

try for her children; and lifting the down trodden to walk erect on God's free earth; to bind up the nation's wounds and give it place of honor among the peoples; you are your brother's keeper, O man! Hark to that muffled drum! Do you hear it, toll-worn wayfarer? Work bravely always, 'heart within and God o'er head.' While that solemn sound tells of "funeral marches to the grave" it tells also of "rest for the weary," of the better land, and the beautiful city, and streets of gold, and the white robes of the pure in heart who shall see God."

Fifty million people are within the folds of the old flag—more than half of the whole English language speaking peoples of the earth. Had this republic done no more, it deserves the gratitude and the thanksgiving of the world that it is the only nation of such vast and increasing numbers, speaking one language and that the language of universal liberty. The only nation with a universal language. "The Yorkshireman, to-day, cannot understand the dialect of the man of Cornwall. The peasant of the Liguria Apennines, as he drives his goats home from his mountain fastness, looks down on six provinces none of whose dialects he can speak." If rivers are the highways of nations and mountains are their natural divisions, then this one universal language-speaking nation has a strong bond of perpetual union in this; that whether it is the peasant of sunny France, or regenerated Italy's poetic son, or the hardy German, or the descendant of the old Saxon, or the mercurial child of Erin, we are to-day of one nation; speaking one language; bound by a common necessity, and that the necessity of freedom, and destined, if we merit it, to a future of unparalleled grandeur.

We are to-day largely the children of sorrow. Forgetful of the lessons of the past we stretched out our hands to new and doubtful enterprises to increase our store; and pay-day came at last; and with it disasters and shrinkages, and deprecations and loss and wastings of fortunes; men going down amidst the whirlpool of financial ruin until to-day we lie supine upon our backs, with apathy and doubt looking forward to what our future shall be and now this new sorrow hath been put upon us. Yet amidst all, ye who are in the abysses look up and feel that God reigns. You are not restrained of your birthright this day. If the words of the only sinless perfect man be true, "It needs be that offenses must come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh," so it is true that when the clouds shall have passed away, of this present gloom and darkness, there shall come with the new sunshine, better resolution and grander purposes in the development of our national life. Only thus shall we be free in that glorious liberty wherewith He "doth make his people free. With the death of our President let there perish with it, our errors and our wrongs, national and individual.

In the sweep of ages no man has more admirably represented the growth and natural outcome of republican ideas than America's Andrew Jackson. He was a hard fighter, a man of unbending, unswerving integrity, a man of heat and passion, a man of flame and fire, a man of plume and persistence as was John Quincy Adams—a good lover and a good hater. The man who said to the ambassador of Louis Philippe, when he demanded his passports, "Tell your master that he must pay or fight, by the Eternal!" and his master did pay the French spoliation bill of five million dollars.

So long as the deltas of the Father of Waters, the Missouri, and his younger brother, the Mississippi, pour their effluent tide into the gulf, bearing upon their bosom from three thousand miles away the growth and the wealth of our western plains, a free river floating the products of a free people to fill the granaries of a world; so long as there is merit for work and gratitude for services rendered and a laurel for the victor, who took the staple of that fruitful southern clime, the cotton of its fields to erect his barricades as a protection against the insolent foe; so long as the battle of New Orleans and Pakenham are remembered, the Republic will not forget Andrew Jackson.

What shall the harvest be of all this century of "sowing of the seed"? Has the Republic in its vital force, the reverence for law and love for liberty, that shall write over its future "Ere perpetual" or have the seeds of death already been planted, of distrust, unholly ambition and greed, and lust of power, and growing hatreds and engendered strifes? Are we great enough and just enough to override order and rank and colors and conditions (all equal before the law) to do equity to all.

