

Official Paper of the Village.

Published Semi-Monthly.

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Terms, \$1.50 a Year, in Advance.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid.

Northville

Record.

Terms: \$1.50 a Year.]

Our Aim: The People's Welfare.

[Always in Advance]

VOL. XI.

NORTHVILLE, WAYNE CO., MICH., AUGUST 9, 1879.

NO. 3.

A SUMMER IDYL.

We lingered on the farm-home steps.
For there you were to me,
A batch of happy life had blossomed
Away each burdened wrinkle.

She was the farmer's only child,
His name was Seward Mower;
She was upon the upper step,
And I upon the lower.

I talked of man and art,
Of science and literature;
I felt that I had won her heart,
She said much and agreed.

I wondered if my city friends
Would be inclined to leave me,
And if these sturdy old ways
Still would not do to please me.

Such love must not be trifled with,
So I began—“Dear Seward,”

Wherever you are—wherever I am;

“O my, there's John Vandamme;

“I wonder what has brought him here;

“I suppose it's to meet him.”

I overheard a word or two,

As she stepped down to greet him;

“O dear, I'm awful glad you're come!

You've been away, I've been so bored—

John, have you got the horses?”

—Philip Morris—*Author's Autograph.*

THAT BABY.

I don't look for much sympathy from devoted mammas or adoring papas, neither do I count on the support of doting old grandpas and indulgent grandmas. I even expect to be called hard names, and to be looked upon as a dreadful monster. But, after the scenes, the anxiety and vexation of spirit of the past two months, what will a few hard names or a little contempt, more or less, matter?

During eight of the longest weeks of my life I have suffered what a company of tried soldiers couldn't have compelled me to suffer. I have had my feelings alternately wrung with conflicting emotions of ecstasy and desolation. I have been tormented with grave apprehension, and torn with wild anxiety. In fact, I have been driven to the very verge of distraction, and ad on account of that baby, a wide-eyed little tyrant who howls almost incessantly and keeps the whole house in a constant uproar.

I used to have a beautiful theory that all babies were nice and sweet and perfect; it is marvels of beauty and goodness. I also used to think a great many other delightful things regarding my small children. That was before I had one up to Peter with the “little dears.” I don't think so now. About ten weeks ago I was summoned to the house of a married sister to assist in the care of a newly-arrived son, about whom I had been in a state of excitement ever since I had heard of his arrival.

“We call him Fred, and he's a tyke,” Helen says, smiling. “He's a quiet, plump, round, and he is such a fine darling and sweetest and loveliest tyke I could ever see! I long to kiss him and kiss him, and kiss him again.”

“It must be because you are a tyke,” Helen says, smiling.

Not nervous, how can she say so when every nerve in my body is constantly strained in apprehension of some fresh calamity? for that baby has fits, and spasms, and convulsions, and ecstasies, with such painful frequency as to be truly appalling, and liable to branch out in a new direction without a moment's warning.

“But no one can say castanotte with certainty, what will happen the next

What a name they have given that tyke—Ferdinand Leonards. No wonder that he doesn't grow. They ought to have known better than to have named him so young, any way. Helen calls him “Fred,” but that, I think, is worse, if anything, than the whole of it; indeed, every name they give him sounds so far short of the mark that I have rechristened him. I baptised him with my tears, and named him Little Perfection, though I seldom call him that, save in the privacy of my own room, where I sometimes indulge myself.

“After I was wedded that I finally doted on children, and that at least one baby was absolutely necessary to make me happy, it was noticeable what an amount of work those other women found that required immediate attention. They are always very busy, and, excepting Helen, not one of them ever has time to take up the baby unless it is when he is good-natured, which only happens once in a great while.”

But I always had plenty of leisure, I came out on purpose to help take care of the baby, and I have done so for many a minute, and I was afraid to leave him, for one can depend on a servant to fetch the doctor quickly in cases of such extreme danger.”

“No, of course not,” I said quickly, all anxiety at once, as who would not be if the life of a beautiful child was in danger?

My wrappings were quietly removed, and as soon as I was sufficiently grown to preclude the possibility of giving the baby a chill, George strode across the room to where a handsomely-carved crib was standing, and after a brief struggle, drew from its mysterious depths a mass of putting, rustling, ticking and lace, with one end swathed in a diamond blanket. He lifted the bundle with the air of a vigorous hero, and bore it to where I was sitting, removed the blanket, and, without a word, laid it impressively in my lap.

