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Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

[Always in Advance]

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NORTHVILLE, WAYNE CO., MICH., MAY 31, 1879.

NO. 24.

TO THE SPELLING-CLASS.

Stand up, ye little now and spell,
Spect Phænomena and Knell;
Or take some simple word, as Coffy,
Or Garter, or the Garden Lily.
To see the stars in Sylphon,
And Lachrymose and Sylphon,
And Praelatio and Sylphon,
Apocrypha and Sylphon,
Laciferous and Coffy.
Jewel and Rosemary,
Phænomenon and Pachyderm,
Metamorphosis, Gherkin, Bacon,
Is certainly no easy task.
Microscope and Teaspoon,
Magnetism and Divinity,
Duchess and Coffy,
And Enigma and Coffy,
Infidelity and Coffy,
Allegory and Coffy,
Apostasy and Coffy,
Tremor and Coffy,
And hosts of other words are found
On English and on Classic ground.
Thus Behring Straits and Macassar,
Thus Cyprian, Corinth, and Sicily,
Thus Tigris, Indus, and Havanna,
Thus Gol and Frencheana,
And Marpachana, Spanchana,
And Sarca, and, a thousand more,
Thus we find some good speakers, thus
As Doves, thus, thus, thus, thus,
Nor need one think himself a scrooge
If none of these has a forte foul,
To do him self under foot forever,
To give the name of cunctus, prout,
The Ductus, Schle, or Gundalquivir.

YOUNG NEVER GUESS.

I know two eyes, too soft brown eyes,
Two eyes, too soft brown eyes,
An appearance with my wings,
Or feathered with a tear,
In whose fair eyes a bear may look—
Then shadowed fair eyes—
But little maid, you need not ask
Whom I think will be meek.

I know a rose of fairy grace,
Like a bower in the June,
The angel's place itself above,
Whose grace burns like the lily's ear,
And at last love it five;
But I shall never tell you dear,
Whose accents they may be.

I know a golden-hearted maid =
For whom I built a bower,
A fairy book of manners made,
Deep in the heart of rose,
And a thousand and a thousand new
But, oh! she'd never never grow
That little maid.

—Harper's Bazaar.

GHOST STORIES TAVERLED.

What are termed "supernatural occurrences" are, in nearly six cases, capable of being solved by the exercise of a little common sense. We are indebted to various contributors for the following examples, all of which are guaranteed to be strictly true, and may be enjoyed by even the most timid reader.

The locality where the following occurrence took place is near a small village some eight or nine miles from the City of Arburgh. On a gray December night, several winters ago, a middle-aged bachelor was returning from a Christmas party to which he had been invited by some of his village friends. Our hero, whose name is Charlie Coburn, occupied the post of land steward to a country gentleman resident near the village. Charlie lodged at my father's, and I found him well on his way home about the hour of twelve—not an unseasonable hour for a bachelor, certainly, but then Charlie was a model to a rascal, and his road was law to the parson. On his way home to our house, he required to pass through the village; and as there was a strapping rascal at the party, upon whom rumor affirmed Charlie "had his eye," we can suppose his thoughts to have been occupied with maintaining on the fair Mary, whose company he had just quitted, as he paced the curbside with three fingers in each waistcoat pocket—his favorite attitude when in a musing mood.

It was only a week or two before that the introduction of gas-lamps in the village streets took place; and when our hero reached the end of the street, he was enabled, by the light of the last lamp, to perceive some person only a short distance in front of him, and proceeding in the same direction as himself. As the road to my father's was rather dreary and deserted, Charlie felt glad of the unexpected company he was about to come up with. Consequently, he withdrew his fingers from his waistcoat pockets, and went off at a swinging pace, so as to overtake the traveler as soon as possible. The latter gentleman, however, evinced not the slightest desire for Charlie's society. On the contrary, he kept moving ahead faster and faster, in proportion as his partner's pace increased. The two were during this time keeping their way along the footpath which ran outside a big wall, inclosing the domain of a nobleman who resided in the neighborhood. In this wall, and just about a furlong or so past the last of the gas-lamps, was a curve round which the lamp could not throw its rays, and it happened that at this very spot a gate leading into a graveyard was placed. Here the unscrupulous traveler suddenly, and unaccountably disappeared from view.

It was impossible he could have jumped the wall, on account of its height; neither could he have crossed the road nor gone onward, as in either case Coburn must have seen him. Then where had he gone? Not having passed the gate, he must have gone through it. But on examining the gate it was found to be locked; and as the bars were too close to admit the passage of any human body, the only reasonable conclusion that Coburn could arrive at was that he had been pursuing a ghost! Having settled this point satisfactorily (though suddenly) in his own mind, he thought it might be as well if he gave the ghost a chance of pursuing him. Coburn was neither superstitious nor cowardly; but this being the first time he had ever seen a real ghost, he felt rather unnerved. Not knowing what terrible consequences his temerity might bring upon him, and believing discretion in this

instance to be the better part of valor, he divested himself of his coat as quickly as possible, and throwing it over his shoulder, fed homeward, determined that if the ghost did give chase it should not catch him without having at least a run for its victim.

We had not gone to bed on Coburn's arrival. He came—our father rushed in, pale as a corpse, the perspiration pouring down his cheeks. His strange and unoward appearance seemed to have been more wild and weird and altogether electrifying than anything ever met with in the old country. You know that I went to America when I was young, and that I spent many of my early years in a lonely farmhouse in the backwoods."

"And without servants, Aunt Mabel?"

"Quite true, dear. Serrins would not stay in such an out-of-the-way place without higher wages than we could give them, and, indeed, the 'helps' we tried were often more deserving of the name of 'binders.' But we were all young and strong, and we never had happier days than when we all kept house together, and did the work with our own hands." Capital training it was, though at first of course we made many mistakes; everything was so strange and new to us.

"It was soon after our arrival at this lonely place that I met with a terrible fright. My sister Isabel and I shared the same room, and one night I was awakened by hearing her crying by my side.

"What is the matter, Isabel?"

