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SAMUEL H. LITTLE,

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Northville Record.

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NO. 3.

Our Aim - The People's Welfare.

[Always in Advance]

COUSIN PATTY.

A little bundle of snows
A tiny sprout of a tiny snows
The snows have come to the floors
An' the yellow carnal boughs
That hang with crimson blossoms, morn
The wind that stirs it and so
Seems to stir free Araby to blow.

The winter winds are building shades
The winter roads a secret dove,
And comes down the snowy fates
Over the cold and cold boughs.
For ever and ever and ever
The winter winds are building shades.

With the wings of the May
Stands the Fairy, lone and gray
She died the day she began
With a little knot of pink
Within the bosom of her boughs.

And after a fair day she boughs
And after a fair day she boughs
And after a fair day she boughs
And after a fair day she boughs.

Remembering his own family, how
ever, Reuben hurried across the field

to see if the same fate had befallen them. But they had escaped. About

an hour before, one of the Little girls had seen three Indians go to the door of Mr. Chesley's house. A moment later, they heard the report of a gun in that direction.

Mr. Williams then ordered his wife to prep him up in the chair at the window, and hand him the gun, which she did. In a few minutes, little Johnny Chesley came running toward the house, crying that the Indians had "killed father and mother and carried off their child."

One of the savages had caught John-

ny and was about to burn him, but

Reuben had come to the rescue.

— Maria Weston.

THE YOUNG SETTLER'S STRATA-
GEM.

Some years ago, two families of emigrants, from different States, met by chance at St. Paul, Minn. A warm friendship sprang up between them, which led them to bear each other company for the rest of their journey, and to settle as neighbors. The name of one of these families was Williams, and of the other Chesley.

The Williams family was from New Hampshire, while the Chesleys were from the State of New York. This last family numbered only four, there being beside the father and mother, a daughter of fifteen, named Ella, and son, who was some five or six years of age.

There were six of the Williams family, a son of seventeen, named Reuben, and three daughters, ten, twelve, fifteen, and mother. The bond of union between the two families was further strengthened by an attachment which sprung up between Horatio Williams and his wife, and Ella Chesley, later being a beautiful girl, and possessive of complexion, having been found in the daughter of an emigrant.

The destination of the two families was the northern part of Minnesota, not far from what is known as the Oter Tail River, a tributary of the Red River of the North. They built their first log houses in the lot of a belt of wood, on the outskirts of what is there called the "Big Timber," which covers the northern boundaries of the State, extending thence into British America. Their homes were not more than a quarter of a mile apart. Here they lived for two years, over coming the hardships of the settler's lot, and by patient industry, bringing their farms under cultivation.

Meanwhile, however, Jason Williams, the father, was attacked by sciatic rheumatism, which rendered him both an invalid and a cripple. The most of all the labor fell upon Reuben, who was well fitted to bear it, being one of those robust, clear-skinned youth, whose boldness meets, except upon the frontier, courageous and indefatigable in carrying out all he undertook.

The section of country in which they had settled proved quite droughty. They were not able to find for water the first year, but the second season there was a scarcity. First, the rivulet which had supplied them failed. Then all the neighboring springs and brooks gave out.

For ten weeks previous to the time of my story, they had no water, save what they drew from a large six or seven miles distant. This may seem like a great hardship to New England readers; but many Western farmers beyond the Mississippi, have experienced the same kind of privation.

They brought their water from the lake with a pair of horses, and in two large casks, one for each family. Their cattle consumed so much that it was necessary to go to the lake each day.

Reuben and Mr. Chesley went by turns upon alternate days, the trip occupying about four hours. Reuben, who had become an expert hunter, would sometimes stop to look for deer, which were quite numerous in the vicinity of the lake, frequenting the low, bushy growth of wood that surrounded it, and it was no uncommon thing for him to bring one home with him.

But after a while, these long trips to the lake became tiresome, and were also attended with some anxiety. Indian outrages were reported, for it was at the time of the last Indian troubles in Minnesota and Iowa, and these, of course, caused some alarm, though neither family realized the extent of their peril.

