries, strawberries and grapes are reported to be growing in this vicinity and in other parts of the state. It is a very strange freak of nature, not easily accounted for. Lilac bushes are also putting forth their leaves and blossoming.

Last Friday evening the C. L. S. C. met with the Misses VanTyne. Nearly all the members were present besides a number of invited ladies. After the usual program the circle were favored, by Mrs. L. S. Holmes, with a very interesting and instructive lecture on glaciers.

On Saturday, October 23, the pupils of the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th grades of our Union School, with their teachers, Miss Libbie Depew and Miss Tillie Mutschel, and some others, made an excursion by rail to Ann Arbor to visit the University museum and library and other objects of interest. It was a joyful company and nothing occurred to mar their pleasure. The occasion will be long remembered both on account of the pleasure enjoyed and the instruction gained.



For Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Wall Paper, Crockery, Jewelry, Watches, Silver Ware and Groceries go to Glazier's Bank Drug Store.

Timothy and Clover Seed at bottom prices at Glazier's.

Salt \$1 per bbl. at Glazier's. Immense assortment of Toilet Powders and Perfumes at Glazier's.

## A Special Inducement

Until November 10th we will offer Special Inducements in prices in order to move a larger quantity of goods than usual during the next Thirty days.

## Our OVERCOAT

Stock is all New, only having carried over twenty-seven from last year.

## See our 39 cent UNDERWEAR.

## Our 39 cent GLOVES are a Great Bargain.

## Nothing ever offered like our 50c. OVERALLS, just arriving.

This is a chance perhaps never offered this time of the year, and it will be greatly to the interest of our friends to lay in their stock of

**READY-MADE  
CLOTHING,**  
Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishing Goods at once.

## COME Before NOVEMBER 10, 1886.

**J. T. JACOBS & CO.,**  
27 and 29 Main Street,  
Ann Arbor, - Mich.















THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



## STATE NEWS.

### AN OPEN SWITCH.

#### Collision on the D. C. & M. Railroad.

A collision on the Eight Mile Siding on the Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee railroad Sunday night, Oct. 23, resulted in the worst wreck in the history of that road. The following persons were injured: Nicholas Lamp, freight engineer, terribly scalded.

Nelson Smedley, freight fireman, probably fatally scalded.

John Hennessey, express baggageman, burned by coals from the stove.

Thomas B. Alexander, clerk, burned and probably internally injured.

Augustus O'Dell, express engineer, left shoulder dislocated.

Thomas Barrett, express fireman, hand and wrist badly injured, general bruises.

Henry Dabney, sleeping car porter, and John McCullough, brakeman, general business.

The collision was the result of criminal carelessness on the part of Brakeman Mann, who confesses that he misplaced a switch. The night express left Detroit on time Saturday night and started to make the usual time to Pontiac. The train consisted of one baggage car, two coaches and sleeper. Augustus O'Dell is one of the best engineers in the employ of the company. The eight-mile siding, so called for its distance from Detroit, is a common meeting and passing point. Here special freight train No. 70, which left Pontiac early in the evening, was waiting the arrival of the night express. The train was in charge of Conductor Wells and Engineer Nicholas Lamp; fireman, Nelson Smedley. The train had been waiting about 40 minutes when the express hove in sight. The night was dark. On making the siding Conductor Wells sent Head Brakeman Mann ahead to see that the switch was turned clear of the siding, the switch having no lights upon it. It is supposed that Mann did not obey this order, for the switch was open.

As soon as the express turned to the siding Engineer O'Dell applied the air brakes, shut off steam and attempted to reverse the locomotive, and he and Fireman Barrett then jumped for their lives. O'Dell struck on his shoulder, which was dislocated, and rolled down the embankment, several feet high, receiving other serious injuries. Barrett broke his thumb and was badly shaken up by his fall. He also received several painful cuts on his head. Engineer Lamp and Fireman Smedley of the freight engine were apparently paralyzed with surprise or fright, for although they had ample time to jump, they remained on their engine.

The two engines came together with frightful force. The crash was deafening. The shock broke the pins holding the freight train and sent the rear cars spinning down the siding. The first freight car and the baggage car were telescoped and the two engines were completely wrecked. They reared upward nose to nose and fell down into the ditch. The passenger engine lay on its side with the front jammed into the earth. The tender was hurled over the engine and lay at right angles across the ditch.

Lamp and Smedley were caught in the wreck. Lamp was thrown under the engine and pinned down to the ground. The water which flooded from the tender fortunately washed the earth away, and he was able to extricate himself and escaped being scalded to death. Smedley also fell under the engine and was frightfully scalded before he was liberated by the passengers. The tender of the freight engine was jammed up partly on top of a car of barrel staves.

John Hennessey of Detroit, baggageman, and T. B. Alexander, employed in the freight depot of the road, were in the baggage car. Alexander was en route to his home in Birmingham. These two men were knocked into one end of the car and fell down with dozens of trunks on top of them. The stove was knocked over and the coals of fire fell around their feet. The passenger, who had been pitched out of their seats by the collision, came forward in time to put out the fire and rescue Hennessey and Alexander from being burned to death.

The passengers and brakemen of the passenger train who had just left the baggage car before the collision long enough to get into the smoking car and shut the door, gathered pieces of the wreck and the scattered barrel staves and built a large bonfire on the opposite side of the track. Up to this time the wreck was in total darkness. The injured were then helped into the sleeping car and made as comfortable as possible.

Fireman Barrett, of the express engine, started to walk to Milwaukee junction, and thence the news was wired to Detroit.

At 1 o'clock a. m. Supt. Waugh sent for the company's surgeons, Drs. Brodie and Lyter, had a special train made up, and with the doctors proceeded to the scene of the wreck. The surgeons at once attended to the wounded. Engineer O'Dell was in such pain that ether was administered before the shoulder was set. Lamp's legs below the knees were badly scalded and the doctors found them plastered over with flour, which had been obtained at a farm house and applied to ease the pain. Smedley, the worst injured, was terribly scalded. The special train brought the wounded to Detroit and the injured were taken to St. Mary's hospital.

A wrecking train and a large force of men worked all day and the road was cleared in the next afternoon. The engines are worth little more than so much scrap iron, and the loss to the company may not be less than \$50,000.

All the injured are better except Fireman Smedley of the freight, who, it is feared, cannot recover. The flesh on his legs from feet to hips is literally cooked and he is kept almost continually under the influence of an opiate to escape the terrible pains. Lamp and Smedley say that they had been on continuous duty for 27 hours, and were almost asleep. Lamp says that the express engine was not more than 20 feet from him when he first saw it. The first Smedley knew of the collision he felt himself going up in the air.

### MICHIGAN ITEMS.

William Emerick, who settled in Ypsilanti over 60 years ago, is dead.

W. M. H. Cobleigh, a wealthy farmer, 67, was killed nine miles south of East Saginaw the other afternoon. The wind blew a heavy gate on him. He struggled desperately, but died before help came to remove the gate. He leaves a wife and two sons.

Russell Pascall, a 55-year-old citizen of Jackson, was arraigned before U. S. Commissioner Dodge in Lansing a few days ago charged with offering for sale counterfeit coin. He was bound over and in default of \$1,000 bail was committed to the Wayne county jail.

Mr. Leizkyshomzquarkinzyski, an employe in P. W. & Co.'s salt block shipped and fell into one of the vats Tuesday and came out with a badly scalded foot. Mr. Leizkyshomzquarkinzyski will be laid up for several weeks.—Lakeside Monitor.

A burglar entered Mrs. Kelley's house in Au Sable the other night, but nothing was stolen. The burglar, in his haste to depart, left his hat behind, and this led to his arrest the next day. He claims to have been drunk, and got into the wrong house.