It was on the night of the 3d of July, 1876, at the death of the old century, that I stood with him under shadows of Independence Hall. The harvest moon shone down in golden splendor, and countless thousands, with banners, hurried through the streets of the old city of Penn to listen to the chanting of a hymn for the century's death. And five hundred trained voices, in one grand diapason of harmony, sent out to the listening stars our nation's song:—"My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee we sing." And as its cadences thrilled out their vocal harmonies to the quivering air, the old bell tolled the death of the old century and the birth of the new, and from out Washington square there came the voice of prayer—prayer for the old century that was dead and prayer for the century that was newly born. A prayer for the holiness of God's eternal Sabbath. Prayer for the unending glories of liberty and its peoples. And soon there came God's telegraph-

ic answer to that prayer. The Centennial Commission debated long and doubtfully as to opening the great Centennial on the Sabbath day. Great differences were expressed and felt; but at last the grand old Puritan from Rhode Island, the maker of the engine that in Machinery Hall carried its miles on miles of shafting, rose and with quivering voice and earnest manner, said: "New England reveres and loves the Sabbath. Not a hammer falls, nor a plane moves in my great shops in Rhode Island (where 1,200 workmen ply their vocation,) on God's day and here on that day (I speak it not as a menace but as highest wisdom) not a breath of that mighty engine shall pulsate in defiance of God's law on God's day." It was the word fitly spoken "apples of gold in pictures of silver" and thirty-six to four the Commission voted to inaugurate a new century with a new baptism of fidelity for God's laws and God's holy day.

To you, worthy commander and comrades of the Grand army, what words are fitting to testify our reverence for your patriotism; our gratitude to your grand deeds; our full sympathy for your sufferings.

"They also serve who only stand and wait" what shall we do for these saviors of liberty.

Napoleon, threatened with a shell which, hurled through the air, fell near him and, deserted by his staff, was saved from death by his old guard forming a living wall about his person. Among that number was his favorite sergeant, Grand Piche. When his death was reported to the emperor, with loving grief he directed his name to be continued on the roll call, so that when the name of Grand Piche sounded forth the answer came: "Died upon the field of battle."

When the bravest guardsman of all France, La Tour d'Auvergne, fell in the imminent deadly breach, his loving general, struck with grief by the loss of his bravest comrade, that gallant soldier whose courage came through twenty generations of noble men, directed it to be written of him: "Died upon the field of honor." And while we speak yet of the heroisms of the gallant men who led us on to victory let us turn aside to drop a tear of reverent love and pity for our dead heroes of the rank and file. Those nameless graves from Maine to California tell the story unwritten and unspoken of the glory of the men who marched in the ranks. No newspapers heralded their achievements, no reporters filled their tents to proclaim their deeds of valor; yet their deeds did follow them and they were the saviors of the republic. They struck strong and long, and their sacrifices and bloody deaths teach us how much harder it was to save and transmit the republic unharmed to our children than it was for our sires to create and maintain it. Of all ranks, of all people and conditions, black and white, they struck for freedom now and evermore. And when our children ask us who fought the battles of the republic we shall tell them, not the palaces but the shops, the manufactory, and the farm sent forth their hosts, not for hire and lucre, but for the salvation of liberty. The rank and file was the stern school from which came our grandest teachers, and to-day around me I see many who have worn the eagles and the stars on those same shoulders where the muskets once answered to the "right and left shoulder shift."

Look around you this beautiful day, men and women of Michigan, and tell me what means this grand, these glorious emblems, these battle stained banners, this grand gathering of noble women and brave men. Beauty and valor hand in hand, and joining in the anthem of eternal praise to the dead heroes of the rank and file. It means that the republic is and ever shall be preserved. We are solving the problem of the centuries. How much is freedom worth? When worth more than the countless noble lives that have darkened down to death to preserve and perpetuate it. Yes, worth a million times more than the sacrifices it has cost. Let Anderson and Belle Isle those gothic tales tell the story of their sufferings, and let every battlefield from Bull Run to Appomattox be the token of their valor. Erect to them not alone marble monuments to transmit the story of their heroism, but year by year, gathering as we now do to honor our sacred dead, let it in the hearts of a people saved be written and then remain recorded till the end of time. All honor, reverence, and love to the unnumbered dead of the rank and file. All honor to the musketry, all honor to the cavalry horse, foot, and dragoon, all honor to these now and hereafter. And you who loved them and revere their memories let us sanctify this gathering to-day; and bind ourselves not to cease our efforts for these men and their children until the broad outlying lands of the west shall be given, patented by a nation's gratitude, to them and to their heirs forever; and upon the parchment deed to each and all let it be for the consideration written: "He hath saved the republic." We shall see to it, shall we not, that the house then built, not made with hands, shall stand until the day when liberty here, purged of its dross and purified by fire shall be merged into that liberty wherewith God doth make his people free.