I was very anxious to see the wonderful creature, and bent eagerly forward; but what a sight was that which met my gaze! A pair of staring, greenish-colored eyes—a nose that nothing less potent than a mustard-paste would ever draw into respectability, a mouth so wide that it looked as if with a little stretching it might easily reach from ear to ear, and a red, bald head that sloped gradually back to its apex; his little claw-like fingers were of a purplish tint, and his whole appearance was such that I could scarcely repress an exclamation of horror. And this was the dappled, rose-leaf little cherub that I had expected to see! This scrawny, green-eyed monster—this hideous fraud!

I relinquished my dream of starry eyes and silky locks with an inward groan, but failed not to express my opinion of the base deception that had been

practiced upon me, for there stood the parents of the child regarding me narrowly with jealous eyes. “I knew that concealment on my part could alone insure me peace of mind during my visit, which I mentally resolved should be as brief as possible, so with an indifferent jumble of baby talk, I leaned over and pressed a kiss just forward of the little creature's left ear. The rest of his face was becoming through a coating of rancid grease applied, probably, as a preventive of croop.”

The silence that followed was ominous. I knew that they expected me to praise the baby, and I felt that I ought to; but I couldn't do it conscientiously, neither did I wish to hurt their feelings, and just what to do I could not tell. It was just at this critical moment that the baby came to the rescue, and did the best thing he ever did in his life. He took one long, lingering look at me, then shut his eyes and opened his mouth until he had the appearance of having swallowed his whole face, and the chorus of yells and looks that followed was just awful. I had never heard anything like it before. But I have since. It took three of us forty-five minutes to reduce that child to anything like tranquillity.

The next morning I made a careful inspection of the situation. I found that the household consisted of my sister, her husband and little Ferdinand, my sister's mother-in-law, a nurse and assistant nurse, a cook, a chambermaid and a man-of-all-work. And they had sent for me to help take care of the baby! Why, there were four women, already, to take care of one little baby, but little larger than my Maltese cat; and yet they had sent for me to help them!

I have learned a good many things, since I have been here. I have learned that one little baby can make more excitement and confusion in a family than fifteen grown persons. I have learned that it takes six women and two men about twenty-four hours of every day to keep one little baby quiet; and when they can't half do it, I have learned that one little baby, properly educated, can make twenty-one grown people tremble with fear that they will surely yearn for the undisturbed soliloquy of the cold, dark grave.

I had not been here a week before it was established as a fact that no one else could take the care of that baby but I could. “Wouldn't some other time do?”

Then the doctor would say it was of no particular consequence, almost any time would do, and he would mutter something about heresy, and then the nurse would say so, when every nerve in my body is constantly strained in apprehension of some fresh calamity? for that baby has fits, and spasms, and convulsions, and ecstasies, with such painful frequency as to be truly appalling, and liable to branch out in a new direction without a moment's warning.

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thought of. And if I ever want to do anything under the sun beside staying in that close, hot nursery, the baby is sure to put in a loud protest at once. I believe he knows it takes me, and does it on purpose to be vicious.

But there one thing that gives me intense gratification; that is, the annoyance that that baby gives a certain doctor of this place. Alas! my loves company, you know, and this has been the only real enjoyment I have had since I came here.

But even this poor consolation was denied me for, before I had time to think of a quarter of the disagreeable things that had combined to make me miserable, there was a hasty knock at the door, and the assistant nurse entered in response to my not over cordial invitation. She looked pale and hurried, and before I could speak, she began:

“Please, ma'am, the missis says will you come down stairs, right off. It's the baby, ma'am, and he do go on awful. The old Miss”—her name for the mother-in-law—is high about start to death, and I take it is that something dreadful has happened, or is about to happen, and—oh, do come down!”

“I started leisurely, for such summons were of frequent occurrence, but hadn't taken many steps before I thought perhaps something really had happened, and as I hurried along I grew more frightened, and finally shot down the stairs with such velocity that I nearly broke my neck.

Arrived at the nursery, I found that after all it was only an ordinary spasm the child was indulging in, out that a five-mile walk up and down the room would easily cure. So, with the heroism of a martyr, I shouldered the shrieking little miscreant, and proceeded to administer the remedy.

“How is it, Helen?” he asked, turning to his wife, who had just returned from a pilgrimage to the nursery. “We were just talking about having some music. Will it make any difference with—ah—with the baby?”

Helen looked reproachfully at me. “The baby is asleep,” she said, decidedly. “The little fellow isn't feeling very well, and, really now, I don't think he ought to be awakened. Won't some other time do for your music?”

“Oh yes, of course,” the doctor answered, promptly, and the subject was dropped.

That was the commencement of the doctor's trouble—for eight successive evenings he called to sing with me, and each time the subject was brusquely, discussed, a little, and referred by George to Helen, to ascertain if the baby would permit it, and each time she invariably said that the “poor little fellow” was asleep, that she wasn't “feeling well,” and that she was free from feeling. The doctor isn't a patient man, and he doesn't bear these things well at all!

