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Russia is tightening her grip on the Balkan Peninsula.

The collapse of the copper syndicate is one of the monumental failures of the age.

The Atlanta Constitution thinks that diphtheria is a more destructive scourge than yellow fever.

No child born in Aspinwall on the Isthmus of Panama has ever reached the age of twenty-one years.

The rabbit pest is again making headway in Australia. The means taken to eradicate it have proved insufficient.

A Chicago paper announces that Jay Gould will have control of a road from the Pacific to the Atlantic in twelve months.

The countries between Texas and the Horn contain about 65,000,000 people, and their territory is about twice as large as ours.

The Atlanta Constitution announces that the natives in New England are gradually decreasing, and the French and Irish are taking their places, both in the manufacturing and rural districts.

A newspaper correspondent roaming about Paris in search of unpublished gossip about the first Napoleon, has unearthed the fact that the great man once pawed his watch in order to pay for a six-cent dinner.

It has been the aim of Great Britain, in which, in the opinion of critics it succeeded, to maintain an effective navy equal in strength to the combined navies of any two other powers.

Crime is decreasing in England, if penal statistics can be relied on. Within five years female convicts have been reduced one-half, and there are, in proportion to population, fewer arrests of both sexes than ever before.

A society has been formed in New York which, for an annual fee of \$3, undertakes to attend to the legal affairs of its members, furnish them all necessary advice and prosecute or defend all actions brought by or against them.

A Chicago surgeon testified in a criminal case the other day that he had properly set the defendant's broken nose, but that the patient was morbidly afraid that his beauty would be spoiled and that to ease his mind the witness had twice thereafter broken and reset the nose.

Tombstone, Arizona, is famous for its apt names. Its leading newspaper is called the Tombstone, and the Sheriff of the county is Colonel Slaughter. He defeated Ma or Blood by two votes at a recent election. Captain Cutts was also a candidate, but was nowhere in the race.

Industrial enterprises are multiplying in the South beyond all precedent, declares Goodell's Sun. Capital is rushing in all sorts of manufacturing enterprises are springing up. Very few mishaps occur. Land keeps low, and railroad building is opening up the territory all the time.

Vaccination is compulsory in England and optional in France. In the large cities of France the number of deaths from smallpox was 1993, or 0.31 per 1000 of the living population. In the large cities of England during the same period the number of deaths was 332, or 0.04 per 1000.

The Chicago News: "The ladies of the White House have been gifted with sensible names, worthy of imitation in American families. Martha, Mary, Abigail, Eliza, Elizabeth, Margaret, Sarah, Jane, Harriet, Dorothy, Fannie, Letitia, Emily, Angelica, Louisa, Anne, Frances and Caroline are all good, womanly names."

According to the Examiner, there are seven in San Francisco to which victims of the morphine habit resort. They are all for until their money gives out, when they are kicked out of doors. A hypodermic syringe is called a "gun," and a woman who is employed to give the injections is known as the "gunner."

When a man, bearing Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, their way from Washington to New York, stopped at the depot in Philadelphia, George W. Childs took occasion to present Mrs. Cleveland with a set of blue pencil marks around the columns editorial eulogizing the lady lately of the White House.

Two of the most prominent elements in the character of the late John Ericsson, inventor, were his absolute accuracy in the matter of the smallest details and his perfect self-reliance. He was a marvelous draughtsman and always drew his own designs. He never allowed anything to interfere with his verification of every detail. So thorough was his accuracy upon himself that he is said to have employed a counselor, and to have conducted his own patent

WARNING.

When naked branches stretch overhead, And crisp leaves crackle under tread, When winter mutes the songbirds throats, Save for a few and frosty notes, Be not deceived, for every where Both Nature for her change prepares, New songs will sound, new buds be blown, When Spring shall come to claim its own.

THE COWBOY'S OUTFIT.

A FEATURE OF FRONTIER LIFE EAST DISAPPEARING.

People all over western Kansas and No Man's Land are full of stories and reminiscences of cowboy life. In fact, a plenty of the citizens of these Western villages served as cowboys at one time and another before they became merchants, professional men, etc. In some favorite localities a town site once bears on every hand evidence that were technical in the cowboys' camp. Landlord Osgood calls his guests to breakfast in the morning with the song that the cowboy sings while riding around his cattle at night to keep them from getting frightened and stampeded.

