

## A PERFECTLY AWFULLY LOVE-STORY.

There was once a perfectly modern girl, who was perfectly modern, too.

She happened to meet her mate.

Such perfectly lovely things about her,

Such perfectly witty, too.

Such perfectly good looks,

Such perfectly perfect taste.

The weather was said in summer time,

The wind was perfectly right,

Some perfectly terrible clouds.

She went to a perfectly horrid school,

In a perfectly horrid town;

And the perfectly hateful teachers there

Did things so perfectly.

Her lessons were perfectly, faithfully kept,

Her never were perfectly said,

Her face was perfectly red.

The church she attended was perfectly nice,

With a perfectly heavenly voice,

And perfect could go there to hear

A perfectly sounding choir.

The last style is perfectly sweet—

The last too perfect on;

The books she reads are perfectly good,

When here she says a dole.

A ride she took was perfectly grand,

On a perfectly glorious day,

With a perfectly happy friend of hers,

Who happened to pass that way.

The perfectly deepest fall she dreamt,

Was on her way to the lake;

And the grapes she dreamt she ate

Was simply a modern mistake.

The perfect friend from dace to da—

In a perfect little city;

And a perfectly terrible waves came down

In a perfectly lonely ride.

I mention on with this "perfectly" poem,

And come to the end of time,

Will bring to an end my rhyme.

—*Encore yesterday's Poem.*

## THE WOUNDED HAND.

From a General Detective's Note-Book.—On the 22d of May, 1873, I sat in our office behind my desk, when our Chief entered the room with a letter in his hand and addressed us with an invitation to undertake the unravelling of a mystery which had baffled the local police at T. I conjectured, and departed for the scene of the crime which had been committed, under circumstances, as far as I could learn, as follows:

Two hundred and fifty thousand marks had been stolen from the wife of a well-known man named Friedow. Her calls stood out like the calls of a small town, and the loss property consisted chiefly in compasses and value, together with a little cash. Her object was to keep all papers of importance, as well as money, in a chest of drawers beneath her bed. Her sleeping room was situated on the first floor, and it was a window which looked out upon the park. It was intended to find her, and I did so, in the afternoon, to keep her gold at least some afternoons, and to have a respite from investigation, and to get a few hours' rest. As to a safe, the best idea I had that of robbers did not occur to me, but the only male to be found in the park, and the only male to be found on her property, could protect her, and that he would avail little, if at all, perhaps, delaying the trustees in getting hold of what they wanted.

On the night of the 2d of May the poor lady was suddenly awakened about twelve o'clock. Her room was illuminated. Before her bed stood a small, thin man, with a lantern in his left hand and a hatchet in his right.

In a rough, disguised voice he threatened to knock out her brains if she so much as ventured to utter a sound. The unfortunate Frau was already voiceless from alarm. This speech could scarcely make her more quiet, but she could use her eyes, and did so for the next few seconds, while her vision remained with her. She saw that the speaker wore black hose, a blue blouse and a mask; and that two more men were busy in the basement, and breaking open her chest of drawers in the furthest back division, covered over by stockings, yarn and flat, lacy round, the case, in which she kept her movable treasures. She was just recovering herself sufficiently to begin thinking about risking her life by calling for help, when the smothered yelling of a dog was heard without. The others had found what they wanted, however, and sprang with it to the window, a sash of which was open. They threw themselves upon a ladder without and descended to the ground, while the third man still kept guard beside the bed. Frau Friedow cried, "Help! Help!" with all her might.

"You may scream as loud as you like now," he muttered, turning away, and following the others from the room.

Friedow appeared at this instant, having been awakened by the noise. He found the window still in its place, and was just in time to save the life of the house-dog, which had been almost choked by a cord twisted round his neck, fastening him to his kennel.

The man servant roused up the neighbors, but all pursued them or lay low, friends privately or by the police publicly, had been in vain. Not the least clue had hitherto been obtained as to the identity of the house-breakers.

This was how the master stood when I arrived at T. When I had privately communicated with the Magistrates, my second visit was naturally paid to Frau Friedow. I sought everywhere for any special indications which might put me on the right track; but what I found was "desperately" like those who had gone before me. I concluded that the robbery had, at any rate, been accomplished by persons well acquainted with the locality, as entrance to the premises had been made by a small door in the yard, of the very existence of which many of the neighbors were unaware. The ins-

## Northville Record.

Terms: \$1.50 a Year.]

Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

[Always in Advance.

VOL. X.

NORTHVILLE, WAYNE CO. MICH., APRIL 19, 1879.

NO. 21.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE.	11 in. x 16 in.	11 in. x 16 in.	11 in. x 16 in.
1 Inch.	\$2.50	\$3.50	\$4.50
2 Inches.	\$4.50	\$6.50	\$8.50
3 Inches.	\$7.50	\$10.50	\$13.50
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6 Inches.	\$16.50	\$22.50	\$28.50
7 Inches.	\$19.50	\$27.50	\$35.50
8 Inches.	\$22.50	\$32.50	\$42.50
9 Inches.	\$25.50	\$37.50	\$48.50
1 Column.	\$50.00	\$75.00	\$100.00

Single Business Directory, \$1.00 per paper.

Local Notices, 1 cent; general notices, 5 cents.

Notices of Marriages and Deaths, 5 cents.

Advertisements not under contract will be one cent and charged for every insertion.

The Battle of Belle Isle.

The chieftainship was first held by Keys, but when he went outside he appointed Sergeant A. R. Hill of the One Hundredth Ohio—a resident of Waukegan, O.—his successor. Hill was one of the notables of that immense throng. A great broad-shouldered giant in the prime of his manhood, he was as good-natured as big, and as mild-mannered as brave. He spoke slowly, softly, and with a slightly rustic twang that was very tempting to a class of sharpers to take him up for a "hobgoblin green."

"Then what do they raise?" "Well, they can raise coarse, bulky vegetables like beets, carrots and turnips—things which cannot be transported across the ocean, and which do not come in competition with the American concentrated food. Then they make fine cheese, worth fifteen cents per pound, and fine butter, worth thirty-five cents. Pork and wheat, the two staples, can be profitably raised now by the English farmer. And if the Americans go making fine cream cheese and sending it to England, they will stop the English farmer from making that article. The fact is, with freights twenty-five cents per hundred from Chicago to Liverpool, the English farmer will be ruined. They cannot farm on their lands, worth from two to three hundred dollars per acre, and compete with the Western farmer, whose land is worth from ten dollars to fifty dollars per acre."

"How does that concern me, pray, good sir?" "You have heard of Widow Friedow, from whom a large sum of money was stolen. I have come here to hunt up the thief. I have got on the right track. You, I know, are related to her, and concerned in the property she possesses as a probable heir."

"Do the people see anything ahead?" "No. Their only hope is to emigrate to America. America is ruining England. Now, take the question of straw. The farmers stopped raising wheat. This cut off the straw supply, and now there is a straw famine there, and compressed straw hay are actually being shipped from the Continent. Everything coming from America is cheap. American oysters are cheaper than English oysters."

"Did you see American beef there?" "Yes, everywhere. It is a common joke for an Englishman to say:

"This is some of our best English beef, sir—from Illinois." "How do we like our good old Irish bacon from Cincinnati?" —N. F. Cor. *Cincinnati Enquirer.*

## Poets Laureate.

The poets laureate of England make up a motley and curious literary history. A volume has just been published in London which relates with minuteness and accuracy the history of this office, which for 276 years has passed the Kings of England to fill with some duly-appointed poet. Of these laureates there have been four, and the *Almanac* points out that three of them have been chosen from the first rank of geniuses, each the most illustrious poet of his age; that three others were learned and dignified writers of great distinction, while one was a man of some genius, but of low instincts and degraded manners.

"With all the pleasure in life," he replied heartily. "I will do what I can. But—what is it you want of me?"

"Lady to-morrow I will come to you to consult over the matter, and we can then decide on our procedure."

Bottcher drew a long breath. "This is most unfortunate," he exclaimed. "I have had an urgent summons, and must wait from T. before I can leave. Perhaps I may be obliged to leave this evening. I owe a heavy sum of money, and must appear personally to my creditor to demand further delay. I cannot wait." He laid back again, his head resting on his hand. "I have had run my head right into my collarbone, and am in pain."

"It's not trouble," I said, quietly. "By-and-by will do for me. I shall be fit for another week; when you come back, I will answer as well."