"By the tears, the march, the battle, Where the noble fearless died; While amid the cannon's rattle, Waiting angels at their side, By our children's golden future, By our father's stainless shield, That which God and heroes left, We will never, never yield."

Are not these men martyrs? Blessed and remembered among the solemn sayings that have come down to us none seem so epitomize so beautifully the deeds of

valor of our citizen soldiery as this: "Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's; then if thou faltest thou fall'st a blessed martyr."

We linger with a yearning regret upon the words of our martyred President, he who led us by a way that we know not, speaking for us and for all. "The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battle field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched as they surely will be by the better angels of our nature." Listen also to his words of prophecy and of warning, when, on Nov. 19, 1863, at Gettysburg, overlooking that vast city of the dead, he said: "The world will little note or long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did there. It is for us that they here resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain, that the Union under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth." Evoking as he did upon the great act of his life "the considerate judgement of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God," he strove to accomplish the work laid up for him with a loving, tender regard for all humanity. How his loving heart again spoke; listen. On March 4, 1865, one month and ten days before his death, he wrote as follows: "With malice towards none, with charity to all; with firmness in the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in, to bind up the Nation's wounds, to care for his widow and his orphan; to do all, to achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and among all nations."

"In the world's broad field of battle, In the bivouac of driven cattle, Be not like dumb, driven cattle, Be a hero in the strife."

Trust no future, how'er pleasant! Let the dead past bury its dead, Act, act in the living present! Heart within and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime; And departing leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another, Sailing o'er life's solemn main— A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, Seeing shall take heart again."

"I have seen," said his orderly to me, "I have seen General Garfield when at the head of his regiment, upon a weary march, dismount and put a wounded soldier in his place upon his horse, and walk by his side until the close of the long day's march, supporting him as tenderly as he would his own boy. Ah! sir," said the old soldier, as his form lifted him with the enthusiasm of his love, "Ah! sir, the old 'd would have followed him through hell, after that." At the battlefield of Chickamauga, as chief of staff to Gen. Rosecrans, his courage and skill were so distinguished that he was honored with promotion to the rank of Major General. "Through all the turmoil of that conflict," he once said, "when I thought of my probable death on the battlefield, I remembered the words of my old mother who, when she bade me adieu, said to me, 'Go my son, your life belongs to your country.'"

As a statesman, Gen. Garfield's career is a living example to our American youth. He entered upon that career with a loyal love for liberty. He believed as he spoke: "The war for the Union was right, everlasting right. The war against the Union was wrong, forever wrong." He was a brave man; he possessed the courage of intelligence and conscience which enabled him to appreciate danger, and at the call of duty manfully to disregard it.

Pardon me, for I shall not trench in this place upon the domain of politics; that is passed with him and us—with him forever. During the late civil war, Bowles and Michigan of Indiana were tried and convicted by a military tribunal as "Knights of the Golden Circle," of treasonable practices against the Government. Their sentence to death was commuted by President Lincoln to imprisonment for life. A writ of *habeas corpus* for their discharge on the ground that their trial and conviction was illegal, because as citizens they were not subject to the jurisdiction of a military tribunal, came up for re-argument before the United States Supreme Court. General Garfield was called upon to present their case to that august body, and demand their discharge. He hated the treason, and despised the traitors, but he believed that the law in all its sanctity should be maintained. That "if hung as they ought to be, they should be hung according to law," and so held in his great argument. He prevailed, and by this heroism of the advocate, "glorified the law, and made it honorable." He dared to do right.

During the Chicago Convention, which resulted in his being chosen as the candidate of his party for the Presidency, he was notified of that nomination by Senator George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, the great grandson of that John Hoar of revolutionary memory, who with Abram Garfield was called by the Province of Massachusetts as witness to prove that the British troops in firing on the Yankee boys at Concord Bridge, in 1776, were "guilty of an unwarrantable breach of the peace."

