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Always in Advance.

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THANKSGIVING.

The bladed frost at early morn
Gleams whetly over the stubble,
And past the caves at night a horse
Buckles the earth with ready light.
But ho! the chimes ring out
And home-bred birth is drowsing bright.
Sound hearts flocked and weary.
Not drifts on the cold path be
How many earthly chances!
Today too numbers gaily
Poured down a heavenly plowman.
The warning robes cease or blend
In shades of solemn sweetest hue.
With the rest we're here to find
What's left of the year completeness.

For tender spring for summer's wealth
Revolves in joy's golden,
For summer's wealth and health
Thanksgiving rules we nod.

And 'tis the winter's edified snow
Meets childhood's sunny weather.
The winds come, the waves go
And all are here to nod.

—Harper's Bazaar.

GRANDPA'S THANKSGIVING STORY.

"They had just risen from dinner, in the old house at Eastwood. Edith and Sallie were carrying out the remnants of the feast. With regretful eyes the children watched its disappearance. They had tried all the traditional rules—"stand up," "jumped three jumps," "walked four times around the table," and positively not another mouthful could they swallow. And yet there was something sad in letting those bowls, boxes—those delightful halves, and quarters, and triangles of mince and apples and pumpkin disappear and be lost forever. The Thanksgiving dinner for that year had become a part of the past; and I can tell you Grandmama Allen's pie-crust was not a thing of every day.

From the turkey stuffed with oysters, which inaugurated the meal, to the tartlets of ruby cranberries, which brought it to a close, everything had that dainty, savory perfection of flavor which appertained to those fast-disvanishing days of wide-roasted fire-places, heaped with crackling logs, and "back-everys" whose depths entombed whole regiments of leaves and pasties, and returned them in the fulness of time, brown and delicate and perfect—a grand resurrection. Ah, the aprons of old-fashioned viands is almost a transitory thing to these days of modern improvements. Here and there it lingers in the far recesses of New England, and at Grandma Allen's it would linger always. No, say, I imagined her kitchen. A "water-hat" was a thing unknown. The simple treplace wore its ancient history of cranes, pulleys, and roasting-jacks; and over all King Hickory, jester of manna, presided royally. Under his sway, what unimaginable feasts came to perfection! What flavoring roots! What tempting baked beans! What toothsome biscuits! What Italian pastings! I forsooth, that was not the Golden Age of eating.

Four generations were represented in the circle that drew around the cheerful blaze in the "keeping room"—from grandpa, with his silvery head, to baby May, fast asleep in the arms of her fair young master, his eldest grandchild. There were five sons and daughters, with their respective wives and husbands and their twenty-four children, to say nothing of baby May and her proud young father, of little Nellie, or grandpa's knee—the orphan child of that younger son whose loss is the one heavy shadow on that larger home. Not to-night no shadow was visible. The flickering firelight fell only upon faces at their brightest, whether in the bloom of childhood or the comely serenity of middle life; on bright eyes and lips, on kindly smiles and looks. All shone with the cheerful humor of the anniversary. The children brimful of fun and mirth; the parents' renewing their own childhood for an evening. And there in the shadow of the curtains, whether Harry and Edith had betaken themselves, a little drama was going on—a fantasia born of the season—which, if a guess might be hazarded, would open amid other anniversaries, into the earnest purpose of a lifetime.

"Drama, tell a story," demanded one of the little ones as night drew on. "Good for you, Tom!" exclaimed her brother.

"Oh yes, grandpa!" grandpa tells such nice stories," chorused the others; while little Nellie, pausing her soft hand to the wrinkled cheek, joined in with the "Please," which she so often had found irresistible.

