AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

AN old Quaker whose bees had insufficient winter food used candy with excellent results.

UPLAND cranberries grow very dark, and consequently bring one-third more in the market.

ELLEN B. KINGSLEY, of Olathe, Kansas, has been invited to address the Legislature of that State on the industrial education of woman.

TIME is often a matter of importance in fattening cattle. As a condiment and appetizer for fattening animals, molasses has no equal.

NEW YORK has one-sixth of all the milch cows in the United States, and produces one-fourth of the butter, two-fifths of the cheese, and one-half of the milk sold in this country.

NOTHING should be grown or suffered to grow on a farm that can not be converted into money. Weeds and briers, therefore, should not be permitted to grow, as there is no money value in them.

A BINGHAMPTON farmer says it pays better to make both butter and cheese. He finds it best to keep his cheese late. The receipts and expenses of his farm showed a net increase of $99.29 over seven per cent. on the amount invested, rating his 220 acres at $100 per acre.

THE Ayrshires are best adapted to the production of cheese, and the Alderneys of butter. If the milk of the Alderneys is set for cream we find the cream readily separates, and the balance is poor and watery. The Ayrshire is capable of making more milk from a given quantity of feed than any other stock.

SOME of our best cultivators of fruit attach great importance to inviting the roots of fruit trees to run near the surface of the soil, and with this end in view they never cultivate or tear up the surface, applying a top dressing of manure to make up the deficient cultivation. They raise excellent crops in this way.

IN the greenhouse of Mr. Mansfield, at Newton, Penn., is a white Lamarque rose, now over twenty years old, covering over one hundred square feet of ground, which has furnished twenty or thirty buds daily since December. It is estimated that its yield for the season will be 2,500 buds, which, at nine dollars a hundred, gives a profit of $225.

THE London market gardeners pay $200 per acre yearly rent for the land they cultivate, and their average profit amounts to $500 per acre. One English penny (equal to two of our cents) per square yard is equal to $100 an acre, and as there are nine early lettuces raised in every square yard, these figures are not at all improbable.

SHEEP on a farm yield both wool and mutton. They multiply with great rapidity. They are the best of farm scavengers, "cleaning a field" as no other class of animals will. They give back to the farm more in proportion to what they take from it than any other animal, and distribute it better with a view to the future fertility of the soil.

A. M. PURDY, in his paper, says if strawberries, raspberries and blackberries sell in any city market within a hundred miles by railway at from ten to fifteen cents per quart you can make them pay, but if lower than ten cents, as an average, *let them alone.* If you can peddle them in neighboring villages for ten or twelve cents you can go ahead.

THE following values of manure produced by feeding different kinds of food is taken from a table prepared by John B. Lawes, of England: Value of manures made by feeding one ton of peas, $13.38; one ton of corn meal, $6.65; one ton of wheat, $7.08; one ton of wheat bran, $15.59; one ton oats, $7.70; one ton oat straw, $2.90; one ton wheat straw, $2.68; one ton clover hay, $9.64; one ton timothy hay, $6.43; one ton mangel wurzel, $1.07; one ton ruta bagas, $0.91.

THE Japanese have wonderful skill in dwarfing fruit trees. All kinds are dwarfed without diminishing the size of the fruit. The trees are set out, in regular rows. At the height they want the trees to grow, say four to six feet, a lattice work of small bamboo poles is built over the whole orchard. As soon as the shoots of the pear tree grow to this lattice they are trained to run along it horizontally, and are confined to the poles by hempen strings. When first seen it looks like a grapery. The wind can not shake the tree to disturb either the flowers or the fruits.

"MY daughter keeps my farm accounts, sir, and she is as systematic and particular as ever my son was, who kept them before he left home. I tell you it does girls" (and he might have added boys also) "good to give them some responsibility, and set them to watching things about the farm and household. They learn, I find, economy by it, and soon discover their father is not necessarily a crabbed old curmudgeon, because he does not loosen his purse-string whenever they see something they happen to fancy, for they discover the reason why the purse should not be opened."

A Wedding Fee.

Many and many a year ago, how many deponent saith not, a youthful couple appeared at the gateway of a parsonage in a town not a hundred miles from B. Mounted on a sober nag, they almost claimed companionship with a bag, evidently filled with to them some valuable commodity.

Dismounting, the gallant youth left his lady and the bag, proceeded up the avenue of elms leading to the pastor's door, and entered the mansion. Soon reappearing, he waived his hand to the waiting damsel, at the same time calling in stentorian tones:

"Come along—he says he will take the beans!"

Guiding the steed to the door, the lady was received by her would-be lord, and soon the twain were made one flesh, and the minister was left in possession of a good supply of beans.

A DESERVED COMPLIMENT.—The Cincinnati *Gazette* of recent date says: "We take pleasure in mentioning the fact that the 24th anniversary of Mr. S. H. Parvin's Advertising Agency occurs to-day. Mr. Parvin commenced the advertising business in this city in 1851, and he is, therefore, one of the oldest advertising agents in the United States. People knew but little about advertising agencies twenty-four years ago, contracts for advertising being made directly with the publishers of newspapers; but now a large portion of the business is transacted through advertising agents. Many such agencies have been started, but comparatively few have been successful in establishing a permanent business. We are glad to say that Mr. Parvin has been among the most successful, and by a judicious and careful management of his business, has built up in this city one of the most successful and reliable advertising agencies in the country."

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Cherry-Cheek.

BY ANNA BOYNTON AVERILL.

"Come, Cherry-cheek," called mamma,
"Leave snow-fort, rink and sled!
The hills are tinted with mellow pink,
The sun is going to bed.
In our cosey supper-room
I've drawn the curtains red,
And the firelight leapeth on the wall;
Come, Cherry-cheek," she said.

And slowly up the steep hill
His tiny sled he drew.
The whole round heavens were soft and calm,
With not a cloud in view;
And afar on the edge of the world
One little silver spark
Came out alone in a great wide place,
And waited for the dark.

And he heard, in the frosty air
Of the dying winter day,
His father's coming sleigh-bells chime
A half-a-mile away;
A happy little boy,—
And something made him say,
"Dear God! what a beautiful world you 've made!
I am glad I was good to-day!"

—*St. Nicholas.*

THAT BUNKER HILL POWDER.—Every good student of history has learned that the battle of Bunker Hill was lost to the Americans chiefly because they had not enough powder.

The King having opposed, by every means in his power, the manufacture of munitions of war in the colonies, the patriots at first found great difficulty in procuring ammunition; and the supplies for the early part of the war were obtained in such adventurous ways that accounts of these exploits are very interesting. Indeed, a portion of even the scanty stock which our people had at Bunker Hill had been brought over the sea to be used against the enemies of Great Britain.

I have only recently found out just how this powder came to do service for the patriots, instead of their British oppressors; and, being quite sure that the story has never been fully told, I have undertaken its recital for the pleasure of the numberless young patriots who read *St. Nicholas.*

Adjoining the town of Rye, in New Hampshire, and directly north of its noted beach, is the town of New Castle. On the site of the present Fort Constitution in this town, there was, in the days of the Revolution, a quite formidable work called "Fort William and Mary."

No visit from a foreign enemy being anticipated, the fort was manned at this time by a captain and five privates only. A weak garrison, surely; but it was supposed that, in case of danger, the friends of King George in the neighborhood would amply reinforce the guard, even were there not time for the royal Governor, Wentworth, to bring the militia to the rescue. As to any serious attack by disaffected inhabitants, it was too bold an act for belief; and if it were possible, in any case, that the militia should prove insufficient, General Gage, with three thousand regulars, was in Boston, and a British fleet was in the harbor.

What subject, however rebellious, would dare to touch his Majesty's property or its custodians, under these circumstances? The act would be treason, and the life and possessions of the offender would be forfeited; and who could save him from the King's hand? Probably not even the most ardent patriot thought of it, until Paul Revere came riding into town from Boston one evening.

The news he brought was startling. An order had come from the King that all military stores in the colonies should be seized at once.

Major John Langdon, afterward Governor, the same evening received a call from his friend, Captain Thomas Pickering. After the compliments of the hour had been passed, the Captain surprised his friend by an invitation to accompany him to Fort William and Mary to take a glass of wine with its commander.

"It will not do," replied the Major, cautiously evading a declaration of his own sentiments; "it will not do under the present state of public affairs."

Major Langdon's sympathies were with his oppressed countrymen, and he revolted at the idea of receiving the hospitalities of one whose duty it might be on the morrow to shoot down his guests as foes of the Government.

Captain Pickering next disclosed a design of securing the arms and ammunition of the fort; showing his purpose to be quite other than the invitation indicated. "If twenty-eight like ourselves could be found," said he, "I would undertake to lead in the capture."

To this purpose Major Langdon heartily assented.

Before noon of the next day a drum and fife were sounding about town to bring the people together; and the order of the King for securing the ammunition was made known. The effect of this news was increased by the report that the armed vessels "Scarborough" and "Cauceaux" were on their way from Boston with British troops to possess the fort and hold the town in awe.

When Governor Wentworth heard of this meeting of the citizens, he warned them against committing any rash act; and as the people soon dispersed, it was supposed that nothing would come of the meeting. But this was a mistake.

A little before twelve that night—it was the fourteenth of December, 1774—the nearly full moon looked down upon some two hundred men setting out in boats from Portsmouth wharves and heading for Newcastle.

Half an hour later their boats grounded near the island, and the men waded ashore through the shallow water, which froze to their clothing. Yet the landing had been so quiet that no attention was attracted at the fort. Captain Pickering, being in advance of the others, scaled the grassy rampart unattended, and seizing the sentinel with one hand and his gun with the other, he demanded silence on pain of instant death.

Crowds of men were now clambering up the walls; and, leaving the sentinel in their charge, the leader hastened on to the quarters of the commandant. He entered the room before that officer was fairly awake, announcing to him that the fort was captured, and he a prisoner. He had previously been warned that an attack upon the fort was meditated, yet his garrison was not on the alert; and he at once surrendered to the only man that appeared. He gave his sword to Captain Pickering, who politely returned it, saying:

"You are a gentleman, and shall retain your side-arms."

Pickering turned to leave him, when the dishonorable officer, having him at a disadvantage, aimed a blow at his captor with the sword which had that minute been restored to him. But the muscular patriot parried the blow with his arm, and then, not deigning to draw his own sword, felled the miscreant to the ground with his clenched hand. His followers were now at the door, and the fallen officer was placed under guard. The remnant of the garrison gave no trouble.

The military stores were now sought out, and in the earliest light of morning ninety-seven barrels of powder were carried on board the scows and gondolas, and taken up the river.

On the seventeenth of June the battle which Bunker Hill Monument commemorates, was fought upon the heights of Charlestown. Two New Hampshire regiments were there, under the command of Colonels Stark and Reed. They were posted on the left wing, behind a fence, from which they cut down whole ranks of the British as they advanced up the shore. As I have before stated, it was a portion of the powder taken from the fort at Newcastle that supplied their fire that day; and, probably, other troops than those of the Granite State were furnished from this providential stock.—*St. Nicholas.*

WHEAT EARS.—A little city girl, writing to the *Young Folks' News*, says that last summer she visited in the country. "We picked some ears of wheat, tied them in a small bundle, and laid them by till six weeks before Christmas. We then placed them in a deep basin of water, and let them steep for twelve hours. We then filled a large hyacinth glass with water, and put the stalks of the wheat in it, and put it in a dark cupboard till the green began to spring up. We then put the glass in papa's conservatory, and it has sprouted into a very pretty thing, and has been very much admired all winter." Perhaps some other little ones would like to try the experiment next season. We think they would be pleased with the result.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.—"Where were you all this afternoon?" inquired a teacher.

"Nowhere," answered the boy carelessly.

"Nowhere?" echoed the master, assuming a very wise look, and casting his eyes around the room to see if the boys noted him—his custom always when about to utter an impressive remark; "that nowhere must be a very great place, for a good many boys go there, I find. But how came you to go there, Patrick?"

"Because," answered the little delinquent, "I had nowhere to go, and so I went there."

A loud laugh from the whole school followed, in which the teacher himself heartily joined.

A QUEER CUSTOMER AT A COFFEE STALL.—A young ourang-outang, about four years old, had, by his intelligence and docility, conciliated, during a voyage, the general favor of all on board. Accustomed to sit at table, it behaved with more decorum than many children, and used a spoon more dexterously. At a port where the vessel lay for some time on her homeward passage, the ourang-outang was taken on shore, and it is supposed that it had once accompanied some of the men to the shop of a woman who sold coffee, which he found so much to his taste that he took the liberty of going to the same place alone every morning for his breakfast, which was given without hesitation, and thus he contracted a bill which the captain had to discharge.

Perception of the Blind.

The organ of vision is considered the most delicate organization of the human frame; yet many who were born blind have been enabled to see by surgical operations, and the following is an interesting fact concerning one of that class:

A youth had become thirteen years of age, when his eyes were touched by a surgeon. He thought scarlet the most beautiful color; black was painful. He fancied every object touched him, and he could not distinguish by sight what he perfectly well knew by feeling; for instance, the cat and dog. When his second eye was touched, he remarked that objects were not so large in appearance to this, as to the one opened at first. Pictures he considered only partly colored surfaces, and a miniature absolutely astonished him, seeming to him like putting a bushel in a pint.

Stanly, the organist, and many blind musicians, have been the best performers of their time; and the schoolmistress in England could discover that the boys were playing in a distant corner of the room, instead of studying, although a person using his eyes could not detect the slightest sound. Professor Sanderson, who was blind, could, in a few moments, tell how many persons were in a mixed company, and of what sex.

A blind French lady could dance in figure dances, sew, and thread her own needle. A blind man in Derbyshire, England, has actually been a surveyor and planner of roads, his ear guiding him as to distance as accurately as the eye of others; and the Justice Fielding, who was blind, on walking into a room for the first time, after speaking a few words, said: "This room is twenty-two feet long, eighteen wide, and twelve feet high," all of which was revealed to him with accuracy through the medium of the ear. Truly, "We are fearfully and wonderfully made."

How They Buried a Senator Seventy Years Ago.

Among the items of the accounts presented for the funeral expenses of Hon. Francis Malbone, a Senator from Rhode Island, who died in Washington in June 1809, and whose remains were interred in the Congressional burial ground, are the following:

16 pounds crackers	$3 60
11½ pounds cheese at twenty-five cents	2 81

The committee to audit the contingent expenses of the Senate directed that payment be made for crackers, but rejected the claim for the cheese. The next voucher presented to them for their approval read thus:

7 gallons best Madeira wine	$28 00
4 gallons Cognac brandy	8 00
12 pounds almonds at forty cents	4 80
10 pounds raisins at fifty cents	5 00

Of this account the committee would only allow for "four gallons wine and three quarts brandy, twenty-nine dollars," but they passed another voucher for "fourteen pounds of cake, seven dollars," purchased from Monsieur Julien, a confectioner, who also supplied "twelve pounds crackers.—*Beaufort Tribune.*

Cardinal McCloskey.

The Archbishop, says a New York letter, lives very plainly in the Madison avenue mansion. His social habit is one of seclusion, and it might almost be said that his only companion is his secretary, a young priest named Farley, who, like the Archbishop, combines great gentleness and amiability with very strong intellectual qualities. An envoy from Rome is expected to reach New York about Easter, to formally present to the new Cardinal the patent of his promotion. It is not unlikely that when his eminence officiates in the cathedral on Easter Sunday (the Archbishop always either preaches or celebrates the mass there on the special days of the Church,) he will for the first time wear the insignia of the office to which he has just been advanced.

THE art of voicing reeds, the most difficult and important in the manufacture of cabinet or parlor organs, was invented by Mr. Emmons Hamlin, of the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co., in 1847. It has been universally adopted by American and largely by European makers, but none have attained that high standard of excellence in it which is reached in the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs. This fact is universally recognized by musicians.

A Lady's Views on the Subject.

Mrs. Jane Grey Swisshelm, in Chicago Tribune.

The promiscuous kissing brought to public notice by the great scandal trial is a questionable social custom, for which Plymouth congregation should not be held solely responsible; and those good folks who are holding up their hands in pious horror because Mrs. Moulton kissed Mr. Beecher, because Mr. Beecher kissed other women, and other women kissed Mr. Tilton, should stop and consider that all the orthodox churches in the country have for a century been teaching that promiscuous kissing is a most innocent amusement—nay, more, a means of sanctification. This assertion will doubtless shock the reader, but I invite his attention to the proof.

In what direction have the American churches so persistently exerted their influence as in efforts to suppress dancing? Rhythmical motion to music, by persons of opposite sexes in company, has been denounced as the inspirer of unhallowed passion, and those who engaged in promiscuous dancing have been denounced as enemies to chastity and expelled from churches, unless the dancing were accompanied by kissing. If four men and four women went through the figures of a quadrille to the sound of any music—that of an instrument, of other voices, or of their own—and did not kiss each other during or at the close of the performance, they had violated the rules of the church, had gone over to the world's people, and deserved expulsion from the fold; but let them go through precisely those same figures and motions, to exactly the same tune, and each one of the four men kiss every one of the four women, and it was all right. The promiscuous kissing sanctifies the promiscuous dancing. Dancing, unrelieved by kissing, is of the devil; but dancing liberally interspersed with kissing is of the church.

If any one doubt this, let him attend an evening party in the house of some pious deacon, where "kissing plays" are the substitute for dancing; let them watch the company go through the motions of "Dear Sister Phœbe," "The White Cockade," or any other of the plays in which the motions are regulated by music; and he must see the sanctifying influence of promiscuous kissing in making pure that which, without it, would be highly impure.

Another way in which kissing has been made common is the general habit of teaching—nay, constraining—children to kiss every visitor and casual acquaintance of the family. Now, a little girl accustomed to be kissed by men outside her own family loses nature's principal safeguard to virtue. That exclusiveness, that instinct of the pure mind; which shrinks from personal contact with any unloved object, is a guard set by nature over personal purity and personal safety. One of the first lessons a child should be taught is to permit no stranger to touch it, and to resent with all its force any personal liberty.

I always look with apprehension to the future of a child who goes, like a cat, to every stranger to be caressed; and one that kisses anybody and everybody, or makes merchandise of these commodities—exchanging them for candy and coppers—has need of an early grave as its only safe refuge.

Indiscriminate kissing leads to evil, and of late years there has been a growing habit among our best people of unwise kissing. Some of the best and purest men and women I have known have been in the habit of kissing as a salutation. It has always seemed to me a mistake, and it is one against which I have often protested as a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance. In some cases it is no doubt innocent, but it leads to cases that are not innocent. There can be little doubt that all the odium now darkening great names originated in beginnings allowed by society as innocent. If there had been no promiscuous kissing, there would have been nothing worse, and the churches and that society which have fostered this should bear their share of the blame in spreading nets for the feet of feeble walkers.

A kiss between persons of opposite sexes, and not of close family ties, is the language of passion, and friendship has no right to purloin it or wrest it from its legitimate signification. When she attempts to do so, she is liable to serious misunderstanding, and if both Beecher and Tilton fell into an atmosphere where women were so profuse in personal endearments, they have been sinned against as well as sinning. However this may be, women should learn from the evidence a lesson of circumspection. One precept of that Christianity now said to be on trial, had it been observed, would have saved all this trouble: "Avoid the appearance of evil."

The Russian budget for 1875 estimates the entire revenue at 550,300,000 roubles. Of this sum the direct taxes are calculated to yield 131,400,000 roubles; the indirect taxes, 280,800,000 roubles; mines, mint, post, and telegraphs, 22,900,000 roubles; the residue being derived from State property and other sources. Compared with the past year, the revenue is expected to exhibit an increase of nearly 20,000,000 roubles.

For all Female Complaints.

In young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or the change of life, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription manifests such a positively remedial influence as to call forth the loudest praise from all who use it.

Mr. JOHN A. KIMSEY, druggist, of Knob Noster, Mo., writes as follows: "Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—Your medicines sell better than any other I keep, and give universal satisfaction. The people are especially delighted with your Favorite Prescription, and it seems to be a favorite among all that have ever used it." It is sold by druggists and dealers in medicines. 18

VETERINARY Surgeons all over the country are recommending *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders* for the following trouble in horses: Loss of appetite, roughness of the hair, stoppage of bowels or water, thick water, cough and colds, swelling of the glands, worms, horse ail, thick wind, and heaves.

April Magazines.

THE ALDINE (James Sutton & Co., New York) contains twelve splendid illustrations. There is a full-page picture of "The Battle of Lexington," capitally drawn, by John S. Davis, and showing the salient features of that memorable conflict; "The Path of Duty," a capital drawing, by Davis, after Merle, engraved with admirable effect by T. Cole, some of those exquisite works we have already noticed; three views in Southern Utah, "The Narrows," "Valley of the Babbling Waters," and "Temple of the Virgin," all by Thomas Moran, convey the scenery of that wild region with great force and rare beauty; "Joan of Arc at the Siege of Paris," and "The Parisian Men of September," illustrate two very different yet equally striking scenes in French history; and a noble group of "Gnarled Gray Trunks," three fine views of Wells Cathedral, and a pair of splendid "Stag-Hounds," make up the pictorial treasures of what we must again designate as a remarkable number. Literarily, the variety and the excellence are equal. In prose, besides the new novel already mentioned, we have another and nearly the last installment of "Lost Lillian Bracy;" a sweet little bit called "Dream-Fairies," by E. B. Reaux; a tasteful, brief story, "Clochette," by Augusta Von Bubna; "A Gift from St. Petersburg," sparkling with humor, by A. K. Sulzer; a pleasant paper on the "Habits of Authors," by Amanda B. Harris; and "In the North Woods," having a mournful significance as the last printed utterances of the late artist, John A. Howe. In the direction of rhyme we have a poem of heart-breaking sadness as well as beauty, "By the Dead," by Eben E. Rexford; a sadder, and if possible a sweeter one, "For Baby's Sake," by Sophy Langdon; a sparkling "Little Jack Frost," by Chas. Sangster, the Canadian poet; "Ice Jewelry," by W. W. Baily; and "Lord Ronald's Stag-Hounds," by John Hay Furness. One more, and finally—a marked number, let who will assert to the contrary.

HERBALISTIC REMEDIES.—In former days, if a member of the household became indisposed, the family-head, under instructions from the gray-haired dame, went to the forest or the field to gather herbs or berries, from which were quickly made invigorating extracts, which, ere many days, brought the patient safely around, and saw the family gathering once more without a missing member. How is it now? The slightest indisposition brings the "family physician," with his handsome carriage. He feels the pulse, examines the tongue, looks very grave, writes a few lines of hieroglyphics, charges a big fee and leaves, only to return the next day and find his patient mercurialized sufficiently to be really sick. A week or two of attendance follows, and therein lies the secret of "wealthy physicians." Compare the *physique* of the present age with the past, and the story is complete. Reader, discard chemicals and try herbs. If you are ill, try the great herbalistic remedy, DR. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS. 30

IF every one of our readers would try Dobbins' Electric Soap, (Cragin & Co., Philadelphia,) they would, like us, become firm believers in its wonderful merit. Have your grocer order it.