About three o'clock one afternoon in October, Reuben was on his way homeward with water. Emerging upon the prairie, when still some three miles from the two farms, he saw a dense column of smoke rising over the belt of trees before him.

Greatly alarmed, he drove rapidly forward, and, upon coming in sight of the buildings he saw that Mr. Chesley's barn was burning.

Upon coming nearer, a sad spectacle met his eyes. A few steps from his door lay Mr. Chesley, shot dead and scalped. Rushing into the house,

filled with a sickening fear, Reuben next saw Mrs. Chesley prostrate upon the floor, dead from a blow by a tomahawk. Neither Ella nor little Johnny were in sight; nor could the two any trace of them. He called them by name, but the terrible silence of the field was broken only by the crackling of the burning barns.

Elijah had doubtless carried away the savages, and the thought was truly less terrible than would have been the sight of her dead body. Remembering his own family, however, Reuben hurried across the field to see if the same fate had befallen them. But they had escaped. About an hour before, one of the Little girls had seen three Indians go to the door of Mr. Chesley's house. A moment later, they heard the report of a gun in that direction.

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The Northville Record



SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY, AUG. 11, 1877.

The railroad strike is virtually at an end, and people are creating more freely. A due observance of law and order is necessary for the well-being of us all. Even the brief duration of the strike showed what a condition lawlessness will bring about.

Gray still holds out with a persistency that is remarkable. That a few thousand insurgents should bid defiance to Spain, and spurn in their rebellious inclinations against the thousands of well disciplined troops sent out to bring them to subjection is discriminatory of a spirit of independence, only second to that of our forefathers in the days of the Revolution. But, for pride the Spaniards would gladly make peace with her rebellious subjects, but that is sure to result in her dissatisfaction. The tensile portion of the Cubans and Spaniards say they know the dangers surrounding entire independence, and could prefer annexation to the United States. But few Cubans have taken advantage of the amnesty decree, as they have very little confidence in it. The affairs in general on the Island at a prostrate condition.

VANDERBILT, the railroad King did, or is to do, a very commendable thing in distributing pro rata the sum of \$100,000 among his employees who remained true to his interests in the late strike. Some six hundred will come under this head, and the amount thus awarded will prove very acceptable in these hard times. He states in a circular to all, that those who "struck" should never be employed again in any capacity on his roads.

Letters From Quebec.—I.

Quebec, Aug. 8, 1877.

Correspondent Northville Record.
"It's just like Europe" sighs the returned American traveler as in the early morning light the steamer leaves the city of Quebec, with its citadel crowning the impregnable wall of rock that rises from the brink of the river. The rising sun gilds the innumerable tin roofs which sparkle like so many diamonds, while the roofs of paint cross across, the river and back answering gleams, making altogether a fair a picture as one could wish to gaze upon. On one particular morning last July we looked our fill until the steamer touched the wharf, when after selecting one from the throng of "carriers" who beset the unwary, we were expeditiously arranged in the carriage and began the climb up Mountain street. After locating ourselves in comfortable quarters, our first sight seeing was marinated under favorable auspices. We possessed a pretty well defined idea of what we wanted to see, and our jewel of a driver knew exactly where everything was to be found. Under his guidance we went the round road in the city, but the most delightful part of our visit was an exploring expedition we made on our last day in Quebec. With no controlling power but our own sweet wills, climbing stairs from the lower to the upper town and investigating tall narrow or picturesque streets, and driving into such dingy little shops where we boldly attacked the shopmen in French, generally however, ending inimicably in our mother-tongue. One of our first visits was to the "Citadel" which is simply capable of protecting "a whole city full" in time of need. Little Irish bugler came to show us that, doing the loudest most gracefully. Only a few soldiers constitute the garrison at present, and the place looks rather deserted. A

cannoneer was sitting about the grass and a pony bear was chained to a post. Brian had just distinguished himself by biting one of the officers, and in consequence we did not make a very close acquaintance. It is quite a little walk from the entrance to the point from which there is the best view, but when a little breathless from climbing we seated ourselves on a canon, and felt more than repaid for our slight exertion. The view is grand. Immediately below us is the city, the wall extending around the old town which is smaller now than the suburbs, the river full of shipping from ocean steamers down to fishing craft. Point Lewis, a town of good size on the opposite shore. Just below in the St. Lawrence is the Isle of Orleans with its inevitable tin-towered church; and stretching away in all directions are the drives, leading to the pretty outlying villages. More anon.

