

Official Paper of the Village.

Published Semi-Monthly by

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Editor and Proprietor.

To whom all communications should be addressed.

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"GOD KNOWS."

Out wild and dark was the winter night,
When the amaranth ship went down,
But far outside of the harbor bar,
In the sight of the startled town,
The winds howled, and the sea roared,
And never a soul could hear,
Save the little ones on their crowded decks,
Too young to watch and weep.

No boat could live in the tempest,
No eye could reach the last,
There were held, tears for upon the shore,
There was music, ready hand,
Women who prayed, and men who swore,
When prayer and work were vain,
For the sea rose over the awful void,
And the silence of the main!

All day the waters passed the sand,
All day the waves beat on the deep,
All day the tempest raged,
Dashed from shore to steep,
Give up thy God, O crew!

Give up thy God, O crew!
But only a single soul
Escaped from the stormy scene.

Only one little child of sin,
Who with the ship went down,
That night when the happy babies sleep,
Was born in the sheltered shore,
Whipped in the glow of the morning light,
It lay on the shivering sand,
An angel's smile dream'd,
With shell in its dimpled hand.

There were none to tell of the care of him,
"God knows!" the Peacock writes,
When the wailing children moaned and wept,
The laces of the late dead.
And so when they had a new birth,
In the churchyard, buried there,
They raised a voice at the late bed,
With the even words—"God knows!"

"THE MAN IN THE MOON."

Is there a man in the moon? The question is not altogether a light one; nor is it, on the other hand, one of mere shadow. It has only a surface

real personality who has humorously built this title, and whose existence depends, and will continue to depend, upon the persistence of superstitious faith or upon the ingenuity of optical fancies in blunting the gradations of lunar light and shade into the semblance of a human face.

The legend of such an existence is one of great antiquity. Some very imaginative persons have shaped the outlines, traceable upon the surface of the moon, at her full, into the figure of a man, leaning upon a pitchfork, upon which he has been carrying a load of sticks picked up on Sunday, and the origin of this famous fancy is traced to the record in the Book of Numbers, chapter 11, and verses 23-34 inclusive. Passing through the usual phrase of such legends, the one was modified, at length, into that of a man bearing a torch, and a lantern, accompanied by a dog. It is no doubt that this version of the legend, that appears in the prologue of "Midsummer Night's Dream," where Quince replies to Bottom's suggestion that a masker of the great window of the chamber where they were to play should be left open, that the torch might supply them with the moonlight for the meeting of Pyramus and Thisbe.

"Ay, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to dislodge, or to bewitch the person of my master."

There is also an allusion to this popular notion in Chaucer's "Tale of Criseide," where the renowned old poet says of this legend:

"Releaseth."

The tradition is not yet exhausted, but goes back, indeed, almost to the Genesis of our race, making the man in the moon to be Cain with his dog and thorn-bush, the latter supposed to represent the thorns and lepers of the fall, and the dog doing service as the tool used by God to prompt Cain to his fraternal crime. There is yet another and more poetical tale of the origin of this mythical personage, which represents him as Edomites born to the moon by Diana.

These old traditions, popular and practical alike, have served to give to the fancy of a human form and face on the moon's disk a breadth and peculiarity of force given the uncultivated mind, and as in the case of many more palpable fantasies, this hold is narrowly separated from faith. The inquiry with which this tradition demands for its satisfactory answer, however, more than this superficial outline, which has brought these legendary fancies of other ages to our notice. It cannot be met with optical illusions or poetical ingenuities. It must go deeper than into shadowy diversities of the moon's disk.

A puzzle found there, however gigantic and imposing, will not answer the present purpose, which, beneath a seemingly curious and difficult construction, really urges a philosophical problem, and asks in all seriousness, "Is there a man in the moon—a man not as a mere individual, but as a species; not as a simple unit, but as an aggregate of being?" To state this question more gravely and distinctly: Is the moon inhabited? This problem is really not so difficult of solution as might be at first supposed. It is certainly not an easy one, and the difficulties which environ it are of a nature that tends to discourage investigation.

The moon, although the nearest of our celestial neighbors, is yet too far away from the earth for us to obtain ocular proof of the existence or non-existence of life upon its surface. Only the bold and fictitious ingenuity of a Locke has yet invented a telescope of sufficient space-penetrating power to carry our vision clear to the gardens and groves of our lunar satellite, and to reveal to us the happy

Northville Record.



Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

[Always in Advance]

VOL. VIII.

NORTHVILLE, WAYNE CO., MICH., APRIL 21, 1877.

NO. 21.

An Amazing Incident.

most questionable orb has even telescopic vision rested. There is an hemisphere of the moon which no human eye has seen or can see, save only as her librations serve to swing her opposite edges alternately, and for a few leagues of their mysterious territory, into the sweep of our great lenses. The moon turns upon her axis in exactly the same period that is occupied in her revolution about our globe, and thus she has ever played with our astronomers a gigantic game of "hide and seek" with the "hides" always on her own part—the "seek" on theirs. It is not impossible, therefore, that the *lunar iniquities* of our satellite may be *all-like* in its surface-beauty than the side which she turns to us. If we could suspect it we might miss the "fringed edge" which everywhere obtrudes itself upon our present sight. There the mottled face might disappear, and the external conditions seem more compatible with the idea we have of a habitable planet.

The difficulties already considered would not, however, disappear from the problem. If the visible hemisphere be as the change from the brown barrenness of winter to the green verdure of summer, would be detected by the eye of the vigilant observer. That no such change has been witnessed in the whole progress of telescopic investigation is presumptive—and would seem, indeed, to be conclusive—evidence that the surface of the moon is not like that of our globe, variegated by "seasons and their changes."

This negative testimony is the first step of that progress which will probably bring us, at the end of it, to a negative answer to the inquiry which has engaged many minds, and moved

many pens for its solution. The assumed and apparently assured fact that the moon has no season, which would be their succession, preceding changes of appearance or for face, gathers confirmation from other conclusions to which close and patent telescopic observation has brought the best information. They are generally agreed that the moon's world with our own, as least without open seas, lakes and rivers. But there is another instance to which our satellite contributes a proportion of the surface of our globe.

The occasional appearance of white, streaking patches and the doge, partially obscuring the broad disk, has led some observers to think that these spots are lakes obscuring the smooth water. But the hypothesis is not well supported, and the imaginary fakers are so inconsistent in their guess that they may be pale as reasonably supposed to be mineral inlets, with variable aspects of reflection.

The account I watered from the sun is really more than a mere supposition. It is almost undivided, but, that much as there is certainly nothing definite about the moon, at all correspondent in its clarity and distinctness to that gazer in sea which looks over a larger globe. If there were no water, even considerable lakes not absolutely subterranean—or, perhaps we should even a word here and say sub-spherical—like the pent-up waters of our earth's interior, their evaporation would inevitably create eddies, and these would be visible to us in varying traceries of light and shade, and possibly of color, upon an atmosphere. Yet no such tiny pictures are photographed there.

But the most conclusive proof that the moon is not atmospherical lies in her apparent size—her apparent border, suffer instant masking of distortion of its own disk; the well-known optical process of refraction of light. This is never seen in such instances which are so frequent occurrence that observation cannot be at fault here, and the obvious conclusion is that there is no refracting power as a faculty or quality of the moon.

Is it any mitigation of this half-score that we confess to feeling, in dismissing the idea of "a man in the moon"—as altogether mythical—that we may go back in our imagination to the period that anticipated her volcanic ruin and took of some millions of sentient beings suddenly or slowly consumed in the outpour of her Etnas and Hecatas? Hardly, we say; and so we content ourselves with the negative solution of the question at the outset of this paper—there is never "a man in the moon."—H. C. Richards, Jr. Standard (Chicago).

The author of the famous "Mole Hoax"

A member of the London Linnean Society lately read a paper before his fellow-members in which he contended that the production of pearls in oysters is simply due to the irritation occasioned by the attacks of the minute ectopon, known as *ditoma*. He insists, moreover, that by artificial means the abundance of this parasite might be greatly increased and made profitable in a peculiar sense. It will be the possessor of an oyster bed, and by raising the ditoma in suitable numbers, supply herself with all the pearls she needs.

An Anglo-Indian engineer, Mr. Crompton, has invented a locomotive which possesses the peculiarity of being able to run around any obstacle placed on the track, and righting itself on the rails again without any trouble. The contrivance has been tested, and gave entire satisfaction.

