

Northville

THE

Record.

Terms: \$1.50 a Year.]

Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

[Always in Advance.

VOL. VIII. NORTHLVILLE, WAYNE CO., MICH., MARCH 24, 1877. NO. 19.

SOMEBODY LOVES ME.

Somebody loves me, but I won't tell who;
said the my bird, as he tipped the tree.
Somebody perched in a yew waving tree,
She daily watching and waiting for me.

Somebody loves me, the weather is fine,
Flitting high up in the falcon-like pine.
Somebody loves me, asleep on the leaves,
Where the brown spider his gossamer weaves.

Somebody loves me, the infant implies,
In its nest, the mother's love, like a lily.
In these beams, o'er so tenderly fair,
Somebody loves me, is winter there.

Somebody loves me," quoth the gray-haired
As children clung him beside the fire.
While he peers a kiss on the father's cheek,
The elder ones playing at hide-and-seek.

The world is full of sweet things,
Dropping like dew from a dewy bough above,
Everybody loves me, and I am happy now,
That's my secret and nothing to do.

H. E. F. in American Tribune.

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

There are three lessons I would write—
These words with a burning pen,
In brights of eternal light,
Upon the heart of man.

Have hope. Thought clouds darken now,
And darkness hems her face in sorrow,
For that the shadow from thy brow—
No night but death to know.

Have faith. Where'er the bark is driven,
The calm's report, the tempest's march—
Know this, God rules the roof of Heaven,
In inhabitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for one,
But man, as man, the brother's call,
And sister like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

This grand lesson I leave you—
Hope, Faith, and Love—and then die and
Forbore where life's no more.

A PEILOUS POSITION.

In the winter of 1858 I was mining—or rather sojourning, and waiting for a chance to mine in the spring—in the town of Omega, Nevada County. Snow fell in the town that winter to the depth of eight feet. Three of us were living in a cabin about half a mile out of town, near the head of South-Knot River. We were in the habit of spending our evenings in town, or at the cabins of our brother miners, generally rambling from home till ten, eleven, or even as late as twelve o'clock.

I happened to be in town the very first evening that the first great fall of snow began. I saw that the snow was coming down very fast, and knew before starting home that the trail would be hidden; but this gave me no uneasiness, as I knew the course well, and could keep within a few rods of the trail the whole distance, if not in. When I finally started, however, it was about four o'clock, and there were six or eight inches of snow on the ground, and flakes coming down as big as aspers. Knowing my course, I rushed along, passing but little attention to the trail, and was within two hundred yards of the cabin, when there was a sudden crash of breaking twigs and brush under my feet, and I felt myself sinking into an open space. Instinctively I stretched out both arms to their fullest extent, and clasped the snow with both hands. Instantly, in fact, before I had fully settled into this position, I knew where I was, and fully comprehended the danger of my situation.

I knew that I was hanging over the old Brookshire shaft—a shaft dug some years before to undermine the hill, and at least a hundred feet in depth!

It was but two or three rods below the trail, and was covered by a few pine and spruce boughs that were thrown across its mouth when it was abandoned. I knew that there were huge boulders and sharp, jagged rocks projecting everywhere along the sides of the shaft, and that at the bottom was at least twenty feet of water; for in passing, I had once or twice pushed the brush-covering aside, and dropped into it pebbles and pieces of lighted paper. I felt my body and legs dangling in space, and without thinking of the consequences, made an effort to reach out with one of my feet to see if I could touch the wall of the shaft. I had extended my leg some distance without touching the wall, when to my horror, the dry and rotten covering of the shaft began crackling under my arm on the side upon which my weight was thrown in the attempt I had made to learn something of my situation. Carefully I swung back, till I hung perpendicularly over the fearful chasm. The brush still crackling as I did so. As each twig snapped, I felt that there was that much less between myself and death; each little rotten stick that held was worth millions to me, and for a stout beam under my feet I would have given tens of millions.

