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VOL. VIII.

NORTHVILLE, WAYNE CO., MICH., JUNE 30, 1877.

NO. 26.

THE POETICAL HOUSEWIFE.

Now I have packed the last away;
Within its blakets soft and warm;
Oh, would that all were safe as they;
Secure in love and screened from storm.

Now for a first, unfeasted hour
The morn round my bed to woe;
I feel a soft, melting pour,
Thrilling my fancy through and through.

Ah! smooth path you still seem
With grace of—(that little rose
Is ripening in the scene.)
I must repair it when I'm thought.

Come, don't link ye vulgar means
To fix my thoughts of ambient light,
And wait there—I forget the scene.
They seem be soaking through the night.)

Now that is done, ill quit my all
At posy-a-cote forte;
How sweet to sit with gods at will;
(Scat! what can our old Abby want?)

Let's see! Hailing of love divine—
For that is them ever grow old;
While hearts can thill and eyes can smile,
Love is still wanted in the cold.

(But there! too great a burning low,
And woe, the cradled empty quire—
Till that I had known so;
Heigho! forget it cool to-night.)

Now I've brought fuel from the wood—
The wood would not suffice to lamp
While in the dark I stand a-train—
What if we were dreadfully tramp?

And now I'll to the mystic spring,
Where noog but farral may lie,
With Pagan and Faun I'll sing—
(Hark! That was little Merrylegs' cry.)

Oh dear! the hell does open wide!
I thought Ned closed and locked it so,
What if wee worse the breach he sped,
And bade me = the waters were—

For, lo, comes a ringing door—
That's the old I told you!

For the stars and moon to tell,
Why, did you not fall out of bed?

There! there! deary, I'll kiss you good,
And back you in bed—now, now, now,
Now you are—oh, my little birdie—
At Grecian's singing voice I heard her.

And now take home thy faded posy,
Or we shall have a bad year;
But Ned will expense a few dollars
To mend the hole from Washington.

(There's a lady coming up the road,
And looking over her end. I see,

My little girl's gone to town.)

—Moss. SANCON, 1877.

In 1852, Monsieur Paul Sancon was accounted one of the richest and most successful business men of France. He was a man of great tact, fair, well educated and a respectable family. His wife was a very beautiful woman, some years his junior and reported to be wealthy. They had three children, who were being educated in England under the care of Madame Sancon's maiden sister, Mons. Sancon lived in elegant style, but without ostentation or extravagance, and altogether within his supposed means. He had a counting room in his dwelling and a confidential clerk, an old, almost important business was transacted there.

The narrative, which is about to be related begins on the 10th of November in the year named.

Early in the evening of that day, Mons. Sancon informed his wife that he had important business which called him from home, and would detain him probably until midnight. He requested his clerk, Montalon, to remain at his post until his return, and about nine o'clock quitted the house.

Almost immediately afterward, Mrs. Sancon also left her residence on foot.

Soon after eleven o'clock she returned, and learning that her husband was still absent, she retired to her apartment.

Half an hour later, Mrs. Sancon arrived and went at once to his private room. The scene that awaited him there was a tragic one. The clerk, Montalon, lay on the floor, writhing in blood which still oozed from a wound in the throat, and from a score of horrible gashes in the face. The large safe was open and the contents were scattered over the floor. A hasty glance revealed the fact that a large sum of money and valuable securities were missing.

Mons. Sancon quickly summoned an attorney, and dispatched him with information of the crime which had been perpetrated to the Chief of Police, and inquired for Mons. Sancon. On being informed that he was not at home he requested to see the clerk, and was therupon admitted. Unless than a quarter of an hour he departed without exciting suspicion on the part of a servant who opened the door. This man was described as about forty years of age, with full black beard and hair, above the medium height, and inclined to be stout. He wore a wide brimmed, low-crowned hat, a capacious military cloak and heavy boots. He spoke in a low, deep voice, and with a foreign accent.

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The Northville Record

SARAH H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 10.

This number will close the 8th volume of the Record.

General Grant appears to have reached the climax of honor's abroad. He can now be "Doctor Grant" if he chooses, though we doubt if he would prefer the title to that by which he is now known.

Our Washington correspondent says the report is correct that Senator Conkling will have to work hard to retain his seat; his most powerful opponents being the famous New York lawyer, R. W. Stoughton, and State Senator Woodin. Conkling is too strong and outspoken not to make enemies, and there are those who, although not themselves aspirants to his position, will work against him as they have power and influence.

