

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

TRANS LEAVE NORTHLVILLE, ON T. & P. M.
NORTHVILLE, 12 M. 12 A.M. 12 P.M. 12 M. 12 P.M.
TRANS LEAVE PLYMOUTH, ON D. L. & W.
EAST, AT 12 M. 12 A.M. 12 P.M. 12 M. 12 P.M.
TRANS LEAVE WAYNE, ON MICH. CENT.
EAST, AT 12 M. 12 A.M. 12 P.M. 12 M. 12 P.M.
TRANS LEAVE HOLLY, ON D. & W.
EAST, AT 12 M. 12 A.M. 12 P.M. 12 M. 12 P.M.
TRANS LEAVE DETROIT, ON D. & W.
EAST, AT 12 M. 12 A.M. 12 P.M. 12 M. 12 P.M.
TRANS LEAVE CHICAGO, ON D. & W.
EAST, AT 12 M. 12 A.M. 12 P.M. 12 M. 12 P.M.
TRANS LEAVE PORTAGE, ON D. & W.
EAST, AT 12 M. 12 A.M. 12 P.M. 12 M. 12 P.M.
TRANS LEAVE DETROIT, ON D. & W.

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office—whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment of the paper discontinued, be it at all times, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made and collect the whole account, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

2. Persons who have declined that refusing to take a newspaper and periodicals from the post-office, removing and leaving them mailed for, or giving evidence of intention to do so.

3. Many of our readers are now sending for magazines and papers, thereby, of course, incurring trouble in writing, etc., speak of the risk in forwarding money. By allowing us to send for you, we will bear all risk on money, and warrant you to receive the publication you desire.

ABOUT TOWN.

Wood is cheaper.
The cold snap is past.
Christmas is coming again.
Sleighting is most excellent now.

Bookskin Joe, the hero of many of Ned Buntline's novels, will give a lecture at Young Men's Hall, Thursday evening, Jan. 7, for the benefit of the poor of Northville.

A span of bays, with red cutter attached, were left in Laura Brooks' barn-yard Wednesday night, and found there next morning. No owner has, as yet, been discovered.

Mrs. Gregory has been quite ill for several days past from the effects of a severe cold, and not well yet as some thoughtless persons have stated. She had been to Detroit, and having recovered, was taking a walk there and escape, will have a quiet time for the "scar."

The editor has returned from his pilgrimage west and east, but is, by the high price of provisions, he has been forced to such an extent that he is still far inferior in this respect, but we may look out for something interesting from him in our next issue on coming his holiday visit.

THE D. & W.—Rev. James DuBois is a centrist (C. S.). The strength of his party on that evening, their opposition varying from being present to those unengaged seemed to enjoy themselves well, and as distinctly as before, in remonstrating with their pastor and friends—that it is better to live than to die.

BOSTON CONCERTS.—A traveling troupe of the above name gave an entertainment at Young Men's Hall, on 24th, as advertised. As artists of the burlesque profession, they filled the hall to perfection, their grotesque appearance and inimitable manner bringing peals of laughter from the audience. Prof. Green and his two daughters performed some remarkable feats in acrobatic performances, while the dancing by the members was of a pleasing style.

An unusual batch of marriages have taken place in this village and vicinity during the holidays. We are informed that seven marriage were solemnized by the Methodist minister at Plymouth on New Year's Day. Among the number united at this place may be mentioned Theo. Meeks and Miss Ursula Curtis, Will Scott and Miss Flora Kellogg, David Evans and Miss Mary Elkins, all of Northville.

A CHRISTMAS TREE.—The Methodist denomination carries the palm this year so far as holiday enterprise is concerned. Seeing that no other church was to make an effort in the way of a Christmas tree, the members determined that they, at least, would assist old Santa Claus in gladdening the hearts of the little folks. With scarcely a day's notice the project was announced, the trees appeared on the rostrum, and Christmas Eve found a full house and nicely furnished trees as the result. At the rear above could be plainly observed the well-known and appropriate legend—"MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL."

