THE POST and GAZETTE
IS PUBLISHED AT
Elizabethtown, Essex Co., N. Y.
EVERY THURSDAY,
—BY—
A. C. M. LIVINGSTON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS!
To Country Mail Subscribers, payable strictly in advance,.....$1 50
To Village Subscribers, served by Carrier,.....$2 00

JOB PRINTING,
Law Office Pamphlets, Posters, Blanks, Bill Heads, Ball Cards, Business Cards, and every variety of Job Printing, executed with neatness and at prices to suit the times.

Business Cards.

WALDO & GROVER,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW Fort Henry, Essex County N. Y.
L. J. WALDO. M. D. GROVER.

ROBERT G. SHAW,
ATTORNEY AT LAW Olmsteadville Essex County, N. Y.

HAND & PERRY,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Elizabethtown, Essex County N. Y.
R. L. HAND. M. G. PERRY.

MODE K. DUDLEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Elizabethtown, Essex County, N. Y.

O. H. PATTERSON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Keene Centre, N. Y.
Will give prompt attention given to business in Western Washington and Eastern counties. Refer to Hon. J. A. Smith, Elizabethtown, N. Y. v4n28

JAMES W. SHEEHY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Fort Henry Essex County N. Y.

ROLLENBACK & WHEELER,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Ticonderoga, Essex County, N. Y.
I. C. ROLLENBACK. S. L. WHEELER.

BYRON POND,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Elizabethtown, Essex County, N. Y.

BOVETTE B. BISHOP.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Morish, Essex County, N. Y.

DEWITT STAFFORD,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW 54 Wall Street, New York. Room 21.

HALE & ROBERTS,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, 71 McCormick Block, Chicago, Ill.
FREDERICK C. HALE. ROBERT ROBERTS.

WILLIAM R. KELLOGG,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Elizabethtown, Essex County, N. Y.

ROWLAND C. KELLOGG,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, (Office in Post Building), Elizabethtown, Essex Co., N. Y.

HARRY HALE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Elizabethtown, Essex Co., N. Y.

BAY BROOK HOUSE,
DUNCAN CAMERON, Pro.
THIS house is situated on the Plains of Abraham, where Rogers attacked and surprised an Indian village; four miles from Saranac Lake. This house will be open July 15th, 1879, for pleasure seekers. Affording every facility for the traveling public. We shall try to give satisfaction to all.
North Elba, N. Y., May 27th, 1879.

WEED HOUSE.
NORTHFORD WEED, - PROPRIETOR.
WESTPORT, N. Y.
This House has recently been entirely refitted and remodeled, and is now one of the most convenient for business men, and desirable for pleasure seekers; affording every facility for the traveling public. Free omnibus to and from this House to the cars and boats. Special attention paid to local and commercial travel. Use a first-class Livery in connection with this house.

AMERICAN HOUSE,
LEVI BULLARD, - - Proprietor.
Elizabethtown, N. Y.
Good Livery in connection with this house. July 15, 1880.

PEASE HOUSE,
GEORGE B. PEASE, - - Proprietor.
PORT HENRY, N. Y.
Free carriages to and from the boats and cars. good Livery in connection with this house.

MANSION HOUSE.
WILLIAM SIMONDS - - PROPRIETOR.
Elizabethtown, N. Y.

35 YEARS AND MORE
DR. SAMUEL HAYNES
has continued to receive a limited number of patients in diseases of the
EYE & EAR
AND FOR
CATARRH.
FOR PARTICULARS ADDRESS,
DR. SAMUEL HAYNES,
Saranac, N.Y.

JAMES I. TAYLOR,
Tuner & Repairer of Organs.
Agent for Pianos and Organs, etc.
MORIAH, N. Y.
ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

CLARK R. POTTER,
Piano and Pipe Organ Tuner,
Schroon Lake, N. Y.
WILL VISIT ADJACENT TOWNS.
REED ORGANS REGULATED AND REPAIRED.
Twelve years experience. First-class references. All calls promptly answered. Satisfaction guaranteed. 36tf

AARON CLARK,
AGENT FOR
Ætna Fire Insurance Company,
Westport, Essex Co., N. Y.

