

Official Paper of the Village.

Published Semi-Monthly by

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Editor and Proprietor.

To whom all communications should be addressed.

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OLD CHURCH BELLS.

Precious memory.
Loudly, cheerfully.
Blithe old bells from the steeple tower.
Hopelessly, fearfully.
Mourneth the bride from her maiden bower.
Cloud there is none in the bright summer sky;
Sunshine far and near doth from on high.
Children sing loud as the train moves along;
Happy the bride that the sun shineth on.

Solemnly, firmly.
Measure out slowly.
Sad old bells from the steeple tower.
Praise chanting lowly.
Slowly, slowly.
Paneth the corpse from the portal to-day.
Drops from the laden clouds heavily fall.
Despairingly over the place and pall.
Mournful old toll, as the train moves along;
Happy the dead that the rain ripples on.

Tell me at the hour of prime,
Morn and vapor chance.
Loved old bells from the steeple tower.
Bells tolling lowly.
Over the lowly grave.
Floating up, reverberating, into the sky.
Solemn the lesson year, highest note teach;
Born is the day when the voices preach.
Ring in life from the belfry to the bier.
Hanging the dead to their rest in the tomb.

Painful evermore—
Dead are ye pealed of your
Buried old bells from the steeple tower.
In swelling and chattering.
Bodily and burial have both passed away.
Tell us life's pleasures with death are still life;
Tell us that death ever leads to life.
Life is our bier; Death is our rest.
If happy the living, the dead are the blest.
—Dedicated University Magazine.

MECHANICAL AND SCIENTIFIC.

Vanilla has been found in the pine, and now, according to M. Henri de Parville, it is easily and cheaply to be obtained from oats.

A German doctor has propounded the doctrine that vegetarians and meat-eaters are both wrong, and that the real means to health and long life is to eat all food raw, whether animal or vegetable.

It is a curious fact that no attempts have been made to tame and utilize the African elephant for draft purposes. It is now proposed to import trained Indian elephants and experiment with a herd of wild elephants which are now in the neighborhood of Port Natal.

In Germany, a man who wishes to become a medical practitioner has to pass some time in the course of his third year's study, an examination in chemistry and physics, botany, zoology, anatomy and physiology; and at the close of the studies he has to spend sometimes as much as a five months' session in passing a final examination in the practical departments.

Officers from the Brooklyn Board of Health made an examination recently of the cow-stables adjoining the distillery of Gaff, Fleischman & Co., at Bilsdale, containing 800 cows, and made a report of the results of their examinations. They report that they did not find a healthy cow, and doubt if there are many or any sound animals in the stables. Dr. Large says on physical examination of the chests of different animals he found lesions of different lung-stages of pleuro-pneumonia in mild forms. These 800 animals are steamed in foul air and are burning with fever. Their diseased milk is sold for the city breakfast-table, and their diseased bodies are sold for beef.

The capitalists of Liverpool and Manchester propose to build a railroad 500 miles long, from Zanzibar to the south end of Victoria Nyanza, thinking that as so many of the old markets have been lost this may develop a trade with Central Africa. The speakers on the subject show great ignorance of the geography and hydrography of this region, and never say if only a desire to develop the resources of Africa be at the bottom, it is quite unnecessary to spend £1,000,000 on a railroad, for with a magnificent water-way, explored by Stanley and others, and with the help of Indian or tamed African elephants the resources of Central Africa could be quite adequately developed for many years to come.

In arranging the heating surfaces of a steam boiler, Prof. Thurston lays down as the essential rule that the effort be to impede the draft as little as possible, and so to place them that the circulation of water within the boiler be free and rapid at every part reached by the hot gases; the directions of circulation of water on the one side, and of gas on the other side of the sheet, should, as much as possible, be opposite; the cold water should enter where the cooled gases leave, and the steam should be taken off furthest from the point. The temperature of chimney gases has thus been reduced to less than 500 deg., and an efficiency equal to 0.75 to 0.80 of the theoretical is attainable.

A London doctor has circulated the following queer conundrums in the interest of science: "1. Are you right or left-handed? 2. Have you any trick or mannerism involving the use of the hand, such as playing with a button, or touching the forehead or lip during thought; and, if so, is this performed invariably by the right or left, or with either hand indifferently? 3. Can you snap the fingers of either hand with equal ease and effect; if not, which set of fingers possesses the greater snapping power? 4. In walking, dancing, etc., do you start with the right or left foot? 5. In walking backward which foot do you start with? 6. Can you kick more freely or forcibly with the right or left foot? 7. Can you wink with equal facility with each eye? if not, with which eye do you wink more easily? 8. In winking slightly, do you employ principally the upper or lower eye-lid, and is a slight wink similarly accomplished on both sides, or do you on the one side employ principally the

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Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

[Always in Advance.

VOL. X.

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MARCH 8, 1879.

NO. 18.

Arts in History.

The ax has quite a history, for in Homer's time iron was used for woodcutters' axes, etc. The ax was an ancient weapon of war and appears to have been used from the most remote periods in warfare. The war axes varied in form according to the races to which they belonged. The first had a single edge only and was similar to the modern hatchet; the second had two edges and was sometimes called the Amazonian ax, from its supposed use by those female warriors. Axes were much employed as offensive weapons by the Celts and Scandinavian Nations. Among the Roman armies the ax was not much used; it was considered the weapon of uncivilized Nations. At the siege of the Roman capital by the Gauls, Brennus is represented as being armed with a battle-ax and Ammianus Marcellinus, several centuries afterward, describes an armed body of Gauls as being all furnished with battle-axes. In the Bayeux tapestry the English are represented by using the battle-ax. The pole-ax was introduced into Britain by the Saxons and Danes; it had an edge on one side and a sharp point on the other. The Franks, in their expeditions into Italy in the sixth century, made use of an ax with a large blade (much like the present broad-ax). This was termed *franc-axe*. The battle-ax of Charlemagne is preserved in the Louvre, in France. The battle-ax fell into disuse toward the close of the sixteenth century. In Russia, Sweden and Norway and many parts of Germany they cling to the old, rude, unfinished and unwieldy ax with which they are familiar. The introduction of the American ax in those countries must be a matter of time. The expressions "to bury the hatchet," "to take up the hatchet," are taken metaphorically from the practice of the North American Indians. In 1840 an English gentleman visited this country and took back an American ax and held which from the peculiar curve of the handle and shape of the ax, afford infinitely superior to the English. His son still has the ax, which is serviceable, though, of course, the handle has been renewed several times, always on the model of the old one. When it was first used carpenters and woodmen came from a distance of ten miles to inspect it, and many times the owner was offered ten times its price for it—but, nevertheless, the enthusiast tried to steal it. Nevertheless, no tenacious habit to this day that veritable ax is the only one of its kind in the neighborhood.—T. J. Boxsted, in Troy (N. Y.) Times.

The Afghan.

The Afghans are tall, of large and well-built frames, muscular and hardy. Their strong, heavy features, and dark skins give them a fierce expression of countenance; their black eyes—“their hair tinged with antiquity to add force, beauty and dazzling brilliancy to them”—are full of fire, so that their swift bold and flaming glance is very impressive. They wear their hair shaved from the forehead to the top of the head, the rest falling in black, thick masses to the shoulders. The dress of the people is of cotton, or of cloth called *bark*, made of camel's hair, and is worn in two long and very full robes, the material used by the wealthy classes being of silk or cashmere; blue or white turbans and slippers complete the costume.

