

THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

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THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

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J. B. McNett, Physician and Surgeon. Office, second door above News Office, Washington Street, Grand Haven, Mich.

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Ferry & Son, Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Pickets, Timber &c. Business Office, Water Street, Grand Haven, Mich., and 235, Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

J. F. Chubb, Manufacturer of and Dealer in Plows, Cultivators, Thrashing Machines, Reapers, Mowers, Hay Presses and all kinds of Farming Tools and Machines. Agricultural Warehouse, Canal Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

HONESTY REWARDED.

The hero of this story was born in a village near Vitre, in Brittany, of poor parents, whom having lost in his earliest childhood, he had depended on public charity for his support, and had been taught reading and writing, but his education had extended no further. At the age of fifteen he entered the service of a small farmer, who employed him to look after his flocks. Lucette, daughter of another farmer, had the care of those belonging to her father, in the same neighborhood. Whilst driving them out to pasture she frequently saw Perrin, who rendered her all the little service proportionate to their age and situation. The habit of seeing one another, the similarity of their occupations, and their mutual kind offices towards each other, after some time, caused a virtuous attachment between them. Perrin proposed to Lucette to demand her in marriage of her father. She gave her consent, but declined being present when he made his proposals. Lucette was going to the town on the morrow, and she begged of Perrin to take that opportunity, and to return in the evening to meet her, and to let her know how he had been received. The young man, at the time appointed, flew to the father's house, and declared to him, in the most open manner, his attachment to his daughter, and his intention of marrying her.

"Ah," replied the old man roughly, interrupting him, "so you love my daughter and mean to marry her? Why, Perrin what are you thinking of? What do you mean to do? Have you a home provided for her—in a word, how are you to support her? You know you are only a laborer; you have no money; Lucette is not rich enough to support you and herself too. No, no, Perrin, that is not the way to think of getting married."

"But I am strong and healthy," he replied, "and I shall not want employment whilst I am willing to work; and what exertions would I not make to maintain your daughter? Even now I can earn one hundred crowns a year; out of them I have been able to save twenty—so I can defray the expenses of the wedding. I shall exert myself more—my savings will increase—then I shall be able to rent a little farm; the richest inhabitants of our little village have begun like me; why may not I succeed as well as they?"

"That's all very well," answered the old farmer; "you are quite young enough yet—you can wait awhile; you have only to become rich, and then you shall have my daughter, but for the present let me hear no more about it."

Perrin could obtain no other answer. He hastened to meet Lucette, according to his promise. He looked sorrowful; she could read in his countenance the news he had brought her.

"My father, then, has given you a refusal," said she.

"Ah! Lucette," he replied, "I am indeed unfortunate to have been born so poor; but I have not lost all hope—my situation may change. As your husband, I would have spared nothing to procure you a comfortable maintenance; do you think I shall do less to become such? Never mind, we shall be united yet; keep your heart for me alone; remember you have given it to me."

The conversation had so engrossed their attention that they scarcely perceived that the night was advancing, and that they had not yet quitted the high road. They immediately quickened their pace to regain their respective dwellings, when Perrin struck his foot against something and stumbled. In raising himself he groped about with his hands to endeavor to discover the cause of his fall, when, to his surprise, he found it was a bag, rather heavy. Curious to know what it contained, they repaired to a field just by, where some laborers had left the roots of trees burning, which they had cut down to clear the ground. On opening the bag, they discovered by this light that it was full of gold.

"What do I see?" cried Lucette; "ah! Perrin, so you have become rich."

"Yes, Lucette," he replied, "I shall possess you. Heaven, favorable to our wishes, has sent wherewith to satisfy your father, and make us happy."

This idea filled their hearts with joy—they eagerly contemplated the treasure; then, having looked at each other with tenderness, they proceeded immediately to show it to the old man. They had scarcely reached the house, when Perrin suddenly stopped.

"We are expecting to be made happy by means of this gold," said he to Lucette; "but does it belong to us? No doubt it belongs to some merchant who has lost it in returning home from the fair at Vitre, which is just over, and at this very time, while we are rejoicing, he, perhaps, is in the most frightful despair."

"Ah! Perrin, your reflection is indeed most serious; such may be the case of the unfortunate man, and how can we enjoy what belongs to him? Accident has thrown it in our way, but to keep it would be a theft."

"You make me tremble," said Perrin; "we were going to take it to your father;

we should have obtained our wishes—but how could we be happy at another's expense? I tell you what we will do: let us go at once to our good rector. He has always treated me with the greatest kindness; it was he that got me this situation, and I ought to do nothing without consulting him; we will make him our confidant in everything."

