

Raftman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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THE LONELY FLOWER.

On the bank of a woodland stream it grew—
Fed with light and with silver dew;
Yet was its life, or more, or less,
Sustained by its own soft loveliness.
And the stream flowed on through a lonely dell,
Where the softened sunlight loved to dwell,
Wrapped in a robe of forest trees,
And lulled by the moan of the autumn breeze.
And so it grew from day to day,
A beauty and a mystery;
Till, at the last, in its sorrowful pride,
It sickened, and faded, and drooped, and died.
But the sunlight came and smiled in the wood,
And still by the stream the dark trees stood;
And the stream itself flowed peacefully on,
Though the beautiful flower of love was gone.

BEGINNING LIFE.

Rolling Over with a Pretty Girl in a Stream of Water.

I began life by running away from home. Boileau, we are told, was driven into his career by the hand of fate and the peck of a turkey. Atilla started in life with no other cause and capital than an old sword, which he was adroit enough to palm off for the divine weapon of Mars; and Robespierre owed his political career to wetting his stockings, and there "heard the words which burn," which fired his soul, and determined his course in life. My running away from home came from a minor mortification, caused by carrying a pretty girl over the brook.

Donald Leon and myself were good friends at fourteen years of age, and we both regarded, with little more than friendship, pretty Helen Graham, "our eldest girl" at school. We romped and danced together, and this lasted for such a length of time that it is with feelings of bewilderment that I look back upon the mystery of two lovers continuing friends. But the time came, as it must, when jealousy lit her spark in my boyish bosom, and blew it into a consuming flame. No flame can burn so quickly or with so little fuel as jealousy.

One day returning from school, Donald undertook to assist Helen over the stream. Before we reached the opposite bank, I was washing Donald to the "bottom of the sea." Being naturally impetuous, I burst out with—"Ye need no hand save gingerly, Helen, as if ye feared a fall." I can ye carry ye lighter than Donald can half of ye."

Surprised at the vehemence of my tone, our queen interposed with an admission that we were both strong, and that she had no idea of sparring my power. But Donald's ire was kindled, and he utterly denied that I was at all qualified to compete with him in feats of carriage. On such topics boys are generally emulous, and by the time we reached the opposite bank, it was settled that that point should be determined by our singly bearing Helen across the ford in my arms.

Helen was to determine who had carried her most easily, and I settled with myself privately in advance, that the one who obtained the preference would really be the person who stood highest in her affections. The reflection stimulated me to exert every effort, and I verily believe to this day, that I could have carried Donald and Helen on either arm like feathers. But I must not anticipate.

We suffered all the rest of the party to pass quietly along, and then returned to the ford. I lifted Helen with the utmost care, and carried her like an infant to the middle of the water. Jealousy had inspired a warmer love, and it was with feelings unknown before that I embraced her lovely form, and felt the pressure of her cheek against mine. All went swimmingly, or rather wadingly, for a moment. But, alas, in the deepest part of the ford, I trod on a treacherous piece of wood, which rested I suppose, on a smooth stone. Over I rolled bearing Helen with me, nor did we rise until fairly soaked from head to foot.

I need not describe the taunts of Donald, or the more accusing silence of Helen. Both believed that I had fallen from mere weakness, and my rival demonstrated his superior ability, bearing her for a long distance on her home-ward path. As we approached the house, feeling dry and better humored, she attempted to console me. But I preserved a moody silence. I was mortified beyond redress.

That night I packed up a few things and ran away. My boyish mind, sensitive and irritated, exaggerated the negation which it had received, and prompted me to a course which fortunately led to better results than generally attended such irregularities. I went to Edinburgh, where I found an uncle, a kind hearted, childless man, who gave me a place in his house, and employed me in his business.— Wealth flowed in upon him—I became his partner—went abroad—resided four years on the continent; and finally returned to Scotland, rich, educated, in short, everything but married.

One evening, while at a ball in Glasgow, I was struck with a young lady of unpretending appearance, but, whose remarkable beauty and high-toned expression, indicated a mind of more than ordinary power. I was introduced, but a Scottish name had long been unfamiliar to my ear, and could not catch hers. It was Helen something, and there was something in her face, too, that seemed familiar—something suggestive of pleasure and pain.