Naturalists have now an opportunity of determining the rate of the growth of coral. In taking up a submarine cable recently, which was laid four years ago, there was found attached to it a piece of coral twelve inches long, six inches in diameter at the top and two inches at the base.

All that has been said or written

Record.

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The Northville Record

SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1877.

As if the human family did not lesson speedily enough through the numerous marine disasters or railroad calamities, an occasional holocaust adds its victims to the general list. Wednesday morning, April 11th, at about 2 o'clock, a fire broke out in the Southern Hotel at St. Louis, Mo., resulting in the death of a dozen or more persons. The fire caught in the basement and sped with such rapidity through the elevator to the upper portions of the house that every avenue of escape was cut off, leaving the unfortunate inmates the alternative of roasting in the flames or jumping from the windows. The scene was agonizing in the extreme, the heart-rending cries of the poor suffocating creatures being distinctly heard above the noise of the crackling flames and the tumult below. Some jumped from the sixth story to the pavement, thus escaping one horrible death only to meet another. The building was owned by Robert Campbell, and originally cost \$1,250,000.

For the benefit of a number of people the editor of this paper would state that he has no time to devote in answering other than business letters; nor is he able to hire a writer for that purpose. If those abroad desire "all the news of any account" from this vicinity, they can have it for the period of twelve months, by forwarding \$1.65, subscription price and postage, for this paper. The dozen or more letters received lately without even a stamp enclosed for reply, have been consigned to the waste basket, as will all future epistles of a similar character.

Pith and Point.

It is now the right season for thrifty grocery-men to boil down the remains of old molasses barrels, and flood the market with little cakes of maple sugar.

Brother Moody has converted a newspaper reporter in Boston, a man who describes himself as having led a "wild, rollicking, blasphemous life."

Corden Cumming, the lion-killer, is soon to be married to an American. Why that a good hunter should thus throw himself away in the prime of life.

"Did you ever break a yoke of 4-year-old steers?" asked a farmer of a young chap who wished to marry his daughter. "No, I never did," was the meet reply; "but I have rode a mule in a circus, and had a good deal of other experience in the world." "No other experience," said the farmer, "could qualify you, young man, for trying to handle that girl," said the sedate youth departed.

The imperishable affection of a child for its mother is equaled in no other phase of animal nature. A bright Nevada boy of 16 summers has the extracted tooth of his maternal ancestor manufactured into a cigarette pipe, and now, when he holds five and ten, it doubtless reminds him of his deceased mother's maternal smile, and brings tears to his youthful eyes.

Ladies' dresses will fit more closely than ever this spring. Their dresses will be made so tight, indeed, that lovely women will lose her last relic of superiority over men—she won't be able to put her clothes on over her head any more.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye*.

The law cars you must not spear fish at this season of the year, and our game club should prosecute all persons who are known to hurl the javelin at the finny tribe.—*Loring Republic*.

Another R. E. Conductor loses his wife.

Conductor Wm. C. Covert of Fort Wayne, Ind., lost his wife April 1st. She had been in delicate health for about 2 years, and finally died of consumption, aged 25 years. Funeral took place on the 14th. The bereaved husband, who has been for years a capable and trusty conductor on the Jackson & Ft. Wayne road, has the sympathy of many friends in this sore trial.

The American People.

No people in the world suffer as much with Drysopias as Americans. Although years of experience in medicine had failed to accomplish a certain and sure remedy for this disease and its effects, such as Sour Stomach, Heart-burn, Water-brest, Sore Headache, Convulsions, palpitation of the Heart, Liver Complaint, coming up of the food, low spirits, general debility, etc., yet since the introduction of Goss's Acid Flower we believe there is no case of Drysopias that cannot be immediately relieved. Over 2000 doses sold last year without one case of failure reported. Go to your Drug-gist, C. B. Stevens, and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it. Two doses will relieve you. Price 10 cents.

STATE NEWS.

The Flint red ribbon club is now nearly 2,000 strong. A three-ton stone fell on Peter Miller, of Marquette. It is needless to say it killed him.

The session of the Genesee County court, just closed, was drawn out to two full months.

Over 200 converts have come out from the world since the last great revival at Hudson, led by Major Cole.

John Freeman, of Boston, was kicked to death by a four years old colt he was trying to quiet.