Does that baby sleep all the time? he asked me, a little vaguely, on one occasion, when the “poor little fellow” story had grown rather uninteresting.

“It must be because you are a tyke,” Helen says, smiling.

Not nervous, how can she say so when every nerve in my body is constantly strained in apprehension of some fresh calamity? for that baby has fits, and spasms, and convulsions, and ecstasies, with such painful frequency as to be truly appalling, and liable to branch out in a new direction without a moment's warning.

“But it is ready over. I am going home to morrow, home to unbroke quiet, to rest, peace and happiness, and after the experience of these past weeks, I expect that home will soon be a beautiful paradise to me.”

Then the doctor would say it was of no particular consequence, almost any time would do, and he would mutter something about heresy, and then the nurse would say so, when every nerve in my body is constantly strained in apprehension of some fresh calamity? for that baby has fits, and spasms, and convulsions, and ecstasies, with such painful frequency as to be truly appalling, and liable to branch out in a new direction without a moment's warning.

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The Northville Record

SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY, AUG. 9, 1879.

Turning to the Right.

In the Biological Society of Paris, Dr. Delanay has recently communicated a series of investigations he has made concerning the curious partiality all civilized nations "show for the right side." We read and write to the right, we turn to the right when passing somebody in driving or riding on horseback; we like to have the wall to the right, when walking or running in an enclosed room; we deviate to the right from the straight line when walking blindfolded, etc. This partiality, however, the doctor does not consider as a mere incidental agreement, but as a natural instinct. It begins to show itself when the child has reached the third year of age, and it does not leave man until he becomes debilitated by old age or insane. With insane people the instinct is reversed; they keep to the left, and in lunatic asylums it is generally considered a good symptom, an indication of a return to the normal state, when the partiality for the right side reappears with a patient. Some of the applications which M. Delanay makes of this instinct are rather fanciful, but others are very interesting. Thus, we do not doubt that he is to some extent right when he asserts that it has played a certain role in the migrations of mankind. Placing one's self with the face to the south, to the sun, whence the light comes, west is to the right and to the west all migrations have gone, certainly from other reasons too, but probably started from the very first by this instinct.—*N. Y. Times.*

Some Facts About the Sun.

The sun is 920,000 times as large as this earth.

The sun is 400 times as far off as the moon.

A lady who weighs 100 pounds here would weigh 2,100 pounds if on the surface of the sun.

The heat given off by the sun would melt 25,000,000 cubic miles of ice every second. The diameter of the earth bears the same relation to its distance from the sun as the breadth of a half to 125 feet.

A railroad train traveling without stops at the rate of forty miles an hour would get to the sun in 262 years.

The sun is believed to become some 250 feet smaller every year.

This contraction would be sufficient to generate the enormous quantity of heat which it radiates.

Another theory is that comets and meteorites falling into the sun may be its aim to offset the tremendous loss which combustion constantly involves.

It would require the combustion of thirty feet of coal over the entire surface of the sun every second to generate the same heat.

The stars are supposed to average larger than our sun and to have planetary systems like his.

The nearest star is 20,000 times as far off as our sun.

It takes eight minutes to come from the sun, but it must have required 50,000 years to come from the farthest visible stars.

When the eleven year storms on the sun occur, the magnetic needle on the earth is variable and sometimes considerably deflected.

The earth is flying around the sun at the rate of 1,000 miles a minute.

The sun and all the stars are moving through space accompanied by their planetary systems, at a rate varying from 20 to 200 miles a second.

Some of the sun-spots (craters) are 100,000 miles in diameter, and one of them would easily swallow up the whole of the planets, Jupiter himself only making a mouthful.

Maddler's curious and brilliant speculation is that the Aleyone is the central sun of our universe, and that our sun and the visible stars are swinging around it in orbits measured by millions of years...

A Nonconformist minister, who had been long resident in one town, was not long since, invited to take charge of a church in another town, both of which shall be nameless. His former congregation were not noted for their generosity, but at a "farewell service" presented him with a handsome sum by way of testimonial in recognition of his services. When the presentation took place, the dumbfounded minister, hardly conscious of the full import of his words, exclaimed, "Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, but they have never caught me up till now."

English Gentry and American Gentry. The other evening, at a little dinner party, one of the guests, the younger brother of an English nobleman, expressed with commendable freedom his opinion of America and its people. "I do not altogether like the country," said the young gentleman—"for one reason, because there are no gentlemen there." "What do you mean by 'gentleman'?" asked one of the company. "Oh, those who never do any work themselves and whose fathers before them never did any." "Ah," exclaimed his interlocutor, who was an American, "then we have plenty of gentry in the States; but we don't call them gentry. We call them tramps."

