

Northville Record.

SAM'L H. LITTLE, Editor and Proprietor.

Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

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NO. 5.

Poetry.

In the Lane.

BY CATHARINE.
By nature was the lane blown,
By breezes of perfume staid and way,
A scene of beauty, where all day
The warm wind waives them to and fro,
Out of the shadow of the door,
From the sun for more or less,
comes one who makes the day more fair
And warmer, sweeter than before.
The apple blossoms might have shed,
Forbore her, took the bloom so rare;
She said her kiss her bright boughs had
Blushed about her graceful head.
Highly behaved the May-flower,
She passed through the grassy gate
Across the road, and a step to take,
A moment by the orchard wall;
And then in gaudy light and shade,
Beneath the blossom-laden trees,
With some of birds and ham of bees
She stays, unbroken, unaided,
Till swift over the grassy space
Comes one whose stepless fair world stay;
Glad is the newly-tidied day,
He scope to red her drooping face.
Her face is like the morning skies,
Bright, limpid, tender, blushing sweet;
She dare not trust him on her bed,
The steady gazer of her eye,
He holds her with reverent charm,
With truth, with power, with beauty crowned,
About her slender waist is wound
The roses, fair emblem of his love;
And up and down in shade and light,
She walks, and seems the sun above,
And she looks like the long deligh.
Ah happy twin! the frost shall harm
No flower, shall touch her blosom bough,
Safe circle of that folding arm.
Confidentially she secret now,
No secret need be told to her,
Her cottage walls the blossoms grow.
—*Author—M. W.*

Miscellany.

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE ON THE OHIO RIVER.

An incident of the Flood of 1832.

"The river rises wonderfully fast," said Jack Martin, as he wiped his hands on the pillar behind the door, before sitting down to his supper. "It is almost up to the top of the bank; never seen it so high before. I am scared about it."

"Do you think there is any danger?" asked Mr. Martin as he poured out his tea.

"No, we are not going to be carried away because it is a few feet above high water mark. It will go down as it came up, when it is ready. Come in." This was said in answer to a knock at the door, and was followed by the appearance of a boy about thirteen years of age.

"Mother is sick, Mrs. Martin," he said, approaching the table, "and she sent me to tell you to come over. Sally has got down with the rheumatism, and she hasn't got one with her."

"I expected it," said Mrs. Martin.

"What shall I do?"

"Go, of course," said her husband, "you can't do anything else."

"Sally is very bad," said the boy, "and I am going to send and fetch the doctor."

"Well, dress up and get some supper, Joe," was Jack's answer, "and I will put Sally in the wagon, and we will go late up the road and take the doctor in."

"But the children father?"

"Now don't begin to worry, Muffy. Sally can take care of the baby, and I will not be gone more than an hour or so. You can get along, can't you, Sally?"

"I guess so," was the smiling reply of a bright-eyed girl of some thirteen years who sat beside him.

"The creek is running like a mill-race, and the water is spreading all over," said Joe. "The trees looked standing in it when I came over the hill. I don't believe we could get along that road."

"The water is touching up there," said Jack, "but it is too cold for it to rise much further."

Mrs. Martin made a hurried meal, and having stowed various articles in a basket, was ready by the time her husband had the wagon at the door. Wife charges to Sally concerning the baby, she stepped in, while Jack locked the house door and put the key in his pocket, telling the children to go to bed as soon as they had set things to rights, but to be sure and have a good fire and keep a light burning, for he would not be long gone.

Jack Martin and his young wife had left New England when they were first married, and settled upon the Ohio some distance above Cincinnati. Here Jack had built a small farmhouse and begun to cultivate his land, and here his five children were born, two of whom had died—Sally and Will. Will and the baby being all that were left, Jack was a happy, light-hearted, indolent man, who worked his farm and "took things easy." His land was productive; his crops had sold well; he had built a fine barn, and his own dwelling was the shabbiest part of the premises. It was a frame of bat one room, with a loft above which had been put up for present wants, and a large room below, plastered stucco and tight. Every year Jack had thought he would add to it, and when his wife remonstrated with him, he was getting very old, and was really too small for her growing family, he would put her off with a promise of building next spring, and a compliment to her housekeeping.