M. J. McDERMOTT,

Carriage and Sleigh Builder,
Mineville, Essex County, N. Y.
Repairing Done With Neatness and Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Horseshoeing Done in FIRST-CLASS Manner. 27y1

—NOTICE—
I. SCHETER
the well known and only
—Practical Cigar Manufacturer.—
Would respectfully announce that he has just returned from market with the largest assortment of
FINE IMPORTED
And—Domestic—Cigars
and Smokers' articles in general, ever seen in this village.
Also informs the public that he is still the only authorized agent of the
Celebrated Bartholomay's
—Rochester Lager,—
Known to be the best brewed Lager in this country for
PURITY, NOURISHMENT, STRENGTH AND HEALTHY SUMMER BEVERAGE.
and no other firm can get the same under any circumstances.

M. HEART,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
(Formerly of Port Henry,)
Ticonderoga, N. Y.
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF
Foreign & Domestic Goods,
DIAGONALS,
WORSTEDS,
CASHMERE
AND SUITINGS OF ALL GRADES
Fits Guaranteed. Satisfaction Given!
TRIMMINGS FURNISHED IN FIRST-CLASS CITY STYLE. 27y1

THE UNDERSIGNED
Represents the Following
INSURANCE COMPANIES:
Insurance Company of North America!
The oldest stock company in the United States, incorporated in 1794, and having the largest surplus over liabilities of all kinds of any American Company.
The Royal of Liverpool!
Having the largest fire surplus of any Insurance Co. in the world.
Pennsylvania Fire of Philadelphia!
Old, Heavy and Reliable.
Policies in above Companies issued at reasonable rates, and losses promptly and equitably adjusted.
OLIVER ABEL,
Elizabethtown, N. Y.

—ELIZABETHTOWN—
UNION FREE SCHOOL
Elizabethtown, Essex Co., N. Y.,
JOHN W. CHANDLER, Ph.D., - Principal.
THE FALL TERM
Of the Elizabethtown Union Free School will commence Monday, September 5th, 1881, and continue 13 weeks.
There will a Teachers' Class during this term, and those wishing to join it should apply immediately.
Location admirable. Instructions practical and thorough. Terms as reasonable as in any similar school in Northern New York. The three departments will be conducted by able teachers.
Instructions will be given in instrumental music to pupils desiring it.
For circulars containing further particulars, address the Principal.
By order of Board of Education.
R. L. HAND, President.
GEO. S. NICHOLSON, Sec'y.

SHERMAN HOUSE,
MORIAH, ESSEX COUNTY, N. Y.
O. L. BUTTERFIELD, Prop'r
Good sleigh and livery rooms. 3¼ miles from Port Henry, and 4 miles from the celebrated Ore Beds of Mineville. Fine carriages furnished to Crown Point, Lewis and Lake Ney.
May 19th, 1881.

The Elizabethtown Post. AND GAZETTE.

VOL. 30. ELIZABETHTOWN, ESSEX COUNTY, N. Y. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1881. DOUBLE SHEET. NO. 4.

Judicious advertising is the Keystone to Success.

Weeks and Potter's Advertisement.

CUTICURA.
THE GREAT SKIN CURE.
INFALLIBLY CURES
Itching and Scaly Diseases, Scrofulous Humors, Ulcers, Old Sores and Mercurial Affections when all other Human Agencies Fail.
THE CUTICURA TREATMENT, for the cure of Skin, Scalp and Blood Diseases, consists in the internal use of Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, and the external use of Cuticura and Cuticura Soap, the Great Skin Cures.
For Sunburn, Tan and Greasy Skin use Cuticura Soap, an exquisite toilet, bath and nursery sanative, fragrant with delicious flower odors and healing balsams.

SALT RHEUM.
Will McDonald, 2542 Dearborn Street, Chicago, gratefully acknowledges a cure of Salt Rheum on head, neck, face, arms and legs for seventeen years; not able to walk except on hands and knees for one year; not able to help himself for eight years; tried hundreds of remedies; doctors pronounced his case incurable; permanently cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

PSORIASIS.
H. H. Carpenter, Esq., Henderson, N.Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years standing, by the Cuticura Resolvent internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally. The most wonderful case on record. Cure certified to before a justice of the peace and prominent citizens. All afflicted with Itching and Scaly Diseases should send to us for this testimonial in full.