An old Scotch lady had an evening party where a young man was present who was about to leave for an appointment to China. As he was exceedingly extravagant in his conversation about himself, the old lady said, when he was leaving; "Take care o' yourself, my man, when ye're awa; for mind ye, they eat poppies in China."

The value of church property in the United States is estimated, from carefully prepared data, to be fully \$200,000,000. This enormous amount is exempt from taxation.

STATE NEWS.

A new Baptist church will be built at Ann Arbor, costing between \$15,000 and \$18,000. It will be of red brick with black trimmings.

A man is going to hire a new Episcopal church costing \$3,500.

Prof. Watson and wife left Ann Arbor for Madison, Wis., July 14. He will occupy there the residence of Gov. Washburn. In addition to his large telescope and other superior observatory equipments, he will have a salary of \$3,500 per year and his furnished house.

N. E. Deenish of Pontiac has established an omnibus line between that city and Orchard Lake making two trips per day.

The mayor of Battle Creek has ordered the city marshal to attend church hereafter.

He goes not for the good of his soul, but to arrest loafers who come around and distract churchgoers.

Coldwater complains of amateur golf associations.

Mr. Trivedal of Holly went to a court to forbid the sale of liquor to his band when the proprietor commenced an assault upon her. He was fined \$20 for so doing.

Mr. Carpenter of Nebraska formerly of this state, writes to the effect that his 8 year old daughter has been kidnapped either by Indians or tramps.

United States Senator Ben Hill of Georgia will address the agriculturalists at the Iowa Fair this fall.

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

How he won her.

A radiant young fellow shook our hand with a wise-like grip, yesterday, as he ejaculated, in volcanic words:

"Congratulate me! congratulate me!

I am the happiest man this side the Elysian Fields. At last, at last!

Why, I am a walking totem pole.

What is it? Won a lottery prize?

Fougl! She has consented—she

promised to marry me—the prettiest girl in Kentucky—the girl who jilted me seven times before she said yes.

I have long years have I loved her.

I wooed her ardently, tenderly, gallantly.

I had money: I was young.

I was not bad looking. But she refused me. I sought honors and eminence in my profession. I gained them; I laid them at her feet; she declined them. Seven different times had I addressed her, and seven different times had I been refused.

I was in despair; I was losing my

respect, and probably hers, and I determined to quit, to go away, to look upon her face no more, when a plan flashed to me—a plan, a plan, a plan! I went back. I tried it I won.

"I told her I had purchased

tickets for two to San Francisco, by the "Burlington Route," Pullman Sleepers, Palace Drawing Room Cars with Reclining Chairs, and how

size and I would relish those meals in the C. B. & Q. Palace Dining Cars.

This was a success. She consented.

We will be married Monday night, and leave on the Lightning Express via the "Burlington Route."

Was this not better than

hitting myself out to her father as a coachman?"

Four in a Bed.

The Rev. Daniel Isaac was an itinerant preacher. He once resided at an inn to stay all night. On asking for a bed he was told he could not have one, as there was to be a ball that night and all the beds were engaged. At what time does the ball break up?" inquired Mr. Isaac. "About 3 in the morning, sir." "Well, then, can I have a bed until that time?" "Yes, certainly; but if the bed is asked for you will have to move." "Very well," replied Mrs. Isaac. About 3 in the morning he was awakened by a loud knocking at the chamber door. "What do you want?" he asked. "How many of you are in there?" inquired a voice.

"There are me and Daniel and Mr. Isaac and an old Methodist preacher," was the reply. "Then, by Jupiter, there's plenty of you!" and the cantorian passed on, leaving Mr. Isaac to finish his night's slumber.

Prairie Dogs as Well-Diggers.

Some time ago the statement was made in the *American Agriculturist*, on the authority of Mr. M. T. Leech of Nebraska, that the prairie dogs of the Western States dig wells, each "town" being provided with one. This statement has been widely copied, but has been denied by some persons and among others by one of the professors of Yale College. Recently one of the staff of the *Agriculturist* has met Mr. Leech in Wyoming, where he holds a responsible position in the railway employ. This gentleman reiterates his original statements, and adds that if skeptics will come to Sidney, Nebraska, with him, he will give proof of the accuracy of what he says. There is a "town" of 25 or 30 pet prairie dogs about 5 rods from the track northwest of the Railroad Hotel. The owner of the dogs will show the visitors the well, and will inform him that the first move that the dogs make after locating there, was to dig for water. At a point on the Kansas and Pacific Railroad, not far from Buffalo Station, the workmen in sinking a tank reservoir some time ago struck one of these prairie dog wells and followed it down to the depth of 200 feet. Mr. Leech's statements were verified by Prof. Aughey, the well known geologist at the Nebraska State University, who had also discovered such wells while making geological explorations along the Logan River in northern Nebraska.

