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Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

[Always in Advance.]

VOL. VI., NORTHVILLE, WAYNE CO., MICH., FEBRUARY 27, 1875.

NO. 17.

Selected Miscellany.**GOD PITIETH THE POOR?**

The wild, rushing wings of the tempest are sweeping.
The frantic-tempered land like a spirit of wrath.
His fierce, hot breath with keen arrows is his path.
The tempests of the wind now who stand in his path.
The earth is in a trance, like entombed in silence.
The stormy knocks loudly at window and door.
The prayer of the pithful fervently rises—
God abhors the homeless and pity the poor.
God pity the poor! who are weakly sitting
By devoted hearths-stones, cold, cheerless and bare.
From each the last ember's pale flicker faded.
Like some dying out in the midst of despair!
Who looks on wide world and sees it desert,
Where none no water, no green branches water.
Who see in the future, as dark as the present.
No rest but the death-bed, no home but the grave.
God pity the poor! when the eddying snows
Are whistled by the wrath of the winter wind.
Like showers of leaves from the pale starry skies.
That beat in the depths of the blue lake on high.
For though they are draping the broad earth in bone,
And veiling some few in the goatherd fold.
That beauty is caught to the mother whose children
Are crouching around her in hunger and cold.
God pity the poor! for the wealthy are often
As barren as the winter, and cold as the snow.
While fortune takes, scatters, and wastes
Around them.
They care not for others nor think them
Poor.
Or if from their plenty tribe is given.
So动荡ly, grudgingly, often 'tis told,
Till to the rec'd of their "charity" enough.
More paupers than hunger, more bitter than cold.
God pity the poor! for, though all men are brothers,
They have not "our Father," but "one, where they may.
They, good sons of earth, have made from

the black eyes and masses of jetty hair,
which she wore braided and wound
about her head, in a queenly fashion.
She was not what would or could be
called a beauty, but she had a marvelous
whirling way with her, and I soon ob-
served was quite a belle in the house
despite the fact that she had a temper
like a wild-cat and seemed to take no
pains to conceal it.

"There was the usual compliment of
boarders to be found in such a house: a
widower's couple of elderly bachelors,
four or five clerks, and a sprinkling of
females to correspond. Among the latter
was a maiden lady of the name of

Della Hunt. She was a little, wizened,
"crook-nosed" personage, with a
complexion like parchment; little
twinkling black eyes; and scanty black
hair, which she nearly covered with false
braids and "curls." I cannot recall the
memory of that spinner without a feeling
of aversion for the whole class. It
was the blinder I had made, but never
regret while reason remained could she
forgive me the perpetration of such
pranks."

"Feeling convinced, after that, that
I could not live the affair down, I changed
my boarding-place. Miss Mason and
her mother won their lawsuit soon after
and left also. I have never seen them since.
It is scarcely necessary to add I
abandoned poetry. But I am not sure
but that the world lost genius in my early disappointment." —Hegira and Home.

How Philander Flumsted Popped the Question.

PHILANDER FLUMSTED was a bachelor,
and it was universally believed in the
town he inhabited that he would live and
die a bachelor. No one knew him
so well that he had ever been suspected
of having a tender consideration for one of the
opposite sex; and I doubt not that it sur-
prised even himself to discover that he
had somewhere under his antique waist-
coat an inexplicable sensation of that
character. Was it but a momentary
fancy? He tried very hard to persuade
himself that it was; but he lost his appre-
hension as he grew restless. He found it
useless to strive against what was inevitable.

He loved as many had loved before
him, and as many others will love until
the world comes to an end. The object of
his affection, ardor and desire, was the
widow Wilkinson, who was not slow to
allow to understand his feelings, nor to
encourage his little attentions.

Philander possessed a tall and slender
figure, sharp features, straight black
hair, which he brushed back smoothly
behind his ears, large hands and feet,
and a very sombre and melancholy ex-
pression of countenance. He usually
wore a light gray suit of a ministerial
pattern, a pair of ancient, iron-loved
spectacles and a store-pipe hat, quite out
of fashion, in which he was accustomed
to carry a large red bandana silk hand-kerchief.