## HOME NEWS.

Fifty-nine mills in New York, belonging to the National knit goods manufacturers association have shut down all employes who persist in belonging to the Knights of Labor organizations.

A heavy snow storm prevailed in the Catskill mountains on the 17th. Snow fell to quite a depth in New Hampshire on the same day.

The Minneapolis switchmen's strike now involves all the roads centering in that city.

Wm. Gillispie Walker, a nephew of Jas. G. Blaine has become a Jesuit. Walker's mother was the favorite sister of Blaine.

Gen. Gay, a prominent citizen and politician of Bowling Green, Ohio, was killed by a stage robber near Quincy, Cal., recently.

The nephews of the late Samuel J. Tilden have at last determined to make a desperate attempt to break their uncle's will, and have retained able counsel for that purpose. The will will be contested on the ground of improper construction. The counsel having given the opinion that the residuary claim is invalid it is held that the trustees cannot be empowered to name a legatee. No opposition, however, will be made to its probate.

The president has appointed Benjamin Folsom of New York, to be Consul of the United States at Sheffield, Eng. Mr. Folsom is a cousin of Mrs. Cleveland.

S. R. Hubbard, principal keeper of the life saving station at Fire Island, N. Y., who is charged with secreting goods taken from the wreck of the Oregon, has tendered his resignation to the secretary of the treasury. No action will be taken on it, however, until the investigation of the charges against him now in progress is concluded. If the charges are sustained he will be dismissed.

The clerk of the house committee on appropriations is about to send out notices to members of the committee requesting their attendance at a meeting to be held in Washington on November 23 next. The next session of the congress being a short one, it is the intention of chairman Randall to have the appropriation bills intrusted to the committee ready for action by the house soon after it assembles.

Senator Edmunds has been re-elected senator from Vermont.

In about 12 months 20 vessels from Gloucester, Mass., worth \$154,000, have been lost, with 104 men.

Attorney General Garland holds that the tax imposed by the new oleomargarine law applies only to the completed product, and not to the material of which it is composed.

The secretary of war has directed Gen. Sheridan to have Geronimo and 14 of his followers removed to and confined at Fort Pickens, Fla., and the remainder of the Apaches captured at the same time taken to Fort Marion, Fla.

The Masonic hall, Odd Fellows hall, Chronicle office, M. E. church, a large printing establishment, the postoffice, two hotels, fifteen stores and a number of dwelling houses in Farmington, Maine, were burned on the 23d inst.

Yellow fever exists at Biloxi, Miss. Several deaths have occurred.

Capt. Howgate the defaulting signal service officer, is running an insurance office in Chicago, and is said to be doing well. He is living under an assumed name. In conversation with a friend recently he said if his life was spared 10 years he would be able to pay his bondsmen the amount lost by them through his default.

The saw mill of James Canine, M. P., at Port Arthur, was totally destroyed by fire recently. Loss estimated at about \$103,000; only partially insured.

The Windsor hotel at Roselle, N. J., was totally destroyed by fire the other morning. Johanna Sullivan, a laundress, was burned to death.

Mrs. Elizabeth Trotter Van Antwerp of New York, has secured a verdict of \$21,000 against her husband, who illegally disposed of bonds and stocks inherited by her from her father.

Cutting, the editor recently confined in a Mexican prison is endeavoring to raise 10,000 men to invade Mexico.

F. A. Crittenden and W. R. Harvey, Chicago board of trade men, have been expelled for crooked trading.

The United States consul at London, Ont., notifies this government of the utter disregard by shippers of the customs regulations.

Maxwell, the St. Louis murderer has been granted a reprieve until Jan. 1st.

All the annual estimates have been received at the treasury department except those for public works, for the naval establishment and for the postal service. Those already submitted, which cover all the regular civil expenses of the government, show very little change in amount from the appropriations for the present year. The treasury department will have the estimates in shape for submission to the appropriations committee at its meeting on the 20th proximo.

At Cleveland Rosie Dornbeck was crushed to death by a pet bear. The owner of the bear, P. W. Curran, was arrested for manslaughter.

Attorney General Tappan of New Hampshire, is dead.

Mrs. Rose Cleveland is in failing health and her physician positively forbids her directing her energies to the excessive labors of editorial work.

The Hon. A. T. Manning, the new United States minister to Mexico, was formally presented to President Diaz the other day. Mr. Jackson expressed the hope that friendly relations would continue between the republics.

In prohibition Atlanta there were 22 arrests for drunkenness on a recent Sunday.

The treasury department has sustained the action of the collector of customs at New York in assessing duty on tomatoes as "vegetables." The importer claimed them to be exempt from duty as "fruit."

Mrs. A. T. Stewart, the widow of the late millionaire dry goods merchant of New York, died in New York, Oct. 25th.

The mixing house of the Miami Powder works in Xenia, Ohio, exploded on the 23d inst. One man was instantly killed.

Hon. J. M. Clark, a well known politician of New Hampshire, was so disappointed because he did not get the congressional nomination, that he committed suicide.

Postmaster General Vilas states that though he had estimated a \$9,000,000 deficiency in the postoffice department this year, the actual deficiency is less than \$7,000,000. He does not think one cent postage is practicable.

Over \$50,000 worth of contraband opium was seized at San Francisco the other day.

A scandal of gigantic proportions has come to light in the navy department. Government vessels have been used for purpose of smuggling goods for the private use of the officers and their friends. Wines, carpets, laces and silks, have formed the principal part of the cargo of returning government steamers. The matter is being investigated.

Chief Mangus and the bucks captured with him have been sent to Fort Pickens, Florida, where Geronimo and his band are confined.

Advices received at the state department state that cholera is still raging in Corea. The death rate in the capital alone is about a thousand a day, and grave fears are expressed that before the plague is stayed the city will be depopulated.

An organization of St. Louis citizens is at work offering inducements for manufacturers to locate in the corporation, and a proposition from an agricultural implement factory firm is now under consideration, which, if it reaches a successful termination, will bring 500 skilled mechanics to the town. Some of the most progressive business men in the state are located right in St. Louis.

The examination of Sanford Hadden of Byron on the charge of murdering his father, resulted in his being held for trial at the next term of the circuit court.

Mrs. Effingham, a very aged lady of Nashville, was shot and instantly killed by a young man named Vickers. Didn't know it was loaded!

Versailles, Mo., had a \$50,000 fire Oct. 26th.

Prominent coal producers and railroads are moving to form a pool for the entire soft coal production of Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia. The pool contemplates the regulation of the output, maintenance of prices and rates of mining. Several large operators oppose the project.

Elias Shafer of Michigan has been appointed to a \$1,000 clerkship in the pension office.

The secretary of war has issued an order prohibiting the entry into Alaska of liquors for use for medicinal, mechanical or scientific purposes. Wine, if intended for sacramental purposes can be admitted.

President Cleveland has suspended U. S. Attorney Benton of Missouri, and William A. Stone, United States attorney for western Pennsylvania. Both took too much interest in politics.

The Case school of applied science in Cleveland, Ohio, was destroyed by fire the other day. The school cost over \$200,000, on which the insurance is but \$75,000.

The postal expenditures for the current year far exceed the appropriations.

A frightful railway collision occurred near Cedar Lake, Indiana, the other day. An engine and several cars were derailed, and badly damaged by fire. Two of the train men were killed, and a number of others were injured.

Numbers of Negroes in South Carolina are making preparations to go to Liberia. Some have already gone in company with a missionary.

Counsel for the Chicago anarchists have submitted their motion for a new trial, based on the grounds that a person who in general terms advises a crime is not necessarily an accessory. The motion is for the judge's private consideration. The state's attorney will claim that the decision is at variance with Illinois statutes.