A young Irish girl in Boston, six years of age, has a head of fine black hair, reaching the floor when she stands erect. She has been offered \$150 for the same, but declines the money.

Atom coffee is much made in Eng-

New Flying Machine.

At the last meeting of the Agricultural Society of Great Britain, Mr. Glashier, who presided, announced that during the past year, the English Government had been experimenting with balloons to see how far they were applicable in actual warfare, but without any great success. Mr. Glashier called attention to the model of a new machine in which flight was effected by imparting a wavelike action to a loose surface extended in the direction of its length. This discovery enabled them to make a very large surface effective for support, which with wings alone appeared to be impossible. Of course, like every machine intended to find support in the air, it must be balanced; but in the model before them such was its stability that an inch more or less did not affect it. So that they were at liberty to contemplate the construction of an aerial vehicle, the dimensions of which would suffice to maintain in wave motion 600 to 700 square feet of canvas, actuated by steam power and capable of supporting the additional weight of a man, whose weight, together with the machine, would not certainly exceed 500 pounds and they could contemplate the man as being able to move a few feet backward or forward without much affecting the stability of the machine. As to the future of aeronautics Mr. Glashier said that after fourteen years' study of the subject by the members of the society, they were now in a far more favorable position than they had ever been yet to form a fair estimate of the probabilities of success. The conditions necessary for flight were pretty well understood, and there remained but the mechanical difficulties, which would be overcome by experiments.

Rain and Hail.

When the particles of water or ice which constitute a cloud or fog are all of the same size, and the air in which they are sustained is at rest or is moving uniformly in one direction, then these particles can have no motion relative to each other. The weight of the particles will cause them to descend through the air with velocities which depend on their diameters and, since they are all the same, the larger ones will move with the same velocity. Under these circumstances, therefore, the particles will not traverse the spaces which separate them, and there can be no aggregation, so as to form raindrops or hailstones. If, however, some of the particles of the cloud or fog attain a larger size than others, those will descend faster than the others, and will consequently overtake those immediately beneath them; with these they may combine so as to form still larger particles, which will move with still greater velocity, and more quickly overtaking the particles in front of them, will add to their size at an increasing rate. Under such circumstances, therefore, the cloud would be converted into rain or hail, according as the particles were water or ice. The size of the drops from such a cloud would depend on the quantity of water suspended in the space swept through by the drop in its descent, that is to say, on the density and thickness of the cloud below the point from which the drop started. This is the actual way in which raindrops and hailstones are formed.—Nature.

Michigan Fruit at Rochester.

At the Muskegon meeting of the State Pomological Society, President Lyon of South Haven, Prof. W. J. Beal of Lansing, Mrs. J. G. Ramsdell of Traverse City, Mr. W. F. Gibson of Jackson, and Mr. J. P. Thompson of the House of Representatives, were chosen delegates to represent the interests of Michigan at the American Pomological Society to be held at Rochester, N. Y., September 17, 18 and 19, 1879. President Lyon, chairman of the delegation, has just issued the following circular which explains itself:

Efforts are being made to collect together, on that occasion, one of the most extensive displays of fruits ever shown in the country; and with the recognized standing of Michigan as a fruit growing State, it is felt that, if she would maintain such standing, she cannot afford to ignore the occasion.

It may be deemed in some sense fortunate, so far as the collection of fruits for this exhibition is concerned, that the meeting is to occur during the week of our State Fair at Detroit; since those disposed to contribute to this display, will be able to gather the specimens while collecting for the fair.

Such fruits must reach Detroit as early as Monday, September 3, to be available for this purpose; and should be sent—charges paid—to T. T. Lyon, when not sent with fruits for the State Fair. The packages should be forwarded by express, direct to Rochester, N. Y., addressed to James H. Kelley, Esq., Pres't W. N. Y. Agt. Soc.

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The Northville Record

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The Northville Record.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1873.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

MECHANICAL AND SCIENTIFIC.

In Paris thirty-five years ago stores of all kinds were open on Sunday morning. Now, all large establishments are closed, and only a few of the smaller are open. In Italy, too, there is much more restricted on Sunday than formerly.

The proposed tunnel to connect Spain and Africa is still the subject of discussion in scientific circles. This tunnel, according to the plan which is at present contemplated, is to extend from within a short distance of Algiers on the Spanish side to between Tangier and Ceuta on the African side. The length of submarine tunnel will be nine miles, with an inclination of one foot per hundred, and the approaches will have an extent of six or seven miles. The greatest depth of the sea found to be some three thousand feet, and, as it is intended to have a thickness of about three hundred feet of rock left between the roof of the tunnel and the seabottom, the greatest depth of the tunnel will consequently be thirty-three hundred feet below the level of the sea. Engineers speak with confidence of the practicability of the project.

