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SAMUEL H. LITTLE,
Editor and Proprietor.
To whom all communications should be addressed.

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NO. 21.

Selected Miscellany.

SPRING FLOWERS.

BY AUGUSTA WATKINS.
Our daily baby forestore, the
that grows in the woods,
and the flowers
To me you are the wonder
Of the realm of Long Ago,
At whose soft touch unseen forms
Like shadows come and go.
By many rocks and nodding ferns
You lift your timid eye,
And by the wounded maple-trees,
In many groves where
The winds
At night the naked woods
Bare all the secrets of the sky
With their dappled clouds.
Those years have made places after me
You made the meadows bright,
And many a sweet-settled dream
Has faded like a mist.
So far as I can tell with her love
The world is full of beauty,
Still my to see the scenes here
Like Lazarus from the tomb.

—Chicago Post.

A CHICAGO STORY.

HENRY DELARIE is well known in this city. This recital will make him better known. He was and is as much a gentleman of means and leisure as anything else; though when he is besieged with any occupation it is that of real estate. His circle of intimate acquaintances is not very extensive. He has a few dear, warm friends; but were he once more to drop out of life as suddenly and completely as is narrated in this story he would be hardly missed. In a fortnight he would be forgotten; for business soon forgets as water runs—smoothly and swiftly.

Delarie is young and handsome. Likewise he is in love. Coming in a man more, love and loneliness, and he becomes irresistible. These very attributes nearly brought him to death. At the same time they unquestionably saved his life. Keeping these preliminaries in mind the reader can understand his adventure.

In the West Division, near the corner of Madison and Halsted, was located six months ago the military establishment of Mrs. Albert Larken. Among the employees was Miss Besie Shannon, a quiet, black-haired and black-eyed girl of twenty-six or three years of age, tall, stately, and remarkably good-looking. If she had not possessed these attractions possibly Delarie in his passing the store, in his meeting her occasionally morning and night as he went from his home to business, might have felt no desire to seek her acquaintance and finally to fall in love with her; and she might have become the wife of a commonplace Solib, Jones, or Brown without being the better for it. Now is it happily transpired. Delarie had become enamored of her and of him to their mutual joy and sorrow. Their love poem ran its rhythmic lines for four months or until the first day of May. Each was happy according to their temperament. The man made a business of his affection and thought nothing too good for her. The woman warmed up in her heart as an idol and worshipped the lively, generous and whole-souled man.

On the first day of May Henry Delarie disappeared as completely and mysteriously as if he had fallen into a fiery furnace and been consumed. The last person who saw him, so far as known, was Miss Besie Shannon, whom he left at the threshold of her own house on Friday evening, May 1. She said "good-by," lingered at the door till she saw him turn the corner, and then with a light heart turned away from her departing lover and the fate toward which he was moving. Mr. Delarie did not appear at home that night; nor was he to be found at this place of business or elsewhere the following day. His room was in its usual orderly array. His office showed no evidence of flight. His bank account had no heavy draft against it, and his business was prosperous. All these facts were discovered within two hours on the morning of Saturday, just two weeks ago. While alone was felt for his safety by his friends, their apprehensions were kept from Miss Shannon, and from the world. It was thought for a time that he might have been unexpectedly called into the country on business; but dispatches sent to the various points where he was most likely to go failed to discover any clue to his whereabouts. And when, in the course of a casual conversation with his betrothed, it was found where and where she saw him last, his friends feared the worst. Advertisements were immediately placed in the Sunday morning papers, and a large reward was offered to both the city and private police, to incite them to every effort to ascertain his fate. In justice to the police it should be said that they worked nobly, for Mr. Delarie was well and favorably known by many on the force. But every effort was in vain. Not a trace could be obtained of the unfortunate man. The river was dragged as a last resort, without other effect than to disintegrate the body of an unfortunate suicide resting in its silvery bed.

The wild agony of Miss Shannon, when she learned, Sunday night, of the disappearance of her lover, was indescribable. For a few minutes she sat like a statue, and then burst into lamentations which were in themselves an affliction for those compelled to remain at her side. The whole night long she paced her room sleepless, tearless, and silent. Then, in very weakness, she sank to sleep. From that slumber she awoke a changed woman, a stern look on her face and in her eyes.

