



SPACE	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	13th	14th	15th	16th	17th	18th	19th	20th	21st	22nd	23rd	24th	25th	26th	27th	28th	29th	30th	31st	32nd	33rd	34th	35th	36th	37th	38th	39th	40th	41st	42nd	43rd	44th	45th	46th	47th	48th	49th	50th	51st	52nd	53rd	54th	55th	56th	57th	58th	59th	60th	61st	62nd	63rd	64th	65th	66th	67th	68th	69th	70th	71st	72nd	73rd	74th	75th	76th	77th	78th	79th	80th	81st	82nd	83rd	84th	85th	86th	87th	88th	89th	90th	91st	92nd	93rd	94th	95th	96th	97th	98th	99th	100th
1 Inch.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100

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Miscellaneous Reading.

THAT BOY.

BY GEORGE COOPER

Is the house turned topsy-turvy?
Does it ring from street to roof?
Will the racket ever be hushed?
Spill of all your mind's reproach?
Are you often in a flutter?
Are you sometimes thrilled with joy?
Then I have my guess as to what
That you have at home—that boy.

Are the walls and the table hammered?
Are your nerves and ink upset?
Have two eyes, so bright and roguish,
Made you ever a good provider,
Have your garden a bed of provender,
Who deludes but to do so?
Then I have my guess as to what
That you have at home—that boy.

Have you seen him playing circus—
With his head upon the hoop?
And he has in his hand a twinkling—
For his audience, the cat?
Do you ever stop to listen,
When his merry pranks annoy—
Listen to voice that whistles,
You were once just like—that boy.

Have you heard of broken windows,
And with a shudder, I am sure?
Have you seen a covered archway
Quite unconscious of its name?
Do you love a tawny mixture
Of perplexity and joy?
You may have done a hundred things,
But I know you've got—that boy.

UNA.

For the first time in my life—nearly
seventeen years and a quarter—I was alone
in the wide, wide world; to be precise, in
that bit of it which lies between the Pad
dington station and Bath. I had all but
missed the train, so that my uncle had
only time to bury me into a first-class
carriage, whereof a solitary lady was al
ready seated, and to give me a solemn in
junction to get Aunt Margery to telegraph
when I "turned up all right," before the
train dashed away.

"All right!" Of course I should be all
right! I should think, at seventeen and
nearly a quarter, I might be trusted to
take care of myself during a three hours'
journey; the more so as my uncle had
put me in at one end, and my aunt
would "take me out at the other."

As soon as I had arranged myself and
my belongings comfortably in my corner
I took a survey of my fellow passenger—
a grim, iron gray old woman in an ex
asperating bonnet, who was looking, not
distantly—that is much too pointed and
brilliant a smile—but rusty nails of the
jaggedest description, at my poor little
face; such an attractive one as it was, too,
with the most pliant little wax-wing
imaginable brooding over it with out
stretching wings. But my purr, I think,
when one has a pretty face, it is wicked to
spoil it by a dowdy hat. I should have
attracted much more attention if I had
worn an exasperating extinguisher like
my fellow traveler's, with an aggravating
bow at the top; and, besides, Tom would
not have liked it.

I was rapidly losing my temper—it was
too provoking. Here was somebody evi
dently just as ready to find fault and take
care of me as I could at home. My only
comfort was a hope that she might get
out at the next station, or at all events, at
some distance from Bath. Ah, how little
I knew what was coming, or I should
have felt glad to have had her glaring
twice as grimly from the opposite seat!

"Traveling alone?"
"Yes."
What an unnecessary question, I
thought.

"You are much too young and too
pretty to be permitted to do so."
I meekly answered that my youth and
beauty were "faults" of which I had no
control, and hinted at the possibility
that time might be expected to cure both,
if only I lived long enough.

She smiled—yes, really, not a bad
smile, either.
"While waiting for that, you should
have somebody take care of you."