But we became well acquainted that evening. I learned without difficulty her history. She was from the country, had been educated, her parents had lost their property, and she was a governess in a family in the city.

I was fascinated by her conversation, and was continually reminded by her grace and refinement of manner, that she was capable of moving with a distinguished success in a far higher sphere than that which fortune seemed to have allotted her. I am naturally neither talkative nor prone to confidence; but there was that in this young lady which inspired both, and I conversed with her as I had never conversed with any. Her questions of the various countries with which I was familiar, indicated a remarkable knowledge of literature and incredible store of information.

We progressed in intimacy, and as our conversation turned upon the causes which induced so many to leave their native land, I laughingly remarked that I owed my own travels to falling with a pretty girl into a ford.

I had hardly spoken these words, ere the blood mounted to her face, and was succeeded by quite a remarkable paleness. I attributed this to the heat of the room—laughed—and, at her request, proceeded to give the details of my ford adventure with Helen Graham, which I did, painting in glowing colors the amiability of my love.

Her mirth during the recital became almost irrepressible. At the conclusion she remarked—

"Mr. Roberts, is it possible that you have forgotten me?"

I gazed an instant—remembered—and was dumbfounded. The lady with whom I had become acquainted was Helen Graham herself.

I hate, and so do you, reader, to needlessly prolong a story. We were soon married. Helen and I made our bridal tour to the old place. As we approached it in our carriage, I greeted a stout fellow working in the field, who seemed to be a better sort of laborer, or perhaps a small farmer, by inquiring some particulars relating to the neighborhood. He answered well enough, and I was about to give him a sixpence, when Helen stayed my hand, and cried in the old style—

"Hey, Donald, mon, dinna ye ken ye'r old fren's?"

The man looked up in astonishment. It was Donald Leon. His amazement at our appearance was heightened by the style; and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could induce him to enter our carriage, and answer our numerous queries as to our old friends.

Different men "start in life" different ways. I believe, however, that mine is the only instance on record of a gentleman who owes wealth and happiness to rolling over with a pretty girl in a stream of water.

WHAT ARE WE TO DO FOR SUGAR?—A falling off in the sugar crop in Louisiana of two-thirds—a continued abandonment of sugar estates in the British West Indies—the unproductiveness of the Central American regions, in consequence of political troubles, and the largely increased prosperity of the world of consumers, have led to a rise of nearly one hundred per centum in the price of one of the most valued necessities of life. Nor is there the least prospect, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, that this enormous rise will be followed by a corresponding fall for years to come. The necessity will stimulate renewed attention to our Northern sugar—the maple. It is already more largely grown than is suspected. New York and Vermont are larger sugar producers than Louisiana. Canada makes seven pounds of sugar for every four that she imports. Scientific skill, applied perseveringly to our backwoods article, may enable it to supersede the produce of the cane. But still higher expectations are formed from the experiments which have been made with the sorghum, or Chinese sugar cane. It has been grown successfully in thirteen States, from Vermont to Louisiana, from Georgia to Minnesota. It possesses marked advantages over the common sugar cane, in ripening three months sooner, in growing readily from seed, and in opposing but little obstacle to the extraction of the saccharine matter. A careful agricultural chemist estimates that, with proper cultivation, it will yield 1000 to 2000 pounds of sugar to the acre; and another has himself obtained 468 gallons of syrup to the acre.

We advise farmers who want to make money to give a little thought to this sorghum, and also to the maple. There is a fine fortune for the man who shall supply our breakfast tables with a pleasant, wholesome article of Northern growth.

In Central Africa, says the Missionary Livingstone, the women have the upper hand.— They feed the men. The wife is obliged to supply her mother-in-law with fire-wood. A man who has five wives, having returned home, asks something of No. 1. No. 1. refers him to No. 2. No. 2 desires him to go to the one he loves best. He is handled about from one to another, till he becomes quite enraged; but all he can do is to go upon the top of a tree and cry aloud, "I thought I had got five wives, but I find I have got five witches." If a woman beats her husband she is punished in this way: Both are taken to the market place and the wife is compelled to take the husband home on her back, amidst the people. On these occasions the women generally cry out, "Give it to him again."

WOMEN TRYING.—A poultice of common white Lima beans applied to the throat, while hot, it is said, will cure quinsy.

KYD'S LAST VISIT.

