

Official Paper of the Village.

Published Semi-Monthly by

SAMUEL H. LITTLE,

Editor and Proprietor.

To whom all communications should be addressed.

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## A HEBREW LEGEND.

From an old, weathered Rabbi comes this legend full of grace.

Picture down through centuries ago from a lost and scattered race:

Far away, where the horizon forms a line 'twix earth and sky.

There stands a towering city, with its peaks and summits.

Flooded with a wondrous story which is open for downy rolled.

Seeming like the way to Heaven through country paved with gold.

Sweet as odors from the tropics was the love,

Life-giving air.

Frantic with the divine electric-making all immortal there.

And the fame of that far city, even above the sunlit blith-

Pointing with its sparkling fingers ever up to the sky.

Went alone to all earth's people, and they clapped their hands over light.

As they journeyed from the valleys upward,

The golden light.

And for long, long years they dwelt there, with life's golden beams abounding.

Deep and deeper though they quailed it, faint quaked over them.

But a strange and restless yearning woke at last, a yearn west by east,

that they might die in peace, else if east

that they might die in Boston Province.

## "PENTATEUCH."

The first time that we saw Pentateuch we were about as unpropitious and unpromising a spectacle as could well be imagined.

Father and I, coming down the lane one day from the grave, where we had been for natural leaves, found him standing at the parsonage gate, waiting for us to come—bare-headed, bare-footed, ragged young negro, who looked just then entirely out of season and out of place.

He took one of his hands from his pocket, long enough to give a pull at a lock of his woolly hair as he drew near.

"Good-mornin' folks," he said with a tone of assurance, "I was 'long dis way, an' I dropped in ter take dinner wid you."

I stopped in astonishment, while my father stood looking down at him with an amused smile. I think that father was never priviledged or surprised at anything or anybody.

"We are all of us just as God made us, after all," he used to say. "He only knowed what the whole story, and perhaps we had better let him do the judging."

"And who are you, pray?" he asked the boy.

"I'm Pentateuch."

"Pentateuch! How in the world did you come by such a name as that?"

"Easy sich," was the grand answer. "My ol' man, you see his name was Moses, an' he be christian—me Pentateuch."

Father laughed heartily at this explanation.

"Well, Pentateuch," said he, "you shall have some dinner for a change's sake, if it's nothing else. It will never do to have it said that a minister of the Gospel turned the law from his door to walk, he had never caused his parents anything but pain and trouble."

From the time that he was old enough to walk, he had never caused his parents anything but pain and trouble, until one night in the last spring, he had struck his hand, strongly black with sin, with a most devilish will of the number of his own father.

He had been arrested, and tried and convicted of the crime, mainly through my father's testimony.

The confession of all this with the story I have so far given out of a few words that the young man uttered as he left the court-room after the verdict had been given. As he was taken out of the room in the pass of my father, who was sitting near the door.

"It is to you," he said in a low, hoarse voice, "that I owe all this. Now mark you, the last alloges me a year to live. Before God I swear that I will leave no effort untried to make you suffer for what you have brought me on me to-day."

It was these words that came to my mother's mind, and to the minds of all of us, that November night, when we learned that the murderer was condemned to hang.

Then, almost as a matter of course, he was permitted to remain over night, and at breakfast the next morning, and then, somehow, Pentateuch lived us so well, and we became so interested in him that it was decided he should remain at the parsonage for the present, doing what chores and errands we could find for him, in return for his board.

That was the way Pentateuch became a member of our family.

I have no time to tell you very much about Pentateuch, save of one thing that he did, not long after his first knew him, and on account of which we have always been so thankful that we knew him at all.

Perhaps it is enough to say that he was very much like a great many other young negroes of whom you have read, who have come to live with families here at the North, full of carelessness and indolence and mischief, and yet at times devoted, and generous, and kind-hearted.

He certainly had one trait which is, I am sorry to say, quite common among young members of his race—he did not seem to have the remotest idea of any such thing as moral obligation.

He would do all sorts of things, and tell all sorts of stories, without any regard whatever to what was right or wrong, and it was quite impossible to make him regret his misdeeds, save by punishing him in some way.

We all were more or less troubled about this moral obtuseness of Pentateuch, and my father felt particularly anxious about it.

But mother once said, hopefully, "There must be some good in him somewhere. He is always willing to put himself out, and to do what he can to please us." It was only this morning that he searched for more than an hour to find the hatchet for me."

"Yes," father answered bitterly, and then laughed in spite of himself: "and he knew where it was all the time. I saw him hide it under the wood-pile last night, to get rid of cutting the kindling, I suppose."

But let me come at once to my story.

Mr. P. Officier.

## Northville



## Record.

Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

[Always in Advance]

Terms: \$1.50 a Year.]

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## The Northville Record.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

1 Inch	\$2.00	2 Inch	\$3.00	3 Inch	\$4.00	4 Inch	\$5.00
1/2 Inch	1.00	2 1/2 Inch	2.00	3 1/2 Inch	3.00	4 1/2 Inch	4.00
1/4 Inch	.50	2 1/4 Inch	1.50	3 1/4 Inch	2.50	4 1/4 Inch	3.50
1/8 Inch	.25	2 1/8 Inch	.75	3 1/8 Inch	1.25	4 1/8 Inch	1.75
1/16 Inch	.125	2 1/16 Inch	.375	3 1/16 Inch	.5625	4 1/16 Inch	.875
1/32 Inch	.0625	2 1/32 Inch	.1875	3 1/32 Inch	.28125	4 1/32 Inch	.4375
1/64 Inch	.03125	2 1/64 Inch	.09375	3 1/64 Inch	.140625	4 1/64 Inch	.21875
1/128 Inch	.015625	2 1/128 Inch	.046875	3 1/128 Inch	.072265625	4 1/128 Inch	.109375

Caroline Publishing Directors, \$4.00 per paper.  
Local Notices, eight cents; six lines free.  
Five cents per line each subsequent insertion.  
Notices of Marriages and Deaths, 50 cents.  
Advertisements not under contract will be inserted and charged for at regular rates.