Now this "story" of grandpa's was one of the features of the Eastwood Thanksgiving. It used to be "Cinderella" and "Jack the Giant-Killer," formerly, when the little people were still less; and nowadays it was a stirring tale to please the boys and girls; or some German legend adapted to the occasion. Last year it was the adventures of a drummer boy and his dog at Antietam. And now, as grandpa settled Nellie in a more comfortable position in his lap, and gave a preparatory "Hem!" the whole party, young and old, clattered a little nearer, and prepared to be attentive.

There was a sly twinkle in grandpa's eyes as he began.

"This time, children, I am going to tell you a love-story."

"Dear me!" said the aunts to each other; while Hal in the window, possessing himself of pretty Edith's hand, gave it a pressure which brought the bright blush to her fair young cheeks.

"Yes, a love-story. Once upon a time—say a hundred years ago, or thereabouts—there was a young man whose name was Tom, and he lived in New York. He was rather a lonely young man; for he had no home and had no friends which were not very nice, but he minded it less because he had never known what a home was;

and beside, he was very busy all the time."

"What was he busy at?" shouted Jack, who was famous for asking questions.

"He was clerk in a great wholesale warehouse."

"What did he sell?"

"Now, Jack, you mustn't keep interrupting," cried the other children.

"They sold machinery, Jack, and farmers' tools, plows and harrows, and such like, and all sorts of inventions and patents; what are known now-a-days as Yankee notions."

"Why that's like Clarke & Ambler," said Jack; but somebody hushed him up. Grandpa only laughed. Clarke & Ambler were the successors of the house in which all his money had been made.

"As I said before, he was very busy; for though business was on a smaller scale than now, this was one of the largest houses in that line, and there was a great deal to do; and by working hard, he had laid up, some money, and what was better, earned the good will and confidence of his employers. There was some talk of his becoming junior partner in a year or two; and altogether, he felt that the world was going smoothly with him.

"If you are sure that I sha'n't put you to an inconvenience?"

"Inconvenience? not a bit. Jump right in. You can't come too soon. The girls will be glad to see you. They couldn't say enough about you when they came home."

"If you are sure that I sha'n't put you to an inconvenience?"

"Inconvenience? not a bit. Jump right in. We're country folks and don't put ourselves out for our friends. You must take us as you find us. Dittie was deep in some fur below half as well as when she is doing plain, useful work in the neatest and prettiest way. And when those pies came out of the oven," said grandpa, smacking his lips, "you never saw the like. They resembled snow-flakes fried to a rich brown, only they were a great deal better."

"Not better than grandma's," broke in a chorus of indignant voices.

"Well," said grandpa, looking wickedly about, "grandma's pies, as it happens, are the only ones I ever saw which were exactly like Nellie's, and just as good."

The dear old Ivy blushed like a girl.

"Now, Thomas," she said, "you mustn't talk such nonsense to the children."

"So off they drove, and, after half a mile, turned in an open gate, and stopped in front of a large, low, comfortable homestead. The old gentleman sprang out like a boy, and, opening the door, began to call in a loud voice, "Dittie—Nellie—girls!"

"This way, Tom. Here's the keeping room, and there's a fire—or ought to be. Well, Dittie, what's the matter? Why don't you come and speak to your Cousin Tom?"

"Well," continued grandpa, in a considerate tone, "not exactly. She had brown hair and eyes, and a trim little figure, and looked altogether good and honest and sweet. Still, I guess my first young man would have given her sister glances where they gave her none. At all events, my young man did, for he looked at Dittie all the time and hardly ran Nellie at all.

"And was Nellie pretty, too?" asked the Nellie on grandpa's knee.

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"There were not many places of amusement in those days, but such as there were, they seemed very brilliant to those country girls, who had never been in the city before. And you rarely saw a cousin so polite as Cousin Tom—so ready to devote all his spare time in taking them to this place and that place, and bantering up shows and entertainments for them. They wrote to their father how kind he had been, their letters were full of him; and in return 'papa' sent his regards, and Cousin Tom must surely come and spend his Thanksgiving with them in New Hampshire. You may be sure Tom was ready enough to accept the invitation, for he had never seen girls so pretty or so nice before; and by this time had quite made up his mind to fall in love with his Cousin Edith.

