

WAYNE COUNTY RECORD.

Vol. 1.

Northville, Wayne Co., Mich., February 5, 1870.

No. 15.

Wayne County Record.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
SAMUEL H. LITTLE,
Editor and Proprietor.

NORTHVILLE, MICH.
To whom business communications should be addressed.

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4th	12	25	37	50	62	75	87	100	112	125
5th	6	12	18	25	31	37	44	50	56	62

Change in Business Directory, not entered, \$2.50 each additional line, \$1.00.
Local Northville notices per line, 50 cents.
Special Notices 20 per cent more than the ordinary rates.
Notices of Marriages and Deaths, 50 cents.
Advertisements for public contracts must be marked the length of time desired or they will be continued and charged for until ordered.
Non-payment inserted for less than 10 cents.
Local Advertisements at State rates.

ATTORNEY'S OFFICE.

J. M. SWIFT, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon, Office at residence, Main Street, Northville, Mich. 151
JAMES HORTON, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon, Office at residence, Northville, Mich. 151
M. F. WATSON, M. D.
Homeopathic Physician, Office at residence, Northville, Mich. 151

DRUGGISTS.
HARRIS & CO., Office in the new drug store, opposite H. M. Perkins, Main Street, Northville, Mich. 151
J. H. JACKSON,
Druggist, Office and Dispensary, corner Scott & Jackson's Drug Store, Center St., Northville, Mich. 151

H. W. HOLCOMB & CO.
Hardware—All kinds of Agricultural Implements. Every variety of Machinery. Tools and Hardware. Store in Perkins Block, Northville. 151
A. F. BEDFORD,
Wagon and Carriage Making. All work warranted to give satisfaction. Repairing at 100 work done promptly to order. Northville, Mich. 151

JAMES K. LOWDEN,
Master Builder, Carpenter and Horse Joiner. All orders for either branch attended on short notice. Special care given to timber framing. Residence head of Main St., West, Northville, Mich. 151

G. L. LIGNIAN,
Merchant Tailor, Dealer in Cloths and Ready Made Clothing. Custom work done with neatness and dispatch. Shop and Sales Room, over Post Office, Center St., Northville, Mich. 151

SAMUEL L. PARSONS,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Notary Public and Life and Fire Insurance Agent. Attention given to Collecting and Conveyancing. Deeds and Mortgages drawn and acknowledged. Office over Post Office, Northville, Mich. 151

LEWIS W. HUTTON,
Blacksmith—Bridges, Cattle, Wagons and Sleighs. Horse Shoeing done in a workmanlike manner, best of materials used. All work warranted. Shop east of the "Old Hotel," Main Street, Northville, Mich. 151

ELIAS FERRIGO,
Painter—House, Sign, Ornamental painting, Glazing, Paper-hanging, Graining and Carriage Painting. All Orders ready and promptly executed. Place of business in the Shop lately occupied by J. Rattenbury, Northville, Mich. 151

JOHN ARMSTRONG,
Manufactures and Dealer in Harnes every description. "BRACKETS," WHIPS, &c. Also Carriage Trappings done in the most fashionable style. All orders will meet with prompt attention. Shop Main St., Northville, Mich. 151

MISS M. H. WHEELER,
Milliner and Dealer in Fancy Dry Goods. A Choice Selection of Bonnets, Hats, Corsets, Hoop Skirts and Ladies' Cloths, shop and sales-room in the "Rowland Store" corner Main and Center Streets, Northville, Mich. 151

JOHN BIRCH,
Blacksmith. Special attention paid to ironing all kinds of Vehicles, also in constructing a Wagon and Carriage Shop. A good stock of harness, whips, dogges, sleighs and constantly on hand. Repairing promptly and at reasonable rates. Northville, Mich. 151

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

There will be a party at C. H. Hook's hotel, in this village, Tuesday, Feb. 22nd next.

Extra copies of the Record can always be obtained at the Stores of Scott & Jackson, and E. S. Horton.

Social.—A social was held at the residence of Rev. J. S. Cox, on the evening of Wednesday, Feb. 2nd. The proceeds to be appropriated for the benefit of the choir.

Exhibition.—The Amphiprictic association of the Union School, gave a public exhibition in the school hall, on the evening of the 21st inst., before a fair audience.

Real Estate Sale.—Mrs. Rebecca E. wife of the late Asa Cox, recently disposed of the old farm on the base-line road, of 40 acres, to Mr. George Larkins, receiving \$35 per acre.

A Bank.—Messrs. A. S. Lapham & Co., have now established what has long been wanting in this place, a Brokerage Bank.

The sale arrived a short time since, and weighs 1600 lbs. It was made by the Detroit Safe Co., and cost \$500. The firm are enabled to transact business with the principal cities of the north.

The advertisement "To Farmers," in this issue is a matter that unquestionably must be deserving of attention from the farming community. Mr. Jones, who offers for sale this productive quality of Oats, has in his possession quite a number of testimonials from various quarters, speaking in high terms of this extraordinary grain.

The Western Herald.—Some time ago we called attention to this popular paper, published by H. N. F. Lewis, and located in a building recently built in Chicago. This is a weekly, that ought to be in every farmer's home in the State. We have made such arrangements with Mr. Lewis, that enables us to offer the Western Herald and Western Record, together one year, for only \$3.00 sent in your subscription list.

Northville.—Up for the head of Deaths, the Record has the following:
Blanchette.—Died in Holy Jan. 2, 1870, M. J. A. Blanchette, aged 71 years, 5 mo. and 16 days.
None knew her but to love her,
None failed her but to praise her.

The deceased, until the family took up their residence in Holy, a few years since, was well known here as a bright, active and pious man, and as she grew into womanhood, she is said by those who knew her there, to have gained the favor and esteem of every one.

Ministerial Ordination.—Rev. a council of churches called to sit with the Baptist Church of Northville, Jan. 27th, Rev. I. W. Lamb, was ordained to the public work of the Gospel Ministry.

Rev. J. S. Boyden, of Howell, was chosen Moderator of the Council.

Rev. J. S. Cox, of Northville, was chosen, to preach the Ordination Sermon.

Rev. C. A. Lamb, of Farmington, offered the Consecrating Prayer.

Rev. J. S. Boyden, gave the Charge to the Candidates.

Rev. Mr. Saxton, of Redford, gave the Charge to the Church.

Rev. B. G. Daycott, of Farmington, extended the band of Ministerial Fellowship.

An Improvement.—The several churches, connected with the different churches in this place, have unanimously come to the conclusion to relinquish the exalted position, which they have so long held in the churches here, and come down upon a level with the pastor, and nearly so with the congregation. In conformity with these views, a very commodious receptacle has been made for them on one side of the pulpit in the three churches. We heartily commend this reform, as it presents a new incentive to congregational singing, and adds to the interest of the Sabbath-Schools by rendering the instruments of Music available during its session.

Old Fellow's Address.—The Western Old Fellow of the 28th ult. contains, aside from the usual interesting reading matter, an address to the order, written and delivered by our citizen Mr. W. H. Service, before Tompkins Lodge, No. 32 at Plymouth, on the evening of Jan. 3rd. It takes up nearly two columns of space and is acknowledged by brother Hargrave, the Editor, to be just such styles of articles as he desires in his paper.

Without doubt many of our readers would also be interested in its perusal, but for want of space we are compelled to omit its publication.

He who invests one dollar in business should invest one dollar in advertising that business.—A. T. Stewart.

TO THE CITIZENS OF NORTHVILLE.

In regard to the late marriage of J. C. Ransler, and Miss Florence Pool in this village, I wish to say a few words, which, if properly understood, may relieve myself and family from any reproach cast upon us from the result of last week's transactions.

Mr. Ransler, (a brother of my wife,) was in partnership with me in 1856 at Suspension Bridge, Niagara, N. Y. and at that time was married. Till the year 1860 we knew him as an upright, honest and industrious citizen, after that time we lost all trace of him, and ascertained after a few years that he had gone west and obtained a bill of divorce from his wife. Our next knowledge of his place of residence was about four years since, at which time we received a letter from him at Memphis, Tenn., and another, one year ago, dated at Logansport, Indiana. He came here at our solicitation last fall to make a visit, and during the time became acquainted with Miss Pool, which acquaintance soon ripened into an engagement.

Knowing Miss Pool, to be accomplished and in every respect worthy the love of any man, we counteracted their union, supposing of course that Mr. Ransler was perfectly free from the claim of any other person, and none here could have been more surprised than ourselves, upon hearing of his arrival in Detroit, last week, the particulars of which are already well known to the public through the Detroit papers.

I regret that the good people of Northville with whom we are located and become desirous of living as respectable citizens, should find the finger of scorn at us as aiders and abettors, in a matter like this.