"All right; I expect to return in a couple of days," he exclaimed. "But, sir, one question! Is Dr. Maling mixed up in this affair?"

"Do you know him?" "By his name only."

"He will help me to identify the criminal," I said, coolly looking full into my companion's face, which took on a horrible tint and expression now.

"Can he do so?" "Certainly. He saw the man, dressed like a laborer, the morning after the robbery was effected."

"Who was this ruffian?" Bottcher asked, breathlessly.

"His name is—Ebbing—I think," I answered at haphazard. "I don't know him," was the reply to this.

"I dare say," I said; "he only comes here at times." I rose now, broke off one after the other. In order to put Bottcher quite off the scent I went now to the cost of this house of entertainment, and introduced myself to him as a Hamburg agent for the forbidden lottery. I begged him to keep this close, but I saw very plainly by his face that he intended doing nothing of the sort. Next morning, to my great consternation, I found myself outwardly under the supervision of the town police, and generally regarded by the public as a shabby individual.

I meantime was as busy as ever, but it was little I discovered. Herr Bottcher was certainly not a good representative among his fellows. Nevertheless, I could hear of no particular difficulty into which he had fallen of late, although I did learn that he had, three weeks since, made a hasty journey.

One little fact, however, seemed to me of great worth. Herr Bottcher these times slept badly, and was wont to rise often at night and pace up and down through the garden.

I lay lurking for two entire nights under bushes in this same plot, but during all those weary hours whenever I did come to the place Herr Bottcher unfortunately did not, and in the garden I could find no trace of any hidden treasure, or likelihood of such. I fell into greater despair than before. What could I do? Upon his side my absolute certainty of having traced my man. On the other no earthly means of bringing home his guilt. If I only had even sufficient ground to demand a search through the rascal's house!

He had not. One afternoon I was walking up and down my room considering when the post brought me a brief but concise and decisive dispatch from my chief. "Return immediately, unless all matters are in train. Give up. Your presence here is necessary."

This order was like a thunderclap in my ears. My commanding officer was plainly displeased at my long delay. "Yes! yes!" she replied. "A young man in great haste did surely go over a little time back."

"He wore a blue blouse and black hose."

"Maybe; but it seems to me he had others with him or of his party."

"Very probably. Two others, I suppose."

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Good apartments, a goal for its convenience;

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NOETHVILLE MARKETS.

Northville, April 19, 1870.

APPLES, DRIED	12
BEANS, PINT	12
BUTTER, PINT	12
CORN, PINT	12
CLOVER SEED, PINT	12
DRESSED BEEF, PINT	12
DRESSED CHICKENS, PINT	12
DRIED PEAS, PINT	12
Eggs, PINT	12
FLOUR, PINT	12
HAM, PINT	12
LARD, PINT	12
ONIONS, PINT	12
POTATOES, PINT	12
SHOULDERED, PINT	12
SALT, OZ. BOTTLED	12
SUGAR, PINT	12
TALLOW, PINT	12
WHEAT, BOTTLED	12

## TRAVELER'S GUIDE

TRAIN LEAVE NORTHVILLE

FLINT, 10 A.M. SATURDAY &amp; SUNDAY.

DETROIT, 10 A.M. SATURDAY &amp; SUNDAY.

WEDNESDAY, 10 A.M. SATURDAY &amp; SUNDAY.

DETROIT, 10 A.M. SATURDAY &amp; SUNDAY.

## The Northville Record.

SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor & Prop.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

### FARTY AND HUMOR.

A Woman's weepings—Tears.  
A sham-poo—Affection contempt.  
A felon on the hand is worse than two in the Penitentiary.  
Sweet meats—sugar-cured hams—  
Cleveland Sunday Voice.

Lady peripecies are the polite for female walking matches.

A horse, unlike a man, is always prepared to meet an eat.

No jest can be quite so bitter as that one which runs languidly along on the edge of an ugly truth.

One of our type-setters wishing to get his "cases" altered, took them to circumstances—Whetted Times.

Society, refrain, from the Boston Transcript.

I know not, I lack not, if you're in this boat; I know thou hast money, whatever thou art.

She married him for a carpenter, and a jawin' her he was nearly two-thirds of the time.—New Haven Register.

