

Official Paper of the Village.

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Selected Miscellany.

BUSYBODIES.

"I'm a busybody," she said.
"This people are the day of
the world. They are so busy
No matter what they bought or sold,
By minding their own business."

They did not try to wound one's fame,
Or slander anybody's name;
They were too busy to do either.
They minded their own business, did the same.
It was your own business."

And if a man did what was right,
In his own mind, and in the sight
of others, he was a busybody.
He was too busy to do either.
He minded his own business.

For in a busybody's eyes,
There's quite a change in people's ways,
And a person does no care,
To be held up to the gaze.

Of course, you know,
And you are older, and what is old,
They are such an awful lot.
They'll tell you what to do,
And you'll tell them, too.

And then they surely think there's
A deal when you come, and when you go,
And then will whisper, so easily,
To every friend and every feather,

That you're the belle of the ball,
But that you're not a belle,
Who's more to be bedded with,
Aching back day after day.

It's to be a noble dame,
Or a belle: but, for the sake
Of your health, you may as well
Be a busybody, as any other.

By this, I mean, come

Quality Hill.

Mrs. Woodcock sat in the middle of
the room, with her feet on the rug of the
chair and her fingers in her ears.

I like to hear thunder well enough;
I don't know but what I do. I am not
afraid of that. But I like the roar
of the lightning, and the starting as the
heavens blared over with a sheet of
flame in instant glory, with a crash and
 roar that forced us way through her fat
fingers and through the walls of cotton,
bursting her ears like the trump of
 doom.

"Mercy in me!" shrieked Mrs. Woodcock,
"that struck! Now you may rely
upon it, as true as you are a living creature,
that struck!"

The spindly old sorrel horse, the
only living creature in sight, made no
but kept on plodding away at the
white slopes of the green before the
door. He slowly turned his back to the
driving rain, that beat from the west to
the east to east and north, so that it was
more like a bank of fog than a sheet of
water, and gave a passing shiver
when the gale changed its half-witted
directions.

But Mrs. Woodcock was above the
heat of the heat, so pale and
trembling she prevered her hands under
her coat, and looked at a spider
web in the darkest corner of the room
as steadily as if she was sitting for her
photograph.

The thunder growled itself to sleep at
last, the lightning flashed its life away
and the dark broke out like a sudden
smile on baby's face. Still the uncom-
fortable Mrs. Woodcock held on to her
ear and gazed at the spider's web in the
corner, as if she was sitting for her
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last, the lightning flashed its life away
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fortable Mrs. Woodcock held on to her
ear and gazed at the spider's web in the
corner, as if she was sitting for her
photograph.

"If there isn't a cobweb right in my
kitchen," quoth Mrs. Woodcock, deliber-
ately putting down her singing and her
feet, and going for a wing—a gray gone-
wing that hung by a strip of red calico
on a nail behind the door.

"Oh, you come, Orson! Where did it
strike?" she continued, appearing to
cover the grinning boy.

"The bullet-scarred everywhere, partic-
ularly on Dr. Seacrest's grape-vines. I
haven't heard as the thunder struck at all, not even on some folks' ears," re-
turned Orson, who was mainly composed
of a pair of overgrown bare feet, blue
cotton frock and overall, a set of broad,
white teeth and a weather-beaten hat
wits wide, slouching brim.

"You don't mean to say the doctor's
grape-vines are hurt, especially, down
yonder?" quoth Mrs. Woodcock, deal to the
imperious as she had been to the thunder.

"Don't know nothing about no es-
sences," I replied Orson, who was fond of
long words, but not clear as to their use.
"But I can tell you one thing, though.
You ought just to see the doctor's new
grape-vines, he sets so much by. The
tendous and young grapes are fairly
chewed to bits. Yetm, I don't expect
\$300 in gold would put it back to where
it was an hour ago."

"How you talk!" gasped Mrs. Wood-
cock, who liked to have things happen,
and the worse they happened the better
she liked it. She was a very kind-
hearted soul, but something to talk over
was worth as much as her dinner.

"But it is so!" she continued, doubt-
fully. "Really and truly, Orson? Now
speak the truth just exactly as it is."

Orson had as much idea of the truth
as he had of geology.