ARE YOU AWARE THAT THE PREMONITORIES OF CONSUMPTION are Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pains in the Side and Chest, Difficulties of Breathing, etc.? If you permit these symptoms to run on tubercles will be the result, and end in Consumption. Now, if you want to cure these diseases, use Allen's Lung Balsam without delay.
For sale by all Medicine Dealers.

THE HUMAN HAIR.—How many persons abuse this delicate and beautiful ornament by burning it with *alcoholic washes* and plastering it with grease, which has no affinity for the skin, and is not absorbed. Burnett's Cocoaine, a compound of cocoanut oil, etc., is unrivaled as a dressing for the hair, is readily absorbed, and is peculiarly adapted to its various conditions, preventing its falling off and promoting its healthy growth. See adv't.

A FRIEND of ours who is chief clerk in the Governmental Dispensary, says that no medicine chest is now complete without *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.* We always supposed it was prescribed by law; if it is not, it ought to be, for certainly there is nothing in the whole *materia medica* of so much importance to the soldier and the sailor as *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.*

PATENTED 1873. The best Elastic Truss. Made only by Pomeroy & Co., 744 B'dway, N. Y.

Do not Despair. Your Cough can be cured. Dr. Tutt's Expectorant is the remedy. Thousands attest its efficacy. Try it.

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$200 a month to agents everywhere. Address Excelsior M'f'g Co., Buchanan, Mich.

ONLY $3 Fisher's Patent Prairie Mower Knife Grinder. Sold by Dealers. Circulars free. Henry Fisher, Canton, O.

$75 A WEEK. Agents wanted everywhere. For outfit &c. Fritch & Walker, Dayton, Ohio.

$200 and expenses a month to agents. Address A. L. Stoddard, Jonesville, Mich.

EVERY FAMILY WANTS IT. Money in it. Sold by Agents. Ad's M. N. LOVELL, Erie, Pa.

$2,400 A Year. Salary and expenses paid. Outfit free. A valuable package sent for 15c return postage. C. H. Gurney, Waterloo Centre, Maine.

$20 Daily to Agents. 85 new articles and the best Family Paper in America, with two $5 Chromos free. AM M'f'g Co., 300 Broadway, N. Y.

NEW IDEA. Waltzing taught by diagrams. No master required. Full instructions sent for 25 cts. Address OSCAR SCHULZ, Biddeford, Maine.

FREE! Foreign Stamps, circulars and pricelists. Star Stamp Co., Box 701, Swanton, Vt. Branch of Boston Star Stamp Co.

One box of Cary's Instant Ink Powder will make a pint of BEST BLACK INK in five minutes. H. O. S. Cary, Zanesville, O.

SEND Your Name to J. F. DROMGOOLE & CO., Louisville, Ky., and receive by return mail a copy of their large 8-page paper, *free.*

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RIFLES, SHOT-GUNS, PISTOLS & REVOLVERS of any and every kind. Send stamp for Catalogue. Address Great Western Gun and Pistol Works, PITTSBURGH, PA.

$250 A MONTH - Agents wanted everywhere. Business honorable and first class. Particulars sent free. Address WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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WONDERFUL: $6 only for the NATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA. Agents may coin money at this; the commissions LARGE. Write to T. ELWOOD ZELL, Philadelphia, Pa.

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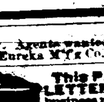

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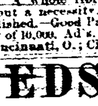

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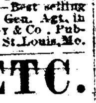

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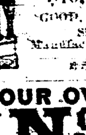

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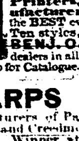

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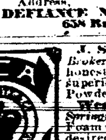

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VOL. 8.—NO. 30. MANCHESTER, MICH., THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1875. WHOLE NO. 394.

THE SPELLING SCHOOL.

His name was Ephraim Blodgett; not specially renowned,
Except as champion speller, in all the country round.
Orthographical aspirants were apt to fare quite slim
At any spelling match where they encountered Ephra-im.

The spelling-book he had by heart, and eke the dictionary;
And science, at his tongue's end, laid its queer vocabulary.
The dubious monosyllable he'd floor with perfect ease;
And go through words sesquipedal like lightning through a cheese.

You couldn't weave a spell, with any common alphabet,
By which to capture Ephraim, or put him in a sweat;
And his admirers frequently remarked of Ephe, that he
Could spell the China-glyphics off from a chest of tea.

The people ceased to find in spelling books their wonted fun.
What show was there against this orthographic Gatling gun,
That mowed down all before it, with a rattling fusilade
Of consonants and vowels punctiliously arrayed?

Just at the culmination of Ephraim's renown
He took part in a spelling-school in an adjoining town.
Full soon the sole survivors of that orthographic war
Were Ephraim and a school-girl, his sole competitor.

With equal ardor, twixt these two, raged the uncertain fight;
Where victory might perch at last was quite indefinite.
With equal nerve they came to time, and accurately placed
The insidious silent letter, and the diphthong Janus-faced.

In vain the weird and mystic spells upon that girl were cast,
The cabalistic letters dropped from her lips so fast.
Vain likewise for a long time was the effort to suppress
Ephe's "airy tongue that syllabled" tough words with such success.

The audience was excited. "Stick to him, Sis!" some cried,
"And Go it, Ephe!" his partisans defiantly replied.
But Ephraim was the hero of a hundred spelling-schools,
And, on the whole, his prestige made him favorite in the pools.

In fact, though they were laying for Ephraim, he got
The word at last, that dropped him as if he had been shot;
The word that choked the Welshman when mortar from a trowel
Confused his tongue as Babel. A word without a vowel.

An ashen hue crept o'er his face when Ephraim heard her spell—
"D-m-n-r-k-g-g-m-c-k-ll."
"Spell-bound upon the ragged edge of consonants!" cursed Ephe.
They buried him with his spelling-book and a feeling of relief.

—*Buffalo Courier.*

THE BETRAYER.

Some years ago, having business in Rhode Island which engaged my attention for several months, I performed many short journeys on foot, both day and night.

Passing late one dreary night in winter through an extensive wood, I found rough traveling, not only on account of the freezing wind and blinding snow, but also on account of the rocky fissures, chasms and pits which lay in my path, and into which I was constantly in danger of plunging. Added to this, the creaking limbs of trees, loaded with snow, sometimes gave way, and came tumbling to the earth with a loud crash. I was frequently obliged to climb over these fallen limbs which lay directly in my way.

It was about twelve o'clock that I fancied I was not the only wayfarer in that gloomy forest. It seemed to me that I could discern something white flitting along at no great distance from me.

Looking sharply at this object, I fancied after a while that I could make out a woman's dress. The thought of ghosts obtruded itself; for that any woman of flesh and blood should be braving that storm, in that place, and at that time of night, was incredible. Besides, if a living woman was there, struggling to keep pace with me, why had she not spoken?

My curiosity was highly excited, for I had always longed to witness some supernatural event, and especially to see a ghost.

"What and who are you?" appeared to me to be the most natural question, under the circumstances; it was accordingly by the use of that phrase that I intimated my desire to obtain knowledge under difficulties. The principal difficulty was that of making myself heard and understood amid such a tempest. But that seemed immaterial, as the answer that came back bore no relation whatever to my question. A shrill, cracked voice replied to my interrogatory:

"Do you hear it? Did you say you heard it?"

It was then really a human being moving at my side, and not a very attractive one either, to judge by the voice, which seemed to be that of some old crone who had lost the greater part of her teeth.

Was one of the ancient witches restored to life, and had come out to meet her fellows, "in thunder, lightning, or in rain?"

She drew nearer to me now that I had spoken, and she told me to listen.

"I thought I heard it just then," she said, pausing, and holding up her hand to her ear.

"What do you mean, good woman? I hear nothing," said I.

"Didn't you hear it creak?" demanded she. "Sometimes I hear it all night long, and it goes through my head just like a knife."

I perceived it was useless to talk to this woman. She was evidently an insane person, and I suspected that she had broken loose from her keepers. I therefore remained silent till, perceiving that my strange companion was determined to do as Ruth promised to do by Naomi, "Wherever thou goest I will go," and that she would probably enter the house whither I was bound, I said:

"Good woman, where are you going? I have got nearly to the end of my journey. Of course you will not think of going with me into the house, as I should be blamed for bringing you there."

"Did brother Silas say that?" demanded she, in a loud, shrieking voice, as if my remark had touched her to the quick.

Now Silas was the name of the old husbandman to whose house I was bound. Yet there was more than one Silas in that part of the country, and before I could ascertain which Silas the old crone alluded to, we were on the broad stone which answered for a stoop to the kitchen door.

On entering, the cheerful sight of a large wood fire in the huge fireplace drove the thought of my companion out of my head.

Nearly all the family were up. Some were cracking nuts and drinking cider, while the old folks were chatting together and enjoying the warmth of the burning logs and bright coals on the hearth.

I was cordially welcomed, and now I perceived that my traveling companion had seated herself composedly in one corner, and was making herself at home. This was sufficiently explained by one or two of the children, who said, "Here's Aunt Mitty!" from which it appeared that the name of the old lady was Submit, and that the master of the house was really her brother.

Although I had been for some time acquainted with the family, yet I had not before known that they had a crazy relative. But I remembered to have heard that a melancholy event took place among them when Silas was a youth. I had heard that his oldest brother was hanged for murder, but the particulars I had never learned.

I could not help suspecting that the insanity of "Aunt Mitty" was in some way associated with that dire calamity.

This led me to make inquiries afterward, especially as I perceived that Mitty was treated with great coldness by her brother and his wife, and also that the children treated her with undisguised contempt.

On inquiring of an old inhabitant of Gloucester, he told me that the father of Silas was one of the first settlers in that part of Rhode Island, and that his farm was very extensive.

His eldest son, Richard, had always lived at home, was a faithful, hard-working young man, and strictly honest. He was very simple in all his tastes and habits, and therefore he was unsuspecting and liable to fall a victim to the wiles of cunning adventurers.

A crafty fellow called Ellison came into that part of the country, and soon succeeded in cheating Richard and his father out of a quantity of land.

This had a maddening effect upon Richard, whose scorn of dishonesty and whose rage at the idea of being cheated by a villain knew no bounds.

Some time afterward, Richard and Ellison met at a public tavern. Some words passed between them, and as they left to go home, Ellison was heard to say:

"Yes, I've cheated you and your father out of land, and before I'm through with you, I intend to get away every inch of land that you've got."

When they left the tavern, Ellison had a scythe, and Richard had an ax on his shoulder. A few hours afterward, some travelers on the highway found the body of Ellison on the road, badly chopped up as if with an ax. Of course the man was dead.

As Richard was last seen in his company, officers went to the house of Richard's father, and learned that the young man had not yet returned home.

Search was made for the supposed murderer without effect, until, at the end of a week, word was brought to the sheriff that Richard had been seen in Smithfield, not far from the house of his married sister, Submit, who dwelt in that quarter.

It was then conjectured that his sister was acquainted with his hiding-place, and the sheriff called upon her for information. At first she pretended to know nothing about her brother's movements; but the sheriff, having made her believe that Richard's offense would not be severely punished, and that it would be regarded as justifiable homicide, she at length confessed that her fugitive brother hid in the neighboring wood during the day, and came to the house at midnight for food.

Accordingly the officers lay in wait for him at night, and as he came out of the wood they seized him and carried him off.

Perceiving how she had been deceived, the husband of Submit, and others, would not enlighten her in regard to the probable fate of her brother; but a man coming from Providence spoke to Submit of the trial of her brother for murder, and added that he had been convicted and sentenced to death.

Submit, who had never dreamed of such an issue to the affair, now filled the air with her shrieks, accused herself of being her brother's murderer, and expressed her determination to go straight to Providence and see the judge herself.

Others were now ready enough to accuse Submit of being her brother's murderer; in short, her brothers, sisters, parents, and all her other relatives spoke of her in the bitterest terms. At first, her husband prevented her from going to Providence; but, unfortunately, she got away, by leaping from a high window, and arrived in Providence on the very day that her brother was executed.

She arrived at the gallows just as the body was taken down. That moment her reason forsook her. She remembered the peculiar creaking made by the tackling of the gibbet when her brother's body was lowered down, and it was present in her imagination at all times, especially when she heard any noise of that description.

The husband of Submit got a divorce from her as soon as her insanity became apparent, and she led a miserable life among her relatives, who continually upbraided her for being the betrayer of her brother.

At length, when her son became a man, and married and settled at Blackstone, Submit went and lived with him, and at his house she found a little peace.

But the poor maniac could never rest; she wandered about the country at all times of day and night, in sunshine and storm, summer and winter, in the deepest snows and drenching rains. She called often at the houses of her brothers and sisters, but the welcome she received from them was so cold, that she made short visits; and again, the poor maniac went trudging over the rounded hill-top and stubble-field, through boggy vale and tangled wild-wood, ever and anon listening, with short step and lifted hand, to the fancied creak of the weird gallows-tree on the distant hill, that one might have imagined she heard continually behind her the "March on! March! March!" which goaded the Wandering Jew on his everlasting journey.

At length came the Revolution of Governor Dorr. She seemed to have a peculiar fancy for following the suffrage army, though at a distance; and, one morning, the poor creature, old and withered, was discovered up to her chin in a swamp, the unmistakable stamp of death on her sunken brow.

Snow Avalanches.

A Nevada newspaper speaking of the avalanches of snow which have been so destructive of life and property this winter says:

The purely sliding avalanches, or snow slides, are such as occur in dry or merely moist snow, while rolling avalanches take place when the snow is wet or sufficiently moist to form into balls by rolling. The avalanches that occurred in Virginia City were of the genuine rolling description—the kind most dreaded and most destructive in the valleys of the Alps.

A very small beginning when the snow is in the proper condition may end in a destructive avalanche. A ball of snow no larger than a man's head started high up on the side of Mount Davidson might have swept away several houses at the foot of the mountain. The fearful force of the avalanche was shown here when one broke into a house and killed two men and buried five persons, who were rescued with much difficulty. A further illustration of the terrible force and destructive powers of the avalanche is to be found in the fact that twenty-eight Chinamen were killed by one that fell near Genoa.

As we have said, a small ball of snow started high up on the slope of Mount Davidson would result in a genuine avalanche. In rolling a distance of fifty yards in the moist snow the small ball of snow would become four or five feet in diameter, when it would burst, and each piece of it would an instant after form a ball of large size; these in turn would explode as soon as they had acquired a certain weight and velocity, and a moment after there would be hundreds and thousands of these balls in motion, all bounding down the steep side of the mountain. While hundreds of these are exploding or just forming, other hundreds are of full size, and are picking up rocks, dirt and all manner of rubbish, which become involved in the grand downward rush. Towards the lower part of their course the balls become so numerous that they bound and clash together so often that they are broken before they acquire any great size, and the whole avalanche is then a plunging, sliding mass of snow. The avalanche which knocked two houses to pieces and buried five persons started but a few hundred yards above where the houses stood. It started at a bunch of rocks which projected fifteen or twenty feet above the general surface of the slope of the mountain. On these rocks the snow had fallen and accumulated to the depth of about three feet, hanging in places as snow is seen to do on the eaves of a house. From one of these rocks fell a bunch of snow, which began to roll down the hill, and the result was a destructive avalanche. Doubtless the avalanche which killed two men started in much the same way.

Grasshoppers Moving.

A special correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe*, writes from Osage Mission, Kansas: It has been quite warm here for several days, and grasshoppers are hatching out by the quadrupled millions. They are very small but very sprightly, and make quite a commotion in the dry leaves of the woods at the approach of an intruder. The farmers have not discovered their presence yet, as there is no talk of them on the streets. But that is probably owing to the very singular fact that the "bugs" are to be found only in the timber. Now, your correspondent, in observing their action last summer and autumn, noted that they deposited their eggs chiefly in the fields, along highways, and in barren spots of ground, but yesterday there were no signs of them anywhere save in the timber. One would naturally infer from this that the cold weather has killed them where the ground is not protected in any way; but be that as it may, there are enough of them hatching out in the woodlands to supply all deficiencies in other localities. Some scientific gentlemen, in an article to the Kansas City *Times* last Autumn, stated that the insects were natives of higher altitudes than this and that they would naturally be unhealthy in a denser atmosphere, and as soon as they were able to navigate the air would take up that uneasy march so characteristic of their advent here last year. This same gentleman gave them the name of "Rocky Mountain pests," from the fact that they were hatched out along the slopes and table lands of the Rocky Mountains, and then in search of food came pouring down, like a very cloud of Pluto, upon the valleys of the Mississippi.

We have had a very late spring here, and as yet there is little for the "varmints" to eat. Very little rain has fallen in this part of Kansas this last winter, and in March there was but one shower. Wheat is backward but it has not been killed by the frosts. The farmers are making active preparations to rub off the gloom, and if the infernal grasshoppers will only migrate before they devour everything, Kansas will be right side up in a short time.

THE speed of trains in Germany is illustrated by a report of the Railroad Bureau of the Empire for the month of December last. It states that the greatest speed per hour, including stops at intermediate stations, was, for express and fast trains, thirty-four miles, on the Berlin, Potsdam and Magdeburg Road; for ordinary passenger trains, twenty-five miles per hour, on the Maerschen and Posen Road. The slowest speeds were, for express and fast trains, twenty-one miles an hour, on the East Prussia Southern Road; for ordinary passenger trains, sixteen miles per hour, on the Ermthal and the Cronberg Roads, of Wurtemburg. The average speeds per hour were, for express and fast trains, twenty-eight miles, for ordinary passenger trains, twenty-one miles.

An Alpine Feat.

Tinsley's Magazine.

I saw last year another splendid and distinctive sight, which lives vividly in my mountaineer's memory. I mean a solitary piece of rock-climbing by Melchior Anderegg, which for danger and difficulty, for courage and skill, has scarcely, I should think, ever been equaled, has certainly never been surpassed, by man. We started to cross from the Montanvert to Courmayeur by the newly discovered Col des Hirondelles. At the top of the Lechaud glacier is a lofty and precipitous wall of smooth limestone rock, which has, however, one weak point, one couloir by which, if there be good snow in it, the summit of the hopeless looking rock wall may be attained. When we arrived at the top of the glacier we found this couloir bare of snow, and we found further, to our dismay, that the huge bergschrund had so increased and widened, and had so fallen away from the rocks, that the attempt seemed to be impracticable. Melchior, after sweeping the whole range carefully with his eagle eye, pronounced the ascent impossible, and said that we must abandon the idea. I knew, from his tone, that this was so; but that irrepressibly ardent mountaineer, Lyvetete, could not readily consent to turn back from an expedition in fine weather, and he began to argue the question of possibility by other routes. It is probable that he dropped some incautious word which stung the *amour propre* of the first and greatest of Swiss guides. Melchior said positively that to try an ascent by the one practicable couloir was wholly out of the question, and that he would not allow of any attempt.

"Now," added Melchior, "as you think that another route may be found, I will go along and try. I won't have any one with me; wait. If the thing can be done at all, it must be by those smooth rock slabs to the left. I don't believe that it can be done; but I will show you whether it can or cannot. Unrope me, and wait here till I come back."

We were sitting on frozen snow, just on the narrow brink of the great bergschrund, and above a long, steep slope of the same material, which descended from our seat to the glacier. How differently Melchior works when he is climbing along! At what a pace he goes! I never before so fully realized his immense superiority to the best amateur mountaineer. No one—except one or two of the best guides—could have worked with him as he performed that daring, piquestung feat. He disappeared somewhere into the huge schrund. He appeared next, climbing up a sheer straight-up wall of ice thinly covered by snow. It was so steep that he could not swing the ax; he could only peg the point in with his chest; yet up he went, and rapidly too. Beneath him was the terrible depth of the huge chasm of the giant bergschrund. After about a hundred feet of this work he got on the smooth, large slabs of limestone rock, which shelved sideways. I watched him with delight at his working, with dread of his danger. My pipe went out as I gazed with all my eyes. Even Peter Anderegg, his stolid brother, was anxious, and looked on with all the emotion of which he is capable.

Melchior proceeded, sometimes extended flat upon his face over sloping slabs with hardly a crack of a projection visible. He had got so far off that his recumbent slowly-moving figure had been very small. Presently we saw him stop, and grope about blindly with hands and feet. "He can't get further," cried Peter, "and I only hope that he can get back." We saw that he just raised his head, and was looking carefully up and round him. Then he turned on his back, and descended a little way, with great difficulty, in that position. "A nasty place that," said Peter, in great excitement. "I am afraid that he can't get back." Here the brother freed himself from the rope, in order, if necessary, to try to help Melchior. We watched again, and I felt a terrible tension of the nerve as I saw a man in such a dangerous position. He moved very slowly, creeping on from point to point, with outstretched legs and hands, which clutched after every crack and fissure. He turned again upon his face, and seemed to move better. "He'll do it now," cried Peter. "He's safe now, I think." Gradually the small dark figure of a man got lower and lower. At last he returned to the snow, let himself down that very carefully, and again disappeared. In a moment he emerged close by us, and advanced coolly with his quick, firm step. "If any Herr likes to try that," said Melchior, calmly, looking rather particularly at Lyvetete, "he must go along; I won't go with him. There is one place at which I thought that I could neither get forward nor backward, and there are other places higher up that are probably as bad. No; no one will get up the Col des Hirondelles to-day, and the sooner you see that the better."

Practical Knowledge.

Those parents who believe that they have done all they can for their sons by giving them a liberal school education, make one of the most distressing mistakes that afflicts modern society and business circles. No class of young men in city or country is so deserving of pity as those who have good education, good morals, but no practical knowledge of the solid business affairs of life. They are deserving of pity because they are really worthy of a better position in life than their capabilities will warrant, and because they are not to blame for being entirely unfitted for responsible positions. Thousands of well-educated young men walk the streets of the cities, even in the flush of prosperous times, who do not know how to earn their livelihood, and go seeking, day after day, such positions as they believe their talents demand, and meet with disappointment at every turn. It is a noteworthy fact that nearly, if not quite all, of the great, good, and substantial business men of our country, have come up from boyhood familiar with the use of the ax, plow, forge or plane; and they are not now, nor have they ever been, ashamed to own that their hands have been hardened with toil. Labor is a great free gift; it is a promoter of health and morality, and hence, of happiness and prosperity.

A Strange Tale.

Bloomington (Illinois) Pantograph.

About three years ago a man went from here to Bloomington, Indiana. He left the train at the latter place between the hours of six and seven o'clock in the evening, and went to a hotel in that city and applied for entertainment for the night. The landlord saw that the man was considerably under the influence of liquor at the time. The man said that he had no money, but would have plenty in the morning. The landlord asked why it was that he had no money at that time. He answered that he had been chased by some men and had left his money, which amounted to $1,700, in the hands of the station agent, but would get it in the morning and pay his bill.

