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For the Howard Insurance Co., in New York, one of the oldest and best Companies in the country.

From Harper's Magazine. SHADOWS.

BY ALICE CARV. When I see the long wild brutes Waving in the wind like fires,

See the green skirts of the maples Barred with scarlet and with gold, See the sun-flower, heavy hearted,

Shadows then from days departed, Come and with their tender trembles Wrap my bosom, fold on fold.

I can hear sweet invitations Through the sobbing, sad vibrations Of the winds that follow, follow, As from him I seek to fly— Come up hither! come up hither!

Leave the rough and rainy weather! Come up where the roses blossom Never fade and never die.

'Twas when May was blushing, blooming, Brown bees, bluebirds, singing, humming, That we sat and talked our chamber With the emerald of the leaves;

Made our bed of yellow mosses, Soft as 'tho' of silken flosses, Dressed our cushions in dewy brightness, Radiant like the morns and eves.

And it was when woods were gleaming, And when clouds were wildly straining, Grey and amber, white and ambery, Streaming in the north wind's breath,

That my little rose mouthed blossom Flung and faded on my bosom, Ganked by the coming coldness, Blighted by the frosts of death.

Therefore when I see the shadows Drifting in across the meadows, Set the troops of summer wild birds Flying from us, cloud on cloud, Memory with that May-time lingers, And I seem to feel the fragrance Of my lost and lovely darling, Wrap my heart up in her shroud.

THE MYSTERIOUS SISTER.

The city of Florence has new streets and squares, and public promenades and fountains, and banks and shops, but alas! there are no more flower girls! In Casine and cafes are now rarely, if ever, seen those dainty figures, so jauntily dressed, all possessed of the beauty of youth, and some rejoicing in a loveliness of a nobler and rarer type, carrying baskets of the choicest flowers, which they sell to the aristocracy with the graceful courtesy of their country to passers-by.

At the end of the season a sum of money was given for these flowers, so that all the ugly part of the transaction, the buying and selling, was hidden from view. The bouquets were given and received with smiles, and cordial words and merry farewells "until to-morrow" were exchanged, and that was all.

About ten years ago one of these flower-girls was a great favorite, and especially admired by the foreigners, English, American, and German, who stopped to hear the bell in the Piazzetta Sagia.

"Oh, auntie, look! what a pretty girl!" said Maud Halifax, herself a very pretty girl, to the lady who was with her. They had stopped to hear the music on one warm April afternoon. Maud had been leaning back, tired and exhausted; for she was in very bad health when this lovely vision of a girl of her own age stood beside the carriage and roused her.

"She is very pretty," said Miss Halifax; "but what is very strange she is very like you."

"Oh, aunt! how you flatter!" It was the fact, however; the English young lady and the Italian girl were like as sisters. Both had dark eyes, slightly aquiline noses, broad, low foreheads, and beautiful mouths; but the Italian was as blooming as her own flowers. Maud was thin, pale and languid.

"Do you not think I am right?" said Miss Halifax, in French, to a young Hungarian officer who now came up. He assented hastily, but not before she had turned to Maud and said that both the faces had glared at blushing to the roots of the hair, worn by both in the same way, drawn back in simple waves from the forehead.

The flower-girl hastily threw some roses into the carriage, and vanished. "I am tired; let me go home," said Maud.

"I shall see you this evening!" said Miss Halifax to the officer. "I do not know. Yes, yes, I will come."

The Halifaxes went home. The young officer followed the flower-girl. She held out her basket to him.

"I told you," said he, with an air of authority, "that you were never to go near that carriage!"

"Why?"

"Never mind; I have my reasons, Drodatta."

"Shall I ever know them?"

"No, perhaps not."

He turned on his heel, and was gone. The girl looked after him thoughtfully. "I wish I knew," she murmured.

"What do you wish to know?" said a young Italian artist who came up. "I can tell you a great many things. Count Lindau, for instance, that young man who has just been buying your flowers, is engaged to be married to the rich English girl at the Hotel de la Ville, who is so ill. If she lives to be married he will be a rich man; for it is said her father has settled fifty thousand francs a year on his husband. What is the matter, Drodatta?"

"I must go home." The poor girl's lips were very white.

"Come, I will take you," said he; for he saw she was trembling too much to be able to walk.

They stepped aside from the busy crowd. The music was pouring forth its beams of gay melody, the sky was bright, and the flowers Drodatta carried about laughing up in elish mockery in her face; but she thought of nothing heard nothing, but the dreadful words Carlo Malaspina had spoken: "Count Lindau is going to be married."

Why, then, had he for the last six months told her he loved her, and loved her only? Why had he said he was he was a German, for that, as soon as she had married him, he would take her from Florence; and at Prague no one would look down upon her, for they would not know whether she had been a flower-girl or a countess? Why, why? Alas! there was no reply. Carlo was well known to her. He had always been most kind to her mother and to herself. She called it kindness; but, in truth, it was sincere and devoted love which he

felt for her. But there is often this terrible disparity and inequality in love—on one side fire, and on the other frost. The one loves, the other loves; and between the active and the passive of that verb what a world of difference.

Drodatta had no father. She had heard he had died when she was an infant at Venice; and Ida Benelli, her mother, had come to Florence, poor and broken hearted, to learn how to support herself and her child. No one knew more than that fact about the pale, beautiful woman. She was alone with her child, and worked hard at her needle to support both. She was, however, evidently of gentle birth, though she never alluded to the past; and was as simple and unpretending as if she had always lived by the labor of her own hands—

But evidently there had been a great sorrow in her life, and it was one she never got over. She was always sad, and somewhat stern.

They lived on the ground-floor of a little villa near Florence, and the flowers they cultivated were sold by Drodatta. Sometimes her mother accompanied her; sometimes one of the older flower-girls took charge of Drodatta.

