

Official Paper of the Village.

Published Semi-Monthly by

SAMUEL H. LITTLE,

Editor and Proprietor.

To whom all communications should be addressed.

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POETRY.

NOVEMBER MORNING.

Roaming the wild woods wide,
Through the wide heavens with its clasp,
The wild life a poet's delight.
Lo, how the vast gray spaces
Waste and roll and thunder,
Now pale and now below.
Clouds and leaves are falling.

And the deep-drawn with the song
Of hosts of the fabulous realm!
And the firm hosts shudder and tremble,
Beaten before the storm.

Mark the gall with the temper,
Struggling and wavering and faltering,
Caving and shriveling and writhing,
Tearing its bark completely.

Down through the cloudy leaves
Notes from the wild scene fall,
Cries like hawks' hawks are ringing,
Echoing, clangor, and clatter.

Through the shadowed land west,
Swirling the long green border,
Crossing the river, the bower,
Half lost in the spray he is taking.

A gift in the roof of vapor,
And dreams of a dreamer streaming
To color the gray wild water,
Like chrysopæ, green and gleaming.

Out and out the wind is wailing,
Faint and faintly, faint and faintly,
These things toadden my voice.

Love, doth thou wait for me a week hence,
When the cold orange leaves in autumn calm
Whisper the clear waters? he is flying—
Dreadful with fear, and grave.

And while I sit here alone,
I wait for you, my dearest love,
For me the world will wait its day.

But the red roses in the garden,
With the fragrance of the willow,
And the bright sun that lies along the garden wall.

A white rose is growing there in the garden,
Languishing, and drooping, and drooping,
With the boughs of my bower.

That was the bower of Oberon,
Where the fairies play and dance,
Fairies and faeries and faeries.

And when I am in other places,
I wait for you, my dearest love.

Northville Record.

Terms, \$1.50 a Year.]

Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

[Always in Advance.

VOL. V. NORTHLVILLE, WAYNE CO., MICH., NOVEMBER 8, 1873. NO. 9.

Thrapstow's sake, but because I should be glad to get rid of the bonds, and the directors' strings whenever they were mentioned.

"Hard 'em over, old fellow," said Charlie, "and I'll bring you Billings's check up in five minutes. You won't have closed by then; or if you have, I'll come in at the private door."

I went to the safe, and put my hand upon the bonds.

Charlie stood there looking so frank and free, holding out his hand for the bonds, that I lost the heart to say to him, as I ought to have done, "Bring your customer here, and let him settle for the bonds, and then I will hand them over." I should have said this to any body else, but somehow I couldn't say it to Charlie. There would only be five minutes' risk, and surely it was no risk at all.

The thing was done in a moment; I was carried away by Thrapstow's irresistible manner. I handed over the bonds, and Charlie went off like a shot.

It wanted seven minutes to three, and I was watching the hands of the clock in a little tremor, despite my full confidence in Thrapstow; but then I had so thorough a knowledge of all the rules of banking that I couldn't help feeling that I had gone wrong. A few minutes however would set it right. Charlie's white hat and silvery spear would soon put me at peace.

Just at minute to three the cashier brought me three checks, with a little slip of paper attached. They were Thrapstow's checks, for fifteen hundred dollars, and three hundred odd respectively, and his balance was only two hundred odd.

I turned white and cold. "Of course you must refuse them," I said to the cashier.

"When we went in, I sat in my chair quite still for a few moments, bewildered at the sudden misfortune that had happened to me. Charlie Thrapstow was really a "fist," but there was one chance he might have given the check in the confidence of telling the man to remit the balance to me account. In due course the checks, which were crossed, would have been brought to the clearing house, and I have been prepared on the morrow. But it seemed that his conduct had hardly given them so many

hours to the checks to be demanded out of due course.

The clock struck three. Charlie had got out of the bank, and I followed him with Charlie. I could tell the suspense of the cashier. Telling the bank to pay to Mr. Thrapstow, he was to be admitted into the private door, and was to be retained in my room till I returned. I went out and made my way to the office, which was a few hundred yards distant. He wasn't there. The clock struck three, but nothing. I went back to the bank. No, Mr. Thrapstow had left in the porter's hall. I took a seat at the desk of Mr. Gresham, and waited. I didn't know what had happened, and asked him, "Could I get a warrant to search the office?" He was very busy, but he said, "Yes, I know the original of that." And he had into a closet and took out a scale with a number of scales, and weighed it. Then he turned to his desk and wrote down an address for Mrs. Thompson, Parkhurst Hotel, New York.