Very Respectfully yours,

A man aged 60 married a girl aged 17 at Ithaca recently. They were married at the justice's at two o'clock in the morning.

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 8, 1877.

From Our Special Correspondent.

Civil service reform is being carried rather to extremes in the Interior Department. A recent current report may be relied upon. Secretary Schurz is said to have issued an

order to the effect that every hour lost on account of sickness shall be deducted from the clerk's annual leave of absence. If this be so, it will be deemed a great hardship, if that is will prevent many from visiting their homes and families. Those

who live in distant states can hardly make the trip in the month, which is the most they can have, and those

who suffer from a day's illness every

now and then are the very ones who

need the visit home, but whom this order reaches. The government

will scarcely afford to be as generous as individuals, and what private firm

would think of docking a clerk or

book-keeper for every day's sick-leave?

Although President Hayes appears

to be most genial and kind-hearted,

he is fast proving himself to be firm

almost to hardness. His late refusal

to pardon the man Eli, convicted in

New York for fraudulently obtaining

authorization papers for use at the

polls, was a surprise to his friends,

but is having a salutary effect in de-

terring others from petitioning for

pardon.

The Speaker of the next House

is a subject of great concern, and

much discussion in political circles

hereabouts. President Hayes, him-

self expressed anxiety on the subject,

and is reported to have said in a re-

cent conversation that although he

had given up all hope that a Repub-

lican Speaker can be elected, yet he

deems it possible, and really due to

himself as an appreciation of his

cause toward the South, that an in-

dependent candidate be supported in

opposition to the Democratic caucus

nominata. Randall appears now to be

ahead in the race, and his holding

the Speakership means the President

to be prosecuted with a view of throw-

ing discredit upon his title and driv-

ing him from the White House if

possible. Garfield is spoken of as

the Republican candidate, and Genl

Banks as the Independent. Democ-

rats remember that the latter was a

Greeley man in 1872 and not a few

Southern Democrats of liberal ten-

dencies are ready to support him. He

undoubtedly possesses marked

ability as presiding officer, and is

often mentioned as the model speak-

er by those who remember his term

in the chair.

Work at the Navy Yard is going

briskly forward. There are now no

vacancies in any of the departments

there. More than 1200 applications

in excess of the number required are

on file. The Navy Yard is not an un-

pleasant place to live in. There are

fine houses, pretty grounds, and

pleasant company to be found there,

while the sound of machinery gives

ever a liveliness to the place. One

can never be lonely within sound of

so much real business.

"Miss Grundy," a Washington

correspondent of social gossip, has

gone to Put-in-Bay on Lake Erie.

John Brown's son lives there, a batch-

elor of fifty two, with long sandy

tear, dark hair, and pleasant won-

der eyes. He broods over his fat

son's body "mollifying in the grave,"

and over a long lost love of his own.

Grace Greenwood (Mrs. Lippincott) another Washington writer, has

gone to Colorado to spend the hot

months. She is a tender, loving

woman, always finding pearls and

giving fringes. Two of her treas-

ures are to "come out" next

month, both "Star" actresses.

Anna Bayle, a fourteen year old Juliet

is to play at Union Square Theatre

New York, and Annie Story at the

National in this city.

These weeks are too warm for

much pleasure. Most of that en-

joyed is on the river, boating and

picnicing. The excursion steamers

are well patronized.

STATE NEWS.

Louis Henrich of Sand Lake, who recently

went to the Black Hills, was killed and

discovered by the Indians July 23.