A TRADITION OF EASTERN NEW YORK.

It was a wild October night, in the autumn of 1699, the storm-clouds studded across the sky, almost totally obscuring the light of the young moon, and the wind swept in eddying gusts through the forest gorges, and sobbed mournfully around the old manor-house of Coeyman, situated on the rocky shore of the Hudson, some ten miles from Albany. All was hushed in the mansion, and the night darkness brooded heavily over it, save when from a single window, a light gleamed dazzlingly, throwing a broad, glittering belt along the gravelled garden walk. In the room whence shone this beacon light, sat a lady yet in the prime of life, magnificently attired in the costume of that period.

The room itself was elegantly furnished, and the richly carved walnut and damask of the finest texture bespoke the wealth and taste of the owner. Upon her lap lay an open volume bound in vellum, and heavily adorned with silver, the leaves of which she turned listlessly, and as she glanced into the surrounding darkness a shadow swept across her brow, and she murmured to herself,

"No, he will not come to-night, some accident must have befallen him. I will—but even as she spoke there came the sound of hasty steps along the walk, a man sprang lightly up the steps, and the knocker was applied with vigorous strokes to the oak door; springing from her seat she obeyed the summons, removed the heavy bar, drew the bolt, threw open the door, and admitted the visitor. Her warm greeting was responded to with a

"Yes, yes, Margery, all in good time; but I've tired, tired you with waiting for me, haven't I?" and without pausing for a reply, he continued as he laid his sword and pistols on the table, "I would have been in better season, but the hounds were on my track, and I cared not to be overhauled with my precious cargo."—The speaker and the lady addressed were singularly alike in form and feature. He was clothed in a tunic of red silk, with blue cloths, and black morocco boots, with a broad, red fold of the same material falling to the instep. His hair, that rivalled the raven's wing in blackness, clustered in luxuriant curls around his neck and shoulders, and his face, bronzed by the sun of southern climes, and embellished by beard and moustache, wore a reckless expression that was heightened by the changing light in the dark gleaming eye that had struck terror to many a beholder. For this was none other than the dreaded Rover, Robert Kyd, the lady his sister, the Madame Coeymans.

As he ceased speaking, he folded his arms across his broad chest, and gazed moodily into the fire.

As his sister watched him, her countenance expressed the greatest emotion, and going to him and laying her hand upon his shoulder she said, as her eyes filled with tears,

"Robert could our mother have foreseen the course her son would follow, how think you she would have felt?"

At the mention of his mother a tear for a moment dimmed the eye of the Rover, but dashing it aside as if ashamed of the weakness displayed, he answered with a light laugh,

"Why, Margery, you believe the tale my calculators have forged that I am indeed a pirate, the terror of the seas; and yet there's many a coroneted head reposes to night in old England that has shared the profits of my voyages, and have now their bloodhounds on my track, and would gladly see me die a felon's death, and leave a felon's memory; but I will foil the villains yet. I have deposited the last of my wealth beneath the soil of the manor grounds. I have burned my vessel, determined to quit the sea forever, and become an honest man. Our noble Governor, the Earl of Bellamont, has promised me his protection if I am pressed too hotly; for the rest I trust to these," and he touched his arms significantly. "But no more of this subject at present, dear Margery, for I am very weary and hungry, too," and he threw himself wearily upon a couch, while his sister, not caring to arouse any of the domestics, left the room, whence she soon returned bearing a silver tray, on which were displayed many tempting viands, which quickly disappeared before the attacks of the Rover, who, as he finished, held high a goblet of rich old port, exclaiming as he did so, "Here's forgetfulness to the past, and a bright future to us." And quaffing off the contents, he arose, saying, "It is getting late, Margery, so I'll to bed and pleasant dreams," and he glided from the room.

The morning dawned clear and bright, and as the sun's first beams gilded the window of his room, Kyd sprang from his couch, and making a hasty toilet, he descended to join his sister in the garden. And as they wandered along the paths, and beneath the giant oaks that adorned the manor grounds, their memory went back to the merry old times in England, when they, light-hearted and innocent, passed the sunny days of childhood in joyous mirth.