There is no disgrace in being poor; the thing is, to keep it quiet, and not let your neighbors know anything about it.

An Ohio man had his neck broken while trying to break a colt. The easiest way to break a colt is to hire one of your creditors to do it.

It was a little Scotch girl of seven who, upon being asked whether she would marry or remain single, said: "Neither; I shall be a widow."

In swimming down the river, Paul Boyton should be attended by directors who will see that he makes no runs on the banks.—New Orleans Picayune.

Photographer—"You look too sober—smile a little." He smiles, and then the photographer says: "Not so much, sir, my instrument is too small to encompass the opening."

Don't forget to send your flowers to your sick neighbors. They do a world of good, and your plants thrive all the better for having the blossoms picked.—Iowa State Register.

A dentist with a toothache is a spectacle as rare as it is gratifying. It comes, perhaps, but once in a life-time, but it brings with it a fragrance that remains for years.—Danbury News.

Mrs. Stanton says that the women of a generation are always what the men admire, that as soon as we can educate a generation of men who will approve of better women, we shall have them.

A fellow in Baltimore stole a Maltese cat "valued" by its owner at \$25, and was released, the Justice holding that taking possession of a cat is not a criminal offense, however highly its owner might prize it.

Faber, the pencil man, is dead, but no man left more marks behind him.—Boston Post. He had plethora and other diseases, and his friends will see that no expense will be spared at his funeral.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

When a man commits a crime, it is usual to say that he belongs to one of the best families. If the same man runs for office, it will be found on the opposite stump that he belongs to one of the worst families.—New Orleans Picayune.

When a singer comes in and leaves us a poem wherein weather is made to rhyme with until her, love with glove, we cannot help feeling as though we knew where there was one p. not born, but made.—British Standard.

No man can be suspicious of others without making others suspicious of him, and no man can spend his time in talking against the honesty of others without exciting the feeling that he himself will bear watching.—N. Y. Herald.

Scene, a South-End horse car. Enter an elaborately-dressed lady, diamond solitaires, eight-button kids, etc. Car crowded. At first no one moves. Soon a gentleman offers his seat. "Thank you; you are the only gentleman here. The rest is hogs." Fact.—Boston Transcript.

Qui brooding over your troubles, misfortunes and losses. A brave man, with a soul in him worth anything, gets out of such pitiful moods and laughs at discouragements—rolls up his sleeves, whistles and sings, and makes the best of life. This earth is not Paradise—you are only on the road there, if you take the right direction.

A Highland preacher, who found his congregation going to sleep, on Sunday, before he had fairly begun, suddenly stopped and exclaimed: "Brethren, it's nae fair. Gie a man half a chance. What will I get along, and then if I'm nae worth listening to, gang to sleep." But don't gang before I get commenced. Gie a man a chance.

I think 'twas in September, if I rightly now remember, that I heard a knocking, knocking at my door; yes, I know 'twas in September, for quite well. I now remember, he had been there about fifty times before; he had been there knocking at my door. But I opened not, nor wondered, as upon my door he thundered, for he yelled, "Say, now, will you settle this 'ere bill I bring you?" as he battered on the door; and I answered, calmly answered, "Nevermore!"—Oil City Derrick.

Certain stanzas appear in the Salem (Mass.) Gazette with an editorial introduction, saying that their devout spirit will "stone for some unusual liberties with rhyme and rhythm. The title is "St. Peter's Church, Sabbath Morning, March 2, 1873." The opening stanza is as follows:

"This Sabbath morn, and as the organ's solemn sound rolled out in quiet air,  
A more impressive, touching scene never met my eye  
A band of boys, dressed in their best, adapted for  
Sabbath, marching in quiet dignity to the holy place singing chants and hymns."

Do Opossums "Play 'Possum?"

In order to test this supposed habit of the opossum, I have sought out their hiding-places in several instances, and endeavored to make them "show off" in this manner. In one instance a large male opossum was captured in an ordinary

narrow box-trap, set for rabbits. On lifting the lid the animal was found to be curled up into nearly as globular a form as was possible to assume. Being disturbed, it slowly raised its head, opened its mouth widely, but did not offer to bite, and in this position quietly awaited coming events. After some five minutes of mutual staring, the opossum closed its mouth and slowly restored its head to a more easy position, and even closed one eye, as though the other was all that was necessary to note what might occur.