The rector was at home. Perrin placed the bag of gold which he had found in his hands, and acknowledged that he had at first regarded it as a present from heaven. He did not conceal from him his attachment to Lucette, and the obstacle which his poverty was to their union. The good pastor listened to him with the kindest attention; he looked first at one, and then at the other. Their story quite affected him; he perceived all the ardor of their affection, and admired that uprightness and integrity which were still superior to it. He applauded their conduct.

"Perrin," said he, "preserve always the same sentiments. Heaven will bless you; we shall find the master of this gold, and he will reward your honesty; I will join it to some of my little savings, and you shall gain the hand of Lucette. I take upon myself to obtain her father's consent; you are deserving of each other. If this money be never claimed, it is the property of the poor; you are poor, and, in that case, I shall believe myself justified in returning it to you, since Divine Providence seems already to have disposed of it in your favor."

The young people withdrew, satisfied with having done their duty, and cheered up with the pleasing hopes that had been given them. The rector caused the bag of money to be cried throughout his parish, and he afterwards had it posted up at Vitre, and in all the surrounding villages. Many persons, prompted by avarice, pretended to claim the lost treasure; but none of them could describe either the sum of money, the species of coin, or the bag which contained them. During this time, the good rector did not forget that he had promised Perrin to interest himself for his happiness. He helped him to take a little farm, stocked it with cattle, supplied it with implements of husbandry, and two months afterwards married him to Lucette.

The happy couple returned thanks to the Almighty and to their pastor, who had been, under Him, instrumental to their felicity. Perrin was industrious; Lucette employed herself in household affairs; they were exact in paying their rent, lived moderately on the surplus, and felt contented and happy.

It was now two years and the lost gold had not been claimed, and the rector, therefore, did not judge it necessary to wait any longer, but carried it to the virtuous couple whom he had united. "My children," said he to them, "enjoy the blessing which Providence has sent you; those twelve thousand livres are actually without a claimant; if, by chance, you should ever discover the owner, you ought to restore them to him; you can employ them in such a manner as will only change the nature of the property, without diminishing its value." Perrin followed his advice; he thought he could not do better than to make a purchase of the farm which he rented, as it was to be disposed of. The rector approved of this proposition, the bargain was struck, and the farmer, now turned landlord, endeavored by his exertions to render the property still more valuable. Heaven blessed him with success, and he attained to those easy circumstances which it had always been his ambition to procure for Lucette. Two children blessed their happy union, and they took a pleasure in seeing themselves, as it were, live again in these tender pledges of their love.

When Perrin was returning home from the fields, Lucette would bring the children out to meet him; he would catch them in his arms and kiss them; one would begin to wipe the perspiration off his face, the other would try to help him to carry his pick-axe, and, whilst he smiled at his feeble efforts, he could not refrain from returning thanks to God, who had blessed him with such an affectionate spouse, and children who so much resembled her.

Some years after, the good old rector died. Perrin and Lucette bewailed their loss, and remembered with the most tender gratitude that their worthy pastor had been both a spiritual and temporal father to them, but at the same time, this event led them to reflect on their own mortality. "We also shall die," said they one to the other, "and this farm will come into the hands of our children; nevertheless, it does not belong to us, and, should the rightful owner ever come to claim it, he would, in that case, be deprived of it forever, and we should descend into the grave with the goods of our neighbor on our consciences." They could not bear this thought—they even had a declaration written out in due form, which they got signed by the principal inhabitants of the village, by which they gave up the property should the just claimant ever appear. The precaution, which they judged necessary to compel their children to make restitution, tranquilized their minds, and all

things went on to their entire satisfaction.

Ten years had now elapsed since Perrin had become proprietor of the farm which he occupied, when one day, as he returning to dinner, after a laborious morning's work, his attention was arrested by the overturning of a carriage with two travelers in it at a very short distance from where he stood. He immediately ran to the spot to render all the assistance he was able, and offered them the horses out of his plow to carry their luggage. He begged of the travelers that they would come and rest themselves at his house and take some refreshments. "Truly," said one of them, "this is an unlucky part of the country to me; it seems I am never to pass this way without meeting with some misfortune. About twelve years ago, I met with a considerable loss somewhere hereabouts. I was returning from the fair at Vitre, and lost a bag containing no less than twelve thousand livres in gold."

"But how was it," said Perrin, who was all attention at hearing this, "that you did not make some search after so great a sum?"

"My worthy friend, that was, I may say, impossible; I had to make all speed to Lorient, from whence I was to embark for the Indies. There was no time to be lost—the vessel was ready to set sail, and you know it would not have waited for me; I had no opportunity of making any inquiries, which would most likely have proved useless, and, by preventing my departure, would have exposed me to a greater loss than that which I had sustained."

At hearing this the heart of the farmer leaped for joy; he pressed the travelers with greater eagerness to accept of his offer. His house was the nearest and best in the village. They could no longer refuse to accompany him. He went before to show them the way, and meeting his wife, he desired her to return and prepare dinner for his guests. While it was getting ready, he presented them with refreshments, and turned the conversation on the subject of the loss which one of them had complained of since he had no doubt but he was the man to whom restitution was due. He went to the new rector to inform him of what he had heard, and to invite him to come and dine with them.