This is how the political issue in the West is foreshadowed: Both parties will demand the restoration of the old silver dollar. But there seems to be this sharp difference between them, that while one party demands silver for resumption, the other demands it for inflation. One wants it to replace greenbacks; the other wants it in addition to greenbacks. President Hayes has been forced to say that he was strongly in favor of the recoinage of silver and the restoration of the old silver dollar, until recently he has come to a decision that he has spoken too freely and will do so no more as he now recognizes the error of awakening criticism in advance upon his official intentions and arousing opposition to his proposed action.

Honest but Simple.

As a lady passenger left Conductor Simpson's westward-bound train at Chelesia, on the Central Saturday last, she left her pocket-book on the seat. A gentleman, more honest than wise, picked it up and going to the rear door threw it towards the depot, with the expectation probably that whosoever noticed the act and picked up the book would hand it over to the lady. Persons finding lost articles in railway seats should hand them to the conductor, and he will see that they find their proper owner.

A True Lady.

Beauty and style are not the purest passport to respectability—some of the noblest specimens of womanhood the world has ever seen have presented the plainest and most unprepossessing appearance. A woman's worth is to be estimated by her real goodness of heart, and the purity and sweetness of her character; and such a woman, with a kindly disposition and well-balanced mind and temper, is lovely and attractive. Her face, however plain and her form ever so homely, she makes the best of wives and the treasurers of mothers. She has a higher purpose in life than the beautiful yet vain and superficial woman, who has no higher ambition than to gratify her inordinate vanity by attracting flattery and praise from a society whose compliments are as hollow as they are insincere.—Ex.

The Michigan Farmer says: "Friend Sotham has been visiting the farm of A. N. Kimmins, Esq., of Novi, and in a recent issue of the Daily Post gave a very fine description of his methods of farming. But there is one statement which must have exception to it. Mr. Sotham says Mr. Kimmins "does not need a profit to sell him when to sell his crops." We have known Mr. K. for a number of years, and we know that he has always looked for a profit in selling his produce, and generally got it, too. We don't like to find fault, but we think a correction is absolutely needed."

There had a riot on the evening of June 22. James McDermott, proprietor of the City hotel, got into trouble with a man who charged McDermott with having robbed him of a suit of clothes. One Williams took part of McDermott and passed by that of the stranger, and the windows and doors of the hotel were smashed in. The mob would not be satisfied until they saw McDermott in jail.

Saturday forenoon, a young man named George Barnes, working in Bowen's shingle mill at Montague, was caught by the cutting-off saw, and so fearfully mangled that he begged to be put to death. It was decided by four of our best physicians who attended him to amputate the left arm above the elbow, the left leg above the knee, and half of the right foot. The two first-mentioned operations were performed as, on the last, the next morning. He pleaded guilty to all three charges, and will probably be sentenced on Monday.

Our Washington Letter.

Washington, D. C.,
June 30, 1877.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

Slowly but surely the Government

is passing out of the era of

Specie resumption, though still afar off, is gradually coming into view.

Last week over \$100,000 in gold was sold. This is had to be done because under the act of Jan. 14, 1875, legal tenders and greenbacks to the amount of \$1,000,000, have been burned, cut, or destroyed. The process of destroying redeemed and worn-out paper money is a curious one. For

merely it was all burnt and the mass

of cinders resulting from the fire was,

of course, quite worthless. Being

burnt from time to time in the same

place, however, and in such large

quantities, the chemicals and various

coloring ingredients would collect

and form a hard, fluffy substance

something like the waste from iron

ore when it is melted, often with a

sort of shiny, bubbly surface, which

is useless except as a curiosity. If

done very well for rich hunters who

are getting to be so numerous. The

only real use I have seen it put to is

for fountain stands and basins.

There are two or three of these in

the city and are really ornamental.

The cinders are arranged like crock

ery and around the outer wall of the

basin grow ferns and grasses, while the water dripping upon the

inner wall or fountain stand, keep it

constantly wet and shining. But

within a few years American genius

has contrived to utilize even this.