After her parents left, Sally proceeded to wash up the tea things. The baby, a child some ten months old, was asleep. Turning up the end of the broad table-cloth, Will got out his slate and arithmetic, and began to cipher, while Sally went back and forth from the cupboard to the table, singing and putting the things away.

Will was slow at figures; he put down and rubbed out and bothered and scratched his head; and finally appealed to Sally, with, "Just show me this part."

Thus an hour passed. The baby awoke and was fed and played with, and the two getting stormy they prepared to bed.

Usually, till first in the last trifles the weather was very cold, but this night they had been told to get in below with the baby. Before preparing this, Will rolled a

large log on the fire, and put a candle in the lantern, and then he lit the lantern to safety.

Tired with their walk of two miles from school, the wind, they were soon asleep. Suddenly Sally was awakened by the noise, not what, and was turning to go to sleep again, when there was a groaning, creaking noise, and she thought she felt the house move.

Tremblingly aroused, she sat up in bed. The lantern was dark, and from the hearth where she had left a great fire, came a hissing sound, and there was only the glare of a dull burning log. She thought some one was putting out the fire, and called, "Father, father!"

She heard no answer to the sound continued. Without waiting William, she sprang out upon the floor and ran towards the fire-place. As she reached it, her feet splashed in the water which was running across the floor. Quick as light the thought came, "The river is up!" She groped for a candlestick, and found one with a small piece of candle remaining in it. Taking one of the long sulphur matches used in those days, she touched it to a coal, and had a light.

A quick glance around told her at once what was the matter. The earth laid with heavy stones had sunk several inches below the floor of the room, and up through the crevices of this came the water, which had almost put out the fire, leaving only the log. The door was locked, but raising the window curtain she gazed out. The house was surrounded by water; the waves were washing up against it and over the doorstep. As far as her eye could reach, all around about was water, only water, with trees standing in it.

The girl had been brought up to depend on herself, and she had bold resolution and courage. Running to the bed, she shook Will. "Get up, Will, get up! The river is all around the house." The boy sat up, rubbed his eyes stupidly, then sank back again. "Get up, Will, get up! Don't you hear?—the river is coming in." She shook him again. "Dress quickly, and don't wake baby." She already had her own shoes on, and was fastening up her dress. There was the same crackling noise, and the house shak. Will comprehended at last, and while putting on his clothes ran to the window.

"What are we to do? If father was only here!"

"We must go to the loft and wait until father comes," she answered.

Taking the baby in her arms, she climbed the stiff way laid out on her own bed, starting up warmly. When she came down again, Will, who had been looking out, stood with the tears running down his face.

"Where is father? O Sally, where is father? I am afraid he is drowned, he has not come home!"

"She turned to the tinder-hazard for a moment.

"No, Will, no father is gone, he is surely troubled about us. She abdicated herself as the responsible one. "He will get home and come."

Finding the water was covering the floor, they carried to the loft all the articles they could bear, not forgetting some bread and a crock of milk for the baby. They then took refuge there themselves.

While they were thus engaged they frequently left the house quiet.

It was cold. They had a light, but no fire. So, wrapped in cloths, they held each other close, not daring to go to sleep. They crept near the window, of which there were two in the loft, one looking back on the hills, the other in front of the river.

Their father did not come.

It was not a dark night, and they could see that the water spread over the meadows almost to the hills. The houses and all the out-houses stood surrounded. They could hear the geese gabble in alarm, and the ducks quack, for they had been driven from their shelter.

It was a strange sight, and one well calculated to fill them with fear. They spoke little as they sat huddled together, except to say, "What is that?" as the strange noise they had heard grew louder.

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Seizing Will at one window, she placed herself at the other, her heart palpitating with expectation.

The sun had now been up some time, and had a clear view of the scene, and began to realize the danger and to shudder at every crack of the timber of the house.

They passed a lonely dwelling half immersed, then several, then a town with steamboats at the landing, and ships and barges paddling through the streets.

They were soon sure that the men in them saw the house—they pointed to it, and they were talking of it, but still no help.

On they went. The waters were more turbulent, the surface of the stream more thickly studded with floating articles.

Now it spread out so wide, it seemed boundless, and again it would contract, and on the high ground would be dwellings still, not yet reached by the flood.

