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THE QUEEN OF MAY.

The Queen of May, she comes this way,
With all things fresh and green,
By grace of fate a potent
And every inch a Queen!

She takes her stand, she rules the land;
She rules this time and me;
She rules my work and my children all,
My very pulse rules she.

Her crown is made of May, her heavy crown
Of flowers and leaves and green;
And she is ever true,
And she is ever true.

She rules well, she rules well,
She rules well, she rules well,
She rules well, she rules well,
She rules well, she rules well.

The Queen of May, she comes this way,
With all things fresh and green,
By grace of fate a potent
And every inch a Queen!

HOW WE CAUGHT THE THIEVES.

When a boy, the narrator of the following adventure lived on a farm in the State of Maine. The town in which the farm was located was separated by the Androscoggin River from a larger town, which is the seat of the well-known B. College.

There were often wild boys there as students, and even on our side of the river we not infrequently were made to suffer from their reckless pranks.

There was one class of sophomores who particularly distinguished themselves by their nocturnal raids into the surrounding country. Three or four of the members of this class, said to have been the sons of rich men in the South and West, during the autumn of one year, in the first September night, used frequently to hire one or more teams from the livery-stables, and start out bent upon all sorts of thieving.

Thieving is a harsh word, yet thieving it was, and pretty mean thieving, too, even though the young ones did it for sport.

Hardly any household article left out doors over night was safe from them. They would carry off anything—not too big for a horse to draw.

The family living on the farm next to us last one night a wash tub containing clothes, which had been left in front of the kitchen piazza.

Only a few nights after, my father had an ox-yoke, with horns, stolen from him. A week or two later, when the leaves had fallen, a neighbor saw the yoke in the top of a great maple-tree, beside the road, half a mile from the house.

These are specimens of their pranks. What they especially delighted in was the stealing of garden stuff and other farm produce. It was said that they used to hold "barbecues" Saturdays in the pine woods just west of the college, and roast and grill a wonderful profusion of the products taken from the farmers.

My father had that year a fine field of corn and pumpkins. After the corn had been harvested, of course the pumpkin vines showed to great advantage in the bare field. Some of them were the largest I have ever seen. Three or four were so extraordinary that we intended to take them to the County Fair which was held in our town every year about the 15th of October.

One night several of the largest of these pumpkins disappeared. By wheel tracks we knew that a carriage had been driven along in the road opposite the field, and had there been turned, as if the occupants had gone back.

We heard from the pumpkins next day. The college boys had made them into huge beads, with openings in each for the features of a face, and had set them upon gate-posts before the houses over at B. with candles inside to light up the grotesque countenances.

The next night my brother Frank and I went out a hunting for the "Bugs." We did not get home till nearly twelve o'clock. Just as we were going into the yard, Frank said to me, "Look at that top-buggy standing up there in the road!"

It looked like one, for the night was not very dark. While we sat in the wagon endeavoring to assure ourselves if our conjectures were correct, we saw the figure of a man get over the wall beside the field.

"It's those college chaps," Frank exclaimed, "after more pumpkins! Let's go for them!"

"Better run down and get Libe C.," I said.

Libe worked on the farm next to ours, and had been to the livery-stables as he was a large, muscular fellow. I thought if we were going to have an encounter with the thieves, it would be well to have a strong enforcement, so I ran for Libe while Frank hastily unharnessed our horse.

Libe was just going to bed when I reached the house.

"Oh, we can't catch 'em!" he said. "They've got a fast horse, and they'll give me a run!"

"Then let's go horseback," I said.

"That we can do," said our brother, "and then let's go to the barn for Mr. N."

"I ran back. Frank had just taken the horse from our wagon. There was another work-horse in the barn; I wasn't long bridling him. We did not stop for saddles. Frank caught up a good stick and mounted, and I took the heavy whip from the wagon and jumped upon the work-horse. By the time we were ready Libe came up at a canter.

Up the road we could still see the buggy, and rode for it at a gallop. Three fellows were just getting over the wall, each with two big pumpkins in his arms. They saw us, and knew our object.

"File in! The Philistines are coming!" we heard one exclaim to the others.

Here, you pumpkin thieves," Frank shouted, "drop those pumpkins!"

"Not much!" one shouted back. "Get them if you can!"

They tossed the pumpkins into the buggy. Two of the young fellows scrambled into it also. There was not room for the third thief. He sprang on behind. The whip was then laid on the horse, and the animal started into a run just as we galloped up.

"Come on with your old rackets," shouted the fellow on the back of the buggy.

Then commenced the most exciting race that I ever participated in. We soon were near enough to strike at the fellow. He was hanging on as best he could, and hooting at and chaffing us. I was determined to give him a blow with my whip; but he kicked out vigorously at my horse's head every time I came within reach, and yelled like an Apache. We were going at full speed. Their horse was in a keen run. The road was rough, and the mud-puddles were frequent, for there had been heavy rains.

When they went through one of the puddles, the mud and water would fly several feet high, and then they would all whoop.

Going through those "pitch-ups," the fellow behind was bounced severely. He held on, however, though he must have been bruised and scratched with mud.

For three miles the race continued. Then the heavy load began to weary their horse. Frank whipped up his horse to start past them, and so catch them by the bridge. Just as we were opposite their buggy, they threw out a big pumpkin right under his horse's feet.

The horse stumbled, went partly on its knees out into the ditch, and Frank was nearly thrown over its head.

At that the thieves set up a shout of laughter, and called us to try it again. In the meantime I had dashed up behind, and had improved an opportunity to get one good cut at the rear fellow's legs.

"You hairy barbarian!" he screamed. "I'd like to get at you for a minute!"