"Take care of me?" I exclaimed, with
a little shudder of disgust. "I am quite
able to take care of myself—indeed, I am
tired of being taken care of. I am almost
worn out. Besides, I have been at two
garden parties, and have long left the
school-room" (with dignity).

"My dear, the school-room would be
the best place for you for the next half
dozen years. I must leave you at the
next station, but I will tell the guard to
look after you. You will learn in time
how good a thing it is to be cared for.
Una, without her lion, would never get
safely through this world."

The train stopped; I helped her to
gather all her bags and rugs.
"Good-by, my dear; your little face
has made the day look brighter to me.
Tom has told me since that you have
been unchanged as long as you can," and she
actually patted my cheek with a kind old
hand as she passed out.

I watched her take her place in a little
basket carriage that was waiting for her—
watching the old bald-headed man ser
vant stand, hat in hand, evidently giving
her all the story of life at home in her
absence—and felt sorry, as I returned her
good-by nod, when the carriage moved
out of sight down a shady country road.

I followed her in fancy to a lowly
country home, where I felt sure she lived
cosily, with her old servants, quaint furni
ture, and old pet dogs, and cats, and
birds. How little I then thought that
one day I should— But I forgot; we
must not anticipate, as real authors say—
that must come in its own place; I had
not even seen Tom, then.

The train had stopped at a quiet little
station and was just beginning to move
on past the roses and hollyhocks, when
the door suddenly swung open, and a man
jumped in. One glance satisfied me that
he would improve acquaintance.
Tom has told me since that he was a
"cad," and if a "cad" is an odious, vul
gar, red-haired person, with unwashed
hands covered with coarse rings, a sky
blue satin tie, and an overpowering odor
of bad tobacco—I know the difference
quite well. For Tom never smokes any but
the very best Manila, and I quite enjoy
the smell—then most decidedly he was
rightly designated.

I saw all this at a single glance, as one
does sometimes, and bent steadily over
my book, wishing that the hour which
would bring me to dear Aunt Margery
was over. Presently I was reading some
thing so amusing that I had forgotten

everything beside. The train had left the
little station far behind, and was going at
full speed, when suddenly a horrid voice
close to my ear made me start, and I
looked up to see the "cad's" hideous face
close to mine—such a wicked leering
face!

"Take off that veil, miss; I'm sure a
whiff of fresh air will do you good. This
curing is awful muggy"—that was the
creature's very expression—"muggy!"
"Besides, it's desperate bad for your eyes
to read through that speckled stuff."

Without replying, I bent my head low
er over my book, but the letters were get
ting confused, and my heart was beating
with fright.

"Poor little thing! Don't, is she?"
and he took the seat opposite and leaned
across so that I had to shrink into my
corner to avoid his touch. Poor little Una
needed her lion now.

"Bad for the eyes, Miss, and such shin
ers as yours are too good to be wasted on
that stupid book. Give a fellow a peep at
them."

And a great red hand advanced towards
my veil.
"I could only cover into my corner with
a great cry of terror—one helpless cry on
"Uncle," knowing the while how far
away he was, and how unconscious of his
poor little Polly's trouble.

In putting up his hand to my veil, the
man touched me, and the touch, slight as
it was, roused a fury of anger, such as I
had never felt before, and I hope never to
feel again; it gave me back my voice.

"You shall not! How dare you?" You
must not touch me—uncle will kill you!"
The man laughed at my puny rage.
"I'll kill me for taking care of you. If he
does not want others to fill his place, he
should look after you better, and not let
you sit alone. You had better be civil, or—"

He drew out a large clasp knife as he
spoke, and began deliberately to open it,
looking at me all the while. It was come
at last; I should never, never, never see
home again! One flash of thought, which
seemed in a second to take in all my past,
with its little discontents, naughtiness,
and great happiness—my aunt's anguish
when she found me lying dead; uncle's
opening of the telegram which told me of
the broken news—the darkened home,
the broken hearts which would surely carry
it till they died the remembrance of the
dreadful fate of their wilful, but, oh! their
loving darling—all this occurred so vividly
to me that, with a great cry for help
to heaven, I felt at the man's feet and en
tered him not to kill me.