"Oh! a toothache, a most dreadful toothache; and I have nothing to relieve it. If I could only get some brandy; a little burnt brandy would cure it in a moment."

"Well," said my father, "I have never seen a ghost; but I should like to have it to say that I had seen one; and if you think there is any chance of your ghost favoring us with a second appearance, I propose that we both set off to the graveyard at once."

Coburn seemed very reluctant to make the experiment; but as my father began to throw some light aspersions on his courage, he at last consented and they both set off. They examined the gate and found it locked; peered through the bars, but saw no signs of a ghost. Thinking the gentleman might have gone a round time for a stroll toward the east, they proceeded a short distance in that direction; but imagine their surprise when, on looking back, they found that not one ghost but two ghosts were through the gate as before; but proved to be no more grier than the shadows of the trees, thrown by the newly-erected lamps, the fire in the wall causing figures to appear as if they had vanished into the graveyard.

The evening some weeks ago I was in my room preparing for bed, when suddenly heard what sounded like foot steps coming along the passage leading to my room; then some one appeared to be feeling in the dark for the handle of the door, which was slightly ajar. Of course I started out of my wits, and a low knock was heard. Of course I at once concluded that some one of the family was outside, and, not being locked, I called out who was there, but received no answer. Thinking this was very odd, I went to the door and opened it; but, to my amazement, no one was outside, and yet I had heard no footsteps retreating. I then explained that my room is at the end of a long passage, to which you descend by six or six steps, my room being at the end of one wing of the house; therefore, on opening my door, I immediately commanded the whole of the corridor, and it seemed impossible for any one to have escaped in time; and I knew that the rooms opening on the same passage were locked up so that no one could have got out of sight in that way.

Very much puzzled, I closed and locked my door; and after a brief interval the same thing was repeated. Cautious footsteps were heard approaching, then, as if some one were feeling for the handle of the door in the dark, and shaking the door slightly by so doing, and then again a low knock. A second time did I open my door, but with the same result. No one was there. I frankly confess that now I began to feel somewhat uncomfortable, not on account of ghosts but visions of thieves which floated across my mind (very irrational, of course), and I felt persuaded that some one must be moving about the house; and yet I knew that every one else had gone to bed long ago and I own I did not feel inclined to risk an encounter with this mysterious visitor while trying to arouse some one else, my room being some way from the rest of the family.

Determined, however, if possible to find out what it was, I crooked down with my ear to the door, listening for a repetition of the noise, which was repeated for a third time. But now, owing to my closeness to the door, I discovered the disturber of my peace in a jiffy! It appeared this mouse which had very evidently lost its way, had got into the passage, and, finding retreat easier (owing, I suppose, to the steps), was running up and down the passage at full speed, thereby producing the sound of footsteps on the carpet, and on ending its egress barred by my door, trying to escape by running up the door but the varnished paint affording no foothold, the impetus of its run only sufficed to carry it up a short way (thus shaking the door and slightly moving the handle), and it then fell down with a flap, thus producing the knock.

I could not resist a hearty laugh when I found out the real cause of the disturbance; but yet it shows that stories of strange nocturnal noises should be received with great caution, for certainly I should always have detected that some one had been trying

my door that night, had I not found out the real cause?

The following are related in the conversational style in which they were told to our contributor:

"I am sure none of you were ever so terrified by a ghost as I was," said my Aunt Mabel. "It was an American ghost, which perhaps accounts for its having been more wild and weird and altogether electrifying than anything ever met with in the old country. You know that I went to America when I was young, and that I spent many of my early years in a lonely farmhouse in the backwoods."

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I think you were very brave to go into the room a second time, Aunt Mabel."

"Well, I think I was, I must admit. But I would have braved almost anything for Isabel, and I was a strong, courageous girl, who hardly knew what fear was. Still I can assure you that even to this day, when I recall the scene, I seem still to feel the thrill of terror that shook me at the sound of that unearthly shriek. Heard for the first time in the dead of night, and so close to my ear, it was truly startling and dreadful. It was a great relief when the mystery was so simply explained. But only imagine if it had never been explained! If the owl had got in unperceived, and had escaped by the chimney or an open window! How that ghostly shriek must have haunted me ever after! It would have been as frightening a ghost-story as you ever heard. But see! at the touch of the little wand of truth the ghost vanishes! and only a poor screech-owl remains!"

"Now let me tell the story of our family ghost," said Miss B.—"She's a useful, faithful, devoted spirit it was! An Irish ghost but not a baneful spirit more like 'Delicate Arctic' or household fairy. I only fear its race is extinct now, as well as that of the invaluable servants who used to identify themselves with their master's family. Our ghost was before my time; but often have I heard my grandmother talk about it, and what a mystery it was!"

"The household was large, and varied consisting of the old couple, some grown-up ones, one of them married, an orphan niece, and two or three

young children in the nursery. There were no railways in those days, and when any of the family intended going to the county town, they had to be up at dawn of day, take a solitary breakfast, and set out on what was then a formidable expedition. Of course the affair used to be discussed in the family the evening before, commissions given and the time of starting fixed and no sooner the strange part of my story. Whether the servants were up in good time or not, the fire was always lighted, the kettle boiling, and breakfast ready at the appointed time! The clothes which came from the wash were

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MECHANICAL AND SCIENTIFIC.

The Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain is taking steps for organizing a uniform system of spelling for the names of places throughout the world.

The locomotives on one of the principal French railways are provided with small clocks placed in front of the smoke-stack. They are not affected by the vibration, and they tell the station-masters the exact time of the arrival of trains.

Cardiac hypertrophy of muscular enlargement of the heart—a very serious disease—is often induced by an excess of muscular exercise, a fact that should not be forgotten by those men and women who indulge in contests of strength, endurance, or agility. Exchange.

Dr. Pelli, a distinguished Italian savant, advanced the novel doctrine that the human organism undergoes in the course of its existence a slow oxidation, on the completion of which death ensues. This operation should take (accidents excepted) about 100 years. To consider this devaluating action recommends that a few grains of sulphate be taken every morning.