I was whipping up for another blow when one of the fellows in front stood up and threw a pumpkin behind. It came within a hand's breadth of my head.

"I'll stop your fun!" he shouted, and in a moment more another came. It was not easy to dodge them at such short range, and the huge missiles almost kept us back.

Meanwhile, we had run through one little village, and were tussling down toward the toll-bridge over the Androscoggin. The tollman heard us coming. He had just let a loaded team through, and stood holding his lantern on the steps of his little house.

"Seeing us coming at such a rate, he shouted, 'Stop!' I thought best to pull up, for there was ten dollars fine for running toll; but those sophs put on the whip still harder.

The tollman jumped to close the gate. It was made to swing quickly, and I think he would have stopped them, but one of those young scamps stood up, and with both hands threw a pumpkin at the tollman's head.

He dodged it, and passed they went like an arrow, and through the long, dark bridge. The gate swung just in time to stop us. The tollman was very angry. Before we could make him understand the matter, the thieves had got over the bridge and were near the college, where we did not care to follow them.

However, we had forced them to throw over most of the pumpkins, and we heard that they had to pay twenty dollars to satisfy the bridge owners.

They did not care much for that, however, for not more than two days after they rode past our house. It was evidently a reconnaissance tour; but the pumpkins had been gathered.

They drove slowly along the road below the field. There they saw something we were quite anxious they should not see.

On a little flat between the pumpkin field and the house, we had planted a late variety of pop-corn. In the middle of the pop-corn patch, so as to be hidden by it was a nice bed of water and musk-melons.

The family had eaten several of the ripened melons, but there were still eighteen or twenty large ones on the vines.

Frank and I had cut up and shocked the pop-corn on the day before; that left the melon-bed exposed. It was not more than ten or fifteen rods from the road.

As the college boys were looking toward the pumpkin-field they evidently saw the melons, for they turned back the top of their buggy, and one of them stood up on the seat to get a better view of the field. Not content with that, he leaped to the ground and mounted the stone wall, and looked in the direction of the tempting fruit.

It was a few minutes before tea-time.

Mother and my Sister Nell happened to see all this from the back window. Nell was that fall attending school at Kent's Hill, but had come home for a few days to help mother prepare for the fair. She was a wide-awake girl, and had often attended social gatherings at B., and knew some of the college students.

At the supper-table Nell laughed and said, "Well, Frank, our melons are 'spoken for'."

Of course after hearing from them what they had seen, we at once decided to get the melons in before dark that night.

But I do wish we could catch those scamps!" Frank said. "Just 'trap 'em, and completely get the best of 'em.' I would do me a hundred dollars' worth of good!"

All through supper plans were discussed as to the best method by which to trap the thieves from their plunder. About half a mile from our farm, on the road to B., there was an old hop-house, where hops had been cured for selling.

For a number of seasons it had not been used. The basement, where the farmhouse for drying the hops was set, was of brick. It was here that the sophs had stopped the night they made the jack-o'-lanterns. The chips and trimmings of the pumpkins were seen there next day scattered over the floor.

At length Nell declared that she had a plan that she felt sure would be successful.

"Go to the field and get the melons that are there!" she exclaimed.

After supper Frank and I gathered them. There were two bushel-baskets full. Nell had gone to Mr. B.'s after Corn B., who was a friend of hers. In the evening they both came into the house dressed in red hoods and thick shawls. Corn's little brother, Benny, a boy nine or ten years old, was with them.

Nell told us we must take one of the baskets of melons and a lantern, and bring with us Libe, for he might be needed.

After he came to the house we all set off for the old hop-house. Nell would not tell us her plan at first. She was full of mischief, so was Corn.

At the hop-house we ate a melon or two, and then waited for the moon to rise. It did not rise till nearly twelve o'clock that night. We knew the sophs would not be likely to make their raid before then. It was fully that hour when we heard a carriage coming up the road. While still twenty or thirty rods away, we saw that it was a top-buggy.

"It's the sophs," whispered Nell. "Now, set the basket of melons here in front of the door. Put the lantern by it. You, Benny, sit down beside the basket and go to cutting a melon. For rest of you must slip out at the little back door, and keep out of sight behind the hop-house till you are wanted."

She and Corn sat down beside the basket and fell to devouring musk-melon.

The buggy came on up the hill. It was the sophs. They had come round by another road, had tried the melon-patch and found no melons.

Coming to the hop-house, we heard one suddenly exclaim in a low voice, "Look, there's fellows—just look there!"

"Ho, ho!" they all cried, and pulled up and stared as well they might at such a sight!

Then one said, "Good-evening, ye fair ones! That looks good. Where'd ye get 'em?"

"The girls made no answer."

"I say, my dears," exclaimed another, "you seem to have had better luck than we. Divide with us, and we'll bear you company."

"No, indeed, we won't," cried Corn, tartly. "You may steal your own melons."

"Well said!" shouted one. "But by Jove, I reckon you've got the very melons we were after! Come, half is fair!" and out of the buggy they all three jumped.

At that the girls sprang up, seized the basket between them, and ran with it into the hop-house.

The sophs dashed after them, crying, "Catch 'em! Kiss 'em! Make 'em divide!"

In they went, and as they ran, out came Nell and Corn at the back door, and beckoned it. At the same instant Libe darted round the corner and shut the front door, bopped it and put props against it. Frank and I were putting props against the little back door. It was all done in less than three seconds—before they had time to even mistrust what we were doing.

"We had them in a pretty strong place, too. It was dark as midnight in there now the door was shut."