An hour passed. Sally was almost frantic and began to despair. Several times she had seen people make signals to them, but none came to help. The baby fretted and cried, and Will took it up and soothed and gave it milk.

"Eat a bit, Will, eat a bit," said Sally, who was herself almost exhausted through want of sleep and excitement. The lad shook his head and looked up. There was an expression in his face beautiful to see.

"We are coming to a town. This must be Cincinnati. See the houses?" Sally leaned out of the window and wildly waved something she had snatched up, raising her voice at the same time and shrieking for aid.

"Put the baby down, Will, and come and save me and baby," she said, looking in at him, and Will obeyed.

"They see us! Why don't they help us?" she exclaimed in wild excitement. "It is useless. Why don't they come? See the boats?" She came out of the window, and the broad Ohio. Alone, without help, in the old house, they were moving low down the surging stream.

With a wild scream Sally sprang across the door, and looked out at the dark window. She saw the barn and the wood-house and the tops of the fences, with chickens roosting on them. Great trees which had been uprooted, and whose branches wood and logs and other debris were strewn where the house had stood, apparently pinned by some thing remaining there. Even as she gazed, the distance between them and these familiar objects increased, and she knew they were on the broad, swift current of the river, helpless.

The boy saw the terror in her face, and, clutching close to her, he looked up and said, "Presently a large boat, which was manned by men who were at work trying to save some of the lumber of a saw-mill, shot out and came towards them. Slowly, as though it was to be stopped, it moved in and out, shooting past the driftwood and other

objects floating by.

Awakened by the noise, the baby cried and had to be taken up and fed; this took

the attention of two or three persons.

People who had been obliged to retreat to the second story of their dwelling, put the windows to the outside.

The strange sight—a house afoul—and waded and shouted, and threw up their hands when they saw that it had infinite, and these inmates were children. Meantime the house was shaking, and the boat was nearing it. A few lengths and it would be at its side. Just then a huge yell, which had been lying like a great whale on the surface of the water, was struck by something, and, crashing, its course dashed into the side of the dwelling. A started shriek was given by the lookers-on, as, thrown down by the concussion, the child disappeared, and the water

the able assistant editor who has been engaged on this paper, in an enormous expense, in accordance with our determination

to make the *Record* a first-class journal. Last night death suddenly and unexpectedly snatched away from our domestic hearth (the best are advertised under the head of stoves and furnaces upon our first page), Mrs. Agatha P. Burns, wife of Rufus P. Burns, the genial editor of the *Record*. (Terms three dollars a year, payable in advance.) A kind mother and an exemplary wife (Office over Coleman's grocery, up two flights of stairs, Knock-hard). We shall miss thee, mother, we shall miss thee. (Job printing, solicited.) Funeral at half-past four from the house, just across the street from the former residence, to be opened now. (Advertisements inserted for ten cents a square.)

Well, the editor arrived home this day noon. Slowly and sadly he was observed to arm himself with a double-barreled fowling-piece into which he inserted about two pounds and a half of bullets. He marched over to the office, followed by an immense crowd. The assistant editor was busy in painting a big placard to be stuck on the board. He bore the legend, "Buy your coffee of Simms, over the Herald office." The assistant editor can be seen, with a heavy face, any member being

WATERBURY, Conn., has a "Bachelor's League," whose articles of association provide that members shall not wed while

in the same town, and with expulsion from the order for a third offence.

RELATED BY MARRIAGE.—As my wife at the window one day, stood watching a man with a monkey. A cart came along with a load of boys. Who was driving a stout little donkey. To my wife it was a steed of a boy. To me it was a load of monkeys. To which she replied, as the driver rode past,

"An ass is related to a mule."

In driving a London underground railroad tunnel, we are told that in one part of the line the cuttings were made through a mass of crags and broken rock. It is believed he eventually swam over to China.

The Curfew Bell.

Many have heard of the "curfew bell," but not all who know its origin. Its history in England runs back to the time of William the Conqueror, who ordered a bell to be rung about midday in summer, and eight o'clock in the evening in winter, at which time fire-lighters were to be put out and the people to remain within doors and penalties were imposed upon those who neglected or refused to comply with the law.