"I will find him, dead or alive," she said in those at her side. "It is my task, my hope, my purpose in life. My only obstacle will be the shortness of the days."

The police are trying to find him," said Mr. Delarie, the father.

"The police are stupid," she cried. "Henry has not dropped into the earth. If he has been murdered, his body can be found." And in that belief she began her labor.

Tuesday morning a detective came to Mr. Delarie.

"I think—just it's but a suspicion, mind you—that your son's body is at—The man faltered at the whitening face before him and stopped.

"Prove it!" commanded Mr. Delarie.

"Tell the worst!"

"It's a hard thing to say, Mr. Delarie."

"Say it!" was the father's reply, as he clasped his chair with an involuntary grasp.

"Well, then, I think the body has been taken to a medical college. As I said, it's only a suspicion. Somebody's body went there very, quite like."

"Prove it," said Mr. Delarie sternly.

"There is my son's picture."

The man did not return. The body was not that of his son. There was hope in that failure. Miss Shannon had not been inactive meanwhile. She had made a mysterious journey to the South Side and called at the office of Mr. Wyndam, a lawyer. "Out of town," was the reply, made to her. From that office she sought a detective, in company with an acquaintance whom she left in an interior room.

"You will follow this man," she said to the detective at the conclusion of her interview.

"Of course. But, if you will permit me the question, why do you suspect him?"

"Because he is a rejected lover, and therefore as envious of Mr. Delarie. Furthermore, spending a small paper box. He is a shirttail which I found in the gutter near half a block distant from the corner. As you may see, it has been torn from the fastening, apparently.

"Try these clues and let me know!" With that much information for a cornerstone for her plan, Miss Shannon went to the house of Mr. Delarie.

It was while she was there that Mr. Delarie was summoned to the door by a man who declined to enter. Miss Shannon, astropic and watchful, contented him from a parlor window.

"You have lost your son!" asserted the man, a slim, neatly-dressed young fellow, who kept his hat slouched over his face and his body at a remarkable distance, for conversational purposes, from Mr. Delarie.

"Yes," said the latter.

"And the reward?"

"One thousand dollars."

The man came a little nearer, but still kept out of range. "Make it \$5,000 and your son shall be here by night."

Unwilling, as it proved, the old gentleman did not exercise his powers of detection, but in the excitement of the announcement thus strangely expressed he made a dash at his visitor, who, however, ran swiftly down the steps and into the street and was out of sight in less than half a minute, leaving Mr. Delarie trembling and speechless with excitement.

Miss Shannon had seen the actions of each without comprehending their purpose or hearing the words, and when Mr. Delarie told the story of the interview she upbraided him for his haste.

"But never mind," she said, consoling him, "we shall hear more if Harry is alive, but be patient—that is, as patient as we can."

The next morning there was found under the door a note purporting to be the daily of Mr. Henry Delarie, alive, for the sum of \$5,000, answer to be given in a "personal" in a daily newspaper. That note was handed to the police, and an answer by them placed in the paper named, "Without result." On Thursday morning another note was as mysteriously delivered, in which the sum was placed at \$10,000, and the same request as before was appended. It was communicated to the police, with the same results. By this time the father despaired. Every one seemed powerless to extrap the seeming kidnappers. Miss Shannon's scheme as proved a failure; for the man who was suspected was in New Orleans, and had been there for a month. As for the correspondents of Mr. Delarie senior, he believed them to be nothing more and less than blackmailers. Two days passed away without a letter and without news. Sunday morning came. With it a note demanded \$15,000, or, if that sum was not forthcoming, the father could have the dead body of his son. The old gentleman was distracted. He raved about the horror of such a happening in Chicago, about the inefficiency of the police about his son, whom he pictured as dying or dead; about his own powerlessness, and, as a conclusion to his madness, he prepared an advertisement accepting the terms.