A French chemist last year exposed a quantity of flour to a hydraulic pressure of 300 tons, which reduced it to a fourth of its original bulk, without impairing the quality. He packed a portion of it in tin boxes and sealed them up, doing the same with unpressed flour. When opened in three months, the former was in better preservation than the latter. When baked into bread, the pressed article was decidedly superior. After the lapse of a year other cans were opened, and the unpressed flour had become spoiled, while the pressed remained sweet, and was excellent when baked.

According to the Figure, when M. Thiers died he left behind him a scientific work, which was to fill the world with wonder and admiration. However, before handing the manuscript to the printer, Mme. Thiers confined it to an eminent professor, who immediately proceeded to study it attentively. His verdict was fatal, and he had to perform the painful duty of breaking to Mme. Thiers the fact that the deceased statesman's work was filled with long-explained scientific heresies. Under these circumstances, Mme. Thiers was said to have deemed it prudent not to publish the manuscript.

Mr. Rossa, in a lecture on the ear, said that no small amount of trouble in the ear was caused by too frequent ringing and boring out with a twisted towel or handkerchief, not to mention hair pins, bodkins and other metallic instruments. In his opinion, one should never put any thing in the ear smaller than the little finger, although one writer has said, Put in nothing smaller than the elbow. The avoidance of many ear-troubles was to be succeeded by taking care not to duck the head in cold water, or to syringe the deeper parts without the order of a physician, or introduce any body which can push the wax lower down in the drum.

The evidence is steadily cumulative that the influence of Asia upon America and Polynesia was very considerable long before Europeans visited these latter regions. Dr. Burnett-Tyler finds that the game of draughts played in the Sandwich Islands is much more closely related to the ancient game which is practiced in Egypt at the present day than to the modern game with which we are best acquainted. Kite-flying was well understood in the South Sea Islands, at least as soon as it was known in the west of Europe, and it must have been communicated to the natives with other forms of amusement from Eastern Asia.

Green wall-paper is not the only green thing that may poison children and adults. A glance around many shops says a contributor to the London Standard at once reveals to the eye of a paper stainer instances of the use of arsenical green in all manner of silvery forms. The bright-colored label of the box of sweets, the band around the piece of muslin, the green figure of the muslin itself, the cover of the box it is packed in, the strip of paper round the packet of envelopes, the backs of playing cards, the smartly printed wrappers of soaps and cosmetics, all say as plain as print, "I am emerald green." The only remedy is said to be to prohibit the use of emerald green unless mixed with oil or varnish.—N. Y. Post.

The Ten-Dollar Certificate.

As some of the persons who think of investing in the United States refunding certificates are anxious for information as to everything relating to them, and especially as to the method of converting them into 4-per-centum bonds, a reporter of the Evening Post to-day made inquiries of officers of the Government who were likely to be best informed on the subject. In reply, the following statements were made: The ten-dollar certificates, bearing 4 per centum interest from the 1st of April, 1879, and purchasable at the designated United States depots, in sums not exceeding \$100, for their face value and accrued interest, will be convertible into United States 4-per-centum bonds, in sums of five dollars, at any time after the 1st of next July. The words "any time" in the

The Northville Record

SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1879.

STATE NEWS.

John Toomre, who brutally wounded his wife in Hillsdale last fall, and escaped, has just been arrested.

Miles Byrne, superintendent of the Flint schools, and a prominent citizen of that place, died very suddenly a few days ago.

Charles Fisher has been sent to Iowa for a year by the Hillsdale Circuit, for an attempt to commit rape on a little girl of seven.

Wm. Burke, of Ossining, who shot Bill Champ for, as he claimed, an attempt to outrage her, has been acquitted. Champ is recovering.

Charles Ward, a Kalamazoo negro convicted of conspiracy with others to rob his wife, has been sentenced to three years in state prison.

Rev. F. S. Freeman, of Iola, was robbed on the night of the 17th of his gold watch, \$140 in money, and valuable papers representing \$10,000.

Mr. Kellogg, of Glen Arbor, Leelanau county, who has been blind for seven years, has been restored to sight by a positive of wild looks applied to her eyes.

A few nights ago, Mr. Clarence Hunt, a clerk in Shumard's store at Torch Lake, was knocked out of bed by a shot of shotgun. The store was damaged about \$100 worth.

The electors of the village of Stanton voted Tuesday to issue \$10,000 of village bonds and contribute to Muskegon county to aid in the construction of a court house and jail in that place.

Dr. R. W. Erwin, of Bay City, has taken skin and flesh from the forehead of a lady of that town, to replace her entire nose, which bone and cartilage, was gone, and is succeeding finely.

The Niles Water Works are completed four miles out of the city to Barren Lake, and the pipe is now being extended into the lake. A grand opening time is anticipated about the Fourth of July.

The Ladies' Library Building, of Kalamazoo, an imposing and elegant structure, was formally opened to the public a few days ago, with appropriate ceremonies. The audience was very large.

The mayor of Battle Creek has ordered the city marshal to arrest a church deacon. He goes not for the good of his soul, but to arrest loafers who come around and disturb peaceful worshippers.

Mr. E. C. Nichols, of Battle Creek, has subscribed \$350 for the purpose of sending Ed. M. Brigham on the "Scouts" expedition to the Amazon. He will collect contributions for the Battle Creek high school museum.

At the Jockey Club wrestling match Purdy got the first fall in about five minutes; in the second, in five minutes, and Purdy threw May in a graceful and professional manner.

Prof. Sawyer, of the university of Wisconsin, will probably be asked to accept the chair in modern languages, about to become vacant by the resignation of Prof. Morris, who goes to John Hopkins, Baltimore.

While Daniel Worthley, of Marion, Tazewell county, was digging in a gravel pit, the other day, the back earth collapsed, and before he could be extricated he was nearly suffocated that day in his underground.