There is now a room in the basement

of the Treasury, known as the mone

ying room and occupied by a huge

circular furnace which is built in

partly above and partly below the

floor, and into which the money

after being punched, cut into pieces

and variously mutilated, is put and

ground into powder. Water is ad-

ded and a soft pulp formed from

which at last a stout grayish wrap-

ping paper is made. During the

process of maceration, the pulp is

sifted through several grades of wire

netting to make sure that no pieces of

till by any chance escapes the grind-

ing. Curiosity hunters also make

much of this. They take the wet

pulp, press and dry it, and then saw

it into bracket ornaments of various

shapes, such as anchors, crosses, etc.

One lady of my acquaintance took

quite a large mass of it to the Con-

tinental last year, and had it turned in

a lathe and formed into a pretty wire

glass shape with plate to stand on.

When pressed hard and dried

thoroughly it can be cut, sawn,

sculptured and even highly polished.

Gen. Grant appears to be seeing

the world to greater advantage than

any American has ever done before

or since. We can but suppose that it is greatly

the whole United States that is being

complimented and honored through

our ex-President. At all events he is

being feted and feasted by Queens,

Princes, Lords and Dukes, none of

his countrymen were over. It is a

well known fact that Gen. Grant is a

lover of fast and fine horses. He

often had as many as a dozen and

never less than six, in his stables

while he was President, and he sel-

dом gave up the ribbons to his coach-

man, even when driving with his

family. The impression has pre-

vailed abroad as well as at home that

he was quite a horse fancier, and ad-

dicated to sports of the turf; therefore

a declaration which he has made

since he left this country, was re-

ceived everywhere with unqualified

surprise. It was doing a general

after-dinner conversation at a ban-

quet given in the General's honor,

by the Duke of Wellington, that the

former was asked what was the com-

parison between English racing, as

he had seen it a day or two before,

and the races in America. Gen.

Grant replied with an amused smile,

"There is an impression abroad that

I am a great horse racer, fond of

horses and know all about races; but

on the contrary, I really know nothing

of racing, having only seen two

races—one at Cincinnati in 1855 and

at the opening of Jerome Park in 1867.

I feel, therefore, that I am not qual-

ified to judge of the comparison.

This might have been accepted in

England but the General's acquaint-

ances in America comment on the as-

servation by saying they will not be

surprised now to hear him say that

he never owned but two dogs.

I saw, in some late newspaper, a

statement to the effect, that a recent

instance of a white congregation be-

ing addressed by a colored preacher

was the first on record. This is quite

a mistake. Rev. Dr. McGinnell,

colored, preaches to and addresses

white congregations in this city, and

as long ago as 1875 the Right Rev.

Dr. Holly, Bishop of Hayti, an Afri-

can, fine blood, preached to a large

white congregation at the Episcopacy

Church here; which is considered the

most "high-toned" and aristocratic of

any in Washington. M. X. W.

A Bay City woman who has a small-pox

in her house put out her bonnet and

shawl Friday and went out among the other

folks of the city to see a circus parade. We

sincerely hope Mrs. Beach will not die with

small-pox. But may live many years to hear

the reproach of being the mother of less

than any other woman in Michigan.

Otto Lechner, the last defaulting bank

teller, of East Saginaw, has been arraigned

for trial on three charges of embezzle-

ment. He pleaded guilty to all three charges, and

is apparently doing well. His fall is at

the line near Newark.

Saturday forenoon, a young man named

George Barnes, working in Bowen's shingle

mill at Montague, was caught by the

cutting-off saw, and so fearfully mangled

that he begged to be put to death. It was

decided by four of our best physicians

who attended him to amputate the left arm

above the elbow, the left leg above the

knee, and half of the right foot. The two

first-mentioned operations were performed

The Northville Record

To ADVERTISE—No Advertisement is inserted in this paper unless from a person who sends his bill in advance. Therefore it is better to send an ad to this office with the money than to wait and send it 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.

W. J. KENDRICK, M. D., Physician & Surgeon. Office over Lapham & Kendrick's Store, Main street, Northville, Mich. All calls promptly attended to day or night.

Dentistry.

EDWIN N. ROOT, DENTIST. Office and operating room over Lapham & Kendrick's store, in Perrin Block, Main St., Northville, Mich.

1877

Harness and Tanning.

C. S. ELMER, HARNESS MAKER, and carriage tanner. In the Maccober building, Main St. Special attention given to all orders.

Wheat and Produce.