Count Lindau had been staying at a neighboring villa, and it was during his walk he had met Drodatta. She used to go sometimes to see the lady at whose villa he was staying, and, after a few meetings, he told her he loved her. Drodatta brought him to her mother, and Ida Benelli gave her consent to their marriage. She told him there was no disparity in birth between them, and that the secret of her life should be made known to him on the day of the marriage; till then she wished the engagement to be secret. Not even Carlo Malaspina, most know of it.

Now she took poor Drodatta home, he first became aware of it. It was fortunate for Lindau that Carlo could not leave the poor girl, or the Casine of Florence would have been disturbed by a summary act of vengeance. When they arrived at the villa poor Drodatta dragged herself up to her room.

"Tell mamma," she said, as the tears streamed down her face. Ida Benelli listened with set lips and kindling eyes. "He shall not marry this English girl," she said; "Her father shall know that a traitor he is."

She went up stairs, kissed the poor, tear-stained cheek of the girl, and went down again. "Come with me, Carlo," she said.

Mr. Halifax was at dinner when he was told he was wanted.

"Who is it?"

"A lady. She says she will wait."

"Maud is there," said Miss Halifax. "She said she would have some tea there instead of dining with us."

When Mr. Halifax finished he went to the drawing-room. The lights had not been lit.

He heard his daughter's voice conversing with some one, and as his eyes became accustomed to the gloom, he saw a tall, slight form leaning over the couch where she lay.

"I hear you wanted me," he said politely. "How can I serve madame?"

At that moment the water came in, and the light fell on Ida's face.

"Good Heavens!" said Mr. Halifax. "Ida! I have the waves given up the dead?"

"Is it you—you—you?" and the poor woman fell at his feet.

"What is the matter, papa?" said Maud, sobbing. There was a good deal of confusion at first, but finally Ida was restored to her senses, and then Mr. Halifax explained, and Ida explained, and he had married Ida Contiari at Venice twenty years before. A year after their marriage, just before the birth of their child, Ida's confessor so filled her with fears for her own soul and that of the child about to be born that the poor woman almost lost her senses. She determined to fly, and leave no trace by which she could be recalled. She threw her veil and mantle out of her gondola, and disguised in an ecclesiastical costume, left Venice. There was a rumor that she had committed suicide. This was industrially circulated by the priest; and poor Mr. Halifax left Venice, miserable and convinced that he was a widower. Two years afterward, to please his sister, he married a young English girl, who died in giving birth to Maud. He thought there was a curse upon him, that all he loved should be so taken. He consigned Maud to his sister, and spent years in traveling in Egypt, India, Greece, Syria—everywhere but Italy—until he had been summoned home on account of Maud's health. On growing up Maud had shown signs of great delicacy. For the last two years—she was now seventeen (Drodatta was nineteen, but from her health and bloom looked as young, if not younger than her sister)—she had been in Italy. She had regained a little strength in Florence, had gone out a little into society, and had met Count Lindau. It was well known that she was a rich heiress; he had proposed, and been accepted.

Mr. Halifax, from the moment he had returned to Italy, had become more melancholy and gloomy than ever; and he seemed haunted by bitter and undying memories. He felt that his daughter also would be taken from him, and shuddered as he looked at her. It was a sad home, and Maud had been, apparently pleased at the cheerful, pleasing manners of the young Hungarian, and looked upon her marriage as an escape from the ever deepening gloom of her home. But, once the marriage was settled, Lindau became cold and somewhat inattentive. The quick instincts of womanhood told Maud that she was not loved; she had heard whispers of Lindau's admiration for some beautiful flower-girl. When she saw Drodatta, she had an instinctive knowledge that it was she.

She was thinking of those things that night when the water ushered in a lady. Ida had come up to her, and had also been struck apparently by Maud's likeness to Drodatta.

In her beautiful, pathetic voice, Ida had told Maud the purpose of her visit. "I have come to you to save you from a mercenary man, as I would wish you to have come to save my child, had she been thus betrayed and deceived. He must lose you, as he has lost her."

It was at this point of the conversation that Mr. Halifax entered.

Need I describe the happiness, tardy as it was, of these two reunited hearts? Need I dwell upon the warmth with which the two sisters accepted their new relationship? Need I say that Lindau was dismissed?

About a month afterwards a carriage on the Casine was the center of attraction to all present. In it was Miss Halifax, and by her side was a lady of faded but exquisite beauty. Opposite were two girls, so alike that, but for the paler complexion and slighter form, they could scarcely have been known apart. They were Mr. Halifax's two daughters.

"Was not Count Lindau to have married the pale one once?" asked a young Italian of his friend.

"Yes; and he was in love with both, I believe; but he has left Florence now. At present I should say the only man who has a chance with them is Carlo Malaspina."

"But Malaspina was in love, I thought, with that beautiful Drodatta, who was as good as she was beautiful."

"That beautiful Drodatta is the eldest Miss Halifax. There was some family quarrel, and Mrs. Halifax lived away from her husband nineteen years. He thought she was dead, and married again. He only knew the truth a month ago."

"What a romance!"

"Yes; and who could be a prettier heroine than our pretty flower-girl?"

Our Future Population.

In 1815 Mr. Elikanah Watson, of Philadelphia, made a calculation as to the decennial increase of the population of the United States. He had before him at the time the return of the census taken in 1790, 1800 and 1810. The population in 1810 was 7,239,993. Mr. Watson predicted what the result of future censuses would be, and his predictions and the actual figures show a remarkable coincidence, as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Year, Watson's estimate, Actual census. 1820: 9,369,794 / 9,638,151. 1830: 12,831,853 / 12,866,020. 1840: 17,116,526 / 17,062,566. 1850: 23,185,368 / 23,191,276. 1860: 31,853,824 / 31,443,828.

Mr. Watson died in 1842, having lived to see his prediction almost literally verified in the censuses of the three decennial periods which had intervened.

His estimate for the remainder of the century was as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Year, Watson's estimate, Actual census. 1870: 42,928,422. 1880: 56,450,241. 1890: 72,266,989. 1900: 100,383,985.