One evening just after tea—it was late in November, and the nights were cold—we were sitting about the old-fashioned fireplace, variously occupied, when father, who was looking over the evening paper, and was reading aloud now and then any items of interest that caught his eye, suddenly uttered an exclamation of surprise.

We all looked up, expecting to hear something of importance; but he remained silent.

"What is it?" I presently asked.

"Oh, a thing," father answered, and then looked quite confused, knowing he was not telling the truth. "That is nothing of any consequence," he added, hesitatingly. "Young Ellis escaped from the State prison yesterday morning. And that reminds me I was going down to Mrs. Ellis' to-night.

"Just at the edge of the wood his ear caught the sound of voices only a short distance before him.

He had barely time to drop on his knees in the bushes beside the road, when those who were speaking passed by. Two dark-skinned forms were bearing an unconscious burden between them, which Pentateuch thought was the body of his father.

A sudden rage filled the deroted boy's soul, and he would have confronted the men, but a few words spoken by one of them made him think that his kindred was not seriously hurt, and he sank back in silence.

"The blow will last him until we get to the church, I guess,"—these were the words. "If he ever comes to himself he'll find that hanging near his own pulpit isn't so pleasant as to spread himself in his Sunday sermons there. He'll never testify against me any more."

They passed on with their burden, and Pentateuch started and confused by what he had seen and heard, followed cautiously on the lonely road, not yet comprehending the terrible purpose they had in mind.

But another still clung to him. "Not to-night," she said reassuringly. "Don't go out to-night."

"But I promised Mrs. Ellis I would come. Besides,"—and his voice dropped reprovingly—"do you think I am less in God's hands out of doors than I am in my own fireside?"

At which she never said another word, only she kissed him more often once before he turned to go out.

And that, I believe, is the last time we should ever have seen him alive but for Pentateuch. The boy sat all the while on a cricket by the fire, listening eagerly to what was said, though he appeared to be thinking only of the chit-chat he was making.

I must pause a moment here to tell you about young Ellis. He was an unpleasant story, and I will not dwell upon its details. He was a wild,肆虐的 young fellow, the son of one of the cruelest of father's slugs.

From the time that he was old enough to walk, he had never caused his parents anything but pain and trouble, until one night in the last spring, he had struck his hand, strongly black with sin, with a most devilish will of the number of his own father.

He turned away softly, and crept out of the door again into the vestibule of the church. He was still very much frightened and bewildered, but while in the entry groping about the wall to the door again, he encountered a rope hanging down from the ceiling.

He turned away softly, and crept out of the door again into the vestibule of the church. He was still very much frightened and bewildered, but while in the entry groping about the wall to the door again, he encountered a rope hanging down from the ceiling.

I observed by a student in impulse, knowing what he did or why he did it, he seized the rope sharply, and then leaped up and grasped it firmly, to draw his whole weight upon it.

The result, even though he must to a certain extent have anticipated it, surprised and startled him, while it killed him with exertion.

For far up overhead, in the belfry of the tall church steeple, the old bell that had called the people together so many times to listen to the hoarse words of the innocent old man whose life was now in such mortal peril, rang out nervously upon the cold night air, calling them to his aid.

And the angry sound falling upon the ears of the men into whose hands my father had fallen, struck to their souls like a knell of doom. It must have seemed to them that God alone could have uttered that fearful warning.

They did not dare to return by the way they had entered the church, for they could not tell who or how many men they might encounter. They rushed to one of the church windows, opened it, and thus escaped.

And Pentateuch did not stop ringing. Again and again he threw his weight upon the rope, and again and again the notes of alarm pealed forth from the belfry, until men came running in to demand in wonder and excited tones the cause of the tumult.

Then he led them into the church, and they found my father lying on the floor in the aisle, still motionless, from the effects of the blow he had received.

Pentateuch, however, only gave another frightened groan and replied:

"Couldn't think of it. Missus Morris. My eyes dry keeps slammimg dem-levers too hard every minnit. Couldn't keep em open any longer to save me from distracton."

And as he always did just as he pleased, in spite of any of us, he was permitted to depart.

And now I shall tell you of everything that followed, just as I believe it must have happened, though I myself did not know all the circumstances.

Only a short time has elapsed since it all took place, so I cannot tell you how much Pentateuch improved, and deserved, and what a fine fellow he grew up to be. But he goes to school regularly, and is turning out very bright and quick to learn. So we have very great hopes of him, both morally and intellectually.

Pentateuch did not go to bed, as he had said he should. He had no sooner closed the door behind him than without stopping even for his hat, he stole out of the back door, down the path, to the gate, and then set off at the top of his speed down the road toward the meeting-house.

One thing I am sure of, he will never want for friends so long as my father or any of his family are alive.—John Brownjohn, in Youth's Companion.

Arrived at the meeting-house corner, Pentateuch stopped a moment under

## RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

Teachers in Europe are not, usually, subjected to annual re-election, and its uncertainties, as in this country, but hold their positions for life, or during good behavior, or until they are promoted.

In many European countries, after a certain number of years' faithful service, they are pensioned.

In 1877, Richmond, Va., had a school population of 20,754, of whom only 5,553 were enrolled in the public schools. Now we read that the total enrollment is, this fall, 5,584, and that 1,609 applicants for admissions have been turned away for want of accommodations. Even with this attendance, the scholars in the primary grades are limited to half-day schools.

—The Rev. Dr. N. Brown, missionary in Japan, of the American Baptist Union, writes that he has completed the translation of the New Testament into the Japanese tongue. He says that since his arrival in Japan, six and a half years ago, his time has been about equally divided, exclusive of his regular missionary duties, between the study of the language, and translating. He doubts if there is any Eastern language into which the New Testament could be translated in a shorter time, or one capable of expressing more naturally and truthfully the thought of the original.