This was called the "curfew," a word derived from the French curfere, cover fire, and so the appropriateness of the name readily seen. The king has been generally charged with instituting this custom in order to impress upon his subjects a sense of the local conditions, but as the "curfew bell" was rung in France long before William, one is led to suppose that the custom originated in France.

A woman with three lighted candles in each hand, traversed the streets of New Bedford on her knees the other evening, not in payment of an election bet, as might be truly supposed, but as a religious penance in fulfillment of a vow to the mate of her husband from sea.

A SCHOOLMASTER in Bridgewater, Conn., who asked a small pupil if what the surface of the earth consists, was promptly answered, "Land and water." The boy was driving a team of horses, and asked, "What do you want to look at my horses for?" There was a scold.

The woman, who had been driving the team, said, "I am driving a team of horses, and you are driving a team of horses."

To this the boy replied, "I am driving a team of horses."

He was a drayman, driving a dray to the curfew bell, "gray bay," as his team.

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THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

JAMES H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPT. 16, 1871.

WHOLESALE MURDERS.

It is horrible to contemplate the great loss of life at present time occasioned by railroads and steamboats; a misplaced switch, a defective boiler, or incompetency of an employer, sends hundreds of human beings to an untimely grave. Every day passes but what some such casualty occurs, the very details of which makes one's blood run cold; a circumstance that brings out every sympathy for the poor unfortunate, and an involuntary prayer for the severest punishment of the parties responsible. Can we say, however, that justice meets her due? Should one person be hurried out of the world by the murderer's hand of another; not a stone is left unturned; not even the breadth of the ocean is a sufficient barrier till the perpetrator is executed and justice meted out to him?

But should a score of unsuspecting, innocent people be cut down, murdered in fact, through the wanton recklessness of some individual, the affair is simply an "accident" and the "corporation acquit all from blame." That such wholesale slayings take place is well known, and that some person is accountable must seem evident to all. Railroad and steamboat companies who are thus entrusted with the lives of thousands of God's creatures are directly responsible for every disaster that befalls them. If want of wisdom on their part results in the employment of incompetent or malignant servants, their crime is none the less. It is high time that the law should deal to the full extent with such parties. Perhaps the punishment of a few would have such a salutary effect as to lessen the numerous disasters so destructive to life, and the public be permitted to travel without the fear of a horrible and untimely death.

Vanderpool.

The third and last trial of George Vanderpool for the murder of Herbert Field, terminated at Hastings Monday 18th, at 1 p.m. The jury after being out six hours brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty," and the prisoner was released.

A. T. TRIP.

The following letter we clip from the Howell Herald, dated Sept. 4th. Unfortunately from among the numerous callers at our station, we were unable to call to mind the writer, who must have called upon us on the day mentioned.—Ed.

Northville August 26.
"Korras Rascals"—The morning of the 22d new mail started on the D. L. & W. R. R. for Plymouth on the morning passenger train, which happened this time to be loaded with wheat, &c. The road is smooth to ride over when dry, but the grade is very uneven. After a considerable delay at every station we arrived at Plymouth at 4 o'clock. This is a very lively place, not quite as large as Howell. The streets are smooth and wide, and lined with trees. It rejoices in the possession of two railroads, four churches, a school house, two hotels, and a town pump. There is not much building being done, except the depot of the H. W. & M. R. R. The train from Plymouth arrived at 10 o'clock bringing two car-loads of Sabbath-school picnickers, and we stopped about two miles from Northville—Three miles from Plymouth we passed Waterford, which case was the beginning of a village, and contained a saw mill, grist mill, foundry and store. But the buildings have fallen into decay, the mill dam is gone, and nothing is left of any account. Well, here to Northville at last. There is a nice depot and grounds. The road runs through some pretty rough country here, though there are no very deep cuts. Northville is a pretty village of some 600 inhabitants, situated among the hills of the northwest corner of Wayne county. It is one of those kind that never change, and except some twenty or thirty new dwellings which have been built in the suburbs, it is just as it was seven years ago. Passing up the street we found a new side-walk built from the depot to the business places. Everything looked familiar, but we could see no one we knew. We put up at the Elliott House, the only hotel in town; but judging from the family of the bar-room, and the crowd of lodgers, it does a good business. After a good dinner we started on a search and succeeded in finding up some acquaintances; but seven years makes a great change in people, and we scarcely knew them. Then followed inquiries after friends and school mates, which excited in searching that some are here, many had married and gone, and some had died.