"Yes'm," said he, getting bolder. "The
doctor said to me, 'Orson, I rarely,' said he,
"I wouldn't bare this damage done to my vintages not if you had of-
fered me a five hundred dollar bill right
in my hand." And then he looked as
sober as anything and walked straight
into the house. I saw Mrs. Seacrest
through the open window, and she was
crying like fury. You ought to take a
look at it yourself. Aunt Frassy, if you
don't believe me," he concluded, in an
aggrieved tone.

Northville Record.

Terms: \$1.50 a Year; \$1.25 a Year, in Advance.
Our Aim—The People's Welfare.
Always in Advance.

VOL. VI.—NORTHVILLE, WAYNE CO., MICH., AUGUST 1, 1874.—NO. 2.

Mrs. Woodcock did not believe him en-
tirely, to be sure, but there might be
something worth getting; so, after a little
reflecting, she decided it would be
handy to have a dose of salts and sena-
tin in the house, and sent for the doctor.

"Somewhat. But it is so much better
for a young girl to be sick some time
than to be always bad and strong." Then
she reflected again, and said, "Send up to the
doctor, and get it then as any time."

There was no need to wait for the
grass to dry, for Mrs. Woodcock's chocolate
and white calico gullies of a pan-
tier and innocent of art, did not even
brush the broad plantain leaves and the
tiny sweet-potato blossoms bordering the
well-trodden footpath that led from her
doorstep straight into the world. And
her heart, calm in those moments of
quiet, was full of the doctor's name.

She hastened on her log-cabin sunbonnet
that had a pink calico bow prospecting
from the top, took her crooked-handled
green gingham umbrella, to act the
double part of supporter and protector
and set off, to seek her fortune, but
seeks somebody's misfortune.

The way to Dr. Seacrest's was across
the green away from the black cotton
mills down by the river: away from the
street of stiff white cottages where the
mill operators lived: away from the
commonplace, two-story dwellings cluster-
ing around the church, the store, the
blacksmith's shop and the post-office to
a bit of level slightly removed from
"The Hollow" by a sloping hill. Here
was scattered a group of houses where
the doctor, the mill-owner, the minister
and two or three prosperous farmers
lived. Lived, as the Hollow people said,
"stuck up" and away from their neig-
hors.

But the aristocratic isolation was all
the work of the Hollow, for as Mrs.
Woodcock often said:

"Folks can choose their own place in
the world. If they have a mind to hold
up their heads and be something they can
be, or they can be nobody or nothing
either."

Accordingly she held up her head and
made herself somebody equally in the
kitchen of Mary Duff, the Irish laundress,
in Speck Lane at the lowest dip of
the Hollow, and in the parlor of the spa-
cious manse that crowded the top of
Quality Hill.

So now she went up the wide, flower-
bordered walk leading to Dr. Seacrest's
stately doorway with the countenance of a
welcome guest, and tapped confidently
on the open door, stepped in with a little
nod and courtesy as much of respect to
herself as to deference to Mrs. Seacrest
and her daughter, Miriam, eating sewing
and looking as tranquil as though no storm
had ever passed over either vineyard or
slopes.

"Dear me! Is it you, Mrs. Woodcock?"
How you started me! Come in. We
were speaking of you not half an hour
ago," cried Mrs. Seacrest, who was a live
and cordial woman, as round and flushed
as a poppy, and always sitting in the
sunroom, no matter what clouds there
might be in the sky.

Mrs. Woodcock came in. "Quite a
shower we have had," said the drooping
poor relief wife with an air of being
much at home on velvet. "I noticed
you appeared well enough, as far as
I could see, when I last saw you."

"Well, I suppose she must have been
work property," returned Mrs. Woodcock,
who, like a wise general, never ad-
mitted defeat.

"But didn't you have any surprise long
to happen?" to take place?" pursued
Mademoiselle.

"So you said to lunch?" queried
Mrs. Woodcock, looking as though no
one had ever told her of tea.

"She appeared well enough, as far as
that went, if she hadn't seemed old
enough to be her grandmother. You know
I'm a master young looking for his
years, and I don't suppose he is a day
over twenty."

"But didn't you have any surprise long
to happen?" to take place?" pursued
Mademoiselle.

"Well, I suppose she must have been
work property," returned Mrs. Woodcock,
who, like a wise general, never ad-
mitted defeat.

