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SAMUEL H. LITTLE,

Editor and Proprietor,

To whom all communications should be addressed

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Northville Record.

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Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

Always in Advance.

VOL. VII. NORTHLVILLE, WAYNE CO., MICH., APRIL 22, 1876.

NO. 21.

Selected Miscellany.

SAILED TODAY.

Sailed to day:
Faded gray seas and white winter skies,
Never ending from the gray with trailing eyes.Sailed to day:
Far in distant home, sad farewells
And wharfs— "Is his ship uncharted now?"Sailed to day:
The dark shadows on the sea—
The bark her cheer because her boy was born.Sailed to day:
And there who loved him best a tear on his cheek—
The bitter tears he dashed him but last night.Sailed to day:
With map and book companion left behind—
To rock him in the gloomy midnight wind.Sailed to day:
The day of fortune partner is so sad;
But we have learned to think each day is glad.Sailed to day:
We soars with torture-tears that drop with the
Morn's earliest, and wear our faces thin.Sailed to day:
"Oh, winter skies!"— "O, voice winter skies!"
Will bear us to the summer over.Sailed to day:
"We are not always feel like riding cold;
There is no comfort when the heart is old."Sailed to day:
We're on our way, but they come back again—
A day of joy complete long months of pain.Sailed to day:
And every place go we, land and town with
Friends have borne too darling to be told.Sailed to day:
Out who the feathered sleepers down.
Who's in the feathers in the foreground.Sailed to day:
Our reach is but a reach of you,
And who can for sparrow love who the
"I" had a day.

—Carries Vassar.

LOVE TALES OF THE REVOLUTION.

Mr. Ann Elliott, of Charleston, S. C., was duly calculated to hold a soldier's heart. While the British were in the city she remained wholly undismayed, wearing constantly thirteen plumes in her bonnet, and sacrifice from the enemy the name of "the lady of the town." A British officer, of the nobility, became so entranced by her charms as to plead pitifully for favor, and to the intervention of her friends he sent her a magnificent pearl horse, which she instantly returned. At last he told her he would join the American forces if she would but listen to his love. Her noble reply was quick:

"To my father want of esteem is added here for a man capable of betraying his sovereign for selfish interest."

Such a woman's love, when once bestowed, could pitch all this man could do to the event proved. She was exposed to the British, Morris and some other hardy souls, who surrounded while on a visit to the city. At a gathering, some of the rebels there, the young girl to the one where she was the lawn covered with the Black Dragoons. She threw up the veil instantly, and demanded to know their names.

"We want the curst rebels!" roared the officer.

"Go look for him in the American army," returned the dauntless girl. How dare you eat a family under the protection of both armies?

The bold one succeeded. The troops shamed at such a woman were brought together, this fair heroine was exposed to the gaze of distinguished belles of the Republican camp under the great first President.

To Colonel William Washington, victor of the terrible Tarleton, his future wife came as "mischievous doge." This famous officer had been wounded and captured in the force cavalry-charge at Eutaw Springs. He was now lying in a Charleston hospital suffering from his wound, and regarding his progress to health by his lameness to the bed.

But that brave heart was to be soothed in the most delightful manner. Jane Elliott was the only child of a wealthy patrician, who, having spent large sums in equipping troops for the cause, had died and left her his principles and his property. She at once established hospitals for the wounded American soldiers, and took herself the superintendence of several wards, whereon she personally visited. On one of these occasions she first met the hand-some young Colonel. His name was well known and highly honored, and, as she listened to his story of battle and suffering the two hearts were drawn into the communion of reciprocal love. She was very young, of the most surpassing beauty, and of soul and tender soul. The end was nigh; they were married in the next year.

Meanwhile an officer of Colonel Washington's troops was fast going the way of his superior. On the low banks of the Saline River, Becheland Moore and her mother lived in the fine old mansion, and cared for the plantation while the husband and father was away in the war. Becheland was now but fifteen, yet she was a woman in form and mental growth with a soldier's spirit and courage.

