Big Ben Bolton.

BY EUGENE J HALL.

I remember big Ben Bolton, and the little Leontine,
He could carry off a millstone, but she ruled him like a queen.
He stood seven feet in his stockings; she was hardly three feet high;
But she wound him round her finger, and she ruled him with her eye.

The women used to snicker, and the hardy miners smiled,
To see the brawny giant with the gentle little child.
And the gamblers, up from 'Frisco, when they saw them, used to swear
That they looked as fitly mated as a rabbit and a bear.

He would drop his pick and shovel when she came in working hours:
They would go among the gulches after gay and gaudy flowers;
He would climb the dizzy ledges, he would scale the mountain-side,
Bearing her upon his shoulders, while he called her "little bride."

He could bend an iron crowbar, he could lift a half a ton,
He could twist a wagon-tire, or the barrel of a gun,
With his fingers; but it often used to make us laugh
When we saw Leontine lead him as a butcher leads a calf.

When the hard day's work was over, when the crescent silver moon
Arose above the mountain pines, we met at "Blood's saloon,"
When Ben Bolton used to give us exhibitions of his skill
In bending iron crowbars or in twisting off a drill.

One day Ezekiel Parsons sent to 'Frisco on the sly,
And bought a bar of tempered steel, for brawny Ben to try.
The boys who understood the game came down to Blood's one night,
And stood serenely round the bar and waiting for the sight.

Ben Bolton grasped the bar of steel, he brought it to his knee,
And like a locomotive puffed, the trick he could not see;
The sweat ran down his honest face, upon his hands he spit,
He tugged and worked with all his might, it would not budge a bit.

Ezekiel Parsons shook his sides, the boys all laughed aloud,
Ben lost his reputation and had to treat the crowd.
It cut him so completely, and it made him feel so mean,
He quit the camp next morning with the little Leontine.

A storm comes up the valley, a cloud bursts on the hills,
The stream becomes a river, that sweeps away the mills,
And downward through the hollow the maddened torrent roars,
O'er rocks, through glens and gulches, and mining camps it pours.

A cry comes from the hollow, and rushing down the ridge
The miners see Ben Bolton like a giant at the bridge.
The water settles about him, the bridge rocks to and fro;
He holds it with a crowbar—in a minute it must go.

Beneath the narrow ledge near by, with bright disheveled hair,
They see the little Leontine—her hands are clasped in prayer.
The structure quakes, the strong man shakes, no fear is in his face;
"Ho! save the child," he shouts aloud, "I'll hold the bridge in place."

Zeke Parsons bounds upon the bridge, the women wail with fear;
He lifts the child in his strong arms, the miners loudly cheer;
He leaps upon the trembling logs, the waters round him roar;
He slips, he falls, he creeps, he crawls, he springs upon the shore.

The child is saved, Ben Bolton, but who will help you now?
The crowbar in your brawny hands breaks like a rotten bough,
And down the glen goes bridge and man, with broken logs and stones
That rend and gash his stalwart form and crush and break his bones.

Adown the hill the miners run, with outcries of despair:
They find him wedged between the rocks, and hanging helpless there.
They bear his mangled form away, without the glen they pass
With words of pity and of love, and lay him on the grass.

The crimson blood runs down his face, he shudders and he sighs;
His pale lips move, he moans, he groans, then to a comrade cries:
"I've saved the little Leontine, be kind to her, dear Joe,
I'm bent and broke Zeke Parsons, for I'm ready now to go!"

His head drops limp and lifeless down, his eyes grow dull and dim,
His broad breast heaves, a shiver runs through every broken limb.
Then, with a smile upon his lips, he sinks upon the sod,
And the soul of brave Ben Bolton is at peace with man and God.

PIONEER LIFE
IN THE
NORTH-WEST.

BY JENNIE JONES.