The snow beat down incessantly upon my head in immense damp flakes, and I could feel it gradually piling about my neck. Occasionally there were wild blasts of wind that roared among the tall pines, and swept the light snow into my eyes. One of these blasts took away my light felt hat, and left my head exposed to the beating storm. As I felt my hat going, I made an involuntary movement to raise my arm to catch it, but instantly the crackling twigs warned me to desist. This movement, the slightest in the world, cost me half a dozen twigs, and, as it seemed to me, greatly weakened my support. The snow melting on my head and face trickled into my eyes, and almost blinded me. My hands and arms seemed numbed, and I began to fear I would lose my hold upon the brush covering of the shaft. Whenever this notion took possession of my mind, I would extend my arms, and even my fingers

till the joints of my shoulders seemed starting from their sockets.

By straining my eyes, I could see the dim outlines of our cabin on a little rise of ground above me. I could see no light, however, and concluded that my partners had either gone to bed, or had not yet returned from a neighbor's cabin, a quarter of a mile further down the ravine, whither I knew they had gone to spend the evening. Once or twice I shouted, but the effort caused the crackling of the twigs supporting me, and I desisted, determined to "call it." I could hear the voices of my cabin companions recurring, and see a light in the little window of four small panes. This fortunate

was on the side of the house next to me, so too, was the door by which they must enter the cabin. I thought of all this, and it gave me some hope.

Several times, as the roaring wind lulled for a moment, I thought I heard the sound of voices and laughter, and my heart beat quick with hope and joy; but the sounds were not repeated, and doubtless were but the cracklings of some storm-wracked bough, or the chattering of some distant coyote.

I now began seriously to fear being completely covered in the fast falling and drifting snow. It seemed coming down at the rate of six inches a minute, and already covered my shoulders, and was piling high up about my mouth. I dare not make the slightest move to rid myself of the drift that was about to bury me, should the snow get over

my head, and cover me up in the cabin, and could only call out, by guess.

As so slight an exertion as calling out in a loud tone set my rotten platform to crackling, I did not wish to call for aid till I was certain it was near.

As the snow began rising about my mouth, I discovered that I could keep it away with my breath. I saw that I still had a chance of keeping my eyes free, and kept constantly at work blowing away the accumulating flakes. This gave me something to do, and was a relief in my mind, and so gradually did I keep guard that I would only allow two flakes to lie before my lips.

Thoughts of home, my friends, of the little I had ever done in the world, and of the jagged rocks lining the sides of the shaft, with the great pool in its bottom, passed and recurred in my mind. In this circle my mind seemed to be revolving, dulling but for a moment upon one thing: I would strain my eyes to see the light in the window till they were ready to start from their sockets. "I would see a noble red flax, and with a joyful thrill of my heart, I would say, 'It's there!' but, in a moment after, I would grow in spirit of dismaying the flax was only within my cracked and weary eyeballs.

From straining my eyes and ears for a sign of the arrival of my partners, I would fall into my old circle of thought; and round and round it as in a whirlpool, my brain would whirl till some mean of the winds of creation of the tides would arouse me to thoughts of escape from my fearful position.

After the first few efforts I made to extricate myself, my whole care was to remain as motionless as possible, and keep my arms stretched out to their fullest extent, in order to grasp for my support every twig within my reach, were it no larger or stronger than a reed stalk. Time seemed to move on leaden wings, and it appeared to me that I must have been suspended over the shaft for many hours. I began to fear that, on account of the storm, my partners had concluded to "turn in" at the cabin of our neighbor. The moment I thought of this, it seemed to me almost certain that such was the case. My escape, I now began to think, rested on myself. I thought there might be before me a pole strong enough to bear my weight. Slowly I began raising my right arm, in order to find for some support; but a startling snapping of twigs, when this extra weight was thrown upon my left arm, caused me quickly to desist.

"Great heavens!" I groaned, as I settled back into my former position, "how long is this to last?"

Just at this moment I heard the sound of voices. This time there was no mistake about it. I heard the loud, ringing laugh of my jovial partner Tom, and heard cat-calling Bob say something about a game they had been playing at the "other cabin."

As they came nearer, I heard him exclaim, "I wonder if Dan has got back from town."

They spoke in their ordinary tone of voice, and this gave me great joy, as I knew I could make them hear without shouting too loudly. I heard them at the door, scraping the snow away with their feet, and knew that now was the time to call; for since they entered, they might not leave me.