SKIN DISEASE.
F. H. Drake, Esq., Detroit, Mich., suffered beyond all description from a skin disease which appeared on his hands, head and face, and nearly destroyed his eyes. The most careful doctoring failed to help him, and after all had failed he used the Cuticura Resolvent internally, Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally, and was cured, and has remained perfectly well to this day.

SCROFULA.
Hon. Wm. Taylor, Boston, says: After three months' use of the Cuticura Remedies, and 12 years of a loathsome suffering from humor of the face, neck and scalp, as was ever endured, I can say that I am cured, and pronounce my case the most remarkable on record. I have been so elated with my success that I have stopped men on the street who were afflicted and told them to get the Cuticura Remedies and they would cure them.

SKIN HUMORS.
Mrs. S. E. Whipple, Decatur, Mich., writes that her face, head and some parts of body were almost raw. Head covered with scabs and sores. Suffered fearfully and tried everything. Permanently cured by Cuticura Remedies.

CUTICURA
Remedies for sale by all Druggists. Price of Cuticura, a Medicinal Jelly, small boxes 50 cents; large boxes $1. Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, $1 per bottle. Cuticura Medicinal Toilet Soap, 15c.; in bars for barbers and large consumers, 50c. Principal depot.
Weeks & Potter, Boston, Mass.
All mailed free on receipt of price.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC PLASTERS
One Collins' Voltaic Electric Plaster, costing 25 cent, is far superior to every other electrical appliance before the public. They instantly relieve Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Malaria, Fever and Ague and Kidney and Urinary Difficulties, and may be worn over the pit of the stomach, over the kidneys, or any affected part. Price 25 cents. Sold everywhere.
Weeks & Potter, Boston, Mass.

THE IMPROVED
EVAPORATORS
Make better
SYRUP,
Sugar
and JELLY,
with less fuel and labor than any other apparatus. Will condense Sorghum Juice or Maple Sap faster than any evaporator in use. The best apparatus known for making Jelly from any kind of fruit juice. Send for descriptive circular of Evaporators, Cane Mills, etc. Address Agent Wanted.
F. WARM MACHINE CO., Salem, Va.

Over 5000
Druggists
AND
Physicians
Have Signed or Endorsed the Following Remarkable Document:
Messrs. Seabury & Johnson, Manufacturing Chemists, 81 Fleet St., New York:
Gentlemen:—For the past few years we have sold various brands of Porous Plasters. Physicians and the Public prefer Benson's Capsicine Porous Plaster to all others. We consider them one of the very few reliable household remedies worthy of confidence. They are superior to all other Porous Plasters or Liniments for external use.
Benson's Capsicine Plaster is a genuine Pharmaceutical product, of the highest order of merit, and so recognized by physicians and druggists.
When other remedies fail get a Benson's Capsicine Plaster.
You will be disappointed if you use cheap Plasters, Liniments, Pads or Electrical Magnetic toys.
A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25 cts. HEADY'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

HIRAM BUCK,
U. S. PENSION AGENT,
SURVEYOR, CONVEYANCER,
Notary Public, Auctioneer, Insurance and General Land Agent.
Crown Point Centre,
Essex County, N.Y.

Miscellany.

SCHROON LAKE HUNTERS.

Some Stories About Dogs, Followed by Rifle Practice.

They must have awful large lynxes away down in Schroon, if the following, which we find in The *Sun* of 29th ult., is a true legend—or venerable large story tellers. Our Schroon friends must have the native material for a caravansera which in its appointments would rival those of the east in which we are told the thousand and one tales of the Arabian nights are wont to be related to nightly listeners.