The Farrell Register says that the recent

swarm of fleas in that village didn't affect

the price of passage.

Two Bay City editors have abused each

other so furiously that a libel suit is calcu-

lated to be filed.

British emancipation day was duly cele-

brated at Jackson, Kalamazoo and else-

where.

The German spiritists will hold a grove

meeting August 11th and 12th.

One night recently Nelson Carlson of

Prinsland, Muskegon county, accidentally

took to large a dose of laudanum and died

before morning.

The Niles Republican says that some

night recently as many as 25 or 30

people have been seen hanging around the railroad

track.

Mrs. Gertrude Barnes is said to be the

most active red ribbon woman in the state.

Henry Smith of Galena, lost four fingers

of his right hand by a boiler machine, he

was attending.

The burning of Burt's mill on the Sag-

inaw river, takes \$2,000 per week out of

the pockets of the community.

William Golden of Nunda, a sailor, fell

overboard from the steamer Muskegon 40

miles out from Grand Haven, July 31, and

was drowned. He was intoxicated.

John Drucker, a workman in Childs'

mill, Grand Rapids, was killed July

31 by being caught by a belt and drawn

several times around the pulley.

More anon.

Very Respectfully yours,

Jones.

A man aged 60 married a girl aged 17 at Ithaca recently. They were married at the justice's at two o'clock in the morning.

New Pianos and Organs

For Sale at Half Price.

They can be seen in the music rooms of all dealers both in the West and the East. For further information, address Box 127, Lydia, N.Y.

1877, 1st.

The Northville Record.

SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor & Prop.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

Ice-Cream and Ice-Cream.

There is some affinity between ice-cream and ice-cream. Just what it is or how it is has never been disclosed, and yet remains a problem for the connoisseur. A man and a woman, whose name is unfortunately lost, having become estranged from the roll of honor by age, has composed that a girl who has been two or three times in love can corral five dishes of ice-cream at a sitting. This is somewhat discouraging to the heart, and renders it necessary that the young ladies should observe secrecy concerning their love affairs lest they become objects of terror to the young men uninitiated day of grace is trifled away. But there is a subtle instinct that prompts the young lover to indulge this passion of the object of his affections. No matter how unsophisticated he may be of how little knowledge of the world and of women he may have, this unseen prompter whispers in his ear.

If thou wouldst be loved, be ice-cream.

This psychological fact has not escaped the notice of designing men who have encouraged and fostered this passion and turned it to their own advantage as caterers to it.

The last and most ambitious schemer has invented a patent scoop which is warranted to retain the precious mixture while it is carried some distance to some secluded spot, while in silence and apart the young man may devour it.

The idea was a bright one, and was of course eagerly snatched at by lovesick swains. But, alas!

Who ever that a perfect work to be done, who never was, nor is, better than he.

Jeffersonville furnishes the victim.

What so soothing to his burning heart

as the cooling ice-cream sliding down his esophagus?

So it became his custom to carry one of these new-fangled scoops filled with the seductive concoction to the house of "the maid his heart had singled from the world,"

and they would ramble to some hollow dell, where, with nose to nose, or make them afraid, they would surround the delicacy.

But every dog has his day, and the time

came when the iron entered into the

vitals of this young man. He had

purchased a scoopful of the frigid nec-

tus a few evenings since and was pro-

ceeding on his way to the residence of

his charmer, with love and anticipation

in his heart and the scoopful of ice

cream in his hand, when he met her

coming with another fellow to procure

that which satisfied her longing as

nothing else could do. Whether it was

from sudden emotion, or whether he

feared that his heart might crack if too

suddenly cooled, he hastily snatched the

scoop into his pants pocket. Then it

was that the liberto-faithful scoop

falled him, and he became convinced

of the vicinity of many intrigues and

woman's constancy. Jilted by a

woman he loved, and betrayed by a

new-fangled ice-cream scoop, he left

the bridge of his life oozing away—ran dash

his leg and tilted his boots. His love

for the girl melted like the ice-cream

in his pocket, and the light of his life

disappeared with the polish on his

boots. Sighs! have we been called

upon to sympathize with a sadder fate

or to mourn over so much sweetness so

so suddenly dispelled. He who but a

few short moments before had started

forth with a proud heart and a well-

filled scoop returns with blotted affection

and a pool full of skinned milk.