William Dohm, of Flint, has been appointed traveling passenger agent of the Chicago & Lake Huron and Chicago & Northwestern railroads.

Brooker, 5 mos., who stole Willie Hayes, 5 year old boy, in Delaware City, Ohio, on the 7th inst., was arrested with the boy in his possession at London, Ohio, Friday last.

The ladies of East Saginaw are whistling up courage enough to organize a system of Christian womanly visitation among the inmates of the many houses of ill-fame in that city, with a view to reforming the fallen ones.

The salt product of Michigan during the month of March was 33,750 barrels.

It is estimated that there are now in the State of Michigan 35,000 red ribbon temperance reformers.

On the 1st inst. an alarm in tumor, weighing over 40 pounds, was successfully removed from Mrs. Miers, of Calumet, by Dr. F. J. Murray, and the patient was doing well at last accounts.

John Verberg, a son of Cornelius Verberg, who is a merchant of Grand Rapids, attempted to stab his father Tuesday night. Young Verberg, who is about 17 or 18 years old, has been drinking and quite quarrelsome, especially with his father, on whom he has repeatedly made demands for money. He would undoubtedly have murdered his father had others not interceded. He was arrested.

Col. Root, late of the Howard House, Detroit, is figuring to establish a first-class hotel at Flint.

Fred C. Simonds, of Aransas, is only 13 years of age, but he already shows signs of a first-class genius for forgery.

J. D. Smith, of the Howell Republican, would like to be postmaster of that place and "makes no bones" about saying so.

Mr. Henry Weller, of Pottsville, left as well and took a drink of what he supposed was whisky and campion. It was excessive stimulant, and Mr. Weller may die from the effects.

The first news of importance for the annual meeting of the soldiers' and sailors' association have been received. Adrian will be the meeting place this year it is said. May 23d is the date.

The Grand Rapids Post says that during the last three years not less than \$15,000 has been sunk in that city in newspaper enterprises. The editor claims to know whereof he speaks, and says that one man lost \$7,000 by his efforts to build up one paper. The Post thinks that two of the four daily papers now published there must do the Post's business. The Post keeps out of the daily field, and proposes to live to dance on the graves of all the others.

Parties are being organized at several points throughout the State for the Black Hills.

William Mackenney, a farmer living about six or eight miles south of White Haven, came to his death in a terrible manner on the 7th inst. He started for home rather late in the evening, being somewhat the worse for strong drink. On his way home he fell partially out of the buggy, sat on his horse, and was struck on the head. When found near home one side of his head was mangled terribly by contact with the spokes of the buggy wheel.

A skeleton found in the woods near Ben Harbor has been recognized as the remains of Henry Hall, who has been missing since the fall of 1857. He is recognized by some pocket pieces of his shown. An examination of the bones shows the breast bone to have been cut with some sharp instrument.

The general supposition is that he was murdered. Hall generally carried large sums of money on his person.

The meeting of the State conference of the Michigan Unitarians convened at Ann Arbor. The organization of the session was completed on the first day, and on the second day, after the devotional exercises, a letter was read from President Angell asking the delegates to visit the University. The invitation was accepted. The churches then made their reports through their delegates. These documents show that the churches of this denomination in this State are in a very healthy condition in all respects.

Astronomy, zoology, rhetoric and pedagogy have been dropped from the Adrian high school course, and the honest taxpayer who fails to pay for a "higher education" than I had, when I was a boy, am" is angry.

Venom is no more. It is now West Bay City.

Twelve million feet of logs are "hung up" on the Kawartha.

Not a town in Kent County where the red ribbon does not wave triumphant.

The young ladies of Jackson have presented Dr. Reynolds a handsome gold bangle.

Too much prayer meeting caused some of the Barn Oak boys to take off the red ribbon.

Some unknown person or persons have paid Bell's \$1000 balance of concert fee for him.

The International Hotel of Adrian has taken the lead in the movement to have women's rights.

A ten-year-old boy named McTaggart of Charlotte, has driven 60 books from the city library in six months, and then all and kept up with his class at school. Still his parents think they can raise him.

A Morenci man got saddled with a judgment of \$250 for selling a Fairfield minor's class of whisky last Fourth of July. One juror wanted to make it \$1,000, "somewhat representative for Morenci," he expressed it.