L. L. MOORE & CO., DEALERS in Wheat, Seeds, Cereals, Hay, in their season, and produce of all kinds. Headquarters in the Moore's store, corner Main and Cass Streets, Northville, Mich.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

TRAINS LEAVE NORTHVILLE. PLINT & PEERS MARQUETTE R. R. DETECTIVE.

TRAINS LEAVES PLYMOUTH.

DET. LANSING & LAKEMICH. R. R. DETECTIVE.

TRAINS LEAVES ON MILWAUKEE.

DET. LANSING & MILWAUKEE. R. R. DETECTIVE.

NORTHVILLE MARKETS.

DET. LANSING & MILWAUKEE. R. R. DETECTIVE.

DET. LANSING & MILWAU

VARIETY AND HUMOR.

Hypophobia occurs oftenest among highly-domesticated dogs. Advice to too many people how to make home happy leave it.

Not many women are blacksmiths, but most of them can shoe a hen.

A caged dog will make the top of a hemlock board fence feel soft as downy pillows are. *Pompeii Sentinel*.

"Be content with what you have," as the rat said to the trap when he saw that he had left part of his tail in it.

A Mayor out West has determined to kill half the dogs in the city, and tan their hides with the bark of the other half.

The little and short sayings of nice and excellent men are of great value, like the rest of gold; or the least sparks of diamonds. *Tillotson*.

A shadow sits by the vacant chair. A ceiling has strands of yellow hair. When her husband was arrested, she said, "Now I am what I am last." Not the best of the world's best, but of who would sit there next.

An English correspondent says the Russian soldiers are generally suffering with influenza. No wonder so long as they're in Rumania. — *N.Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

Undertakers should be careful of what they say. One of them said to a sickly-looking man who was passing his place: "Good morning. This is a fine day to take a ride." The sickly man winced.

It is almost time for some bald-headed old journalists, who can't tell barley from camp, to come out with the train of two battalions marching in America fate up \$1,000 acres of ground. — *Detroit Free Press*.

A butcher sold a sailor a ham on credit, but finding in a few days that he had gone to sea he growled, "If I'd known that he wasn't going to pay for it, I'd have charged him threepence more a pound for it, the rascal."

"Ah, love!" she murmured, as they wandered through the moonlight, "and deepest, why do the sunbeams roses fade?" He happened to be a young chemist of a practical turn of mind, and he replied that it was owing to the insufficiency of oxygen in the atmosphere.

Grandma, do you know who I can see up in the sky so far?" asked Charlie, a little four-year-old. "No, my dear, why is it?" said grandma, bending her eye eager to catch and remember the wise saying of the precious little pet. "Because there is nothing in the way."

A great deal of disappointment is felt among Rome dealers, because the Turks and Russians do not eat more deer. Not much fighting is going on, and it would be no more than neighborly for the warriors to eat an extra meal now and then, and give a lift to their friends on this side of the water. — *Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel*.

A man on Aberdeen street had a fit with his wife last week over the vital question whether a new dress was to be or not to be, she taking the affirmative, and he supporting the negative. She vowed that unless she got that new dress she would die, and strove to convince him that from a mercenary point of view it would be cheaper to buy her the coveted article of raiment than to bury her. He reluctantly responded that if he buried her that was the end of it, whereas if he yielded, there would have to be more new dresses in the future, and supported his position with such cogency and eloquence that she at last yielded, and resolved to swap his best pantaloons for a china vase with the first peddler who came along. — *Chicago Tribune*.

"Can you tell me what those figures on the top of the monument represent?" queried a Washington Star reporter of a German laborer employed to aid in erecting the naval monument in Washington, at the junction of Pennsylvania avenue and First street west. "Well, I don't care to tell you what dem vimmers is already, aber I tink dey be officers' wives. Dose be my idea about dat." "I see one of them is weeping on the other's shoulder; what does that mean?" again queried the reporter. "Well, I tell you about dat. One of them vimmers, de one what cry all the time, she just heard her husband got wounded, and she feel awful bad about dat, and she don't can write, so she get deudder vimmers mit de feder—de pen, or vot you call it—to write a letter for her. Now, dat may be wrong, but it was my idea about it."