"It was arranged. The young ladies went home late in October, and the day before Thanksgiving, if nothing prevented, Tom was to present himself in — the place they lived at in New Hampshire."

"What place was it, grandpa?" persisted Jack.

"Suppose we call it Westfield," replied grandpa, with a twinkle. "As it happened this young clerk's employer had some business to be transacted in the Town of Elgin, only twelve miles from Westfield—and as Tom was going so near, he decided to entrust it to him, only, if it happened, this business must be attended to the Monday before Thanksgiving.

"But never mind that," said the head of the firm. "I'll give you a fortnight's leave and you had better be off next Tuesday; that will bring you to Elgin on Saturday night. You can do the business Monday, and be free to go to your friends by Monday evening. Then you need not report yourself here till next Thursday week. How will that answer?"

"It answered wonderfully well, except for one little thing, and that was, Tom did not like the idea of presenting himself at a stranger's house two days before he was expected. However, there was no time to write. Mais traveled rarely to that part of the country. There'll be a tavern or something," Tom said to himself. "I'll go there and see how the land lies before I make my appearance."

"So in the best of spirits he started for his forty-eight hours of staging. Ah, boys, you may talk as much as you like of the advantages of steam, but there was never anything equal to those old-fashioned stage rides, when, as in Tom's case, it was the height of Indian summer, and the rousing all golden and misty, and the air soft and balmy, with just the little twang of last night's frost in it to give a zest. Four good horses and a seat on top! Phew! You'll never see anything like it. Well, Tom had a grand time, got to Elgin safely, did his business Monday morning, and the same afternoon, just as the sun was setting, rolled into Westfield in a tatter's wagon, which he had hired to bring him over.

"The wagon set him down in front of a blacksmith's shop and drove off, leaving him to shift for himself. Of course the first thing he did was to get a bright fire in the keeping-room and brought some books for Tom.

the inn; but there was none, it appeared. He sat at a loss what to do, and seeing just then a pleasant-looking elderly man, jogging past in a substantial gait, he concluded to stop him and make some inquiries.

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"Soon after breakfast she went away to work upon it, leaving Tom in Nellie's hands, which was inconvenient for Nellie had all sorts of things to do that day—apples to pare and pumpkins to stew and pies to bake, and I don't know what all.

"However, there was no help for it. She made a bright fire in the keeping-room and brought some books for Tom.

"Next morning Nellie looked subdued and abstracted, with none of the vivacity ways she had worn in New York.

"Tom found afterward that her head was full of the blue silk gown which she had set her heart on finishing for Thanksgiving.

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The Northville Record

SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor

SATURDAY, NOV. 30, 1878.

As yet there has been no clue obtained to the body of A. T. Stewart, which was recently stolen from St. Mark's church yard. It would seem as if the reward offered \$50,000 would have effected the purpose.

Our Washington correspondent evidently thinks, and properly so, that economy is the road to wealth. In speaking of shopping matters at the Capitol she gives a few hints about dress that our lady readers might do well to make note of.

The Marquis of Lorne, Governor General of Canada, accompanied by his wife, the daughter of the Queen of Great Britain, arrived in Canada this week and met with a most enthusiastic reception from the people.

Lobbying in Washington.

Washington Correspondent of Record

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 26.—The time was, when lobbying was considered a mean thing, a thing to be ashamed of and kept private. Now it is regular business a piping case too an association, a profession. The amount of time and the influence exerted by it is marvellous; that is, if anything can be called marvellous in the days of corruption and bribery. Every bill and measure has its lobbyists, from a Presidential impeachment scheme down to the selling of Mrs. Fassett's painting of the Electoral Commission. A deal of lobbying has been going on among Congressmen and newspaper correspondents, who are supposed to influence their country constituents largely, in favor of this picture. Mrs. Fassett wants the Government to buy it for \$20,000 and it will probably do.

