

Official Paper of the Village.

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SAMUEL H. LITTLE,

Editor and Proprietor,

To whom all communications should be addressed.

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## Northville Record.

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Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

[Always in Advance.

VOL. VI.

NORTHVILLE, WAYNE CO., MICH., JANUARY 16, 1875.

NO. 14.

## Selected Miscellany.

## CHINA-WEDDING HYMN.

Dear friends, we meet you here  
Upon the brightest year  
Of wedded life,  
Those who are young and gay  
Have come with us from far,  
Parties with them grown  
For man and wife.

To no one else we bring  
An irreconcileable offering,  
You may rely!

Not for that we are weak,  
Nor yet forshow without,  
But for good will by all  
Expressed freely.

And 'tis in the coming year,  
With more joy than tears  
Man will be best,  
And in the year to come  
To see the wedding day,  
And "Gods," too, we pray.

Arrive at last!

And where life's scenes are over,  
When death and grief no more  
Dread, nor joy, nor love,  
Then, on that shining bower  
When all life's love is over,  
With friends, forever more,  
May you be blest.

## UNFINISHED STILT.

A FAYE'S HOOT, AND A SILENCE OF WOOF,  
A FADD, AND A SOUL, AND A SCOT;  
OLD YOUNG, AND OLD, AND YOUNG;  
ROD, ROSE, AND RUE, THIS FANCY'S NIGHT;  
UP IN THE YARD'S ADOPT.

Most like it's got, but it's a look here;  
A woman's voice, and a dog's barking here;  
With a woman's voice on the road, and hard  
Which clings so close to me.

My wife, God bless! The day before  
She gave me my good-bye,  
And the sunshiny kiss, the yellow kiss,  
And the sunny singer, soft and fair,  
Kiss'd her's last look.

The roof was over; I came ashore,  
With the sunshiny kiss, the yellow kiss,  
A grave the daidies had, smiling white.  
A totter, rump, and dark as death,  
And this befit the chit's.

The little boat, has finished drift;  
The tangled, tangle, tangle drift;  
Put the brier had gone, a forest,  
With the brier as spry as spry,  
Down in the churchyard drear.

—Fayle's Magazine.

## MY NIGHT IN A STAGE COACH.

## A TRUE STORY.

The year was 1856—the month December—the place Tamaqua. I was a young man then, and a strong one. I did a good deal of traveling through the state of Pennsylvania, going from country town to country town from the beginning of the year to the close. It was pleasant business enough, for there was less rail-road to be done then than now, and more stage, and not infrequently long rides on canal boats in the summer time. I was not often burdened on my trips and took my own time. My first business at the county seats consisted of buying up ticks to obscure wild lands, paying taxes upon them and getting them in good condition for immediate sale.

In consequence of the nature of this business I knew a good deal about the topography of Pennsylvania and a good deal that at that time was worth knowing about its roads and its towns. All of the latter were bad, but some were better than others. One of the worst of them was at Tamaqua, and possibly it is there yet though when I have slept under its roof it was in the height of such a lamentable condition of decay, and its roof was such a very leaky roof indeed. Just I doubt not it long ago disappeared out of the sight of men, and possibly out of their memories also. Tamaqua having achieved a railroad since, and, of course, grown as only railroad towns do grow.

I arrived there in that December of 1856, on a Monday afternoon, which was quite as cold and disagreeable a Monday afternoon as I remember to have known, though when compared with the Tuesday that followed, it might be considered rather warm than otherwise. I was half frozen when I got there, and I was not quite thawed out when I left, for I had yielded to a burning curiosity to visit a coal-mine, and I fancy that Tamaqua is nothing but a coal-mine, with a thousand mouths that every morning swallow as many thousand miners and disgorge them every night. It was then, and I think it is now, a very black and sooty place, with a canal in front of it, a hill behind it, and the huge mine I have spoken of under it. It was not only black and sooty itself, but its people were similarly black and sooty; and so were its horses, or rather its mules, for it seemed to have few of the former and a great many of the latter. Even its dogs and cats partook of the general sootiness, and were evidently greatly depressed by it. I was very cold when I went down into the mine which had its shaft just behind the hotel—and I was colder still when I came out of it. I went to bed cold, and got up cold, so cold indeed that I thought I would never be warm any more. When I went down into the frozen breakfast-room, I looked out of the window and saw that the ground was covered deep with snow, and that it was still snowing as if it meant to exhaust the whole winter's supply in five minutes or so, being very greatly pressed to do it immediately. I drank my cold, black coffee and ate my cold, tough beefsteak in gloomy silence thinking more than I had done for a long time before home of its pleasant cheer and warmth, and of the loving boys and girls in it who were even then no doubt expecting my speedy coming for this was already the morning of Tuesday, and Thursday would be Christmas Day. In that home I was St. Nicholas himself, for it was I that brought home in the night the brave tree, with its spreading, green branches; it was I that planted it firmly in the middle of the wide parlor; it was I that found the infinite variety of toys, cakes, bonbons and glittering baubles which covered it; it was I that placed the ever-beautiful image of the Christ-Child on the topmost branch; I that lighted the many-colored tapers, and I that, at the auspicious moment, suddenly threw open the folding doors and let in the children to behold the glory of that wondrous Christmas miracle.