After singing and prayer, and a few appropriate remarks by the Methodist pastor, Rev. N. Green and Elder Richardson, the distribution of presents followed. Messrs. Rose, Shepard, Young, Bush, Perrin, Spaulding, Hutton, and Perrin, and Misses Jennie Whittaker, Jessie Randolph, Eva Rose, Florilla Gillett, and Lucy Hutton, being combined in despoiling the beauty of the "evergreen tree" by removing its load of beautiful treasures. All passed off pleasantly, everyone seeming to find enjoyment in receiving gifts or in witnessing the joy of others more fortunate.

Sad Death at Plymouth.

Mr. Thos. Williams of Superior township, brother-in-law of Mr. John Armstrong of this place, was killed by a runaway team at Plymouth, on Friday, Dec. 27th. He was up to Plymouth with a grist, and was just starting for home, when his horses, a spirited young pair, ran away, upsetting the sleigh, grist and all upon him, and broke loose from the sleigh.

Mr. Williams had been drawing on the bank at Plymouth that day, and it appears that a couple of men of that place had made their boats that they would get him drunk before he went home. Now, Mr. W. was a temperate man, never known to be intoxicated, and when they offered him liquor, he refused several times, but finally drank; and when he started for home, he was in such a state of intoxication that he was unable to manage his horses. Mr. Cortrite, at whose hotel he obtained the liquor, suspected something wrong, and immediately started a boy and team after him. He was found a short distance from Plymouth, lying in the snow, with the grist and sleigh box on top of him. Mr. Williams was large, portly, and asthmatic gentleman, seldom walking without the aid of a cane, which accounts for his inability to extricate himself, even if perfectly sober. He was taken up and carried to the hotel, and a physician directly summoned; but he had been there but a very few minutes before he died. A coroner's inquest

was summoned therupon, returned a verdict that "Thos. Williams, deceased, came to his death by being thrown from his sleigh, while in a state of intoxication, liquor procured of H. Cortrite, and drank at the easiest solicitation of John S. Kellogg and Henry Rattenbury."

The funeral was held on Sunday at his residence, about six miles from Plymouth on the Ann Arbor road. His death is a deeper affliction to his family and relatives, when the circumstances connected with it are taken into consideration.

Masonic Installation.

The masonic installation services which took place on the evening of the 27th ult. were well attended; and everything passed off as harmoniously and pleasantly as could be wished for. About 199 persons took supper, which was furnished by the proprietor of the Ambler House, Mr. R. F. Miller. We are thankful for a cordial invitation to the same, and regret that other engagements prevented us from being in attendance.

The following are the officers, installed for the ensuing year.

W. M.—Gen. L. Bradley,
S. W.—D. B. Northrop,
J. W.—L. W. Hutton,
Treas.—E. Whittaker,
Sec.—D. Clarkson,

S. D.—H. C. Markham,
J. D.—C. E. Clarkson,
Treas.—S. S. Edly,

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H. I.—F. R. Read,
E.—A. H. Dibble,
S.—Wm. Wherry,

C. H.—G. G. Harrington,
P. S.—C. M. Sly,

Treas.—S. H. Hagerford,
Sec.—D. B. Northrop,

R. A. C.—H. C. Markham,
M. 21 V.—H. H. Stebbins,
M. 22 V.—John Haywood,

M. 23 V.—L. W. Hutton,
Sentinel—S. S. Edly.

Bad Connections.