"Tom!" I cried, "Tom." There was no answer, and my heart felt cold within me.

"Tom!" I again cried. This time it was great joy, both of the French Prime Minister, he commenced an action for defamation against the *Suffrage Journal*, which alleged that she on a certain occasion, visited a school-room, and finding the supply of wood short, thrust the image of Christ on the cross into the stove.

MADAME JULES SIMON, wife of the French Prime Minister, has commenced an action for defamation against the *Suffrage Journal*, which alleged that she on a certain occasion, visited a school-room, and finding the supply of wood short, thrust the image of Christ on the cross into the stove.

NEXTMENT for a minister. Either this preaching or this coughing has got to stop.

"Don't come too near," I cried. "For heaven's sake, don't come too

near! I have fallen through the brush over this shaft, and it's just ready to break and let me down. Get a rope quick—the windlass rope, you know."

Tom ran to the cabin, and in less than a minute thought it seemed an hour to me—was back with the rope. Both were rushing to the shaft with the rope, when I stopped them.

"Stop right where you are, boys! Now listen, or you will kill me. Don't come near the brush about the shaft, or you will break it and let me down. Take hold of the rope about twenty feet apart and walk so as to bring it across the shaft, so that I can reach it."

They did as I directed, and the rope was soon against my face. I began slowly to lift my right hand to clutch it, but a crackling of the brush on which I hung suspended startled me so much that I had not the courage to try and grasp the rope. I thought of making a sudden plunge for it, but feared I might fail to catch it when I would most certainly break through, and fall to the bottom of the shaft.

"What is the matter?" asked Bob. "Can't you get hold of the rope?"

"No," I replied. "I shall break through if I even lift one finger."

"Take hold of the rope with your teeth," cried Tom.

This was the very idea.

"Hold the rope a little lower," said I, "and I will try. Lower yet. There—hold on."

"Have you got it?" asked Tom.

"Yes," I answered, as well as I

could, for I was too weak to afford

Bob. "Now try it with your hands," cried

Bob. "As quickly as I could use my stiffened right arm, I made a clutch at the rope, and most luckily for myself, did not hold it. Had I missed it, I should have precipitated myself into the bottom of the shaft; for as I clutched the rope, the whole rotten pile of boughs broke loose, and dropped into the dark pit below.

After being dragged some distance from the black and gauzy shrouds of the shaft, I still held the rope with both teeth and hands, and could hardly be persuaded that I was out of danger. I was so completely exhausted that I was unable to walk to the cabin, without the assistance of both of my partners; and it was some weeks before my strained shoulders were free from pain.

There may be mere trying and pernicious positions than that above described, but if there are, I beg leave to be excused from trying them.

The American "Central Rail" in Switzerland.

Swiss tourists will soon enjoy the advantage of being able to travel from Interlaken to Heimweihthal by a rail-way made on a principle hitherto unknown in Europe. The Federal Government has sanctioned the construction of this line, which is called by its American name of the "central rail," and as the engineering and all other works necessary to start it are of a specially simple and inexpensive order, it will not be long before there are trains running up its steep inclines.

The aspect of the new railway will be decidedly novel, and, if possible, even less picturesque than the ordinary lines. The remarkable way, if it may be so called, consists of a single line of steel, mounted at the apex of a sort of triangular staging; the sides of which slope gradually downward and are supported by slanting beams or sleepers resting either on the ground or on vertical supports. The driving wheel of the engine runs upon the line which forms the ridge of this species of prolonged roofing, while its other wheels, and those of the carriage, travel along the sloped sides on either hand.

The advantages of the new line are to be found in the economy of the construction, and in the ease with which trains can be made to ascend and descend upon it and to turn the sharpest angles. At Philadelphia, there is a model "central rail," upon which the trains run easily round curves having a radius of only thirty-seven and a half feet, and it was from this model

that the Swiss Consul in that town borrowed the idea which he has introduced his Government at home to carry into practical effect at Interlaken. The American railways made upon this principle have sides of wooden planking but the Swiss will make theirs of iron, and will in other ways strengthen the structure so as to render it more durable, and perhaps that head that held was worth millions to me, and for a stout beam under my feet I would have given tens of millions of dollars.