In my frequent journeys through the State, I had seen many places which I wanted to get away from quickly, but I never saw another that I wanted to turn my back upon so much as Tamaqua. It was not in any manner a pleasant place, and beside, if these repose and diversions of mine were to have a Christmas tree at all in this year, 1856, I thought I must go home as fast as I could travel. I had come to Tamaqua in a stage, and I must go a way from it in a stage—not to Philadelphia exactly, but to the next railroad town, and that was distant, I knew not how far.

I arose, shivering, from the dreary breakfast, and hurried up the landlord of the inn. He was easily found, and was no better or warmer-looking a man than his accommodations promised him to be. I paid his extravagant charges, and then informed him that I wished to reach as quickly as possible the nearest railroad station, and to take the first train for the east.

The nearest station is at Ilion; Ilion is twenty-two miles distant; you cannot get there before night, if at all. I think you won't get there at all."

All this was spoken reflectively, and with deliberation.

"If I can get there by ten o'clock tonight can I make the eastern express?"

"You can, but I doubt if you can get there at all."

"Why?" I asked.

He was not a man to waste words. He only said:

"The stage won't go—on account of the storm."

"Are you sure of that?" I ventured to ask.

"Quite sure," and he closed his lips with a snap, as if he knew all about it.

"Who owns the stage?"

"I do," he replied. "And I won't let it go, because the road lies over that mountain powder; it runs close to the edges of precipices several hundred feet high, it is rough and slippery, the snow is deep now, and getting deeper every minute, and I don't believe any horse could pull through it."

I thought of the little children waiting for me yonder; of their bitter disappointment if I did not come. Then I said:

"I am very anxious to go, and I am willing to pay well for being taken."

The landlord leaning over the bar asked:

"How much?"

I told him what I was willing to pay.

"I'll get the stage ready," he said. After all, it was only the higher price he had been waiting for.

At five minutes the stage was at the door. It was an ordinary box wagon on four strong springs, having a cotton cover open in front. The bore was a half-starred, jaded looking beast. I took at this as I stood on the porch waiting for the driver. Getting impatient at last I asked:

"Where is the driver?"

"The landlord, without speaking, led me to an ill-advised boy standing at the box's head. I looked closely at him. He might be, I thought, fifteen years old, or he might not be more than seventeen. His eyes were clear blue, and before hearing my question, tilted them full upon me with a frank, boyish smile rebuking the distrust my words implied, and lighting up every feature of his delicate face. His complexion was like that of a fair, thin mouth small and tender, his hair yellow, his figure slight and sinuous.

I looked at him, standing there shivering with the cold, out through the driving storm, along the snow-covered mountain road we were to travel together, and asked: "Are you not afraid of it?"

The landlord interrupted:

"It don't matter if he is afraid. He belongs to me. He'll go."

"No," I said, "he shall not go if he is not quite willing."

"I am not afraid," said the boy, "and I am quite willing to go. I have gone, often and often, through worse storms than this."

There was an earnest, manly grace even in the way he shook the gathered flakes from his tattered cap, and in his voice there was such a hearty, cheery ring that from that moment I trusted and honored the boy.

I jumped onto the stage, took the back seat, drew my great frieze coat close to my legs, and we drove off from among the gaping, sooty crowd of miners into the lonely mountain road, into the cruel storm of wind and snow that I ever saw.

The boy sat on the front seat, waiting to be spoken to, looking straight ahead.

When we were quite clear of the struggling hosts of the miners on the outermost limits of the town I asked him his name.

"They call me Lewis Shively," he said.

"How old are you, Lewis?" was my next question.

"Fourteen next April, sir."

"Do you live at home with your father and mother?"

"This man yonder is all the father or mother I have, and his stable loft is the only home I have had since he took me from the poor-house. That was better than the stable, though, for they taught me something there."

There were no complaining chords in the tones in which these bitter words were said, and while he was speaking he was drawing the whip gently across the horse's back, breaking off the snow that had fallen on it.

"Have you been driving on this road long?" I inquired.

"Going on three years. It will be three years in March."

"Is it cold out there? Colder than in here, I mean?"

"I think it is," he replied; "the wind and snow cut so but I don't mind it. We've got used to rough weather up in these hills."

"I wish you would come in here; my coat will cover both."

"No, I can't," he said. "I must watch the road now. We have to go pretty close to the precipices sometimes."