### INTER-STATE COMMERCE.

#### Supreme Court Decisions on Freight Discrimination.

The United States supreme court has rendered its decision in the case of the Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific railroad company, plaintiffs, in error against the people of the state of Illinois. The specific allegation was that the railroad company charged Elder & McKinney fifteen cents per hundred pounds for transporting goods from Peoria to New York City, and on the same day charged Isaac Bailey and F. O. Swannell twenty-five cents per hundred pounds for the same class of goods from Gilman, Ill., to New York—Gilman being eighty-six miles nearer than Peoria to New York. The discrimination it was alleged, was in violation of the law of Illinois, which prohibits any charge for the transportation of passengers or freight within the state of Illinois proportionately greater than would be charged for the transportation of passengers or like classes of freight "over a greater distance of the same road." The gist of the decision is contained in the conclusion, as follows:

"When it is attempted to apply to transportation through an entire series of states a principle of this kind, and each one of the states or of half a dozen states shall attempt to establish its own rates of transportation, its own methods to prevent discrimination in rates, or to permit it, the deleterious influence upon the freedom of commerce among the states and upon the transportation of goods through those states cannot be overestimated. That this species of regulation is one which must be, if established at all, of a general and national character, and cannot be safely and wisely remitted to local rules and local regulations, we think is clear from what has already been said. And if it be regulation of commerce, as we think we have demonstrated it is, and as the Illinois court concedes it to be, it must be of that national character and be general rules and principles which demand that it should be done by the congress of the United States under the commerce clause of the constitution."

The judgment of the supreme court of Illinois, which was adverse to the railroad, is reversed, and the case is remanded to that court for further proceedings in conformity with the above opinion.

Opinion by Justice Miller.

Justice Bradley delivered a dissenting opinion, in which the chief justice and Justice Gray concurred. In this opinion it is conceded that congress might, if it saw fit, regulate the matter under consideration, but not having done so, it is held that the state does not lose its own territory simply because the goods or persons transported have been brought from, or destined to a point beyond the state borders.

### Will Hold the Pinkertons.

The inquest upon the corpse of Terrence Beldy, who was shot dead when a detachment of Pinkerton special police, returning from the stock yards after the recent strike ended, fired their Winchester Halstead street, resulted in a verdict that Begley's death shot came from a rifle in the hands of an unknown Pinkerton policeman, who was aided and encouraged by Guy Stivers, Richard E. Labe, George J. Bartram and Merritt E. Shaw, all of whom are Pinkerton officers now under arrest, and by others whose names cannot be learned.

It was recommended that the officers named be committed to the county jail and held to the grand jury without bail. The verdict concludes as follows: "We the jury believe that the Pinkerton detective agency has been derelict in keeping and withholding the names of the 123 men on the train wherefrom said shooting took place."

### Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and \$3 carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, 615 rooms, fitted up at the cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day, supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

## ROASTED IN A WRECK.

### Thirteen Lives Lost in a "Paul" Disaster.

#### An Accident Followed by the Burning of the Wreck.

About midnight Oct. 23 the west-bound limited express was derailed at the East Rio siding, a small station about 13 miles east of Milwaukee, on the main line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad. There were two side tracks, and at the time the train was due they were both occupied by freight trains, one by a wild train and the other by train No. 14, which had just pulled in from the west to allow the limited to pass. Train No. 14 was very long, and the conductor was at the head of the train relying upon the rear brakeman to attend to the switch.

One report says that the rear brakeman, whose business it was to close the switch after the train, for some reason neglected altogether to do so. The other and more probable story is that he started back to close the switch, but before he could reach it, the limited, which does not stop at any except large places, came flying down the grade at the rate of 50 miles an hour and left the track at the open switch. The siding is in a cut where the road curves, so that the switch light cannot be seen from the east until within a few rods. So the engineer of the limited could not see the switch light turned wrong until too late to stop.

The engine left the track, ran a short distance, brought up against the side of the cut, and toppled over. The baggage car and two regular coaches followed, while the engine and cars that went off were badly smashed and soon took fire from the stoves. Thirteen persons were killed and burned in the wreck.

Engineer Little and Foreman Egan, both of Milwaukee, crawled out from under the locomotive, badly bruised and scalded. The baggageman had his leg broken.

All the passengers in the sleepers got out uninjured, except being bruised, but in the one day coach 13 were pinned in and literally burned to death. Many others were injured by severe shaking up. The whole train, excepting one sleeper, which they were able to uncouple and draw away, was burned up.

Supt. W. G. Collins was on the east-bound passenger train No. 2, which was waiting for the limited at a station a few miles this side of Rio and was soon at the scene. A wrecking train with surgeons went from Milwaukee and did all possible to alleviate the suffering and save life.

Conductor Harker of the freight, was so badly demoralized by the accident, the responsibility of which rests on his crew and also on himself, that he took to the woods in despair, leaving his train. He has always been a most careful and efficient man, and was much trusted by the company.

### A YOUNG GIRL'S DEATH.

#### Was Jud Crouch the Cause of Jennie Farley's Death by Her Own Hand?

A young girl, 25 years of age, named Jennie Farley, was found dead in her room at the Stowell house having committed suicide. She went to Jackson about two years ago from Detroit and engaged at the lured house as a table waiter, where she remained until Sept. 18, when she went to the Hibbard house and was awarded a similar position. Her companions say she was never a forward girl. Perhaps ill health had something to do with her quietness of manners, as before leaving Detroit she had suffered with hemorrhage of the stomach, and soon after going to Jackson Dr. White treated her for a return of the old malady.

She left the Hibbard house the other afternoon, saying she was going to Detroit, and her trunk was sent to the station. She, it is since learned, took supper with a lady friend, and in the evening went to the Stowell house and asked for a room which was given her. Here she was found the next morning in an unconscious condition produced, as was subsequently ascertained, from heavy doses of morphine. Prompt medical aid proved effectual in gradually restoring her to consciousness. To the inquiries of the physicians as to the cause of her action she stubbornly refused an answer. She finally admitted that she had taken two grain capsules of morphine; that she took one to produce sleep, and as the effect was not immediate, she took the second. She would not tell where she got the drug, but she did not get it of a druggist. It is certain, as no druggist puts the poison up in so large doses, one-quarter grain being a dose for an adult. She continued in a comfortable condition until soon after midnight when she suddenly became worse, and continued to fail steadily until she died. The source whence she procured the poison, it is believed, may throw much light upon the case.

Her trunk was examined after her death, but no trace of letters excepting an envelope addressed to David Farley, Baltimore, Md., was found. Some of the girls at the Hibbard house saw her burn a large package of letters before she left there. She was popularly supposed, by the girls of the hotel, to be supplied with considerable sums of money by some one, but only \$5 was found in her purse.

It quickly became apparent after her death that the poor girl was envious. It was known that for months past she had had visits more or less frequent from Jud Crouch, and had also received letters from him. She was not known to have any other company whatever. A short time ago she informed the housekeeper that she would soon give birth to a child, and showed her a letter in which the writer threatened to kill her if she made known the father of her unborn babe, but would not show the name. Friends of the unfortunate girl raised money enough to pay her burial expenses. Jud Crouch was visited by Miss Beebe, the housekeeper of the Hibbard house, and gave her \$10 to aid in paying the funeral expenses.

It is learned that she has been in the city about three years. She was twice employed at the lured house and at other times was at service in Marshall, Ypsilanti, at the Crouch farm and elsewhere. She was much esteemed by her girl friends. Gov. Blair states that no action will be taken against Jud unless more evidence can be found showing that he influenced her to commit suicide or procured the drug, as no one would be able to accuse him successfully now that the poor girl herself has gone. The case has aroused a good deal of popular feeling.