The East Saginaw fair grounds were sold on a mortgage foreclosed recently. A woman bought the property, but soon afterward sold it to a company. The sale did not include the driving park, which is owned by the association.

The roadbed of the Detroit, Midland & Southeastern railroad is being put in through repairing new ties, bridges, etc.

James West, of Kalamazoo, was taken suddenly ill at Milwaukee and died at the hospital on the 14th. He was en route to Oshkosh.

Where now be all your fast boats and red-hot opposition tug lines? The Saginaw river pole-drivers have formed an association, will run on card rates, and pool their earnings.

DEEP WELL, & FORCE PUMPS, ETC., ETC.

Those suffering with that disagreeable and dangerous disease Cataract, or any Throat or Lung affection, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c., &c., will receive (free of charge), the Recipe and full directions for a speedy and permanent cure, from one who has suffered and cured himself.

Address the Publisher,

S. H. LITTLE,

Northville, Mich.

Our Washington Letter.

Matters at the White House—Breakwaters and the President's Room—The First Lady in the Land—Her Work of Reform Great—than Her Husband's.

Latest Cabinet Considerations—New Department of Justice, etc.—Louisiana Commission.

Reorganizing the Treasury Department—Extra Session—South Carolina—Washington Monument, Etc.

W. H. LITTLE, D. C., April 18th, 1877.

From Our Special Correspondent.

Things appear to move on harmoniously at the White House, and the Hayes family bid fair to stand higher in favor of people of all classes and parties than any Presidential family has for many years. Russell Grant was no favorite with newspaper men. He objected to being interviewed. He was naturally quiet, and retiring, almost to secretiveness. President Hayes is particularly genial-handsome-well-set with every body and is accessible to all representatives of the press but has been in public life too long to fall an easy prey to professional interviews. The old ushers and door-keepers employed by Grant are still retained in the ante-room at the top of the stairs, where brother-in-law Dent used to preside over the card-tables, is now a tall, sandy-haired Western man, armed with a big quill and barricaded with inkstands and stacks of cards. Every morning this apartment fills up with eager office-seekers and persons of all stamps and on all sorts of errands, from ex Congressmen in black broadcloth to the servants for country post-officeship, who, crowding around the tall, sandy-haired Western man—who, by the way, is a regular Presidential breaker—were politely given cards to write. Those cards, few of them are ever seen by other eyes than those of the sandy-haired breaker. In the next room, the door of which is guarded by a sleek, slim, sapling of color, sits Mr. Rodgers, the President's private secretary, and generally Mr. Webb Hayes, who is also sleek and slim, and wears eye-glasses. Mr. Rodgers is another breaker, and his orders are to keep office-seekers and other insignificant persons away from the President. The next room is the President's reception room, and members of the Cabinet and of Congress can pass from this entrance directly to his presence, but others must run the gauntlet mentioned. President Hayes' pet political hobby is undoubtedly civil service reform.

Mrs. Hayes is universally adored, and every body praises her beauty, and the fine taste of her apparel.

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An examination of the bones shows the breast bone to have been cut with some sharp instrument.

If Mrs. Hayes succeeds in steering the extravagant over-dressing of American women, she will accomplish a greater work than will any President in his "civil service reform."

The latest consideration of the Cabinet was yesterday directed to the charges against Gov. Potts, of Montana Territory. The action taken on the charges has not yet been made public, but those familiar with the case believe Potts will be reelected. The Cabinet also considered the financial condition of the several departments, and found them all favorable, except the Navy Department, which Secretary Thompson is now investigating. He has however issued the following circular:

"The Secretary of the Navy regrets that it has become his duty to communicate to the officers of the naval service that the amount of money found by him in the Treasury of the United States, to the credit of the appropriation, 'Pay of the Navy,' is insufficient for the months of April, May and June. The Secretary proposes to retain as much as may be found necessary of what there is in the Treasury, under 'Pay of the Navy,' for the purpose of paying allments to the wives of officers and sailors, whose husbands are abroad in the service of their country, and unable to otherwise provide for them; and in this purpose the Secretary feels that he will be sustained by every high-minded, honorable officer in the Navy of the United States."

The Louisiana Commission has a difficult task before it. The latest news from the State indicates a disposition on the part of both Governors to resist whatever efforts or influence it may offer. The situation there can hardly be discussed understandingly until the Commission arrives and organizes.