The landlord said he could stay, asking him to register his name, but this he could not do, as he was too much intoxicated at the time. The landlord registered for him, and he gave his name as either "William" or "John Moore, Bloomington, Illinois." The hotel has since been burned, and with it the register, and for this reason the landlord can not remember the name distinctly, but it was either William or John. The next morning Mr. Moore stepped out of the hotel, and after a short stay came back with money and paid his bill.

The landlord inquired of the station agent about Mr. Moore and the sum of money that had been left in his possession for safe keeping. The agent said he had received a large quantity of money, but as he was not especially responsible he did not count it, but would judge that there was seventeen hundred dollars, or very near that sum.

Mr. Moore staid in the city around the hotel for some time, and finally said that he had a friend in the country, and he was going out to see him. He met his friend on the street in a short time, and his friend told him that he would be going out soon, and he should go along, and also cautioned him not to drink anything more before they started. The friends then separated, and that was the last time Mr. Moore was ever seen.

Only a few weeks since a man deserted his wife there, and to revenge herself upon her husband, the wife then told the story that Mr. Moore had been murdered in a saloon in Bloomington, Ind., and that her husband was implicated as one of the parties. She said that her husband had told all the names, and described the manner in which the fearful crime was perpetrated. They had coaxed Mr. Moore away and caused him to become intoxicated, and then, when under the influence of liquor, and unable to defend himself, the saloon keeper and four others had stabbed him with their knives until they killed him. They then made off with his money.

Three of the parties had been arrested and put in jail on Thursday. On Friday Mr. I. J. Spafford, of this city, was at the Essex House in Mattoon. On the night previous the officers came in, bringing with them as a captive a man by the name of Jonson, who was implicated in the murder. He was captured in Douglass county, where he had been for some time. During his stay in Douglass he was taken very seriously sick, and when, as he supposed, he was just on the verge of the grave, and liable to pass into it at any moment, he confessed to the crime, and, in his confession, told the same story that the woman did. But he did not die, and when he found that he was not about to pass in his checks, he denied the story which he had confessed. He was put in irons and forwarded to Bloomington, Indiana, and the officers went on to Arkansas, where the fifth man is supposed to be staying. The prisoner is described as being a very powerful man, and in appearance most wicked, indeed; capable of doing dark deeds of villainy.

This is truly a strange statement of facts, and a tale that will be of great interest to the members of this community. Who Mr. William or John Moore was we do not know. If any person can give any information upon this subject, or knows of a Mr. Moore who suddenly left this section of the country about three or four years ago, we would be very glad to have them leave information at this office, by which the tangled skein may be unraveled, and perhaps the ends of justice furthered.

American Appetites.

There is a boy in the employ of one of our Main street grocers who has considerable difficulty in obtaining board at any reasonable rate, on account of his enormous appetite. For breakfast he has frequently been known to eat thirty buckwheat cakes, besides a large piece of meat. Not long since he was seen to visit three fairs in succession, and eat a hearty meal at each. He said he did this to help along the fairs, but it looked very much as though he did it because he was hungry. He takes out part of his wages at the store in eating crackers and sugar. And now he wants good board at five dollars a week.—*Paterson Guardian.*

The hungriest man of the period was at the Central House, Franklin, a few days ago. Entering the office about noon, he asked the landlord the price of dinner. He was told fifty cents, and asked to go into the dining-room, as dinner was ready. The man did as he was bidden, and before he got up from that table had devoured five plates of corned beef, with vegetables, four plates of crackers, a pie and a half and three plates of pudding. Mine host spent most of the afternoon in scouring the town for something to spread before his guest at supper time, and just as that hour arrived up came the hero of the dinner hour, meekly inquiring if supper was ready. "Have you got four dollars about your clothes?" yelled the landlord; "you can't have any supper for less money!" The stranger, inasmuch as he did not possess four dollars, and as he was "not very hungry anyway," slowly wandered away, to the infinite wonder of all the bystanders, who had been told of the creature's appetite. Fact.—*Boston Globe.*

WHEN one looks around and sees hundreds of dough-heads getting rich doing nothing, while he is working like a slave for his daily bread, we tell you what, it makes a fellow feel as though the butter of this world was spread by a step-mother.

Habits of Authors.

[The Aldine.]

When Dickens laid out for himself a system of literary work and forced himself into a rigid adherence to it, spending just so many hours daily at his desk, whether in the mood or not, and whether accomplishing anything or not, plodding away at composition in a matter-of-fact a manner as a laborer would shovel at an embankment,—he set an excellent example for all writers, but one which majority of them would find it impossible to imitate. No great diversity, no sharper contrast can be found than appear in the modes of composition, the requirements as to surroundings, state of feeling, and necessary conditions for freedom in working of different authors, as shown by their own statements or those of their biographers and personal friends.

Walter Scott felt no special need of reconsidering or revising what he had written; but having dashed off novel or poem—he sent off one after another in rapid succession such as had not been heard of before his day. Where would the Waverly novels have been, and should we ever have had the long list, if he had been subjected to the test which Alcott, in his "Concord Days," lays down in his "code of composition:" to wit: "Burn every scrap that stands not the test of all moods of composition; such lack longevity. What is left gains immensely. Such is the law. Very little of what is thought admirable at the writing holds good over night. Sleep on your writing; take a walk over it; review it of an afternoon; digest it after a meal; let it sleep in your drawer a twelvemonth."

The impulsive habit belongs to some writers whom we should least suspect of it. If there has been one woman writer in America who was pre-eminent for a strong masculine understanding, critical insight, coolness and impartiality in her judgments, and the power to put her own personality aside, it was Margaret Fuller; yet, of her, when especially employed as critic on the New York *Tribune*, Mr. Greeley complained that she could only write "when in the vein," and although new books demanded her attention, and the utmost promptness was desirable, she waited day after day to feel in the right mood for writing, and her criticisms were consequently sometimes too late. She did, in fact, distrust herself in writing; her pen was a "non-conductor," she said; she was subject to pain, and affected by the most subtile influences; sometimes wrote in bed, and believed that she "could understand anything better when she was ill." "Her Summer on the Lakes" seems to have been written under more tranquilizing circumstances, and after a more orderly way than was usual with her. "Every day," she says, "I rose and attended to the many little calls which are always on me. * * * Then, about eleven, I would sit down to write at my window, close to which is the apple tree lately full of blossoms and now of yellow birds. Opposite me was Del Sarto's 'Madonna,' behind me 'Silenus' holding in his arms the infant Pan. I felt very content with my pen, my daily bouquet and my yellow birds. About five I would go out and walk till dark."

Another woman, of the highest distinction in science, Mrs. Somerville, gives us, in that modest, straightforward way which makes her narrative so charming, an account of her habit of writing. Abstruse as were her subjects, she did not find it necessary to seclude herself. She had a singular power of abstraction, which made her "independent of outward circumstances." She rose early, she says, and made the needful arrangements for her family, then wrote, subject to interruptions of visitors, who had "come to spend a few hours" with her. "However, I learned by habit to leave a subject and resume it again at once, like putting a mark into a book I might have been reading." In another place she says: "I had, and still have, determined perseverance, but I soon found that it was in vain to occupy my time beyond a certain time. I grew tired, and did more harm than good; so, if I met with a difficult point, * * I left it, took my work or some amusing book, and resumed it when my mind was fresh." She took for this recreation poetry, and afterward novels.

Luxurious Traveling Stable.

The following description of the palace car in which the California horses Occident, and St. James will travel eastward this season is clipped from an exchange: The car is fifty feet in length, and has the Pennsylvania railroad passenger trucks, with the Westinghouse air-brakes, etc., being especially adapted for the ease and comfort of race-horses. Underneath the car is carried a portable bridge for shipping horses at a moment's notice, being attended with no danger or trouble whatever. On the inside the conveniences are of the most superior character. There are four portable stalls for horses, two near each end of the car. When it is necessary to lie over for a day or two for rest, these single stalls can be converted into roomy box-stalls; their sides are also cushioned to prevent accident. Every aperture, window, etc., has wire screens to prevent cinders from entering the cars; the arrangements for preventing flies from troubling the horses are also very ingenious and useful. Overhead are conveniences for packing away sulkies. In one corner of the car a stove is carried for the purpose of heating water for horses' feet, as well as for cooking when necessary; also a refrigerator and numerous conveniences that show much ingenuity in their construction. In the center of the car Doble has a perfect gem of a boudoir, fitted up in the most superb manner, with frescoed walls and ceilings, Brussels carpets, tables, chairs, lounges, mirrors, lace curtains, silver lamps; also a fine sideboard filled with elegant cut glass, and well-stocked with wines. A bell is at hand to call when required. In fact, take it all in all, it is one of the most tastily arranged cars for man and beast that there is in the United States. The cost was about $6,500 all told.

THE soul that does good to others, grows in goodness. He that is a medium of blessings to others is himself blessed thereby. Hence, selfishness is a folly as well as a sin; for while it prevents our doing good to others, in the same degree it prevents our doing good to ourselves.

THE MAGIC PITCHER.

I know an ancient story of a maid
Who broke her golden pitcher at the well,
And wept therefor; when came a voice that said,
"Peace, sorrowing child; behold the magic spell
Wherewith I make thy loss a certain gain!"
Then through her tears she saw a shape of light
Before her; and a lily, wet with rain,
Or dew, was in his hands—all snowy white.

Then stood the maiden hushed in sweet surprise,
And with her clasped hands held her heart-throbs down,
Beneath the wondrous brightness of his eyes—
Whose smile seemed to enwreathe her like a crown.
He raised no wand; he gave no strange commands;
But touched her eyes with tender touch and light,
With charmed lips kissed apart her folded hands,
And laid therein the lily, snowy white.

Then, as the south wind breathes in summer lands,
He breathed upon the lily-bloom; and lo!
Its curling leaves expanded in her hands,
And shaped a magic pitcher, white as snow,
Gemmed with the living jewels of the dew,
And brimmed with overflows of running light.
Then came the voice, the mystic voice she knew—
"Drink of the lily waters, pure and bright.

"Thou little maiden by the well," it said,
"And give, to all who thirst, the waters cool;
So shall thy grieving heart be comforted;
So shall thy pitcher evermore be full!"
Then, as the sunlight fades in twilight wood,
He faded in the magic of the spell;
While, mute with joy, the little maiden stood,
Clasping her magic pitcher by the well.

TRUTHS AND TRIFLES.

AT a Pittsburg spelling bee a teacher stranded on "cow."

THE spelling furore demonstrates how little Americans Noah Webster.

SOME of our young ladies should try to spell their mothers at the wash-tub.

THE cheapest way to make enemies is to go into a crowded barber shop on Saturday night, and get your hair cut.

SPELLING MATCHES have laid base ball in the shade, and we are glad of it, because base ball can't be played in the shade.

Welcub, welcub, birthful sprig,
Happy birds are dow od wig,
Flittidg about frob tree to tree,
Fillig the air with belody.

THE circuses are preparing to leave their winter quarters, with a view to taking up summer quarters and half dollars.

THERE is no policy like politeness, and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name, or supply the want of it.

ONE excellent Danburian says about another Danburian that he is so small that an elephant could step on him without mussing his hair.

"Papa, are you growing taller all the time?" "No, my child, why do you ask?" "Because your head is poking through your hair."

NEW ZEALAND prohibits females from attending public schools, holding that a woman does not need book learning to enable her to chop wood and hoe corn.

THEY attempted to give out an eight syllable word at one of the Rhode Island spelling matches the other night, but found that there wasn't room for it in the State.

"THAT clock, stranger," said a Michigan farmer, "was the best kind of a clock up to six months ago, when my daughter began to have beaux, and now the blamed thing is always two hours too slow."

"THE proportion of the married among the insane is smaller than that of the unmarried." No married man can afford the luxury of insanity. To dodge fire-shovels and flat-irons, a man wants all his wits about him.

FINE sensibilities are like woodbines—delightful luxuries of beauty to twine around a solid, upright stem of understanding; but very poor things if, unsustained by strength, they are left to creep along the ground.

A GIRL in Susquehanna county recently sawed a cord of wood in one hour and forty five minutes, each stick being cut twice. She is described as pretty, and not yet eighteen, and performed the task in a fit of anger, because her mother told her that she was fit for nothing else but to sit in the parlor and read novels all day. How such a girl as that would rattle her husband about when she would get mad at him!

The Grave of "Highland Mary."

Rev. Dr. Cuyler gives the following sketch of a jaunt in Scotland: One hour more brought us to the Tontine Hotel, at Greenock. This morning we sallied out through the rain to visit the one spot in Greenock which every man or woman who has a soul must visit—the tomb of Burns' Highland Mary. This poor dairy maid—immortalized in the sweetness of all love songs—came from Montgomery Castle to Greenock, died here, and was buried in the Presbyterian kirk-yard, just out of Crawford street. We soon found the tomb, to which a well trodden footpath leads. A graceful marble monument, twelve feet high, covers the gentle lassie's dust. It bears a sculptured medallion, which represents Burns and the young lady clasping hands and plighting their troth, he holding a Bible in his hands. Beneath is this inscription:

"Erected over the grave of
HIGHLAND MARY
in 1842.
'O, Mary, dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest?'"

These lines are from the impassioned verses, "To Mary in Heaven," and have been read through tears by many an eye. Wonderful is the charm of genius which could beat a pathway, trodden by thousands of feet, to the grave of a humble dairy-maid, who lived nearly a hundred years ago.

BEFORE the spelling mania is allowed to drop from public attention, one of its developments deserves especial remark in the fact that probably in a majority of the matches the women have beaten the men. That is to say, a woman has in more cases won the dictionary or the leather medal, than a man; and the number of women remaining on the victorious side has generally been greater than the number of men. It is difficult to say exactly what is to be deduced from this fact; but at least this much is in it; that in those branches of culture of which good spelling is some sort of an index, the women are the men's equals, if not their superiors. How far this goes to prove the intellectual equality of the sexes, however is yet to be determined.

THE starch factories of New England, which are very numerous, have made so good a market for potatoes that in many places they are the staple crop.

THE ENTERPRISE.
PUBLISHED THURSDAY EVENINGS
—AT—
Manchester, Washtenaw Co., Mich.
—BY—
MAT D. BLOSSER, Editor & Prop'r.

MANCHESTER, APRIL 22, 1875

There is no doubt but that there is an abundance of coal at Brooklyn, but whether it will ever be mined or not is a question.

The Cincinnati COMMERCIAL says the variety of kisses introduced in the Beecher business is calculated to amaze people who do their kissing without analysis. There have been the paroxysmal kiss, the inspirational kiss, the impulsive kiss, the enthusiastic kiss, the holy kiss, the kiss of reconciliation, the kiss of grace, mercy and peace, and the kiss mutual. The other kisses are reserved for the rebuttal and re-rebuttal testimony.

PERSONAL.

Dr. Burt Besse and family, of Milan, were in town this week.

John Goodyear was in town over Sunday. He is now located at Milwaukee.

E. G. Schaffer the County Register of Deeds, was in town on Monday, calling upon his many warm friends. He is looking well.

Charles Ultes, M. D., of Ann Arbor, paid this village a visit on Monday, and we are informed by him that he intends coming here, on Monday next, to locate and practice medicine.

We saw our old friend Capt. Geo. W Stevenson, at Jackson last week. He has the management of the Union Hall, and Opera House is city bill poster and seems to be doing well.

While at Jackson, on Saturday last, we met Mr. A. R. Scott, advance agent of DeHaven's Racing Association and Hippodrome, at the Hurd House. He is making preparations for an exhibition on the 5th of May. Like all others it is said to be the largest combination traveling, but we know nothing of it.

BROOKLYN.

From Our Own Correspondent.

I see by the papers that "April fool's day" was held pretty universally all over the country. It was held here also. Among the many amusing episodes was the following. Little Charlie early in the morning placed a huge "hard head," weighing perhaps 15lbs. on the sidewalk between the Ennis block and Cook's store, covering it nicely with an old hat. What a temptation it is to kick an old hat! Everybody kicked that hat. I kicked it and have been nursing a new toe-nail ever since.

Among the many who experienced that particular lot, was Deacon A——, a fine old christian gentleman but blest with an unruly temper. He usually visits Colver & Clark's store every morning, after breakfast, sponge his pipe of tobacco, smoke the same and then return home. That morning as usual he was on hand, and having finished his pipe and the latest report of the "Beecher Scandal," started up the walk for home. That hat attracted his attention. He paused. The vigor of his youth seemed to have been restored to his frame. He kicked—kicked hard—and that No. 12 went with force enough to go right thro' that hat. The hat did not budge, but he did. Down he went on his knees, then on his hands; his hat flying one way and his cane another. He soon gathered himself up, balanced on one foot and his cane, and when looking around to see if the lightning had struck anybody else, he espied Charlie's head over the top of a dry goods box, with his mouth stretched from ear to ear. This was too much for the Deacon, and he muttered in a voice low and deep, but increasing in intensity as he proceeded, "If it was not for the love I bear for the meek and lowly Savior, I'd break every d—d bone in your body." This was more than the spectators could stand. We laughed and shouted ourselves hoarse, but he paid no attention, and picking up his hat he slowly wended his way homeward. "They say," but I will not vouch for the truth of the statement, "that the next Sunday he contributed twenty-five cents for home missions." *

A RAMBLE THROUGH KANSAS.

EDITOR ENTERPRISE.—I don't know whether it will interest you or not, but I am going to tell you of a little trip I had in Southern Kansas.

We left Independence on the 5th of January 18— for Arkansas City, Winfield and Witchita. There being no railroad in that direction I took the stage. I had company as far as Jay Hawk, a lady and her son occupied the back seat, and a drummer from Cincinnati and myself the front seat. The roads in that country are smooth, with the exception of an occasional bluff or a gulch. There are no bridges and some places selected to cross the river are frightful. We were out from the city about four miles, when all of a sudden the back seat was emptied and our seat was doubly loaded. At first I thought of getting mad, but second thought suggested that something must have happened. I looked out and found that we were in a gulch and not likely to get out immediately, as one horse had concluded to balk. Seeing he had it bad I got out and walked ahead to see the country. About one-half mile from there I stopped at a house for a drink of water, and an elderly gentlemen said, "how do you do, Mr. M—." Of course I was glad to see him. I soon learned that his name was High, and that he was at home. We conversed about old Manchester and its vicissitudes, nearly an hour, when along came the stage and I got aboard without giving old balky time to bolt. We arrived at the next change and took dinner. The bill of fare included pork and potatoes. After dinner we started with a new team, and I took a seat with the driver. The prairie was as smooth as the floor of Goodyear Hall and I enjoyed the scenery, until we came to a creek with no bridge and steep banks. I surveyed the situation and was glad that I could swim. We commenced to descend the bank very gently and nearly reached the water, when the stage commenced to slide sideways, finally it struck a log and threw the Cincinati drummer into the water. He soon gained his feet and expressed his mind freely on the different modes of baptism. He seemed to prefer sprinkling, when young. We righted the stage up and reached the next change, where we remained until morning. I occupied a bed of prairie feathers—corn stalks—and dreamed of the balky horse, the grasshopper plague, the brooklyn scandal, and awoke to learn that a big bed bug was trying to carry me from my bed to his own. I murdered that bug. Tired and disgusted I arose, and it was fortunate I did. The mail-man was obliged to leave the stage and take a buck board, consequently he could carry but one passenger, and I was the lucky man. Fresh pork and corn cake are good for dyspepsia—so is a buck-board carriage. We started at 6 a. m., and at 9 p. m., made forty miles and reached the town of Ceder Vale. Everybody had retired, but we aroused a kind-hearted Englishman who got a splendid supper of cracked corn and water, baked before a fire place. I do not know when I ate a more hearty meal or one that I relished so well.

The following morning our mail man said he did not go any farther. I was still 35 miles from Arkansas City. A man and team was soon secured, and after traveling until 7 p. m., we were 10 miles from the city, on the opposite side of Grouse creek, which was "a-booming." We drove around about an hour and found a man with whom I made arrangements to board until the creek subsided to its natural level. After supper I concluded that I was pretty well corned, and called for my room. I climed the ladder, saw a blanket, a prairie pillow, and proceeded to occupy my "downy couch." Early next morning mine hoste said "pile out, Mr., hash is waiting." I piled, and was sadly disappointed to learn that the creek was still raising, and it was quite probable that I would be obliged to settle in that country. I stayed three days, and nothing happened to mar my solitude, except a thunder storm. I have seen April showers, also a good imitation of a hurricane, but never had Heaven's artillery jingle my toe-nails previous to this occasion. The fourth day we hitched up the horses and started thro' the woods. This may sound strange, but we are in walnut valley, the best timbered section of Kansas. No episode transpired and we soon reached the river. On the opposite side lay the city, but I did not get there until supper time. I anxiously waited until a man came to receive 15cts and land me on the other side of the river.

Arkansas city is beautifully located on an elevation, between the Arkansas and Walnut rivers. The city is nicely laid out and contains many cosey buildings, and about 4000 inhabitants. I attended church Sunday, to see the border belles. They are gorgeous, "you bet." If a railroad ever reaches this place to give it a growing impulse, it will soon become one of the most inviting cities in the west.

Having settled my business, I bid this charming little spot farewell and started up the valley in search of Winfield. During the day we passed some of the best farming lands on the continent, and the farmers seem to know its true value.

At Winfield I was taken sick and remained a week. As soon as possible, I settled my business and hotel bill, and looked for conveyance eastward. A span of mustangs had been driven there by some traveling agent, and they offered them to me. Since I had been sick the weather had changed, but 16 degrees below zero don't stop a Michigander. I bundled and the ponies started for Witchita. We made 70 miles in 5 hours and I stopped once, fed the ponies, ate three prairie chickens, a piece of pie, some bread and butter, got warm, etc. How is that for sickness?

Sometime I will conclude this trip and tell you how I reached Atkison thro' a snow drift. Excuse my long letter, give respects, and I will remain your old friend. C. H. M.

New Advertisements.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge,) with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address REV. E. A. WILSON,
377-6m 194 Penn St., Williamsburgh, N. Y.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

BOOT AND SHOE STORE:

S. H. Perkins & Son,

Have a large and complete assortment of

BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBER GOODS.

☞ You can save twenty cents on every dollar by buying of them. ☜

They also manufacture Boots and Shoes from the best quality of leather ever brought to this town, and with ANDREW SAFE as their Fine Boot maker, cannot be surpassed, if equaled. Their prices are as low as the times. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Repairing done on short notice and in a neat and workmanlike manner.

Give them a call at Goodyear's Block. 372

FURNITURE.

FURNITURE STORE.