Although by family ties related to this marriage, we would be just as desirous of seeing him punished, if proved guilty, as any other, and perhaps more so, from having been the means through this of causing much sorrow and trouble in two families.

At this time, developments may be made that will show the matter in its true light, and tell then it would be best to suspend public opinion.

ELIAS FERRIGO,
Northville, Feb. 1st, 1870.

PERKINS' HOTEL, DETROIT.

This renowned popular among our farming class, and probably the most widely known of any in the State, is deemed worthy of notice in our columns. Who has not heard of "Perkins' Hotel," the name is a household word in nearly every farmer's home throughout the country. If close application to business and an unassuming, impartial, intercourse with every one, could make a landlord popular, then the success of Mr. Perkins, can be accounted for. A number of years ago he located at his present stand on Grand River street, which vicinity at that time, consisted of but few buildings and little trade, and was really considered "out of town," with a small capital, but plenty of perseverance and energy.

His business increased till now he has gained a standing, and prospects of wealth, seldom attained by any in his profession.

Some time ago he erected a brick barn, roomy and commodious, but which with the old one is scarcely sufficient to contain the large number of teams that are cared for during some parts of the season. He found also that his house-room was inadequate to the number of his guests, and last year put up a brick addition in the rear adding some forty rooms, including a large parlor, and now he designs building in the spring, a brick-block 80 feet deep, on the east side of the Hotel, on the site of the Store now occupied by his brother, John J. Perkins, and who will also use a portion of the new store for his business.

Mr. Perkins has every convenience for travelers; sets a good table, and employs none but polite and lady women about his house. In the Office, the Clerk, Mr. Martin T. Pratt, (a nephew of Edmund Pratt, near here, on the base line road,) who has now served in that capacity somewhere, is always at his place ready and willing to extend any aid, or desired information, either to guests or others, while the same might be said of Mr. George Warren, who for the last ten years has taken charge of the Bar, proving alike attentive, and obliging to the traveling public, and reliable and zealous as regards the interests of his employer.

The store above alluded to as being managed by his brother, John J. Perkins, is doing a good business, probably more than the average of others dealing in his class of merchandise. Being favorably located, and the same rates given for produce, can be obtained down town, makes it quite a point for marketing.

He who invests one dollar in business should invest one dollar in advertising that business.—A. T. Stewart.

DEATH.

Died at his residence in Northville, Jan. 20th. Mr. Asa Cox, in the 79th year of his age. The deceased had been in feeble health for several years previous to his death. In July last, a paralytic stroke rendered him entirely helpless (or the remainder of his days. On Monday Jan. 17th, a second stroke left him wholly unconscious, in which state he remained until death, made him his victim. Funeral attended at the Baptist church; the sermon being very ably delivered by Rev. J. S. Cox to a large audience from H. Cor. vi—2.

BURIED HOPES.

ST. J. F. FENNEL.

Scenes of our childhood, how oft they address us.
In memory's pictures, in dream-light and song.
Friendships and friends, that once lived but to bless us.
Hours that were dear to us, faded and gone.

Spring-time of life, with its sweets, and its roses.
It's hills are dew-laden exhaling perfume.
With breezes richer far, than summer disclosures,
In the crimson, and gold, of her sunsets in June.

Happy, thrice happy, ye scenes of our childhood.
We sigh for the garden's affection oft worn.
In the vine trellised bowers, of the cower spangled wildwood.
When we lured in thy fountain, and sang in thy grove.

For the time-hallowed spot, where we studied like sages.
And poured o'er the laws that Philosophy taught.
In the Old Stone School-House, which the day-beam of aged,
May find but a ruin, still guarding the spot.

Where we caught the first gleanings, or rather scintillations,
Of wit, and of genius in beauty displayed.
Where we gained the first impressions, of bright correlation.
Which science immortal, on nature, each day played.

There Aurora arose, in a halo of splendor,
With the gods of Parnassus, her radiance sought,
And her golden music, the Sanbeam's enraptured,
To roll on her chariot, through the empire of Thought.

Many years have passed o'er us. Time hath been busy
And all are the changes his foot-steps have wrought.
Though the Old House yet lingers, with age it grows dizzy,
And the hearts it once treasured, O! what is their lot?

To far sunny climes perchance some have wandered,
While others are bleaching on the battle field's plain.
Oh! Death! in thy garter by scores are they numbered,
Till but few, on Life's stage, of Old School-mates remain.

Gone like the stars that go down o'er the ocean
When they leave on their pathway bright sun-beams behind.
But never to return like their Evening dejection
That follows each day in its golden decline.

Days of our boy-hood; say I shall we forget them?
Young boys, young loves, their beauties, and bloom,
Though they sleep, we yet live, but live, to regret them,
And bedew with our tears, the flowers on their tomb.

Dreams of our boy-hood, soft, soft be their slumbers,
And sweet the remembrance that brings them to mind,
Till we shall be added, to death's untold numbers,
And leave as they left us, green memories behind.

Ypsilanti, Jan. 12th 1870.
Two Papers published in in our Lyceum.

OUR STATE.

MONROE—TIED OF LIFE.—A young man was found in an alley, near Waldorf's barn, on Tuesday, in a state of insensibility from the effects of chloroform. He was taken into Mr. Waldorf's, where he was resuscitated, and brought back to the stern realities of life. He gives his name as Sinclair. He came here a few days since with sixteen cents in his pocket, fifteen of which he spent for chloroform, and took it. He came from the east, and failing to find employment, became despondent, and concluded to put an end to his life.—COMMERCIAL.

MASON.—We are informed that on Tuesday the 20th inst., a young man named John Moran, while threshing clover seed at Wm. Oakley's, of White Oak, was in some manner drawn partly into the cylinder of the machine, and injured very severely. His body was badly torn in various places, and his clothes completely torn off of him. The young man is reported as getting along very well, and will undoubtedly recover.—NEWS.

GREAT CENTRAL ROUTE JULY 1869.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAIL-ROAD.

Four Express Trains Daily, between Detroit and Chicago.

No Change of Cars, by this Route, baggage checked through to all points East and West.

Trains Leave—going west,
Detroit 7:50 A.M. 11:00 A.M. 5:35 P.M. 10:00 P.M.
Dearborn 8:23 A.M. 8:15 P.M.
Wayne 8:45 A.M. 8:32 P.M.
Ypsilanti 9:15 A.M. 9:15 P.M. 6:10 P.M. 7:00 P.M.

Trains Leave—going east,
Ypsilanti 2:35 A.M. 7:10 A.M. 4:25 P.M. 8:15 P.M.
Wayne 3:00 A.M. 8:45 A.M. 5:55 P.M.
Dearborn 3:23 A.M. 9:05 A.M. 6:15 P.M.
Detroit 3:45 A.M. 9:20 A.M. 6:35 P.M. 6:30 P.M.

Pullman's Palace Sleeping Cars on all night trains. Ladies' cars on all Day trains.

W. K. MUIR, Asst. Supt. Detroit.
H. E. SARGENT, Gen'l Supt. Chicago.

DETROIT & MILWAUKEE RAILROAD 1869.

On and after Monday, December 6, trains leave Brush Street Depot (Detroit time) as under:

Express, at 8:20 A. M. for Saginaw and Bay City.
Mail, at 9 A. M. for Lansing and Grand Haven.

Accom., at 3:40 P. M. for Saginaw and Bay City.
Through Mixed, at 9:00 P. M.

THURSDAY ARRIVE.
Through mixed, at 6:35 A. M. from Grand Haven, etc.

Accom., at 12:30 P. M. from Pontiac, Pontiac, Saginaw and Bay City.
Mail, at 5:15 P. M. from Grand Haven, etc.

Express, at 6:15 P. M. from Bay City and East Saginaw.
THOS. BELL, Gen. Supt.

THE GRAND TRUNK RAIL-ROAD.

Trains leave Detroit daily (except Sunday) for Port Huron, London, Paris, Toronto, Buffalo, Montreal, Portland, and places in New York and New England States and Canada, (by Chicago time) as follows: For Buffalo, New York, etc. 3:30 P. M. For Buffalo and New York, 7:20 A. M. For Buffalo, New York, Toronto and Montreal, 5:45 P. M. Prompt connection made at Buffalo with the Erie and New York Central Rail ways; at Ogdensburg and Montreal with Vermont Central Railway. Comfortable Sleeping Cars on Night Trains. Berths can be secured at Union Ticket Office, Woodward Avenue, Detroit. Passengers fare lower than any other route.

Trains arrive at 10:45 A. M. 5:35 P. M. and 10:15 P. M. 9:15 A. M.

Close connections made with the M. C. R. and A. S. R. at the Grand Trunk Junction.

EWD. REIDY, Pass. Agt. Detroit.
C. J. BRIDGES, Man'g. Direct, Montreal.