At his class-meeting at Williams, after his inauguration, he spoke lovingly to that band of brothers, and with modest diffidence, of the great duties that lay before him; and promised to return again at the coming commencement to do honor to their alma mater. Alas, on the way thitherward, from the causeless bullet of the

assassin, that journey through eleven weeks' heroic fight with death, sped its way of woe to the "Gates Ajar, and to the Victor's Crown." Oh! death, where is thy sting; Oh! grave, where is thy victory! "Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets." "Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

From this lesson young men of our Nation learn that the carrying and the use of concealed weapons, and of cowardly assassination should be the "crime without name" in our Republic. The bullet is not reason, nor the stiletto argument. These base methods belong alone to the Latins in ruses. If this most causeless death will engender in the hearts of the Nation a detestation of the crimes out of which that death grew, then this altar of sacrifice will open up a holier and purer and braver National life. Let us learn also from this hour of mourning to engrave on the Nation's future a more Catholic charity of judgment of those who differ from us. As we demand for ourselves liberty of thought let us concede that liberty to others and try to believe that all seek to attain "to the greatest good of the greatest number" only by different ways. And as "without shedding of blood there is no remission of sin," so may this precious blood, shed, heal the breaches of sectional and party strife, and make this Nation (of one blood) annealed together by a community of grief.

Already has this death wrought its work of promise. Over that broken, pulseless form, the North and the South clasp hands in the brotherhood of love.

Washington, Lincoln and Garfield; "Lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they were not divided."

May I quicken your loyal pulses by a word-picture of the world's grandest battle and victory—Gettysburg, July 4th, 1863. For God never suffered our army to be trailed in defeat on this day, old Independence day.

All is at last quiet with the Army of the Potomac. The scenes of its combats now smile with verdure, and all their scars are healed. Hushed the discordant voice of war. Benignant Nature has spread her blushing carpet over the bloody fields. Antietam and Fredericksburg, Mechanicsville, are in repose. A stranger would not know how the rebel ranks went down before the cannon of Malvern Hill. The Chickamauga lags its turbid waters as of old, but no longer diffuses its deadly miasm amongst Boys in Blue. No longer does the Army or the Potomac, after terrible conflict day after day—then night after night by the left flank march through the stubborn wilderness against a more stubborn foe, still farther into the enemy's country, still farther towards the goal in view—firm as the rock, inexorable as Fate—an instance of aggressive warfare, of confidence, of courage, of persistent determination, which cannot be transcended in the records of War.

We wander over the Heights of Gettysburg; but, as if to hide all evidence of this brother-strife, we find the trampled hills are decked with green. We may see, to be sure, rows of hallowed mounds, raised and guarded by a nation's watchful care, and commemorated by the speech of the Martyr, already in part quoted this day, which for tenderness, beauty, sublimity, stands alone in the archives of human thought. But, save these sad testimonies, there is little else in this field of renown to tell us of the grand and awful scene it once was witness of. There, rises the Seminary Ridge, once frowning with the batteries, and crowned with the picked battalions of the Confederacy. There, at advantageous points, Lee and Longstreet, Ewell and Hill, Pickett and Pettigrew, stand by their guns. Behold, too, the parallel Cemetery Ridge, a natural and lengthened bulwark of loyalty, selected by Howard and confirmed by Hancock—chosen with the eye of military genius—lifting its defiant back above the plain, bearing the strength and hope of the Union; while from Culp's Hill to Round Top, proudly floated the old beloved Flag.

Now opens that most famous battle; for Gettysburg and Vicksburg almost simultaneous, were the Great Divide; from which time—July the Fourth—a day now lustred with many crowns—began the swift descent of the Confederacy.

What a deadly range of fire flashes from more than a hundred cannon on Seminary Ridge! The balls strike against the rocky abutments of the hill, fly, rebound and ricochet, doubling, in effect, the enemy's equipment; as if a cloud, black-charged with munitions of war, were emptying its freight of iron ball upon the ranks in blue. But see! how mighty Hunt, our artillery chief, responds to this terrible cannonade, and from many leveled muzzles, not greatly inferior in number to the enemy's, pours the resistless answer.

From ridge to ridge "leaps the live thunder." The noise is like the roar of the ocean in a storm. It is agreed that a cannonade more prolonged, terrific and appalling, was never concentrated upon an equal space. Yonder, in the preliminary skirmish, a great loss came to us when the noble Reynolds fell. There, on the left, Sickles, Birney and Humphreys heard the demoniac yell, and met the first fresh onset of the rebel power. See where stout John Sedgwick stands; afterwards, with cheek pierced by an envious ball, to lie in state while a mourning country passed by his bier. Now Warren, with eagle eye, catches the neglected summit of Little Round Top, hastily seizes it in time to repel the Texan assault, and saves the