"How close?" I asked.

"Within a few inches. I can't see now five yards ahead, the snow falls so heavily."

"Do you think it safe, then, to go on?"

"Quite safe, sir; and I don't mind the cold." But his teeth chattered as he said

it, and the ruddy glow was all gone from his cheeks.

I did not talk more then. There were wide cracks in the roof of the stage through which the wind panted mercilessly. I was chilled through to the heart in less than an hour after starting. I do not know how far we had gone, or how long we had been upon the road, when I heard the boy's voice, cheery and bright, asking:

"How are you now, sir? Feeling pretty comfortable, sir?"

I nodded my head, and crept closer to the corner. But he was wider than I, and would not let me have the sleep I coveted.

"You are in a hurry to get home," he said, "for want of something better to say with which to rouse me."

"Yes," I replied. "I want to be at home on Christmas Eve."

The best days I ever knew were Christmas—a good while ago."

He said it as if he were ever and ever so old, and what was saddest of all, as if he were done with Christmas forever. I told him of the tree I was to get, and how Christmas Day was kept in the great cities. He was most interested in the tree, making me tell him again and again about it. But after awhile, as if he were tired of it, he said:

"Where am I?" I asked of them.

"At Ilion, in the house of the Methodist minister."

"How long have I been here?"

"Since night before last. You came in the stage, and the horse stopped before our door," the man said.

"What day is this?"

"It is Christmas Day," the woman replied, taking my hand in hers.

"I have been ill, then."

"Yes?"

"There was a boy brought me here. Where is he?"

"He is here, too." The voice that said it was husky, with tears, and the hand that held mine shook.

"Has he been ill, too?"

"He is better now!"

"He was never so well. He will never be ill again."

I looked into the face of the woman who said this, and I saw that her eyes were red with weeping.

I disengaged the hand she held and turned my face to the wall.

The woman laid her hand upon my arm.

"You must not feel like that. It is better so. He had only one friend, and he is with Him this beautiful Christmas morning. He had no home here. It is Christmas Day, and he is at home there."

I took in mine that comforting hand that lay upon my arm.

"I would like to see him," I said. "He gave his life for me."

They took me down afterward to what had been the family sitting room. There were warm, red curtains at the windows; a bright, glowing carpet on the floor; there were bunches of holly and laurel scattered here and there, and over all was the atmosphere of home.

They left me at the door. I went in and stood by the side of the couch on which they had laid him. The eyes were closed, and tender blue were closed forever, the eyelids were drawn over the boy's brow, and still about the brave, brave boy.

"If you get there at all it will be night," the landlord said.

"I will get there all the same," was the boy's reply.

"Let us stop here to-night," I said; "we can go on in the morning."

"I would rather take you on, sir; there's no danger. I can't put my horse up here, and my master would kill me if anything happened to him."

That decided me to go on. Besides, I did not care to talk. I was beginning to feel again standing in the wind so we got into the stage. It was not snowing any faster than before, simply because it could not. But the roads were heavier, and when we tried to start the jaded horse balked and struggled through the drift, for the stage had frozen fast when it stopped.

It was three o'clock now, the light in the west growing dimmer and dimmer, the gloom of the mountains and the bare trees coming nearer to us, making their meaning felt in our souls, filling mile after mile with an awful dread of the snow-covered road beyond. Ten miles to go, to the night coming quickly on, the cold growing more intense, the road rougher, more precipitous; the horse evidently giving out! But the boy took up the lines, the bright, frank smile upon his face, the cheery word upon his tongue. "Good-by," he said, to the man in the door.

The man stood for an instant in the doorway looking after us. "Good-by," he said.

We went on along the road that from the beginning of time it was ordained we were to go. I crept back into my corner.

"Do not go to sleep," the pleasant voice warned me from the front.

"Thank you," I replied, cheered and warmed by his hearty glow. "I will not go to sleep."

Then followed a long silence, in which I had views of the falling snow, the white hills above us, the white hills still below us, in which the howling winds from the north sweeping savagely past us. The unceasing darkness—then night.

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The Northville Record.

SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY, JAN. 16, 1875.

THE LATE WM. P. HUNGERFORD.

A brief sketch of his life and public services.

This community feel deeply the loss of so prominent a man, and good citizen, just in the prime of life, and in the midst of his usefulness.

Mr. Hungerford was born in Nov., Oakland County, August 29th 1829.

His father, Samuel Hungerford, was one of the old Pioneers. He located and settled on land in Nov., one and a half miles directly north of this village in 1825.

Wm. P. remained with his father assisting with the farm work, in summer, and attending school in the winter time, until 1848, when he was engaged as a clerk in the store of Hungerford, Smith, & Co., in Northville, where he remained some time to the entire satisfaction of his employers. The summer of 1847 he spent in Ann Arbor, as a clerk in the store of Beekly & Co.