The garments of the young Chiefs are often quite gay with gold-lace or gold-thread embroidery. This ornamentation is done by the women in the harem, who are very skillful with the needle. Comte de Gobineau, in his “Romances of the East,” thus describes a young Afghan Chief, whose name was Moshen, meaning beautiful: “His complexion was richly tawny, like the skin of fruit ripened by the sun. His black locks curled in a wealth of ringlets, round the compact folds of his blue turban striped with red; a sweeping and rather long silken moustache caressed the delicate outline of his upper lip, which was cleanly cut, mobile, proud and breathing of life and passion. His eyes, tender and deep, flashed ready. He was tall, strong, slender, broad-shouldered and straight-backed. No one would ever dream of asking his race; it was evident that the purest Afghan blood dwelt in his veins.”

The beauty of young Afghans is frequently spoken of by Eastern writers; but it would seem from the nature of things as though his glowing description must be overdrawn; just as the handsome, pensive young Lucas of our well-beloved West Indian romancer, James Fenimore Cooper, can hardly be recognized in the modern Modoc. Still, however, testimony claims a dark and hardy beauty for the Afghan in his prime.—Z. R. Gustafson, in Harper's Magazine for March.

Making Our Friends at Home.

Is it possible for our friend to “just make himself at home” in our house, as we so often invite and enjoin him to do? Something depends, no doubt, on the friend, but more, we think, on the horse. If the guest be incapable of forgetting his own home, and given to contrasting unfavorably everything that is unlike it in others; or, if he be one of the unadaptable sort—a human “old cat,” who is never at ease when out of his accustomed haunts, or if he (more frequently, perhaps, this is she,) only goes about among friends to be “entertained,” in such case you can't well make them at home, nor avoid wishing them there.—Free Press.

A star care for sleeplessness is to imagine you have got to get up.

WHEN a cobbler beats his wife, he does it with shoebeats his wife, he

upper eye-lid; and on the other principally, the lower one? 9. Can you draw up each corner of the mouth alternatively with equal freedom? if not, over which corner have you the most control? 10. Can you move the protruded tongue to the right and left with equal freedom? if not, toward which side do move it with more freedom? 11. Can you move your external ears separately? and, if so, which of the two, can you move more freely?

English Hail in India.

It is a notorious fact that the expense of British rule in India is something enormous, and forms a crushing incubus on the country. The population is roughly estimated at 150,000,000, and the average taxation last year in various ways amounted to three and three-fourths shillings (English) per head. The gross production of India for the same time averaged thirty-one and a half shillings per head, so that the taxes took 12 per cent. of the product. These figures alone are enormous; and when we add the opium impost and the local and municipal taxes, there is an aggregate of nearly £50,000,000, or \$25,000,000. In 1857, the total was only about half the above amount; there has been no increase of population, and though the railways have caused a development in many parts of the country, it has not kept pace with the expenditure. According to high authorities, India is every year poorer and poorer. The land-tax is a burden so great that the cultivation of the soil does not always enable a cultivator to obtain the common necessities for himself and family, and the condition of the day-laborer is pitiful in the extreme. The great mass of the people are in a condition of the most wretched poverty, want in all its forms staring you constantly in the face, and the only way for a traveler in India to escape the sight of it is to sail away to some other land. Of all the countries on the globe I have ever visited, India is the one least easy to visit again, and largely for the reason given in the preceding sentence. In two, well-separated parts of the great peninsula I saw people dying of famine, and their gaunt and haggard forms were before me all too often to make memory an unloved pleasure. That India has reached the highest point of taxation is loudly proclaimed by both native and English residents, and not a few Englishmen predict her bankruptcy before many years shall have rolled away.

A great portion of the natives are indifferent to the foreign rule, and some are warmly in favor of it, especially those who hold offices of greater or less importance, and receive a revenue from them. On the other hand, I think there can be no question that there is great hostility to the British authority, and if the way were open to a revolt, with a promise of success, it would be speedily forthcoming. Several of the native Princes, still occupying their thrones, maintain armies of their own, which are regarded with no friendly eye by the Government. Numerically, at least on paper, these armies are stronger than the whole British force, native and foreign, but their equipment, organization and discipline are far inferior, so that they are not considered formidable. The most important of these native forces are those of Sindia and the Nizam; both of these rulers are on the best of terms, for the present at any rate, with the British. Sicilia, who holds the rank of General, has offered his army to the Government for a Russian or an Afghan war. Many of the smaller rulers are not so well disposed, and are only held in check because they know that insubordination would take away what little power they possess. That there is an under-current of hostility I had various opportunities of knowing. Several times I had conversations with native gentlemen—some of them the result of introductions by English residents—which were far from complimentary to the rulers of the land. In these instances, which I cannot specify without violation of confidence, either asked or tacitly implied, the list of grievances included the enormous taxation, arbitrary enactments of an oppressive character, National and individual arrogance, together with other things more sentimental than practical. The English in India leave no doubt to exist that they are the ruling race, and the meanest tramp among them considers himself of more importance and better by blood and birth than the highest native Prince. It is no wonder that the natives should chafe under the yoke, especially when they in turn consider themselves the superiors in point of race and religion, and boast an antiquity far beyond that of the invader. Your servant who will not touch through fear of pollution, the food you eat, cannot hold you in great respect.—Thomas Aron, in Harper's Magazine for March.

THE month of March will be an eventful one for Detroit. A prominent citizen, well known on “Change,” will during that month, make the attempt to walk three million miles in three million hours, taking no refreshments except ginger beer and raw claws. No leather-grocer or milkman suspected of having a bill against him will be admitted to the hall during the walk. If he succeeds in his enterprise the man who invented the wash-board will no longer be lionized by the public.—Free Press.

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On the other hand, if you desert the pleasant family-quarters and plant your friend amid the unused fancies of the stiff “best room;” if you keep the children on dress parade, and break up all their wonted good times; if you palpably make a decided difference in the family fare, as if your friend came to learn the qualifications of your cook or to judge of your ability to “keep a hotel;” if, in a word, your everyday domestic life is so broken up that having a guest implies a complete change in the internal arrangements and economy of the household, he cannot, if a sensible and sensitive person, feel himself “at home,” for he will perceive that you are not.

Think what being “at home” means to yourself, and try and let your guest have something of that feeling. You require a certain liberty and an atmosphere of naturalness for your convenience; a knowledge that you are not making any undue work or worry, and a sort of slippers-and-dressing-gown freedom of deportment; for your comfort. You don't want your down-sitting and up-rising, too much planned out for you. You expect to be comfortable and agreeable, and punctual, and to practice the rest of the household virtues as much as in you lies, but you don't want to talk at a mark all the time, nor to have everything give way for your entertainment. There is a better rule of politeness and hospitality in the world than the rule called “golden.” The trouble is that we keep it too much for ethical or “great moral” questions, instead of letting it to use in the every-day affairs of life. We can best enable our friends to make themselves at home by keeping it homelike for them.—Golden Rule for February.