It was necessary that a verbal message should be carried from Gen. Greene to Col. Lee, who had already crossed the Island and Ford in retreat. The message was brought to the plantation, but Gen. Lee's man could be found to pass through the dangerous country. Becheland Moore immediately volunteered and went up the river in a skiff, in the dead of night, pulling the boat with her own hands. She delivered the message safely to Capt. Wallace, who at once sent it on to Lee. Returning from this important and dangerous service, the young girl reached the old home just as daylight. In a few moments a handsome young officer of cavalry rode up to the door and was met by the maiden herself. Her cheeks and eyes yet glowed with the excitement and labor of her exploit, and the trooper was charmed by the beautiful apparition gleaming upon him through the morning dusk. He was on a tour of inquiry, and Becheland was able and willing, for she, too, was moved—to answer all the questions, which, of course, were made as numerously as possible. The handsome trooper went away to bathe, but this fair face still shone upon him through a smoke.

and cloud, and he was soon back again to claim the heart which had been torn from the first—Capt. William Butler, for such he was, rose specially, became a General, commanded his State troops in the war of 1812; while his noble wife brought him a family, as ever did bower to South Carolina and the country. Their children rose to the highest civil and military positions in the gift of their native State.

One forenoon in April, 1781, a young man was ditching a field near Rocky Creek, in the Chester County, South Carolina. Suddenly he was startled by a clattering of hoofs, and looking up he saw a man named Espey, "a mighty strafer" and dare-devil, plunging down the hill, fiercely pursued by fifty red-coats. The young man dashed for the bushes and hid. After a long while he came out, and finding the road clear, returned to work. Soon, however, he saw the British coming back, but without Espey; he had escaped. Daniel Green (for this was the ditcher's name) again hastened private, and remained till late in the night, when he finished his work by moonlight. His thoughts, as he worked on toward morning, were not pleasant. He had been a brave soldier, and now to be forced to hide his face from the enemy was hateful to him. He resolved he would have no more of it. His history had been full of wild romance—it is hard to resist telling it here; but not, having escaped from a prison ship, and reached his present place with the utmost difficulty, he was doing a piece of ditching to earn a hunting-shirt, for he was poorly covered with rags. His brave heart rebelled against flinching from the enemy, and in the morning, wearing the new shirt, he started out with a determination to join the army again. He intended to seize the first good horse he found, and set off for the troops under Greene, then retreating from Guilford. He kept on till near noon, finding nothing, till at last he heard a bell tinkling through the woods, and following the sound, came out upon a pretty domestic scene. Around a neat house, some little children were playing, while a young girl was letting a hen into the yard. As Green approached, a young woman came out and looked anxiously to see if he were friend or foe. Entering into conversation, she invited him in, and he soon learned that she was the famous "lady Nancy Andrew." They talked on till dinner time, when the young soldier gladly accepted her hospitality. In the afternoon he returned to his employer, forgetting the army for this day at least. That night he slept long and deeply. The widow was a famous character, having been thoroughly tested by the perils of times, and found equal to every emergency. She was young, of splendid figure, and robust beauty. And then she had been a knightly and sensible to him. How hand

Sister knows no fear!" At another time a moment—they pleaded—he was inexorable. Then the young lady, but fifteen years old, determined to renounce all for love of her lover. She eloped with him to Rhode Island; they were married, and soon he took her home across the sea.

"Shoot! shoot!" she cried; "I am not afraid to die! But remember that, while there is a Sister upon the earth, my blood will not be avenged."

The sea had also its share in the love history of our Revolution. One of our first privateers was the *Revenge*, commanded by Gustavus Conyngham. This brave young sailor was a great terror to the British. The wildest stories were circulated and believed about him, and English mothers frightened their children into obedience by speaking his name. A privateer called "The Arctic Rebel" was exhibited in the shop windows of London representing him as a giant of most piratical appearance. He was so valuable to our cause that Congress passed a special act for his protection, assuring that, if the enemy should execute him when captured, they would retaliate heavily.

A good ship, on the southern passage, was one day nearing the West India Islands, when suddenly there came from aloft the welcome cry, "A sail! a sail!" The Captain had been pacing the deck, glancing here and there, entertaining his lady passengers with wild tales of the sea. He now rushed into the rigging, and soon said he thought it must be the *Revenge*. The terror of those waters. The stranger was speedily bearing down, and, as there was no escape, the ladies were overcome with fear, and fled to the cabin. A shot was soon thrown across the bows, and the passenger ship lay to. In a few moments a boat from the purser brought two officers and a force of men, who leaped upon the ship's deck. One of these officers immediately called for the Captain, and asked many questions about the ship's cargo, owners and destination. He was a slight-built young man, apparently twenty-five, with the manly countenance and air of a gentleman. When the Captain told him there were ladies in the cabin, he blushed to the hair, and asked his Lieutenant to go and inform them that the passengers were not prisoners, but guests. The Lieutenant hung back, saying "I have not confidence enough to speak to them." Here was a predicament—rather a strange one for two "sea-pirates!" The superior had at last to go himself, and the ladies were eased of every fear. The youngest lady, indeed, a bright, beautiful girl, looked admiringly into the handsome stranger's face, and at length asked, with the most charming smile:

"Are you really a pirate?"