—The Evangelical party in England are greatly shocked at the conduct of Mr. Cross, the Home Secretary, in remitting the penalties imposed on the Brighton Aquarium Company for Sunday opening. The London *Record*, in a leading article, says that he has greatly mis-calculated the influence of the majority of electors who reverence Sunday, and regard it as one of the great bulwarks of National religion, as well as of the National church, and publishes a number of letters from correspondents all bewailing the Home Secretary's decision, and some suggesting that the Queen should be petitioned to appoint a day of humiliation and prayer to God that He will, in His mercy, prevent this great National sin of Sabbath-breaking coming upon the English Nation.

—A French Roman Catholic Clergyman, the Abbé Meigné, appeals to the whole Christian world for funds to make excavations on the spot where the Egyptians were swallowed up when attempting to follow the Israelites across the Red Sea, because the finding of the remains of Pharaoh's army would be a powerful reason in favor of the truth of the Holy Scriptures.

If \$60,000 are subscribed he will at once begin the work. He seems to have overlooked the probability that

the remains of the spot are not in the

dispute, the decaying power of time must long since have destroyed every vestige of armor, harness, chariot and skeleton unless, in fact, they have been preserved by a miracle as great as that in which their proposed recovery is to support. N. Y. Evening Post.

Secretary Starts and Mary's Little Land.

Fox poems have been more generally adopted or paraphrased in the various tongues of earth than that commanding with the lines:

Mary had a little lamb,

Its fleece was white as snow,

And everywhere it went,

The lamb was sure to go.

Well, the story is now current, at the National Capital, that the distinguished Secretary of State, when recently in a jocular crowd of his friends, was desired to "condense" it into prose these immortal

## The Northville Record

Written for the Record:

Historical Sketches.

By REV. SYLVESTER CALKINS,

OF SOUTH LYON.

Jacob Hansen, his oldest son William and Benjamin Ellis purchased government land on sec. 21, in the spring of 1833

and commenced at once to make improvements and building log houses for their families; who were to be brought into the new homes in the fall. These men had their homes in the family of E. E. Calkins, until their families arrived. They were afterwards near neighbors, and lifelong warm friends—they were all from New York State and relatives. Jacob Hansen, known in the neighborhood as "Uncle Jake", had in early life traveled some what extensively, and being a close observer of men and passing events, together with a remarkable memory, connected with much more than ordinary conversational ability; was a very interesting host of an agreeable and entertaining visitor. Many a long winter evening was made pleasant, agreeable and profitable in his own cabin or those of his friends by his cheerful recital of nearly scenes of incidents in his personal history or other stories, and so large was the amount of knowledge he had acquired, it seemed almost exhaustless. He seldom repeated, was "ever charming; ever ready—the very soul of social life"; in the neighborhood. His grave is on the farm he purchased and where for many years he lived to enjoy the reward of his labors.

His wife, known as "Aunt Lucretia", was a model of order and neatness, rendering the home even in a log house attractive. She was a member of the M. E. church in her later years and a very devout and earnest Christian lady. She too rests in the grave on the farm where also sleep a son, Samuel who died in early manhood. Three sons are living on the old purchase, William, Daniel and Alander—one James, is a resident of Howell, engaged in the carriage manufacturing business extensively, and with success. But we must not forget the four daughters—young women, who formed no small part of the attractions of this home—at least, so it was thought in those days; and by competent judges, it must be acknowledged, for Joseph Blackwood took from this family, Susan for his second wife, a d. J. M. Ellis, familiarly known as "Doc," took Louise, Alexander Duncan 2nd, took Elizabeth as the fairest among many, and David Brown chose Violet. They are all residents of this town, having a recollection of the early home, which is still marked by the log house where once they lived as one family. I confess I could wish this old house might stand forever, as an old landmark, reminding us of "old long since," but the wish is vain, it must pass away as everything does, giving place to that which is better.

Benjamin Ellis was an industrious, hard working man and accumulated a large property. He was also a chief hunter and trapper in the neighborhood. He furnished for his own table a bountiful supply of venison; nor did he forget his neighbors who were not utilized to hunt the abundant game that used to abound in the forest, or were not as successful as himself. He distributed it to others with great liberality. He often trapped for bear and wolves and succeeded in capturing numbers of them; drawing a bounty of \$500 for each one killed from the county; making quite an income from this source, for a number of years. He was so well acquainted with the woods he thought he could not get lost, but one day while in the woods, a dazzling rain came on and was followed by a heavy fog and it was last; he traveled a long time looking for some opening that would lead to some friendly cabin; at length he came to a fence and following it for some time, he wended his way in his bewilderment and knocking at the door, his wife opened the door and said "come in" why be騑e me I thought this looked like my house, but the door was on the wrong side, so I thought it could not be; but things turned around all right when he found where he was. It is but a few years since he passed away from us suddenly with heart disease.

Uncle Wm. M. Calkins is still living, though quite infirm with age and nearly blind. He has recently left the farm, where for many years he has toiled with very good success, and now resides in a pleasant and comfortable home in our village.

I will close this sketch with an apology for the omission of some names that should have appeared in our previous sketch and would, but for pressure of other business, which compelled me to prepare it in a hurried manner. We will give their names now, as among the early pioneers: Michael Houston, Ralph Quack, Isaac D. Coker, J. M. Ellis, Mr. Gouldy, Huron Covey, N. F. Butterfield, Robert and Chaney Crouse, Moody Fletcher, Mr. Dorn, Goss, Wister, Zachariah Edy, and for the present, last but not least Stephen Fuller

Wixom

DEAR RECORD.—We were last week from here attended the Brighton Fair that the "Gospelers club" did not meet so I did not see the news. Last week was all excitement over the elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Iowa, so the "club" did not meet, and again I had no news, but this week we have had an unusual large amount of gossip, so I will give you a portion.

Ben Marshaw is occupying his new cooper shop, and the sound of his hammer is heard as of yore.

Prof. Crowther was away, week before last, to some place where something could be had that was stronger than water. After he came back there was some heat the matter of those who had taken music lessons of him, and he has one or two parts unknown.

The church social last Tuesday evening at J. H. Radcliffe's, was well attended. All seemed to have a good time.