In the "American Sketch Book," Mrs. French gives an incident which is by no means a solitary one except in this, that few had a father or friend to help them in their strait, but had to depend on their own unaided exertions as best they might. "The first settlers were New York and New England people, with an occasional foreigner, who at that early date had to migrate over a new and almost unsettled country, on long journeys in covered wagons, stopping when night overtook them, by some spring by the mountain side, or by some babbling brook that would afford water for themselves, and their cattle and horses, being weeks and even months on the journey. They were with few exceptions very poor, bringing with them barely enough to feed and clothe themselves until the first cabin could be built and the first crop gathered in. Industry and Economy have repaid most of these old pioneers with beautiful homes, and surrounded them with nearly all the luxuries of the east, they were possessed with the determination that others had thus procured homes before them and what others could do, they could and would do also, and they did so, as this narrative will show before completed.

One example might illustrate the many hardships that were endured by the first to open up this beautiful country. One, whose name I will not mention, came from Maine to seek a home in the then far west, and upon striking this country, made himself a claim in the shape of a pre-emption, and commenced improvements with nothing but his own hands with which to labor. Every furrow broken had to be worked, for he had given hard labor to some neighbor that would exchange with him. After the land was broken, it became necessary to build a fence, and nails had to be got without team or wagon.—Well, what did he do but start on foot to what is now the commercial center of Eau Claire county, purchased a keg of nails and carried them home, a distance of eighteen miles, making thirty-six miles of travel in the same day. Who is there now-a-days that is able to do this? Very few. I desire to follow this circumstance a little further, to show what has been done. Another trial came. A hundred and sixty acres of land was purchased and was to be paid for at a certain time, when the time came the necessary amount had not been secured, and the only recourse left was to apply to 'my old father in the East.' The application was made, and 'he saw that by scraping together the earnings of a lifetime he could help me out, and I promised to take care that he had a home in his old age.'—The message was sent back to his early home, and shortly after the much needed money was received and the land paid for, taking perhaps all the old State-of-Mainer had accumulated through life, thereby securing a home for both father and son. We will pass a few years and take another look at this western home and family today, and by calling at a splendid white house surrounded by fruit trees, not nine miles from Augusta, you will find the same father and son, and the son's wife and family enjoying health, wealth, and all the luxuries to be found in the West. He has all the wealth necessary to make him happy, and is carrying out that pledge to the gray-headed father, to the perfect satisfaction of all concerned.

"The above is only an illustration of the trials and achievements of those who came in early times. All had their trials and hardships, none escaped."

OUSTING A CLAIMANT.

In the Stevens Point Land District, at a point near the border of Marquette was a disputed claim, over which there was considerable controversy. One of the claimants, whose name was Williams, having obtained possession, had built a house, and was living on the land in question.—This land lying in the section of country over which the "Court of Claims," before mentioned, held jurisdiction, by common consent of the settlers in course of time, came before these judges for settlement. After hearing all the evidence and faithfully investigating the case, it was decided that Williams was not the rightful claimant, and that he should yield possession at once. Without being expressed in so many words, it was tacitly understood if the decision was not complied with he should be removed by force. Being a somewhat stubborn man, and not disposed to comply with a decision given in such a manner, the settler kept on at his usual business for a few days, and snapped his fingers at the ruling of the Court of Claims, but justice never tires nor did the zeal of these pioneers, in defending the rights of their companions. The case was a somewhat aggravated one, Williams having taken possession during a necessary absence of a former pre-emptor and a trial was now in store for him, hardly looked for. One night, after the family had retired a band of masked men came to the house and demanded admittance.—They announced that they had come to eject the family, that they wanted as little trouble as possible, but that resistance would be useless, as they were resolved to perform the business they had come upon.