Hay-a-a-a—Yo-o-o-o—Hay-a-a-a—Yo-o-o-o—breakfast.

When anything is tied up it is said to be roped, from the term which the cowboy applied to the use of the lasso. A man's household goods are termed an outfit. So is his kit of tools, if a mechanic; his library and appliances, if a surgeon or lawyer; his safe, desks, etc., if a banker. So, too, is the clique he associates with socially. He belongs to a poker outfit if he plays cards with regularity, or to a pious outfit if he goes to church.

People in the East have often read of the cowboy when on a spree "shooting up in the town" or lynching a horse-stealer, but not very many know anything about the real life of the cowboy, and of what his outfit is composed or what it costs.

The most important article in the cowboy's outfit is the chuck wagon, or the wagon over which the cook presides. It is a common prairie schooner, with hoops over it to stretch a canvas roof on, and freckles in the center, as well as a seat that can be pitched up or down, and flour can be protected from the weather. At the back is a cupboard, where such things as baking powder, pepper, coffee, dishes, etc., are kept. There are pots and frying pans a plenty, and the larder is always well supplied. Bacon is generally preferred to salt pork, and fresh beef is kept constantly on hand by killing a steer from the herd as occasion requires. The owners of the herd supply the food, and such tools as shovels, axes, etc.

The shovel, it is interesting to know, is generally of much more use than the axe. When taking a wagon across the stream it is very often necessary to cut down the bank on either side to form an inclined plane, for roping and to bank three and four feet high are common. Then, too, the streams very often run under ground. The bed of a creek may be covered with sand and gravel burning hot, but by digging two or three feet, sometimes as much as six or eight—pure, sweet water may be had in abundance.

Timber for fuel may be had in some parts of a range and not in others, but when it is abundant the cowboy's cook generally prefers the ancient buffalo chips, which he calls Kansas or prairie chips.

Next to the chuck wagon among the articles of the cowboy is his pony. The Texas pony is a marvel to an Eastern man. It weighs from 500 to 600 pounds only, but it carries away for forty or fifty miles with a well-grown man, say from 150 to 170 pounds weight, on its back, and then rattles for its feed and comes up fresh for another center of the same length the next day. The cowboys tell of much greater feats of strength and endurance than this, but the Sun reporter saw this much done.

Each cowboy, however is supplied with six ponies by the owner, because while a pony can stand several days of hard riding in succession, it is more economical to have several on hand and give each a chance to rest between rides. The ponies are worth only from \$20 to \$30 each. They are a vicious lot and buck obstinately every time they are mounted.

find that not one in ten can be so classed. The reputation of the few clings to the whole. One of the best revolver shots in the Indian Territory is Dave Geber, a half breed living with the Peorias. He can hit a target the size of a man's head six times in rapid succession while riding his pony at full speed at a distance of 200 yards. Having learned to shoot while riding on horseback, he cannot shoot so well standing on foot and aiming deliberately, and that is one of the peculiarities of the cowboy marksman.

To return to the pony trappings, the spurs of a cowboy are worth mentioning. A cheap pair made of malleable cast iron can be bought for twenty-five cents. The fancy pair cost from \$2 to \$5 a pair. They are plated with silver, and engraved in fancy designs, sometimes, but the part to which the cowboy directs his attention when buying is the rowel of wheel, and the bell. The wheel must have long and substantial spokes. The bell is a little piece of steel shaped like the clapper of a bell. It is secured to the fork that holds the rowel. For business purpose it is dropped in between two spokes of the rowel and thus prevents the rowel turning. Having done this, the cowboy can drop down over the side of his pony, catching the rowel in his saddle to support one end of his body, hanging to the pomel with one hand to support the other, and working the trigger of his six-shooter under the neck of his pony to make things interesting for the enemy. In the days when Indians were the habit of stampeding herds at every opportunity, the rowel and bell were of great importance in a running fight.