"But the age was not the worst of it.
She was honest. And her home life
was not the worst; she was still and attrac-
tive in person. And it was hardly
the consolation that perhaps it should
have been to perceive the unlimited tend-
ness that the boy bridegroom had for his
aged companion. For it is really a com-
fort to have a small one to see our
friends safe under degradation. Accept-
ing slavery with contentment makes the
captive twice a slave."

Some people might have felt put aside
at this, but not Mrs. Woodcock. She
perceived that something lay under the
smooth surface, and, never being troubled
by excess of delicacy, proceeded at once
to send out her blood hounds.

"How was it here?" said she, bold-
ly. "Anything damaged about your
ground?"

"The dabbles, some of them were
broken off—didn't father say?" responded
Mrs. Seacrest, appealing to her daughter.
"And I think some glass was broken in
the box-house. The doctor has just de-
cided a different style of vase, so these
are out of the way just in time."

Everything was always fine that came
to Mrs. Seacrest's net.

"Tisn't that?" said Mrs. Woodcock to
herself. "Something heavier than hair-
line is on her mind."

"Heard from Ernest lately?" she
asked.

"Not very long since," replied Mrs.
Seacrest, carelessly, but with the faintest
shadow of a shade slipping across her
sunny face as an instant.

"That is it," said the visitor, inwardly
nodding approvingly to herself. For it
is not everybody who would have had
the skill to touch upon the sore spot so
soon.

But before the half-closed her nest
Mrs. Seacrest spoke again.

"We are expecting him some soon,
Mrs. Woodcock, with his wife."

"His wife?" cried Mrs. Woodcock.

Even with her discerning foresight
she was not prepared for this announce-
ment, Ernest Seacrest being yet a junior
in the State University.

Miriam looked steadily upon her work,
fusing with a look of painful annoy-
ance, but her mother's tone was as
dithle as ever.

"Yes," said she. "Ernest is young,
isn't he? But, after all, he is as old as I
was when I married. Our children have
surprised coming to be men and
women so much sooner than we expect."

"When do you look for him—them?"
stuttered Mrs. Woodcock, too much be-
wildered for her usual sprightiness of ques-
tioning.

"Almost at any time. I shall not be
surprised if they come today," answered
Mrs. Seacrest, not able to conceal some
nervous dread.

Not a dread that the married pair
might arrive before Mrs. Woodcock
should go away with her long ears, deep
eyes and broad tongue. Oh, no! Mrs.
Woodcock would have scorned herself
with contempt, scorning if such an
unworthy colony had crossed her con-
founded mind.

"So the sit, eat, and sit, and sew, while Mrs.
Seacrest sewed, and sat, and sewed and sewed
and sewed."

Miriam, evidently unable to bear the
torture, soon found an errand to

meet him, and his wife at the station
not more than five minutes after she
came his wife.

"We had to turn pretty sharp corners
on our way, anyway," said Ernest.
"I was still chinking." He thought
he had July safely locked in her room
to set for a justice, thinking he
would frighten her into a marriage with
him, or, at any rate, keep her away from
other men till the day had gone by. But
July was better at playing tricks than he
thought, and she had collected her ideas.

"Somewhat. But it is so much better
for a young girl to be sick some time
than to be always bad and strong."

"I was to get some salts and sena-
tin in the house, and get it then as any
time."

"I'm a busybody," said she, "and
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SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1874.

FROM ANGOLA, IND.

Angola, Ind.—Its general appearance—Chapels, Schools and Church-Houses—etc., etc.

AWOOL, Ind., July 25, 1874.

To the Editor of the Record:

Angola is the county seat of Steuben Co., Ind.; is a place of about two thousand inhabitants surrounded by some of the richest farming land that can be found in the State of Indiana. The soil is of a gravelly loam with now and then a little sprinkling of clay, which adds very much to its strength in the production of wheat, which is the principal crop in northern Indiana, although corn and other grains do equally well, wheat seems to be the favorite grain, as they seldom fail to secure a good crop every year. Angola is a lively business town, and has a scope of about 12 miles each way, from which they draw a heavy trade.

WOMEN'S HOUSES.

There are seven dry goods, stores, five groceries, three hardware, four shoe stores, two bakers, four blacksmith shops, four carriage factories, four meat markets, three agricultural stores, one woolen factory, one large and extensive plaining mill, one flouring mill, two saw mills, one foundry and machine shop, and two banking houses. Angola has two fine business blocks as can be found in any town of its size in the state, the building erected this season by messrs. Pow, Carver & Powell is a beautiful structure, both in convenience and architecture.