How an Office Boy Made Sure of His Situation.

Gen. Shattuck, of the Atlantic & Great Western Railway, has in his office a boy-of-all-work who is usually a most excellent lad, prompt and reliable in all things, and, like a pocket in a shirt, very ready to have around. The other morning Gen. Shattuck came in and found the office cold, and the fire struggling along helplessly like a poor man with a large family. He spoke to the boy, and told him he must be a little brisker, and not let it happen again or he would have to shake him up. The next day the same aspect was presented.

“Well, this is a pretty go,” said Gen. Shattuck, coming in; “didn't I tell you to have this room warm when I get down?”

“Yes, sir,” whispered Louie.

“Well, why don't you have it as?”

“I don't know, sir.”

“Now listen to me. I'll give you another trial, and if you don't come up to time and have that thermometer up to 70 deg. I'll get another boy in your place,” and the General pulled down his vest and cracked his cigar stubs to the expectorant.

Another morning came and all was lovely; the thermometer stood high, and so did Louie. After a while some discovered that the thermometer had been tampered with, and Louie was called.

Said the General: “Do you know of anybody fooling with this machine?”

“No, sir. I don't know of anybody,” stammered Louie.

You have always been truthful; now don't go back on your record. Did you fool with it?”

“Yes, sir,” whispered the frightened lad.

“Aha, you did! Well, tell us how.” Why, you see, sir, you said I was to have it up to 70 deg. or I should git. And when I seen you comin' this mornin', I knew the fire was hot, but I didn't know the darn thing was where you wanted it; so I just lit a match and set it under it, and hooped her clean up to the top.”

The boy's cuteness saved him that time, and the General thinks he has a boy in his office as valuable as his dog.—Cincinnati Sun.

Pythagoreanism.

Fried Isaac T. Hopper, though very sturdy and persistent in his resistance to *vice*, had a weakness of temper, which often caused his rebukes to excite a smile. When he lived in Third street, New York, a passing teamster one day stood in front of his house and began to beat his overloaded horse. Friend Hopper stepped out and said, “Friend, didn't thou ever hear that some folks believe that when we die, if we haven't behaved ourselves in this world, we shall have to come back again in the shape of dogs and horses?”

The man stared, as if a little doubtful of the speaker's sanity, and then slowly answered, “No, I never heard anybody preach such a doctrine.” But I assure thee,” replied Friend Hopper, “there are a great many people in the world who do believe it; and I am thinking if thou should have to come back in the form of a horse, thou wouldn't be glad to have a kind master than thou art.”

The man smiled, took the hint good-naturedly, and walked away, gently leading his tired horse by the bridle. Perhaps, in aftertimes, if tempted to beat his horse, he remembered the pleasant old Quaker, and imagined how he should feel if he were a horse.—Luria Child, in Our Dumb Animals.

Two small boys are never proud of his store clothes.—Graphic.

Positive, wait; comparative, waver; superlative, get it yourself.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

California has eighty Congregational Churches, with 4,175 members.

Illinois churches during the last year received 18,000 new members from the Sunday-Schools.

Boston papers say that the long-standing debt of the American Home Missionary Society has been paid.

A Boston minister administers the sacrament according to the primitive usage, all the communicants being seated around tables.

The Baptists of London gained 1,558 members in 1878, having now 38,776. They have 409,000 children in their Sunday-Schools.

The First Presbyterian Church of Springfield, Mass., whose pulpit is now vacant, is 242 years old, and has had only eight pastors during its entire existence.

A Chicago Temperance Committee reports that not one Methodist Episcopal Church and very few others in that city now use fermented wine for communion.

Prof. Barker, of Philadelphia, is making an effort to equalize the salaries of men and women who render equal service as teachers in the public schools of that city.

The Old Catholics, under Dr. Dollinger, allow priests to marry, but require that the wife shall be acceptable to a majority of the congregation and the Bishop, and approved by them.

In the ten years ending in 1871, the Roman Catholics of New South Wales, Australia, increased from 99,193 to 145,932, being a larger percentage than any other denomination can exhibit.

The English House of Commons has ordered that statistical returns shall be made of the communicants of the Established Church of Scotland, a step in the movement toward disestablishment.

The clergymen of the State of New York receive \$5,310,000 for salary yearly. Of this amount the Methodists pay \$1,140,000, the Presbyterians \$852,000, the Episcopalians \$811,000. The average

SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY, MAR. 8, 1879.

STATE NEWS.

It is reported that Fort Howard does a large number of business in furs, and that the officers there are well paid by their superiors.

Two boys have been arrested at Niles for picking birds' nests, rocks from their pockets or trees.

The Indians people think that their country is under a curse, and that they are destined to die out.

"Cub" Berlin, the African explorer, has published two more pieces of hunting, being a report of his second and third "Polar bear-hunting trip," and another account of his recent "little game."

That is to say, between the ages of 6 and 15 years were arrested at Hazzard's before his first and prior departure, and that it would be criminal to keep them in it right, besides the fact that

Hazards' Hot, a trapping outfit from Detroit, caused the arrest on Feb. 18.

Mr. Nease of Cedar Rapids, exchange of telegrams, a gun and a horse.

In Waukesha, 12 citizens and a leader went for hunting, shooting, and riding on a small M.C.F. bicycle, and returning on foot for the safety of untrained persons.

Saginaw has 12 Sunday schools, with an average attendance of 2,000 and 250 officers and teachers.

Mr. Shaffer, the postmaster at Parma, has been complained of to the department, because he refused to send four boxes of Hennessy powder by mail to Greenland, Oregon, recently.

Miss Katie Riley of Niles recently received a box of wedding cake from Japan.

The Free Citizen says that an Indian Mosaic of the town of Richfield was given one night recently, he was overpowered by two men who had great power to ride, and robbed of his pocket-book containing \$30.

The Clark County Press is for sale. The sole reason for selling, Mr. Gould, publisher, declared, is that "he does not want to put money around us, more than himself and his mother-in-law," and further adds that "let this be understood; I solemnly affirm that this is a fact, solely in Alpena."

The Worcester Daily Register at Street & Elm, Worcester, Feb. 18. About 100,000 pieces of mail and a large number of letters were received from others. A test, poem, piece of news, and 10 minutes were given up by the editor of the paper at

The Methodist Society of Worcester had a large lecture hall and a large audience.

It is estimated that the total amount of mail handled by the Post Office Department is about 1,000,000 pieces per day.

James M. D. M. of Mr. M. M. is established in New York, 225, 23rd St., New York, N.Y. He has a large number of clients.

The Boston Daily Spy, published at 100 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass., is a weekly newspaper of 16 pages.

A new paper, the "Daily Spy," is to be published at Boston, Mass., by Mr. M. M. M. It is to be a weekly newspaper of 16 pages.

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The New York Tribune says that the new edition of "Garrison's Life" has been sent to England, and is to be published there.

Champlain, New York, Jan. 20, 1879. A new railroad line of 50 miles will be completed in 1879.

A sum of \$50,000 has been collected for the State of Maine, and a sum of \$100,000 for the State of Massachusetts.

The new city of the State of New York will be built on the site of the old city of Albany.

The New York City government will be built on the site of the old city of Albany.