Many days, says the legend, did the Rover thus abide at Coeymans, in sweet communion with the memory of his childhood's home.— And when at last he left, it was with many promises of a speedy return. But alas! for his plans of future happiness, he presented himself inadvertently in the streets of Boston,

was seized, sent to England, tried and executed. Centuries have passed, and all traces of the manor house of Coeymans have disappeared, but tradition still points out its site, and tells of an old stone house, and of a spectre in rustling silks and high-heeled shoes that glided through its lonely halls long after Madame Coeymans went to her grave.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

February 23.
Senator Wright, of New Jersey, submitted his long expected report in favor of the general adoption of iron as a building material by the national government. It fully sustains Guthrie's policy of discrimination in favor of American iron in the purchase of government material, or of extending incidental protection to this interest in the disbursement as well as in the collection of public revenues. It is regarded as one of the most significant party movements of the day, and as having some reference to the five hundred thousand votes given by the iron men for Buchanan in Pennsylvania and New Jersey at the Presidential election.

There is some talk among the members of making a move to repeal the Iowa bill passed last session, granting land for railroad purposes, as it is alleged that it was passed by fraud and corruption.

Gen. Cass is putting on the airs of youth in view of his appointment to the Premiership. He has mounted a claret-colored coat, and has suddenly discovered that he is quite too young to ride to the Capitol. He has accordingly abandoned his carriage, and walks daily to the Senate with short and brisk steps worthy of Mercury just lighted on the heaven-kissing hill.

Private letters from Mexico have been received here, which state that a highly important treaty has been, or is about to be concluded between Mr. Forsyth, our Minister, and the Mexican Government, whereby a large share of Mexican Territory, embracing the whole of the State of Sonora, is to be ceded to the United States, for the sum of \$15,000,000—three millions to go towards the payment of Mexican claims. Certain concessions in favor of American commerce are also embraced in the treaty.

I learn that the inaugural of Mr. Buchanan is finished. It will be short.

The policy of Mr. Buchanan respecting our foreign ministers is considerably canvassed. The applicants for the first class missions will be numerous. It will be expected by the President elect that every minister, charge d'affaires and consul will send home his resignation without delay. They will all be displaced; there will not probably be a single exception. Our diplomatic corps is to be entirely renovated and rejuvenated.

All the home officers will be changed. There is to be rotation. This is certainly the policy of Mr. Buchanan. Most of the collectors, postmasters, marshals, district attorneys, &c., will be allowed to remain till their terms of office expire; the remainder will be removed before the expiration of their commissions. This information you may rely upon.

General Cass received an official notification to-day from Mr. Buchanan of his appointment as Secretary of State, and despatched a letter this evening informing the President elect that he accepted the position. Both letters were understood to be exceedingly felicitous.

NEW LITANY.—Here is a litany which, although not exactly orthodox will pass among sinners:

From tailors' bills, doctors' pills, western chills and other ills—deliver us.

From want of gold, wives that scold, maidens old, and by sharpers "sold"—deliver us.

From seedy coats, protested notes, sinking boats and illegal votes—deliver us.

From creaking doors, a wife that snores, "confounded bores," and dry good stores—deliver us.

From modest girls, with waving curls, and teeth of pearls—never mind.

From stinging flies, coal black eyes, bakers' pies, and babies' cries—deliver us.

GABBOTING.—The Lewistown, Pa., Gazette, of the 19th Feb., says—"The first attempt at introducing this species of robbery was tried last week by a woman inveigling a man into a house, and as soon as he entered it, had him knocked down by a man in waiting, and robbed of a watch. The case came up before a magistrate, but was afterwards settled by the parties. One of the peculiarities of this case was that one of the party was implicated in a robbery on Thursday, committed to jail on Friday, bailed out on Saturday, and married on Sunday." They seem to be rather fast people down that in Lewistown.

HOOPS.—The Chicago Herald says—"A lady down Water street, in passing a West India goods store, where a cooper was heading up some barrels of sugar, became so entangled with the hoops, &c., that before the cooper was aware of his mistake, he had seized the lady's skirt and got the lady and sugar so mixed that it was a long time before he could separate them.

A man having published another as a liar, a scoundrel and poltroon, the latter complains that he does not spell poltroon correctly.

VEGETABLE FOOD OF MAN.

