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SAMUEL H. LITTLE,

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Selected Miscellany.

GOOD-BY.

Good-by, good-by! It is the sweetest blessing
That falls from mortal lips on mortal ear.
The weakness of our human love confessing,
The promise that a love more strong is near—
May God be with you!

Why do we say it when the tears are starting?
Why must a word so sweet bring only pain?
Our love seems all-sufficient till the parting,
And then we feel it impotent and vain—
May God be with you!

Oh, may He guide and bless and keep you ever,
He who is strong to battle with your foes,
Whoever fails, His love can fail you never,
And all your need He in His wisdom knows—
May God be with you!

Better than earthly presence, e'en the dearest,
Is the great blessing that our partings bring;
For in the loneliest moments God is nearest,
And from our sorrows heavenly comforts springs
If God be with us.

Good-by, good-by! with latest breath we say it,
A legacy of hope and faith, and love;
Parting must come, we cannot long delay it,
But, one in Him, we hope to meet above,
If God be with us.

Good-by! 'tis all we have for one another,
Our love, more strong than death, is helpless
For none can take the burden from his brother,
Or shield, except by prayer, from any ill—
May God be with you!

—*Sunday Magazine.*

LITTLE THINGS.

Oh! if you knew what simple things
Can cheer the hearts of others,
We'd forget our selfish spirit spurns
Be careful of them, my brothers.

A cheerful smile, a pleasant word,
Which we can always give,
Perchance some drooping soul hath cursed
With strength to live and live.

As we may be remarked,
But treated by wayfarers near,
The way which we unknowingly pass
May strike another a jar.

If we but give our "widow's mite"
To aid the general weal,
To be a blot the cause of night,
How sad that we feel.

SOME IDEAS ABOUT THE MOON.

The moon poets, perhaps, may not like it, the veil of mystery is torn from the moon. It is at length disclosed to us to be a great barren waste of rugged mountains and extinct volcanoes, the whole devoid of air, water, vegetation, or animal life—a rocky solitude going without morning and drearily round the earth—for the earth, not for its own, advantage.

The mean distance at which the moon makes these circuits is, as formerly measured, 237,000 miles. Observed by powerful telescopes, its apparent distance is brought within one or three hundred miles, which distance affords a good outline of objects, but nothing can be distinguished smaller than what will measure a hundred and fifty yards across. Among astronomers there are hopes that, by an improved telescope yet to be built, we may bring the moon as clearly before us as we can see Mount Blanc from Geneva with the naked eye. As everyone knows, the moon is visible by means of the light which is thrown upon it by the sun. Moonlight may, therefore, be called sunlight at second hand.

The moon, however, may sometimes be seen by the sun's light being reflected upon it from the earth. This earthlight can be seen in particular conditions of the atmosphere, within a day or two after new moon. At such a time the old moon, as people please to call it, is said to lie in the new moon's arms—an evil omen, as was once supposed; the light shining dimly on the body lying within the bright crescent being nothing else than earth shine, and no omen either good or bad.

By receiving and reflecting the sun's rays, the moon is obviously an opaque sphere, which by test computation is 2,160 miles in diameter, or about a fourth of that of the earth. Rotating on its axis it revolves round the earth in the same measure of time, that is, twenty-seven days and a quarter. In other words, its rotary motion is twenty-seven and a half times slower than that of the earth. In consequence of the rotary motion on its axis and its revolution round the earth coinciding, the moon always presents the same side to us. The sun, however, lights it upon both sides. At times we are able to see a little more than one side—as much as four sevenths of its surface—the attitude of the moon in relation to the earth letting us, as it were, look around the edge. This phenomenon, which was traced by Galileo to its true cause, is explained as follows by the writer before us: "The center of motion of the moon being the center of the earth, it is clear that an observer, on the surface of the latter, looks down upon the rising moon as from an eminence, and thus he is enabled to see more or less over or around her. As the moon increases in altitude the line of sight gradually becomes parallel to the line joining the observer and the center of the earth, and at length he looks her full in the face; he loses the full view and catches another side-face view as she nears the horizon in setting." These changes in the point of views have greatly facilitated the taking of pictorial photographs of the moon's surface.

These photographs can, of course, be executed only in a calm and clear atmosphere when the moon is at the full, and to wait for such opportunities great patience is required. If all other circumstances be favorable, the atmosphere is partly cleared by the action of the moon, for its rays, though ordinarily described as cold—"the cold, chaste moon"—partake in a small degree of the heat of sunshine, and accordingly exert a dispersive influence on the clouds. A succession of clear moonlight nights is known to farmers to have a ripening effect on grain.

Looked at even with the naked eye, the moon is not a uniformly clear body. It has dusky and light spots, signifying that it has an irregular surface. The dusky portions, which collectively cover about two-thirds of the disc, were at one time considered the seas, and such they are sometimes still called. Close examination by powerful telescopes shows that these sea-like spaces are only plains, on which there are comparatively few prominences to reflect the sun's light. The features of the moon's disc which rivet attention are prominences mostly in the shape of circular craters of volcanoes, some of great dimensions, and many of a small size. Besides these circular markings, which, so to speak, give a pock-pitted appearance to the whole surface, there are stretches of rugged and picturesque mountains of great altitude, all seemingly of volcanic origin. The circular crater-form markings are diverse in character. In some cases they appear as if crowning mountain heaps of ashes and cinders, in the manner of Etna and Vesuvius; in other instances, where the edges of the craters do not rise high above the plains, the volcanoes resemble prodigious hollows, miles in breadth and depth. That the whole have at one time been in volcanic action is obvious from the fact that at the bottom of the craters are seen the remains of the small, tapering cones whence the lava and ashes were projected.

The picture-map of the moon contained in the work before us presents the outlines of 228 craters, and, as these are only on one side, we may conclude that there is fully as great a number on the other—say upward of 500 in all. The bulk of those which are visible are near what we would call the upper part of the moon, from which the clustering becomes less dense, but with several large craters here and there down to the lower limb. It may not be generally known that, in course of time, astronomers have given names to the whole of the 228 craters above mentioned, leaving many smaller ones (big enough, perhaps, if we were at them) without any name at all. The names assigned have been those of men distinguished in science and literature in ancient and modern times; such as Plato, Pliny, Copernicus, Tycho, Linnæus, Mercator, Descartes, and so on. Even to the seemingly flat spaces called seas there are names in Latin, as Mare Tranquillitatis, Mare Nubium, etc. A range of mountains is named after the Apennines, and another range is called the Caucasus. In this way a proper map of the moon is about as full of names as a map of the world.

About two-thirds down from the top of the moon, and nearer the side opposite our right than the middle, there is a peculiarly grand crater, finely rounded, measuring forty-six miles in diameter, and having sides rising to a height of 14,000 feet. There are wider and higher craters, but none stands out so beautifully. It is distinct to the naked eye, but is well defined by telescopes of a small power. In a clear moonlight night anyone may have a good view of it with a field glass. This volcano is named Copernicus. Radiating from it are bright streaks more than a hundred miles long, which are thought to represent cracks or chasms in the solid crust of the moon through which, at some terrible upheaval, molten matter had been poured. Copernicus was evidently the center of a vast amphitheater of volcanic action, for the district around it is for a great distance dotted over with small craters, which had given rise to the eternal chatterance. Tycho, standing in the midst of a crowded group, near the upper limb, is also a magnificent crater, fifty-four miles in diameter, with bright radiating streaks. Lower down there are craters close on each other, of comparatively greater dimensions, one of them being great for a hundred miles across, another of which any volcanic opening in the earth would be insignificant.

To have produced these phenomena the moon must originally have been in a molten state, or, at least, in a state of intense heat, with a hardened crust. From the prodigious number of craters, eruptive forces had at one time raged throughout. When they ceased, and the moon cooled down into the cold mass it has now become, science does not explain. Nor are we acquainted with the nature of the heat that produced the volcanic action, further than that it might be due to that concentration of nebulous matter that we spoke of in relation to the sun. However it may have come, it has long since radiated off into space, to such an extent as to leave the surface rigid and dead. We called the earth a cooling cinder. The moon is a cinder cooled, like a bit of dry slag turned out of a furnace.

Devoid of water and air, the moon has no moisture hovering about it, no clouds; it accordingly has no twilight. When the sun sets upon it there is utter darkness. There being no air to convey vibrations there can be no sound. Eternal silence reigns over its surface. With such privations there is necessarily an absence of animal life. There can be no inhabitants where there is no food to eat, no water to drink, no air to breathe. Were there any inhabitants they would require to be strangely constituted. On the earth our day of four-and-twenty hours affords us in a general way twelve hours' light for ordinary occupations, and twelve hours' darkness which we may appropriate for nocturnal rest. As in the moon the length of a day is a whole month, the people in it, if there were any, would have alternately a fortnight for work and a fortnight for sleep. Their physical constitution, their habits, would be all different from ours. What a contrast between the condition of the earth and its sub-planet! Associated together by an inexorable law, and both partaking of sunshine, one of the spheres teems with life, has its grateful vicissitudes of atmospheric influence, and its varying seasons; the other naked and bare of any trace of organization, with an alternation of glare and gloom never varying in its dread monotony.