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The Wilds of Florida.

"As the Stanley letters from Africa don't pan out as fast as the New York Herald could wish, that enterprising Journal is forced to get up an Africa of its own in America, and has chosen Florida as the favored spot; and although the correspondent is not allowed to amuse the natives with his little elephant gun, yet he manages to undergo some thrilling experiences. This is how they fixed up an observatory:

"The tallest pine within a radius of a mile was chosen. It was a veritable king of the woods—one of the long-horned pines to whom the lesser pines do homage. Its trunk at the base is three feet in diameter, and it rises a colossal column 130 feet, with no branches to detract from its majestic symmetry below that height; but there its rich-tasseled boughs spread like the light and graceful capital of a Grecian column, as if they supported the far-distant heavens."

"The enormous pine was too poorly to be embraced by the arms of Dallas, the most experienced climber in the party. The method of converting it into a lookout was by fastening great spikes to the tree with strong spikes. The first one was placed about two feet above the ground, and the others about it, so as to form a ladder.

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The Northville Record

SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 24, 1866.

Ry. St. Mother's Grave.

I was roaming one evening among the tombstones of an old-fashioned country churchyard, in a country village, when I was surprised to hear the sound of weeping, and then to see a man, with outstretched arms toward heaven. His distress was apparently so deep and overwhelming that I could not refrain from speaking a few words of comfort to him; and I then sought to remind him of the Christian hope of meeting those whom he had loved on earth, and who have died in the Lord, in a happier world above.

"Oh! it is not *you* I grieve for," interrupted the stranger in a vehement tone. "Did you ever feel the agony of remorse? Did you know what it is to wake up after a life of wickedness, and find it is too late? That is my case; that is why you see me now, strong man that I am, weeping like a woman."

I said what I could to console him, and after a little more conversation we sat down on a bench under the old oak-tree, and he gave me the following details:

"Listen, sir," he began "and when you have heard my tale, though God knows I fear it is a common one, you will no longer wonder at the grief you found me in. I need not tell you, and he laid his hand on the cold stone, "that it is my mother who is buried here, and for me, I believe

over half a century a mother; her face was like an angel's; often do I see it in my dreams; I first remebered it when I was a little boy, with its pure, sweet brow, and earnest, loving blue eyes, and her bright hair which used to love to twine round my little fingers. My father was dead, and was her only son—her only child. Oh how she loved me. I was her one thought and interest; that I might not be staled, she would go days,

with little or no food, for we were very poor; then, many a time she would go shivering in some old thin garment, while I ran about as warmly and comfortably clad as if we had been rich. But I grew up selfish and disobedient. I was idle, too; and when I left school, I got into my head that it was "babish" and unmannerly to mind my mother, snuffed at the very gentle restraint she put upon me, and looked upon her only as an obstacle to my pleasure; for I loved to spend all my time with a set of idle, drinking, and smoking companions, as bad or worse than myself." Here the stranger paused suddenly, as if the rash of painful memories were becoming too much for him, but presently he resumed: "Well, about this time I had a very dangerous illness, which brought me to the very gates of death; my mother nursing me only as a mother can, and never can I forget that most unselfish love and untiring devotion which thought no sacrifice too great, no effort too painful to make for me. I can feel now the cool touch of her soft hand upon my brow, which seemed to do me more good than all the doctors' medicine. I was—for the time—softened, and many were the promises and resolutions I made my mother. I begged her forgiveness with tears, and her face grew happier, and less careworn, and I used to hear her thanking God for the change in me. But alas! danger and the prospect of death had only frightened me. No sooner had I recovered, my full strength, than I returned my old God-forgetting habits and life. Encouraged by my friends, as I called them, I learnt to drink, and many an hour was spent in the gay saloons. The grief this was to my poor mother—no words can tell; I think it fairly broke her heart. The bright bloom faded quite out of her cheeks, the kind eyes grew dim with weeping, and her pretty hair became rapidly streaked with white. The neighbors would often remark to me, in reproachful tones, how ill my mother looked now changed she was; I told them angrily not to cross.