The old school house is forsaken, and a fine brick building now occupies the school of 200 or more pupils, and four teachers. Tuesday morning we called at the residence of Mr. Norman, editor of a circumspect paper, S. H. Little, editor and proprietor. We found the editor suffering from a cold, and an iron bound chest by which he was severely dislocated. Friday evening we went on west 35 miles, passing through a country decidedly rolling, but pretty to look upon. Signs of the drought are everywhere. Our land is dried to ripeness, grass is dead, and fruit is shriveled and shrivelled. Potato beds have been ploughed and planted well—\$1.00 a bushel. One mile off we passed a peach orchard of 10 or 12 acres, owned by Mr. John Thompson, which we found to contain some good peach trees spite of dry weather.

Threshing is mostly done here and come corn out. Wheat is a good field and is rapidly being harvested at \$1.15—\$1.20 is the highest that has been paid. We shall resume our journey soon and you may hear from us again.

Books Box.—Our subscribers will bear in mind that any books, magazines, papers, they may desire to have bound can be left at this office. Price for binding can be ascertained by applying to us.

CLOSED HIS LABORS HERE.—Dr. Luther Lee closed his services as pastor of the M. E. church here last Sunday, Sept. 10th. His Sabbath evening sermon, which completed his year's labor with us, was highly appreciated by a large audience. The subject of the sermon was "The inheritance of the saints made sure," seemed very touching for the occasion, and we do not think it at all strange that such thoughts as were expressed so beautifully should have engrossed themselves to the mind of the aged teacher as to cause him to leave the ministry, in which calling he has served faithfully for a half century. On account of poor health Dr. Lee will not take another charge, but in feeble health will wait with patience until his heavenly Master signs his discharge and calls him home.

Bid Him Farewell.—At the annual meeting of school district No. 3, of this township, a motion was made and carried that the Director, Mr. George Dekay, should subscribe for the Northville Record. For the information of the gentlemen present that evening, we would say that Mr. Dekay has sent in his name and is now a patron of the RECORD.

The Young Folks' Extravaganza for September, published by Mr. Lewis of the WESTERN READER, is filled here full of nice things for the young people. Cash prizes are offered for best contributions by young folks. \$1 per year, and free for remainder of this year to new subscribers for 1872. Specimen numbers free. Address H. N. F. Lewis, Publisher, Chicago.

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HOUSEKEEPER'S HARDWARE,
WINDOW-GLASS: [from 7x9 to 24x32]

TIN AND COPPER WARE,
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PLAIN TABLE CUTLERY,

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CLOTHES WRINGERS,
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BRITANNIA COFFEE POTS,
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COOK & PARLOR STOVES, [All styles]
AS CHEAP AS
ANY PLACE IN MICHIGAN.

TIN ROOFS PUT ON, AND
ALL KINDS OF JOBBING

PROMPTLY DONE.

Northville, 2-10

V. O. WHIPPLE,
DEALER IN

All kinds of Light and Heavy

HARNESS,
CURRY-COMBS, BRUSHES, WHIPS

in fact every thing kept in a

FIRST CLASS HARNESS SHOP.

I am determined to keep the best quality and latest styles of

TRUNKS,

and sell them at the lowest living prices.

Carriage Trimming

We make a Specialty. Give us a trial and judge of the work.

Repairing

Brimly attended to

Thankful for the patronage given me in the past, I would solicit a continuance of the same.

V. O. WHIPPLE.

2-10

Novelty Press

For Sale!

Inquire at this Office

ALWAYS AHEAD.

New Goods.

New Goods.

IMMENSE STOCK.

MABLEY THE CLOTHIER,

HAS THIS WEEK

RECEIVED A LARGE AND ELEGANT STOCK OF FINE GOODS,

Suitable for this Season of the Year.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

ONE PRICE HOUSE, 126 WOODWARD AVENUE,

DETROIT:

2-10

NEWCOMB, ENDICOTT & CO.