And in 1848, he went into the foundry in Northville with Ferguson, Hungerford, & Co. He was married May 16th 1850 to Miss Helen Coville.

About this time he came into possession of his father's farm and made farming his principal business until 1857, when he commenced business in the old store in Northville, corner of Main and Centre streets, still continuing to carry on his farming operations however.

Soon after he removed with his family into Northville, where he has resided since. His early business habits and training, made him a practical business man, and his industry and shrewdness insured him success. Modest and retiring in manners, strictly honest and honorable in all his dealings, he gained the confidence and esteem of his neighbors and fellow citizens, and his advice and council was often sought.

Republican in politics, he was one of the most steadfast and active of his party, he was for many years chairman of the Republican Township committee, and also a member of the County committee.

While attending to an auction sale of personal property, as administrator of the estate of the late Joseph Chamberlain the 8th day of April last, he took a severe cold, which settled on his lungs, and from which he never recovered.

By advice of his physicians, he started for Colorado, in hopes that it might benefit his health on the 19th day of August last, in company with Mr. Samuel Starkweather, and in the care of his cousin Mr. Monhaue. Stopping a while in Denver, and finally stopping at Idaho Springs, with his cousins, where every care and attention was shown him that was possible for kind friends to do. But, all in vain. In November his friends telegraphed to Mrs. Hungerford to come immediately.

She went as soon as possible, December 17th they arrived home, and on the 27th of the same month he breathed his last.

Mysterious the Providence that called away one so good, and true, and useful, from a family so beloved, and loving, and from his children just at a time when they needed a father's care, advice, and protection so much. His crowning virtue was patience. During all his sickness, and he frequently suffered severe pains, he was never heard to complain.

He leaves an aged father, a wife and two sons to mourn the loss of one only remaining son, an affectionate husband and father, and a good and useful citizen.

But we must submit to the will of him who deeth all things well.

BIG INVESTMENT.

Lloyd, the famous map man, who made all the maps for General Grant and the Union army, certificates of which he published, has just invented a way of getting a relief plate from steel so as to print Lloyd's Map of the American Continent showing from ocean to ocean—on one entire sheet of bank note paper, 40x50 inches large, on a lightning press, and colored, sized and varnished for the wall so as to stand washing, and mailing anywhere in the world for 25 cents, or unvarnished for 10 cents.

This map shows the whole United States and Territories in a group,

from surveys to 1875, with a million places on it such as towns, cities, villages, mountains, lakes, rivers, streams, gold mines, railway stations, &c. This map should be in every house. Send 25 cents to the Lloyd Map Company, Philadelphia, and you will get a copy by return mail.

An old book for says: "When I remember all the girls I've met together, I feel like a rooster in the fall exposed to every weather; I feel like one who treads alone some turn-yard all deserted, whose ears are fed, whose hens are dead, or all too snatched away."

The Marquette Mining Journal says that money is so scarce in that section that a dollar bill looks like a circus poster.

The Marquette Journal still argues the separation of the Upper Peninsula, and in its next issue proposes to offer a plan designed to call out a full expression of opinion upon that subject from the people of that section.

STATE NEWS.

BUSINESS ENTERPRISE.

The Lansing Republican is now being published semi-weekly.

John Larkin of Millard intends to rebuild his mill which was burned a few weeks ago, entailing a loss of \$30,000.

A. G. Campbell has taken the contract to build a new jail and sheriff's house for Branch county, for \$11,900.

The Allegan Board of Supervisors worked on New Year's day.

RAILROADS.

The Michigan Central Railroad Company intends to erect a new passenger depot at Grand Rapids.

The Detroit, Hillsdale & Indiana Railroad is to be sold at auction at Ann Arbor, Jan. 28.

EDUCATIONAL.

The Ann Arbor Argus says that at the last meeting of the alumni of the University it was voted to raise a fund of \$25,000 to endow the Williams professorship, the income from the same to be used for the support of Rev. Dr. Williams, the venerable professor, during his lifetime. Of the amount over \$16,000 have already been subscribed, and it is thought the balance will be speedily raised.

The Grangers of the State have resolved to petition the Legislature to enact such laws as will provide all children who are entitled to the benefits of common schools with books at cost of publishing and transportation, either by erecting a publishing establishment for the purpose or by making arrangements with the publishers.

The worst abuse to which church fairs have ever been subjected was at Schoolcraft, recently, where a cake basket was to be given to the young lady receiving the greatest number of votes, and the boys of the place had made arrangements to secure the present for a blonde-haired bawd. But they were baffled.

The Grand Rapids Post says that Rev. J. Morgan Smith reports the free-seal system a success as practiced in the Congregational church of that city during the past year, and he recommends its continuance. During that time the society has raised \$17,000 for charitable purposes and to remove its debt.