"Kill you! I thought it was your un
cle who was to kill me! Bless your little
heart, I am going to take care of you
—you look pale. Now didn't you come all
in too great a hurry to have time for
breakfast? Have a bit of luncheon!"
stooping to take a black bag from under
the seat. "I always go about provided
with something good. I'm a soft-hearted
boy, I am, and never see a fine young wo
man suffer, if I can help it. Peck a bit
now—do you have a hungry look?"

"What could I—must I—do? I sat up,
and said, as steadily as I could, choking
back the tears—for I would not cry before
him:

"I am not hungry—I will not eat. Do
not speak to me any more. You must not
touch a lady."

"A lady! I know that. Do you think
I'd be so good to you if you were not?" I
knew a lady when I see her—and a hun
gry lady, too—I knew you was. Come,
peck a bit. Don't be bashful."

By this time he had unlocked the bag,
and taken from it—yes, it may appear
improbable, but, oh! it is dreadfully true—
a turnip—a great, unboiled turnip—a
turnip still covered with the soil of the
field from which the wretch had taken it!
He began to scrape and pare it, while I
looked on.

Was he mad? I would try to please
him, and do as he wished, and then per
haps he would not hurt me. I should
soon be with my aunt now, and at that
thought I felt the tears coming again, but
opened my eyes widely, and bit my lips
hard—the tears must not fall. I crushed
them back, and sat watching my com
panion till, having peeled the turnip to
his satisfaction, he cut off a thick slice
and handed it to me. Raw turnip! And
touched by these fingers!

"Come, take it, my beauty—a peach ripe
and downy as your own cheek. Peaches
are dear, too, this season; but I give no
heed to that. If so be as I find a pretty
girl to eat 'em, I don't grudge the money.
Come, peck away; or do you want me to
feed you? No, you shan't have it without
"Thank you." After all my trouble, that
ain't manners," with a significant look at
the knife.

"Thank you," I said, eagerly. I took
the slice of turnip and began to eat it—
yes, I ate it all, every mouthful making
me feel more ill. Another slice was of
fered. I took it and began to eat, but my
throat seemed to be closing—I could not
swallow.

"Come, finish it. Good, isn't it? The
ladies are always fond of a bit of fruit.
Don't be bashful—I've something here
for you to wash it down. Nothing like a
drop of brandy to make it agree with you,"
and he touched the neck of a black
bottle which stuck out of his pocket.

What would become of me. I had once
seen a dreadful woman, for a few moments
at home—a new cook she was—who was,
oh! so frightful. Nurse told me she had
taken brandy and was drunk. I had
thought her mad. If he had made me
drink it, and if, when Aunt Margery
found me, I—but no, this I would not do;
he might kill me first. I went on eating
the turnip, and all the while I prayed
earnestly for rescue. Was my prayer
answered? The train began to slacken
its speed—it stopped; but there was no
station in sight. I think it was a siding
or something of that kind.

At the side of the carriage where I was
sitting there was a steep bank which shut
out all hope; at the other side were sev
eral lines of rails; beyond was the open
country. In an instant my torturer was
at my window. With an oath he com
manded me to "be still, and stay where I
was." I heard some one pass, and in
reply to a question, I suppose, say that
we had been shut out of the "special"
train to go by—it would pass in three
minutes. I called, but very faintly. I was
afraid, for no one answered, and the "cad"

turned on me so fiercely that I dare not
try again.

