

General Paper of the Village.

Published Semi-Monthly by  
SAMUEL H. LITTLEEditor and Proprietor,  
To whom all communications should be addressed.

Terms, \$1.50 a Year, in Advance.

No paper shall be sold unless at the option of  
the owner, annual advances are paid.

## Northville Record.

Term: \$1.50 a Year.]

Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

[Always in Advance.

VOL. V. NORTHVILLE, WAYNE CO., MICH., JANUARY 3, 1874.

NO. 13.

## Miscellaneous—Reading.

## A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Around the Christmas tree we stood,  
And watched the children's faces,  
With their little gifts received,  
With children's love and grace.  
We had a good time, full of fun  
In making wrens' nests,  
And laughed to see the jester  
Kiss the "bold" berry.  
How sweet the Honey Moon,  
How bright, how gay!  
We did not, but our little Eve,  
Hermes with love-gifts laden,  
Came around the room she were,  
The blue-eyed baby, while  
And smiling, into each cap  
Her treasures dropped away.

But when to see the darling came  
All empty-handed was she,  
And when I asked her "Why right now that?"  
She said "Oh! because we  
We know you're too busy."  
And then, with one soft sigh,  
To herself she said "I am."  
But little's neck entwined  
She did not have, and I  
A shade of thought on her face  
Seemed terribly to sadden;

Till at last, with cheerful laugh,  
"Oh! I know what I do, sir!"  
I said "What do you do?"  
"I'm a Boston Bazaar girl."  
And the lamp that came from all  
I gave my new gift to me,

With flushed cheeks her eyes met mine,  
And sent a thrill all through me.  
"Oh! I know what I do, sir!"  
The little one looked at me,  
Half wistfully, half shy,  
To her father straight I turned,  
And truly said to him  
Up my Christmas gift, the lamp.

And so it sped, hands clasped,  
Above our heads bowed lowly,  
The blessed time of Christmas over  
Had seemed to us a joy.

## FOR ANOTHER.

ADELINE von R. was sentenced to seven days' imprisonment. It was notified to receive her in prison.

The lady did not interest me, because I was not personally acquainted with her. I was also ignorant as to the cause of this judgment, but still I could not place the order of my sight without repeated perusal, feeling a fondness that comes from mutual and friendly association in connection with it.

There was really nothing remarkable about seven days' imprisonment, and it might be that a longer sentence was

dictated by the social position of the lady, but not the document ordered close confinement and no amelioration of the rules of the place for her.

But other business pressed, and one week and then another went by, and the circumstance had almost been forgotten when the last day of the third week again recalled it.

It was getting late; the prisoners had received their supper, and I had retired to my room to attend to some writing that my duties during the day had left me little time for. I was so deeply absorbed that I had not heard the door open, and was consequently more than startled when I heard not far from me, a trembling voice utter a soft "Good evening." Looking up I saw an elegantly dressed young girl, but in a hasty approach, and scarcely willing to be addressed.

I had time to make observations. Her style of dress first attracted my attention. It was not such as I had been accustomed to see around me on my visits to this establishment. Her face was pale, thin, and round—the regularity of features alone caused an admiration in favor of its beauty, the deepest eyes closed their mirror from view, but the whole expression of face and person indicated a sense of humor, shame, and fear.

Such conduct is rare in prison, yet the girl had evidently come to stay, judging by the bundle of wearing apparel she carried.

My sympathy was awakened, and in kinder tone than I should have used under ordinary circumstances for this imminent disturbance, I requested her to approach me.

She did not move; her head remained bowed, the eyes drooping.

"What is your name?"

I received no reply. The girl seemed to struggle for composure, her lips quivered her mouth vainly trying to form words.

"But, dear child," I asked rather impatiently after a pause, "you must tell me."

"I am here under arrest."

She said it almost whispering, the words scarcely passing her lips. I looked at her in astonishment.

"For how long?"

"Oh, God!" (Ach, Gott!) Nothing but this escaped her mouth. She breathed heavily, her bosom pulsating with distressing rapidity. She tried to conceal herself, but the strength of her feelings seemed to master her entire frame.

"Tell me, child, how long must you remain here?"

"Seven days."

This expression seemed to bring instant relief. The trembling limbs became quiet, respiration regular, only the eye remained downcast still.

"And your name?"

"I am called Adeline von R."

"Ah!"

The exclamation escaped me before I was aware of it. The girl was startled and directly raised her head and raised her hand to her face with an unspoken inquiry.

I saw two eyes large and wondrous—what an irresistible power of fascination within their depths speaking of childhood innocence, fearful sorrow, and flight yet expressive of resignation; they were hid with suppressed tears that told of the will to be strong and endure.

What should I do with Adeline von R? How should I treat her? Her station in life demanded a proper respect. I did not want her to see that I felt this to be so, and yet I did not wish to repulse her. I was very undecided how to act when she said:

"Mr. Inspector, you know now why I am here; I cannot ask you to set aside your duty in my behalf; but oh, I beg you will not make my position harder to bear than it is called for. May I be alone, then?"