CATHOLICS.

There are three church societies, congregational, decipio and methodist, the first two have fine houses of worship built of brick and with all of the latest improvements.

PASTORS.

Rev E. Andrews pastor of the congregational church, is a man of marked ability and highly esteemed by the community. Mrs. Aylsworth and McCarty of the other churches, are also men and worthy of their high calling. Angola has one of the best graded schools in the State. Under the management of Professors Williams and Long, it has been doing a noble work in preparing young men and women for the great and responsible work of teaching.

LAWYERS.

Angola is blessed or cursed with ten law exponents, but not all practicing at present. Among the more talented may be mentioned the firms of Stocker & Cowen, Woodhull & Croxton. These firms are doing most of the business.

MEDICAL.

Angola is favored with some fine talent in this direction. Drs. H. D. Wood, T. B. Williams, and C. D. Rice are regarded as eminent men in the profession. Dr. Wood is considered one of the most successful practitioners in Northern Indiana.

NEWSPAPERS.

The Steuben Republican is the only paper in the county; several attempts have been made to sustain another paper, but have failed every time. The Republican has lately changed hands; it is now edited and published by Messrs. Brown & Macarthy, who are live and energetic men, and who are managing the paper successfully.

BOTANICAL.

Angola has three good hotels which are superior to those commonly found in a place of its size, ranking among the first in the State. The Russell house kept by Peter Russell, Eagle house by L. Orton, and Morse house by J. W. Ten Eyck formerly of Joliette, Mich.; this house is near the depot, where all passenger trains stop twenty minutes for meals. No better hotel can be found in the State than the Morse house.

Angola is 58 miles south of Jackson on the J. Ft. W. & S. Road, just two hours ride from Jackson, and a very pleasant one. It is too, as the track of this road is new, and very smooth and kept in good repair. Under the able management of Superintendent Easby, this road has become very popular and considered one of the best roads leading out of Michigan. No Railroad can boast of having a more efficient and gentlemanly corps of conductors, than can be found connected with the road, always looking after the comfort of their passengers.

From Angola there are numerous and picturesque drives, which diverge from the rail road in every direction through rows of shady oaks and maples winding around the little lakes which look like so many mirrors dotting the face of the landscape here and there. It is no exaggeration to say that the drive from Angola to Orlan, passing Lake Gage on the west side, is one of the prettiest in the world. One is completely blocked in so to speak, by green walls, whose fragrant breezes disperse his soul to rest and dreams. Now and then a

glimpse of the lake's calm bosom, and again a gleam of the cliffs beyond, lends variety to the drives and awakes a sort of strange feeling or thrill of aesthetic pleasure. Coming out upon a beautiful elevation, you find yourself on the bloom of England. Prairie, one of the most delightful prairie countries the human eye ever beheld.

Another fine drive in connection with that already mentioned, is from Angola to Pleasant Lake, which can be reached by rail or wagon-road. All the lakes around Angola are full of excellent fish; some of the largest pickerel I ever saw, were caught in these lakes.

In conclusion it is proper to state that Angola holds out many inducements to persons residing in Jackson and Ft. Wayne, who wish to summer away from the dust, heat and smoke of large cities.

Angola extends a cordial invitation to all who may feel disposed to give her greetings, and promises to do all in her power to make their visit a pleasant one, and long to be remembered. E. H. P.

STATE NEWS.

BUSINESS EXTRAVAGANCE.

The total amount of capital invested in manufactures in Detroit is \$13,882,250; the number of workmen employed 8,095; and the value of products, \$28,672,968.

Since the Silver Smelting works have been in operation at Wyandotte 2,372 silver bricks have been shipped to New York.

Stringer wants a woolen factory.

RAILROADS.

The Gratiot Journal says that the work of grading and getting out ties on the line of the railroad between St. Louis and Alma, and for several miles west of Alma, is being vigorously prosecuted.

The earnings of the Michigan Central Road for the six months ending June 30, 1874, were \$3,558,422; for the corresponding time last year they were \$3,455,481—an increase of \$102,941.

The present northern terminus of the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad is Potski.

Work has commenced on the Michigan & Ohio railway near Grand Haven.

FARMING AND FRUIT INTERESTS.