The young officer blushed.

"I am Captain of an American privateer," said he, "and he, I trust, cannot be a pirate."

She thought so herself as she looked into the frank eyes.

"Are you Captain of the *Revenge*?" she continued.

"I am."

"Is it possible you are the man represented to be a bloody and treacherous privateer, whose chief delight is in scenes of carnage?"

"I am that person of whom these nursery tales are told, whose picture is hung up to frighten children. I have suffered much from British prisons and from British cruelty, but my suffering will never make me forget the courtesy due to ladies."

For a few days the two vessels kept together, till the *Revenge* brought her prize into port. But these few days were enough to win the young girl's heart toward the Captain of the privateer. The good ship proved to be the richest prize Capt. Conyngham ever took, for he had captured a nice wife.

"I suppose now, you think well of the man who fought w^t Tom Morris?"

"I do, indeed. My dear Williedied the death of a soldier."

"Then you would marry a soldier?"

She hesitated a little at this; it was carrying her by storm.

"I have not thought about that," she said, "but if I ever should marry—think—as I do now, none but a soldier would I have!"

It was enough; three days after they wended their way through the woods, and again together a life that brought them through long years, happiness, peace, prosperity and honor.

But the most romantic of these Southern love affairs was that of the first Governor of Tennessee. He was then only plain Captain John Sevier, in command of the Fort on the Nooachucky. Near by was "Daisy Fields" the residence of Mr. Sherrill. One day a party of Indians made a sudden descent upon the station, and the frightened women fled in every direction. One tall, beautiful figure shot out toward the fort with the speed of a deer. This was Catharine Sherrill. She was a woodland beauty, and famous through the country for her courage and agility. It is said "she could outrun and outleap every other woman; could walk and ride more gracefully and skillfully than any other woman in the country." She surely had need of all her powers now. She was a prize the savages wanted, and with fierce yell they sprang to intercept her way. She left the direct path, took a circuitous way, and came up on the back side of the fort, intending to scale the palisades. Gathering all her powers, she sprang into the air. An officer was running over the top to catch her and lift her in, but his foot slipped and lost hold to the ground, with the wall still between them. A loud shout from the Indians, as they felt the prize in their hands, gave added strength to the maid's heart. She said, when telling the story in after years, "Their bullets and arrows came like hail; it was leap or die, for I would not live a captive." With terrible effort she leaped into the air once more, cleared the palisades, and came down into the arms of her future husband.

The fall of Greene's siege of Fort Ninety-Six in May, 1781, was owing to the devotion of a planter's daughter, whose lover was in the besieged garrison.

She learned of Hawdon's approach, and found means of communicating it to her lover in time to keep the fort from sur-

rendering. When the British held Long Island, a fine-looking Highlander succeeded in winning the devoted love of Letitia Hewlett.

Her parents violently opposed her choice, but with that noble selflessness which is almost the prerogative of woman, the young girl determined to leave all and follow him. One day the Highland regiment received orders marching orders.

At night the maiden did not return. Securing the cause at once, her father pursued the troops, and, overtaking them, told his story to the commanding officer.

There was no such woman with the regiment. At the father's request, however, the troops were drawn up in line; he then searched every face, and at last discovered the treasured daughter, bearded and clad in tattered array. The whiteness of her skin betrayed her.

Even the girls of Boston were not proof against the love of "the imitators of tyranny."