Miss Shannon, in company with George Delarie, a lad of fifteen, herself carried this acceptance to the office of the paper. It was already dark, and the street lamps were lighted. The streets were comparatively deserted. The restaurants and lunch-rooms were thronged, however. As he passed one of them a man came slowly forth bearing in his hands a basket covered with a white cloth. As he passed beneath the overhanging lamp he recognized the face. It was that of the person who had come, when the only object which presented itself on the face of the water was the partially-submerged body of the young woman Cherry. This, however, was sufficient to the boy, who instantly jumped off his horse, and without waiting to take off any of his clothing he plunged into the river to the rescue. Seizing the hand of Harriet Cherry he with great difficulty, owing to the weight of her and his own wet clothes, succeeded in swimming with her to the shore. Returning to the spot from which he had seized this young woman, he dived in search of the two others and succeeded in reaching the girl Grant. On shore he found, that the apparently lifeless boy Bayley was clinging to her clothes. Further assistance being at hand, animation was speedily restored.

"Put not your faith in him who predicts a hot season—he keeps ice; nor in he who predicts a cold—one who owns a cheap clothing store; nor in him who predicts a wet one—he has umbrellas."

from heaven by an unseen hand? For the first time the woman was afraid. Not a soul was that moment in sight. Yet the man was alone—alone while she was hoping and planning for his arrest. She went a little distance down Lake street, then turned and trudged up the avenue.

The jagged ruins at the corner cast gigantic dancing shadows on the flickering gas lights; but no man with a basket stole forth out of the gloom.

"Heaven help me!" moaned the poor girl. "I have lost him when I would rather have lost my life."

At the alley she stood for a minute in indecision and despairing. Then, thinking the man might have gone that way, she went east in the alley for perhaps 200 feet, all the while in the dark and trembling with fear. Suddenly the boy at her side clutched her arm.

"Look there, Bea!" he whispered, pointing to the pile of misery, which held three or four old rags, interleaved with the relics of the great fire. "Look there, quick!" he repeated.

In the direction indicated a thin stream of fire against the ruined building was seen. At the same instant the sound of a mournful voice came out of the gloom of the ruins. Individually she read the secrets of those ravines. Scanning, she whispered to the boy to run to the police.

"Get as many as you can!" she said. "Be quick!" As the boy sped away at a break-neck speed, she crouched in the shadow of a door way. She watched and listened. No hoofs bared was more eager or more vigilant. Once she heard, and fancied the head, a great, and a wild cry for help came to her lips. But she bit them savagely and held it back. She would have died before she would have made a noise to alarm who ever had haunted that neglected ruin. Suddenly four dark figures stood beside her—three men and a boy—and they were George Delarie and the police.

"What's the matter?" said one of the men, gruffly. She put her hand over his mouth and her lips to his ear.

"Have you heard of Henry Delarie?" she demanded. She set his head nod as an assent. Then get two more men. I will find him in the vault. Don't make a noise. Let your comrades stay here and watch. Now get! Harry!" and she gave him a vigorous push. He ran back in a minute with two men.

"They're off duty," he said, "but this is paying business."

A malice of whispering, and then the four policemen crept down among the ruins and passed into the darkness. Sounds of terrible suspense and waiting, and then a sharp outcry, punctuated by pistol shots. Crazed by the reports and by the suspense, she dashed thence among the debris, stumbling, falling, cutting and bruising herself. More cries, more shots, a glaze of light from a suddenly opened door of iron, that clanged back against the brick-work; then a shout of victory. She plunged forward until under the vault, where the light burns brightly. There, the light burns brightly. There, the scene glimmered as they turned and descended互相帮助着彼此：他们的朋友们都带着许多的爱和关心。他们互相帮助着彼此：他们的朋友们都带着许多的爱和关心。

At this moment I observed five other monsters of the same species rise up from the dry grass close by the roadside. Now all seven hopped off about twenty paces to the right of the road and stopped on open ground within sixty yards of me. Now, this was the first hop of the season, and here was I, an unwelcome guest; but I hastily took items, and as it is custom to describe dress and appearance at fashion shows, "I will record items as I took them; three of the lions were very large, in fact, monsters of their species, and would weigh at least 300 pounds each; the others were smaller, but I should judge the smallest to weigh at least 100 pounds. It being midwinter, furs were all the rage. The three largest of these fellows wore a dark gray border on a brown coat, being a little lighter on their sides; in front and under their bodies was white, and appeared like white lace or down. The fourth was a little smaller, but his dress was a little darker in color. The three smaller ones were dressed in a dark cheetah coat; on the sides it bordered on yellow with the same lace of downy trimming. The lions glimmered as they turned and descended互相帮助着彼此：他们的朋友们都带着许多的爱和关心。