The widow Wilkinson was a cheerful
and plump-looking little woman, with
rosy cheeks and bright eyes and a winsome
voice whose dulcet tones Philander
Flumsted found irresistible.

For several weeks Philander struggled
to overcome the tender passion that was
fast, acquiring a dangerous dominion

over him. It grew absent-minded. His
features became sharper and his form
more spare. He thought of the widow
Wilkinson—he dreamed of the widow
Wilkinson, and at last, in desperation, he
determined to woo and win the widow
Wilkinson.

Several times he attended her home
from the evening meetings; several
times a favorable opportunity was pre-
sented for him to make the desired de-
claration but his courage failed him.

He climbed up all the way from Vicksburg
to the hotel on foot in the rain that afternoon,
when, yielding to a sudden impulse, I told her they were here.

"Really, Mr. Wentworth?" but hesitatingly—
"were they not purchased for
some one else?"

"I purchased them for a fair and
lovely lady," I said gallantly; "and I am
sure a fair lady has them."

"She thanked me with such a look of
pleasure on her face I felt repaid for the
sacrifice. I did not then know what a
terrible sacrifice had really made.

"As I turned to go upstairs I cast my eye upon
Miss Hunt, evidently leaning over the
balcony. I remarked to myself, 'This is
old raff and west on of my room.' I
did not see Miss Mason until evening,
when, entering the parlor, I found her
patiently listening to old Griggs, the
widower. She designed me a freezing
look. After saluting round the room
for some time without attracting her for
her notice, I retreated to the sitting-room,
where Millie Wilson was winding
skeins of thread. I began to assist her, and we
were thus busily employed when Miss
Hunt happened to look in. Soon after,
Miss Mason did the same."

"After that I could scarcely get a
word out of the latter. I maneuvered
many times to get a chance to ask the
reason for her coolness and explain it
away if it was jealousy of poor Millie,
but Miss Hunt was always in the way.

"She seemed to be on the lookout for me
as soon as I entered the house, and never
relaxed her surveillance until the street
door banged after me. Often then if I
would glance back I could see her head
protecting from some window. So I
hired a buggy one day, determined to
make a call on Miss Mason.

"One of the blocks was running a
woman came down stairs with an old
cast-iron kettle in her hand, which she
clung to with great tenacity. On reaching
the sidewalk she crossed the street,
walked along the side some distance, re-
crossed, walked along the sidewalk and
crossed back again, all the while carefully
carrying the kettle. When she
crossed the last time she was arrested
by a gentleman, who said: 'Madam,
what are you looking for?' She replied:

"I am looking for a place to put this
kettle down. The gentleman unhesitatingly
said: 'Take it up, and let it go; perfectly
safe.'

A Good Joke on Safe-Blowers.

The Cincinnati Commercial tells the
following:

The "gopher-blowers" will give the
town of Harrison a wide berth hereafter.
The experience of two of their class a
few nights since will no doubt disperse
the whole fraternity of "crackmen" and
the town will be free from the depreda-
tions of thieves. It all came about in
this way. Mr. William Calloway has a
large, strong mill at Harrison. Since
the cold weather set in the mill being
run by water-power, has been idle.

When the work ceased the proprietor
moved all his books and papers from the
safe in the mill office to a more con-
venient place in his residence. A few
nights since two safe-blowers entered the
mill for the purpose of robbing the safe.
The door was drilled in the usual way
and every preparation made for a blast
with powder but by some means the
burglars, after working nearly all night,
were frightened off before completing
their operation.

The joke about the whole matter is,
first, the safe was not locked and the
door could have been opened simply by
taking hold of the knob; and second,
only a few postage stamps would have
been the reward if the burglars had suc-
ceeded in opening the safe.