SCHROON LAKE, Aug. 28.—"There's something very curious about them dogs," said one of a party of guides and fishermen standing in front of the hotel, referring to a fine black-and-tan deerhound and a black-and-white setter; "every night Will Rooney's dog, the hound, comes over here about 10 or 11 o'clock, walks up to the Windsor House setter. They put their noses together, and in a minute or so start off down the street, and that's the last that's seen of them until the morning, when they come back covered with mud, and lame and sore."

"They go out rabbit hunting," said another of the group. "I've often seen them tearing along the road and through the brush five or six miles from here in the night time, and that's the reason the setter looks so thin; she runs the flesh right off of her bones."

"That is a fact," added the owner of the dog. "Regularly every night you will see the hound come over and put his nose up close to our dog's, just as if he was saying, 'Come along. I've got a good route to-night,' and off they go. It is such a certain occurrence that people often stop here to see the dogs start off. The strangest thing of all is that when I first got the setter the hound was continually fighting her, but they are fast cronies now. "Yes," in reply to a remark, "dogs have remarkable intelligence. I remember a friend who owned two large dogs, and rigged up an arrangement so that they could do the churning by a sort of treadmill. They put one dog on one day and the other the next, but after the second day the first dog disappeared when his day came around, and did not show up till the next, disappearing again when his turn came around, showing that he knew enough to go."

"Lynx ain't no slouch for smartness," an old guide remarked, "and for curiosity they beat anything. Last winter I was a hauling wood from up by Paradox Lake down to Schroon, and one night I got belated and caught on the road, about 1 o'clock, I think. Still? That wn't no name for it. There was a heavy fall of snow, not a breath of wind, and you could feel the quiet. In fact, it was so still that somehow I got nervous and imagined I heard steps behind. Sometime it was a rustle up in the trees, and then a soft step behind me, then to one side. I got so worked up that every time I heard the noise I made a rush for it with my axe. After I had done this ten or fifteen times I saw a pair of fire balls looking at me about a hundred feet away. It was a lynx. I started for the house, and that thing followed me clean home. I couldn't look round without seeing its eyes. It makes a feller feel queer to be followed by such a critter. Sometimes it would follow me for half a mile right in the treetops, and then take to the ground. I don't suppose it would have tackled me, but I was just as scared all the same. The next morning the load of wood I left in the road was plowed over and just covered with tracks, as if the lynx was determined to find out all about the load. They're ugly-looking creatures too, with a great big muzzle like a bulldog, long ears, and—Fight? Why, a dog would'nt last long enough to wink before he'd be tore in pieces."

W. A. Mackenzie, Jr., of this place, was followed in the same way by a lynx. He and his son were camping near Mt. Pharaoh, on a trouting trip, and had hung their fish up just within the camp, the opening of which was closed with a piece of canvass. In the middle of the night they both found themselves sitting up in bed without knowing what had happened. "It was a kind of undefined nervous dread that sometimes comes over one," Mr. Mackenzie said. "We had only a small pistol with us. My son took it and, putting aside the flap, looked out. There was a sort of a crash, and in he came in quick time. We both threw ourselves against the flap, and in a minute made an opening, stuck out the revolver, and made such a noise that the animal started for the woods. We got out just in time to see him—the biggest lynx I ever saw. He had actually been lying on the flap of the canvass, and when my son looked out first he made a jump for him. We were followed by one on our way home, and as far as I could make out he never touched the ground, but jumped from one tree to another on the branches, as they lined the road, and nearly every time we looked around there would be those two balls of fire. Afraid? No. But I tell you, when you feel that you are being followed along by an animal for miles through a lonesome country, without a gun, or a house near to get one from, it does make one rather nervous."