The True Dutch Reformed Church at Grand Rapids have erected a brick school-house, and propose that religion, reading, writing, and arithmetic shall be taught.

Rev. Dr. Eddy of the First Presbyterian Church of Niles has put his veto on social dancing by members of his church.

A Presbyterian church society has been organized at Burlington.

The new M. E. church at Galesburg just completed, cost \$15,000.

PERSONAL.

The Dexter Leader says that Charley Crane, a son of Judge Crane, while skating, with a sharpened pine stick in hand, fell down, the end of the stick passing through the lower lid and two coats of the ball of the left eye. The stick was pulled out and no evidence appeared that any fragment remained in the wound. Cold dressings were ordered, but the swelling below the eye still continued. The Judge on Thursday morning last took his boy to Dr. Ewing, who removed from the lower lid a fragment of pine measuring 1/2 of an inch in length by 3-1/2 of an inch in diameter.

The Port Huron Times announced the death of William Brown of Cottrelville, supposed to be the older native of Michigan living. He was born near Detroit near the close of the Revolutionary war, while Michigan was under British rule, Lord Dorchester as Governor. During the war of 1812 he owned a farm on the Canadian side of St. Clair River, nearly opposite Algoma, which was confiscated because he would not take the oath of allegiance to the crown. Afterwards Mr. Brown moved back American soil and has since lived on the other side of St. Clair River.

The Detroit Tribune says it is rumored that Mr. H. E. Sergeant, late General Superintendent of the Michigan Central railroad, will accept a similar position on the Baltimore & Ohio road.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The suit in the Superior Court of Detroit against Alanson Shely, one of the bondsmen of the defaulting city treasurer, E. S. Leadbeater, terminated Jan. 4 in the disagreement of the jury.

The Allegan Journal says that a Saugatuck deacon, after swallowing a glass of milk punch which had been palmed off upon him as so much milk, remarked, "Lord, what a cow!"

A fine large deer recently appeared in the streets of Bay City, but made his escape before any one could shoot him.

The Marquette Mining Journal says that money is so scarce in that section that a dollar bill looks like a circus poster.

The Marquette Journal still argues the separation of the Upper Peninsula, and in its next issue proposes to offer a plan designed to call out a full expression of opinion upon that subject from the people of that section.

International Hotel, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Kalamazoo, Michigan, has the credit of possessing one of the best hotels in the State. The "INTERNATIONAL" has been open to the public only a short time, but has by its superior management and excellent accommodations secured the bulk of the business.

Its rooms are large, elegantly furnished with velvet and body brass, carpets, and marble top, French dressing, case bed-room sets. They have the best meat and pastry cooks in the State. And in its season every delicacy graces their table. Mr. Do Forest Davis, the manager, and the clerk, are old commercial travelers, and claim they know from actual experience the wants of the traveling public. From its central location, first class management and good will of the traveling community, it surely should have its share of patronage.

WAYNE JUNCTION RESTAURANT!

A first class place of entertainment for the traveling public. Meals at low prices than any heretofore in line of railroad restaurants.

P. H. STELLWAGEN, Prop.

MONROE CITY NURSERY, Monroe, Mich.

REYNOLDS, Lewis & CO., PROPRIETORS OF

ORNAMENTAL TREES.

MONROE CITY, N.Y.

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MONROE CITY, N.Y.

# The Northville Record.

TO ADVERTISERS.—No advertisement will be inserted in this paper except from parties to whom without pay is advanced. Therefore it is best to have your ad ready and at the end of each month.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

### PHYSICIANS.

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

JAMES HUSTON, J. D., PHYS-  
ician and Surgeon, office, Center  
Street, Northville, Mich.

CADY HOUSE,

A. S. BRADT, PROPRIETOR.

The proprietor will take every pains to  
entertain travelers in a proper manner; and  
make arrangements for stabling.

CENTER MAIN & CENTER ST.,  
NORTHVILLE, MICH.

Telephone No. 112.

Address, W. H. Little, Postmaster.

W. H. LITTLE, Postmaster, Mich.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS.

W. H. LITTLE, Postmaster, Mich.

## CURRENT IDEAS.

If you want to feel warm all through give some poor family the means to keep warm.

A **TAKE-UP** advertisement, 405 times repeated, recently appeared in the London Times.

**Remember that** troubles are like babies—they only grow the bigger for being nursed.

KALAKAUA is forbidden by his physician to venture out after night during a cold snap.

Beware of friendship with surgeons. When you require their services they will rayon.

Twelve cents apiece is all the Centennial Commission asks of the people of the United States to pay for the "peep-show of the universe."

POONKOR, the young Massachusetts murderer, is now said to have acquired his thirst for blood from hearing Indian stories.

The shipments of machinery from the ports of the United States to South America and to Europe are steadily growing.