No reference to comical alliances. The facilities for getting in and out of town are the worse we have ever had since the building of the railroad; for the accommodation of the people on the line of the road from here to Holland. We cannot go to the city and return the same day, by rail, even though we start at 6:30 in the morning, while places as far away as Battle Creek, Lansing, St. Johns, or Bay City can. The best we can do is to get back at half past twelve at night, or later. If we miss the morning train, unless we take a private conveyance to Plymouth, we cannot get to Detroit till late in the evening, and only by freight at that on either the D. L. & W. or Michigan Central. Persons coming here from the west fare no better. Suppose a person comes on the Lansing Express from the west. He arrives at Plymouth crossing at 1:45 a. m. and finds the Northville train has just gone some twenty minutes before, and he must wait till afternoon; or, if he comes on the mail train, he arrives at 1:45 p. m., and the Northville train has passed the crossing some ten minutes sooner, and he must stay all night at Plymouth or come up at or after midnight.

Mails, too, for offices on the D. L. & W. fare similarly. Leaving here at 2:30 p. m., they arrive at Plymouth at 4:30 a. m. next day, if for the west, and until 1:51 p. m. if for the east. Mails from the east reach here the same day; but mails from the west wait over at Plymouth 2½ hours and 45 minutes before they can proceed.

Going to Detroit by way of Wayne is not much, if any, preferable to going by Plymouth, owing to the non-stoppage of fast trains on the M. C. at Wayne. Going by way of Holly is quite impracticable.

MUSIC.

Music is our ruling passion. It is the wonderful charm that lifts the burden of life from mortals, and leads the spirit out into a clear atmosphere where no intervening cloud casts a shadow. The twin sister of Christianity, with its sacred torch, it kindles the fire of devotion upon the hearts of true believers. It is the indicator of conditions of all peoples and nations, tongues and creeds. No more truthful saying was ever uttered than that uttered by a great traveler: "Show me the music of any people, and I will show you what their moral and religious condition is." It is the vitalizing principle that animates human life. Destroy it so that no musical sound should ever be heard, and Earth would be depopulated within half a century; or, any human beings should exist at the end of that time they would be heathen names. Destroy it and you rob the world of its most precious boon; you throw down the strong barrier of protection and uncage the lion, whose thirst for blood is only quenched when life is extinct. It is our duty to cherish this wonderful gift; to improve this talent to be accounted for—because the sweet singer possesses a spiritual wand that opens the door of the proudest heart, and bids the fountains flow, and the eyes to be suffused with tears. Give us music.

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How I Escaped Being Killed in a Duel.

BY MARK TWAIN.

AFTER I had reported a couple of years on the Virginia City *Enterprise*, they promoted me to be editor-in-chief—and I lasted just a week, by the way.

But I made an uncommonly lively newspaper while I did last, and when I retold it had a duel on my hands, and three horse-whippings promised me. The latter I made no attempt to collect; however, this history concerns only the former.

It was the old "feast times" of the sinner excitement, when the popularities were wonderfully wild and mixed; everybody went armed to the teeth, and all slight and insults had to be avenged, for with the best article of blood your system could furnish. In the course of my editing I made trouble with a Mr. Lord, of the rival paper. He flew up about some little trifles or other that I said about him—I do not remember now what it was. I suppose I called him a thief, or a body-snatcher, or a idiot, or something like that, that I was obliged to make the paper readable, and I could not fail in my duty to a whole community of subscribers merely to save the exaggerated sensitiveness of an individual. Mr. Lord was offended, and replied vigorously in his paper. Vigorously means a great deal when it refers to a personal editorial in a frontier newspaper. Duelling was all the fashion among the upper classes in that country, and very few gentlemen would throw away an opportunity of fighting one. To kill a person in a duel caused a man to be even more looked up to than to kill two men in the ordinary way. Well, then, if you aroused a man, and that man did not like it, you had to call him out and kill him; otherwise you would be disgraced. So I challenged Mr. Lord, and I did hope he would not accept, but I knew perfectly well that he did not want to fight, and so I challenged him in the most violent and impulsive manner. And then I sat down and suffered till the answer came. All our boys—the editors—were in our office, "helping" me in the dismal business, and telling about duels, and discussing the code with a lot of aged ruffians who had had experience in such things, and altogether there was a roving interest taken in the matter, which made me unspeakably uncomfortable. The answer came—Mr. Lord declined. Our boys were furious, and so was I—on the surface.