Again I went to look up Mr. Mrs. Thompson's house was a small one, built back, with two bedrooms, a parlour, a dining room, and a kitchen. I went up to the parlour, and found it in a mess, with old furniture, and asked him, "Could I get a warrant to search the house?"

"I'll give you a word," said Gresham, "I'd like to have you make a criminal's affidavit. It isn't necessary, because it's abandoned the possession of the bonds voluntarily. No, I don't see how you can touch him. You must make a plain copy of him, and then you can pursue him, as having fraudulently carried off his assets."

But that advice was no good to me. I think I was in it, taking it. I thought I ought to have gone straight off to the police office, and put the affair in the hands of the detective. Dignified men of law, like Gresham, always find a dozen reasons for inaction, excepting matters that bring grief to their own mills.

I went home completely disheartened and defeated. How could I face my friends with such a story as that I had told?

The only excuse that I could find was, that the man who had robbed us would make our subsequent history all the more pleasant to me, and caused me to set a value upon his good opinion greater than his narrative worth.

Thrapstow was a scoundrel, a very clever, passing fellow, who I fear the reputation of possessing excellent judgment and great good looks. At my request he had brought his account to our bank. It was a good account; he always kept a fair balance, and the cashier had never to look twice at his checks.

Charlie, like everybody else in business, was sociably minded. Money, I had him have advances at various times, of course, amply covered by securities, advances which were always promptly paid, and the securities redeemed. At this time, he had five thousand pounds of cotton to secure which we held City of Damascus Water-company's bonds to the nominal value of ten thousand.

My directors rather demurred to these bonds, as being somewhat speculative in nature; but as I represented that the Company was highly respectable, and its shares highly quoted in the market, and that I had the confidence in our customer our people's confidence in the advance, I bid up a little money, and the next day he had some little difficulty in finding a customer for them in case of the necessity for a sudden sale.

Thrapstow came in radiant. He was a good-looking fellow, with a fair beard and moustache, bright eyes of bluish gray, a nose tilted upwards giving him a saunter, absolute air; he was always well dressed, the shiftest of boots, the most delicate shade of color in his light trousers and gloves, the glossiest of blue stockings, his feet light dust-coat over his bird's-breast, his eyes scan round his throat, in which was thrust a massive pin containing a fine topaz, full of luster, and yellow as beaten gold.

"Well, I've got a customer for those Damascus bonds, waiting at my office, sold 'em well too—to Billings Brothers, who want them for an Arab firm. One premium, and I bought at one discount."

"I'm very glad of it, Charlie," I said, and I felt really pleased, not only for

turned out an odd glove or two lying upon the dressing-table? I carefully searched all the pockets for letters or other documents, but I found nothing. The keys were lost in all the receptacles; an instance of Charlie's thoughtlessness for others in the midst of his rascality.

Lying upon the wash-board was a card, which was blank upon one side, but on the other had the name of a photographer printed upon it. The card was wet as it had been soaked in water; and near the upper end of it was a round irregular cut, which did not quite penetrate the card. It had evidently once had a photograph fastened to it; according to the print of the photo, the face of the portrait had evidently been cut in, in order to place it in a pocket or something similar.

I struck me, at once, that the photograph upon which a man on the eve of flight would take so much trouble must be of a person very dear to him; probably his sweetheart. Although I had been intimate with Thrapstow, he had always been very reserved to his own friends and associates, and I had no clue to guide me to any of them, except the photographer's card.

Re-entering my car, I drove off to the post-office. There was no mail, but there was a newspaper which I had ordered to be sent to me every day.

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The bell was jangling merrily as I alighted at the church door; a small crowd had already gathered on the pavement, drawn together by that keen sight of coming excitement characteristic of the human species. "Friends of the

dead" were gathered around me.

And I was sent off to the mortuary.

The ceremony was there already, and surrounded with me in a vague kind of way.

"Not the tridragon?" he said in a half interrogative manner. I told him that I was only one of his friends, and we stood looking at each other in a confused state of way, till a little confusion at the rear door broke the spell. "Here he comes!" whispered some one, and next moment there appeared in the mortuary, black cap and white coat with topaz, Mr. Charles Thrapstow.