The article of wearing apparel which is the pride of the cowboy's heart is his hat. A good broad-brimmed hat cannot be bought for less than \$5. The very best cost \$20. That is for the hat, the hat band is bought extra. A leather band with a clinking brass chain attached may be had for a dollar. A cord of braided gold lace, such as a cowboy would wear in society, costs from \$1.50 to \$10. City Resident George A. Blake, of Beaver City, No Man's Land, wears a hat that cost \$27.50, of which the braided gold cord cost \$7.50. He has a Chilcot, who runs the Beaver River stable, has another hat and band of the same sort. Both men were once cowboys.

But it is not altogether as a matter of fancy that expensive hats are bought. The broad brim is a great protection to the back of the head from the face when riding in a storm across the range, or when the wind sweeps unimpeded over the level prairie, and drives the rain or snow against the cowboy almost with the force of a charge of lead shot. The best hat—the one that is at once warm and waterproof—is good enough on such occasions, but not too good.

Next to his hat the cowboy is proud of his boots. They must be hand-made, of the best and softest of leather, and they must have long legs, and heels that will throw the French heel of a lady's boot entirely in the shade. Heels from an inch to an inch and a quarter high are the proper thing for cowboys who wish to attend to an inch in this country. Boots of this sort cost from \$12 to \$15.

Singular enough, the cowboy cares as little for the quality of his suit of clothes as he does about the cost of his pony. A \$12 suit of store clothes, such as would cost \$9 in New York, are good enough for him, while his suit of flannels will not cost about as new as which he prepared this little poem to be recited at an exhibition got up in the academy style, composed expressly for Ephraim H. Farrar, to be spoken by him on the occasion, when only seven years of age:

You'd scarce expect one of my age To speak in public on the stage; And if I chance to fall below, Don't think me nervous, but I know, Don't view me with a critic's eye, But pass my imperfections by; Who's made to improve me, and I know, Once learned to read the A B C, But why may not Columbia's son, Or any man as great as Britain's be— Excuse what I've said, and I have done, Or any land beneath the sun! May'n't Massachusetts boast as great A poet as I, and I have done, Or where's the town, so far and near, That does not bid a rival here? Or where's the boy less than three feet high, Who's made to improve me, and I know, These thoughts inspire my youthful mind To be the greatest of mankind; But only great as I am good.

Farrar was writing master in 1813 in the elementary school of Lawson Lyon, located on the north side of Dr. Channing's church in Boston, where sons of the most distinguished families were educated. —Chicago Herald.

The most novel legal case in the judicial annals of North Carolina has been tried at Wilmington. A photographer, in order to secure some striking local scenes, requested Policeman Howland to procure a colored boy and come into his studio. Officer Howland hailed a passing colored boy and together they entered the tent. The photographer grouped his subjects, requesting the officer to collar the youth, raise his club and look officially severe. Several photographs were taken. One was given to the boy and another was hung out as an advertisement. This was a striking scene for the father of the lad, who swore out a warrant before the Justice charging Officer Howland with assault and battery. The warrant was duly served. Howland, accompanied by counsel, appeared before a magistrate. The officer was fined. —San Francisco Chronicle.

A NATURAL BONE-SETTER.

REMARKABLE OPERATIONS BY AN UNTUTORED WOMAN.

She is Entirely Without Professional Training—Success With Apparently Incurable Cases.

Anzonia is a little picturesque village near Vittoria, in Northeastern Italy, not far from the Austrian Tyrol. It is the home of a noted woman, whose fame has spread throughout all Europe by her skill to relieve human suffering. Regina di Cin was born in the village of Vendicacio, near Conigliano, Venetia, April 4, 1819. Her parents were Lorenzo Marchesini and Marianna Sandonati, both of whom belonged to the peasantry of Venetia. Following the vocation of her mother, Regina, from early childhood, displayed a taste for setting dislocated bones.

At first practicing her art on chickens and animals, Regina's first operation, strange to say, was upon her mother. One day, as she was going to a neighborly village, the wagon upset and her leg was broken. Regina, who was now nine years old, following her mother's direction, set the limb. Her mother was carried home and confined to her house for forty days, during which her daughter became her nurse.