They seemed to think at first that it was Benny who had shut the door. "Here, you young cub!" one of them shouted, "open that door, or we will griddle you!"

Then they threw themselves against it to burst it open. It did not give way. Three or four times they threw their weight against the door, but the props held fast. I then went and hitched their horse, so he would not run away.

When I came back they had adopted a milder tone. "I say, little fellow, let us out of here. We won't hurt you. Open the door and you shall have fifty cents," one of them said.

Then Libe jeeringly said, "It will take more than fifty cents to get you out of this little scrape. We've been after you for some time, and we've trapped you at last. You've stolen all the wash-tubs, and clothes, and ox-yokes, and pumpkins that you'll be likely to steal for some time to come. That may be fun for you, but to-night it's our turn. We've got quite a little bill against you."

"Oh, ho," said one of them, "you're the fellows we fooled the other night are you?"

"The very boys," said Frank.

"Well, what do you propose to do about it?" one of them asked.

"We propose to keep you here till morning, then send for the Sheriff and give you a taste of jail-life," said Libe.

"We'll see about that!" they exclaimed. Then they got an old piece of iron and began to hammer the door in earnest. Every blow made it crack. I thought they would break it. I've planted half a dozen more props and piled up stones against it. They battered the door for half an hour, steadily, and there was some spiky, and I'm afraid pretty wicked, talk.

Meaning Benny and the girls had gone home. They sent Mr. B. to the hop-house, and he brought three, or four other men living in the vicinity.

The three sophs were full of grit. They kept trying to get out, and threatening to smash the whole crowd of us when they did get out, and possibly they would, for they were desperate, and we were none of us fighting characters. But we had them in too strong a box, they couldn't burst it.

There was some dull conversation back and forth, not worth the while to repeat. Several of us determined to remain on watch all night, for we meant they should not escape, and that they should suffer for their fun.

About four o'clock one of them hailed us, and asked if money would settle it.

"Yes," Frank told them.

"Well, how much?" asked another.

"There are several little items on our bill against you," said Frank. "For instance, one tub of clothes, ten dollars; two bushel-bags of pumpkins, five dollars; buggy roads of pumpkins, five dollars; money to find an ox-yoke in a tall maple tree, two dollars; sundries, three dollars. Total, twenty dollars."

They declared they would not pay it.

"Very well, then, as soon as it's light, we shall take your horse and buggy and go for the Sheriff."

"Go, if you wish, go on one case!"

A little after five Libe and I got into the buggy and turned to go to B.

The sophs heard us, and called out to us to wait a moment. Then they offered fifteen dollars, and finally said they would pay the twenty to be "out of the beastly hole."

We told them to hand out the money through a crack they had made in the door. At first they hesitated at a suspicious-looking twenty-dollar note. It was no doubt a counterfeit bill. Frank pushed it back and told them that that bill would not answer. They demurred a while, and after some grumbling, passed out two tens in greenbacks.

In this time five or six more men and boys had come up. Quite a crowd was gathering. Libe and Frank knocked out the props and let the thieves out. I did not know but they would attempt to retaliate when they got out. They looked at us as if they would like to do it, but after some talk and chaff back and forth they got into their buggy and drove away just after sunrise.

Yours Companion.

Beat the Train Boy.

A train-boy on one of our railroads set up a job on a train boy yesterday which proved rather laughable. As the boy came through, he, train-boy fashion, thrust a basket under the stranger's nose and ejaculated, "Apples."

"Thank you," said the man, taking one and biting into it.

"Six for five cents," said the boy.

"Oh, one's plenty for me," responded the stranger.

"But these here apples is for sale," said the boy.

"Well, why don't you sell them, then," coolly answered the traveler.

"You pay me for that eat apple," yelled the boy, growing excited.

"Pay? Why didn't you ask me to take one?"

"Now I didn't."

"Oh, well, how did you say you sold them?"

"Six for a nickel," answered the boy, brightening up.

The stranger had eaten the last bite of the apple by this time, and going down into his vest pocket he fished up a nickel and said:

"Boy, did you ever study arithmetic?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good at fractions?"

"Used to be."

"Then, if six apples cost five cents, how much will one apple cost?"

"You may pay me one penny," said the boy sulkily.

"Certainly, here's a nickel; take out for one apple and give me the change."

The boy offered four cents in change, but the stranger wouldn't have it. He insisted that you couldn't divide six into five, and he had that boy figuring all over the margin of a newspaper to see how much an apple would be at the rate of six for five cents. Patents couldn't make it, and grew wild, and just before he went crazy, the stranger took five more apples and gave him a nickel, with the remark:

"You brush up on fractions before you make another trip."

The passengers enjoyed the thing immensely, but, peasants, somehow, didn't seem to be elated over the incident, and was kind of subdued and melancholy like during the rest of the trip.—*Tolmie Commercial.*

A few hours' work in the garden will increase your home comforts many dollars' worth, beside yielding a fine return in health.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

The Presbyterian pulpit on representation has been defeated. The total negative vote is 94. Presbyteries: the affirmative is 44. It is thought that the negative vote will reach two-thirds of the whole number of Presbyteries—179.

The Brooklyn Sunday-School Union contains 131 schools, with 45,325 scholars. The Methodists had in the number of schools, having 23; then the Congregationalists, with 24; the Baptists, with 17; the Reformed Church, with 10; the Lutherans, with 5; the other churches making up the total number.

The first Arch-Confraternity of the Roman Catholic Church known to have been established in England has just been founded by Pope Leo XIII., who has erected the Confraternity of the Servants of the Holy Ghost, attached to the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, Baywater, into an Arch-Confraternity.