I had caught him by the arm and led him into a corner, before he recognized that I was. When he saw me, I thought he would be frightened. "Don't let me go," he stammered.

I held out my hand with significant fingers.

"Five thousand," I whispered in his ear.

"You shall have it in five minutes."

"You are out of time, Master Charlie."

With trembling fingers, he took out a pocket-book, and handed me a roll of notes.

"I cannot repay you, Tom," he said.

Perhaps he did not know the fate of good intentions.

It didn't take me long to count over the notes, there were exactly five thousand, for I should knock you down immediately.

"Now, Tom, I, "Master Charlie, take yourself off!"

"You promised," he urged, "not to betray me."

"No more I will, if you go."

"She's got ten thousand of her own," he whispered.

"Off, or else!"

"No, I won't," said Charlie, making up his mind with a desperate effort. "I'll make a clean breast of it."

At that moment there was a stir of a stir, and a general call for the bridegroom. The bride had just arrived, pale-faced. He pushed his way out to the carriage and whispered a few words to the driver. The carriage was a fine one, and there was a great fuss and bustle, and then some one came and said that there was an informer in the license, and that the wedding couldn't come off that day.

I didn't wait to see anything further, but got off to the bank, and got there just as the bride were assembling. I suppose some of the directors had got wind of Thrapstow's failure, for the first thing I heard when I got into the board-room was Venables grumbling out how about those Damocles bonds. Mr. Manager? I role roughed over old Venables and tyrannized considerably over the board in general tharby, but I couldn't help thinking how close a thing it was, and how very near shipwreck I had been.

As for Thrapstow, I presently heard that, after all, he had arranged with his creditors and made it up with Miss Maidmont.

He had a tongue that would wind round anything, if you only gave him time, and I was a much surprised at hearing that his wedding-day was fixed.

He isn't an arrant scoundrel, and I don't suppose he will, and I certainly shan't thrust myself forward a second time as an uninvited guest.—Chamber's Journal.

A GERMAN-TOWERED WHO HAD TARTED

AS A WINE-SUPPER, FOUND HIS WIFE WALKING IN HIS ROOM, IN A HIGH STATE OF NERVOUSNESS.

Said she: "Here I've been waiting and rocking in the chair till my head spins round like a top!" "It's so, wife, where I've been?" responded he. "It's in the armor-hall!"

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The Northville Argus.



SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.
SATURDAY NOVEMBER 8, 1873.

TRIP WEST.

Illinois—Prairie Land and Coal Beds—General Appearance of the Country—A Slight Sketch of the Towns of Astoria and Farmer City.

Having an opportunity of combining business with pleasure, a week or two later, we were induced to take a trip to Illinois. As the general appearance of that country is known to most of our readers, we will not attempt a description, but simply say that the prairies there are without parallel for beauty and expanse. As far as the eye can reach no trees or shrubs can be seen unless perhaps the silver poplar, planted by the farmer about his house, and standing there like grim sentinels, guarding their owners domain. Many farms are even without that slim protection from the wintry blasts, and it seemed a wonder to us how either human beings or stock could survive the cold winters on such exposed land. The soil is of black, sandy loam, quality said to be three or four feet deep and very rich, which can easily be seen from the inexhaustible corn fields along the whole route. Perhaps this may be the local rule, as about where it was necessary to climb ladder to pick off the corn. The height of the stalks were certainly astonishing. Only rye wheat can be grown and that seems to be in very limited amounts, only a small patch being devoted to that purpose, probably just sufficient for the farmer's own use.

In the middle of the night the conductor aroused us from a half dozing condition with the announcement that we had arrived at

Astoria, the point to which we had directed our course.

As we alighted, a tall individual with lantern in hand, whom we took for a hotel runner, from the eagerness with which he grasped our satchel and the interrogation, "Hello, sir, accompanied us to a dingy, looking edifice which had undoubtedly "seen better days," or at least appeared to a better advantage before the late modern improvements in building. With numerous apologies for the poor accommodations, our new friend, who it seemed was himself the landlord, conducted us to an apartment up stairs, and with a "good night," left us to sift the invigorating merits of a straw bed, and limited supply of quilts. Morning found us but little bettered as far as sleep was concerned, still not daring to offend "mine host" by any allusions to the accommodations, we kept up a good thinking but said nothing. Not so, however, with a commercial traveler, or "drummer," as they are called. While awaiting breakfast and endeavoring to keep the warmth in our system from close intimacy with a small fire place, he remarked, "Landlord, I think that you could make a change in your house that would prove of an inestimable worth to the traveling public. How so," said the landlord. Says the drummer, "by either putting more straws in your beds, or having the slats nearer together." We often hear views expressed that accords with our own, but never before heard a person so fairly express the very words that would have tickled our tongue and which seemed so applicable to the case.