From all this one is naturally led to speculate on the reasons for the moon's existence. To what good purpose was a spherical mass of volcanic rock sent spinning round the world? It would be as presumptuous to say what were all the objects of creation as to define positively what was the special origin of the moon. According to the cosmogony which has been sketched in speaking of the story of the earth, while yet a revolving globe of fire, must have thrown off, or in cooling and contracting left behind it, a portion of its own substance, which became the moon; just as the earth itself and the other primary planets were left behind by the shrinking of the central mass—the sun. All this, however, is only more or less a probable theory. Be this as it may, there the moon is, a sub-planet, on which there has been impressed a certain servile office of a double and far from unimportant purpose. Its first and most obvious use is to give moonlight. This has been understood from the earliest age and is duly recorded in the Scripture narrative. The more important, but less recognizable, of its uses is to create the tides, and thereby cause a continual and wholesome agitation in the waters of the ocean. Its distance, its size, its density, are nicely adjusted to produce this result. Were there no moon, tides, except the comparatively slight rise and fall produced by the sun, would cease, and seas might suffer a degree of stagnation detrimental to human life. While influencing the ocean by its powers of attraction, and, even in some degree affecting great inland fresh water seas like Lake Ontario, the moon is now understood to exert no physical influence on the mental condition of man or beast. The term lunatic might very properly be dropped. Whether the moons pertaining to some of the other planets—Jupiter having four, and Saturn being provided with eight—play the same part regarding tides as the earth's satellite, we need not here inquire. Our own single moon is clearly a valuable appendage, and let us be thankful for its gratuitous and beneficial services.—*Chambers' Journal.*

An Unfortunate Ghost.

It is strange what risks some men will incur just for the sake of a little amusement. A case in point is that of Mr. Bangs, who thought to have a little private fun at the expense of his wife the other evening. He has not fully recovered from the effects of that fun yet. He was aware that Mrs. B. never used a light when she went down cellar after dark, and he determined to take advantage of her oversight to carry out his own plans.

Accordingly he arranged himself in a sheet and a tall hat, went down cellar and took his position in the darkest corner. He had scarcely completed these arrangements when Mrs. B. appeared, carrying a broom, as Bangs soon afterward learned.

She halted immediately in front of Bangs, and appeared to be regarding him with some interest, when Bangs, thinking this as favorable an opportunity as he would get, slowly raised himself on end and uttered what he considered a very unearthly groan. Mrs. B. didn't faint, nor shriek, nor go into hysterics, as he had confidently expected. On the contrary she merely poised her broom for a moment in mid air, then let it descend on Bangs' head with a force that nearly capsized him. At first Bangs thought that he had suddenly died and been landed among the stars, from the immense number of them he saw shooting about through space; but a few more well-directed blows from Mrs. B's broom soon recalled him from the contemplation of this lofty theme to things of a more earthly nature. He immediately gave up all idea of making any further attempt to frighten the wife of his bosom, and set about demonstrating the utter impossibility of dodging a broom-stick in the hands of an earnest and excited woman.

When the family next door got there Bangs was performing circles around the house at the rate of a mile a minute, and endeavoring to allay the irritation in his head by friction with his hands. This was about the time that Bangs had expected to be splitting his sides with laughter, but he found it impossible to even smile now under the circumstances. Mrs. B. emerged from the cellar triumphantly waving about half a foot of the bald end of a broom-handle, and weeping because there were no more Bangs to broom.

It took two new dresses and twenty yards of ribbon to convince her that Bangs didn't mean to frighten her; but he has failed so far to explain the presence of the sheet and tall hat to her entire satisfaction. Bangs has employed the services of his physician by the month to put the necessary repairs on his face and head.—*John Oliver, in Danbury News.*

Pasigraphy.

Two centuries ago Cave Beck wrote a book explaining his scheme for an universal language. A publisher ventured to print it, but the work fell still-born from the press. The slow-going world has at last caught up with Beck. "Pasigraphical Unions," designed to put his plan into practice, have been formed. They are most numerous in Germany, especially in Bavaria, but they also exist in Hungary, Russia, Italy, England and France. Attempts are now being made to organize unions in Montreal and San Francisco. The plan is as follows: Arbitrary characters are used for words. Between 4,000 and 5,000 words in common use are written alphabetically and numbered in order. A pasigraphist has but to write the figures corresponding to the words he wishes to use, and every other pasigraphist can translate the message into his own language. We quote a letter recently sent to Dr. Anton Bachmaier, President of the Munich Pasigraphical Union:

—ber, 1534, 2894, 770, 2402, 1565, 1805, 1412, 775
1120, 853, 1153, 769, 658, 2240, 271, 490.

Translated into English, this reads:

DEAR SIR—When you call here, I have some small books for you. Yours truly,
SAMUEL BERGER.

The line under 553—which means book, *buch, livre,* etc.—shows that it is in the plural. A figure denoting a verb, when marked through the center, means the past tense. When overscored, it means the future.

The plan seems quite a good one. The list of 5,000 words, once learned, must suffice for all ordinary purposes. Mezzofanti considered himself able to speak any language as soon as he had learned 750 of its words. The English agricultural laborer is said to use only 450 words in his daily talk. Pasigraphy will scarcely, however, make the great works of literature common property. People who think in figures of speech cannot readily put their thoughts into figures that represent words. Imagine Coleridge writing:

78, 896, 78, 2203, 532, 1008
854, 2273, 575 11.

instead of

As idlers a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

Burial vs. Cremation.

Dr. P. H. Holland, a British medical inspector, writes in opposition to cremation to a London journal. He says:

If the advocates for cremation confined their efforts to trying to persuade those who prefer it to adopt the practice of cremation, I, for one, should not think it worth while to oppose them, being well assured that so very few would follow that advice that little practical inconvenience would result; though if, contrary to all reasonable expectation, the practice should become common or even frequent, some very troublesome precaution would have to be taken to guard against the destruction of evidence of guilt, or, what is as important, of innocence, in cases of suspected murder, especially by poison. Some of the advocates for cremation, however, not content with asserting that the dead might be burned without creating any nuisance, which I do not doubt is possible provided great care be taken and no cost spared, also assert that it is quite untrue, that by no amount of reasonable care can the practice of burial be continued without great risk of injury and the certainty of danger; and one of them has even ventured to adduce, as proof, that well-situated and well-managed cemeteries are or must become public nuisances, because, forsooth, overcrowded burial grounds were so when closely surrounded by dwellings, and in which the remains of the dead were constantly being disturbed before decay was completed. As well might it be contended that, because a dung heap in a close court is a dangerous and disgusting nuisance, therefore a cultivated garden, rendered fertile by the same sort of manure, must necessarily be a source of danger to all near it. Many of the recently-established cemeteries are in effect ornamental gardens, much used as favorite resorts for air and exercise by large numbers of persons who have no easy access to other such places, and it is simply incredible that they would be so used if they were, as has been rashly asserted, offensive and disagreeable. It is of course essential to safety that the situation for cemeteries should be well chosen, and that they should be very carefully managed; but to assert, as has been asserted, that when so situated and so managed they are causes of reasonable apprehension to all residing near them is too absurd to be believed by anyone but an enthusiastic advocate of cremation obliged to use bad arguments, being short of good ones.

As to the alleged economy of the proposed change, the answer is very simple. The cost of raising to a white heat a chamber seven feet long and five feet in diameter, in which it is stated a corpse may be reduced to ashes in an hour, must be much more than for digging a grave, and as in most places cemeteries have been already provided, which must be paid for whether used or not, the cost of the grave itself can but rarely be saved; but even if all cost of burial itself could be avoided the expense of funerals would be but little reduced, unless, indeed, the people at large could be persuaded to forego all costly ceremony in the disposal of the dead. They are, indeed, gradually learning that undertakers' display is vulgar and tasteless, as well as wasteful, but its diminution would not necessarily be affected by the substitution of burning for burying, while it might be much diminished if provision were made, as it easily might be, for avoiding funeral processions from the dwellings to the cemetery and confining the ceremony within the precinct of the cemetery itself. If the coffin were conveyed previously to a place of reception at the cemetery the funeral party might assemble there with as little trouble or cost as if they were going to church; by which plan the temptation to make funeral display would be removed with the opportunity of doing so. Of course, such a change in established custom can only be effected gradually; but, if once tried, its great convenience would insure its rapid adoption. One of its advantages would be that those living near the roads leading to cemeteries would not be annoyed by the sight of funerals, now sometimes so frequent as to be a serious subject of complaint.

The Eyes.