"What do lynx feed on?" was asked. "Anything they can get, I reckon," one of the men said, "but I saw one tackle a buck once, and, talk about wrestling, it was the worst I ever saw. I was taking a party of four young men up on Paradox Lake. They had half a dozen as fine hounds as you ever saw. I put them along the lake on runs I'd tried before, and started back with the dogs, taking a circuit round of about three miles. I started the hounds, and guess they must have struck a scent, as they left me in a body, and in about ten minutes I heard them baying half a mile away. You see, the way they hunt deer here is to get the dogs after them back in the country and run them into the lake, where the men shoot them as they go by or follow them into the water by canoe. After the dogs started I left for the lake by a short cut, and after a mile of rough tramping, thought I'd take a smoke, and then I must have dropped asleep, as I woke up by hearing the greatest yell I ever heard. First off I thought I had the nightmare, but the next minute came another, and then a snortin' and jumpin' around right beyond me. I grabbed my gun and crept up to a clump of trees and looked through, and there was the biggest buck I ever saw, his head down to the ground pinning a lynx, that had got one side of his face in his mouth and was biting, snarling, and scratching enough, you'd think, to tear him all to pieces. In fact, the blood from the buck was all over it. The lynx seemed to be trying to get down to the buck's throat, tearing with his claws all the time, every scratch bringing fresh blood; but the old buck was too smart for that, and kept his head down, butting away, screwing his horns in, and making the critter squeal."

"Why didn't you shoot?" somebody asked.

"Well, I was just itching to let 'em have it, but I wanted to see how it would come out, and I wasn't long in finding out. The buck thought he had a good hold, and up went his head trying to toss the lynx; but he miscalculated. The critter was too heavy, and the minute he raised his head the other kind o' slid under and fastened on to his neck; and, talk about bulldogs. I never saw anything equal to the way that lynx hung on. The buck dragged him around, tramped him with his fore feet, and fairly raised him, when the lynx got his feet on the ground, and they went over together, and the buck didn't get up. I thought he must have been bled about to death, so I let fly both barrels of buck-shot at them and settled the business. I had to unclasp the lynx's teeth with my knife. The buck's neck was all bitten up, and one of his horns had gone into the lynx's lungs, so it was really a tie. I took both heads down to the lake with me, and told 'em I'd shot them on the way down. They were mad enough, but I made it all right when I told the real state of the case, and later on the dogs ran a deer into the lake, and the lads had a good deal of sport killing it. You may call it sport, but it always seems to me a kind of unfair business on the deer. There you sit a-smoking your pipe, the dogs a doing all the work drivin' the animal who dashes by, and all you've got to do is to rest your gun on a limb and take him on the fly; or if he gets by and takes to the water, follow him in and cut his throat. Still, huntin's bad enough, where you creep up on a deer and dazzle him with a light and shoot him afore he gets over the scare. All skill there; and the skill is in the paddlin', 'cause if you make any kind of noise the game's up.

"But it's exciting," the old man continued, warming up with recollections, drifting along, nothin' moving but the crickets and the whirr of the bats that come around the light after bugs. All at once you hear a closh, closh, of a deer that splashes out into the lily pads. You turn your light in the direction and kind o' scull and paddle toward him, and in a minute you see him—white, as if he'd been white-washed—standing on the water like a cloud o' mist. Then's your time; and if you're a man of taste, like old Bill Mosely that used to hunt around here, you'll put your bullet right in between his lips without leaving a mark to tell the story. The game constable himself would bring in a verdict of natural death after old Bill had shot. Buckshot's good enough, but a bullet is good enough for me."

"You don't look like much of a shooter," a city-looking youth remarked.

"Well, I'll tell you, young man," the lynx hunter said, "I'll shoot you for the provender for the crowd at any distance and at any mark."

"Done," the young man said; "and here's my mark," taking out a silver dollar with a mark in it.

The dollar was suspended from a stick by a long string, and set swinging, and the two, having got their rifles, drew off to a spot from which the dollar could just be seen. The dollar was given a new swing, and the old man, stepping to the front with a puzzled expression, took aim, fired, and missed, amid the laughter of the crowd.

"Hold on," the old man said, as the younger took aim; "the dollar ain't a swingin' as 'twas when I fired."

"Wait a second," said the other. He fired, and the dollar was seen to swing into the air. Reloading quickly, he hit it again with apparently an off-hand shot.

"That settles it," the old man said good-naturedly, "I'm beat, by a city chap, too. Well! well!"

Bottles were then suspended from the stick and swung, some of which the old hunter would hit on the swing, the other hitting what was left or cutting the string. In firing at king-fishers on the fly or in high trees, he would specify which part of the bird he would hit, and rarely miss it. Squirrel barking and lighting matches as far as he could see them against a tree with the bullet seemed to be easy shots to the young man, who was a son of Vice-President Ledwith of the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank of New York.