2 & 3 OPERA HOUSE BUILDING

(CAMPUS MARTIUS)

DETROIT, MICH.

HAVE IN STORE AND NOW OPEN AN UNUSUALLY ATTRACTIVE STOCK OF GOODS SUITABLE FOR THE EARLY FALL TRADE

EVERY DEPARTMENT COMPLETE.

DRESS GOODS, SILKS, SHAWLS.

EVERYTHING NEW AND DESIRABLE

Our Stock of FLANNELS and BLANKETS

Is very large and owned by us at such prices as will warrant us in offering them very cheap to cash buyers.

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At Lowest prices.

All the Best Makes of Cottons.

WE INVITE A CAREFUL INSPECTION OF OUR STOCK.

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DEALER IN

PINE LUMBER,

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AND ALL KINDS OF

Building Material.

OFFICE and YARD

OPPOSITE AT&T. & GASSÉS,

Opposite Eisenlord's Hotel

DETROIT

BOOTS & SHOES!

The subscriber begs leave to announce to

the citizens of Northville and vicinity that

he has just received, and will continue to

keep on hand a

FULL & COMPLETE STOCK

of the very latest Styles of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

or Ladies', Gent's and Children's wear

which he will sell at a

Very Low Figure for

CASH.

Call and examine, and judge for yourselves.

No charge made for showing goods

Store formerly occupied by T. Foreman

GEO. WILCOX

Northville Oct. 1, 1870.

2-55

Our subscribers and others, when renewing, or subscribing for Detroit, or other papers, could help us some by allowing us to send for them, as a commission is given on all money sent.

FOR SALE.

The subscriber, having taken up her residence in another place, offers her house and lot in this village for sale. For particulars inquire at the Record office.

MRS. SARAH O'DONNEL.

FOR SALE—HOUSE & LOT.

My House and Lot opposite the Argo Mills, 16. For Sale. Parties desiring a fair sized, and convenient dwelling, would secure a good bargain by applying to me.

MRS. BRAND.

E. S. WOODMAN,

Attorney & Counsellor at Law

And Solicitor in Chancery.

OFFICE

WEST NOV., MICH.

REFERENCES

A. C. BALDWIN, M. E. CHAPMAN, Portage.

WILKINSON & Post, Detroit. Wm. H. YOUNG, Kins.

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PEERIN BLOCK

By Mrs. Letta Payne, where she resides all the ladies in call, who are desirous of obtaining a good

quality of

Fancy Goods

At the lowest price. Special and complete facilities have been provided for

DESS MAKING.

MRS. LETTA PAYNE

CHANDLER,

71 and 73 Woodward Ave., Detroit.

Men's Furnishing Goods

Gloves,

Hosiery,

Underclothing,

Scarfs and Neckties,

Toilet Articles,

Traveling Bags,

Umbrellas,

Canes, Etc.

French Yoke

SHIRTS

Made to Order and Warrented

to fit perfectly.

FINE IMPORTED GOODS.

BEST AMERICAN GOODS.

ASSORTMENT VERY LARGE.

GEORGE C. CHANDLER,

71 & Woodward Ave., second door from Jeff Ave.

An Indian Killer—

"...in this city for a couple of days was for themselves a couple who have bravery and daring on celebrity for the far West among the plains—the buffalo—in "Recommending Indians as hair-breath," express and whose life, the pages of romance are peculiar to the person to whom we refer it like a character than "Gambier Bill." He is reported to be the cleverest of no less than one hundred and eighty-five Indians, and he has spent ten years on the plains, part of which time he has been in the employ of the government's scouts. He has hunted and killed Indians for the pleasure, and, save of revenge, and hunted and trapped of necessity. He is now in his sixties.

We had been on a visit to his early home in Minnesota. He is about forty-eight years of age, of slender build, sandy complexion, with a profusion of hair that he wears long on the neck. His dress is a pair of blue jeans, a row of steel buttons, a coarse shirt, an old coat and a broad-brimmed hat. He is pierce, keen, and he has a grin like a docto's blacksmiths. In response to your questions he said:

"My name is George W. Porter. I have been on the plains since '63. I was in the Minnesota massacre, near New Ulm, the 18th October of that year. All my folks were killed, except me and my little sister, three years old, when they took prisoner."