Two hundred and forty-nine persons were killed last year by jumping on and off moving trains, but there is still room for all who come.

EXCELLENT calico dress material sells at the leading goods stores in New York at the unprecedented low price of six cents per yard.

Solar Western train alippers have a habit called "plunging," which means the spreading of screenings an inch or so deep on the floor of a car of wheat.

Once by one the roses fade. It is now boldly denied that men who wear long hair are possessed of any more talent than men who have it snipped close.

An ingenious Vermonter has invented a catapult with which he can storm fortifications at a great distance, and is practicing with it on a mountain near White.

Stray-on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, and bathing his fair feet in the tide of that magnificent river, is the way in which Teaser correspondents speak of Memphis.

A New HAVEN man, worth \$300,000, has been pilfering eggs, apples, etc., from dealers in the city, and though they have only represented him as yet they say he must do so no more.

A CALIFORNIA contemporary puts in a good word for the much-abused Mongolian, remarking that no Chinaman has ever yet become a book canvasser or a life assurance agent.

According to the Milwaukee News, a young lady asked a bookseller's clerk if he had "Fester." "No," was the answer, "but I'm afraid a dog is coming on the back of my neck."

FIFTY dollars was the fine a Maraschino-soda man had to pay for kicking a dog. The present of a pup to the Judge from the dog-owner could hardly have brought about a more satisfactory ruling.

"Yea, sir, if you won't eat me" was the trembling reply of a chubby little boy whom King Kalakaua took up in his arms and asked for a kiss, in the corridor of a San Francisco hotel.

Duration of Seed Vitality.

The question of the duration of the vitality of seeds is one of much interest to science, and one which has received as yet little help from exact observation.

It is known that the seeds of many plants may be kept without injury for several years. The conditions most favorable for their preservation are a dry atmosphere and low temperature.

When buried deeply in a dry, hard soil, seeds have been known to retain life for an undetermined length of time. Dr. Carpenter relates in his work on "Vegetable Physiology" that west of Stirling, England, some workmen were ditching in a clay soil which had been covered with fourteen feet of peat. A clergyman standing by observed seeds in the clay thus thrown to the surface, which he secured and planted. They germinated and produced a species of chrysanthemum.

It is impossible to estimate the time which these seeds had lain in the ground while their covering of clay and the fourteen feet of peat-earth was slowly accumulating over them; but it must have been an enormous period.

It is on record by Dr. Lindley that raspberry seeds taken from the stomach of a man who had been buried with the coins of the Emperor Hadrian, and whose skeleton was found thirty feet below the surface, at the bottom of a burial-ground in the Horticultural Garden, where they were planted. It was computed that these seeds were 1,600 or 1,700 years old at the time of their recovery.

Forty miles from the sea-coast in the State of Maine a well was sunk to the depth of twenty feet, when a layer of sand was struck which was in its character unlike any sand nearer the sea-beach. When drawn up from the well it was placed in a pile by itself. In the course of a year or two this sand was covered with a growth of strange plants, which proved to be beach-plum trees. No trees of the kind had ever been seen in the vicinity before, or indeed anywhere except upon the sea-shore. The conclusion to which probability tends is that the plants grew from seeds that had been buried for ages in the stratum of sand pierced by the diggers.

It is also stated by Dr. Carpenter, from whom we have the preceding particulars, that seeds found in the herbarium of Dr. Tournefort, a French botanist, were found to retain their vitality after the lapse of a century. The stories of the growth of corn and wheat from grains buried with Egyptian mummies are not accepted as authentic evidence, as in these cases there has been opportunity for the practice of deceit by the Arabs who had the handling of the bodies.

From a series of curious experiments in floating seeds upon salt water, and immersing them in it, Dr. Darwin infers that the seeds of one-tenth of the plants of any flora could be floated across a sea 500 miles wide without losing their vitality. He found that a few seeds survived immersion in salt water 137 days. Dried hazel-nuts floated ninety days, and afterward germinated. Ripe asparagus berries floated eighty-five days, and proved to be unripe. Peas are quickly destroyed by salt water, but some taken from the crop of a dead pigeon that had floated thirty days were uninjured. The crops of birds do not germinate readily for this purpose is found in Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Penitentiary. No cheap wood or paper boxes, but kept fresh and reliable to bottles.

Hoch Eben, those indulging in ease and pleasure, and those of sedentary habits, can prevent Bells, Carbuncles, Goit, Red Skin, Erysipelas, Pimples, Constipation, Piles, Dropworts, Blisters, and other conditions induced by such habits, by taking "one four to six of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purple Pellets once a week, or better still, one or two each night." They are sold by dealers in medicine.