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The Chinese problem seems a pretty hard one just now to solve. The conditions of the Burlingame treaty are such as to allow free introduction between this country and China, and to pass an act prohibiting the Chinese from entering our boundaries would be the death signal to all our missionary labors, as well as endangering the lives of all Americans in their midst.

Zach Chandler inaugurated his return to the Senate in pretty good order when he put a question on the Jeff Davis pension project. As we intimated in a former issue, what good the southern rebels will get from government appropriations while Chandler is in the senate, they can put in their eye.

Congress adjourned Tuesday and is stated by press dispatches, without finishing necessary business which it is thought will necessitate an extra session some time in April or May at the farthest. Disagreements of a political nature are said to require an extra session.

This Anti-Chinese immigration matter is somewhat two sided, and varied are the views regarding it. Of course it is only the inhabitants on the Pacific coast who are the most bitter foes to the Chinese and they claim all manner of ills from them. On the other hand an occasional champion will stand up in the interest of John Chinaman and make him out to argue in disguise. A well known writer and a resident of California for many years says he never saw a drunken Chinaman, a lazy Chinaman, or a begging Chinaman.

Our Washington Letter.

Washington, D. C., March 2.—The Committee of the House raised at the request of Speaker Randall to investigate certain charges made against him of improper conduct as an officer on account of some interest in a "job" report that there is no foundation for them. This report is in accord with general opinion.

The Senate appropriation committee report the legislative and executive bill with many amendments, some of which will create a spirit of contention in the other branch, and give rise to new apprehensions of an extra session. Now if there is to be an extra session, the Democrats and Greenbackers want it early, the former because they want control of the Senate as soon as possible, the latter because they expect to get some patronage in the House, and furthermore they want an opportunity to make political capital for next Fall.

On the 22d, the Senate is considering the bill to provide means for paying the arrears of pension under the late act, administered a signal rebuke to the Commissioner of Pensions. That officer who seems desirous to consolidate under his control not only the business of adjudging, auditing and paying the pensions, but the agency and attorney business also, had asked for an amendment allowing him to appoint about 50 officers in different parts of the country to carry out his view. The Senate by a very strong vote rejected this measure.

The Bottom Drops out of an Editor's Farm.

An incident occurred at Bow Park farm owned by Hon. George Brown of the Toronto (Ont.) Globe, about four miles from that city, a few days since, which created quite an excitement in the neighborhood. When darkness settled down over the scene the evening before there were no signs of what occurred during the silent watches of the night. The river wound peacefully along, and the road leading to the homestead was as firm as a rock. In the night one of the employees heard a deafening sound. In the morning he told what he had experienced and declared he had heard the shock of an earthquake. The mystery was soon solved, for on proceeding along the roadway a sight that struck amazement into every witness was revealed. An acre or more of the earth had sunk nearly forty feet, and the tips of the trees were just visible on the level with the surface. The earth on the sides of the chasm is quite perpendicular, and the quarry is where has that acre of land gone to? It is not a land slide, but a complete disappearance. Some think that it is caused by quicksand bottom, and others that the river had washed a stratum out beneath. Whatever the cause, the occurrence is startling one in our staid and quiet neighborhood.

No Handkerchief Necessary.

"Who's trying to flirt with you?" he asked.

"You are!" replied the elderly maiden.

"No, I haven't. I was just wiping my nose."

"Perhaps you are," she sputtered, "but it looks suspicious to see an old man like you using a handkerchief when you've got that long-tailed ulster to wipe your nose on!"

"Joy to the world," the New American Sewing Machine has come, and I am happy as the day is long. It runs so light, makes so little noise, and is such a nice shuttle, with a self-feeding needle, that it is scarcely any work at all to use it. I advise all my lady friends to get one.

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in workmanship is equal to a Chronometer Watch, and as elegantly finished as a first-class Piano. It received the highest awards at the Vienna and Centennial Expositions. IT SEWS ONE-FOURTH FASTER than other machines. Its capacity is unlimited. There are more WILSON MACHINES sold in the United States than the combined sales of all the others. The WILSON MENDING ATTACHMENT for doing all kinds of repairing, WITHOUT PATCHING, given FREE with each machine.

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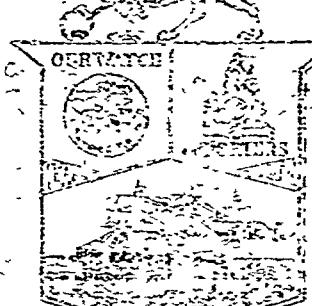
TRAIN FOR SALE.

A GOOD BARGAIN

In Town of Salem, Washtenaw County, containing 80 acres, 50 improved; major part of cultivation adapted to grain, oats, barley, turnips, etc. Located on a hill overlooking the Huron River, about one-half mile from the village of Northville, for fine specimens acquire or practice.

Wm. Van Sickle, Auctioneer.

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One of the Largest
AND MOST STYLISH OF
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JADES,

PEARLS,

CORALS,

LAVENDER,

JADE,

TOPAZ,

SAPPHIRE,

EMERALD,

RUBY,

JADE,

TOPAZ,

SAPPHIRE,

CORAL,

JADE,

TOPAZ,

SAPPHIRE,

The Northville Record

Detroit Business Cards.

Attorneys at Law.

CHAS. E. HOWELL.

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE.

101 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.
Special attention paid to all matters
coming before the Probate Court.

Restaurants.

GELMAN BROS'

European Hotel,
And Ladies and Gents Restaurant,
Car. Jeff and Woodward aves.
Ladies Dining Parlor up stairs.

DETROIT.

Local Business Card.

Dentistry.

EDWIN N. ROOT, DENTIST, OF
the most prominent dental
surgeons in the State of Michigan.

A. M. RANDOLPH, DENTIST, OF
the most prominent dental
surgeons in the State of Michigan.

Hospital.

CLIFTON HOUSE.

Cornet Main and Center Streets.

J. T. EYER.

Prop'r

Better accommodations for traveling public
than any other. A good place to stay.

Rooms.

NORTHVILLE MARKETS.

Northville, Mar. 8, 1878.

APPLES, Dried Pds.	\$.06
BEANS, Pds.	\$.12
BUTTER, Pds.	\$.18
CORN, Pds.	\$.12
CLOVER SEED, Pds.	\$.10
DRESSED BEEF, Pds.	\$.10
DRESSED CHICKENS, Pds.	\$.10
DRIED PEACHES, Pds.	\$.12
Eggs, Pds.	\$.12
FLOUR, Pds.	\$.08
HAM, Pds.	\$.10
LARD, Pds.	\$.12
OATS, Pds.	\$.10
POTATOES, Pds.	\$.10
SHOECLOTH, Pds.	\$.12
SALT, Ounces, Pds.	\$.12
TALLOW, Pds.	\$.10
WHEAT, Etc.	\$.08
No. 2.	\$.08

TRAVELERS' GUIDE!

TRAINS LEAVE NORTHVILLE.
FLINT & LEE'S NEW ENGLAND R.R.

NOTE.—JAN. 15.—MARCH 15.—
MAY 1.—JULY 1.—AUGUST 1.—
SEPTEMBER 1.—OCTOBER 1.—
NOVEMBER 1.—DECEMBER 1.