MECHANICAL AIDS IN DAIRYING

Durand's Cow-Milkers—Hand and Power.

(From the Springfield Weekly *Republican*, Aug. 19th.)

In response to several private requests to name and describe the machine which thus far has proved of most value for milking cows, I send the following. It is only an addition to what was in The Weekly Republican of July 8, and it must be understood that the description is given mainly to satisfy curiosity and not as an "indorsement" of this machine or any voucher for its practical utility. The ingenuity of the inventor is admirable, and as he has reached such a degree of success without being satisfied himself and is still at work on simplification and improvement, something of real agricultural value may yet come from this source.

Mr. Durand began upon the basis of the Golvin patents, adopting the principle of suction or pumping. He is the inventor of one of the best breast-pumps for use of human kind, and his cow milker is substantially a quadruple breast-pump. In the course of his work it soon became apparent that to give ample relief from hand-milking, a machine operated by power was wanted rather than a hand-machine. Next, as a power-machine could not well be moved from cow to cow, it must be arranged for the animals to be brought to it successively. Accordingly, a stanchion was built, much like the usual stable-fixture—with or without a feed-box (preferably without) and by a very simple device,—the cow being driven to the proper position, the pulling of a cord fastens her in the stanchion, while, the milking done, another cord may be pulled and by it the stanchion opens outward in front of the cow and the animal passes forward through it to stall or yard, another cow coming up behind to take her place. It is intended to place the stanchion in a passage-way, to be approached by the cows from their stalls after feeding, and, perhaps, to milk them as they successively pass out to water. A single machine, attached to the stanchion, may be operated with a hand-wheel, or by attaching to a pulley and shafting. Two or more such stanchions may stand side by side, and, if power is used, with movable pulleys, one man would be able to tend at least four. The milking apparatus is attached to a post on the right of the stanchion, and this post is pivoted at the top and bottom so the milker can swing horizontally, with additional provisions for raising or lowering the whole. This enables the operator to carry the machine to the udder of the cow standing in any position possible while held by the stanchion, and adjustable to a cow of any form and size. The part of the milker extending from the post may be called the arm and the portion in contract with the udder the hand. The arm has compound joints, like the elbow and wrist, to help place the hand properly and keep it in place. The hand carries four diaphragm exhaust pumps, and above each pump is a teat-cup. These cups are much better adapted to their purpose than those made for previous machines of this kind; they are made of rings of hard rubber, like the traveling or picnic ring drinking cups, and not only can be slipped up over the outside of teats of unequal size so as to fit all and hold them closely, but are arranged to do their work whether the teats are far apart or close together. As each teat-cup acts independently of the rest, the four may be milked at once, or any one or more separately without changing the machine at all. The milker has thus the important provisions for enabling it to be used upon double-teated or three-teated cows and those which give more milk from some "quarters" than from others.

ADJUSTED TO THE UDDER.

the fly-wheel is started, the pumps act and the milk is drawn, intermittently, like calf-sucking and hand milking, from one tent or more, two on a side, two accross, or all four at once. The milk from the four pumps flows into a single flexible tube, which passes along under the arm and enters a large can set in the floor near the foot of the post supporting the milker. The can is closed; no air comes in contact with the milk; the udder being well cleaned to begin with, a more cleanly process of milking is impossible. The person operating the machine has perfect control of its varied actions without disturbing the cow. One hand, if there be no power, will turn the wheel, while with the other a lever can be worked in connection with link gearing, so as to give the "hand" vertical or lateral motion, thus boxing the udder in a manner very closely resembling the natural action of a sucking calf. There are other details of the machine which cannot be well described. Indeed, this description is necessarily imperfect, and in length will give an idea of a much more complicated apparatus than Durand's milker appears to be when examined and used.