A CARD!

I will sell my entire new Stock of French Merinos, Empress Cloths, Poplins and All Wool Plaids, at NEW YORK COST.

I mean just what I say without the least equivocation.

L. G. N. Randolph,
NO. 30 GRAND RIVER ST.
In GOODMAN HOUSE BLOCK, DETROIT.

TO FARMERS.

Buy the celebrated Norway Oats; 100 bushels raised from a bushel of seed on an acre of ground; selling rapidly. 117 bushels for sale at my place in town of Lyons, Mich.

HIRAM JONES.

from Mrs. L. L. FORD, Nathan, N. H. I sowed a pint of Norway Oats reaped from you last spring, on a piece of ground two rods square, and harvested five-pecks and three quarts, enough to satisfy any reasonable person of their superiority.

Selected Miscellany.

CAPRICE.

BY W. D. HOWLAND.

She hung the cage at the window:
The young man raised his head;
"If you do not," he said,
"And when he looks at her head,
I shall be coming here to see,
And I will tell you, I know."

The young man looked slowly
At the cage three times that day;
The bird turned away and blabbed:
"I am a fool," she said,
"And went on boring in silk,
A pink-eyed rabbit, white as milk."

But when the day was done, she said:
"I wish that he would come:
Remember, Mary, if he calls,
"To-night," I'm not at home."
So when he rang, she went—the child—
So went and left him in herself.

They sat full long together
The young man and the bird;
The robin spoke from his chamber,
"Now go, my dear, and glad—
"Now go," the child said, "I shall,
And followed him to latch the gate."

He took the roebuck from her hand:
"While," she said, "you wait,
He closed her hand within his own,
And while her tongue forbade,
Her will was drawn to the edge
Of his hand upon his lip."

TWO NEPHEWS.

At the parlor window of a pretty villa,
Near Walton-on-Thames, sat, one evening
at dusk, an old man and a young woman.
The age of the man might be some seventy,
while his companion had certainly not
reached nineteen. Her beautiful blooming
face, and active light, and upright figure,
were in strong contrast with the worn
countenance and bent frame of the old
man; but in his eye, and in the corners of
his mouth, were indications of a gay self-
confidence, which age and suffering had
damped, but not extinguished.

"No such looking any more, Mary," said
he; "neither John Meade nor Peter Finch
will be here before dark. Very hard that
when a sick uncle asks his two nephews
to come and see him, they can't come at
once. The duty is simple in the extreme—
only help me to die, and take what I
choose to leave them in my will! Pooh!
When I was a young man, I'd have done
it for my uncle with the utmost cheerfulness.
But the world's getting quite heartless!"

"Oh, sir," said Mary, "what does 'heartless' mean?"
"And what does 'Oh, sir' mean?" said
he. "D'ye think I shan't die? I know
better. A little more and there'll be
an end of Billy Collett. He'll have left
this dirty world for a cleaner one to the great
sorrow (and advantage) of his affectionate
relatives! Ugh! Give me a glass of the
doctor's stuff!"

The girl poured out some medicine into
a glass, and Collett, after having examined
it for a moment with infinite disgust,
managed to get it down.

"I tell you what, Miss Mary Jayne," said
he, "I don't by any means approve of
your 'Oh, sir' and 'Dear sir,' and the rest
of it, when I've told you how I hate to be
called 'sir' at all. Why, you couldn't be
more respectful if you were a charity-girl
and I a beggar in a gold-laced hat. And
of your nonsense, Mary Jayne, if you
please, I've been your lawful guardian
now for six months, and you ought to
know my likings and dislikes."

"My poor father often told me how you
disliked ceremony," said Mary.
"Your father told you quite right,"
said Mr. Collett. "Fred Jayne was a man
of talent—a capital fellow! His only
fault was a natural inability to keep a far-
thing in his pocket. Poor Fred! He loved
me—I'm sure he did. He bequeathed me
his only child—and it isn't every friend
would do that!"

"A kind and generous protector you
have been!"
"Well, I don't know; I've tried not to
be a brute, but I dare say I have been.
Haven't I given you—good, prudent,
worldly advice about John Meade, and
made myself quite disagreeable, and like
a guardian?" "Come, confess you love this
peevish nephew of mine."

"Peevish indeed!" said Mary.
"Ah, there it is!" said Mr. Collett. "And
what business has a poor devil of an artist
to fall in love with my ward? And what
business has my ward to fall in love with
a poor devil of an artist? But that's
Fred Jayne's daughter all over! Haven't
I two nephews? Why couldn't you fall
in love with the discreet one—the
thriving one? Peter Finch—considering
he's an attorney—is a worthy young man.
He's industrious in the extreme, and at-
tends to other people's business, only
when he's paid for it. He despises senti-
ment, and always looks to the main
chance. But John Meade, my dear Mary,
may spoil canvas forever, and not grow
rich. He's all for art, and truth, and so-
cial reform, and spiritual elevation, and
the Lord knows what. Peter Finch will
ride in his carriage, and splash poor John
Meade as he trudges on foot!"

The paragon was here interrupted by
a ring at the door, and Mr. Peter Finch
was announced. He had scarcely taken
his seat when another pull at the bell was
heard, and Mr. John Meade was an-
nounced.

Mr. Collett eyed his two nephews with
a queer sort of a smile, whilst they made
speeches expressive of sorrow at the na-
ture of their visit. At last, stopping them,
"Enough, boys, enough!" said he.
"Let us find some better subject to discuss
than the state of an old man's health. I
want to know a little more about you both.
I haven't seen much of you up to the pres-
ent time, and for anything I know, you
may be rogues or fools."

John Meade seemed rather to wince
under this address; but Peter Finch sat
calm and confident.
"To put a case now," said Mr. Collett,
"this morning a poor wretch of a gardener
came begging here. Well, I know some-
thing about the fellow, and I believe he
only told the truth; so I gave him a shil-
ling, to get rid of him. Now I'm afraid I
did wrong. What claim had he on me?"

"What claim—on anybody?" The
value of his labor in the market is all that
a working man has a right to; and when
his labor is of no value, why then he must

go to the devil, or wherever else he can.
Eh, Peter? That's my philosophy—what
do you think?"
"I quite agree with you, sir," said Mr.
Finch; "perfectly agree with you. The
value of their labor in the market is all
that laborers can pretend to—all that they
should have. Nothing acts more perni-
ciously than the absurd extraneous sup-
port called charity."

"Hear, hear!" said Mr. Collett. "You're
a clever fellow, Peter. Go on, my dear
boy, go on!"
"What results from charitable aid?"
continued Peter. "The value of labor is
kept at an unnatural level. State charity
is state robbery; private charity is public
wrong."

"That's it, Peter!" said Mrs. Collett.
"What do you think of our philosophy,
John?"
"I don't like it, I don't believe it," said
John. "You were quite right to give the
man a shilling. I'd have given him a
shilling myself."

"Oh, you would—would you?" said Mr.
Collett. "You're very generous with your
shillings. Would you fly in the face of
all orthodox political economy, you Van-
dal?"

"Yes," said John; "as the Vandals
saw in the face of Rome, and destroyed
what had become a falsehood, and a
nuisance."

"Poor John," said Mr. Collett. "We
shall never make anything of him, Peter.
Really we'd better talk of something else.
John, tell us all about the last novel."

They conversed on various topics, until
the arrival of the invalid's carriage. The
party then adjourned to the night-
gown, after breakfast, to speak
with John Meade alone.

"John," said she, "do think more of your
own interest—of our interest. What oc-
casion for you to be so violent, last night,
and contradict Mr. Collett so shockingly?
I saw Peter Finch laughing to himself.
John, you must be more careful, or we
shall never be married."

"Well, Mary, dear, I'll do my best," said
John. "It was that confounded Peter
with his chain of iron maxims, that made
me fly out. I'm not an iceberg, Mary."

"Thank heaven you're not!" said Mary;
"but an iceberg floats—think of that!
John, remember—every time you offend
Mr. Collett, you please Mr. Finch."

"So I do!" said John. "Yes; I'll re-
member that!"
"If you would only try to be a little
mean and hard-hearted," said Mary; "just
a little to begin with. You would only
stoop to conquer, John, and you deserve
to conquer."

"May I gain my deserts, then?" said
John. "Are you not to be my loving
wife, Mary? And are you not to sit at
needle-work in my studio, whilst I paint
my historical picture? How can this
come to pass if Mr. Collett will do noth-
ing for us?"

"Ah, how indeed!" said Mary. "But
here's our friend, Peter Finch, coming
through the gate from his walk. I leave
you together." And so saying, she with-
drew.

"What, Maudie?" said Peter Finch, as
he entered. "Skulking in doors on a fine
morning like this! I've been all through
the village. Not an ugly place—but want-
ing looking after sadly. Roads shamefully
muddy! I'll allow to walk on the
footpath!"