Of all features, the eyes are the most expressive, at least the most capable of expressing any kind of emotion if it be real. But when we come to classify eyes according to their shape or color, etc., and to lay down rules as to what these indicate, we feel ourselves, comparatively speaking, circumscribed. Still there are a few general rules which may be laid down on the subject. As for the shape of the eyes I cannot say much, because that is, for the most part, tolerably uniform; nor am I aware of any particular indications afforded by such variations as occur. One thing, however, I have noticed, *i. e.*, that very round eyes generally express dullness, heaviness, and want of character, like those of the bird they so much resemble. A prominent pupil is said generally to produce short-sight, which is so often accompanied by a talent for acquiring languages that we cannot help thinking there must be some connection between the two. Phrenologists account for this by saying that the organ of language pushes the pupil forward. This may usually be the case, but it does not always produce this effect (or, if it does, then it must follow that a prominent pupil does not necessarily indicate short sight), for I have known two persons whose talent for language was most remarkable, but whose sight was not, so far as I could judge, short. Eyes which are situated very far apart in the face are said to denote a certain amount of deficiency of intellect; what the opposite fault denotes I cannot exactly say. Eyes which can never look you straight in the face generally indicate a want of straightforwardness and create an unconscious feeling of mistrust in those who look at them, which, like the rattle of the rattlesnake, serves as a sort of providential warning, telling us that danger is near. I allow that a similar effect may be produced by shyness, but in that case it is not unlikely to wear off on closer acquaintance—in the other case it never wears off. Eyes which possess the opposite character of this, *i. e.*, that of looking you steadfastly in the face without flinching, are seldom, perhaps never, found in persons of an artful, underhand disposition. A steadfast gaze if it be not (as it sometimes is) an unmeaning stare, or a mere wistful look, like that of a dog expecting food, but of a searching, penetrating character, will be generally found to imply a great power of influencing, or, perhaps I should rather say, it gives that power; *e. g.*, what an effectual auxiliary to a preacher is an eye of this description. This was one great secret of the effect of Dr. Guthrie's preaching. If a man wants his words to carry weight with his hearers he should fix his eye on them. Such, indeed, is said to be the power of a concentrated gaze that, I have been told, there is no animal, however ferocious, which might not be kept in check by any one who had the courage to look him steadfastly in the face, though, as few could trust their own hearts, were they to encounter a wild beast, it would be a tempting of Providence to try the experiment, the more so as a moment's failure of courage might be fatal. I once saw Van Amburgh, the celebrated lion-tamer, in a den of wild beasts, but his eyes did not exhibit that fixed gaze which I have noticed, as being so powerful in its effects on the human race; the balls seemed to be in a state of perpetual motion, such as, had I not seen it, I should have thought the human eye incapable of sustaining where there was no motion of head, and which he resorted to because he was obliged to encounter so many ferocious beasts at the same time; so that it would not have been safe for him to remove his gaze from one of them for more than a single moment. It would be needless, and, indeed, nearly impossible, to go through all the phases of feeling, all the various emotions which display themselves in the eye, of all the states of mind which it indicates, for there is nothing in human nature which it cannot picture, but a great many of these indications, though they may easily be recognized, cannot be described, nor can we lay down rules for their discovery; for they do not belong to any particular cases of eyes. They are many of them totally unconnected with its form or size, color or position.—*Golden Hours.*

Alligators as Pets.

The New York *Times* has an article on household pets, in which it playfully and somewhat sarcastically suggests pet alligators as a variety for the house.

Now, absurd as the alligator may seem for a pet, it so happens that we once had some of them, and very pleasant little pets they proved to be. It was during a residence, some years ago, in a Southern city, not far from the bayous, where alligators, great and small, are to be had by the hundred thousand. Instead of going in person to catch the little fellows, we secured the services of an aged American citizen of African descent, who knew more than we did about keeping out of the way of the parent alligators. He scooped up a dozen or two baby 'gators and brought them in, his face ornamented with a broad grin of delight in anticipation of the dollar he had been promised for catching them.

For several months a number of these lively little fellows occupied a neat aquarium tank in the library window, where the sun shone on them. They were as lively as little cats, and quite as playful. Equally happy in the water and out of it, they would frisk about like so many monkeys when they felt so disposed, and when they felt lazy (for alligators, like other folks, are subject to attacks of laziness) they would stretch themselves out, or lie in a heap, one on the other, and bask in the sunshine. They had a habit of eating almost any eatable thing that was given to them, their principal luxury being live flies. In catching these insects they exhibited great dexterity. Large beetle cockroaches also afforded them much pleasure. There was an abundance of these in the house and the alligators considerably reduced the stock. These alligators were in their first summer, and were only a few inches long. They would run over people's hands and clothes, and climb upon shoulders with great liveliness. We gave some of them away, and the rest, probably pampered by petting and overfeeding, died.

We once owned an alligator which was six feet long. But he frightened an old lady out of her wits, and so we gave him away. He was too large for a pet. But in their first or second year 'gators are pleasant pets and no more dangerous than kittens.—*Christian at Work.*

The Land Where It Rains but Once in Five Years.

The tract of country known as the State Range Valley is probably one of the most curious that Southern California can boast of. It is there the immense deposits of borax were discovered something like a year ago, and at the time the whole lower or central part of that basin was covered with a white deposit, breaking away in some places in large soda reefs, in others resembling the waves of the ocean, and in still others stretching out for miles in one unbroken level, from which the sun reflected its rays with a glare almost unendurable. But one of the most singular features in connection with this section was the absence of rain or moisture; the days were ever sunny and hot, the nights without dew, and generally warm. For more than five years, it is said by those who claim to know, there had been no rain there, until some three months since the spell was broken. Suddenly, and with scarce any warning, rain commenced to fall, and unceasingly, unaccompanied by wind, but a thorough drenching rain. For two or three days it remained pleasant, when suddenly a water spout was seen wending its way through the valley. It came in a zig-zag course across the upper end of the lake, striking the range of hills on the east side and coursing rapidly along them. The canons and gorges were soon filled with water, which poured from them in fearful volume and spread itself out upon the bottom. In a short time it was over, and denizens of the place now look for another dry season of five years.—*Los Angeles (Cal.) Express.*

CURRENT ITEMS.

A St. Louis cat bit a boy and he is mad the boy is.

A foolish lady sent a bride a white satin pen-wiper as a gift.

Reading, Pa., is catching dogs and measles with equal alacrity.

Gray hairs seem like the light of a soft moon, silvering over the evening of life.

All dresses continue to be made gored, short in front and just sufficiently long behind to touch the ground.

Washington Territory is agitated by the Oriental magnificence of "the first brick residence" ever erected within its boundaries.

Henry Ward Beecher says collecting autographs is an alarming literary intemperance, for which the only remedy is total abstinence.

The legislator who wanted to make kissing a misdemeanor probably never had the pleasure of seeing a miss demean herself under the operation.

If women would study housekeeping as their husbands study law, medicine and book-keeping, there would be less complaint of bad servants.

It is said that the essential oil in onions is so powerful that if a man were to die shortly after eating one his brain would exhale the odor of the vegetable.

Mrs. Sena Spicer, of Tipton, Mo., aged seventy-eight, recently employed a mason to repair her chimney, and herself carried all the mortar and brick up a ladder.

The English sparrows which were introduced into Albany five or six years ago have become so numerous and annoying that they are pronounced to be an unmitigated nuisance.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has a stone yard, and requires each tramp soliciting alms to earn his food and lodging by breaking stone. Applications for charity have fallen off.

A fish-farmer in Illinois gets seventy-five cents per pound for his trout; thus a small string of fish will bring as much as a sheep, and they require neither grain nor stabling.

The snow-fence on the Kansas Pacific is being taken down for the purpose of saving it from the fire which passes over the prairies every summer. It will be replaced in the fall, as usual.

In San Francisco, Judge Louderback has just fined a man $50 for insulting an editor. This goes to show that however loud you may talk to a California journalist he can always talk louder back.

A Fort Dodge (Iowa) man lived in this world of sin and deceit sixty long years before he found out that a stranger on a railway train, borrowing on the security of a bogus check for an immense amount, is a snare, a delusion, a fraud. He will never see his $80 or the gentlemanly man he loaned it to again.

A Detroit gentleman prides himself on his fine fowls, and his neighbor is equally vain of a fine coach dog. The dog worries the life out of the chickens. A few days ago the owner of the dog received the following note: "Friend—You keep dogs. I keep chickens. If my chickens worry your dogs, shoot 'em."

When fuel is burned in an open fire-place at least seven-eighths of the actual or potential heat passes up the chimney unused; about one-half being carried off with the smoke, and one-fourth with the current which flows in between the mantel-piece and the fire, while the remaining loss is represented by the unburned carbonaceous matter in the smoke.

A man about thirty-five years old died recently in Kentucky who, since the termination of the war, has been making tri-weekly pilgrimages between two churches ten miles apart, always making the journey on foot, fasting with great severity, and keeping silence during the whole of his long walk. He would never disclose whether the penance was self-imposed or what it was performed for.

A little girl who fell off Long Bridge and nearly drowned was rescued by a young man. It is consoling to think that as the child is only five years of age the usual denouement may be averted, but we advise the young man to emigrate, or she will go for him as soon as she is old enough, and girls do grow so fast in this country.—*San Francisco News Letter.*

Harry H. Batchi, of Quebec, fourteen years old, fell desperately in love with a little performer in a variety show several months ago, and ever since has been following it about, though the girl won't pay any attention to him. He is quite penniless, and has begged his way about [illegible] at Taunton, Mass., where he has been handed over to the Board of State Charities.