Cha. Weeks was arrested at Piermont, in Turner's Pier, Manhattan county, on the 22d, on a requisition from New York state, charging him with raping his 11-year-old daughter. Besides the above terrible charge other dark charges are said about his past career, in which bigamy and even murder are mentioned.

Sunday morning, in a drunken haze, John Sparks, living near Adrian, drove his wife and children from home and commenced demolishing the furniture. Mr. Swanson, an elderly neighbor, went to pacify him, but was assailed, and so badly beaten about the head that his physician anticipated a fatal result. Sparks was jailed.

The popular and efficient superintendent of schools in Romeo, Prof. G. D. Thompson, has apparently declined in the favor of some of the school trustees of that place. They are trying to reduce his salary. It is the common opinion that the fact of his not belonging to the church of their choice is the reason they don't consider him worth \$1,500 per year.

Our Washington Letter.

Washington, D. C., May 24, 1879.—

Sales of \$10 certificates here, as elsewhere, are extra ordinary brisk. The certificates go, in nearly all cases, to speculators. This seems unaccountable. The secretary of the treasury, I believe, took all the possible precautions to allow the genuine small investor to secure a chance for investment, but even his best endeavors were made to work against him. Postmasters, for instance, were allowed to give bond and then receive certificates for sale. After it was found that the certificates were worth more than par, speculators in this city, as countless in other cities, induced neighboring small postmasters to bond and become agents, and bought in advance all the certificates these postmasters could secure. The postmasters got the Government allowance for sale of certificates, and the speculators the profit of from one to two per cent. on the certificates sold.

The Senate passed the contagious disease act on the 23d. The appropriation was cut down, and an amendment adopted that the act should not remain in force more than four years.

The long Mr. Warner's coinage bill remains in the House the more black eyes it gets. Mr. Warner himself will hardly recognize his offspring after awhile. The House sat all of last night to fight over the measure, and without progress.

Mr. William Hunter completed this week his fiftieth year of service in the State department. When middle aged men who will read this letter were very young the length of Mr. Hunter's service and his faithfulness in the discharge of his duties were subjects of comment among the press in the Senate.

In an article on Swedish literature in America, published about a year and a half ago, in "Little's Living Age," (Boston,) a Swedish poet is conspicuously mentioned, "now wandering in the United States." It is from him the Ricor can pride itself of having the following remarkable contribution:

THE SEA.

(Continued.)
Two fathomless sea,
With blue, surging bed
Once so softly me rocked,
As my mother before.
I lying on thy shore
With thou listen to me!
In that lay so deep,
Where Old Neptune has locked—
Locked himself in for sleep,
Is thy road most wide spread;
And to star-spangled height
Swing thy rocks with mighty.
Is it true that thou fell
To this earth from God's eye,
Within the rule of hell?
His command did say:
Was within him that burn
Of that terrible day,
With an angel with sword
From His face turned away!
Is the wind rocking by
Still the Almighty's sight?
Or thou may be the tears
Whiich the angel did weep,
As he fell to his deep
From celestial spheres?
Is it true, in the end
(As my hope is, sometime),
Then with joy will ascend
To the heavens, sublime?
Or perhaps was thy doom,
For thy part in the fight,
On thy mirror so bright
Sun and sky to reveal,
Pur within thee to feel
Hell's eternity's gloom?
If an hour shall arrive
When thy heart will have peace,
And thy love shall revive
And thy sweet-heart will consent
On her heavenly place,
Sis, to cover her face;
If her great, true friend
To her still will stand
Over the mountain tops,
As the sun shall, drops
Carry up to her,
To her dear, dear land,
And the West will rise
On thy, in the hill—
O, then we'll live,
Till we come back!
I will tell no man
In the world about.

Edward Axon

FROM SWEDEN.

**SCENIC AND HISTORICAL
MATTERS.—THE REPUBLIC &
IN HANOVER'S ROYALTY.**

I journeyed to the beautiful queen of the Nordic States, a few weeks last summer. On day I took a trip across the little channel which separates the city from that splendid place of recreation, Djurgården, a park where such lights of genius as Björnson, Kjellberg, Lidner and others—all clustering around that illustrious Gustavus III, eighty to ninety years ago—were wont to spend their leisure hours in taking "a cold glass"—by the way the absolute ruin of the in all respects immoderate tragic poet Bengt Lilje. Here the quick-witted Bellman improvised both words and music to a number of his popular lays, blending reality and fiction, the surrounding scenes and those created in his brain, in a masterly manner, and here stands his best. Well, in company with a friend I went over to the park, took a long stroll around the magnificent place, admiring its splendid villas, its excellent roads and winding paths, its grand trees and fragrant air. A very attractive looking restaurant was too tempting a scene to pass by on a hot day, so in we stepped ordering some refreshments and were waited upon by a beautiful and polite young lady, who could speak a little broken English. After a while two other gentlemen entered, one of whom attracted my attention on account of his great height and distinguished air. They also ordered some beverages, meanwhile keeping up a very animated conversation. Suddenly the tall man turned around and fixed his dark eyes on me.

"Are you an Englishman, sir?" he asked with a polite address, but with a strong Swedish accent.
"No, sir; but I am a citizen of the United States."
"Ah! how so? I heard the gentlemen were talking English. Well, so much the better. I have always admired the United States."
"I'm very glad to hear you say so," said I. "In a monarchy like Sweden, although a limited one, one could hardly expect to hear much said in behalf of the great republic, except it be from the working classes, but even they seem to be going back on her now on account of the hard times which have prevailed in our country for several years."

"Well, sir" (the six foot and four inches tall stranger kept up the conversation in English, although occasionally with evident difficulty) "this is just what I have always said. Human nature is the same the world over, and a workingman stands as good a chance and is as much re-

spected in a monarchy as in a republic."

"In this I beg leave to differ with you," said I.