Several little girls from 11 to 13 years old have been sent within the past few days from Bay City to the industrial school for girls at Adrian. An examination of their cases showed that elderly men, several of them with families, had repeatedly associated with these children and helped to drag them down if they were not the direct authors of their ruin. The names of these vultures are kept out of the papers, but they should be spotted nevertheless and shunned as though they had the small-pox.



# Heron's Nest.

BY BERTHA M. CLAY.

## CHAPTER I.

No matter where the Christmas stars shone, the Christmas snows fell, there was not in the whole world so desolate a girl as I. I had watched them, those far stars, shining in a deep blue sky in a different clime from this—clime where roses grow well-nigh all the year round, and the silver seas are rarely troubled by storms. I had watched them from between high gray walls, which I know now to have enclosed the court of a convent; and since then I have watched them from the grand old gardens of Heron's Nest. All through my lonely, desolate childhood, uncheered by the warmth and the brightness of the sun of love, the stars were as friends to me.

I remember, as in a dream, a journey over stormy seas; I hear far-off echoes of a voice; and I have a faint recollection of a face bending over mine. But the first vivid impression of my life is of standing at the window of the house-keeper's room at Heron's Nest, watching the shadows grow darker and the snow fall one Christmas eve. There was no rejoicing in the grand old mansion. It was all dark and dismal. The snow beat fiercely upon it; the wind eddied round it; but loud and sweet above the moan of the wind came the chiming of the church bells. To me they spoke plainly enough. They said, "Christmas is come—Christmas is come!" I wondered if they said the same to everyone else. I spoke to the only friend I had, Mrs. Paterson, the house-keeper.

"What do the bells of Heronsdale church really say?" I asked her.

"Bells do not speak," she replied, smiling. "You cannot say they are dumb," I rejoined. "Listen!"—and slowly I sang with them, "Christmas is come—Christmas is come!" Mrs. Paterson shook her head.

"Gracia," she said, not unkindly, "you are too full of fancies."

"To tell you the truth," I answered, "I hardly know what are fancies and what are not. Is it a fancy of mine that because it is Christmas Eve the snow falls more softly and the stars shine more brightly? Is it my fancy that I can hear music in the chiming of the bells—that fills the air with a strange sense of mystery?"

"Gone," said the house-keeper solemnly, "you had better go to bed."

"Oh, no!" I cried. "Do not send me away. It is cold and dark in my room. Let me stay here in the warmth and light with you. I want to watch the sky and see if the Christmas stars shine to-night."

She murmured to herself a wish that Heaven would bless the child and her fancies, but she was not angry.

"How fondly mothers will kiss their children to-night!" I went on. "How warmly will old friends clasp hands! If one man has wronged another, how freely he will be forgiven! I wish some one would kiss me."

"I will kiss you, Gracia," said the house-keeper.

And she did; but it did not seem to satisfy the craving that I felt.

"Are you not happy here?" she asked kindly.

"How can I be happy when I belong to no one—when I have not a friend or relative in the world—when I have not even a name!" I said bitterly.

"You live in a beautiful house, you wear good clothes, and have everything a girl can wish for," she answered.

"I want none of those things," I cried. "I want some one to love me."

"I have made a plum-pudding and some mince-pies," said Mrs. Paterson, with a view to diverting my thoughts. "You shall have a hot mince-pie for your supper, Gracia, if you will stop talking. You almost frighten me."

But plum-pudding and mince-pies had no charms for me. I loved the pale moonlight, the softly-falling snow, the light of the stars. I longed to go out and see if I could penetrate the mystery that seemed to lie around. I wanted to hear more distinctly the bells that seemed to chime, "Christmas is come—Christmas is come!"

That is my first vivid recollection. How the fair clime where the roses grew, how the high gray walls had disappeared, I could not tell. Here I was, a child of ten, and no one had the slightest knowledge about me. No one knew why I was at Heron's Nest; no one knew my parents, my name, my position. I might be the daughter of a peer or a peasant. I had not a friend. In the whole world there was not a more lonely child than I.

Everyone called me "Gracia"—the house-keeper, the old butler, the head-gardener, the Vicar, his wife and daughter; I had no other name. When anyone said abruptly, "Gracia what?"—as people often did when they asked my name—I could not answer. "Gracia!" the simple name—nothing but "Gracia"! The keenest of all pains to me was having no name; and when I read the story of the shadowless man I believed that I understood what he had suffered. I was part of the place, just as the pictures and statues and carvings were; and a grand old place it was true.

The Squire who owned Heron's Nest at the time of my first memories of the place was called Wolfgang—a name of which, though not by any means an attractive one, he was very proud, because many of his ancestors had borne it. And of this Wolfgang Dacre a story was told. When a young man he spent a season in London, and there fell madly in love with a Countess, said to be one of the loveliest women in England. He had not the least chance of winning her, for she was a Duke's daughter, and a great heiress; she was a coquette, too, false of heart as fair of face. The handsome young Squire, who worshipped her as though she were a goddess, made a very agreeable addition to her list of admirers. She had no intention of marrying him; but she enjoyed the pleasant pastime of flirting with him and revelled in the sport. She liked to see the young man's face pale with emotion, flush with anger or love, just as she would. She delighted in exercising her power over him, making his honest heart thrill with rapture, then sink with despair. He was the favorite of all her admirers; but she never thought of marrying him. True he was of ancient descent, his name one of the oldest in England, his wealth great; but then he was only a country Squire, and she was a Duke's daughter. She accepted his homage, smiled upon him until her beauty almost maddened him; wore the flowers that he sent her, let him clasp her hand until every nerve in his frame thrilled with delight at the touch, waited

with him when the very sweetness of the music dazed him; but she never dreamed of marrying him. Had anyone suggested such a thing, she would have been indignant. When the day came that Wolfgang Dacre laid all he had in the world at her feet, she laughed at him and held him up to derision. He left London never to return. He shut himself up in the old manor-house, a man whose life was embittered forever by the light love of a woman.

There he lived for some years. Lady Millicent married and the tragical story of her death a little later created a great sensation. Soon after that he went abroad, leaving his beautiful home in the care of Mrs. Blencowe, his house-keeper. Twice every year Mr. Graham of Thavies Inn, the Squire's solicitor, went down to Heron's Nest and remained for a week, during which time he thoroughly examined the house, ordered all that was needful, attended to the accounts, and made all arrangements for the next six months. Occasionally—but it was a rare event—a letter came from Squire to the house-keeper; no one else however ever knew the nature of the contents. Everything went on from year to year in the same monotonous, quiet, peaceful way. Gradually the memory of the Squire died from the minds of his people; and then I came upon the scene—whence no one at Heron's Nest or in the neighborhood could tell.

It seems that one fine April morning a letter came for the house-keeper, Mrs. Blencowe. After she read it, she called the servants together, and told them she was compelled to go away for a time, as a friend of hers was ill and required her services. The house-keeper made her arrangements, attended to all that would be required during her absence, and then departed.

She returned when the June roses were blooming, bringing me. I was six years old when I came with Mrs. Blencowe to Heron's Nest. She never spoke to the other servants about me. She called me Gracia, and no one knew whether I was by my own name or not—I was simply Gracia. So far as I can remember, she was very kind to me.

At Heronsdale there lived a gentle, simple old man, the organist of the parish church, Michael Holt. He taught me music and the rudiments of Latin, and made me acquainted with the beauties of English literature—taught me for several years simply for love of me; for two years after she had brought me to Heron's Nest the house-keeper died suddenly. She was standing on the steps in the library, dusting some valuable books, when she fell down dead. The doctor who was summoned said the cause of her death was disease of the heart—disease of long standing. So I lost the only person who knew anything about me.