A year later Regina went to live with her brother at Vittoria, where she began to see operations in the hospital and acquired her celebrated delicacy of touch. At the age of eighteen she married Lorenzo di Cin, a poor peasant, and was shortly left a widow with one son, who became a priest. Among her early operations was one upon a poor fellow in the village of Alpagno, who was confined to his bed by fractured legs. The doctors had ordered amputation when Regina, appearing at the time, declared she could save both legs, and in a short time the man was able to walk. Doctors enraged at being thus outwitted, had her arrested and taken before the Tribunal for practicing without a license. Her advocate was the patient whom she had just cured. Regina was pardoned, but ordered to practice no more. Yet patients came to her day by day, declaring they would see no one else. The theory of her skill was the "reduction of the femur." A police of marshmallow and bran was applied and continued for a longer or shorter time, accordingly as the dislocation was new or old. When the bone had attained a certain softness the manipulation began and the dismembered parts placed aright, the force being used at the proper time, and unconsciously to the patient, all being done without chloroform and without causing pain. It must be remarked, however, that she possessed an almost superhuman strength in her fingers, equal to that of two men.

Another wonderful cure was in the case of Dr. Bellini, an invalid from hip dislocation, of twenty years' standing. Dr. Bellini was one of the physicians whose prejudice, twenty years before, had been sought to overcome. From 1843 to 1848 she continued to practice her profession, in which her only desire was to excel. From patients of ample means she always expected liberal compensation, but the poor she charged nothing. Again summoned before the Tribunal at Vittoria for practicing without a license, she was condemned to two months' imprisonment. The case was carried to the higher Court at Venice where defending herself with great skill, she said: "Gentlemen, you know very well how to name the bones, I do not; but I can see them, and you can not." She was acquitted, to the great rejoicing. A lady of Venice, whose daughter was suffering from luxation of the femur, sent for Regina, and the young lady in a short time was able to lay aside her crutches.

A Celebrated Poem.

David Everett was a distant relative of the late Edward Everett. He was born in Princeton, Mass., in 1769. In the winter previous to entering Dartmouth College, in 1791, when a teacher in the grammar school at New Ipswich, he prepared this little poem to be recited at an exhibition got up in the academy style, composed expressly for Ephraim H. Farrar, to be spoken by him on the occasion, when only seven years of age:

You'd scarce expect one of my age To speak in public on the stage; And if I chance to fall below, Don't think me nervous, but I know, Don't view me with a critic's eye, But pass my imperfections by; Who's made to improve me, and I know, Once learned to read the A B C, But why may not Columbia's son, Or any man as great as Britain's be— Excuse what I've said, and I have done, Or any land beneath the sun! May'n't Massachusetts boast as great A poet as I, and I have done, Or where's the town, so far and near, That does not bid a rival here? Or where's the boy less than three feet high, Who's made to improve me, and I know, These thoughts inspire my youthful mind To be the greatest of mankind; But only great as I am good.

Farrar was writing master in 1813 in the elementary school of Lawson Lyon, located on the north side of Dr. Channing's church in Boston, where sons of the most distinguished families were educated. —Chicago Herald.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Hammocks for Drapery.

The Mexican hammocks, or the ordinary ones sold in the shops for about a dollar can be utilized for drapery. They come in good colors; combinations of black, yellow, red and blue. Cut the mesh across at each end so as to leave the twisted heads for tassels. Pull the hammock out and stretch it as much as possible. Turn the upper end over, like a fringe-work, and pass the curtain rod, in and out, through the meshes. When hung, it may be necessary to tack the meshes at intervals until the hammock has lost its stiffness. Loop with the pieces of rope that come with the hammock, and attach the twisted ends as tassels. —Housewife.

Rooms Ornamented With Fluttering Butterflies.

A novel idea for the ornamentation of an apartment is to fill the air with fluttering butterflies of every hue. Get the Japanese napkins of stained paper or squares of colored tissue paper. Two colors can be used, one placed over the other to form wings; when slightly crumpled and dashed with specks of water-color they are improved. The squares should be cut of the requisite size and fastened with a small clothes pin. These must be painted brown and zoned with yellow. Feathers of wire may be added. The butterflies should be strung at intervals on invisible wires placed at uneven distances across the room. These airy nothings flutter like living things with every passing zephyr. A bent pin can be fastened to the center of the body to secure them to the wire. They may be also pinned on lace curtains or on picture wires as if slightly agitated. —Penny.

How to Broil.