After dinner the travelers knew not how to express their gratitude for the kind reception Perrin had given them. Perrin showed them the house, the garden, his sheep and cattle; he entertained them with an account of his fields and produce; then, pausing for a few moments, he turned towards the first traveler and said to him: "Sir, all that you have seen to-day belongs to you; when the money that you lost fell into my hands, seeing that it remained unclaimed, I bought this farm with it, intending to give it to the right owner should he ever make his appearance—therefore the farm and all belonging to it is yours; and, had I have died before finding you out, our rector here holds in his hand a written document by which I have made it over to you as your property."

The stranger, after reading it looked first at Perrin, then at Lucette and the children. At last, recovering a little from his astonishment, he exclaimed: "What have I just heard! What noble, what disinterested virtue, and in what condition of society have I met with it." Then addressing himself to Perrin: "Have you any other dependence besides this farm?"

"No, not any; but, if you do not dispose of it, you will want a farmer, and I hope in that case, you will give me the preference."

"Your honesty merits a far different reward," replied the stranger. "It is now twelve years ago since I lost the sum of money which you found; since that time God has blessed me with prosperity; my commercial connections became very extensive, and I did not long perceive the effects of my loss; restitution now would add comparatively nothing to my wealth—you are deserving of this little fortune; Divine Providence has made you a present of it, and it would be offending Him to take it from you. I give it up entirely into your hands; you may keep it; I renounce all claim to it; what other man would have acted as you have done?"

"So saying, he tore to pieces the deed that he held in his hand. "But," continued he, "so beautiful an action must not be consigned to oblivion. No new act is necessary to confirm my having made it over to you and your children; nevertheless, I will have the whole transaction committed to writing, to perpetuate the remembrance of your honesty and uprightness." A notary was accordingly sent for. Perrin and Lucette fell at the feet of the traveler; he raised them up and embraced them. Perrin shed tears of tenderness and joy. "My children," said he, "come forward and kiss the hand of your benefactor; my dear Lucette, this property now belongs to us; and henceforward we may enjoy it, and leave it to our children without trouble or remorse."

"A flower is sweeter the more it is pressed. So is a young lady."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

— A silent wag—the wag of a dog's tail.

— "What ails your eye, Joe?" "I told a man he lied."

— That soul is impure which is never washed with tears.

— The song of the Siamese Twins—"We were boys together."

— A hacking cough is said to be the first stage of consumption.

— The time to run off—When your landlord won't let your bill run on.

— If a man cheats you once, blame him; if a second time, blame yourself.

— To keep apples from rotting—place them in a dry cellar with fifteen children.

— Punch says that the inventor of the steam engine was a man of great engineering.

— "Matchless misery" has been defined to be having a cigar and nothing to light it with.

— The brave think only of the blows they shall strike, the timid of those they may receive.

— How many hens has your mother when it comes night? None; they are all roosters.

— Ladies, please be sweet, but don't be too formal. Be roses, but don't be prim-roses.

— Tall gentlemen are always successful, because the ladies are always in favor of hy-men.

— The lash that man does not object to have laid on his shoulders—the eye lash of a pretty girl.

— If time is money, most people have a great deal more money than they know what to do with.

— Antimony for the times: Arms for those who will fight for the Union, legs for those who won't.

— Let no one fall ill discourage you. He that has had a fall may stand as upright as ever he did.

— An old maid speaking of marriage, says it is like any other disease—while there's life there's hope.

— A trusting wife—one who trusts, when her husband goes out in the morning, that he never will return.

— I hate to hear people talk behind one's back, as the thief said when the robber cried "stop thief."

— If you think of nothing but life you are unfit for death; if of nothing but death, you are unfit for life.

— A writer asks if any one can inform a poor man the best way to start a nursery? Certainly, get married.

— A confirmed tippler was bothered how to honor his birthday. A brilliant idea struck him. He kept sober.

— The South threatens the North with her Beauregard. New York will meet her with her Bowery Guard.

— A young lady being asked by a politician what party she preferred, replied that she preferred a wedding party.

— It has been said that the devil must necessarily be a gentleman, because the flip of darkness can't be imp-o-light.

— The lays of a nightingale may be very delightful to a well fed man, but the lays of a hen are liked better by a hungry one.

— "That is a very knotty affair," said the culprit looking at the rope. "It is because you have been naughty yourself," was the answer.

— A Western editor noticing the marriage of a Mr. Boot to a Miss Leather, very rationally remarks that they are going into the boot making business.

— A gentleman praising the generosity of his friend, observed that he spent money like water. Then of course he liquidated his debts, rejoined a wag.