The Constantine Advertiser and Mercury says that it is the opinion of the oldest residents that the present wheat crop is the best ever harvested in St. Joseph County both in quantity and quality.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

The Methodist Church society of Fremont, Newaygo County, proposes to erect a new church building 30 by 55 feet, with basement story 11 feet high. The spire will be nearly 100 feet in height. Rev. C. H. Howe has charge of the undertaking.

Work has commenced on the new center building at Hillsdale College.

There are now 95 children in the State Public School at Coldwater.

CRAINS AND CALLAWAYS.

The depot of the Detroit & Bay City Railroad at Bay City was destroyed by fire July 17. Loss \$6,000. In less than a minute after the fire was discovered the building was a sheet of flame, and books, papers, tickets, and baggage were destroyed.

The Lowell Journal, in speaking of woman suffrage, says it would be wrong for a hard-working woman who has to pay taxes and support a large family, to go to the polls and vote when her oldest son has nothing to do.

A fire at Howard City on the night of July 17 destroyed the military stores of Mrs. Wheeler and the stores of Messrs. Minkin and Stevens. Loss \$4,300; no insurance.

Mrs. Joshua Green of Charlotte, while in a fit of temporary insanity, killed her little daughter with a dose of chloroform, and afterward attempted to end her own life with the same drug.

A large number of fruit-trees at Allegan, belonging to Messrs. Bingham, Pope, and Amisden, whose wives are leading crusaders, were girdled within twenty minutes for meals. No better hotel can be found in the State than the Morse house.

At Bay City, July 15, 200,000 feet of valuable lumber was destroyed by fire. It belonged to George L. Mosher & Co., and the loss is estimated at \$9,000.

Thomas Mead's dwelling in Battle Creek township, Calhoun County, was burned on the night of July 13. Loss \$1,200.

Six stores were recently broken into at Lowe's, and some \$70 of money stolen.

PERSONAL.

Prof. Watson of the Michigan University, in company with other astronomers, left Omaha July 17, for the West, on their way to stations in China and Japan, where they will observe the transit of Venus.

Theodore H. Johnston of Ann Arbor, a graduate of the University class of 1873, has been engaged as Superintendent of the public schools of McGregor, Iowa.

Mrs. Ellen G. White the famous Advent speaker, has returned from California, and addressed a large Temperance gathering at Battle Creek.

Henry Knickerbocker, a well-to-do farmer residing near Flint, was killed

July 18, by falling from his reaper and coming in contact with the knives. Judge Wells of Kalamazoo is now in Washington. He is President of the Alabama Claims Commission which convened on Wednesday.

Wm. Willard, a prominent citizen of Ontonagon, and State Senator from that district in 1860, died last week of yellow jaundice.

Another fine drive in connection with that already mentioned, is from Angola to Pleasant Lake, which can be reached by rail or wagon-road. All the lakes around Angola are full of excellent fish; some of the largest pickerel I ever saw, were caught in these lakes.

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POWELSON'S!

Photographs.

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BEST PICTURES IN THE STATE.

Colored in every style of the art.

Negatives Retouched.

BY A FINEST ARTIST.

The only one in the State.

Gallery at No. 223 Jefferson Ave.

180 p. 74¢ Detroit Mich.

A NEW IDEA!

WILSON

SHUTTLE

Sewing Machine



FOR 50 Dollars

FARMERS, MERCHANTS, MECHANICS,

AND EVERYBODY

Buy the World-Renowned

WILSON

Shuttle Sewing Machine

THE BEST IN THE WORLD

The Highest Premium

was awarded to it at

VIENNA;

Ohio State Fair;

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

HIGH TESTIMONIALS

Agents' Addresses

W. H. POWELL, CHICAGO.

J. C. POWELL, BOSTON.

W. H. POWELL, NEW YORK.

W. H. POWELL, BOSTON.

The Northville Record.

THE NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

Any person who takes a paper regularly from post-office, is liable to his name or address, or whether he has subscriber or not—is responsible for the payment.

If a person orders his paper discontinued, he does so until payment is made, and collects his bill at the end of each month.

The courts have decided that refusal to take a paper, and leaving them unpaid for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

TO ADVERTISERS. No advertisement is inserted in this paper unless payment is made without pay in advance. Therefore it is better to send an ad to this office with the money than to wait for the payment, or leave the insertion and send bill at the end of each month.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

PHYSICIANS.