For the period before the close of the century Mr. Watson changed the basis of his estimate, and assuming that in 1900 the population will be 100,000,000, and in consequence of dense population, intestine and foreign wars, a possible sub-division in consequence into several republics, he estimates the future increase will be one-third in each twenty years for the next forty years after the year 1890; one third in the next thirty years, and one-fifth for the next forty years. This would give the following result:

Table with 3 columns: Year, Watson's estimate, Actual census. 1920: 128,000,000. 1940: 177,000,000. 1960: 236,000,000. 2000: 288,000,000.

While this is an estimate of our probable future population, we suppose it involves an extension of our territorial domain so as to realize the demands of those who want an "ocean-bound republic."

The Washington Chronicle, from which we copy the above figures, states that the population of the British Islands in 1861 was 29,321,258. In 1868 this had increased to 30,369,845. While this is true, it should be remembered that the British States have reached the conclusion that those islands are too thickly populated; and with a view to reduce population, the aid of the government is invoked to carry out an extensive system of deportation, or emigration to the British colonies, if possible, but emigration anyhow. It is very likely that, for the next century, the emigration to the United States from Great Britain and Ireland will equal the natural increase of the population of those islands. —Chicago Times.

If grown people go to bed with cold feet, "what's to hinder?"—Maybe they agree with the irascible old man who, having tried various liniments and emollients without effect, at last decided the offending member: "Ach away old fellow, I can stand it as long as you can."

But to put into cold sheets feet that should be warm and rosy, but that are numb and blue, is enough to make all the little toes this side of the tropic curl. Some have constitutionally cold feet, that will be cold in spite of woolen stockings and thick shoes, and any amount of exercise.

The nervous system of children is said to be five times greater proportionately than that of their elders. Who can doubt it? And certain restless specimens, common to every neighborhood, should be, in justice to ordinary people, for how can one pair of feet accomplish all those juvenile Flakins do?

But bed-time rolls around, and then the tired limbs, the yielding bones of the growing body, should lie in happy undisturbed slumber, and this should not be brought into unnatural and unmanageable neighborhood. How can they help it when all below the hem of the night-dress is a dreared Nova Zemba?

If the bedrooms are warmed, there will be no chill in the mattresses and blankets; but every one knows how it is in a cold room.

We should like to urge all mothers, elder sisters, aunts, and nurses, to use either a soapstone, which is easiest, or a warmed crib-blanket, for the feet of their little charges. With that pleasant anticipation, going to bed will be robbed of half its objections.

There will be fewer coughs and catarrhal colds, digestion will improve, and "awful dreams" become less frequent; there will be no tedious hours of chilly wakefulness. Mother may then with the good-night kiss, safely invoke "pleasant dreams and sweet repose."

A MASQUERADE.

A little old woman before me, Went slowly down the street, Walking as if weary, Were her feeble tottering feet.

From under the old poke bonnet, I caught a gleam of snow, And her waving cap-string floated, Like a pennon, to and fro.

In the folds of her rusty mantle, Sudden her footsteps caught, And I sprang to keep her from falling, And with a touch as quick as thought.

When under the old poke bonnet, I saw a winsome face, Framed in with the fawn ringlets, Of my wee daughter Grace.

Mantle and cap together, Dropped off at my very feet; And there stood the little fairy, Beautiful, blushing, sweet!

Will it be like this, I wonder, When at last we come to stand On the golden, ringing pavement, Of the blessed, blessed land?

Losing the rusty garments, We wore in the years of Time, Will our better selves spring backward, Serene in a youth sublime?

Instead of the shapes that hid us, And made us old and gray, Shall we get our child hearts back again, With a brightness that will stay?

The Enslaved Sex; or Woman's Wrongs and Her Rights.

"In Mr. Cutts in" asked a gentleman who, having knocked at the door, was saluted by a woman from an upper window, with "Well, what's your name?"

"Yes, he's in, or about somewhere, I suppose," she replied, "but I'm Mrs. Cutts when my business is to be done. He's Mr. Cutts during eating, drinking and sleeping times."

"Well, my good woman, I think he will be Mr. Cutts by my business, too; I wish to see him."

"What do you want of him?" asked the shrew, thrusting her head still further on to the window.

"To do something for me. But I must see him myself," was the reply.

"Is it real business for pay, or only favor you want. I can let your horse have a peck of oats or I can direct you the shortest road to the four corners, or I can—I can—why, I can do anything for you that he could, and a good deal more. I take the money, and write out receipts, and pay the men, and I trade off the produce! I'm as good a judge of stock as he is, and I can't be beat on horseback."

"But," said the gentleman, drawing down his face solemnly, "you can't take his place now. Find him for me at once."

The shrew was baffled. "Look a here, mister," she continued, "may-be you don't know the circumstances of the case. This here farm is mine, and it was my father's afore me; and Cutts he haint no more claim to it than that he had there. And, besides, I'm seven years older than he is and a foot higher, and weigh twenty pounds more. What's your business on my place, if I may be so bold?"

"To see and talk with your husband," replied the gentleman, getting out of his chair and hitching his horse to a post, as if he meant to stay until he did see him.

"Do you a doctor? 'Cause there ain't a livin' thing the matter with Cutts. He's the welllest man in town, and so be it," said this woman of the period.

"No, my good woman, I'm not a doctor. Do you think Cutts will be in school? Send that boy to find him," said the stranger.

The boy looked up in his mother's face; but he knew his own interests too well to start without orders.

"Then you're a minister, and I may as well tell you and save your time; we don't go to meetin', and don't want to. It ain't no use for you to leave tracts, nor nothin', for I've got a big dairy, and I keep him at it so early and late that when he's done work, he's glad to go to bed and rest."

"I'm no minister, madam; I wish, for your sake, I was, though," said the gentleman. "Send for your husband; I cannot wait much longer. I must see him once."

The boy started to his feet again, and looked in his mother's eye; but it gave no marching orders.