TRAINS LEAVE PLYMOUTH.
DET. LANSING & ALBION R.R.

DECEMBER.

NOTE.—JAN. 15.—MARCH 15.—
MAY 1.—JULY 1.—AUGUST 1.—
SEPTEMBER 1.—OCTOBER 1.—
NOVEMBER 1.—DECEMBER 1.

No Agents Employed.

Patrons of the Record. You will please bear the fact in mind that I employ no Agents or Solicitors in the interest of this paper, neither here or abroad, and any money paid to parties claiming to be such, will be a loss to yourselves. All money on subscription, advertising or job-work, must be paid to me in person. If money is sent to this office, its receipt will be acknowledged by postal-card.

SAMUEL H. LITTLE,

Northville, Mich., Dec. 10, 1878.

Home and Vicinity.

Mrs. O'Donnell is home from her winter's stay with friends on Pelee Island, Lake Erie.

A. B. Alder, is the name of the man who purchased the Jackson place instead of A. B. Barrett, in our last issue.

A subscription has been raised in aid of H. Upton who lost nearly all his household effects through the fire.

Perine White is said to have refused an offer the day before of two dollars a barrel for the 300 barrels of apples lost at the fire.

It is very probable that the burnt district will be rebuilt with brick. It is not policy for the good of our town to allow business blocks to be erected of flammable material.

Public sympathy is expressed for Charles R. Stevens, who not having had any insurance on his store is left the loser to a considerable amount. He moved into the Hughes' block.

Girls do you know what a certain doctor says? It's this: Tight lacing is a public benefit inasmuch as it kills off all the foolish girls and leaves the wise ones to grow up to be women.

Mr. Taylor, photographer, has just put in his room one of "En-trekins Oscillating Enameleer." This will enable him to finish his photographs in the very best possible style.

The following articles left at the Revere office want owners: patent safe key, hair pins, pair boys' gloves, a man's kid glove, pair boys' mitts, a green lambskin, violin case, etc.

We are under compliments to the publishers, W. J. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, Ohio, for a copy of one of their latest and most popular songs, "My Grand Father's Advice," sent post paid for 35 cents.

We regret to say that J. C. Cover and wife (formerly Mrs. Mary Green) have separated through a little domestic unpleasantness, and are dividing up their property. Mr. C. intends leaving for California in a short time.

Leave the room in which you have slept during the night, as soon as you can in the morning, and thus get clear of the foul air when you leave it either shake up the bed or have it done. Observe this rule and you will be fresh, strong, and well.

The worthy M. E.-pastor and lady were visited by the members of the church and others on the evening of the 25th and 27th ult., and made them wealthier and happier with a donation of cash and valuable bibles to the amount of \$123.

A fire is quite a rare occurrence here, and when the bell tolls for such a calamity in the middle of the night, it is apt to bring folks out of bed with considerably more alacrity than is usual these winter mornings when the kitchen fire has to be kindled.

Miss Helen L. Cody left on the 3rd, for Williamston, where she will take charge of a class in elocution. Miss C. is a young lady of rare social qualities, fully versed in all pertaining to her profession, and will certainly give satisfaction to those under her instruction.

A number of young ladies and gentlemen from here attended the spelling school Thursday night at the school-house where John O. Knapp is teaching, a few miles east. We have since learned that they all "spelt down." How's that, boys and girls?

Mrs. Jas. H. Phillips, of Plymouth, will give a conversational lecture on the subject of Elocution, at the M. E. church, on Tuesday, Dec. 11th, at 3 p.m. She designs forming a class to teach this most desirable accomplishment and an urgent invitation is extended to all.

As we predicted, Mr. Taylor has found that Northville, and vicinity will support a good artist. His work, which is equal to any produced in the city of Detroit, is bringing him notice, that have always had their work done in Detroit at other cities, and we prophesy that should he remain here and continue to produce such excellent work he will build up a business that will pay him handsomely.

Northville seems to be somewhat prominently remembered the last few days in regard to some of its former citizens; Wm. H. Payne, is stated to have applied for a divorce from his wife Leslie Payne, on the ground of adultery. They have been living in Detroit for some time. A former Mrs. Smith, now of Detroit, and John Taylor, who married a daughter girl to the Elliotts, a few months ago, named Anna Wick, has been arrested on a charge of bigamy preferred by her this week.

Charter Election.

The election for Village officers for the ensuing year, took place Monday, without regard to political standing. There were two tickets—"Corporation" and "Citizens." J. W. Hutton headed the former, and D. B. Northrop the latter as president. The former ticket was elected entire, with the exception of president and one trustee. Following were the officers elected:

President—D. B. Northrop.

Clerk—G. W. Wood.

Trustee—H. D. Clark, Jas. Armstrong.

Treasurer—J. M. Swift.

Assessor—Wm. Alder.

Marshal—Frank Pennington.

EXCERPT FROM THE CHURCH.—A communion service at the Presbyterian church last sabbath, the following persons united with the church: Clarence Hungerford, Willie Cummings and wife, Mrs. Walter Wood, Miss Susie Hueston, Miss Minnie Little, Mrs. Palmer of Charlotte, Mrs. Clinton Cady, Mrs. Newton Johnson, Flora Wade, Eddy Wade, May Johnson, Willie Ferkes, Miss Goodale, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Holcomb.

At the M. E. church same day, the following were baptised and taken on probation (with exception of Hiram Jackson in full membership): Miss Mary Beal, Miss May Withers, Miss Lillian Cronkite, Mr. and Mrs. Jonah Noble, Mrs. Miss Reed, Mrs. Ellen Hughes, Mary Ann Phillips, Miss Lucy Simmons, Hiram Jackson.

The "Fly-Speck" came very nearly being wiped out last week.—Wayne Review.

Mr. REINHOLD. As you will remember, no doubt, the Bible refers to the total destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, both at the same time. Now, as it might be a question of doubt as to the number of righteous ones there are at "The Corners," down the street, or its neighbor which you designate by the cognomen of Fly-Speck, it might properly be a matter of rejoice to you than otherwise, that the latter was not wiped out.

Mrs. Tillie Rider, wife of George Rider, and only child of Mr. John Hirsch, is very low with consumption.

"THE FIRE FIEND."

Visits Northville and leaves the mark of its destroying hand.

The Waterman Block, and C. R. Stevens & Co.'s Drug store burned to the ground.

To set a building on fire in the dead of night, a scene at once both terrible and grand; and the streets thronged with spectators—men, women and children; some running and from their efforts to save valuable; others looking with awe on the fiery element in its wild and devastating career, is a sight never to be forgotten and one we are thankful to say, that occurs in this vicinity but very seldom.

The Waterman Block, a wooden structure on the south side of Main Street, was divided into two stores, with tenement rooms over each. In the store east the Wood Bros., cigar manufacturers, had but recently moved and used the lower part for sales-room, while the rooms above were used as a workroom for the several cigar makers. Adjoining this on the west was the Harness shop of J. H. Woodman, and in the rooms above the late landlord of the Clifton House, H. Upton was living.

At the hour of 12 o'clock P. M. Thursday, 27th inst., the cigar store of Wood Bros. was discovered to be on fire and the alarm was given. The church bell rang and our citizens came flocking to the scene, women, children and all till but few were left at home. There was a slight westward wind, and the flames made rapid progress, pre-venting those who had arrived from getting out much of the stock.