The town is on the Rockford, Rock Island & St. Louis R. R., 225 miles from Chicago, and has a population of some 500. It is situated in what they term good farming country, about ten miles from the prairie. Good timber of all kinds abounds, but is prized to such an extent that it is only used for building purposes, coal being deemed the proper fuel. Indeed the low price for that product \$3.50 per ton would warrant this belief. Here is a splendid coal mine once owned by the Missouri Coal company, which has been in operation ten years. From five to ten cars are now loaded daily and during the past year some 2,000 car loads were produced. The coal is of a soft quality, similar to that found at Williamson, Corcoran and other places in our own State. From 25 to 30 hands are employed in the mine, while from 40 to 60 are the usual quota. The vein is six feet thick. It is some 25 feet down, or 40 feet to the bottom of the pit. The pit extends already over 1,000 feet and pushing forward rapidly. Small mules are used to draw the car loads from the point of entry to the shaft, when the little cars are hoisted up by "gagons" an apparatus similar to the "dummies" in ware houses. The mules are kept below all the time, and seem to feel perfectly at ease in their underground homes running and kicking, when let loose, to their stalls.

Presbyterian, Methodist, United Brethren, Christian and Dutch Reformed denominations are here.

The educational facilities are derived from graded school, similar to our Union school, and is under direction of Prof. Wm. Graham, a gentleman of fine abilities, and possessing the requisite nerve for the many obstacles in a teacher's life. The good people of the place are well satisfied with the professor's work, and they should be to judge from the great efforts put forth in the interest of their school.

A great drawback is the want of a good fixed school building, with rooms for the different grades. On account of this inconvenience the school is separated, the larger scholars being in one building under the immediate supervision of Prof. Graham, while the younger ones, and they are pretty numerous, are in another under the charge of two assistants, Mr. Warren Merritt and Miss Julia Gilbert, two very efficient and interested teachers.

The business of the town comprised two drug, two grocery, six dry goods, one hardware, three boot and shoe, one jewelry, and three millinery stores; two undertakers and one art gallery.

In the place we were very hospitably entertained by the family of Mr. Munson, of that place, who have been residents for some years. Mr. Munson owns a large farm a few miles out, but has retired from active business himself, enjoying with his estimable wife the many advantages of town life. One son and two daughters, grown up, and a daughter-in-law complete the family group here. While away in separate States are still two other sons successfully battling with life's trials. In a family where death has never entered, where prosperity has reigned supreme, and a Heavenly Father's smile seems to rest continually, surely happiness should be the ultimate result, and such we found during our brief visit. With the hope that they may continue to find it so, we bade this world adieu, and accept our thanks for the kindness shown us while in their pleasant village, we bid them adieu.

Our trip continued to Springfield, Clinton and

FARMER CITY.

Here a two days stay, Sabbath included, found us enjoying the society of a few new but true friends. In attendance at the M. E. Church we had the pleasure of listening to an elegant discourse from the pastor—sorry we have forgotten his name—and also in taking part in the bible class exercises. "Would do we know Sabbath schools where the members seem to take such heartfelt interest in its prosperity, and it is therefore no wonder that they have a nice large offering for a church and ample means to sustain their pastor."

This place is 120 miles from Chicago, and for a long time did not exceed 200 inhabitants. Upon the advent of the Galena, Clinton & Springfield railroad—a finely equipped and properly conducted road—it took a sudden start and now numbers about 1,500 population. Two good weekly papers are here—the *Journal* published by J. D. Harper, and an exponent of the Grange movement, which in that State seems to be taking the lead politically, the other a Republican sheet, published by Dore & Clifford, with the former as editor. *Gas* has also been found here, and parties are organizing a company to sink a shaft. It is supposed to be inexhaustible in quantity. The town has a good graded school under the guidance of Prof. M. Jess. A visit at the request of the intermediate teacher, Miss Ada Norris, assured us that although adopting a somewhat different system, the advantages for learning are fully as good as in our own State.