The band started socials, to come alternately with the church socials, on Tuesday evenings. The first one was at A. W. Arms. Now those who desire can watch and see which awakens the most interest in the community: the church or band social.

A Prof. Crowther has gone. Prof. Malone will probably direct the band as formerly. Frank was always considered an expert in band music, but in leading choirs twice in the first quarter.

The Sunday School concert committee are talking of another concert. As this is to be last this year, we expect they will make an effort to get up a good one.

It is said that Mrs. A. and Mrs. C. and Mrs. J. and Mrs. E. have all gone west, and that brother Mrs. A. was to Milford last week, and Mrs. B. was to Detroit, and many others are going some where and they are all looking for new dresses. If I were rich, I would wait until they had all got one, and then it would do me good to outfit them all. What pity it is that we haven't a large dry goods store here, there could be so much made from our town on new dresses this fall.

Cool weather has come and winter has not wanted. No milking store here. Tell your milkers at South Lyon, that we buy cheap for cash, and they will do well to come over.

ETC.

Salem Items.

Mrs. Rose Smith is visiting friends at Lansing. She will probably return next week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Vanatta are on a visit at Lansing.

"Brigham" in his glory, having removed his harness, stood up on Main street. He can now see everything that his eye can catch, if it what ever. He invites all, old and young, to come and see him.

Wm. Stabro and lady, will soon visit friends at Owosso.

The M. E. parsonage looks much better, having been dressed in a new coat of paint, Wm. Sheffield is finishing the work.

Examine Vanatta's large stock of underclothing which is complete.

Chas. Collier, of this place, recently visited Grand Rapids and reports things as flourishing as ever.

Henry Holmes, has returned to dear old Salem, after a long visit west.

A social held at George Nollar's last Thursday evening proved a success. A large crowd was in attendance and a good time enjoyed by all.

"Billy" Gordon, of Ypsilanti, and a friend of his, made a short call a few days since. Notice Vanatta's new stock of books.

John Daley, erecting a barn on the lot lately purchased of George Smith.

A better time than was anticipated was enjoyed by all who attended the social held at Mr. and Mrs. Wheel's, on Thursday evening last.

Chas. Collier the happy possessor of a

new horse.

Joe Lewis has returned from home.

The baseball play last Saturday afternoon easily provided a full house. Birthdays came through with fine and considerable fun out of it. Particulars of another are next Saturday; but not certain yet.

Only one teacher presented himself at the teacher examination, held at H. B. Daley's, on Saturday.

A large crowd attended the monthly Sabath school exercise, held at Fowler's on Saturday afternoon last, and the meeting was carried on successfully.

Married, Parker Knapp At Detroit, by Rev. Mr. Dean, of this place, Wm. Parker and H. D. Delta Knapp. Both of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Nichols have left for Bay City.

Another funeral for Webster H. Dow for the past week. Mr. Bruce of Norwalk.

John Knapp has departed for Africa, where he will reside the coming winter.

Rev. Childs, will fill his place in the pulpit, next Sunday.

E. M. Adams is digging a well 26 inches diameter, for John Day. He is 27 feet under ground and still going farther. After stoning it will have about 30 ft. 9 in. chain in diameter.

The boy, who had so much fun trying to break a window, a few nights ago are now hanging over the chink, as they wish to stop it.

Nicola's extra fine horse blanket.

Fred Cole will not go north as he expected.

Box.

RAIL ROAD

DET. HILLSDALE & S. W. R.R.

Time Table Taking Effect Nov. 24, 1872

TRAINS WESTWARD.

DET. EXP. 12:45 P.M.  
Hillsdale 12:52  
Toledo 1:20  
Sauk 2:45  
Kosciusko 3:25  
Brooklyn 3:55  
Jeffers. 4:25  
Elkhorn 4:45  
Elkhorn 5:00 P.M.

TRAINS EASTWARD.

DET. EXP. 12:45 P.M.  
Hillsdale 1:20  
Jerome 2:20  
Iroquois 2:35  
Manchester 3:20  
Sauk 4:00  
Jeffers. 4:45  
Elkhorn 5:15

Transit by Chicago time.

CONNECTING WITH Michigan Central R. R. AT YPSILANTI.

AT MANCHESTER WITH Jackson Branch of L. S. & M. S. R. R.

AT HILLSDALE WITH L. S. & M. S. R. R.

AT BEECHMONT WITH Ft. W. J. & S. S. R. R.

AT GRAYVILLE WITH W. M. PAPER CO.

At Hillside with W. M. Paper Co.

At Elkhorn with W. M. Paper Co.

At Jerome with W. M. Paper Co.

At Elkhorn with W. M. Paper Co.

At Jerome with W. M. Paper Co.

# The Northville Record

SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY, NOV. 1, 1872.

Local Business Cards.

Dentists.

EDWIN N. ROOT, DENTIST, OFFICE, 100 State Street, Northville, Mich. Stock, Main St., Northville, Mich.

Teachet of Music.

MRS. J. C. GROUL, TEACHER OF MUSIC. Will take a limited number of pupils. Satisfaction guaranteed. Terms most favorable. Applications to 10 kinds of sheet music at publisher's rates.

A. M. RANDOLPH, DENTIST, OFFICE AND OPERATIVE ROOMS IN REAR OF BUILDING, 100 State Street, Northville, Mich. Robber Plate specialty. Work guaranteed satisfactory.

Hotels.

CLIFTON HOUSE, Corner Main and Center Streets.

J. T. LYNN, Proprietor. Best accommodations for the traveling public. Good and pleasant. A good Bar in connection with hotel.

Detroit Business Cards.

Attorneys At Law.

CHAS. B. HOWELL, LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE, 101 GRISWOLD ST., DETROIT, MICH.

Special attention paid to All matters connected with Probate Courts.

Restaurants.

GILLMAN BROS' European Hotel, And Ladies and Gent's Restaurant, Cass and Woodward aves. Ladies dining Room open.