— Anatomists say that man changes every seven years. "Therefore," says the inimitable Jones, "my tailor should not remind me of the bill contracted in 1854—'I ain't the man.'"

— A man was suspected of stealing a horse, and was arrested. "What am I taken for?" he inquired of the sheriff. "I take you for a horse," was the reply; whereupon he kicked the sheriff over, and ran off.

— "Paddy," said a short sighted wag, "why don't you get your ears cropped? They are entirely too long for a man."

— "And yours," replied Pat, "ought to be lengthened, they are too short for an ass."

— "Boy, did you let off that gun?" exclaimed an enraged schoolmaster.

— "Yes, master."

— "Well, what do you think I will do to you?"

— "Let me off."

The Potato-Rot—Three Proposed "Sure Remedies."

The thousand and one "new and infallible" remedies proposed, from time to time, for the cure of this disease, have done so little to arrest it, that every one has come to feel suspicious of anything new. Among the older remedies, we know of none better than the use of ashes. A successful farmer, near the writer's residence, states that he has tried ashes for several years and with almost complete success, and he wants to speak of them to the readers of the *American Agriculturist*. His method is this:

Shortly after the second hoing, sow upon the vines a dressing of unleached ashes, using from two and a half to three bushels per acre. Repeat the application once in six weeks, until the crop is matured. Our friend, it would seem, considers the disease of atmospheric origin, or as caused by an insect in the leaf, and not at the root. But whatever the origin, he keeps the tubers sound by treating the leaf.

John R. Austine, residing near Warren Depot, Worcester Co., Mass., asserts that he has a positive remedy for the potato rot, and claims a right of discovery. He sent a box of seedlings, in good order, to the office of the *American Agriculturist*, on the 18th of April, and wrote:

"They were planted the first week in May last year. August 18, I put my feet on each side of the hill, and pulled the tops off. Pressing the soil down the tops were thrown upon the hills, and not a rotten one was found in the twenty-four bushels gathered."

He thinks the disease begins on the vine, and extends down to the bulbs, and that by stripping off the tops as soon as there is the least sign of rot, or black spots, the potatoes may be left in the ground any length of time, or until convenient to dig and store for winter, without the slightest danger of rot. Mr. A. says he has proved the utility of his process by five years of successful experiment. But perhaps the exemption of his crop has been due to other causes. If he will further test his remedy by pulling up only alternate rows, and if he then finds the rows left undisturbed, to be affected with the rot, while those treated by his method remains sound, the result will be somewhat conclusive. There is some plausibility in it, and it may be well for others to experiment with a few hills at least. If the vines are stripped off too early, it must lessen the yield. A few hills might be pulled at successive intervals of a week, and the results noted.

We find in the English "Mark-lane Express," of March 10, a communication from a farmer whose theory is somewhat similar to that of Mr. Austine. The English farmer concludes from microscopic examinations, verified by experiment, that the potato disease is a sort of minute fungus deposited at first upon the leaves and haulm, (vines,) which spreads with remarkable rapidity over both tops and roots, and finally destroys them.—Last season, when the haulm had reached its full growth, early in July, he bent the tops over and placed earth upon them to keep them down. This was to prevent the rain from descending the vines to the roots, carrying the fungus with it. The portion of the field so treated, although a heavy clay soil, produced a good crop of potatoes, not one in fifty rotting, while those allowed to grow in the usual upright manner were a complete failure.—The same thing was confirmed by his neighbors. In one case a neighbor, having no room for some planks, threw them upon his potato patch, and found, contrary to his expectations, at digging time, that those so covered were in excellent condition, while the others were badly diseased. As in the former case, the thousands of minute fungi or parasitical plants were washed into the soil at a distance from, instead of directly among the potatoes. [Agriculturist, June.

CURING CLOVER—AN OLD NOTION.—A subscriber communicates the following extract from an agricultural almanac printed in 1809, and asks the opinion of the *Agriculturist* upon its practicality:

"To preserve clover in its green state: take in your grass from the swath, cut it up as you would straw in a cutting machine, pack it well down in a close apartment, or in hogsheds, giving a pound of salt to every hundred weight. By preserving it thus, you will have a beautiful green hay, exceedingly fragrant and nourishing, and superior to any other fodder."

Wouldn't it be something of a job to run the clover from a ten acre field thro' a cutter, with the mercury at 90 deg? How many hogsheds would be required? The coopers' trade would flourish where this plan was practiced. One quart of salt to a hundred of hay would not prevent fermentation. To save green clover packed in a large mass, would require salt enough to pickle it—the "fragrance" under such circumstances would be imaginary, and the "nourishment" problematical. [Agriculturist, June.

GRAFTS.—Grafts set this year, should now be examined. Loosen any strings cutting into the bark, replace clay or wax where needed, and rub off superfluous shoots or suckers.