I sent him another challenge, and another, and another; and the more he did not want to fight the bloodthirstier I became. But at last the man's tone changed. He appeared to be walking up. It was becoming apparent that he was going to fight me, after all. I ought to have known how it would be—he was a man who never could be depended upon. Our boys were exultant. I was not, though I tried to be.

It was now time to go out and practice.

It was the custom then to fight with navy six-shooters at fifteen paces, load and empty till the game for the funeral was secured. We went to a little ravine just outside of town, and borrowed a barn-door for a target—borrowed it of a gentleman who was absent—and we stood this barn-door up, and stood a rail on end against the middle of it, to represent Lord, and put a squash on the top of the rail to represent his head. He was a very tall, lean creature, the poorest sort of material for a duel—not but a fine shot could "reach" him, and even then he might split your bullet. Exaggeration aside, the rail was, of course, a little too thin to represent accurately, but the squash was all right. If there was any intellectual difference between the squash and his head, it was in favor of the squash.

Well, I practiced and practiced at the barn-door, and could not hit it; and I practiced at the rail, and could not hit that; and I tried hard for the squash, and could not hit the squash. I would have been entirely disheartened, but that occasionally I crippled one of the boys, and that encouraged me to hope.

At last we began to hear pistol shots near by, in the next ravine. We knew what that meant! The other party were out practicing, too. Then I was in the last degree distressed; for of course those people would hear our shots, and they would send spies over the ridge, and the spies would find my barn-door without a

wound or a scratch, and that would simply be the end of me—or of course that other man would immediately become as bloodthirsty as I was. Just at this moment a little bird, no larger than a sparrow, flew by, and lit on a sage-bush about thirty paces away; and my little second, Steve Gulls, who was a matchless marksman with a pistol—much better than I was—snatched out his revolver, and shot the bird's head off! We all ran to pick up the game, and sure enough, just at this moment some of the other duellists came reconnoitring over the little ridge. They ran to our group to see what the matter was, and when they saw the bird, Lord's second said:

"That was a splendid shot. How far off was it?"

Steve said, with some indifference: "Oh, no great distance. About thirty paces."

"Thirty paces! Heaven alive, who did it?"

"My man—Twain."

"The mischief he did! Can he do that often?"

"Well—yes. He can do it about well—about four times out of five."

I knew the little rascal was lying, but I never said anything. I never told him so. He was not of a disposition to invite the confidence of that kind to let the master past. But it was a comfort to see these people, look sick, and set their underjaw drop, when Steve made these statements. They went off and got Lord, and took him home, and when we got home half an hour later, there was a note saying that Mr. Lord peremptorily declined to fight!

It was narrow escape. We found out afterwards that Lord hit his mark thirteen times in eighteen shots. He had put those thirteen bullets through me, it would have narrowed my sphere of usefulness a good deal—would have well nigh closed it, in fact, if he could have put pegs in the holes, and used me for a hat-rack; but what is a hat-rack to a man who feels he has intellectual powers? I would score such a position.

I have written this true incident of my personal history for one purpose, and one purpose only—to warn the youth of the day against the nefarious practice of dueling, and to plead with them to war against it. I was young and foolish when I challenged that gentleman, and I thought it was very fine, and very grand to be a duelist, and stand upon the "field of honor." But I am older and more experienced now, and am inexorably opposed to the dreadful custom. I am glad, indeed, to be enabled to lift up my voice against it. I think it is bad, immoral thing. I think it is every man's duty to do everything he can to discourage dueling. I always do; I discourage it upon every occasion.

If a man were to challenge me now, that I can fully appreciate theiquity of that practice, I would go to that man, and take him by the hand, and lead him to a quiet, retired room—and kill him.—*Tom Hood's Annual.*

Keep Stock Warm.