OTTO MUNCH

Has on hand a full supply of the very best

FURNITURE!

consisting of

Tables, Chairs, Bedsteads,

Stands, Lounges, &c

Which he will sell at prices that defy competition. He has also a Hearse with which he is prepared to attend funerals both in the town and country.

☞ All kinds of Repairing done in a workmanlike manner and on short notice. Give him a call. Railroad street, Manchester, Michigan.

LIVERY.

UNION

Livery Stables.

The undersigned takes this method to inform their old customers and friends that they will find them on hand and

Ready to Accommodate

them with Horses, Carriages, Cutters, &c., and of first-class style.

Pleasure parties and Traveling men will find at these stables just what they want.

We shall take particular pains to please our friends, and hope to make many new ones, by giving them a

Tip-Top Rig at Reasonable Rates.

The stables are situated nearly in the rear of the Goodyear House. Give us a call at your earliest convenience.

259 FARRELL & HAWLEY.

Meat Market.

MEAT MARKET.

—192—

(PEOPLES' FAVORITE.)

KOCH & REHFUHS.

This Market always Contains

A large supply of Fresh Meat of all grades, and those having a choice can always get

JUST WHAT THEY WANT!

Country and Sugar Cured Hams, and Dried Beef, Bologna, Liver, Ham and Summer Sausage, Always on hand, at Wholesale and Retail. Corned Beef, Salt Pork, &c., &c.

Cash Paid for Hides and Pelts.

Give us a Call.

JOHN KOCH.
WM. REHFUHS.

Manchester, Feb. 26th, 1874. 284

Blacksmithing.

SPRING OPENING.

FARMERS

Now is the Time to Get Your

IMPLEMENTS

Repaired ready for the Summer Work.

DON'T FORGET

That JOE GORDANIER,

THE BLACKSMITH,

Is on hand to do your work.

ALSO,

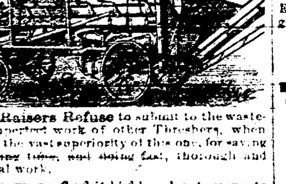
To build you a Carriage, Buggy, Wagon, or Shoe your Horses.

CALL ON HIM.

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO'S

"VIBRATOR" THRESHER.

The BRILLIANT SUCCESS of this Grain-Saving, Time-Saving, THRESHER, is unprecedented in the annals of Farm Machinery. In a brief period it has become widely known and Fully Established, as the "LEADING THRESHING MACHINE"



Grain Raisers Refuse to submit to the wasteful and imperfect work of other Threshers, when posted on the vast superiority of this one, for saving grain, saving time, and doing fast, thorough and economical work.

Threshermen find it highly advantageous to run a machine that has no "Beaters," "Pickers," or "Apron," that handles Damp Grain, Long Straw, Headings, Flax, Timothy, Millett and all such difficult grain and seeds, with Entire Ease and Effectiveness. Cleans to perfection, saves the farmer his thresh bill by extra saving of grain, makes no "Litterings," requires Less than One Half the usual Belts, Boxes, Journals and Gears, easier managed, less repairs, one that grain raisers prefer to employ and wait for, even at advanced prices, while other machines are "out of job."

Four sizes made with 6, 8, 10 and 12 horse "Mounted" Powers, also a specialty of Seperators "alone," expressly for STEAM POWER, and to match other Horse Powers.

If interested in grain raising, or threshing, write for Illustrated Circulars (sent free) with full particulars of sizes, styles, terms, etc.

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.,
Battle Creek, Michigan.

DRY GOODS. GROCERIES.

C. H. NICHOLS

Has Put in a General Stock of

Dry Goods, Groceries,

Clothing, Boots & Shoes, Etc.

Butter & Eggs Taken in Exchange!

GO AND SEE HIM

Before You Dispose of Your Produce.

WATCHES. JEWELRY.

NEW! NEW!! NEW!!!

DIRECT FROM EUROPE!

Watches and Fine Jewelry

I am now receiving the finest stock of Watches, Clocks, Solid and Plated Gold and Silver Ware, Jewelry, &c., ever brought to this place, and offer them at prices that defy competition. I have bought these goods so that I can afford to sell them cheap.

Gold Rings, Pins, Solid and Set with Precious Stones, Chains for Ladies and Gents, Studs, &c., Silver Tea Sets, Spoons, Forks, Knives, Knapkin-rings, Castors, Ice Pitchers, &c., all of the best manufacture and latest designs.

☞ REPAIRING DONE PROMPTLY. ☜

Call and set your watch by my Regulator, the "Standard Time" in town, price my Goods and look over my stock of Toys, and I am sure you can do no better, anywhare.

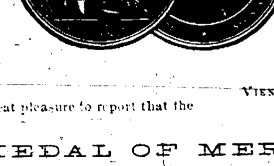
Remember, "The Bakery Building." G. A. FAUSELL.

WORCESTER'S DICTIONARIES.

WORCESTER'S

DICTIONARIES,

VIENNA 1873.



MEDAL OF MERIT.

VIENNA, Austria, August 2, 1873.

"It gives me great pleasure to report that the

MEDAL OF MERIT

has been awarded to your firm in consideration of the publication of the series of Worcester's Dictionaries, and in my judgement it is an honor well deserved."

JOHN D. PHILBRICK,
U. S. Commissioner to the Vienna Exhibition.

"WORCESTER,"

THE AUTHORITY OF

Everett, Marsh, Alexander, Sumner, Mann, Bryant, Quincy, Agassiz, Irving, Rives, Hillard, Henry, Miles, Homes, Felton, Winthrop, Longfellow, Hopkins.

The U. S. Senate, and the U. S. House of Representatives.

Worcester's Quarto Dictionary,	Illustrated,	Price, $10.00
Universal and Critical Dictionary,		4.37
Academic Dictionary,		2.25
Comprehensive "	Illustrated,	1.80
Elementary "		1.15
Primary "	Illustrated,	0.62

Pocket Dictionary, Illustrated, Price, Tuck, gilt edges, 1.00; Flexible, $.85; Cloth, 75.

Worcester's Dictionaries are for sale by booksellers generally, and by

361 BREWER & TILESTON, Publishers, BOSTON.

CHAMPION SELF-RAKER,

The Pride of the Harvest Field,

WARREN KIMBLE, Agt., at the Corn Exchange.

The rake is driven by a stout chain, dispensing with all complication and cog-gearing and delivering the grain at the side of the Machine out of the way of the team in making the next round.

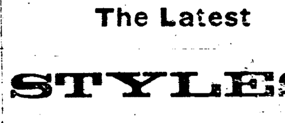
The Dropping Drag-Bar or Tilting Arrangement for cutting lodged grain or grass is the most valuable of recent improvements upon Harvesting Machines. It enables the driver, by a lever conveniently arranged, instantly to control the points of the guard fingers up or down, and is equally valuable in reaping or mowing.

In reaping, grain can be cut clean by means of this device, that heretofore was run over and wasted, and at the same time when the lodged patches in a field have been passed the driver can INSTANTLY change the cut while in the standing grain, avoiding the heavy draft that would otherwise follow in cutting all the time low to the ground.

No other device for this purpose has been entirely successful, and no machine is complete without it.

NEW

☞ FURNITURE ☜



The Latest

STYLES!

Having completed the New Building, two doors East of the Banner Store, I am now receiving a general assortment.

I have a Large Stock of

Tables, Bureaus.

CHAIRS, SOFAS,

Matrasses, Looking Glasses,

Picture Frames, &c.

☞ I STILL MANUFACTURE

any article ordered at short notice.

Something New!

Call and see the Woven Wire Matrasses, the Best, Cheapest and most Durable.

Undertaking!

I am fully prepared to furnish Coffins and Hearse at any time for funerals.

S. W. LOCKWOOD.

THE BOSS PLACE

To Buy Goods

—IS AT—

LEHN'S GROCERY STORE,

South Side of Exchange Place.

Here you will always find a choice stock of Fresh Family Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Glass, Wooden and Willow Ware, Etc.

I CAN BEAT THEM ALL ON

SUGARS, of all grades,
TEAS, of the best importations
COFFEES, of best grades,
SPICES, fresh and good.

Cheese, Syrups, Candies, Raisins, Canned Fruits, Kerosene Oil (full proof,) and, in fact, everything kept in a Firstclass Grocery and Provision Store.

I have also,

A Large Stock of Toys,

And Yankee Notions.

Always keep the best Cigars and Tobacco to be found in the market and invite my friends to call.

C. LEHN.

CLOTHING, ETC.

UNION HALL

Clothing Store.

SELLING OFF

AT REDUCED PRICES!

Merchants,
Mechanics,
Farmers,

To save money in buying your Clothing, call and examine the large stock at the

Union Hall

CLOTHING STORE

—or—

H. MUNCH.

No trouble to show goods, and no hard feelings if you do not buy.

Boots & Shoes.

Hats & Caps,

And Gents Furnishing Goods.

ALL AT

Reduced Prices!

We have beautiful Cloths of Every make, color and grade on hand, and will do

Work to Order.

If you buy any thing from me and it is not satisfactory after you get it home, return it and get your money. Isn't that fair?

Be sure and call at the Brick Block Union Hall.

Manchester, Dec. 4th '73. 322

ATTENTION FARMERS.

Do You Want a Hay Rack?

IF SO, BUY ONE OF

BARLOWS

IMPROVED HAY RACKS!

Manufactured by

Field, Blosser & Co.,

THEY ARE

The Most Durable,
The Lightest,
The Best,
And Cheapest.

Call at the Planing Mill and see it.

THE

Champion Washing Machine,

which is conceded to be the best machine in use, being much more substantial and requiring far less labor to perform the same amount of work. Call and see one.

THE CHEAPEST MACHINE IN THE MARKET

We keep on hand a large supply of

Lumber, Shingles, Flooring,

Battings, Siding, Mouldings,

SASH, DOORS AND BLINDS.

Planing, Turning and Scroll-sawing done on short notice.

All kind of Building material manufactured to order.

Mills and Lumber Yard near the L. S. & M. S. Railway Depot.

Manchester April 1st., 1874. 288

Drugs & Notions.

WALL PAPER

—AND—

WINDOW SHADES

—AT—

DOTY'S VARIETY STORE,

East Side of River.

New Stock! Large & Elegant!

A MACHINE

For Trimming the Wall Paper will be used FREE of Extra charge.

Hats & Caps, the Latest Style.

Boots & Shoes

Just Received

Childs Shoes in great variety of designs and colors

CROCKERY!

Of latest Patterns and Choicest Brands—principally of T. & R. Bootes make—will endure use for a great length of time, retaining its superiority of whiteness and brilliancy of appearance. Buy Bootes ware and you have no dingy looking Crockery.

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES!

Always to be found at this store.

☞ A good Tea at 50cts per lb.—best at $1.50.

Good Cheese for 15 cents per lb.

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Toy Goods,

Confectionary, Notions, &c.

I hope by promptness and fair dealing to merit a continuance of the very liberal patronage heretofore extended to me.

Yours Truly, G. W. DOTY.
Manchester, April 1 159

RAIL ROADS.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL.

GOING WEST.	Detroit.	Ypsilanti.	Jackson.	Chicago.
Mail, leave	7 00 A.M.	8 31 A.M.	10 45 A.M.	8 05 P.M.
Day Exp.	10 20 "	11 31 "	1 15 P.M.	9 00 P.M.
Jackson Ac	3 30 P.M.	4 02 P.M.	7 15 P.M.	
Even'g Ex.	5 40 "	7 10 "	9 35 P.M.	7 00 A.M.
Kal. Acc'n				10 35 A.M.
Pacific Ex.	10 20 "	11 12 "	1 20 A.M.	8 30 "
GOING EAST.	Chicago.	Jackson.	Ypsilanti.	Detroit.
Atlantic Ex	5 15 P.M.	12 55 A.M.	2 40 A.M.	3 50 A.M.
Night Ex.	9 00 "	4 45 "	6 50 "	8 00 "
Jackson Ex		7 00 "	9 15 "	10 30 "
Kal. Acc'n	3 55 "			
Mail,	5 00 A.M.	2 10 P.M.	3 20 P.M.	5 45 P.M.
Day Exp.	8 30 "	4 00 "	5 23 "	6 30 "

Trains Arrive and Depart at Jackson:

MICHIGAN CENTRAL.

GOING EAST.		GOING WEST.	
Night Exp	4:45 a m	Jackson Exp	7:06 a m
Jackson Exp	7:00 a m	Mail	10:43 a m
Mail	2:10 p m	Day Ex	1:15 p m
Day Ex	4:00 p m	Evening Ex	9:35 p m
Atlantic Ex	12:55 a m	Pacific Ex	12:55 a m
Way Freight	7:30 a m	Way Freight	2:10 p m

MICHIGAN AIR LINE.

ARRIVE.		DEPART.	
Male	3:55 p m	Mail	1:20 p m
Detroit Ex	10:40 a m	Detroit Ex	7:32 p m
Way Freight	5:35 p m	Way Freight	6:15 a m

Atlantic and Pacific Express daily, Jackson Express daily, except Sunday and Monday going east, and going west daily except Saturday and Sunday. Evening Express daily except Sunday; Saturdays runs west only to Jackson. All other trains daily except Sunday.

GRAND RIVER VALLEY.

ARRIVE.		DEPART.	
Morning Ex	11:30 a m	Way Freight	6:15 a m
Day Ex	3:55 p m	Mail	1:20 p m
Night Ex	3:25 a m	Pacific Ex	1:20 a m
Way Freight	4:25 p m	Evening Ex	4:20 p m

Atlantic Express, 12 midnight, Sundays only.

JACKSON, LANSING & SAGINAW

ARRIVE.		DEPART.	
Mail	12:15 p m	Mail	4:05 p m
Express	8:45 p m	Express	7:00 a m
Thro' Freight	7:00 p m	Thro' Freight	6:10 p m
Way Freight	6:10 p m	Way Freight	5:10 a m

Trains run by Chicago time.

W. B. STRONG, General Sup., Chicago.
H. B. LEDYARD, Ass't Gen'l. Supt., Detroit.
H. C. WENTWORTH, Gen. Pas. Ag't, Chicago.

L. S. & M. S.

FROM JACKSON.

STATIONS.	Accom'n	Express	Mail
Jackson	3:50 P.M.	1:35 P.M.	6:40 A.M.
Norvell	5:06 "	2:30 "	7:18 "
MANCHESTER	5:40 "	2:55 "	7:38 "
Clinton	6:25 "	2:46 "	8:00 "
Tecumseh	6:55 "	3:17 "	8:14 "
Adrian	8:20 "	3:50 "	8:55 "
Toledo		5:10 "	10:20 A.M.
Buffalo		4:05 A.M.	8:55 P.M.
Detroit		7:40 P.M.	12:01 "
Chicago	6:50 A.M.	6:50 A.M.	10:20 "

TO JACKSON.

STATIONS	Accom'n	Express	Mail
Chicago	10:40 P.M.	6:30 A.M.	10:40 P.M.
Buffalo		6:05 A.M.	1:00 A.M.
Toledo		6:25 P.M.	12:10 P.M.
Adrian	9:20 A.M.	9:25 "	1:10 "
Tecumseh	10:55 "	10:10 "	1:40 "
Clinton	11:20 "	10:24 "	1:52 "
MANCHESTER	12:10 P.M.	10:45 "	2:10 "
Norvell	1:15 "	11:05 "	2:30 "
Jackson	3:05 "	11:45 "	3:15 "
Detroit		5:45 A.M.	10:00 A.M.

Coupon Tickets sold at this station for all points east and west.

P. S. BLODGET, Sup't. Detroit Division.
ALBERT SPENCER, Station Agent.

DETROIT HILLSDALE & INDIANA.

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Express	Mail.	Freight
Detroit, dep	10:30 A.M.	6:30 P.M.	
Ypsilanti	9:15 "	5:25 "	
Saline	7:25 "	4:45 "	
Bridgewater	6:55 "	4:27 "	
MANCHESTER	6:21 "	4:07 "	
Watkins	6:11 "	3:50 "	
Brooklyn	5:28 "	3:35 "	
Hillsdale	3:30 "	2:25 "	
Bankers	3:15 "	2:15 "	

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Express	Freight
Detroit	7:00 A.M.	3:30 P.M.	
Ypsilanti	8:35 "	5:45 "	
Saline	9:20 "	6:21 "	
Bridgewater	10:06 "	6:42 "	
MANCHESTER	10:33 "	7:05 "	
Watkins	10:55 "	7:22 "	
Brooklyn	11:28 "	7:42 "	
Hillsdale	1:28 P.M.	9:04 "	
Bankers	1:45 "	9:15 "	

☞ Through Tickets to all points East.

WM. F. PARKER, Sup't. Ypsilanti, Mich.
M. D. CASE, Station Agent.

Business Directory.

PEOPLE'S BANK

OF MANCHESTER.

Organized under State Law.

Capital, - - - - $50,000.

Transacts a General Banking Business.

L. D. WATKINS, President,
J. D. VAN DUYN, Vice Pres.,
S. W. CLARKSON, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

Thos. L. Spafard, W. B. Osborn,
Fred. Valentine, Jos. McMahon,
J. D. Corey, Frank Spafard,
O. Priest, J. D. VanDuyn,
L. D. Watkins.

HEWETT & NORRIS, Attorneys at Law, Manchester, Michigan. Particular attention given to Collection and Conveyancing.

H. FOSTER HIGGINS, Attorney at Law and Notary Public. Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Contracts, and all kinds of legal papers drawn with neatness and dispatch. Office, one door West of Mack & Schmid's store, Manchester, Mich. 355

J. D. VAN DUYN, Conveyancer and Notary Public. Over Dr. Lynch's Drug Store.

MUNSON GOODYEAR, Justice of the Peace, Office over Baxter's Store.

M. KAPPLER, Justice of the Peace, Sharon (Manchester P. O.,) Michigan.

E. E. BIGELOW, Physician and Surgeon. Office over Baxter's Store, Manchester, Mich. Special attention paid to the Eye and Ear and all Chronic Diseases.

J. D. COREY, Conveyancer and Notary Public. Collections and all other business left with him will receive prompt attention. Residence on Ann Arbor Street, Manchester.

CHARLES YOUNGHANS, Tonsorial Artist. Shaving, Shampooing, Hair-Cutting &c., neatly executed. Goodyear House Block.

A. CONKLIN, Physician & Surgeon. Particular attention given to the treatment of CANCERS and all other chronic diseases, for which purpose he will be at his office in Manchester, on Friday of each week. No medicine given in the treatment of a disease that wars in any way with the tissues of the system.

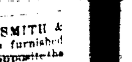
DR. E. HUNTER, DENTIST,

Office in

UNION HALL BLOCK,

South Side Exchange Place,

MANCHESTER, MICH.



TOM. S. FLINN,

AUCTIONEER.

Will attend sales of all kinds, at lower figures than any other salesman, for 1874-5. Ira Cushman, Chelsea, reference. Order left at the ENTERPRISE Office will receive prompt attention.

BLACKSMITHING!

Having rented the Ashley Shop, I am prepared to do Wood and Iron Work, and Horse Shoeing in the very best style. Also, advice in Veterinary Practice. Having had many years experience I am prepared to give satisfaction. Call and see.

P. C. VREELAND.

Manchester Sept. 23d. 1874. 264

Hotels.

HURD HOUSE, Jackson, Mich., SMITH & HURD, Proprietors. The above is furnished in the height of fashion and comfort, (opposite Hibbard.) No pains will be spared to make guests comfortable. Omnibus runs regular to and from all trains. Try them. Board reduced to two dollars per day.

LEONARD HOUSE, Huron St., Ann Arbor, W. H. Lewis, Proprietor. This house now thoroughly remodled and newly furnished offers accommodations unsurpassed by any in the city. The tables are furnished with delicacies in their season, and everything is calculated to make the weary traveler feel at home. Especial attention paid to traveling agents. Terms as usual.

THE MICHIGAN EXCHANGE, Detroit, E. & F. LYON, Proprietors. This hotel so long and favorably known to the traveling public is being thoroughly repaired and put in perfect order for business, and will continue to be kept in all its appointments as a First Class House. To meet the wishes of our many friends and patrons our charges have been reduced to $2.50 per day, and all who wish to find a quiet and pleasant home while in the city will find the patronage of all who wish ...

VISITING CARDS. New styles of type just received, expressly for printing Visiting Cards. Ladies, do you want any? Call at the ENTERPRISE OFFICE 329

LETTER PAPER. If you want any Letter Paper, call at the ENTERPRISE OFFICE

THE ENTERPRISE.
MAT D. BLOSSER, Editor.

MANCHESTER, APRIL 22, 1875.

Village and Country.

Get ready to set out shade trees.

The farmers say "no wheat this season."

Judge Marston is now on the Supreme bench.

The Supervisor is around with his satchel.

We had quite a snow storm on Monday evening.

The maple sugar season was short and sweet this year.

The Michigan Legislature will adjourn on the 30th inst.

A Greening fell from a load of hay at Ann Arbor, last week.

Miss Waite has commenced to teach the little "cacks" how to shoot.

The late fall of snow caused people to take in their cabbage plants, and sich.

Ann Arbor people are becoming absent minded. One forgot that he had a horse, another that he had a name.

Dr. E. E. Bigelow has moved his office from the Stowel block and has fitted up rooms over Baxter's store.

A lively communication from Jackson is crowded out this week. We advise boys to buy jewelry at the dollar store.

It is said that at Peru, Ind., the land is so poor that they have to manure it before it is rich enough to make brick.

The M. E. Sabbath School will give their quarterly concert at that church, on next Sunday, April 25th. Topic—Cross and Crown.

There was no school on Thursday A. M., and a large number of the scholars attended the funeral of their late playmate, Vinnie FitzGerald.

It now turns out that the potatoes were not all frozen as was supposed by the farmers. They are selling at 50cts. per bushel in this village.

We understand that a new tin and hardware store will be opened in this village, about the first of May. Chambers & Somerville is the name of the firm, Union Hall block is the place.

The Manchester ENTERPRISE has "patent bowels," prints from two to four columns of LOCAL NEWS and is the ONLY source from which the Jackson Citizen gets news from Norvell or Brooklyn.

The Hurd House at Jackson, is undergoing a complete system of repairs. Every room in the house is to be overhauled and re-furnished during the season. The "Hurd" is a good house to stop at.

There will be a Spelling School at the M. E. Church in this village, Wednesday evening, April 28th. Admittance 10 cents. The proceeds to be appropriated in the purchase of a carpet for the church.

We had the pleasure of riding to Brooklyn, on the new engine, on the D. H. & S. W. rail road, a few days since. It is a coal-burner, is gotten up in first-class style and it can run like all git-out. Mart Gerry is the engineer and he seems proud of her.

An angel dropped down upon us yesterday and gave our citizens a chance to get rich in the purchase of $1 worth of pens. Money is always plenty for such purposes and of course those who bit got bit. He raised about $75 and is now smiling on another community.