A Kentucky Grange has had its little romance. Recently a young brother and sister of the Order walked to the front of the Master and were united in marriage. The entire audience were taken by surprise, having had no intimation that there was to be a wedding. Soft eyes began to dart love glances around the Grange, and diffident bachelors exclaimed that the new Order exceeded their most sanguine expectations, in providing life-partners for the faint-hearted.

A Washington man proposes that a suitable-sized cannon be kept at all dangerous river reservoirs or dams, to give instant and general warning of breakage, by which, as in the recent calamity in Massachusetts, many lives and much property might be saved. The trouble, says an exchange, is that when the moment came for the cannon to be exploded it would be found to be loaded with black sand, duly certified to as the best powder by a County Commissioner.

A Chicago telegrapher, on a recent visit to Des Moines, wished to compliment one of the young ladies of that city by sending her a box of oranges. The oranges were purchased and carefully boxed, and a messenger employed to deliver the gift, bearing the box expressing the wish that the lady might always be as blooming and sweet as the inclosed fruit. But some wag stopped the messenger and substituted potatoes for the oranges and sent the bearer on his way. A terrible row was kicked up, and the box duly returned to the sender.

The Northville Record.

SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1874.

THE LATE ANSLEY ARMS OF MILFORD—A LITTLE PIONEER HISTORY.

A few particulars regarding his life.

From a sketch of his life in the Milford times we clip this portion:

About this time his parents had decided to emigrate to Michigan, and he made up his mind to go with them. They arrived in Northville, where Mrs. Arms' brother, Dr. Gregory, had settled several years previously as a physician, having traveled the entire distance from their home in Penfield in their own conveyance. The deceased soon found employment as a clerk in the store of Mr. Collins in Farmington village, and shortly after accepted a similar position with Marshal Mead, his future brother-in-law, at Northville. During the year 1834 the township of Milford, by an act passed in the Territorial Legislature, had been set off from Novi, and as it had the advantage of a good water power, promised to become a place of considerable importance. Mr. Mead proposed, therefore, to take young Arms into partnership and establish a store at this point, putting him in charge of it. In the spring of 1835 Mr. Arms first visited Milford. He has often described to the writer the impression made upon his mind by the view that was presented to his eye when following the course of the Huron he came upon the site of our village. He was captivated with its beauty; and indeed it is easy with the aid of the imagination to blend the varous attractive features of that scene,—the forests clad in the freshness of their Spring verdure, the wild flowers blooming in profusion, the quiet river, the valley and its surrounding hills,—into a picture of surpassing loveliness. Riding through the forest he spied a little eminence that just suited his fancy. There, thought he, is the spot where I shall build my house. Having made a contract with Mr. Henry Buggles to build him a dwelling and store, he returned to Northville. In June 1836 he came to Milford and began business, bringing with him a young wife whom he had married some months before. She was the daughter of Mr. Amos Mead, a gentlemen of dignified manners, great intelligence, thoroughly versed in political affairs and possessed of rare conversational powers. Her mother was sister of Judge Pettibone of Manchester, Vt. Esq. Mead, as he was commonly called, at an early day came into Farmington, having moved there from Canandaguia, N. Y., where he enjoyed the friendship of its cultivated citizens, some of whom had filled the very highest offices in our government.

STATE NEWS.

BUSINESS ENTERPRISE.

The Second National Bank at Bay City, which recently commenced operations, has a capital of $100,000. Wm. Westover of Bay City is President; John McGraw of Itaca, N. Y., Vice President; and Wheeler Plum, Cashier.

The banking capital of Bay City is stated at $750,000. Detroit is the only city in the State which exceeds this amount.

Fine specimens of copper ore have been discovered about six miles west of Jackson.

RAILROADS.

A Meeting in the interest of the Grand Rapids & East Saginaw Railroad was held at East Saginaw May 27. R. H. Colburn, a practical engineer, gave a favorable description of the route.

FARMING AND FRUIT INTERESTS.

On the 27th of may, S. A. Stewart of Deerfield had 11 acres of wheat which measured over two feet in height.

There are 430 granges in existence in this State.

MEETINGS AND ASSOCIATIONS.

Ypsilanti is going to raise $1,500 to make its semi-centennial celebration on July 4th a grand affair.

A Pnicnic was held at Manchester last week by the German Working men's Association. Over 1,000 people were in attendance, and strong anti-Prohibition addresses were delivered.

The Adrian Horticultural Society will give a strawberry and cherry festival, on the occasion of the meeting of the State Pomological Society in that city, June 23, 24, and 25.

The Fourth Michigan Infantry will hold its annual reunion at Monroe, June 19.

During the month of may the Detroit Fire Department was called out 28 times, and the loss by fire was $5,000.

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

Mrs. McDowell of South Haven died recently of trichinæ. A specimen of muscular flesh taken from her dead body when put under the microscope showed the trichinæ lively and coiling themselves like snakes.

The Briggs House at Langston, ten miles north of Greenville, was destroyed by fire May 18. Several other buildings, including a drug store, were also burned. Loss $20,000, with no insurance.

PERSONAL.

Chester Yost, a prominent citizen of Ypsilanti who had resided in that city nearly 40 years, died last week after a short illness. He was actively engaged in business at the time of his death, and was known throughout the State as an upright and energetic business man.

Albert E. Bolster of Hillsdale, who was charged with offering to furnish counterfeit money to parties through the mails for 20 cents on the dollar, was recently tried in the U. S. District Court at Detroit and acquitted.

The champion Supervisor of the State lives in the town of Sunfield, Eaton County. His name is John Dow; he is 70 years old, and has held the office of Supervisor in that town for 36 consecutive years.

L. B. Danforth, a pioneer of Grass Lake, Jackson County, died recently at Galesburg. He was an honorable, upright man, an active Republican, and a local politician of some note.

Morris M. Williams, for 40 years chief distributing clerk in the Detroit postoffice, and said to be the oldest postoffice clerk in the United States, died May 27.

Rev. J. R. Anderson, who has been Rector of the Episcopal Church at Pontiac for the last three years, died last week of an affection of the brain.

Hon. J. C. Burrows of Kalamazoo delivered the oration at Mechanicsville, N. Y., May 27, on the occasion of unveiling the Ellsworth monument.

Lewis Potter, foreman of McGraw's cooper shop at Bay city, recently made, with the help of one boy, 150 flour barrels in 12 hours.

Mrs. Waite, who died at Port Huron May 18, was born August 25, 1771. Judge Harrison of Prairie Ronde was born March 18, 1771.

The first white settler in Barry County was Amasa S. Parke, who located land in Prairieville June 13, 1831.

John Golden, a shoemaker of Wenona, has fallen heir to £24,000 by the death of an aunt in England.

George C. Rice, editor of the Muskegon Chronicle, died May 31, of Bright's disease.

Four small children by the name of Benham were recently attacked near Cedar Springs by an American eagle. One of the lads struck the bird with a club as it pounced upon them, which disabled it, and by the help of the other children it was beaten to death. It had monstrous talons, and measured seven feet from tip to tip of wing.

The Battle Creek Journal says that the Health Institute located in that city has received from Elder M. K. Cornell, who is now preaching in California, a cabinet of minerals, fossil shells, sea mosses, star-fish, etc.

MISCELLANEOUS.

During the month of May, 28 convicts were received at the State Prison, 12 discharged, one died and one pardoned, leaving 690 in prison.

A correspondent of the Detroit Union advocates the purchase of the arsenal and grounds at Dearborn for the new asylum for the insane.

George Venton of Windsor, Eaton County, is the owner of a colt which has three eyes and two well-defined noses.

A Muskalonge was recently caught at Holland City by an Indian, which weighed 23 pounds.

ALL ABOUT CREMATION.

With some people cremation is only a question of time. If it don't come in this world it is sure to come in the next.

A. D. 2000. Scene before a cremation undertaker's shop—Small boy—"I say sir, is dad done yet? If he is, please put him in this 'ere tin kettle."

A king of Babylon ordered cremation for his subjects, and built for that practice the first furnace; but Messrs. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego wouldn't cremate.

We lit the poor fellow at dead of night,
The carcass continually turning,
In order the livery shirt to keep bright
Of this new patent process burning.
No pelting rain-storm came wetting the pile
Of faggots to which we had bound him;
No fire-brook extinguisher deadened the glare
That formed such a halo around him.

A Brockport, Pa., parson, who, with Paul, believes that it is better to marry than burn, offers twenty cords of wood for a wife.

This is the way a Florida man expects to get a partner to his bosom. He advertises as follows: "Any gal what's got a cow, a good feather bed, with comfortable linens, five hundred dollars in good, genuine slap-up greenbacks, that has had the small-pox, measles and understands tending children, can find a customer for life by riten a small william duckey, addressed X. Y. Z., and stick in a crack of Uncle Billy Smith's barn, jinin' the pig-pen, where Harrison Reed is now planning for future operations."

A Georgia negro who bet ten dollars that General Washington commanded the Federals at Bull Run, handed the money over with the remark: "Well, dis yere history business is all mixed up, anyway."

The Northville Record.