—Indicates "Journal."

A Railroad Track "Looped" to Get Over a Grade.

A remarkable piece of work near Tucson, Arizona, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, is known as "The Loop," and many persons come long distances to see it. In laying out the line the engineers found great difficulty in reaching the summit without exceeding the grade to which they had been restricted. They leveled the earth and found they could only accomplish it by widening a long distance round and making several bends in the track. Col. Grey found a way out of the trouble by making the road form a loop or circle upon itself, the first attempt of the kind in railway engineering. The road passes at a certain point into a short funnel and bends gently to the left, rising steadily, and as steadily bending to the left, it goes on and on, till at length, as you look from the rear platform of the train, you find yourself directly over the tunnel, and discover that the track has made a loop around the mountain as perfect as the ones you form around your finger with a thread. The desired elevation has been gained, and the train is headed in the same direction as when it emerged from the tunnel, and almost exactly above the former position. Passengers are on the qui vive to examine this curious bit of engineering, the platforms are crowded, and there is an eruption of heads from the windows of the cars save and excepting the one which is filled with Chinese. John is never surprised at anything, and takes the world with the utmost serenity. He cares nothing for "The Loop," and its surroundings; it is "all the same," to him, and he sits as delectably as though in the native village on the banks of the Yang-tze Kiang.—*Boston Globe*.

Queer Friendship to a Cat and Horse.

When Mr. Huntington removed from East Bloomfield to this city a white cat was left upon his premises there. This cat had been a great pet with two little boys of the family, and cried so much about the old place, missing the boys, that Mr. H. brought her up to the city. During the spring he also brought the stallion Narragansett here, whom the cat at once recognized as an old acquaintance, having been accustomed to daily visit his box stall when in the country, to watch for mice about his feed box, or for a quiet

nap, and in due time the two became warm friends. Upon the arrival of Narragansett at Mr. H.'s stable here the cat at once crawled her daily visits to his box, at which the horse seemed pleased.

Last Monday evening the cat visited the family by continuing to bring food, until at last Mr. H. said she was to go into the barn, which was now the home of Mr. H. started for it. Immediately in the barn the cat went to where Narragansett stood, making for herself a nest in front of his head, and expressed her comfort by her quiet. As Mr. H. returned to the house the barn was left open in case the cat wished to come again to the house. In the morning, as Mr. H. went to his barn, there was still peace, as comfortable as could be close to the feet of Narragansett, together with the little family of five, and the horse evidently aware there was something by his foot he would hurt should he step about much. The cat seemed to have no fear, but does and comes as she likes, while Narragansett, by way of amusement, will often put his head down to the little family as if to inquire how they all get along. Should the old cat happen to be there during these frequent inspections she manifests no uneasiness, while should any children or strangers disturb a look even Kitteh is as good as she likes.

A Fly's Toilet.

The toilet of the fly is as carefully attended to as that of the most frivolous of human insects. With a contempt for the looking-glass, he brushes himself up and washes his little round head, chuck full of rascality, wherever he happens to be. Sometimes, after a long day of dissipation and sinning, with his six small legs and little round body all soiled with syrup and butter, and cream, he passes out of the dining-room and wing his way to the clean white cord along which the inorning-glories climb, and in this retired spot, heedless of the crafty spider that is practicing gymnastics a few feet above him, he proceeds to purify and sweeten himself for the refreshing repose and soft dreams of the balmy summer night, so necessary to one who is expected to be early at breakfast. It is a wonderful toilet. Resting himself on his front and middle legs, he throws his hind legs rapidly over his body, binding down his frail wings for an instant with the pressure, then raising them over with a backward motion, which he repeats until they are bright and clear. Then he pushes the two legs along his body under the wings, giving that queer structure a thorough currying, every now and then throwing the legs out and rubbing them together to remove what he has collected from his corporeal surface. Next he goes to work upon his van. Resting on his hind legs and middle legs, he raises his two forelegs and begins a vigorous scraping of his head and shoulders, using his proboscis every little while to push the accumulation from his funds. At times he is so energetic that it seems as if he were trying to pull his head off, but not by ever committed suicide. Some of his motions very much resemble those of a savage at bestroits—it is plain even to the naked eye, that he does his work thoroughly, for when he has finished he looks like a new boy, so clean and neat has he made himself within a few minutes. The white cord is digested, but Sloppys is himself again, and he bids the morning-glories a very good evening.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*