OCEAN PASSAGE.—Those contemplating a visit to Europe, or, wishing to send for friends should not fail to call at the ENTERPRISE office for tickets, as we are agent for some of the best lines, including the "Anchor," "American," "Red Star," "Morris," "North German Lloyd," "Cunard," &c. Drafts on England, Ireland, Scotland and any part of Germany for sale. We are able to make as low rates as at any office, as we have the competing lines.

BEAUTIFUL GOODS.—Mrs. Thompson has received her Spring and Summer goods, and the display at her store is one of the largest and best ever offered in Manchester. The many styles of hats, bonnets, ribbons and flowers, are very neat, sensible and cheap. We noticed some twenty new styles of hats, awaiting orders to be trimmed from the profusion of ribbons, flowers and plumes, to suit the taste of the purchaser. She would be pleased to have those who wish millinery goods, call and price her new stock.

HEAVY ORDER.—Our manufacturers have their hands full this Spring. Mr. Barlow, inventor of the celebrated Hay Rack, is in town and has given Messrs Field, Blosser & Co., an order to build 100 racks, to be shipped to various sections of the country. These racks are very light, but it requires a good pile of lumber, bolts, and labor to fill the order before the haying season. However, Field, Blosser & Co, have the facilities and nerve, and will fill the contract. They also manufacture Sash, Doors and Blind, and the Champion Washing Machines.

LIST OF LETTERS.—The following is the List of Letters remaining in the Post Office at Manchester, April 15, '75.

Amundson, O. C. Rev.	Mukie, Lorence
Brown & Porter,	Kearns, J. C.
E. C. Ball,	Dettene, Christian
Curtiss, T. H.	Deuel, George
Endaway, M.	Seaislen, Geo.
Fuller, E. C.	Satter, Martha
Hedkos, Robt. D.	Wilson, W. J.
Tompkins, Leonard	

In calling for the above, say "advertised." C. WALBRIDGE, P. M.

CARPETS.

As time approaches for house-cleaning the prudent better-half very naturally suggests that propriety and comfort requires a change of carpet, curtains, etc., to indicate spring and summer. A consultation is held with "tother-half," and they search for advertisements to get posted in the latest styles and prices.

While at Jackson, we stepped into the "Sabin Store" and Mr. Sanford, the gentleman who has charge of the carpet-rooms, invited us to inspect some of their late purchases in English, Body Brussels, Tapestry, Ingrain, Etc., which we gladly accepted. With ease, grace and polite manners, he unrolled dozens of pieces of the most beautiful designs we have ever seen, costing from 45 cents to $2,50 per yard. Last fall we visited this place and found what we supposed, the finest patterns that could be made, but we were mistaken, they have now more elegant designs in which delicate tints of all colors lend a grace which is truly facinating. The rooms were crowded with customers who apparently understood and appreciated the extreme low prices that these goods were selling at, and while our escort was waiting upon some ladies, we turned our attention to Curtains, Fixtures, Cornices, Lamberquins, Stairrods, Mats, Etc. In this line we found many new things, some of which were delightful. Mr Sanford has excellent taste in designing lamberquins, and the Sabin Store gets a large part of the trade of Central Michigan in this line. Those visiting Jackson in search of carpets, dry goods, or anything of that kind, should, by all means, visit the Sabin Store.

COUNTY NEWS.

ANN ARBOR.

A little child about two years old fell from the second story window of a house in the fourth ward a few days since and was not injured in the least.—[Courier.

The mother of C. H. Richmond, Esq., of this city, died at Aurora, N. Y., on the 1st inst., aged nearly 87 years.—Heavy fires were raging in the woods in the north part of Monroe County, last Saturday and Sunday, doing considerable damage.—Don J. Mozart, who was sent to the Asylum for the insane about six months ago, was returned to this city on Friday last, his case having been pronounced incurable by the physician of that institution, and is now confined in the County House.—The drug firm of C. A. Leiter & Co, have failed, the sheriff having closed them up on Wednesday, on complaint of Detroit and other eastern creditors. Hinchman & Co., of Detroit, have quite a large claim, and the other claims are reported small on themselves, but aggregating quite a large amount. It is thought the liabilities will range between $3,000 and $5,000. The assets are not known, but an invoice is being made.—Our friend John J. Robison seems to have lost none of his old-time popularity here. Being in town Wednesday evening, while passing by the Opera House, he was surrounded, besieged and blockaded by a crowd of youngsters, each one of them yelling, "Take me into the show, Mr. Robison; take me into the show!" John, making a virtue of necessity, went into negotiations with the door-keeper, who agreed to let in a certain number for $1,50 cash. Planking it down, John J. rushed them in, the door-keeper in vain protesting that he was getting in too many for the money. After seeing his constituents happy, the genial John bade them farewell and went on his way a poorer but happier man.—[Argus.

YPSILANTI.

Mr. Peter Miller, one of our oldest residents, was buried with Masonic honors last Sunday. Mr. Miller came from the State of Pennsylvania here, and was held in high estimation, as an upright man, and an excellent mechanic. Many of our best building are the results of his labors. For a number of years he has been a consistent member of the Methodist church. His wife died but a short time since, and this great bereavement proved too great for him to sustain in the feeble state of health in which it found him. Thus one after another in quick succession the pioneers are passing away.—[Sentinel.

COMMON COUNCIL.

RECORDER'S OFFICE, Village of Manchester, April 20th, 1875.

Common Council met in regular session.

Meeting called to order by the Recorder.

In absence of the President, John Field was appointed Chairman pro tem.

Roll called, by Recorder.

Present—Field, Case, Pottle, Merrithew, Kelly and Mordoff.

Absent—President.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

A petition from Chas. Gwinner, Burtless and others, in regard to putting in a new pump in well near the Goodyear House, was received, and on motion was refered to committee on ways and means with instructions to put in a new pump and repair otherwise if necessary.

Petitions from Mr. Benton and Whistler were received and refered to committee on license, who immediately reported unfavorably to the petitions, which report was accepted.

The committee on claims report favorably on bills refered at last meeting, as follows:

H. F. Higgins, professional services........ $15 00
G. H. Fay, " " 29 00

Moved by Case that the bills be not allowed. Lost.

Moved by Kelly that the bills be allowed and an order drawn for the amount. Carried by the following vote. Yeas—Kelly, Pottle, Merrithew, Mordoff.
Nay—Case.

The chairman of committee on streets made the following report: That having traversed the corporation nearly all over, they find that there is needed on the streets in the corporation the following amount of tile: 225 feet of 10 inch: 227 feet of 12 inch: 30 feet of 20 inch: and asked that an appropriation be made to buy them.

Moved and supported that Mr. Kelly be instructed to go and procure the amount of tile needed. Carried.

Mr. Case reported that part of the saloon-keepers had paid the license tax, and the remainder would pay shortly, which was accepted and he was allowed further time to act.

No further business, the Meeting adjourned.

C. W. CASE, Recorder.

TEACHER'S NOTICE.—Examinations of Teachers for the township of Manchester. In accordance with the provisions of the act approved March 20th, 1875, I will hold a public examination of teachers, in and for the township of Manchester, on Saturday, May 1st, 1875, at the Union School building in the village of Manchester. Candidates will please provide themselves with writing materials and appear promptly at 9 o'clock A. M., on the day appointed.

WM. G. DOTY,
Township Sup't. of Schools.
Manchester, April 17th, 1875.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's father in Deerfield, Lenawee County, April 8th, 1875, by Rev. Geo. W. Lowe, Mr. JAMES KENZIE to Miss NELLIE WEBSTER, all of Deerfield.

By the same, at the residence of the bride's father in Saline, April 14th, 1875, Mr. NORTON LAWRENCE of York, to Miss SUSIE STEVENSON of Saline.

DIED.

In the township of Manchester, Mich., April 6th, 1875, Mrs. Betsey Satey, daughter of Trobridge and Susan Syrdam, aged 28 years.

She left this life in full expectation of a better.

In the township of Sharon, Mich., April 1..., 1875, Miss Jennie Cook, aged 17 years.

Ann Arbor papers please copy.

In Manchester, Sunday April 18th, of dropsy of the heart, S. VINCENT FITZGERALD, son of Stewart and Jerusha FitzGerald, aged 19 years.

The funeral service was held at the house by the Rev. S. W. Frisbie, in the presence of a large number of friends.

Business Locals.

Lehn keeps the best sugars in town.

For a stylish hat or bonnet, go to Mrs. Force.

All kind of Gents' Furnishing Goods at Munch's.

If you want a kooby suit of clothes, go to Munch.

If you want a good hat, and stylish, go to Munch's.

German Drawing paper, tinted, for sale at this office.

Hats and Caps, spring styles, just received at Munch's.

The finest stock of millinery goods in town is at Mrs. Force's.

Choice butter always on hand at the Boss Grocery Store of C. Lehn.

Munch has some beautiful new patterns of foreign and domestic cloths for pants, coats and vests.

The American Sardine Companies Boneless Sardines are much better and less than half the cost of imported Sardines.

Conrad Lehn has received a number of barrels of best quality of kerosene oil. Call at the Boss Grocery Store and try some.

Buy, your, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Spices, and all other Groceries, of J. A. Lynch. He sells the very best in the market at the lowest cash prices.

If you want a fine assortment of Evergreens, go to Winton's, Three miles North-east of Manchester. P. O. address, Manchester.

The People Want Proof,

There is no medicine prescribed by Physicians, or sold by Druggists, that carries such evidence of its success and superior virtue as BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP for Severe Coughs, Colds settled on the Breast, Consumption, or any disease of the Throat or Lungs, a proof of that fact is that any person afflicted, can get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try its superior effects before buying the regular size at 75 cents. It has lately been introduced in this country from Germany, and its wonderful cures are astonishing everyone that use it. Three doses will relieve any case. Try it. Sold by J. A. Lynch.

If you want a good Dress Coat.
If you want a fine suit of Clothes
If you want a good Business Coat
If you want a good piece of Cloth, go to the Union Hall Clothing Store.

Parties going East will find the Michigan Central Route the best. Coupon tickets for sale at the D. H. & I. R. R.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

The following are the real estate transfers in Southern Washtenaw, as recorded in the Register's Office, for the week ending April 10th, 1875:

Frederick Kader to Gottlieb Haug, 55 acres off the N. E¼ sec. 12, Bridgewater. $1767 50.

Uriah Arnold to D. K. Stringham E½ of N.E¼ sec. 18 town of Bridgewater. $1

Jeremiah Arnold by heirs to D. K. Stringham S. W¼ of N.E¼ and N. ... of N. E¼ of N. E¼ sec. 18, Bridgewater. $2000.

Joseph Rawson to George S. Rawson W½ of N. W¼ sec. 22 and S.E¼ of N.E¼ sec. 22 and E½ of S.E¼ of sec. 9, and W½ of S W¼ sec. 10, Bridgewater. $7000.

Jacob Prinn to Peter Kumpf, lot 1, block 39, village of Manchester. $450.

William Hones to Chas. Hones, 6 acres off the S. E¼ sec. 25, Manchester. $650.

Daniel D. Embler to Martha A. Quirk, a lot on City Road, village of Manchester. $200.

Catharine Frost to John Pykett E½ of E½ of S.W¼ sec. 27, Bridgewater. $400.

Wm. F. Abea to Uriah Arnold, 100 acres off secs. 23 and 24, Bridgewater. $2500

James McMahon to Goodrich Conklin, undivided half of hotel property Manchester. $5750.

Delos Mills to R. W. Mills, 25 acres off sec. 17, Bridgewater. $1265.

Joseph Eisele to Jacob Jeskenaske, E½ of S½ of S.W¼ of N.W¼ sec. 36, Freedom. $1000.

COMMERCIAL.

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

New York.

Flour, Superfine Western	4 60	@ 5 46
Wheat, No. 1	1 28	@ 1 30
" No. 2	1 26	@ 1 30
Corn, Mixed and Western	90	@ 0 92
Oats	72	@ 78
Rye	98	@ 1 00

Chicago.

Flour	4 75	@ 5 25
Corn	72	@ 79
Oats	59	@ 64
Rye	95	@ 98

Toledo.

Wheat, No. 1	1 18	@ 1 20
" No. 2	1 10	@ 1 17
Corn	75	@ 78

Detroit.

Flour	5 50	@ 6 00
Beans	1 65	@ 1 90
Wheat, No. 1	1 18	@ 1 20
" No. 2	1 17	@ 1 19
Corn		@ 76
Oats	55	@ 66
Barley	2 15	@ 2 40
Wool	40	@ 50

Home Market.

Outside and Inside figures—Corrected every Thursday Noon.

Apples, green, per bbl	$1 25 @ 1 75
" dried per pound	@ 7
Beans, common, per bushel	1 00 @ 1 50
" hand picked	1 50 @ 2 00
Butter, crock or roll, per lb	1 @ 14
" fresh	@ 14
Barley, per cwt	0 00 @ 2 00
Clover seed, per bushel	@ 6 25
Corn shelled, "	65 @ 70
Corn, ear, "	30 @ 35
Cider, per gal	12 @ 15
Dressed Hogs	$7 50 @ 8 00
" Chickens, per lb	@ 10
Eggs, per dozen	@ 13
Flour, Wheat, per cwt	3 00
" Buckwheat	4 00
Hay, Clover, per ton	15 00 @ 18 00
" Timothy, "	18 00 @ 20 00
" Marsh, "	@ 7 00
Hungarian Grass Seed, per bushel	1 50
Hides, per lb	6 @ 10
Honey, "	25
Ham, "	12
Lard, "	12 @ 15
Lime, per bbl	1 20 @ 1 25
Oats per bushel	75 @ 60
Onions, per bushel	50 @ 1 00
Potatoes, "	50 @ 60
Pork, salt, per lb	9 @ 10
Redtop seed, per bushel	2 25
Salt, Eastern, per bbl	2 00
" Saginaw, "	2 00
" Rock, "	2 50
Tallow, per lb	6 @ 7
Timothy seed per bushel	3 25
Wood, seasoned, per cord	4 00 @ 5 00
" green, "	3 00 @ 4 00
Wool, per lb	40 @ 45
New Wheat No. 1	1 00 @ 1 13
Extra,	1 00 @ 1 17

To-Day's Notices.

LOST.—A Gold Watch Key, on Exchange Place on Tuesday last. The finder will receive suitable reward by leaving it at this office.

LADIES

READ THIS!

Miss Emma Mahrle is prepared to do all kinds of Hair Work in the best and most approved manner.

Switches, Frizes, Curls, Braids,

Rolls, Puffs, Etc., made to order on Short Notice.

A Call is Solicited. Orders may be left at the Union Hall Clothing Store, but I prefer a call at the residence of John C. Mahrle, opposite of the L. S. & M. S. R'y depot. 363

JOHN PETTIT,

THE LIVE MUSIC DEALER

PIANOS AND ORGANS

cheaper than was ever before heard of. He has the famous New England Estey, Burdette and Manning Organs.

The celebrated Light & Ernst, Fallam & Sons, U. S. Haines Bros., Steinway and Chickering Pianos. And is selling

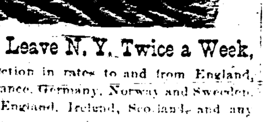
Good Pianos from $250 to $1500.

Sales room 192 HURD HOUSE BLOCK,

378 JACKSON, MICH.

PASSAGE TO AND FROM EUROPE.

FIRST-CLASS LINES



Steamers Leave N. Y. Twice a Week,

Great reduction in rates to and from England, Scotland, France, Germany, Norway and Sweeden.

Drafts on England, Ireland, Scotland, and any part of Germany.

Drafts issued for any amount at Lowest Rates.

For further particulars apply to

MAT D. BLOSSER.
ENTERPRISE Office, Manchester, Mich.

BAZAR OF FASHION,

Grand Opening!

On Saturday May First

MRS. CRAFTS

Is pleased to inform her customers and the public generally, that she has now received her

Spring and Summer Stock of

MILLINERY GOODS!

Embracing the most Elegant

Flowers, Ribbons, Bonnets, & Hats,

Of the Very Latest Styles.

And invites all to come and see them. Having had an experience of 20 years, she is confident of her ability to please so many as favor her with their patronage.

☞ Prices always reasonable.

Please Call Early.

DRY GOODS. DRY GOODS.

NEW GOODS, NEW GOODS,

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

SPRING GOODS

Ever Brought to This Village,

Has Just Arrived

AT THE BANNER STORE

We Have a Full Assortment of Everything

Kept in a First-Class Dry Goods Store,

AND WILL SELL

OUR GOODS

As Low as Any House in the State,

MACK & SCHMID.

DRY GOODS!

DRY GOODS! DRY GOODS!

POSITIVELY

"The Largest Stock"

Ever offered in Manchester, just Received at

POTTLE'S!

Including Everything that could be classed under this Heading.

BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, GENTS FURNISHING

Goods, Etc., Reliable in Quality and Style.

WALL PAPER!

Curtains and Curtain Fixtures,

In Immense Quantities and New Designs.

GROCERIES ALL RIGHT!

I am willing to work hard for small wages, as the times seem to demand, and will offer my goods at prices that cannot fail to please. Call and examine. Goods shown cheerfully. Yours Truly,

W. H. POTTLE.

HARDWARE, STOVES AND TINWARE.

IF YOU ARE IN WANT

—OF—

COOKING STOVES,

PARLOR STOVE, BOX STOVES, COAL STOVE,

Hardware, Tinware,

House Trimings House Furnishing Goods,

—CALL ON—

BRUEGEL, MORDOFF & CO.,

We will Satisfy you that You can buy

ANYTHING!

In our Line as Cheap as any place in the State.

WE MEAN WHAT WE SAY,

And will convince the Public that Our Prices are as low as the Lowest.

GIVE US A CALL.

Will show Goods Cheerfully,

Respectfully,

Bruegel, Mordoff & Co.

Legal Notices.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss. In the matter of the estate of Emmeline Ayres, Imagine Ayres and Minnie E. Ayres minors.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned Guardian of the estate of said minors by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Washtenaw, on the tenth day of March A. D. 1875, there will be sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the Goodyear House in the village of Manchester, in the County of Washtenaw, in said State, on Saturday the first day of May, A. D. 1875, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day (subject to all encumbrances by mortgage or otherwise existing at the time of the sale) the following described Real Estate, to wit: Lot one, (1) in block forty-six (46) in the Village of Manchester, county of Washtenaw and State of Michigan.

Dated March 10th, A. D. 1875.

388 PHEBE J. AYRES, Guardian.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss. Daniel D. Fitzgerald vs. Abraham Polhemus and George L. Unterkircher.

By virtue of one writ of execution issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court for the County of Washtenaw in the above entitled cause, to me directed and delivered, I have on this 11th day of December A. D. 1874, levied upon all the right, title and interest of Abraham Polhemus and George L. Unterkircher in and to the following described real estate situated in the County of Washtenaw, State of Michigan, to wit: All of Blocks fourteen fifteen and sixteen in the Village of Manchester, being undivided half, also all their interest in Lot one in Block three of said village, all in Washtenaw County, State of Michigan. Which above described property I shall expose for sale at public auction to the highest bidder at the south door of the Court House in the city of Ann Arbor, on the 3d, day of May A. D. 1875, at one o'clock P. M., of said day.

Dated Ann Arbor, March 15th, 1875.

389 M. FLEMING, Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss. By virtue of a writ of Execution issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court in and for the County of Washtenaw, State of Michigan, to me directed and delivered, against the goods and chattles, lands and tenements of A. Judson Hunt, I did on the thirtieth day of January A. D. 1875, levy upon all the right, title and interest of the said A. Judson Hunt in and to the following described Real Estate situated in the Township of Manchester, County of Washtenaw, State of Michigan, to wit: The South west quarter [¼] of section sixteen [16]. Also the south east quarter [¼] of the north east quarter [¼] of section nineteen [19], in township four [4] south of range three [3] east, State and County aforesaid: All of which I shall expose for sale at public auction or vendue to the highest bidder, as the law directs, at the South door of the Court House in the city of Ann Arbor, (said Court House being the building in which the Circuit Court for the County of Washtenaw is held) on Monday the third day of May A. D. 1875, at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day.

Dated March 15, 1875.

M. FLEMING, Sheriff.
389 By J. S. CASE, Deputy Sheriff.

PROBATE ORDER.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Friday, the Twenty-sixth day of March, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five.

Present, Noah W. Cheever, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Barbara Rommel deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Jacob Rommel, praying that an administrator may be appointed on the estate of said deceased.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the twenty-sixth day of April next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted: And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Manchester Enterprise, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

NOAH W. CHEEVER, Judge of Probate.
(A true copy.) 391-394

MORTGAGE SALE.

WHEREAS default has been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage bearing date the 19th day of March A. D. 1872, executed by John B. Hiler and Frantz J. Schuenemacher as mortgagors to David G. Rose as mortgagee, to secure the payment of a part of the purchase money for lands described therein, which mortgage was duly recorded on the first day of April, 1872, at one and one-half o'clock P. M. in the Register's office for the County of Washtenaw, State of Michigan, in Liber Forty-six of mortgages on page two hundred and eighty-three, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, the sum of Nineteen hundred and fourteen dollars and fifteen cents, ($1914.15) with additional installments yet to become due, and no suit or proceedings at law or in equity having been instituted to collect said debt, or any part thereof, notice is therefore hereby given, that on Saturday, the Fifth day of June, 1875, at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the south door of the Court House in the city of Ann Arbor, Michigan, that being the building in which the Circuit Court for the county of Washtenaw is held, said mortgage in pursuance of a power of sale therein contained, and the statute in such cases made and provided, will be foreclosed by a sale at public auction to the highest bidder, of the mortgaged premises, or so much thereof as shall be necessary to pay the same, due together with interest, costs of sale and an Attorney's fee of Fifty dollars provided for in said mortgage, which premises are described in said mortgage as the south-west quarter of the south-east quarter of section eleven, and the north-west quarter of the north-west quarter of section fourteen. Also, the west part of the north west quarter of the north east quarter of section fourteen, the last described parcel containing sixteen acres, all of said lands being situated in town four south of range three east in said county of Washtenaw, State of Michigan.

Dated March 11th, 1875.

DAVID G. ROSE, Mortgagee.
G. R. PALMER, Atty. for Mortgagee. 388

MORTGAGE SALE.