J. H. Woodman, occupying middle store as harness shop, managed to get off his coat and fixtures out and suffered no loss. He moved into J. C. Macomber's building further down street, and will resume business before the following night.

Ten feet west from the Waterman block stood the drug store of C. R. Stevens & Co., adjoined to which was the apartment occupied as a dwelling by C. R. Stevens. Through the aid of the citizens, the greater part of the stock and fixtures taken out were got out, and even one front window before the flames had advanced, but the building itself could not be saved. The Hughes' block stood next to C. R. Stevens' dwelling, but being of brick, proved go-ahead, at least to the others doing business on that side of the street, as it was a complete barrier to the fire's further advance.

It had been at least like three hours and the others adjoining, there is not telling how long the end would have been. There being no means of putting out fire, other than the use of buckets and even no convenient access to water whereby to fill them, the chances were nearly favorable for a general conflagration.

Loss as follows: J. W. Waterman, \$200, insurance \$100; Wood Bros. \$1,100 insurance \$700; C. R. Stevens & Co. building about \$1,500 insurance; H. Upton, household, etc., no insurance; Perine White, apples \$500, no insurance.

The Cure for Gossip.

Occasionally some stub either to the elbow comes across in item in some paper that is considered just the thing to publish in the home paper and thereby do good to the community. The following finds space in our columns for that reason:

What is the cure for gossip? Simply culture. There is a great deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good people talk about their neighbors because they have nothing else to talk about. There comes to us the picture of a family of young ladies. We have seen them at home: we have met them at galleries of art we have caught glimpses of them going from a bookstore or library with a fresh volume in their hands. When we meet them they are full of what they have seen or read. They are brimming with questions. One topic of conversation dropped to give place to another, in which they are interested. We have left them after a delightful hour, stimulated and refreshed; and during the whole hour not a neighbor's garment was soiled as to touch. They had something to talk about. They knew something and wanted to know more. They could listen as well as they could talk. To speak freely of a neighbor's doings and belongings would have seemed an impertinence to them, and of course an impertinence to us.

Now, as it is, the fire has done its work, and the neighbors are left to talk about the neighbors' doings and belongings.

It is very probable that the burnt district will be rebuilt with brick. It is not policy for the good of our town to allow business blocks to be erected of flammable material.

Public sympathy is expressed for Charles R. Stevens, who not having had any insurance on his store is left the loser to a considerable amount. He moved into the Hughes' block.

Girls do you know what a certain doctor says? It's this: Tight lacing

is a public benefit inasmuch as it kills off all the foolish girls and leaves the wise ones to grow up to be women.

To the Editor of the Northville Record.—Dear Sir.—The disaster which visited the business portion of our village last night will have the effect perhaps of awakening the community to a sense of their insecurity in the matter of fire, and be the means of improving our village in this respect. To this end I ask a portion of space in your paper, that I may offer a few suggestions, (due deference given to those of ripe age,) which are based on some years of study and observation on this subject.

The first consideration in fire prevention is water, and plenty of it, and it is of this, that I speak of particularly. The Holly, or direct pressure system is admirable as a whole, but its cost puts it far beyond the reach of our village. The gravity system with its stand-pipe is also undesirable for the same reason; but there is one thing left us that is perfectly feasible, practicable, and not beyond the means of our village. I allude to street cisterns, or "fire cisterns" as they are called in New England villages. I have been at some pains to compute the area of roof surface of the business houses on both sides of Main Street from the corner of Center St. to the old hard wood stand formerly owned by F. R. Neal, and find 21,400 sq. ft. Multiply this by 25, the average annual rainfall as determined by Prof. Buche, of the U. S. Coast Survey, and we have 48,500 cubic feet of water, or 351,247 gallons nearly, allowing 3 per cent for evaporation and infiltration, we have 316,710 gallons which is actually available for fire purposes, a quantity ample sufficient for an ordinary fire, and with an efficient horse company this quantity of water will protect an area of a circle of six-hundred feet radius. As the village advances in prosperity, these cisterns may be duplicated at points in the town where they will do the most good, and in course of time the village will be amply supplied with water.

These cisterns, according to the most approved modern practice, are built in the form of a long cylinder 6 or 8 feet in diameter, placed at the center, and parallel to the street and four feet below its surface. It is of brick work laid in hydraulic cement and capped with three or more main holes, rising to the surface and protected by iron covers. These openings admit the pumps and hose, also facilitate clearing it out. Further details are unnecessary to show to the general mind the feasibility of this method, and I trust that at no distant day, to see means provided so that we may be enabled to avoid the expense of removing buildings, and securing property consumed before our eyes, as is the case at the night of Feb. 27th.

1. Mrs. Wm. W. Moore, N. Plymouth, Feb. 28th, 1878.

Compliment from abroad.

Mr. LITTLE.

Dear Sir—I received a letter from my husband yesterday in which he requested me to get a copy of the Northville Standard and send to him. He is a resident of your village for a short time about five or six years ago and like I the public and society very much; and has taken great interest in the race ever since. At present he is in Kansas City, Mo., engaged as shipping clerk in a wholesale agricultural warehouse; he has a splendid situation and likes Kansas City very much. I shall remain in Plymouth a few weeks visiting relatives and friends, and shall join my husband in the spring.

Yours with respect,

Mrs. A. W. Jacobs,

Plymouth, Mar. 1.

Plymouth Items.

A former resident, now of Kansas City, Mo., Mrs. A. W. Jacobs, is making a few weeks visit here. Her husband is a Kansas City, Mo.

This village is to be reincorporated, and a bill to that effect passed the legislative session.

The sum of \$250 was received a few days since by David Moreland, for a flock of 50 sheep sold by him.

The Northville Record.

SAMUEL J. LITTLE, Editor & Prop.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

Thrilling Experience of a Party of Five on Mosquita Pass.

A few days ago the Irondequoit gave a brief account of two men who were seen, from the Little Chief Mine, wading about above timber line at night, and whose fate at this time is unknown. Who the unfortunate men were, or where they came from, is up to this time a mystery, and that they perished the following thrilling account furnishes strong evidence. We doubt if in the whole history of the frontier, full of thrilling adventure, there has ever been a case in which men suffered similarly or more than the little band whose story is given here by two of the participants to a *Chronicle* reporter last evening.

W. M. Moore, Harvey Cowles and O. D. Harris started for Leadville from their home in Empire City, Clear Creek County, this State, by team, on the 24th of January, reaching Fairplay on Wednesday evening, Jan. 29, about five o'clock, experiencing little difficulty thus far.

At Fairplay the little party was joined by a young lad by the name of John Fahrer, also bound for Leadville, from Youngstown, Ohio. The party left Fairplay on Thursday morning, between seven and eight o'clock, at which point they turned over their team to a young man who was to drive it over the range to Leadville, while the four parties named, providing themselves each with a blanket, concluded, in order to shorten the journey, to pull out on foot over the Mosquita Pass.