William Sheaffe was a wealthy and prominent citizen of this "hot-bed of sedition" at the very time when the colony was gathering its forces for the contest. His daughters were remarkable for their beauty, and the grace and elegance of their manners. But one of the detachments of British troops sent to Boston in these troublesome days came an officer who was the nephew of Lord Ponsonby. As the troops disembarked they were formed directly in front of Mr. Sheaffe's residence. The sisters were in the balcony, watching the brilliant display. Chancing to lift his eyes, the young officer, Capt. Ponsonby Moleworth, was startled by the wonderful beauty of the eldest girl, Susanna. Turning to another officer, Capt. Ponsonby Moleworth, said "What constitutes the genuine frontier costume? The outskirts of civilization. Why is a young lady like a bill of exchange? Because she ought to be sealed when she arrives at maturity." Boston girls. Great beauty. And why is the Boston Girl like a bird with the hydrophobia? Because it's a raven mad. And why is it like what men with colds say over the new Secretary's appointment? "Dad, by thunder!"—St. Louis Republic.

—What constitutes the genuine frontier costume? The outskirts of civilization.

Why is a young lady like a bill of exchange? Because she ought to be sealed when she arrives at maturity.

Boston girls. Great beauty. And why is the Boston Girl like a bird with the hydrophobia? Because it's a raven mad.

—Not always identical—men of property and men of probity.

THE

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NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Record.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

ADVERTISING	12 months	1 month
1/2 page	\$1.00	25c
1/4 page	50c	12 1/2c
1/8 page	25c	6 1/2c
1/16 page	12 1/2c	3 1/2c
1/32 page	6 1/2c	2c
1/64 page	3 1/2c	1 1/2c
1/128 page	1 1/2c	50c
1/256 page	7 1/2c	2 1/2c
1/512 page	3 1/2c	1 1/2c
1/1024 page	1 1/2c	50c
1/2048 page	7 1/2c	2 1/2c
1/4096 page	3 1/2c	1 1/2c
1/8192 page	1 1/2c	50c
1/16384 page	7 1/2c	2 1/2c
1/32768 page	3 1/2c	1 1/2c
1/65536 page	1 1/2c	50c
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The Northville Record

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS. No advertisement will be inserted in this paper except from parties who are known without paying advance. Therefore it is understood to send an ad to this office with the remittance 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.

JAMES HURSTON, F. D., PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Once a Central Street, one door back, Hurst's Store, Northville, Mich.

Harness and Trimming.

C. S. ELMER, HARNESS-MAKER and Harness Dealer. Shop in the Macomb Building, Main St. Special attention given to all orders.

Hotels.

CADY HOUSE,
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN
E. D. YANO, Proprietor.

The Hotel has been recently overhauled and well fitted for the traveling public. Call and see me, boys.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

TRAINS LEAVE NORTHLVILLE.
FLINT & PEPE MARQUETTE R. R.
DETROIT TIME.

EAST. 1:30 P. M. 6:30 A. M. 10:30 P. M.
DETROIT 6:30 P. M. 10:30 P. M. 12:30 A. M.
WEST. 6:30 A. M. 10:30 P. M. 12:30 A. M.

TRAINS LEAVE PLYMOUTH.
DET. LANSING & LAKE MICH. R. R.
DETROIT TIME.

EAST. 1:30 P. M. 6:30 A. M. 10:30 P. M.
DETROIT 6:30 P. M. 10:30 P. M. 12:30 A. M.

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CENT.
DETROIT TIME.

EAST. 1:30 P. M. 6:30 A. M. 10:30 P. M.
DETROIT 6:30 P. M. 10:30 P. M. 12:30 A. M.

Night. 10:30 P. M. 12:30 A. M. 1:30 A. M.

TO PRINTERS.

PRENS. FOR SALE.—A Card and Bill Head Price—size 6 x 10 inside of class worth \$140, will be sold for about half the money.

Impression is good and easily regulated. Ink distribution is fine, there is little waste. The press cannot be surpassed for work in the State. A RAGGAT is twice as fast as seen at this time.

Address or call upon
S. H. LITTLE,
Northville, Mich.

Home and Vicinity.

The weather is very pleasant.

Peter Lignan has the frame up for a new dwelling.

Mr. George Deppenrieder wife of Detroit were in town yesterday.

We noticed Mr. T. N. Curtis and wife of Wayne, upon their week.

Miss Sarah Oliver left Wednesday for home on Pelee Island, Ont.

The Boston people are now preparing for the New Year's gathering.

We noticed Mr. David Gossell, of N. W. 21st, to have a family reunion May 21.