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

AMES HUNSTON, J. D., PH.
and Surgeon. Office at corner of
Main Street and Market, Northville, Mich.

DENTIST.

J. H. JACKSON, DENTIST, OFF
the and Office Room at the Residence on
Main Street, Northville, Mich.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

TRAINS LEAVE NORTHLVILLE.
FLINT & PERE MARQUETTE R.R.
DETROIT LINE.

MONDAY 10 A.M. 12 P.M. 2 P.M.
TUESDAY 11 A.M. 1 P.M. 3 P.M.
WEDNESDAY 12 P.M. 2 P.M. 4 P.M.
THURSDAY 1 P.M. 3 P.M. 5 P.M.
FRIDAY 12 P.M. 2 P.M. 4 P.M.
SATURDAY 1 P.M. 3 P.M. 5 P.M.

LEAVE WAYNE ON NICH. CENTL.
DETROIT LINE.

SUNDAY 12 P.M. 2 P.M. 4 P.M.
MONDAY 1 P.M. 3 P.M. 5 P.M.
TUESDAY 2 P.M. 4 P.M. 6 P.M.
WEDNESDAY 3 P.M. 5 P.M. 7 P.M.
THURSDAY 4 P.M. 6 P.M. 8 P.M.
FRIDAY 5 P.M. 7 P.M. 9 P.M.
SATURDAY 6 P.M. 8 P.M. 10 P.M.

The Correspondent.

Write upon pages of a single size.
Cross all your 't's and ready dot your 'p's;
On one side only let your third be seen;

Both sides filled up announce a Verbal Green
Contract—yes, re—correct—all that you write;

And let your pen be black your paper white;
Perpetually keep a mind of some dismal hue.

Print carefully, for this score
Nothing proclaims the practical writer more;

Than if it is not, and it is never lack;

Induce the postage stamps to seal it back;

Reprint over all the postage on it too;

Advertisers look black as "X" can't do;

And smaller as they run the review over;

"A better friend and a wiser boy!"

When it goes take a copy close—

Poets should own a copying machine,
Little they know the time that's spent and care

That makes a reader—no known where!

But the while, declare it to me,

And you shall make the editor your friend

Dusty.

Windy.

More cool.

Rain plenty.

News scarce.

Building lively.

Tilton goes on now.

His friends are few.

Satellite for Record.

One dollar fifty per year.

Edgar items that's new.

More than all will find and true.

Huckleberries are getting scarce.

Rev. N. Green has friends here rising from the East.

Geo. Wilcox's new store is progressing steadily, the front and rear and brick walls being two thirds completed.

Rev. A. M. Warman, of Concord, in this State, preached at the Baptist church last Sabbath, morning and evening.

The wife of Dr. Jackson has been very sick from measles, for three weeks past, but now thought to be recovering.

We learn that Rev. Chas. Dunlap, one of our townsmen, Capt. Wm. Dunlap, has accepted a call to a presbyterian charge, at Utica, Ill.

Forrest.—This morning, (Saturday) Center street, a Banquet. The owner can have it by calling at the Record office and paying for this advertisement.

A number of our business men with their families, drove over to Orchard Lake Thursday last, where they passed the day very pleasantly in fishing, boating etc.

Postmaster Horton is making preparations to start a cigar factory. He expects his stock next week, and will employ Mr. Geo. Wicks, an experienced hand to manufacture them.

Mrs. McChesney, and Miss Emma Hixon of Pontiac, arrived in town last week for a brief visit. Mrs. M. returned home last Tuesday, leaving Miss E. to form a proper appreciation of our town by a longer stay.

A Northville boy will hardly hold a skein of yarn ten minutes, for his mother, but he will hold 140 pounds of yarn, calico, ribbons, etc., etc., across the street, all day, with a willingness that is commendable.

The storm of the 24th lasted but a few minutes, yet in that time trees were uprooted or despoiled of their majestic boughs, felled torn down, fruit trees blown over, roofs of buildings laid on the ground, chimneys turned topsy-turvy; hardly a place in about our village but what could note some disastrous effects from the tempest.