"Dreadful!" exclaimed John.
"I say—you came out pretty strong last
night," said Peter. "Quite defied the old
man, but I like your spirit."

"I have no doubt you do," thought
John.
"Oh, when I was a youth, I was a little
that-way myself," said Peter. "But the
world—the world, my dear sir—soon comes
of all romantic notions. I regret, of
course, to see poor people miserable; but
what's the use of regretting? It's no part
of the business of the superior classes to
interfere with the laws of supply and de-
mand; poor people must be miserable.
What can't be cured must be endured."

"That is to say," returned John, "what
we can't cure they must endure?"
"Exactly so," said Peter.
Mr. Collett this day was too ill to leave
his bed, about noon he requested to see his
nephews in his bedroom. They found
him propped up by pillows, looking very
sick, but in good spirits as usual.

"Well, boys," said he, "here I am, you
see; brought to an anchor at last! The
doctor will be here soon, I suppose, to
shake his head and write recipes. I'm
bug, my boys! Patients can do as much
themselves, I believe, as doctors can do
for them; they're all in the dark together—
the only difference is, that the patients
grope in English, and the doctors grope
in Latin!"

"You are too skeptical, sir," said John
Meade.
"Pooh!" said Mr. Collett. "Let us
change the subject. I want your advice,
Peter and John, on a matter that concerns
your interests. I'm going to make my
will to-day—and I don't know how to act
about your cousin, Emma Briggs. Emma
disgraced us by marrying an oilman."

"An oilman!" exclaimed John.
"A vulgar, shocking oilman!" said Mr.
Collett, "a wretch who not only sold oil,
but soap, turpentine, black-lead, and birch-
brooms!" It was a dreadful blow to the
family. Her poor grandmother never got
over it, and a maiden aunt turned Metho-
dist in despair. Well! Briggs, the oilman,
died last week, it seems, and his widow
has written to me, asking for assistance.
Now, I have thought of leaving her a
hundred a year in my will. What do you
think of it? I'm afraid she don't deserve
it. What right had she to marry against
the advice of her friends? What have I
to do with her misfortunes?"

"My mind is quite made up," said Peter
Finch; "no notice ought to be taken of
her. She made an obstinate and un-
worthy match—and let her abide the con-
sequences!"

"Now for your opinion, John," said Mr.
Collett.
"Upon my word I think I must say the
same," said John Meade, bracing himself
up boldly for the part of the worldly man.
"What right had she to marry—as you ob-
serve with great justice, sir—let her abide
the consequences—as you very properly re-
marked, Finch. Can't she carry on the
oilman's business?" I dare say it will
port her very well."

"Why, no," said Mr. Collett; "Briggs
died a bankrupt, and his widow and chil-
dren are destitute."

"That does not alter the question," said
John.

Peter Finch. "Let Briggs's family do
something for her?"
"To be sure," said Mr. Collett. "Briggs's
family are the people to do something for
her."

She mustn't expect anything from us—
must she, John?" said John. "With
children, too! Why this is another case,
sir. You certainly ought to notice her—
to assist her. Confound it, I'm for letting
her have the hundred a year."

"Oh, John, John! What a breakdown!"
said Mr. Collett. "So, you were trying to
fellow—Peter Finch through Stony
Arabia, and turned back at the second
step! Here's a brave traveler for you, Pe-
ter! John, John, keep to your Arabi-
 Felix, and leave sterner ways to
very different men. Good-bye, both of
you. I've no voice to talk any more. I'll
think over all you have said."

He pressed their hands, and they left the
room. The old man was too weak to
speak the next day, and in three days af-
ter that, he calmly breathed his last.

As soon as the funeral was over, the will
was read by the confidential man of busi-
ness, who had always attended to Mr. Col-
lett's affairs. The group that sat around
him preserved a decorous appearance of
disinterestedness, and the usual preamble
to the will having been listened to, with
breathless attention, the man of business
read the following, in a clear voice:

"I bequeath, to my niece, Emma Briggs,
notwithstanding that she shocked her fam-
ily by marrying an oilman, the sum of
£4,000; being fully persuaded that her
lost dignity, if she could even find it again,
would do nothing to provide her with
food, or clothing, or shelter."

John Meade smiled, and Peter Finch
ground his teeth, but in a quiet, respect-
able manner.
The man of business went on with his
reading.

"Having always held the opinion that
women should be rendered rational and
independent beings, and having duly con-
sidered the fact that society practically de-
nies her the right of earning her own
living—I hereby bequeath to Mary Jayne,
the only child of my old friend, Frederick
Jayne, the sum of £10,000, which will en-
able her to marry, or remain single, as she
may prefer."

John Meade gave a prodigious start upon
hearing this, and Peter Finch ground his
teeth again—but in a manner hardly re-
spectable. Both, however, by a violent
effort, kept silent.

The man of business went on with his
reading.
"I have paid some attention to the
character of my nephew, John Meade,
and have been grieved to see him much
possessed with a feeling of philanthropy,
and with a general preference for what-
ever is noble and true over what is base
and false. As these tendencies are by no
means such as can advance him in the
world, I bequeath him the sum of £10,000
—hoping that he will thus be kept out of
the workshop, and be enabled to paint
his great historical picture—which, as yet,
he has only talked about."

"As for my other nephew, Peter Finch,
he views all things in so sagacious and
selfish way, and is so certain to get on in
life, that I should only insult him by of-
fering an aid which he does not require;
yet, from his affectionate uncle, and en-
tirely as a testimony of admiration for his
mental acuteness, I venture to hope that
he will accept a bequest of £500 towards
the completion of his extensive library of
law books."

How Peter Finch stormed, and called
names—how John Meade broke into a
delirium of joy—how Mary Jayne cried
first, and then laughed, and then cried
and laughed together; all these matters I
shall not attempt to describe. Mary
Jayne is now Mrs. John Meade; and her
husband has actually begun the great his-
torical picture. Peter Finch has taken to
discounting bills, and bringing actions
on them; and drives about in his brough-
am already.

The Japs in California.

Up to this time the Japanese have ac-
commodated themselves in their house-
hold matters at considerable inconve-
nience, but this will soon be at an end, and
in a few weeks they will be settled down
as comfortably as you please, with houses
of their own, each family reposing under
its own vine and fig-tree. Among their
number are four carpenters, and these
men are engaged in erecting buildings for
the use of the party. The houses are to
be twelve in number, dimensions 36x30,
each containing four rooms, and built after
the real Japanese fashion, with low,
pitched roofs, the eaves extending far over
the eaves, and forming a balcony or awning
around the entire house. The outer walls
and partitions are all of sliding panels,
that can be shut together at the corners and
folded into boxes, leaving nothing but the
roof and its supports, during the hot sum-
mer days, affording a luxury that can only
be exceeded by "taking off your flesh and
sitting in your bones." The partition
walls are of paper, the outer walls of
wood; one room is to be used as a sleep-
ing room, another as a kitchen, and the
two others—in both houses—for silk rais-
ing, where the worms will be kept and
nursed and the silk woven and otherwise
manipulated. I had omitted to mention
that silk culture will form an important
branch of this enterprise, 50,000 mulberry
plants having already been set out for a
beginning. The Japanese carpenters are
ingenious workmen, and their work is done
with marvelous neatness. A complete as-
sessment of the houses is that they do not
contain a nail, all of the joints and timbers
being dovetailed together by many inge-
nious devices, and the whole work, even to
the rafters, is as smooth as if it had been
polished down with sand paper. And the
Japanese are a neat people, for they use no
paint to hide any blemishes of construc-
tion or ornamentation, no sugar-
work or plaster of Paris gewgaws, but
every stick in the building is exposed. Every
morning, as regularly as she cooks the
breakfast, or sweeps the floor, the Ja-
panese housewife takes a wet cloth and
scours the whole interior of the dwelling,
leaving no part untouched, and no stain
or dirt spot to mar its cleanly appearance.
Then the Japanese do not come into the
house with muddy boots, after the style
of the American "sovereign," but, hav-
ing covered the floor with a neat matting,
always remove the dirty sandals before
stepping upon it. I stood and watched
the Japanese carpenters at their work for
some minutes, and noticed the peculiarity

of their movements. The Japanese works
"toward him"—that is, instead of shoving
a plane upon him, he reaches out, sets the
plane upon the board at arms' length, and
pulls it toward him; and he cuts, chops,
and saws in the same way. His saws are
fixed in handles, like a butcher's
cleaver, and the teeth slant or "rake"
toward the handle. The planes are con-
structed like ours, but the wooden portion
is very thin and wide. The adze is fast-
ened to the end of a hooped stick, like the
handle of one of the crooked canes that
are worn on the arm on Montgomery
street, and altogether, their tools are differ-
ent from ours, yet I cannot observe
that they are awkward in appearance or
awkwardly handled. The men are bright,
intelligent and polite, lifting their hats
and bowing gracefully to strangers, and
the women stay at home, do the cooking,
take care of the babies, keep the house in
order and manage pretty much as Ameri-
can housewives do, even to the wearing
of the Grecian bend. Take them all in
all, they are, in every respect a superior
race to the Chinese, and resemble them in
no manner except in their physical appear-
ance.—San Francisco Morning Call.