On being roughly handled, and given several pushes with a stick, it opened its mouth widely and protested against disturbance by a low, hissing sound, but did not uncurl its body. If the animal, at this time, ranized all the circumstances of its being a prisoner, it certainly did not fear death, for it made no effort to escape, which the fear of death would cause it to do, since it was in no way disabled.

After waiting an hour and seeing no sign of feigning unconsciousness, but instead a provoking indifference, I walked off some distance where I could see the trap, which I left open, but was myself unnoticed by the opossum. Fully five minutes elapsed before I saw any movement on the part of the animal, and then it was a very gradual unclosing of the body, a protracted yawn, a stretching of the limbs, and then standing up. He looked about and very deliberately walked off. I ran toward him, when he quickened his pace, but was soon overtaken. On seizing him by the tail he crouched down, partially coiled his body and spread his jaws to their greatest. When I threatened violent blows about his head (although careful not to strike him), the animal's head slowly sank down, and the eyes closed, but this was not a feigned sleep.

The breathing was affected, but not suppressed, the surface temperature of the body perceptibly lowered, I judged, and it was as I believe, fainting, not feigning, a temporary paralyzation of the whole body, through fear, and for the time being absolute unconsciousness. Furthermore, as in fainting, a touch of cold water has the power of readily restoring the animal. I have made scores of experiments with opossums when apparently dead, and in no instance have the results varied from the above. As to the position usually assumed when the opossum is supposed to be feigning death, it is that which the animal always assumes when sleeping, and, further, is that best calculated to prevent injury from blows, as the head and breast are partially protected. The opossum is superlatively lazy and positively timid, and not intelligent, when compared with the raccoon, otter, muskrat or marmot, and I believe the supposed habit of feigning death when captured by man to be attributable to fear and not cunning. Surely, it is a merciful provision that destroys, without pain, all sensation in animals about to be torn in pieces.—Science Notes.

### Out-Door Exercise for Men and Women.

At the present time there are probably twenty men and more than double that number of women looking around sand-dust rings in different parts of the country. Every village has its walking club. College boys meet you with the preengagement of an ostrich, their elbows out jerking along from the hips down; pretty girls no longer "skip with light elastic tread the dainty plain," but set down their stout bodies on the brick-bead and toe, good for so many miles an hour.

All this, we are told, is physical culture. Perhaps of it. Any transient whim which will drag young people out of furnace-heated houses into the open air must benefit them physically, to a certain degree. A young lad or girl, however, who would take the same amount of exercise while looking for gnomes, beetles, or weeds, or while playing a game, would reap double the advantage from it, as every type in physiology knows.

The brain must be interested and aroused while the limbs are at work, or the nerves suffer just in proportion as the muscles are strengthened. We need not flatter ourselves that we are becoming, as a people, anxious for physical culture. Athletes are footling it just now, ticking off their miles and boasting of them, because it is the fashion of the hour, just as they sing finisore.

As for the professional walkers, especially the poor women, who are advertising themselves in half the towns of the country, they are doing it simply to keep body and soul together. God help them! Nothing of late years gives a more painful insight into the condition of the laboring classes than the rush of women into every employment which promises to give them a living.

We know of no more miserable or repugnant way for a modest woman to earn money than that of making herself a rags-show for days to a multitude of gaping and often half-drunk men, whose sole interest in her lies in watching the strength and endurance of her body, while she drags it around the ring through the foul air of breaths laden with tobacco and whisky, in a condition of nervous exhaustion so extreme that death is imminent at any moment. A week or two ago, as our readers know, a strong man was driven mad by the strain, and attempted suicide, and last Sunday a poor girl in Newark fell in epileptic fits, and barely escaped with life. If these poor creatures are driven to straits so hard to earn their living, let us pity them and help them if we choose, but in the name of common sense let us not talk of physical culture in the matter.