After she was dead, people did what they never dared to do in her lifetime—they put innumerable questions to me. What did I remember—what had I seen? Where had I lived abroad—in what town? Was Mrs. Blencowe my mother, or was she my aunt? But I remembered nothing clearly, except the roses and the high gray walls; therefore I could not gratify their curiosity. It was possible that Mrs. Blencowe might be my mother, yet a proud instinct told me she was not. I was penniless, friendless, living at Heron's Nest on sufferance; yet I was proud as the daughter of any peer, and I do not believe that I ever lowered my head for anyone.

No sooner was Mrs. Blencowe dead than there was quite a disturbance about me. Some of the servants said that the Squire's solicitor ought to advertise for Mrs. Blencowe's friends. He did so and they came forward; but none of them knew anything of me.

It was suggested that I should be sent to the workhouse or to an orphanage; but Mr. Graham would not hear of that.

"The Squire would be angry," he said. "After all, the child will not cost much; she had better remain here for the present. I do not know the Squire's address, or I would write and ask him what is to be done with her."

Then a new house-keeper came—Mrs. Paterson; and she was as much mystified as the rest with regard to me. She was kind, and at times even indulgent to me. The general belief of the whole household was that I was Mrs. Blencowe's daughter, and the servants treated me as such. They were familiar and kind; but they regarded me as one of themselves, and only laughed at my love of books and study.

I led that life for some years. The only person who treated me with any degree of respect was the Vicar of the parish, the Reverend Ernest Sale. His wife never acknowledged me even by so much as a smile or a bow. She was highly connected, I believe, and was regarded as a model of elegance. The Vicar's daughter generally passed me by with a look of cold contempt. Miss Sale was ambitious of being considered a country beauty. She intended to marry well, and altogether was a young lady of some importance. To them such a person as Mrs. Blencowe's daughter was not worth a thought, and the only time that mother and daughter evinced any interest in me was when they both interfered to prevent me from singing in Heronsdale Church. I had a fine contralto voice, which, thanks to Michael Holt, had been well trained, and my dear old master was very proud of his pupil. He said I sang like a nightingale. The proudest hour of my young life was when I stood up in the choir of the old church to sing, and my solo was—

"Hark, the herald-angels sing!"

I forgot—even now the remembrance brings tears to my eyes—the church and the people, the Vicar standing so silent, the choir looking at me with wondering eyes. My very soul went out in the beautiful words, and I saw only the Christmas stars shining in the blue sky; it was to them I was singing.

After the service, Mrs. Sale, who at intervals had been exchanging angry glances with her daughter, whose voice was a sweet but weak soprano, came up and spoke to me. She said a soprano in my position could not be too quiet or keep too much out of sight; therefore it would be better that I should not sing in the choir again.

So faded my only gleam of happiness. I was not daunted however. The old piano in the library was my best friend, and before I was sixteen I knew most of the popular operas, and was well versed in classical music.

When Mrs. Paterson found how fond I was of music, she told me that I had better give up what little housework I did, for it would spoil my hands.

"Some day," she said, "you will perhaps know who you are; then you will have to earn your own living, and you may do so by music. By-the-by, Gracia," she added, "I want you to

walk over to the Vicarage to-day to ask Mrs. Sale what butter she will want; and mind, if you meet Miss Sale, that you make a proper courtesy to her."

"I! My eyes flashed with indignation. Yet, who was I that I should not bow to the Vicar's pretty daughter!—a question to which I was unable to give an answer."

## CHAPTER II.

When I reached my seventeenth year my mirror told me that I was not wanting in beauty. I could not, and did not, associate with any of the servants; they had ceased to expect it. I spent most of my time in the library with the piano and books. There, three times a week, old Michael Holt came to give me my lessons; there all my dreams were dreamed; there I shed tears over my lonely loveless lot; there I hoped for a future that should be brighter than the past.

As I was sitting in the library one day dreaming a day-dream one of the maid servants hastily entered the room.

"Gracia," she said, "Mrs. Paterson says you must come out of this room at once and go to hers. Mr. Graham has arrived, and he will not like to find you here." Mrs. Paterson was right. What business had a girl without a name in that sumptuous library? I would have given worlds to check the hot flush that rose to my face. In silence I laid down my book and quitted the room.

In the hall, as I crossed it, I met a gentleman—Mr. Graham, I knew. When he saw me he stopped suddenly.

"Why, who are you?" he asked. Strange that every one should ask the same question! I could make only my usual answer—

"I am Gracia."

"Gracia?" he repeated slowly; and I saw, to my surprise and delight, a look of admiration in his keen eyes. "Are you the young girl supposed to be the late house-keeper's daughter?"

My proud head drooped. What would I not have given if I could have said "No"! Before I had time to answer he added quickly—

"I, for my own part, do not believe that you are Mrs. Blencowe's daughter; but who you are is a mystery I cannot solve."

The words delighted me. It was the first time that any one seemed to think it possible that I might not be Mrs. Blencowe's daughter.

"The Squire is coming home," Mr. Graham continued hurriedly. "I do not know on what day he will arrive, but it will be some time next week."

"Do you think he will let me remain here?" I asked eagerly. "Does he know that I am here?"

"I cannot answer either question," he replied. "The Squire has never mentioned you in his letters. I wrote to him when Mrs. Blencowe died, and said that you would stop at Heron's Nest, unless I heard from him to the contrary; but he did not answer that letter."

"What shall I do?" I asked despairingly.

"Do nothing," he replied. "Keep out of his sight for a time. I wish I could be here when he comes, but I go to Scotland to-morrow, and shall not be back for some weeks. I have no doubt that he will do something for you."

I felt more puzzled than ever that day as to who I could possibly be. I must be of good birth, I thought, for everything about me betokened race. But to what family did I belong? Ah, that was a mystery!

There was great excitement in the household when it was known that the master was returning. Mr. Graham remained only a few hours. The house-keeper had told him about my singing, and he sent for me to ask me to sing to him. I did so. When I had finished my song he looked at me thoughtfully.

"You need have no fear for the future, Gracia," he said; "you have a fortune in your voice. I have heard none more beautiful."

"A fortune!" I repeated dreamily; and then it occurred to me that I had never in my life had a shilling that I could call my own.

He spoke very kindly, telling me that sooner or later something must transpire with regard to my parentage, that I was to take courage, and that he would always be my friend.

Nothing was spoken of now but the coming of the Squire. Quite an army of servants suddenly appeared; foot housemaids, cooks, footmen, coachmen, grooms, all seemed to spring into existence at once. The state rooms in the great mansion were thrown open, the picture-gallery was set in order. There I saw a portrait of the Squire when he was quite a young man; and my wonder was that the Lady Millicent Branscombe could have resisted him, he looked so gallant and handsome. I loved the face, and when I looked at it I said to myself that the owner of it could never be cruel to me. There was a smile in the bonnie blue eyes that promised well; but then the picture had been painted before he saw the Lady Millicent.

Within three days after the announcement of the Squire's return, Heron's Nest was quite another place. It seemed to me a fitting abode for a prince. Now there was less room than ever for me. I could not mix with the crowd of servants in the hall; my feeling and instinct were against it. Into the renovated rooms I dared not enter. My favorite place, the library, was closed against me. My own little sleeping-room at the top of the house, whence I caught a glimpse of the sea, was my only refuge, and during the next week I lived almost entirely there.

At last I heard that the Squire had come. I had pictured him always as he was in a portrait—smiling and handsome; but I had failed to allow for the havoc that years of sorrow and pain make.

It seems that for some days no one mentioned me to the master of the house, nor did he make any inquiries about me.