DETROIT. E. C. Skinner, ABSTRACT BUILDING, Detroit, (Lafayette Avenue), ABSTRACTS OF TITLE, Of All Land in Detroit & Wayne Co., Mich.

Only Abstract Books in the County. A Title Search or a Title and Abstract Report can be made of any abstract in the County.

To Inventors & Mechanics

PATENTS and how to obtain them. Pamphlet of 60 pages free, upon receipt of stamp for postage. Address—

GARRET, SCHAFF & CO., Solitaires of Detroit, Box 41, Farmington, Mich.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

TRAIN LEAVING NORTHVILLE AT 1 P.M. & ARRIVING AT 4 P.M. ON THE DAY OF DEPARTURE.

HOME AND VICINITY.

Fall is coming.

Leaves are falling.

"Drummers" thick.

Flour is on the decline.

Wheat has taken a drop to \$1.10.

The students at the Ann Arbor University are on the war path.

Do you owe us for your subscription?

The price of prime butter is steadily advancing.

Look for several new advertisements next issue.

The Record comes out on time this issue.

Buchner has a new top put on his toes. A rainy day would show the good of such an arrangement.

J. M. Swift still turns out new suits notwithstanding Mr. Clark's withdrawal; for he has now a brand new tailor.

All that attended the entertainments of the 23, 24, and 25, expressed themselves as having been delighted.

One of our exchanges advertises for "tight" barrel cooperers. Wouldn't sober ones be better?

You can now write a message on both sides of a postal card according to a recent decision of the department.

A Northville young man who has recently taken a wife, says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to get the furniture.

The state board of health proposes to hold two sanitary conventions during the winter—one at Detroit in January and one at Grand Rapids in February.

An Oyster Supper, for the benefit of the Presbyterian Church, was held at Jimmie Dubar's, Wednesday evening. A good time reported.

E. K. Bennett, jeweler at South Lyon, has an advertisement in the Record this week. Mr. Bennett is an old veteran at the business and guarantees satisfaction.

George Nollar of Salem, has a card in another column. Mr. Nollar does repairing and horse shoeing at a reasonable price; location, Salem station.

J. M. Drosier, Sen., an old resident of Mason, while cleaning out his shop last week, was knocked down by the hogs and had a leg broken and sustained other injuries, from which he died Tuesday.

When a man dies suddenly, "without the aid of the physician, the coroner must be called in. If a man dies regularly, after being treated by a doctor, every man knows why he died, and the coroner's inquest is not necessary."

Notice Hiram Jones new undertaking advertisement. Mr. Jones is located at South Lyon, and is fully prepared to do anything in the undertaking line at a reasonable price. Give him a call.

Mrs. E. D. Howell, milliner at South Lyon, carries one of the largest stocks of milliner goods to be found in this vicinity. The distance is short, give her a call and you will come away satisfied. Notice advertisement in another column.

Watson Rodgers, whose illness we reported in our last, died Wednesday at 10 a.m. at the residence of A. P. Cobb, where himself and wife had been visiting. His age is 68 years.

The Lyceum Monday evening, was well attended and very interesting although the debate was conducted by amateurs. There was fine music by members of the Union School Glee club.

The library of the school is being remodeled, a catalogue is to be made of the books and some new books are to be purchased, and other improvements are to be made.

We are informed by a postal card from Dwight Peabody of South Lyon, that our friend, Charles Harrington, with the rest of the hunting party, are comfortably located seven miles south west of Harrisonville. They have killed three deer and expect to get several more.

The hotel at the junction of the R. & I. M. and the D. L. & N. Railroad at Plymouth, was built by Benj. V. Day a few years since and is now successfully conducted by him. Passengers get a room and all the trains find it a great convenience and are sure of a good warm meal or comfortable bed at reasonable prices.

The poorest thing we have had for sometime, in the line of entertainment was the "Ardent Company" which held forth here last week. Not only did they present a programme that would be expected to fail in a drawing room, but they were not up to their parts and on the second night broke down entirely. As might be expected the attendance was very meager. The band very generally played at the door each evening.

Charles Lawson, for a number of years a resident of this place and vicinity, died Thursday last of consumption, at the home of relatives in Farmington. His remains were brought here to dry for interment. Charles was well known to us as a peaceable and industrious young man and it is with a feeling of deepest regret that we take pen in hand to chronicle his death.

As will be seen from a glance over these pages, a column advertisement is inserted in representation of the well known and extensive dry goods store of J. M. Swift. Few country stores can exhibit such a quantity and variety in stock as is kept at this house, and the clothing trade—particularly the custom part—is immense in the space of a year. The general proprietor, Dr. Swift, proposes to be up to the times in all pertaining to his line, and expects by strict attention to the public wants, to still further increase his trade.

A carpenter at East Saginaw named William Saye brutally assaulted his wife Sunday afternoon, pulling the hair from her head and treating her in the most inhuman manner. He fled to the woods after committing the assault and has not been captured as yet.

The state board of health proposes to hold two sanitary conventions during the winter—one at Detroit in January and one at Grand Rapids in February.

## Agricultural Department.

E. D. BROOKS, Editor.

The phase of the farm we wish to bring to your notice in this article is that which pertains to its attractiveness or unattractiveness taken as a unit.

Almost any farm may have fields of waving grain and fine pastures and be pleasant looking from a casual observation, during the pleasant months; but how many are made attractive to those who know all their resources, all their relations to property, and happiness, and that at all seasons?

Let it be borne in mind that we are speaking of farms of moderate means, and that we suppose the same amount of capital is invested in each farm, large or small, and of course the less is invested in the land the more is invested in buildings, fences, improvements and ornaments; then it will be seen at a glance that the small farm has all the advantage in appearance. But what is the advantage in having a farm appear well unless you wish to sell it? Let us see. Since wealth your brightest boys and girls leave the farm and go to the already overcrowded promenades and trades? It has always been so, and always will be, till you put a stop to it by your own individual effort. They leave the farm because it has no attraction for them. You must keep them by making it attractive. Their eager, active minds are reaching after food; something to expand and strengthen them. At home they find nothing of the sort, they go away to find it and are lost forever to the farm. This has farming been kept in the rear of the trades and professions, and behind it will remain until you beautify your home, cultivate your minds and hearts, and make yourselves what you ought to be, the peers of the world.