Mrs. Williams was a spunky woman, and having gone to bed, refused to get up for the sake of being turned out of doors. There was not much parley, the doors were forced and articles of furniture were speedily though carefully removed, everything movable was set out, and finally the bed with the woman in it, was seized by four stalwart men, and carried out to keep company with the rest. Finally the windows and doors removed, and the house set on fire. The scene was such as no other times could have produced.—The wild woods around the burning building were all aglow with light, the household goods piled in confusion, the masked men on the one hand, and the homeless family on the other. The woman nothing daunted, never stirred, but her sharp eyes searched the company to try and discover something by which to identify the maskers. As if to render the scene more impressive, a shower came up, and the rain beat pitilessly on the unroofed family.—One of the maskers, a man named Billings, in the kindness of his heart produced an umbrella, and held it over Mrs. Williams to shelter her from the storm. That act of kindness proved his overthrow. Billings was gifted by nature with enormous white eyebrows, a peculiarity, which, when once seen, were not likely soon to be forgotten. These happened to protrude above the mask which covered the lower part of his face, and Mrs. Williams looking up caught a glimpse of them, and was inwardly triumphant, for now she was able to identify one of the number.—There were neighbors who might, or might not have had a hand in this affair, but who, the removal being accomplished, were willing to give the family a shelter, so they did not suffer more than they were thought to deserve. They did not return to the claim but sought a home elsewhere, and indeed no one would be likely to court a second experience of this kind, or to again set himself in opposition to the determined will of these resolute men.

It only remains to record the fate of our kind friend Billings. A few days after the events narrated, he was arrested and identified as being connected in the riot. He was convicted and sentenced to thirty days imprisonment in the county jail, that being about the lightest sentence within the limits of the law. As soon as the sentence was passed, a tax was levied upon the settlers, and two dollars per day was paid to his family during his imprisonment. The costs of the suit were also defrayed in the same manner.

PIONEER WOMEN.

"A woman;
Alas! since woman's lot is the hardest,
She must ever bear with weakest hands
The heaviest load."

Of none are these lines truer, than of women pioneers. The life that for man is only difficult, for women is truly hard.—From much that makes frontier life exciting and pleasant to men, women are naturally shut out. Her work is at home. It is woman that keeps the hearth fires glowing, and helps keep the wolf from the door, not always an imaginary wolf, but sometimes a wolf of real flesh and blood. It is woman that spreads the hospitable board for all strangers and travelers and gives to the wilderness cabin, the light and life of home. With whatever difficulty the way of man as a pioneer was beset, at his side an ever ready and willing helper was woman.

In health a friend and companion, in sickness, a physician, nurse and housekeeper, all in one, not only in her home, but also in the home of an unfortunate neighbor. The pioneer woman was always busy, generally cheerful, and always to be depended on in times of trial. As brave as modest, they turned back from no difficulty, they feared no danger. As modest as brave, they shrank from having their names and deeds written for the public.—The names of but few women appear in our histories of Wisconsin, and then only a casual mention, as of some one who was the first white woman to settle in some place or some few words of that kind.—And in truth there was not much to tell. The quiet life of daily toil and self-sacrifice, was not the kind of which histories are made, but rather the life that lives in the grateful memories of those who knew them.

In a speech before an old settler's meeting in Walworth county, Hon. C. H. Baker pays the following tribute to woman, which although it has found a place in Tuttle's History of Wisconsin, is so appropriate and true to the life, that it will bear to reprint here.

"But what, old comrades in the life battles in the wilderness that was, what of our companions the *women*?