One night, when I believed the whole household to be asleep, I went quietly down to the library to get a book, one of Richard Proctor's, called *Other Worlds than Ours*—a book in which I revelled. There was no one there. I found my volume, and went back to my room with it; but a bow of pink ribbon fell unperceived from my hair. As the Squire passed through the room early in the morning he saw it lying on the carpet and he picked it up. Just at that moment one of the housemaids entered the room.

"To whom does this belong?" the Squire asked her.

"To Gracia, sir," answered the maid.

She told me of the meeting afterwards, and said that when the Squire heard the name he recoiled as though he had received a blow.

"Whom?" he cried, in a loud voice.

"And the maid replied—

"Gracia."

"Send the house-keeper to me," said the

Squire, after pacing moodily for some minutes up and down the room.

Mrs. Paterson hastened to him, uncertain whether she was to hear praise or blame. The Squire, when she entered the library, was standing before the great bay-window. He turned to her abruptly.

"I understand you have a young person named Gracia here. Who is she?"

"No one knows, sir," was the reply. "I found her here when I came, and she is here still."

"How did she come here?" was the next question.

"I cannot tell, sir. I have heard the servants say that the late house-keeper was called away suddenly, that she was absent some time and returned with the child. I do not think anyone in the house knows who she is."

A look of relief passed over the Squire's face.

"But that is impossible—impossible, I may say! Some one must know!" he exclaimed.

"To begin with, sir, I do not," returned the house-keeper, with a dignified air. "As Gracia had been in charge of the former house-keeper, I took her under my protection. Mr. Graham said he was sure that you would not like her to be taken to an orphanage or a workhouse. No one owned her though we all believed her to be Mrs. Blencowe's daughter."

She paused for a moment, while the Squire paced up and down the room angrily. At length he came to a standstill, and said abruptly—

"Send to me all the old servants in the house."

So the butler, the head-gardener, all the old servants who were in Heron's Nest before I came, were called before the Squire; but not one amongst them knew anything more than this—that Mrs. Blencowe, after being absent for some time, had returned with me; but whence she had brought me no one could tell.

Was it anger or relief on the Squire's face when they were dismissed and he stood thinking so deeply? At last he rang the bell again, and, when one of the footmen answered it, he said—

"Tell Mrs. Paterson to send the—the young person Gracia to me."

Mrs. Paterson brought me the message herself.

"Go, Gracia," she said, "and do not be afraid. Let the Squire hear you sing, and he will put you in the way of making a fortune, I am sure."

But I went in fear and trembling to the library, where the Squire awaited me. I found myself in the presence of a tall stately gentleman, whose hair was white as snow, and whose face, though marked by lines of terrible pain, was still handsome, with the fire of his blue eyes undimmed. But they were no longer laughing eyes. They were stern, and cold, not at all like the eyes of the portrait. What was it that flashed into them when they fell upon me? I could not tell. Was it surprise, fear, love, or what? I knew not; but it was a look such as I have never seen on any human face since.

We stood motionless for a while, each looking steadily at the other; then he started, sighed deeply, and shuddered. He came a step nearer to me, then drew back; finally he bade me approach him. He looked into my eyes as though he would read my soul, and then said slowly—

"So you are Gracia?"—"Yes," I replied.

"Nothing more?"

I had to pause, my heart was beating so fast. I wondered what was stealing over me. My eyes filled with tears; the sound of his voice seemed to stir the depths of my soul.

"I thought," he said slowly, "that Gracia was a child."

"I was a child not long since," I answered; "now I am growing up—yet helpless as when I was a child."

"And who are you?" he asked.

Always that same cruel question! I raised my eyes, blinded as they were by tears, to his face.

"I do not know," I answered. "No one knows who I am. The happy birds have a home, but I have none."

"Heron's Nest has been a home—has it not?" he asked gently.

"No one can have a home who has neither friend nor name," I returned bitterly.

"And you—"

"Have neither," I interrupted.

He looked at me for some moments in silence, then asked—

"How old are you, Gracia?"

"Seventeen," I replied.

"Tell me," he said hesitatingly, "what you remember of your past before you came here."

"It is so little that it is hardly worth telling," I answered. "I remember first being near the sea, in a land where roses grew even to the water's edge; and I can recall a face that used to bend over mine."

I saw the color leave his lips.

"Nothing more?" he asked sharply.

"Then I recollect high gray walls—convent walls I know they were, because I remember the sisters' faces—a stormy passage across the sea, and my arrival here. It was only when I reached Heron's Nest that I really seemed to come to life."

"Did Mrs. Blencowe know your history?" he asked suspiciously.

"I believe not."

"She let fall no hint which might have proved a clue to your parents?"

"No," I replied. "I might have dropped from the clouds for all that anyone seems to know about me."

He murmured something I could not hear distinctly, but it sounded like "Poor child!"

"Does it not strike you as a very strange thing that I should return home and find in my house a young lady"—how that delighted me—"who has been living here for years, and of whom no one knows anything?"

"I do think it strange; and, what is more, I think it cruel," I answered. "I must have had parents, like other people. It is to Heaven they must answer for their neglect of me."

He was still looking at me intently.

"Do you know," he said, "that you are a very beautiful girl?"

My heart beat with pleasure. No one had ever told me so before, and I knew so little of the outside world that I could hardly tell whether I was beautiful or not.

"Yes," continued the Squire, "you are beautiful as—" He paused abruptly. "And what education have you had?" he asked.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Strawberry-boxes probably need no cover because the bottom is so near the top.—*Park's Sun.*

## How Much Shall We Eat?

It is clear that with the wise men of old quantity rather than quality was the ruling law: not what a man ate, but how much he ate was the capital thing for him to consider. A tolerably simple diet is advised, though the wise Læssius holds that the quality of the food matters little, so that the man be healthy; but whatever it be, let there be moderation; measure is the one thing needful. The difficulty of finding this measure is confessed: "Lust knows not," says St. Augustine, "where necessity ends." By the time he had reached his thirty-sixth year Cornaro had accustomed himself to a daily measure of twelve ounces of food and fourteen of drink—which does not, I own, convey a very exact notion to me, though I take it we Gargantuanes should find the measure small. He does not seem to have been particular what he ate, and he did not shun wine. "I chose that wine," he says, "which fitted my stomach and in such measure as might easily be digested." He found it no labor to write immediately after meals. On the contrary, his spirits were then so brisk that he had to sing a song to get rid of his superfluous energies before sitting down to his desk. Læssius is loath to commit himself to any extreme scale: "If thou dost usually take so much food at meals as thou art thereby made unfit for the duties and offices belonging to the mind, . . . it is then evident that thou dost exceed the measure which thou oughtest to hold." He tells, on ancient authority, some marvelous tales of the little men have found enough to keep body and soul together: how one throve through a long life on milk alone, how another lived for twenty years on cheese. In monasteries and in the universities this desired measure is, he says, more easily to be found, for their either the statutes of the societies, or the "discreet orders of the superiors" have ordained the quantities of wine and beer that are fit to be drunk. Of monasteries have no experience, but in the universities I have been given to understand that it is (or was) for the old order changes now so fast that it is hard to say what a day may not bring forth the custom to leave such matters mainly to the discretion of the students—which, it may be, is like Goethe's poetry, not always inevitable enough. On the whole, Læssius seems to incline to Cornaro's allowance as sufficient, and perhaps a good average as it is possible to strike. But he insists, as do all these antique sages, that the measure must vary with the age condition and business of the man. No hard and fast rule can there be. From "The Philosophy of Diet," in Popular Science Monthly for October.

Sordid speculation and the business of barter has not squeezed all the poetry out of the souls of the citizens of Minneapolis. This is the way a market report in one of the newspapers read: "Corn, the friend alike of poet, peasant and speculator, hovered lovingly a moment at 48c, and then alighted with pink-doved feet on 44."