Some time ago, attention was largely directed to the irritation and inflammation occasioned by wearing the bright-colored socks then in vogue. The dyes thus used being in fine colors, and, in the case of striped socks, where bright colors alternated with white, it was found that the foot became affected where the colored part came in contact with the skin. This difficulty or danger has been succeeded by that arising from the introduction of certain green and bronze specialties—the former used chiefly for gloves, and the latter entering largely into artificial flowers for bonnets, etc. These colors, also from similar causes, have been found to produce similar discomfort, the wearer of these, in some instances, suffering for weeks from a troublesome eruption of the head or hands, as the case may be, whether from a bonnet or gloves containing the colors named.—*Technical Journal*.

The Japanese method of keeping meat fresh in hot weather is just now attracting a good deal of attention in European circles. It consists in placing the raw flesh in porcelain vessels and pouring over it boiling water, whereby the slumber on the surface is quickly coagulated and forms a protection against the further action of the water. Oil is then poured on the surface of the water so as to prevent the excess of air and consequent putrefaction of the meat. The system of preserving animal substances by securing coagulation of their albumen and coagulation of air is no novelty; and it can hardly be supposed that we are indebted to the Japanese for its original adoption. But undoubtedly their method of applying it is far preferable to that practiced by ourselves in the process of preserving tinned meats, which appears to consist in boiling them for such a length of time that almost all their flavor is destroyed, and the ultimate result is a mass of tasteless,味less of muscular fiber.—*New York Tribune*.

An ingenious method of protecting iron has been devised abroad, the idea being to coat the surface with a thin film of boleite of iron having a little oxide of copper dissolved in it, and having also suspended in it bright scales of precipitated platinum. A red heat is employed to fuse the composition, which is either applied with a brush or fired as a paste, in which small articles may be dropped. Its effect is to cover the iron with a thin glassy coating of a bright, gay tint, not far removed from that of polished iron itself and unaffected by water, gases, dilute acids and alkalis, or the heat of a kitchen fire. Mixtures of these compositions give the means of imparting different colors to the coating, and these are as easy of application as the plainer gray. The colors thus produced are said to be very good, and show how ornamental an iron grating of steel bars, or a fence made of iron wire, may be in front of a g. Very likely building, or in any elegantly decorated position. It is also said, in regard to cost, that the expense of painting is about equal to that of applying three coats of paint, and about one-tenth of that of electro-plating with nickel.—*N. Y. Sun*.

The Life-Saving Service.

During the previous year there were one hundred and thirty-four disasters, imperiling just fifteen hundred lives, of which but thirty-nine were lost. How greatly the chances of escape from shipwreck along the coast have been increased by this service will be seen by a few figures. When the service was reorganized in 1871, it was stated, again and again, by two members of Congress, that more than a thousand lives were lost annually upon the coasts of New Jersey and Long Island alone. No doubt this was an over-statement. No careful account of the losses upon these coasts had ever been kept; it was known, however, that during the twenty-five years previous to this time, five hundred and twelve persons had perished, an average of twenty-five a year; and it was also certain that many more had been lost of whom no record had been made. During the five years beginning with 1871, only sixteen persons were lost upon this coast, an average of but a little more than three a year. "In other words," says the report, "where twenty-five persons were annually lost (and doubtless thrice that number) there are now only three. Such a record as this," the General Superintendent has a right to say, "has never been surpassed in the history of efforts for the mitigation of marine disaster."

Such are some of the results; what are the means employed to secure them? At each of these life-saving stations are a keeper and a crew of six men. By these the beach is kept patrolled at night, men going out in both directions from each station, until they meet the patrols from the nearest station on either side. Each patrol is furnished with a red head light, which he bears on discovering a ship in danger, to alarm the crew at the station and notify the wreck that relief is at hand. Then he hastens to the station to help in bringing up the apparatus for the rescue. A metallic life-boat and a small cedar surf-boat are waiting there to be used when the conditions will admit; there is also a boat, the (the name of which was designed by Lieutenant Lyle, of the Springfield Armory), by which a shot-line may be sent over the wreck if it is not more than five or six hundred yards from the shore. The line carries out a hawser, and upon that the people on board the vessel are cast ashore, when the water is so rough that the boat cannot be managed in it. The principal conveyances that travel by the hawser are the breeches buoy and the life-car. The buoy is ingeniously described by its name; it is suspended by a pulley to the hawser, and one person at a time is carried ashore by means of it. The life-car is a covered boat, having a few holes in the top (these perforations being made from within) to prevent their raised edges, the water, from readily entering, an inferior capacity for receiving from two to four persons for its load, and a ring at each to which are attached the saving-lines that enable it to be poled to and fro through the water between the shore and the wreck. Inside these are life-belts and cork-boats, and these life-preserving suits in which Captain Boston has performed so many wonderful exploits. A medicine-chest contains stimulants and restoratives, and the crew are thoroughly trained in Howard's method of resuscitating the drowned.—*Sunday Afternoon*.