Toothsome—A Washington dentist
advertises for "the front tooth of a
young girl fourteen years of age. Will
pay liberally and replace artifically."

There is a great lump of sweetness in
Guilderville, Conn.—a fourteen year
old girl who weighs 250 pounds.

ing of inward satisfaction that I noticed
my friend Brickett required even larger
skates than I did, for he never loses an
opportunity for poking fun at my under-
standing, and had been "chaffing" me
all the way to the park, and in a tone of
pity had asked me if I fondly hoped to
find a pair of skates large enough to fit
my grashopper extermimato.

After a long search one of the men in
attendance produced a pair of "clubs,"
which from their size reminded me of
a colonial skate I had seen suspended
across the sidewalks on Nassau street
for a sign.

They "fit beautiful," as the boy who
adjusted them to my feet admitted.

I looked across at my friend, who was

as yet unable to find a pair large enough

to suggest that he charter a pair of sleds
and start them off with machine-tailing.

But finally the boy brought out a huge
pair of old-fashioned "turn-over" skates
with wooden bottoms, which might have
been built for a prehistoric man; they
were so old and large and rusty.

The boy, with some difficulty, strapped these
to my friend's feet, and the heart of the
Brickett rejoiced within him.

Being now possessed of the means of
enjoyment, we cautiously got on the ice,
singing fast to each other's consolers,
and boldly "struck out" for the middle
of the lake at the incredible rate of
about a mile a day.

"Now this is fun, this is," said Brickett.
"This is delicious! How tracing this motion;
how exhilarating this motion; how—
how—slipper the ice is!" and he
gave a spontaneous lurch and suddenly sat
down upon the ice, pulling me over on
top of him.

Moral reflection on fallen greatness—
Why is it, I wonder, that the vulgar
are laugh loudest when our tallest
fall down?

When you fall down upon the ice al-
ways pretend to tighten your skates. It
looks as if it were not your fault you
fell. That's what we did in the present
instance, and each looked refreshingly
at the other.

We struggled to our feet and Brickett
invariably reached for my arm again,
but I resolved thenceforth to travel on
my own responsibility, and dodged the
issue, leaving him dependent on his own
resources.

I felt reverent, to say the least, in
which he had caused me to partake
and I resolved to excite his envy by
making him a witness to my superior
skill. I essayed to cut a "figure of 8,"
and succeeded after a fashion. I aspi-
red to bold flights, and made an attempt
to sign my name on the ice.

Never try to punctuate what you write
on the ice with your head. I speak from
experience.

A fatigued small boy shouted to his
companions: "Hey, there, fellows, look
out there's a skater in a fall!" And my
friend Brickett was in ecstacies. I soon
saw the unspeakable ex-fishmonger of
seeing him "collide with a skater" and
from the air they both sat glaring
at each other and rubbing their heads
after there was some damage done.

I became involved soon after in serious
complications with a highly respectable
middle-aged personage who, it seemed,
objected to being poked in the ribs with
a cane.

I told him that if he would notify me
beforehand through the columns of one
or more of the daily papers what day
he would go skating again I would
certainly remain at home or even leave town,
if that would suffice him.

The next I saw of my friend Brickett
he was walking slowly and sadly toward
shore with that peculiar gait habitual to
those only who wear wooden legs. He
held his skates at arm's length in one
hand, while with the other he appeared
to be holding on the back of his head.

There was a singular misanthropic ex-
pression upon that usually benign coun-
tenance, and I knew that my friend had
experienced some new sorrow. I accom-
panied him with "Where the matter, old
man?" He answered with a sigh that
he didn't seem to enjoy skating much
anymore and thought he would go home
shortly. "But," he added, bitterly,
"don't let that spoil your fun."

"Not at all," I replied. "I have had
enough for one day, and I will go
too."

With a feeling of relief we returned
to our skates to their owners and were soon
tracing our steps toward the horse-
shoe. Somehow my friend Brickett had
lost his enthusiasm and rather avoided
any allusion to skating than otherwise.

