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## Northville

## Record.

Terms, \$1.50 a Year, in Advance.

Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

Always in Advance.

VOL. VI.

NORTHVILLE, WAYNE CO., MICH., JULY 18, 1874.

NO. 1.

## Selected Miscellany.

## WHAT TO DO.

Sure the work where there was rest,  
And so the weary world goes on;  
I wonder what is best,  
The answer comes when I am gone.

Some eyes sleep when none are awake,  
And so the dreary silent hours go;  
Some hearts beat when none are known,  
I often wonder who they be.

Some will say when there is no rest,  
There is no time for those who yield.

Some have quietness when others are busy,  
And then again that land  
Is home to the restlessness of the world.

Some feel half when some are full,  
In the dark, a shadow, a form, a soul.

Some rock when others sit the stars,  
Some fall back where others move on.

Some far off where others are near,  
Until the battle has been won.

Some sleep on while others wake,  
The vision of the true and beauty.

They will not till now creep  
Around the world above us.

## Peter Dye.

## WILLIE.

## BY F. DIXON.

It frightened us a good deal when we found the little dead boy. We were three country lads going home after the lots at noon for our dinner. In passing a lonely pasture ground we saw a little basket lying about as near as the grass. We made a fire for it and Ed captured the prize a little further on we picked up a small hat which we at once recognized as Willie's. Decried. Then we turned the angle of the zig-zag rail fence, and there in the corner, jammed close under the bottom rail, was beautiful little Willie only five years old.

His rioting was torn and bloody, and he did not move; we felt a little afraid because he was still, but we went up to him. He was dead, and his plump little features were all blackened with great bruises.

It grieved us very much. Only three hours before we had been playing with Willie at the park. He fell that day, a terrible thing to find him dead in the yard before Walter. We looked each other over. What was the matter? When we heard who they should hear of this, Willie was the only one they had. And then the question came up what we ought to do under such circumstances. There was no one in sight to tell us. It was suggested that we might take up the body and carry it home to Walter and Mary; it was not far through the lot and down the bank to the pond where their home was. It seemed natural and right at first that we should take the child by little by little and carry him home. But we shrank from the thought of death even in the form of little Willie; and besides, that we had certain also and confused ideas as country lads do who read the city newspapers, that somehow a German was necessary, and that it would not be safe or well for us to meddle with Willie thus strangely found dead, from an unknown cause.

So we sat down upon the large stone, near by Willie and held a council. There was no chairman appointed and no secretaries, and none of the surroundings that ordinarily belong to deliberative bodies, re-enacted in all the essentials. A great council this occasion was very evident. Here were three lads seated upon three fragments of the ancient granite which skirts the northern slope of the Adirondack Mountains, and below them stretched the wild woods away to the valley of the mighty St. Lawrence; and in their midst stood that bright summer day, the skeleton king with his awful scepter and his iron crown, pressing upon their young hearts those matches, heroes which have ruled the world since time began.

It was an august presence! And the boys felt their responsibility more than members of councils ordinarily do. Their real conclusion was that one of their number must go and tell Walter and Mary, while the other two watched the body. It required quite as much courage as wisdom to reach this conclusion for to tell the parents was a task the boys dreaded.

The lads cast country-boy fashion, with three blades of grass, to determine who should be the messenger of evil tidings. The lot fell upon Phil, and he immediately rose up to start. Ed suggested at this point that in sending word the death ought to be ascribed to some cause. The lads had been very much puzzled from the first to know what could have done it. They gat about the

two could be made. There were a couple of horses, some cows, and some sheep grazing in a distant part of the enclosure.

As soon as it was suggested that one of the horses might perhaps have done it by kicking Willie, the boys accepted that as the natural and undoubted solution of the mystery. And so Phil took that word with him.

Phil went upon a little trot through the lot and down the bank, moving rapidly so that his heart might not have time to quail or shrink; and in less than five minutes he stood by the little house near the pond.