The English papers are calling attention to the fact that the extension of the American revision of the Bible is borne by private means. One of them says: "Bible revision would appear to have princely patrons in the United States. During the six years in which the revision has been at work the expenses have been heavy. They spend three half days in each month in the Bible House at New York, and the outlay for traveling and entertainment has to be defrayed. Yet no appeal has been made to the general public. All the expenses have thus far been defrayed quietly by a few munificent and modest friends."

It is a question which the Methodist General Conference itself will have to settle next year, whether Bishops shall be elected in place of those who have died since 1872, when the last election was held. Since that time, when eight Bishops were chosen, Bishops Morris, James and Ames have passed away, leaving only ten to do the episcopal work of a large Church. The General Conference would not probably hold an election for less than three, but as the number of annual conferences is constantly increasing, and one Bishop is continually away visiting foreign missions, the Conference may decide to increase the number beyond thirteen.

The pastor of a church in North-east Baltimore, last week, devised a new way to collect pew rents. Several of his congregation being remiss in their settlements, he ordered the pews of the delinquents to be nailed up. Quite a number were thus secured, and the pastor announced that he had adopted this means to secure the prompt payment of the money due him, without which he could not conduct the affairs of the church satisfactorily. He called attention to the fact that the delinquents were nearly all, if not all, able to pay. Their wives and daughters brushed with silks and satins, lounged and furbelows, and the pew rent remained unpaid. The novel expedient has proved a complete success.—*Baltimore Gazette.*

A careful estimate, respecting the circulation of the Bible during the past century places the total at the enormous number of nearly 150,000,000 copies. The British and Foreign Society is in advance of any other institution of the kind as regards the number of copies issued. It was founded in 1804, and has circulated upward of 82,000,000 copies. The American Society, founded thirteen years later, has caused a circulation of 35,000,000. These two organizations are far in advance of all others. Next in respect of copies circulated are the German societies, which together have issued 8,500,000. Then comes the National Society of Scotland, with nearly 4,762,000, then the Hibernian, with 4,189,000, the Swiss with nearly 2,000,000, and the French with 1,600,000. The National Society of Scotland has circulated its 4,762,000 copies since 1851, the year in which it was founded.—*Chicago Times.*

Trades Unions in Great Britain.—Their Membership and Funds.

From 1834 to 1842, but especially since the last epoch, Trades Unions multiplied throughout the United Kingdom, and now they cover all England, and are numerous in Scotland, and their branches extend even to Ireland. Of their numerical importance, and pecuniary resources the following figures may give an idea.

Sixteen unions—mechanics, iron founders, cooper-smiths, builders of iron ships, builders of steam-engines, workers in iron, United carpenters, general union of carpenters, masons, Scotch society of masons, bricklayers of London, the same of Manchester, plasterers, tailors, shoemakers, typographical society of printers, iron-molders—number 238,513 members, divided into 2,722 branches, with an annual income of 371,773 pounds sterling (\$1,585,860).

The National Association of Miners has a membership of 90,000, with an annual income of 6,735 pounds sterling (\$33,785). The union of workers in copper, whose several branches have recently been consolidated, has more than 20,000 members, with funds amounting to more than 30,000 pounds (\$150,000). The Coach-Makers' Union has 8,000 members; workers in brass, 5,600; cotton-spinners, 15,441; weavers by machinery, 16,600; cabinet-makers, 4,500; flyers, 2,500; men employed on railroads, 18,400. Ship-carpenters have formed trades-unions on the borders of the Thames, the Nersey, the Wear,

the Tees, the Clyde, and in all the principal ports of the United Kingdom. The agricultural classes have taken part in this movement for a long time; but in 1872 they threw themselves into it with an ardor and impetuosity which seemed to prove their strong desire to make up for lost time. At this moment the Agricultural Labourers' Union extends throughout the whole Kingdom. It is divided into three great societies, which are themselves subdivided into 1,171 branches, with a grand total membership of 78,300, having an annual income of 220,055 (\$140,274). Each of these has newspapers which circulate widely in the rural districts, and discuss not only questions concerning wages and hours of work, but also political subjects, such as those relating to the right of suffrage, distribution of seats in Parliament, legal charities and even the relation between Church and State.

With a membership of at least 1,200,000, having control of annual revenues which cannot fall much short of \$10,000,000, with a reserved fund of almost equal importance, since for sixteen of them alone it amounts to about \$3,015,500; powerfully organized as they are, especially in the great cities—London, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Bradford, Dundee, and Nottingham—the trades-unions evidently present a formidable array of converging and well-disciplined forces, invested with great power and susceptible of wielding large influence at the ballot-box, so that in case of need the unions would not make a vain appeal to the moral adhesion of those workmen who were not members of these societies, even for financial co-operation.—*Sunday Afternoon for June.*

The Death Penalty.

Capital punishment was abolished in Switzerland four years ago, and since its abolition there has been such an increase in the country in crimes of violence, especially of murder, that petitions, signed by 30,000 persons, for restoration of the death penalty, have been presented to the Federal Council. The Council has been seriously considering the question for six months, and has decided that the statistics of four years do not give data sufficient for a definite and satisfactory conclusion. They have looked up the facts and figures of crime in other lands, where murder is punishable and punished with death, and find that violence has increased there not less than in Switzerland. In England there were twenty-two executions in 1877, against four in 1872; in Belgium, ninety-two in 1877, against sixty-two in 1871, and in France thirty-one in both years. In Denmark, Holland, Italy, Germany and Austria, murder has terribly augmented in the same time, and is due, in the opinion of Council, to growth of misery, licentiousness and intemperance. The last four or five years have been specially marked by poverty, wretchedness and suffering throughout civilization, and where these are in usual proportion, crime is likewise. Much of what we understand to be sin is the direct or indirect result of unhappiness in some form.—*N. Y. Times.*

Persons Seldom Buried Alive.