Here I called for another bottle of claret, inviting the two strangers to partake, which they accepted with thanks. Resuming the conversation I expressed my intense hatred to the monarchical system, pointing out and vehemently denouncing, among other things, the enormous salaries which the overburdened people had to "pay" those parasites of society called kings, queens, dukes and princesses; how they monopolized the fat of the land without being of any corresponding benefit to it but often a perfect nuisance; how the system created an absurd imaginary distinction between the rulers and the ruled, diminishing the people's just self-esteem and falsely exalting the royal family and other self-conceited "families." I also emphasized with considerable vigor the extravagance and licentiousness so common among said personages, referring to the cases of Catherine II. of Russia, Louis XV. of France, and the late Charles XI. of Sweden, as instances. The latter's request of the parliament to grant a sum of about \$250,000 as "pin money" for his daughter, Louise, at her proposed marriage to a Danish prince, in 1699, while Sweden suffered from famine, and the poor Swedes in America were sending relief across the ocean, I stamped as an act of infernal shamelessness, reciting a stanza from the scathing satire which Edward Axon, the dashing Swedish writer had on that occasion addressed to Charles XI.

At this juncture the two strangers began to argue in a manner which proved that they were no ignoramus in debate nor ignorant about the subject I had approached. They directed some pretty heavy blows against our republican excellence, in calling attention to several indications of corruption, such as the Tammany, whisky and Presidential election frauds; the credit and other transactions; the buying up of legislature, as in the case of Tweed; the example from punishment of such blots as Morris Belknap and his wife, the murderer Sullivan of Chicago, McKee and Hastings, and the listing of women for petit larceny; also the inconsistency for a republic of having only a single chief executive—all of which I had to admit as very bad, but certainly not disproving the core idea of republican principles.

After listening to these arguments for more than an hour, the tall man said: "I should be glad to talk with you, and would be pleased to do so with you. For the present, however, all this does not interest me."

"Do you have a little time?" I asked the understanding smile he had left.

"A few moments, if you like," he replied.

"The time is short, but I will do my best."

"All right."

HFRG-WHORN'S IP.

Although the following piece of rhetoric by Edward Axon has been published and republished in several of the leading journals of America, we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity to reproduce it—list:

We fight our insects for the roses. Our songs ring on the air, carrying their names on the wings of glory to posterity. Their dauntless courage gives our hearts with enthusiasm similar to the intoxication aroused by beauty. Ah, but this enthusiasm is dangerous, for we are under its influence liable to be lamentably injudicious. We may file our robes on objects more deserved of honor, and condemnation than our heroes of honor. "Bravery is glorious." Well, but bravery alone does not make a man great; nor even if it is coupled with genius. The most degraded criminals have sometimes displayed both in a high degree. And when we meet fellow-beings endowed, it may be with indomitable courage, but devoid of those beautiful qualities called justice—cooperation—reverence—do we not make fools of ourselves in showing them honor and erecting monuments for the immortalization of their names? Yes, verily! Every token of respect wasted upon self-conceited, tyrannical destroyers of the happiness of men is a stain to the face of humanity. Death for tyrants! Down with their monumens and shame may ensnare their names—whether these represent exalted heads like Caligula, or Charles XII who sentenced the grand Johann Patakil to be broken on the wheel, exalted fools like Louis XV, or both like pope Alexander VI.

Such are the outbursts of feeling from the true philanthropist. But will humanity thank him? Will not the poor mortals aroused from their dreams, use their returning strength in an attempt to stay the benefactor? Ah, the human soul craves to a lone, it was this mighty impulse which induced that brilliant enthusiast Attwem to exclaim to Imagination: "No matter if thou doest evil, since thou makest us happy." Well—bitter is the awakening from the dream in which we roamed on the mountains of imagination, all the time stretching our longing glances to the distant hills; bitter when we realize that the noble and warning objects we sought

cannot be reached; bitter when we find that what we considered great and venerable becomes low and horrid.

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RACINE, WISCONSIN**

WE MAKE EVERY VARIETY OF

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and by equipping ourselves strictly to one class of work, by employing none but

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And by a THOROUGH KNOWLEDGE of the business, we have justly earned the

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We hereby warrant the FISH BROS. WAGON NO. ... to be well made in every particular and to last 10 years, and that the growth or value is sufficient for all work in the same. If it fails to do so within one year from this date by reason of defective material or workmanship, we agree to repair or replace, at our expense, the same, or to refund, as per agent's price list, the amount paid therefor.

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The Northville Record

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A. M. RANDOLPH, DENTIST, OF
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Best of accommodations for the transient public.
Good sample room—a good Bar—commodious
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NORTHVILLE MARKET.

NORTHVILLE, May 31, 1879.

APPLES, Dried	10
BEANS, W. B.	12
BUTTER, P.D.	11
CORN, P.D.	40
CLOVER SEED, P.D.	10
DRESSED BEEF, P.C.	10
DRESSED CHICKENS, P.C.	10
DRIED PEACHES, P.D.	10
Eggs, P. C.	10
Flour, P. C.	10
HAM & B.	10
LARD, P. C.	10
DAIRY, P. C.	10
POTATOES, P. C.	10
SHOULDERS, P. C.	10
SALT, Oysters, P. C.	10
Sugar,	10
TALLOW, P. C.	10
WHEAT, Ears	10
No. 1	10
No. 2	10

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

TRAIN LEAVES NOV. 11TH
FROM THE LIMA MARQUETTE

MAIL TRAIN NOV. 11TH
FROM THE LIMA MARQUETTE

TRAINS LEAVE NOV. 11TH
DET. LANSING & KALAMAZOO

MAIL TRAIN NOV. 11TH
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The Northville Record.

SAMUEL E. LITTLE, Editor & Prop.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

VARIETY AND BUMER.

Black velvet bracelets are revived.—The dentist's occupation is a snazzy one.

The true girl does not parade herself as show goods.

A wife in the house is worth two in the street.—*McGregor News*.

The Italian maltreats his donkey because it "is not a Christian."

The shop-lifter's motto: "Heaven helps those who help themselves."

When a man bows assent to what you are saying, he stoops to concur.

Last words of the Czar to date: "Why see here! I still live!"—*Buffalo Express*.

It is very dangerous to make up your judgment concerning a young lady's weight by measuring her signs.