It was our good fortune, Tuesday evening last, to hear Miss Emma, one of the Hixon sisters of Pontiac, in a selection of solos at Dr. Swift's residence, where she is visiting. She has a contralto voice of much sweetness and power, while her appearance is of the blond type. The Dr. and Mrs. Swift, also kindly favored us with a few of their choice songs. Miss Lizzie, not to be behind hand in the tray, ran her nimble fingers over the keys, producing, as usual, the best of effect.

Wednesday evening, with several others, we accepted an invitation to Mr. S. Starkweather's, where a few hours were passed very pleasantly amidst music, merriment and refreshments. Miss Belle knows how to act the hostess part.

The girls of an Illinois seminary amuse themselves by spitting at a mark.

Some here who had been "wishing for rain," thought the matter "a little overdone," on the 25th, after suffering the loss of peach, apple and shade trees, not to speak of an acre or two of corn etc. It's the way. It is so hard to suit everybody.

The school board have engaged Prof. S. E. Whitney, of Mt. Clemens, as principal for the ensuing year. He is a graduate of the Normal; has had several successful years' experience teaching in some of the best schools in the State, and comes highly recommended. He is unmarried.

We observe in a copy of the daily *Canadian Recorder*, of Halifax, N. S., the entire poem written by Mrs. Stott on the subject of woman suffrage, and read by her before one of the meetings here. It speaks well for Northville talent, as well as the cause espoused.

It is a difficult matter, when retiring these nights, to determine just what amount of covering is desirable. If the night is warm and you think the sheet all that's necessary, you may need to add three or four blankets, or freeze before morning; and if you use sufficient foresight to get under a good load of blankets in anticipation of a cool night, ten chances to one you have to throw them off or undergo a little cremation experience.

The party at the Casa Horne, last evening, (Friday), although not as largely attended as could have been wished for the pecuniary benefit of the worthy landlord, passed off very satisfactorily to those taking part. The menu, furnished by Messrs. Perrigo, Clarkson, Skinner (of Wayne) and Spencer (of Detroit) was good, and repaid one's expense for the listening. Present appearances would indicate that the hotel was in capable hands, and we would like to see the proprietors efforts appreciated.

Dear Sir and Sirs.—The Gilligan Bros. restaurant, corner Jefferson and Woodward avenues, Detroit, is the most popular resort of the kind in the city; kept up in first-class order and where one can obtain every manner of eatables that appetite or taste can crave. Those of our readers about here will find it a convenient place to go for a meal, when in the city, and no time to go to a hotel.

Wait is it?—Some mysterious

thing is effecting the apple trees in this vicinity. Slight symptoms of it appeared here last year, and from

the more perceptible manifestations

this season, the disease bids fair to

soon completely destroy the apple orchards about here. The appearance of a tree thus diseased is similar

to what might be expected were a

sheet of fire to pass through it,

scorching and desiccating the leaves.

Grove apprehensions are felt for the

climate results.

That Brings us to the Matter.

If any person wishes to know just what the matter stands as regards the great Brooklyn scandal, so prominent now before the public, all that is necessary is to stay in Northville a few hours some night taking up a position in one of the stores, it matters not which, as the topic's general and obvious quick. Needer's guilty or he's innocent? Mrs. Tilton was very indiscreet, or again she was a shamefully abused wife, etc. It's a good thing to have some excitement occasionally and this theme brings a good share.

The scarcity of local news of a sensational character must account for us being out late night after night, in this store or that, hoping that, as the different disputants got

warned up and the "he" was given,

somebody would get knocked down

and temporarily disabled, when of course as such events were eagerly sought after by our readers, and directly in accordance with our duty, we could chronicle the same under a

big head in our next issue.

A Brother of E. S. Woodman Killed by Lightning.

Mr. R. G. Woodman, a brother of E. S. Woodman, Esq., and friends elsewhere: J. R. Hough, of Almont, and Judge of probate, for Lapeer Co., is the guest of Mrs. Mary Cummings. His is scarcely her guardian.

Later. Mrs. Stilwell was married Thursday, the 26th, to Mr. Wm. W. Whiteside, connected with the dry-goods house of Field, Leiter & Co., of Chicago. The editor, thankfully acknowledges the receipt of the usual compliments, and wishes the young bride all manner of happiness.

Record Bell of Honor.

Who are deserving of more Honor

than those who subscribe for their honor, and Pay for it?