He looked in at the door, which was wide open upon this warm summer day, and there he saw Walter and Mary. Walter sat cleaning the locks of his rifle, while the sun itself was lying across his face. Doubtless Phil's face was somewhat pale as he went in at the door, for Mary looked at him as if she saw something there, and gasped it.

The lad had good sense; he did not burst out the sad news suddenly. He said to Walter in a quiet way, "Will you please to step out of the door with me? I wish to see you."

It was the earnestness of the voice, perhaps, that caused the man to put aside his gun and obey so quickly.

When they were out of the house Phil said, "I have bad news for you: we have found your little son in the lot, kicked by a horse, and we are afraid that he is so bad that he is dead."

The young farmer held Willie's basket

in one hand, and making a brawny fist of

Phil had thought of this way of saying it before he got to the house. When he telling him battle. The buck at once said dead, Walter gave a little start and brought his head down in line of attack.

He caused himself for a big bat, and came up with his hands to the cap, and that in an artistic point of view was quite bearable. The farmer, stepping aside, caught hold of his horns, so the cap, and that would tell Mary. Walter said, without any preface, "Mary, our little Willie is dead!"

There was a bloodshaking, seeming per-

haps a faint trial. Then as his white bold

face and horns were the bright morning

drops of fresh blood thus fastened

were needed. In a moment a glittering

edge dashed from somewhere keeping

it in the bright sunshine, and in a

moment more the basket was staved, and

there was a red pool upon the grass; and

a little later, as Dan remarked, "some

tough station."

The excitement abated; for the mystery was cleared up, and Justice had its due

hand伸展, and the people, except a few who remained at watch and helped

forward and said to the crowd,

"Well, boys, it is all right here, and no

suspicion and no need of any ceremony;

and then Joe took Willie in his arms

and held him closely with the little face

against his own, as if he were still living,

and started to go to the cottage. Some of the

people followed in a picturesque proce-

ssion through the bushes low and down

the bank and along by the shore of the

pond. When Walter's house was reached,

a few of the women went in to soothe

Mary; and Joe and the doctor went

to the door.

In the course of an hour it seemed that

all had been done that could be done for

Walter and Mary, and the people, except

a few who remained at watch and helped

forward and said to the crowd,

"It's a kick, isn't it?" said he.

That was hardly the right thing to say at such a moment perhaps. The poor father shuddered and trembled, and I replied,

"It's a kick of a bite for something!"

And then he turned his head and

his son, and his father came up to the

body of his little son. He had not

been struck with grief until now, but

only excited. As he looked steadily upon

the chubby little form, all battered and

bloody and bruised, the lad who had

brought him there said that same word

that was just said.

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## The Northville Record.

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1874.

THE NEW VOLUME.

With this number, THE Northville Record enters on another year of existence. Its aim has been to uphold the right, to represent the best phase of public opinion, and to advance the varied interests of the community, without reference to party or sectarian prejudice, and if the result may be judged by material prosperity it has approached a realization of its ideal. From an experiment it has become an established fact and begins this year on a broader basis of prosperous business than ever before, and with increased facilities will endeavor in the future, as in the past, to render a just equivalent for the patronage it receives.

Trusting to make itself a welcome visitor to all its old subscribers, and hoping for the opportunity of trying its luck with many new ones, it returns thanks for past favors and enters on the new year's effort with a determination to correct its faults and errors, and solicits such patronage as shall afford encouragement to grow in grace and usefulness in the future.

### Immortality.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars spread out before us, like islands that gleam on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever.—*Prentiss.*

### STATE NEWS.

A new opera-house is to be built in Detroit next summer, with the auditorium on the ground floor, at the corner of Fort and Shelby streets.

According to the Frankfort Express a sample of wool taken from a Lincoln sheep owned by G. R. Perry, near that village, measured 16 inches in length.

A flock of 80 sheep owned by S. W. Dickerson of Marion, Livingston County, averaged eight pounds of clean wool per head.

**RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.**  
The Howell Republican says that a fund of over \$1,000 has been subscribed to prosecute liquor-sellers in that village, and a good lawyer retained by the Temperance association.