She left in three boats. The first, under the command of the Captain, was picked up by the City of Pocahontas, and the men were landed at Agen; the girl, commanded by the chief officer, made the land at Cochinchina, but the pinnace under the charge of the second mate, Mr. Webster, provisioned for only seventeen days, drifted about in the Indian Ocean for thirty-three days until fallen in with by the City of Manchester and landed at Calcutta. When picked up the poor fellow was 600 miles from the nearest land and were in a sad condition. Mr. Webster, in his state, says:

"In addition to myself there were three men and a boy on board on the 16th of March. The men cast lots as to who should be killed, and the lot fell upon the boy. I would not allow them to kill him, and threatened to shoot the first man who should lay a hand upon him. They left in three boats. The first, under the command of the Captain, was picked up by the City of Pocahontas, and the men were landed at Agen; the girl, commanded by the chief officer, made the land at Cochinchina, but the pinnace under the charge of the second mate, Mr. Webster, provisioned for only seventeen days, drifted about in the Indian Ocean for thirty-three days until fallen in with by the City of Manchester and landed at Calcutta. When picked up the poor fellow was 600 miles from the nearest land and were in a sad condition. Mr. Webster, in his state, says:

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SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1871.

DECORATION DAY.

When nature puts on her fairest attire and early summer crowns her with innumerable flowers, when happy birds are at their happiest and the earth teeming with life, the nation gathers as one family lamenting its honored dead, who gave their lives as a ransom for its imperilled existence.

It is well to remember the brave who sleep on hillside and plain, in city cemeteries, in quiet country grave-yards, and with them, the many whose resting place is unknown and whose memory is only green in the hearts of those who loved them.

From the highest officer in the army to the humblest little drummer boy, we owe each and all a debt of gratitude we cannot repay, and we should strive to keep alive in our hearts and in the hearts of our children a sense of the deep obligation we are under to them, for the sacrifice by which we profit.

There are other graves than those of the defenders of the union, on which flowers bloom, and grass waves, and the sun shines with impartial splendor. The dews of heaven forget not to fall on them, nor the refreshing showers, for death and nature know no distinctions. Those are the graves of our enemies, of the same blood, equally heroic, more unfortunate because resting in "the gloom of defeat." For them a grateful nation will bring no tribute and history will have no page in their honor.

Melancholy thought, that the flower of all the South land sleep in graves that the world will make haste to forget!

In view of this we can afford to be magnanimous, and bury with them all animosity and bitterness. We are one family, the irritating cause of domestic dissension is dead, and it would be well to pour the oil of kindly feeling into all our relations. Therefore when Decoration Day comes round from year to year, when we remember the honored Union dead, let us drop a tear and a flower to the memory of the rebel slain. For, "We touch their anger forever when we insult the graves of their dead."

STATE NEWS.

BALTIMORE.

The Bay City Tribune says that after repeated delays arrangements have at last been perfected whereby the ironing and operating of the railroad to Midland is guaranteed within 60 days after the grading is completed. There are now 21 miles of track yet to be graded at this end of the line, which the citizens of Bay City must provide for. The people of Midland have provided for the completion of the works at the western end.

The line of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway from Keweenaw Junction to Monroe and to Jackson, with the line from Detroit to Toledo, in the Detroit and Midland Division, and P. S. Blodgett of Adrian has been appointed Superintendent.

The Gratiot Journal says that a large force of men are now at work on the line of the Chicago, Canada & Saginaw Railroad west of Alma.

Gottlieb Storch and Charles Bodie of Saginaw City have been awarded the contract to erect the necessary buildings for the State Fair to be held at East Saginaw.

John F. Antsalis, a well known hotel-keeper of Detroit for the past 23 years, has leased the Newhall House at Milbank for a term of eight years.

Four hundred barrels of cement were used in the foundation of the new custom-house buildings at Port Huron.

A Detroit boot-blacker has retired from business with a fortune of \$1,500.

Thirty vessels were in Ludington harbor at one time last week.