It is quite true that our women need more out-door exercise. They are as a rule, bilious, neuritic, and thin-blooded. But it is not their muscles, but their nerves and digestion, which need repair. What they want, therefore, is fresh air, amusement, interest in out-door things, and gentle exercise—not the overwork of long, objectless tramps. Precisely the same rule applies to American men. Their brains need rest and recreation quite as much as their bodies do work. It is true they may gain a good many hints as to the uses of sobriety, self-control, in eating, fresh air, and clean bodies from these professional trainers. Whisky and tobacco smoke had much to do with the defeat at Gilmore's Garden. But the advantage of walking does not lie in vehicular tumults in the streets.

making so many miles an hour, except to men who mean to earn their living by it. If the college boys whose souls are wrung with envy of Rowell would be disturbed, it slowly raised its head, opened its mouth widely, but did not offer to bite, and in this position quietly awaited coming events. After some five minutes of mutual staring, the opossum closed its mouth and slowly restored its head to a more easy position, and even closed one eye, as though the other was all that was necessary to note what might occur.

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### Out-Door Exercise for Men and Women.

At the present time there are probably twenty men and more than double that number of women looking around sand-dust rings in different parts of the country. Every village has its walking club. College boys meet you with the preengagement of an ostrich, their elbows out jerking along from the hips down; pretty girls no longer "skip with light elastic tread the dainty plain," but set down their stout bodies on the brick-bead and toe, good for so many miles an hour.

All this, we are told, is physical culture. Perhaps of it. Any transient whim which will drag young people out of furnace-heated houses into the open air must benefit them physically, to a certain degree. A young lad or girl, however, who would take the same amount of exercise while looking for gnomes, beetles, or weeds, or while playing a game, would reap double the advantage from it, as every type in physiology knows.

The brain must be interested and aroused while the limbs are at work, or the nerves suffer just in proportion as the muscles are strengthened. We need not flatter ourselves that we are becoming, as a people, anxious for physical culture. Athletes are footling it just now, ticking off their miles and boasting of them, because it is the fashion of the hour, just as they sing finisore.

As for the professional walkers, especially the poor women, who are advertising themselves in half the towns of the country, they are doing it simply to keep body and soul together. God help them! Nothing of late years gives a more painful insight into the condition of the laboring classes than the rush of women into every employment which promises to give them a living.

We know of no more miserable or repugnant way for a modest woman to earn money than that of making herself a rags-show for days to a multitude of gaping and often half-drunk men, whose sole interest in her lies in watching the strength and endurance of her body, while she drags it around the ring through the foul air of breaths laden with tobacco and whisky, in a condition of nervous exhaustion so extreme that death is imminent at any moment. A week or two ago, as our readers know, a strong man was driven mad by the strain, and attempted suicide, and last Sunday a poor girl in Newark fell in epileptic fits, and barely escaped with life. If these poor creatures are driven to straits so hard to earn their living, let us pity them and help them if we choose, but in the name of common sense let us not talk of physical culture in the matter.

It is quite true that our women need more out-door exercise. They are as a rule, bilious, neuritic, and thin-blooded. But it is not their muscles, but their nerves and digestion, which need repair. What they want, therefore,

is fresh air, amusement, interest in out-door things, and gentle exercise—not the overwork of long, objectless tramps. Precisely the same rule applies to American men. Their brains

need rest and recreation quite as much as their bodies do work. It is true they may gain a good many hints as to the uses of sobriety, self-control, in eating, fresh air, and clean bodies from these professional trainers. Whisky and tobacco smoke had much to do with the defeat at Gilmore's Garden. But the advantage of walking does not lie in

vehicular tumults in the streets.

The Lutherans in Pennsylvania are collecting funds on what they call the "Peter's Pence plan," an imitation of that pursued in the Roman Catholic Church.

It is a Philadelphia journal that lauds over the rear and confusion of

### AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

A few drops of ammonia added to a gallon of water, and applied once a week to all pots of flowers will do much good and keep the pots and earth from souring.—*Des Moines (Ia.) Register*.

To remove black granules, take strong cold coffee, strain it, and wring the granules out of it quite tight, after which shake out and fold up. Then iron it with a moderately hot iron over a piece of any old black material.

**COCOANUT COOKIES.**—One cup of flour, one cup of sugar (sieved), one cup of grated coconut, and prepared flour enough to roll out. Make very thin and bake quickly. The desiccated coconut may be used, but it is not quite so nice.—*Dr. Foote's Monthly for April*.