In fact, we both said very little about
our late experience, but we bitterly
thought of the morrow.

We trudged down the narrow path,
and said each to the other: "Old fellow,
when we rise in the morn how our bones
will ache and our bumps will be
blue, black and yellow."

And it proved to be the case. Brickett
the physician informs me that my friend
will recover with the trifling loss
of the use of his feet, which will compel
him to go through life on casters.

Every joint in my body is more or less
affected, face, joints, etc., etc., etc.

South Sea Islanders. I have just had
a set of false teeth extracted from my
forehead by a painful surgical operation.

How it got there I am not quite clear.
I have a dim recollection, a sort of vague
fancy, that during the afternoon I came
in contact with a young lady "of a certain
age." There was a horrid odor of
cheap perfume, a concussion, a howl of
pain and—
that's all I remember about it.

The doctor is from time to time still
pursuing his investigations and is prob-
ably prating about my cranials
with a perseverance worthy of a better
cause. Should be find any such little
mite as a wooden peg or even a dollar
coin it would not in the least surprise
me or convince me that there is any fun
in skating.—N. Y. Graphic.

The Universalists in this country are
adopting methods in many places for
producing a religious revival. The
Christian Leader, of Utica, N. Y., pro-
poses means of the old Methodist fashion,
and thinks that a crop of Methodism
and Universalism would be the most
striking religious success ever imagined.

It is estimated that the granite, lime
and slate quarries of Maine, if they were
fully worked, would sustain a population
equal to the whole present population of
the State. There is enough stone to roof
over the whole State and have some left.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Space	1 line	2 lines	3 lines	4 lines	5 lines	6 lines
1 inch	\$1.00	\$1.50	\$2.00	\$2.50	\$3.00	\$3.50
2 inches	2.00	3.00	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00
3 inches	3.00	4.50	6.00	7.50	9.00	10.50
4 inches	4.00	6.00	8.00	10.00	12.00	14.00
5 inches	5.00	7.50	10.00	12.50	15.00	17.50
6 inches	6.00	9.00	12.00	15.00	18.00	21.00
7 inches	7.00	10.50	15.00	18.00	22.50	26.00
8 inches	8.00	12.00	18.00	22.00	27.00	32.00
9 inches	9.00	13.50	20.00	24.00	30.00	35.00
10 inches	10.00	15.00	22.00	26.00	32.00	38.00



SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY, FEB. 27, 1875.

Be Careful Before Your Children.

DEAR EDITOR.—If the following article is deemed worthy you can insert it in the "Record". It becomes every one to be very careful what they say and do before Children. Even at an early age they are susceptible of impressions whether good or bad, and perhaps it is not too much to say that impressions for evil are often more easily made than for good. Parents and others should therefore be guarded in the choice of language which they use before them, for it is the first impressions made upon the minds of children that go very far towards forming their characters for after life.

We have often been shocked at hearing fathers relate occurrences in which profane language formed a prominent part of the conversation, and instead of passing over those words, would seem to give them more prominence than any other part, and what was still more abhorrent, would laugh at the recital as though he enjoyed it heartily, thus stamping the impression indelibly upon the mind of his child that such things are of trivial importance. But often times the mother has a counteracting influence which is shown by the oft recurring question of the little one, "Isn't that swearing?" He says such and such words. Is it wrong? Thus she is obliged to exert an influence against a course that is working untold mischief on the mind of her little one. Another as great an evil is the habit of prevaricating before children. It has been said that children are as prone to bring as sparks are to fly upward. This may be true in many cases, but are not parents often responsible for the example they set before their children, often indirectly forcing them into this course of conduct. Isn't it wrong to accuse them of improper conduct on suspicion merely, without the best of evidence?

If they are overtaken in a fault, talk to them kindly, and tell them the importance of shunning such a course, always avoiding any display of temper, that they may see that you are actuated by love, and have their best interests at heart, both for this life and the life to come.