Testimony in favor of the use of coffee as an invigorator is given by a correspondent of the London *Lancet*, who writes: "I am frequently compelled, at this season of the year, to have men working in the water, even in frosty weather. I find the following allowance gives great satisfaction to the men, and we never have a case of tiredness or injury to them in any way: Kettle of coffee made with half sweet milk, half water, three or four eggs whipped, poured into it when off the boil, hot toasted bread with plenty of butter of finest quality. Serve up this every two and a half hours. The expense is much less than the usual allowance of whisky, and the men work far better, and, if care is taken to have the coffee, milk (cream is still better), bread and butter, and especially the butter, of the finest quality, the men are delighted with it. I am persuaded it would be worth while to try this allowance instead of grog. Furnishing extra grog gives the men a notion that it is good for them, and perpetuates the belief in stimulants among workmen."

Russian Soldiers on the March.

The correspondent of a London newspaper, writing of some battalions of Russian infantry proceeding to Galatz in heavy marching order, says: "They came along in loose order, straggling all over the chassee, at a pace slow on four miles an hour—a long, dreary, steady tramp, comes to look, but undeniably lasting. The rank and file in but few cases were tall men, but were burly, square-set fellows, broad in the shoulders, deep in the chest, but not in the flanks as I have seen the Indians are. They

wore a kerchief French-style blue with red band round it, blue tunic, longer and looser in the skirts than ours of the German tunic, and had their loose blue trousers shoved into long boots, reaching over the calf of the leg quite up to the knee. The knapsack was on the back, and the rifle was carried across the hair left on, ready carried by cross-belts over the chest. The rifle was the Berdan, and the men marched with fixed bayonets, although they carried bayonet scabbards. The Russian infantry never stood, as does the German comrade. His belts are of black leather, and so he escapes being a chronic victim to piecemeal. The *tente d'abri* was carried in three pieces, and every man carried his own kettle on the back of his knapsack. A certain proportion of the men carried trenching tools, and nearly every one had some extra weight dangling about him. One, a pair of new boots strapped on his knapsack, another a bundle containing who knows what? a third, a billet of wood for the camp fire, and so on. They carried their heavy brown great-coats rolled over the left shoulder in the same manner as the Germans do theirs. The detachment had marched some fifteen miles in heavy marching-order, as I have described, with three days' rations in their knapsacks, and not a man had fallen out. Each battalion was followed by two large wagons, drawn by four horses, harnessed abreast, containing the baggage of the officers. There was an ambulance wagon, or rather a carriage, conveying the battalion-surgeon's stores, instruments, and medical appliances, a couple of forage carts, and this was all the train of two battalions marching to commence a campaign that put the time as low as will, must be measured by months. Of course, I don't include ammunition-wagons in the train in this sense. The men looked hard, brown and healthy. As they swung along with those great strides of theirs, they made light of their heavy kit, and sang with wonderful taste and great virility. In fine, I never saw soldiers in condition and better heart for the varied pluses of a campaign-marching, campaigning and fighting."

Fear as a Detective.

The Hartford correspondent of the New York Times says:

I have not seen it stated anywhere that the detection of the irregularities in the Farmers' & Mechanics' Bank, of this city, one result of which has been to send Messrs. Tracy and Chapman, the President and Cashier, to State Prison, was due to one of those trifling incidents which often disclose wicked deeds.

Henry Keney, the Vice-President, went to the bank on the last day that the official examiners were there. He had not happened in when the previous examinations had been made. His visit was in the morning, and he spoke with Mr. M. J. Galt, the Examiner-in-Chief, and, after doing some business, left. Later in the day he appeared again, of course unexpectedly, but his presence then was so unusual that Mr. Tracy, the President, was annoyed, and when he saw Mr. Keney pass through the Director's room he grew very suspicious. In that room were the Examiners. No sooner had he entered than Tracy said to Chapman, in a low tone: "Keney must be got out of that room." Chapman replied: "What can I do? I can't get him out." "He must be got out," said Tracy. Just then Mr. Tracy came out, and passed out of the bank without a suspicion that anything was wrong. The examination was concluded that afternoon, and Tracy was congratulated by the Examiner upon the splendid condition of the bank, though "here was an actual deficiency of over half a million dollars which had been covered up by false records." It happened, however, that the conversation between Tracy and Chapman was overheard by a clerk who immediately upon the close of the bank went to Mr. Keney's house and told him what he had heard. Mr. Keney was astonished, and, went that night to Tracy's place in Newington, and the next day the fact came out. But for Tracy's causeless fright by Keney's presence in the bank, the two men who are in State Prison would probably be to-day at their desks; though they were in so deep that exposure would have followed some day.