About half the weight of bones is mineral matter—lime combined with phosphoric acid, forming phosphate of lime, a substance which abounds in the ash of grain and of wood, and is no doubt the reason why a portion of wood ashes is beneficial for swine.—*Iowa State Register*.

**WOOD ASHES.**—The ashes among the best of saline manures, and also among the most economical, are coming to be more and more appreciated every year. Farmers now, as a rule, husband every pound made on the farm, and buy them when they can. The jury was instructed to acquit, as there was no breaking, so they brought in the verdict: "We find for the defendant, but we believe he stole the pot."

DEAN STANLEY makes no gestures when preaching, and stands quite still. The story goes that one Sunday, after returning from church, he asked his wife why the people looked so intently at him during the service. She replied: "How could they help it, dear, when one of your gloves was on the top of your head all the time?" It had dropped from his hat.

**GRASS PASTURE.**—A quarter pound of flour, a quarter pound of butter, yeast of one egg; a pinch of salt; a few drops of lemon juice; a gill of cold water. Place the flour on a board; put the yeast in a basin and add to it the salt and lemon juice; to this add the water; then mix the flour with it all to a firm dough; when the dough is well kneaded roll it thinly out on the board, which must be kept well floured; place the butter in the center of the dough, and as soon as the dough cools fold it, roll and fold it seven times, always allowing an interval after rolling for it to cool before folding it; having rolled the dough seven times the rounds may be cut out of it; when cut the dough should be half an inch thick; after cutting out the rounds or cakes, smaller rounds may be cut out of the ones already cut by merely making an impression with a smaller cutter and leaving them to be taken out when cooked; place them on a slightly flared baking pan and put them in the oven for ten minutes.

**SOUP.**—Take eight pounds of rump, not too lean; dry the meat with a cloth; mix a pint of vinegar with the same quantity of water, put the beef in a deep earthenware pan, and pour the vinegar and water over it; leave the meat in the mixture for two hours, turning it from time to time; take it out, and rub the meat with two spoonfuls of salt, and a tablespoonful of pepper, or in strips a half pound of fat salted bacon taken in a piping pan and covered bottom with the strips of bacon, cut into three large strips, three onions, a stick of cinnamon, a bay leaf, twelve roses, and grate a small piece of lemon or orange; put the beef in the pan on the strips, sprinkle the beef with the salt vinegar, and two large table-spoonfuls of brown sugar, cover the beef with a layer of the extract of the onion pour on the vinegar and water, and bake it for four hours. As it approaches the time, pour from the pot into the earthenware pan, and cover it with the rest. May be eaten hot or cold. The sauce may be strained if desired.

Mr. Joseph J. Jeffers, during his recent visit to his Orange Grove plantation, has been naturally engaged in preparing and practicing a method of growing the crop of cotton successfully without the aid of his slaves. He has adopted for his own use the following plan: He takes a plot of land one-half acre in size, and divides it into three lots, each one-half acre, and plants it with cotton, dividing it into two layers at an angle of seventy-five degrees. The cotton is sown beneath the soil, and each lot is divided into three sections, each section being a three-foot ditch on each side, which is four and one-half feet in the base, and three feet high, being planted with Macartney rose, which are protected by a panel of boards. This fence, while within the real estate, is to be used as a hedge, and any man who will shoulder a spade and work possesses the advantages of an impregnable barrier, or parapet, not to mention feeding, drainage, and being a most beautiful ornament. Mr. Jeffers has in his garden a section of his plantation containing 2,000 acres, and about one-half the cost of a state fence. Without relying overmuch to its rapid adoption, we desire to say that it is the most economical and useful fence in the South-ern States, and destined to come into general use.—*New York Daily Tribune*.

THE WOMAN'S FRIEND.

We are sorry to learn that Mrs. Josephine Jeffers, during her recent visit to her Orange Grove plantation, has been naturally engaged in preparing and practicing a method of growing the crop of cotton successfully without the aid of her slaves. He has adopted for his own use the following plan: He takes a plot of land one-half acre in size, and divides it into three lots, each one-half acre, and plants it with cotton, dividing it into two layers at an angle of seventy-five degrees. The cotton is sown beneath the soil, and each lot is divided into three sections, each section being a three-foot ditch on each side, which is four and one-half feet in the base, and three feet high, being planted with Macart