"Look-a-here, mister," she said, now appearing at the door and looking defiantly at him, "you're a schoolmaster a hunting up a district school; and you think he's committee-man; but he ain't this year."

"I never taught school and never mean to," said the stranger.

Ma'am Cutts, as her neighbors called her, dropped her hands at her side and heaved a groan. She had found a man she couldn't manage.

"See here, now, mister," she said, "I'm one of them that can't be despised. I can read a body right through; and I know what you was the blessed minute I clapped my eyes on you! I can tell by your everlasting arguin' that you're a lawyer! We haint got no quarrels, don't want no deeds drawn, nor no wills made; so if you're hunting a job out of my husband, you may as well unhitch your horse and drive on.—We know enough to make a little money, and I know enough to hold on to it."

"My good woman, you entirely misunderstand my errand. I can tell you person but himself what it is, and I must tell him in confidence alone. If he chooses, he may break it to you the best way he can."

"O, my goodness sakes alive! Brother or Lili's blowed up in a Mississippi boat, I bet! O, la me, the poor fellow! He left a little something, didn't he?"

"I never heard of him; and nobody's 'blowed up,' that I know of," replied the gentleman.

"O, now I know! You're the man that wants to go to Congress, and have come here hunting' after votes. He shan't vote for you! I hate politicians, specially them that goes agin women, and thinks they was made to drudge, and nothin' else. I am for free and equal rights for folks—for Scriptur' says there isn't neither men nor women, but all's one in politics." I believe the day's a comin' when such as you will have to

bow the knee to woman, afore you can get the high places and big pay that's catin' us up with taxes! You can't see my husband! We are goin to the polls on our way to mill, and I'll promise you he votes right."

"I'm no candidate and don't know who you are talking about. Ah! there comes the man I want." And the stranger went toward Mr. Cutts, who had just leaped a pair of bars which led from the potato field into the lane.

Mrs. Cutts flew into the house for her sunbonnet, to follow them; but by the time she got to the bars her mysterious visitor and Cutts were driving rapidly down the road.

The strong-minded woman shouted after her husband, "you'd better come back, I tell you!" But the wind was the wrong way, and carried her words into the potato patch.

"Sir," said the gentleman to honest Cutts, "I have a very simple question to ask you; but I shall have to ask you in confidence. I will give you five dollars if you will promise me not to repeat my question until to-morrow."

"Well, sir, replied Cutts, "I shouldn't like to answer any question that would make trouble among my neighbors. I have my hands full, can't tell you, to keep out of scrapes now; but I've done it, and haint an enemy in the world, as I know."

"But, sir, you are not to answer my question unless you are perfectly willing," said the stranger.

"Ask your question then, sir," said Cutts, "and I will not repeat it."

"Well, Mr. Cutts, I am laying fence on the Brisley place, that I've just purchased, and was directed to enquire of you where I could buy cedar posts. A fellow in the store said, 'Cutts can tell you if his wife will let him; but she won't. She'll insist on telling you herself, and perhaps offer to drive with you wherever you go to order them.'"

"I told them I would see you, and ask you only

FARMERS, READ THIS!

Railroad Aid.

Mr. Horton—Within the next two weeks the electors of the townships of Scio and Webster will vote on the question of granting a loan to the Toledo, Ann Arbor & Northern Railroad Company, and I ask the use of your columns to have a fair talk with those most deeply interested in the project, to-wit, the farmers, and to present to them some figures for their careful consideration; as the old maxim that "figures won't lie," still holds good.

It certainly does not require any extended argument to convince any sane man that competition in business—no matter in what line—cheapens the price of the articles dealt in. And railroad freights form no exception to this well-established rule, as is abundantly proved by the lower freights paid on property shipped and received at every railroad center in the land, as compared with those stations where there is but one road. As instance Jackson, where wheat, flour and all other freights are carried either to Detroit or Toledo by the same line, and to Detroit by the same line, and to Toledo by the same line, and to Jackson at precisely the same rates that it is delivered in Detroit and had to the Toledo road we would have all the advantages in this respect that Jackson now possesses, and save the entire amount now paid from Detroit to Dexter. It need hardly be told that the consumer has to pay these extra freights. Again, our lumber, salt and plaster would reach the consumers burdened with less than half the freights that now make up so large a proportion of their cost. One of the most intelligent farmers of Scio who has been carefully estimating the quantity of lumber for building and the cost of the same for the farmers of Scio each year, and the reduction of price by the cheapening of freights, by the building of this contemplated railroad running up to the vast pine woods at the north—told me yesterday that the saving would be at least Two Thousand Dollars a year. Another intelligent farmer aided me in estimating the following as the advantages to accrue to the farming interests of either of the townships named:

Table with 2 columns: Description of land and crops, and corresponding monetary values. Includes items like 'No. of acres of land in a township', 'Deduct for seed 1 1/2 bushels per acre', etc.

Now let us consider the amount of tax by way of loan. In the township of Scio the amount to be voted on is \$35,000. Total valuation of town \$730,000, of which, Dexter village pays on \$220,000, Scio village, Delhi and the Mills and Factories in the township along the river pay on \$30,000. Here we have a total valuation of \$730,000, and a total tax of \$30,000, or leaving \$490,000 of valuation on farms. So we find that a loan of \$35,000, \$14,855.56 is paid by non farm property, leaving \$20,144.44 to be paid by the farmers. And what are they to receive annually for this outlay? Why \$7,336, or an annual interest of 35% per cent. Is this interest enough on a loan?

Table showing interest calculations for a loan of \$35,000. Columns include 'Total', 'Deduct 1st year's savings on freights', 'Add at close of 1st year', etc.

Here we have at the end of the 4th year the principal and interest paid, and a balance on hand of \$39,975. Now add the annual benefits from freights each year, and the interest per cent. on each yearly balance, and at the end of the 12th year I think you will find that your debt, principal and interest, is paid, and the snug sum of Ninety-Two Thousand, five hundred and thirty-one dollars surpluses in the pockets of the farmers, with perpetual annual benefits still flowing in.