"If you desire it."

"And no one will see me?"

Note but the prisoners employed on the premises."

"That is good; I would like to hide myself from all humanity, and from the dear God too. Under arrest! Oh! the disgrace! It will cling to me forever. Oh! it is horrible, and to wear it through life—terrible!"

In her excitement Adeline von R. struck her hands together, alternately covering her face with them, as if to shut out a picture conjured by the imagination of a fearful future.

"You go too far," said I, trying to comfort her; "the disgrace does not consist in the arrest, but in the causes, the deed that required such a penance."

"Well?" asked the judge.

"It is as I said," replied the man.

"Mr. Inspector," said the judge, turning to me, "you have notice that Adeline von R. was under arrest with you seven days."

"Yes."

"It is false."

"I repeat it, it is false! Are you not personally acquainted with Adeline von R.?"

"No."

"The person has lied to you. See has assumed a name she has no right to. What is your name?" he asked the prisoner.

"I had quite overlooked her since we entered the room. Now I turned toward her; she was standing near the door, pale as death, trembling, dumb, as if she had not heard the Judge."

He stepped toward her. "I asked you to give your name, will you answer?" he questioned in a loud and angry voice.

"No, husband! sir. Do you believe that I undertake this inner judgment?"

"I think, I interrupted her, "that the judgment of the people is to be seated than the reproaches of one's own conscience."

"No, husband! sir. Do you believe that I undertake this inner judgment?"

The prisoner seemed frightened, so that her limbs refused to bear her, and had not quickly grasped her, she would have fallen to the floor. I placed a chair for her and remained standing at her side. Spite of all our endeavors we could not move her. See sat silent and quietly speechless, gazing on the floor, but as the Judge in conversation with others declared: "This person repudiates her name—she calls herself free," she sprang from the chair ere the last word was uttered, her eyes rose from me to another until they rested on him and looking him firmly in the eyes, she said:

"I have suffered my seven days in prison; to night at half past seven it is at an end. I now dare not detain the longer. You have got the right."

"That is not for you to decide."

"But think, sir, I am not guilty of anything, not only I, but two others will be to inexcusable if you do not let me go."

The poor child was the picture of suffering and fright.

"Now," said the judge, mildly, "are you not as Adeline von R. that was condemned by a military court

and particularly the crime that brought her under his supervision.

She still retained her calmness when locked in her cell. Without exhibiting any particular emotion she entered the little dark room. I directed her to the bed, gave her a few particulars in regard to the rules of the place and left her alone. This was the beginning of a disastrous drama.

"Oh, God! my God!" shrieked, wildly, "I do not understand what you say. I did not wish to do harm."

"No, I am not condemned. But what of that?" she asked.

"Much, very much. You are guilty of an act punishable by law years imprisonment and a fine of from one hundred to ten thousand dollars, and until judgment is passed in the matter you return to close confinement."

"No, no, I did not think of such a thing, but the act that called for such a punishment was not stated."

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SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.  
SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1874.

## THE OLD YEAR.

As we listened to the tolling of the bell, for the death of the old year, we thought how rapidly the years pass away. It seems but a short time since the commencement of 1873, but the old year has gone, and with it many occurrences which we look back upon with pleasure, and other things with sorrow. Perhaps many golden moments have been spent in idleness, but we can never call them back. Time waits for no man. Our labors and toils, our ideas and feelings, may be suspended by sleep, darkness and silence, but time rests not; slumbers never, its arrest is beyond the power of any human being. The sun may cease to shine; the moon stand still; the stars withdraw their light, but the days, months and years pass on, forever. The old year has not been one of the brightest in our world's history; many crimes and many accidents have occurred, and many of our most noble men, who have worked for our country's good and happiness have passed away. Yet with all our losses there comes compensation, and we hope that the year 1874 will be a happy year for all.

## Miscellaneous Items.

"Transactions in Hair," is the heading by a Detroit editor to an account of a street fight.

A lazy editor in Ohio reads all his exchanges in bed. He finds it the easiest way to fill up his sheet.

"Grangers, I will sell you coffee cheaper than any other man in this city!" is what a Council Bluffs man advertises.

"If," says a Western editor, the day before Thanksgiving "we had a dollar for every glass of lemon sloop, sweetened wine, beer and thicker things that will be drank to-morrow, we wouldn't due another subscriber in a year. But we haven't that number of dollars, so pay up."

"Time cuts down all, both great and small." How about the provision and grocery bills?

Orange Culver and wife, celebrated their golden wedding at their residence in Farmington, on Christmas. They settled in the town 48 years ago. Presents to the value of \$600 was made to the old couple.

Dr. Oliver G. Jordin of St. Johns, has been arrested for running an illicit distillery at that place.