Candy-Heresy.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.
CANDY—It is a most hopeful sign
that buying confectionery for children has
very greatly diminished within the past
few years. Buy fruits and nuts if you like,
but by no means be persuaded into pur-
chasing any of the gaudy or glittering af-
fairs that attract ignorant eyes in candy
shops. Such stuff may do to look at, but
if once taken home is quite apt to tempt
the taste, and if eaten produces dire effects.
Parents who create in their children a love
for candies and sweets, that taste, do not
only a foolish, but a wicked thing.—Es-
say on Candy.

If such pernicious sentiments as are
repeated in the above paragraph
should gain currency, who can measure
the good that will be prevented and the
evil which will be produced?

Not by candy, not by candy, not give
it to children! Well, what next? We
expect to live to hear good wheat de-
nounced, Indian corn proscribed, and
buckwheat cakes and molasses put under
the ban.

I call any boarding-school Miss, and
every boy of spirit that knows how to
smack his lips, and every jolly nurse and
sensible parent who has laid aside the hick-
ory stick and taken up sticks of candy for
discipline, to cry out and protest against
this barbarous and most cruel crusade
against candy!

Of course, if the writer will lower his
crest, and say that he does not mean good
candy in general, but only the "gaudy
and glittering affairs that attract ignorant
eyes in candy shops," meaning thereby
poor, adulterated candy, with poisonous
coloring matter, we shall accept his apol-
ogies and let him pass. But even at that,
we shall solemnly admonish him not to
use language again capable of such dan-
gerous misconception when treating
upon a theme so momentous to the nu-
merary, the school, and indeed to the welfare
of all children from six to sixty years of
age.

Good sugar is one of the most nutritious
elements of food. Pure candy is the per-
fect form of sugar. Eaten in moderation
it is injurious neither to the teeth, the
digestion, nor to any other interest of the
human system. Here are the very peo-
ple who are superstitiously afraid of candy
and with large-eyed wonder and domestic
horror protest against it, and take great
pride and praise to themselves for not al-
lowing it in their families. "No; you
never saw me give a child a bit of candy,
and, thank heaven, if my reason is pre-
served, you never will!" and yet these
very persons put sugar into tea, and
coffee and chocolate; into gingerbread,
cookies and cake; into preserved quince,
plum, apple and peach, they sift sugar
over strawberries, raspberries and black-
berries; they put it into custards, pud-
dings, sauces, various and infinite; and
children eat sugar—gents and boys—and
old folks eat sugar, and middle-aged peo-
ple eat sugar, morning, noon and night—
eat sugar, sip sugar, drink sugar, with re-
lish and benefit; and then upon prim oc-
casions, they wipe their mouths, and begin
to decant upon the evils of candy!—as if
candy was anything but sugar!

It is true that there is a great deal of
sweetened paste called candy, and much
so-called French candy which is vilely
compounded and colored, and some kinds
of chocolate, carmel, and taffy, and brandy-
drops, and imitations of fruit, etc. In
other words, good candy is subject to vice
counterfeits, and so is bread, and cake, and
meat.

Let every virtuous man denounce bad
candy, and honor good, pure sugar candy.
It should not be eaten all the time. Like
fruit, or cake, and every other product of
the field or the oven, it should be eaten
wisely, discreetly, moderately, at suitable
times.

Children can be kept in good health on
pure candy; and anybody who says any
man thank his ears that are not a Pope,
for as sure as we could catch him, we
would make him recant, or smart for it.

Poor, persecuted Candy! sweet saint of
the nursery, St. Sacchariss! thine house-
hold shall never fall while there is an inge-
nuous soul left alive to love children—a kind
old nurse, or a reverend grandfather! But
ah, saint or goddess—whichever thou art—
destroy all poor candy, that the reign
of good candy may no more be restricted
by the ignorance and superstition of
foolish parents who think they are pru-
dent!

—The Agricultural editor of the St.
Paul Press thinks 1869 was a year of great
disaster to the farmers of Minnesota, with
few exceptions. (Among his catalogue of
unfavorable circumstances, are the low
price of wheat, too high prices paid for
labor, too many implements bought on
credit, frozen potatoes, corn rotting in the
spring, the food in September. The classes
of farmers that have done well are
those that got their wheat in the market
early, and the stock-growers and dairy
farmers.

—Send us brief statements of every
successful doing of woman," says the
Evolution, and the Newark Courier re-
ports: "We comply with pleasure. A
Newark woman has of late successfully
done her husband out of \$1,800—and
eloped with another man. Further par-
ticulars given if desired."

Five Hundred Poor Children at a Christmas Feast.

On Christmas Day, in London, 500 poor
children, together with a few lame
women, sat down to dinner in Gambier
Alley Hall, and were regaled with roast
mutton and plum-pudding out of money
subscribed in reply to an appeal in the
columns of the Daily Telegraph. This
dinner (says the Telegraph) may be taken
as a sample of the many given through-
out the same means on that day. Twelve
clock was the hour fixed for the dinner,
and long before the cooks were ready the
entrance to the hall was more than filled
by the invited guests, the rear of the
force lingering in the alley. Each was
expected to bring "fork, knife, and
plate." When all had taken their seats it
was curious to observe the cutlery, and
the doubts which the owners seemed to
have as to their capabilities.

Among the five hundred sets there was
not one bright knife; all were deeply
rusty, scores were worn-out shoemakers'
knives, and a majority appeared to have
been picked out of dust heaps in anticipa-
tion of the feast. The forks were equally
varied in appearance; prongs were turned
in so many ways as to make it impossible
to raise meat upon them; one-fourth were
handleless, and scores were mere skewers.
There were several notable little sufferers
at the tables. Clara, 11 years of age, hob-
bled in upon crutches. Seven years ago
she was run over in the street, and had
not grown an inch since. Maria had a
cut extending across her forehead, given
her by a drunken father.

Many of the boys had bruised faces, but
they would not tell how they were thus
marked. Phoebe was asked what she had
for dinner on Friday, and she replied:
"Two penny pieces of fried fish, and
'twas 'tween my big brother, and my little
brother, and my father, and my mother,
and me." Hundreds of the children rep-
resented families that are chiefly sustained
on bread and tea. In only a single in-
stance was difficulty experienced about the
guests. There were two sisters, Elizabeth
and Sarah, and they only had one pair of
boots and one shawl between them; but
it was ultimately arranged that the one
who stopped at home had her dinner sent.

In another case three little ones,
the children of a widow, could not be found
until Christmas Eve. Then the little
woman discovered them about 10 o'clock
at night, shivering on the doorstep of
their lodgings, waiting for their mother's
return. When they were told about the
feast, they appeared to forget their suffer-
ings, and shouted in the exuberance of
their joy. Among the women there was
a young widow whose case was one of
special hardship. She had lost her hus-
band, and, falling into ill health, became
lame. They had occupied a respectable
position, but to maintain herself and her
little girl she is obliged to sit in a public
street all day, offering iron-bells for sale,
by which she realizes 21 per cent.

To that income the parish adds 1s. of a
week. She walked up one of the streets
preceded by her little daughter, who ap-
peared very proud of her protection, and
the child gave her mother's hair a re-
freshing touch with her hand and with 20
to make the most of her appearance.

When all were seated, several minutes
elapsed before the meat appeared, and the
time was diligently occupied by singing
songs, the playing of forks, brightening
the knives, and drawing patterns on the
table cloths. Grace was at length sung,
and then a conflict of an ordinary nature
commenced. The knives would not cut,
the forks were useless. Some of the boys
changed the usual mode of handling the
dinner, weapons, and lashed away with
the knife in the left hand. Others gave
their knives a "lick" to put an edge on;
a few applied the knife with a rapid motion
to their boot. One little fellow, to
get the better purchase, rested his elbows
on the shoulders of his neighbors, and
this led to a short row. At length, by
common consent, the majority of the knives
and forks were laid down, and nimble
fingers quickly effected a clearance of the
plates.

Then followed a pause, during which
all the waiters mysteriously disappeared.
A hum was raised as of partial satisfaction;
but many an anxious look was directed
toward a certain door. At length it
opened, and a waiter appeared, holding
in each hand a plum pudding. A second
waiter followed the first, a third the
second, until it seemed as though the line
would never end; and it was only when
the fortieth waiter, with the eightieth
pudding, had appeared that the magic door
closed. The meat and potatoes had been
received in silence; but this was too much
for discipline.