M. M. W.

STATE NEWS.

Macomb county has eight children. A little German girl, near Romeo, a minute ago, has hatched 200 bushels of corn this fall, and a boy of eight years, at 311 Vernon, hatched 100 bushels.

The Tawas Gazette says that lumber inspector E. B. Spilman has inspected and shipped over 4,000,000 feet of lumber during the month of October.

P. H. Ketcham, of S. W. Bay, has five lumber camps and will fit up 15,000,000 feet of logs this winter.

The Huron Creek Axle Company a large number of axles in the manufacture of set inlets & outlets.

Midland City has a new general law which will keep and fine it.

The Crystal Gem mounted in a prominent position in every residence.

The Michigan Central Union has over 200 voices.

The St. Clair Republican is now based by the side of Cooper & Cooper.

S. Upton and wife of Battle Creek, celebrated their silver wedding Nov. 29.

B. F. Howland of Midland charged with burning the elevator has been acquitted.

Ole Bull will give some more farewell concerts in Michigan this winter.

Col. Andley of Monroe one of the earliest settlers of Calumet county, died Nov. 4th at Philadelphia where he had gone for medical treatment.

A. C. Brown, for nine years conductor on the J. L. & S. railroad, died at his home in Jackson Nov. 16.

Mrs. Alex Smith, age 40 years a resident of Oakland Co., died at Commerce Nov. 10, aged 76. She was mother of Gov. Smith of Wisconsin.

A. Lomax of Fulton, Gratiot Co., fractured his hip Oct. 25, and died from its effects Nov. 6.

M. H. Burns of Cadillac, a prominent businessman, died Nov. 5, of heart disease.

Dr. D. C. Goodale, a prominent citizen of Traverse City, died Nov. 13.

The wife of Prof. Swenbeck of Sumner College, Grand Rapids, a very estimable woman, committed suicide Nov. 14th.

Mrs. Wm. Babcock of Norwell, is supposed to have been fatally injured in attempting to stop her husband's runaway team, Nov. 8.

Joseph Topor, a Pole, of Zee Cracke, had his head nearly cut off and died instantly, while riding the gang saw in East & Co. Mill, on the 14th.

Joseph Schutte of Ionia, tried to knock an apple of a tree with a loaded shot gun, and lived but half an hour after.

H. O. Jones, township treasurer of Huronton, was found dead in his office, at Huronton, Nov. 11.

Adelbert Pitcher of Flushing, was killed last week Thursday from the kick in the head by a vicious horse.

Some fifty towns of Michigan are afflicted with diphtheria.

Geo. Brown and \$200, disappeared from Mr. McMillan's house in Cannon, Kent Co., on election day.

Holcomb & Mason's store at Athens, Calumet Co., was robbed of \$800 worth of goods, Nov. 8.

A. S. LAPHAM & CO.

BANKERS,

Northville,

Our Washington Letter.

Gen. Grant as an Illinois U. S. Senator—Female beauty a rare thing in Washington, a correspondent writes, on the fact and the ladies are indigent—Good old days of shopping—Domes- tics in their silks.

Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., November 27.—Gen. Grant's friends in Illinois have taken his new departure, and are now trying to bring him forward as a candidate for U. S. Senator from that State. But Gen. Grant is known to have a very high regard for both the candidates now in the field, Logan and Galesby, and those who best know him here do not believe that his world enter the contest against them. The project is said to be unknown to Grant and is, therefore, entirely without his sanction.