Now the above is a favorable exhibit even though the aid was a gift, while it is only a loan. And you will see that in the above estimate I have not taken into account the enhanced value of all farm property, which I think would amount to the amount of the loan asked for. Other arguments, equally weighty, could be presented, but I do not ask you to use any more of your space. These figures will apply equally as well in the case of Webster as Scio, as the percentage is but little heavier in the latter than in the former town.

TAX PAYER AND FRIEND OF PROGRESS. Dexter, March 8, 1870.

Gen. Hooker has given the artist Walker a commission to paint the "Battle Above the Clouds," the price to be sixteen thousand dollars. An industrial exhibition is to be held at Cincinnati in October. It will extend to everything in the shape of manufactures, products and the arts. The Lower House of the Ohio Legislature spent all day Wednesday on a resolution proposing to amend the State Constitution so as to allow women to vote. The result of the vote on the resolution stood year 51, nays 64.

Arrival of the Delayed Steamer Smith.

The missing steamer Smith, from Bremen, arrived at New York Friday, and thus relieved the anxieties of the many who were anxiously awaiting upon the fact of the crew and passengers. From New York papers of Saturday we extract the following: The crew steamer Smith, Captain Gerhard Schwere, left Bremen on the 21st of January with 345 souls on board, including the Captain and forty-eight officers and crew. It appears that in the first five days of her voyage after leaving Bremen, she experienced fine weather and had accomplished about 1,100 miles of her journey, leaving two thirds of it to be completed. On the sixth day a heavy gale set in which rapidly increased until it blew a terrific hurricane. She behaved beautifully, and, though struggling against the fearful storm, continued to push to the westward. During the gale the Smith exchanged signals with the bark Everhard Delius bound from Bremen to New York, but not yet arrived. This was in lat. 44 deg. north and 27 deg. west. Since that time the Smith has not signaled any vessel. On or about the ninth of February, the follower of the piston broke and the engine became useless; and before the cylinder could be opened the vessel temporarily repaired, and the crew put together again thirteen days had elapsed. The sea was so rough that the vessel had drifted to the southward under easy sail. Of course the further south she went the fiercer the weather broke, and the winds blew only in gentle breezes; often it was calm. Thus drifting along, at last the latitude of 23 deg. 30 min. north was reached, where the passengers enjoyed beautiful weather, the thermometer often marking from 75 to 80 degrees in the shade. Whenever the winds would allow, the vessel was worked to the northward until the Gulf Stream was entered in about 30 degrees north latitude. The machinery was in such a crippled state that often it gave out, and the vessel was obliged to anchor. It was then that the vessel was wrecked. The vessel was blown off from four to five knots an hour under the most favorable circumstances. The officers took great pains to keep the ship and passengers tidy and clean; and despite their misfortunes, the people on board were comparatively happy and contented. The ship had seventy days' provisions on board, and, as a precaution, a limit was put upon the food supply, so that in the event of her being blown off the coast it would hold out for nearly ninety days. None of the anxiety which has been manifested ashore seems to have been felt on board the vessel. The cabin passengers say they fared extremely well, and the 203 steerage passengers have no cause of complaint. During the voyage one infant aged nine months, died of hereditary consumption, and two children were born. One of the little ones first drew breath on the 22d of February, which event was celebrated in connection with the remembrance of the birthday of Washington.

Capt. Schwere states: While the storm was raging we saw two English ships. They saw our ensign and read it, but did not give their own in reply. We also saw a three-masted steamer; we could not make out whether she was full-rigged or not; she was bound eastward, and was sailing regularly under lights. We also saw a regular steamer beam and deck, and plank, but no spars that would enable us to tell what the character of the vessel was. Of course we know nothing about the delay of the City of Boston then. We saw nothing like steamer wreck stuff. The steamer that we saw appeared to be running under full headway; and we had no chance to exchange signals, the weather was so bad. We saw her about ten o'clock at night; at four o'clock the following morning the hurricane increased in fury. But on the second day after the injury to the engine, the storm fell, and we had fair weather and a good deal of breeze. We saw no land on this coast, although we came in sight of the Delaware light vessel on the Five Fathom Bank, which we sighted at eight o'clock last night (March 10) During the whole of the voyage we have had plenty of provisions and coal. I have now about 150 tons of coal in the bunkers. All the passengers and crew have enjoyed excellent health.

Wreck Reconstruction.

Does General Butler think it useful to himself and to his fame and success, to be elected in Congress the part of Mr. Beecher's neglected dog Noble? Noble had once seen a squirrel run into a hole, near a certain fence corner, and thereafter, day after day, he returned and made himself ridiculous by barking at the same old hole. The people have pleased themselves with the belief that they were very nearly done with reconstruction, and here, now, comes Mr. Butler, and begins to bark vehemently at that same old hole. To-day he is to introduce a bill to reconstruct the state government of Tennessee, and thus, before we are quite done with the Georgia and Texas, we are to begin anew at the other end of the line. We hope the Republicans will not support General Butler in this scheme. If Congress is to investigate election returns and proceedings, and to upset a state government, or turn out a governor and order a new election, at its pleasure, it will soon have its hands so full—no matter whether democrats or republicans have the majority—that it can do nothing else; and every state will fall a prey to political intrigues at Washington, just as the states of Mexico are the victims of schemers at the Mexican capital.

It is hard to consider such a measure as that of General Butler with patience. It is, of course, of small account to say that it is unconstitutional; nobody supposes it to be otherwise. But it may be useful for Republicans to remember that whatever credit they may gain to themselves from the economical and faithful administration of General Grant, from the improvement of the credit, the steady decrease of the debt, the better collection of the revenue, they will lose all, and may be obliged to allow restless members of their party to keep open the reconstruction question. The Tennessee politicians, it is very well known, are not men of enough character or principle, on either side, to be depended on. Stokes, or Senter, or Andrew Johnson—it makes very little difference which of them rules the state, and when the question is of election frauds, we doubt if either side has any right to complain of the other. On the requisition of the Governor, under the Georgia and Texas, the United States President is bound to send troops to put down insurrection. The Governor of North Carolina has just declared Alamance county a state of insurrection, and called upon the President to help him keep the peace. This is lawful and straightforward; it will help to settle something; but General Butler's plan will only unsettle everything.—M. W. Evening Post.