The newspapers contain every once in a while sensational accounts of the execution of bodies that give what is called unmistakable evidence of having been buried alive. Change in position of the corpse, often ascertained by proof of premature interment, and results from chemical changes, especially from gases generated by decomposition. Some of the Pennsylvania journals have lately published a high-colored, horrible narrative of the unquestionable revival of a man who had been entombed three days at a town of that State. Doubt of his dead having been excited, the grave was opened, and it was shown, according to the local chroniclers, that he had fought desperately for his life, imprints of his nails being visible on the lining of the coffin in some places torn to shreds. This needs confirmation. It has in all probability been much exaggerated, and warmly tinged with imagination. While such things have happened, and may still happen, they are of the rarest occurrence. Witness the celebrated anatomist, is said to have had two narrow escapes from burial alive, and to have published, in consequence, a treatise on the signs of death. Bouchut, Michel Levy and other physicians have also expressed their views on the subject, but all testimony procurable establishes the fact that burial alive hardly ever takes place in these times. In corroborations of this, many German cities have in their cemeteries masonry houses, in which the dead are kept some days before final interment, the bell-pull being so arranged that the slightest motion of the body would sound an alarm. So far these precautions have been successful. In more than forty years not one supposed-to-be corpse has proved to be anything else.—*N. Y. Times.*

It is said of Northern Texas by the Dallas Herald that the fillers of the soil there make far more provisions than they have use for; always have corn and meat for sale, and their cotton and cattle crops come in as clear profit.

A little boy calls himself Com-pass, because he is bound to obey.

The Principles of the Electro-Motograph.

In the June Scribner, Mr. Edwin M. Fox describes the origin and development of the electro-motograph. Mr. Edison's most important invention, together with some applications of the principle hitherto unannounced. It must not be forgotten that this invention, which now transmits the human voice at a distance, with perfect clearness and accuracy, is not only an application of well-known laws of acoustics but involves the discovery by Mr. Edison of an entirely unknown property of electricity, viz., that of destroying friction. Of the differences between it and the phonograph, the writer says:

The latest achievement of Mr. Edison is the electro-motograph. Although it is very in its infancy, the scope of its utility has already become far more extensive than that of any of Mr. Edison's previous inventions. Probably its most striking feature, is its paradoxical power of making the human hand talk; for the hand revolves a little cylinder, and the instrument speaks as it is turned, and when the hand stops turning, the instrument ceases to speak. At a superficial glance, this principle would seem to be the same as that of the phonograph; but in point of fact there is no essential similarity between the two inventions; they are used for entirely different purposes, and are governed by separate and distinct laws. The phonograph records and preserves the waves of sound; the electro-motograph, on the other hand, is called when used in connection with acoustics, the "chemical telephone," records nothing. In the phonograph, the main principle is the indentation of tin foil on a cylinder, by a small needle attached to a diaphragm, which is set in motion by the waves of sound. In the chemical telephone there is likewise a cylinder and a diaphragm, but with these its resemblance to the phonograph ceases. On the cylinder of the chemical telephone rests a metal arm attached to a diaphragm, and the passage of electric waves through such cylinder causes the vibration of the diaphragm, as will be more fully explained farther on. The scientific principle involved in the electro-motograph discovery is diametrically opposite to the main principle in electro-magnetism, and yet it performs in most cases exactly the same functions as electro-magnetism.

In all contrivances hitherto used for producing a mechanical movement at a long distance, the agency employed has been electro-magnetism. Take for illustration the ordinary Morse telegraph. This, as every school boy knows, consists in the rough of a piece of soft iron around which is coiled a continuous fine wire, through which wire is passed, so to speak, a current of electricity. This current magnetizes the piece of soft iron, which thereupon is enabled to attract a second piece of iron or armature. Here, then, we have a mechanical movement, produced by energy transmitted from a distance. By means of the discovery of the principles of the electro-motograph, Mr. Edison has made it possible to produce mechanical movements at a distance without the employment of electro-magnetism. In other words, had the inventor of the telegraph never lived, and had electro-magnetism never been discovered, we might to-day accomplish the same results by means of the electro-motograph.

Hudson Bay Trading-Posts.

The trading and interior depot posts of the company are strange, quaint looking places, built according to a general type. They stand generally upon the second or lower bank of some navigable river or lake, so as to be easily accessible to the boats which annually visit them with supplies. A trading-post is invariably a square, enclosed by immense trees or pickets, one end sunk deeply in the ground and placed close together. A platform, about the height of an ordinary man, is carried along the inner side of the square, so as to enable anyone to peep over without danger from arrow or bullet. At the four corners are bastions, octagonal in shape, pierced with embrasures, to lead the Indians to believe in the existence of cannon, and intended to strike terror to any red-skinned rebel bold enough to dispute the supremacy of the company. The entrance to the stockade is closed by two massive gates, an inner and an outer one. In the center of the square stands the residence of the factor or trader in charge, and of the upper class of employees, while about its four sides, close to the stockade, are ranged the trading store, the fur-room, the warehouses, servants' quarters, etc. Beside the larger dwelling rises a tall flag-staff, bearing the flag of the Company, with its strange device, "Pro pelle cutem,"—skin for skin—and near by bell tower, the tones from which mark the hours of labor and rest. In front of the gate lounge a few half-breed or Indians in tattered cap and dirty white capote, or tattered blankets. A band of horses graze in a distant meadow, while nearer by a few leather tepees, or bark lodges, from the fallen poles of which the smoke curls lazily, indicate the home of the aboriginal hunter. At one side of the palisade a few rude crosses or wooden railings, stained by rain and snow-drift, and blown over by the tempest, mark the last resting-places of the dead.