DEFAULT having been made in the conditions of payment of a certain indenture of mortgage executed by Isaac L. Clarkson and Mary A. Clarkson, his wife, John Field and Aley J. Field, his wife, to Joseph Rawson, bearing date the Twenty-seventh day of January A. D. 1872, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of the county of Washtenaw and State of Michigan, on the Twenty-sixth day of February A. D. 1872, in Liber Forty-seven of Mortgages, on page 145, which said mortgage was afterwards, to wit: on the Sixth day of February A. D. 1874, duly assigned by the said Joseph Rawson to William Burtless by deed of assignment, which was recorded in the said Register's office, on the Sixth day of April A. D. 1875, in Liber Four of assignments of Mortgages, on page 546: by means of which default the power of sale in said mortgage contained has become operative, and there is claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice, for principal and interest, the sum of One Thousand One Hundred and Ninety-two Dollars and Thirty four Cents, and an Attorney's fee of Thirty-five dollars expressly covenanted for therein, and no proceedings either at law or in equity having been instituted to recover the same or any part thereof, Notice is therefore hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises in said mortgage described, at public auction to the highest bidder, on the Sixth day of July, A. D. 1875, at one o'clock P. M. of said day, at the south front door of the Court House in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county of Washtenaw and State of Michigan, that being the place where the Circuit Court for the said county of Washtenaw is held. The said land and premises in said mortgage described and to be thus sold, are as follows, to wit: All of the following described lands and tenements situated in the township of Manchester, county of Washtenaw and State of Michigan, know and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a point in the River Raisin North forty-seven degrees and thirty minutes West, one chain and twenty-five links from the section line between sections two and eleven, Town four south of Range three east, running south forty-eight degrees and thirty minutes West, nine chains and sixty-four links to a stake in the center of the Tecumseh road, thence South forty-one degrees and thirty minutes East, five chains and fifty links along the center of said road, thence North forty-eight degrees and thirty minutes East ten chains and fifty-three links to the center of the aforesaid river, thence along the center of said river to the place of beginning, excepting and reserving therefrom all land lying south of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad as the same is now located.

Dated April 8th, 1875.

WILLIAM BURTLESS,
Assignee of said Mortgage.
HEWETT & NORRIS, Att'y for Assignee. 393

GREAT OFFER

GREAT OFFER,

Number Four.

FATED TO BE FREE. Jean Ingelow's great Story, price, in book form, $1.75.

TWENTY SHORT STORIES, a rich variety of miscellaneous reading; over sixty large pages splendidly illustrated.

TEN STEEL REPRODUCTIONS, fac-similes of famous pictures, original engravings worth $15.00.

All the above sent post-paid with HEARTH AND HOME, the great illustrated weekly magazine, two months on trial, for only 50 Cents. OBJECT: to introduce the paper to new subscribers. Price reduced to only $2.50 per year. Single number, six cents—none free. At newsstand or by mail. Great inducements to agents and clubs. THE GRAPHIC COMPANY, Publishers, 39-41 Park Place, New York. Please state in what paper you saw this advertisement. 392-395

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and direction for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence,

JOHN B. OGDEN,
377-6m 42 Cedar St., New York.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

More wheat was sown last fall in Arkansas than in any previous year.

The Delaware peach-growers report the crop in good condition so far.

At a poultry show in Elmira, New York, a goose hatched in 1803 is the principal curiosity.

A Kentucky farmer averaged 1,800 pounds of tobacco to the acre, which brought $20 per hundred all round.

In transplanting most forest trees for shade, it is important that they be set with the same bearings as regards the points of the compass as that in which they grew.

Mr. Crane reports an experiment by a woman in treating the cabbage-worm with a strong solution of soft soap. It destroyed the worms without injuring the cabbage.

A witness in a Catskill law office thus described the poverty of a field of wheat: "The crop was so stunted and short that the toads could sit on their haunches and pick bugs off the tassels."

Three mushrooms growing under a flagstone weighing eighty pounds, in an English town, lifted the stone out of place. The vegetable kingdom appears to be developing a number of Samsons.

The wool interest, which has been making rapid strides in California, is constantly strengthened by importations of thoroughbred sheep. So large are the demands for blooded sheep that many breeding farms have already been established.

A Western paper says that three farmers in Genesee county, Michigan, have recently purchased, in Western New York, eleven yearling Merino ewes, for which they paid $1,225. A half interest in a yearling ram was purchased at the same time, for $100.

Dr. J. V. C. Smith describes the olive as looking something like a willow tree, and bearing fruit which, when ripe, resembles a dark damson plum. An olive when pressed yields about one spoonful of oil. The wood is of great value for the manufacture of articles of use, and the tree for its fruit and oil as food.

A French naturalist has ascertained by careful investigation that a single insect might, in five generations, become the progenitor of five thousand millions of descendants. With these appalling figures before us, we are forced to the conclusion that, were the birds destroyed, a desolation would result, compared with which the grasshopper plague of the West would sink into insignificance.

The culture of trees in the United States is becoming quite extensive. Under the act of Congress offering one hundred and sixty acres of land to any person who would plant forty acres to trees and cultivate them for eight years, about eleven hundred persons, it is stated, had taken up 170,000 acres of land in Minnesota up to January. The demand for young trees to set out this spring in California is quite great.

A Maine farmer raised last season 1,254 bushels (sixty pounds each) of ruta bagas on two acres of land. The farmer describes how he did it thus: The land was plowed in November, 1873. Twelve cords of manure were drawn on it in winter and early spring. It was harrowed several times. The seed was drilled in rows twenty-eight inches apart. Plaster was applied to the plants, and they were thinned to six inches apart. They were cultivated two or three times with horse, and with hand hoes as needed.

A Farmer's daughter having three suitors, all equally acceptable to the old gentleman, he puts the following to them, viz: "There are three gates between my house and the orchard: go into the orchard and choose a certain number of apples; the one who can choose such a number as to leave half the number and half an apple at the first gate, and half the remainder and half an apple at the second gate, and half the remainder and half an apple at the third gate, cutting no apple or apples, and taking one apple into the house to my daughter, shall have her hand." Query—What is the number?

Gen. Anderson found in Egypt, enclosed in a sarcophagus, beside a mummy, a few dry peas, which he carefully planted on his return. They grew and matured enough to plant quite a plot the following season. Some of the plants grew over six feet high, loaded with blossoms of exquisite fragrance and delicate rose tint. The growth of the stem is peculiar, small near the root, but increasing greatly in size toward the top, requiring a support to sustain it. The pods are upon the top. The peas are of a fine flavor, and an excellent table variety. So says the *Scientific American*.

The Process by which Rubber Goods are Produced.

(All the Year Round.)

The juice of the caoutchouc tree undergoes many curious mutations before it becomes a merchantable sheet. In a large building, filled with great iron troughs and odors far from spicy, many men are at work on the rough rubber, which is first cut into pieces and then partially macerated and washed clean from impurities, emerging at length in the form of long strips of a dirty-white color, not unlike fragments of unbleached Turkish toweling. It is now ready for the macerating mills, wherein it is worked up with water till it assumes the appearance of the chewed India rubber dear to schoolboys. As the macerator slowly revolves, it squeezes from its capacious jaws a dark-looking viscid mass, only to seize it again and repeat the operation until the material becomes homogeneous, when it is ready for the cylinders. In these it is squeezed under heavy pressure, through sieves of exceeding fineness, which take up every remaining particle of dirt or grit, and the rubber is now ready to be rolled into a thick or thin sheet—or applied to cylinders under which pass miles of silk or cotton cloth, until after some half dozen applications, a coating of sufficient thickness to make it waterproof has been deposited on the fabric—or to be cast in molds into valves or buffers. "Washers" and such small deer are cut out of the heavy sheets, which are also employed for making the mats now so much in use. These are produced by a singularly beautiful process applied to sheets of vulcanized caoutchouc. This vulcanizing operation is simple enough, consisting merely of the addition of a quantity of sulphur—often combined with coloring matter—to the wet paste of rubber, followed by baking in large iron ovens filled in with lime. Charged with sulphur the rubber is worked into long bands one-half the width of the proposed mats. These bands pass on a traveling bed under a machine furnished with sharp cutters, which inflict stabs at regular distances, and finally cut off the band into lengths. These are next stretched on a frame so as to tear the wounds into almost lozenge-shaped openings, forming a perfect pattern; a process far superior in point of economy to that of punching out interstices, and thus involving waste of more and material. Stretched on frames, the mats are now duly baked, and on leaving the oven retain perfectly the form imposed upon them. To this process of vulcanizing, rubber owes much of its adaptability to many uses of modern life. The addition of sulphur, followed by baking in lime, imparts to the material the power of resisting heat, and has extended the area of India rubber goods to the torrid zone. Carried a step further this process produces ebonite, a material of great hardness and density, of which all kinds of articles, useful and ornamental, may be made, among which may be mentioned the cheap imitations of jet which have the advantage of being far more durable than the hydro-carbon imitated.

Two Detected Tricks.

Moncure D. Conway writes to the Cincinnati *Commercial* from London, as follows:

The mystery of "Psycho" has been discovered. You remember that "Psycho" is the wonderful automaton exhibited by Maskelyne, the conjurer, which for a long time, has been puzzling the brain of scientific men by its accurate playing of whist. That "Psycho" was in some way connected with and guided by a human brain was, for a long time, certain; but as it was completely isolated on the top of a simple glass cylinder, and no possible connection with any one behind the curtain conceivable, it grew to be our greatest mystery. The great men of the Royal Society went to examine it, but were all beaten. But finally a young American—W. H. Coffin, son of Dr. G. W. Coffin, a celebrated American dentist in London—after five visits hit upon the secret, Maskelyne himself being unable to submit his figure to the test proposed. The solution is that "Psycho" is worked by the condensation and diminution of the column of air in the glass cylinder on the top of which he sits. Beneath the carpet of the bottom of this cylinder is a perforated plate of zinc, connected with the operator behind the scenes, who, at his will, may increase or decrease the column of air, the figure moving one way or another in accordance with the pressure put upon it. The conjurer was at first disposed to deny the explanation, but Coffin told the audience that it could easily be tested by Maskelyne allowing him to put a newspaper between the figure and the cylinder. This the conjurer declined, and then followed great applause when it became recognized that "Psycho" as a mystery, was at last dead, or at least had fairly reached his Coffin.

At the same time the trick of a distinguished Spiritualist has been detected. This medium is a certain Mr. Williams, who has been making a good thing by placing on tables sundry musical instruments, which cut various antics when it is pitch dark. Williams goes out to evening companies, where all present know each other's good faith; his two hands are held by persons on each side; he has no confederate, and yet the movements go on in the center of the table. But a son of the late Baden Powell (one of the writers of the famous "Essays and Reviews") discovered a few evenings ago that Williams was utilizing the peculiar way of joining hands in the dark, which he adopts—namely, the hooking of little fingers together. He edges the hands of his two neighbors toward each other; he then proposes to one of them softly to rest his little finger by substituting his first finger; when this change is made that neighbor's finger is readily hooked on to the fore-finger of the same hand whose little finger is already holding the other. In the dark the persons each side of him who fancy they hold a separate hand, are really holding on to different fingers of the same hand. Williams' other hand is thus left perfectly free to act as it pleases. Last night a friend and myself fully let into the secret, were present at a seance, and had Williams between us. Sure enough the medium softly proposed a change of fingers, but the change was resisted. The consequence was that the poor medium speedily found that the conditions were unfriendly to any manifestations, left the house as soon as possible, and the seance came to nothing. And it is by such tricks as these that millions are induced to believe that they are communicating with the invisible world. There is now not a medium of any fame in London whose fraud has not been exposed to the satisfaction of all except the large class of those who wish to be deceived.

Judicial Oaths.

Mr. Evarts' explanation of the New England custom of swearing by the uplifted hand, instead of on the Holy Scriptures, recalls the time when New England courts were the greatest sticklers for the old English formula. It was one of the chief points of accusation against Roger Williams by the General Court of the Massachusetts Colony that he not only stoutly maintained the right of the citizen to refuse to be sworn on the Scriptures, but denied that the Magistrate ought to tender an oath to an unregenerate man. The sturdy old Separatist considered the usual form of judicial oath to be an act of religious worship, and he resisted its legal enforcement on precisely the same grounds that he denied the right of the State to pass laws to compel people to attend church, or to partake of the Communion. Adhesion to his views in regard to the oath caused Roger Williams to lose some thousands of pounds sterling, by its debarring him from legal standing in the English courts. His persistent defense of these and similar opinions procured his banishment from Massachusetts, but gave to the Union the State of Rhode Island. In this and other matters, the course of history has justified the founder of the Providence Plantations, and the New England which consistently persecuted them has come round, like other free communities, to doctrines which, in the seventeenth century, were stamped as heresy by the Church and treason by the State.—*New York Times.*

The Violet as a Bonapartist Emblem.

The *Spirit*, speaking of this flower as the symbol of one of the political parties in France, narrates the following: The adoption of the emblem dates from the first years of the Restoration, and was due to an inspiration of Mlle. Mars, the celebrated actress of the Theatre Francais. She was a Bonapartist, and did not disguise her opinions, so that shortly before the Hundred Days, while playing in a new piece, she appeared with a bouquet of those flowers in her bosom. The incident caused great excitement in consequence of the recollection attached to the violet, which was in season when Napoleon returned from Elba, at the end of March, and the population of Paris at once associated the flower in the homage with which they welcomed the return of the exile. The day after the arrival of the Emperor in Paris every button-hole was decked with it, and ladies wore it in their waistbands and in their bonnets. That circumstance was the starting point of the political meaning of the violet, but the bold manifestation of Mlle. Mars fixed the meaning of the symbol.

A Woman Artist.

M'lle Rose Bonheur, at school, was as evil a sprite as ever lived. She manifested little intelligence for any other art but drawing. Like the child Giotto, she was always using her pencil, either to execute caricatures or copy pictures of animals, trees and figures. One day she was locked up in the coal cellar, and when they went to let her out they found that she had covered the walls with really excellent portraits of a cat which had been her fellow prisoner. The other school-girls, who were of family and position, did not lead Rosa an agreeable existence. They knew well enough that she was poor, and that her father was a fourth-rate artist, and tormented her cruelly with their slights and airs. This conduct on the part of her companions so depressed her spirits that her health failed, and she had to be sent home. Her father, at her earnest request, never sent her to school again, but taught her drawing himself. She, however, learned modeling by herself, and executed some clever figures in clay, which she sold for a trifle on the boulevards. Encouraged by this humble success, she set to work to paint the portraits of the domestic animals, to wit: a large dog, a cat and an owl. These little pictures were so well painted that she obtained a hundred francs for the three. In a year or so she was so able with her brush that every morning saw her wending her way to the Louvre to copy the works of the great masters contained in that superb gallery. The rest of her history the world knows. Mademoiselle Bonheur is no beauty. Now she is a middle sized woman with a rather harsh cast of features. Her forehead is noble and her eyes beautiful. Her hands and feet are exceedingly small and delicate, but she usually wears boots like a man's and goes to the cattle market looking so exactly like a country hobbledehoy, that the farmers often ask her "to step in" and have a pipe and a glass with them. The pipe she invariably refuses, the glass she sometimes accepts. At home Rosa Bonheur dresses very simply, usually in black with a turn-down collar and velvet jacket. She wears her hair short, and never figures in a train. Let no one, however, imagine that she is masculine in her habits, for she is quite the contrary. This great artist is a rather modest and retiring woman, exceedingly good-humored, however, and chatty when once the ice is broken. Dressed like a man she looks the character to perfection, and always walks straight before her, never turning to the right nor to the left. She is invariably attended by two huge mastiffs, who can make her be respected when they are ordered to show their teeth.

An Ingenious Robbery.

A few mornings since, writes the correspondent of the London Daily *Telegraph* from Paris, a sensational robbery was committed, of that bold but patient and thoughtful type which we are beginning to recognize as the American style. A M. Delaperre, money changer on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, joins to this business a trade in expensive nick-nacks. Nearly each day for the last six months an American has made small purchases in the shop. With the ease and volubility of his pleasant race, this gentleman had fallen into the habit of exchanging long gossips with M. Delaperre, who looked on him as one of his best customers. The other morning the American arrived as usual with a friend. "M. Delapierre had just taken out a bag of money and valuables, which he placed in the window while talking. There is, of course, a money-changer's grating between it and the shop. Presently entered a third person who bought a silver teapot, which the assistant packed up and carried to the address given. When he had gone the American produced a claw, such as gas globes are set upon, and said carelessly to the money changer: "I wish you would see if you have a glass to fit this claw." M. Delapierre went with him into the back shop and sought a globe to match, leaving the friend alone. It appears that he immediately opened the grating, seized the little bag of valuables, and called out, "Haven't you found a glass yet?" The American came back, chose some small articles to be sent home and then went off quietly with his companion. Not for half an hour afterward did M. Delapierre discover his loss, which amounted to $12,000, half of it in bank notes and gold, and the rest in negotiable paper. A theft so patiently concocted, so audaciously carried out, is worthy of notice. Like our own bank forgers, these men had plainly some capital, besides shrewd brain and cool resolution. They could afford to wait six months, and to buy silver tea-pots and trifles of that sort.

Esthetic Ducks.

A writer in *Land and Water* gives some curious instances of the sensibility of ducks to colors and musical sounds. He once had in his garden a border of China asters of the most brilliant colors. The ducks would congregate around these and lie there for hours. They never pecked at them, as if they found snails or slugs among them. They appeared simply gazing at them, as if attracted by the gay colors. Another time he had a large clump of very brilliant violet flowers, which by their brightness, shone out from the rest of the border. This clump was like a magnet to the ducks; some of them were always around it. One evening the writer had a party of friends. It was summer time, and the doors of the sitting-room were open to the lawn. One of the company commenced playing upon the piano. No sooner was there a pause in the music than two ducks which had by some means got into the room, rose from under a chair and waddled all over the apartment, quacking loudly. On the music commencing again, the ducks crouched down, perfectly silent while it continued. The experiment was made several times, with the same result. That it was not surprise or fear which induced this behavior was afterward proved, for on subsequent occasions these same ducks would, upon hearing the piano, leave the field and come into the room to listen.

"Spelling Bees" are not such a novelty, after all. A Philadelphia man writes to the *Press* that from 1841 to 1846 there was nothing heard of in Pennsylvania but spelling matches, which were conducted in a very attractive style, music being added to the exercises.

A Southern citizen who proudly bore the rank of General in the Confederate service recently joined the United States army in New Orleans, and to-day carries a musket as a private soldier. He was not compelled to join the awkward squad. Poverty was the cause.

Theodore Thomas, of Thomas' orchestra, than whom there is no higher musical authority in the world, says there are no other cabinet or parlor organs equal to those made by the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co., and that musicians agree with him in this opinion.

P. T. Barnum's Latest Wonders—A Colossal Exhibition.

Harper's Weekly devotes nearly two columns to explaining and extolling the great enterprises with which P. T. Barnum is making historical his forty years' career as the most liberal and daring showman in the world. The statistics which Harper Brothers give us from authentic sources are nearly overwhelming. They make an ordinary head dizzy. Mr. Barnum has always boasted that he gave his patrons double their money's worth, and his claims are generally acknowledged; but this time he seems to have far outstripped himself. Last year he obtained from the Connecticut Legislature a charter for "The P. T. Barnum's Universal Exposition Company," with a capital of a million of dollars. Mr. Barnum, who is President of the Company, and Mr. Coup, its Manager, have spent many months in Europe perfecting their plans. The object of this great company, as they announce, is to elevate amusements, divest them of all objectionable features, and thus render them worthy the patronage of the most moral and refined classes. They say that eventually they will have a score or more of exhibitions (traveling and permanent), in America and Europe, and they intend that their chartered title shall be a guarantee of the merits of whatever they bring before the public. The present season they have but two exhibitions. One is Mr. Barnum's well known "Museum, Menagerie, Circus, and Traveling World's Fair," the other is simply called "The Great Roman Hippodrome." Mr. Barnum seems to have devoted years to perfecting this great enterprise, and nearly one year of his personal attention was paid to it in Europe. At an expense of several hundred thousand dollars he erected a great hippodrome building in the heart of New York City, and under an outlay of over five thousand dollars each day, he has run his establishment in New York for nearly a year. This Exposition Company are engaged to ship the entire Hippodrome to Europe next autumn; meanwhile they have undertaken the difficult task of transporting it entire to the principal cities in America. *Harper's Weekly* says:

"The Great Roman Hippodrome" will resemble a moving camp. There are 1,200 men, women, and children in Mr. Barnum's service, and the stock includes 750 horses and ponies, besides elephants, camels, English stag and stag hounds, trained ostriches, lions, bears, tigers, and other animals. For the exhibition of the menagerie and the various shows, displays, and performances connected with the enterprises, two enormous tents, each 500 feet in length and 300 in width, have been provided, one of which will be kept in advance, in order that no time may be lost by delaying in making ready. The question of transportation by rail—a very serious one—was solved by the construction of 150 cars, twice the usual length, built expressly for this purpose. Among them are a number of "horse-palace" cars, constructed with commodious stalls, in which the horses can lie down and rest while on the journey, and arrive at the place of exhibition quite fresh for the performance. Besides moving the tents, animals, and all other material in these Hippodrome cars, berths will be provided in those devoted to the *personnel* of the company for nearly all the employees. Besides the great exhibition tents, and stable tents for the horses and other animals; there is also attached to the company a large corps of blacksmiths and carpenters and builders, some of whom precede the show several days, to make ready for the exhibition by preparing the ground, erecting seats, etc. The dressing-room tents alone will cover more ground than an ordinary circus.

To move such an enormous establishment without hitch or delay, requires the employment of clear headed, practical men at the head of each department. Everything is so arranged as to move with the smoothness and precision of clock-work. At the appointed hour the canvas will go up, the street procession will move, the performance will commence. When all is over, and the great tent emptied, everything will be packed up by those detailed for the work, and the caravan, without the loss of a minute, will be on the move toward the next place of exhibition.

The programme of performance will be varied and attractive. Donaldson will make daily balloon ascensions with a car large enough to contain a company of five or six persons, at a cost of about $500 a day for this feature alone. Then there will be the "Roman races" in chariots driven by "Amazons," the "liberty races" in which forty wild horses are turned loose in the arena in exact imitation of the famous carnival races of Rome and Naples; "standing races," in which the riders stand on bare back horses; hurdle races for ladies; flat races by English, French and American jockeys; besides camel, elephant, and ostrich and monkey races. Another feature will be an exhibition of Indian life on the plains, in which the actors will be scores of Indians with their squaws and pappooses. They will put up a genuine Indian encampment, hunt real buffaloes, give war dances, pony races, foot races against horses, exhibitions of daring horsemanship, lasso-throwing. A band of Mexican riders, mounted on famous mustangs, will make a pretended attack on the Indian camp and give a mimic but faithful representation of the wild scenes enacted on the Western frontier. The English stag hunt will be the exact picture of the sport itself, with a company of 150 men and women in full hunting costume, and a large pack of English stag hounds. There will also be many other interesting and attractive features, the mere mention of which would make a small volume.

Mr. Barnum certainly deserves great credit for an enterprise which is calculated to afford a vast amount of innocent, popular amusement; and although this gigantic venture involves an enormous outlay of money, it will present too many attractions not to be generally sustained.