If you would secure the respect of your children, you must respect them. Don't keep them at an unapproachable distance, talk to them of your plans and purposes, and make them your confidants, not forgetting that you were once a child yourself, by entering into their sports and play, and if they chance to be noisy, don't chide them in such a way as to crush out all their joyous feelings.

It is hard for parents in their latter years to think that their children have no respect for them, but the fault can generally be traced back to their own inexorable neglect of training them in a proper way. If you love and respect your children, they in return will love and respect you.

A MOTHER.

Northville, Feb. 20th.

Jacob's Ladder Dispensed with—The road made clear.

Wayne, Feb. 16th 1875.

Mr. Editor.—In your Record of the 13th inst. appears a communication from D. W. in which he claims to have discovered the source of permanency and success, to-wit, secret organization, and an appropriate ceremony of initiation and goes on and makes it as clear as mud, that by admitting both sexes, to the wonderful mysteries, they will be led step by step from nature up to nature's God. Now is not this most glorious, this new and nice road, to permanent peace &c.

It dispenses with Jacob's ladder, and avoids the old way of the cross &c. But before we embark upon this new highway to permanency, would it not be well to examine it thoroughly. If secrecy is good for the husbandman, it is also good for the mechanician, the statesman, and for those that traverse the sea, and for the church, and the State, and for every department of trade. Now then let every clan, and every set, and every party, and every tribe and every division of the family of man, organize up on the plan of D. W. and get an appropriate and impressive ceremony, and what a sight would we behold. Yes, there might be permanency, but no success. Each sect, and each clan would be entrenched behind its walls of secrecy. There would be no progress. Then where is our safety? I answer by keeping shoo from all such organizations that shun the light of investigation and criticism. Secrecy has been tried in numerous ways, since society has existed, and what has been its history in every instance, it has attempted to aggravate itself at the expense of outsiders, to that degree, that there was no safety only in the overthrow of such secret organizations. Such would be the experience of the past, and such would be the future, if the doctrine of D. W. is adopted.

A. A. C.

STATE NEWS.

Holland City was visited, Feb. 5, by a fall of snow about four inches in depth, which appeared to be mixed with soot and ashes. This was succeeded by a fall of white snow an inch in depth. A correspondent of the Free Press says he melted some on plates and it left a residuum of black, earthy matter.

The Wyandotte Courier says there are over 1,000 freight cars awaiting the removal of the ice-block from Trenton, where the Detroit river has been frozen so firmly that it is impossible to break it up.

CURSES AND CRIMES.

The Rev. Joseph Leybold of Battle Creek (Catholic) is making things lively in his society, when he took charge of the church he abolished the church committee and proposed running things himself. The seats in the church have always been free, but he proposed renting them, and those not rented he boardered up, refusing his people the right to sit in them. On Sunday, Feb. 7, John Hart, a prominent Catholic, took possession of one of the boarded pews. The priest ordered him out, but he refused to go. He threatened to put him out by force, but Hart stood his ground and won the day. Public sympathy is with Hart, and it is understood the church will try to secure another priest.

A masked burglar entered the house of Mr. Richardson in Dowagiac, Feb. 7. Mr. R. jumped out of bed and hit him over the head with a chair, and then seized and marched him around the room a while, but the burglar finally escaped. Starbacher & Bro., store at Salzburg, with all its contents, was burned Feb. 9. It was supposed to be the work of an incendiary. Loss \$16,000, insurance \$10,000. The clerk jumped from the second story, sustaining some injuries.

The school-house in the Rogers district, not far from Eaton Rapids, was burned Jan. 23. Loss to the district \$800, with no insurance.

A horse was frozen to death hitched to a post in Kalamazoo, on the 13th.

DETROIT.