An amateur singer frightened a pair of canary-birds to death. It was a case of killing two birds with one's tone.

It makes no difference what the business is, the upper round of the ladder can be reached only by climbing.—*Iowa Register*.

"Madam," said a tramp on Cotter Hill, "would you give me an old pair of pants, for I'm startin' to death."—*Norristown Herald*.

To the London Standard it seems "highly probable" that, at last, "the United States are entering upon a long period of prosperity."

Innocent fun is as good as any. The best medicine is not always bitter, nor is a thing wicked solely because it is agreeable.—*N. O. Picayune*.

We may have spoken with harshness of Mr. Hanlan because of his too numerous sicknesses; but he is a gentleman and a sculler for all that.—*Buffalo Express*.

Journalism is a noble calling.—*Cleveland Herald*. In which respect it mustly resemble the Marquis of Lorne yelling for his Lord-in-waiting.—*Boston Traveler*.

In the pathetic little poem published the other day, for the line, "O, sister, mourn not for your dead," please read, "Oh, sister, mourn not for your dead"—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Miss Penny was saved from drowning by Johnathan Smith. In equity she belongs to Smith from this time hereafter, because a Penny saved is a Penny earned.—*Tulsa Commercial*.

"It may be," says Hellelispin, "it may be that a man and his wife are one; but I notice that when I come to pay the weekly board-bills, the landlord does not think so."—*Rome Sentinel*.

The French clerical journals aligne M. Jules Ferry as "Julian the Apostle," because he persecuted the Archbishop of Aix for ordering the clergy to read from the pulpit attacks on the Government.

He was a hard-looking old customer, he was blear-eyed; his hair was long and straggling; his clothes were in rags, and he was fearfully dirty. You never would have supposed that he was worth \$6,000,000, and it wasn't.

Chill, in South America, has declared war against Bolivia and Peru. A war correspondent on the spot describes the first battle as simply terrific. The greatest havoc was in the artillery, where a mule lost a shoe.—*Milwaukee Sun*.

The would-be assassin of the Czar is said to have been a school-teacher, but he must have been a miserable one, for any school-teacher who could mix at two paces certainly isn't fit to teach young ideas how to shoot.—*Boston Courier*.

A Minnesota man found a beautiful young squaw almost frozen to death. He took her to his camp-fire and tried to warm her out. When she had melted a little he proposed marriage and was accepted. They are now one.—*Exchange*.

A young woman recently died in London of glanders, contracted by riding above a stable in which horses suffering from this disease were kept. Her sister had previously died of the same malady, and investigation shows that the flesh of the dead horses was disposed of for cats' and dogs' meat and for other purposes unknown.

A mutiny lately took place on a Russian war-vessel within the port of Copenhagen, in which two officers came near losing their lives. Two of the mutineers were condemned to be hanged from the yard-arm, but permission for the hanging was refused by the Danish Government. It was therefore necessary to postpone the hanging until the vessel had put out to sea.

A French merchant was agreeably surprised by the receipt of an anonymous communication, advising him that a box of treasure was buried in his garden, and that the exact whereabouts would be shown him if he agreed to an equal division of the spoil. He jumped at the offer, met his kind informant, and the pair were soon piping, spades, their labor being rewarded by the unearthing of a boxful of silver coins. The delighted merchant counted out two piles of 800 five-franc pieces, and bade his partner take his share. That worthy, after contemplating his heap for a minute or two, observed it was rather too heavy a load to carry comfortably to the railway station; he would prefer having the amount in gold or notes, if it could be managed. Nothing was easier; a walk up to the house, and the business was settled entirely to his satisfaction, and that of the merchant too.

Twenty-four hours later, the good man took a very different view of the transaction, for upon examination, he discovered there was not one genuine five-franc piece among the 1,600.—*Advertiser's Journal*.

Poisonous of Spadards.

You cannot imagine a more polite company, writes a correspondent of the Worcester (Mass.) Spy, than a crowd of Spaniards waiting at the station. No pressing on one another, no confusion; a kindly interest in strangers and de-

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

to those who appear not to understand the language or the customs of the country. A curious instance of this occurred one day as I was buying the tickets at a city station. They weigh all the gold coins, you know, and take nothing out of its apparent face value, as we do, without submitting it to this test. The hour for the departure of the train, as about arrived, the crowd was large, and I had taken my place at the head of the long line of people who waited to buy tickets. The coin I handed to the ticket agent was one which had been clipped by some Jew, and it took a good while for the ticket seller to weigh it and estimate what deduction should be made from its face value. Do you suppose the crowd pushed and pressed, and denounced the ignorance of the foreigner, as fear might possibly have been the case in some of our American cities? Not a bit of it. They waited, each in his turn, in the most considerate manner, vindicating my claim to have but a small deduction made, and showed, instead of impatience, an amount of sympathetic interest which, with us, is apt to be reserved for personal friends alone.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

The Quakers, or Friends, are said to have been diminishing slowly though steadily during the last twenty years, in consequence of the secularization of many of the younger people born in the society.

Protestant Churches continue to make headway among the Mormons of Utah. The Presbytery of Utica now has ten ministers, in places of two less than four years ago, and eight churches. In its day schools there are 800 and in its Sunday-Schools 900 scholars.

Bishop Fitzgerald (Roman Catholic), who has charge of the Diocese of Little Rock, Ark., has been appointed to succeed the late Bishop Rosencrans at Columbus, Ohio, but he is so attached to his people at Little Rock and they are so attached to him that he will ask the Pope to reconsider the appointment.

The cost of elementary instruction in Prussia amounts to \$1,100,000 annually; the sum being covered by eleven and a half millions of marks from property and legacies, five and a third millions from State subventions, and the balance from communal grants. Extraneous instruction is given in seventeen out of the sixty towns in Prussia which count over 20,000 inhabitants.