Arctic flowering plants resemble whales, because they come up to blow don't you see?

all alike have given the prize of success to the bright and strong, when the doll who did well deserved more praise than the brilliant who bore of the palm. And in the daily lessons of the school, to theretched night work to which children are condemned by the combined mistakes of teachers and parents, the brain of the young is inordinately taxed at a time when there is the greatest danger of doing lasting injury to the nervous system.

It is a very grave error of teachers and parents that young people do not study while they are reciting, and some teachers and parents give it as a reason why their children should stay out of school, that they are reciting half the time in school, and therefore do not study but six hours a day if they take three of them at home. But under a teacher fit to be in a school the scholar's mind is more stimulated to learn during a recitation than while he is at his desk and book. The boy before a blackboard works harder than he does while preparing for his recitation.

My plea then is that rewards may be given in school to those who have made the greatest progress, not to those only who have come out ahead. I plead for the slow, the weak, the neglected, and ask that they may be helped by encouragement, and that they may not be stimulated to hurt themselves. The waste of brain power in youth is so great that thousands who, in school and college, are considered geniuses, amount to little in after life. They burn out in the morning. Some who are moderate scholars become men of the greatest power. They developed strength when the work was to be done.

Great students sometimes waste themselves in work. One man made a dictionary on which \$50,000 were expended and it was sold for waste paper. Artists have put their lives into their work and died unknown to fame or fortune. Moderate work would have won both. How many have perished in the Pyrenees and Kirke White. But it is the steady, patient labor that builds the pyramid.

The rivals of Domenichino called him "the great ox," but not one of them is now known by name, while his great work is priceless and immortal. Faustus Maximus was called "the little sheep," in derision when he was young, but the earnestness and pluck of his temper proved to be the quality which made him the savior of his country.

That German youth, Max Markmann, the story of whose brilliant victories and sad fate in the hour of his triumph we have real world have filled Germany and perhaps the earth with work had he not been stimulated to death in the morning of life. Like the man who said: "Water is good enough occasionally, but for a steady drink give me rum, this youth had nothing but excitement, and died of exhaustion.

Genius, like all other gifts, is to be used with discretion or it is a worse than vain endowment. And the real friends of man, who deserve the most gratitude and applause, are the men with a sound mind in sound body who do the work of life patiently and faithfully, and then lie down and die.—*Reader's Democrat*.

## CALENDAR.

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

A large amount of sickness is caused by heating low, small rooms too hot in winter, with poor ventilation. Thermometers are cheap, and any farmer can have one, and they surely regulate the temperature of rooms. In this way valuable lives and large doctor's bills can be saved and weary days and nights of suffering avoided.

It is not only in summer that cattle need salt. Cattle, horses and dogs thrive better in winter and summer when they have free access to salt. Be careful, however, in not giving too much to such animals as have had none for a long time. Eating too much salt creates a fever and acts as poison on the stomach.—*Los Angeles Register*.

A farmer of our acquaintance made an experiment. He took a sheep that weighed about 100 pounds, put it in a pen, and after it had become wretched weighed all its food, and found that three pounds per day of fodder and grain was all he could make the sheep eat. The farmer had verified a rule well known to the much-despised "book-farmers," and arrived at by many and careful experiments, that about three pounds of good food per day for each hundred-weight of live stock is a fatting allowance. For illustration, a sheep weighing 100 pounds requires three pounds of food per day, and a steer weighing 1,000 needs thirty pounds. These rules are approximately correct, being varied somewhat by quality of food and stock. The farmer knowing the weight of his feed and that of his stock, by applying these rules, can guess closely as to whether he has food enough for his stock.—*Reader's Democrat*.

Improved Corn Crib.

Our common Russian rat barrows in the ground and never makes his nest in the corn crib, though he has no objections to going into it for his meal, but he also likes to have his barrow under some rubbish, building up similar protection, where the dogs cannot reach him; but in this crib, which is on posts two and one half to three feet from the ground, there is no place for him to burrow, as the rat would be exposed to the spade or to the dogs, and the result is that he never burrows in any such open places.

The crib may be eight feet wide and of any length. On this farm the cribs are thirty two feet long and with posts ten feet high, though twelve feet would have been better. The outside is of stock boards, battered with fencing-wire and split, making the battens three inches wide. The space between the cribs is twelve feet wide, with the overhead, and with trap-door in the center for shooting up through. The inside of the cribs has common fencing put on horizontally, with spare spaces for raising the corn on the inside, and the bottom floor is of three-inch strips, placed in inch and a half apart to allow the air to pass up through the corn and to prevent molding. On the inside it is boarded below the crib in order to exclude rats and poultry from entering the space between the cribs, and sliding doors are used. The crib is thus weather proof on the outside, and yet by opening the doors a free circulation of air is obtained as well as the upward ventilation through the bottom of the trap-door.