During the early part of this winter, the Rev. H. Wood, of Lowell, addressed the distinguished Dr. S. L. Dana, requesting information relating to the cheapest and best kinds of food. The answer of Dr. Dana has been published in the *Medical World*; it is scientific—as might be expected coming from such high chemical and physiological authority—and it also contains much useful information little known to the community in general. We will endeavor to present the substance of its most important points, because we believe such knowledge should be circulated through every corner of the world, concerning, as it does, the welfare of every human being.

It has been laid down as a law of physiological chemistry that all food serves two distinct purposes: one part for building the body forms the blood out of which comes all the animal tissues; the other part forms fat, and furnishes the fuel by which the animal heat is kept up through the process of breathing.— Food contains flesh, blood, and tissue formers in proportion to their amount of nitrogen.— When chemistry, therefore, determines the amount of nitrogen in any kind of food, it expresses the relative value of that food for these purposes. The starch, gum, fat, sugar, and water, and occasionally a portion of woody fiber or grain, rarely ministers to the want of nutrition. These substances are the fuel formers, out of which fat may be formed, which is as essential as blood. Ten parts of fat are equal to twenty-four parts of starch, grape, and milk sugar in heating power.

Life cannot long be maintained by any food that fulfills only one part of the process of nutrition. A man fed only on that food which forms blood and tissue soon dies of starvation, and so does the man that is only fed on fuel-forming food; and if a man is deprived of certain salts, such as common salt, compounds of sulphur, phosphorus, potash, soda, lime, magnesia, and iron, he cannot long survive. And even if fed on all these three classes of substances, he will die of starvation, unless allowed a certain proportion of ready formed fat, in addition to the fat that may be formed out of the other elements of his food.

Nature has taught us the type of our food, viz., milk. It contains the essentials of four great groups of substances on which nutrition in its widest sense depends. The elements of milk are, 1st, *Casein*, which is a blood former; it contains all the nitrogen and all the sulphur. 2nd, *Butter*, which is fat. 3d, *Sugar*, which is a fuel former or heater. 4th, *Salts*—soluble and insoluble—the earth of bones, potash, soda and phosphoric acid.

Such are the substances which Nature has prepared for our first food—a mixture of four groups of substances. To suit human wants, according to its age, we should imitate this best natural mixture of those substances designed as the food of man.

In vegetable and animal food there are substances representing those contained in milk. Dr. Dana merely alludes to those of fish and flesh, and states (which is something new to most persons) that the flesh of fish contains the same amount of nutrient matter, as the flesh of oxen. Albumen forms gristle, sinews, membrane, muscles, nails, and is found in the nerve tubes. Fat is a lubricant, assists to form cells, and it forms part and parcel of all the chemical changes which the body undergoes, and is required for more purposes than merely heating the body. Sugar never forms part of the animal tissues, but it performs an important office in the charges of all these tissues. It forms lactic acid, and contributes largely to the formation of fat.

The waste of anything essential to life, and all its healthy functions must be supplied by a like substance. Food, therefore, is nutritious just in proportion as it contains the elements, properly mixed, which go to sustain the body and supply its waste. What is the best and cheapest food for this purpose? This is a great question, and one respecting which much reliable information has been wanting.

Wheat, Indian corn, rye, rice, and buckwheat are the principal grains used in our country for food. Wheat holds the highest place in the market, and its finest flour—that which is deprived of most bran—is the dearest, and the most admired. This cherished flour—the costliest—is actually the least valuable for food. The fat and salts of wheat reside chiefly in the bran, and the flour deprived of these, does not contain well mixed nutrient matter.

Dr. Dana places Indian corn and rye above wheat for our food, and he surprises us by giving oatmeal the highest place of all—it contains the greatest amount of albumen, its starch is equal to that of fine wheat flour, and its fat exceeds that of any other cereal grain. Buckwheat and rice are poor articles of food: one pound of beans is equal to three and a half of rice or potatoes. Cabbage contains a great amount of albumen, but no fat, sugar, or salts, but it is excellent for mixing with other substances, such as potatoes, which contain these. Oatmeal cake, bean and pea soup, baked beans, Indian meal pudding sweetened with molasses, are the vegetable food, which he esteems to be the best and cheapest for common and general use.—*Scientific Amer.*

In one of the interior towns of Virginia, Miss Nancy Shrew was lately married to Mr. Samuel Devil. A shrew and a devil will make an even team, says an exchange.