A certain Washington correspondent has lately written to a prominent Chicago journal a lengthy letter concerning stories of the Capitol which is being copied far and wide with various comments. The paragraph is to the effect that a female beauty is utterly unknown here and that one may walk our streets till doomsday without meeting a pretty-faced girl. As might be expected, Washington girls are taking exception to this attack and are loud in their denunciation of the writer who has thus scandalized their faces. The plain fact about the good looks of Washingtonians is that while there are many charming and attractive female faces, there are few in proportion to the whole number. By far the larger number of lady Government clerks are widows and spinsters, and therefore although they may be, and are in many cases, very far from ill looking, they do not possess the attractive bloom and sweet beauty that a young and girlish face may show.

Not since the has it been possible for ladies to make shopping so delightful a business as it is at present, when a dollar goes for a dollar's worth, and the old times have returned when a domestic goes out on Sunday with a silk gown on her back as she can well afford to do, since plain silks of good quality may be had for less than a dollar a yard and the better styles require considerably less than forty yards of material for a dress. The fashion of combination garments is a most convenient one for refreshing worn dresses and a pretty and stylish garment may be formed from a hard worn silk in these days by the simple addition of a few yards of suiting figured silk or American Brocade, which costs no more than 20 or 30 cents per yard.

It is an excellent restorer of health and strength in the Spring. By reviving the appetite and vigor of the digestive organs, it dissipates the depression and listless languor of the season. Even where no disorder appears, people feel better, and live longer, for clearing the blood. The system moves on with renewed vigor and a new lease of life.

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Practical and Analytical Chemists

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

It is an excellent restorer of health and strength in the Spring. By reviving the appetite and vigor of the digestive organs, it dissipates the depression and listless languor of the season. Even where no disorder appears, people feel better, and live longer, for clearing the blood. The system moves on with renewed vigor and a new lease of life.

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TRAIN'S LEAVE NORTHVILLE.
FLINT & FERS KALQUETTE R.R.
EXCISE TAX.

NORTH. 8:30 A.M. 11:30 A.M.
SACRED 6:30 P.M. 9:30 P.M.
DET. 6:30 P.M. 9:30 P.M.
MICH. 8:30 A.M. 11:30 A.M.

TRAIN'S LEAVES PLYMOUTH.

DET. LANSING & LAKE MICH. R.R.
EXCISE TAX.

EAST. 8:30 A.M. 11:30 A.M.
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LEAVE WAYNE ON MI. H. C. E. T.
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The Northville Record.

SAMUEL E. LITTLE, PAPER & PROP.

NORTHLVILLE, MICHIGAN.

MECHANICAL AND SCIENTIFIC.

According to Prof. J. Lawrence Smith, good kerosene should have the following characteristics: 1. The color should be white or light yellow, with a blue reflection. 2. The odor should be faint and not disagreeable. 3. The specific gravity, at 60 deg. Fahrenheit, ought not to be below 0.735 nor above 0.84. 4. When mixed with an equal volume of sulphuric acid of the density of 1.53, the color ought not to become darker, but lighter. A petroleum that satisfies all these conditions, and possesses the proper flashing-point, may be regarded as pure and safe.

A composition, designed as a substitute for slate, when applied as a coating to any suitable surface, is described in the foreign journals. For exterior work, the mixtures and proportions are one quart of methylated spirit, or its equivalent, one-half pound gum shellac, and one-fourth pound of flour of emery; for coating substances to serve as writing slates, there are added powdered glass, rotten stone or pumice stone, together with lamp black or Paris green sufficient to give coloring. Powdered chalk, brick, slate or stone may be used for giving body or an abrading surface to the composition.

It is well understood that compressed air, on being released from pressure, can be cooled down to a very low temperature, by throwing it into a jet of cold water. This fact has been made available for the construction of a refrigerator or freezing chamber, and a series of experiments lately made in France on an extensive scale, appear to have proved the invention a success. In half an hour after beginning to work the machine, the thermometer within the box stood at 20 deg. C. below the freezing point—minus 4 deg. F., the interior of the chamber was covered with frost half an inch thick, bottles of water were frozen solid and the general temperature of the room was reduced to 30 deg. F.—Engineering Exchange.