The machine is simple in its mechanism as a whole and in parts. It can be kept clean easily, washing in cold water, and is not liable to get out of order. From three to five minutes suffice to milk a cow with this implement, an average of four minutes, adjustment and all. As to its work I can only say that it has at different stages of its construction been tested by use upon numerous cows and found to draw all the milk, to do it quickly and without more opposition on the part of the cow than is usually manifested when a strange milker, man or maid, appears in the stables. And yet it remains to be proved that this, or any other machine milker, can be used constantly without injury to the cows.

ALBERT A. DURAND, THE INVENTOR,

is very confident of success. He has expended much time and money on this machine and is determined to persevere till he produces something that will fully satisfy American dairymen. It should be understood that this milker has never yet been perfected, in the opinion of its maker, and never offered for sale. A few years ago Mr. Durand thought he had nearly reached perfection, and locating himself at Auburn, N. Y., he arranged for finishing a number to place on trial, with a view to soon manufacturing and putting them in the market. A disastrous fire then swept away all his materials and patterns and crippled his enterprise for a time. He is now in New York, just getting on to his business feet again, and the milker will soon receive further attention. The stanchion-machine will probably cost $50. A smaller utensil on the same principle is contemplated by Mr. Durand, and I have seen one used in an incomplete state, to be operated without a stanchion, the milker sitting and working it by two handles moved by both hands horizontally. This will cost $10.

But notwithstanding all the time expended to secure a successful mechanical milker, there is no such thing in actual daily use yet. All the cows in the country are still milked in the old-fashioned way, and they will be for years to come. Some day, however, there will be a practical milking machine in every well-equipped dairy.

A SHOCKING SCENE.

The Mob at the Funeral of Pius IX.

New York Evening Post.

The following extracts are taken from a private letter, dated July 18, from a well known American gentleman traveling in Rome:

"This morning all Rome is occupied with talk of the demonstration of last night against the funeral procession of Pius IX. I was a witness of what took place in the Via Nationale, and it was not only shocking but in some respects appalling.

"It was about an hour after midnight. All Rome was up waiting to see the funeral cortege pass by. Few persons anticipated anything unbecoming the respect due to death. I stood in the Via Nationale. A most brilliant moon, in a cloudless sky, gave unusual splendor to the night. The street was brilliantly illuminated, and a well-dressed crowd filled the sidewalks. At about half-past one there was a sudden increase of light on the house fronts at the far end of the Via Nationale, where it turns towards the Corso. Suddenly a confused sound of tumult and haste reached me. In a few minutes the great funeral car, preceded by a running squad of guards and persons in the wildest disorder and excitement, reached the place where I stood, and went by in mad haste, the driver beating his horses (four black horses) to a full trot; and guardias and priests surrounding or following the hearse resisting the pressure of the hissing crowd, which with the carriages of prelates, chanting the litany of the dead, the flaming candles, pale faces, and excited cries and gesticulations, made a scene of riot and desecration truly infernal. The corpse of Pius IX was driven in a fright, at full trot, from Piazza du Venezia to the cemetery of San Lorenzo outside of Rome. Collisions were frequent between the radicals and the clericals; priests were insulted, the carriage of the ambassador was upset, many persons were wounded or bruised, and the six thousand candles distributed at St. Peter's to be carried in the procession, not more than two hundred were lighted when the funeral cortege was hurried through the Via Nationale. Only at the cemetery was the show of military force sufficient to hold in check the aggressors.

"I never saw anything more ghastly and extraordinary than the spectacle of last night. A livid and breathless and confused crowd pursuing a gorgeous hearse trimmed with crimson velvet, defended by pale priests, chanting and bearing candles, and municipal guards, all running a race to a tomb outside of Rome, as to a place of rest and security. The Roman populace seemed to burn the very heels of the clericals, spit in the faces of the prelates in carriages, and smote and howled and sang the hymn to Garibaldi. And this was the public funeral of Pius IX."

A New Enterprise.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"I seen by the Eagle that the doctors at Washington was given' the president mare's milk," remarked a Long Island farmer, as he handed in an advertisement of a lost dog, and dropped into conversation with the cashier.

"You mean koumiss," replied the cashier briskly. "Yes, that's mare's milk fermented, and is said to be right nourishing and stimulating, though it only contains three per cent of alcohol."