The Michigan Argus

ANN ARBOR. FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 19, 1870.

THE VANDERPOOL CASE.

We alluded last week to the attempt being made in some quarters to procure a new trial for VANDERPOOL on the strength of public clamor, and without regard to the legal bearings of the case. Since then the attempt has been systematized, and a committee of people of Muskegon are flooding the State with circulars—one of which we are desired to publish—asking money for the cause. Now, it strikes us that the movement of this committee is a very singular one. During the long period while VANDERPOOL was in confinement no disposition was exhibited at that point to aid him, and VANDERPOOL himself complained of this fact. The trial came on in due course, was a long and closely contested one, and resulted in conviction. The complaint made of the result is that the local feeling was so strong against the prisoner that he could not have a fair trial; but this local feeling was just as well known before as it is now; and does not seem to have excited any surprise or called out any indignation. Now, however, without the development of any new facts, a terrible outcry is made; a new trial is demanded; money is called for to secure it; money, not by hundreds of dollars merely, but by thousands; and the general idea put forward is, that if only sufficient money can be raised and feeling excited the gates of VANDERPOOL'S cell will swing wide open, and the prisoner walk forth.

For any legitimate use to which money can be put in securing a new trial, more was raised in Muskegon than was necessary. Every one who knows any thing about legal proceedings, knows that a motion for new trial only requires a presentation in court of the legal grounds on which it is based. It requires no witnesses present, and the expenses, beyond the fees of lawyers, are small. The best counsel in the State can be secured to do all the necessary labor for far less sums than are now ostentatiously paraded before the public as having been subscribed. It is very true that if a new trial is had, more will be needed; but it is also true that it will be abundantly early to subscribe to them. The application now is for a new trial, and the public are notified from day to day that sums are raised for this purpose much larger than can be legitimately used; and when they are told at the same time, in view of the subscriptions and of the feeling excited, that there can be no doubt now but a new trial will be granted, what deduction can possibly be drawn that does not cast suspicion upon the honest administration of justice?

Papers have engaged in this movement which have been in the habit of denouncing some of the New York judges as corrupt. They are said to be mere tools of party, of the "Tammany ring," and of personal friends. These papers are doing their best to inaugurate a similar system here. For we need not say to any thinking man, that when the doctrine is once established that popular clamor can reverse a judicial decision, all respect for the courts is gone. Establish the rule that the public may demand a particular decision, and it follows necessarily, under our system, that the party may, and what the party may do, it belongs to the wire-pullers to direct, and the rule of a "Tammany ring" in the courts becomes strictly legitimate. And to go but a step further, it is plain that if the law is set aside at the demand of a party, it cannot be wrong to yield it to the solicitation of a friend.

On all accounts this concerted public movement and clamor are greatly to be deplored. They have rendered it impossible that a new trial should be given to VANDERPOOL without the court being open to suspicion. How could it be otherwise when it is assumed that excitement, clamor, and money are all that were essential? If the people of Muskegon desired to make an application for a new trial for VANDERPOOL, there was no reason why they should not have done so; but in assuming that it was to be obtained on the grounds on which they proceed, they have given a shock to public justice from which it will not soon recover. It would have exhibited a much better taste, and a nicer sense of propriety, had the people of Muskegon quietly, and even secretly, feel one of the able lawyers signing their "Appeal"—the request to publish which we cannot comply with—to make and argue a motion for a new trial, if they lack confidence in VANDERPOOL'S counsel, than to engage in raising a hue and cry throughout the length and breadth of the State—which has the appearance at least of seeming more desirable than money. If it can be shown that the verdict was in accordance with the evidence, that the evidence in any material portion was manufactured or false, or that new evidence has been discovered, Judge RAMSDELL has not shown such a thirst for blood that he cannot be relied upon to decide the motion upon its merits. When a new trial has been procured in the legitimate way, no great amount of money can be needed for legitimate purposes, for if we mistake not the process of the court and the treasury of the county is at the service of a prisoner destitute of means to procure the attendance of witnesses—and even to fee lawyers. With these views we cannot co-operate in a seeming attempt to bully the court, especially when we believe that the trial already had was a fair one, and the conviction in accordance with the evidence. For the sake of VANDERPOOL'S family, and VANDERPOOL himself, we shall rejoice to know that his innocence can be and has been established.

but his engagement at the behest of a manufactured opinion or unreasonable clamor will afford no such cause for rejoicing. And the same public organization and officious intermeddling can compel a new trial whether or no, may be equally potent in this and in other cases to compel an acquittal. Let every lover of law and order reflect whether or no the precedent they are helping to establish is a safe one.

There are eleven women in Wyoming whose names have been rendered immortal; and this is how it was done. Five of them were impelled on the Grand Jury of Albany county, and on said grand jury did duty, viz: Mrs. Amelia Hatcher, Mrs. Dr. Hilt, Miss Eliza Stewart, Mrs. J. Mackel, and Mrs. Agnes Baker. The other six were drawn upon the petit jury for the same county, to-wit: Miss Nettie Hazen, Mrs. Jennie Lancaster, Mrs. Lizzie A. Spooner, Mrs. Jennie Irvinson, Miss Mary Flynn, and Miss L. H. Hartough. Pioneers in a grand reform, "let their names be recorded."