FARMING AND FRUIT INTERESTS.

The South Haven Sentinel says that the fruit men in that section are sowing out an immense amount of new land to fruit this spring and the indications are that two or three years more will find this portion of the peach region capable of supporting a line of steamers to be owned by citizens of that village.

J. C. Doye shipped from Jackson last week 350 boxes—the greatest and fastest lot ever shipped from that state. Among this lot was the Dickey mare, for which he paid \$1,500. All of them were high priced, ranging from \$600 upwards.

The Enterprise says that the country around East Saginaw never presented a finer appearance for a good

crop of grass, and the prospects for a heavy crop of wheat are encouraging.

A fishing boat recently brought into the Saginaw market a load of fish among which were 60 sturgeon which averaged 70 pounds apiece.

A Bay City butcher recently exhibited two Durham cattle in the streets of that city, which weighed 4,550 pounds.

A long the east shore of Lake Michigan the wheat crop is poor, but the fruit trees promise an enormous yield.

Potatoes are \$1.75 per bushel at Kalamazoo.

EXCISES AND DUTIES ON IMPORTS.

The foundation for the new Seventh Day Adventist College, at Battle Creek is now being laid. It is to be of brick, and the grounds on which it is located contain 12 acres of land. The main building will be 71 by 37 feet, three stories high besides the basement. On the north and south sides will be wings 17 by 31 feet and of the same height as the main building. The total cost of the building will be \$50,000.

MEETINGS AND ASSOCIATIONS.

At a recent meeting of the Detroit Scientific Association Henry Gilman read an interesting paper on the mound-builders of Michigan. The relics found in the mounds consist of bones both of man and animals, and various implements of stone and copper. The bones are different from those of men of the present time, the size of the bones of the legs being peculiar for its flatness and sabre-like curvature. Many of the implements found are highly wrought, and bear evidences of skilled workmanship.

The annual meeting of the Hillsdale County Pioneer Society will be held at Hillsdale, June 18. Mrs. M. Adele Hazlett is to deliver the oration. F. Fowler is President of the Society, and F. M. Holloway is Secretary.

The Executive Committee of the State Pioneer Society held a meeting at East Saginaw May 21, to make preparations for the State meeting which is to be held at Bay City June 24.

CRIMES AND PLACES.

The trial of Wm. T. Underwood for killing Charlotte Pridgoon in Detroit last March resulted in a disagreement of the jury. Seven were for acquittal and five for imprisonment.

Several orchards near Decatur have recently been girdled. The wives and daughters of the owners have been zealous in the Temperance movement, and the damage done is charged to persons interested in the sale of liquor.

The chief of police of East Saginaw reports 1,200 arrests made during the past year.

An editor in Newaygo County trembles as he writes, "We are going to have a jail."

Roads were washed out at Laporte May 19.

PERSONAL.

Alvin Sturtevant, late editor of the Benton Harbor Palladium, died at New Buffalo last Monday of pneumonia. He was in the prime of life, and a writer of force and ability, and had just made an engagement to become editor of the Binghamton (N. Y.) Republican.

George S. Clapp, Esq., is to be editor-in-chief of the St. Joseph Traveller and Herald, which is published by the St. Joseph Publishing Company. He is a rising young lawyer of Western Michigan, and has had some experience in the editorial profession in Ohio.

EIGHTY-EIGHT young ladies in Minnesota have agreed not to marry any man that uses tobacco. Eighty-eight young men have banded together and agreed not to marry any girl who uses false hair. Bets even at last accounts.

A Georgia girl has been the cause of three duels and ten fights, and she's a cross-eyed girl at that.

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PRICE, 20 CENTS.

Poetry by S. H. Little, Music by H. H. McCloskey.

Write the sweetest flowers of summer.

These perfume the balm of life,

Yet above our earthly joy wait,

In life and death, divine.

And the continental production

"I Loved Thee Once."—Price 30 Cts.

Music by John P. Kee, Poem by S. H. Little.

I loved thee once, with my whole heart,

Thy smile to me was happiness,

Thy voice to me was music,

And thy sweet voice my heart was filled.

Address, S. H. Little, 223 Opera House, Detroit, Mich.