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office—whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

TO ADVERTISERS.—No advertisement will be inserted in this paper (except from parties we know to be good pay) in advance. Therefore it is indeed to send an "ad" to this office with the request to "insert and send bill at the end of each month."

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

PHYSICIANS.

J. M. SWIFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office at residence, on Main street, Northville, Mich. 1-tf

JAMES HUESTON, M. D., PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office one door north of Hunter's store, Center street, Northville, Mich. 1-1

DENTIST.

H. H. JACKSON, DENTIST, OFFICE and Operative Rooms at his residence on Dunlap street, Northville, Mich.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

TRAINS LEAVE NORTHVILLE.

FLINT & PERE MARQUETTE R. R.
DETROIT TIME

NORTH.		SOUTH.	
Mail	1.45 P. M.	Night Exp.	7.45 A. M.
Night Exp.	11.57 P. M.	Mail	4.47 P. M.
Detroit Exp.	4.28 P. M.	Detroit Exp	8.37 P. M.

TRAINS LEAVES PLYMOUTH.

DET., LANSING & LAKE MICH. R. R.
DETROIT TIME

EAST.		WEST.	
Mail	2.15 P. M.	Express	4.55 P. M.
Express	11.00 A. M.	Mail	8.55 A. M.
Freight	4.35 P. M.	Freight	9.35 A. M.

LEAVE WAYNE JUNCTION MICH CENT'L
CHICAGO TIME.

EAST		WEST	
Mail	3.50 P. M.	Mail	9.15 A. M.
Kal. Accom.	1.20 A. M.	Kal. Accom.	2.20 P. M.
Detroit Acc.	7.50 A. M.	Detroit Acc.	7.20 P. M.

ABOUT TOWN

Hot.

Sultry.

Wool 30c.

Trade good.

Growing time.

Strawberries now.

Wool must lively.

No celebration this year.

Potato bugs in profusion.

Cooling—occasional showers.

Desirable—a street sprinker.

School closes next week Thursday.

Scarce commodity now days—news.

Notice Newcomb, Endicott & Co's new change of a increasement.

Miss Ella C. Street has just returned from a brief, but undoubtedly pleasant, visit with friends in Howell.

The next issue of the Record will appear on Saturday (June 24th) and being the 26th month, will end the volume—Fifth.

Found—in Center street, a lady's brown hat. It is now at the Record office. The owner can have it by identifying the same.

We learn that Mr. J. H. Simonds, (son of Edward Simonds, now a resident of Detroit,) was lately united in matrimonial bonds with one of Pontiac's fairest daughters.

One week from Sunday evening, 28th, Mr. T. C. Sherwood, of Plymouth, will lecture on Ancient Babylon, before the Sunday School, in the M. E. Church. All are invited.

Among visitors in town we notice Mr. Chas. McFarlan of St. Johns, (his wife and child are at A. S. Brooks) Mr. Edward Simonds, Mr. Albert Nevins, and Miss Mary A. Clark, of Detroit.

A Convention of the friends of Woman Suffrage will be held at the Detroit Theater, corner Fort and Griswold sts., in Detroit, June 26, at 10 a. m., for the purpose of forming a Wayne County Suffrage Association.

Plymouth is to celebrate the fourth in a series of field games, military parade, fireworks, ball in the evening etc. Glad that the day is to be properly spent by our neighbors, notwithstanding our own backwardness.

Rev. N. Green, the Methodist pastor is still in poor health having occasional chills, which prevents him from filling his accustomed place in the pulpit. He is thinking about taking a tour to the vicinity, of Lake St. clair to test the benefit of Lake breezes.

A commotion was made one day last week by the cry—"The Foundery's on fire." A crowd assembled in quick order with every expectation of hot work, but the fire, which had caught in the engine room, was speedily extinguished without much harm.

Nelson W. Clark, of Clarkston, the great fish breeder, was in town yesterday. He has leased the springs above the village, also the waste water from Ambler's pond, and is to begin breeding salmon, trout, white-fish etc., in which business employment will be given to a number of persons.

Mrs. Matilda Dunn, whose death is announced in another column, had been subject to Fits for a number of years since, sometimes escaping the terrible malady for a week or two and then having thirty or forty fits in succession, her condition at such times proving a source of sorrow to her parents and friends. The poor girl bore up under her sad fate, appearing whenever we have seen her, in good spirits and oblivious, apparently, to the coming paroxysms.

PERSONAL.—R. F. Johnstone, of the *Michigan Farmer*, was in town this week. The Cady House, and other friends entertained him in proper style.

FESTIVAL.—The Presbyterian society held a strawberry and ice-cream social last evening (Friday) at Cady's Hall, realizing over $40 from the delicacies disposed of. Those in attendance report a goodly number present and a sociable time had. The Methodists are agitating the practibility of a similar scheme.

A RIDDLE—Our neighbor Ransom Safford, who is almost *totally* blind, found his way into our sanctum to-day and dictated the following riddle, which he says he composed the other evening. Perhaps some of our young readers can give us the answer:

I am stationed high above the ground,
I may be heard from far around,
And all that hear, obey my voice,
From the high priest to the carting horse.
I guard the city from all harm,
If danger is near, I give the alarm,
If fire breaks out, by night or day,
With hasty steps they me obey.
There is none that dare but heed my call,
The rich, the poor, the great, and small.

MR. EDITOR:—Pleasant.—We are glad to hear that hopes are entertained of Mr. L. N. Johnson, (now in the asylum at Kalamazoo) soon returning to his family, fully restored in mind and body. Mr. Anson Cady returned a few days since from a visit to the asylum and reports that Mr. Johnson was in full possession of his faculties and seemingly as capable as any of mingling with the outside world. For the good of his family and the joy of his numerous friends, it is to be hoped that he may soon appear in our midst in perfect health.

CLOSING EXERCISES.—The Union School will close this week with examinations Wednesday and Thursday, closing with an exhibition and conferring of honors to graduates on Thursday evening. Judging from the programme laid out for the occasion, it will prove an entertainment worthy a great deal more. For once the parents will make an effort to be present during the examinations. You can then judge of your children's advancement; and your presence will encourage the hard working teachers, nothing can please them more than to realize that their labors are appreciated. Try it for once.

Wayne County Grange Council.

MR. EDITOR:—

I am requested to send the following, to be for publication. The Granges of Wayne County and Nort Grange of Dublin County by their delegates met at the village of Plymouth on Thursday, the 11th inst., for the purpose of a County Council. Nine Granges were represented. The following officers were elected: Master, Hon. Wm. H. Nye, Northville; Overseer, O. D. Pierce, Redford; Secretary, Wm. Whittaker, Rosedale; Steward, Edward Leach, Livonia; Asst. Steward, Henry Tuttle, Plymouth; Chaplain, I. W. Lamb, Nov; Secretary John Swift, Nankin; Treasurer, E. W. Farnum, Plymouth; Gate Keeper, Harry D. Pearl, Redford; Ceres, Mrs. L. L. Brooks, Nov; Pomona, Miss Ellen E. Wedger, Center Grange; Flora, Miss C. Crosby, Plymouth; Lady Asst. Steward, Mrs. T. Patterson, Livonia.

Executive Committee, H. P. Sly, Edward Leach, E. B. Thompson, and W. K. Horner.

Finance Committee, W. Dove, J. M. Lee, Alex. Topham, Wm. Whittaker, and J. H. Westfall.

Council adjourned until Saturday, June 20th, at one o'clock p. m., at Plymouth. Committees meet at ten o'clock a. m. of the same day.

GEO. C. GORTON, Chairman.
E. B. THOMPSON, Secretary pro tem.

Woman's Suffrage Meeting.

A meeting in the interest of Womans' suffrage, was held at Young Men's Hall, Wednesday, June 17th. A very fair audience were present, nearly all of whom were favorable to this great reformatory project. As previously announced by bills, the first part of the programme was a somewhat lengthy speech by Rev. Dr. Lee, wherein he illucidated many fine points and produced a general feeling of approbation. Mrs. Lucy L. Stone followed with an original poem, of considerable length, which, like her productions usually, evinced literary merit of a high degree, as well as a tone in full sympathy with the subject in question. In its conception she viewed man and woman's standing from the time of our first parents till the present period, and showed that a Divine will and Nature herself had designed the equality of both sexes, and closed with an appeal to the men of Michigan to make a wise step in the final struggle this fall.

A committee was appointed to attend the Convention to be held in Detroit next week.

A good brother in a Baptist church in Miami County, while giving his experience not long ago, said: "Brethern' I'v been tryin' this nigh onto forty year to serve the Lord and get rich both at once, and I tell you it is mighty hard sledding."

China has streets paved with granite blocks laid over three hundred years ago, and as good as new. The contractors are dead.

A GOWARDLY ACT.

SOME OF THE DANGERS OF TRAVELING.

The wreck of an Express train, and probable deaths of many passengers averted through the distruction of a Freight train.