STATE NEWS.

Governor Crosswell has reappointed Doctor Lovell, of Vilas, as Prison Inspector for six years.

Grand Rapids thinks she can send to the National regatta a four-oared crew that will be hard to beat.

The Hubbard House at Jackson is now undergoing the most thorough renovation and repairs throughout.

The late treasurer of Grosse Point township, Xavier Bringard, is alleged to be a defaulter to the amount of \$2500.

Lovell and Green, hardware dealers of Greenville, made an assignment on Saturday to Roth, Ducharme and Co., of Detroit.

Hon. A. S. Gilford, of Saginaw, has tendered his resignation as Assistant Attorney General of the United States. His health was the reason of his doing so.

Geo. P. Butler, the market gardener of East Saginaw, a true man and intrinsically a gentleman, has recently lost two beautiful children by diphtheria.

The Kalamazoo H. C. Association will offer \$6,000 in premiums at their Jazz meeting, \$3,000 for trotting and \$1,000 for running.

The Executive Committee of the South Haven Pomological Society have appointed the 11th, 12th and 13th of September as the time for holding their Fair.

Jacob S. Farland, of the firm of Farland and Williams, of Detroit, is going to Europe as a delegate to the Presbyterian Alliance which meets in Edinburgh in June.

Now Jake Martin, the Ypsilanti wrestler, wants another chance at Major McLaughlin or any other man for \$500 a side.

Doc. J. Moran, the well-known watch inventor who has been buried in the State Insane Asylum at Kalamazoo, died Thursday morning. Mr. Moran's death was expected to be known before he could not live out another hour.

In a violent rage at this being thwarted by my gentle mother, I disengaged myself from her with a fierce roar, and walked away alone, without once looking behind.

I was too hardened and to brutal to be troubled with any uncomfortable feelings, and the mirth and jests of my companions the flaring gas and bright soon drowned for the time all uneasy thoughts. I think I must have sat there two or three hours when, in the midst of the loud merriment which followed, a song. I felt myself quickly touched and turning round, saw a neighbor who lived next door to our house who implored me to come home that instant if I would see my mother alive. I have not the slightest recollection of anything that passed in the place after this; I remember feeling every pulse in my body stand still, and I think I must have lost consciousness. When I came to myself, I was being led by the clergyman of our village body now, not far from a million of souls—with the most careful, complete, and trustworthy accounts of current events, and will employ for this purpose a numerous and carefully selected staff of reporters and correspondents. Its reports from Washington, especially, will be full, accurate, and fearless; and it will doubtless continue to describe and enjoy the hatred of those who thrive by plundering the Treasury or by usurping what the law does not give them, while it will endeavor to merit the confidence of the public by defending the rights of the people against the encroachments of unjustified power.

The price of the daily Sun will be 35 cents a month or \$3.50 a year, post paid; & the Sunday edition \$1.00 a year. The Sun day edition alone, eight pages, \$1.00 a year post paid. The Weekly Sun, eight pages

at the rate of \$1.00 a year, post paid.

The effects of this large reduction from the original price of the Weekly can be easily imagined in practical numbers without the necessity of making speculations. At the same time, if any of our readers is disposed to all in extending our circulation, it will be gratifying to them, and every such person who sends us ten or more subscribers from our place will entitle us to one of the pieces himself without charge. At one dollar postage paid, the expense of paper, printing, binding, retail, and advertising the sum of the above, the quality of its contents we are confident the people will pay for the Weekly Sun. The cheapness of our paper published in the Sun, and we trust the low cost of the very best Address, THE SUN, New York City, N. Y.

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can be purchased right at home. It is the most successful preparation ever introduced to our people. It will find a place in all cases of Convalescence, Diet, Convalescent, Infants, Children, &c. It is a powerful Remedy. No person has ever used the medicine with a better result, yet there are arguments pro and con, which tend to give about our friends with a suspicion, and the like of course. It is a fact, however, that all eat it. If you eat it, eat it at your own risk. It can go, or bring you a little trouble for 10 cents and try it, three doses will relieve any case. Regular, only seventy-five cents.