Amazing as this exhibition seems from the description given by *Harper's*, we can say, from the actual observation, that one feature is to be introduced into the traveling Roman Hippodrome more interesting and instructive than any other. It is the great procession known as "The Congress of Monarchs." The *Harper's* omitted mentioning this, because, probably, they supposed Mr. Barnum would not dare incur the expense of transporting such an enormous affair through the country. But he will do so, and here is a description of this dazzling and bewildering exhibition, as given by a New York contemporary:

Of all the gorgeous pageants the world ever saw, the "Congress of Nations" is the greatest, and how the surpassing genius of even Barnum could produce it is a wonder. The costumes are true to life, and many of them are genuine, having been procured direct from the nationalities which they represent. The individuals employed to personate the historical characters have the most faithful resemblance to the originals in face and physique. Each nation finds its special portraiture in some kind of triumphal car, brilliantly bedecked with appropriate flags, emblems, colors and intricate devices, and all sorts of characteristics in the way of peculiar uniforms, animals, soldiery, attendants and music. Scores of glistening gilded chariots illumine the arena with a halo of luster, as it were, and the display of royal splendor is far more imposing and impressive than words can describe, thrilling the auditor with unspeakable amazement and admiration.

As the name of the grand Congress implies, it is a stupendous gathering of the Monarchs of the universe, bringing in vivid view the living Kings, Queens, Rulers and Potentates of the past nine centuries, culminating in an affecting finale so touching that it must awaken the emotions of a stoic. Her majesty, the Queen of England, heads the glittering column, surrounded by her royal court and followed by a long ancestral line, the notability and richly uniformed "life guardsmen." Then France, in the person of Napoleon the First and his famous field marshals. Ireland, Rome, Russia, Germany, Italy, Turkey, India, Japan, China, and so on, until all the Monarchs and Courts of the entire world pass in review, winding up like a jewel besprinkled coil around the continuous circle. To look upon this beautiful historical procession in all its grandeur and greatness is equivalent to sitting in full view of the courts of all the earth, so truthfully realistic are the bewildering pictures revealed in rapid succession. Such a dazzling ball mile of solid gold, jewels, silver, precious stones and tinsel could only be produced after years of preparation and the expenditure of half a dozen competencies. Any attempt at imitation on the part of ambitious and unscrupulous showmen for years to come will result in the most inglorious failure. None other than the "Prince of Showmen" himself would undertake it, and none other than the great and irrepressible Barnum could achieve so signal a triumph."

This entire exhibition is advertised to exhibit in New England in May; New York, etc., in June; Chicago, early in July; Ohio, Illinois and Michigan, in July and August.

It is due to our readers that we inform them that Mr. Barnum announces that certain impostors in Cincinnati have copied his bills, posters, cuts and advertisements, and, with a few broken down circus horses and wagons, will precede his exhibition in the West, and, by announcing the Great Roman Hippodrome, will attempt to make the public believe that it is his unrivaled establishment. He cautions the public against being thus deceived, and reminds them that it would be impossible, with any amount of money, to organize and equip even a semblance of his establishment without a preparation of several years. The Cincinnati Daily *Enquirer* of February 27, 1875, says that this pretended Hippodrome is simply the "wreck of that stupendous fraud known as the Great Eastern and Great Southern Circus and Menagerie combination, which exploded at Selma, Ala., the 16th of last November, a number of horses having to be sold to pay the expenses of shipping the show to this city, where the proprietors left a number of their employees unpaid and penniless, and vamosed. Who the real proprietors of the business were, still remains a matter of considerable mystery, but it is generally believed that Andy Haight, one Gibbons and George Weber and others were large stockholders. The defrauded circus men and others connected with the concern finally obtained the aid of the law to compel a settlement of their just claims, and the whole matter ended in the show being attached at Hamilton, and in an auction sale of the circus property at Lebanon yesterday afternoon.

"The best of the joke is that De Haven, Weber, Gibbons and others are about to reorganize a Hippodrome out of this wreck, to start out with next summer on another tour.

"The whole show was rather a 'poor concern, only a few lions being in a good condition, and the menagerie including no really rare or valuable animals."

Our readers have only to use ordinary caution to discover which is the real and which is the bogus concern, though we see that Mr. Barnum complains that some shows obtain an employee named Barnum, and then advertise "Barnum's latest enterprise," and resort to other devices wherein they use the name "Barnum" to deceive the public. He says that all exhibitions with which he is connected will give his initials, "P. T.," and also publish his portrait by way of identification. To be forewarned is to be forearmed. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

As Mr. Barnum's great Hippodrome travels under an expense of nearly ten thousand dollars each day it can exhibit only in large cities. These can be reached by cheap excursion trains. Mr. Barnum says he can easily lose half a million of dollars by this summer's experiment, and that in any event he shall not bring back his Hippodrome from Europe. It is patronized and approved by the clergy and religious classes, as well as by school-teachers, and all heads of refined families who desire their children to improve their minds under this great system of "object teaching." Beyond all question this is the most extensive and extraordinary exhibition on the face of the earth, and probably this generation will never see its like again.

Mark Twain on Insurance.

Mark Twain was present at a dinner given by the insurance men of Hartford, Conn., lately, and in the course of a speech said: Certainly, there is no nobler field for human effort than the insurance line of business; especially accident insurance. Ever since I have been a director in an accident insurance company I have felt that I am a better man; life has seemed more precious; accidents have assumed a kindlier aspect; distressing special providences have lost half their horror. I look upon a cripple now with an affectionate interest—as an advertisement; I do not seem to care for poetry any more; I do not care for politics; even agriculture does not excite me, but to me now there is a charm about a railway collision that is unspeakable. There is nothing more beneficent than accident insurance. I have seen an entire family lifted out of poverty and into affluence by the simple boon of a broken leg. I have had people come to me on crutches, with tears in their eyes, to bless this beneficent institution. In all my experience of life, I have seen nothing so seraphic as the look that comes into the face of a freshly-mutilated man when he feels in his vest-pocket with his remaining hand and finds his accident ticket all right. And I have seen nothing so sad as the look that came into another splintered customer's face when he found that he could not collect on a wooden leg. I will remark here, by way of an advertisement, that that noble charity which we have named is an institution which is peculiarly to be depended upon. A man is bound to prosper who gives it his custom. No man can take out a policy in it and get crippled before the year is out. Now, there was one indigent man who had been disappointed so often with other companies that he had grown disheartened, his appetite left him, he ceased to smile, said life was but a weariness. Three weeks ago I got him to insure with us, and now he is the brightest, happiest spirit in the land, has a good steady income, and a stylish suit of new bandages every day, and travels around on a shutter.

The mad-stone has at last had its existence, if not its efficacy, legally recognized. In the District Court at Georgetown, Texas, "Dr." David F. Knight sued a patient to recover fees for applying a mad-stone to certain wounds said to have been caused by the bite of a rabid dog. The defense pleaded the application of a mad-stone was not legitimate practice, and, after some deliberation, the jury disagreed.

Allen's Lung Balsam has proved itself to be the greatest Medical Remedy for healing the Lungs—Purifying the Blood and restoring the tone of the Liver. It excites the phlegm, which is raised from the Lungs, thereby the Cough, Pains, Oppression, Night Sweats, and Difficulty of Breathing—all the above symptoms will be cured, and the whole system again restored to health.
For sale by all Medicine Dealers.

Efforts are being made in Tennessee to pass a State law requiring all unmarried men over thirty years old to pay an annual fine of ten dollars.

Electricity is Life.—All nervous disorders, chronic diseases of the chest, head, liver, stomach, kidneys and blood, aches and pains, nervous and general debility, etc., quickly cured after drugs fail by wearing Volta Electro Belts and Bands. Valuable book free, by Volta Belt Co., Cincinnati, O.

☞ Notice advertisement of the Zinc Collar Pad. They have been thoroughly tested, and the guarantee of this Co. is good. Ask hardware dealers or harness-makers for them.

Oppression after eating, headache, nervous debility, are the effects of indigestion. One or two at most, of *Parsons' Purgative Pills* will give immediate relief.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment may be administered to children with perfect success, in cases of croup, whooping-cough, influenza, and almost any of the diseases to which they are liable.

Get the best. The best Elastic Truss, is Pomeroy's, 744 Broadway, N. Y. Write for it.

Modern Medical Discovery.—It is claimed that disease, with a few exceptions, has been conquered by the research and intellect of enlightened men; and yet a noted professor of New York admits that "of all sciences, *medicine* is the most uncertain," and that "thousands are annually slaughtered in the sick-room." Certain "schools" of medicine are in existence, one of which "makes the patient ill," in order to claim a cure, and another administers "sugar-coated bread pills," relying upon nature to effect her own cures. Dr. J. Walker, of California, an old and respected physician, tried both modes of treatment, and both failed. He then appealed to nature's curative—herbs—and now enjoys rugged health. He has given the benefit of his discovery to the world, in the shape of Vinegar Bitters, and since its introduction has sold a quantity almost large enough to make a small harbor, or to float the "Great Eastern." Its curative properties are attested by grateful thousands. 31

We would no more be without Dobbins' Electric Soap, made by Cragin & Co., Phila., in our family than without a stove. It is pure, and does its own work without the main strength of the washwoman. Try it.

The Black Hills Gold Region.

The publisher of the Cheyenne (Wyo.) *Leader* will issue, April 17th, a twenty-eight-column extra, containing a fine map of the Black Hills, including all the mountain ranges known under that name; also, a large variety of valuable information gathered from official and private sources, relating to this all-absorbing topic. Price 10 cts. Send your orders to H. Glafcke, publisher, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure a cough in one-half the time necessary to cure it with any other medicine, *and it does it, not by drying it up, but by removing the cause—subduing the irritation and healing the affected parts.* For all cases of Laryngitis, Hoarseness, Suppression or Loss of Voice, Bronchitis, Severe Chronic or Lingering Coughs, it will be found to surpass any medicine that has ever before been offered to the public. It is sold by all dealers in medicines.

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Why do you Cough? When you can be so easily cured. Every Druggist keeps Tutt's Expectorant. Don't put it off until it is too late.

100 Valuable Receipts for all. Send 10 cents to J. Elgen, Jerusalem, Monroe Co., Ohio.

$70 A WEEK to agents. Business legitimate. Address W. E. Bliss & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

FOR VALUABLE INFORMATION address L. M. Harris, Box 3150, Boston, Mass.

Shoo! Sells like fun. Sample and Chromo free. Terms free. Eureka M'f'g Co., Westboro', Mass.

$5 to $20 PER DAY at home. Terms free. Address Geo. Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

$200 a month to agents everywhere. Address Excelsior M'f'g Co., Buchanan, Mich.

EVERY FAMILY WANTS IT. Money in it! Sold by Agents. Ad's M. N. Lovell, Erie, Pa.

$22 A Day. Agents wanted male and female. Address Eureka M'f'g Co., Buchanan, Mich.

AGENTS. Chang Chang sells at sight. Necessary as soap. Goods free. Chang Chang M'f'g Co., Boston.

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INKS The best. All colors. One Writer makes 7 ounces. Sample and Circulars mailed for 10 cents and stamp. DEFIANCE NEEDLE CO., 575 Broadway, N. Y.

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Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters are a purely Vegetable preparation, made chiefly from the native herbs found on the lower ranges of the Sierra Nevada mountains of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol. The question is almost daily asked, "What is the cause of the unparalleled success of Vinegar Bitters?" Our answer is, that they remove the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health. They are the great blood purifier and a life-giving principle, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the remarkable qualities of Vinegar Bitters in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to. They are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs, in Bilious Diseases.

The properties of Dr. Walker's Vinegar Bitters are Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Alterative, and Anti-Bilious.

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WHISKERS The only preparation that gives perfect satisfaction to those wishing to raise Beard or Mustache. De Lesseps' "Vigorine." … Ad's J. P. FRANKLIN, Sole Importer, Jersey City, N. J.

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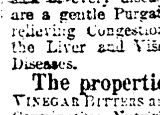

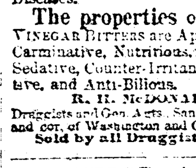

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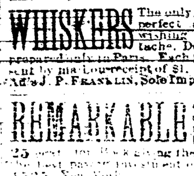

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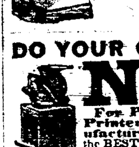

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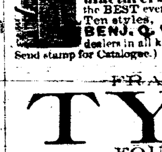

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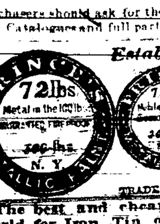

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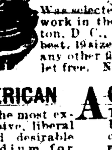

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VOL. 8.—NO. 31. MANCHESTER, MICH., THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1875. WHOLE NO. 395.

AN EXPERIENCE AND A MORAL.

BY FRED. S. COZZENS.

I lent my love a book one day;
She brought it back; I laid it by;
'Twas little either had to say—
She was so strange and shy.

But yet we loved indifferent things—
The sprouting buds, the birds in tune—
And Time stood still and wreathed his wings,
With rosy links from June to June.

For her what task to dare or do?
What peril tempt—what hardship bear?
But with her—ah! she never knew
My heart, and what was hidden there.

And she, with me, so cold and coy,
Seemed a little maid bereft of sense;
But in the crowd, all life and joy,
And full of blushful impudence.

She married—well, a woman needs
A mate, her life and love to share—
And little cares sprang up like weeds,
And played around her elbow-chair.

And years rolled by—but I, content,
Trimmed my own lamp and kept it bright,
Till Age's touch my hair besprent
With rays and gleams of silver light.

And then it chanced I took the book
Which she perused in years gone by;
And as I read, such passion shook
My soul—I needs must curse or cry.

For here and there her love was writ,
In old, half-faded pencil signs,
As if she yielded—bit by bit—
Her heart in dots and underlines.

Ah! silvered fools! too late you look!
I know it; let me here record
This maxim: Lend no girl a book
Unless you read it afterward!

ROOM NO. 99.

BY WALTER EDGAR M'CANN.

The sun had already set, and yet it was not quite half-past five. The train would leave, my watch told me, in twenty minutes. Bessie, my little darling, had not yet arrived. Could anything have happened? I strode up and down the waiting-room, almost frantic with anxiety. I had a presentiment of evil.

You must know the reason of all this. Bessie was my adorable. We had loved each other madly for several years. Her papa had but a dim idea of my merit, and objected to a match. He thought I had not money enough; worse still, he thought the prospect of increase in that direction as limited as possible. He had forbidden me the house. What was more natural than that Bessie and I should conduct stolen interviews outside?

A few weeks ago they had culminated in a crisis. The clandestine interviews were as delicious as possible, but insufficient for my happiness. I had five hundred dollars ready money in my possession; I proposed to Bessie to run away.

The dear girl gave me a logical answer by bursting into tears, as if I had proposed to kill her papa, or commit suicide. She declared emphatically that she would never bring her aged parent's gray hairs (he wore a capital brown wig, one of the best deceptions I ever saw) to the grave. He had been too good to her. I reasoned with the child, showing how easy it would be for her papa to get over his grief if he saw the case was hopeless; how he would call us back to his arms and bless us, and how gloriously happy we should all be living together thereafter.

There was only one objection. Bessie was not of age. If she run away, papa would pursue. In a week she would be eighteen, and mistress of herself, and then the Gretna sort of flight I proposed might do pretty well, in case fate and the brown wig were still inexorable.

But it was no use to talk to me. I am one of those hard-headed fellows, and when I get a fancy I carry it out, or perish in the attempt. I told Bessie she must now decide between papa and me. I had money enough to take her a considerable distance. We must get married and travel—travel until she was of age, and then come to a stop and open negotiations for return.

We had more crying, of course; but finally my darling consented, and she was to meet me at the railway station next day. We would take the train for B——, and then get married, have a hasty late dinner, and then go on to C——.

And so on the next day the story begins. At 5:23 p. m., a solitary pedestrian, with an umbrella strapped to his hip, a carpet-bag in one hand and a cigar temporarily in the other, might have been seen anxiously pacing the floor of the waiting room at the A—— and B—— depot.

This lone and mysterious being was myself. Bessie had not yet come, and the train would leave in twenty minutes. Simply examine the station, and fancy my emotions.

I had completed my fifth mile up and down that floor, when my attention was attracted by the appearance of a red-faced, elderly gentleman, who entered the apartment and walked unsteadily—owing probably to the gout—toward a seat, and lowered himself into it. He had not sat there long before another man suddenly made his appearance in the room, walked up to and confronted him.

"You won't listen to me, then?" said the latter, who was the younger, but by no means the better-looking.

He was shabbily dressed—rakish slouched hat, bad boots, soiled light overcoat—and possessed a countenance like Gloster's, "marvelous ill-favored."

"No," grunted the red-faced gentleman, slowly.

"All right. You'll be sorry for it," retorted the other with a suspicious glance at me. Then he looked toward red-face, shook his fist with dreadful ferocity, and was gone.

Red-face was dozing.

My evil presentiment increased. I don't believe I ever felt so miserable in my life. I could not stand that dark and close waiting-room any longer, and marched out of it toward the platform. My darling ran hysterically into my arms.

"Oh, Fred, I've had such a time to get here," she exclaimed, after I had kissed her half a dozen times despite our public position. "I was so afraid I should be late. I bade them all good-by, pretending I was going to Europe, you know; Freddie, and I laughed, but I could hardly keep from fainting. I left a note on my bureau telling them not to be alarmed at my absence—"

"Very wrong, Bessie," I interrupted, gravely. "We shall be followed to a certainty."

"But, Fred, I couldn't—couldn't—go away without. Just fancy how frightened they would be at not finding me return the whole night! Don't scold, for see what a sacrifice I am making for you?"

"Scold! How could I possibly be such a miserable brute! But come along, darling, for the train will be off in a minute or two."

There were some things to be carried—mere trifles, of course, to people in a hurry and not anxious to be encumbered—six satchels, two trunks, three baskets, four paper parcels, and five little packages—but I managed to stow them away somehow or other, and when the first bell rang we were comfortably aboard the train.

We were rattling along the rails at delightful speed, and planning a world of magnificent aerial architecture, when I happened to look behind me. A sinister face met mine—the face of the man who wore the soiled light overcoat. He had a friend with him—a creature in a cloak; that style called talma—and they were conversing in low whispers.

I professed to be paying no attention to their dialogue, but, with erect ears, caught the following broken threads:

"Money," said Light Overcoat. "Why, he's full of money; that's the beauty of it."

"You have watched him closely?" questioned Talma, mysteriously.

"Never lost sight of him a minute. I took care, too, provide myself with this."

With the corner of my eye, and not turning my head, I saw the wretch produce a blood-curdling bowie-knife, and show it to his companion.

"What good will that be?"

"What good?" repeated Overcoat, sarcastically. "It will keep off jackals, that's what."

He meant, probably, till the lion got through.

This looked forbidding. These were unpleasant confidences, hinting such business as I had very little desire to hear about. I felt greatly disturbed—angry, as well as a little frightened. It seemed to me particularly provoking that this sort of thing should come about just as I meant to be so ecstatically happy in the exclusive society of Bessie.

I tried to change the current of my thoughts by asking her how she managed to smuggle so much baggage from home undetected. She explained that she had taken the trunks and satchels from the house at various intervals, depositing them with some young lady hair-dressers until they should be needed.

I respectfully suggested, that the young lady hair-dressers must have suspected something; but Bessie denied this emphatically. They were innocent as doves, she said; and I certainly hoped so.

Just then I heard the conspirators behind me again plotting.

"That's why I went straight to find you," said Light Overcoat. "I thought two would be better than one. I don't believe he can give us the slip now, try as he may."

"No more do I," assented Talma, agreeably. "We won't lose sight of him a minute. Four eyes are better than two, sure enough."

It was very plain that this was a case of Hamlet's "miching malecho." All these dark hints concerned the gentleman with the red-face. These rascals behind me were following him—for I knew instinctively he was on the train—for the purpose of robbery and, perhaps, murder.

Now, what should I do? It wouldn't be worth while to tell the conductor—it was none of his business—and there was no one else to confide in. Yes! there was Bessie. They say women often jump to a just conclusion that men can only reach by tedious detours. I resolved to tell Bessie.

I did so in whispers. She was naturally frightened. She made the reasonable proposition to stop the train and get off. I vaguely hinted that perhaps the conductor would not stop the train for us, and that possibly the middle of the track would be a somewhat uncomfortable place to pass the night. Then she said, "Let us pay no further attention to the wretches."

At last we arrived at B——. I had already arranged with a clergyman by letter. My darling and I went directly to his house, and at seven minutes past seven o'clock I found myself a married man.

We now started for the hotel. The lamps in the streets were lighted, but the evening being chilly, there were very few people out. As we sauntered along arm-in-arm, dreamy with delight, a person passed in front of us—the gentleman with the red face. I felt an impulse to rush forward and warn him; but some diffidence restrained me. He tramped on under the lamps ahead of us until his form became dim and barely distinguishable.

Glancing across the street, I shuddered to behold the man in the light overcoat and the man in the talma. The horrible drama was evidently approaching to a climax. The catastrophe I durst not conjecture.

Bessie and I went to the hotel. The haughty clerk—a proud being whose ancestors were doubtless kings—gave us room No. 99. The waiter led the way.

Just as he opened the door I was thunderstruck to perceive Red-face, Overcoat and Talma all three going into 97, which was next door. Bessie was white as ice-cream and I was tremulous as the dial of the compass. We closed the portal and listened with breathing hearts.

For fifteen minutes we could hear nothing but a confused grumbling and growling, such as would probably illustrate the domestic conversational intercourse of a family of full-grown bears. Then the noise rose higher. There were shrieks and curses. I could tell that people were scuffling about the room. Some crockery was broken. At length there was a shout, a heavy fall, a moan, and all was as silent as the grave.

"What shall we do?" whispered my poor Bessie. "This is the punishment for running away from home."

"I am going to peep," said I, desperately.

I was about to stoop and lie flat in an undignified but necessary position, when I perceived slowly trickling under the doorway from the next room—No. 97—a horrid pool of blood!

I stood erect, determined.

"Bessie," said I, "that old man has been murdered. If we remain here we shall be held, when the deed is found out, as witnesses. We shall have to explain who we are and the object of our journey. This will lead your papa to us, and all will be lost. Let us fly while we may, relinquish our dinner and immediately start for C——."

My poor darling consented. We put on our things and cautiously seized the knob of the door. At the same instant it was opened from the other side. A servant in a white apron stood there, smiling.

"Mr. Jones de proprietor, sah, hopes as you were not annoyed by de rumpus in 97," said he. "It was only Cunnel Green, sah, a little de worse for liquah, and his friends wos tryin' to get him to bed, sah. He busted a bottle ob port wine, and I spex as how it has run all in to your room, sah. He's very much tossicated now, sah, and has fallen to de floor, and he won't make any more noise to-night, sah; but in de mornin' will be all right again."

I felt like a new being.