The trading-rooms at all the posts are arranged with strict reference to the wants of the peculiar custom which they attract. From the heavy joists of the low ceiling depend twine, steel-traps, tin-kettles, frying-pans, etc., on various shelves are piled bales of cloth of all colors, capotes, blankets and caps; and in smaller divisions are placed files, scalp-knives, gun-screeves, duffs, balls of twine, fire-sticks, canoe awls and glass beads of all colors and sizes. Drawers in the counter contain needles, pins, scissors, hatchets, hammers and vermilion for

painting faces and faces. On the floor is strewn a variety of copper kettles, from half a pint to a gallon; and in one corner of the room stand a dozen trading-guns, and beside them a keg of powder and a bag of shot. In some of the trading-rooms a small space is raised off by the counter near the door, behind which the Indians stand to trade. Sometimes they are confined to a separate apartment, called the loonah-room, adjoining the main trading-room, and business is carried on through a long hole communicating between the two. In many of the posts in the plain country the trading-room is cleverly contrived so as to prevent a sudden rush of the Indians, the approach from outside the pickets being through a long narrow passage, only of sufficient width to admit of one Indian at a time, and bent at an acute angle near the window at which the trader stands. This precaution is rendered necessary by the frantic desire which sometimes seizes upon the Indian to shoot the clerk, which he might easily do were the passage straight.

At most of the interior posts time moves slowly, and change is almost unknown. To-day is the same as yesterday, and the list of goods ordered from England for this year has exactly the same items as that of 1779. Strands, cottons, beads and trading-guns are still the wants of the Indians, and are still traded for musquash and beaver.

The system of trade at the company's posts is entirely one of barter. Until recent years money values were unknown; but this medium of exchange has gradually become familiar to the Indians, and the almighty dollar is rapidly asserting its supremacy in savagery. —H. M. Robinson, in Harper's Magazine for June.

Hen Parole Won.

ALTHOUGH the winner of the City and Suburban by Parole is an old story, the particulars of the race have not until within a few days, reached this country. An American gentleman who witnessed the victory of the brown gelding writes the following concise and intelligent account of how the feat was accomplished, to the New York Herald. The great race of the day was fourth on the card, but it was at least three-quarters of an hour behind time, the numbers and jockeys of the starters being hoisted on the new signboard until nearly half an hour after the time fixed for the race. There was a general move toward the paddock to see the illustrious stranger Parole before the bell rang for clearing the course, and, as I said before, many went back to lay 3 to 1 against the horse that had queer looks and a rough coat. Parole was the first horse to leave the paddock. Mr. Howland Robbins, who is acting as Mr. Lott's agent, anxiously watching the operation, and Archer, the jockey, superintending, then the famous jockey slipped off his overcoat and revealed the crimson jacket and black-banded sleeves of the colors which have so suddenly leaped into celebrity and which a man-spirited cavalier in one of the daily papers calls "gaudy." Parole was the first out of the paddock and led the center past the grandstand, his magnificent free action calling forth loud expressions of approval. After one false start the bell rang, proclaiming that the eighteen riders were off. You can see them yonder, across the hill, in a clump against the sky; presently the knot breaks up and is strung out in a long line; the heads and shoulders of the jockeys only are visible as the horses pass the intervening fence bushes, and then the whole race bursts into sight. Now begins the murmur of the crowd, increasing as the bright jockeys come nearer and nearer. Down the hill, toward Fattenham Corner, at a terrific pace. Where is Parole?—not ahead, certainly. Three horses are flying on in advance of all others, and, as they sweep round the corner into the straight run, you can make them out by the colors of their riders—Knight of Burghley, Elf King, Ridotto. The crimson jacket is behind, among the crowd. The murmur has swelled into a roar. "Elf King wins!" "Knight of Burghley wins!" Five seconds more and both these suddenly fall to the rear; they are beaten. "Ridotto flashes to the front. He carries the primrose and rose, the familiar colors of the popular Earl of Rosebery." The roar now becomes a deafening shout. "Ridotto wins! Ridotto wins!" "Ridotto wins!" Now they are up to the grandstand close to the winning post. "Where is Parole? Where is Parole?" shrieks a frenzied American close to me. The horses sweep past with thundering hoof and now, before the front of the grandstand is passed, Fred Archer is seen to go the head of the horse with the queer looks, and the rough coat; in an instant Ridotto is level with him; the next moment Ridotto is smothered and the "gaudy" colors flash past the post a length ahead. Twenty thousand pounds, if you please, gentlemen, for the American stable.

A. M. QUINCY, writing to the *France*, describes the island of Matacang, about which England and France have lately been quarrelling, as a little African Eden, and asserts that as recently as 1855—that is to say, twenty-nine years after the alleged Treaty of 1826—Sir George Grey made an important statement on the subject. The then proprietor of the island, a Mr. Isaac (whom Mr. Quincy states to have been a British subject), applied to Her Majesty's Government for protection and redress, having sustained outrage and injury in his person and property. Sir George Grey wrote to him a letter, according to Mr. Quincy, of which the salient passage ran thus: "I am directed to inform you that the Island of Matacang does not form part of British territory, and that yours is not a case in which Her Majesty's Government can interfere, the island being private and independent property."

MAMMA (to Hamilton, who has been put in the corner because he would not say "please")—"You may come out now." Hamilton—"Not till you say 'please,' mother." —Pinch.