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The Highest Premium

was awarded to it at

VIENNA;

Ohio State Fair;

Northern Ohio Fair;

Amer. Institute, N.Y.

Cincinnati Exposition;

Indianapolis Exposition;

St. Louis Fair;

Louisiana State Fair;

Mississippi State Fair;

AND

Georgia State Fair;

FOR BEING

The Best Sewing Machines

and doing the largest

and best range of work.

All other Machines in the

Market were in direct

COMPETITION.

For Hemming, Felling,

Stitching, Cording,

Binding, Braiding, Embroid-

ering, Quilting, & Stitching

fine or heavy Goods, it is

unparalleled.

And for Hemming, Felling,

Stitching, Cording,

Binding, Braiding, Embroid-

ering, Quilting, & Stitching

fine or heavy Goods, it is

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And for Hemming, Felling,

Stitching, Cording,

Binding, Braiding, Embroid-

ering, Quilting, & Stitching

fine or heavy Goods, it is

unparalleled.

And for Hemming, Felling,

The Northville Record.

NEW-PARKS DECISIONS.

Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office—whether directed to himself or another—has a right to have it delivered or not—according to his convenience.

If a person sends his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrangements or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken free or not.

The owners have decided that reference to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office or removing and leaving them thereon is prima facie evidence of intention to cancel.

TO ADVERTISE.—No advertisement is inserted in this paper unless it is paid for in advance. It is required to read it to the office with the remittance, and send it in at the end of each month.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

PHYSICIANS.

J. M. SWIFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN
and Surgeon, Office at residence, on Main
Street, Northville, Mich.

JAMES HUESTON, J. D., PHYS-
ician and Surgeon, Office in Center Street,
one door north of Hungerford's Hotel, North-
ville, Mich.

DEUTIST.

H. H. JACKSON, DENTIST, OF
Acre and Orange Mounds at his residence on
Prairie Street, Northville, Mich.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

TRAINS LEAVE NORTHVILLE
FLINT & PERE MARQUETTE R. R.
DIRECTORIES.

ROUTE. N. S. SOUTHERN.
MICH. 11:45 P. M. NEW YORK 12:30 A. M.
DETROIT 12:45 P. M. NEW YORK 1:30 A. M.
DETROIT 12:45 P. M. NEW YORK 1:30 A. M.

TRAINS LEAVES PLYMOUTH
DET. LAING'S LAKE MICH. R. R.
DIRECTORIES.

ROUTE. N. S. SOUTHERN.
DETROIT 12:45 P. M. NEW YORK 1:30 A. M.
DETROIT 12:45 P. M. NEW YORK 1:30 A. M.
DETROIT 12:45 P. M. NEW YORK 1:30 A. M.
LEAVES WAYNE ON MICH. R. R.
DETROIT 12:45 P. M. NEW YORK 1:30 A. M.

ABOUT TOWN.

Warm.
 Pleasant.
 Whiskey still.

Soda in demand.
 Woman Suffrage prosperous.

Refreshing showers yesterday.
 Good deal of travel on the road to
 Plymouth.

Mr. J. H. Simonds of Detroit spent
the sabbath in Northville.

Several men have recently been
"originals" all night." Did the boys
ever "em."

Lecture on "Fish" reported, but
no local "can't obtain particulars
Is it a fish story?"

Our readers will please notice a
change of running time on the F. &
P. M. and P. W. J. & S. railroads.

Editor has just returned, but if this
issue does not please the public he is
not responsible. If it does the case
is closed:

As we go to press a thoughtful la-
dy friend leaves a "sacred and fra-
gile" bouquet on the table "for the
editor." Thanks.

People who can't spend time in at-
tend a temperance lecture, can re-
spond with pleasure to witness the grand
and lofty tunefulness of a Circus.

The Rev. A. E. Leaming of El-
Saginaw supplied the Methodist Ju-
piter on Sunday last, to the great
entertainment of all who heard him.

First wood this season (nearly 100
lbs.) came into town last Wednesday,
A. S. Brooks, west Novi, and Harrison
Yerkes of Novi, were the sellers, and
W. F. Hungerford the buyer. Price
40cts per pound.