"Most of them had been delicately reared, and were accustomed to the luxuries and refinements of cultivated society; and most of all had good homes with the necessaries and conveniencies of life in abundance, and were surrounded by kind friends and dear relatives. To these they had been bred; to all these they were strongly attached. But these ties were sundered, these homes were left behind, when after the last trunk was packed, and the last farewell was sadly uttered they set their faces sadly westward for a new life and a new home, they knew it must be among strangers. They shared with us the trial of the journey, the weary miles of sunshine, and storm as we journeyed on and onward. They partook with us the coarse fare and rude accommodation of the wagon and wayside, the canal boat and the steamer, the log tavern and the bivouac under the open heaven, all this they encountered without murmuring, and cheerfully. And when late in autumn, or early in spring it may be in the cold storm or driving mist and chilly winds that cut to the bone, they took their departure from Chicago or Milwaukee, the last outpost of civilization, over these low lonely prairies which surrounded the one, or through the gloomy forest, which enveloped the other over the dismal roads, beset with roots or stumps without sign of cultivation, or human habitation, then it was, the hour of bitter trial came to their hearts; then it was that amid their loneliness, and utter heart desolation the dear homes and kindred they had left, rose up before them, and through the tears they look down upon the little ones who cling to them. But not a murmur, not a word of complaint or regret escaped them. The feelings too deep for utterance, which swelled within them, were smothered in their bosoms.—When we at last, (some later, some earlier) had found a place where to make a home in these pleasant groves and prairies, pleasant to us men; for here there were herds of bounding deer, and flocks of wild fowl, the wolf and sand-hill crane, and game large and small to give us sport.—The lakes and streams abounded in fish, and we could take them at our will. The country was all open and free to roam over, as one great park. There was excitement for us in all this; suited to our rougher natures and coarser tastes. We could roam and fish or hunt, as we pleased, amid the freshness and beauties of nature. But how was it with our wives? From all these they were excluded. They were shut up with their children in log cabins, when they were fortunate enough to get them, rude huts without floors often, and not unfrequently without doors and windows, while the cold fierce winds of dark December whistled through them. Frequently they were covered with [illegible]ks fastened with poles, between which the stars at night looked down upon the faithful mother and her sleeping infants, here in one small room, filled perhaps with smoke; without furniture, except a little of the rudest kind; rough slab stools, an equally rough table, and bedstead, if any, made of poles fastened into the house, without kitchen utensils, save perhaps a skillet and a frying pan, destitute of crockery, and with little tin-ware, they were called upon to do unaided, the duties of a housewife. With these conveniences and these surroundings, they took upon them for weeks and months, and even for years the burdens of their households, in a continued struggle with hindrances and perplexities. These were the heroic women to whom our hearts did homage; and I should fail in my duty at this time if in the roll-call of worthy and honorable names they should not be remembered.—And all honor to these pioneer women, say we."

We hope to be able to give the deeds of some of these noble women, ere we have done with these sketches.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

Two boys, whom we will call Willie and Johnnie, lived with their parents, in a wild, unsettled region in the North-Eastern part of Iowa. Willie was aged nine years, an active, self-reliant boy, and Johnnie was seven years old, large for his age, but less strong and enduring than his elder brother. These boys were always together, Willie being the leader in all the sports and amusements which boys would naturally find in a wild country, without schools or companions.

One Sabbath morning in the autumn of 1843, the parents of these boys started on horseback to attend a religious meeting several miles distant, leaving the boys at home to amuse themselves as best they might. Having soon exhausted all their resources at home, they set out for a ramble in the woods, accompanied by two large dogs, their inseparable companions in all their rambles, and without which, they had been cautioned not to leave the house, for savage wild animals were numerous, and sometimes troublesome.

It was no unusual thing for these boys to take long rambles in the woods, with only the dogs for their companions, they, having always lived in a wild region, and all their education and training tending to make woodsmen of them, besides the elder was somewhat vain of his accomplishments in this direction, never having been "lost," and being often praised for his ability to keep a true course in the woods anywhere. This Sabbath morning was clear and cool. The boys took a course north from their home. They found plenty to interest and amuse them. Squirrels leaped and chattered from limb to limb. A few belated birds were gathering in flocks, preparatory to a flight southward, acorns dropped to the ground at their feet. The drum of a partridge in the distance drew them further on. In this way they had wandered about a mile and a half from home, when the loud and excited barking of the dogs led them to hasten their steps, to find out the cause. On arriving at the spot they discovered that the dogs had "treed" some large animal and upon a nearer approach, saw that it was a large panther. They had seen a good many panthers and had often heard their unearthly screech, (which resembles the cry of a woman in distress,) but they had never before seen a live one, and their curiosity was aroused for a nearer view.

According to all stories I have ever read of the nature of this animal, the panther should have attacked and speedily dispatched both the dogs and children, but truth compels me to record that the beast behaved in a most cowardly manner. He not only showed his fear of the dogs, but seemed to have obtained a knowledge of how human beings use their guns, and seemed intent on keeping the tree between his body and the place where the boys were. In their eagerness to obtain a good view of the panther, the boys kept running around the tree, first in one direction, then in another, the panther all the time changing his position to keep out of their sight. In this manner considerable time was consumed, but at last our boys were satisfied with the occasional glimpses they had been able to obtain, and were ready to go home.