"We're real Indians, you know. I was away at the military station on business, away the day before. The first I knew of the massacre, I was coming along the road on my way home, when I saw a little ways ahead of me a wagon filled with women and children that the soldiers had sent to the station for protection. Just then I saw the Indians pounce upon them, and I dodged into the woods. I could hear the hatchets crashing into their heads. They killed 'em all, every one."

"What did you do?"

"They scalped 'em, and, when the coast was clear, got out and pretty soon along came a company of cavalry, and we buried them." "Why didn't you follow after the Indians?"

"I had no horse, and the captain didn't want his men to go. You see that was in '63, and everything was topsy turvy."

"Did you fight the scene of the massacre at New Ulm?"

"Yes; I was there the next day, and saw my father and mother all scalped and cut up, and my sister was gone. I swore by the Eternal God I would never rest until I had had revenge—a bloody revenge."

"Did you ever get any traces of your sister?"

"Why, yes, there was the Yankton, Sioux and Sioux Indians, and I knew them pretty well. I learned that they had her. I knew what they'd do with her."

"You have not been successful in your efforts to secure her."

"No; for she's always headed and alone, a man don't stand much chance. That's what I had been doing all the time. Once, in Arizona, I was right in sight of her. The way I knew it was her was I had been on the trail of the band of Sioux that had her a long time, and this was the only white person they had. This was '63, and then she looked just like that. I waited and watched and watched and picked an Indian of every little while, when he'd get a mile or two from camp, but that's all. They kept too good watch over her."

"Yes. The Sioux's captured me and Jim Brecken '63, when we were out hunting. They came on us with a rush, but they didn't get us though until I had killed one riding buck."

"What did they do with you?"

"They marched about twenty-five miles to the camp, and there they stripped us of everything we had, and tied us up to a stake, and let the women pound us with clubs. They did this every day for eight days. We were tied with buckskin thongs, and one night it rained, and we slipped out of 'em. When they got wet, Jim got away at 'em right, but just as I was getting my leg on, an old squaw woke up and gave him a kick. There was but four Indians in Pueblo. That had gone on a hunt. I happened to be in Pueblo. They came up to the road to smooth it off. One shot went the grade to very near 'em" (exhibiting delay at every stroke). "Lashed the buck that got 'em off. Then finally, gave him one as large as Howell, so he won't say any more wide, and laid with cut too, here and there of two rails (showing scars on his arm, bone, two socks). "The other buck never struck Howell, for I'd got this buck's gun. Holey, Wayne, he said us."

Wayne arrived at McCommas' Inn, Story, of Sabbath—sacked his sister among the aboard, bound to her had a fight with the white Plymouth, no passion, and other equally in the beginning of a fit, we shall have to omit, still, get well, for we wish to see a genuine legs have failed, but they should call upon the and nothing is lost, himself—Dixieport

nowhere.

rough comb Littlegame's Opinion of

base-ball.

Were afraid I met but Sam Skaggs, made up like a regular swell, full suit of black, stone pipe hat, patent-leather boots, and all.

"What's the by, Sam?" sez I, "What's your little game?"

"The Nashua game," sez Sam. "I'm a member and stockholder of the 'Dirty Stockings'."

"Yes, but what's the game? Is it 'boner' or 'paper'?" sez I, kinder ignorant the stockings."

"It's the one-ball game," sez Sam. "The Nashua Game of Base-Ball. Want to jive?"

"Well, I don't mind," says I, "but I'd like to be left out of wearing the stockings till cooler weather."

"Sob' that," sez Sam. "Dirty Stockings is the pet name of our professional nine."

So Sam agreed to let me have some of his stock as some brads to pay for membership, and we went up to the Cheyenne grounds to see the first game for the championship between the Dirty Stockings and the Soiled Shirts of Dallas. It was hot as blazes, but you may pick me up for a fat if there wasn't more than three thousand people sitting there in the sun.