The telegraph tells the following sad and harrowing tale of the great sacrifices made by these immortal Wyoming women in the noble cause of humanity, and also of the corresponding great sufferings of their—no longer—liege lords: Omaha, Neb., March 13. The Howle murder case at Laramie city, Wyoming, is still pending. The jury can't agree, and have been ordered confined until 10 o'clock a. m., when the court agrees to meet them. They were allowed dinner and supper. The women look pale and fatigued, this being the fourth night of their confinement. There is a general complaint among the married men: "If Wyoming jury rooms are no more sumptuously furnished than those of Washington county, we can easily believe that 'the ladies of the jury were much fatigued.' It don't take four days and nights to tucker out a Washington jury."

In the House, on Monday, Mr. MARSHALL, of Illinois, offered the following resolutions: Resolved, That the depressed condition of business and the various industrial interests of the country demand of Congress prompt action in relieving the people of all taxation not absolutely necessary to provide for the wants of the government economically administered, and that in reforming the existing tariff laws, legislation should be on these principles, to-wit: 1. That no duty should be imposed on any article above the lowest rate that will yield the largest amount of revenue. 2. That the maximum duty should be imposed on luxuries. 3. That the duty should be so imposed as to operate as equally as possible throughout the Union, discriminating neither for nor against any class or section.

Mr. HOLMAN, of Indiana, to test the sense of the House, moved to table the resolution, demanded the yeas and nays, and stated that he should vote against his own motion. The resolution to table was lost, yeas, 38; nays, 118. Messrs. BLAIR, STROUGHTON, and STRICKLAND voted yes; the other Michigan members voted no or did not vote at all.

The House, then, by a vote of 55 to 81 refused to order the previous question, and without a division referred the resolutions to the Committee on Ways and Means, where they will be another day. We suspect that HOLMAN'S "test vote" was not a very decisive one. The House is evidently in favor of protection; that is, in favor of taxing the consumer to enrich the manufacturer. Let the thing be called by its right name.

That shrewd fellow the poet told about—the whole we don't exactly know as he was a poet—who could "split a hair 'twixt west and nor'west side" was not to be compared with Commissioner DELANO. His various internal revenue decisions—or decisions pertaining to questions connected with the internal revenue—show a remarkable shrewdness for hair splitting. But in the last one, that interest paid on a mortgage on a homestead is not interest to be deducted in making up one's income, out Delanoes DELANO himself. The same kind of reasoning would prove white black or black white, or most any other utterly absurd proposition. Ever since the income tax has been levied, interest paid on debts of all kinds has been recognized as a legitimate deduction, but DELANO is the victim of a new inspiration and established precedent must be reversed. Great is DELANO.

The House, on Monday, passed a bill to meet the case, declaring interest paid on a mortgaged homestead exempt. On the 13th inst., seven miles from the walls of Madrid, a duel was fought between Prince HENRI DE BOURBON and the Duke de MONTENSIER, two claimants or applicants for the Spanish throne. Prince HENRI was killed at the third shot. After the second shot the seconds interfered, but the Prince refused all overtures, and the result was as stated. The dead BOURBON was a brother to the husband of the banished Queen ISABELLA, and a cousin to the Duchess of MONTENSIER. The quarrel was the result of a scurrilous letter written by the Prince against the Duke. The Duke was greatly shocked at the result, and swore to provide for the Prince's children. The Prince leaves an American wife.

The cable oracularly says: "It is said that this affair will injure the Duke's chances for the throne." Is that all? This Governor of Minnesota has declined to sign the resolution amending the Constitution and giving the ballot to women. He says the mode of submission—permitting women to vote on the question—conflicts with the provision of the Constitution authorizing amendments. He also expresses his conviction that the change is not desired nor desirable. Up and at him, SUSAN ANNA, ELIZABETH, THEODORE & Co.

When a journal of such standing as the New York Evening Post, a thoroughly Republican journal, feels compelled to say of a measure pending in Congress: "It is, of course, of small account to say that it is unconstitutional; nobody supposes it to be otherwise," it is high time for all who are not partisans in a bad sense to pause and reflect. And it is just what the Post said on Monday last touching Gen. BUTLER'S proposition to re-construct Tennessee. And it is just what may have been said of much of the legislation of the last few years. A member of Congress who attempts to measure his duty by that antiquated document is scouted as an "old fogey" or a "copperhead"; and a court that regards the organic law of the land as above an ill-digested and conflicting act of Congress is itself subjected to reconstruction, its numbers increased or decreased, nominees to its vacant seats put through the political catwalk and pledged to indulge in no opinions of their own, or illegitimate rights and duties taken away. "Nobody supposes it to be otherwise." A sad comment upon the acts of men sworn to support the Constitution with which the bill is in palpable and confessed conflict. If an oath is so worthless what is to protect the people from legislative usurpation and tyranny?

The House, on Monday, by a vote of 122 to 32 passed a joint resolution—introduced by old Economy DAWES—directing a sum equal to one year's salary of an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court to be paid to the family of the late E. M. STANTON, "in consideration of his distinguished services." Thousands of poor men lost their lives in the service of their country, and whose families have no means of support, not one of whom has yet been rewarded with a year's salary not earned and for an office never held. Why this distinction? The Senate adopted the same resolution on Tuesday. Congressmen get fat salaries, with rich "stealing in," and the people foot the bill. Why shouldn't they be generous?

In the House, on Monday, Gen. GARFIELD laid at the threshold of the Democratic party all the costs and burdens of the war, and all the lives sacrificed in it. And this in spite of the declaration of that distinguished Radical statesman and valiant Bull Run soldier, ZACK CHANDLER, before the breaking out of hostilities, that "without a little bloodletting the Union is not worth a rush," and his entreaties to Gov. BLAIR to send Commissioners to the Peace Convention whose voices and votes would be against peace. This unprejudiced thrust at the "Marquis of Michigan" ought to be severely rebuked by his home organs.

From the great "noise and confusion" made by the Radical journals over the late election in New Hampshire, one not familiar with the facts would naturally imagine that that State—only a seven by nine affair and nothing without the White Mountains—was the largest in the Union, and that it had never before proved its "hoity" by giving a Radical majority. This firing of guns and crowing of roosters is over a majority several thousands less than that of GRANT in the Fall of 1868, and is no doubt "a big thing on ice."