Tuesday night last an attempt was made, probably by friends of the late express robber, to throw the night express [Atlantic] off the track near Dearborn, resulting in the wreck of a freight train. In speaking of the disaster a Detroit paper says: "The wretches deliberately unspiked and removed two rails from the track of the Central railroad, on the west side of the bridge over Rouge creek, six miles from Detroit and four miles from Dearborn. The object of the villians was doubtless the wrecking of the Atlantic express, which passes this point a few minutes before its arrival in Detroit at 3:30 a. m., and the plunder and robbery of the goods and passengers. The rails were removed from the north track at the west end of the bridge, with the manifest intention of precipitating the passenger train into the bed of the creek. The water is about two feet deep at the bridge, and the latter six feet high. Fortunately, however, a freight train passed the bridge and was thrown off the track, and although the accident was productive of bodily hurt and damage to property, a wholesale slaughter of passengers was thus averted. The freight train was due in Detroit at 2.05 o'clock this morning, and reached the bridge about 1:15 a. m. The engine and 14 cars were completely wrecked, the former passing the bridge and being thrown into the ditch, and the latter falling into the creek on each side of the bridge, and were bursted and broken, and their contents, mostly grain and flour, distributed over the ground and water. One car contained a lot of sheep, and the animals were mostly all killed. Peter Miller, the engineer, had his leg caught between the engine and tender and held fast until the engine was lifted up by screws. He was badly scalded on the face and breast by steam escaping from a cock in the side of the engine, and received some bad bruises, but had no bones broken. The fireman, Walter Hammond, also received some painful bruises and had his head cut, but will be ready for duty in a few days. None of the train hands were hurt.

"Louis Belle Reynolds Brown."

Our Northville musical people will remember the Michigan contralto, who, with troupe, gave a concert here several months since. Well, here's what an exchange has to offer regarding her welfare: "She had the bad taste to marry a brass singer. His name is Louis Brown, and he sings at the same concert troupe. The parent was of the stern species, so the lady eloped from her father's house in Chicago to Grand Rapids, and was there made Mrs. Louis Belle Reynolds Brown. The following telegraphic correspondence passed between Brown and the old man Reynolds:

GRAND RAPIDS, June 15.

A. J. Reynolds, Chicago:

Belle came of last night. Married today. Forgive and forget.

LOUIS.

CHICAGO, June 16.

Louis Brown, Grand Rapids:

I forgive you. I think better than to come after my wife, and I think it not fit to have either. Wait till I send them.

A. J. REYNOLDS.

Whether Reynolds, Brown or Smith, just as soon as they get the thing settled—if not too much inconvenience—we should like some one of the party, (don't care which as long as it is in the family) to liquidate a little bill for advertising which has been running till—it is about tired out. If "Procrastination is the thief of time," we do not want to be Time. It doesn't pay. There are other little matters here to be settled, the culmination of which long looked for event, would hardily be otherwise than acceptable to the parties interested. "Do it up Brown."

Record Roll of Honor.

Who are deserving of more Honor than those who subscribe for their home paper, and PAY FOR IT!

Jasper Ellis	$1.50
Mrs. L. L. Stone	1.50
Harrison Yerkes	2.25
Mrs. H. B. Tooley, Summit	1.50
A. E. Parker, Plymouth	1.50
J. C. Masonic	.75
O. A. Fraser, Plymouth	1.50
I. N. Johnson	.75
R. B. Waterman	1.50
James Armstrong	1.50

Miscellaneous Items.

A young widow advertises in a Cincinnati paper that she has an income of three thousand dollars a year, and will marry any editor, fair looking who publishes a good paper and has an ambitious nature. Lonly scribes where are you?

A German Jew was eating a pork chop in a thunder-storm. On hearing an unusually loud clap, he laid down his knife and fork and observed: "Vell, did any poty eler hear such a fuss about a little piece of pork?"

Schoolmistress.—"Johnny, I'm ashamed of you. When I was your age, I could read as well as I do now." Johnny.—"Aw, but you'd a different teacher to what we've got."

FATAL ACCIDENT.

Two Men drowned at Dean's Mills.

A sad accident took place on Monday last, the 8th, at Weatherhead's Mills, formerly known as Dean's Mills about three miles south west from South Lyon, which resulted in the lose of two valuable lives. A Mr. Merritt living in the vicinity of the latter place, went on the day mentioned to the Mills for the purpose of washing his sheep. He was accompanied by his son-in-law Newton Starks and his hired man, Frank McKeever. The latter remarked at the conclusion of the washing that he would go in for a "good swim" as he expressed it. About this time a heavy shower was rapidly approaching in the West and all sought shelter in the immediate vicinity. After a lull in the shower Mr. Merritt began to look around for his associates and to his dismay found they had not been seen in any of the various shelters sought. With fearful forebodings he returned to the bank of the mill pond, there finding the clothing of poor Frank lying where he had deposited it previous to going into the water. He raised an alarm and the men in the vicinity hearing his outcries, came to his aid only to discover the lifeless remains of the two unfortunates, Starks and McKeever.

The theory of the jury of inquest was that the latter having become somewhat chilled by the previous exposure in the water was taken with a cramp which made him helpless, and his cry of distress reaching only the ears of Starks, who was behind those who sought shelter from the approching rain, he went to his assistance, only to meet the fate that seemed to await there both. The latter was about 25 years of age and leaves a young wife to whom he was recently married, now a heart-broken widow. McKeever was about 20 years of age. His mother, a woman in feeble health, it is thought will hardly survive the dreadful blow. Both funerals were held at the Free will Baptist Church in Salem on Wednesday last. The entire community seem to sympathize with the afflicted.—Det. Tribune.

In a Detroit police court recently, whose case was about to be tried for assault and battery, he brought forward his boy, ten years old, as a witness. The Justice asked the lad if he knew the nature of an oath, and the boy said his father had explained it. "What did he say?" asked the Justice. "He said," replied the boy, "that if I didn't swear that the other fellow struck first, he'd tan the whole hide off my back." He wasn't used on the stand.

The other day a Kansas clergyman inquired of an Irishman: "Can you tell me where Mr. B—resides?" "Mister B—, sir? Bedad an' I can't, sir. Suppose you'll be after Mr. Harris? He keeps the cimetery. He can tell ye the number of every man, livin' an' dead in the village, d' ye think."

DIED.

DUNN—Tuesday, June 9th, of consumption, Mrs. Matilda Dunn, in the 43d year of her age.

The funeral took place on Thursday afternoon.

NORTHVILLE MARKETS.

Northville June 24 1874.

APPLES, Dried, ⅌ lb	10
BEANS, ⅌ bu	2.00
BUTTER, ⅌ lb	15
CORN, ⅌ bu	50
CLOVER SEED, ⅌ bu	5.00
DRESSED BEEF, ⅌ cwt	$5.00 to 5.50
DRESSED CHICKENS, ⅌ lb	14
DRESSED HOGS, ⅌ cwt	4.50
DRIED BEEF, ⅌ lb	15
DRIED PEACHES, ⅌ lb	14
EGGS, ⅌ doz	12
FLOUR, ⅌ bbl	8.00
HAY, ⅌ ton	12.00
HAM, ⅌ lb	12½
LARD, ⅌ lb	8
OATS, ⅌ bu	40
POTATOES, ⅌ bu	100
SHOULDERS, ⅌ lb	9
SALT, Onondaga, ⅌ bbl	2.25
Saginaw	2.00
TALLOW, ⅌ lb	6½
WHEAT, Extra	
No. 1	1.20
No. 2	1.15

RAILROADS.

FORT WAYNE, JACKSON & SAGINAW RAILROAD.

SHORT LINE BETWEEN MICHIGAN AND THE SOUTH.

TRAINS RUN BY CHICAGO TIME.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

	Mail	Ft. Wayne Accom.	Angola Accom	Ind. & Cin. Ex.
Bay City	6.30 a m			3.30 p m
Saginaw	7.15			4.05
Lansing	10.10			7.40
G'd Rapids	10.30 p m	6.30	12.35 p m	10.45
Detroit	2.00			7.00
Jackson	7.20 a m	11.30 p m	5.20 p m	9.40 p m
Jonesville	8.25	2.15	7.53	10.45
Butlers	8.40	2.35	8.08	10.56
Reading	9.00	2.55	8.28	11.18
Angola	10.02	3.50	10.00	12.00 m
Waterloo	10.18	4.05		12.25 a m
Auburn Jnc.	11.21	5.30		12.50
Fort Wayne	11.55	7.55 p m		1.20
Ind'ap's	8.00 a m			7.30 a m
Louisville	11.35 p m			1.10 p m
Cincinnati				9.45 a m

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

	Mail	Jackson Accom	Angola Ac.	Det. & Ca Ex.
Cincinnati		8.45 a m		4.00 p m
Louisville	11.35 p m	6.50		3.30
Ind'ap's	4.35	11.45		8.05
Fort Wayne	10.35 a m	3.40 p m		1.05 a m
Auburn Jnc.	11.30	6.30		1.57
Waterloo	11.48	6.46		2.12
Angola	12.20	7.55	6.15 a m	2.45
Reading	1.31	9.13	7.41	3.37
Butlers	2.04	9.37	8.03	3.50
Jonesville	2.23	9.53	8.21	4.05
Jackson	3.40	11.00	10.35	5.25
Detroit	6.30 p m	2.30 a m	3.35 p m	8.00 a m
G'd Rapids	9.15	5.45	6.45	6.45 p m
Lansing	3.55			8.40 a m
Saginaw	5.30			11.35
Bay City	9.15			12.25 p m

Sleeping Car run through between Indianapolis and Detroit on Night Express, and Indianapolis & Cincinnati Express.