Mr. J. C. Parker, who is a member of the Boston Club, was in town yesterday.

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MULTUM IN PARVO.

A TAKING paper sheriff's warrant.
A DOMESTIC knight; "bonnie"
The only cure for inactivity is activity.
A new name for lying—"a stretch of
fact."

What is a tale-bearer like a bricklayer?
Because he raises stories.

When a man is not able to count his
money he feels very miserably.

Never say "kid gloves." Either
"kids" or "gloves." Etiquette demands

SOMEDAY says Tyndall calls his wife
Mollie. We suppose she calls him a
Tom.—*Lowell Courier*.

The Boston Post has been offered for
sale to those employed in conducting it
and in the mechanical and counting-room
departments.

DOCTOR, please cut along the seam,"
said an affectionate wife to a physician,
who was cutting open her apoplectic hus-
band's shirt.

The morality of the money market is
seriously questioned, and its constant and
confirmed habit of getting "tight" is re-
garded as a misfortune.

To cover and protect valuable earings
when traveling, ladies buy little balls of
Roman gold, which open with hinges and
clasp, and conceal the valuable stones.

MISS HAWK OF NEW YORK wants the
Legislature to change her name. This is
last year. Let her swoop down on some
male chicken and make him change it.

SAN FRANCISCO has adjourned her
schools for want of money, and the chil-
dren now go around throwing stones at
each other to their heart's content.

Down in Washington they arrest and
fine newspaper, who cry, "full count
murder" when there no murder. This is
right. Reform must commence some-
where.

WHEN AN ALBANY girl threw sand into
her lover's face because he was cool in
his wooing, the indignant youth re-
marked: "Miss Julia, I've had snuff of
this, and you will never see me again."

A LADY in Knoxville, Tenn., has been
very properly adjudged insane because she
petitioned to have the valuation placed on
her property by the assessors raised from
\$500 to \$1,000.

A doctor attending a punster who was
very ill apologized for being late one day
by saying that he had to stop and see a
man who had fallen down a well. "Did
he kick the bucket, doctor?" groaned the
punster.

WIMIXO to pay his friend a compliment,
a gentleman remarked. "I hear you
have a very industrious wife." "Yes,"
replied the friend, with a melancholy
smile, "she's never idle. She's always
finding something for me to do."

We learn our virtues from the bosom
friends who love us; our faults from the
enemy who hates us. We cannot easily
discover our real form from a friend. He
is a mirror, on which the warmth of our
breath impedes the clearness of the reflec-
tion.—*Victor*.

Sur walked like a Jove at the hop; I
was in the question.

Her partner tendered her a real, my throb-
bor! he sat with anxious bang did beat
I tripped led my lovely charm. I
bowed and gently touched her arm. "Pa-
gaged for next" I said. "My darling
kate?" "Go way," she said, "you hit
my vaccine!"

WHEN A man gets his legs mashed,
reflecting him unable to work for three
months, there's nothing that cheers him
up so much, and so effectively, keep the
wolf from the door, as for a fellow work-
men to pass a series of resolutions pray-
ing for his speedy recovery, and ordering
an encroased copy of the same to be pre-
sented to his family.—*Norwich Herald*.

AS A colored resident of Detroit was
over his head, he was haled by a friend
and brother, who asked, "Is dat your
jim relia?" "Yes—ah—cost me two
dollars," was the prompt reply. "Mr.
Savage," said the other, very solemnly,
"when man will buy a two-dollar
umbrella to keep the wet off a fifty-cent suit
of clothes, what am—de use to talk about
economy?"

ART NOTES.—A nice thing in oil for
your dining room—a box of sardines. A
panel picture—when you are drawn on the
jury. A flour piece—"The miller and
his man." The art club—milk sick. The
first man who made "one of the
interior" Jenkins. A good warm color-
ing—the brown on a breakfast roll. A
good figure piece—the multiplication
table. A study of heads—phrenology. A
good drawing—fifty thousand in a for-
tify. High colors—the cloud and sky.

A woman comes fitting
Clear up from the South,
And on a limb swing
He drops his mouth.
He sees many things.
Catches them home.
Is attempting to sing
Cups and bracelets,
And some bracelets.
He sees many things.
Wraps shadow and dice,
Bows his nose on his finger.
Fits and fits.