Not one of the five hundred had tasted
plum pudding since the previous Christ-
mas, and these puddings were the realiza-
tion of a year's dream. In vain the Su-
perintendent gave the signal for silence.
The first couple of puddings was greeted
with a cheer, and every succeeding couple
provoked an addition to the volume of
sound. They shouted until people ran in
from the neighborhood to know what had
occurred; they shouted until the very
last pudding had been cut up, and was
under course of distribution. Plum pud-
ding was monarch of the day. The second
course was more quickly disposed of than
the first, and many a little girl was al-
lowed to "take a bit" home for mother.

One of the Superintendents mentioned
that in reply to an appeal for old clothes,
he had received sufficient to furnish two
hundred men and boys with suits for the
winter.

His Mother's Influence.
The late Thomas H. Benton thus re-
ferred to the influence of his mother, and
the part which her teachings had in form-
ing his sturdy character:

"My mother asked me never to use to-
bacco, and I have never touched it from
that to the present day; she asked me not
to gamble, and I have never gambled, and I
can not tell who is winning and who is
losing in games that can be played; she
admonished me, too, against hard drink-
ing, and whatever capacity for endurance
I have at present, and whatever useful-
ness I may attain in life, I have attributed
to having complied with her pious and
correct wishes. When I was seven years
of age she asked me not to drink, and then
I made a resolution of total abstinence, at
a time when I was sole constituent of my
own body, and that I have adhered to it
through all time, I owe to my mother."

CURRENT PARAGRAPHS.

Foreign Gossip.

The King of Prussia smokes, every day, from ten to fifteen strong cigars.

The new French Ministers are mostly very wealthy, and all, except one, are bald.

The opposition papers in Paris have 420,000 subscribers; those of the Government side only 43,000.

An old French veteran, decorated with the cross of St. George, is still alive and healthy, aged 130.

An aged mendicant has been arrested at Bayonne, France, who carried \$3,000 in gold about his person.

A petition has been presented to the French Senate begging that a tax be levied on old maids and bachelors.

In Java, after the bride and groom are at the altar, the law requires her to wash his feet before the ceremony can go on.

The number of emigrants that left Switzerland for over sea in 1888 numbered 2,752, of whom 4,755 came to America.

A society has been formed in Paris with a capital of 6,000,000 francs, to develop the musical art in France and the industries connected with it.

An German savant, thinks we are to have an immense transformation scene soon. The colossal light is to resolve itself into another moon.

The practice of torturing prisoners in order to make them confess, which has been abolished by most civilized nations, still exists in Switzerland.

The London Bible Society has sent 6,000,000 reals, or about \$50,000, to Madrid towards the construction of a Protestant church in that capital.

At one of the French theaters a real locomotive engine issues, propelled by steam, from a tunnel, dragging a train containing forty individuals across the stage.

The total number of new books and new editions issued in Great Britain during 1889 was 4,990. Of this number, the clergy claim more than 1,000, while 481 are novels.

A boy in Sheffield, England, ingeniously managed to get a holiday from factory work by putting a crowbar among the revolving machinery, and sawing up \$1,500 worth.

The London Directory for 1870 contains the names of eight hundred Browns, nine hundred Joneses, while the Smiths, Sythes and Smythes must be sixteen hundred strong.

Lord Rossmore said recently to a Hungarian friend, who visited him at Turin, that on three different occasions he was asked to prepare to Paris and have interviews with the Emperor Napoleon.

On Alexander writes to a Glasgow paper that the Paris police are furnished with lists of names, by which milk is tested as it is brought into town. If found without a label, it is thrown upon the road, and is not allowed to follow.

The London skating club spent \$1,000 in purchasing a beautiful Regatta rink, but the rink was never used, and the rink was sold for \$500 after it was first filled, and the rink was never used, and the rink was sold for \$500 after it was first filled.

According to the *Revue Francaise*, a M. S. of Montrency, has solved the problem of aerial navigation, by constructing a machine which can be guided through the air as readily as a balloon, and by means of which he can conveniently expect to return from Paris to Marseille in four hours.

There are twenty-three short hand writers in attendance at the Ecumenical Council, held at Istanbul, for Frenchmen, as many Germans, five Englishmen, and two Americans. They are all priests and have taken an oath to keep the debates and proceedings secret.

In an action just tried in the Common Pleas, London, between a couple of picture dealers, evidence was given of the custom of the trade which ought to be generally known; that it is usual in the trade to affix the names of eminent artists to pictures not painted by them.

A great storm swept over the city of Limerick, Ireland, on December 30. When the storm was at its height, a house in John street, built over 600 years ago, fell in, burying the inmates, supposed to be sixteen persons, in the ruin. Five were got out alive, but in a sad state, and five others were taken out dead and dreadfully mangled.

Jealousy recently led a man living in London to steal a bag of powder and visit the suspected young lady, when an altercation between him and the proprietor of the house, and he threw the bag of powder into the fire, blowing himself into the next room and the next world. No other person was killed, though several living in the house were seriously injured.

During the year 1889, the number of emigrants who left Liverpool was 172,731, a larger total than has been witnessed since 1852. Of the whole number, 133,333 left for the United States, in the proportion of 57,390 English, 7,321 Scotch, 29,065 Irish, and 44,755 foreigners. The comparative insignificance of the Irish figure is accounted for by the fact that the great majority of emigrants in that country sail from Irish ports.

A fearful disaster has happened in the Island of Cape Clear, Great Britain. Some of the islanders, having picked up a cask of oil sea, met at a house at Cape Clear, to divide the spoil. By some unexplained means the oil ignited and set the house on fire. Three persons, including a child lying in a cradle, were burned to death, and the house was completely destroyed. Of the eight persons in the building at the time of the accident, only three escaped unharmed.

The Melbourne (Australia) *Argus* reports a horrible massacre at Fiji. A Mr. Lattin, who, it is said, was formerly a storekeeper in Melbourne, shipped about 250 natives on board the French bark *Mora*. Their ultimate destination was, it is believed, Queensland; but it seems that the islanders rose en masse, and mercilessly killed every white man on board, with the exception of the mate. They then jumped overboard, with the intention of swimming ashore, but only about thirty reached the land 253 having, it is supposed, been drowned.

An English journal says: "Mr. W. H. Stone, M. P. for Portsmouth, is the inventor of a plan for watering cattle during their transit by railway. A cistern, holding about forty gallons of water, is fixed at one end of an ordinary cattle truck (outside). Under this cistern is fixed a small supply cistern, to which are attached pipes running up each side of the truck. On each side are five outlets in the pipes, to which india-rubber pipes are fixed, and attached to these are round tin pans, of ten inches in diameter and three inches in depth. When the cattle require to be watered these pans are placed on the floor of the truck. This is done from the outside, there being sufficient room for them to pass between the floor and the lower rail. The water is then turned on from the upper cistern, and, having risen to a proper height in the pans, is shut off by a ball-valve. As the cattle drink the water keeps running in, the ball-valve preventing it from flowing over. The cattle having been watered, the pans are taken out and hung outside the truck, sufficiently high to keep the india-rubber pipes quite tight. By this plan, the inventor tells us, the ordinary cattle trucks are made available at a small cost."

Miscellaneous.

Fashionable Gymnastics - Saratoga Springs.

The fellow who gives us muscle - Jim Nazium.

All the profits of the Washington are divided with the policy holders.

How is it that we catch a cold when we never run after it.

The cost of a recent wedding supper at New York was \$10,000.

The Woman Question - "Can you let me have \$20 this morning?"

Philadelphia claims \$3,000,000 of the \$20,000,000 worth of property destroyed by fire in the United States in 1889.

An average of about one hanging per week takes place in the United States.

San Francisco is the tenth city in the United States in point of population.

The man who staked his reputation was probably preparing for a general survey.

The receipts for the Avondale Relief Fund, up to January 12, were about \$121,000.

The anti Brighamists now have an organization in every county in Utah Territory.

The uncounterfeitable new fifty cent notes is said to have already been accurately counterfeited.

There are thirty five hundred places in Cincinnati where one can get a glass of liquor.

A New York chemist has discovered that starch is adulterated with flour to a terrible extent.

During the past year \$30,000 worth of goods were stolen from the Hudson River by thieves breaking into the cars.

In grading a new street in Paterson, N. J., the workmen have discovered an old copper mine which was worked a century ago.

The mercury at San Francisco has been above ninety degrees only six times for the last nineteen years, and seldom goes below forty.

Several petrified stumps of trees have recently been discovered on the banks of the Schenectady creek, in Schenectady county, N. Y.