In passing so many times around the tree absorbed with looking up into its branches, they had failed to observe the direction by which they came, or to note how many circuits they had taken, and although they set out will full confidence that they were going in the direction of home, they took an entirely different course.

This was, as near as they could afterward judge, about noon, when they commenced their perilous journey. The elder boy took the lead, as was his custom, and they chatted gaily of their adventure, and of the many sights that met their gaze, for an hour or more, when suddenly turning to his companion, with something of a look of fright in his face, Willie said:—

"Johnnie, we are not going home! We are LOST!"

At this the younger and less heroic brother cried a little, but in the feeling that he must act as protector and guide, the courage of the oldest was aroused—a courage that never deserted him through all the trials that awaited them.

He tried to comfort and encourage his brother that they would soon find their way out, and all the while the two hurried on as fast as their short footsteps would take them, as if in haste lay their only hope.

About four o'clock, as near as they could tell, they came to a traveled road. Instead of following it as an older person would have done, they crossed it. Willie insisting that it was a road with which he was familiar, and that their home was about three-fourths of a mile distant and that by taking a near route, with which he was certain he was familiar they would soon reach their father's house.

This road, however, lay about seven miles north of their home, and when they had crossed it, keeping, as they did, a northward course, they were in a dense forest, with no settlements to the north or west, between them and the Mississippi river nine miles to the west, and with home, and all hope of assistance to the Southward, from which they were fast hurrying.

In an hour or more they came to a small stream. Here they were divided in their opinions as to the course to pursue. For the first and only time during their journey, Johnnie put in a plea. He wanted to follow the stream downward. In his anxiety to do so, he offered to give his knife, his sled, and all the few playthings he possessed to Willie, if he would take the route down the stream. On being refused he made the crowning offer of all, said he:—

"If you will go this way with me, I'll give you a million dollars when I get to be a man!"

The answer was characteristic of the esteem in which the other held himself, said he:—

"When I get to be a man I will have all the money I want, and shall not need any of yours," and as usual, his will conquered. As was afterward learned, had they taken the downward course of the stream, they would have soon come to settlements, and would have found their way out that night, but they crossed it instead, and soon lost its course entirely.

They wandered on and on, and at length night began to cast its shadows around them. The stars seldom looked down upon a sadder or more lonely sight than that of these two children hardly past the age of babyhood, alone in a deep, dense forest, inhabited by beast of prey, and in a spot where the foot of white man, had, perhaps never trod. The two faithful dogs still kept them company, and watch and guard over them.

One of the boys was provided with a knife, a flint, and a piece of "punk," the common means of producing a fire in those days and in that region, for although matches had been invented they did not find their way often into that unsettled, western region. As the shadows grew dark, they found the shelter of a fallen tree-top, and gathering sticks they built a fire, and laid down. Johnnie slept the sleep of weary childhood, but Willie was watchful, and kept the fire burning all night, with only a few snatches of slumber, his main care to keep his brother warm and comfortable.

The parents had returned home late in the day, and learning from the other children that the two boys had gone into the wood early in the morning and had not yet returned, the wildest alarm was felt. The few neighbors within reach were aroused, and search was commenced.—But no one could have had the slightest idea as to the distance to which the little wanderers had rambled. Fires were built, and men watched by them all night, and were ready to resume the search early next morning.

The morning dawned clear and cold.—The lost children were awake at the first break of day. Their one idea was to hasten on—to find home if possible, and to do so they must bend every effort. Over trees and logs through briars and brush they never knew what course they took, or how far they wandered. They had not tasted food since the morning before, and had put forth exertions that would have tried the strongest man, yet they never felt hunger or weariness, so great was their excitement. They never once stopped to rest or set down to murmur.