PEN-HENRI comes the egg.—*Boston Herald.*

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

Wood ashes make an excellent fertilizer for pear trees. Mixed soil and wood ashes may also be applied with advantage. Ground bones are better for fruit trees of all kinds than fermenting manure.—*Gardener's Journal.*

Let no time be lost in the use of the harrow in the corn field. So soon as planted start the harrow and go on. Corn pays. Woods do not. The most effectual way to raise good corn is to show the weeds no mercy. Now is the time to head them with the harrow.—*Local State Register.*

To relieve corn on the sole of the foot, cut a piece of stout card-board to fit the inside of the sole of the shoe. The card-board must be large enough in every way to prevent it shifting under the foot in walking. Cut a round hole in it exactly where the corn rests, but a little larger than the corn. This arrangement relieves the corn from the pressure and allows of its cure; and at the same time gives immediate relief in walking.

A French pharmacist offers the following discovery for preserving eggs: namely, to use a solution of silicate of soda, which, being of a very glutinous or adhesive character, is kept in a liquid state by adding a little tepid water. Simply dip the fresh eggs in this and then dry them. When thoroughly dried and completely covered with the silicate solution, which any druggist can furnish, the eggs can then be put away, and will keep, it is stated, for more than a year without injury.

Having just read the announcement of the death of a man from "ask poison," and knowing a certain cure, will you please publish it? I obtained it from the *Druggist's Circular* many years ago and have applied it very many times, never having known it to fail. Dilute sweet spirits of nitre with the same quantity of cold water; apply with a white cloth every ten minutes until cured. When of a few hours contraction it seldom requires more than one application.—*Cor. Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

There has been much said by good, common sense, people, as well as by physicians, against the use of much soda or saleratus in cooking. There is no doubt that it is of great injury to health when used as constantly as it is by many cooks. Physicians very generally agree that its frequent use debilitates and relaxes muscular strength, and is peculiarly injurious to the digestion, and greatly weakens the tone of the bowels, often ending in acute inflammation. Dr. Alcott has no hesitation in expressing his belief that the habitual use of soda is one great cause of the great mortality, particularly among the young, from bowel complaints. The coats of the stomach and bowels are so weakened by the use of this alkali that they have no power to resist the debilitating effects of the intense hot weather.—*Christian Union.*

Hints on Butter-Making.

In the first place, keep your cows well bedded, to insure clean, sweet-tasting milk, and be sure that pans, pails, strainers, etc., are clean and well scalded, for this is the foundation stone of good butter. Do not set the milk more than two inches deep; for you will obtain almost as much cream from a pan half full as from a full one, and it rises much faster. The cream should be skimmed in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours; sweeter butter can be made from cream skimmed just as the milk is turning than can possibly be made from that which has stood for hours on lobbared milk. It is a great mistake to skim a lot of milk of different ages and churn immediately, for a large per cent. of the butter never comes at all; the cream should stand twelve hours in order to become well mixed and of the same degree of sourness.

It is a good plan to keep a smooth unaple paddle in your cream crock and stir well after each skimming. Judgment must be used as to the temperature of the cream when ready to churn. If it is as warm as the air in a room which is comfortable to sit in, there will probably be no trouble about the butter coming. I like to set the cream on the table or a high shelf in the kitchen for some hours before churning (in the winter, of course). Avoid putting hot or cold water with the cream. If you find it necessary to change the temperature, do so by placing the churn in hot or cold water, as the case demands. Don't be afraid to strike the bottom of the churn with the dash; a good, firm stroke will bring the butter sooner than the lifeless "swish" way. When the butter is gathered, take it up and work thoroughly, pouring off the buttermilk as it works out. When it is pretty clear add salt to suit your taste; work the salt through, and let it stand twelve hours, then work till perfectly clear of milk; if you intend to keep the butter long, pack it in a stone crock and with a strong brine, to each quart of which should be added a tablespoonful of white sugar and as much powdered salt-petre as will lay on a dime (if you haven't the time a common pans button will do). The above is no theory, but the result of experience and experiment.

It is far less trouble to work the butter clear than to wash it, beside the fact that the water carries off some of the sweetness. Cold water thrown into the churn before the butter has come is almost sure to be followed by those provoking white specks known as small butter.—*Cor. Lansing Republican.*

Harrowing Land.

Of all the implements used on the farm, there is but one, the plow, that is as necessary to good cultivation as the harrow, and, as a general thing, there is none that there is so little account made of by farmers. Good plowing is of the greatest importance in preparing the soil for any crop, but it is a well-known fact that there is too little good plowing done in the West, and after a poor job of plowing has been done, a great deal depends on our being thorough with the harrow. This, also, we are a little negligent

about, especially in preparing the land for corn. Our best planters do good work where the land is smooth and well pulverized, but we cannot expect them to do good work where the ground is in "bad condition." In my opinion, the principal points of improvement made in harrows is in the greater number of teeth now used. This more than any one thing, is essential, as the object is to work the surface.

Most harrows in use have about forty teeth, and that is not enough. My way is to have the frame made of small-sized scolding, and teeth not over three-eighths inches, and not less than six of them. We do not expect to work deep, and consequently a heavy frame and few teeth will not pulverize as well as a lighter frame and more teeth, while the draft is about the same. I have been using one made in three sections of two by two and a half inch stuff, four bars in a section, with twenty-seven adjustable steel teeth. By adjustable, I mean that when the draft bar is attached to one end, the teeth stand perpendicular, and having a greater number of them it does much better work than the old Scotch harrow. By attaching the draft at the other end, the points of teeth drop back four inches and make it a first-class smoothing harrow. This harrow retails at about twenty dollars. A big price compared with the old-fashioned forty-tooth affair, but cheap when the working value of each is taken into consideration. I speak of this one of mine as an illustration, and knowing that it is a good tool, perhaps other makers have as good, perhaps better ones than this. I think no farmer should be satisfied to use a poor harrow because it is cheap in price. Buy the best, if it costs more, as the difference in price will soon be made up in the extra work it will do.