During the year just closed the Detroit public schools were attended by 9,000 pupils.

The young ladies of the State Normal School are turning their attention to engraving.

Two young negroes from Liberia are studying medicine with Dr. Lyster of Detroit.

**PERSONAL.**  
Alderman John Horn of Detroit has received letters from Harper's and Frank Leslie's Illustrated weeklies, requesting illustrations and a photograph of the gold medal presented him by Congress for rescuing people from drowning in the Detroit River.

T. G. Stevenson, formerly editor of the Ionia Sentinel, now connected with the Grand Rapids Eagle, was recently married to Miss Hannah C. Blanchard, daughter of Hon. J. C. Blanchard of Ionia.

George H. Pond has sold his interest in the Leper Democrat, and that sheet will now be published by the Leper Printing and Publishing Company.

Andrew Johnson failed to appear at Bay City to deliver the Fourth of July oration, and Hon. L. S. Sherman of Ohio was chosen in his stead.

Jacob Halsted, a veteran of the war of 1812, and supposed to be the oldest man in the State, died last week, aged 107 years and 8 months.

L. D. Sale, formerly connected with the Detroit Union, is associate editor of the Toledo Daily Democrat.

James Johnson, son and child were burned to death in their house near Everett, Oscoda County. They had been fighting fire during the day, and had retired for the night, supposing the fire to be under subjection. The wind carried sparks and set the house on fire.

A man named Cady was recently committed to the Calumet County jail for breaking into the house of his former wife, and his mother-in-law bailed him out.

A mislabeled car, containing a freight train off the Ft. W. & S. Railroad near Hillsdale, on Monday. Six heavily loaded cars were smashed.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

The pioneer celebration at Ypsilanti on the Fourth was a splendid success, drawing immense crowds, and being entertained by the historical address of Hon. Lyman D. Norris, formerly State Senator. He gave a graphic sketch of the times when Western County, then containing 28 white inhabitants, held a celebration in 1824. Schuyler Colfax also delivered an oration. No fire-crackers were allowed, and the fireworks in the evening were very fine.

Bela Cogshall has a hen which lays a fine egg every day.

There are 95 lady students in attendance at the University.

This is the way a young lady here is said to have described her feelings: "My heart is sick, my heart is sick, But, oh! the cause I dare not tell; I am not grieved, I am not glad, I am not ill, I am not well."

I am, indeed, I know not what; I am changed in all except my name—Oh, when shall I be changed in that?

The Sangatuck Commercial describes a most remarkable confluence in the waters of Lake Michigan at the mouth of the Kalamazoo River June 8. While the day was perfectly calm the waters rose 18 inches above the average low water summer level in the short space of eight minutes, making a total difference in the Lake level during two hours of 18 inches, equal to three feet eight inches. The sudden and unparalleled connection of waters is attributed to the thunder storms which occurred on the lake on the morning prior to the agitation, coming from a westerly direction, and the immediate recurring of a heavy east wind.

On the contrary: ridgy a smile. To remove stains from character get richer.

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CURRENT ITEMS.

The ladies' dress-reform question is now agitating the country to a greater extent than ever. The Anthropometric is the name of a new association. This is the scholastic way of saying journeymen tailors. Two girls have gone into the green-hair business in San Francisco, and are making money. Neither of them is over seventeen. A girl arrested in Boston the other day for stealing an apple was so weak for want of food that she fainted away in the court-room.

The dream of Boston, Me., went to sleep soon after leaving the breakfast-table a few days ago, and at last accounts all attempts to awaken it had proved unavailing.

Dorothy Winkles of Wyoming started to walk three miles to church the other day, and they found her torn into pieces. She was a girl of medium size and bear of low moral character.

Gen. Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, proposes to donate a tract of land for a miners' school or school of miners, and measures are under way for the establishment of a National Institute for practical miners.