A young lady went to a photograph artist recently and wished him to take her picture with an expression as if composing a poem.

The Army and Navy Journal says that out of the 2,771 officers of our army, between 700 and 800 entered the service as private soldiers, and that only 623 ever enjoyed the advantages of West Point.

A man called another an extortioner for suing him: "Why, my friend," replied the man who brought the suit, "I did it to oblige you." "To oblige me, indeed—how so?" "Why, to oblige you to pay me."

Since manhood reached me I have kept on my life a perpetual insurance; and I think my duty to those dependent upon me would be discharged if it were not so.—Bishop Hawks. Think of what the Bishop says, and insure in the Washington Life.

A young gentleman of only six, at the outside, was cruelly beset by a baby of eighteen months, with decided manifestations of fondness. "Don't you see Johnny, that the baby wants to kiss you?" said his mother. "Yes ma'am—'cause he tastes me for his papa," was the explanation of Lilliput.

A catamount was recently shot in East Killbuck, Vt., which measured five feet in length and weighed forty-five pounds. During the fight it killed three hounds. He was finally shot with buckshot through the heart, his last leap being fifteen feet in the air and forty-five feet forward, to an inch.

At the Supreme Judicial Court at Auburn, Me., recently, a lawyer caused a smile on the face of the Judge, and a hearty laugh by every one else in the court-room, while in the midst of a plea, by wiping his forehead with a salt bag and flourishing "Pure Rock Salt" in blue letters, around with elegant gracefulness.

Since 1807 a family of owls have occupied an old sycamore tree, near Burlington, N. J. They have been protected by the owner of the land on which it stands, and each night at dark the paternal owl pays a visit to his benefactor, perching himself on a tree near the house and giving forth melodious notes of gratitude.

Franklin once wrote:

"He who by the power would thrive,
Must himself either build or drive."

These lines were very popular in their day, and even now they are occasionally quoted by old fogies. But some person has copied them by bringing out the following:

"He who by his biz would thrive,
Must either build or advertise."

Religious and Educational.

Cairo, Ill., has abolished corporal punishment in her schools.

Michigan has nearly 10,000 teachers, four-fifths of whom are women.

Harvard University has 49 professors, 42 other teachers, and 1,107 students.

Boston has three places of Unitarian worship where all the seats are free.

A Catholic Seminary of the Order of

St. Francis is to be erected at Rock Island, Ill., at a cost of \$30,000.

The Methodists of Vermont are to have a seminary, for which \$50,000 are to be raised by a weekly ten-cent subscription.

In some of the San Francisco churches, the single item of music costs about \$10,000. They have also \$1,600 pews.

There are 652 white and 702 colored scholars in the public schools of Petersburg, Va. There are separate schools for the blacks.

South Berwick has the oldest academy in the State of Maine, and its charter bears the bold signature of stern old John Hancock.

In Central Mexico there are said to be a number of congregations holding essentially the principles of the Baptist Church.

An English Cathedral choir, numbering an average of twenty-five members, costs about \$9,000 a year in gold. The chorists have to attend two daily services.

Mrs. James McCoy, of Circleville, O., has been a Sabbath-school teacher for twenty-five consecutive years, and during that time has been absent from duty only two Sundays, when she was detained at home by family affliction.

Bishop Clark, in a late manuscript address, said the most careful statistics show that in 1883 there were in strictly heathen lands, 2,999 missionary churches, 2,000 missionaries, 2,400 native preachers, 297,000 members, and 1,800,000 nominal Christians.

"How is it, my little boy," inquired a schoolmaster of one of his scholars, "that you do not understand this simple rule?" "I do not know, indeed," answered the youth, with a somewhat bewildered look; "but, sir, sometimes I think I have so many things to learn that I have not the time to understand them."

In answer to an article in the New York Times maintaining that in many instances the salaries of clergymen were inadequate to their necessities, a missionary writes that his wants have compelled him to sell a seal ring, which was an heirloom, a gold watch and chain, and with the consent of his wife, a pair of bracelets.

The Independent says that since 1854 the Methodist churches of Brooklyn have increased from 18 to 48; Episcopal, from 25 to 33; Baptist, from 10 to 23; Roman Catholic, from 9 to 25; Presbyterian, from 15 to 25; Congregational, from 11 to 17; Dutch Reformed, from 11 to 14; Unitarian, from 1 to 3; while others have decreased from 14 to 12.

Lewis F. Jackson, a lay missionary in the city of New York for the last fourteen years, has, within that time, made 42,000 visits to the widows and fatherless, the poor and rich, the afflicted and dying. He has conducted 1,418 prayer meetings in different localities, and witnessed the conversion of multitudes, some of whom are now preaching the Gospel. He has also scattered Bibles and tracts, and gathered children into the Sunday Schools, and hundreds into the churches.

Ohio supports 26 colleges, 153 professors and 45 tutors. These colleges are educating 3,479 men and 293 women, and 410 were graduated last year. The total endowment fund is \$1,425,510, an increase of \$103,175 in 1889. The college buildings and grounds are valued \$1,762,000, and apparatus at \$4,350. The libraries contain 121,453 volumes, an increase of 5,176 over last year. The income from tuition, in 1889, was \$23,533 and \$104,143 were paid to professors and tutors as salaries. Antioch, Mount Union and Farmer's Colleges, Ohio and Baldwin University are not included in this summary.

Incidents and Accidents.

At Penfield, New York, a young lady has become insane over the receipt of anonymous letters.

A woman and three children were burned to death in a house at West Point, Prince Edward's Island, a few days ago.

The Stillwater (Minn.) *Republican* says that of all the business failures in that city, not one advertised his business.

A coal oil lamp exploded in Alton, Ill., a few days ago, set fire to the dress of a woman named Roloff, and she was burned to death.

A gasoline lamp recently exploded in the house of Nathan Rice, in the village of Brodhead, Green county, Wis., fatally burning a little child.

Eight small boys, in Albany, recently tapped a barrel of spirits on the wharf, and drank themselves insensible. They narrowly escaped death.

At Bennington, Vt., a physician gave a man up to die, but going home he broke his leg, and his patient was the one who made him a crutch, to hobble about on.

A beggar at Stamford, Conn., was recently offered some warm doughnuts by a benevolent lady, but the ungrateful wretch threw them in her face. He would take pie or nothing.

A man in New Hampshire has lately received \$1,000 and costs of a law suit from the Vermont Central Railroad for being put off the cars at Charlestown, some years ago.

A boy twelve years old, in Benson, Vt., not long since, while leading a colt to the hatter around his body. The colt took fright, ran away and the boy was so badly injured that he soon died.

The wife and two children of a farmer named Dowd, residing near Vermillion City, Dakota, perished during a recent storm, having lost their way while attempting to walk to an adjoining farm-house.

A gentleman, who entered the room of his brother-in-law in a Texas hotel a few nights since, struck a match for a light, and the brother-in-law, mistaking the sound for the cocking of a pistol, shot him dead.

A man who was not acquainted with the mode of extinguishing gas-lights stopped at a hotel in Springfield, Ill., a few nights ago, and blew out the light in his room, instead of turning off the gas, went to bed, and was smothered to death.

In Ulster county, N. Y., a young lady, who wished to marry a youth with \$10,000, promised a lady friend \$2,000 for her assistance. She succeeded, but the successful bride refused to pay the \$2,000 when demanded, and a suit is the result.

At a Christmas dinner in Santa Barbara, Cal., sweet and Irish potatoes, vegetables of all kinds, lemons, pomegranates,

olives, and strawberries, were served fresh from the garden, and the table was adorned with lemon, apple, strawberry, and raspberry blossoms.

After a trial lasting eight days, a party of women who, in 1868, made a raid upon a drinking saloon in Alton, N. H., in which they knocked in the heads of barmaids, broke jugs, and smashed things generally, have been sentenced to pay about \$1,000 in fines and costs.

Complaints come from Maine, Boston and Philadelphia of the recent discovery in coal of tin boxes, similar to a common blacking-box, filled with powder and percussion caps, and fastened together with a lead band, and in each locality the inquiry is made, "What does it mean?"

An ex-policeman of Syracuse bought a gold watch of a decrepit old man, the other day, paying \$100 for it. Taking it to a jeweler, he discovered that the watch was worth about \$3, and he is now looking for the aged and unhappy mendicant who misled him.

Two boys were playing in the Dunsell Print Works, in Pautucket, when one, having a rope around the other, threw it over the shafting, saying, "Now I am going to hang you." The rope caught on the shafting, and carried the boy up to the ceiling, injuring him fatally.

A Georgia paper speaks of a man who one day, recently, said to his fifteen-year old son, as he stepped out of a liquor saloon, that he was ashamed to see him emerging from such a place with the fumes of whisky upon his lips, and after giving the boy some wholesome advice, ordered him to go home, and, turning on his heel, entered the saloon and took a drink himself.