This consists not only in the possession of things generally considered useful, but also of things ornamental or pleasing to the taste, i.e., the mental taste, it follows that ornaments to a lawn, a house, a parlor or a person may constitute wealth.

What varied means then, has our own farmer for accumulating wealth on this kind. He is not too busy to set out a few shrubs and trees where they will make the best appearance, his fences are not so long that he can not keep them neatly repaired, his buildings are painted and roofs well shingled; he spends a few dollars every year in books and papers and has time to read them, thereby adorning his mind.

Farmers! have you ever noticed how

One of the principles of high farming is a rotation of crops and especially the raising of root crops in the rotation.

Farmers have not generally fallen in with the practice, but are slowly and surely learning that it is to their advantage to do so.

In some sections of the State we have large fields of roots, but it is mostly where people are awake to their own interest and needs, where they dare to step outside the beaten track their father's trod so many years before; where they have found that a system of mixed husbandry pays better in the end than cropping with wheat so exclusively, for they find that constantly taking from the soil and returning only a small equivalent reduces fertility and consequent productiveness.

There arises the question of what is the most desirable means of retaining the fertility of the soil as at the same time receive profits commensurate with the labor and capital invested. The true answer to this question is found in the keeping of stock, cattle, sheep and dogs, or any of the above named animals. But what bearing does this have on the root crop question? Let us see. In order to make stock raising profitable it is necessary in this climate, where we are compelled to feed our stock so large a portion of the year, to raise those crops for feeding which will give large returns per acre for the minimum cost of production. Now there is no crop raised in this country which can compare favorably with the root crop in the fulfilling of these conditions. Rutabagas under favorable conditions will produce from 800 to 1,000 bushels per acre which are worth at least fifteen cents per bushel for feeding, giving from \$120 to \$150 per acre, while the cost of producing does not much exceed that of raising a fair crop of corn or wheat.

Thus more stock may be wintered by raising and feeding root crops than by any other system in use, and more stock means, under proper management, more manure to enrich the land for succeeding crops and more profit, and all this is outside the profit that the stock brings from beef or mutton, pork or dairy products. But it is not our intention to speak of stock raising in particular in this article except in concession with the raising of root crops, and enough has been said to indicate that the two should go hand in hand.

The profit of the root crop however does not stop here, for the roots bring to the surface soil, and in an available form much nourishment needed by the succeeding crop; much that was out of the reach of the other crops, especially of the cereals.

Many of the ash constituents of the wheat plant are brought up from the subsoil and left in shape for the immediate consumption of that crop, and in addition a supply of nitrogen is accumulated and left in the soil, and as nitrogen is the most valuable constituent of barnyard manure, the fact that this material is accumulated by the root crops is an additional argument in their favor.

Maize, Wurzel and sugar beets are each equally as valuable as rutabagas, and for dairy purposes much better, as they do not give a strong flavor to milk or butter, but rather improve their flavor and quality as well as their quantity.

Sugar beets do not yield so much to the acre as some other roots, but on account of their superior nutritive qualities they are considered by many as more valuable food than the others.

J. M. SWIFT,

Mich.

DEALER IN

## DRY-GOODS,

## Clothing,

Gents' Furnishing Goods, Groceries, Hats and Caps, Wall-Paper, Carpets, Crockery and Glass-ware, &c. & c.

Stock Large and Complete in All Lines.

Special attention to

## MERCHANT TAILORING.

First-class Cutters from the East. Satisfaction warranted

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Finest Goods at Lowest prices possible.

A Fine stock of Ready Made Clothing at

Less than D. O. P. C.

## FREE A VALUABLE INVENTION.

THE WORLD RENOWNED

## WILSON SEWING MACHINE

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

AGENTS WANTED.

WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.

822 & 829 Broadway, New York; New Orleans, La.; Cor. State & Madison Sts., Chicago, Ills.; and San Francisco, Cal.

## The Northville Record.

SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor & Prop'r.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

### VARIETY AND HUMOR.

A belle wringer.—A pretty laundry.

Washington Territory wants to be a State.

The miser is the great original chest-protector.—*Yankee's Gazette*.

The wrappers on which bouquets are tied are not newspaper wrappers.

The fattening turkey looks upon Thanksgiving day as all stuff and nonsense.

A man can be contented with little, no doubt. The difficulty is in finding out how much that little is.

"I am a broken man," said a poet. "So I should think," was the answer, "for I have seen your pieces."

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* man talks of "coffee-drunkness." He probably thinks that if "wine is a mocker," coffee is a mocha.

"Blossoms," wrote Flory, "are the joy of the trees." That may be very true. Plis, but it is the apples that make the boys laugh.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye*.

There is a prospect that the cruel war between Peru and Chili is over, and the army of each will therefore be afforded an opportunity to put a raw oyster on its black eye.

A young lady's hat blew off and was run over by a broad-wheeled cart. The ribbons were somewhat soiled, but the hat is now the very latest fashion.—*Norristown Herald*.

Disturbed parent and his five-year-old: "See here, sonny; what did your mother tell you?" "She told me not to jump." "What makes you jump, then?" "I didn't hear her."

There was a mason in Paris who, when he went out, was always robbed. Somebody said: "Why don't you carry pistol?" He replied: "Suppose I did, they, the robbers would take them, too."

Is it possible, Miss, that you do not know the names of some of your best friends?" inquired a gentleman of a lady. "Certainly," she replied; "I don't even know what my own will be a year hence."

According to the New York Post, George Alfred Town-tell of a mineral spring in that State that is so strongly impregnated with iron that farmers horses who drink of its waters never require to be shod.