CONNECTIONS:

At Jackson—Close connections are made with Michigan Central, Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw, Grand River Valley, and Michigan Air Line Railroads.

At Jonesville—With Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad.

At Detroit—With Detroit, Hillsdale & Indiana Railroad.

At Waterloo—With Lake Shore & Michigan Southern (Air Line).

At Auburn Junction—With Detroit, Eel River & Illinois Railroad.

At Fort Wayne—With Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago, Toledo, Wabash & Western, Fort Wayne, Muncie & Cincinnati (CCC), Cincinnati, Richmond and Fort Wayne Railroads.

W. A. ERNST, Supt.
S. K. HOOPER, Gen. Ticket Agent.
May 24 1874.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

On and after March 8th, 1874, trains will

Leave Wayne Junction.

CHICAGO TIME.

WEST.		EAST.	
Mail	8.15 A. M.	Mail	4.45 P. M.
Day Ex.	12.50 A. M.	Day Ex.	5.45 P. M.
Kal. Accom.	3.10 P. M.	Detroit Exp	10.25 A. M.
Det. Accom.	4.02 P. M.	Det. Accom.	7.50 A. M.

H. B. SARGENT, General Supt., Chicago.
C. H. HUND, Assist. Gen. Supt., Detroit.

FLINT & PERE MARQUETTE

On and after May 24, 1874, trains will

Leave Northville.

DETROIT TIME.

NORTH.		SOUTH.	
Mail	1.45 P. M.	Mail	8.37 P. M.
Night Ex.	11.57 P. M.	Night Ex.	7.28 A. M.
Local Freight	9.00 A. M.	Local Freight	2.00 P. M.
D. & B. C. Exp.	6.35 P. M.	D. & B. C. Exp.	8.37 A. M.

SANFORD KEELER, Asst. Supt.

A Couple of Parisian Thieves.

I once chanced to be in Paris during an unusually unpleasant spring. The weather was very disagreeable, being damp, changeable, and showery, and weeks passed during which there was not one day of unclouded sunshine, nor yet one of continuous rain, but each day was varied by several heavy showers, alternating with glimpses of blue sky and bright weather. During this unpleasant state of the atmosphere a merchant of second-hand umbrellas made his appearance on the Boulevard des Italiens, and drove a thriving trade, as his merchandise was not only good, but cheap, his price for a good, stout, silk umbrella, nearly new, being from three to five francs. Subsequent revelations proved that his stock in trade was supplied in the following manner: During one of the sunshiny intervals between the showers his confederate, an elegantly-dressed and handsome woman, would enter one of the principal shops on the boulevards, or the Rue de la Paix, would examine many articles, make an extensive selection, and then order her purchases to be sent, with the bill, to her address, which was always in one of the most fashionable quarters of Paris. By the time all arrangements were concluded the rain would be falling in torrents, and the lady, with many apologies and a glance at her dainty toilet, would borrow an umbrella with the understanding that it was to be sent back by the messenger who was to take home madame's purchases and receive payment therefor. But the fair customer never was to be found at the given address, and, as a matter of course, the umbrella never was seen again by its rightful owner. Unfortunately for the success of the trade in second-hand umbrellas, the merchant on the boulevards once offered a gentleman his own umbrella for sale, and by this little *contretemps* the trick was exposed, and the intervention of the police put a stop to the operations of the firm. There was certainly no little acuteness displayed by the pair in making such skillful use of the peculiar state of the weather.

Somewhat similar in conception, though differing in execution, was a trick which was practiced with great success one winter at the leading restaurants of Paris. During the busiest part of the gay season, when all those establishments are in the habit of engaging extra waiters, a neatly-dressed, intelligent-looking young man would present himself at the bureau of one of them as an applicant for a situation, which he generally succeeded in obtaining. After performing his duties for some days in the most exemplary manner he would contrive, one day, at dinner-time, to spill a portion of rich soup or sauce on the shoulders of some well-dressed gentleman, who would of course be very indignant and swear loudly at the careless servant. He, on his part, would be overwhelmed with confusion and profuse in apologies. "But fortunately he could have the injury repaired. He (the waiter) had a brother living in the neighborhood—just round the corner, in fact, who was a dyer and scourer by profession. If monsieur would only intrust the soiled coat to his care for a few moments he would engage to bring it back with every trace of grease 'entirely removed!' The pacified epicure would divest himself of the deteriorated garment, replacing it by his overcoat, and would sit down to finish his dinner, while waiter and coat disappeared together, and were like the days of youth in this, that they returned no more. The thief would in this way gain possession not only of the coat, but in most instances of such additional booty as gloves, handkerchiefs, a pocket book, or a well filled cigar case. This little game was carried on successfully by its inventor for some time; but one day, while he was in attendance at a grand dinner given at the Cafe Brebant, he was recognized and denounced by one of his former victims, and his career was brought to an abrupt and inglorious conclusion by the stern interference of the law.—*Lucy H. Hooper, in Appleton's Journal.*

Thea-Tea.

The tea plant grows from three to six feet, having numerous branches and a dense foliage. The wood is hard and tough, the leaves smooth and shining, of a dark-green color. The plant flowers early in the spring, remaining in bloom about a month, its seeds ripening in December. The leaves are first gathered from the plant at three years old. The plant reaches its maximum size about the seventh year, and thrives according to care bestowed upon it, from ten to twenty years. There are two great varieties of the plant, viz.: Thea Bohea (black tea), and Thea Viridis (green tea), though both black and green tea are manufactured from either bush; the quality of the soil, the state of the leaf, the degree of heat applied in its curing, and the method of manipulation producing all the differences perceived in the cured teas of commerce.

Appreciating, then, the degrees of delicacy that may arise from the different periods of gathering the leaf—from the just-opening leaf to its maturity—we will look at the modus operandi of preparing the leaf for market.

For black tea, the leaves after being gathered are spread out to the air for several hours, and are tossed about until they become flaccid, then put in large pans on steady fires and roasted five minutes, then rolled by hand then exposed to the air in their soft and flaccid state, and, lastly, dried slowly over charcoal fires until their black color is fairly brought out and fixed.

For green teas, the leaves are subjected to the roasting process immediately after been gathered; after five minutes they become flaccid, then are rolled by hand, then returned to the roasting-pans and kept in motion over the fires for about one hour, when they become well dried and have their green color.

The dark hue of the black tea is due to the exposure to the air oxygen on the leaf juices. The Chinese give a peculiar metallic luster to the green teas by an artificial coloring of indigo or gypsum in small, innorious quantities. This is "to give force" for the foreign market.

In order to impart the delicate flavor of the finest teas to the commoner sorts, the Chinese scent both green and black teas. For black teas, sprinkling with the chu can (chloranthus) flowers just before the last firing of the leaf.

For green teas, placing alternate layers of the leaves and fresh flowers until a basket is full, covering the basket and letting it remain twenty-four hours, then firing it in a lined stove, and sifting the flowers out before packing for market.

Frequently these highly-flavored teas are mixed with plain teas to impart a delicate flavor, say about one catty (one and one-third pounds) to ten catties of the plain tea. The cultivation of the flower for scenting teas is a branch of agriculture of considerable importance.

The tea plant is cultivated in all the Chinese provinces south of the Hoangho—"Yellow River." The "Bohea hills" and the "Sungho hills" are celebrated localities, as producing the finest black and green teas of commerce.

Such, in brief, is an accurate account of that delicious leaf from which a little boiling water ever evokes a spirit potent to soothe and smooth most ills that mind is heir to.—*Geo. Rodgers, in Chicago Journal.*

Sinbad Outdone—A Wonderful Story.

The author of "Sinbad the Sailor's Adventures" must resign his laurels. One W. H. Stokes has been exploring a recently-discovered cave near Pine Grove, Amador County, Cal., and writes to the Sutter Creek *Independent* an account of his investigations. Mr. Stokes vouches for the exact truth of his narrative in every particular, and perhaps the reader will readily credit it from the following specimen description of one of the chambers the party entered: After journeying for a mile and a quarter through the underground passages Stokes and his party found themselves in a "long but rather narrow chamber, the walls of which are not limestone, but a yellowish brown and black iron ore." This chamber beats Sinbad's magnetic mountain, which drew all the nails from his ship, and thus caused it to fall to pieces, all hollow. Listen to Mr. Stokes: "Upon entering this chamber we noticed a most peculiar disturbance of the magnet, the needle constantly vibrating from side to side, and frequently whirling around for a minute at a time with a velocity which rendered it invisible. We also experienced a singular sensation—a sort of chill appearing to commence at the back of the neck and extending to the very tips of our fingers and toes. As we advanced in this chamber we found these singular sensations to increase in intensity until it became almost unbearable. We ventured on still further, however, though it became evident that we could not long remain in this mysterious place. I omitted to mention that the walls and floor of this chamber, especially particular rocks therein contained, were highly magnetic, and became more so the farther we advanced toward the north." One of the party who carried a hatchet had it suddenly wrested from him by a magnetic rock near which he passed; and the combined strength of four of us was insufficient to detach it. A pocket-knife, which accidentally dropped to the floor, had to remain there, none of the party having sufficient strength in his fingers to pick it up. Mason, who had put on for the occasion a pair of miner's boots, the soles of which were filled with nails, could walk with difficulty, and happening to step upon a portion of the floor unusually magnetic, found himself suddenly affixed thereto and unable to move. He was compelled to withdraw his feet from his boots and leave them there, tearing up his coat and wrapping the pieces around his feet to protect them from being cut by the rocks. We had remained in this chamber about ten minutes when suddenly the chilling sensation began to increase, the feeling being as if a cold and piercing wind was blowing upon us, and becoming each moment more intensely cold. We hastily retreated and soon reached, feeling more dead than alive, the large chamber containing the hot spring. We then retraced our steps along the twine, and in a couple of hours emerged from the cave."