AUSTRALIAN experiences militate against
the theory of some people that thorough-
bred animals do not deteriorate. Horses
in that country are of the best blood from
England, but on the runs where they have
increased without care they are worth
only the value of their hide and hair.
Persons obtain a good living there by
shooting these animals. On one station
as many as 7,000 have been shot, and
plenty still remain, the "brumble-shooters"
receiving ten shillings a head for those he-
lls.

OLD Squire B., of New Haven, was an
inveterate hater of conundrums and con-
undrum makers. It happened one day
that a certain store in Chapel street was
closed, and a notice assigning the cause
thereof posted on the door. The "Squire"
was near-sighted, and, while reading the
notice, was asked by a police officer
if he could tell him "why the place was
closed." Looking savage, over his spectacles
for a moment at the inquisitor, he
exclaimed: "Go to thunder with your
peddy conundrums," and started down
the street muttering something about
"fools," etc.

THE SHAH of Persia has determined
that the Crown Prince, Muzaffer Ed'z,
shall receive a European education and
training. The young man is to travel in
Europe, with but few servants, but
whether he is to be "finished" in Paris
or London has not yet transpired.

THE total amount of iron produced in
the United States in 1873 was 34,000 tons;
in 1872 the amount produced reached
2,889,070 tons.

THE Sacramento beet-sugar factory
turned out in 1873 8,000,000 pounds of
white sugar from beets that yielded 12%
per cent.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Codfish is improved by changing it
once in a while, back and forth, on
the garnet to the cellar.

Snow Cake.—One cup of butter, two
of sugar, whites of eight eggs, one cup of
sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda and
two of cream or tartar. Flavor with
lemon.

Much Biscuit.—One quart of milk
(water will do) piece of lard size of an
egg, tablespoonful of salt, pat on the fire,
then boiling, add sufficient corn-meal to
make it rather stiff mush. When this is
well mixed, add one cup of yeast and
sufficient flour to make into dough.
Work well; in the morning make up into
cakes, let it rise about fifteen or twenty
minutes, and then bake.

Chicken Pudding.—Take two chick-
ens, stew them in a little water, season
with salt and pepper. Take six eggs,
well-beaten, one teaspoon of sifted flour, six
large roasting ears, grated, one teaspoonful
of sweet milk, or enough to make the bat-
ter of proper consistency; a spoonful of
butter. Pour the batter into a required
dish, and drop the pieces of chicken into
the batter, bake quickly, and serve with
some butter.

Boiled Mutton.—Take a leg of mutton
and put it into enough boiling water to
cover it. Skim while it is boiling up, and
keep just on the boil, not gurgling, for
about two hours if it weighs ten pounds,
a less time if smaller. An hour before it
is done throw in small carrots and par-
snips cut in halves, and turnips in slices.
When the latter are tender, skim them
out and wash with butter, salt and a
little salt and pepper. Save the carrots
and parsnips, and the turnips which
holds the mutton when it is dished.

Oyster Short Cake.—One quart flour,
three teaspoons baking powder, one
teaspoonful butter, a pinch of salt, and
enough sweet milk to moisten well. Roll
about an inch thick and bake on a pie
plates quickly. While it is baking, take
one quart of oysters and half a cup of
water and put on the stove, then take half
a cup of milk and the short cake butter,
mixed with a tablespoonful of flour, and a
little salt and pepper; add all together
and boil up once. When the cakes are
done, split them open and spread the
oysters between them, some on the top.
Put the oysters that are left in a gravy
dish, and replenish when needed.

Even on the farm it will pay to have
a small hot-bed to start plants for the
garden. Tomatoes, certainly, should be
very early to insure a good season of them.
The materials are at hand on every farm, and, for a small bed, the
following plan is a simple one: Take a
dry goods box the size of a window sash
and lay a heavy board, fill it nearly
full of manure that is breaking well and
place the sash upon the top, having previ-
ously nailed some planks on the sides of the
box to keep the earth in place. In a
day or two put in a few inches of good
earth, and sow your seeds. By a little
care in keeping the temperature uniform,
which is regulated by letting in or taking
off the air, a nice bed of plants may be
obtained within little time.