A convocation of workingmen, delegates from trades-unions, factory operatives and labor-reformers generally, will be held in Worcester, Mass., about the middle of August, to nominate a State ticket.

It is understood that a number of lady students are to enter the Boston (Methodist) School of Theology next fall. The Trustees having assured candidates that the doors of the seminary are open to all, without respect to sex.

A Boston hostess, scrub-woman, who has in her employ a hundred other women has regular work for all, and has become rich recently through a \$25,000 house on a fashionable street, and rides in her carriage in imitation of the fashionable and wealthy ladies.

A New England philosopher has discovered that the dull times are a blessing in disguise, because "there is probably no other way of checking the feverish intensity of American business life and compelling the busy workers to take it easy."

A man in Roxbury, Mass., has earned a dollar and a quarter by catching woodchucks at twenty-five cents apiece. She snaps them up as they put their heads out of the hole. Such a life-trap will not be particularly safe to meet one of these days.

This Dallas (Tex.) Herald records the story of two young men who, while out riding, saw a pocket-book lying in the street, and they both jumped from the buggy to get it. The hurry broke a finger of one of them and dislocated the ankle of the other, and the pocket-book contained nothing.

Because he had been sued for \$25, a Barton (Vt.) man committed suicide, declaring that if he had got so low that his name was not good for \$25, he did not want to live any longer. Such sensitiveness is extremely rare in America, and our friends in England must not be surprised by an isolated case like this.

Southern or other Pennsylvania folks do not like Marylanders. When they hear a man talking about a cow and pronouncing it "kew," they just step out right lively, muttering at the "fool." "Poor fellow, he must have come from the eastern shore of Maryland." - *Broadway Journal*.

Annoyed by a Detroit Judge, "It wasn't for your children, I'll put you where the coach dogs couldn't bite you. I'm going to let you go this time for their sakes, but look out for me in future. If that physiognomy ever peeps over this desk at me again, you'll think I'm a police driver and you are a mouse." Trout out here, and don't tarry to see what becomes of the rest."

The "Excelsior Magazine," one of the choicest and most artistic of monthlys, is published at \$3.50 a year. New subscribers are offered a \$4.50 field croquet set and the magazine for \$4.40, only 50 cents additional. A handsomely-illustrated Fashion and Etiquette Supplement goes with it. Rare inducements to getters-up of clubs in money or premiums. Sample copies 25 cents. Office, Room No. 137, La Salle street, Chicago, Ill.

The Japanese have taken a sudden fancy to the German language. They learn rapidly, but they are fond of change and have no perseverance, so that the teachers are obliged frequently to alter the subject of study. Moreover, the best pupils leave them just as they are beginning to get on. Directly a Japanese understands a few words of German he goes to Medio-to seek employment. Fortunately, the number of pupils is very great. Since the Emperor himself has taken to study, and Government appointments at Tokyo are only given to educated people instead of being sold to the highest bidder, it has become fashionable to go to school.

There was a very sad occurrence lately, near the residence of Jonathan Herrington, a few miles northwest of Hillsboro, Mo. Elijah Burgess with his family were visiting Herrington's, and the boys were out on a steep hill side or bank. They had been amusing themselves rolling stones down the hill, when two of them concluded to go to the foot of the bluff to see the rocks jump off. A large stone was started from above, and was flying green to the boys below, when a little son of Burgess, nine years of age, stepped out from behind a tree, and the rock struck him on the head, smashing his skull and killing him instantly.

A PROMINENT oculist says that the contagious Egyptian or granular inflammation of the eyes is spreading rapidly throughout the country, and that he has been able in many, and, indeed, in a majority of cases, to trace the disease to what are commonly called rolling towels. Towels of this kind are generally found in country hotels and in the dwellings of the working classes, and, being thus used by nearly every one, are made the carriers of one of the most dangerous and, as regards its symptoms, most troublesome diseases of the eye. This being the case, it is urgently recommended that the use of these rolling towels be discarded, and thus one of the special vehicles for the spread of a most dangerous disorder of the eyes—one by which thousands of workmen, are annually deprived of their means of support—will no longer exist.