AND NOW comes a rumor from Washington that Postmaster-General CRESWELL will soon resign and accept a foreign mission. It is probable that those Senators who are so indignant at his poking his official nose into the franking dish, and who would gladly consign him to oblivion or "Davy Jones's locker," will vote for his confirmation to get rid of him. Rejecting HOAR didn't drive him from the Cabinet, and so CRESWELL may be more generously dealt with.

GEN. SHERIDAN has issued an order approving the recent destruction of a settlement of Piegan Indians in Montana, and the wholesale massacre or slaughter of its inhabitants, numbering 173, men, women, and children. One or two more such outrages will make the term American soldier a hissing and a by-word in all civilized lands. Murdering women and children—though they be Indians—is not a civilized mode of warfare, and whatever deprivations the Piegans may have previously committed, the "attack" by Col. BAKER, can be called by no other name.

The constitution tinkers down in Tennessee don't expect a man to be honest in this world unless he believes in punishment in the next, and so the following provision is found in the constitution now pending before the people: Sec. 2. No person who denies the being of God or the future state of rewards and punishments shall hold any office in the civil department of this State.

Why not define the church a man shall belong to or the particular mode of baptism he shall observe? There will be a special meeting of the Board of Managers of the Washington County Agricultural Society, at the office of the Secretary, D. CHASE, on Wednesday, the 24th day of April, next, at 10 A. M., of said day. Business of special importance will come before the Society, and a full attendance is necessary.

Auction Sale! The subscribers having broken up their stove factory at Sumpter, will sell at auction AT BELVILLE, THURSDAY, MARCH 24th, '70 THEIR ENTIRE STOCK OF HORSE, MULES, WORKING CATTLE, COWS, WAGONS, CARRIAGES, TRUCKS, BOB SLEIGHS, HARNESS, &c., &c. with a Large Stock of HOUSEHOLD GOODS INCLUDING BEDS, BEDDING, AND CARPETS. TERMS OF PAYMENT—Made known on day of Sale. HENNING & SCHULTZ. Belville, March 16th, 1870.

\$10,000 REWARD! GREAT EXCITEMENT! AMONG FARMERS. SCIO MILLS WILL PAY THE HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR GOOD WHEAT. ALL FARMERS WILL DO WELL TO CALL THERE BEFORE SELLING ELSEWHERE. BRING YOUR GOOD WHEAT TO SCIO MILLS. 1260 N. W. BRIGGS, Scio.

This long and anxiously looked for steamer, Schmid, of the Bremen line, arrived in New York on Friday last, 48 days from Bremen, and reports a very rough time of it. An interesting narrative of her voyage will be found in another column. The City of Boston, now out 49 days, has not yet been heard from, and disagreeable doubt of her safety is fast giving place to terrible conviction that she is lost. The New York Sun is responsible for the rather uncharitable and severe suggestion that some British steamer may have run into and sunk the City of Boston, and that the Captain has forgotten to report the collision.

GRANT promised economy in his inaugural address and annual message, and sent DAWES and New Hampshire to repeat the pledge. One of his economical ideas is the purchase of the dilapidated Island of San Domingo, which is about as desirable an acquisition as Alaska or St. Thomas, with their icebergs and earthquakes.

The recent intimation by Senators SUMNER that Gen. PRIM had made propositions looking to the cession or sale of Cuba to the United States is pronounced by a Madrid dispatch of the 13th.—How is this little question of veracity to be settled? Has SUMNER any documents to back up his statement? HOS. JOHN S. BAGG, an old resident of Detroit, and a former publisher of the Free Press, died on the 10th inst., aged 61 years. Mr. BAGG was a Democrat of the old school, a shrewd politician, an able writer, an and honest officer in the places of honor and trust he has held. For several years his health had been poor, and his time had been given to agricultural pursuits.

REVELS made his maiden speech on Wednesday, on the Georgia bill. He opposed the BINGHAM amendment. REVELS'S speech proves either that he is more of a man than any of his Radical colleagues, or that he was more fortunate than they in employing a man to write it for him. In the House, on Wednesday, two reports were made from the Committee on Military Affairs, one condemning the sale of a cadetship by Hon. R. R. BURLEIGH, of Tennessee, Radical, and mildly censuring "the unauthorized and dangerous practice;" and the other for his expulsion. The report went over.

The Ontario Calamity. George L. Watson, third mate of the Bombay, was officer of the deck at the time of the collision, and to his neglectful conduct the disaster is attributed. There had been the usual bustle and confusion consequent upon getting a great ship ready for port, and all the experienced seamen were needed in this work. Both watches were turned up and put hard at it, and when they were still short-handed, Watson called the quarter-master and two lookouts from their post and sent some raw hands aloft who were useless for such service. When the hurry was over, Watson still left the green hands to stare into the gray night with their unaccustomed eyes and run over ships without giving any notice—but why he did this we cannot know. Simply through forgetfulness no doubt.

Watson is an American by birth, and has always been of a roving, reckless disposition. His name is mentioned in connection with several questionable enterprises in these seas and elsewhere, but he did one thing during the rebellion which gave him as pleasant a notoriety for a while as this last episode in his career is likely to give him an unpleasant one. For this is the same man whose bombshell exploit off Charleston was the subject of the song, still sung in the navy, of "Bombshell Watson ahoy!" He was boatwain's mate on board the Pembina during the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and one day he climbed into the main-top to carry a message to the second lieutenant, when just as he doffed his hat and opened his mouth, a screaming bombshell described its smoking arch in the heavens, and lit right between the two men. Watson stopped among the smoke, took up the shell, and threw it overboard, remarking, "I got here first, and I calculate to speak first!" It is a pity such presence of mind as that should have degenerated into such melancholy carelessness as he is just now charged with.

DIED. In this city, February 13, 1870, ISAAC PENNOY, ER. Aged 74 years.

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