The simplest and surest plan to pre-
vent rust in wheat is to make a solution
by using one pound of blue vitriol—sal-
phate of copper—to every two gallons of
water. Make a sufficient quantity so it
may stand above the wheat. Sift the
whole to allow the light material to rise
above, and at the end of 24 hours spread
the wheat on a dry floor, and sprinkle
with quick lime, previously soaked
with chamber lye as to leave the lime in
powder. So continue until you have all
the wheat treated. In this state it may be
heaped and remain several days before
sowing, if the wheat be occasionally
turned. If the wheat remains damp, it
must be still further dried before sowing,
if it is to be digested, so it will pass easily
from the drill.—*Farm Journal*.

Dwarf Fruit Trees for Gardens.

STANDARD fruit trees with their lower
most branches springing from the stems
several feet from the ground, may be
preferable in an orchard, but we still pre-
fer the dwarfs, or at least low-headed
trees, for the garden. In fact, the older
we grow the less inclined are we to climb
or risk our neck on ladders in gathering
fruit. It is quite likely that in times past
when dwarf pears were all the rage, that
the mania for these trees led to some ex-
travagant notions in regard to their pro-
ductiveness and value. Still we are not
inclined to give them up, nor to think that
all kinds of dwarf trees are "humors
and delusion," as some horticultural writ-
ers have assumed to believe.

Our best specimens of pears of various
sorts are annually gathered from pear
trees worked on quince stocks, or what
are termed dwarfs. But if we were about
to plant a pear orchard of considerable
extent we should probably select standard
trees for the purpose, as they require less
care and attention, and are perhaps less
liable to disease. We think, however,
that the natures experienced by many
who went into the dwarf pear and apple
culture, a few years since, with ex-
travagant ideas in regard to profits, have
led our pomologists generally to discour-
age the propagation and cultivation of
dwarf trees of all kinds. There is with-
out doubt, some choice in the kinds of
stocks to be employed in propagating
dwarf trees, and only the best
should be used; but let us not
give up the low-headed dwarf trees, at
least for garden culture. We want
trees with branches standing near the
ground, so that old folks and children can
gather fruit without having to climb forty-
feet ladders. If it is necessary to protect
such trees from late frosts in spring, it is
much easier to do so than with frosty speci-
mens. The same is true in regard to de-
stroying noxious insects, pruning and vari-
ous other operations, which are some-
times necessary to insure a good crop of fruit.

It is well known that dwarf trees gen-
erally come into bearing much sooner
than standard, and this saving of time is
quite an important matter when a family
has to wait for fruit until the trees grow
from bed or stool to a bearing size. Trees
trained low will usually come into bear-
ing earlier than those trained up, even
the same kind of stock, and the only real
advantage of using a dwarf kind of plant
for a stock, is to save the trouble of
checking by artificial operations, such
as pruning and pinching back the young
shoots in summer. Those who desire
these low-headed trees have only to pur-
chase one or two year old plants at the
nurseries, and force the branches to press
out low down on the main stem, and from
that time forward avoid trimming up, but
instead annually shorten all leading or
terminal shoots. In many localities it is
likely to obtain low-headed trees, as they
are likely to be blown off by the wind before
they mature, but with low-headed dwarf
trees this loss is avoided.—*Bureau News*

We hear of a Washington lady who
appeared in company in a calico dress
the other evening. She supposed every-
body could see her over her goodness
and economy; but instead everybody
looked grieved and said: "Good gracious!
what's your husband been doing?" Rock-
efeller Democrat.

The Jersey City School Board is agi-
tated over the question of abolishing cor-
poral punishment in the schools.

THE AMERICAN INSURANCE CO.
OF CHICAGO.

The American of Chicago has been much
troubled of late, let us see why. Has it
failed to meet its obligations to pay
over loss material against its? No; that is
not claimed by its bitter enemies. Are
its officers or stockholders unreliable
men or of inferior moral standards? The
mention of their names dispels that. No
one has dared to impugn such men as Ben-
H. N. Hubbard, Hon. J. M. Bailey, Hon. W.
H. Bradley, Hon. H. Z. Colver, L. M. Munro, Wm.
H. Orton, Nicolas Kratzer, M. A. Hoyne,
R. C. Parker, D. A. Knowlton, Jr., and
Chas. L. Currier. You need not be told
what the American's interests are.
The American's income is \$515,000 and the
losses \$60,000 of insurance written last year,
and its \$405,000 cash assets, together
with its \$200,000 installment notes, are
sufficient funds to meet the claims.

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