Broiling appears to have been the earliest method of cooking. Whether we broil steaks, chops, fish or fowl, the process is the same. The object is to cook without burning or loss of juice. Tough meats are unsuitable for broiling, and tender meats may be spoiled by wrong cooking. Trim off part of the fat where there is much, and wipe the moisture from the surface. Grease the wires of the broiler to prevent sticking. Lay the meat on evenly, hold close to plenty of bright red coals, while you count ten, turn the broiler so the other side of the meat is next the fire, count and turn again. Steak and fish thick will be cooked rare in five minutes, well done in eight or ten; chops or small birds require eight or ten; fish a longer time. Alibumen, the chief substance in meat, hardens under heat, so the saving of juices depends on quickly searing the outside. Always serve hot meat on a hot dish. —Sturdy Old.

Drying Peaches.

One of the most important things in the process is to have good fruit, neither too ripe nor too green and hard. In the second place, good trays, such as they dry raisins on, are almost indispensable. You handle them easily; they are more convenient than cloth or plank, because you can carry them from the room where the fruit is prepared and placed on the trays to the sulphur bath. Care must be taken to place the sulphur pan far enough below the trays to prevent burning. To make a scaffold to place your trays on, set stakes in the ground about two feet high, nailing fence boards at the top to run two feet apart. The trays should be placed to the south-west, to get the full benefit of the afternoon sun. Sliced redwood shakes make very good trays. They should be nailed with wrought nails to a rim of one-inch square lumber. Have a room to handle and store your fruit as it is dried. Make it moth proof, with tight walls and screens over the doors and windows. The doors and windows should be closed at night and opened every day to facilitate drying. To make bright, clean, merchantable fruit, have all your trays of an even size. Tie them up every night to keep out the dampness and the moths, uncover them in the morning after sunrise. Do not let your fruit get too dry on the trays, but examine it critically, for when some are perfectly dry other pieces will be partly dry. Carry the fruit into the storeroom and talk it, turning it over every two days to equalize the drying, and whenever it is dry enough to keep, sack it out once and keep it bright and clean. —California Rural Press.

Recipes.

SQUASH PIE.—One egg, one pint of milk, cracked rolled fine, one cup of sifted squash, nutmeg and cinnamon to taste. DELICIOUS FOR ONE.—One egg, one tablespoonful of milk, one teaspoon of sugar and a pinch of salt; beat all together and fry in hot butter; roll it up as it sets and do not burn. CORN BREAD.—One cup of flour, three eggs of corn meal, three eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one pint of milk and a pinch of salt. GINGER.—One cup and a half of corn meal, the same of flour, the same of sweet milk, two well beaten eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, a little salt, add two teaspoonfuls of baking powder with a little of the flour; butter the graham pans well; fill two-thirds full; bake in a quick oven about thirty minutes; serve hot. INDIAN PORRIDGE.—One quart milk, two heaping tablespoonfuls of Indian meal, four of sugar, one of butter, three eggs, one teaspoon salt and half teaspoon ginger. Boil the milk, stirring the meal into it and cook about twelve minutes; stir the butter into the meal and milk, and when cool add the beaten eggs, salt, sugar and ginger. Bake slowly one hour. SUPPER OF SPRING CHICKENS.—Trim the fillets out of six young, large chickens, lard close and fine, and put in braising pan to cook thoroughly without browning; keep covered, make a sauce by melting half a pound of good butter; mix with it one cupful of flour, dilute with one pint of chicken broth and one pint of hot cream, season with salt and red pepper, let come to a boil, when it should be taken from the range; then mixtures; stir the butter into the meal and milk, and when cool add the beaten eggs, salt, sugar and ginger. Bake slowly one hour. Though now seventy years old, day by day she is visited by Italians, Austrians, French, Prussians, Russians, Poles, Greeks and Turks. She shows no distinction to patients. —Brooklyn Eagle.

IN THE DARK.

Oh, in the depths of midnight, What fancies haunt the brain, When even the sigh of the sleeper Sounds like a sob of pain.

A wisp of awe and of wonder I may never well define, For the thought that comes in the shadows Never comes in the shine.

The old clock down in the parlor, Like a sleepless mourner grieves, And the seconds drip in the silence As the rain drips from the eaves.

And I think of the hands that signal The hours there in the gloom, And wonder what angel watchers Wait in the darkened room.