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CURED BY Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Rheumatism and Sores of all kinds, particularly chronic diseases of the skin, are cured with great certainty by a course of RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN. We mean obstinate cases that have resisted all other treatment.

DIABETES CURED.

LOUISIANA, MO. DR. RADWAY—Dear Sir: I have used all your remedies with great success in practice, and the way I found favor with your Resolvent, it cured me of Diabetes after three physicians had given me up. I detected a change in my urine in two hours after the first dose, and three bottles cured me. Your friend, THOS. G. PAGE.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medicinal properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Sold by all druggists. A bottle.

DR. RADWAY & CO., N. Y.

Proprietors of Radway's Ready Relief and Dr. Radway's Pills.



# A FEW BARGAINS.

\$1.00 worth of assorted Embroidery Silk, put up in boxes, at 40 cents each.

2 dozen Albums, reduced from \$1 to 50c.

4 dozen Scrap Books at 25c., worth 40 and 50c.

Our 20c. Hand Lamp complete is well worth 25c.

Our Prize Baking Powder at 50c. per lb. with over forty different articles to select from is warranted equal to any 50c powder in the market.

We call your attention to our large display of goods on second floor. Do not fail to visit this department when at our store.

E. G. HOAG & CO.

## Catarrh

Is frequently an indication of a Scrofulous taint in the system. Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and thus restores health to the affected membranes. It also stops the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and prevents the infection from reaching the lungs and stomach. Catarrh should be treated as a blood disease.

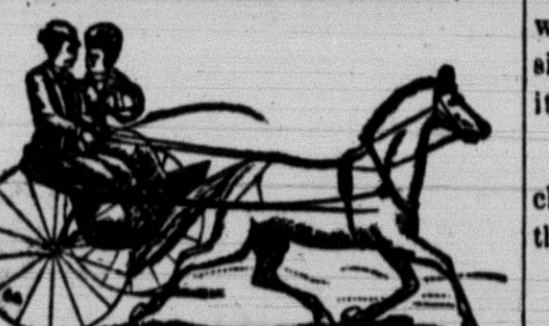
I suffered for years from chronic Catarrh. My appetite was very poor, and I felt miserably. None of the remedies I took afforded me any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, of which I have now taken five bottles. The catarrh has disappeared, and I am growing strong and stout; my appetite has returned, and my health is fully restored.—Susan L. W. Cook, 909 Albany st., Boston Highlands, Mass.

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla,**  
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

**Don't** trifle with any Throat or Lung Disease. If you have a Cough or Cold, or the children are threatened with Croup or Whooping Cough, use Ayer's English Remedy and prevent further trouble. It is a positive cure, and we guarantee it. Price 10 and 50c.  
R. S. Armstrong, Druggist.

Hundreds of persons who have used Ayer's Hair Vigor attest its value, as a stimulant and tonic, for preventing and curing baldness, cleansing the scalp, and restoring the youthful color to faded and gray hair.

C. E. CHANDLER,



**GEN'L BLACKSMITH**

AND  
**Carriage Manufacturer,**  
keeps constantly on hand a nice assortment of

New and Second-Hand Carriages  
**WITH OR WITHOUT TOPS,**  
**AT BOTTOM PRICES!**  
**CALL AND SEE.**

I also have in connection a

**First Class Livery**

consisting of Good Drivers and Riggs.

## Additional Local.

Subscribe NOW. We commence a new story to-day.

Frank Ellsworth was able to be taken to the poles on Tuesday.

A girl to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Swarthout, last Sabbath, Oct. 31st.

Mrs. B. Parker and Josie Watson have gone to Dansville to spend a few days.

The most stylish and best overcoat for man and boy at BeGole & Morton's.

The most desirable building lot in Chelsea for sale. Inquire of H. S. HOLMES.

B. Parker has gone to Crawford county to enjoy a few days of deer hunting, accompanied by S. G. Ives on business.

Lost.—A lady's valise, between the Warner farm and Chelsea. Finder please leave it at the Savings Bank.

If you have not seen the felt shoes and slippers at BeGole & Morton's, call at once.

Rev. Mr. Campbell has brought his grand daughter from Kalamazoo to keep house for him in the M. E. parsonage.

The W. C. T. U. will meet at Miss Olive Conklin's next Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sec.

Charlie Winans, who is a student at Albion, was at home last Tuesday to vote for Prof. Dickey and his Prohibition associates.

Gloves and mittens for everybody at BeGole & Morton's.

A young man who hires a rig to go on a spree will find it to his advantage to get back within a day or two of the time agreed upon.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Baldwin reached home Tuesday morning from a four weeks absence and visit in the states of New York and Vermont.

Scotch caps for men and boys. Hats for men and boys. Winter caps of all kinds and prices at BeGole & Morton's.

W. F. Hatch has exchanged his late residence and lot on South Railroad Street with Mrs. Geo. Davison for 80 acres of land in Minnesota.

**WANTED.—A BUYER FOR A** pair of matched young roadsters, five years old. Cheap for cash or good paper. Inquire of W. H. GLENN.

T. W. Baldwin brought from the old family homestead in Vermont, now occupied by his grandfather, some apples that grew on a tree that is more than a hundred years old.

A. J. Johnson & Co.'s shoes still go and give satisfaction. At BeGole & Morton's

**FOR SALE.—A new milch cow.** Inquire of M. FOSTER.

Hugh Sherry keeps constantly on hand first-class double and single harness, blankets, whips, trunks, curry-combs and brushes, and the the choicest team pads of all descriptions. 18

Seal skin shoes, puritan calf boots and shoes and all kinds of boots and shoes for men and boys at BeGole & Morton's.

Found, between my residence and the city of Waterloo, a saddle, without horse or bridle. Owner can have it by claiming property and paying for this notice.

EUGENE MCINTREE  
Waterloo, Mich.

Clothing to suit all, in price and quality at BeGole & Morton.

An important social event transpired in Waterloo on Wednesday, Oct 6th, 1886, at the residence of Jacob Musbach, on the occasion of the marriage of Mr. Musbach's daughter Emma to Henry Lehman, by Rev. Theodore Shuman. Ninety-one guests graced the occasion during the day and seventy-five young folks in the evening. A long list of presents accompanied the above notice, but, after waiting two weeks, we still find it impossible to spare the space necessary to print it.

Following are the letters remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Chelsea, for the week ended Oct. 30, 1886:

Douglass, Mrs. Jenette.  
Frisbee, W. E.  
Jones, Stickney.  
Litchfield, D. M.  
Suttin, Wm.

Persons calling for any of the above please say "advertised."

THOS. MCKONE, P. M.

**Farm for Sale.**—On the Territorial road, two and one half miles east of Chelsea, consisting of 236 acres; 170 acres of which is plow land and 25 acres of timber, the rest meadow land. For further particulars inquire on the premises of THOMAS FLETCHER.

Subscribe! Subscribe!!

Christmas story commences this week. Subscribe at once.

Be sure to come early as we will close our store at 8 p. m.

BeGole & Morton.

## Election Returns.

The election on Tuesday passed off as usual, very peaceably but very actively. The political leaders labored earnestly but let each other alone. It was the hour for work and not for talk. Following is the entire vote in Sylvan township:

Whole number Republican tickets, 290.  
Whole number Democratic tickets, 250.  
Whole number Prohibition tickets, 62.