Our brief stay was made pleasant by the acquaintance of Dr. A. S. Norris, a retired physician who takes pride in enlightening a stranger on the town's history, and other parties including Mr. S. McGowen and family.

For undisguised courtesy we are under obligations to S. H. Melvin, Superintendent of the G. C. & S. Railroad; D. L. Phillips, editor and one of the proprietors of the Springfield *Journal*; D. S. McKeely, conductor on the G. C. & S. railroad and Chas. N. Gilmore, conductor on the Illinois Central.

MINE CHAS. & ILLINOIS—We overheard the following between two bell-boys at the Fifth Avenue Hotel recently:—"Pat-a-ta Mike: What's this? suspension of the banks?" "Hist, ye," Mike replies. "I'll tell ye. Suppose ye have five cents?"

"Leave it wid me."

"Next day you want it and ax me for it."

"Xis."

"I tell ye, No, sir, I used it meself."

A Michigan farmer has written to Mr. Bergh to know if folding doors in hog pens will be in fashion next summer.

Two pairs of stairs are necessary to every newspaper office in North Carolina: one for the editor to go down as the caller comes up the other.

The editor of a Kentucky paper was thrown into a pond, by a prize fighter, and is said to have swallowed some water for the first time since his boyhood.

Scene in Court: Judge: "Have you anything to offer to the Court before sentence is passed on you?"

A Cayuga county, N. Y., man sends the following advertisement to the Syracuse Journal: "Mr. Editor please publish that: Wanted a young lady from the age of 18 to 22 who would like to join us for herself in the love of matrimony I the winter of this year 5 feet in height in weight 135 of occupation a farmer."

An American found himself brought face to face at Rome, last month, with an old schoolfellow whom he had not seen for years. "You here?" "Yes, my dear fellow, I have just been married, and am come to pass the honeymoon in Italy." "And your wife?" "My wife? Oh, I left her in New York."

"Why do you set your cup of coffee on the chair, Mr. Jones?" said a worthy landlady one morning at breakfast.

"It is so very weak, madam, thought I would let it rest."

Prisoner—"No, Judge; I had ten dollars, but my lawyers took that."

FAIRY VOICES.

Fairy Voices
Fairy Voices
Fairy Voices
Fairy Voices
Fairy Voices
Fairy Voices
The New
The New

MUSIC BOOKS

FOR SCH. OLS.

45c per Dozen
35c per Dozen
25c per Dozen
15c per Each
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SONG ECHO.

For Schools
25c per Dozen
20,000 Sets
15,000 Sets
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Price 75 Cts
Post Paid
\$7.50 Per Doz.
If Sent Post
Express

J. L. PETERS,
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Invitations to their numerous attractive stock of

Seasonable Dry Goods

NOW OPEN.

Our Dry Goods Department is very full and complete, comprising

NEW FABRICS

Of the most Fashionable Shades.

Everything desirable in SILKS from the lowest qualities up to the finest CLOTHES of our own importation.

A FULL STOCK OF

House Furnishing Goods

NEWCOMB, ENDICOTT & CO.

Detroit, October 1st, 1873.

PIXLEY BROTHERS.

MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS IN

Mattresses, Bedding

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UPHOLSTERY GOODS.

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WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

197 Woodward Ave.

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E. F. Gaylord.

ELIJAH & PERE MARQUETTE R.R.



MICHIGAN

Pine & Farming Lands

265,000 ACRES

ELIJAH & PERE MARQUETTE RAILROAD COMPANY.

800,000,000 Feet of Pine, and

Good Farming Lands, for every

kind of timber and surface.

Railroad from Toledo and Detroit via Saginaw

and Flint, connecting with the

Great Northern, St. Paul and Northern

Pacific, and by East Saginaw & Flint Railroad

new building, making connection with the

East and West.

TERMS OF SALE:

One fourth down in advance and balance may

be paid by monthly installments.

FARM LANDS—of various descriptions will be sold on

payment of one-fourth in cash and the balance in

equal monthly payments.

LANDS—of various descriptions will be sold on

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equal monthly payments.

At Contracts and Sales are made payable in

Michigan National Bank, or East Saginaw.

Apply in person, or by mail to

W. M. WEBBER, Land Commissioner,

Land Office at East Saginaw, Mich.

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