An Edinburgh journal describes an engine for starting large reversing engines, without assistance, in a few seconds, the principal feature in this arrangement consisting of a combination of steam and hydraulic cylinders controlled by automatic valve gear.

This is accomplished by the lever, which opens and closes the steam and hydraulic valves, being hung partly on the reversing lever, and at its other extremity on the weight-shaft lever, so that any motion given to it and the valves by the engineer, in one direction, is counteracted by the movement of the weight-shaft lever to which the links of the marine-engine are attached. Thus the links follow the motion of the reversing lever, and are locked fast at any degree of expansion in the quadrant.

The fact is noted in the *Naturalist* that the red-headed woodpecker will brain young birds when a tempting opportunity offers. The case observed was as follows: During the summer of 1878, a gentleman "raised a large number of black Cayuga ducks. It was noticed that, while the birds were still very young, many of them disappeared, one after the other, and the bodies of several were found with the brains picked out. On watching carefully to ascertain the cause, a red-headed woodpecker (*Melanerpes erythrocephalus*) was caught in the act. He killed the tender duckling with a single blow in the head, and then pecked out and ate the brains."

How to cure an immoderate attachment to material possessions—What is to be done, my dear? He positively boasts on his "Paterfamilias." Well, we must try to find him an antidote.

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AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

Salt Cake. Two eggs, one cup of sugar, four tablespoons of water; one cup of flour; two teaspoons of baking powder.

For Luncheon Cake. Mix one cup

cup flour, one of sour milk, one tea

spoonful (scant) soda, one ground

cloves and one of raisins.

To prevent meat from scorching in the oven during the roasting process simply keep a basin of cup of water in the oven. The steam generated not only prevents scorching but makes the meat cook nicer.

Some farmers are content with a shot-style of farming which will barely keep soul and body together. But the mystery to us always was, what they wanted to keep such a soul and body together for—*Local State*.

A pineapple pie is thus made: Grate one pineapple; take its weight in sugar, half its weight in butter, and the rinds of five eggs; beat all together until very light; add one cupful of cream or rich milk, stir in the grated pineapples and the beaten whites of the five eggs. Bake with an under crust and eat cold.

To make an omelet, take a tablespoonful of sweet milk for each egg and a pinch of salt also; beat the eggs lightly. Dissolve in a small frying-pan a piece of butter the size of a walnut; when hot pour in the eggs; when the under side is just set, put the pan for a minute or two in a brisk oven. When cold, fold it double. Serve immediately.

The crowning beauty of the garden or lawn is given by the rightly-placed and rightly-filled flower bed. Many beds there may be if one does not mind and tire for them; but do not let your spring enthusiasm lay upon you a heavy burden of summer work. Concentrate your time and care upon a few of the best things and keep them in the best of order. — *Christian Journal*.

Orchards love good soil as other farm crops. If there is no vine to spare after the regular farm crops have had their share, let the trees have some. It is not necessary to plot in order to spread it beyond where the roots extend. If newly-planted fruit trees do not seem to push their buds freely cut them back a little. A good pruning is often the best medicine for a sick tree. — *Germarburg Telegraph*.

The Lancaster Farmer gives this remedy for gapes in chickens: "In a recent conversation with an experienced chick-growing man, he informed me that he had been very successful in conquering that pernicious disease in his young fowls, by the application of al-salak lura. As soon as a manifestation of gape in his flocks appears he conveys his chickens in a box, one at a time, sufficiently large to contain the bird, and places a coarse piece of cotton or linen cloth over the top. Upon this he places the powdered lime, and takes the screen sufficient to cause the lime to fall through. This lime-dust the fowl inhales and causes it to sneeze, and in a short time the cause of the gape is torn out in the form of a slimy mass or mass of worms, which had accumulated in the windpipe and smaller air passages. This remedy he considers superior to any he has ever tried, and he seldom fails to effect a perfect cure."

The Farmers' Improved Estate.

The boy who was hired to stand and watch the early steam engine and manipulate the "cut-off" got lazy one day, and, tying a stick of proper weight to the string which pulled the valve, was gratified to learn that the "old thing" would go of itself; while he ran off to play. In this way the lad invented himself out of a position,

for when the engineer discovered how much more regular the stick of wood was in its motions than had been the boy, he immediately adopted the idea, and claimed a patent for it.