"Do you milk the mare and then 'sit' it like a mash?" asked the farmer slowly.

"I presume so. I don't know exactly how it's made."

"'Cause I got a couple of old mares left with me for a feed bill, und if I thought the stuff was goin' for to have any kind of a run, I'd get a b'ler and start in.

"You might try it," suggested the cashier.

"You say three cent's worth of alcohol to the mare?"

"No. Of 100 parts, three are alcohol."

"Jis so. Three cents worth of alcohol to a hundred quarts. I'm on to that. How d'ye make it ferment?"

"It will ferment standing."

"That busts one more. Still I guess I can shore up t'other so she'll stand a day or two. How'm I to know when the stuff's ripe?"

"Oh, you'll have to run it through a still, and all that. I can't give you the process."

"Mebbe I kin buy it somewhere," said the old man. "I guess I'll run a coil o' gas pipe into that mare and build a fire under her, and p'raps I kin make some money outer the thing. You might make an item that I'm tryin' it, so's I kin get it before the public. Anything the president takes is bound for to go. I swan!" continued the old man, as the cashier turned away, "I forgot to ask him if I should give the alcohol to the mare. I'll try it on, anyhow," and big with his projected enterprise, he started home to make it pleasant for the unhappy securities for the feed bill.

FIRST OF THE SEASON.

The Oldest on the Road—Larger than Ever.

Van Amburgh & Co's. Great Golden Menagerie has been consolidated with Frost's Roman Circus and Colosseum, for the season of 1881, and will pitch its thirteen tents in Elizabethtown, Saturday Sept. 17th. This is the 61st consecutive year of the Van Amburgh Menagerie—the oldest show organization in the world—which has always been recognized as the leading exhibition of wild animals, both in this country and in Europe. As years have gone by, the Van Amburgh show has striven to keep pace with the times, and to day it boasts of a greater variety of beasts, birds, and reptiles than any other exhibition on the continent. The present consolidation with Mr. Hyatt Frost's Roman Circus and Colosseum, places the combination in the very foreground of all institutions of a like character. A perusal of the advertisement in this week's paper will convince the most skiptical of the real merits of this gigantic aggregation. It is a pleasure for us to chronicle the fact that no one of the thousands that will fill the spacious circus tent will be annoyed by that nuisance found and encouraged in similar institutions—we allude to the chronic lemonade and candy peddler. The audiences will not be annoyed by this impecunious individual. Another, and if anything, better arrangement, is the fact that swindlers of all kinds and descriptions are ignored and utterly repudiated by the Van-Amburg, Frost & Co.'s Combination. Mr. Frost, the veteran manager, keeps constantly employed, at his own expense, a U. S. Detective for the protection of all against the schemes and devices of the light-fingered gentry who follow in the wake of all great shows.

The monster show, as now organized, gives constant employment to over 250 laborers, and has a troupe of nearly 100 lady and gentlemen performers; among the latter no less than 12 equestriennes, and of the latter the *only* female hurdle rider in the world. It requires no prophet's ken to see that we are to have a superb show, and we predict crowded tents at each performance. Read the advertisement in this week's paper.

Choice Extracts from Druggists.

"We know the value of malt, hops, calisaya and iron composing 'Malt Bitters.'"

"Our lady customers highly praise them."

"Physicians prescribe them in this town."

"The largest bottle and best medicine."

"Best blood purifier on our shelves.'

"Our best people take 'Malt Bitters."

"Sure cure for chills and liver diseases."

Be Wise and Happy.

If you will stop all your extravagant and wrong notions in doctoring yourself and families with expensive doctors or humbug cure-alls, that do harm always, and use only nature's simple remedies for all your ailments—you will be wise, well and happy, and save great expense. The greatest remedy for this, the great, wise and good will tell you, is Hop Bitters—rely on it.—*Press.*

—Hotel and boarding-house keepers can find at J. C. Osborne's, Westport, a full line of Stage and Hack Harness, suitable to their wants. He keeps everything found in a first-class harness shop. Come to Westport and see him.
40tf. J. C. OSBORNE.