Concerning the Radage.

To the elaborate researches of Mr. Redfield of New York, who published in 1851, the first of a series of remarkable papers on the phenomena of storms, we owe our first full acquaintance with the origin and progress of these tornados or hurricanes of which we have had such an abundance this summer. Mr. Redfield's initial proposition is that the hurricane is a progressive vertical whirlwind has been fully sustained, as also his auxiliary proposition that the progress of the vortex is in the line of a parabola, with the curve making away from the equator—a consequence, it is believed, of the revolution of the earth upon its axis.

But while these are "fixed facts," concerning the origin and cause comparatively little is known. It used to be common to attribute them to more occult forces, such as electricity, but the immense mechanical power stored up in the heat and vapor of moist air, as abundantly demonstrated by Espy, Peirce and Reye, is now believed sufficient to account for all the wonderful exhibitions of force in the gyratory hurricane. Whenever a lower stratum of warm moist air is rapidly elevated above the sea level, which may be by various causes, there at once occurs an influx of air from all sides, and the formation of the whirl commences.

Its subsequent development depends upon the supply of moist air, and the size of the original vacuum, and once fairly whirling it sets out upon its triminal parabolic (and diabolical) tour.

The velocity of the wind must not be confounded with the progress of the storm; in these hurricanes it is very difficult to get at. Mr. Redfield explains that, over and above the average velocity of the wind, come occasional gusts of extraordinary speed and power. It is these gusts which do the mischief, and their velocity has rarely, if ever, been actually gauged. A velocity of 600 miles per hour has been estimated for some of them, though they should be estimated by the second rather than the hour, for the spasmodic increase in the rapidity of the whirl is of very brief duration.

The velocity of one of these gusts in a British hurricane was figured at 120 miles the hour, and our own signal masts have recorded as high a speed as ninety miles, without claiming to have measured the fiercer whirls. They are at least fast enough for all practical purposes when they break great trees like pine-trees, and set horses, cattle and men flying over the country.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

A nice dish is made by boiling carrots, turnips, onions, become very tender, then cut them in two, taking out the large bones. Season with pepper and salt and sweet marjoram, and dredge well with flour. Fry in fat and butter mixed until a light brown, serve hot with parsley sauce.

It is claimed that a slight shock given to an apple tree will send canker worms spinning to the ground, and further, that if once off, these crawling pests could make no headway over dry loamy soil, providing their course was up hill. A complete barrier to their return is formed by heaping up dry ashes about the apple trees. Farmers that are suffering from the havoc of the canker worm should try this simple experiment and report the result.—*Prairie Farmer*.

Tea and coffee dietary for children is as bad in its effects as its rise is now universal. Dr. Ferguson found that children so fed only grew four pounds per annum between the ages of thirteen and sixteen; while those who got milk night and morning grew fifteen pounds each year. This needs no commentary. The deteriorated physique of tea-and-coffee-fed children, as seen in their lessened power to resist disease is notorious amidst the medical men of factory districts.—*American Cultivator*.

It is a very good sign for a horse to carry one ear forward and the other backward when on a journey, since the stretching of the ears in contrary directions shows that he is attentive to all that is taking place around him, and while he shows this interest he is not likely to become so much fatigued. Few horses sleep without pointing their ears as above, that they may receive notice of the approach of objects in every direction. When horses or mules march in company at night those in front direct their ears inward, those in the rear direct them backward, and those in the center turn them laterally, or across; the whole troop seeming thus to be actuated by one feeling, which watches the general safety.—*Massachusetts Ploughman*.