## STATE TICKET.

**FOR GOVERNOR.**  
C. G. Luce, R., 292  
G. L. Yapple, D., 250  
S. Dickie, P., 60

**FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.**  
J. H. Macdonald, R., 290  
S. S. Curry, D., 250  
Chas. Mosher, P., 62

**FOR SECRETARY OF STATE.**  
G. R. Osman, R., 290  
P. B. Wachtel, D., 250  
John Evans, P., 62

**FOR STATE TREASURER.**  
G. L. Maltz, R., 290  
W. G. Beard, D., 250  
A. C. Fisher, P., 62

**FOR AUDITOR GENERAL.**  
H. H. Aplin, R., 290  
J. S. Farrar, D., 250  
S. B. Williams, P., 62

**FOR COMMISSIONER OF THE STATE LAND OFFICE.**  
R. D. Dix, R., 290  
A. T. Frisbee, D., 250  
C. L. Fraser, P., 62

**FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL.**  
Moses Taggart, R., 290  
J. C. Donnelly, D., 250  
J. R. Laing, P., 62

**FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.**

Joseph Estabrook, R., 292  
David Parsons, D., 250  
David Bemiss, P., 60

**FOR MEMBER OF STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION.**  
S. S. Babcock, R., 290  
J. W. Turner, D., 250  
O. E. Downing, P., 62

## CONGRESSIONAL TICKET.

E. P. Allen, R., 293  
L. H. Salisbury, D., 250  
A. O. Crozier, P., 56

## LEGISLATIVE TICKET.

**FOR STATE SENATOR.**  
Andrew Campbell, R., 283  
J. S. Gorman, D., 237  
C. R. Pattison, P., 58

**FOR REPRESENTATIVE.**  
G. F. Allmendinger, R., 304  
C. H. Manly, D., 238  
R. C. Reeves, P., 59

## COUNTY TICKET.

**FOR SHERIFF.**  
F. B. Braun, R., 290  
Wm. Walsh, D., 249  
A. H. Miller, P., 61

**FOR COUNTY CLERK.**  
W. A. Clark, R., 257  
F. A. Howlett, D., 283  
Alvin Wilsey, P., 61

**FOR REGISTER OF DEEDS.**  
P. W. Carpenter, R., 258  
Jas. Kearns, D., 250  
L. C. Palmer, P., 62

**FOR TREASURER.**  
Stephen Fairchild, R., 291  
F. H. Belser, D., 251  
Chas. Fleming, P., 60

**FOR PROSECUTING ATTORNEY.**  
E. K. Frueauff, R., 292  
E. B. Norris, D., 249  
D. B. Taylor, P., 62

**FOR CIRCUIT COURT COMMISSIONER.**  
J. W. Bennett, R., 290  
Patrick McKernan, D., 250  
Frank Joslyn, D., 250

W. H. Bishop, P., 62  
C. A. Salyer, P., 62

**FOR CORONERS.**  
H. S. Dean, R., 290  
F. K. Owen, R., 290  
O. C. Jenkins, D., 250  
Martin Clark, D., 250  
A. B. Smith, P., 62  
F. J. Comstock, P., 62

**FOR SURVEYOR.**  
J. K. Yocum, R., 290  
C. S. Woodard, D., 250

Business College.

*Cherry's*

**School of Penmanship and Shorthand Institute, Ypsilanti, Mich.**  
Offers unequalled advantages for preparing Young and Middle Aged Men and Women to fill important and lucrative places in life. Superior system of Actual Business. No vacations. Large attendance. Experienced teachers. Good board with well furnished room, \$2.00 to \$3.15 per week. Now is a desirable time to enter. Call or write for Circulars. **P. R. CLARY,** Principal.

# SPECIAL SALE

From now until

**JANUARY 1, 1887.**

We have

**\$40,000 WORTH**

of General Merchandise which must be converted into cash.

No matter what you want we have it.

Our prices are always the lowest

Come to us for everything, and

**SAVE MONEY.**

**H. S. HOLMES & CO.**

## 1836. Golden Wedding. 1886.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey C. Boyd, of Sylvan Center, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage on Tuesday, October, 26. But few whom God has joined together in holy matrimony ever live to celebrate their fiftieth wedding day.

Fifty long years have come and gone since they promised to care for each other until death should part them. With those years have come toil and care, youth has gone, middle age is past, old age has come and many are the reminiscences in life to which memory clings when the woodland homes resounded with joy.

The gathering comprised some sixty relatives going down to the fifth generation. The four sons of Father and Mother Boyd were present with their families. One niece of Mother Boyd, Mrs. Sarah Dean, of Steuben county, N. Y., and a sister and two brothers of Father Boyd were among the many happy guests. The enjoyment of the occasion was complete, and their parting saddened only by the thought that they might never meet again on earth.

The aged couple were the recipients of two handsome presents, a gold-headed cane to Father Boyd and a beautiful gold ring to Mother Boyd, presented to them by their four sons as a token of love.

The golden ring was again placed upon the finger of the aged bride by her once youthful, but now aged, husband. The wedding ceremony was conducted by their former pastor, T. B. Magee, who became the recipient of a valuable gold piece upon the occasion.

Father and mother—words so sweet For loving children to repeat,  
Around the altar, known so long,  
We meet to-day with cheer and song.  
For fifty years of love confiding  
Have brought us here, no ill dividing.

Father, thy hand was strong we know,  
That grasped another long ago,  
Our mother's loving hand to hold,  
And held till now, the year of gold.  
Thy hand failed not to labor for us,  
And mother's smile was always o'er us.

We bring you blessing, that is all;  
Gold was a gift by far too small.  
The love of fifty years has brought  
A joy that riches never bought.  
So round the hearthstone here we gather,  
With kiss of mother and smile of father.

COM.

While the legal voters were casting their ballots, last Tuesday, the pupils of the High School took a notion to imitate their fathers and brothers by balloting for the gubernatorial candidates, all voting without regard to sex. Thirty-seven ballots were cast with the following results: Luce 26, Yapple 9, Dickey 2.

## Accidents.

In an altercation with his tenant, The Brooks, last Thursday, John Taylor had his left arm broken.

Oscar Guerin, of Lima, was considerably injured, last Monday, by his horse running away here in town.

Barney Keelan, who fell from an upper window in the Town Hall two weeks ago is recovering from his injuries.

Thomas Leach Sen. sustained a severe fracture of both bones of his left forearm by falling from a chair upon which he had climbed to take down a piece of leather from an upper shelf.

Charles Laemmle, brother of Mrs. M. Alber, reached home from Minnesota and Dakota last Saturday night. During his absence one of his thumbs was completely blown off by the bursting of a shot gun.

Peter McDonald, working for S. A. Collins, Lyndon, had his skull so fractured by the kick of a horse that the operation of trephining was necessary. Dr. Palmer, this place, and Dr. Suylandt, of Waterloo performed successfully the delicate operation. At last accounts, the young man was doing well.

Last Thursday, Frank Ellsworth, while disengaging a painter's scaffold from the eaves of Jas. S. Richards' two story house on Railroad street, was precipitated from the roof upon a stone walk below and suffered, besides other severe bruises, an injury to his right elbow that will probably result in disuse of the joint.

## A Merchant's Opinion.

Mr. B. F. Nourse, General Western Agent for Royal Baking Powder Co., writes: "I have never found so great results from physicians' prescriptions and attendance upon our children, as I have after a few days' use of Papillon (extract of flax) Sk Cure. I cannot describe to you medicinally what it has done for us, but can say that years of treatment have not accomplished what Papillon has done after a few applications. Large bottles only \$1.00, at G. Zier, DePuy & Co.'s

Skin diseases cannot be successfully treated by external applications. The proper way to cure such complaints is to purify the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Under the vitalizing influences of this medicine all the functions of the body are brought into healthy action.

Pamphlets, Posters, Handbills, Circulars, Cards, Programmes, Labels, Blanks, and other varieties of Photo-Fancy Job Printing executed with promptness, and in the best possible style, at the HERALD OFFICE.