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The New York Sun.

The different editions of The Sun during the next year will be the same as during the year that has just passed. The daily edition will run week days a sheet of four pages, and on Sundays a sheet of eight pages, or 56 broad columns; while the weekly edition will be a sheet of eight pages of the same dimensions and character that are already familiar to our friends.

The Sun will continue to be the strenuous advocate of reform and re-machism, and of the substitution of statesmanship, wisdom, and integrity for hollow pretense, imbecility, and fraud in the administration of public affairs. It will contend for the government of the people by the people and for the people, as opposed to government by frauds in the ballot-box and in the counting of votes enforced by military violence. It will endeavor to supply its readers

body now, not far from a million of souls—with the most careful, complete, and trustworthy accounts of current events, and will employ for this purpose a numerous and carefully selected staff of reporters and correspondents. Its reports from Washington, especially, will be full, accurate, and fearless; and it will doubtless continue to describe and enjoy the hatred of those who thrive by

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The Latest Suicide at Niagara Falls

Although rather early in the season the annual pilgrimage of would-be suicides to Niagara Falls seems to have commenced. About noon or Monday a stranger, apparently about twenty-five years of age, dressed in dark clothes, with a black slouch hat and a snuff-colored overcoat, his face shod with the exception of an upper momentane, applied at the upper gates of Prospect Park for admittance and, after paying his fee, entered and walked along the bank to a point just below the tail-race that empties in the river. An attack of the park faltered down toward the stranger for the purpose of directing him where to obtain the most attractive views of the scenery around the grounds. His attention was attracted from the man for a moment, and when he turned he was thunderstruck to see the stranger wading out into the rapids. He instantly shouted: "Come back, fool, you will go over the fall!" The only attention the man paid this gratuitous advice was to throw himself forward on his face, and strike out lustily for the brink of the cataract.

Just below where he entered was a small cascade, over which he was carried, and under the water out of sight for a moment. When he emerged his hat was off, and a moment later he obtained a foothold in the rapids, and stood up waist-deep in the foaming water. Mitchell, the park attache, had by this time reached Prospect Point, where he had hastened in hopes of being able to reach the man when he came down the stream. The stranger, standing in the rapids, saw Mitchell, and divining his object instantaneously struck out again, swimming lustily out farther from the shore, and successfully placing himself far beyond the aid of the astounded man on the bank. Just as the stranger reached the brink, and as he went over, he doubled himself up, clasped his hands over his head, and went down to his death. Of course, the body of the suicide has not been recovered and the chances are against its ever being

rising and concave when falling, but in both cases the center of the column indicates the absolute height." Another cause of possible error is due to the expansion and contraction of the mercury according to the temperature of the air, independently of its pressure, so that the height of the column varies with every change in the former as well as in the latter. As the amount of incunial expansion, however,

is known, by observing the height of the mercury in the thermometer, it is usually attached to the barometer, proper corrections on this account can always be made.

The chief reason why mercury has been selected for barometrical purposes is that the required weight of it occupies the least space. Water barometers have, however, been constructed, and as each vertical inch of mercury is equivalent to a tide over thirteen and one-half inches of water, the length of the column renders it so extremely sensitive to slight atmospheric changes that in tempestuous weather it is continually vibrating up and down under momentary fluctuations of pressure.

Observation has conclusively shown that our own sensations are intrinsically criterions of atmospheric pressure. On dry, bracing days, when the spirits are light and the body buoyant, one is apt to imagine that the air itself presses lightly upon him; but just as such days a high barometer usually indicates a heavy atmospheric pressure, and hints that our exhilaration is somewhat akin to that experienced by those undergoing the "air-cure" when confined in a chamber, where the aerial density has been artificially increased. In foul, moist and foggy weather, on the other hand, when soul and body are alike sluggish, and the very air seems an oppressive burden, low barometer generally proclaims a high atmospheric pressure, and the fidgeting scientist is apt to attribute his inertness partly to a lack of the normal amount of oxygen in the attenuated air. —*Rural New Yorker.*

Bringing Up a Worm Farm

Prof. K. H. Knobell, Michigan Agricultural College, in an able address delivered before the Michigan Farmers' Institute, lately held, concludes as follows:

I believe the easiest and cheapest way to bring up a worn-down farm is by green manuring. Suppose your farm is too poor for clover, and grass makes only a feeble growth; put on it a manorial crop that will grow, such as rye. Turn this under with your plow, and you can then raise something better. Keep feeding your soil with everything your shovel and your team can command—ashes, leached ashes, if you can get them by drawing them within five miles—muck, manure, anything that will bring a green manure over your fields. Soon you can set the cover-ures at work, pumping up to the surface the inexhaustible resources of your soil.