The advice which makes the heading of this article might almost be said to be stereotyped and maxim for farmers, so frequently does it appear in all the papers of the country, both agricultural and those which have an agricultural column. The philosophy of the advice is that stock is much more comfortable when protected from severe cold, that it takes less food to keep them, and that they do better, and now is the time to prepare for winter. Of course it does not imply that we should build our barns so that they can be warmed by fire. As generally understood by farmers, it means better stables tight and kept out all the cold.

Where this is done and no arrangement is made for supplying them with fresh air by ventilation, it is as bad or worse than allowing them to be exposed to considerate cold. We want to advise our farmers who keep stock warm in this way to study physiology enough to know the value of fresh air to animals as well as men. There is scarcely a farmer in the country who keeps his stock warm who does not run into a worse extreme by making their breathe air loaded with emphysema for hours everyday. Observe the character of the air in the stables when you open the door in the morning, and you will be convinced of it.

We once heard a sheep farmer say that the best place to stable sheep in winter was in a dry ten-acre lot sheltered from the wind. Economy advantage in this was that they could have plenty of fresh, pure air. We heard another farmer say that, in wintering twenty steers, he stabled ten and let ten go to the stock all winter, and the ten outside did the best. It was easy to see, on examining the stables, that ten of them had been deprived of good air, and of course this would keep them from doing well.

It is a common remark among farmers that cattle running out all winter, if well fed, come out in the spring strong and in better condition to grow than those carefully housed. This appears to argue against stabling them at all, but when we look at the *facts* closely, we find it an argument in favor of fresh air, cleanliness, and exercise; and if we take sufficient pains to supply this condition to our stock that is stable we will then learn the true value of the maxim. "Keep your stock warm."

Taking Cold.

If a cold settles on the outer covering of the lungs, it becomes pneumonia, inflammation of the lungs, or lung fever, and in many cases carries off the strongest man within a week. If cold falls upon the inner covering of the lungs, it is pleurisy, with its knife-like pains and its slow recoveries. If a cold settles in the joints, there is rheumatism with its species of pain, and rheumatism of the heart, which in an instant sometimes seizes asunder the cords of life with no friendly warning. It is of the utmost practical importance then, in the winter weather, to know, not so much how to cure cold as how to avoid it.

Cold always comes from one cause—some part of the body being colder than natural for a time. If a person will keep his or her feet warm always, and never allow himself or herself to be chilled, he or she will never take cold in a lifetime; and this can only be accomplished by due care in warm clothing and avoidance of drafts and exposure. While multitudes of colds come from cold feet, perhaps, the majority arise from cooling off too quickly after becoming a little warmer than is natural, from exercise or work, or from confinement to a warm apartment.

—Worcester, Mass.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

Beware of the dark-hued, bluish hairy caterpillar, known as the "spider-worm," which are what we want, but these creatures have reminiscences.

A METAL THAT EXPANDS IN WATER.—Lead, nine parts; antimony, two parts; bismuth, one part. This metal is very useful in filling small defects in iron castings, etc.

Many people are troubled with baldness; a very excellent application to hasten the growth of the hair is made of one part alcohol, castor-oil enough to take up the alcohol, two ounces spirits ammoniac, one ounce oil of camphor, one quarter ounce oil of citronella. Boil all well together before using. Apply about four times a week.—*Dr. Weller's Manual.*

To remove color from faded cotton materials, boil them in concentrated ley. The garment need not be ripped up, for boiled long enough, and the ley is sufficiently strong, all color will disappear. After the fading is accomplished, the material must be boiled in clear water and then put in soak, changing frequently.

It is a curious fact, that if the same letters of the same size precisely are painted on two boards, the one white on a black ground, and the other black on a white ground, the white letters will appear larger and be read at a greater distance than the black. This is owing to what is called the irradiation of light. It depends on this