The work of reorganizing the Treasury Department is still going on under the management of the new Secretary. Many removals are not to be made except in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, but the general system of routine business of the Department is to be reconstructed.

About 230 hands are to be dismissed from the Printing Bureau.

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James West, of Kalamazoo, was taken suddenly ill at Milwaukee and died at the hospital on the 14th. He was en route to Oshkosh.

Where now be all your fast boats and red-hot opposition tug lines?

The Saginaw river pole-drivers have formed an association, will run on card rates, and pool their earnings.

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I loved thee once, with joy was filled.

They smiles to me were treasures rare.

At thy sweet voice my heart was thrilled.

And beat now at prospects fair.

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TO ADVERTISERS.—No advertisement is inserted in this paper, except from parties who have paid in advance. Therefore it is necessary to send an ad to this office with the money to "insert and send off at the end of week."

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Ex-Queen Isabella's Diplomatic Dwarf.

In one of the broad avenues of this city near the Arc de Triomphe lives a little man who is Tom Thumb's inferior in height—and, therefore, his superior in dwarfish merit—by the full thickness of a pocket volume. He has a ready wit, an intelligent face, dresses carefully, and has plenty of money, and his terra-tout is, if not one of the most splendid at least one of the neatest in Paris. He drives a pony not much larger than a Newfoundland dog in a trap that reminds you of the vehicles to which the goats are harnessed in the Champs Elysées. Everything is in keeping about him, with the exception of his cigar, and the dwarf was given to understand that, small as he was, there would not be room for him in the luggage. This was another reason for his expulsion. Alfonso simply detested him for the contempt which his influence in the Queen's household tended to bring upon the royal name. He was a part of a peculiarly hateful past, and a part out of all proportion in importance to his physical size. He was left in Paris, in fact, as the Queen was left because both would have been highly dangerous companions for a monotonous journey. Isabella was nothing loth to have him with her; she loaded him with favors, and, with these and her subsequent gifts, he became what he is at this moment, a rich man. Alfonso would perhaps have been content to have seen both of them for the last time, but, as we know, he found it impossible, in the long run, to resist his mother's entreaties for permission to return to Spain. He coupled his assent, however, with one of the most intolerable conditions: she was to leave the dwarf in Paris; and there was more negotiation on this article of the family pact which preceded the Queen's journey, than on all the rest put together—so much, at least, is openly stated by persons likely to be pretty well informed. The Queen cried like an infant when she made her judgment of a courtier good-by, and she left him for a consolation the well-filled purse on which he now leads the life of a gentleman in the most luxurious capital in the world.—*Paris, N. Y. World.*

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

His own. His memory was wonderful; he took no notes, carried no papers, but conveyed the substance of communications from one side to the other without losing a single item of importance on the way. When all was ready, and Alfonso was about to start from Paris, the little man was in high glee with the expectation of being promoted to the King's suite. But the young Monarch was sufficiently well advised to leave as much as possible of his mother's property, pecuniary, in ideas as in personal belongings, and the dwarf was given to understand that, small as he was, there would not be room for him in the luggage. This was another reason for his expulsion. Alfonso simply detested him for the contempt which his influence in the Queen's household tended to bring upon the royal name. He was a part of a peculiarly hateful past, and a part out of all proportion in importance to his physical size. He was left in Paris, in fact, as the Queen was left because both would have been highly dangerous companions for a monotonous journey. Isabella was nothing loth to have him with her; she loaded him with favors, and, with these and her subsequent gifts, he became

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The Man Who Grew.

One day last week a Detroit merchant was going down Michigan avenue, and became favorably impressed with a pair of pants hanging in front of a cheap clothing store. The price was low, the goods seemed all right, and he made up his mind to purchase. "I give you the word of Andrew Sheldon, do these pants are straight iron," said the dealer. "I warrant them every dink."

After three or four days wear, the purchaser found the bottom of the pants crawling toward his knees. It was a bad case of shrinkage, and he got mad and went back to the store and said:

"You swindled me on those pants. See how they have shrank!"

The dealer looked him all over, felt of his legs, pulled on the pants, and finally said:

"I shall give you one thousand dollars a month if you will travel with me."

"How—what?"

"You are about growing right at the rate of two inches a day, and I tax you about twice country-inhabitation. These pants are about as long as ever, but you have grown out of them."