The special train swept by, but I hard
ly saw it; my eyes, my whole soul, were
fastened on the figure of a man who just
then came down the great bank which
was at some distance. I pressed my face
to the glass. Which way would he take?
He stood up for a moment, and then slowly,
lazily, snatched toward me. The glass
was up—my only hope was that he would
pass close and see me, for I was past call
ing or moving now. I noted every trilling
detail of his figure and dress; he was a
tall, broad-shouldered gentleman, dressed
in light gray, young, and with a long,
golden beard; even the carnation in his
buttonhole I observed, and the strength
and careless ease of his figure as he
looped along. He stopped to whistle to
his dogs, and then again strolled on, jolly
twirling his cane.

I do not know what kind of face was
pressed to the glass on my side—it was a
wild and scared one, I am sure, but in
another minute a pair of great merry blue
eyes carelessly glanced up in passing, and
were startled into earnestness by the eyes
they encountered, the whistle sounded, but
even as it did, a strong hand was on the
door-handle, the door was wrenched open,
the train moved on—he was beside me. I
was safe!

I don't know what happened then. My
deliverer says that I cried, and held one
of his hands tight in both of mine; but
that I don't believe. In the first place he
had never been introduced, and, in the second,
two of his fingers are about as
much as my two hands can contain at
once. I know, when I grew calmer, that
I found him taking care of me, and that I
didn't dislike it as much as one might
have expected. I don't remember how I
told him all; I supposed the turnip and
knife, which still lay on the seat, helped
me a little; but I do know that he told me
"not to be frightened, for he would not
throw the scoundrel from the window, as
he deserved"—and that he looked so fierce
and so strong that I could quite imagine
it was a habit of his to throw scoundrels
from windows, and that he rather liked it.
What he did was to take the creature by
the collar, and force him down on his
knees, in spite of his piteous protestations
that "he never meant to hurt the lady—it
was only a lark—he would not have done
it for a long time, if he had known."

"Hold your tongue! Swallow this, and
think yourself lucky to escape six months
on the treadmill. For the lady's sake I
will not prosecute you, and I'll not break
every bone in your body, as I should like
to do, as it might annoy her to see it done.
But you'll eat this, to the last morsel—
mud and air! I should say it is not the
only dirt you will have to swallow in your
life! Down with it!"

And when my last atom had dis
appeared, my deliverer, with a parting
shake, flung the creature into a corner,
where he lay till the train stopped, and
turned to "take care" of me again.

I almost shrank from the stern face to
which I now raised my eyes, but it softened
in a moment, and I lay back in a cor
ner and rested silently and thankfully,
while he interposed his broad shoulders
between me and the other end of the car
riage, till the train again stopped, and I
saw Aunt Margery's dear old face on the
platform.

I am sure she wondered at the eager
ness of my clasping, and at my face, which
I felt was still white and scared. I made
a little motion toward my deliverer, but
could not speak a word. He said a few
words, and gave his card to my aunt, who
accepted it and the situation as gracious
ly as she does everything, and looked
rather anxiously to get me safely to the
carriage and home, and in five minutes
we were driving away.

"What did he do for you, darling?"
"Oh! he was so strong and so good to
me—and he made him eat the whole tur
nip—"

"The whole turnip? You are all, Polly.
Come, we won't talk or think of it now."
And she quieted and patted me, evi
dently thinking that I had lost my wits,
until I was lying on the sofa in her draw
ing-room, able to tell her all.

Well, that was my first and only at
tempt at "taking care of myself." I never
went to do so again. Tom takes care of
me now—of course you understand that
it was he who came to my deliverance.
Aunt wrote to him that very evening, and
my father came down from London next
morning on purpose to thank him; then
Tom called, and so—and so—the end of
my story, or, perhaps, I should say the real
beginning of it, is that I am his wife
now.

At first I did think it a pity that my
husband should be only "Tom," when I
had always intended to marry at least
three syllables, as I am merely "Polly,"
but now I think Tom the most charming
name in the world, and would not
change it.

I have only one thing more to tell.
The lady with the disagreeable bon
net is Tom's aunt. I am writing this in
her house, which is just what I had fan
cied it, and she is the dearest and kindest
old woman in England.