"The colonel is tipsy, eh?" said I coolly.

"Yes; come all de way from A——. His friends had to keep watch on him, cos he's got so much money about him, which he won at de races. He sound asleep on de floor, sah, and won't make no more noise."

We dismissed this minion with a gratuity. Bessie and I ate our dinner with relish. We concluded not to go to C—— till next day. Next day came a frantic and forgiving letter from papa. The brown wig had relented instantly. So we did not go to C—— at all.

No Fear of Death in the Dying.

A striking fact in connection with the dying is that they are not afraid of death. You notice this even in executions. The majority of men who are hanged are reported to die "game." Death following disease or injury is with the rarest exceptions, accompanied with fear. Disease dulls the intelligence so that the situation may be fully comprehended; or there may be pain, and death is looked upon as a relief. Nature, by a kindly provision, seems to prepare for the flight of the spirit; as the hold upon life grows weaker, so does the desire for life grow less; and in scarcely a single instance within my own experience, or within that of my professional brethren, with whom I have conversed upon this point, has not the dying man relinquished life at the last without seeming reluctance or fear.

The several physical phenomena which, accompanying the act of dying, vary considerably in the earlier stages with the causes which produce death, there is much similarity in the latter steps. Death offers then a physiognomy, which, once witnessed, is not hard to recognize again.

Among the more constant signs are the failing pulse, which gradually becomes imperceptible, first at the wrist and lastly at the breast itself; the extremities grow cold; the countenance changes as the venous blood courses the arteries; the skin grows clammy as the vessels relax; the eye glazes; the jaw droops; the fluids accumulate in the windpipe, causing the "death rattle," so called, as the air passes through; the breath comes short and finally ceases.

As the red blood leaves the brain the judgment becomes obscured, and the senses deficient. Speech is incoherent. Many times "last words" are imagined by affection to mean more than intended, if there was any intention at all. "It grows dark," or "more light," are common sayings as the optic nerve loses its stimulus. Or strange sights may be seen and sounds heard, as occur sometimes in the still twilight. The hallucinations of the dying may be often explained upon natural causes.—*Prof. R. O. Cowling.*

Only a Photograph.

Only a photograph. These are simple words, and yet how often they will sink into the heart, and coming to the surface bring memories and scenes of other and of brighter days! And how sacred, how dear are the associations that cluster around these little tablets, when they bring before our view the well-remembered features of some dear departed friend; and we handle the picture carefully and tenderly as we in fancy wander backward to the bygone years. Reader, we do not know whose pictured face you cherish; it may be one whose silver hair and wrinkled brow brings memories of a mother's love, and like the sound of some old familiar tune, first heard from those dear lips now cold in death, it will awaken sad but sweet memories of a time gone by—a time in the almost forgotten past when you had bent beside that mother's knee, an innocent and careless child.

Only a photograph. And yet it may be one that, as you look upon the smooth, fair brow, half hidden by a wealth of tangled curls, you can scarcely realize that it is only a shadow of the past speaking to the heart; it, too, may tell of a time when you had bent in anguish above a fair young sister's bed, and looking upon the pure, bright face that had so often smiled away your woe, you knew that the gentle voice must soon be hushed, and the eyes in which the lovelight had ever burned for you must be forever closed in death. How tenderly do you hold the memory of a dead sister's love and how fondly do you cling to this memento of that bygone time! Or it may be that a father's face looks upon you. It may be only a friend, or perhaps

Another, not a sister,
Who, in the days gone by,

had woven her sunny smile around your heart, has passed into the better land, and only left a shadow on your life. Although we do not know whose pictured face you cherish, we do know the darkness has at some time fallen on every life, and we know that it is the nature of us all to linger lovingly over the past and cherish fondly any remembrancer of the heart's dead love.

GENERAL NOTES.

Tuscaloosa (Ala.) *Times*: The signs of the times point to a rapid increase of immigration to Alabama from abroad and also from other portions of the country. Two large German colonies have been established in the State, and numerous inquiries are coming from all quarters from parties desirous of settling in Alabama.

Nashville *Banner*: The child of Josephine Merritt, living at 256 South Cherry street, came to its death a day or so ago by a singular occurrence. The infant who was two months old, was lying in its cradle, when a negro man came in, and without noticing the child, sat down on it. It was, of course, severely hurt, from the effects of which it died.

Covington (Ga.) *Enterprise*: We have a child in this office who is five years old, weighing thirty-one pounds, and who can set a half column of type a day. This is the youngest compositor on record. Those who doubt this assertion can be satisfied by giving this office a call, and we will make "Ned" put up the type in good style.

The universal principle of parasites meets a new illustration in the house-fly. Professor Leidy reports the operations of a thread-worm in the proboscis of a house-fly. The parasite is from a line to a tenth of an inch in length. Mr. H. J. Carter first discovered this parasite in the horse-fly of India, and described it under the name of filaria muscæ. From two to twenty were found by the observer in one fly out of three. Dr. Diesing has referred the parasite to a new genus with the name habronema muscae. It has been suggested by Mr. Barter that it may be the source of the Guiana worm (filaria medinensis) in man.

The carrier pigeon when traveling never feeds. If the distance be long it flies on without stopping to take nutriment, and at last arrives, thin, exhausted and almost dying. If corn be presented to it, it refuses, contenting itself with drinking a little water and sleeping. Two hours later it begins to eat with great moderation, and sleeps again immediately afterward. If its flight has been very prolonged, the pigeon will proceed in this manner for forty-eight hours before recovering its normal mode of feeding.

Cincinnati *Gazette*: On Saturday morning, as two gentlemen were crossing the Suspension Bridge over the Ohio river in a buggy, they observed a man standing up on the outer railing of the footway. Thinking he meditated suicide, one of the gentlemen, Charles Harrington, jumped out of the buggy, determined, if possible, to prevent him. As Mr. Harrington approached, however, the man turned around, and seeing him, immediately jumped into the surging water seventy feet below. He struck upon his abdomen, and rebounded two or three feet, and then sank to rise no more. The man was unknown to Mr. Harrington. He is thought to be a vagrant, who has relatives in the vicinity of Oxford, Ohio, but whose name is not known.

Inasmuch as paper has been made available for the manufacture of almost every variety of furniture and articles of dress, it is passing strange that paper coffins should have been left till this late day unthought of. The undertaker is certainly not an enterprising party. Trunk makers have long been credited with using all the unsalable printed books; but at the present rate of production, were every traveler supplied with a van-load of these troublesome *impedimenta* to traveling, such a stock would be left, that all the book shelves in the world would not contain a tithe of them. To further reduce the stock, a manufacturer out West proposes to supply every journeyer to that bourne whence no traveler returns with a last trunk made of *papier mache*, waterproofed with asphaltum.

The Continental *Herald* says a young servant, resident at Toulouse, latterly found on several occasions in closing the shutters, a crown of immortelles. This emblem of mourning frightened her. Another evening on her return home she found a cross in black, studded with *larmes blanches*, placed upon the window sill. A thrill of horror passed through her on seeing this emblem of death, but finally she retired to rest. Scarcely was she asleep when a violent knocking was heard at the door. "Who is there?" she exclaimed, trembling in every limb. "Open, I beseech you!" replied a plaintive tone. When the door opened a woman enshrouded in a large cloth mantle presented herself, fired a pistol shot at the girl, and disappeared. Fortunately the ball missed its mark, and lodged in the woodwork of the furniture.

How a Lady Should Sit on a Horse.

The idea of a fine horsewoman is erect without being rigid, perfectly square to the front, and, until quite at home in the saddle, looking religiously between her horse's ear. The shoulder should be perfectly square, but thrown back a little, so as to expand the chest and make a hollow waist, "such as is observed in waltzing," but always flexible. On the flexibility of the person above the seat all the grace of equestrianism, and on the firmness below, all the safety depend. Nervousness makes both men and women poke their heads forward—a stupid trick in a man, unpardonable in a woman. A lady should bend like a willow in a storm, always returning to an easy yet nearly upright position. This seat should be acquired while the lady's horse is led, first by hand, then with a leading-stick, and finally with a lunging-rein, which will give room for cantering in circles. But where a pupil is encumbered with reins, a whip, and directions for guiding a horse, she may be excused for forgetting all about her seat or her position. The arms down to the elbows should hang loosely near but not fixed to the sides, and the hands, in the absence of reins, may rest in front of the waist.

The best way to keep out wicked thoughts is always to be employed in good ones; let your thoughts be where your happiness is; and let your heart be where your thoughts are; so, though your habitation is on earth your conversation will be in heaven.

The Queen Ant.

Ants have a "queen ant," whose business is the same as that of the "queen bee." The pomp and state with which this queen ant is surrounded is amusing, and not unlike the homage given to some of the female sovereigns of old-world humans. But there is one exception considerably in favor of the queen ant when contrasted with moral queens—she never seeks the office, but is forced into it. When an empire of ants find themselves deprived of a sovereign by death, they send out a foraging party on the skirmish line of a neighboring empire to capture a foreign queen, thus proving they are by no means "Know-Nothings." When captured the august lady is seized by six of the skirmishing ants, one by each of her legs, and held supine until she "throws up the sponge," and reluctantly consents to wear the foreign crown. She is then conveyed to her new palace, and to show that she has no intention or desire to "go home to mother," she deliberately tears off her wings. Then come the court ceremonies. A lady-in-waiting, or maid of honor, is appointed, whose business is to always accompany the queen in her outgoings and incomings, which arduous duty she performs by mounting her forelegs upon the queen's rear and walking with her hind-legs on the ground—certainly a very inelegant and uncourtly position for two ladies *en promenade*. The other ants, her subjects, are constantly obsequious and assiduous in their attentions—unpleasantly so, we should suppose. They crowd around her, offer her food in and out of season, caress her respectfully, pat her with their little paws, help her along the more difficult passage ways of the palace, and sometimes pick her up and carry her along her Charles street promenade. This latter feat is accomplished in a manner not to be performed in these days of panniers and complex dry goods by mustached Frederick when he lifts his adorable Julia across Liberty street river, because it is done thus: The queen coils herself up into the smallest compass, and her anti-Frederick takes her in his jaws and carries her along without any such C. O. D. considerations as our Frederick might reasonably expect of his adorable after a similar feat. The court antics of the queen ant's subjects are thus described by the entomologist Gould: "When she is taking her constitutional walk they have a particular way of skipping, leaping and standing on their hind-legs, and prancing with their companions; these frolics they evidently make use of to congratulate each other when they meet, and to show their regard for their queen. Some of them gently walk over her, others dance around her, and she is encircled by a crowd of courtier attendants."

Loss by Weeds and Insects.

It is estimated that the value of produce annually raised in this country is $2,500,000,000, of which amount nearly or quite one-fifth, or $500,000,000, is lost, according to the *American Naturalist*, from the attacks of injurious plants and animals. A single campaign of the army worm cost the farmers of Eastern Massachusetts $250,000 worth of grass. Missouri alone loses from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000 annually from insect depredations. The annual damage to the apple and pear crop from the codling moth amounts to several million dollars, and the work of the curculio is equally costly. A partial remedy is to be found in a close study of insect habits, with a view to ascertaining what insects there are which hold the depredators in check and destroy them. It is hardly possible to estimate the havoc annually wrought by the grasshopper and the potato beetle, for example; and any bird or insect which would reduce such pests would be a substantial benefactor to the farmer. As to the "injurious plant" or, in the common venacular, weeds, the only method that is feasible is to kill them at their very germination by means of proper agricultural machines. The *Country Gentleman* affirms that the annual [illegible] of weeds in this country amounts to 8,000,000 tons, or enough to span the globe. Precisely how the *Country Gentleman* arrives at this very definite estimate we are at a loss to determine; but it would certainly be better for the farmer if the weeds were actually loaded into the "compact train of wagons" referred to, rather than to have them remain to choke his crops and leave an unwelcome legacy of liberally sown seed for future seasons. Farmers have only to consult their own experience to realize the extent to which the depredations of weeds and insects are carried, and any measures which tend to even partial extirpation of these pests are worth the trying.

The bill which was intended to allow Mrs. Tilton to testify in the big scandal case has failed, and its failure is to be regretted, not because it will exclude Mrs. Tilton, but because, if passed, it would also have allowed Mrs. Beecher to take the witness stand. Mrs. Tilton has figured quite enough in the case already, and we have had glimpses of her character, from the testimony of others which tend to the belief that she is a simpering sort of sentimentalist, of very good character, perhaps, but of most weak brain. Mrs. Beecher is an entirely different woman. She has acted throughout all her husband's troubles with a heroism which does honor to her sex; and if she were allowed to tell her story, we have no doubt she would be the most convincing witness in Beecher's behalf that has yet been called. We understand that in private conversation she does not hesitate to say that "Henry is a great fool in some things." And we suspect that if the truth were known, the old lady has had her hands full in keeping him out of the clutches of such people as the Tiltons, since he began to wander after the false gods of new isms, some years ago.

Prairie Farmer: We have it from a trustworthy source that about fifty per cent. of the nurserymen of Kansas, Nebraska, and Iowa, with nearly as large a proportion of those of Missouri and Minnesota, are either bankrupt or so badly crippled that they will abandon the business as soon as possible. The interest seems to be depressed over nearly the entire North.

He that knoweth little doubts little.

Tompkins' Tight.

A woman sat in a wagon on a back street, awaiting the coming of her husband. A three year old child leaned on her knee, and prattled wonderingly of the curious things that arose on every hand. Finally the child grew weary of sight-seeing and impatient of the delay.

"Why don't papa come?" asked the little girl.

The woman's brows contracted as she said: "I reckon he's off some place getting drunk."

"What is drunk, mamma?"

"Your brute of a father is."

"What is it like?" continued the artless child.

"It's to worry your mother into her grave," almost sobbed the wretched woman.

For two long hours she awaited his coming, and during that time she got out of the wagon and went and looked around the corner at least fifteen times. Each time she returned shaking her fist and muttering, and climbing back into the wagon sat down on the seat with a force which nearly bounced the child's questioning eyes out of its head. As the lamp of hope flickered and spluttered on the point of going out, the vile sinner returned. He came with a hesitating step, feeling his way cautiously along by the buildings until he got to the corner. There he paused for a moment, put the hair out of his eyes, drew his coat sleeves across his mouth, and then skipped out towards the wagon. He managed to nearly reach the hind wheel before he fell. He got up saying:

"Got back shquick s'could. Talkin bishness to Mis'r Kennedy."

"John Williamson Tompkins you're drunk!" solemnly asserted the woman.

"You're prej'dished, m'dear—only drank glash beer or two. Beer's harmles'n' intereshting beverush."

"I don't see why you should make a beast of yourself every time you come to town. I'll never be caught away from home with you again. You disgrace yourself and family. You're a pretty looking specimen of—"

"Rattle away, ole gal, rattle away. You'd make a good auchneer—hip—ra'le way," and as John wrapped himself around one of the spokes another idea struck him:

"You spoke an' a wheel spoke. 'F all these spokes on' the wagon tongue could talk, nobody could hear 'em 'f you was in the 'mediate vicin'ty with your everlasting—"

"Did my papa get drunk?" asked the little girl, reaching out her little hands to him.

He straightened up, and the red blush of shame chased the reckless cast out of his face. He climbed into the wagon, took the reins, and averting his head, that his beer-laden breath might not sweep across the fair face of his child, drove silently away.

That child will save John Williamson Tompkins in spite of her sharped-tongued mother.—*Brunswicker.*

The Great American Climber.

Mr. Bond, the painter, better known by the *soubriquet* of "The Great American Climber," was most certainly born to die a natural death. The exploits of this nimble and intrepid individual in climbing giddy peaks, crawling along narrow and dangerous ledges, and performing many other perilous feats, have excited the wonder and admiration of his friends. Upon one occasion, at the city of Buffalo, in the presence of assembled thousands, on a wager of $10, the gentleman jumped from the highest elevator in the city into the waters of the bay below, a distance of full one hundred feet, without sustaining the least injury. He has climbed every smoke-stack in this vicinity of any considerable height, perched himself upon the ball of the Presbyterian steeple in Galena, which shoots up eighty feet in the air, and made his way to the very top of the Methodist Church spire, and picked his teeth with the tip of the lightning rod.

He has several times been precipitated to the ground while making his aerial flights, but owing to the fact that his body is made of rubber and his brains of sponge, a loud thud, a bound in the air of a few feet, and up again on his taps, bright and shining, was all there was of it. The first time he attempted to climb the Presbyterian Church steeple, when nearly to the top, and while in the act of tucking in his shirt—Bond is a modest man—he slipped and fell to the ground, alighting upon a pile of brick and stone, and sustaining no injury whatever, with the exception of the bursting asunder of his suspender buttons, which necessitated a temporary confinement only.

The other day, while clearing the snow and ice from the gutter on the roof of Mr. Nicholas Stahl's residence, on South street, the heels of "The Great American Climber" slipped out from under him, and he lit on the building like a shot from a shovel, and as there wasn't anything to take hold of but air, he didn't stop on the way down, but continued right along, striking the brick pavement flat upon his back, with force enough to knock the wind out of the fellow. The majority of men, under like circumstances, would have uttered the request, "Bury me in the valley," groaned a groan or two, kicked spasmodically, and given up the ghost; but not so with Bond, he picked himself up in a jiffy, brushed the dust from his clothes, and said to Mr. Stahl, who had witnessed the catastrophe and stood transfixed with horror, "That is my usual way of getting down from the roof of a building. I never dared trust myself to a ladder."—*Galena (Illinois) Gazette.*

There are now four classes of base-ball players in this country. They are: First, the legitimate amateurs, who receive no remuneration of any sort, and always pay their own traveling expenses; second, the regular stock company professionals, who play for an annual salary; third, the co-operative professionals, who share the profits of their enterprises; and fourth, the semi-professionals, or gate-money amateurs, who do not like to be called "professionals," but wish to imitate that class in the matter of making money out of the game.

In paying his debts a man barely does his duty, and it is an action attended with no sort of glory.

"BOIL IT DOWN."

Whatever you have to say, my friend,
Whether witty, grave, or gay,
Condense it as much as ever you can,
And say it in the readiest way.
And whether you write of household affairs,
Or particular things in town,
Just take a word of friendly advice—
Boil it down.

For if you go spluttering over a page
When a couple of lines would do,
Your butter is spread so much, you see,
That the bread looks plainly through;
So when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend,
Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let them be crisp and dry;
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It done exactly brown,
Just look it over again, and then—
Boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article really long,
And the busy reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song.
So gather your wits in the smallest space,
If you'd win the author's crown,
And every time you write, my friend,
Boil it down.

TRUTHS AND TRIFLES.

Oh the snore, the beautiful snore,
Filling the chamber from ceiling to floor;
Over the coverlet, under the sheet,
From her dimpled chin, way down to her feet.
Now rising aloft like a bee in June,
Now sunk to the wail of a cracked bassoon;
Now flute-like, subsiding then rising again,
Is the beautiful snore of Elizabeth Jane.

Your honors here may serve you for a time, as it were for an hour, but they will be of no use to you beyond this world. Nobody will have heard a word of your honors in the other life. Your glory, your shame, your ambitions and all the treasures for which you push hard and sacrifice much will be like wreaths of smoke. For these things which you mostly seek, and for which you spend your life, only tarry with you while you are on this side of the flood.

There is a party, fat and stout
As any Turk on Bosphorus,
Who at our dinner table sits,
And ne'er his babble intermits,
But prates of mush and wheaten grits
And "mean amount of phosphorus."

He always airs his favorite theme,
Nor cares a penny's toss for us,
But rails at beef with "Pooh!" and "Pish!"
And calls for cod and other fish,
Hoping to gain—his dearest wish—
"The mean amount of phosphorus."

Oh! that he'd change his boarding place—
'Twould surely be no loss for us—
But there's one consolation yet,
His star, ascendant, soon will set;
Some time he'll die, and then he'll get
"His mean amount of phosphorus."

A clergyman, at a recent teachers' meeting in Ohio, said that the teachers are too often selected in the wrong way. "Examiners make an intellectual or mental requirement in a straight-jacket style, and pay no attention whatever to the peculiar, natural and innate adaptiveness of the teacher to the profession, and thus men and women are found at the head of our schools who are no more able to develop the human mind than a Modoc is to draw a picture of the heavenly Jerusalem with a piece of charcoal."

According to his last will and testament, the actors of America are the direct heirs of Edwin Forrest. His immense property, valued at over $1,000,000 was so devised that American actors, who, from old age, disease, or other causes, were unable to obtain employment, should reap its advantages. Two years have now elapsed since the death of the great tragedian, and, so far as can be learned, no steps have been taken by his executors to carry out the purposes of his will. Arrangements for calling a meeting of all the actors of the country are being made in New York.

A newly married couple from somewhere down the Lansing road were riding in a G and River car, and the groom insisted on holding the bride's hand in his big, red paw. "Oh! no, don't!" she said, as she jerked her hand away. "Oh! Juv, let me hold your hand for ten minutes," he pleaded. "Shoo! don't you see they are looking at us?" she whispered. "They are, eh!" he replied, looking up and down the car. "Well, now, I'm going to put my arm right around ye, and if any fellow in this car dares to spit crooked I'll get up 'n mop the floor with him till I wear him up to the shoulder-blades!" His arm encircled her, and the other passengers looked as solemn as if they were on their way home from a funeral.

In the British navy the heavy guns are loaded by hydraulic power. The apparatus is similar to that proposed by Mr. Stevens, an American, some years since. The gun is allowed to recoil when fired, until it is entirely within the turret, when the muzzle is depressed almost to the level of the deck, and the turret is wheeled round to a certain position away from the enemy, where the charge is raised to the mouth of the gun on a truck, and is rammed home by a piston which comes up through the deck. This movement performed, the gun is run up ready for firing again, as the turret returns to its old position. The hydraulic pumps are worked by steam direct from the ship's engines.

Vulgarity means the exhibition of those peculiarities of speech and manner which offend refinement. It makes a naked display of coarse and uneducated human impulses. It mostly lies in the absence of consideration for the feeling of others, in narrow-minded self-assertion, and in a selfish want of control over anti-social propensities. There is natural vulgarity, chiefly the result of ignorance. There is the vulgarity of affectation, which is the most odious form of vice. Natural vulgarity is often little more than a want of knowledge of the usages of society, or an inbred indelicacy of mind. This is the besetting sin of the lower middle class. The vulgarity of affectation is unfounded assumption and ill-timed display.

The long-received opinion that guano is the deposit of myriads of sea birds, accumulating through long ages, is rendered untenable by the recent investigations of Dr. Habel. After treating the guano with an acid, microscopical and chemical examination revealed that the insoluble residue was composed of fossil sponges, and other marine animals and plants precisely similar in constitution to such as still exist in those seas.

Lay aside your long-tailed Ulster,
Take your fur cap off your head;
Now call in your wraps and mufflers,
For the winter has gone dead.