Cemetery Ridge from an enflaming fire. There Mead foams like a raging lion. Firm as the rocks where they stand, are Sloum and Howard, while Wadsworth holds the open plain. Pleasanton, Buford and Kilpatrick hang on their flank. In the center, towards which are massed the best legions of the Southern army, reserved expressly for this great charge, are the expectant Robinson and Doubleday. Now, down the slopes of the Seminary Ridge dash the streams of the Confederate forces, hoping to rise to an equal head on the opposite height. With strange courage and matchless discipline it moves across the plain. As, in the pride of its power, it approaches our position, that first volley—prelude of the future—comes from the well-aimed rifles of Stannard's Vermont volunteers,—that same brigade which, with bounding cheers, received the order from General Sickles to leave the place they guarded and take position where the thickest of the fight would come. Still pressing on, the Army of the Rebellion meets the marshaled and full-volleyed lines of Hancock. Never did rifles do better duty. It halts, it staggers, it retreats. Now, God be praised! the field is won, and all the hills resound with Union shouts of victory:

Life's race well run,
Life's work well done,
Life's crown well won;
Then comes rest.

I cannot pause to name the gallant officers who freely tendered their lives to their country on that day of doom; much less, the uncalculated heroes of the ranks; with associations linked to every part of the empire of the republic, with wives, or mothers, or children, at home, whose faces would sadden with tears, or brighten with joy, as the day might go.

Look, now, once more! These ridges no longer belch forth volcanic fires. The beaten intervals, furrowed with shot and torn with bursting shell, is smoothed by the rolling years. The trees have drawn their coats of bark over their wounds. The sharp volleys of musketry have ceased. No parks of artillery awake their thunders. No hooves of rushing squadrons strike into the bosoms of the dying. The shrieks of the wounded are hushed. No anxious comrade searches for friend; no father for son; no sister for brother; no maiden for her lover. The actors have disappeared. The dead are mingled with the dust, and the survivors are scattered.

Their bones are dust,
Their swords are rust;
Their souls are with the saints we trust.

The two great chieftains have fallen asleep. Horse and rider, baton and epaulette, plume and rifle, flashing sword and gleaming bayonet, cannon and cannonier, trumpet and banner, have all vanished; and the sun, as he rises from his purple bed, crowns the battle-field with the jewels of the morning, and mantles the warrior's grave with tender grass and nodding flower.

So may there come, through this great war, perennial peace. May time assuage all the sorrows, and heal all the wounds. May the blood of the sacrifice cement and sanctify the Union; the causes of estrangement disappear; the principles settled by it, stand like these hills. May North and South, and East and West—our whole country—reformed, regenerated, redeemed,—unite to perpetuate the nation over which the star of empire having no farther west to go will pause and shine and shine forever.

And after these epitomies of praise to our great thinkers and our great workers we come back with holy awe to pay our vows of patriotism and reverence and love to him who was a prince among men, a leader among leaders; to him who, as Daniel Webster says, "stands at the commencement of a new era as well as at the head of the New World." A century from the birth of Washington has changed the world. The country of Washington has been the theatre on which a great part of that change has been wrought; and Washington himself a principal agent by which it has been accomplished. His age and his country are equally full of wonders. "He belongs not alone to America; he is the common property of the world. With him were no mean jealousies, no little ambitions, no unjust angers, no strifes for place. Like the old Roman Cincinnatus of whom he was a type, he preferred the plow to the purple, the sowing of the seed to the senate's applause; preferred to be a patriot rather than a president. He never had 20,000 troops under his own command upon any battle field. With an army ill paid, ill equipped, ill provisioned, he was greater in defeat than in victory.

He never risked all upon any one movement. He was grander at Valley Forge than he was when Cornwallis surrendered; grander amidst the floating ice of the Delaware than when he sat, the man of the age in Independence Hall. He was a symmetrical man, sometimes slow and heavy in thought and in act. What he said, and what he did had in them germs of great courage as well as great wisdom. He was greater in his reticence upon the banks of the beautiful river that he loved as his ancestral home, Mount Vernon, than he was as chief of the army or head of the state. Listen to the words of the pure heart of our common father as he bade adieu to the people of the United States in his immortal farewell address:—

"I shall carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view my errors with indulgence; and after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its services, with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest."