The plan of transmitting power from the engine to the shaftings by the means of ropes has found much favor with mill owners and engineers abroad, the system of arrangement commonly adopted being as follows: The fly wheel is made to serve as driving drum

weighs about twenty tons, and is grooved for the reception of twelve hemsprings, each six inches in girth, six of the ropes being intended to drive one line of shafting, and six the other. The rope drums or pulleys on the shafting are five feet in diameter, the rims being made heavy and grooved, as is the driving drum, but of course for only six ropes. The width of the grooves is 1½ and 7½ inches; total depth three and one-fourth inches; radius of the bottom curve, one-half inch; and the inclination of the two sides to each other, about 43 deg. Thus, the ropes do not, when pressed somewhat out of shape, while doing full duty, rest upon the bottom of the grooves, but on the sides, and the wear is, therefore, at the points of contact. The wear is found to be tolerably uniform all around the section—thus indicating that the ropes do not, as might be apprehended, present the same parts of their circumference to be continually gripped in the grooves.—N.Y. Sun.

Curious Cases of Sleep-Walking.

On the above subject a retired naval officer sends an exchange the following notes:

One bright moonlight night I was on deck, as was frequently my wont, chatting with the Lieutenant of the middle watch. It was nearly calm, the ship making little way through the water, and the moon's light nearly as bright as day. We were together leaning over the capstan, chatting away, when W— suddenly exclaimed: "Look, H—, at the sentry!" and pointed to the quarter-deck marine, who was pacing slowly backward and forward on the lee side of the deck.

"Well," I replied, after watching him somewhat merrily, as he passed once or twice on his regular beat, "what of him?"

"Why, don't you see, he is fast asleep? Take a good look at him when he next passes."

I did so and found W— was right. The man, although pacing and turning regularly at the usual places, was fast asleep, with his eyes closed.

When next the man passed, W— stepped quickly and noiselessly to his side, and pacing with him, gently disengaged the bunch of keys which were his special charge, being the keys of the spirit-room, shell-rooms, store-rooms, etc., from the fingers of his left hand, to which they were suspended by a small chain; then removed the bayonet from his other hand, and laid it and the keys on the capstan head. After letting him take another turn or two, W— suddenly called, "Sentry."

"Sir," replied the man, instantly stopping and facing round as he came to "attention."

"Why, you were fast asleep, sentry."

"No."

"But I say you were."

"No, sir. I assure you I was not."

"You were not, eh? Well; where are the keys?"

The man instantly brought up his hand to show them, as he supposed, but to his confusion the hand was empty.

"Where's your bayonet?" continued W—.

The poor fellow brought forward his other hand, but that was empty also. But the puzzled look of astonishment he put on was, more than we could stand; was soon burst out laughing, and, when the keys and bayonet were pointed out to him lying on the capstan, the poor fellow was perfectly dumbfounded. W— was too merry over the joke, however, to punish the man, and he escaped with a warning not to fall asleep again.

Sentries and lookouts must be very liable to fall asleep from the very na-

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

Should you have a rent in a dress to repair, the ravelings of the same material, they are easily to be obtained from the top of the skirt, if you have no pieces; but generally some are left by the dressmaker, and should be kept for such accidents.—*Harper's Magazine*.

Charles Heller thinks if he had a crop of potatoes to sell, and could get cents from the field, he would never hesitate about selling. Supposing potatoes to keep without wasting, he thinks fifty cents as good in the fall as seventy-five cents in the spring.—*Peninsular Farmer's Club*.

Soap for Wax.—A piece of white Castile soap is better than wax for smoothing white sewing-cotton, and is especially good for the use of very young seamstresses who have not learned to keep their small fingers quite clean. The blackest seam will be white after one washing, if soaped cotton be used.