"Una has found her lion," she says.
"I don't think I am much like Una; but
Tom is a darling old lion, with his tawny
beard and splendid strength, on which
his wife loves to lean. I hear him calling
"Polly" from the lawn, where he lies,
lazily puffing his cigar under the cedar;
and, as he can growl on occasion, if I
batter his majesty waiting too long, I had
better go."—London Magazine.

—One portion of community are never
allowed to suspend. They are the tax
payers. Come good times or bad, rain or
sunshine, they must grind out the public
grist. They cannot hold on to deposits,
get extensions, or a discount on what is
charged to them. The blood has to come
every time without reference to favorable
or unfavorable seasons, business losses,
sickness, or other calamities. Nothing
comes about with greater regularity, or is
more certain, death, excepted, and that is
not more sure. Nor is anything more de
pressing than these tolls on industry.
When excessive, they drive communities
to despair.

—Decher begins to wear "the look of a
tired worker."

CURRENT ITEMS.

RED OAK, Iowa, pays a bounty of two
cents for every rat's tail delivered to its
Marsh.

A Boston court has fined George
Devan for kicking a dog and breaking
its leg.

The Montana Indians have been dis
possessed of large quantities of furs to trad
ers this fall.

A mouse, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., is fond
of meat diet, and eats bacon and game
with great gusto.

The Fort Scott, Kansas, Monitor says:
"The two men hanging to the black-jack,
across the bridge, died of too much
horror."

A young lady at Hillsboro, N. C.,
crawled under the canvass of a circus
and snatched a teamster who tried to put
her out.

In Missouri they elect editors as hon
orary members of the Grangers, but the
farmers generally call them ornary
members.

GEORGIA now makes every yard of cot
ton used in three Southern States, and
new mills are going up in Tennessee,
Alabama and Florida.

A BIR RAPIDS, Mich., man, who was an
noyed by a neighbor's bees, and failed to
get relief by litigation, is now retaliating
by growing yellow jackets.

A student has been expelled from La
fayette College, Easton, Pa., for stealing.
He had a regular jury trial before his
classmates, which lasted three days.

In 1869 two hundred black bears were
put into the Susquehanna River, at Har
rington, and a man recently caught one
hundred and sixty during a few days' va
cation.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Sara
toga, says of the hotels: The net profits
for the season are as follows: Glarendon,
\$17,000; Union, \$16,000; Congress Hall,
\$2,800.

An athletic Skowhegan, Maine, girl
kicked an unfavored suitor down some
steep stairs the other night, and injured
him so that for two days his life was de
spaired of.

A BABY in New Bedford, Mass., has won
immortal renown by swallowing thirty
seven buttons (four of them brass), an iron
sewing machine nut, a gold-seed button
and a thimble.

DELIVER a sermon in the chapel of the
Georgia State Prison, 500 convicts struck
up. "We'll all drink stone blind," and
they had to be marched down stairs. They
didn't like the Chaplain.

A JUDGE in Alabama recently inter
rupted a very flowery young orator with
"Hush on, hold on, my dear sir! Don't
go any higher. You are already out of
the jurisdiction of this court."

Two years ago Mr. Thomas Woodcock,
of Canton, Ill., lost a certificate of de
posit for a considerable amount. He was
unable to find it until last week, when the
lining of his wife's muff revealed its hid
ing-place.

The melodious buzz-saw continues to
be a popular plaything with small boys,
and lately, at Cambridge City, Ind.,
another of the little fellows found it so
funny that he didn't stop till three fingers
were sawed off.

Frost present indications lumbering in
the woods will not be so extensively car
ried on the coming winter as heretofore.
Some firms who have not failed to take
cues into the woods for twenty years
past, will not do this season.

The Boston Globe is not satisfied with
the buildings erected on the burned dis
trict, and thinks sufficient attention has
not been paid to lessening the possibili
ties of fire. It thinks the lesson of last
year has only been half learned.