An Episode in an Ice-Cream Dispensary.

There is a young member of the Detroit bar who is in a sackcloth and ashes figuratively speaking. Not even the ferry-boat will its load of beautiful women nor yet Belle Isle with its sylvan shades and its luring breezes lure him from St. Clair's bright blue waves, present a sufficient temptation to him. The monotony of existence in these sunless-scorched days is made doubly disagreeable by the memory of a great misfortune which has turned the course of his life away, and, as it were, entered the bones of him and blackened.

All came over a dike of ice cream—the dike that will enclose the land, and all the country around it. The young attorney and the young lady who was soon to unite him so ineluctably in an ice-cream saloon on Woodward Avenue, Tuesday evening, and sealed themselves at one of the hotel tables which are always so human being can identify—provided with three chairs, one at the end opposite the wall and one at either side.

Now it so happened that but ten minutes before an elderly gentleman had come that same table, and previous to calling his cream had removed a new set of artificial teeth, which he had placed upon the chair at the end of the table out of sight. The old gentleman forgot to take them with him, but when the young lady pointed out the chair and said "her teeth and parasol thereof, she was so engrossed in listening to sweet music that she failed to notice the teeth. The "choice te and vanilla" was ordered and was fast disappearing when the young lawyer was horrified at the discovery of the chair. He flushed at first and looked around to see whether any of the other guests had noticed the teeth. Of course, he was too well bred to make his discovery known to the young lady, thinking that she had removed her teeth to enjoy the cream with greater zest; and when they arose to go he receded over the table and, without looking at the chair, handed the young lady her mits and parasol. He then made a business of running his back and falling to the wall, in order to give the lady time to arrange the teeth in proper position, and the two were about having the place when he discovered that the teeth still lay upon the chair.

Here lies a dilemma. The young lawyer was sure that the lady had only begun wearing false teeth and was about to go away and leave behind at sixty dollars set. Let how to call her attention to the matter was a problem. Finally he gently inquired if she had not forgotten something. The young lady thought not.

" Didn't you—didn't you leave one of your mits on the chair?" struck the aged young gentleman. The lady pulled out her parasol and disclosed the teeth. The truth dawned upon her.

" And you (oo oo) thought (oh-hoo) that—that—that these (he-ho) were mine, you great big brutes," she said.

The walk home was pursued in silence, and the young man hasn't been invited to call again.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The London detectives appear to be as inefficient as the squad in New York. Murder, says the *Newspaper of that city*, seems to have become literally one of the fine arts, while the science of detection remains in its infancy. The public are now regaled with about two mysteries a week, of which the most startling characteristic is that in the capital of a civilized country they should remain for a week mysterious."

The London *Truth* hears that the Prince of Wales has recently shown his usual kindness of heart in not prosecuting a member of his household whose

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

A good remedy against the scale insect is to use a suds made of carbolic soap, and brush the affected parts with it thoroughly, leaving it dry thereon.

The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to boils. Peel it carefully, wet and apply it to the part affected. It will draw off the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours. Simple, but efficacious.—*Examiner*.

A flower garden before the door is indeed a thing of beauty; but, verily, unless the fence shows signs of occasional ablations, the Sunday collar avails nothing. Paul mar plant and Apollos may water the joys in front of the mansion, but if the back yard is full of rubbish and dead ends and the barn-yards and out-buildings are reeking with uncleanness, what reward have ye?

The American *Cultivator* gives this satisfactory experience with sweet corn as stock feed: "During the past two seasons I have had an acre or more to cut up when suitable for roasting ears, besides what I have fed in its green state direct to the cows, and I think it is the best food that I have ever used for feeding dairy cows or fattening animals. In either case it seems a feed nearly perfect. The ears furnish material for listening or milk, as the farmer wishes, and the stalks, if cut when green and well cured, will be eaten very clean and serve the purpose of hay, especially for working oxen; and while they are so supple they feel the effects of good feeding as readily as on any feed I have ever given to working oxen."