During this dry season, when the pastures crackle under the feet, is the time when the sowed corn can be made available as fodder for cows. It is folly to expect a full flow of milk to be maintained by the best breed that reaps thirty, then twenty-five, then twenty, and often runs in a few years down to even ten bushels per acre. It is said that all this is due to exhaustion of the soil, and without doubt this is largely true, but there is something aside from the deterioration of the seed. We consider bad the practice of going to the corn crib or bin and shoveling out the grain to be used for seed without exercising any selection, but this is the very plan pursued by a majority of farmers with regard to the wheat employed for feeding. To be sure, occasionally when takes a corner of his wheat field that seems more vigorous with plumper berries, and threshes it by itself, and uses this grain for seed, but this plan would be considered a poor one to apply to corn.

There is not the least doubt but it will pay to take more pains in the selection of seed-wheat, throwing out everything that has not produced well. This can only be done while the wheat is standing, and it is something of a tedious process, but there is money in it. No labor can be expended with better profit than in the careful selection of seed. There are several things to look for in choosing seeds for seed. First, the head needs to be long, with kernel thick set, plump and well filled to the top of the ear; second, the plant needs to be a strong one with good straw. Third, the plant needs to be well tilled. By this I mean there must be a large stool and many heads. The tendency to grow a large number of heads upon one plant is an important one in selection. There is no doubt but that these good qualities can be propagated from one generation of wheat to another and developed to greater perfection through a careful system of selection. Not many years ago a farmer in this State, not over goaded, by this system of selection, carried on for a few years with Mediterranean wheat, produced seed that was quite remarkable, inasmuch that although the crops bore a general resemblance to the Mediterranean wheat, still the impression was easily conveyed that a new variety of wheat had been originated, and when the fact was known this man raised sixty bushels of wheat per acre. He had no difficulty in selling all he owned for fifty cents per quart.

It is a good wheat, upon a good wheat, can accomplish the same result with proper cultivation and exercising great care in the selection of his seed. It will pay any farmer to pick a few heads, perhaps enough to make a quart of grain this season of the very best he has, and next year sow it in drills or plant it by itself for the next year, extracting it some and selecting once more the very best of this for his seed the next year. In three years he will have something of which he may well be proud, which will repay him not only in satisfaction, but in grain and money, for all the extra exertion.

Dietary for a few heads, perhaps enough to make a quart of grain this season of the very best he has, and next year sow it in drills or plant it by itself for the next year, extracting it some and selecting once more the very best of this for his seed the next year. In three years he will have something of which he may well be proud, which will repay him not only in satisfaction, but in grain and money, for all the extra exertion.

It is beneficial to cabbage, makes it head better, and expels nearly all worms and bugs. Sprinkle a little over the plants once a week.—*Iowa State Register*.

A pound of wool woven into com-

mon merino will measure about three yards.

There are many things from the farm that otherwise could not be sold at all, partly because they are easily carried, and partly because one is better acquainted and gets the run of things.

Another advantage of living near a market, is worth all the rest; this is home sales. There are really but few who realize the difference between making sales of the bulk of one's products at home, and taking the same to town and soliciting customers. Calves, lambs, fat sheep and poultry will be sought by buyers from town, and when eggs and butter are scarce, more will want to buy at the door than one can supply; or if taken to market, fresh they sell more readily than such as are brought from a distance. One living near a market is sure to raise a much greater variety than one living further away; so that whenever he goes into town, he can always take something to sell—a condition sure to prevail in the long run to make farming the most profitable of all the pursuits, since naturally, there is more selling than buying. Home sales save the following things:

Freights, expressage, package, commission, shortage and stevedore.

Farmers that are suffering from the pectoral complaint should try the following treatment: Take a pint of water, add a few drops of oil of cloves, and a few drops of oil of camphor, mix well, and apply to the chest.

After three days it will be

considerably relieved.

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