They arrived at Bush's camp, at the foot of the range, about twelve o'clock, where they stopped to make inquiries in regard to the route over the pass, and where they were informed that during the forenoon a party of men had been at work on the road to the summit, and that they would probably find no difficulty in making the journey in safety. Here the men ate a lunch with which they had provided themselves, and commenced to climb to the top of the perilous pass. When they reached the summit, their party was further augmented by the addition of George Little, from Denver. Little was also bound for Leadville, was scantily clad, had no blanket, and wore a pair of low, summer shoes.

When the party started up the range there was little evidence of a storm, but shortly after they reached the summit a blinding snow-storm, accompanied by violent wind, set in. While the men were yet traveling across the summit the storm increased with relentless fury, and they lost all signs of the trail. Hesitating as to the best course to pursue, bewildered in the angry storm, they wandered about the summit for perhaps half an hour. Fahrer became exhausted, declared himself unable to any longer battle with the elements, and sick down in the snow. Harris assisted him to his feet, and encouraged him to struggle on, after the while pleading with his companions to leave him to his fate. They thus manfully and resolutely refused to do, although the poor exhausted boy seriously impeded their progress, which at best was painfully slow—death staring them in the face at every step.

In wandering about on the top of the pass they had no idea in what direction they were traveling, but, some of the party being old frontier men, and familiar with mountain travel, knew that to stop at such a time was death. One of the greatest difficulties now experienced was keeping their eyes free from icicles constantly forming there, shutting out their sight entirely. At intervals these had to be pulled away, an operation which ordinarily would be very painful, but now, in the benumbed condition of the men, was not felt.

Moore, to his great astonishment, discovered that his companions were black in the face—to the hair own language, "their faces were black as tar"—a fact which he mentioned to Harris, who replied that his, too, was black. Mr. Moore says that this was undoubtedly caused by the pelting in their faces of particles of snow, which he says felt like bits of steel, until they became so benumbed that they no longer had any sense of feeling.

At one time during their aimless wandering some of the party stopped, hesitating and exhausted they closed up for council. Very little was said, and as they looked into each other's blackened and expressionless faces Moore, who was looked upon as Captain of the forlorn hope, said: "Boys, we must do something to get out of here and reach timber, or we will perish." Harris favored a retreat, but Moore thought their only hope was in pressing forward, or what he thought forward, to timber line, which was agreed upon.

Little, who was thinly clad, was suffering intensely from the cold, and Moore asked the boy Fahrer to undo his blanket and take out a coat to the about Little's head, which was done. Inside Fahrer's blanket-roll was also a shirt and a pair of pants, which the boy clutched in his freezing hands, his blanket blowing away. Moore told him to throw away these articles and save his blanket, the poor boy replying that these articles were made by his mother, and now he prized them as he did his life, adding: "What would my poor mother say if she knew where I was?" Moore insisted, took the coveted articles from the boy's hands and threw them away, wrapping the abandoned blanket about his slender form. Sobbing, the boy begged his companions to grant him the privilege of here lying down to die. This was, of course, denied him, and the brave little party prepared for final struggle.

Without any landmarks to guide them other than the timber, which lay across a sea of unbroken snows, the party commenced the descent at about three o'clock. The fury of the storm had in no wise abated; indeed, it seemed to redouble its fury. At times they would

go headlong for a distance of one hundred or three hundred feet, bringing up in a bank of snow. Great care was exercised in keeping the party in sight as was possible under the circumstances. The timber, which at times was in sight in their headlong dashes, was no longer in view, and they became disengaged and made up their minds that they must perish before it could be reached. They struggled on, determined to travel until the strongest of the party was no longer able to travel, and then die together. Harris, who was somewhat in advance, upon an eminence, shouted back the sobering news to his comrades. "Timber ahead, boys; thank God, we are saved."

Timber was reached about dusk, but it was all green and standing, and consequently to build a fire here was impossible. The snow was up to their waistbands and too soft to bear them up, and pushing through it was laborious work. This was accomplished by the party raising themselves in single file, reliving the leader alternately in his work until dry timber was reached. On account of the great depth of the snow, no fallen timber could be had, the party resorting to the expedient of selecting trees which had been killed by mountain-fires, and by their combined aid pushing them over only to see them disappear in the snow, the labor of digging them out being as great as that already with difficulty accomplished. But the case was a desperate one—a last struggle for life, and desperately it was fought.

Just as night closed in on them, at length, fire was kindled, in the effort to obtain which all the party except Moore and Harris sank into the pitiless snow from exhaustion. Here Mr. Moore said he was reminded of the words of the poet:

"Oh night! thou storm and darkness. Thou art woe's strange.

Up to this time there had been no abatement of the storm, and the outlook before them was cheerless, as it seemed now that they would be buried in the snow before morning. As there were but four blankets in the party it was agreed that these be spread down close to the fire, and that the party sleep in reliefs of two, changing every two hours—the three watchers having it for their duty to guard the sleepers from fire and keep the snow brushed from the blankets.

A Moore, whose hands had been strongest in the battles thus far waged with the elements, now about lost all hope. The storm increasing in its fury, when on watch he took from his pocket a postcard, on which he wrote the names of the little company, where they had come from and destination, which he tied firmly to a tree by wrapping around it a piece of twine.

All became alarmed now, and they had no thoughts that were not turned into prayers for safety, the poor boy Fahrer being loudest and most earnest, on his bended knees in the snow, for deliverance, earnestly remonstrating his mother in his sorrows and confiding his future care to the Giver of all good. His comrades speak highly and feelingly of the boy's conduct throughout.

At one time during the terrible night while Moore was on the watch, he said he thought he heard a voice, which seemed to come from a short distance from the camp. Audibly he made answer, "And after that?" "This" "And after that?" "After that? after that? You'd need a little dog at a string."

An artist went to his doctor for a remedy for a cold which kept his wife at home. "Paint your wife's back with iodine," was the injunction. In the evening the artist set to work. His artistic fancy got the better of him. He sketched a landscape with a river in the foreground, mountains in the background and introduced bits of still life. "Have you not finished?" said the wife impatiently. "Yes," he replied; "one half minute more to put on my masterpiece."

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—Incongruities will sometimes occur, not in spite of fate, but because fate seems to take a sort of sarcastic delight in producing them. A man who weighs several hundred pounds is almost always deluded into taking for a wife a woman small enough to wear as a chariot on his watch chain. Only the other day we heard of a man who was nearly seven feet high, while his wife was considerably less than five feet. The minister tried to dissuade them, but the groom simply replied, "Well, sir, the long and the short of it is—when the clergyman broke in with 'Yes, yes, I see, it's the long and short of it that I am to unite in matrimony.' N. F. Herald.

—Rules for Home Education.

The following rules are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and placed in a conspicuous place in every household:

From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.

Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say.

Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give them what you say.

If you tell a child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.

Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish them in anger.

Never let them perceive that they vex you, or make you lose your self-command.

If they give away to petulance or ill temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the propriety of their conduct.

Remember that a little present punishment when the occasion arises is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment, should the fault be renewed.

Never give your children anything because they cry for it.

On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.

Never give up the ship. Dr. Bell's Cough Syrup may cure you, as it has done others. It costs little and can never harm. Price, 25 cents.

Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.

Never allow of tale-bearing. Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence of an angry and resentful spirit.—*Home Illustrated.*

VARIETY AND HUMOR.

A thermometer gains notoriety by degrees.—Albany Argus.