In Westbury, N. Y., a few days ago, a young man accidentally ran a knitting needle into his head at the corner of his eye and below the ball, making not the least mark, drawing no blood, and at the same time causing him no pain. He died a few days after the accident, from the effects of the injury, and his physician is under the impression that the needle passed through the passage to the nose and pierced the brain.

A German in Cincinnati recently commenced the taking of forty-one pints of warm water in less than twenty-four hours, to cure the rheumatism. He began at 7 in the evening. At 13 he had taken twenty-nine pints and was suffering excruciating pain. The next morning he died. The man who prescribed for him, was arrested. He says it is a receipt procured from a butcher in the Old Country.

The New York Sun, in a report of a night alarm of fire, tells the following story: "The staircase was blocked up with boards endeavoring to get away with their baggage. One young woman exhibited a heroism worthy of record. She was petite, with dark curly hair, and had just arrived on the landing with her arms full of knick knacks, when she suddenly dropped her load, and putting her hand to her head exclaimed in heartrending accents, 'Oh, my blonde hair!' rushed frantically back, and disappeared in a volume of smoke. There was a minute of awful suspense to the bystanders; but presently the courageous girl appeared at the top of the stairs, carrying about ten pounds of blonde capillary ornamentation. One of the boarders said that this hair was lately imported from Paris at a cost of \$175."

The New York Evening Post thus describes a recent swindle on the Mechanics' bank of that city: "A day or two ago a man representing himself to be from Yonkers called at Lorillard's establishment, in Chambers street, and purchased \$20 worth of tobacco, offering in payment a \$100 note. The clerk handed him \$50 in change. He then asked the clerk if he would oblige him with a check of \$50 instead of the currency, as he said he wished to send the money in a letter to Yonkers. The clerk complied with the request, and gave him a check for \$50, amount on the Mechanics' Bank. The stranger, after altering the figures from \$50 to \$100.01, went to the bank and had the check cashed. After banking hours, he sold it to a broker on Wall street. Of course the bank is the loser."

A little girl, nine years old, attending a public school at Manchester, Conn., failing to repeat her lesson correctly on Thursday, was required to repeat on Friday the lesson for that day and the day previous. She failed again, and as a punishment was required to stand on the floor in a passage way while she learned it. She stood there an hour, and was compelled afterward to stand in the school-room five hours longer, until she had learned Thursday's lesson, and for another hour trying to learn Friday's lesson. On Saturday her legs began to swell, and she suffered intensely, soon becoming delirious, trying to repeat the lesson which was the occasion of her punishment, and entreating her teacher for leave to take her seat. A few days after this ordeal death ended the child's agony. The School Committee's investigation resulted in finding that the teacher was guilty of an error in judgment.—New York Sun.

Personal and Literary.

O. Death Eves in Warren county, Ohio.

There are five public libraries in Washington.

A. F. Cohen, the new Mayor of Allegheny, Pa., is a printer.

Senator Sumner is the inventor of the word "Ridiculous."

Miss Hubbard, of Dane county, has been elected Transcribing Clerk of the Wisconsin Senate.

Judge Richardson has declined the Presidency of the Hartford & Erie Railroad Company.

Ben Butler and Boutwell are fifty-one years of age. Wendell Phillips is fifty-three. Salmon P. Chase is sixty-one.

Mrs. Dr. Mary Walker had such a slim audience in Jackson, Miss., that she declined to lecture. The money—\$1.25—was returned at the door.

Five persons from one family in New Hampshire will attend the Nat. Men's Convention at Lewiston, Me. The aggregate weight of the five is 1,600 pounds.

Buffalo has a young artist of twelve years, Master Lemuel B. Clarke Josephs, whose paintings have won for him a diploma from the Mechanics' Institute.

At a recent Nantucket tea party of

fifty persons, the youngest was 77 years old, and two were over 90. The united ages of the fifteen were 1,250 years.

Mr. David S. Draper, of Great Barrington, Mass., refuses to be qualified as Representative elect, on the ground that he was elected without his consent.

George Bates, an \$1,800 clerk in the Treasury Department, has resigned in order to take charge of a Pennsylvania girland \$4,000,000 which are thrown into the bargain.

The Canadian experience of Prince Arthur was told well on him. He is stouter than on his arrival, and is on good terms with the people, as he will chat with almost anybody he meets in his rambles.

A Maine soldier has had his name removed from the pension roll, saying he has regained his health and does not need the pension. Commissioner Van Aermam wrote him that his name "should go down into history as a worthy example for the coming generations."

Mr. John Powell, of Weissport, Carbon County, Pa., a hard working man, who has all his life been doing "odd jobs," has but recently ascertained that he and his brother and sister are the lawful heirs of an uncle who died some time ago in Berks County, having property valued at \$1,000,000.

A meeting of Bostonians favoring the erection of a statue of Christopher Columbus in that city, was recently held at the office of the Italian Consul, and Governor Clinton and ex-Congressman A. H. Rice were elected President and Secretary of the Corporation.

Mrs. Jane P. Thurston, the monomaniac who went through the motions of selling the State of Maine by auction in the Speaker's desk during a recent recess of the Legislature of that State, and knocked it down to herself as the purchaser, has sent a dispatch to President Grant notifying him that she has bought the State of Maine.

John D. Barclay, a clerk in the Treasury Department, aged 80 years, died a few days ago. He has been in the Department about 65 years, having been appointed during Jefferson's administration, in 1804. He was the oldest clerk in Washington. He never had a day's leave of absence, and at the time of his death was entitled, according to the ordinary practice, to over five years' leave.

Industrial.

There are said to be 800,000 peach trees in California.

Mushrooms are said to sell for a dollar a dozen in Boston.

Delaware has more than fourteen peach trees to every voter in the State.

A large plate-glass factory is about to be started in St. Louis, the workmen in which come from England.

The newspaper carriers and the periodical and paper dealers of Boston have formed a Protective Association.

The entire weight of iron used in the construction of the dome of the Capitol at Washington is 8,092,260 pounds.

The Troy (N. Y.) Co-operative Foundry Company report the profits of last year at over \$19,000, on a capital stock of \$77,000.

We are stated that a farmer near Waterloo, N. Y., has two bees which lay two eggs each every day, and have done so for some time past.

The State of Illinois has now 5,195 miles of railroad, of which 4,000 are open for business, costing, with their equipments, \$115,563,542.

The German shoemakers of Williamsburg, N. Y., are about starting a co-operative boot and shoe manufactory, with a capital of \$20,000.

The planters of Mississippi are canvassing the feasibility of establishing cotton factories on the co-operative principle in all the principal towns of the State.

The business in printing cloths at Providence, R. I., in 1889, amounted to 3,173,000 pieces, being less by 523,000 pieces than the previous year, and exceeding 1867 by 1,500,000 pieces.

Maine has a mail carrier, now 76 years of age, who has carried the mail daily from North Monmouth to Monmouth Centre for twenty-one years, and has missed but one trip during that time.

There is in the town of Warren, Me., a woolen manufactory corporation that employs only persons who belong in the place. No others are hired, unless it is impossible to procure help in the town.

First Geo. H. Cook, State Geologist, after a late critical examination of quartz taken from the Rhinebeck, N. Y., gold mines, reports that there is gold in the rocks of that district in paying quantities.

"Mescal."

A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, writing of Mexico, says: A bottle of the fiery liquid distilled from the mescal plant, otherwise called the "American aloe," or "century plant," which blossoms in this latitude once a year, instead of once in a hundred as is commonly believed, at the North—"mescal," or "tequila"—is sold at the little way-side stands for 6 1/2 cents, and it will produce as much drunkenness as a barrel of North American whisky. I took one drink of it, under the supposition that it was *anise* or some other light liquor, swallowing possibly about an ounce, druggist's measure, before I smelled the burning flesh as the lightning descended my throat. As I sat down the glass my head began to increase in size so rapidly that I saw at once that unless I got outside immediately the door would be too small to admit of my passing through it. Seizing my hat, which appeared to have become about the size of an ordinary umbrella, I turned it up edge-wise and succeeded by a tight squeeze in passing through the door. The street then appeared funnel-shaped, and I remember a good fancy that I was to resemble the man who "went into the big and came out of the little end of the horn." Curious enough my legs decreased in size as my head enlarged, and my last recollection of the affair is that my person resembled a sugar hogshead walking off on two staves; body I had none. No more for me, please! The teamsters and muleteers drink this clear, colorless, harmless looking concentrated lightning with impunity; but a bottle of it will cause a rebellion among an entire regiment of soldiers, and very likely result in a pronunciamento on the spot.

Old papers for sale at this office