This item is going the rounds: "It may not be generally known that common cooking soda is a sure remedy for the bite of a rattlesnake, if applied soon enough. An incision may be made to the depth of the wound made by the fangs of the snake, and into this cut the soda should be sprinkled. It will immediately bubble up, and turn green, caused by the action of the soda in neutralizing the acid of the poison."—*New York Times*.

The wicks of kerosene lamps should be changed, frequently, or, if not too short, washed in strong, hot soapsuds, with some ammonia in the rinsing water. We think the trouble with poor light from kerosene lamps probably arises from the wicks being full of the sediment or refuse matter which comes from the oil, and that impedes the free passage of the kerosene through the wicks.—*Christian Union*.

There are many farmers who have extra good butter cows and do not know it. They have poor pastures in summer, and no shelter and indifferent feed in winter. In the house they have no conveniences for making butter, the milk is set where there are no arrangements for keeping it cool in summer, and in the living room, exposed to the odors of the kitchen in winter; and neither the quantity nor the quality were any index of what a cow can do.—*Engineering Exchange*.

Care of Canaries.—In this way I answer the question of "how I have such luck with birds?" Simply by allowing the birds to attend to their own affairs by letting them understand that their happiness would never harm them.

Also, by accustoming them to plenty of light and company, rather than, as recommended in books, keeping the cage in a dark room for fear of frightening the bird. Make just half the sun directed in the birdcage over the matter, and you will have double the success in raising birds. Never give them sugar, but all the red pepper with eat; it is the best thing for them.

And if your bird feels hot at any time, pat a piece of fat salt pork in the cage, see how the little fellow will enjoy it, and listen for the result. Give him fat seed once in awhile, and if he appears droopy occasionally, give a diet of bread and butter, with some red pepper sprinkled in.—*Hartford Courant*.

Rolling Fall Crop.

The roller when used after sowing may be considered as an implement made to cover up, or, remove the defects of insufficient harrowing of the soil. Whether or not it successfully performs this purpose is a serious question, and one open to grave doubt. It may be well to consider the effects of the roller upon the soil. It is a fact that may be truly stated, that the condition of the soil, itself, is the most important item of this consideration.

When the roller is used before sowing the seed and for the purpose of crushing lumps and clods, it is of great and unquestionable service, although we would even in that case prefer the thorough use of the harrow to bring the clods to the surface, leaving them there to break down during the fall and winter, while the fine soil is worked below them to form a perfect bed for the seed. But if the clods are reduced to fragments and the soil is mellowed by the use of the roller, we do not find fault with the means by which this is done.

Upon some soils rolling is a positive necessity, but the usual form of the roller, a smooth cylinder, is not calculated to do the work of breaking rough clods most effectively. A grooved or spiked roller would be far more effective than the smooth one. But none hard, coddly clay soils a roller of whatever kind it may be, does good service under certain circumstances.

Upon light soils we think its use in any case is mischievous, and in the writer's practice it has been discarded for many years, after considerable perseverance with it and observance of its effects.

When a soil has been plowed for fall crops, from the character of our soils, it is generally very lumpy and full of hard clods. This sometimes occurs upon some soils that are classified as light, as well as always upon those that are heavy. When the harrow has been used, these clods are in part broken up and in part worn down, and a sufficient number are left to give a rough character to the surface soil.

The seed is sown and the ground is rolled; what then, is the condition of the soil? The roller, a smooth cylinder, merely packs the clods down and forces them into the soft undersoil, and leaves the surface smooth but no more level than it was before. Every ridge and every hollow remains after rolling precisely as before, but more conspicuous in contrast with the smoothly packed surface. The seed is buried under this compact surface, which is chiefly composed of hard lumps, large and small. These being dry and impenetrable, a vast number of the shoots perish in the effort to get around them to reach the surface and the light of day.

When rain falls, the thirsty surface soil drink it up and immediately yields it again to the first drying wind which sweeps over it. The soil is in a very unfavorable condition for the growth of tender herbages, and the young crop suffers in consequence.

This is the effect of the rolling.

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