The Boston correspondent of the London Guardian, a Church-of-England organ, writes: "The number of unemployed clergy is becoming a public scandal. Many of them, with their families, are reduced to the greatest distress. They are forced to give up one place, and go almost bare hand begging for some other—degraded in the sight of the community, in that of the Church, and, most of all, in their own eyes. Clergy in the East are writing to the West to try to find something to do there; clergy from the West are coming back to the East to beseech wretched and worn-out and helpless bishops for vacant parishes here. And clergy both at East and West are beginning to talk seriously of the necessity of giving up the ministry and returning to secular work for the support of their families."

The programme for the World's Conference of the Evangelical Alliance at Basle, Switzerland, has been issued. The Conference will open Aug. 31 and close Sept. 7, and the proceedings will be in French, though English meetings for British and American delegates will be held. Sept. 1 there will be reports on the condition of Protestantism in the various countries represented. Dr. Schaff reporting for the United States. Evangelization will be the chief subject for the second day. Christian education for the third. Protestantism and society for the fourth. Missions for the fifth, and Christian union for the sixth. Among the names on the programme are those of Van Oosterzee, Schaff, Schedler, Cremer, Godel, Lelievre, St. John, Frieder, De Preseigne, Christie, Arthur (London), Horst and Stockmeyer.

Betting on a Sure Thing.

A tough-looking citizen walked into one of the Justice's Courts yesterday afternoon very much intoxicated, and requested that he be allowed to swear off drinking for a year. His Honor obligingly put him through the solemn motions, and the convert, with a confused ramble of well-meant but profane expressed resolutions, stumbled out of the court-room.

"But he doesn't keep it an hour," said one of the grinning lawyers.

"But he sticks to it a week, anyhow," observed the Court with confidence.

"Nonsense," cried everybody.

"What'll you bet?" asked the Judge.

"Twenty to ten," exclaimed an eager attorney, producing the money.

"Done!" cried His Honor, and the stakes were turned over to a *Chronicle* reporter.

"Constable," said the Court quietly, "go out and fetch that man back."

In a few minutes the reformed one was dragged in, and the Judge ascended his dais, rapped for order, and looked severe.

"Charged with being drunk," said the Court. "What's your plea?"

"Guess I'm full," admitted the prisoner, with an idiotic smile.

Ten days in the County Jail. Constable, lock up your prisoner. Mr. Reporter, hand this Court that wealth. Court adjourned."—*Virginia (Nor.) Chronicle*.

SCIENTIFIC men, after spending years of study on the subject, are now prepared to declare that the possum does not feign death, but that he simply, really and truly faints. Well, well, and that all science can do with this question after all its study, just to come out of the same hole it went in at? That is all that anybody, even the ignorant darkness of the South, ever claimed for the possum, that it feigned.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye*.

Look out for damp cellars, for that way come on rheumatism, colds, fever, diphtheria and death.—Albany Argus.

Never try to get a heavy day's work out of a team. Overdoing cases will

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

An English farmer, very successful during ten years in raising cattle and sheep, supplied a ration made as follows: Eight bushels corn soaked in tea-pails of water two days, then simmer for an hour or so, afterward mix with fourteen pounds of coarse cheap sugar, and commingle with cut straw, hay or other fodder.

Root culture, says the Rural New Yorker, is one of the most promising innovations in our whole farm practice. No other product from an acre of land will support so much live stock produce so much meat, milk, mutton, wool, pork, lard or manure, as a well-grown root crop, and of all the root crops the sugar beet is the most nutritious.

The best soil for beans is a mellow clay or sandy loam. Prepare the land as for corn, fitted in the nicest manner. Plant ten days or two weeks after planting corn. Marrow beans require one and one-eighth bushels seed per acre, mediums, three-fourths of a bushel; peas, beans, one-half bushel; kidney or other large beans, more, in proportion to size. A fair crop is twenty bushels per acre.—*Country Gentleman*.

Chocolate Icing for Cakes.—Put into a shallow pan two ounces of chocolate, and place it where it will melt gradually, but not scorch; when melted stir in three tablespoonsfuls of milk or cream, and one of water; mix all well together, and add one scant teaspoonful of sugar; boil about five minutes, and white, hot, and when the cakes are nearly cold, spread some evenly over the surface of one of the cakes; put a second one on top, alternating the mixture and cakes, then cover top and sides, and set in warm oven to harden.

In a foreign paper a physician suggests an excellent method for preserving ice in the sick-room during hot nights. A piece of flannel from nine to ten inches square should be placed over a good-sized goblet or tumbler, and it should be allowed to drop down into the vessel to about half its depth, and then it should be secured by tying a cord around the glass over the flannel. In the flannel cup, so formed, pieces of ice may be preserved many hours; if another piece of flannel, four or five inches square, be used as a loose cover to the ice cup.—*Foster's Monthly*.

In old soils all the cabbage kin

have a tendency to form club roots, owing to the attacks of the cabbage grub or larva, a small insect belonging to the beetle tribe. The damage it causes is often a serious matter for the gardener; as it nearly destroys whole crops, and makes serious gaps in the planting. When the grubs first attack a crop there is nothing to indicate their presence until the plants begin to turn an unhealthy color; then they fly in the sun, and in a few days the crop is lost. One of the best methods of preventing these insects is to make each plant unpalatable to the grub.

In the spring procure some fresh horse lime, and let it become stale, mixing it with an equal quantity of soot. In planting, the holes are made with the shovel in the usual way; each plant is dropped into its hole, an inch or so of the soil put over the root, a good watering given first, then a moderate handful of soot and lime mixture thrown in each hole and the remaining soil filled in. Equal parts of soot and fine garden soil, mixed with water to the consistency of thin mortar, with the plants dipped into the mixture up to the base of the leaves before planting, is used to prevent clubbing. Wood ashes mixed with water, put into the holes after watering, has been tried with success.—*Kansas Farmer*.

A Few Seasonable Hints.

Farmers who are doing their spring work may sometimes effect important gains by performing all the operations in the best manner, often with little or no additional expense. These are familiar to many, but to others they may serve as valuable reminders.

NANKEE.