The three young men who visited
Plymouth on Saturday the 2d of May, and procured liquor, intending
to display its effects in Northville, ar-
rested inferred that the vigilance
committee has its eyes open.

Having made satisfactory arrange-
ments with the village board, to that
effect, we will hereafter publish the
proceedings of each meeting as
recorded by the secretary. In the
perusal of such news our citizens will
find much of interest.

Mr. J. C. Linton is in town having
recently returned from Detroit, where
he has been for several months per-
suing artistic studies, with good suc-
cess we should infer, from an inspec-
tion of the specimen of his skill on
display.

A temperance meeting was held at
Young Men's Hall on the evening of
May 2d, on which occasion a permanent
organization was effected, by
the election of a Moderator, and an
executive committee consisting of five
persons, two ladies and three gentle-
men.

IMPROVEMENT.—We are happy to
see that such of our citizens as feel
unable to invest in paint, are not too
proud to contribute their mite towards
the improvement of the town, by a
modest coat of whitewash on their
group trophies, etc. The same useful
article applied to stores, form an
effective border for flower beds, being
at once monumental and picturesque
in effect.

SUFFRAGE.—The Northville Woman
Suffrage Association held a meeting
at Young Men's Hall, Wednesday
evening May 17th. A good sized audience
listened to an excellent speech, and numerous remarks by members
of the association, and five new names
were added to the constitution, which
now has thirty one signatures. The
next meeting occurs Wednesday
June 17th.

Mrs. Stanton's Lecture.

The lecture of Mrs. Stanton on
Woman Suffrage, was listened to by
a large and respectable audience on
Friday evening May 23.

Mrs. Stanton is too well known to
render comment necessary in regard
to the style and quality of her address.
She answered all the objections urged
against the reform and we are waiting
for its opponents to bring forward
some newer and more logical argu-
ments than they have of late favored
us with.

An association, auxiliary to the
State Association, which will be
known as the Northville Woman Suffrage
Association was organized Saturday
morning, May 23, with the follow-
ing list of officers:

President—Rev. L. Loc, D. D.

Vice Presidents—Mrs. Sarah Jackson,
Mrs. Emily B. Swift.

Treasurer—Prof. L. M. Garlick.

Secretary—Mrs. Lucy L. Stout.

Chairman Ex. Com. Hon. Winsfield

Scott—H. J. M. Swift, M. D., Mr.

Elias S. Woodward, Mr. E. B. Thomp-

son, Mrs. Wm. Johnson, Miss Mary

Wheler, Miss Alice M. Beal, Miss

Edith C. Stout.

Decoration Day.

Decoration day was observed in
our village with appropriate cere-
monies. The arrangements were made
by the Odd Fellows, who marched
in procession to the cemetery, in
full regalia, and followed by many
citizens.

An address was delivered by Rev.
Jas. Dubuque and Will Carleton's torch-
ing and appropriate poem recited by
Mr. A. M. Randolph, after which the
procession marched through the
grounds, halting before each soldier's
grave, while little girls strewed flowers
over the resting place of the dead
hero. Though this is the first
time it will not be the last time that
our citizens unite with the nation in
this tribute to our fallen heroes.

It commenced by a fine specimen of
a showman asking for liquor and
then saying, "I came here to have a
row, now get your pay if you can."

At that a brave and efficient guardian
of the village, bristling with revolvers,
bowie-knives, Spencer rifles and
Henry repeating breech loading carbines,
commenced a bombardment on
said showman, and believe me, Mr.

Editor, the shooting was beautifully
done; it would have shamed the most
skillful sharp-shooters, to have seen the body
of that showman, so thoroughly rid-
den, why Sir, his skin resembled a
skinner.

It was truly a grand and
solemn scene, and while I lay there in
the smallest possible compass dreading
lest some stray shot might hit me, I
took a retrospective view of my life,
and with not altogether satisfactory
results. I tried to pray and got as
far as, now I lay me down to sleep,
when I heard the glad shout, They
say the field is ours! and such a field
with dead and wounded, as far as the
eye could reach. But why did they
say such soul-harrowing words?
I will not, only let me shed one tear
for the brave. I said to them farewell
friends, I am going home, and I got
out.