It is all that is recorded what is there
more unchangeable than the utter self-abneg
ation of the late Jim Oxford, of Virginia,
who, the other day, when told that he was
dying, replied, "Well, don't forget to
single the mule pen before the fall rains set
in."

The dreadful suspicion seems to have
broken in upon the officials of St. Louis
that, despite his character, Mr. McCoolle's
connection with the Manly murder needs
explanation, and, in consequence, that
great man and bruiser has again been
locked up and is denied bail.

HOW LITTLE patience some men have.
Here now is a man advertising in a late
paper his runaway wife: "After you
eloped the third time I distinctly inform
ed you I should not again run after you."
And to the poor woman is left to go
straight to ruin, all because her husband
cannot control his temper.

The power of love is again illustrated
in the case of Miss Catharine Oates, of
Cornwall, England, who traveled all the
way to Toulumne County, California, to
wed the lover she hadn't seen for eight
years, and found him married to a Mexi
can ranchero's daughter, and the father
of only five children.

An exchange thus describes a Maude
Muller who was married in Indiana, last
week: "The fair bride was dressed in
calico, fringed on the bottom with the
same material, a bonnet *de soie*, and
gloves, shoes and stockings of unmis
takable flesh-color, that fitted as closely as
the skin. When asked if she would take
this man for better, for worse, she replied,
with touching simplicity, 'You bet.'"

A srony is told of a former member
of the Missouri Legislature whose reputa
tion was far from spotless, that he ab
sented himself for a while, under the
plea of sickness, and shortly after had his
death announced. Thereupon the Legis
lature passed the usual resolutions of con
dolence, some of the wily members' bit
terest enemies eulogized their "departed
friend's" exalted character and high moral
worth, and the next day he reappeared
in his seat with the resolutions and eulo
gies neatly pasted in his memorandum
book as a receipt in full for the past and
a letter of credit for the future.

It may be regarded as one of the signs
of the times that tailors who formerly ef
fected to trust and blushed to be paid, are
becoming far less accommodating. Say
al of the most prominent of the trade in
Boston have agreed to publish in two of
the daily papers the names and residences
of their customers who do not pay

promptly. This gloomy catalogue will
add another to the depressing influences
of these low spirited times. It is hard to
pay for pantaloons which have been worn
out; it will be harder not to be able to
buy any pantaloons at all.

The modern notion is that the head
should always be to the north, and the
heels to the south. An old German phy
sician, who died at the age of one hun
dred and nine, declared in his will that
his long life was due to his having always
taken this position at night. A Scotch
physician says that when every other
means of quieting sick children has
failed, he had turned their beds round so
that the head was to the north, and sleep
always followed. But the doctor does not
tell why he did not try this never failing
remedy in the first place. There are a
great many other authorities of the same
kind to the same effect.

An Old-Fashioned Hat.

A LONG time ago, when we old folks
were young, when



SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 22, 1873

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

With the issue of Dec. 13th, we shall publish a New Year's Address, and send one gratuitously, to every paying subscriber, and advertiser to the Northville Record. It will be a pamphlet of 16 pages, containing four illustrated poems, appropriate for the holidays, also a poem—written by one of the most talented writers in this country—bringing in the name and business of every advertiser. The advertisements will appear on the covers.

Donable patrons, only, will receive these free of charge; others, to a limited number, can be supplied by leaving orders at this office previous to the 10th. The price will be known upon application.

WAR IMMINENT WITH CUBA.

Undoubtedly our readers are familiar with this, through the daily papers, with the particulars of the late seizure of the steamship Virginus, and the execution of her crew, without even the shadow of a trial. Although sailing under American colors, and having the proper clearance papers, she was boarded by a Spanish, or rather Cuban, man-of-war, and taken into port, where the captain and those under him, with the exception of about a dozen, were shot, ten at a time. It now comes to light that among the slaughtered were several United States citizens, who, it is likely, were hardly cognizant of the steamer's destination, let alone being aware of any evil intent on her part.