"Fellow travellers," said a colored preacher, "if I had been eatin' dried apples for a week, an' den took to drinkin' for a month, I couldn't see more swelled up dan I am dis munnit wid pride an' vanity at seein' such full-fendance har dis evenin'."

Elgin, Illinois, offers the boys two cents apiece for all the rats they can kill, and the schools are on the point of suspending.

Mrs. Andrews, of Vermont, said she didn't care a darn whether dinner suited her husband or not, and a justice fined her seven dollars.

A newspaper office in western Iowa rents part of the office for a cheese factory, and thus exhibits a double claim to the power of the press.

"You must be a quarrelsome fellow," said a physiologist to a man whose bumps he was examining. "Say that again and I'll knock you down" was the response.

"I meant to have told you of that hole," said a gentleman to his friend who, walking in his garden, stumbled into a pit of water. "No matter," said the friend, "I have found it."

The editor of the Kokomo, Indiana, Tribune, who was robbed of four hundred dollars in an Indianapolis hotel not long since, attributes the affair to an overhanging Providence, and his forgetting to wear his nose-glasses when he bolted the door."

An old clergyman once took for his text that passage of the Psalms, "I said in my haste all men are liars." Looking up, apparently as if he saw the Psalmist standing before him he said: "You said it in your haste, David. If you had been here, you might have said it after mature deliberation."

An engraver in Springfield, Mass., has cut the Lord's Prayer into a piece of copper less than one fourth the size of a silver three-cent piece, and there is room in the circle for fifteen or twenty words more.

## STATE NEWS.

## BUSINESS ENTERPRISE.

There are 16 camps of lumbermen in Missaukee Co.; about 300 men being employed. It is estimated that 50,000,000 feet of logs will be cut by them the present winter.

## FARMING AND FARM INTERESTS.

There are 173 Granges of the Patrons of Husbandry in the State. Arrangements have been perfected for holding the State Grange at Kalamazoo Jan. 21st.

At Allegan potatoes are \$1.20 per bushel.

## RELIGION AND EDUCATION.

The Universitists of Lapeer expect to build a commodious house of worship next season. It will be 32 by 70 feet, with a tower 87 feet high.

A new M. E. church was dedicated at Clarkston last Sunday. Dr. Ives of New York preached the dedicatory sermon.

The Detroit public library contains upward of 25,000 volumes.

## CRIME AND CALAMITIES.

A \$4,000 fire occurred at Menominee, Dec. 14th. Principal losers were P. Peiker, \$10,000; C. Peterson, \$4,000; C. May, \$2,200; Jos. Wanek, \$3,000 and E. L. Parmenter, \$7,000.

The First National City National and the private bank of E. R. Failes & Co at Grand Rapids have been victimized by a sharper to the tune of \$6,000.

Benton's saw-mill, near the western extension of the Flint & Pere Marquette railway, was destroyed by fire last week. Loss \$6,000. Supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

John Kaeler, a well known conductor on the Michigan Central was accidentally shot while hunting near Marshall, Dec. 18th. He leaves a wife and three children.

The First ward school house at Bay City was nearly destroyed by fire on the morning of the 19th. Loss on building and furniture \$15,000; insurance \$1,500.

Four dams and two bridges were swept away by the flood at Paw Paw, Dec. 12th, and the railroad bridge badly damaged.

The dwelling house of Reuben Hawser of Sharon, Wexford Co. was burned Dec. 4th. Loss \$2,500.

## PERSONAL.

Geo. C. Kimball, so long the very able superintendent of the Flint & Pere Marquette rail-road, has resigned his position. Samuel Kaeler is at present acting superintendent.

The Allegan Journal states that Col Jacobs, formerly of the Confederate Army, say that General Pitchard of Michigan is liar; but Michigan soldiers, especially Fourth Cavalrymen, think Jacobs is simply mistaken.

The Adrian Press says that A. S. Berry arrived in that city from the South week before last, and made an assignment of his property to R. A. Watts of that City.

Mrs. Audon of Dowagiac died recently, after a long and painful illness. During the last four weeks of her life she took no nourishment excepting cold water.

John Vanduzer, an early settler of Kidgeport, Lenawee County, and a soldier of the war of 1812, died last week, aged 81 years.

Wm. D. Payne, a well-known citizen of Monroe, recently became deceased at Toledo. Cause unknown.

Mrs. Susan Gilbert, one of the pioneers of Ypsilanti, died at Detroit a few days since, aged 90 years.

A Soldiers' Relief Society has been organized at Detroit. It is composed entirely of soldiers, who propose to extend relief only to soldiers' families and orphans.

The largest mortgage ever recorded in Lenawee County was one recently issued by the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway, amounting to \$25,000,000.

Presbyterian Missionary Convention at Battle Creek, January 21 and 22.

Hillsdale County is to vote on the question of building a \$16,000 jail.

Ferry-boats are running on the Saginaw River.

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Good Farming Lands, with every

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