Things are not exactly right. A careful political economist has calculated that women in this country might annually save \$14,500,000 in ribbons, which the men might spend in cigars.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Teacher: "Feminist of trifles! First bright boy: "Haven't any." Teacher: "Next." Second, bright boy: "None." Teacher: "That's right! First bright boy indignantly ejaculates: "That's just what I said!"

"Death of a Prelate," wrote the editor of the *Winning Times* in announcing the end of a Bishop's life, but the compositor made it "Death of a Pirate," and all the mischievous press of Manitoba held their hips with laughter.

An Englishman who has traveled in this country tells the London *Times*: "Over there every man carries at least one cigar to give away, and most of them have half ounce rolls of tobacco for the same purpose." Have a cigar?

A young lady who ought to know accounts for the disposition of the average young fellow to put his arm around a girl's waist by the supposition that he is looking for that girl who was taken from him so long ago.—*Boston Transcript*.

He was an honest, conscientious voter. He stepped into a caucus of his party, and silently took his seat. Presently a quiet little man stepped up and said: "Beg your pardon, sir; you can't have any business here. The thing is all fixed."

An old money-lender refused to loan a musician a small sum, saying: "You're not a safe man. There's too much 'music of the future' in your business." "What do you mean by that?" asked the musician. "I mean that you make too many promissory notes," was the reply.

This story could not be called a miss if nine out of ten of us should try it on. "How are you this morning?" said Fawcett to Cooke. "Not at all myself," was the lugubrious reply. "Then," responded Fawcett, with a meaning twinkle in his eye, "allow me to congratulate you."

Those suspenders, madam, are long enough for the shortest boy or short enough for the longest man; they will just fit your fine looking youngster." "Perhaps so, but I don't want to see buttons on his bootlegs. I want them to hold his pants on. Their suspenders is long enough for the Colossus of Rhodes." "Just so, madam, I sold old Coloss a pair out of the same box yesterday." The matron admired his familiarity with historical characters, but waited till a cooler day before purchasing.—*Newhaven Register*.

"The language of flowers" is not always flowery or polite language, as the following epistle sent by a Newport florist to a gentleman who had mislaid or overlooked his bill, will show: "Newport, Sept. 24, 1879.—Sir: As it appears useless to try to collect my bill from you, I would say that I always keep a list of the ladies to whom bouquets are sent, so that, as in two, or three cases in my experience, when the gentlemen forget to settle, I may have somebody to go to. I have done so in your case, and give you this notice, that should you fail to settle up before going away this time, I will certainly present bills to the several ladies to whom you have sent bouquets, and I have no doubt they will pay for them."

Improvements in Gates.

It is generally supposed that a journal ostensibly devoted to scientific interests lacks romance and sentiment. The unhappy lover whose distress has frowned on him, and expressed the opinion that he is a tiresome nuisance,

never thinks of writing to the editor of the *Scientific Oracle* or the *Clementine Gazette*, for consolation and advice, and no unfortunate lover would dream of searching the columns of those journals for hints as to the best method of convincing the old gentleman, that the clock-hands were turned back by the east, or that the gas turned itself down to a conveniently dim point. And yet it is in the columns of a scientific journal that there recently appeared a notice of an "improvement" on gates, patented by a Wisconsin person, which consists in certain novel features of construction, whereby the gate is adapted for swinging in either direction, and may be raised to clear obstructions. It need hardly be pointed out that this improvement was made in the sole interest of lovers, and that the scientific journal in question was obviously actuated by the noblest motives in giving publicity to it.

It is in our Western States that the front gate has reached its highest development as an aid to courtship. As is well known, there are two schools which differ radically in their theory of the true method of using the gate. The Concord school of which Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson is the leader, holds that both the young man and the young woman should lean on the same side of the gate—the inner side being regarded as preferable. The Western school, on the other hand, insists that the young lady should lean on the inside of the gate while her lover leans on the outside. Through the Western school laps a leader of the same and experience of Mr. Emerson, it has by far the greater number of adherents, and to the unprejudiced mind there can be but little doubt that its doctrine is the true one.

It is easy to comprehend how the front gate originally came into use. The original pair of lovers who first utilized it had doubtless sought a place where they could enjoy privacy, and, at the same time perceive, while yet afar off, the unsympathetic father and the wayward small-boy. The legality of the front gate, commanding as it does a full view of the house from which the father may emerge with his heartless boor, and the public street, along which the casual small-boy would weep his whistling way, would naturally be selected even by lovers wholly without engineering instincts. Experience soon showed that the front gate possessed other unequal strategic advantages. To the eyes of the public the lover on the outside of the gate always seemed to be in the act of going away. When any one except the avenging father drove near, the lover would remark, "Well, as I was saying, I must really go!" and then, when the objectionable person had passed on, the sweet sorrow of prolonged parting would begin again, and last until the appearance of an elderly gentleman with a club at the front door seemed to point to the probability of an immediate and real parting.

Swinging on the gate is the peculiar privilege of lovers who have gained the approbation of the parental authorities, and who are filled with an ecstasy which finds no adequate expression in the rhythmic motion of a strong and well-swinging gate. The Wisconsin inventor, by means of which the gate is made to swing in either direction, consequently doubles its capacity, and increases in the same proportion the joys of its occupant. The other improvement described by the scientific

journal as a device for raising the gate so as to clear obstructions such as wheelbarrows or situate a ladder in the doorway, is to the convenience of the gardener, who is enabled to pass through with a load of mud, or tea-spoonfuls of fertilizer, the obstructing parts, put in separate pans, take as much as possible after putting the latter pointed in. When the gate is closed, the mud is put into a basin, and sprinkled with sugar, the pan placed over it, and the tea-spoonfuls of fertilizer, one at a time, are added, and the mud is stirred with a knife.

—Mayonnaise Sauce.—Put into a bowl the yolk of one raw egg, one level teaspoonful each of soft and dry mustard, one level salt-spoonful of white pepper, the juice of half a lemon, and as much cayenne pepper as can be taken up on the point of a small pen-knife. Mix these ingredients

smooth with a wooden spoon, and then add drop by drop, stirring constantly, three gills of salad oil, and the juice of half a lemon. When the oil is two-thirds used begin to add vinegar, using in all four table-spoonsful. This may be bottled, and if kept in a cool place will keep several weeks.