The previous day the two had kept up a steady conversation, but to-day they pressed on in an almost unbroken silence. The forenoon passed without incident.—There was the same monotonous stretch of woods, the silence unbroken save by the fall of nuts or acorns, the tread of their own feet on the dry leaves, the breaking of a dry stick now and then, which lay in their path, and the occasional barking of the dogs when they sighted wild game. The sun mounted higher and higher in the sky. About noon they reached a large stream of water. As was afterward learned, this was the head waters of the Yellow River, a stream which flows into the Mississippi. A large tree had fallen across this stream, and formed a bridge, upon which the boys crossed over to the opposite side. They were plunging deeper and deeper into the forest, and their case now seemed hopeless indeed, for no one would suppose it possible for such children to cross so large a stream, (unless they had come upon this particular spot,) or would think of looking for them on the opposite side.

An hour or two of rapid traveling, and our little wanderers began to ascend a steep ridge, covered with wild grape vines, from which the luscious fruit hung in great purple clusters. This was indeed good fortune. Never did fruit taste more delicious than did those grapes to the almost famished children. The tangled masses of vines made it difficult for the children to climb, so that although they never stopped or wasted time in their journey their appetites were well satisfied with the feast of fruit which they had gathered and ate in their ascent. But with a strange improvidence, for which it is not easy to account, they took not one of the thousands of drooping clusters with them for future use. Just over the hill the loud barking of the two dogs denoted that game of an unusual kind had been sighted. Upon nearer approach, it was found that they were barking at the foot of a tree, in the branches of which, the animal, whatever it was, had taken refuge. Curiosity led the boys to approach, and upon getting a good view they knew the animal to be a large lynx, one of the most dangerous animals of the forest.

Willie cautioned his younger brother not to go too near, lest the lynx should spring down upon him, but with the fearlessness of his boy-nature, he himself went directly to the foot of the tree for a closer view. The fierce animal was, however, too much intimidated by the dogs to venture an attack, and thus, for the second time, did they, in a wonderful manner, escape from a dangerous encounter with wild beasts.

Not long did they linger here, for a new hope had taken possession of them, born, perhaps, as much of the refreshing fruit of which they had partaken, as of any outward surroundings, but be that as it might, they now fancied themselves on familiar ground, and thought that a short walk would soon bring them out to a neighbor's field where they had often been—so, with this thought to cheer them, they kept bravely on, and the evening shadows had again began to darken before this hope entirely forsook them.

To-night an overhanging ledge of rock was found which offered them shelter, and again the knife and flint were produced, and a fire kindled for the night. As before, the younger was blissfully forgetful of his troubles, and slept a sound, refreshing sleep. With Willie it was different.—His young mind, half-bewildered and crazed though it was, was away with the home and friends whom, perhaps, he was never to see again. Most of all did he think of his mother's anxiety concerning the fate of her lost boys. Was he never to see her again? Never to look upon her dear face, or to hear her voice again? And was he never to bring her darling Johnnie, her "pet," back to her, and to have her praise him for his manliness and his courage.

At home that mother was almost wild with grief. Once she had been found in the woods by a party of searchers, herself lost, and not knowing which way to go, but calling wildly the names of her lost children. She had been taken back and a guard left to prevent her again wandering away. To-night a mother's true instinct told her that her boys were still alive, and she was weeping and praying, as only a mother can weep and pray for her darlings. And who shall say that her prayers were not answered, and in a blind, uncertain way, still, as it seemed, in the only possible way, a means of rescue was provided?

In the woods watch-fires were kindled, and men were staying by them, but not to sleep, for many were thinking of their own little ones safe at home, and then of the little wanderers, and then every sense was alert, and every sound was noted, hoping that it might lead to a discovery of their fate. But these fires and watchers were all many miles away from the little blazing fire by the ledge of rocks.

But it is the story of the lost children that I am to tell, so, will return to them. As the younger boy lay calmly sleeping, the other was thinking—thinking. All the events of the past two days passed rapidly through his mind, and he began to wonder if there was no way or plan to be devised by which all the weary way could be retraced, until home was reached. With these questions a light seemed to break in upon him, and here appears the strangest part of the story. Of course he knew, as every boy of his age, that the sun rises in the east and sets in the west. But in his bewildered state he was incapable of reasoning, and even of distinct memory. He must have remembered sometime having heard it said the sun was in the south at noonday, and the idea that took possession of his young brain was this. "The sun is in the south and we must travel toward it to reach home." Over and over to himself he conned this lesson:

"The sun is in the south, and we must travel toward it if we would reach home."