If an animal dies, don't stop to bawl your luck and exclaim: "Everything goes to the dogs on my farm." Don't send it to the dogs at all, but compost it with muck, or even soil, and thus secure a most valuable manure. Damson performed a wonder by taking 100 lbs. from the dead carcass of a cow. You can undo that wonder by extracting wheat from the carcass of your dead cow. Pick up all the bones you can find, put them under cover, and mix with them two or three times their bulk of ashes from your kitchen; moisten them with enough water so that the potash may act on the gelatin of the bones; stir the ashes twice a week, and in a month or two you will find the bones so tender that you can cut and crush them with a blow from your shovel. Beat the whole into a powdery mass, and you will have a manure better than the superphosphate which you feel too poor to buy. Give a handful of this to each hill of corn, and see how it will wave its banner of green, and pour into your basket the golden ears.

But, in bringing your soil into good condition, do not neglect green manuring. Let every wind that blows over your fields bring them a blessing in the shape of atmospheric plant-food. Do all these things patiently and hopefully, without urging your soul beyond what it can do, and you will yet eat of the fullness of a grateful heart, exclaim: "Bless God for the farm."

The following method of rendering raw meat palatable to invalids is given in the *Industrie Blätter*: To 8.7 oz. raw meat from the loin, add 2.6 oz. shelled sweet almonds, 1.7 oz. shelled bitter almonds, and 2.8 oz. white sugar—these to be beaten together in a marble mortar to a uniform pulp, and the fiber separated by a strainer. The pulp, which has a rose hue, and a very agreeable taste, does not at all remind one of meat, and may be kept fresh for a considerable time, even in summer, in a dry, cool place. Yolk of egg may be added to it. From this pulp, or directly from the above substance, a nutritious meal may be prepared which will be rendered still more nutritious by adding milk.

THERE ARE specimens of saving and economy, of late days, in all slaughter-houses. The pork-packer, whose business it is to manufacture pig into pork, must take care of the "whole hog"—not the flesh and fat only, but also the hair, blood and offal must be saved. No part of the hog's steer is wasted under the modern system of meat-making, certainly not in the great Eastern markets. Hide, hoofs, hoofs, blood and entrails, are all taken care of.

The adherence of the mercury to the glass, however, tends to beget an error in estimating the true height of the column, especially in instruments of small bore, in which this source of inaccuracy is proportionately greater. Water and other fluids form a concave surface at the top of a small column by climbing up the glass, through capillary attraction, whereas the top of a mercurial column is convex while

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC

A few flowers in a window well cared for are better than a hundred sickly specimens.

When cottons or linens are injured by rust, nut-galls, insects, etc., moisten them with warm solution of oxalic acid, or with diluted muriatic acid, or granulated tin. When the wash is made in suds, boil and rinse in the usual manner.

The *Scientific American* gives the following remedy for baldness: Pour three pints of hot water on four handfuls of the stems and leaves of the garden box, boil it for fifteen minutes in a closed vessel, then pour it in an earthen jar and let it stand ten hours next strain the liquid and add three teaspoonsfuls of cologne water. Wash the head every morning. It is cleansing and tonic, and will make the hair grow if the roots are not dead.

Preserve jars or bottles should be carefully washed as soon as emptied, taking care that the stoppers and covers have their share of attention. To make assurance doubly sure it is well to put soda or ammonia into the jars or bottles, fill up with water and let them stand an hour, putting the stoppers or covers into a bowl to soak in the same water. Then pour out and scald nicely, wipe dry, set in sun or wind to air, and then set away carefully.