Oxen for Hard Work.

If the digestive process in cattle were better understood, would it not rather seem strange that there are not more sick oxen than that there are so many? Just look a moment at the treatment our working oxen receive during the spring while doing the plowing. They are fed in the morning with all the hay they will eat, and perhaps have only just about time enough to swallow it before they are yoked up and hitched to the plow. They are made to stick to it till noon, when they are again fed with mere hay. As soon as it is eaten they are taken to the field again and driven before the plow till five, six or seven o'clock, according to the ambition or necessities of the owner. They are then put up and fed again with hay.

Now, if an ox can only digest his food after it has been remasticated, and he is given three meals in succession of such food as needs to be chewed over, and is made to work hard, as at plowing, all the time between meals, what time does he have in which to prepare that food for digestion except during the hours of night, when he should be expected to sleep? If the night, after a hard day's work, is the only time in which digestion can go on, is it strange that we find every year so many oxen that are "off their feed," have no appetite, and do not seem to be benefited by what food they do eat?

If cattle are fed meal after meal of long hay, with no time allowed for rumination, how can they be expected to long remain in perfect health? Does this peculiar condition of the working ox explain the reason why a daily feeding of meal and less hay to a hard-working animal is a great deal better for him than hay alone? And does the fact that the ox needs a long time every day in which to rechew his food, and that he cannot retain his health without it, account for the superiority of horses over oxen for doing very hard and continuous work for whole days at a time?

If the above propositions are pertinent, do they not help to throw some light on the long disputed question: Which are better, oxen or horses for the farmer? The answer must depend wholly on the kind of work to be done, the length of time allowed for doing it, and whether the work is continuous for many hours in succession or alternated by frequent resting spells, as when waiting for a cart to be loaded or unloaded.—*New England Farmer.*

A Good Bread Pudding.—Take five slices of dry bread, or their equivalent in broken pieces, pour over them three quarts of sweet milk, let them soak two or three hours, then add four or five eggs, beaten well with one large cup of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, and spice or nutmeg to suit the taste. Do not crum the bread, but just break the slices in several pieces, letting them float in the milk. Bake in a dripping pan one hour and a quarter, in a moderately hot oven, by which time the pudding should be nicely browned, with a rich custard beneath the bread. To be eaten warm, with no dressing except butter. Very good cold.

—The manufacturers of fancy carriages and other luxurious vehicles throughout the country report a dull and depressed market, and many of the leading dealers and manufacturers in the East and West have large stock that they will be compelled to carry until the country revives from last fall's panic.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—Verbena Water.—Oil verbena and lemon, each one ounce; cologne spirits, three quarts; water, one quart. Mix and filter through magnesia.

—Saleratus in Trying Out Lard.—The benefit claimed to be derived from the use of saleratus in trying out lard is that it reduces the quantity of scraps and produces more lard.

—Mountain Dew Pudding.—Three crackers pounded or rolled fine, pint of milk, yolks of two eggs; bake half an hour; beat whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add one cup sugar, pinch of salt; flavor with lemon, pour over the pudding, and set in oven and delicately brown.

—Excellent paper pillows may be made of old letters—the stiffer the paper the better. Newspapers will not do. The paper should be cut into strips, and rolled round an ivory knitting-needle; it is then almost like a spring, and makes a much better cushion than the tore paper, being more elastic.

—The characteristics of a good milch cow must be irrespective of breeds, in a general sense. Milk is created from the blood and her vital energies, which make blood—that is the indispensable condition. The good milch cow must have a well-developed chest, a healthy digestive apparatus, the mammillary glands must be perfect, and the udder must be soft and pliable, elastic as a piece of india-rubber to the touch, whether the bag is full or empty.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—The *Journal of Chemistry* gives the following simple recipe for the prevention of flies on horses: Take two or three small handfuls of walnut leaves, upon which pour two or three quarts of cold water; let it infuse one night, and next morning pour the whole into a kettle and let it boil for a quarter of an hour. When cold it will be fit for use. No more is required than to moisten a sponge, and before the horse goes out of the stable let those parts which are most irritable be smeared over with the liquid, namely, between and upon the ears, the neck, the flanks, etc. Not only the gentleman and lady who rides out for pleasure will be benefited by this, but the coachman, the wagoner and all others who use horses during the hot months.

—Rolling Land Too Early.—A correspondent of the *California Agriculturist* writes: "Do not roll land too early in the season. If the surface of a field of grain is rolled before the grain is up it is not only the seed that gets a early start but also many fine seeds of weeds which otherwise would not find enough moisture in the top soil for germination. Last year I spoiled in this way one-half of a piece of oats put in for hay. This part was so full of weeds that it ranked as about second-rate "cow hay," while the other part, which was rolled for the first time after it had made a considerable growth, was excellent. Land should be moderately dry when rolled so that the lumps may be pulverized and the surface left loose, and not so hard as to crack in a dry wind.

—How to Dress a Turkey.—Take a board four feet long, one and one-half feet wide, bore an inch hole in the center about eight inches from one end, saw out a strip from this end to the hole about one inch wide, or wide enough to admit the neck of the turkey. Place this board on a barrel, with one end against your hips. Lay the turkey on this board on its back, with its neck in the slit and head underneath; then, with a sharp knife, cut its throat under the board (that the blood may be out of the way); take the turkey by the legs, draw steadily, to keep its neck in place, raise it from the board, that it need not be bruised, and commence at once to pull out the tail and wing feathers, and by the time it is done kicking you will have nearly all the feathers off. You will find that they will come off nearly as easy as if scalded. The pin feathers, if any, should be taken out at once. When dressed, carry to the house, lay the carcass upon the table, on the back, with its wings in position, wipe dry, and when you get through, call in your wife, and you may be sure of her approving smile.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

—Carving.—Although it is a daily duty for many men and women to cut up meat for a family, there are multitudes who do it neither well nor wise. The following suggestions, from an agricultural paper, on this point, may not be out of place, the more especially to young housekeepers: To carve fowls, which should always be laid with the breast uppermost, place the fork in the breast and take off the wings and legs without turning the fowl; then cut out the merry thought; cut slices from the breast; cut out the collar bone; cut off the side pieces, and then cut the carcass in two. Divide the joints in the leg of a turkey. In carving a sirloin, cut thin slices from the side next to you (it must be put on the dish the tenderloin underneath), then turn it. Help the guests to both kinds. In carving a leg of mutton or ham, begin by cutting across the middle to the bone. Cut a tongue across, and not lengthwise, and help from the middle. Carve a forequarter of lamb by separating the shoulder from the ribs, and then divide the ribs. To carve a loin of veal, begin at the smaller end and separate the ribs. Help each one to a piece of kidney and its fat. Carve pork and mutton in the same way. To carve a fillet of veal, begin at the top and help to the stuffing with each slice. In a breast of veal, separate the breast and brisket, and then cut up, asking which part is preferred.

—The [illegible] weighing eighty-one tons, has been begun at the Woolwich Arsenal, England. It will throw a shot of about 1,600 pounds weight, and is intended for the iron-clad Inflexible, which will carry four guns of this kind in its turret. They will be the largest pieces of ordnance in the world. The Inflexible is building at Portsmouth, and will have twenty-four inches of solid iron plating, and be constructed so as to carry guns weighing 150 tons. She is meant for a sea going vessel.

—A correspondent gives this description of the Arkansas Brooks: "He is a man about fifty years of age, and looks like a preacher, as he is, or was, before he abandoned the Lord and went into politics. He is a man of strong prejudices and deep convictions. He has more decision and firmness than Baxter, but less ability."

"Out of the Hurly Burly."—This is the name of a book full of the richest humor, by Max Adeler. It is bound to be very popular, both on account of its humor and its superb illustrations, of which there are some 250. We advise those who wish to "laugh and grow fat" to buy a copy, for such is its effect.

A five weeks' Normal School for Pianists and Organists will begin at Evanston, Ill., July 8, offering superior advantages. Full particulars can be had by addressing W. S. B. Mathews, Chicago, Ill.

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