This is only one of the many instances where Cuban barbarity has been shown to the world. The fate of the unfortunate students, who for simply expressing sympathy with those in rebellion on the island, were taken out and shot, is well known to the world and condemned by every civilized country. And now this wholesale slaughter, not only of those who might have been antagonistic to their government, but of the citizens of a peaceful inclined country like this, places them beyond the pale of civilization or humanity, and calls for vengeance from some quarter. That our country will see her flag insulted and her citizens murdered and make no effort in stopping such business is not at all probable. Later advice seems rather to show a preparation for war and the determination of putting down this pompous and summary dealing Cuban Government. Spain does not probably sanction this branch of neutrality, and would not wish a disturbance with the United States, and as Cuba has assumed the responsibility of dealing out justice to her own liking, will allow her to settle this affair as best she can. In the event of no compromise taking effect, our war vessels will land troops on the island, drive out the present government and put an end to the war between the Spaniards and insurgents and other aid in the establishment of a republic on the island or take steps for annexation.

The Dead Wife.

In the comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements are trifles. The wife—who who fills so large a place in the domestic heaven, who who is buried, so unwearied in laboring for the precious ones around her—bitter, bitter is the tear that falls on her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber colored pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars glittered overhead. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered above that sweet clay, save those your hand may have unwillingly planted. Her noble, tender heart, lies open to the inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty and purity. But she is dead! The dear head that laid upon your bosom, rests in the still darkness upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have ministered so untiringly are folded white and cold between the gloomy portals. The heart, whose every beat measures an eternity of love, lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over with smiles, bend now above her with tears, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be kept green and beautiful.

To the Husband.

Speak kindly to thy wife, little dost thou know,
What utter wretchedness, what happiness
Hang on those bitter words, that stern reply.
The cold demeanor and reproving eye,
The death steel pierces not with keener dart
Than unkind words in woman's trusting heart.

BUSINESS ENTERPRISE.

The Free Press, after visiting the various manufacturing establishments of Detroit, thinks the times not so hard as some of the croakers try to make out. There has been no reduction in hands or wages in many of these establishments and none will be made. Among the firms mentioned is that of H. P. Balwin & Co., of the boot and shoe trade, which employs 160 hands on full time and regular wages, with plenty of orders to fill.

Mrs. Kimball, a former resident of Jackson county, in connection with her son-in-law, a London architect, has contracts for building from the Turkish Government. She is the widow of the late Hon. Samuel Kimball.

Statistics show that the crop of salt now on hand in the Saginaw Valley is 118,531 barrels, against 125,000 barrels at the same time last year. Eleven firms have closed operations for the year, and 40 firms are still operating.

A party at Charlevoix is preparing for a voyage in a small schooner by water to Florida, by the way of Lake Michigan, Green Bay, Fox and Wisconsin Rivers, Mississippi River and the Gulf of Mexico.

Employees at the Wyandotte rolling mills who formerly received \$2.50 per day now receive \$2.25. Orders for iron are few, and the mills will not be steadily worked the coming winter.

The Canada Southern railroad company proposes to bring down the rates for telegraphic dispatches by charging but 25 cents for messages from or to any point on its line.

The new hoe manufactory of Hinman & Bros., at Battle Creek turns out 500 elaborately finished hoes daily and the firm has more orders than it is able to fill.

During the present season Mrs. N. Houghtaling of Liberty, Jackson county, dried 1,500 pounds of apples, which she sold at 6 1/2 cents per pound.

According to the Lowell Journal a lady rode from Saranac to Lowell last week on horseback after the manner of men.

A postoffice has lately been established at Little Lake in Monroe county.

The Biddle House at Detroit has been closed for want of patronage.

RAILROADS.

The track of the J. L. & S. Railroad has been completed to Gaylord's, eight miles north of Otsego, and the first train ran through to that point Nov. 31. It is expected that a line of stages will soon be running between the terminus of the railroad and Chocoma.