As certain as though his mother had told him did he feel the truth of these words. Having them fully impressed upon his mind, he was calm and assured.—It must have been long past midnight when he arrived at this state, but now he was content to sleep until morning, when they would set out on their homeward way. Accordingly he replenished the fire, then laid down and was soon lost in dreamless slumber.

The sun was lighting the trees with its earliest rays when he awoke. The fire had burned low, and the air was cold and frosty. He looked at his sleeping brother, and pity made him hesitate for a moment to wake him; but not for long. Full of the hopeful thought that had filled his mind, he was eager to communicate it to his companion, so with a gentle touch he aroused him. The boy awoke from dreams of home, and looking around at the dark forest, and at the overhanging rocks and as a realization of his present state broke in upon him, the tears filled his eyes and coursed down his cheeks.

"Don't cry," said Willie. "I have thought of a plan by which we can get home. You see the sun shining yonder? Well the sun is always in the South, and we have been traveling from it. Now, if we go towards the sun, we shall, of course go towards home, so hurry, and let us be going, for we have no time to lose."

[*To be Continued.*]

CHANCERY SALE.

State of Michigan, the Circuit Court for the County of Shiawassee, in Chancery:

LEONIDAS M. MARSHALL, Complainant.
vs.
URSULA PARSHALL, RANSOM N. PARSHALL AND DAVID R. SHAW, } Defendants.

NOTICE is hereby given that in pursuance of a decree made by said Court, on the 12th day of December, A.D. 1881, I shall sell at Public Vendue to the highest bidder, on Monday, the twenty-fourth (24) day of April, A.D. 1882, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, at the west front door of the Court House, in the City of Corunna, in said County; the premises described in said decree, viz: Lots numbers five (5) and six (6), in Block number two (2), of the Village of Perry, as surveyed by Lyman Mason on the tenth and eleventh days of May, 1877, situated on Section fifteen (15), in Town five (5), North Range two (2) East, in the County of Shiawassee and State of Michigan.

DATED February 27th, 1882.

LUCIUS E. GOULD,
Circuit Court Commissioner for Shiawassee Co., Michigan.

LYON & KILPATRICK,
Solicitors for Complainant.

CHANCERY SALE.

State of Michigan, the Circuit Court for the County of Shiawassee, in Chancery:

CHARLES H. CALKINS, Complainant.
vs.
LUCY W. CONRAD, MYRTHES CONRAD, FRANKLIN H. CONRAD AND GEORGE E. CONRAD, } Defendants.

NOTICE is hereby given that in pursuance of a decree made by said Court, in said above entitled cause, upon the 12th day of December, A.D. 1881, I shall sell at Public Vendue to the highest bidder, on Monday, the twenty-fourth (24) day of April, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, at the west front door of the Court House, in the City of Corunna, in said County, the premises described in said decree, viz: The East half of the West half of the North-east quarter of Section thirty-two (32), in Town six (6), North of Range two (2) East, containing forty (40) acres of land more or less, in the County of Shiawassee and State of Michigan.

DATED Feb. 27th, 1882.

LUCIUS E. GOULD,
Circuit Court Commissioner for Shiawassee Co., Michigan.

LYON & KILPATRICK,
Solicitors for Complainant.

Notice

Notice is hereby given that a petition has been this day filed in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Shiawassee county, by Lyman E. Woodard, James J. Stever, Peter J. Stever, Alfred L. Williams and Benjamin O. Williams of Owosso, and Charles Cossit Mayor of Owosso, directed to the Circuit Court for the aforesaid county, asking for the vacation for business purposes, of that part of Genesee Street in the city of Owosso, which lies between the east line of Howell Street and the west line of Elm Street in said city, and also setting forth that they are the owners of all lots and parts of lots and discriptions of lands fronting on that portion of Genesee Street lying as aforesaid.

JEROME W. TURNER.
Attorney for Petitioner.

March 10, 1882.