Another fact is, we do not harrow our ground enough. Who ever heard a farmer say he had got his ground too smooth and fine? And how often do we think that we ought to lay out more work in putting in our crops? I would never buy a harrow that has less than sixty or seventy steel teeth, and one that has a simple and reliable arrangement of draft.—*Cor. Prairie Farmer.*

Novel Use of a Fan.

Last evening between eight and nine o'clock a "nice" young man was standing on the corner of Fifth and Vine streets, smoking a cigar and twirling his little rattan cane, endeavoring to attract the attention of young ladies who chanced to pass by. A lady crossed over from the opposite corner and walked down Fifth, and the young man followed her until about the middle of the square between Vine and Race, when he stepped up beside her and remarked, "Beautiful evening, isn't it?" The lady looked at him, but made no reply.

"May I have the pleasure of a romantic walk with you?" The lady stopped and said, "Sir, I think you have made a mistake," and resumed walking.

But the young man thought he hadn't said spoke up again. "Not at all, I assure you; come, take my arm, and we'll go and get some ice cream." From what followed it would seem that the lady didn't like ice cream, or the young man either. She made a grab at him, caught him by the collar, and commented humphing him on the head and in the face with her fan. After receiving five or six whacks he made a dash for liberty, leaving his nicely-hundred dollar and flaring red neck-tie in the lady's possession, when he walked off up Race street at a rate that would make O'Leary stare. There are a hundred candidates for such treatment on that same square every evening.—*Ann Arbor Enquirer.*

A Providence medical committee have made a careful examination of the health of school-children in this city. They state that children are admitted too young; that the vitiated air of the school-rooms causes consumption; that epidemic diseases are caught there, and that the premature development of the brain causes nervous diseases; that the young minds are crammed with much unprofitable matter, and that the method is too artificial; that the present system forms habits of indolence, and that the "discomforts arising from sedentary confinement are often the occasion for punishment, hatred of school and truancy. The committee holds that children should not be admitted in the schools under the age of seven. At whatever age they are admitted, the hours of confinement and intellectual effort should be greatly shortened. The children in primary schools should not be confined to their seats more than twenty minutes at a time, at the end of which they should enjoy an equal period of recreation; either in the open air or in an airy room; and mental and physical exercises should thus alternate through the sessions. These changes, it is believed, would vastly improve the health of both scholar and teacher, call back the truant, and make the school in general agreeable rather than irksome.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly for June.*

It is often remarked that "the boy is fatter to the man." This may be true, but we know that after the snow-bell has knocked off the man's hat, it is fatter to the boy than it is to the next corner, by a long sight, and the next will find it out if he is foolish enough to chase the boy.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

It is Worth a Trial. "I was troubled for many years with kidney complaint, gravel, etc., my blood became thin; I was dull and inactive; could hardly crawl about and was an old worn-out man all over, and could get nothing to help me until I got Hop Bitters, and now I am a boy again. My blood and kidneys are all right, and I am as active as a man of thirty, although I am seventy-two, and I have never felt so well as I do now. I can eat and sleep and am full of life." —Fitch.

The Gold Medal. We have just issued a new Pinzo Catechism, with prices reduced to a gold medal. The lowest scale of prices ever offered. Sent free to any address. Write to J. M. Pinzo, 121 State Street, Chicago.

CHRY Jackson's Best Street Navy Tobacco.

The Cancer Hospital. On Saturday last, at the hospital, Dr. Pond, assisted by Mr. E. L. Pond, a graduate of the University of Michigan, of St. Louis, removed a cancer of enormous growth from the right arm of a man. The patient, who was a young man, had been suffering from the disease for some time, and the operation was a very successful one. The patient is now recovering from the effects of the operation, and is expected to be discharged in a few days.

The day receded to our most bloodless operations were performed by means of electricity, with the most satisfactory results. The patient was removed from the hospital to his home, and is now recovering from the effects of the operation, and is expected to be discharged in a few days. The patient is now recovering from the effects of the operation, and is expected to be discharged in a few days.

Dr. D. W. Dug, of Carmel, Ill., is a very experienced physician, who has been practicing for many years. He has a large number of patients, and is well known in the community. He is a member of the American Medical Association, and is a graduate of the University of Michigan. He is a very successful physician, and his patients are well served.

Under the above heading, the St. Louis Courier of St. Stephen, N. B., is referring to the analysis of Dr. Pond's operation. The analysis shows that the operation was a very successful one, and that the patient is now recovering from the effects of the operation, and is expected to be discharged in a few days.

We have long wanted a safe and reliable remedy for the cure of all kinds of skin diseases, and we have now found it. It is a very simple and easy to use, and it is very effective. It is a very good remedy for all kinds of skin diseases, and it is very well known in the community.

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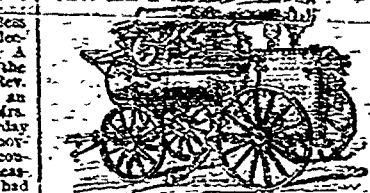
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NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO., ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE "VIBRATOR" THRESHING MACHINERY.

THE Machine will thresh, clean, and separate the grain, and will also thresh and clean the straw. It is a very good machine, and it is very well known in the community.



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