"I don't believe it," shouted the man. "I am forty years old, and quite growing long ago."

"I give you the word of Andrew Sheldon, do you was growing."

"I don't care whose word you give. I say these pants have shrunk nearly a foot."

"Has de top of dose pants shrunken down so?" softly asked the dealer.

"Why, no."

"Shouldn't de vaishands shrink down shust as quick as dose bottoms should shrink up? If it's in de cloth one part should shrink like de other? When I sold you dat elegant pair of pants for tree dollar I don't suppose you was growing so fast, or I shall bat you sum strays on de bottom."

"Well, I don't like this way of doing business," said the purchaser.

"Shust like me. If I sells such elegant pants as dose to a man, and de grows out of dem, if I makes my trade. You has damaged me five hoovered dollar, but I has low rent, pays cash for meus goods, and can make you dis fifty-cent tie for live cents."

The man walked out to the curbstone, and, turning around, shook his fist and said:

"You are a liar and a cheat, and I'll sue you out here!"

"Such dings sink deep into my heart," sized the dealer, as he took down his pipe. "I thinks I sells out de pessiss and poidiss some vases around. Den when I sells to somebody it makes no difference how much they grow."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Sir recommends very highly the use of sawdust in mortar as superior to hair in preventing the cracking and peeling off of rough casting under the action of storms and frost. His own house, exposed to prolonged storms on the seacoast, had patches of mortar to be renewed each spring, and after the application of the sawdust as a capital excuse for his presence in the country, he had come to look after his "property," a patch of ground in the neighborhood of Aranjuez, bestowed on him one day in a kind of freak of good nature by the Queen. He talked much of his property and of the penurious condition in which he had been left by the fall of the dynasty; and a pretended anxiety to secure his estate from confiscation gave him an opportunity of seeing many of the men in power and quietly sounding them as to their disposition toward the exiled house. But his chief business lay among the leaders of the Alfonsist party, and he was the most faithful and the most intelligent of go-betweens for them and for the court in Paris. He was as free from treachery by all parties as the bird could have been, and he had that bird's gift of accurately repeating whatever was said in his hearing joined to an intelligence that was all

According to the most recent researches, certain microscopic organisms or living bodies constitute, in all probability, the specific poison or contagion which causes the spreading of epidemics. Whenever there is a fresh outbreak of an epidemic in a locality, the first case is sure to be in connection with a like case in some other locality. This fact, the result of extensive experience, goes far to demonstrate that contagion can only be produced by multiplication and not by absence of coincidence.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

The Santa Rossa Democrat gives the following advice in burning stumps: "Pile about them a lot of dry rubbish (there is nothing better than dry scab-maniere), and after setting this on fire cover it with damp or wet manure. This is upon the plan of a coal kiln, and if one wants pay for this labor he can put out the fire at the proper stage and make a few bushes or earcoats; but not we can let the whole thing burn to ashes. One who has tried this plan says it is a perfect success. It is worth a trial."

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 olfactory.

The windows should be adjusted so that the upper sash may be let down and the lower one raised.

By 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.*

The question is of frequent occurrence, says Landreth's Rural Register, why cannot private families have heat-catheras as easily as the market-gardeners? Simply because of imperfect culture and insufficient manuring. The market-gardener feeds his entire crop without stint, and with the rankest food; frequently plows in the manure in the autumn, turns it up in the spring, and thoroughly incorporates it with the soil; plants early, cultivates deeply, not simply tickling the surface with the hand hoe, but uses the plow, and the horse-hoe; but cannot always be done in the comparatively small family garden, but the spade can be used, and that is the next best thing. Use it freely, dig deeply, and the result will surprise those who have heretofore relied upon the hoe alone.

—Veal Pie.—Butter a large bowl

very thickly, and line it with sliced

hard-boiled eggs put in perpendicular

layers, a lining of veal cut in thin

slices; season with pepper; next one

of sliced ham, each slice peppered

and sprinkled with lemon juice; more veal

and more ham, till the dish is packed

to the brim; cover with a thick paste

made of flour and hot water, just

stiff enough to handle with ease; press

this closely to the outside of the bowl,

which should not be at all greased;

and let it overlap the rim for half an

inch; set the bowl in a pot of hot

water, not deep enough to bubble over

the top of the bowl.

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