Any corn that is shelled off in the crib passes down through these slats to the ground, and if it is under cover, and is good food for the poultry and pigs. If the latter are permitted to visit the premises, if the cribs are near the ground the rats will burrow under them, filling the spaces with loose earth from the burrows, and thus entangle the chickens. In fact rats and chickens are antagonistic, as the rats eat both chickens and the chickens' food; and if you cannot get after the rats with a spade the dogs will not do it.

Such a crib will hold over 3,000 bushels of corn in the ear, and 1,000 bushels of grain on the floor above. Then it gives room twelve by thirty-two feet for wagons or farm implements. A sled or one side for the poultry, and on the other for implements, will be useful, and may be cheaply constructed. The Industrial University has a crib something on this plan, but the door is rather too near the ground, and I find this too often to be a defect.—*Euro.*, in *Chicago Tribune*.

Pianos and Organs.

Five new grand pianos for \$900. Five walnut organs, \$1,000. Good second hand piano, \$150 to \$200. Reed's Temple of Music, Chicago.

A NEW LONDON (Conn.) man was recently given some money to relieve the wants of his family and forthwith went out and bought a dog that he fancied.

The Road to Health.

Cleanse the stomach, bowels and blood from all the scald, corrupt and offensive accumulations which produce functional derangements, and you relieve the cause of most diseases. Each of us is born healthy, and then save his doctor's bills. The most common and reliable remedy for this purpose is found in Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purple Pellets. No cheap wood or paper boxes, but kept fresh and reliable to bottles.

Hoch Eben, those indulging in ease and pleasure, and those of sedentary habits, can prevent Bells, Carbuncles, Goit, Red Skin, Erysipelas, Pimples, Constipation, Piles, Dropworts, Blisters, and other conditions induced by such habits, by taking "one four to six of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purple Pellets once a week, or better still, one or two each night." They are sold by dealers in medicine.

The NORTHWESTERN HORSE-NET, Co.'s finished Nail is the best in the world.

NO UNCERTAIN SOOT.—With a man discovers a great truth it is his duty to proclaim it to his fellow-men. The use of Dr. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS can not be too strongly recommended to the invalid public. To those who have tried it nothing need be said—their experience is their proof, pure and positive as Holy Writ. Those who have not tried these truths cannot be too often reminded.

It is a certain vegetable specific which aids faltering nature against the triumphs of dyspepsia, bilious disorders of every kind, rheumatic fevers, constipation of the bowels, liver complaint, Spring and Fall debility, etc., etc. It costs but little and can always be at hand. It is the poor man's friend. It saves a doctor's bill and the time lost in riding five, ten or twenty miles after him; besides being free from all the poisonous medicaments of the pharmacopœia, it will not stimulate you to leave your Walker to-morrow. Its benefits are permanent.

SEA FOAM BAKING POWDER.—In another column will be found the card of the old and reliable house of Geo. F. GANTZ & CO., who have been makers of soda replacement as the inventors and proprietors of "the best Baking Powder in the world." All through the United States is universally used, and constantly recommended, from physicians and advocates. Those who have used it will have no other, and those who have not yet learned to know the delights to be derived from sweet, pure bread—American *Yankee* Powder.

There is probably no way in which we can benefit our readers more than by recommending to them for general use Dr. Walker's Vinegar Bitters. It is adapted to almost the purposes of a Family Medicine, and as a specific for coughs, colds, whooping-cough, soreness of the chest, lame, stomach, rheumatism, pinching of blood, and all such difficulties it has no equal that ever I saw or heard of.

The propriety of giving condition medicine to horses, cattle and sheep was discussed and voted by the Agricultural Society throughout the State last fall, and we believe that in every case but one the decision was unanimous.

WILTON'S ANTI-PERIODIC OR FEVER AND TONIC.—This invaluable and standard family medicine is now a household word and constantly recommended. It is known by the medical profession and practiced by all the best physicians in the country. It is highly recommended by the leading medical men of the country, and is sold by such laboratories as Warrick, St. Louis, & Co., Proprietors, New Orleans.

A MATERIAL reduction of rates has recently been made by the Sherman House, Chicago. Its proprietors are determined that it shall continue to be the most popular hotel in Chicago with business men and the traveling public.

They are accomplishing their purpose.

Most people like to hear of a good thing. We will tell them in confidence that if they want to be dressed well, they should wear the Warwick Collar. An old sage says that with a Warwick collar and chain it is a man always well dressed. Remember the Warwick.

EVERY man, to be, a combination of Silver-Tipped shoes and spectacles and them never wear the wrong at the feet.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISE, PRINT IN CAPITAL LETTERS.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—A FRENCHMAN, named M. Jules, has recently established a new hotel, the "St. Louis," in the heart of the business district.

It is a large, airy, comfortable hotel.

It is well situated, and the proprietors hope to make it a success.

It is a good place to stay in.

It is a good place to stay in.