—Peach Short Cake. Mix two teaspooons of baking powder and a pound of flour, mix into this two ounces of butter, mix to the consistency of dough with a bit of milk, or tea-spoonful of cold water, then divide the parts, put in separate pans, take as much as possible after putting the latter pointed in. When the gate is closed, the mud is put into a basin, and sprinkled with sugar, the pan placed over it, and the tea-spoonfuls of fertilizer, one at a time, are added, and the mud is stirred with a knife.

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### AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

Sponge Cake.—One cup sugar, three eggs, three tablespoons hot water, one cup flour, one teaspoon cream tartar, half teaspoon soda; beat the yeks with the sugar and add the whites last.

—Beef Tea.—One pound of lean beef, take all the fat off; soak in one pint of cold water an hour, then put it over a fire and bring it slowly to a boil; let it simmer five minutes or longer, taking care that it does not boil again. Strain it through a cheese cloth, season according to the physician's orders.

Cream Dressing.—Rub the shells of two hard-boiled eggs through a sieve, one dessert-spoonful of dry mustard, one tablespoonful of butter, one tea-spoonful of salt, half a pint of cream; either juice of lemon or two table-spoonfuls of vinegar, and as much cayenne pepper as can be taken upon the point of a small pen-knife.

—Hot Salad.—Mix over the fire one tablespoonful of butter, one of flour until smooth. Then add a little at a time, one pint of boiling water. When this is smooth take off of the fire. For seasoning, one tea-spoonful of salt, quarter of a tea-spoonful of pepper, and as much cayenne pepper as can be taken upon the point of a small pen-knife. Add the yolks of two raw eggs. Turn the potatoes out on the board, form it into a long, rather thin roll, and then cut with a knife into rather small cakes, two inches long and one inch wide. Lay them on a buttered tin, brush them over the top with white of egg, and cover them golden brown in a moderate oven.

—Duchess Leaves.—Boil a quart of potatoes, mash them through a fine colander, with a potato-masher mix with them one ounce of butter, one level tea-spoonful of salt, half a salt-spoonful of white pepper, a quarter of a salt-spoonful of grated nutmeg, and the yolks of two raw eggs. Turn the potatoes out on the board, form it into a long, rather thin roll, and then cut with a knife into rather small cakes, two inches long and one inch wide. Lay them on a buttered tin, brush them over the top with white of egg, and cover them golden brown in a moderate oven.

—Mayonnaise Sauce.—Put into a bowl the yolk of one raw egg, one level tea-spoonful each of soft and dry mustard, one level salt-spoonful of white pepper, the juice of half a lemon, and as much cayenne pepper as can be taken upon the point of a small pen-knife. Mix these ingredients

smooth with a wooden spoon, and then add drop by drop, stirring constantly, three gills of salad oil, and the juice of half a lemon. When the oil is two-thirds used begin to add vinegar, using in all four table-spoonsful. This may be bottled, and if kept in a cool place will keep several weeks.

—Peach Short Cake. Mix two teaspooons of baking powder and a pound of flour, mix into this two ounces of butter, mix to the consistency of dough with a bit of milk, or tea-spoonful of cold water, either to 3, 4, or 5, and a bit of cake batter, lay it over the top, so that it is good with strawberries or any other fruit.

—White Robes.—A very simple soap soap, made of common soap, lard, and water, and a few drops of oil of lavender, and a few drops of oil of rosemary, and a few drops of oil of orange, and a few drops of oil of lemon, and a few drops of oil of lime, and a few drops of oil of mint, and a few drops of oil of bergamot, and a few drops of oil of sandalwood, and a few drops of oil of cassia, and a few drops of oil of camphor, and a few drops of oil of nutmeg, and a few drops of oil of cinnamon, and a few drops of oil of cloves, and a few drops of oil of ginger, and a few drops of oil of pepper, and a few drops of oil of rosemary, and a few drops of oil of lavender, and a few drops of oil of orange, and a few drops of oil of lemon, and a few drops of oil of lime, and a few drops of oil of mint, and a few drops of oil of bergamot, and a few drops of oil of sandalwood, and a few drops of oil of cassia, and a few drops of oil of camphor, and a few drops of oil of nutmeg, and a few drops of oil of cinnamon, and a few drops of oil of cloves, and a few drops of oil of ginger, and a few drops of oil of pepper, and a few drops of oil of rosemary, and a few drops of oil of lavender, and a few drops of oil of orange, and a few drops of oil of lemon, and a few drops of oil of lime, and a few drops of oil of mint, and a few drops of oil of bergamot, and a few drops of oil of sandalwood, and a few drops of oil of cassia, and a few drops of oil of camphor, and a few drops of oil of nutmeg, and a few drops of oil of cinnamon, and a few drops of oil of cloves, and a few drops of oil of ginger, and a few drops of oil of pepper, and a few drops of oil of rosemary, and a few drops of oil of lavender, and a few drops of oil of orange, and a few drops of oil of lemon, and a few drops of oil of lime, and a few drops of oil of mint, and a few drops of oil of bergamot, and a few drops of oil of sandalwood, and a few drops of oil of cassia, and a few drops of oil of camphor, and a few drops of oil of nutmeg, and a few drops of oil of cinnamon, and a few drops of oil of cloves, and a few drops of oil of ginger, and a few drops of oil of pepper, and a few drops of oil of rosemary, and a few drops of oil of lavender, and a few drops of oil of orange, and a few drops of oil of lemon, and a few drops of oil of lime, and a few drops of oil of mint, and a few drops of oil of bergamot, and a few drops of oil of sandalwood, and a few drops of oil of cassia, and a few drops of oil of camphor, and a few drops of oil of nutmeg, and a few drops of oil of cinnamon, and a few drops of oil of cloves, and a few drops of oil of ginger, and a few drops of oil of pepper, and a few drops of oil of rosemary, and a few drops of oil