And I think of the smiling faces That used to watch and wait, Till the click of the clock was answered By the click of the open gate.

They are not there now in the evening— Morning or noon—no more there; Yet I know that they keep their vigil And wait for me somewhere. —James Whitcomb Riley.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Regular "healers"—Physicians. A cable road—the bed of the Atlantic. The "beefy" nobleman—Sir Loin Steak.

A woman should never wear a ruffle on her temper. Always work with good prospects—Missionaries. Never talk cold at their work—Draughtsmen. Not conspicuously full of cracks—Rented houses.

It is conceded that a fiddler is up to his chin in business. "Are you through with your lungs?" asked the cigarette of the youth. It may sound somewhat contradictory, but the first thing in a boot is the last. "Why is the letter S like a sewing machine?" "Because it makes needles needless."

St. Louis boasts of a dwarf barberless than four feet high. He must be a little sliver. Practical jokers on a very unprofitable lot. They never buy their business to sell. —Buckley Post.

The greatest weather profit of this season is the money saved by young men who didn't go sleigh-riding. Cholly—"I always sleep well." Miss Snyder—"So I should judge. You never seem more than half awake." —New York Sun.

Upper-Ten Child—"My papa is abroad. Is yours?" Lower-Ten Child—"Yes. Mine is at large again." —New York Weekly.

The setting sun is a very warm affair, but for many a bent command us to the setting hen when she gets wet. —Commercial Advertiser.

Bjones—"I heard De Garr, gave Miss Hapdide a pound of caramels with his love." Merritt—"Yes; he told me she accepted the caramels." —New York Sun.

The early bird is quite as apt to catch the malaria as the worm; the moral of which seems to be that previousness is a vicious sort of a virtue after all. —Commercial Advertiser.

Scientist (in restaurant)—"Bring me a decoction of burnt peas, sweetened with glucose and mixed with chalk and water." Waiter (vociferously)—"Coffee for one!" —Littell.

First Bohemian (pensively, over his logwood and water)—"After all, dear boy, life is a dream." Second Bohemian—"Yes; and the trouble is we only get the nightmare part of it."

Mrs. Upperton—"Well, Jane, I am sorry you have to leave me; but if you are going to better yourself, of course—" Jane—"It isn't that, ma'am; I am going to get married."

A writer in the World re-reminds that excitation by means of electricity be called "luna-electrication." What's the use of adding unnecessary terrors to the things? —Binghamton Republican.

If you have a toothache have your tooth pulled, but do not think it necessary or even right to attempt to cure a ache by having your car pulled. What is one man's meat is another's poison. —Commercial Advertiser.

Said a grand admirer of the preacher his church had dismissed: "That was a bad sermon and well timed, too." "Yes," replied the clergyman, "it was certainly well timed. About half the congregation had their watches out of the time I was talking."

Teacher (geography class)—"Very good. Now, children, to-morrow you must all bring small bottles of sweet oil with you." Head girl—"What are they for?" "To enlighten your souls and clear. We are to begin on the lakes of Maine." —Philadelphia Record.

Of all editorial writers, Horace Greeley was most noted for illegible copy. On one occasion the "modern Franklin" penned something about "suburban journalism advancing," but the typesetter, thinking it one of his famous agricultural articles, launched out wildly with the words: "Superb Jerusalem artichokes." —Epoch.

The Oldest Twins.

The oldest living twins in the United States were born in this century in Philadelphia County. Their names are John and Samuel Nee, and they bear such resemblance to each other that it is almost impossible to distinguish them apart. They were born on the same day, the other in Leokintown. They were born on May 11, 1803. They both learned cabinet making, and in 1824 they opened an undertaking establishment at the corner of Main street and Washington avenue, Germantown, and remained there until the close of the Civil War. They have long since retired from active business pursuits. Both men have married twice, both are widowers, and each has the same number of descendants. Within the past few years they have become quite deaf. They enjoy comparatively good health, and are as active as men in the prime of life. Neither has ever used any fancy food or tasted liquor. This, they claim, is the cause of their long life. Besides being the oldest twins, they believe that they are the oldest undertakers in the country, and to have owned the oldest burial establishment in the United States, it dating back to 1769. —Philadelphia Record.