This is worth twice as much, if well mixed with the soil, as when left in lumps. Whenever applied at this time of year it should be spread on a mellow surface, so that the harrow may mix it well with the soil. Break it up fine and stir it well into the earth. Several harrowings will sometimes be well repaid. Manure may be applied in autumn with propriety to the surface of grass land, which is to be plowed in spring, as the rains and melting snows wash it in; but it is a wasteful practice to spread it on grass in spring. It cannot be mixed with the sod by any amount of harrowing. Hence the reason of the well-known fact that fall-spread manure on sod for corn is worth more than twice as much as manure spread in spring.

PLASTER.

When this fertilizer acts at all, it is the cheapest of all manures. In some extreme cases a bushel per acre has added three-fourths of a ton of dried clover hay. Its great end peculiar advantage is the small quantity needed. There is rarely any advantage in applying more than 100 pounds per acre; sometimes 200 pounds have been used, but all beyond this is waste. Every farmer who has never used it should employ it at least to a small extent, on his clover, as early in the spring as practicable.

WEEDS IN ROOT CROPS.

The great drawback in raising such roots as turnips, beets, carrots, etc., is the labor of clearing out the weeds in the rows. Too many have permitted them to grow several inches, reducing the crop and greatly multiplying the labor. Hence the importance of thoroughly clean ground. Those who intend to plant crops that require plowing in early will have to take such land as they have already prepared; but for turnips, the soil may be repeatedly stirred with plow and harrow for several weeks to come, destroying many of the young weeds as fast as they reach the surface; and this will afford a good opportunity to apply and intermix manure. The labor thus expended in destroying weeds will be repaid in the fine condition which is given to the ground.

HOSES.

Look out for damp cellars, for that way come on rheumatism, colds, fever, diphtheria and death.—Albany Argus.

Never try to get a heavy day's work out of a team. Overdoing cases will

do more harm to the effective forces of horses than any grain will ever repay. They will accomplish most by regular, uniform, moderate work, with regular, unchanged feed.

WORKSHOP.

On Saint Louis' automobile whatever will save interruption in the weather. We shall not advise you to clean your tools on such occasions, for we presume no reader ever puts away his tools dirty, but you may put them all in good working order, oiling with petroleum all the wood-work, and polishing and waxing the metallic portions. Waxing carts, raps, and all larger machines should be kept well painted, and if oiled first with crude petroleum, the water can never enter.—*Country Gentleman*.

Spring Care of Cattle.

It is now almost the universal custom of farmers, in the spring, as soon as the grass starts, to let the cattle, old and young, out of their yards, to roam over the pastures in search of the growing grass. They get but little grass, and that little is almost devoid of nourishing qualities. The young grass is over 35 per cent. water, and instead of being strengthening to the animal, it weakens by the loosening effect on the bowels. But the greatest injury results from the destroying of the appetite for dry food. Every one who allows this early grazing must know that after the animals have thus tasted grass, the best of hay will be trodden under foot and wasted.

The greatest excuse for this custom arises from the fact that in the early spring the farmers are very busy getting their crops in the ground, and do not take the time to attend to their stock as it should be done. They are always glad when the time comes to get rid of doing so many chores in the morning and evening, but if they can be convinced that they suffer a great loss by doing so, the practice will soon be abandoned.

The folly of feeding animals all through the winter and then for a few days' time spent in caring for them in the spring to lose it all, would seem to need no words of condemnation. Spring is the natural period for cattle to shed their coats, and to turn them into the pasture to subsist on a watery diet and be exposed to the cold spring rains, in a half naked condition, has not so much of humanity in it after all.

If they had been left to the exposure and hardships of an outdoor winter, Nature would, in a manner, have better prepared them for this treatment in the spring. Very often we have visited farmers in the early spring, and seen cattle coming home from the pastures very thin in form, moving with a languid gait that showed weakness. The owner, on such occasions, is apt to manifest pity for them, and remark—"My cattle did well all winter, but somehow since I turned them out they have gone to skin and bone. I don't understand why it is so. I gave them plenty of good hay, morning and night, but they won't eat it." His older animals don't seem so badly affected, but that lot of yearlings is in a bad way. Two of the best of them, that were fat and as nice as could be, at all winter, died the other day with the black-leg, and I am afraid it will take the whole bunch." Now, even men must be convinced that if they had kept their cattle in the yards, and sheds of winter, and fed them the same hay till the grass had got old enough to possess sufficient nourishment, and the weather so mild that they would not perish with the cold, they would not only have been paid well for the trouble, but would have saved a great part of the feed wasted in the early spring.

Self-interest is a permanent persuader. All animals are liable to disease and death, but it never happens at an unnatural time without a cause. Hence, when we hear complaints of bad luck among stock-raisers, we are very apt to think that the owner is in some way responsible for his loss. As a rule, good care is the mother of good luck, and a farmer, good and obedient to the promptings of humanity, seldom carries a long face or heard complaining of bad luck.—*Farmer's Review*.

Old Summer Probabilities.

Starlight and silence. Comparative silence. No sound disturbed the quiet of the long thoroughfare of Jefferson street save the conversation of people as they tramped back and forth, the ringing of the engine bells, and the ceaseless shriek of steam-whistles, the rumbling of the street cars, and the rattling of wagons on the uneven street, and the hoofs of boys, and the tireless clack-clack of an auctioneer or two, and an Italian band on the corner; and a man playing the trombone up in a third-story room, and a boy beating a drum in the backyard, and a baby in the next house, uncertain whether to go to sleep or stay awake and have the colic, and a man falling down a flight of stairs, and somebody making an open-air temperance speech on the corner.

All else was silence. Silence how deep—Quarter less train.

And darkness how profound. Down the street they walked; walked in the busy crowd, and yet alone, for each to the other was all, or, all to the other was each.

At any rate they liked each other.

Kind of.

"Leander," she said, and there was a tremulous intonation in the tender voice, "the summer, the long bright summer days and the starry summer nights, filled with the voiceless glory of their love-lit beauty, will soon be here."

"Hero," he