Pretty soon the game began. The first thing they did was to select an umpire. The umpire's duty is to start out, one side as another, to make a sure thing of it, every cool, in a white shirt, "One ball!" "Two balls!" After they had stood the umpire out in the sun, one of the Dirty Stockings picked up a big stick and stood over a little iron plate like a pavilion with a canopy. Three others went and stood on three little self-soft caissons; three other fidlers wished at each other and got as far out in the field as they could; another man painted him,

about fifteen feet from one of the tall cushion. Sam says they call this man "short stop," because he soon stops the ball long before his head is carried by the ball. Then a player stood behind the chap on the high iron plate, in another seat in front of him as began to pitch ball at his head, and he dodged it, and the chap behind would catch it back.

By the time the ball had the full hand of who got mad, struck the ball and drove it into the short stop, man's stomach, sang his club back on knocked out the front teeth of the man behind; then he ran at one of the chaps on the left, the chaps knocked him down and stomped on him, and went for the chap on the next position; but the ball got there somehow before him and the chap on the second cushion grabbed it and fetched him out, and the ball was stopped.

Then the man in yell "Out!" The crowd cheered the wounded was carried off in an ambulance, new men put in their place and they began all over again.

Sam, everybody, not but playin' the National game."

"Not enough to interfere with the game," says Sam. "We've located our grounds pretty near the city hospitals; have our own ambulance, coroner and undertaker, and the doctors bring the medical students over to all the matches to stand surgery. We did have a life and accident insurance agent, but the two matches failed his company."

Sam says that when the National game was just introduced, men used to play for the fun of it, but since John Morrisey, Jim Fisk and our kind have taken the game up, they have to pay a member of the professional nine a thousand dollars for the season, his doctor's bill, all he can take through his friends in '66. You can bet your life the Nasabins game's a big thing."

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

To CURE A FERON ON THE HAND.—Take cassias bark—the inside bark—dry, and grate it fine, and wet in a cup with cold water for a poultice. Apply to the felon, and wet once in five minutes with the poultice, and then place the eggs on their sides, not touching each other, and when the layer is complete, spread over them and between them the cut stuff or chaff two inches deep. Press this down gently with a piece of board, and put another layer of egg—taking care that they do not touch each other, on the sides of the barrel or box; again fill up the layer of packing, either in barrels, boxes, or baskets, to place first a layer of long hay or straw three inches thick in the bottom. On this scatter an inch in depth of cut hay or straw, of chaff, or oats, or whatever packing is used; then place the eggs on their sides, not touching each other, and when the layer is complete, spread over them and between them the cut stuff or chaff two inches deep. Press this down gently with a piece of board, and put another layer of egg—taking care that they do not touch each other, on the sides of the barrel or box; again fill up the layer of packing, and press down as before. When the barrel is full, place a layer of long hay or straw on the top in such quantity that the lid must be pressed down with considerate force to go into its place. The eggs will then be solidly packed and will not become loose, and will stand considerable jar without damage; but if they were loosely packed, each little jar would cause them to strike against each other, thereby breaking the shells.—*Hearth and Home.*

MIRTHLESSNESS.—It is a real blessing to have one in the family who is sensitive to the ludicrous. There are enough to reflect his sad side of life, and its irritable side, and its sober side. We need one or more to show the mirth that often trembles just below the surface of painful things. A real, impudent laugh dissipates many ill-natured, sweeps the twilight out of our imaginations, and brings honest mirth. But it must be real, no, dry, tickling though. It should be spontaneous, outbursting, irresistible, infectious. We have seen men fail to laugh who had not had the cause of mirth, but only had caught the contagion of other men's laughing. It is hard not to laugh with men who are in earnest about it.—*Zigzag.*

GERRIXE RIB OR ROAST.—We have noted very often, in going about the country, a great amount of labor expended in digging out large stones and dragging them to the surface, where they lie a greater nuisance, if possible, than when they were partly buried in the soil. If a different mode of treatment had been followed, they might have been neatly and permanently disposed of. Instead of bringing them to the surface, they should have been buried out of sight. Had a hole sufficiently large been dug close to the rock, the stem of which was breakable, and partly undermining it, a simple overhanding with a crowbar and handspike would have tumbled it therein, at! it might then have been cleared up and forever gotten rid of. In this way an acre of ground can be easily cleared of large stones in a very short time, and the unsightly appearance of fence-corners avoided by them avoided.

McMONADE STATION, NASHVILLE, TENN.—

Mr. McMonade's

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