One day later—official report from
the economy—a whole number shown
engaged fifty, on one side, seventy
four sturdy locomotives on the other.
Result—no one killed, most all shot
in the neck. Missing, one culprit
yesman. Last seen of him he was
making frantic efforts to undermine a
large stone pit in rear of a store.
Furious old Plymouth will have
shortly vindicated their reputation.

As we go to press a thoughtful la-
dy friend leaves a "sacred and fra-
gile" bouquet on the table "for the
editor." Thanks.

Our readers will please notice a
change of running time on the F. &
P. M. and P. W. J. & S. railroads.

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A CALL.—The members of the
Executive Committee of the Suffrage
Association are requested to meet at
Miss M. H. Wheeler's Store, on Tues-
day at 7 o'clock P. M. to arrange a
programme for the next regular meet-
ing.

Winfield Scott, Ch. Ex. Com.

Mrs. Lucy L. Stout, Sec.

Crystal Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rider celebrated
their Crystal Wedding Monday June
18th at their residence in Salem.

There were present numerous
friends and relations, many of whom
witnessed the first ceremony. The
gifts which were many and appropri-
ate, were presented in behalf of the
friends by H. B. Thayer, in a touch-
ing address, which brought tears to
the eyes of many present. It is to be
hoped that the worthy Couple may
live to have a golden wedding and
the same friends help to make happy
the occasion with their presence.

PLYMOUTH.

Plymouth, JUNE 2, 1874.

EDITOR RECORD.

Dear Sir—Thinking you would
like a correct version of the late great
Plymouth Riot, I write you and can
vouch for the truth of my statement,
being an eye witness from the safest
place in the Bar Room, to-wit, under

the house.

It commenced by a fine specimen of

a showman asking for liquor and
then saying, "I came here to have a
row, now get your pay if you can."

At that a brave and efficient guardian
of the village, bristling with revolvers,
bowie-knives, Spencer rifles and
Henry repeating breech loading carbines,
commenced a bombardment on

said showman, and believe me, Mr.

Editor, the shooting was beautifully
done; it would have shamed the most
skillful sharp-shooters, to have seen the body
of that showman, so thoroughly rid-
den, why Sir, his skin resembled a
skinner.

It was truly a grand and
solemn scene, and while I lay there in
the smallest possible compass dreading
lest some stray shot might hit me, I
took a retrospective view of my life,
and with not altogether satisfactory
results. I tried to pray and got as
far as, now I lay me down to sleep,
when I heard the glad shout, They
say the field is ours! and such a field
with dead and wounded, as far as the
eye could reach. But why did they
say such soul-harrowing words?
I will not, only let me shed one tear
for the brave. I said to them farewell
friends, I am going home, and I got
out.

One day later—official report from
the economy—a whole number shown
engaged fifty, on one side, seventy
four sturdy locomotives on the other.
Result—no one killed, most all shot
in the neck. Missing, one culprit
yesman. Last seen of him he was
making frantic efforts to undermine a
large stone pit in rear of a store.
Furious old Plymouth will have

shortly vindicated their reputation.

As we go to press a thoughtful la-
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is distributed by the 12 elders and 12
stewards. The stipendaries take wine,
but the billeted have to take up with
mountain water. Their manner of
service is like that of our churches,
but should judge the preaching to be
of that nature as to keep the congrega-
tion in fear and child-like control.

Geo. A. Smith, the vice president,
led off with prayer, after singing, and
afterwards spoke in length on Sunday
schools, which showed his ignorance,

and Brigham followed up with quite
a harangue on the necessity of private
schools, and separation of his good
people from the sinful world; and
upon the dress of the church. I wish

you fair ones old and young could
have seen the female portion of the
congregation and judged for them-
selves. Many, and in fact, the great

strength of this church, are foreigners
of all nations a class to be controlled
through fear. Young Sr. said he
prayed for them, and he also prayed
for their enemies, (that they might
be damned.) The wealthy of the
order who are Mormons, refuse to give

up, and there seems to be treble
on the old man's mind, now 72 years old,
bold and hearty. I could say much
but time will not admit now. While I
write can look upon fine beds

of flowers and fruit trees in blossom,
and at the same time see smok-
ing mountains 20 miles away; and
many are the strange things of this
great valley, which I will write to you
in future.