The spirit of the boy who tied that stick to the string and made it do his task is the spirit of the age. How to avoid work is the problem. And it is a problem not rarely solved, as the labor-saving machinery of the world in its myriad forms attests. Such aids to human ease (ease is a kind word than "business") are found in every place where man's ingenuity can penetrate—in the shop, in the office, in the home, in the field—even men being assisted, or entirely excused, in batching their young, and plants helped to grow and fruit to yield and man to think, by these various contrivances.

One of the last places invaded by this ease-creating machinery was the farm. The husbandman was for ages the embodiment of hard-handed drudgery. He it was who commenced his earliest and ended it latest in the day, and he it was toward whom all the people could point and say: "His is the class that earn their bread by the sweat of the brow."

But the spirit of Ease invaded the precincts of the farm; as well as the interior of shop and office. It came in and took away the old rude nail and set up the threshing-machine; it took away the scythe and set in motion the swift-clicking mowing-machine; it spirited away the awkward, time-killing grain-harvest and drove the reaper through the bars; it took away the old plow, and put an improved land-breaker in its place. The transformation did not stop here. Not content with new things, the farmer continued to encourage invention, with many improvements, and soon we saw the farmer in the field quit his walking and mount the seat on the mower, the reaper and the sulky-plow and drive glibly through the field of standing grass, grain and growing blades, and finally even went so far as to ride beneath an awning! The sun had done its last work at tanning farms.

Rheumatism quickly cured. Dr. Orlitz's Rhythmic Remedy, the great Internist Medicament, will positively cure any case of Rheumatism on the face of the earth, no matter of how long standing. Price \$1 a bottle, six bottles, \$8. Sold by all Druggists. Send for circular to HILDEBRAND & BENTZ, D. C.

Homes in Western Texas.—The suppressed large crop, and the completion of the Galveston, Harrisburg & San Antonio Railway, are attracting a vast immigration into Southwestern Texas. Handily-illustrated guides, maps and circulars sent free by addressing M. Williams, 303 Market-st., St. Louis.

Mothers, Mothers, Mothers. Don't fail to procure Mrs. Weston's Scouring Star for all diseases of feeding in children. It relieves the child from pain, cures warts, regulates the bowels and, by aiding health to the child, gives rest to the mother.

Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch for puddings, jellies, custards, etc., is considered a great delicacy. It is a nutritious food, very palatable and easy of digestion.

Brown's Hop Pills for Fever and Ague. They cure at once the common ague.

rears and drops and covers the corn, as the farmer rides on his easy spirit.

seafarers beneath his canopy of sail-cloths and holds the reins above his easily-worked steeds. Then there is the rowing-harrow and sulky-harrow and sulky-cultivator and sulky-everything which is naturally growing to be hard to find.

The farmer may let the spirit of Ease go to war with him. He may let it get up a fight upon him. "Why," said a city gentleman, traveling in rural Illinois, the other day, "if there is a farm fixed behind a sulky, with the man riding and driving?"

"Oh, that's nothing," replied the last party, after a pause, "I can tell you a funny story of a young farmer near here. Passing his place the other day, I saw him in the field with one of the old kind of harrows, and—would you believe it!—he was riding behind on a pony with a sun umbrella over him, driving the team hitched to that harrow!"

After all it is well that the severe labor of the earlier husbandmen is being ameliorated. Men grow old too fast in those days, and wrinkled gray hairs and bent backs, come along too rapidly. With the help of improved machinery, a little industry goes a good way, while constant labor achieves wonders, and, best of all, it keeps the "boss" from getting disgusted with and leaving the test estate that the Creator has ever given man—namely, tillable soil. — *Chicago Journal*.

Indian Reptile for a Meteoric Stone.

Some few months ago a paragraph

appeared in these columns containing a short description of an aerolite which was then and is still in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Wood, of this city. Little was known at the time about the history of this curiosity further than that it had been, from time immemorial, in the possession of the Indians frequenting the Saskatchewan Valley. It is doubtful that it will ever be known the exact time this mysterious visitor reached the earth as the event is too long past to be preserved in the memory of anyone now living.

Memorial to the proprietors of the Indians frequenting the Saskatchewan Valley. It is doubtful that it will ever be known the exact time this mysterious visitor reached the earth as the event is too long past to be preserved in the memory of anyone now living.

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