Come with me, you who love Washington, and look upon the home which his culture adorned, and where his life grew beautiful and symmetrical to the last. See hanging to your right in the corridor as you enter, the great key of the Bastille, wrested by a nation indignant anger from the grasp of power and given to him by his, and our nation's friend, Lafayette. See here the mementoes of the home life of the patriot. All around you is the aroma of a beautiful, well ordered home. Yonder is the old armchair, on the one side of the great fireplace, in the keeping room, sits the farmer of Virginia, and just opposite its twin, where the gentle voiced Martha sat. Enter with me the chamber of death brightly lit, for the place whereon you stand is holy ground. Yonder is the bed where the good man dies. Look at the noble form, and that beautiful spirit passing away to the "undiscovered country, to the benedictions of the blest." Hark to that voice "I am just going home as decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead." And as the loving assent was given by the bowed head of his attendant Washington whispered: "Do you understand," and then said the last words he ever spoke: "This well!" In silent grief sat that woman upon whom was put the new name of widow, and to his loving physician, with firm and collected voice, she said: "Is he gone?" And as the answer came she added, "It is well; all is now over; I shall soon follow him, I have no more trials to pass through." "That home under the loving care of the women of America will be left as he left it. In the better land, "in the house not made with hands, eternity is his dwelling now."

Hear the world's testimony to his worth. Washington serene in his life, his death was calm and without a struggle. When the great Napoleon received the intelligence he exclaimed "The great light of the world has gone out."

In the general order of that day he thus announced the decease of the great patriot to the Consular Guard, and the soldiers of France: "Soldiers; Washington is dead. This great man fought against tyranny; he established the liberty of his country. His memory must always be dear to the French, as well as the people of both worlds, especially to French soldiers, who like him and his American troops fight for liberty and equality. Therefore the First Consul has ordered that for the space of ten days, crape shall be hung on all the colors and standards of the Republic." From all nations came the testimony of the reverence the world had for the man and his memory, and to-day wherever virtue is revered, and purity honored; wherever great leaders of men have passed away unstained by the dross of unholly ambition, and refused purple, and life's honors, to go back to the serene shades of private life; wherever the sun shines upon free people an sets upon nations which yearn for freedom; from the frozen banks of Labrador, by his own home on the Potomac, in the everglades of Florida; amidst the cliffs of the Sierras, and on those golden shores where the Pacific kisses the western fringe of the great Republic, shall he and his memory be precious to mankind. He is the common property of the world, and her peoples claim him as their own.

I THANK YOU.
NOTICE OF ANNUAL SCHOOL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of Union School District of the City of Owosso, for the election of School District Officers, and for the transaction of such other business as may lawfully come before it, will be held in the Common Council room, Monday, July 14, A. D. 1884, at 7:30 o'clock in the afternoon.

Dated this 2d day of July, 1884.
E. R. HUTCHINS, Secretary.

FARM FOR SALE.
A RARE BARGAIN.—A first class grain and stock farm, consisting of 112 acres, 2½ miles from Owosso; good buildings and desirable location. six acres of timber, principally sugar maple. Owner in poor health and OBLIGED TO SELL. For particulars call on or address J. A. Armstrong or E. O. Dewey, Times office, Owosso.

ORDINANCE.
For grading Cass street from Michigan Avenue to Washington street.

Section I.—The Common Council of the city of Owosso determine and do ordain that it is a necessary public improvement that that portion of Cass street located between Michigan Avenue and Washington street be graded and that the estimated expense thereof is the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars; also that said sum of one hundred and fifty dollars be assessed on the owners of all lots and lands fronting on said portion of said Cass street.

Section II.—Said grading shall be done under the direction and supervision of the Committee on Grading and Sidewalks of said Common Council.

Section III.—Thos. J. Horsman, Chas. A. Baldwin and O. Wells, being resident free holders of said city of Owosso and not interested in any of said property benefitted by said improvement nor of kin to any person interested, are hereby designated as Commissioners to make an assessment upon all owners of lots and lands fronting on said portion of Cass street herebefore designated of said one hundred and fifty dollars in proportion, as near as may be, to the advantage which each shall by said Commissioners be deemed to acquire by the making of said improvement.

Approved June 30, 1884.
DAVID M. ESTRY,
Mayor.

Attest,
JEROME E. TURNER,
City Clerk.