The Michigan Central Railroad Company has made a general reduction of ten per cent on the wages of its employees.

The Detroit & Milwaukee Railroad Company will have its steel track completed between Detroit and Holly in a few days.

Work on the Michigan Midland Railroad between St. Clair and Ridgeway has been resumed.

FARMING AND FRUIT INTERESTS.

The annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the State Agricultural Society will be held at Eaton Rapids Dec. 15, for the purpose of closing the business for the current year and revising the premium list of 1874.

During the present season 7,250 barrels of apples have been shipped from Alhambra over the Michigan Central railroad.

Week before last the snow was 30 inches deep at Otsego lake.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

C. I. Walker and Ex-Gov. Felch are to defend the University in the suit brought against it by the Homeopaths. D. Darwin Hughes and Judge Lawrence are counsel for the prosecution.

A \$12,000 organ is being put into St. Paul's church at Detroit. With two exceptions it is the largest in America.

The Torch Light, a Baptist publication of which Rev. L. H. Trowbridge is editor, is about to be removed to Detroit.

A \$10,000 school house is to be erected in Hanover, Jackson county.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Niles Republican says that L. C. Swagles, the son of a former State official, stole a horse and buggy from Dr. Anderson, at Chicago, Oct. 9th, drove to Whitehall, in this State, where he sold the buggy for \$125 to Mr. Chas. Johnson, then hurried on to St. Johns, where he sold the horse to Dr. Wiggins for \$50, and left for parts unknown.

Four convicts, named Levi Anderson, William Davis, Frank Burgett, and James Warnock, escaped from the State Prison last Sunday night. A reward of \$100 will be given to parties arresting them or giving information which will result in their capture.

PERSONAL.

Judge Phillip H. Emerson arrived in Battle Creek on the 5th, from Salt Lake City. He has a leave of absence until January 1st, and will leave on his return about Christmas, to be present at the opening of the Utah court, January 6th.

11th Annual

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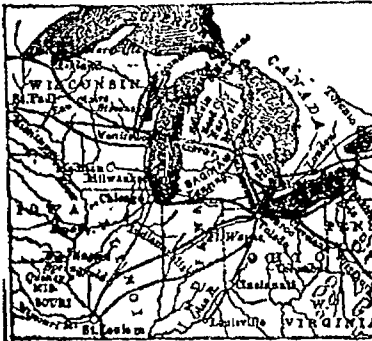
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But Not Cost for 30 Days.

We are always selling out and replenishing at all the time. No thirty days business, but have always the finest assortment of FANCY GOODS AND NOTIONS.

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Splendid Underwear,

Both Ladies and Gents, Gloves and Hosiery and have just received the largest stock of

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Of all the different styles, which cannot be sold for the money, this side of New York.

The beauty of our business in you can make your own selections and you all know the price.

Only One Dollar,

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"Angels guard your treasure then"—Price, 30 Cents.

"Among the trees where birds are singing, And the flowers are blooming in the spring, Guarding well your treasure then!"

Nov. 22, 1873

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Sept 13—Jan 74

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References—Hon. Thomas Joyce, John Steyer, Governor; W. H. Squire, Merchant; Geo. Buckley, Supreme Court Reporter; Thos. M. Clayton, Commercial Agency; W. O. Miller, Bradstreet's & Co., Architects; 126 Dearborn St.; Alder St. Ferry, Eighth Ward, William Falker, Attorney at Law; D. F. Buckley, Attorney at Law.

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"Angels Guard Your Treasure Then,"

PRICE, 30 CENTS

Written by S. H. Little, Music by M. H. McChesney

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Coughs, Colds, Chronic Coughs.

It effectually cures them all.

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For pains in Breast, Side or Back,

Gravel or Kidney Disease,

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It has no equal.

It is also a superior Tonic,

Restores the Appetite,

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Removes Dyspepsia and

Indigestion,

Prevents Malarious Fevers,

Gives tone to your System.

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