Nancy Martin, for many years a market-woman of Detroit, and who has resided there since 1830, died at Harper's hospital Feb. 9, aged 76 years. She was noted for the sharpness of her wit, and the vigor and emphasis of her language rather than its elegance, and was to the one who gave her offense, but with all her coarseness she was honest in all her dealings, and was kind-hearted, benevolent, and patriotic. She had five acres of land on Woodward avenue, and about 16 years ago she gave all this, together with 15 acres about three miles east on the Pontiac road, to the founding of Harper's hospital, condition of receiving \$600 a year the rest of her life. She was an ardent hater of the Roman Catholics as she believed her only child, a daughter, came to her death through injuries inflicted by a nun. She was twice married, the first time when 15 years old. Both her husbands were sailors. The first, with whom she lived happily for 11 years, was murdered on ship-board; the second was wrecked at sea a few months after her marriage.

Hugh Finley, a pioneer of Schoolcraft 10 years ago, died at that place Feb. 3, aged 79.

Mrs. Mary A. Hendrickson, a settler of Oakland county in 1820, died in Pontiac Feb. 8.

PEE-YEAH.

Mrs. R. W. Berry, a widow of 77 years residing in Fitchland, has in the last six months, spun on an old-fashioned wheel 103 pounds of rolls; knit 32 pairs of mittens; two pairs of stockings; footed seven pairs of socks; taken care of her own garden, raising her potatoes, beans and onions; split and piled her own wood, and painted her house.

A letter has been received by Admiral Davis of the naval observatory from Professor Watson, dated Pekin, China, Dec. 3, 1874, stating that all the members of his party were well.

Ex-Mayor Geo. E. Hubbard of Grand Rapids furnishes daily, at his own expense, 103 loaves of bread for the poor of that city.

Geo. P. Goodale, city editor of the Free Press slipped on an icy sidewalk Feb. 5, and injured himself severely.

scribblots.

It is reported that a cook in a lumber camp on the Manistee river, has fallen heir to \$3,000,000.

Grand Rapids has a camp-meeting this winter. The colored people are conducting it.

Sebewaing wants one good honest lawyer.

The Cassopolis Democrat says that J. V. Shepard of Calvin township recently found a fine specimen of pure copper, weighing 7½ pounds, on his farm, by the upturned roots of an old stump. It has the appearance of having been melted. It undoubtedly came from under the stump, but how it came there, whether from the Lake Superior region during the glacial period, or whether it is simply a piece of copper melted by the aborigines, is a question that each person can solve to his own satisfaction.

JAMES NALL JR. & CO.,

NEW SPRING GOODS.

In anticipation of the advance in all kinds of Domestic Goods, we have secured a large stock of EARLY SPRING.

DRY GOODS & CARPETS

Special Bargains in Brown Cottons at Sc. 95, 95½, & 105; 40 inch Brown Cotton (extra) 12c.; Bargains in Bleached Cottons, Linens, Towels, Napkins, Quilts &c.; Ginghams only 9c.; First Stock Black Alpaca and Mohair at 25c, 25c, 37c & 50c; don't fail to see them; Two Button Kid Gloves all shades only \$1.00. Every pair warranted. They are just received a handsome line of stripe silks only 75c, cheap at 1.25. Black Silk 1.25, 1.50, 1.75, 1.90, cheapest in the market. New DRESS GOODS at Bargains lower than the lowest.

CARPETS,

Carpets are very much lower. We have bought largely and can suit Everybody wishing a Carpet. A fair carpet for 25¢ a yd. Ingrain Carpet 50c and upwards, Tapistry Brussels 1.10 and upwards. Velvets, Wiltons and Axminster much less than last season. You be induced to purchase till you have examined our immense stock and prices.

JAS. NALL, JR., & CO.

87 WOODWARD AVE., Corner Larned Street, DETROIT.

RAILROADS.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD

On and after Nov. 1st, 1874, trains will leave Wayne Junction.

DETROIT, 120 A.M. 120 P.M.
125 P.M. 125 P.M.

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DETROIT, 120 A.M. 120 P.M.
125 P