THE MURDERER OF NORCROSS.

The Philadelphia *North American*, in speaking of the supposed murderer of young Norcross who was recently killed near Altoona, says:—High constable Blackburn, of this city, has been on the search of McKim for some time past. The officer, after visiting Pittsburgh and obtaining a full description of the murderer, visited Chester and Delaware counties, where it was found he was charged with the larceny of 29 horses. He also discovered that McKim had three wives, his lawful one residing in Delaware and the others in New Jersey.

At Altoona it was ascertained that a man answering to the description was seen lurking about the building in which the inquest upon the murdered man was held, until a verdict of murder was rendered by the jury. He then disappeared, and was not traced again until the officer arrived at Reading; here it was found that he had spent several days, and then left with two women of loose morals, after having purchased dresses, jewelry, &c., for them. From this place he went to Pottsville with his female companions, rented and furnished a house for them at an expense of about \$800, and here he would have been arrested but for the foolishness of a gambler who made his acquaintance.

It appears that while the supposed murderer was on his way to Pottsville with the women, the gambler entered into conversation with one of the women, and by this means received an invitation to visit the house to be opened by their friend. The gambler, finding that the man had some money, determined to inveigle him into a game, and strip him, but before he could accomplish his object, he (the gambler) saw a description of Norcross's companion and supposed murderer, but, instead of having McKim arrested immediately, he commenced telegraphing to the Mayor of Philadelphia for a fuller description, and after two days had been spent in this way, the gambler came to the conclusion that McKim was the man, and telegraphed to the Mayor to send up an officer.

In the meantime the gambler had informed one of the women of the discovery he had made, and requested her to keep quiet; but she, feeling, I suppose, some compassion for the man that had clothed and fed her, informed McKim that he was suspected, and he, without admitting the truth, left Pottsville two days before the officer from Philadelphia arrived. McKim was seen after this in Philadelphia, but all traces now have been lost of him. His trunk is still at the Pennsylvania depot, and in it is a carpenter's rule with his name upon it. The furniture which he had in the house at Pottsville, and the jewelry which he gave the women, has all been seized by the authorities of Pottsville, and will be sold, and the proceeds given to the friends of the deceased.

The women that lived with him were hoisted and pelted as they were going to the depot to leave the town. McKim is a'out 6 feet high, stoop-shouldered, sandy hair, bald in front, high cheek bones, and there is a scar in the palm and on the back of one of his hands, caused by a pistol shot.

A WICKED TOWN.—The "City of Tiffin," a village of five thousand inhabitants in Ohio, appears to have gone over to the Evil One.—A young man named Coffman, burned his father's barn, valued at \$1,200, and then stole \$130 of money from the old man; another youth of the name of Frazer, robbed his father of \$2000; the body of an unknown man was found in the streets, on Wednesday morning of last week, who had been murdered the night previously; the cholera is decimating the hogs; a series of riots, fights, &c., had occurred within a week, and the Postmaster at Melmore, (near enough to Tiffin to be within the evil influence,) had recently robbed the mail of monied letters, but escaped before the officers of the Commonwealth could catch him.

A SHARP YOUNGSTER.—A little boy on his return from Sunday School recently, addressed his mother as follows:—"Mamma?" "Well, my dear?" "Mamma, the teacher says that people are all made of dust." "Yes, my dear, so the Bible says." "Well, mamma, are white people made of dust?" "Yes." "Well, then, I s'pose colored people are made of coal dust, ain't they?"

MUTUALLY THANKFUL.—The Christian Intelligencer tells a story of a young lawyer, who, while dining with Gen. Jackson, thanked God that he had too much good sense to believe in such a place of torment as hell." The General replied that "he thanked God there was such a place, to put such skeptical rascals as the lawyer in."

USEFUL INVENTION.—A countryman passing over a railroad in Northern New York, which is proverbially slow, asked the conductor why a cow-catcher was attached to the rear car instead of the usual place; he was informed by the officer that it was "in order to prevent the cows on that road from running into the train."

How much easier it is to preach than to practice. The day after old Gloss discharged his clerk for stealing, he sold a hoghead of colored alcohol for pure French brandy.

A lady has lately died at Actopan, in Mexico, at the wonderful age of 135 years. Mexico has had seventy-five political changes in this woman's lifetime.