A Minnesota farmer says the best farmers of Minnesota are beginning to renovate their land by growing in clover. They sow the seed in the spring, with spring wheat; the next spring it makes a heavy growth that is plowed in when in blossom; the land follows the rest of the season and wheat covers the next spring. Practice has shown

that one crop of clover matures for three crops of wheat; this is a good reason for growing wheat, one year in four, the land can be kept in good condition for growing wheat. He also states that it is the custom of market gardeners in the vicinity of the Western cities to use large quantities of manure, as it can be had for the carriage but at a very small cost. Another advantage gained by horse-feeding consists in the great increase in manure obtained by the system of sowing as compared with pasturing. When the cattle are pastured the manure is, in a certain degree, lost; no doubt, to a certain extent, it is beneficial to the land on which it falls, still it is comparatively of little value, because much of it is lost by evaporation, and the part that remains is not evenly distributed, and the herbage grows so rank in the spots where the droppings decay that the cattle and sheep refuse to eat it. When cattle are horse-fed all the manure both liquid and solid is preserved, and in a fit state to be applied to the soil at any time that will suit the convenience of the farmer. It is well known that the manure made by horse-fed stock is of excellent quality, and always has a very decided effect on the soil.

Another advantage gained by horse-feeding consists in the great increase in manure obtained by the system of sowing as compared with pasturing. When the cattle are pastured the manure is, in a certain degree,

suspending the crops to the nature of the soil, and so varying them from each other that, while the greatest amount of produce is raised on the land, the soil does not become impoverished and unfit to produce a different kind of crop.

A cereal crop extracts a large quantity of phosphate and nitrogen from the soil. Returning the straw in the shape of barn-yard manure will restore the salts which have been extracted; while the nitrogen may be returned by growing green-crops. While this compensation is being made, a crop of provender for cattle may be obtained from the soil, and the intervention of a naked fallow rendered unnecessary. The farmer who grows root crops for feeding his cattle, sheep, etc., in winter and early in spring, and clover, rye, corn, etc., for use in spring and summer, will be able to keep his stock in first-rate condition and his land in good heart.

It has been proved by experiments that the same number of animals may be maintained by sowing, in equally good or better condition, or something less than half the quantity of land that is required to support them in pasture. It is well known that a very considerable portion of the produce of a pasture field is rendered unfit for food by the trampling of the animals, and the effect of their droppings, whereas, when the grass, etc., is cut and consumed by stock in houses, sheds or yards, all this waste is prevented, and instead of wandering over land soiled by their droppings, etc., they consume their food quietly in an agreeable shade, where they are safe from the attacks of flies and from other annoyances. When properly sown, cattle improve much more rapidly than when pastured. This is accounted for by the quietness with which they enjoy their food and drink without having to travel long distances in search of them.

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In the article on the Cattle Stock the arithmetic examples are adapted to surroundings. Instead of saying "I have nine apples; I give William one-fourth of the number, John one-third, Hearts one-sixth and Charles one-twelfth, how many apples does John have?" they say "Suppose you buy a team of oxen for two-thirds of the price of a team of horses, and the horses are so abundant at the West that they draw it home, ride it and let it rest for one season before using it; but an enterprising gardener had that he had proved, by experience, that he could keep his vegetable land in good condition by growing clover and plowing it in, cheaper than he could by digging and hauling manure, which costs no living at the stable. A crop of clover out in the field follows the rest of the season, which helps to clear the land from weeds, is the next economical way he has found to fertilize for and to cultivate market garden vegetables." —*N. Y. Herald*.

At this season of the year the extreme heat and severe labor tax the energies of every working man. To enable him to keep healthy and perform his allotted share of work, he must be regular in his meals, and supplied with plenty of food and water, and also with plenty of sleep. During the day he must have a lunch between meals to keep up his lagging spirits, and during the twelve or fourteen hours that he is engaged to work he probably takes a nap for twelve drinks of water. Next comes the meat; now let me repeat, for a moment, the treatment under horses. They are kept all night in a stall stable, where the story then from early dark until late at night. They are taken into the field at six o'clock, and from that hour until noon, although their energies may be at the utmost, not a bite of eat or a drink of water is given them. They may be considered fortunate if the owner drives them under a tree while he eats his dinner; they are however more likely to be left standing in the sun. It is no wonder that the team grows rankle poop under this treatment. A man at work ought to be watered at least every two hours, and often if, will drink. Another cause for poor horses is in permitting them to drink long distances after the work of the day is over, or in letting the boys race them on Sunday. A great many men swear not to have heard the saying "A merciful master is merciful to his beast." —*Advertiser*.

A country physician once said that the stock of a herd in his charge increased on the farm. Much of the last was not, no doubt, caused by care, but the practice of having cattle eat grass when the grass is not fit for the use of a few bottles of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

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