Of all places in the world to select as a retreat from the scorching heat of a June day, an ice-chest is perhaps the last, and yet George Strubel did it. George had formerly been bar-keeper at Apollo Theater, but on Monday was living at 615 South Fourth street. He had been suffering from some slight extent from cold, and was also perspiring profusely. Do what he would, he could not keep cool. The more he tried to keep cool, the more he perspired, and at last the brilliant

idea struck him that a brief retirement in the ice-chest would set him up all right. It did the latter good, and why shouldn't it do George Strubel good too? So he got into the ice-chest, and very soon felt cool enough; the perspiration was checked, and when Strubel got out of the ice-chest, the perspiration didn't return. On the contrary, he couldn't get warm, and he continued to get colder and colder, until he was about as cold as death, but he was dead—*St. Louis Republican*.

The Granary of the World.

GLANCING at the map, with the navigation of the Mississippi Valley, over 16,000 miles in extent, before us constituting the farm, the granary of the world, we are reminded that, from the standpoint of a century, there was a wide expanse of trackless wilderness behind the narrow fringe of white settlements which bordered the Atlantic.

The value of the farms in the States composing the cereal region in 1870, was \$9,377,029; Nebraska, \$30,421,188; Illinois, \$20,506,345; Minnesota, \$9,745,442; Indiana, \$24,524,199; Michigan, \$29,340,878; Wisconsin, \$20,014,061; Missouri, \$22,908,041; Ohio, \$1,054,464.

Grand total value of the farms \$4,312,474,429. The value of the farms in the entire United States in 1872 was \$9,262,803,861. It will be seen that the farms in the cereal region constitute fully one-half the value of the entire farm property in the country. The value of the farming implements and machinery in the cereal region is estimated at \$10,000,000, or about one-half that of the remaining States and Territories.

The increase of the value of the farms in the cereal region in ten years has been at the rate of 30 percent and in some special instances, 60 percent.

Comparing the yield of wheat, corn, and oats of the cereal region in 1872 with the total yield of the same grains in all the States and Territories in 1869, it will be found that the excess of the latter was only about \$10,000,000 bushels. This fact alone is sufficient to entitle the ten States which we have been considering to the claim of being the "granary, the farm, the garden of the world." The great cereal region of America embodies the very paragon of geographical advantages, and, what with the same economy in structure, climate, interoceanic convenience, etc., we can

not predict what it may become commercially, socially, and politically, two decades hence. *Appleton's Journal*.

Cleaning the Collar.

Now, we do not imagine that in the whole country there is but one thorough

ly renovated collar, but thousands of them, if you lousy people would trouble us about them, so we may be pardoned for alluding to the way ours is made suitable for dairy purposes.

One day a neighbor caught us down cellar, right in the midst of our cleaning in a part of the house which we have come to regard as more essential to the well-being of the family than the parlor, and while we were rinsing the tubs overhand and the nicely painted walls a good coat of whitewash was expressed on nearly all the edges of the tubs.

"Don't you have enough whitewash to do up stairs? Is such extra work necessary?"

We modestly answered "yes" to the first query, and, empirically "yes" to the last, for in view of a "collar" of this

kind, the collar will be neglected, ready

to be soiled in a few hours.

Now, we do not imagine that in the whole country there is but one thoroughly renovated collar, but thousands of them, if you lousy people would trouble us about them, so we may be pardoned for alluding to the way ours is made suitable for dairy purposes.

One day a neighbor caught us down

cellar, right in the midst of our cleaning

in a part of the house which we have

come to regard as more essential to the

well-being of the family than the parlor,

and while we were rinsing the tubs overhand and the nicely painted walls a

good coat of whitewash was expressed

on nearly all the edges of the tubs.

"Don't you have enough whitewash to do up stairs? Is such extra work necessary?"

We modestly answered "yes" to the first

query, and, empirically "yes" to the last,

for in view of a "collar" of this

kind, the collar will be neglected, ready

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