Mrs. J. N. Smith 3.75

J. G. Dean, Novato City, Cal. 1.50

J. W. Parmenter, Racine, Wis. 1.50

L. W. Lamb, Norwalk, Conn. 1.50

John Morse, Austin, Texas 2.00

Philip Moore, Lexington, Ky. 2.12

Wm. Lansing 2.00

Marxwell.—Mr. Verino F. White and Miss Mary E. Waterman were united in marriage last Wednesday, 29th, by the presbyterian pastor Rev. Jas. Dubnar. Many relatives on both sides were present, among whom were Mr. H. E. Willis, of Cleveland, Ohio, a sister of the bride, also a brother, Mr. Chas. Waterman, and wife, of Grand Rapids; Mrs. Z. Eurd, and Mrs. White, widow of the late Thos. White, of Ann Arbor.

The bride was the recipient of a beautiful, many gifts, from her parents, also a set of silver spoons from Mrs. Dexter. White. The bride's father, John Waterman, Sr., has resided in this vicinity for forty years.

The procession is said to have numbered

156 teams, and the grand burial service of an imposing and affecting nature.

The funeral took place on the 28th under the auspices of the Grangers, of which organization the deceased had been a respected member. The

procession is said to have numbered

156 teams, and the grand burial service of an imposing and affecting nature.

PERSONAL.—We were pleased to receive a call from A. H. Herron, of Detroit, Friday. He is connected editorially with the Evening News, in the interest of which he visited our town.

A. L. Aldrich of the Flint Globe, and wife, are spending their summer vacation at the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

All persons indebted to me will confer a favor, if they will call at once and settle their accounts. Please remember that merchants have debts to pay as well as others.

L. G. N. RANDOLPH.

The girls of an Illinois seminary amuse themselves by spitting at a mark.

WIND, RAIN AND HAIL

THE WORST STORM EVER SEEN ABOUT HERE.

SERIOUS DAMAGES FROM HAIL

CROPS AND FRUIT DESTROYED.

A Clergyman Related by Rain.

The Rev. J. J. Talbot, once an

Episcopal clergymen; then a victim of

intemperance, and expelled from his

diocese, but now reformed, lectured

at Terre Haute recently. We extract

the following from the report of his

address:

"Though the words choke me, I am here to night to say that every experience of my life is that wine is a mocker, and that nothing is proof against the seductive siren. The mightiest and greatest intellects of the world are blasted by her stragema. It found me in the ranks of those who press to battle for the right. I stood up nobly and freely and my soul knew no burden. But the destroyer came, clothed in the splendor of the sunlight—in beauty—that banished my senses and polluted my soul:

"But you ask me how this rain was wrought. First, by prescribed stimulants. Then, in that infernal delusion that moderate drinking was beneficial, came the habit of drinking wine at joyous occasions. I kept on; I fell; I laid aside the habiliments of Him who did only good, and wandered forth at the bidding of my own spell bound will. I tell you once put on the chains of strong drink and you may flee to the uttermost parts of the earth, as I did, and the anger of God will follow you. I came home after years of wandering. At last the demon of delirium seized me, and the serpent of the still feasted on my quivering flesh.

"For five days and nights I lay at the gates of hell. But He was pleased to drag me forth from the presence of the ghosts with whom I held such awful converse. I can now survey the field and measure losses. The prime of my life was wasted. I had a high office and an unspotted charac-

ter. This demon of wine dragged me down, and the drunkard's life was mine. I had means but my riches fled. I had a beautiful home, but the demon entered, and the light faded from its halls. I had beautiful children, but this monster took their dimpled hands in his, and led them to the grave."

I had a wife whom I knew was to love. To night she's in misery, while I wander restlessly over the earth. I had a mother whose chief pride was my life, but the thunder bolt struck her foot. Years of work in the cause of the right may give back to these arms my loving wife. But, oh! what joy when I clasp in another world the hand of my mother. And thus I stand, and thus I stand to-day, a husband without a child—all swallowed up in the fearful malstrom of drink.

I stand with scars of friend, on earth; Go, drink of that bitter cup, and then ask me if I can paint in too high colors the picture of my despair—as no if I hate the agent of my ruin. Hate it! I hate the whole damning traffic. I would to God that every distillery in this nation were in flames. I would write on the glowing sky in letters black at their mouth: "Woe, woe to him that putteth a bottle to his neighbor's lips."

It is an earnest advocate of the rights of the masses as against monopolies of all kinds.