The kitchen is the housekeeper's workshop. The ceiling of the kitchen instead of being so low that a tall person is in danger of bumping his head against the beams should be not less than ten feet high, so that the fumes of smoke may rise above one's eyes and olfactorys. The windows should be adjusted so that the upper sash may be let down and the lower one raised.

This arrangement cool air will rush in below and drive the warm air and smoke out through the opening at the top of the window. —*N. Y. Times.*

Before the active duties of vernal seed time require immediate attention procure a desired supply of such seed as may be required, so that it may be ready as soon as the soil is properly prepared.

Grass seed of various sorts may be sown with satisfactory

profit and sowed where the ground is

ready, even before vegetation has com-

enced. Cold and wet weather will

not injure grass seed. Think how

grass seed remains in the manure of

the barn-yard all frozen up solid with

the manure. Yet the vitality of the

germs is never injured. —*Exchange.*

Fertilizing material of some sort must be applied to culturable fields frequently, or the natural fertility of the soil will soon fail. It is a tedious

system of farm management to remove two parts, a receiving and a transmitting instrument. The receiving instrument was merely a bar of soft iron about half an inch in diameter and some ten inches long, supported at the ends by posts rising from a sounding board. This bar is enveloped, but not touched, by a coil of wire, and whenever an intermittent current of electricity passes through the coil, the bar alternately lengthens and shortens a little, and if the intermittence is sufficiently rapid it utters a sharp, ghost-like sound of corresponding pitch.

The transmitter consists of a circular membrane, about two inches in diameter, stretched across the smallest opening of a kind of funnel. Upon the membrane is fastened a little piece of platinum, and whenever the membrane vibrates this strikes against a metallic point, and thus alternately makes and breaks the electric current. The instrument, to perform well even in its limited role, required delicate handling and adjustment, and never caused anything more than a scientific curiosity. It was found that the spark, which is always produced when an electric circuit is alternately closed and broken, so rapidly oxidized the platinum contact pieces as to require continual attention and readjustment.

Prof. Bell dispenses with this making and breaking of the electric circuit, and thus avoids a host of difficulties. Suppose that we have two electro-magnets, like those of ordinary telegraph sounders, connected with each other and with a battery by a wire of any length. Then the current passes the soft iron cores of both will be strongly magnetic. If now a piece of iron be made suddenly to approach the poles of one of the magnets, the strength of the current in the coils of the magnet will be increased while the art of approaching continues, failing to its original amount as soon as the motion of the iron ceases. Thus, if the bar of iron, usually called the armature, which is suspended in front of the pole of the first magnet, is made to vibrate in any way, the armature of the second magnet will tend to imitate its motion, and that with the mere change of strength of the primitive current, without requiring an

break in the continuity of the circuit.

It is good management to feed calves in connection with their milk, when about ten days old, a little cooked meal. At first, take nearly a tablespoonful of Indian, oat, or barley meal, and cook it in a little water; then mix it with the milk, and increase the quantity of meal as the calves grow older. Flax-seed boiled to a jelly and mixed with milk, when the calves are ten days old, is good for them.

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Communication has been carried on by means of it between Somerville and Cambridge, a distance of some three miles; but it would not, probably, work through any such distance as Prof. Bell's.

It is to be noted, however, that in the present stage of electrical science, neither of these instruments would operate through wires as long as those of ordinary telegraph lines. If one end of the long wire the strength of an electric current be made to oscillate, the oscillations of strength at the

other end will be much less. Electric waves are degraded in their passage through a conductor, just as water waves, produced at one end of a long canal, are nearly obliterated before they reach the other. It may not be impossible to obviate this difficulty, but until it is met the telephone will be limited in its operation to distances probably not much exceeding 100 miles by land lines, and not more than twenty or thirty through cable. —*Detroit Tribune.*

A NICE DISH. Take six good-sized potatoes; peel and grate; beat in two eggs; add salt; have ready a frying pan in which is some hot lard; put in a tablespoonful of cologne water. Wash the head every morning. It is cleansing and tonic, and will make the hair grow if the roots are not dead.

BUYING damaged tea and repacking and remaking it is a regular business in New York.

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