The mean man is always meeker to himself than to anyone else.

The Bennett Arctic expedition will leave San Francisco during June.

Almost all of us are giddyots to a fault if the fault happens to be our own.

For fifteen years no Coroner of North Carolina has served out his full term.

A pistol is not half so dangerous when the owner is not loaded.—Toledo Commercial.

One writes illegibly to hide his bad spelling, as his contents one's self with a half smile to conceal poor teeth.

If Ajax had only booted a lightning-rod agent at the time that he defeated the thunder-bolt, his renown would rest on a more solid basis than it does now.—Stamford Advocate.

A native of Marcellus has purchased the right of extracting chloride of potassium from the Dead Sea, and expects to net eight dollars a ton on an indefinite quantity of it delivered at London.

At Georgetown, Mass., the son of a widow married a girl whose brother married the widow, and a child born to the first couple, has an uncle and a grandfather and a grandmother and an aunt in the same persons.

One of the gentlemen from Bangor recently made seventeen speeches in the Maine House, and then remarked that if the members would only stop talking so much the business could be dispatched more expeditiously.

One day I was compounding a simple cough remedy for my little three-year-old, who had a severe cold. He stood watching the process, and asked if it was "good." On letting him taste, he exclaimed: "It's awful good, mamma. Let's keep it all for paps!" —*Harper's Magazine.*

A wag brought a horse driven by a young man to stop in the street by the word "Whoa," and said to the driver, "That's a fine horse you have there." "Yes," answered the young man, "but he has one fault. He was formerly owned by a butcher, and always stops when he hears a calf-beat."

The English language is wonderful for its aptness of expression. When a number of men and women get together and look at each other from the sides of the room, that's called a scuttle. When a hungry crowd calls upon a poor minister, and eats him out of house and home, that's called a donation party.—*Hartford.*

A short sighted man went to an optician to change his glasses, which were not strong enough. After he had got the right ones he asked, "What number must I wear after these cease to be strong enough?" "This one," said the optician, showing him another pair. "And after that?" "This" "And after that?" "After that? after that?" You'd need a little dog at a string."

An artist went to his doctor for a cold which kept his wife at home. "Paint your wife's back with iodine," was the injunction. In the evening the artist set to work. His artistic fancy got the better of him. He sketched a landscape with a river in the foreground, mountains in the background and introduced bits of still life. "Have you not finished?" said the wife impatiently. "Yes," he replied; "one half minute more to put on my masterpiece."

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—Rules for Home Education.

The following is from an address of Hon. Edmund H. Bennet, delivered before the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture:

Of course everyone knows it conveys all the fences standing on the farm, but all might not know it also included the fencing stuff, posts, rails, etc., which had once been used in the fence, but had been taken down and piled up for future use again in the same place.

But new fencing material just bought and never attached to the soil would not pass. So piles of hoop-poles stood away, if once used on the land, have been considered a part of it; but loose boards or scaffold poles laid loosely across the beams of the barn and never fastened to it would not be, and the seller of the farm might take them away. Standing trees of course, also pass as part of the land; so do trees blown or cut down and still left in the woods where they fell, but not if cut and corded up for sale; the wood has then become personal property.

If there be any manure in the barnyard, or in a compost heap on the field, ready for immediate use, the buyer ordinarily takes that, also, as belonging to the farm; though it might not be so if the owner had previously sold it to some other party, and had collected it together in a heap by itself. Growing crops also pass by the deed of a farm, unless they are expressly reserved, and when it is not intended to convey these it should be stated in the deed itself; a mere oral agreement to that effect would not be valid in law. Another mode is to stipulate that possession is not to be given until some future day, in which case the crops or manure may be removed before that time.

As to the buildings on the farm, though generally mentioned in the deed, it is not absolutely necessary

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

Cookies—One cup sugar, two-thirds cup butter filled with water, one egg, one-half teaspoon soda dissolved in a tablespoon hot water; mix soft, roll quite thin, cut in any desired shape, and bake in a quick oven.

Making for Braving—Lay a piece of impression paper on your cloth; then lay on your pattern, and run around it with lead pencil, and you will have your pattern marked on your cloth as nicely as if you had paid some one a large sum to paint it.

Bread Cake—Dissolve a teaspoon of soda in a cup of milk; strain it on three cups of raised dough; a teaspoon of lukewarm melted butter, two teaspoons sugar, three eggs, two teaspoons cinnamon; broil if you like. Work the whole fifteen minutes; let it stand fifteen minutes before baking.

Floating Island—Set a quart of sweet milk to boil, then stir into it the beaten yolks of six eggs, flavor with lemon, and sweeten to taste; whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add a little sugar, drop in spoonfuls on the hot custard until it sets; pour the custard in a deep dish, when it is thick enough, and heap the froth upon it.

Suet Pudding—One cup molasses, one cup sweet milk, one cup suet chopped very fine, one cup raisins, one teaspoon soda; half teaspoon cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg; steam three hours; pour to make a batter thick enough to drop from the spoon. Eat with liquid sauce. This pudding may be baked if more convenient, and a half teaspoon of cardamom may be used instead of the cloves.

Delicate Cake—One cup of butter, three cups of sugar, the whites of twelve eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one cup sweet milk, two teaspoons cream-tartar, one of soda, four cups fresh sifted flour, two teaspoons essence of lemon; work the butter and sugar to a cream, then add the milk and flour, and lastly, the whites of the eggs and soda.

Chocolate Cake—Two eggs, two-thirds cup of butter, two cups sugar, one cup of sweet milk, three cup flour, two teaspoons and a half of baking powder; bake in layers. Take a cup and a half of white coffee, sugar, put enough water on to just cover it, and boil until it is as thick as syrup; beat it until it begins to look white like cream, then flavor with vanilla, and read on the layers very quickly, over this layer of cream spread or coating of chocolate which has been melted by holding a hot stove-griddle over it, or in the oven; stir the chocolate smooth before putting on.

As usual at this season we are informed that the fruit crop throughout the country is ruined by the cold weather. All this croaking may prove to be justified, but we have known no instances of destruction by either frost, heat or winds, that we put in confidence in the prophets who make them. The fruit buds may be injured in some localities, but it is often that there is any great variety of damage in the markets. Last year peach-pears were at the crop, but all the small fruits, as well as pears and apples, were more than usual late in fact, the market was glutted. A. E. Sur.

—Sauces Pudding—soft together half a pound of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, and one of salt; rub together four ounces of granulated sugar and two ounces of butter, and when they are well mixed, so as to be granular, but not creamy, add the flour gradually until all is used, make a hollow in the middle of the flour, put into it one egg, half a teaspoonful of lemon extract, and half a pint of milk, mix to a smooth paste, put into a well buttered mold, and set this into a large pot with boiling water enough to come two-thirds up the side of the mold; steam the pudding three-quarters of an hour, or until a broom-split can be run into it without finding the pudding sticking to the splint. Turn the pudding out of the mold and send it to table with the following sauce: Stir together over the fire one ounce each of flour and butter; as soon as they are smooth pour into them half a pint of boiling milk; add two ounces of sugar and half a teaspoonful of lemon flavoring, and use with the pudding as soon as it boils up.

What a Deed of a Farm Includes.

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